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LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

PICTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

JANUARY

10¢

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

RESOLUTIONS THE STARS SHOULD MAKE by Hedda Hopper

BARA STANWYCK
BY PAUL HESSE

BARA STANWYCK
BY PAUL HESSE
All set for compliments with

THE SILVERWARE SERVICE of the STARS. All the glamour isn’t in Hollywood! Back east... up north... down south—up-and-coming young Americans are glamorizing their tables with the selfsame lovely silverware their favorite stars select. Your silverware dealer will show you that this is much, much easier than you’d believe... for just think of it—services start at $19.95 and Planned Payments can make your choice—yours TODAY!

1881 ROGERS SIVER-REINFORCED FOR EXTRA LIFE
by Oneida Ltd. silversmiths
Beauty may not be your Birthright

BUT HEADS WILL TURN .. if your Smile is Right!

There's magic in a lovely smile! Help yours to be sparkling—with Ipana and Massage.

Look about you, plain girl! The most popular girl isn't always the prettiest girl. It's true in the world of the stage and screen—it's true in your own small world.

Heads do turn—eyes do follow—hearts do respond—to even the plainest face if it flashes a winning, glamorous, sparkling smile.

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Keep it as enchanting as it should be. Help it to be a smile that wins for you the best that life has to give. But remember that, for a smile to keep its brightness and sparkle, gums must retain their healthy firmness.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. It may not mean serious trouble, but let him decide. He may say simply that your gums need more work... the natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods.

And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean, refreshing taste. And that invigorating "tang" tells you circulation is increasing in your gums—helping them to better health. Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today.

"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

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

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

Start Today with

IPANA TOOTHPASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers

JANUARY, 1942
This is the month before Christmas and all through the movie houses there is a lot of wonderful films to be seen.

This column is in the present and future tense. Since it is a Christmas issue, we will first talk about the present.

There is the Garbo picture. Of "Ninotchka" caliber—debonair and de-lovely.

It is called "Two-Faced Woman"—practically a double feature in itself. And every single feature of Garbo is something to behold. Ask co-star Melvyn Douglas.

Comes too, "H. M. Pulham, Esq."—which so many have read. Heddy Lamarr and Robert Young step right from the pages as the saying goes.

"Panama Hattie", the famed Broadway trip-hammer of hilarity, gives us more Ann Sothern hospitality and Red Skelton's hornpipes of pandemonium.

Spencer Tracy, the matinee and evening idol, and Katharine Hepburn, who also is no idle idol, appear in the picture of the year.

Entitled "Woman of The Year".

And then also on this Yule season list, we're including "Babes on Broadway" which we deliver with all sorts of golden predictions of being something to dance in the streets about.

That is, the dancing in the streets will be done after you've seen the dancing in the theater.

It's all to the merry, merry.

And at the same time let us wish you a happy, happy Christmas.

—Santa Leo

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

JANUARY, 1942

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

ERNST V. HEYN

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

HELEN GILMORE

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Personal messages from the stars to you

Resolutions the Stars Should Make

Hedda Hopper

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Flash from Office Olivier Reporting—

An intimate letter from Sir John Oliver to the Douglas Fairbankses Jr.

—and They're Over There Too

Lost-minute news of other Hollywood stars in England

"I Feel Like a Heel about Errol"

Says Olivia de Havilland to Irene Zarat

No Runaway Marriage for These Two!

Kay Proctor

Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville have their own plans about weddings

Love among the Reagans

Ida Zeilin

A cheerful little earful about Connie and his two "Delinquent Girls"

Strictly Zanies

Moe up your mind about Olsen and Johnson only after you've read this

How Not to Trim Your Christmas Tree

Fredda Dudley

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Introducing the newest branch on the "Thin Man" family tree

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COVER: Barbara Stonevck, Natural Color Photograph by Poul Hesse

Miss Stonevck's suit designed by Lanz of Los Angeles

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**THIS ABOVE ALL**

we give you
as the high point
of our February issue.

Bright star of the fiction year,
this is above all about a man
and a girl in war, in escape,
in love.

In their lives you see the
struggle of a new world—
the deep moving passion they
both try to deny . . .

—the bitterness of the man
who survived Dunkerque to
say: "A man will die for his
own freedom and never com-
plain. But when his children
ache with hunger, he’ll swap
it for a loaf of bread and call
it a better bargain . . ."

—the sublimity of the girl who
faces the coming of her baby
to say: "You’re going to have
a better time of it than we
did. We’re going to win this
war because we can stick it.
And then, God willing, we’re
going to win the peace—for
you and the millions of others
like you to come . . ."

In Twentieth Century-Fox’s
greatest 1942 love story star-
ing Tyrone Power and Joan
Fontaine—

**THIS ABOVE ALL**

---

**Be Lovelier! So very Soon!**

**Go on the**

**CAMAY “MILD-SOAP” DIET!**

---

**This lovely bride**, Mrs. Alfred L. Powell of New York, N. Y., says: "I’m so devoted to
the Camay ‘Mild-Soap’ Diet! I tell all my friends about this wonderful aid to loveliness."

**Start this exciting course in beauty care!** It’s based on the advice of skin
specialists—praised by lovely brides!

Whispered praises in the moonlight
—“Your skin is so lovely to look at,
so delightful to touch” . . . Every woman
should hear these compliments, Do you?

If not, then the Camay
“Mild-Soap” Diet offers
you a promise of new love-
liness. For, unknowingly,
you may be clouding the
real beauty of your skin
through improper clean-
ing. Or, like so many
women failing to use a beauty soap as
mild as it should be.

Thousands of brides have found the
key to loveliness in the Camay “Mild-
Soap” Diet. One such bride is Mrs.
Powell who says: “My skin has reacted so
beautifully to the Camay ‘Mild-Soap’ Diet
I’d never try any other beauty treatment.”

Skin specialists advise
regular cleansing with a
fine mild soap. And Camay
is milder than the 10 other
famous beauty soaps tested.
That’s why we say “Go
on the Camay ‘Mild-Soap’
Diet . . . TONIGHT!”

---

**GO ON THE “MILD-SOAP” DIET TONIGHT!**

---

Work Camay’s milder lather over your skin, pay-
ing special attention to the nose, the base of
nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and
follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are
free to function for natural beauty. In the morn-
ing—one more quick session with this milder
Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.
Hollywood is busy these days admiring Douglas Fairbanks Jr. for his new decision on career.

Carole Lombard is a subject of current speculation. She's searching for a smash film; Hollywood wonders what price she may have to pay.

The West Coast has just found out how John Ford did it—i.e., made "How Green Was My Valley" a winner.

**CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS**

BY RUTH WATERBURY

The speed with which the pattern of Hollywood is changing becomes more apparent with every passing day, this winter of 1941. . . on "the projection room circuit" . . . that is, in the projection rooms in the private homes . . . the homes of the absolute top directors, of the really top stars, of almost every producer . . . in those projection rooms where movies are seen days and weeks and sometimes months before the public sees them and where many a star is born and killed . . . there, the current conversation is centering on John Ford . . . on Douglas Fairbanks Jr. . . . on Betty Grable . . . on what may happen to Alice Faye . . . on the amazing case of Carole Lombard . . . and on the Bioff case . . . (everybody in Hollywood calls that one the Buy-off case, which was what it was supposed to be, only the "fix" didn't stick). . . .

Ah, weird and wonderful is the talk that goes round and round in those projection rooms.

Since he has a hit ready and waiting, they talk first of John Ford, these nights . . . John Ford, who represents the spirit of artistic independence.

You know him, of course, this sturdy, unfettered Irishman whose real name is Sean O' Fearna . . . he who directed that most artistic of movies, "The Informer" . . . who a year ago made "The Long Voyage Home" and a season before that "Stagecoach" . . . and who in between made slick movies for Twentieth Century, notably "Grapes Of Wrath" . . .

Well, right now, Mr. Ford has finished "How Green Was My Valley" and it is a miracle . . . because, up until now when Mr. Ford did a picture at Twentieth, he washed his hands of it the moment he finished shooting . . . that is why a film like "Drums Along The Mohawk" could bear his name and yet emerge so undistinguished.

For there is a rule, you see, at Twentieth Century that Darryl Zanuck, the studio head, can cut any picture any way he chooses . . . John Ford, the free man, wouldn't compromise . . . he would direct a picture just as his contract specified . . . but when it came to cutting them . . . either he cut them all by his own . . . or he had no part in the cutting of them . . . thus he cut none of his Twentieth Century pictures . . . but made them quickly and efficiently . . . then took his own money and went elsewhere to make the pictures he loved . . . and which he knew only a small audience would love, too . . .

Then along came the story, "How Green Was My Valley" . . . Twentieth bought it . . . John Ford was assigned to direct it . . . and he couldn't be quietly businesslike about such a tale . . . he had to put all his imagination and heart and Irish emotionalism into the telling of it . . . the result is such a beautiful, poignant film as happens very, very rarely . . .

The projection room circuit sits back, wonders and marvels, at a story of Welsh mining life, done with a "B" cast turning out to look like a million dollars, and artistic yet . . .

Then they marvel over Douglas Fairbanks Jr. . . . who is ceasing to be "young Doug" to them any longer . . . or merely the son of his father . . . or Joan Crawford's ex-husband . . . or Mary Pickford's stepson . . . but a handsome, intelligent, deeply sincere young diplomatist working for our country . . . giving up chances at fine roles . . . giving up the income he would get from them . . . because he wants to serve America in the way that our President has told him is the most helpful way that he can serve . . .

Many of the inner circle Hollywood people have told Doug that they are proud of him for this . . . that they think he is doing a great thing not only for the United States but also for the movie business . . . proving through his own handsome person and through his clever brain that actors are people . . . that they are part of the average (Continued on page 63).
THE GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY EVER FILMED!


"LOUISIANA PURCHASE" IS COMING SOON. ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER FOR THE DATE!

JANUARY, 1942
A month ago the name Jean Wallace didn’t mean much to Hollywood; today it’s being spoken everywhere in exclamation-point tones. She’s the girl who eloped with Franchot Tone; here they are at the Mocambo just two nights before they pulled the quickie left. These two always set flash bulbs popping; this Mocambo huddle of Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin set tongues wagging. Reason: They haven’t been seen many places together lately.

Left: These two always set flash bulbs popping; this Mocambo huddle of Paulette Goddard and Charles Chaplin set tongues wagging. Reason: They haven’t been seen many places together lately.

Inside Stuff

BY GAL YORK

The current spice of Hollywood life

TIDBITS: Hollywood is wondering if Deanna Durbin will follow in her producer husband’s footsteps and leave Universal Studios, which has been Deanna’s studio home since the time of her first picture. After all, Universal didn’t do so badly for Vaughn Paul, who just two years ago was an assistant director trying to get along. He is now a producer and no longer at Universal. Young Paul has signed with RKO.

Friends applaud Alice Faye’s decision to leave the screen for a year until after her expected baby is born. Alice and Phil Harris were remarried in Texas last month, just to make the tie stronger.

Connie Bennett is another prospective mother and husband Gilbert Roland couldn’t be happier. Connie has one son by a former husband, the late Phil Plant.

Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond have set the ball rolling with a brand-new idea for our Uncle Sammy’s boys. They even have a name for their idea. They call it “Date Leave.” Every other Sunday Gene and Jeanette telephone the U.S.O. in Los Angeles, who select ten or twelve boys from any branch of the service, herd them into the Raymond station wagon and send them off for the day to the Raymond home. In the meantime, the Deans of Women of the University of Southern California and the University of California at Los Angeles select an equal

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
number of girls to be guests, with swimming, singing and much good eating the order of the day.

The boys, who are subject to much regimentation in camp, are not urged to participate in any games they do not feel like playing. Everything is left up to the boys and girls.

One or two of the lads have broken down and wept out their thanks, the loneliness and homesickness that have been dispelled by the kindness of the Raymonds.

Other Hollywood folk are following the boys into their homes, treating them to home-cooked food and, more important to the boys, making it possible for them to meet nice girls. And maybe you think the mothers of those boys aren't grateful!

Get Out Your Copybook, Ginger: Ginger Rogers' face is almost as red as her hair these days.

A few weeks ago Ginger went to Kansas City to visit relatives and while she was there she paid a visit to the Benton Grammar School where she learned readin', writin' and rithmetic. (Incidentally, Walt Disney went to the same school a couple of years before Ginger.) Of course, la Rogers' visit was a sensation and she autographed text books right and left. Imagine her surprise, then, to receive a letter from the principal after her return to Hollywood:

"Dear Ginger: We loved having you here and we are proud of you. But..."
your handwriting is still terrible—and now all the youngsters are trying to copy it. So from now on, don’t autograph any text books for us!"

**Lookie, Skyscraper Girls:** There have been other tall girls in movies, but never one that has caught the attention of fans as has Alexis Smith. So, to meet the flood of letters from up-in-the-air fans, Alexis has organized a Tall Girls’ Club for girls over five-foot-seven throughout the country. Letters are sent by Alexis to members with nuggets of pure-gold suggestions.

For instance, Alexis’ suggestions in her first letter dealt with the problem of shorter escorts. Some of her tips-offs were:

1. Always let him take your arm. Never take his.
2. Wear small-crowned hats.
3. Stand straight up.
4. Don’t gaze down at him while dancing. You can always keep your eyes closed and it’s more flattering to him.
5. Don’t wear large-brimmed hats. It’s hard enough for him to see around you without obstacles.

Pretty good advice, eh, girls? If you’re interested, why not write Alexis at Warner Brothers and get on her mailing list? And happy dating to you all.

**Cal’s Chitchat:** We have Betty Grable’s word for it, there is no feud between her and Carole Landis. “The fact I go to my dressing room between scenes on the set does not mean I am feuding with anyone. Nor does it mean I am high-hat. The whole thing is ridiculous.”

Maybe, but those two lovely blondes, Carole and Betty, are not the closest of friends, either. Take our word for it.

Since her separation from Roger Pryor, Ann Sothern is the belle of the ball, with Cesar Romero, Ann, John Howard and Hedy Lamarr a happy quartette. Robert Sterling is a bidder for Ann’s attention, too.

This started something in Hollywood: Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond’s “Date Leave” party for service men and co-eds

**Barn-dancing, cheek to cheek version:** the George Murphy’s in old-fashioned gear and modern mood at the West Side Tennis Club

**Ham-and-corn close-up of Gary Cooper and Claudette Colbert in a back-to-the-farm movement at the Tennis Club barn dance**

The premiere of “Sundown” was the occasion for the biggest party of the month. Joan Bennett acted as hostess, as husband producer Walter Wanger was called to New York on business at the last moment. Ciro’s was jammed from roof to rafters, with practically everyone in Hollywood on hand. As usual, Marlene Dietrich created a riot in a mile-high (or so it seemed) hat dripping with ermine tails. More ermine tails and Jean Gabin dripped from the sides.

Patricia Morison has an idea that’s catching on like wildfire. It’s called the “Invite a soldier for Christmas dinner” movement and already Pat has twenty-seven boys lined up in twenty-seven homes for a Merry Christmas.

**Say It Right:** Take Hedy Lamarr’s name. It’s Haydee, and not heady, please. And Charles’ name is Boy-yay, which at least is close enough to the French pronunciation to make Monsieur Boyer happy.

The handsome Nils Asther is Neels Astor and Nelson Eddy’s new leading lady is Rees-ay Stevens, and not Rise as in Rise and Shine.

There are three syllables to Dietrich’s first name. It’s Mar-Lan-a, to rhyme with “I have a pain-a.” Miss Turner’s first name, on the other hand, is La-nah, to rhyme with Hannah.

And as for Jean Gabin, the French actor, he’s called everything from G to V. According to his studio, it’s (Continued on page 12)
What to do when you feel a COLD coming on

WHEN you start to snuffle...when you feel a chill...or get a dry, rasping irritation in your throat, it's time to act—and act fast! A cold may be getting you in its grip. What can you do to ward it off?

Unfortunately, in spite of all the time and money spent on studying the condition, there is no known positive specific. Certainly, we would not classify Listerine Antiseptic as one. Yet tests made during ten years of intensive research have convinced us that this safe, pleasant-tasting germicide often has a very marked effect.

Over and over again these tests have shown that those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not.

Kills Germs Associated with Colds

The reason for this success, we believe, must be that Listerine Antiseptic kills vast numbers of germs on mouth and throat surfaces...so called "secondary invaders" which, according to many authorities, are largely responsible for the distressing manifestations of a cold. Listerine Antiseptic kills these germs by the millions, before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces

Clinical "bacteria counts" showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7% even 15 minutes after gargling with Listerine Antiseptic...up to 80% an hour after the gargle.

Isn't it sensible, then, to use Listerine Antiseptic promptly and often to help combat a sore throat and keep a cold from becoming troublesome?

We do not pretend to say that Listerine Antiseptic so used will always head off a cold or reduce its severity once started. But we do say that it has had such a fine record in so many test cases that it is entitled to consideration as a reputable first aid.

Get the habit of gargling with full strength Listerine Antiseptic morning and night; and if you feel a cold coming on, increase the frequency of the gargle and call your physician.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE for Colds and Sore Throat

1 Go to bed at once, take a mild laxative if your doctor advises it. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly.

2 Gargle with Listerine Antiseptic, full strength, every three hours. Listerine kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces before they can invade the delicate membrane and aggravate infection.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

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

3 At night, take a hot bath, or at least a hot foot bath, before getting into bed. Cover up with plenty of extra blankets to "sweat the cold out of your system."

4 Don't blow your nose too hard. It may spread infection to other parts of the head. Sterilize used handkerchiefs by boiling. Paper napkins should be burned.

LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT

ONLY 75¢ Batteries included

WATCH YOUR THROAT WHERE ILLNESS OFTEN STARTS

JANUARY, 1942
(Continued from page 10)

Ja Ga-ba, which sounds like so much jabberwacky to old Cal.

Guess we'll just call him "Dietrich's boy friend" and let it go at that.

The twenty-five-year-old genius of the movies and theater, Laird Cregar (Hollywood is raving over his performance in the stage play of "The Man Who Came To Dinner"), is a bit upset over the way his last name is manhandled. It's pronounced "Kre-gar," to rhyme with "Cigar." Bette Davis' first name is pronounced "Betty," not "Bot" as Bob Hope seems to insist over the air.

The luscious Rita Hayworth is Reeta and Dottie's last name sounds like Lamoore and that fascinating villain, Conrad Veidt, answers to Vite and Gene's unmarried name is pronounced "Teer-nee." Her husband's first name is Oleg, with the accent on the O. "Casseenee" comes nearest to Cassini, And Franchot's name is pronounced "Franshow."

Any other name that's been stump-

Bob Hope—the Author: For be it from us to turn book reviewer (Cal Clifton Fadiman York), but we can't resist the temptation to talk about Bob Hope's new book in which Bob refers to the Academy Award Oscars as "Frozen Quiz Kids."

Yes sir, Hopeless Hope has cer-
tainly penned himself a tome you fans will adore. Bob's book is different, too. In fact, it's the only one written that has a wait after every sentence for the laughs.

Bob's Book-of-the-Mumps (you can't eat a pickle while reading it) may never touch "Berlin Diary" for sales, but if it ever fell into the hands of an enemy it would confuse him into submission. In case of combat we suggest dispensing with pamphlets and dropping Bob's book in the enemy's general direction. General Direction would give up at once.

It begins with a Bing and ends with a bang. Crosby writes the introduction—as if scoop-chin Hope needs an introduction!

Bob begins by saying, "There was a great deal of excitement at the little house next door to the Barretts of Wimpole Street. My best friend was having a baby. Me. London and my father were very foggy that night!"

To quote at random: "I was such a beautiful baby. My parents had me kidnapped twice a week just so they could see my picture in the papers...I used to cry so much they had to diaper me on both ends...My father was the proud father of seven boys. In fact, he was the Bing Crosby of his day."

Yes sir, Mr. Hope has written himself one long streamlined gag, one that will take you roaring away from what ails you. Anyway, if the humor doesn't get you the illustrations will. We're still laughing.

Roz takes a Bridegroom! Roz Russell up and did it! Hollywood's most famous bachelor girl gladly and willingly gave up all claim to the title when she married her agent, Fred Brisson, Rosalind's marriage had been rumored and threatened for some time, with Roz repeatedly denying the rumor.

Then, a few days after her mother in the East announced her daughter's engagement, Roz and Freddie traveled up to the historic Santa Ynez mission in the little Danish community of Solvang, California, and in company with their close friends were married.

Cary Grant made a handsome best man. As one guest whispered, it

After-ceremony grins: Loretta Young, best man Cary Grant, bride Rosalind Russell, bridegroom Fred Brisson, Barbara Hutton, Frank Vincent, Charlotte Wynters

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff
must seem queer to Cary, who has been Roz's screen husband several times, to see his screen wife become the bride of another. And what a lovely bride Roz made, in her simple white Danish-type gown. Actress Charlotte Wynters (actor Barton MacLane's wife) was matron of honor.

After the ceremony the guests were treated to something new in wedding receptions—a picnic on the mission grounds, under the live oaks. Around the tables, decorated in Danish (the groom is a Dane) and American flags, sat Mr. and Mrs. William Powell, the Nigel Bruces, the Herbert Marshalls, Barbara Hutton, Mildred Crawford, Roz's stand-in, her two sisters and their husbands and her mother. The bridegroom's parents were also present.

It must be all of ten years ago that a tall lanky boy called Freddy Peterson roamed around the Paramount Studios at loose ends with himself and everybody else. "Oh, that's Carl Brisson's brother," was the way Hollywood dismissed him. Mr. Brisson, the Danish prize fighter who had turned actor, was doing his best to catch America's fancy at the time.

Then Freddy went away and people forgot him until one day, a few years ago, he came back in Hollywood as an agent. His name was now Freddie Brisson—he'd really been Carl's son all the time, but for publicity reasons, it had been thought best to deny it. Freddie, charming, ingratiating, seemed to have found himself. He also found Rosalind Russell—as a client.

Cal wonders if others, too, remember that rather lost bewildered boy, who has now married Hollywood's most sophisticated glamour girl.

It's a funny world and Cal hopes it will always be a wonderful one to Roz and Freddie.

(Continued on page 73)

The men will look at Marlene Dietrich at Ciro's; the ladies will spot the ermine-tail scarf and hat and, incidentally, Jean Gabin
The SHADOW STAGE

REVIVING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

\[ \checkmark \text{How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)} \]

**It's About:** The story of a boy's life in a Welsh mining town.

Here is something we can shout about, weep over, love forever and forget never.

John Ford has won himself a star, if not an Oscar, for his beautiful direction of a story narrated by a man who tells of his boyhood in a little Welsh coal-mining town.

Poignantly tender, at times sonorously deafening in its emotional thunder, it never once gets out of tone, out of harmony, out of atmosphere.

Marching through the tale is the father, Donald Crisp, and the mother, Sara Allgood, with their brood of boys, among them Patric Knowles, John Loder and little Huw, played by Roddy McDowall with unbelievable understanding. Maureen O'Hara is the beautiful daughter.

Walter Pidgeon, as Mr. Gruffydd, the preacher, gives his best performance to date. In fact, it is impossible for us to find a single flaw in this spellbinding picture.

Your Reviewer Says: An Academy Award Contender.

\[ \checkmark \text{The Men In Her Life (Columbia)} \]

**It's About:** The loves in the life of a famous ballerina.

LORETTA YOUNG attempts to carry on her frail shoulders the burden of a dated story that carries no other name so strong as her own. She does nobly with the story material at hand and is aided by some strong masculine support. Conrad Veidt is marvelous as the retired dancer who takes the raw but ambitious young Loretta in hand and makes of her a world-famous ballerina. In gratitude Loretta marries him when he confesses his love, renouncing the man of her own heart, John Shepperd.

Young Mr. Shepperd is a handsome newcomer, radiating the kind of appeal that women respond to. Dean Jagger, as a staid American millionaire and father of Loretta's baby, seems uneasy in his role. Little Ann Todd, as the child, is wide-eyed with the wonder of it all. Eugenie Leontovich and Otto Kruger are outstanding in their roles. It's an odd, out-of-the-way film, with drama and beauty that cannot be ignored.

Your Reviewer Says: Portrait with a soul.

\[ \checkmark \text{The Best Pictures of the Month} \]

- How Green Was My Valley
- Dumbo
- Target For Tonight
- Hot Spot
- The Maltese Falcon
- Appointment For Love

**Best Performances**

Walter Pidgeon in "How Green Was My Valley"

Roddy McDowall in "How Green Was My Valley"

Donald Crisp in "How Green Was My Valley"

Maureen O'Hara in "How Green Was My Valley"

Sara Allgood in "How Green Was My Valley"

Laird Cregar in "Hot Spot"

Loretta Young in "The Men In Her Life"

Conrad Veidt in "The Men In Her Life"

Humphrey Bogart in "The Maltese Falcon"

Sydney Greenstreet in "The Maltese Falcon"

Mary Astor in "The Maltese Falcon"

Charles Boyer in "Appointment For Love"

Margaret Sullavan in "Appointment For Love"

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 85
TWENTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD Laird Cregar is one of the finest actors in the profession, and many critics believe he should have won an Oscar for his performance in "Call of the Wild." Cregar is known for his intense and powerful acting, and he has been nominated for several awards for his work in movies like "Gone With the Wind," "Rebecca," and "The Maltese Falcon." He has a unique ability to bring depth and emotion to his roles, which has earned him a dedicated fan base.

In "The Maltese Falcon," Cregar plays the role of Sam Spade, the hard-boiled detective who is caught up in a web of deceit and danger. His performance is praised for its intensity and authenticity, and he is considered one of the best actors of his generation.

Unfortunately, Cregar's career was cut short by his untimely death in 1943, but his legacy lives on through his film work. He remains a beloved figure in the entertainment industry, and his contributions to cinema are still celebrated today.

---

Your Reviewer Says: A chilling, a killer, a diller.

Appointment For Love
(Universal)

It's About: The honeymoon troubles of a professional woman and her author husband.

BOYER at his smoothest. Sullavan at her slickest, movies at their trickiest; a combination difficult to beat and who would want to? Never has Monsieur Charles so strongly merited his number-one lover rating, as the playwright who marries the successful doctor, Margaret Sullavan. Immediately after the marriage, Dr. Sullavan puts into practice all her scientific theories concerning love and mariage by taking her own apartment five floors above her bridegroom's.

Boyer tries every possible scheme to woo her downstairs. She fails to become jealous (that's only a secret) from the (Continued on page 79)
GREAT FAMILIES make great pictures!

from the days of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" and "CIMARRON"... through "CAVALCADE" and "BEAU GESTE"... down to "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCCHILD," "THE GRAPES OF WRATH" and "GONE WITH THE WIND"...

great families make GREAT PICTURES!

...and now to the screen comes the brave story of a family never conquered—not by armed men or hardship, hunger or hate—nor by the turbulent years that stole the greenness from their valley.

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

Richard Llewellyn's

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

with

WALTER PIDGEON • MAUREEN O'HARA • DONALD CRISP

ANNA LEE • RODDY MCDOWALL

John Loder • Sara Allgood • Barry Fitzgerald • Patric Knowles

Produced by Directed by

DARRYL F. ZANUCK • JOHN FORD

Screen Play by Philip Dunne

Watch for CLAUDETTE COLBERT in "Remember the Day"
The Chances We Take

No magazine can hope to be infallible, can hope to avoid occasional errors and inconsistencies. This is particularly true of magazines which deal in personalities, and thus are frequently affected by the vagaries of temperamental human beings.

As I have told you before on this page, PHOTOPLAY—MOVIE MIRROR prides itself on trying to be the most up-to-the-minute source of Hollywood information. Although a magazine bringing you beautiful colored pictures best printed by the complex rotogravure process cannot hope to be as timely as a newspaper or a news magazine, we count upon our sources and the sources of our writers to bring you the important stories first.

But, believe me, we have to take chances. Why? Well, let me give you an example:

Quite some time before the news broke in the papers that Stirling Hayden was going to quit Hollywood, one of our most reliable sources gave me this information and offered a story explaining why Hayden was taking the step. You have heard all the suspicions: a publicity stunt, a strike to get better salary, maybe even a momentary whim that would blow over. I was in Hollywood and covered all possible sources of information. Helen Gilmore in New York did the same. We learned beyond a shadow of a doubt that Stirling Hayden meant it. But what if it were a momentary mood, blown away by the first gust of a changing wind?

Well, that was a chance we had to take and, in taking it, rely only upon our instinct of why people do things—and when. It was not until weeks later in my office in New York that I was actually able to look into the clear, determined eyes of Stirling Hayden and know definitely that it was no momentary mood.

Sometimes we are not so fortunate. Several months ago we published "Round-up of Romances," in which Rosalind Russell stated emphatically, "I'm not going to elope, no matter what the newspapers say." Well, she didn't elope, but her statement to Ruth Waterbury, most reliable of Hollywood editors and reporters, definitely gave her the impression that she did not intend to marry Fred Brisson at all. A few weeks later she was his bride.

Publishing Mrs. Brisson's (née Russell's) statement was a good bet. We took the chance. And lost.

But take the case of the romance of Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery, published in last month's issue. As you may recall, the story does not claim that George and Ginger are going to get married or that the relationship is anything more than a charming romantic friendship.

The behind-the-scene facts about that story are amusing:

When I received the manuscript, Ginger was not in Hollywood and her mother, Lela, one of the most honest and straight-shooting women I know, was at the new Rogers ranch in Oregon. Most of my pals in Hollywood were telling me that the romance had ended practically before it had begun (as they are still saying) and every evidence pointed to the desirability of "killing" the story. The phone rang. It was Lela Rogers, just returned from the ranch. I was leaving for New York that night, but somehow I must manage to verify the story. "When can I see you?" I asked Lela. "Tonight," she said. "But I'm leaving for New York," I replied. "I know," she said, "your office told me. Ginger and I are going East on the same train."

So in that case we didn't have to take a very big chance, for in the hours we all spent together I was able to verify the fact that George Montgomery had definitely proposed to Ginger and that their friendship was still on.

Of course, we cannot expect stars to continue indefinitely to be friends because they once said they were!

Nor can we expect them always to carry out their plans, since often fate makes them "gang agley."

You may remember the odd circumstance that attended Richard Greene's departure from these shores. Supposedly in Hollywood waiting for a commission in the Canadian army—and open to criticism for his actions—he was actually, according to a tip given us, in New York preparing to sail for England. We called the British shipping commission and although we could not verify it (war censorship, you know) the tone of the officer in charge gave us the clue to its truth. We took a chance there. And won.

The collective instincts of our staff told us—in the case of Alice Faye and Phil Harris—that they were not going to get married. But Sara Hamilton, our most energetic newshawk, insisted it was on the level. Doubting her judgment, we still took a chance, assigned her to an interview with Harris—and thanks to her superior instinct we had a scoop when the marriage was announced later.

So it goes. We can check the highest authorities. We can deal with only the most reliable writers, verify our sources and theirs. And still, somewhere along the line of getting a scoop, human nature being what it is, we usually have to toss a coin.

Ernest V. Heyn
Holiday Greetings

The nicest way we could think to wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year was to have your favorite stars write their personal greetings to you.

From the readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror

Bob Hope

Humphrey Bogart

Jimmy Stewart

Helen Twelvetrees

Anne Baxter

Queenie Smith

Janet Gaynor

Gary Cooper

Martha Scott

Harpo Marx

Here's to happier days for everyone. Greetings from Ann B. Henderson

[Handwritten signatures from various celebrities]

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror from another reader —

Pamela Collier
Christmas wishes and
New Year's happiness to
"Photoplay - Movie Mirror" and all its readers.

Sincerely

Lucille Ball

All my best for the holidays,

Mickey Rooney

May a very happy
New Year follow a
joyous Christmas
for all.

Sincerely,

Deanna Durbin

Happiest Holiday Greetings
from "Melody Ranch"

Gene Autrey
and "Champ"

A great big wish to each
of you for a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year.

Love

Dean Carroll

all the Best

of Everything at Christmas

John Hylek

My thanks to

Photoplay - Movie Mirror
for this opportunity to
wish you all the
happiest of holidays

Sincerely

Betty Grable

My sincere greetings to you. I
hope this Christmas brings peace to so
many in this warring world.

Sincerely,

Marlene Dietrich

Well this is everything
you wish you for Christmas

Ronald Reagan

Best Wishes

for

Happy Holidays

Alice Faye

JANUARY, 1942
SEEMS incredible that resolution time has caught up with us again. This year’s gone by faster than flit can catch flies. Some of my last year’s resolutions haven’t been digested yet, but I always say one good turn deserves another. So here goes, without malice, reservations, or pap.

If we ever have another investigation like the late lamented Washington Follies, I’m hoping the first person put on the witness stand will stand up, when accused of making propaganda pictures, and have courage enough to say, “Sure we made ’em. We make pictures to please all the people. And inasmuch as all our books, radio, short stories, newspapers were filled with the atrocities of Hitler, we put a few of them on the screen. What would you have us do—close our eyes and pretend a war isn’t going on?” But when the public proved that they didn’t want war pictures, no industry ever turned about-face more quickly to go into musicals, comedies, and give the public what it wanted. Let’s stand up to our obligations and when accused of something we had every right to do, say, “Sure we did it. You can’t shoot a man for aiming to please—or can you?”

Clark Gable should resolve to throw his influence to get Judy Garland...
as co-star. Now that she's grown up and married, she's earned that right and I have a feeling her fans would applaud it. Sure, I know she's wonderful in musicals. She and Mickey Rooney in "Babes On Broadway" ooze so much talent they're frightening. But remember, Clark once did a song and dance—maybe he could learn to do another one, who knows? Failing that, Judy can go dramatic with him.

Let's hope Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond decide to team up again. "Smilin' Through" went over with a bang, after the producers had howled for years that you fans wouldn't like to see husbands kissing their own wives on the screen. Well, if they can't do a good job of it after so many rehearsals, who can?

In Ginger Rogers' busy schedule (gosh! she's wanted for every picture, seems to me. Yet only a few short years ago there were grave doubts that she could do drama) I wish she'd find time to squeeze in another picture with Fred Astaire, because the musicals they did together never yet have been topped by anyone.

Let's dig up another "Woman Of The Year" like Katharine Hepburn for Spence Tracy. He's proven in this that he's a better comedian than he was horror man in "Jekyll And Hyde." Why (Continued on page 83)

Barbara Hutton: 'I won't be pleased
at Hedda's tip to Cary Grant

Jean Arthur: She should
agree, but will she?

Gene Raymond: The producers
said you wouldn't but you did
FLIGHT OFFICER

We are fortunate to be able to bring you, with the permission of all concerned, this fascinating, intimate letter from Laurence Olivier to

Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Mary Lee Fairbanks

Walking down a London street: Laurence Olivier and wife Vivien Leigh
Dearest Doug and Mary Lee—

c/o Admiralty, London

This is a fine time to take to thank you for your most generous thoughtfulness in sending us that cable about the Hamilton picture. It was terribly sweet of you—bless you both.

Duggie, we heard with great fondness and admiration of your gallant efforts on this country’s behalf—your tireless loyalty to us is most wonderful, as there must be times when it is terribly difficult for you, and times when to say the least of it, it cannot have been to your advantage to be someone who has been so fond of us. Don’t misunderstand me—we know how these things are, and we are filled with admiration for your courage—gratitude for your loyalty and pride for your friendship.

I can’t give you my address as I may be moving soon—but the “ship” overhead is a “land” ship and one gets “shore leave” to go down the street to the post office, "Signals" instead of letters—and a little party of men waiting just inside the gate with their bicycles held stiffly behind them, is called a "liberty boat."

It’s a good job and feels useful. I’m a pilot in an Air Gunmen Training Squadron and it’s very good experience. I got my wings quite soon, which was a blessing and I hope to be promoted in a week or so.

Viv, praise God, is with me and we live by the sea quite a few miles from work, to which I dash at a most ungodly hour (worse than pictures!) on a motor-bike! It’s all so different as you may imagine! I worry very much for Viv the nights when I have to be away tho’ God knows we’ve been lucky lately (famous last words!) and she’s a model of tact with the officers’ wives!

Anything that might bring about a separation is our constant dread. But by and large, I can’t remember ever feeling such contentment. We get to London once or perhaps twice a month, and it’s incredible how much one enjoys things which one has heretofore taken for granted!

It sounds an odd thing to say but life really feels more peaceful than it ever did before!

Good-bye now, our dear friends. Our devoted love to all our pals—our beloved Colmans, the Bruces, the Hunters, Kanin, Cukor, George Sanders—and anyone and everyone we know if you happen to meet them.

With love to both from both—

[Signature]
Richard Greene, just given his commission in the tank corps, was one of the tireless actors who gave shows in air-raid shelters.

America hailed Ralph Richardson in "The Citadel"; he's now in the British Navy.

AND THEY'RE OVER THERE TOO

Over the air in England one night soon, from the British Broadcasting Company, will come a crescendo of "V's," tapped out in Morse code by the nimble feet of Fred Astaire. A night or two later the voice of Charles Boyer will be heard assuring embattled Britons that there are: "forty million Frenchmen with an English accent in their hearts."

The two programs are among the recordings which Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels, former American film stars, now England’s favorite air entertainers, recently took back to London from a quick trip to Hollywood to enlist the support of film folk there in the British campaign to keep morale high.

Just how highly the English government values the aid to morale of stage, screen and radio entertainment is testified by the frequency with which many of the English actors in various arms of the service are released from their military duties long enough to do a play or picture.

David Niven, one of the first English actors to volunteer, is now a major in the parachute corps, and is reported to have taken part in several successful raids on Occupied France. But as important as this assignment is, he has just been borrowed from the Army by Leslie Howard to co-star with him in Howard's film production about the famous English fighting plane, the Spitfire. Howard, an officer in the first World War, was too old for military service in this one, but returned to England from Hollywood at the outbreak of hostilities to help keep British film production alive during the emergency.

Richard Greene, who recently won his commission in the tank corps, was given leave to make two films. Latest news from England reported that Greene had been ordered to South Africa with his tank unit.

Tall, droll Ralph Richardson who, through such pictures as "The Citadel" and "Four Feathers," was becoming almost as well known to American audiences as he was in his native England just before the war broke out, is a flight officer with the air arm of the British Navy. Shortly after Dunkerque, Richardson was reported to have been killed in action. This unhappy news later was denied and Richardson is still on duty with the fleet.

Another British matinee idol, who only recently has become well known over here, is Rex Harrison who made both "Major Barbara" and "Night Train" while on leave from the RAF. Harrison's latest contribution to the entertainment campaign is a stage production of "No Time for Comedy."

The production proposal most eagerly awaited by fans, "This Above All," co-starring Vivien Leigh and her husband Laurence Olivier, had to be abandoned as an English project and transferred to Hollywood where Tyrone Power and Joan Fontaine will do the starring roles. This was not because of wartime emergencies but because of Vivien's impending motherhood. By the time leave could be arranged for Olivier, it was too near January, when Vivien expects her baby.
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They were attracted to each other when they first met. Then things happened that made her call Flynn "a selfish brute." But now . . .

OLIVIA was contrite, Olivia wanted to make amends, Olivia had learned the lesson preached by John Doe—"Don't condemn your neighbor, try to understand him." Olivia had condemned Errol Flynn. "He's a bad-mannered selfish brute," she'd stormed, not caring who heard her.

"Now I feel like a heel," she wailed. "Oh, not because I thought badly of Errol. We all make mistakes about people. But because I had to go yapping my head off to anyone who'd listen. In decency, I ought to round them all up and tell 'em I was wrong, but how can I?"

She looked so pretty in the period dress of "They Died With Their Boots On," the new Flynn-De Havilland opus, that you concentrated with difficulty on her distress. Distressed she unquestionably was, however. We suggested she tell the story for publication, easing her conscience, giving us a break and righting an injustice all at a single blow. We could call it "Livvie Done Errol Wrong."

"It's not funny, McGee," she said absently, thinking it over. Then—"All right, I'll do it. Call it 'With Apologies to Flynn.'"

Olivia thought she knew Errol. Off and on, over a period of eight years, she'd played opposite him. They've been screen sweethearts, they've spent weeks on the same set, they've made personal appearances together, she's been charmed, bored and infuriated by him. She didn't think he could ever surprise her.

At seventeen Livvie captivated Max Reinhardt, audiences at the Hollywood Bowl and the Warner Brothers by her performance as Hermia in "Midsummer Night's Dream." Before going on tour with the play, she was signed by Warners. Flynn was signed in England at about the same time.

The Reinhardt company was playing Chicago when Livvie's phone rang one day. A Warner man calling. "There's a young Irishman coming through on his way to the coast. Since you're both under contract to Warners, how's about meeting him at the station and taking pictures together?"

Who, the Shakespearean actress? "Certainly not," Olivia said crisply, "it would be most undignified." She could almost feel Ellen Terry patting her on the back for upholding the traditions of the bard.

The tour ended, she returned to Hollywood for the screen version. She was green, she was shy, this was her first hop from under the maternal wing, she romanticized life and men. On the set, when she wasn't working she'd go off to a corner and sketch. Once she felt eyes on the back of her head and turned to find that they belonged to a tall smiling young man who kept them on her with a transfixed expression which confused her, since she couldn't be sure whether he was flattering or making fun of her.

"Well—" she thought, and made a stab at going on with her sketch. Footsteps sounded behind her and the young man dropped on one knee at her side.

"I hope you don't mind my introducing myself. I'm Errol Flynn and I was supposed to meet you in Chicago. What's your telephone number?"

It really wasn't fair. Not with a child. All he needed was a lance and white charger and he didn't really need them. Hewing to her own line, however, the child didn't do so badly after all. "I never give my telephone number."

"Then you've got to have lunch with me tomorrow."

"I eat my lunch alone."

"You've have it with me tomorrow, if it means I've got to knock a policeman down."

She lunched alone next day, wondering whether maybe a policeman had knocked (Continued on page 74)
No runaway marriage for these two!

A pretty personal discussion of a very personal subject by Bonita Granville and her b.f., Jackie Cooper

BY KAY PROCTOR

Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper both love pointless stories and thick red steaks. They both have quick tempers and a genius for saying the wrong thing at the wrong time. And they both believe, heart and soul, in old-fashioned weddings with all the romantic trimmings.

"No runaway marriage for me," said Bun.

"Elope? Not me," said Jackie.

Both were quick to point out it was their personal opinion they were expressing, not an indictment of recent Hollywood newlyweds who had chosen to dash off on sudden impulse to some distant town and surround the marriage ceremony with semisecrecy. If others like Judy Garland and Dave Rose, Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini, Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton preferred eloping, then elopements certainly were right for them. It simply was a matter of how Bun and Jackie, as individuals, felt on the subject.

Immediately, too, they insisted they were speaking about marriage in general, not when, how, or even if they themselves get married. Not only have they never announced any marriage plans, Bun and Jackie said, but actually they never have made any such plans. Cross their hearts!

"It's silly to talk about marriage when we're not even old enough to vote," Jackie explained. "Seems to me it would be a smart idea if we finished this growing-up business first. After all, I've just turned nineteen and Bun's even younger.

We've got lots of time ahead of us."

"Check!" Bun amended. "And there's another reason—our careers. Each of us happens to be at a pretty important point in our professional lives. If we are to win the success we want, our first interest and consideration must be for those careers, not marriage. I don't believe you can get married and then say: 'Well, that's that; marriage will take care of itself so now I'll devote myself to my career.' Successful marriage doesn't work that way, particularly for a girl.

It has to come first and neither of us is ready as yet to pigeonhole our screen work in a place of secondary importance."

Jackie grinned. "Lady," he said, "you said a smart mouthful!"

They do admit to being boy and girl sweethearts and have been for well over a year. Bun thinks Jackie is tops, even if he does squander his allowance in an atrocious fashion, and Jackie rates Bun as aces, even if she is disgracefully careless about being late for appointments. And maybe, when the time is right. . .

Bun first met Jackie when she was a giggly fourteen, during the making of "White Banners." She got her first nod from him on her fifteenth birthday—a bottle of perfume for a birthday gift. It was expensive perfume, too, in keeping with Jackie's belief about doing things right if you do it at all. Then, apparently, he forgot anyone named Bonita Granville was on earth. (Continued on page 75)
With two lively females on his hands, Ronnie calls his home "The Ronald Reagan Home For Delinquent Girls"

BY IDA ZEITLIN

T HE Ronald Reagans were chewing the fat with a couple of friends. Discussing some item, the other wife said to her husband, "Oh yes, that's the night you weren't talking to me."

Jane turned on Ronnie. "Now see? Now there!" she yelled. "Why don't you ever not talk to me the way he sometimes not talks to her?"

There you have the skeleton in the Reagan closet. Nearing their second anniversary, they have yet to stage their first battle. This worries Jane. "First, it's unnormal," she argues. "Second, there's nothing I like better than a good fight. Third, if you don't fight, you can't make up—"

Reagan sees his wife's point. There ought to be problems. There ought to be a reasonable degree of stress and strain in adjusting oneself to the marital pattern. The books say so. He'd be glad to dig up a problem to oblige the books, but thus far it's eluded him.

He and Jane get along as amicably since their marriage as they did before it— "The only difference being that now, when I beat her, it's legal."

Of course this kind of talk is a lot of mullarkey. Like everyone else, they've had to adjust themselves to marriage. It soon becomes clear, however, why these two slipped into double harness without wrenching.

That they're crazy about each other goes without saying. So are plenty of newlyweds who weep and growl their bewildered way through the first year. The Reagans also have intelligence and the kind of humor that's another word for perspective. A former unsuccessful marriage has intensified Jane's sense of values. Most young wives take their happiness for granted. She holds hers like a treasure in both hands. As for Ronnie, what might irritate other husbands amuses him. "I'm the greatest comic round my own house," marvels Jane. For instance— "We don't belong to the golf club any more," she'll inform him.

"Why not?"

"I got into a beef with the guy who runs it and resigned."

Instead of barking, he chuckles. They both know he'll go back and re-join next week. Jane's counting on it. This feminine quirk tickles Ronnie, in whom the comedy sense outstrips the didactic.

Or she'll phone and say: "You're going to be mad at me. I smashed a fender."

"Are you all right?"

"Yup, but the fender's smashed."

"How did it happen?"

"Well, you know that street down so-and-so where the stop sign is? Well, I didn't stop."

Now there's nothing funny to Reagan in careless driving. Nor to Jane either. He knows she's apologizing and he thinks the method of apology's cute. So he skips the lecture and grins at the cuteness.

A couple of times, he admits, he's gone "like this," "like this" being illustrated as a not too formidable glower. "Then I get an eyeful of that kisser and she blinks and looks all of eight, so I find myself talking to her like a father. Between you and me," he added, regarding the kisser across the table, "I have a sweet nature." (Continued on page 77)
There's a thin one and a fat one.
We don't mean Abbott and Costello.
Yes, we do, too! That is, we want to say Olsen and Johnson aren't copycats . . . Well, you better read this

A LOT of people in a lot of places are going to think, when they see the new screen team, Olsen and Johnson, in "Hellzapoppin" that they're 1942 editions of the 1941 hits, Abbott and Costello. But the Olsen-Johnson team dates back to 1914 when they met in a Chicago Tin Pan Alley and started out on twenty-four years of vaudeville clowning to end up as the stars of the smash New York stage hit, "Hellzapoppin".

They did everything they could think of, the screwier the better, to put their names before the public—milking cows on Broadway, driving down Santa Claus Lane in Hollywood on the Fourth of July. They succeeded. A great portion of the American nation know them as prime comedians now; after the release of their Universal picture, their laughs will be public property.

Abbott and Costello date from 1930, made big-time in the same fashion as Olsen and Johnson—i.e., by long hard one-night stands in vaudeville.

It's a case of two plus two equaling four comedy geniuses. It's also a case of four smart minds who've made a million dollars selling corn.

JANUARY, 1942
How not to trim

LARAINÉ DAY, who just died out of the Dr. Kildare series so that she may go on to the heaven of a big role in M-G-M's "Kathleen," has a few weighty remarks to deliver on the problem of what no girl wants to find under her Christmas tree on the morning of December 25.

Take last Christmas, for instance. When Laraine started to husk her presents, she attacked a parcel wrapped in handsome paper and tied with ribbon a mile long and a yard wide. Here, she thought, was going to be something. She unwrapped and unwrapped; it was clear that she had come to grips with one of those humorists who gets a kick out of enclosing a gift in more petticoats than were worn by the Infanta of Spain.

Finally she got to the crux of the situation; out of the last wrapping she extracted—half a dozen green velvet clothes hangers.

Hmmm. Miss Day's closet accessories are all blue.

Oh, well, there were more packages.

There was a very important-looking box done up with silver stars and loops of cellophane. This she divested with speed and lifted the lid off—guess what? One of those wooden kitchen gadgets with household needs arranged in two neat rows. You put a colored peg in the hole opposite the commodity you need from the grocer; the well-known fact that Miss Day lives with her family and that the family has an adequate cook who looks with suspicion on Laraine's doing more than squeezing an orange in the kitchen hadn't deterred one gift giver from ringing coins on a counter without ringing the Christmas bell.

In rapid succession Laraine also unwrapped (a) a bottle of a perfume to which she is violently antipathetic; (b) one of those (Continued on page 88)
JEFFREY LYNN, who's about to have you applauding him loudly in Warners' "The Body Disappears," can be very explicit about his pet holiday peeve: It's those ties. Those no-time—but-Christmas cravats, which he insists are dragged out into the limelight of a haberdashery during the one period of the year when The Little Woman may be found lurking with a bargaining eye around horrendous necktie and handkerchief sets.

Mr. Lynn tells about the sad case of a theatrical friend who was given a star-spangled tie by his honey of the moment. He didn't want to hurt her feelings so he wore the tie, but when he was out of her presence, he tried to preserve his standing in the world of men by covering most of the tie with an open palm. This hand-on-chest gesture was misunderstood by a sympathetic producer in New York to whom the young man was applying for a job and, so help me, the producer gave the chap enough carfare to "go to Phoenix and get cured."

Mr. Lynn's anonymous hero did come west, but he finally took a job in a walnut packing plant in lieu of starving to death as a movie extra. "On Broadway he would have been great," says Jeffrey solemnly. "See how a promising career was wrecked by a dizzy Christmas tie?"

So, girls, take a man's advice and don't try to make him a gift of neckwear. Let him buy his own and only smile if the result resembles a cross between a Mexican bull fight and watermelon à la king.

Jeffrey also puts the hex on military brushes. Seems that bristles come in various grades of stubbornness and your heart interest with the violent mane isn't going to admire the same brush that would appeal to the Lothario with (Continued on page 88)
ONE of these days Brian Donlevy is going to take a little trip to Washington to get some legislation passed in a hurry. The project will be called the Quit-Fooling-The-Kids Bill and will aim at protecting the unsuspecting youth of the land from such inspirational poppycock as "Hitch your wagon to a star."

The way Mr. Donlevy sees it, getting the bill passed will be no trouble at all. He will point to his own personal history and let his case rest.

Didn't Mr. D. hitch his wagon to a star? Of course, he did. So what happened? The frisky little comet kicked over the traces and left him stranded.

In fact, if you must know the truth, it was a series of accidents and not any hitching-wagons-to-stars that is responsible for Brian's present plight, a state of affairs against which, by the by, he has no complaint.

According to Brian, himself, he was supposed to be a girl, which was no little accident as you may have gath-

The gentleman in question—Brian Donlevy. He is an asset to Paramount's "Birth Of The Blues"...
hitch your wagon—

—to a star, or to any other gold-brick adage. Hitch up instead with Brian Donlevy, who's lived and learned. The guy has ideas!

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

...er if you are a Donlevy fan. A trio of Donlevy pictures, "The Great Man's Lady," "Birth Of The Blues" and "The Remarkable Andrew," which you will be seeing soon, will confirm your conclusion.

The bright star to which Brian Donlevy hitched his wagon was literature, the hard-knit, real and rugged brand that Mr. Ernest Hemingway later got around to writing. And it wasn't a case of wishing will make it so. Hardly.

By the time he was fifteen and ready for prep school he had a couple of haversacks full of his writings, including two unfinished novels, three and a half gross of poems, a skeleton of a play called "Tantamount," whatever that means, and a miniature history of English literature with all dates omitted so as not to confuse young scholars.

"As a lad," Brian confesses, "I hoped to become a writer. But my folks didn't have the money to give me the usual preparation, four years at some ivy-league college. I could see my way clear only by one route: I would become a military man, get stationed at some remote post and thus find all the leisure a writer needed."

He was halfway through St. John's Military Academy when war broke out. Being young, adventurous and patriotic he volunteered and sailed for France.

THE Donlevy war record, to the publication of which he was no party, is compounded of fact and fiction and the devil take the hindmost. To read the romance-ridden accounts of divers writers, Brian Donlevy was gyped out of a Congressional Medal for bravery, the Order of the Purple Heart and only Walt Disney knows what-all else. Judging from these awed historians, he was hands-down the fanciest flyer in France.

But mention his war years to Donlevy and he asks you in that vague, poking way that he employs toward strangers: "What was it that guy Sherman said about war?" You gather that he'd rather skip the whole subject. Obviously, it's been a source of embarrassment.

Well, after the Armistice he returned to the United States and that bright star of his. He tried for West Point but had to settle for Annapolis. There Papa Donlevy's son of Sheboygan, Wisconsin, was no great shakes as a student. But in nonnaval matters he did wonderfully by himself.

By way of proving that Noel Coward wasn't the only many-talented man in circulation, he wrote the plebe class musical, did several skits in his show, sang a few songs and executed a spot of hoofing.

An accident during sophomore year revamped his life once more. He was anchored in the infirmary (laid low by a dental infection) when he happened to pick up a newspaper. The front page was filled with talk of disarmament and the scrapping of ships. Naval men were quoted as saying that the drop-off in tonnage would leave the Academy with hordes of unwanted (Continued on page 72)

He has an asset in his "Squirt," who is Mrs. Brian Donlevy to you. He writes her sentimental poems Their Villa Donlevy, out Brentwood way, is a charming manor house, part modern, part Cape Cod and completely happy home
RIGHT THIS WAY FOLKS!

See everything under the Big Top! Bring your peanuts and popcorn, spy glasses and autograph books and come on in. The greatest show on earth, complete with the brightest star performers ever to act up for Ringling Brothers—and cameraman Hyman Fink

Clutching the brass rail and keeping her eye on the man on the flying trapeze is Mrs. Fred MacMurray, done up in what the best-dressed woman will wear to the circus. Man watching lady on horse is husband Fred

Chin up, boys and girls. The girl is Ann Sothern, recently separated from Roger Pryor; the boy is Robert Taylor caught in a "will he make it?" pose. Vocal accompaniment is by the small unidentified brunette in front

Standout in the pink lemonade crowd is Shirley Temple who came to see the elephants accompanied by the Abrams, Eddie and Carole

High-tensioned live wire is Barbara Stanwyck, who got right into the sawdust spirit of things. She's flanked by Henry Fonda, Mal Milland
Walter Wanger, who usually takes Joan Bennett everywhere, took her and her daughters Diana and Melinda, got liberal helpings of sticky popcorn as his due reward.

... it was a circus to watch Ginger Rogers, who went through all the gestures. She's with Joseph Bryan III, Mrs. John Ringling North.

The one corner that took occasional glances away from the clowns was the one at the lower left. Charles Chaplin came to clap, brought the new West Coast comer Jinx Falkenburg.

Tight spot for the tightrope walker rates him star attention from Charles Boyer, his wife Pat Paterson, Ronald Colman and Mrs. Colman, a go-together Hollywood quartette.

Envy of the Hollywood audience was Lynn Bari, who rubbed shoulders with the clown. Envy of everyone else was the clown.
He seemed like a nice specimen of tame
We are all male animals," Tommy said thickly to Michael. "Think of the sea lion. He knows love is a thing you do something about!"

The autumn sunlight was mellow on the red-brick buildings of Midwestern University. It, and the smell of burning leaves, and the holiday feeling in the air, all spoke eloquently of football. So did the big banner over the wrought-iron campus gates. It said, "Be at the Rally Tonight. Beat Michigan Tomorrow."

The Tommy Turners were having people in that evening for cocktails and a buffet supper, partly because it was the night before the Big Game and partly because it was Ellen Turner's birthday—although Tommy, having been married six years and not having too good a memory at any time, had forgotten that. He came home about four-thirty, humming to himself and carrying chrysanthemums and a bottle of rye.

Tommy Turner, at twenty-eight, was rangy and bespectacled, with clothes that hung indifferently on his tall loose frame and a slight stoop to his shoulders. In moments of stress or deep thought—which was most of the time—he had a habit of ruffling his hair so that he looked like a puzzled spaniel. He was Associate Professor of English at the University, but that morning Dean Damon, the head of the department, had told him it looked as if he'd be made a full professor at the end of the term.

Ellen came in to find him putting the flowers into a vase already too full. This didn't surprise her. She knew the flowers weren't for her birthday, because she'd asked Tommy to get them, and she would naturally expect him to put them in the least suitable place. Ellen was pretty and dark-haired and Tommy had wondered, when they were first married, how in the world he had managed to win her over the competition of Joe Ferguson, Midwestern's great halfback. After the first year or so, however, he seemed to stop wondering and begin taking her for granted, which bothered Ellen a little.

Joe Ferguson was coming to the party tonight. It would be the first time Ellen had seen him since her marriage. He'd been living in Pittsburgh and doing very well—so well that until this year he'd always been too busy to come back for the Big Game. And Ellen wondered if he'd changed, or if he was still the same big, handsome, vital Joe...

"Oh," she said to Tommy, suddenly remembering, "Dean Damon called. Cleota took the message. She seemed to think the Dean wanted you to go over to his house and see him."

And that reminded Tommy, so he told her about the full professorship. When she had finished giving him a congratulatory kiss, she said anxiously, "Have the trustees voted on it yet?"

"No, but that's just a formality."

"All the same," Ellen said wisely, "it's a good thing Ed Keller's coming to the party tonight."

Tommy grumbled, "Why do we have to have Ed Keller?"

"He's the most important trustee—and Joe has to have someone to talk football with."

Tommy sighed. Ed Keller was the town's biggest real-estate agent and most football-minded alumnus and trustee. He was responsible for Midwestern's stadium, which was the biggest between Chicago and California and which Tommy considered a waste of money.

"Well," he said, "I'd better go see what the Dean wants. Come along?"

The Dean (Continued on page 66)
Looming large: Philip Dorn of M-G-M's "Tarzan's Secret Treasure"; a faultless actor imported from Dutch films; six-footer husband, for seven years, of a Holland miss.
Rather a little one: Joan Fontaine of RKO's 'Suspicion'; witty, ambitious, clever person; possessor of a one-sided smile; possessor, too, of a husband named Brian Aherne.
Remember the old refrain about, "If I had a magic wand to bend, I'd wish seven wishes o'er the land o' men?"

My first wish would be this: That all men should cultivate a sensitivity to mood. Then they'd never spoil a lovely moment! You know, it's that quality Spencer Tracy projects from the screen to the nth degree. A quality based on thoughtfulness and consideration—and that's getting all too rare these days.

One day last spring, for instance, a party of us drove up into the mountains. The valley below was like a floral carpet, brilliant with thousands of lupines, poppies and those lush evening primroses. "Oh, but isn't it beautiful!" exclaimed the girl in the front seat.

"Yes," said the man absently who was driving, "I like"—looking at the car—"to test her accelerative speed on different grades to see what she'll do." And he stepped on the gas. The scenery went by in a rushing blur.

And romance evaporated into the air. The girl had been thinking of marrying him. She quickly changed her mind. "Why," she said, "he's the sort of man who would kiss his wife while she's balancing a check book and scold her about extravagance in the midst of making love to her! I'll bet he sees every sunset behind a sporting page."

It would be a wonderful world for women if all men acquired that sense for mood.

And if (Wish No. 2) they all suddenly burgeoned forth with the sense of good grooming! Girls are just as allergic to whiskers, baggy coats and droopy socks (Continued on page 60)
Hello to Barbara Stanwyck who has more than a nodding acquaintance with skis in Columbia's "You Belong To Me." She makes a pretty cover; she does a bit of interior decoration here in a gray gabardine ski suit with zipper-closed pockets, a reversible jacket and a lambskin coat that turns itself inside out to be a smart gray gabardine topper.

Miss Stanwyck's clothes designed by EDITH HEAD
Mrs. Robert Taylor makes fashion tracks in a two-piece of caramel and brown. Style tip-offs on top are the deep V yoke of the caramel jacket and the tie bow at the waistline. The skirt is dark-brown wool, gored generously; the tie blouse is a contributing factor in this success send-off.
Dress With Ideas: It's slate blue, a bright note in any crowd. Its cross-over bodice has four fabric arrows finished with silver arrowheads. Its corselet waistline and skirt with overlapped folds will have you cutting a figure under the mistletoe. Miss Stanwyck pulls an all-one-color pose, wears slate blue gloves and hat and steals every fashion scene.
Edith Head calls it a negligee; we say it’s a triumph; Barbara Stanwyck wears it because it’s pretty, it’s pink and it turns most any woman into a siren de luxe. Over the fitted satin foundation, flesh-toned chiffon is worked into a trailing skirt, a fitted waist and a collarless bodice with balloon sleeves gathered into a diverting inch-deep cuff. It’s a boudoir must and a breakfast-table trump card.
A silver-spoon-in-the-mouth touch, yours for the buying of this white crepe dinner dress, draped on top to suggest a bolero, decorated in a million-dollar manner with sable bands on its dolman sleeves, slit to the knee just to show your pretty ankles and make people turn around. Miss Stanwyck's ten-skin sable stole and gold and topaz jewelry finish things off in high style, will keep audiences busy looking at her in "You Belong To Me"
**Ring in the new...**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>If You're:</th>
<th>Your Hollywood Prototype Is:</th>
<th>Psychologists would say Your Animal Prototype Is:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A blonde or a redhead who can look into a man's eyes instead of at his necktie</td>
<td>Madeleine Carroll</td>
<td>A swan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A brunette and on the tallish side</td>
<td>Rosalind Russell</td>
<td>A deer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A half-pint sprightly blonde or redhead</td>
<td>Betty Grable</td>
<td>A kitten</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A pocket-size vivacious brunette</td>
<td>Olivia de Havilland</td>
<td>A chipmunk</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Madeleine Carrol

Psychologists would say Your Animal Prototype Is:

A swan

A deer

A kitten

A chipmunk
**THE NEW YOU!**

Use your head, take this to heart and you'll keep on ringing bells all through 1942.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Men Think of You As:</th>
<th>Your Make-Up Pitfall Is:</th>
<th>Your Personality Bugaboo Is:</th>
<th>Look Pretty In:</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Softly feminine in appearance, warm by nature, smart-as-a-whip walker on world events</td>
<td>Looking too much like a pink-and-white pretty. Be sure your rouge and lipstick have a vivid orange tone in them and don't get a too-pink powder; you're a personality not a pastel painting</td>
<td>Probably too much reserve. Smile a little more often and once in a while tell a good story — on yourself</td>
<td>A chantilly black lace blouse and velvet skirt at twilight. Look pretty in anything fragile for that matter. Black is a &quot;best&quot; for you; white, a next best; tweeds something you wear only on hikes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A small warm person who's a lot of fun at a party but who needs to be helped over curbstones on the way home</td>
<td>Getting too dark a powder shade. Be sure your powder has a pink glow to keep you from looking too much like an olive-skinned gypsy</td>
<td>Probably being too independent. Never argue too much and shun that &quot;club-woman&quot; attitude</td>
<td>A red velvet beaded jacket over a black crepe dress. Wear colors, any and all of them; try bizarre combinations; let your zany impulses go when it comes to buying your hats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A lively little girl with a glint in her eye, tongue in her cheek and a capacity to keep the ball rolling wherever she is</td>
<td>Not having enough angles in your face. Try putting on your rouge in a different pattern; try wearing no rouge and using a vivid purple-toned lipstick</td>
<td>Probably being too much the &quot;pretty girl&quot; type. Try talking about the price of aluminum the next time your date gets that abstracted look</td>
<td>A Dublin green corduroy suit and beret to match. You're pretty in sweaters and skirts; you're pretty in pinafores; you're beauteous in pale pink — providing it's not too frilly</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Not accentuating any of your features. Concentrate on your eyes or mouth, make them stand out in your small face</td>
<td>Not being able to sit still long enough. Turn into a languid lady; don't offer too many suggestions; relax and tend to your knitting and we do mean knitting</td>
<td></td>
<td>A white jersey Sunday-night supper dress, made peasant style, embroidered with gay flowers. Black and white makes you look sophisticated; a deep blue makes you look cute-as-a-button; jewel-toned velvets will start things going. Take your pick!</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Ida’s house is charming and comfortable; so is her devoted husband Louis Hayward.
She's been telling a lot of whoppers about herself for ages. Now we're afraid we'll have to tell you the truth.

**THE MAD LUPINO**

**BY HOWARD SHARPE**

The first thing people will tell you about Ida Lupino is that she's a great actress and a charming madwoman.

The next thing they will tell you (whomever you ask), is that Ida is a jitterbug, qualifying by saying that she dances only one step, improvised by St. Vitus. She has nervous breakdowns the way other people have the common cold, if you listen to her critics, being able to work one up and have it before your startled gaze on an instant's notice.

Ida's never thrown a nervous fit for us, not once during the five years we've known her. "Go ahead," we said the last time we were at the Haywards', "give us the works. Be the mad Lupino."

"I'm not in the mood, dear," she said, pushing a bunch of pillows around behind her and settling back. "Life's too pleasant." And it was, and furthermore is for Mrs. Louis Hayward, whose comeback is recent and satisfying, whose house is charming and comfortable, whose husband is amusing and devoted, whose health on the whole is so offensively good that she almost never thinks about it, and whose conscience is pretty clear about the stories she's told since she came to Hollywood.

After all, Hollywood told some whoppers about her, too. They said she was essentially a Hotcha Kid, around 1934, a combination of Alice White, Clara Bow and Jean Harlow. Believe us. They said she was destined to be the Sex Draw of the generation. They said she had a "pert, up-tilted" nose, which is anything but the truth. Ida's nose has a curve, slight but indisputable. They said she was beautiful, which it would bore her to be.

We're afraid we must tell you the truth about Ida, which is something she has almost never told anyone about herself. She had a good enough reason, though it may sound puny now in relation to her history. Ida's only mildly crazy, which is to say that she's too intelligent for her own good, has a superabundance of nervous energy and has always—always—been too young . . . But then, you couldn't possibly understand without knowing the whole story.

The point is, she was born in 1918, during a seven-hour air raid on London, which means that she was not quite fourteen when she played the lead in Alan Dwan's premiere English movie, "Her First Affair"; which means that she was incredibly only fifteen when in 1933, as the already famous "English Jean Harlow," she arrived on the Cunard liner Berengaria to take her place in Hollywood.

"I'm young, I admit it," said Ida to the reporters. "But nevertheless I have crowded into my short seventeen years of life a trifle more activity—or shall we say experience?—than most girls of (Continued on page 70)
This was the most fantastic game
two men and a girl ever played

BY STEVE FISHER
ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON

JILL LYNN—sister of the murdered movie actress, Vicki Lynn—and her fiancé, Peg, the young Hollywood writer who had been trapped—on circumstantial evidence—by Detective Ed Cornell, manage to escape and to hide out on the Long Beach waterfront. Haunted by the words Cornell had spoken just before he lost consciousness from Jill's blow—"I'll get you sometime!"—they struggle along from day to day, living in fear. They know that even though there had been three people under suspicion—Robin Ray, juvenile actor who had gone everywhere with Vicki, Harry Williams, switchboard boy who had had a crush on the young star, and Peg himself—the facts as Ed Cornell would present them could condemn Peg.

But the day comes when there is no food in the house, when Peg is forced to leave their furnished apartment and look for work. He finds none, but during the day he suddenly thinks he knows who murdered Vicki. His suspicions, backed by facts he now recalls, center on Robin Ray whose shaky career could not have stood the bad publicity that would have resulted from Vicki's decision, made just before her death, to throw him over for Peg.

He rushes back to the apartment to tell Jill, throws open the door breathlessly. But the apartment is empty. No one answers his call.

I MUST have gone a little crazy. I went into the kitchenette and shouted her name. I walked all around the apartment. I was shaking. I'd never felt an emotion like this. I haven't any word for it. I thought I was going to start crying. I fumbled in my pocket for a cigarette. There weren't any. We'd run out of cigarettes as well as food.

The apartment was so darned empty! I tried to think. Where was she? Now I saw something on the chair. It was her corduroy skirt and brown and white sweater. On the floor there was a little wad of tinfoil. I rushed to the closet and opened it. The green dress was gone. She was wearing her good dress. Perhaps she'd left me! Maybe she was sick of all this!

No!

I couldn't believe it. I wanted to go out and search the streets for her. But Long Beach was a big town. I wouldn't have had a chance that way.

I sat as though I were made of stone. The wind rustled the curtains at the window and the radio across the court was going. Perhaps Jill had gotten a job. Maybe she had landed a temporary position as a clerk in a store. Sure, that was it. I felt relieved. I got up and paced the room.

Maybe Jill was at the taxi dance trying to make money for us. The little fool! Would she do that? A thing like that? It was possible. Anything was possible.

Only, Dear God, don't have it that anything happened to her. I'll do anything you say, God, only make Jill safe. Don't let the cops get her, God! Don't let that happen. I'll go to church every Sunday if you want, but don't let the cops get Jill!

She was at the taxi dance. That was it. Poor sweet kid, she'd be back any time now. (Continued on page 61)
Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man think he's the nicest son they could find in a cabbage field; Asta thinks the same admiring thoughts any worthy canine has about a small boy, age four.

This one is, in particular, Dickie Hall who's the Nicky, Jr., in the title above, the gay young blade from Brooklyn who's now promenading through the Thin Man series with Myrna Loy and Bill Powell. Hollywood—or rather, Tallulah Bankhead—found him playing Bach and Beethoven at three on the stage of Carnegie Hall to an astounded New York audience. Being a lady with a smart eye for promising young men, she wired the West Coast and they did the rest.

The gentleman is slick. He keeps his light-brown hair smoothed down, practices his piano every day, endeavors to build up his muscles by exercise. The gentleman is also popular. He eats lunch with Myrna—and Lana Turner, when he gets the chance. But what could you expect from a male who at the age of sixteen months sang "Gold Mine In The Sky" over the radio?

Now that you've met him, you probably think just what everyone who knows him does. That he's an enterprising businessman, a heart-melter, a guy who's going places.

P. S.: He walks to work.
THE TRUTH ABOUT STARS' SALARIES

BY "FEARLESS"

Bill Holden had to fight violently and verbally to right money matters

Here it is for the first time — the candid picture of the shrewd tricks, the boomerangs that have built — and broken — Hollywood careers

Mr. Victor Mature was hollering his wide, strong lungs out. "They talk about freeing the slaves, why don't they free Mature?" he cried.

The cause of Vic's pain was his stipend of four hundred and fifty clams weekly. No so long ago Vic was living in a tent, not because he is wacky for tents but as a matter of sheer rent necessity. Thus those four and fifty shells laid on the barrel head looked mighty pretty until Hal Roach, who holds the Mature contract, began going around the corner and renting Vic out, his newest rental fee being 3000 clams (or three thousand dollars if you will be conventional about it) per week for his labors in "Shanghai Gesture."

'Tis often thus in Hollywood. The rich producer gets richer and the poor actor takes what he can get. The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about salaries in filmdom is rarely even glimpsed. Come each March and the income tax boys in Washington do their bit toward telling the world about Claudette Colbert's being the highest paid actress for the past three years, what with her tidy earnings of better than $350,000 each of those years. From the income tax lists you can see Gary Cooper's $5,000 weekly, and Gable and Lombard's supercolossal earnings, and the neat fees several of our leading directors tote home, and those half to three quarters of a million that this producer and that earn.

But the salaries that the "discoveries" gather, the why of "bonuses" after certain pictures, the gold that is made on "loan-outs," these subjects are never mentioned.

Yet it is because of the "bonuses" and the "loanouts" and the "deals" that the "discoveries" try to strike while the box-office is hot. That was why Ann Sheridan got rebellious nearly two years ago. It cost her plenty. It probably cost Warners more. To save their pride, after keeping Ann off the screen for a year, they announced when they brought her back that they didn't increase her salary. Annie kept silent and let them talk. But the statement was not true. Ann now gets better than twice what she got before her walk-out. Yet that year's layoff did her harm. The "oomph" publicity having died down, she is virtually starting all over again and must come through on sheer acting ability, while Rita Hayworth walks in with the sex sweepstakes.

Vic Mature is in that same "discovery" class, just as William Holden was not so long ago and before him Fred MacMurray and Robert Taylor and Buddy Rogers. The way things have worked out for each of these players illustrates much about all their characters, just as as the way things have worked out for Linda Darnell versus Nancy Kelly and Brenda Joyce, and for Veronica Lake versus Pat Morison tells much about those variously beautiful dolls.

One hundred and fifty dollars a week was what Fred MacMurray earned all the way from his original click in "The Painted Lily" straight up until he made "Hands Across The Table" with Carole Lombard, two years during which he worked incessantly. Fred (Continued on page 82)
**Brief Reviews**

**✓ Indicates picture was rated “good” when reviewed**

**✓ Indicates picture was rated “outstanding” when reviewed**

Upheld and Elizabeth Berger as the brown-eyed beauty who knows all about politics—and French politicians jarring shock. Through the colorful content of Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gilespie, Lew Ayres as Kildare is finally able to see his grievous loss. Nils Asther is very good. (Nov.)

**ELLERY QUEEN AND THE MURDER RING—**

Columbia: Ralph Brentlang is again the famous detective who solves some murders in a hospital, but it’s the side-splitting performance of two dumb-balanced Paul Hurst. Hurst’s solo act is woefully out of place and his contribution to their roles, that provides riotous fun. (Dec.)

**✓ FATHER TAKES A WIFE—**

RKO Radio: Gloria Swanson’s reviewer is talking about this picture, and it’s good news indeed. She’s perfectly cast as the stage star who retires to marry Adolph Menjou, expecting a life of peace. Instead she breaks off to play a boyish son, and Joe Howard, is the side-splitting, out-of-place hero. (Oct.)

**FLYING BLIND—**

Paramount: Loads of noise and thrills and romance are packed into this thriller about spies and intrigue in a glamorous air express. Richard Arlen is the pilot who notorious romance with Jean Parker until they find themselves in a plane with villains. Roarke’s very Nila Asther, and daily bride Marie Wilson. (Nov.)

**FORCED LANDING—**

Paramount: Richard Arlen is here as survivor of one of the little boats that crowded with action. When enemy submarine tries to wreck defense constructions, Dick steps right in and plays havoc with them. Eva Gabor, a beautiful blonde newcomer, provides the love interest. (Oct.)

**GENTLEMAN FROM DIXIE—**

Monogram: When Jack La Rue is released from prison he returns to his brother’s farm town south where he finds villainous John Holland, who originally framed him. Marian March is his brother’s wife, and little Mary Ruth, who’s an accomplished musician, is her stepdaughter. (Oct.)

**✓ HERE COMES MR. JORDAN—**

Columbia: This is one of the most delightful and imaginative stories ever to hit the screen. It’s all about how heaven makes a mistake and takes Bob Montgomery’s soul before he’s due to arrive there, so they have to find him a new body. Edward Everett Horton, James Gleason and Claude Rains are wonderful. (Oct.)

**✓ HERE IS A MA—**

RKO Radio: Here’s a picture that for sheer novelty takes its place among the best of its kind. James Craig is the young farmer who sells his soul to Satan, symbolized by Farmer Walter Huston, and then tries to get out of his bargain. Edward Arnold represents Simon the devil’s henchwoman and Anne Shirley is Craig’s devoted wife. (Oct.)

**✓ HOLD BACK THE DAWN—**

Paramount: Suspense, drama and romance abound in this picture about the struggle by immigrants to enter the United States from Mexico. A San Francisco immigrant who marries schoolteacher Olivia de Havilland in order to gain entry into the States and Farmer Goddard in this film is charged with trying to weave Beulah into her schemes. (Oct.)

**HURRY, CHARLIE, HURRY—**

RKO Radio: Very much in spirit and style, this is generally rated as poor picture, but with Errol inviting the Vice-President of the U. S. to Canada and three photos plus the real V. F. show up. (Oct.)

**KID FROM KANSAS, THE—**

Universal: A blight, sabotage, and all kinds of trouble hit the baking rattles of Kansas. The kid and a kid and Dick Foran receive the blame for it all until Fonda escapes from the jail and uncovers the real rascalers. A lot of action is mixed up in the story and the trio of actors do right well. (Dec.)

**✓ Ladies in Retirement—**

Columbia: This somewhat stage-struck island has been translated to the screen with a never-relaxing suspense. Ida Lupino plays an exactly yes and no woman, and besides being a willing quality of repulsion and sympathy, as the comic partner who troubled a good man, she’s very good in her mentally ill sisters. Lloyd Haynes, too, rates honors, as does Evelyn Keyes as the maid, and Berkeley D. Wood, as the neighbor, is just right. (Oct.)

**LADY BE GOOD—**

M-G-M: It’s a parade of star personalities through a Gershwin musical, with, as the reviewers put it, a kitchen staff that hits the divorce courts twice before things work out. Eleanor Powell, Dan Dailey Jr., Lionel Atwill, Red Skelton, and others all add to this big-time musical. (Oct.)

**LADY SCARFACE—**

RKO Radio: Packages of melodrama have a habit of ending up in error by hominessing Rand Brooks and Mildred Cotes motivate a lot of chasing around. (Oct.)

**LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY—**

M-G-M: This picture takes a ding at earning his own living in New York, and nothing can go right for the frisky Andy Hardy, and the tragic death of a friend teach him a much-needed lesson. Mickey Rooney is tops as Andy, as is Jody Garland as the amusing girl friend. Pat Dane and Ray McDonald rate plenty of raves. (Nov.)

**PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH ACOPLAN MIRROR**

**Universal view of what's happening today in Occupied France is "Paris Calling" with Randolph Scott as an R.A.F. flyer and Elizabeth Berger as the brown-eyed beauty who knows all about politics—and French politicians.**
All that glitters is not gold; sometimes it's tinsel, as is the case of Christmas Girl Constance Moore. That gleam in her eyes probably came from being gifted with presents like those wished for by Laraine Day on page 34.
(Continued from page 44) as men are to the unfair skin and rundown heels the ads are constantly reminding us about. They want us to be fastidious—why not return the compliment? It’s like the remark May Robson once made about Douglas Fairbanks Jr. “He could be a castaway on a desert island and he’d still honor any co-castaways with his neatness . . . even if he had to de-whisker with a pickax!”

My next wish has to do with the memory of an evening a group of us enjoyed so immensely—when Charles Boyer ordered dinner. Perhaps it’s because he has a Frenchman’s flair for fine food but everything about the meal was so right. If only all men had the same knack! “What if the earth is topsy-turvy,” said a fellow-guest, “there’s no moratorium on good cheer and good eating while Charles is around!”

Fourth Wish: That men would show more appreciation and not take for granted everything you do to please them. It’s funny about women. Nothing is too difficult for them if a man really values what they do. There’s an old couple living in the Valley, for example, who have never had much money. But contentment rests in that place almost visibly. “In all the years we’ve been married,” the wife told me one day when I stopped to get eggs from them, “he’s never forgotten to say ‘thank you.’ No matter how small the thing is I do for him. I’ve worked hard in my time. But I never minded because he appreciated so much what I did.” And that’s the answer to a lot of happiness for a woman.

WISH men would take the trouble to grow up. In their ideas, their customs, there may be a certain boyish appeal about the perennial sophomore, but no girl wants to spend the rest of her life being his rooting section! He’s bounded on the north by the stock market and on the other three sides by golf, poker and the paper. That is as far as his vision goes, until he decides to be adult. Then he looks beyond himself and discovers the world!

Wish No. 6 depends on a man’s being mentally matured. (If he isn’t, it’s just a waste of time!) This is it: That he’d go on the assumption that women have an opinion of their own, especially on outside affairs of importance. Such as Fredric March does, for example. At a reception recently, a politician and his wife were talking to Freddy. That is, the politician was talking until Freddy maneuvered the conversation around so the wife had a chance. He drew her out, listened attentively. What she had to say was brilliant and thought-provoking. Her husband heard her with amazement. “Why, those are good ideas,” he admitted. “And I never knew you had ’em!” “You never bothered to find out!” she countered.

Perhaps it all sums up in the seventh wish—to have the whole male contingent put chivalry back on earth. Most men act as if they had the vitality of a ventriloquist’s dummy when it comes to everyday acts of courtesy. Taking off their hats, rising when you enter a room, offering to light your cigarette and remembering to open and shut a car door. They’ll ask you to dance when you can’t dance—except on your feet. After all, it isn’t the dragons a man slays that matter. It’s the little things he does that make a girl want to keep her nose powdered!

The End
I Wake Up Screaming!

(Continued from page 54) We would have fun when she got back. It wouldn't be the same if we didn't eat, you know. And then I'd 'come in and I'd laugh. I'd say, "Hello, honey. Gee, you look swell, honey!"

I sat down on the bed and laid the cards out in a game of solitaire. But I couldn't play. It was getting late. Where was she? I got up and went to the window. Where are you, Jill?

I could stand it no longer and I left the apartment and went out on the street. The main avenue was a quarter of a block up and this street was dark and empty. I learned a lot. I stood there very quietly against the tree. I don't know how long I was there. Suddenly I was aware that a car had pulled up to the curb and stopped. It was a radio patrol car.

The cops in it didn't see me there in the dark. They were staring into the court. My heart began to hammer. Why were they here? What were they doing?

The cops didn't even glance my way. I began to make out what they were saying.

"See anything?"

"No. This is a pain in the neck—having to check back here every hour."

"Yeah,"

"They had a detective in there until six o'clock. If he was coming back he'd have been back before then."

"Sure."

"Like the girl said—he must have shipped aboard that foreign tanker that left last night."

"Yeah. He was the kind of a heel that'd do that—take a powder on the girl. Say—the lights are on in that apartment!"

"He must have come back. Come on!"

They piled out of the car and rushed into the court. Sweep was rolling off my body and for a moment I couldn't move. Jill's arrested! Jill's arrested! I heard it over and over. It was a screaming that echoed in my head.

I BEGAN to run. I ran up the street, cut through back yards. I ran down another street. When I got into an alley in the alley I stopped running.

I walked. I walked along the dark streets and on the bright ones. I walked through a park on Ocean Avenue and sat under the city lights. In a big wire trash barrel I found a newspaper. The headlines were big and black. Jill Lynn arrested. Police close in on fugitive hide-out. The paper said I had de-serted Jill last night and gone to sea on a tanker bound for Brazil.

I read all the details carefully. The police had worked on the theory that we were somewhere in Long Beach. First they had painstakingly checked all re-cent arrivals. Then I had gone ashore alone and I had taken almost three days. After that they had begun checking tenants who had rented apartments recently. They had gone through three-doo-do town doctoring this and in the course of the survey one of them had come to our apartment.

Jill had been calm. The paper report-ed her only emotion had been one of bitterness. The money had run out and I had left her. The woman scorned. She wouldn't have been ready to talk. They played that up big.

She was to be charged with aiding the escape of a fugitive from justice, and assaulted with intent to kill on an officer of the law!

That was Ed Cornell's touch. He knew as well as I did that she hadn't intended to kill him!

There were pictures of the corduroy skirt and the sweater which were of no material value and had been left for the photographers. The tinfoil I'd seen had been from an exploded flashlight bulb! I skipped over all the rest. It didn't matter Jill had lied to protect me. She had kept her head and put on a wonderful show. All for me!

I thought of Ed Cornell. The way he had watched me. The way he had tormented me for weeks. Now he was spewing his bitterness on Jill. Assault—

with intent to kill!

I dropped the paper. I began to walk. I was cold with hatred. I was scarcely conscious of anything else. I was going to Los Angeles. I was going to steal a car from a parking lot and go to Los Angeles.

I HAD parked the stolen car and for a long time I stood there on the hill and checked Robin Ray's house.

Then I moved silently across the road and my shadow was pale in the moonlight. I reached the side of the house and began to climb up along the stones. I made no sound. At the window I slashed down at the screen with a jagged piece of rock. It tore and I jammed my fist in and unlatched it. I crawled through the window into the room. Robin was stirring on the bed. I grabbed the floor lamp and put it on directly over him, so it would show down on his face. He was waking up.

"You won't need one."

He was motionless.

"I'm going to ask some questions," I said.

"Sure. Go ahead."

"I want the answers, Robin!"

"No."

He was rubbing his mottled skin. Apparently he was able to see me now.

"That day of the murder," I said, "you picked out Vicky Lynn outside her agent's office on the Sunset Strip."

"That's right."

"How come you never told the police?"

"I didn't at first because I figured it would have put me under suspicion, and it would have."

"What do you mean by at first?"

"I found out later," he said.

"How found out?"

"Ed Cornell."

I was jarred. "Then you told him?"

"I didn't have to tell him—I wished you'd let me have a cigarette—he found out by himself. You see, Vicky and I had an argument.

"About her leaving you?"

"Yes. She was tossing me over for you."

"Go on."

"I had this argument. It meant a lot to me. Publicity angles and all that."

He changed to the other elbow. "I lost my head. I began to yell at her and I thought—where was I going. I jumped into a guy. No damage, except the bumper and windshield. The windshield shattered. Cornell found out about that and deducted the rest."

ED CORNELL had never told me this. Yet I remembered he had not accused me of having picked her up on Sunset way to have been the first police theory: He had stated I was waiting in the apartment when she came in. I was sick that Cornell was so far ahead of me; that these things which I had figured out he had known weeks ago! It was like a terrible race between us.

"You didn't hit her in the car—and kill her?"

"Good heavens, no!" Robin said.

"After the accident what happened?"

"I took her home. She didn't have the key to her apartment. I showed her a passage way on Ocean Avenue where the lights sat under the city lights. In a big wire trash barrel I found a newspaper. The headlines were big and black. Jill Lynn arrested. Police close in on fugitive hide-out. The paper said I had deserted Jill last night and gone to sea on a tanker bound for Brazil.

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Burning up celluloid in Fox's "Hot Spot" are Betty Grable and Vic Mature, performing as their fiction models, Jill and Peg, of Photoplay-Movie Mirror's "I Wake Up Screaming!

"Don't move," I said.

"Wh-what?"

"If you move I'll kill you!"

"Who is it?" he said.

I told him.

It was half a minute before it hit him. Then he was wide awake, trying to look past the light and into the darkness at me. Robin was washed out. His eyes were bloodshot.

"Mind if I light a cigarette, old man?" he said.

JANUARY, 1942
I couldn't speak.

"You were right. What you're trying to accomplish," he said. "Personally, I never did think you were guilty. None of us did.

I started for the window. "I'm sorry I..."

It was right. Need any dough?"

"(I could use some," I said.

He turned around, fumbled in his wallet, flipped it open and took out all that there was. It amounted to forty dollars.

"Good luck," he said.

I drove the car down around the hills and on to Cahuenga. I kept driving. I meant to turn back but I kept driving. San Fernando fell behind me. The car was full ahead of me. My mind was turning the whole thing over. There were two of Ed Cornell's clues that bothered me. Vicky's shoe somebody had snatched. The cigarette that had been smashed out in the closet. Somebody had been hidden in the closet when she and Robin came in.

Who? It had narrowed down to this. The answer of this one question contained the solution. I was suddenly possessed with the notion that I knew it.

The town of Doris in California is near the state line. It is a small town, and in the hotel where I had a room it was very hot. But I didn't spend much time in the hotel. Through the long days I stopped every person I met and asked endless questions. I didn't look at newspapers. I didn't want to know what they were doing with Will. I couldn't stand to know. At the end of the first week I found him.

It was on a Saturday night and it was raining very hard. He lived in a ranch house ten miles out of town. I stood there at the door and rapped my knuckles against it. After a long time the door opened and a woman peered out. She was withered, but very hard, with sharp, ugly little eyes.

"What is it you want?"

"I came to see Bill Hunter."

"Who are you?"

"I'm a friend of his from Doris."

She opened the door. "Come in, then. He's here in the living room."

I came in and she closed the door. He was sitting next to an open fire. He turned and looked up at me.

"Hello, Harry Williams," I said.

He stared at me. The old woman was his mother—the woman saying: "Whoever gets in a lot of trouble at the pool room, don't you, William?" She talked to him as though he were not quite bright. But suddenly it struck her that I had spoken his real name, and she turned to me.

"What did you call him?"

"Harry Williams."

"But he's not foolish! He's—"

Harry Williams was on his feet. The big yellow eyes behind the thick-lens glasses were horrible.

"Harry, who is this man?" she demanded.

"He's from Hollywood," Williams said evenly.

I approached him. "You killed Vicky, didn't you?"

He didn't speak.

"It was like this," I said. "When Lanny Croft—let's pretend you're in the apartment to wait for Vicky."

"Yeah," he said.

"But you saw her coming in through the window. You went down to the trap door. You weren't supposed to be hanging around in her apartment and you got scared. It was too late to make a break for the door—they'd have seen you. So you beat it into the bedroom. You hid in the closet! You smoked a cigarette in there and stood on one of her shoes."

"Yeah—yeah."

"You heard her and Robin arguing. You heard the door slam when Robin left. You came out of the closet."

S T A N D clear, Harry!"

I turned. The old woman had a shotgun leveled at me. Harry saw it. "No! Don't! I'm not afraid." She lowered the gun but it was still pointed at me.

"Go on," Harry Williams said. "When you're through—there's something I want to say."

"You came out of the closet. Vicky saw you and screamed."

"Yeah."

"You were in love with her. You knew she'd signed a movie contract—was going to leave the apartment."

He nodded; now he began to talk.

"Yeah. She screamed, and yelled at me to get out. Her screaming got me excited. I went a little crazy maybe—"

Detective. His name was—"

It was noon. The traffic was thick on the streets and the sidewalks were crowded with people. I was in an old hotel. I knocked at the door of room. The door opened.

Ed Cornell looked up.

"Hello, Operator Thirteen," I said.

He wore white pajamas. In the shadow that fell across his face from the window his face was long and evil. He had cards laid out in a game of solitaire. His face was jaundiced, sickly—and I knew something that had to do with his legs.

There were six different pictures of Vicky around the walls. They were large size. In four of them she seemed to be looking at you, her eyes wide open.

I remembered all the things Ed Cornell had said. Harry Williams couldn't be guilty. Jealousy is the only strong motive. He had Jealousy, Rank, but he had none. The blind obsession of a man about to die. With each day his hatred for me had grown. It was very clear now.

For weeks he alone had been fully aware of the fact that Harry Williams was the murderer.

It didn't matter! He arrested me for the murder while Williams' confession still rang in his ears! He knew what he was doing. It was not the law I was flouting—but him. He had snapped up a case, manufactured evidence.

And all the time he knew that Harry Williams was guilty.

It was only in the very beginning that he must have honestly believed I was the killer. He was too good a detective to hold that opinion long.

I HAD heard Vicky says months ago that Harry Williams had complained about his job and said he could always get employment in Doris. He was not overly bright but he realized that the police would find his home address without difficulty.

The place in Doris was an ace up his sleeve; and this only because his cousin had recently dropped him a card to the effect that fruit pickers were needed up there. Probably in a hundred such cards were sent out to every address the cousin could find. When the fruit is ripe, or a week or so earlier, certain ranchers do this. But for Harry, it was obscurity. He went to Doris, was welcomed by a shrewd, mean and lonely old woman.

Ed Cornell, with only one possible clue—the post card from Harry's cousin, which might have been left in his room the night he fled—had journeyed alone to Doris, discovered Harry without difficulty, and heard his confession. And for what must have been the first time in Cornell's life—turned his back on a murder.

Cornell gambled on the chance that no one else would ever find Williams. At least, until after I'd been hanged. If he discovered, a week or two, an accident some day—it was of no importance. Ed Cornell knew that his own days were numbered and he cared nothing for the fact that it would be never. He simply felt it sent an innocent man to the gallows. But he wanted first the satisfaction of seeing me hang. His was the most fantastic plan of the whole: he wanted to legitimize a legal murder!

Even now, with my appearance in this room, he labored under the impression that all his plans were with his less-precise. He imagined that he had cornered me—that I was in a trap from which there was no escape. He laid the card down now. He sat very still. I heard the sound of the clock; and I could hear the downtown traffic. He (Continued on page 64)
Strange and prophetic, the words of Sir Edward Grey, and full of meaning for Americans.

For the lamps of America are not going out — now or ever. The lights of America must continue to shine, not only as a symbol of our own freedom, but as a beacon of encouragement to those countries whose lights have — temporarily — been blacked out by the totalitarian scourge that threatens so much of the world.

For two years, we have urged all America to unite in a Night of Light on Christmas Eve as a symbol of our belief in the permanence of the Light of Freedom that we in this country enjoy.

For two years, Governors and Mayors have issued proclamations, patriotic organizations of all kinds and descriptions have given it their backing.

For two years America has been a blaze of light on Christmas Eve.

This year, more than ever before, it is important that we Americans re-examine our beliefs; rededicate ourselves to the traditions that made us and the tasks that confront us.

So again we ask, as a means of symbolizing our belief in the light of freedom and democracy, that we light every lamp in America on Christmas Eve. Doing this depends on everyone — on you, and you, and you.

Will you, whether you can light a single candle or throw the master switch of a whole factory,
Will you turn on the lights?

Will you, if you live in a community where defense requirements make this inadvisable,
Will you light at least one lamp to join in spirit in this symbol of freedom?

The lights of America must never go out. Will you turn on yours this Christmas Eve?

O. J. Elden, Publisher
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
Do you Secretly long for Romance?

Linda Darnell and George Murphy starring in 20th Century-Fox Musical "Rise and Shine". Easily have thrilling hands, yourself—with Jergens Lotion.

Know the Lovely Part soft Hands

(Jerger's Hollywood Star)

Linda Darnell's Lovely Hands

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE (MAIL THIS COUPON NOW)
(Please on a penny postcard, if you wish)
The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 5534, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada, Perth, Ontario)
I want to have those soft hands Linda Darnell advises. Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—free.

Name ____________________________________________
Street ____________________________________________
City ___________________ State ___________

(Continued from page 62) spoke, as though he were talking to the cards. "Come to give yourself up. I suppose you want to make a deal—you'll surrender if I let the game. He looked at me coldly. "Well, it's no good!"

I did not move.

"You'll excuse me if I don't get up," he said. "The doctor's got me in bed. But you wouldn't be interested, would you?"

"I was talking to Harry Williams," I said.

His face was expressionless. But his eyes went chill.

"I heard the confession," I said, "and you heard it—weeks ago, and yet—. I could feel Vicky's eyes staring down. "You were still determined to hang me."

The room was silent. He began mixing the cards. Suddenly he leapt from the bed and toward a table. I grabbed him and slammed him back across the bed. The moment he fell he was seized with a fit of coughing. He lay there, that cough racking his throat. His police gun was on the table. He hadn't reached it; I didn't go near it.

"Well?"

"Nothing," I said. "There's no words. It's over. I'm released. The game between us is finished."

He just watched me. I turned. One by one I ripped the pictures of Vicky from off the wall. I tore them into bits. Then I leaned back against the dresser. I was breathing hard.

His eyes dropped. He looked at his hands. He was sitting on the edge of the bed, his pajamas hanging loose on his thin body.

"Call the D.A.," he said. "Tell him to come over here."

HOW do you say The End? What are the words you use? For there is no end, really. There are simply episodes, and all of the episodes put together make one lifetime. It's rather wonderful! I remember I could not end the first play I wrote because I felt the drama was but a particle of the lives of the people in it, and they should go on. I cannot end this.

Ed Cornell told the whole story to the District Attorney and Jill was released. Ed Cornell did not elaborate.

He offered no excuse for himself; I did make no charge against him. Two weeks ago he died of tuberculosis in a sanitarium in Arizona. Harry Williams was arrested in Doris, California, and sentenced to life in San Quentin.

So the end did not come violently. It was all gradual. The Williams trial, the death of Cornell. And that day in Santa Barbara when Jill and I were married in an old Spanish mission. There are so many things! The opening of my first picture, "Winter In Paris," and the nice house beside the sea where Jill and I live. All of these things have become reality, but if this were a screen play I think I'd go back—back to that day Cornell confessed—and write the fade-out with the scene of Jill's release from jail.

It was late afternoon, and the sun shone dimly on the gray stone steps. Pigeons strutted up and down, and people were coming and going. Jill came out, wearing a green skirt that was tight on her hips, and the sandals with red cork heels. She came down the steps, and she saw me. "Why, darling," she said, "you've shaved!"

I was holding her in my arms then and it was very hard for me to speak. I just held her close, and finally I said:

"Hello, mommy!"

The End.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) life of the average human society...and then Douglas confounds them by not agreeing with them at all...

"I'm not sure I'm doing the right thing with Hollywood," he says..."I incline toward believing that the public prefers to think of its stars as supernatural, unreal beings, set apart in every way...maybe that is really an actor's mission in life...to supply dream pictures and appearances...but for me, personally, I've got to help out in these awful days."

Having seen the new box-office figures for the major portion of the year 1940...it throws all Hollywood...but worst of all Paramount...to see Miss Betty Grable in the list of the first box-office ten...Betty's too forthright to be called a glamour girl...too curvaceous to be called a dramatic artiste...too cute to be called artistic...but there she is, bringing in that folding money...

And when they talk of Grable these days, they automatically talk of Alice Faye...for with Alice's retirement from acting for a year in which to have her first child...Grable not only automatically becomes queen of the Twentieth Century lot...but queen of Hollywood's musical comedies...they speak with amused admiration of Grable and her success...but when inner Hollywood talks of Alice, they talk with tenderness...

For now it can be told that there never has really been a time in all her movie days that Alice has been quite happy...with the possible exception of the first few months she knew Tony Martin...she attained stardom...she attained wealth...but within her soul, Alice was always troubled and lonely and miserable...

The demands of her career always confused her...interviews frightened her...strangers terrorized her...

So inside Hollywood isn't absolutely sure that she will even come back to the screen after her baby is born...she's wildly happy now, married to Phil Harris...

Thus speaking of love, they think of the Gables...and they speculate about Carole Lombard...Carole Lombard in search of a picture...vivid, dynamic Carole who was so sure that what she wanted was what the public wanted, too...and who then had the misfortune...or the miscalculation...to get three flops in a row...today her health is poor...she looks constantly tired and overstrained...yet you see her frantically reading books, plays, original scripts...and Hollywood wonders...she should be so happy...the price on some careers runs very high...and Carole is too exciting, too stimulating for Hollywood to want her to pay too high a price...

But it is a changing Hollywood when even the inner ring will consider that it might be wise to give up a career...As Alice Faye may...as Stirling Hayden has...and it is a changing Hollywood when it is voluntarily put aside as Douglas Fairbanks has put it aside..."For the duration."

And it is a wonderful Hollywood when a picture can be both artistic and commercial as "How Green Was My Valley" certainly is...and when it comes to the Bioff case...

Well, what Hollywood says about that one I can't tell you...as much as I wish I could...I can't tell you through the pages of a friendly family magazine...ah, no, indeedy...

The End.

January, 1942.
They were all in there rooting for the team: Ed Keller, the most football-minded alumnus and trustee, Patricia and Michael Barnes. Tommy was conspicuous by his absence, but then, Tommy thought football was sometimes a waste of time.

Wally Myers, who took football seriously.

Still, the cocktail party went off well enough—up to a point. Joe Ferguson arrived first, driving a long, low-slung limousine. And he was just the same, Ellen thought. He hadn't changed a bit. He roared when he saw her.

“Ellen! How are you, baby? Boy, you look great!” And he threw his arms around her, whirled her off her feet in a wide circle.

“Joe! You fool! Put me down!” Ellen shrieked, laughing, just as Tommy came in from the kitchen bearing a full cocktail shaker.

Fast on Joe's heels came the Kellers—Ed about forty-eight, getting heavy around the middle; Myrtle plump and still reminiscingly pretty. Ed and Joe greeted each other with noisy, affectionate insults and some back-pounding, and fell into eager talk about the chances of the Big Red Team tomorrow. The Damons arrived and Myrtle Keller and Mrs. Damon spoke of mutual friends who had been, were about to be, or should be, operated upon.

Dean Damon picked up a book and Tommy, bored, drank a few too many cocktails.

Cleota, the Turners' maid, circulated sadly around the room with a tray, repeating to everyone, "Hore doves?" in her soft Southern voice.

IT was Mrs. Damon who made the fatal error. In a conversational lull at supper she said to Patricia, "Where's Michael Barnes this evening?" Frederick tells me he's written a remarkable editorial.

Patricia said nervously, "He couldn't come. He doesn't belong.

Chattily pursuing the subject, Mrs. Damon said, "I'm always so interested in the Literary Magazine. What was the editorial, Patricia?"

"Eat your dinner, my dear," Dr. Damon said. "Remember, Mr. Keller . . . wants to get to the rally."

Ed perked up. "Who is this Barnes? What's this about an editorial?"

"Oh—it's nothing, really," Ellen said.

But Tommy said, "Since it's come up, Ellen, we might as well. He'll read about it tomorrow, when the Magazine comes out. I told Michael I was going to read something to one of my English classes, so he had to pick a Frankenstein's creature and write an essay about what he'd read and why."

"What was it this kid said you were going to read? Anything important?"

"Tommy hesitated. "It's a short but beautifully written piece of English by Bartolomeo Vanzetti."


He raised his fork to his lips and abruptly lowered it. "Hey, you don't mean Vanzetti of Sacco and Vanzetti—the Reds who were executed in Massachusetts for murder?"

"Yes, the same man. Only, a lot of people don't believe either of those men committed the murder. The other is part of the story. I read many such letters to my class."

"You mean letters by anarchists?" Tommy restrained himself. "No," he said quietly. "Letters by men who were not professional writers—like Lincoln. General Sherman—"

"Well!" Keller puffed. "It's a damn good thing you changed your mind. Putting Lincoln and General Sherman in a class with Vanzetti! Wouldn't look very good. You better deny it quick. Turner. I can promise you that half the people will be banding down on any professor who tries anything funny. I'm telling you that for your own good."

Joe came to the rescue of the tense situation by dragging Ed into the library.

The Male Animal

(Continued from page 41) did not want to talk to Tommy about the professorship. They found him in his study, looking grave. With him was Michael Barnes, junior and editor of the student body's quarterly Literary Magazine. The Turners knew Michael well: he was the rival of Wally Myers, the reigning star of the Midwestern team, for the affection of Patricia, Ellen's sister. At the moment he was very glum.

"What's the matter?" Tommy asked.

"Michael has written another of his fiery editorials," Dr. Damon said, waving a magazine in the air. "This is the Literary Magazine, which comes out tomorrow. Perhaps, to save time, I should read the editorial aloud. When this so-called University forces such men out of its faculty as Professor Kennedy, Professor Sykes and Professor Chapman, because they have been ignorantly called Reds, it surrenders its right to be called a seat of learning. It admits that it is nothing more or less than a training school for bond salesmen, farmers, real-estate dealers and ambulance chasers. It announces to the world that its faculty is subservient."

"Oh, I didn't mean you, of course, Dr. Damon," Michael said hastily.

"... to its trustees, and that its trustees represent a political viewpoint which is sheer Fascism. Those professors were not Reds. They were distinguished liberals. Let us thank God that we still have one man left who is going ahead teaching what he believes should be taught."

The Dean paused. Tommy lit a cigarette and said interestedly, "Who's that?"

Instead of answering, the Dean continued reading: "He is not afraid to bring up even the Sacco-Vanzetti case. He is going to read to his classes on the same day Vanzetti's last statement and Lincoln's letter to Mrs. Bixby. The hounds of bigotry and reaction will, of course, be set upon the trail of this courageous teacher, but they will find him brave as a tiger— Is that a misprint, Michael?"

"When the hell did you read it?" Michael said.

"Our hats are off to Professor Thomas Turner of the English Department."

"Michael," Tommy said sharply, "I think you might have consulted me about this."

"I—" Michael began, but Ellen interrupted him. "You never told me you were going to bring up the Sacco-Vanzetti case in your classes, Tommy."

"I wasn't. I was going to read that letter because it's a fine piece of English composition and I'm teaching a class in English composition."

ELLEN said reproachfully, "Did you want to get Tommy kicked out of school, Michael?"

"No. I didn't think of that," Michael admitted. "I thought he was about the only man we had left who would read whatever he wanted to to his classes. I thought he was the one man who would stand up to these stadium builders."

"I'm not standing up to anyone, Michael," Tommy said miserably. "I'm not challenging anyone. This is just an innocent little piece I wanted to read."

"I'm afraid you'll have to deny you ever intended to read it," the Dean said regretfully. "With Ed Keller and the rest of the trustees rather upset, at the moment, over the late presence of—er—Reds—in the faculty. . . ."

"Of course Tommy'll deny it," Ellen said. But she remembered, later, that he didn't, just then, confirm that statement.

The interview with Dr. Damon cast a pall over the evening for Tommy and Ellen—and for Ellen's sister Patricia, too, when she heard of it. Times like this, when Michael Barnes' tendency to take himself and the world too seriously landed him in trouble with the authorities, made Patricia think she preferred
for another drink.

"Tommy," Ellen said, "Tommy, you’re not going ahead and read that letter?"

"Yes, Ellen, I think I have to. Monday morning."

"Tommy! Try to be practical for once. Do you think Joe would do something that would get him into trouble just because somebody irritated him?"

"Joe?" Tommy snapped. "I don’t see why you don’t try to understand how I feel about this."

They were saved from a quarrel only by the re-entry of Joe and Ed, clamoring to be off to the rally. Tommy said he didn’t think he’d go along—he didn’t feel very well. Ellen, pressing her lips together, yielded to Joe’s insistence that she go with him.

The following morning the Literary Magazine was distributed on the campus. About eleven o’clock reporters descended upon Midwestern University. They besieged Ed Keller and other trustees, they maintained an active surveillance of Tommy Turner’s house. But they could not find Tommy. He had gone for an early-morning walk.

He came back about one o’clock. Ellen was waiting for him in the library. She had been worried over his absence, so naturally when he returned, looking perfectly normal, she was angry. The first thing she wanted to know was whether or not he’d denied that he was going to read Vanzetti’s letter. When he said he hadn’t, she sighed, "You mean you’ve decided you will read it. Tommy, I don’t know what to say to you."

"Tommy, about to go upstairs, turned. "I think maybe you’ve said enough already. Last night I began to see you, and myself, clearly for the first time."

Ellen blushed. "Oh—you saw Joe kiss me! I thought that was it."

"No," Tommy admitted, "I didn’t. Did he kiss you?"

"Yes, he did! And I want you to stop this. If you’re going to be jealous, be jealous, rave or throw things, but don’t act like the lead in a Senior Class play!"

Running a hand furiously through his hair, Tommy said, "I’m not jealous! I’m trying to tell you that I don’t care what you and Joe do! It’s very lucky that he came back just now. I mean on the money I make, I can go on fine alone, reading whatever I want to to my classes. That’s what I want."

"Oh, that’s what you want! All of a sudden! More than me?"

"It isn’t so sudden," Tommy said. "It’s logical. We get in each other’s way. You wear yourself out picking up after me. And anyway, you’ve always been in love with Joe Ferguson. I knew it last night when I saw you two together again."

"All right. Have it your own way," Ellen said. "If you want to be free, then I want to be free—and I’ve gone around for years moaning about Joe. Well, maybe I have—maybe I have, because I’m certainly sick of you right now!"

Ellen went to the game that afternoon with the. Tommy listened to it on the radio, in company with Michael Barnes and the remains of last night’s liquor.

"Do you know," Tommy asked Michael toward the end of the afternoon, "the first law of human nature?"

"Yes. Self-propagation."

Tommy shook his head. "Not any more. Defense of the home. Against prowlers and predatory prowlers. Do you know what the tiger does when the sanctity of his home is jeopardized?"

"Um—he talks it over with the other man, quietly and calmly," Michael helped himself to another drink.

"He does not!" Tommy sputtered. "Let

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January, 1942

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us take the wolf. What does he do? I mean when they come for his mate? He tears 'em to pieces."

"But we are civilized men," Michael said. "Aren't we?"

"Tommy pointed on the top of the radio. "And so does the leopard," he shouted, "and the lion, and the hawk. They tear 'em to pieces. Without a word. Let us say that the tiger wakes up one morning and finds that the wolf has come down on the fold. What does he—? Before I tell you what he does," Tommy explained in his best classroom manner, "I will tell you what he does not do."

"Yes, sir," Michael said.

"He does not expose everyone to a humiliating intellect analysis. He comes out of his corner like this—" Tommy jumped up, took a fighting pose, swayed, and sat down again. The bull elephant in him is aroused," he said.

"Can't you stick to one animal?" Michael asked.

No. That's my point. All animals are the same, including the so-called human being. We are all male animals, too. Even the stands. He stands for no monkey business where his mate is concerned. A man has been known to drown fierce Scotties who threatened their nests. Think of the sea lion for a minute. His mate is lying there in a corner upon a bed of boughs. Now, who comes swimming quietly in through the early morning mist, sleek and powerful, and dancing and whirling around that ion's kisses?"

"Ferguson," Michael said.

"And what do I do?"

"You say hello."

"How many do?" "But the sea lion knows better. He snarls, he goes, he roars with his antlers. He knows that love is a thing you do something about. He knows it is a thing that words can kill."

Tommy had landed his prodding at a man who does something. I hope I have made all this clear to you. Are there any questions?"

"No," Michael said. "Who are those people looking at us?"

Tommy turned around. Ellen and Joe were in the doorway. Ellen, in disgust, turned and went up the stairs. "You guys are pie-eyed," Joe said.

Tommy got up and came toward him, crouching a little. "So!" he said. "You could have gone to take Ellen if you didn't you? You thought it was the house of a weak professor, didn't you? Well, come outside! Come outside, where I can look you over."

"Now, wait a minute!" Joe protested. "Tommy had him by the arm and was tugging him toward the back yard. "I must say that things become completely confused for Tommy. He remembered, later, launching a ter- rific haymaker at Joe's chin. It landed instead on Joe's nose, which began to bleed. Joe seemed to push him and after that he didn't remember anything at all."

HE woke up with a terrific headache. It was morning. He was in his bedroom and a photographer was in the tree outside, pointing a camera at him. He got up and pulled down the blind. There was a scene of the other side of the room he saw Dean Damon in the back yard next door.

The Dean looked up. "Hello, Thomas," he said. "How is your head?"

"I'm not sure," Tommy said weakly. "How do I look?"

"Er—I think we'd better drop that subject after a quick glance at Tommy's battered face. "Do you think you'll be able to read the letter? That is—if you plan to read it?"

"Yes," Tommy said. "I plan to. Lucky today is Sunday—gives me all day to rest up."

"Correction," the Dean said. "Today is Monday. Monday noon, to be exact."

"Huh? Wasn't there a Sunday this week?"

"Such a Sunday as I hope never to see again! You were the subject of every sermon in town." Tommy groaned. "I guess it'd better hurry up and dress," he said without enthusiasm.

He hoped he'd see Ellen before he left the house. But she wasn't there. Probably had gone off with Joe Ferguson already, he guessed. He couldn't blame her, after the way he'd acted.

English 2-B had been moved into the auditorium, he discovered when he reached his usual classroom. Too many visitors wanted to attend the class. Michael, who met Tommy on his way to the auditorium, said stoutly. "They're trying to bluff you, Mr. Turner, with a crowd. Keller'll probably start some rough stuff. They think you're scared."

"I am," Tommy said.

He entered the auditorium by the stage door. From the wings he could hear the murmur of a packed house out front. Ed Keller was waiting backstage with Dean Damon and pounced upon him. "See here, Turner," he shouted, "we just had a trustees' meeting in the Presi- dent's office. Michael Barnes is out and there's no one you can talk over the matter tonight."

"Sorry, Mr. Keller. I'm taking my stand."

"There's just one thing that'll save your neck—go out there and say you were sick. Say you didn't know anything about Barnes' editorial. You think it's an outrage. You're not going to read this Vanzetti thing, and you think Barnes is getting what he deserves."

Dean Damon said: "Professor Turner wouldn't say that about Michael. Mr. Keller, and you shouldn't ask him to."

Tommy threw the Dean a grateful glance and walked out on the stage. His first impression was that he'd never seen so many people in his life. He wanted to turn and run.

Over in one corner he caught sight of Ellen—with Joe Ferguson. He could not tell for sure, but he thought she was crying.

"The class will please come to order," he said—then realized he couldn't be heard and pitched his voice higher. "Last week—if you remember—I happened to mention I wanted to send you three letters, written by men whose profession was not literature but who had something sincere to say. Once I had declared with all the word, this began to shake, great institutions trembled and football players descended upon me— and my wife. I realized then that I was doing something important."

He paused and the crowd stirred expectantly.

"The men whose letters I picked were Lincoln, General Sherman and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. Originally, I chose Vanzetti to show that even broken English can sometimes be very moving and elo- quent. But now—they have made it more than that. They say Vanzetti was an anarchist. I am not concerned with his politics—I only regard this letter for its value as English composition. This is a dangerous thing to bring up, of course, and an even more dangerous thing to keep down. I am not a politician and had no idea of starting all this. But if they want to make it polit- ical, all right! I'm fighting for a teacher's rights and a student's rights and the rights of everybody in this land. No- body can suppress ideas just because he doesn't like them—least of all in a university, where it is our job to bring light into this muddled world."

There was complete silence in the hall. In a momentary pause, Tommy looked at Ellen. She didn't seem to be crying now. Like everyone else, she was listening intently.

"This is not about Vanzetti," he went on. "It is about us. And if I can't read this letter today, tomorrow none of us will be able to read anything except what Edward K. Keller and the trustees permit us to read. You know where that leads—and where it has led in other places. We hold the fortress of free thought and free speech in this place this afternoon."

He pulled a small book from his pocket.
“I’m known at home as the ugly duckling”

“Hm! Pretty good-looking duckling to me! What d’you mean, you’re known at home . . . ?”

“Dad calls me that on account of what I used to be. You should have known me then! Thin, skinny, run-down—I even used to . . .”

“Used to what?”

“Scare babies, like this! And then I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency.”

“Say it in English!”

“It’s a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week’s supply of FLEISCHMANN’s. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon . . .”

“Pretty soon—a dream come true! But what’s this business about tomato juice?”

“That’s the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN’s in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass, and drink. Delicious!”

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JANUARY, 1942
Ida, the Mad Lupino

(Continued from page 53) my age."
That should have been the tip-off.
After all, the studio people weren't fooled. Within a few days, as a matter of
fact, they had a Little Talk with Connie
Lupino, Ida's mother. "What is this?"
said Connie, not very politely. "The way
this kid talks to reporters—she ought to be
posing for baby food ads."
"Look," Connie said, "she is only a baby.
...
without a trace of talent," said
Connie to her guest. (Scene: the Stanley
Lupino drawing room in London, winter,
1928.) She glanced at Ida crouched over
a book in the bay window seat and
lowered her voice. "She's ten, but not at all
like a Lupino. No feeling for drama, no
ambition toward the stage. However, such
an obedient, sweet, well-behaved child.

From the window seat young Ida raised
blissful eyelids and looked at her mother
with what she felt was mingled world-
weariness and mystery in her eyes. How
Little They Know, she thought. The
pages of her book were blurred by a
glaze of pleasurable tears; brushing them
aside with the back of her hand, as she
had seen several leading ladies do in such
circumstances, Ida focused again on the
third chapter of "Smilin' Through."
She was not unaware of her heritage.
She knew the Lupino legend by heart—
how in medieval years the family had
been jugglers and street entertainers, how
they came to England from Italy about
the time of Shakespeare, wore stocks for
working without licenses and eventually
spawned the breed of acting Lupinos that
came to be the theater's oldest family.

She understood how important it was
to be a daughter of Stanley Lupino, Eng-
lend's foremost comedian, and of Connie
Emerald. But Stanley and Connie were
busy, after all; Connie was enchanted
with her daughters, and by them, but
when there was a job to do it was enough
that they were well, and happy, and had
good manners.

At private school, the Clarence House
school at Hove where Ida stayed until
she was eleven, she knew only discipline
and routine. Home was a different mat-
ter. It was a 200-year-old structure full
dark crannies, paneled and stained-
glass windows, and it was almost always
crowded with itinerant guests, actors
on their luck who came to Stanley
because they knew he wouldn't refuse
them.
The air rang with rehearsals, with the
constant undertone of people muttering
lines to themselves; and sometimes, late
when everyone—including Nannie and
the servants—were asleep, Ida pulled Rita
out of bed and led her to the stair land-
ning where, in the dim light, the two chil-
dren gave their own interpretation of
what they had heard that day.

THE time had come now, however, for
greater things. The two Lupino girls
approached Stanley, asked for a hut to
be built in the back yard, explained they
wanted a stage large enough to carry
onto and room for at least five neighbor-
hood friends to crouch before it. "So we
can give plays," Ida said, when Stanley
asked why.
"All right," he said, "but that all will
be a hut. I'll give it three after-
noons this week."
He gave it eight months, all told, hav-
ing become utterly charmed with the idea
after that initial conference; and when
the hut was finished it had employed the
services of eight workmen, besides two
electricians, and was a private theater
boasting regularly employed prop men,
the call board, fifteen lots of scenery, a
few large and real stalls with tip-up chairs,
each holding a cigarette tray on its back.
The entire shebang cost a small fortune
and could seat 100.
"Well, I had a dream of such a theater
when I was a boy," Stanley explained de-
fensively when the scandalized Connie
saw the bills. "Now I've got it."
"But the children," Connie wailed. "It
was supposed to be for them!"
"Oh—oh yes," said Stanley. "Well,
and they shall use it, too. But appro-
priately, mind you. Appropriately." And
the rolling of his's was fine to hear.
Wherefore the child Ida was given roles
in "Hamlet" and modern productions of
the "Ladies In Retirement" variety at
the age of eleven, clad in full evening
dress and allowed to perform before a
chosen audience who had previously been
warned what to expect. Now it cannot
honestly be recorded that Ida Lupino, at
eleven years, walked out on that stage
and appeared to be a tragic woman of
thirty. But she gave a strangely accept-
ible imitation of such a woman. The
applause at her exit (the night of her
debut) was gratifyingly loud, although it
was assuredly what you would have expected to clap the loudest.

Connie and Stanley were too deeply
accounted to apply charity—it's incred-
ible," whispered Ida's mother vaguely,
still staring at the curtained stage.
"By heaven!" shouted Stanley. "The girl
can act!"
He was only mildly surprised, there-
fore, when less than two years later she
knocked on the door of his study, entered
shyly but with her mouth thin and deter-
ted enough, and declared she wanted to quit
school for a career.
"You're only thirteen," he said.
"And a half.
"There's your school."
"I'm two years ahead," she told him,
after a moment. "I cheated."
"Cheated?"
"I studied at night," she said. "I sneaked
downstairs during lights out and studied.
Because I thought if I did that I could get
out sooner, and . . ."
"And be an actress." She faced him,
chin and lower lip firm, brow defiant.
Stanley wavered, folded his hands.
Fever, a flyaway, a warm and real spell
in his eyes, he was about to say, But if you
tell anyone . . . in the next six weeks, not using the Lupino
name or connections, you're my permis-
son to do as you like." That's safe enough," he thought. She can't do that.
But she did.

SHE was abnormally tall for her years
and in anyway, in Connie's straggly-coat clothes she looked old enough to match her
language, which was the language of the stage, of the Lupino social set.

Nothing got in the way of Stanley's study
that evening, full of triumph, harsh-voiced
with fatigue. "I've done it," she croaked.
"You got a job, didn't you, mother, you
made it yourself. No more school . . ."
She looked grotesquely young, pitifully
vulnerable, standing there in her shape-
ed dress with its millions of straw-
colored hair away and her ankles twisting
on uncustomed heels. Stanley must
have found her heart full of pride for the
kid who, in a sharp and swift look, was
exceeding the eagerness—he was an actor and
therefore a sentimental man. He walked
slowly to the window, stood looking out
with his back to Ida. He waited the
effect pause no longer than was abso-
lutely necessary.
Then, relieved, he turned and beamed
on the child. "It's a success," he said. And,"Oh now, none of that. Come
here, put your head here. Why the tears? You knew I'd keep my promise."

Getting familiar with the Lupino family: Father Stanley, Ida, Connie and Rita in a private "at home" musical comedy.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
There were the next two years, until she was fifteen, and they were too crowded, too full of things and people and happenings, so that even today they make a blur when she thinks of them.

At the Royal Dramatic School of Art, about this time, she met a boy named Jack, a brilliant youngster whose future in the theater seemed assured and who recognized in Ida perhaps more than the other students, or even her parents, knew was there. Ida was ever a dramatic child; when she played the Knight in Shining Armor to her Maiden in Distress (in the school's experimental productions) she translated the dialogue into words that had a meaning to herself—and so did he.

They fell in love, which is important not only to her history but to Ida personally, and always will be, since it was first love, dressed in all the ideals such youth as theirs could invent. From it they concocted dreams. "Someday, when we are stars, and rich, we'll buy a castle with a moat."

Then, finally, it was over. Jack had gone abroad, and Ida was busy growing up. But the dream was still there. She remembered it for years, until another, greater dream supplanted it.

Playing small parts, attending the Royal Academy of Art and falling in love occupied her during the first of those two incredible years. The second is more unbelievable still. It began with Allan Dwan's coming to England to do a picture and with Connie's asking Ida to spend an afternoon with her on an Elstree sound stage to watch cousin Lupino Lane direct Stanley in a talkie. Dwan came up to Connie, pointed to Ida, said, "That's the first English girl I've ever seen who looks American enough for this story. Let me give her a screen test."

"She's too young," Connie said absently, watching Stanley rehearse.

But Dwan was persistent. He tested Ida the next day, the forty-first test he had run, and hired her forthwith. Whereupon Connie once more had to stand and watch her fourteen-year-old daughter make violent love to a man of thirty-five. She felt ashamed, in a way; but at the same time she knew the excitement, the pride that Stanley had felt that evening when Ida had come to him with her first job. She was such an infant, that Ida, but what an actress!

It was the year of the quota pictures in England, which means a prescribed number had to be done in a certain length of time, and Ida—it seems to her now, in retrospect—did them all. She played a hard-bitten gold digger in "Money for Speed"; she starred with Ivor Novello in "I Lived With You," an extremely naughty role indeed; and a lot of others, all of a type. Her hair was platinum now, and her violet eyes were heavily shaded under mascaraed lashes; her eyebrows were gone, with pencil lines in their places; her figure had filled out a little—you could see that, because of the gowns she wore. Sometimes, looking at her, Connie recognized in this production only a faint resemblance to her daughter Ida.

So that when Paramount offered to pay the child $800 per week on a five-year contract, plus traveling expenses for both of them to Hollywood, Connie didn't protest very much. It seemed useless anyhow. Ida wanted to go. She wanted that more than anything in the world.

If Ida had known what Hollywood was going to hand her those first discouraging years, she might not have been so anxious to leave London. That surprising story will be told you in the concluding installment to appear in February Photoplay-Movie Mirror.
Don't Hitch Your Wagon—

(Continued from page 37) ensigns on its hands. The upshot of all this big disarmament talk was that Brian Donlevy quit the Academy.

It was only natural that he should head for New York. All writers did, didn't they? But writing was risky, acting riskier. He had to eat, so (shades of John Paul Jones and David Glasgow Farragut!) he turned collar-ad model for two years.

Then one day he heard that a producer was looking for a former marine to play the part of a leatherneck. He made a beeline for the office, demanded an interview, swore he was an ex-marine and got the part. The play was called "What Price Glory." William Boyd, George Tobias and a lot of others were cast (and more prominently) in the cast.

The part was small, the play was great and the Donlevy doom inescapable. "After that I was sunk," he says, "and he puts it true. He tried to square accounts with his bright star by enrolling for a short story course at the Columbia School of Journalism. The professors ripped his things to pieces. He quit struggling with Fate after a month and gave in to the Theater. There followed several seasons of successful Broadway plays, with certain notable interludes of inactivity in between. Still, life was doing all right by Donlevy.

The only trouble, he discovered, was that one by one his chums were quitting the leg and heading for Hollywood. First it was Sturges, not long afterward Pat O'Brien took off. Then Frank McGlynn. The time he was doing his turns in "Life Begins At 40" he was getting a raft of mail from his pals on the Coast. They never failed to describe Hollywood as "a cinch" and invariably wound up with this admonished scoundrel: "Don't come here until you're asked."

When "Life Begins" breathed its last in Detroit, Brian headed for New York with a modest little poke in his pocket and practically all his chums in Hollywood. If you are guessing that Mr. D. is about to meet up with a repetition of his accidents, you are definitely psychic. He is indeed. Back in New York, he ran into a bunch of the local boys. One thing led to another, which in turn led to a celebration in honor of Donlevy's return. The next thing our Brian knew was that when he looked out the window he saw stars. They seemed closer than ever before. To complicate matters further, he thought he detected a loud humming. All of a sudden it dawned on him: He was aboard a plane. We guessed it, reader, he was en route to Hollywood.

At the first stop—and the next four consecutive stops—he wired his best friend, Hugh O'Connell, telling him he was coming and no more of Hughy's cracks about waiting until you're asked. He was asleep in O'Connell's bed when that honest gentleman checked in from work late that night. "Hi, sucker!" is how his pal Hughy greeted him.

For four weeks Donlevy haunted Hollywood looking for work. But no takers. When he went down to the $100, he bought an airplane ticket for the trip back. O'Connell wouldn't hear of his leaving. He lent him $100 and told him to stick it out. The money gone, Donlevy decided that Hollywood wanted no part of him. The only man who didn't agree with him was Hugh O'Connell. "I'm not there anyone here you know from New York—someone connected with handing out jobs, maybe?"

"I know Bob McIntyre. He's casting for Goldwyn."

McIntyre was a soft touch. He gave Brian a job, sent him to wardrobe to get outfitted. The fellow in wardrobe tossed a black shirt at him. The way Brian caught it, he couldn't help noticing the name on the back of the collar. The name was Clark plate.

What he did next is a lesson in psychology.

Starting with that black shirt Gable had worn in The Wild, he requisitioned a complete black getup—black to the smallest detail. Even his derringer was black. His strategy was this: Due to his black costume the audience's attention would naturally be focused on his face. And that face had to be remembered or Donlevy had to leave Hollywood.

The reaction to Brian Donlevy's debut as the black-shirted killer in "Barbury Coast" was terrific. One trade paper ironically compared him to Clark Gable! He was signed to a term contract by Fox. As Warners did to John Garfield, so did Fox to Donlevy—they made him a criminal. He stuck it out for three years and quit.

He went over to Paramount on down and was promptly clapped into "Union Pacific" and "Comrades, You Might as Well Know." The result was that he was given a $25,000 deal over. Still, he had to rework his confession to Paramount that he was a "runt in the pack." The producers ripped it to pieces. He quit struggling with Fate and gave in to the Theater.

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Old Cal Goes Back to the Indians: Ever wonder what transpires when a group of Indians who are suddenly transplanted to some far-off spot for a location jaunt? Wonder no more, my friends, for old Cal himself informed us that he went on a weekend with the “Valley Of The Sun” troupe up in Taos, New Mexico. After a night on the train we were whisked back to Los Angeles (a cowboy in a station wagon did the whisking) over the old Kit Carson trail to picturesque Santa Fe and then on ninety miles to Taos, a spot out of this world, known and loved by artists, writers, Indians and geniuses.

At the Sagebrush Inn we gathered up leading lady Lucille Ball and her husband Desi Arnaz, and they raved even Hollywood for color and entertainment. Out on the magnificent broad mesa, Director George Marshall was busy with his troupe. In a covered wagon were Dean Jagger and the Indians, while directly behind them stood, of all people, Billy Gilbert. Even more incongruous was the man who rode by their side, Sir Cedric Hardwicke of London, who plays an English remittance man.

As Director Marshall gave the word, the wagon drove over the mesa while suddenly from over the plains, coming straight at us, were several hundred real Indians, the highlight of the evening was the Indian dances, their almost naked and painted bodies quivering to the strange rhythm of the drums. Between dances Billy Gilbert would dramatically point his needle back and forth, executing some of the finest needlepoint work we’ve ever seen. Mr. Gilbert, who sprints for a living, spoke freely over his work and brooks no kidding, remember that. Even the Indians were stopped dead in their tracks at the sight of Billy’s sewing.

The evening concluded when Cuban Desi Arnaz formed a La Contra line of painted Indians, with Sir Cedric gracefully kicking from right to left in the rear. Yes, from Hollywood to Indians may be a far cry, but we made it all in one glorious week end and wouldn’t have missed it for worlds. At any rate, you have some idea of what goes on in a picture location and that was our main idea.

Inside Stuff (Continued from page 13)
"I Feel Like a Heel about Errol"

(Continued from page 26) him down. That afternoon he made his second appearance. Lunach wasn’t present. He wanted to know if she’d have dinner with him. "I never go out to dinner with any young man who isn’t a friend of the family. But come and have tea. I'd like my mother to meet you."

He quirked a brow, said oh, and didn’t show up again. A couple of months later, he was married to Damita. A couple of months after that he was being co-starred with Livvie in "Captain Blood."

She was thrilled when they told her. Errol's looks, Errol's dash, her own provocative encounter with him remained un forgotten. She thought it would be wonderful to work with him, and it was. Livvie had one modest success behind her. Errol was a blank newcomer, grateful for her friendliness.

He went through hell in "Captain Blood." Even a veteran would have found it a heavy load, but a veteran would have known how to protect himself. Everyone was on edge and Flynn bore the brunt of that nervous strain. To Olivia's earlier linking was added admiration for his grit. Never did he lose control of his temper. Now and then she'd surprise a lost look in his eyes and her heart ached for him.

Next time she played with Errol, he was a star. Nothing lost about him now. Very sure of himself he was, and she didn't like him quite so well. She couldn't know that "Captain Blood" had marked him, that his mind had been working fast and grimly while he kept his mouth shut, that within a few weeks he'd learned a lesson many people never learn about the fiercely competitive movie game. This was the conclusion he reached: "When you're underdog, they kick you around. If I ever get to be topdog, I'll do my damnedest to keep out of a spot where they can ever kick me around again. I'll watch out for my own interests, I'll grab whatever's coming to me, I'll play the game their way."

OLIVIA was rehearsing a scene with him, which had been written as a fifty-fifty shot. "Isn't it funny," she thought, '"I seem to be sitting down wrong. My face is always away from the camera.'

Each time they rehearsed, she adjusted her chair a little, but to no purpose, till it finally entered her head that Errol was deliberately maneuvering things his way.

"But that's ridiculous. He's a star. He doesn't need to upset me to make the picture his. Besides, he's not like that. She kept edging up till there was no more chair to sit on. Then she got mad, decided she'd fix him and moved her chair. As the cameras started grinding, Errol walked his own chair upstage, sat down and grunted. It was funny. It was also exasperating.

If she'd faced him with it then, she'd probably have been doing him a favor. The shell he'd grown against danger, real and fancied, might have cracked abruptly instead of little by little as it did later.

But she was young and of a kind of obsession. She asked no favors of Errol Flynn, who had once been a knight and knelt beside her chair. So a barrier rose between them.

They played in picture after picture together and with each their relationship grew more deadening. It was nothing so active as open hostility. They were jostled at each other, at least some life would have fanned the air. This way it was stagnant. The climax came with "Santa Fe Trail." They were doing night work on location and at three in the morning had one more scene to shoot. the others wanted to go home and get their heads off, but Errol didn't: "Good night, boys," he said, "I'm going home."

Livvie stood there flabbergasted. Of all the immorality! All right, he was the star and he'd worked the hardest. But she was his lead, it took her two hours to dress and make up. Not even to ask if they could finish this time. Just good night, boys, I'm going—

She went after him. With elaborate courtesy, she asked: "Could you possibly manage to work tomorrow? If we don't, we won't have to come out again to morrow night?"

"Why must you approach me on a personal basis?"

Then she let go. "If you mean by personal, that this involves my comfort and convenience as well as that of a lot of other people, you're right. Otherwise, I don't know what you're talking about," and she turned on her heel.

He almost stopped her. What was eating him was the suspicion that she'd come, not on her own, but at the behest of the authorities who were using her to soften him up. Darn the authorities. He turned on his heel.

THEY had a day's still to do together. The picture was finished. As they left the gallery, Livvie said without heat: "I'm bored to death with you, Errol, and I don't want to work with you again. Nothing personal, you understand—you she got that dig in neatly—"I'm sure you feel the same way about me. It's bad for us to work together. Sooner or later it's bound to show up on the screen. I'm going to talk to Hal Wallis about it. You have more influence than I. Will you talk to Mr. Warner?"

"Glad to," he smiled. "And may I add that I agree with you?"

Livvie talked to Hal Wallis. Errol to Jack Warner, the difference being that Livvie talked for Errol for Livvie. He didn't want any separation. But when a lady's bored, what can a gentleman say but good-by.

So it was arranged. Brenda Marshall teamed up with Flynn in "Footsteps In The Dark." But Livvie had to go with him and the company to Santa Fe for the premiere of the picture. On the route the train stopped at a little town. The star and his lead were asked to step out on the rear platform and talk to the townfolk over a mike. Unprepared, they had to ad-lib it. Whether Livvie helped Flynn out or Flynn Livvie, she doesn't remember. But back in their seats, they looked at each other as if they were a couple of other fellows.

"Is this you?" Livvie demanded. "Or is the other one you?"

"This. The one you've been all these years. The guy who wouldn't finish the scene that night."

"He's sorry, he'd misunderstood, he'd been a boor, would she please forgive him? The floodgates burst. He told her how the thing had started and become, without his knowledge. In suicide. Remembering "Captain Blood," she could understand that. This business between them had been her fault too, she said—she'd been callous, intolerant, overquick to judge. So they left it at that and talked about everything under the sun, learning more of each other than they'd ever known. They were still talking when the dinner call came. Errol said he'd brush up and come back to take her to the dinner. PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR.
Fifteen minutes after a forlorn voice answered his knock at the door. “You’ll have to go to dinner without me, Erril. I don’t feel very well.”

“Oh, I’m sorry. Anything I can do?”

“No, it must be that terrible beef stew I had. Take care of yourself. Goodnight. I’ll be all right in the morning.”

Her temperature shot up to a hundred and two and the first-aid man had to sit with her hand on the heart of her pet antelope. Her beef stew was diagnosed as appendixitis. Errol called with Donald Crisp and a huge basket of flowers. At the dinner that evening he proposed a toast to her.

operation and convalescence behind her, she returned to the studio. It struck her that she was being handled more tenderly than usual by the front office, consulted about details they’d never bothered to consult her about before. “Surely it’s not just because I’ve been ill,” she puzzled. “Maybe I’m making an impression on my home lot at last.” Her best roles, be it remembered, have been on loanout—Melanie in “Gone With The Wind,” the delicious Emmy Brown deliciously played in “Hold Back The Dawn.”

Then she received the script of “They Died With Their Boots On.” “I like it,” she admitted, “But you know how Flynn and I always argued about those kinds of things. Maybe you feel that way, but Flynn doesn’t.”

“What do you mean, Flynn doesn’t?”

“Well, he does, he’s got a funny way of showing it: He asked for you in this picture.” With that, the story came out.

Not only had he asked for her. He’d pointed out that his fan mail clamored for her as his partner. He knew that his own box-office pull was greater when she played with him. If she didn’t want to, he admitted, that he blamed her. Not because of his attitude alone, but because the studio, he felt, had handled her indifferent.

Starry-eyed, she went in search of her champion. “So you double-crossed me, you so-and-so. Oh Errol, what a wonderful thing for you to have done. How can I ever thank you?”

“For what?”

“Saying those things about me.”

“Oh, that. They were just facts. Are you going to do the part? I’m glad.”

Which is where we came in. With Olivia wailing. “And I thought he was interested only in himself. Thought it and said it. Now he looks so different— as if you’d peeled off a whole layer of Errol and something underneath you’d never suspected. Oh, it’s not because he tossed some bouquets my way that I was so touched. But because of what he did for me with the front office and how he did it. Because he knew the chance in hell that was what I needed most and the really nice heart to go bat for me. Me, the smug one, who’d never even bothered to try looking attractive to him. Do you wonder I feel like a heel? Do you wonder I’m racking my head for some way to make up?”

This is to make up.

The End

No Runaway Marriage for These Two!

(Continued from page 28) Eleven months later, she saw him again. This time it was at a "jam session" at his house, and two of his best friends, Buddy Pepper and Junior Coghlan, were her escorts. The memory of a Farina was memorable to Bun for one reason: Since she had nothing in the musical line to contribute to the "jam session," Jackie ignored her completely in favor of Bun.

The day before Christmas (almost a twelve-month lapse this time!) Jackie telephoned around seven-thirty in the evening. Bun was forgetful, and after a short solicitation that was what Bun began to demur in the expected feminine way; it was "awfully late" to be asking for a date.

"You don’t refuse anything, are you," Jackie demanded point-blank.

"No," Bun admitted. "But—"

"Then let’s go," he said. They went. Dancing at the Beverley-Wilshire to heavenly music and complete forgetfulness of anything like a clock. Bun got a scolding for being late but decided it was worth it.

Christmas day Jackie appeared in company with her other swains, Pepper and Coghlan, and gifted her with a charm bracelet and all of the jewels. It was some time in March when he again telephoned and asked if she would like to go with him while he made a layout of plans for the coming year. Bun accepted and promptly amazed Jackie by honestly enjoying the varied talents of all of the nations. It was some time in March when he again telephoned and asked if she would like to go with him while he made a layout of plans for the coming year. Bun accepted and promptly amazed Jackie by honestly enjoying the varied talents of all of the nations.

"You do have to come home now?" he asked. Bun said no.

"Then let’s have dinner and go to the preview," he suggested.

After the preview he again asked if she had to go home. She said no.

"Then let’s have dinner and go to the preview," he suggested.
discoveries about each other since they have been sweethearts. While Jackie has rhythm in his blood, Bun has none at all, though she is a good ballroom dancer. She likes classical music for its mood or beauty, but for its intellectual stimulation.

They disagree violently about money with Bun claiming Jackie is woefully extravagant and Jackie accusing Bun of pinching pennies at the wrong time. They argue over her trick diets (he is an anti-diet man as far as she is concerned), her refusal to state dining and dancing preferences and just plain inconstant behavior.

"Jackie gets off the track in arguments," Bun observed. "He winds up not knowing what we were arguing about in the first place."

"And Bun can’t argue quietly and reasonably," Jackie countered, with a teasing grin. "She always winds up in a hither. But at least," he knocked on wood, "we’ve never got to the hang-up—the telephone stage. Probably because neither of us would give in that far!"

They both dislike hypocrites, phonies and people who use them for personal gain. They both like sports, swing music, puns, spaghetti and tailored clothes. Both are nervous and afraid to sound off. And both are romanticists to the tips of their toes.

"I suppose that’s one reason why I am opposed to running to the altar," Bun said. "I’ve had a mental picture of my wedding ever since I was a little girl and an elopement just won’t fit that picture.

"I want a simple church wedding with only my family and closest friends there, people who really care about me. I definitely don’t want a Hollywood production with a lot of fanfare and spending at what amounts to a free show. I want to wear an ivory satin gown with long sleeves, a train and a veil. I want to carry white orchids and have two or three of my best friends for bridesmaids. I want to have all the usual showers and parties before the wedding and I want to have a small reception afterwards with a wedding cake and a toast in champagne. I want to have a trousseau of lovely clothes and a real honeymoon. In other words, I want to be married like any girl in any small town, and nobody can talk me out of it!"

"ELOPEMENTS, I suppose, do have a certain excitement about them, but to me the marriage ceremony itself should be a sacred moment, not an exciting one. It should be a moment of such beauty that all your life the memory of it will bring tears to your eyes. At least, that’s the way I want it to be for me and I know it can be!"

"It is true but still true that getting married is the most important step a girl takes in life, for it means she is beginning a new life according by different standards and lived by different rules. Surely the realization of that importance will be greater for me and I will be more prepared to make the sacrifices and give the understanding it entails if I am married in front of God in God’s House."

The marriage ceremony is one of the most important moments in a man’s life, too, Jackie said, for it means he not only is beginning a newly ordered existence but has assumed responsibility for another life. He admits he has very definite ideas for the occasion.

"I want a formal ceremony in church," Jackie said. "I want the memory of my bride walking up the aisle to meet me, the music of a great organ and the solemn words of the ceremony itself. I want my family and close friends there. I want a wedding breakfast for the wedding party after the ceremony and then a reception with champagne and wedding cake."

"I’ve made a few figures on top which you keep all your life. And I want a real honeymoon, a boat trip if possible."

"Like Bun, Jackie is opposed to run-away marriage."

"Marriage is so dogged is important, I think it rates a lot of thought before you take the step," he said. "Nine times out of ten, people who elope do it on the spur of the moment. Often they haven’t discussed marriage and what it means.

"Everything about an elopement is so sudden and the蒴ve couple are torn away so quickly from their former lives they just don’t have time to make the necessary adjustments. As a result, many marriages break up which otherwise might have had a good chance to succeed. Then, too, I think the ease with which a couple can dash off in the middle of the night and find themselves married after a quick word or two by an utter stranger gives the feeling that it would be just as easy—and just as unimportant—to get a divorce if the marriage didn’t work out right away."

"On the other hand, if you stand up in church—or in a home, for that matter, if the same thought and planning has gone into the wedding—and make certain promises, you’re doing it only after both of you have done plenty of thinking. You know what you are doing and why you are doing it. And that, above all, it’s nothing you are going to kick around tomorrow or the day after. There is a dignity and a solid something about it which carries through, year after year. Something to fall back on when the going gets tough or makes it doubly swell if the sailing is smooth. Without that solid something, that sense of security and permanence, I think any marriage has two strikes on it. I intend my marriage to last—and I don’t want that kind of odds."

"Perhaps in the future, a few years from now, Bun and Jackie will share the ideal wedding they have in mind. Jackie says that is his idea if Bun still feels the same about him. The odds on both are pretty good."

"Providing she isn’t late for her own wedding!” Jackie chuckled.

"And providing he has anything left for the ring!” Bun shot back.

The End.

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DOCTORS WARN CONSTIPATED FOLKS
ABOUT LACY LIVER

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PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
(Continued from page 31) Between Jane and whom it may concern, he has. "Everybody likes him," says the candid Wyman. "Few people like me." He's equable, she's hot-tempered; he's insin- tuous, she's hard; he's had experiences which tend to make him mistrustful.

Their one serious difference arose over an attempt on Jane's part to influence him in the handling of his career. She'd been in the business longer, she wanted him to profit by her blunders. Ronnie indicated that he preferred to make his own. Jane recognized the impasse and has kept her hands off since. On the basis of his upward zoom from "Million Dollar Baby" through "International Squallor" to "Kings Row," she concludes that off was a good place to keep them.

Indeed, it's Jane, the stormy half of the pair, who's done most of the surface adjusting. The woodchucks have been adjusted, the sawmills have been adjusted. Ronnie's adjustments are on the horizon.

Now they play together every Sunday, with Ronnie crooning over his wife's perfect swing. She started her swimming lessons on their honeymoon and he thinks they'll get round to horses next. He's getting ready to see the angle of how well she'd look in riding clothes.

Ronnie's notion of a good time is not going to be limited to going to his bride, "Let's cut them out." They just oozed out, along with the fuzz on her head and the cigarette holder. Evenings are now given to movies, gin rummy and books. After knitting Ronnie all the socks he could wear, Jane suddenly discovered the existence of reading matter and devours it with the greed of one who's been unconsciously hungry all her life.

Before marriage, Jane's spending was governed more closely by her whims than her pocketbook. Ronnie, on the other hand, is a guy with a system, self-installed, since he runs a business manager is a tacit admission that you're too dumb to save your own money, be understood," she says. "I'm only a thousand times happier than I've ever been. I used to be the kind of person who sat around swank night clubs with a big fuzz on my head and a long cigarette holder sticking out of my face. Athletics held no charm for me. First I was too lazy to go out, then I got tired. I met Reagan and all I heard was football and track and swimming and golf. The only way I could get to see him was out on a golf course.

Now they play together every Sunday, with Ronnie serenading over his wife's perfect swing.

I'm only a thousand times happier than I've ever been. I used to be the kind of person who sat around swank night clubs with a big fuzz on my head and a long cigarette holder sticking out of my face. Athletics held no charm for me. First I was too lazy to go out, then I got tired. I met Reagan and all I heard was football and track and swimming and golf. The only way I could get to see him was out on a golf course.

Out on a golf course.

This story revives in Jane the memory of old wounds. I can understand his not being interested in drapes. Anyway, at this point. What I can't swallow is his attitude toward my clothes. On our honeymoon I said, "We've been married two days and I'd kind of like to know what you like and what you don't. Will you come with me to pick out a swim suit?" He said, "I'm busy, I have to play golf."

"Once in a while I'd drag him into a hat shop—why, I don't know. He'd sit behind a newspaper and say mm. If I thought the hat myself and tried to get a reaction, he'd go "whew!" He seems to think it's a man's privilege to go glove- and that a woman's supposed to know what she's putting on. Now he says, "My, it's pretty."

"A woman," said Ronnie, "should be satisfied with the gleam in a man's eye. The gleam in a man's eye should be more flattering than a lot of meaningless language. While we're on the subject of shopping, let me put in my two cents. When I want to buy a pair of shoes nowadays, I have to fold my tent like the Arabs and silently sneak away."

"That's not so."

"My turn, Mrs. Reagan. It used to be that I wanted a pair of brown shoes. I went out and bought a pair of brown shoes and that was that. But my wife believes in shopping. The only thing she likes better than a woman's clothing store is a men's clothing store. So she goes along. I try on not one but thirty pair of brown shoes. By the time I get through trying on brown shoes, my socks are worn out. Then she sees a robe, then she sees a sweater, then she sees socks and ties and darningues. I've got to wear a robe and a sweater and ties and socks and darningues."

"Sometimes I think I'm getting away with murder. When it comes to fundamentals like suits and babies, I find out who's boss. I think Jane started talking about a baby a day after we were married. I wanted one, too, but I used all my man logic to persuade her that every young couple ought to wait a year. She agreed I was right as usual and she was wrong. So we had a baby."

This event provided Ronnie with some of his choicest glimpses into the mysteries of feminine psychology. They were driving downtown one day before Marion Elizabeth's arrival, talking of nothing in particular, when the peace was shattered by a wild sob from Jane.

"Good lord, honey, what's wrong? What did I say—?"

"No-nothing—"

Continue the story...
Tired Kidneys
Often Bring
Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don’t work properly, you get daytime, many people have sleepless nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes show that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don’t neglect this condition and lose valuable, recuperating matter.

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Don’t wait! Ask your druggist for Doan’s Pills, used tens of millions of times for over 100 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes yield out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan’s Pills.

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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 6) the sofa wakes up and accompanies her perfectly and all the people around know all the words and join in, even though Nelson Eddy has just finished composing the song for her.

If I try to brighten my dishwashing by bursting into song, someone that next day says, “There’s such an awful dragoon I think I’ll close the door,” or “Let’s turn on the radio, there must be something better sounding.”

When Don Ameche comes home after a hard day of inventing things, he kisses Loretta Young tenderly and murmers, “Mmm! Dearest, the thought of you has been brewing patiently all the struggles and disappointments of the days seem unimportant; you make it all so worth while!”

When Bill comes home at six he gives me a quick kiss and says, “Mmm! You’ve been eating onions. How soon will dinner be ready?”

When Charles Boyer discovers how unjustly he has accused the light of his life, he murmers pleadingly, “Darling, I’ve been a blind, stupid fool! Can I ever forgive me?” and then he kisses her until the Hays Office and I both swoon—but for different reasons.

When Bill finds out that I didn’t do something he said I would, “All right, all right, so I was wrong! Can’t we talk about anything else?” I like the movies.


$1.00 PRIZE
It’s Happened!

CHEERS for Miss Bishop! Cheers and more cheers! After long waiting and hoping, it’s a grand and glorious feeling to meet in the movies a school teacher of the female species who is human. From the pedantic, absent-minded school mistress with shell-rimmed glasses, a sort of feminine Ichabod Crane, who appears in features, to the dreadful creature of the comics, flourishing a ruler in one hand and a dunce cap in the other, we’ve been represented.

I was almost ready to suggest the role of a deep-dyed villain for one of us—a good villain is preferable to a bad caricature! The villain came Mr. Chips, and we took hope. And now—it’s happened! Miss Bishop is human and attractive. We are deeply grateful, for, after all, we’re just folks, who sometimes have cars and fur coats and sometimes a mother or an aunt to support; who dance on Saturday nights and attend church on Sundays; who like laughter, but are not unequainted with tears.

Annie Laurie Von Tungeln, Tulsa, Okla.

$1.00 PRIZE
Family Revolution

My husband’s being away on defense work makes time drag for me, living with the family. So the other night I said, “Folks, let’s go and see ‘Hold Back the Dawn’!”

“Isn’t that Charles Boyer?” said my young brother.

“It is,” I answered.

“Gimme some Tracy,” he said.

And give me Robert Taylor,” said my sister.

Mother pondered. “There was something about James Stewart—” she began, but Dad cut in.

“James Cagney should be seen more often upon the screen,” said he judicially.

“Then I’m bored,” I wailed.

“Oh, very well,” said the family. Hours later we returned and sat quietly in the living room.

“Spencer Tracy used to be my favorite actor,” said little brother thoughtfully.

“There is something about Charles Boyer,” he began. “I mean, my sister, rousing from a dream, said, “I wonder what he’ll play in next?”

“Who?” I asked.

“Why, Charles Boyer,” chorused the family.

And Dad, rising and glancing at the clock, said, “Charles Boyer should be seen more often upon the screen.” And so to bed.

E. L. Jaeger, El Paso, Tex.

$1.00 PRIZE
Well, Why Go On?

We are, quite wisely, making every effort to win the good will and approval of the South American countries. How do the inhabitants of these countries get their impressions of us? Largely through the movies.

And what impressions they must get! The general idea of such pictures as “Meet John Doe,” “Grapes of Wrath,” etc., is so strong, and the stories are so tenderly told, the audience with more than a dime in his pants’ pocket is a cruel, scheming scoundrel.

Other impressions—our aviators are chielly concerned with women, flying being only secondary. The life of our soldiers and sailors is largely custard-pie comedy. Our women are beautiful but of dubious virtue. We spend most of our time dancing and singing. Our factories are full of spies. In sections where cow-boys aren’t shooting each other up, crooks are.

But why go on? Is it any wonder that South America hesitates to accept us as the shining knights of the North? I say, why not have some movies that show us as we really are? I think we’re really quite nice people.

Marion Goodwin, Andover, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

JUST recently in a daily movie column published in our newspaper I read that for the publicity men of the movies were trying to “blitzkrieg” the interesting articles in your much-read magazine that are so forcefully written by your contributor “Fearless.”

“Fearless” is giving readers the truth. I look for it immediately when I read your fine magazine. I’m sure others look for the monthly article, too. Certainly truth is more interesting and more glamorous—truly it is “stranger than fiction.” So keep on publishing those articles. Don’t let them make you afraid, “Fearless!”

Mrs. B. Hoffmann, Wichita, Kan.

NOT long ago I saw the movie “Blood and Sand,” in which Rita Hayworth was one of the stars. I thought she was splendid in the whole show except for one thing: her singing. It’s terrible and if she always sang like that, please tell her for me to stick to dancing.

The way she was, looking so beautiful and swaying so alluring, that naturally you expected a lovely husky voice to do the vocal, but horror of horrors, there emerged a shrill pip squeak.

Mrs. W. W. Jackson, Shreveport, La.

BE SURE TO SEE Beautiful Living Album Portraits of Your Favorite Stars in DAVID HARUM Radio’s most homespun serial drama THEY’RE ALL HERE! David Harum Aunt Polly Susan Price Zeke Swinney PRESENTED IN JANUARY
The Truth about Stars’ Salaries

(Continued from page 57) isn’t a natural fighter and he finally got raised to a decent salary only after he had threatened to quit and because he had become so valuable Paramount could no longer ignore his entirely just demands.

Bill Holden started to earn an even lower wage than Fred, supposedly for a mere $50, was allowed to be discovered for ‘Golden Boy’ (actually he was loaned out to Columbia for the picture and was paid nothing for hay), give a fine performance and garnered plenty of publicity, thereby increasing his potential value, and yet had to fight violently and verbally to get his contract increased.

Right there is where the bonus dicker usually comes in. When a star has obviously clicked as Bill did in ‘Golden Boy’ he gets, if he is restive and noisy enough about it, a “bonus.” This is real and not stage money and may range from $10,000 to $50,000 extra.

It sounds good and it looks good and most young players fall for it, not stopping to realize—as the shrewd producer did all the time—that this bonus does not increase the salary on the books; that it is a favor that can be given at any time and just as easily taken away or just as well withheld—and that the salary can stay at the same level for whatever period is stated in the contract, no matter how terrific the star may become through his own ability.

As, for instance, consider the cases of Robert Taylor vs. Buddy Rogers. Both began as small salaries and then climbed. The initial appeal of both of them was to the ladies. Bob Taylor began at $35 a week, Buddy at $75. The difference in the two salaries upset the basic fact that Bob, through shrewd management and through a studio that more quickly rewards its young players, got almost immediately the top billing (through courtesy of top original contract’s having been scrapped), while Buddy Rogers was cast around this country, displayed to the girls, made “America’s Boy Friend” but never once given a worthy contract or put into a strong picture to follow his initial break in “Hell’s Angels.” His vogue died before he could have had his just share.

This would seem to indicate that it is smarter to make a good fat contract at the start, but this can work both ways. Nancy Carroll, who got her Broadway stage, was brought to Twentieth Century-Fox at $900 a week at the same time that Linda Darnell was brought at $75 (the usual starting salary, incidentally). Nancy got all the initial publicity, all the big roles, but she didn’t click as expected and thus, in a few months, she began to get “between pictures.” Linda looked so beautiful on screen that her loveliness was all that was necessary, while she was getting time, off screen, to learn acting and to grow. Now, while Nancy wasn’t before the cameras, those $900 were piling up. A producer who might want her would look at the books, see that to have her in his cast would mean he had to start with some $10,000 to $15,000 of Nancy’s back salary charged against his pictures. At $750 a week, he would turn to the equally young, very lovely and delightfully inexpensive Linda or to Brenda Joyce, who also fitted all the necessary ingredients. Hence Joyce got her chance in “The Rains Came,” not half so much because she is a delightful girl and the studio wanted to see if she could be put across, as it happened to do something very good about a pay roll already top-heavy with the salaries of Tyrone Power and two “borrowed” players, Myrna Loy and George Brent. Supposedly, Warners got $150,000 for Brent in that one, though Brenda continued to get merely his $2,000 a week Warner salary.

Bob, on the other hand, was so inexpensive to cast they worked constantly. Therefore, not a nickel of back salary accumulated against them, while Nancy’s bottom dollar and Pat got the casting and the publicity—at first. Then she got stymied and now she is slowly climbing back. As she is really a good actress, she will undoubtedly click this time.

But Veronica Lake! Well, there you have a feature girl in for nickels and dimes and has done everything wrong ever since, given the wrong interviews, sassed producers, stopped for marriage and to have a baby. Yet none of it can hamper her for that simple, mysterious reason that she has what it takes. Her chance in “I Wanted Wings” was as nothing against Brenda Joyce’s chance in “The Rains Came.” The differential was that there is a compelling something in Miss Lake that is not in Miss Joyce. The one has a sense of it and the other hasn’t, and so the Lake contract has been torn up and a new one substituted, while Brenda Joyce, a charming, co-operative, delightful but not compelling girl, works less and less regularly.

For the truth about Hollywood salaries is that a producer, like any other merchant, will pay what he has to and not one cent more. A dozen factors can come in to affect salaries either up or down. Ronnie Colman, when he made “Under Two Flags” got $1,500 a week. The studio was under top billing, even though his co-star, Claudette Colbert, getting $150,000, was accustomed, because of her sex and the star system, to the $30,000 billiing over any man star. Yet last spring, because of an existing contract with William H awks, Ronnie made “My Life With Caroline” for $30,000 and that turned out so badly that it will undoubtedly depress his salary on his next picture.

Reversely, a Vic Mature can go to New York and hire a complete stage play and come back worth his weight (a lot of weight that is!) in gold.

Given breaks like that all the actor has to do is to belong to the Hollywood underworld which is just like Jones Corners in this respect. Actors moan about “not getting my chance” but they actually do get it constantly. John Hubbard started out with Vic Mature at Roach’s and at a much better salary and in much better roles. But two studios are not battling over John’s contract, with one paying off the other to the tune of $80,000 as Twentieth Century-Fox has just done to secure Vic’s exclusive services. And Clark Gable plays extra roles in “The Painted Desert” of which William Boyd was the star. Yet not so long ago there was the classic instance of Mr. Gable’s refusing to be loaned to Selznick for “Gone With The Wind” unless he could loan himself. No “deal,” no “bonus” for Mr. Sex Appeal. He dictated his own price for the flat six months, over and above his regular M-G-M salary. He got it, and then worked twenty-nine days!

And, via Joyce, Miss Leigh, why Vivien Leigh got discovered—because Selznick had to have a low salary somewhere around the cast. But Miss Leigh was very, very good and everybody knew it and also and as for the picture, it was terrific and everybody connected with that one, including the bookkeepers, has lived happily ever after.

The End

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

JANUARY-ON SALE NOW

82
Resolutions the Stars Should Make

(Continued from page 21) give him makes like that outmoded story? Why, Spence cut his eyelashes on things like that in his old stock days. And for heaven’s sake, get over the neurotics for Bette Davis—and don’t waste her on any more cactus bushes. Jean Arthur should set her heart on doing a little more than making Capra laugh—like “You Can’t Take It With You.” And let’s insist that Capra make three pictures a year always.

Let’s bring Brando back to New York and send Madeline Carroll back to England to star in a picture for the British War Relief. Let’s have more goodwill needed in South America, that men like Buddy De Sylva put on a musical show down there with Mickey Rooney and Bob Hope acting in it and Jeannette MacDonald and Irene Dunne doing the singing. And in return for Carmen Miranda, let’s give him one picture starring Fred Astaire.

JOAN FONTAINE should stop putting on the gloves with her producer, DavidSelznick, and take his advice. But for him, she might have played Olivia de Haviland’s baby sister, instead of Joan Fontaine, star of “Rebecca” and “Suspicion.”

Resolved that the producers keep on giving Roz Russell good parts this year, just as they did last year, even though she’s no longer under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

Humphrey Bogart and Charles Boyer will stay as sweet as he is. But he’ll never make the money for producers that he should so long as his female fans insist upon seeing their lunch and dinner to the theater and seeing a whole day of Boyer—then go home raving, which makes their husbands so mad that they won’t go to see a picture for a month.

Resolved to give Louis B. Mayer a pat on the back for knowing how to develop young stars instead of children, and for folding back talent or salary for Virginia Weidler and little Jackie Horner. And, oh Lord, keep that raging, fighting Irish spirit in Jimmy Cagney. And if Ann Sheridan is possessed to have George Brent, for heaven’s sake, give him to her.

Resolved that in this year of grace 1942 Eddie Albert devote all his time to his art, instead of giving it away and being thrown to the lions.

My last year’s resolution still goes for Paulette Goddard. Having filled her jewel case with diamond bracelets and knickknacks, and her home with paintings, she still can take care of herself.

GRANT us, oh Lord, that Cary Grant stands firm and remains a bachelor. After all, we must have one star who makes us laugh and keep our nerves from our arteries from hardening. I could do the same flutter over Gary Cooper, but he’s been an old married man to these nerve endings. I don’t think we need resolutions for Gary, ‘cause he’s like Old Man River—just keeps rolling along.

Because our Negro pictures weren’t successful in the past, let’s not be afraid to try again. I’d like to see Paul Robeson, Marian Anderson, Dorothy Maynard, Rochester, Wonderful Smith, Hattie McDaniel, the Hall Johnson Choir, Ethel Waters, Todd Duncan, Duke Ellington and all that gang. Let’s get them in a picture written and produced by Buddy De Sylva, with music by Jerome Kern.

Let’s give Marlene Dietrich another with step-brother Mitchell Leisen, which will co-star Jean Gabin, with story written by Erich Remarque.

And a cheer to the youngsters like Deanna Durbin, Garland, Kathryn Grayson and Gene Tierney for giving their marriages the dignity which goes with that solemn occasion.

Ann Sothern is having a very exciting and I predict before 1942 is finished she’ll resolve herself right into position as top star on the Metro lot—and she deserves the place.

Now that John Carroll has taken off his mental diapers and put his mentality into long trousers, he’s going places. And if someone could persuade Victor Maure to forget that he was ever called “a beautiful hunk of man,” maybe he could learn to live up to the title of actor and earn the money he’s getting. Remember Edwin Booth made acting a dignified and honorable profession.

Gene Tierney should insist on two weeks’ vacation between pictures. She’s too fast for her age and constitution.

RESOLVED that Linda Darnell mix a little more of business with her very busy schedule. All work and no play keeps her acting routine instead of sparkling.

Resolved that Darryl Zanuck take Tyrone Power out of the American heel class and just once in a while let us see the boyish quality he was born with and still retains. Also, that Cesar Romero get here.

Resolved that when Bob Montgomery returns from London the industry should give him a little credit, instead of waiting for the public’s cue.

Resolved to find another part for Margaret Sullivan as good as “The Shop Around The Corner.” If given parts worthy of her, she could be a truly great star.

Resolved that a portion of our next lend-lease bill will be fifty percent of the Hollywood screen colony—except for Cary Grant and a few more who have already donated more than half.

Now that Betty Field has shown her versatility by playing a gangster’s moll in “Blues In The Night” and Cassie in “Kings Row,” let’s give her a place in Hollywood comparable to that of Ida Lupino and Bette Davis.

Martha Scott, just after she had got her foot in Heaven,” heard the flapping of wings. No, not angels—the stock’s. But don’t let that happen too often, Martha.

Resolved that in 1942 Orson Welles should save his money, because luck like his can’t last.

Resolved that Mary Pickford in this year should start an unknown up the ladder of fame and teach her all the things that she knows to be in a heart. In that way she’ll find happiness and be an inspiration for the millions who still call her Sweetheart.

And remember that Tall Hays should give back the sweaters to the poor shivering girls who can wear ’em and return the fire hydrants to the dogs in movies. And to all of you a happy New Year. The End.
A BONUS AT THE MOVIES

If you want a nice handout for free, go watch Carmen Miranda, Brazilian bombshell. You'll get a few tips on how a lady can make her hands say things she wouldn't be caught whispering. Incidentally, if you get your ticket bought for you, you'll probably get another kind of handout, too, if your ticket-buyer's the type who goes for holding hands while he watches Miranda in "Week End In Havana."

Nice work if you can get it; one way to get it is to keep your hands soft, which is just a matter of creaming, creaming and creaming again. Go to bed at night with your little digits well covered with hand cream and a pair of cotton gloves... take a tip from your doctor and push your cuticle back with the towel when you wash your hands... and keep the cuticle smooth by daily chores with cuticle remover and soft brush... use hand lotion every time you put your hands in water and as many other times as you think of it.

A SALUTE FROM THE ARMY

... as a snappy handout in return for the sweaters, or socks, or scarfs you'll earnestly knit them this winter. American hands are busy now, flashing over khaki wool, and when that private, or sergeant, or top sergeant (if you're lucky!) wears the sweater, he thinks sweet thoughts of how pretty you look knitting.

Well, do you? Red hands don't belong in the knitting brigade. Since your hands are in the spotlight, keep them white with hand cream or lotion... if they're in need of long hard work before they're presentable, make them up for the time being as you would your face, with a foundation cream and a light dusting of talcum... and if your mittens aren't warm enough and you find yourself in the red so far as hands go, just hold your hands up over your head when you take your gloves off. That way, the blood is taken from them and they'll turn lily-white in a couple of seconds.

A BOW FROM THE RED CROSS

... for all the bandages you'll roll for them in your spare hours. Now you may be able to roll more bandages per minute than your sister workers but that won't mean a thing if your hands are rough. Rough edges on nail or cuticle still slow you down... so keep your nails pliable by soaking them in nail oil often (Miranda swears by this procedure)... smoothing them (not daily filing—it wears them down) with an emery board... digging your hands in a cake of soap before starting any heavy work to keep your nails from chips.

BY GLORIA MACK

To take advantage of some free handouts reserved for them and them alone

Miranda makes her hands work for her just as expressively off screen as on...
Briar Donlevy makes a direct hit on the box-office fence without any hitching of wagons to stars in Paramount's "The Remarkable Andrew." In an Andrew-Jackson costume, he does some lute-pacing with Ellen Drew.
I've just come back from spending the afternoon with Jane Withers and I'm all agog—so much so that I might almost head this account of our visit "Brat Into Beauty." For beauty is now the word for Jane; the chubby, mischievous little monkey whose brat impersonations I've adored ever since I first saw her on the screen has blossomed into a junior glamour girl and her next movie role is practically a "grownup" one, the star of Twentieth Century-Fox's forthcoming "Young America."

More astonishing, though, than Jane's emergence into slim, svelte sub-deb lines is the discovery that she wrote the story for her last picture. Perhaps you won't find her name listed as the author—Jane modestly prefers to hide behind a pen name and so far Twentieth Century-Fox has been unable to make her change her mind on this point. But when you see "Small Town Deb" if you read "Screen play by Jerry Walters," just take my word for it that "Jerry Walters" is Jane's nom de plume for her first screen-writing venture.

Jane herself met me at the door and led me upstairs to her "apartment." The "apartment" is Jane's own particular nook. It is on the top floor of the house, where Jane and her gang can romp to their hearts' content without upsetting the rest of the household.

The furniture is sturdy, designed for comfortable sprawling, and the walls are of paneled wood which makes a perfect background for draperies and upholstery of chintz and cretonne. There's a pinstriped piano and a vetrina so that Jane's cronies can listen to her wonderful collection of records—classical numbers if they're in the mood for them and the latest jive if they feel like jitterbugging, which they frequently do.

Best of all, the "apartment" boasts a soda fountain (Janie is an inspired "soda jerker") and a stove in which the young hostess prepares the snacks her guests love.

She admits modestly that she's a "pretty good cook," but it's at candy-making that she really shines.

"You bet I like candy," she told me. "I like old-fashioned white taffy and plain fudge and caramels and I can make all those."

She used to have trouble with taffy, but she's proud of the fact that it "really taffies now." Perhaps this is the reason why the snack frequently turns into a good old-fashioned taffy pull. This form of entertainment, incidentally, is just as popular in present-day Hollywood as it was when your great-grandma was a girl, so if you want to be a hostess young-Hollywood style, why not stage a taffy pull of your own. It's loads of fun and easy, too, if you just follow this recipe Jane gave me for taffy which "really taffies."

**White Taffy**

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup light corn syrup} \\
2 \text{ cups sugar} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup water} \\
1 \text{ tsp. vanilla}
\end{align*}
\]

Mix together all ingredients except vanilla and stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Cook without stirring until a drop of mixture poured into cold water will form a hard ball (238 degrees F. on candy thermometer). Remove from heat, stir in vanilla and pour onto buttered platter.

When mixture begins to harden at edges, work it with a spatula until it is cool enough to handle. Pull until light-colored and porous and cut into pieces.

**Fudge**

\[
\begin{align*}
2 \text{ squares chocolate} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup dark corn syrup} \\
2 \text{ cups sugar} \\
1 \text{ tbl. butter} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup milk} \\
1 \text{ tsp. vanilla}
\end{align*}
\]

Mix together all ingredients except vanilla (the chocolate should be cut into small pieces). Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until boiling point is reached, then continue cooking, stirring only enough to keep mixture from sticking, until a drop tried in cold water will form a soft ball (238 degrees F.). Remove from heat and allow to cool, then add vanilla and beat until thick. Pour onto buttered platter and cut into squares.

**Caramels**

\[
\begin{align*}
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup light corn syrup} \\
2 \text{ cups sugar} \\
4 \text{ tbl. butter} \\
1 \text{ cup cream} \\
\frac{1}{2} \text{ cup milk} \\
1 \text{ tsp. vanilla}
\end{align*}
\]

Mix together all ingredients except vanilla and cook until mixture forms a soft ball when tested in cold water (238 degrees F.). Remove from heat, stir in vanilla and pour onto buttered platter. When almost cold, cut into squares.
Our Most Important "TRUCK"

Not the truck that hauls the big guns or moves the army. Not the truck that delivers gasoline or moves pianos or carries the mail.

America's most important "truck" grows in the garden, the truck garden.

ALL VEGETABLES—especially green and leafy ones, yellow ones, roots and kernels—are vital to the nation's strength and health. From them come needed amounts of Vitamins A and C and many minerals we cannot live without.

What good would army trucks be if the army itself were red-eyed, scurvy and anemic from lack of vitamins and minerals?

Fresh, canned, dried or frozen—your green and yellow vegetables are healthful and wholesome. Modern packing and delivery methods are designed to bring them to you with the least possible impairment. But you must be careful in the cooking. Save the juices. Don't overcook your vegetables; don't add soda. Don't pare away or throw away valuable parts.

And here is where America's cooks can add untold values to the nation's strength and stamina; the richer, more concentrated foods tend to tempt the taste. Chocolate fudge is easier to "sell" at the table than is spinach. So you, the cooks, must find ways to get more vegetables eaten. Serve salads, garnish your vegetable dishes tastefully, serve a variety of them, serve them at two meals every day.

Do this job well and you will contribute just as much to the nation's defense as any soldier or nurse or statesman.

Attractive displays of vegetables, special sales and offers of canned goods are your dealer's way of helping to get more vegetables onto the nation's tables. Encourage and support this program our government has for making America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

Milk and Cheese—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

Meat, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

Green and Yellow vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

Fruits and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

Bread, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

JANUARY, 1942
How to Trim Your Christmas Tree—Laraine Day

(Continued from page 34) trick sets of cosmetics complete with powder base, eye shadow, lipstick, powder, cleansing cream and tooth paste; (c) two bottles of bath crystals; and (d) a utilitarian kit, made by the Futz-while-Russet drawer, one can buy clever pertinent gifts.

The best insurance, according to Laraine, is to give against Christmas, being a deluge of disappointment. One Christmas, Laraine's mother gave her a suit. Quietly she mentioned this fact to a number of relatives and intimate friends who always remember Laraine. The result was spectacular. One friend gave a matching purse; an aunt selected a blouse to match and one to contrast; Laraine's twin brother gave her gloves and half a dozen key-toned stockings. How's that for making a girl's eyes shine like lighted candles?

However, the incandescence in Laraine's eyes nearly blew a fuse that afternoon when a bowl filled with goldfish and little shell castles was delivered by messenger. "I've never liked the expression anyway; will you secure that information goes thus: "What slim feet you have! What size shoe do you wear?" When she tells you, just add three and you have her stockings size. Now you know why you look arithmetic in grammar school.

Gives, particularly high colors such as red or green or the heavenly new blue, are brilliant ideas, but the only way to get the right size in this case is to steal a pair from her hand, check for size and return as inconspicuously as possible.

Jewelry, of course, is an item Emily—Posted as a proper gift only for an enganged girl from her ring master.

Kiss-Me-Quick, I'm-All-Ago Gifts

Under this heading belong such things as monogrammed handkerchiefs or stationary.

Any monogrammed item, in fact, gives that picture which has been planned for you touch to a gift.

Laraine says that every girl she knows would adore a heroic-sized purse in some bright color to brighten that forget-me-not blue suit or to dramatize a fur coat.

Miss Day, speaking again, says sensibly, "Every girl, whether she is living at home or in an apartment, likes to have sets of really nice silver china and glassware started for her. One crystal goblet, accompanied by a note to the effect that it is the initial member of a set to follow at holiday intervals, isn't any more expensive than some foolish gimcrack that she has been forgiven by February tenth. One nickel plate—dine-a-cup, or one piece of sterling flatware are forever-and-aye gifts and, comparatively, the cheapest.

There's no doubt about it: Christmas is a great Day. And so, you'll agree after studying the Yuletide yummies above, is Laraine.

The End

How to Trim Your Christmas Tree—Jeffrey Lynn

(Continued from page 35) lanky fur. Don't, please, please don't give your giftee one of those matched toilet sets unless you are quite positive that he knows you.

Cigarette lighters, while an impressive gift to open, are soon foilied by human laziness, according to Jeffrey. He says that a man buys a packet of cigarettes he is handed a book of matches which are convenient and disposable. He may carry a lighter for a short time, but if the fluid runs out or the fluid is extinguished—clunk! the lighter is dropped into the top dresser drawer.

Suddenly, Jeffrey broached one of the more delicate Yuletide subjects. There seems to be a tendency upon the part of the more photogenic sex to give itself in three miniature or white lumber frame, to be set on the boy friend's desk or bureau. As time goes by, this year's camera cutie gives place to next—or worse, the new photographer is even posed over the old. So don't have a picture taken for a man unless you are engaged to him and the wedding date is set. Otherwise the day may come when some man's wife will be laughing at the way you looked in that hat.

I SHOULD think I've spread enough gloom," opined Jeffrey, smiling. "I don't believe in criticising a system unless I can offer some constructive comments. One thing I do believe in is doing what I've growled out a lot of don'ts, how about my giving some do's?"

See? That's what they mean in Hollywood when they say Jeffrey is on the beam. To begin with the Small-Remembrance Department: If a man smokes, a carton of his favorite brand is always a slip-proof present. Books have to be carefully chosen, but they are appreciated. For instance, if you"A.W. (amateur wolf) give a gift, you could use this: "Hey, how does a girl manage to smell like moonlight and honeysuckle and a pine forest the same time? She will answer, "Oh, that's the top of my bottle of Midnight in Arabia." Your cue is to run, do not walk, to the nearest bookstore and write the brand opposite the girl's name.

Stockings, especially in these hazardous days, are a gift from the gods, but be sure to secure the right size. How to secure that information goes thus: "What slim feet you have! What size shoe do you wear?" When she tells you, just add three and you have her stockings size. Now you know why you look arithmetic in grammar school.

If your heartbeat is a golf whiz, give him a set of golf mitters for his club. And the score on the sale slip will be way below par.

For the fisherman, there's nothing quite like a tackle box. If your honey already has one, he'll develop a gleam in his eye when he unwarps an assortment of dry flies.

"What about a gift for a boy in camp?" Mr. Lynn was asked.

Jeffrey thought gifts for the military should be divided into two groups: those under ten dollars in price; those under twenty-five dollars; and sky's-the-limit.

Under ten dollars, an order for a carton of cigarettes to be shipped once a month for six months is a bull's eye. So is a year's subscription to a weekly magazine. Monogrammed handkerchiefs and a small steel strong box with a stout lock for the preservation of personal gadgets would be welcome. Stationery (with envelopes lined) falls into the gentle hand of the heartbreaker.

Under twenty-five dollars you can get a compact portable radio—the smaller the better. You can order a box of fancy foodstuffs to be sent to him each month. How about an electric razor, or a good traveling bag if his getting scuffed?

If the sky really is the limit, don't be bashful. Write to him out-right what he wants for Christmas, barring an honorable discharge.

And what do you, personally, want for Christmas, Mr. Lynn?" we asked.

His answer proves that men, no matter how suave and intelligent, can still be present—problems. "Gosh," he said, rumpling his hair, "I don't know."

Well, Merry Christmas, anyhow.

The End
Just to Get Acquainted We Will Beautifully Enlarge Your Favorite Snapshot, Photo, Kodak Picture, Print or Negative, to 5x7 Inches Absolutely FREE!

Everyone admires pictures in natural colors because the surroundings and loved ones are so true to life, just the way they looked when the pictures were taken, so we want you to know also about our gorgeous colored enlargements. Think of having that small picture or snapshot of mother, father, sister or brother, children or others near and dear to you enlarged to 5 by 7 inch size so that the details and features you love are more lifelike and natural!

Over one million men and women have sent us their favorite snapshots and pictures for enlarging. Thousands write us how much they also enjoy their remarkably true-to-life, natural colored enlargements we have sent them in handsome black and gold or ivory and gold frames. They tell us that their hand-colored enlargements have living beauty, sparkle and life.

You are now given a wonderful opportunity to receive a beautiful enlargement of your cherished snapshot, photo or kodak picture FREE. Look over your pictures now and send us your favorite snapshot, photo or kodak picture (print or negative) and receive your beautiful free enlargement. Please include the color of hair and eyes for prompt information on a second enlargement beautifully hand tinted in natural, lifelike oil colors and placed in a handsome frame to set on the piano, table or dresser. Your original is returned with your enlargement (10c for return mailing appreciated.) This free enlargement offer is our way of getting acquainted and letting you know the quality of our work. Just send the coupon with your favorite snapshot, print or negative right away, as this free enlargement offer may be withdrawn at any time. Write

DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 571, 118 No. 15th St., Omaha, Nebr.

Enclose this coupon with your favorite snapshot, picture, print or negative and send to Dean Studios, Dept. 571, 118 No. 15th St., Omaha, Nebr.

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"Less nicotine in the smoke means a milder smoke—so Camels are my favorite cigarette"

Leslie Morris
BERGDORF GOODMAN'S DISTINGUISHED DESIGNER

PETITE and charming, Leslie Morris (seated, smoking a Camel) wears a soft suit of her own design...navy wool frosted with ermine lapels. Noted for her magnificent interpretation of the simple, she seasons a red wool sheath with a jacket embroidered in gold thread, banded in mink. "All the time I'm smoking a Camel," she says, "I enjoy it thoroughly. So much milder—and full of marvelous flavor! My guests prefer Camels, too, so I buy my Camels by the carton."

AT LEFT, a distinctive Leslie Morris silhouette of flame-blue velvet...diaphanous star-studded veil. Prominent among designers who are making America the source of fashion, Leslie Morris says: "I find it's more fun to smoke Camels. They're grand-tasting—just couldn't be nicer!"

AT RIGHT, baroque evening gown from the Leslie Morris winter collection at Bergdorf Goodman. White slipper-satin appliqued with velvet scrolls...inspired by the ruby-and-diamond shoulder clip.

THE SMOKE OF SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS CONTAINS 28% LESS NICOTINE than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to .5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMEL
The cigarette of Camel Tobacco.
Mary's lashes now appear long, dark, and lovely—with a few simple brush-strokes of harmless MAYBELLINE MASCARA (solid or cream form—both are tear-proof and non-smarting).

Mary's eyebrows now have expression and character, thanks to the smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL.

For a subtle touch of added charm, Mary blends a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her lids—her eyes appear sparkling and colorful!

Mary HAD A LITTLE (INFERIORITY COMPLEX)

It followed her EVERYWHERE she went. Boys looked PAST her—not AT her. GIRLS liked her—because she was NO competition! She was dainty and sweet. Her nose was ALWAYS carefully powdered. And she used just the RIGHT shade of lipstick, But the KINDEST thing you could say About her EYES was that they were—well, Just a—WASHOUT!

One day Mary read a MAYBELLINE advertisement, Just as you are doing, and LOOK at Mary NOW!

MORAL: Many a girl has beaten her rival by an EYELASH!
Eyes Applaud, Hearts follow a Sparkling Smile!

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

Haven't you noticed that it isn't always the prettiest girl who is the best-liked, the most popular?

Heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl who smiles! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a real smile—generous and gay. A smile that says, "Look, I'm in love with life!"

So wake up, plain girl—wake up and smile! You can steal the show if your smile is right. You can be a star in your own small world—you can win compliments—you can win love and romance.

But your smile must be right. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. And remember, for a smile to keep its sparkle, gums must retain their healthy firmness.

So if you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

For a Lovelier Smile—Ipana and Massage

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness.

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

Start today with Ipana and Massage
PHOTOLAND
combined with
ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor
HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

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COVER: Ann Sothern, Natural Color Photograpby by Paul Hesse

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Published in this space every month

May our foes wither like the chilled leaves, May Decency find, with recurrent misdeeds, the myriad paths plotted in the year one.

So wisheth the philosopher Leo, Coeur de Lion.

Each of us, in his own way, has his job to do. And ours is to entertain, to divert, to interest, to serve.

We offer the best that the screen can provide. With each year these movies come to fuller flower. In addition to technique they have mastered pace and the tempo of the times.

When you see—and you will see—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year", note this blending of action, merriment and modernity.

It's the snappiest yarn that has come to the studio editor in many moons.

Spence plays a half-fellow sports writer named Sam. Kate plays a high-brow political columnist named Tess.

Tess gets pretty stuffy about sports and one day Sam takes her to the ball game where she asks some pretty cute questions, to the disgust of the press box.

It's either war or love twixt Sam and Tess. All's fair in both.

But, baby, what comedy comes out of the mixing of the two worlds—the people and the tall brows. That party where these who came over in the Mailower rub elbows with the boys who are more on the cauliflower side.

"Woman of the Year"—The Picture of the Year.

Philo.

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Pictures

1942

FEBRUARY, 1942

VOL. 20, NO. 3

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

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Printed in U. S. A. by Art Color Printing Company, Columbus, Ohio.
"You're cruel, Johnnie. You're almost 100% bad. But whatever you are, darling, you're my man!"

The flaming drama of a high-born beauty who blindly loved the most icy-hearted Big Shot gangland ever knew.

A MERVYN LeROY Production with

EDWARD ARNOLD

VAN HEFLIN · ROBERT STERLING · PATRICIA DANE
GLENDA FARRELL · HENRY O'NEILL · DIANA LEWIS

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and James Edward Grant
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE · Directed by MERVYN LeROY
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.
JUST as the democratic world itself is losing some of its fear and sees in the future the true hope of peace and victory, Hollywood is emerging from its small frights at the beginning of this year of 1942 . . . and looking forward to happier things . . . 1941 has taught it much . . . the world's need for laughter, for one thing . . . the world's yearning for youth, for another . . .

The Biograph case is settled and done with, with Willie duly sentenced . . . anti-Nazi films are done with . . . not because Hollywood doesn't hate Hitler as violently as it always has . . . but because you and I have shown we have enough and to spare of war and hatred and fear from our radios and newspapers daily and that we do not care to go to the movies to get more of it . . . the musical comedies and the comedians, musical or otherwise, are coming in . . . and in its secret councils this January Hollywood now talks of several new personalities . . . and several that are not new but who are changing . . .

All the "safe money bets" of Hollywood are now being staked on the career of Alexis Smith. that stunning girl who appeared so briefly in "Dive Bomber" . . . as much as Paramount believes in Veronica Lake and Metro believes in Pat Dane, Warners believes—and doubled—in Alexis . . . it isn't because Miss Smith is at once beautiful and "different" . . . so many girls are "new and different" in Hollywood . . . every year in every studio six or eight girls who will fit that description are signed up and almost every year another six or eight girls who formerly could be so designated are dropped . . . can you, for instance, tell me right off quick who is the "T.N.T." girl? There was one, signed and so entitled only last year by a certain studio.

So why does inner Hollywood think Alexis Smith will survive where the others failed . . . for this reason . . . Alexis is a worker . . . she is a worker in the way that Paulette Goddard is . . . and Rita Hayworth . . . and the way Joan Crawford was when she began . . . Alexis takes ballet . . . Alexis takes singing . . . Alexis takes dictation lessons . . . she cooperates with the publicity department . . . with the wardrobe department . . . with the production department . . . she is in nobody's hair and in everybody's good graces at her studio . . . and she is in her earliest twenties and very, very beautiful . . . they say Alexis will be an important star within the next two years and they point to Rita Hayworth, the young cooperative and beautiful, to prove that it can be done . . .

Hollywood talks anew about Ann Sheridan these evenings . . . Annie who never was very serious about her career until now . . . that is, unless she concealed her real feelings absolutely miraculously . . . the whole town knows, of course, about the pushing around Annie got at Paramount and about the somewhat flukey accident by which Warners decided to make Ann their "oomph girl" . . .

But now that the much-publicized Brent-Sheridan romance is cancelled, all the wise boys see a change in Annie . . . they even wonder if some of the Brent intellectualism, some of the Brent detachment and breadth of view may not have touched Ann . . .

At any rate, whatever it is, it has made her a different actress in "Kings Row" than she has ever been before . . . she is so good, in fact, that now, long before the film is released and long before her option was due to come up, Warners have signed her for an additional five years . . . making it nine in all that they expect to have her on their lot . . . and as for Ann herself she is studying character make-ups as never before, going in for costume stools, fittings, hair-dos and all the things that hitherto, around Warners, have been the exclusive activities of the Misses Davis and Lupino, who do not regard careers lightly . . .

AMBITION, energy, self-denial, study . . . those are the winning qualities that turn unknowns into celebrities in Podunk . . . remember the case of Wallis Warfield, that unknown little girl of Baltimore who was to upset the throne of England . . . and these qualities are even more winning in Hollywood . . . but it is hard, indeed, for some personalities to submit themselves to these demands . . . as Lana Turner is learning . . . as John Carroll hasn't yet learned and perhaps never will . . .

In the inner councils of M-G-M they never expected Lana Turner to become their most important young woman star . . . that spot they had reserved for Judy Garland and after her Hedy Lamarr and after her possibly Ann Rutherford . . . they didn't bet on Lana because of her unpredictable character . . . her moodiness and Lana wasn't prepared to bet much on herself, either, as she proved when she very nearly and very genuinely waivered on the brink of giving up her (Continued on page 83)
MADE FOR EACH OTHER!

MADELEINE CARROLL · STIRLING HAYDEN
TOSSED BY THE TIDES OF LOVE...

IN "BAHAMA PASSAGE"

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with FLORA ROBSON · LEO G. CARROLL
MARY ANDERSON · CECIL KELWAY

Produced and Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH
Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp · Based on a story by Nelson Hayes · A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
Some of this Hollywood news will leave you surprised; some will have you very much concerned for your favorites; most of it will have you chuckling right out loud.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH: The opening of the new Trouville Club brought out the young people in romantic droves. Happy, as always, were Martha O'Driscoll and her steady beau Richard Denning. Ann Rutherford and her "platonic friendship" beau, Rand Brooks, danced every dance. Bob Stack and Elyse Knox, a lovely, attracted the most attention. What a handsome pair!

The fabulous Virginia Hill, the gal who arrived in Hollywood unknown and has captured the fancy of the whole town with her lavish spending (Virginia says it's alimony) gave another of her "come one, come all" jamborees and younger Hollywood showed up in costumes that rioted the guests. Mickey Rooney, in wig and blacked-out teeth, won the homebaked bobsled, hands down. Frances Neal and Ava Gardner thought Mickey too clever. That Mickey surely knows how to pick 'em, all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom May, parents of Ann Rutherford's best beau, David May, provided a swellelegant birthday party for Ann with all the younger set gathered round to blow horns, wear paper caps and blow old-fashioned soap bubbles. The happily married young couples, Judy Garland and Dave Rose, Anne Shirley and John Payne, Deanna and Vaughn Paul, had more fun than a barrel of (Continued on page 8)
There never was a better reason for "going to the movies" ... 'cause there never was a better movie to go to!

The most laughed-at play of our day—with this wonderful Warner Bros. cast (including the play's celebrated star) to make it even greater as a picture!

THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER
Soap-bubble brigade that celebrated Ann's birthday was led by John Payne with his wife Anne Shirley acting as cheerleader.

Above: The younger set dons orchids and comes to the Ciro's party given for Ann Rutherford by the Tom May, parents of her best beau, David May, an incident that made Hollywood start talking about a Rutherford-May Yuma elopement.

(Continued from page 6) monkeys and, as usual Mickey, the Rooney, was all over the place. That happy, happy twosome, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, had to leave early because of an early call to the set.

The younger set is writing a new song these days. It's a blues tune called "When It's Early Shooting Time In Hollywood."

Over at the famous Assistance League for luncheon, Cal was amazed to discover Lew Ayres, Hedy Lamarr, Linda Darnell, Irene Dunne, Jane Wyman and others all gathered about one table. They explained they were the committee to visit the different organizations that receive help from the Community Chest and invited old Cal to join the trek. We missed nothing—the children's hospitals, nursing homes, free clinics and all. If you think Hollywood hasn't a charitable heart, you should have seen us at the end of that tour, our hearts too full for words. And maybe those stars didn't go forth with their messages of "do unto others" throughout the homes of friends and stars.

At Ciro's the community gathered in the cause of another charitable mission—to bring refugee artists, scientists and scholars to this country, that their cultural achievements may be a blessing to us and the world.

Orson (Continued on page 10)
"Lovely skin makes hearts beat faster"

MERLE OBERON

ALEXANDER KORDA STAR

"I never neglect my daily Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL"

1. "Here's all you do to take a Lux Soap facial," says this famous screen star. "First pat Lux Soap's lather lightly in."

2. "Then rinse with warm water—follow with a dash of cool—and pat your face gently with a soft towel to dry."

3. "Now touch your skin. See how softly smooth it feels—how fresh it looks! This facial's a wonderful beauty care. Try it!"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap—IT'S PURE! IT has ACTIVE lather! IT'S MILD!
Have you ever used
Internal
Protection?

Tampons are no mystery these days. Every month more and
more women discover the won-
derful freedom of internal san-
itary protection. But in choos-
ing a tampon, make sure it’s
truly modern, scientifically cor-
rect. Only Meds—the new and
improved Modess tampons—
have the “safety center.”

“Safety Center”? What’s that?

The “safety center” is an exclusive
Meds’ feature that nearly doubles
the area of absorption. This means Meds
absorb faster—and so surely—you can
forget needless fears. Meds are made of
the finest, pure cotton—they hold more
than 300% of their weight in moisture.

A woman’s doctor did it?

Yes, a leading gynecologist—
a woman’s doctor—designed
Meds. They are scientifically
shaped to fit. As for comfort,
you feel as free as any other
day! Nothing to pin! Nothing
to bulge or show! No odor
worries! Easier to use, too—
each Meds comes in a one-
time-use applicator that ends
old difficulties.

But don’t these special
features make Meds
cost more?

Not at all! Meds cost less than any other
tampons in individual applicators. No
more than leading napkins. Try Meds
and compare! You’ll be glad you did.

BOX OF 10—25¢ • BOX OF 50—98¢

Meds

The Modess Tampons
Grinning Hope greets his grinning public on Santa Claus Lane clad in satin, riding a swayback horse. Other star paraders included Burns and Allen, Edgar Bergen and C. McCarthy, Baby Snooks and Daddy.

Guess What? Barbara Hutton gave Cary Grant a complete new dining room, done by a famous decorator, as an "appreciation" gift. Guess Barbara appreciated Cary’s gesture in Arsenic And Old Lace.” Cary gave his entire salary for this role to charities (see page 67).

Incidentally, Barbara is growing too thin these days for even fair looks. Her Hollywood friends are concerned over her frailty.

Lt. Fairbanks is Seasick But a Success in the Navy: “The Corsican Brothers,” Douglas Fairbanks Junior’s next film will show that energetic son of an athletic father bounding about the decks of a rollicking pirate ship with gusto. The vessel rolls and lunges like a runaway whale in the heavy seas of the story. And young Doug is as serene as a Bishop at a tea party.

Not so undisturbed by the wild waves is Lieutenant (junior grade) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., United States Naval Reserve, according to word received from Iceland, where Doug came ashore recently after his first cruise on one of our battlewagons patrolling the North Atlantic.

“I was seasick several times,” glumly admitted Doug to reporters at Reykjavik, U. S. base in Iceland. “And was pretty scared a couple of times when our rolling destroyer was hunting U-boats,” Junior was frank enough to confess. “But,” he added, the Captain told me that everyone was scared the first time.”

Whether or not Lt. Fairbanks is a

Guard popularity, prevent underarm odor with Mum!

Winter is a season of wonderful parties and wonderful times, if a girl is popular! So don’t let underarm odor come between you and social success. In winter, as in summer, guard daintiness with sure, dependable Mum!

Even though you see no warning trace of moisture, underarms always perspire. Heavier clothing and heated rooms encourage danger for the girl who foolishly thinks that, in winter, she doesn’t perspire!

Everyone does! That’s why it’s so foolish to trust just a bath to keep you sweet. A bath only removes past perspiration, but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Use Mum for:

- **SPEED!** 30 seconds to use...protects for a whole day or a whole evening.
- **SAFETY!** Mum has won the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. And Mum won’t irritate skin, even after shaving.
- **DEPENDABLE!** Mum guards charm, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor all day or all evening. Mum is pleasant, creamy, fragrant—you’ll like it! Get Mum from your druggist today!

**Winter Warning: Daintiness Is Now in Danger!**

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

**Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration**
Byplay at the same event. Passing Do- 
lores Del Rio on his way to the plat-
form, Welles reached down and tenderly 
kissed her hand.

good sailor, he certainly is a success 
as press and public relations officer 
aboard the destroyer, a duty to which 
he has been assigned for three months. 
At Reykjavik, where the Icelanders 
have been grappling over alleged lack 
of consideration and courtesy by 
American troops stationed there, Fair-
banks was a one man good-will mis-
sion. Hundreds of Icelandic girls lined 
up in front of his hotel, seeking auto-
graphs as avidly as the Broadway 
brigade of fans who congregate on the 
pavement outside New York’s “21.” 
Admirals, resplendent in gold braid, 
won no second glance from the Ice-
landers. But a Hollywood star in a 
Navy uniform was enough to start a 
neat riot in Reykjavik.

Fireman, Spare My Patience: The 
funniest story of the month was told 
Cal by our friend, Bill Powell, who 
had just returned from Del Monte. 
Bill and his wife had gone for a 
walk and upon returning to their hotel 
bungalow discovered the living room 
ablaze. Bill leaped into action doing 
his bit to extinguish the fire. 
Other hotel guests set to work aiding 
fireman Bill, each assuming the other 
had notified the fire department. 
Finally, Bill rushed to the phone 
and rang the hotel office. “Isn’t some-
body going to do something about this 
fire?” he demanded.

The management, not catching on 
that Bill’s bungalow was about to 
burn down, apologized for the “de-
lay” and promised to right matters at 
one. They did, too, providing a 
climax that movie comedies would 
envy. They immediately sent a boy 
over with an armload of wood and 
kindling for Bill’s fireplace!

Cal’s News Items of the Month: 
While Gene Autry was in the East, 
his beautiful $250,000 mansion in 
North Hollywood burned to the 
ground. Fortunately, Gene had trans-
ferred most of his priceless trophies 
to his beautiful Valley ranch. 
A sign over the Twentieth Century-
Fox door of Count Oleg Cassini, who 
is designing clothes for “Tales Of 
Manhattan,” reads “Miss Gene Tier-
ney not allowed in this office during 
working hours.”

Miss Tierney’s the Count’s wife. If 
you want particulars on the Tierney— 
Cassini setup, see page 28.

Mische Auer, Russian comic, and 
Joyce Hunter will honeymoon on a 
personal-appearance tour.

When Ruby Keeler, divorced spouse 
of Al Jolson, married John Lowe, 
Pasadena socialite, it became, as usual, 
a family affair, with Ruby’s brother 
Bill acting as best man, her sister 
Gertrude, matron of honor, her sister 
Helen, chief spokesman to the press, 
and her mother in the front seat nod-
ing her approval. Tis said Ruby re-
linquished heavy alimony from Mr. 
Jolson to wed Mr. Lowe.

Hollywood chuckled over the fact 
levelheaded Roz Russell refused to
allow her honeymoon to interfere with business. Three days after she'd arrived in Miami with bridegroom Freddie Brisson, Roz wired Hollywood about an available part in the "Tales of Manhattan" series, the seven-part episode of a dress suit. These Hollywood gals just can't keep their minds off business—honeymoon or no honeymoon.

Reginald Gardiner, who is attempting to rekindle the spark with Hedy Lamarr, called on Hedy one evening and discovered her girl friend Ann Sothern was to be on hand for the evening. For three hours Reggie entertained the ladies with his imitations. As he rose to leave he said, "Next time I'll bring along a boy friend for your girl friend."

See, fellows, it even happens in Hollywood.

Cal hears Annie Sheridan is seeing less and less of George Brent. After all, a gal can't give the best years of her life to a confirmed non-marriage addict with all the Army, Navy, Air Corps and Marines ready and waiting. Lili Damita has filed those divorce papers against husband Errol Flynn, alleging great mental and physical anguish, plus suffering and extreme cruelty at the hands of Mr. Flynn, who plays only dazzling gallant heroes on the screen.

If this ain't a wold!

The cynical Mr. Sanders, who dotes on anecdotes relating to his extreme sinfulness in life, turns out to be a normally happy man, according to latest reports. The bride is said to be Elsie Larson.

Boasting, Georgie, or just wishful thinking?

Ted North and Mary Beth Hughes are the newest romantic pair with that wedding-ring ceremony on their minds.

Wendy Barrie is sporting topaz

Beauty plus talent equals a good pose at a Ciro's party: Edgar Bergen, Fay McKenzie, Billy Gilbert

New Loveliness Awaits You! Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This lovely bride is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr., of Birmingham, Ala., who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion since I changed to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—it has helped thousands of lovely brides!

NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. For you may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

 Everywhere you'll find charming brides like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexions to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. All are visible proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness!

Skin specialists advise regularly cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only mild—it's actually milder than the ten famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Be faithful! Use gentle Camay night and morning for 30 days. With the very first treatment you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness. Then, as the days go by, thrilling new loveliness may be yours!

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the rose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this mild Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.
Organdy Curtains Like New After 18 Launderings

Comparative Starch Tests Prove Linit-Starched Fabrics Last Longer

Do your curtains have the crisp, fresh, cheerful look of brand new curtains after 18 washings? Better switch to Linit—the friend of fine fabrics! Linit penetrates the fabric, starches evenly, covers tiny fibres with protective coating. Curtains starched with Linit not only look beautiful, they stay clean-looking longer; iron easier, too.

"These organdy curtains (cost, $2.25 a pair) were washed, Linit-starched, ironed 18 times—Not a sign of fabric wear even under the microscope! (Tests by United States Testing Co., Inc. Test no. 24747 December 2, 1941.)"

**Cal York's Inside Stuff**

Right: Ciro's sits up and stares at Marlene Dietrich in a shoulderless dress having dinner with French star of the moment Gabin.

The Mocambo gets a shock when it gets a look at a new Lupe Velez, dignified and blonde, with writer Erich Remarque.

happily together. A writer who was interviewing Bill one day heard a commotion out in the hall.

"It's probably Mrs. Powell sliding down the bannisters," Bill explained philosophically to the visitor.

"Back to school for three weeks more," was the Board of Education's verdict for Jean Wallace after her elopement with Franchot Tone. Jean, who wasn't quite eighteen at the time, was compelled under the California law to finish her school course under a tutor. And Franchot himself is a lad in his late thirties.

Ken Murray,Fortyish and funny, and his eighteen-year-old bride Cleatus Caldwell are very happy. "She offers no objection to my pipe smoking," Ken told us, "and I'm careful not to knock over her blocks."

Nineteen-year-old Judy Garland became the bride of thirty-some-old Dave Rose, and sixteen-year-old Lois Andrews not only married Georgie Jessel, who is comfortably ensconced in his middle years, but has now become the mother of his child. If this keeps up, there's no telling where it will end, perhaps with the Meglin Kiddies becoming the idol of the Hollywood stag row. It's tough on the gals past their teens, but maybe there's logic in the idea of catching gals young enough to train 'em in a man's way of life.

Well, well, toodle-oo, old Cal has a date with Baby Sandy. See you later.

Night-Club Flashes: Ann Sheridan was voted the glamour beauty of the month when she appeared at Ciro's with Cesar Romero. Never has Ann looked so radiantly lovely. Even the stars present stopped to gape. Incidentally, a near-riot was started when a fan, pressing near Annie for an autograph, attempted to unclasp the fastening to her beautiful necklace. The police yanked the too-ambitious fan away and Ann in triumph marched in to the chorus of "ohs" and "ahs."

Lupe Velez, on the other hand, went...
A "listen, my son, and you shall hear" pose of veteran Basil Rathbone giving newcomer Glenn Ford a business earful during luncheon at the Brown Derby

almost unrecognized with her blonde hair, of all things. The dignity of Lupe since she has fallen in love with Author Erich Remarque is almost as startling as her former outbursts. Folk out here just can't believe it's Lupe.

Marlene Dietrich, who was formerly the girl friend of Erich, is still limping slightly from her accident. Her limping partner is still French Jean Gabin who, for all his savoir-faire, seemed slightly uncomfortable at Marlene's extreme découleté!

Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne, seldom seen away from home, made a rare appearance at the Mocambo.

Cary Grant Talks To You: We roamed out on Warners' "Arsenic And Old Lace" set and chanced upon Cary Grant. The talk fell to vacations and then to New York. Cal asked Cary if he really had fun when he went to New York. He threw up his hands in horror at some of the memories, especially at his experiences at the hands of those rude fans who are the abomination of the true and loyal fans whom stars love.

"It's our big cities that are bad," he said. "And if they're tough on a guy like me, what must they do to someone like Gable?"

Maybe if all you real and genuine fans could pass along a rebuke to the rude ones, it might help the situation.

As We Go To Press: Fans and friends of Jackie Cooper were distressed at the news of his mother's death. Mrs. Bigelow, only thirty-six, had guided her son's career through his "Our Gang" days, his success in "Skippy" and "The Champ," to his present popularity. For many months Jackie has known that he and "Mom" were fighting a losing battle, though he never told her. Nevertheless, no amount of preparedness in facing death makes the blow any less crushing when it falls. This will be a lonely Christmas for Jackie.
Speak FOR YOURSELF

One sure "Yes!" to a reader's suggestion for Richard Carlson would come from his wife Mona

$10.00 PRIZE
Try It Sometimes!

I'm starting a one-woman campaign for M.S.M.F. in America. M.S.M.F. stands for More Sincere Movie Fans. This hysteria at the sight of a famous profile is deadly to a sincere fan and my town needs educating badly.

To begin my campaign, I've started writing sincere letters, after each movie I see, either complimenting or criticizing as honestly as I know how the performance of the two star players. To my surprise I've found that a star appreciates sensible letters and the one star who answers by return mail, with a personal letter, is the much-abused Robert Taylor. The letters aren't mimeographed either; they refer to my letter in detail, showing that my sincere words were read and appreciated. Try it sometime...

Instead of asking for a lock of hair, a fifty-dollar loan or the ring he wore on his little finger in the last picture, give him your opinion, honestly, and you'll be repaid by a sincere, friendly and appreciative letter.

Who wants to join me?

OLETA AUBREY,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

$5.00 PRIZE
Three Cheers for American Pix

THREE cheers for motion pictures! They have thrilled me to the core. With epics like "The Big Parade" and a hundred thousand more! I recall "The Covered Wagon" and "The Birth Of A Nation" thrilled me in a hundred different ways.

I have watched our nation's struggle in its fight to make men free.

I know the blood that freely flowed; it flowed for you and me.

I landed with the Pilgrims, I fought at Bunker Hill, I heard a speech at Gettysburg. That's ringing through me still!

In days of dark depression When we all felt pretty glum, The movies picked our spirits up, And made our heartstrings hum. So, in a tragic world today Our movies represent The American Way in the U.S.A. And its spirit one hundred percent.

CLARE NEUSER,
Scranton, Penna.

$1.00 PRIZE
Dear Hollywood—

WHY not give George Montgomery a real break? I think that he is just about the best thing that has happened to Hollywood in a long time. Besides roles in a few B pictures and gadding about with debs and glamour girls, George hasn't been doing right by the public.

For gosh sakes don't stick him in a cowboy outfit! I can stand Gary Cooper and a few of his type in a ranch role, but not that heart-break ing Montgomery man.

Ohhh! to be able to see him in a real Charles Boyer type picture. Of course, I wouldn't want George to set the world on fire, but he does deserve a much better break and I'm willing to bet that he could set more than one feminine heart afame.

The men have luscious Lana Turner, so c'mon, share and share alike, give us dames a terrific Montgomery picture.

D. L. WETZEL,
Browning, Mont.

$1.00 PRIZE
Upsetting Pedestals

AFTER seeing the great Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" I feel that if ever I read again that he is the best actor on the screen I shall promptly burn the magazine or paper that says so. The entire audience, when I saw this film, roared with laughter at the man's grimaces and his ridiculous would-be faunlike leaps over railings and chairs, à la the young Douglas Fairbanks the First. Only that gay gentleman did such things in comedies and Tracy meant his actions to be taken seriously!

The film was a poor mixture of pseudo-Freudian psychology, of course, and that gave the poor actor a bad handicap to start with, but even that big a handicap couldn't excuse his downright ham acting. He was simply out of his depth in the Stevenson story, although there are some

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity, originality, and contributions are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself." PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.
actors in Hollywood who wouldn't have been. Robert Montgomery could have played it—he has enough sophistication to do it well.

I think Louis Hayward could have played it well. I wish the film-makers would realize the sterling values of this young actor and give him parts worthy of his ability. William Powell could have done it—yes, the comic Mr. Powell. He once did serious plays on the stage and did them well. He has suavity and understanding and he wouldn't have been, like Tracy, lumbering and crude. Nor would he have been funny.

WALLACE KIRK,
Oxford, O.

$1.00 PRIZE
Love Interest

LETS not have any more of Ruth Hussey and Melvyn Douglas as romantic leads. "Our Wife" should convince the producers that while both are excellent comedians they definitely do not win the audience's interest in love scenes. Miss Hussey is beautiful, but her manner is far too brittle to make her acceptable as a romantic heroine. And Melvyn Douglas—despite the fact that he has been cast as the loving male in scores of films—is definitely not the actor for such parts.

In this respect, there is an interesting comparison involving another current film, "Unfinished Business." Both films have very thin plots and very ordinary ones. Yet "Unfinished Business" is lifted to the place of a great picture because of the personalities of Irene Dunne and Robert Montgomery. Love scenes between them are superb.

So please, Hollywood, take a hint from the many people who feel the same as I and keep Miss Hussey and Mr. Douglas in the comedy-characters which they do so well.

M. SIMMS,
New York City.

$1.00 PRIZE
How About It?

RICHARD CARLSON definitely has earned more recognition from Hollywood than he has thus far received. How he could use a good meaty role like, for instance, that of Kenneth Roberts' new hero, Oliver Wissell!

Hollywood must have considered making a picture from this grand novel, but if the picture is made, probably some established star will be given the top spot. It seems producers should know by this time that the quickest way to make a new star is to put a comparatively unknown but talented person in the leading role of a big picture, particularly one made from (Continued on page 98)
There are Western stars and Western stars but there is only one Gene Autry! Gene is back on the screen with his most exciting and entertaining picture yet! "Down Mexico Way" is the title of this newest thriller—and Gene's great supporting cast includes Smiley Burnette and Harold Huber for laughs—and for romance, there's that beautiful new discovery, Fay McKenzie, who was a sensation on the stage in "Meet the People" and will be even more so when Gene starts serenading her with hit songs such as "Maria Elena" and "Down Mexico Way" and lots more—all of which go to make this one absolutely the biggest and finest of all the many hits in which Gene has appeared. If you don't see this picture and hear these songs, you will be missing a real movie treat. Like all of Gene Autry's hits, this one is a Republic Picture.

**Brief Reviews**

✓ Indicates picture was rated "good" when reviewed
✓ Indicates picture was rated "outstanding" when reviewed

**All American Co-ed**—Hal Roach U.A.: Johnny Downs dons woman's clothes and enrolls at a girls' school in order to get even with the school for having cast aspersions on a nearby male student body. Frances Langford sings, which is easy to take, but it's a non-entertaining little musical. (Jan.)

✓ ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS—Paramount: Dorothy Lamour is back again in Technicolor and her singing. Joan Bell is the native who returns from the states with his new education to take over his post as ruler and marry his betrothed, Miss Lamour, but jealous Phillip Reed has other ideas. (Nov.)

✓ APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE—Universal: Charles Boyer is at his smoothest in this gay movie as the playwright who marries a successful doctor, Margaret Sullivan, who puts into practice all her scientific theories about marriage and takes her own apartment. Both Reginald Denny as the "other man" and Rita Johnson as the "other woman" are splendid. It's sparkling as your Christmas tree. (Jan.)

✓ BADLANDS OF DAKOTA—Universal: Straight-shooting Western, with Robert Stack as the Easterner who marries his brother's (Broderick Crawford) fiancée, Ann Rutherford, which starts all the rumpus. Richard Dix is Wild Bill Hollock, Frances Farmer is Calumity Jane, and Addison Richards is Custer. (Nov.)

✓ BELLE STARR—20th Century Fox: The notorious woman bandit of the 1860's has been so whitewashed that much of the punch of the picture is lost. Gene Turney plays Belle, who turns out to be a gentle bred Southern girl who attempts to fight the Civil War. She marries Southern rebel Randy Scott and participates in his escapades until she finds out his cause is only a front for thieving and killing. (Nov.)

✓ BIRTH OF THE BLUES—Paramount: In this coed musical, easy-going Bing Crosby, a Southern lad, finally rounds up the first white band to play blues music and, through the aid of Mary Martin's singing, gets a horizon. You'll like every minute of it, the music, and the cast, which includes Brian Donlevy and Rochester. (Dec.)

BLONDE FROM SINGAPORE, THE—Columbia: The ever-present jewel thieves are here again in this tired plot, with Florence Rice as a scheming actress who snags the pearls from Leif Erickson and Gordon Jones, and then sets out to win Alexander D'Arcy, only to find herself in a spot. (Nov.)

BURMA CONVOY—Universal: Fast-moving, timely melodrama about the truck convoys bringing supplies along the dangerous Burma Road. Charles Bickford is the leader of the truck drivers, Frank Albertson his younger brother, and Evelyn Ankers provides the heart interest. (Dec.)

✓ DIVE BOMBER—Warner's: Timely, informative, and entertaining is this picture about the experimental work of flight surgeons in the Naval Air Corps. A feud between Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray is the framework for beautiful aviation shots. Alexis Smith registers as a comer, and Ralph Bellamy and Regis Toomey lend grand support. (Nov.)

DOWN MEXICO WAY—Republic: When Gene Autry discovers his townfolk have been gypped by a band of crooked movie promoters, he rides right over into Mexico to round up the villains. Fay McKenzie is pretty and talented as Gene's new leading lady and Smiley Burnette is right in there pitching. One of the best of the Autry pictures. (Jan.)

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE—M-G-M: Although this is its third screen version, it's a gripping, compelling, interesting picture. Spencer Tracy as the scientist overrates every one now and then, Lana Turner is beautiful, but it's Ingrid Bergman who walks off with the movie. (Dec.)

DR. KILDARE'S WEDDING DAY—M-G-M: The sudden, tragic death of Lorraine Day, fiancée of Dr. Kildare, on her wedding day comes as a jarring shock. Through the comfort offered by Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie, Lew Ayres as Kildare is finally able to return to work after his grievous loss. Nils Asther is very good. (Nov.)

DUMBO—Warner's: Walt Disney: All the whimsical charm that Disney has lavished on his past fantasies is embodied in this heart-touching story of Dumbo, the baby elephant whose enormous ears cause him to be shouted at and despised until he learns how to fly. It's warm and appealing and funny, beautifully drawn and executed. (Jan.)

ELLERY QUEEN AND THE MURDER RING—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is again the famous detective who solves some murders in a hospital, but it's the side-splitting performance of two dumb bunnies, Paul Hurst and Tom Dugan, who play...
**THE PERFECT ENGLISH MAKE-UP**

**BE STARTLING WITH THIS NEW, MORE DELICATE KIND OF BEAUTY—WONDERFUL FOR ALL BUT THE VERY DARK**

If you’re tired of being just like everybody else—if you’d like to be admired—adored—perhaps loved anew—cover your “just nice” skin with that clear, fresh “English look” the whole world envies. Princess Pat English Tint performs the lovely miracle—instantly.

First, you set your cheeks a-bloom in the fragile tints of the English hedge-rose with Princess Pat English Tint Rouge. It’s the most flattering shade ever created.

Next, you change your complexion into one of true British clarity with Princess Pat “light-as-air” Face Powder, in the shade that becomes you most. You’ll know which to choose.

Then, Princess Pat English Tint Lipstick (liquid or regular) to give your mouth the most “delicious” color it ever had. Oh! How sweet!

Wherever you buy cosmetics, you’ll find Princess Pat English Tint. Get yours at once! Thrill everyone with your new “English look”!

**Send for Complete English Make-up Kit**

Yes, a complete Princess Pat English Tint make-up kit—everything you need for real English complexion loveliness. Contains trial size English Tint Rouge, a creamy lipstick, a box of Face Powder to match and Liquid Liptone. An extraordinary offer—“make-up” you just have to have. Send name and address together with 25c to cover partly postage and packing. Address Princess Pat, 2769 S. Wells St., Chicago.

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**PRINCESS PAT**

**For faces of fashion**

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**HOT SPOT—20th Century Fox:** When Victor Mature, Alan Mowbray and Allyn Joslyn turn waitress Carole Landis into a glamour girl and she’s found murdered, Mature and Carole’s sister, Betty Grable, become suspects and are relentlessly pursued by menacing detective Laird Cregar. Cregar is terrific, and it’s a fast-moving, suspenseful picture. (Jan.)

**INTERNATIONAL LADY—Edward Small U.A.:** Beautiful spy Tyna Missy leads George Brent at the F.B.I., and adds fetish of Scotland Yard a merry chase from London to Lisbon to America, as the two men attempt to find a gang of saboteurs. The two detectives are charming and witty and liable is delightful. Gene Lockhart is also very good as the wealthy pro-Nazi. (Jan.)

**LADIES IN RETIREMENT—Colombia:** In his famous stage play it is superbly translated to the screen with a never-relaxing suspense. Eda Lupino, who so eloquently directed the original, has here a chance to reach the public. The quality of repulsion and sympathy, as the man chooses in New York; and kang, a gold digger and the tragic death of a great salesman. Mackie Rooney is tops as Andy, as is Judy Garland as the annoying girl friend. Pat Dane and Ray McDonald rate plenty of raves. (Nov.)

**LOOK WHO’S LAUGHING—RKO Radio:** Laughs follow one after the other in this unsophisticated comedy by John Guitry starring Edgar Bergen, who with Charlie McCarthy lands in a small town where he helps Fifer McGee and Molly defeat a couple of land sharks. Lucille Ball and Neil Hamilton add to the fun. (Nov.)

**LYDIA—Korda U.A.:** Different, fascinating and heart warming is this flashback review of the year in one woman’s life. The men who loved Nerle Oberon but failed to win her are Joseph Cotton, John Barrymore, Hans Yfarey and Alan Marshall. All give fine performances. (Nov.)

**MALTESE FALCON, THE—Warner:** This is one of the best mystery pictures since the 1920’s. Marsha Hunt and a well-sustained and acted entertainment. Mary Astor enlists the help of detectives Humphrey Bogart and Jerome Cowan in her efforts to recover a priceless falcon statuette. Sydney Greenstreet offers some

(Continued on page 103)
So you want to be pretty!

You can be if you give yourself a personal check-up on this important make-up point

Rate yourself a big round zero...

—if you're not "fussy" about the way you put on your lipstick. Take Fay McKenzie—she's a fussy one, and she's also one of the prettiest girls in Hollywood. She's getting herself talked about right now as Gene Autry's leading lady in "Cowboy Serenade"; she's getting a lot of handclaps for the way she's decorating magazines (you can see her in another light on page 13).

Watch her put on lipstick; be amazed at the pains she takes; you'll get back a grin and some good pointers. "I know it looks fussy," she says, "but I think lipstick is the key to good make-up. If you go wrong there, you're all wrong. You simply have to find the right color, key the rest of your make-up to it and then take time to put it on correctly."

So, when you go into your lipstick act, be sure you do it under a bright light and that you stage a close-up with your mirror. Follow the natural outlines of your mouth, use your finger to spread the rouge softly over the lips and be sure the color is carried out to the extreme corners. Most important, have a variety of lipsticks so your color matches your outfit.

Give yourself a pat on the back...

—know the trick of painting your upper lip just a bit more heavily than your lower one. Also, be smartly aware that the lines of your lips should always turn up; otherwise you'll look like a candidate for the title of saddest girl in the world.

Put on the dunce's cap...

—if you haven't realized that you can get a very glamorous effect with lipstick if you use a darker rouge as base and then apply the correct color over it. Keep to the old theory of rouging, then applying a bit of powder, then rouging again. You'll be good for a whole evening under the bright lights without having to re-do your mouth make-up. Incidentally, you will never, of course, apply a new make-up over the old; there's nothing that makes your mouth look more old-shoe than fresh lipstick applied without a previous thorough clean-up job.

Rest assured...

—that you and your lips will look smooth if you catch on to the cure—all for winter's chapped lips: Cream or lotion rubbed into the lips every night as faithfully as you rub it into your hands.

Go around wearing laurel wreaths...

—if you know all about the tricks lipstick colors can play on you. For instance, you'll seldom wear a blue-toned lipstick in the daytime but you'll always wear one when you're going to shine under those modern artificial lights. If you don't believe it, try wearing an orange lipstick under today's bright lights and watch that lipstick do an unglamorous fade-out.

Get yourself in the leading ranks of the Army...

—by playing hostess to them in the recreational groups that are springing up all over the country. Be like Fay McKenzie again, who's acted as one of fifty Hollywood hostesses to the U.S.O. at Ciro's: Make your lips look pretty by smoothing just a bit of lustrous cream over your make-up, keep smiling with the corners of your mouth up, dance with these gallant defenders all night long, and keep both yourself—and your make-up—wearing well.
Silkier, Smoother Hair...Easier to Manage

Lovelier Beyond Belief!

Amazing improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Now contains wonderful hair conditioner to give new beauty thrills!

- If you haven't tried Special Drene lately—since it has that thrilling hair conditioner in it—you simply can't realize just how much lovelier your hair can look! Because it now makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair so much silkier, smoother...makes it behave better, fall into place more beautifully, right after shampooing!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color. Do you wonder that girls everywhere are so delighted with this new improved Special Drene Shampoo?

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

And when it comes to removing dandruff, no special “dandruff remover” shampoo known today can beat Drene! You know how important cleansing is in removing dandruff—so just remember that for cleansing Drene is supreme! Try improved Special Drene right away—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer’s in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for every type of hair...dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene—in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

FEBRUARY, 1942
THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

Film of finished deftness: Shirley Temple and Laraine Day in M-G-M's "Kathleen"
Wit, dancing, beauty and fun: Zorina and Bob Hope in "Louisiana Purchase"

**Kathleen (M-G-M)**

It's About: *A little rich girl who married her dad to the right girl.*

Those who said Shirley Temple was no longer a favorite with the fans may now eat humble pie. Shirley at twelve is a better little actress than ever before, having lost all her baby mannerisms and gained not only poise and self-assurance but a new beauty and charm. We base these assertions not only on our own opinion but on those of the preview fans who actually cheered Shirley after the showing.

Like a glove the story fits Shirley's needs. It has her the lonely, motherless child of well-to-do Herbert Marshall, missing her father's company and loathing the snooping companion-housekeeper, Nella Walker. When Miss Walker is finally sent packing, Laraine Day, a doctor of child psychology, replaces her.

In the meantime, Mr. Marshall decides to marry Gail Patrick, of whom Shirley disapproves. In her place, the little girl schemes and plans to put Miss Day whom Shirley has come to love.

There's an air of finished deftness about the whole story that radiates well-being, good humor and charm.

Felix Bressart is splendid as the antique dealer and friend of Shirley's.

*Your Reviewer Says:* A honey with a honey.

**The Best Pictures of the Month**

Ball Of Fire
Kathleen
Louisiana Purchase
They Died With Their Boots On
One Foot In Heaven
The Chocolate Soldier

**Best Performances**

Barbara Stanwyck in "Ball Of Fire"
The professors in "Ball Of Fire"
Shirley Temple in "Kathleen"
Richard Whorf in "Blues In The Night"
Errl Flynn in "They Died With Their Boots On"
Fredric March in "One Foot In Heaven"
Nelson Eddy in "The Chocolate Soldier"
Rise Stevens in "The Chocolate Soldier"
Robert Young in "H. M. Pulham Esq."
Don Ameche in "Confirm Or Deny"
Elizabeth Bergner in "Paris Calling"

**Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)**

It's About: The schemes hatched by the fall guy for conniving crooks.

From the stage comes the musical hit, "Louisiana Purchase," to wrap itself around three intriguing personalities, Bob Hope, Vera Zorina and Victor Moore. With the aid of Irene Bordoni they shuffle off to Buffalo and all points west for a well-rounded, deliciously curved comedy. It is not the most hilarious picture we've ever seen or even the fun-fest it could have been, but it will do nicely until Paramount's producer, Buddy DeSylva, gets the hang of movie comedy.

Hope is made the butt of four Louisiana crooks who call themselves The Louisiana Purchasing Company. When U. S. Senator Victor Moore comes down to investigate the company, poor Hope is on the spot until he conceives the idea of framing the Senator into compromising situations with Vera Zorina, a scheme that backslaps Mr. Hope in his scoop-faced pan.

Hope scores with his wit and Zorina with her dancing. Rare beauties polka-dot the screen here and there to lend intrigue to the whole Technicolor scheme of things. The Mardi Gras scenes are especially colorful.

*Your Reviewer Says:* Fun, color, music, beauty—the 4A Muses.

(Continued on page 24)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 99
To make 1942 your greatest entertainment year!

20th Century-Fox is now producing these grand, new pictures you’ll soon be seeing in your favorite theatre!

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER WHEN HE'LL SHOW THEM!

TYRONE POWER in SON OF FURY
The Story of Benjamin Blake
with GENE TIERNEY
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

BETTY GRABLE VICTOR MATURE JACK OAKIE in SONG OF THE ISLANDS
in TECHNICOLOR

GINGER ROGERS in ROXIE HART with ADOLPHE MENJOU GEORGE MONTGOMERY

JEAN GABIN IDA LUPINO in MOONTIDE with CLAUDE RAINS

Rita HAYWORTH in MY GAL SAL
in TECHNICOLOR

JOHN MAUREEN RANDOLPH PAYNE O’HARA SCOTT in TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI
in TECHNICOLOR

NOW! STIRRING THE HEART OF THE NATION!
HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by JOHN FORD

FEBRUARY, 1942
Timely excitement: Elizabeth Bergner and Randolph Scott in "Paris Calling"

Starting and different: Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper in Goldwyn's "Ball Of Fire"

**Paris Calling (Universal)**

It's About: French sympathizers, with the aid of an American aviator, conspire against the Nazis.

As the English professor, Cooper sets out into the city to broaden his knowledge of slang. His roamings gather in Stanwyck, on the lam from the police. What happens to the professors, especially Gary, under Stanwyck's guidance, shouldn't happen to the seven dwarfs.

Kathleen Howard, Allen Jenkins and the professors lend tremendous support. With those bad, draggy moments eliminated, this should prove a ball of fire at the box office.

Your Reviewer Says: The answer to the $64 question.

**Ball Of Fire (Goldwyn-RKO)**

It's About: Consequences when a professor meets a night-club floozy.

When Mr. Samuel Goldwyn shears the lullaby gaps from this wildly hilarious comedy, he'll have on his hands a picture startling, new and different in idea.

Gary Cooper, the slow-burning "Ball Of Fire," and Barbara Stanwyck, the night-club hube, go to town with two wild performances. If you don't break your funny bone laughing, we miss our guess. Gary is one of a group of professors slowly and laboriously compiling an encyclopedia.

Shields, as the blind newspaperman, are both splendid.

It's firecracker fare, so don't expect to relax or sneak any catnaps.


**Sullivan's Travels (Paramount)**

It's About: A would-be tramp who achieves his wishes.

A Message picture that denounces messages is the theme of this rambling, somewhat garbled story: it's entertainment that somehow misses greatness.

Joel McCrea is a rich young Hollywood motion-picture producer who wants to make a message picture labeled "Brother Where Art Thou?" Persuaded he knows nothing of the hardships of life, Joel sets out in rags, equipped with a ten-cent piece.

Landing back in Hollywood, he picks up an extra girl, Veronica Lake, and this time the two of them start out on the bumming road, like two derelicts. In Hollywood again, Joel sets out a third time on his philanthropic mission, gets knocked out, lands in a prison road gang and eventually emerges to forsake his morbid picture ambitions for comedy.

One of the most powerful moments ever filmed is the scene, played—and sung—by the Hall Johnson Choir, in a Negro church.

Your Reviewer Says: See it—for that moment.

(Continued from page 22)
The town actually has the nerve to link Mickey Rooney's name with Norma Shearer's name romantically. And there are actually some people who are silly enough to believe it.

Friends are hysterical over the gift Bing Crosby brought his wife from South America. It's a mahogany footstool, of all things. Try wearing that to Ciro's!

The feud between comics Bob Hope and Red Skelton has calmed down to a tornado. It began when one of Bob's radio gag men deliberately bolted over to Skelton's side.

Gable has a red face. For once he thought he knew better than wifey. Carole advised him to buy up nails for use on the ranch before defense priority set in; he didn't think the buying of nails very important. Well, finally came the time when Mr. Gable needed nails badly and was grinding his teeth because he hadn't bought any.

Whereupon, Mrs. Gable led him out to the barn where she'd hidden 2,000 pounds of nails, bought at seven cents a pound. Hollywood stores are now phoning Clark offering seventeen cents a pound for the nails!

Two girls who have ruined their good looks by dieting—Judy Garland, who has added ten years to her age through loss of poundage, and Ilona Massey who now possesses only a shadow of her former beauty.

Olivia de Havilland takes her dinner along in a hamper to Ciro's, so strict is her diet. Olivia's date these nights is usually Roger Pryor, estranged husband of Ann Sothern.

The town is giggling over Fred Astaire's odd experience. Fred, who is completely sold on the acting ability of Joan Leslie and is so anxious to have her for his next leading lady, was afraid to leave the deal to agents and decided to phone Joan himself. Her sister answered the phone.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Joan can't come to the phone now," she said. "She's upstairs doing her homework!"

NEW! Pond's Dreamflower Powder

New Dreamflower Shades—

Cunningly blended not to stodge
match your skin—but to give your face a look of starry-eyed, colorful freshness!

New Dreamflower Smoothness—

Ddging as a cloud. To veil your face with a "soft-focus" finish—tender, young... infinitely caressable.

New Dreamflower Box—admirably garlanded with tiny blossoms too precious for this earth! Lovely big box—only 19c!

2 smaller sizes, too.

"Pond's new Dreamflower shades are new and in a very pretty box. The box is completely delectable... and the box is the most feminine thing I've ever seen!"

MRS. ERNEST N. POND, JR.

Free—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades

PONDS, Dept. 8 MM-PB, Clinton, Conn.

I want to see how the new Dreamflower shades and smoothness make my skin look better. Will you please send me FREE samples of all 6 Dreamflower shades?

Name:

Address:

City:

State:

(This offer good in U. S. only)
HE'S THE DREAM GUY, ALL RIGHT!
(but he walked right out of the dream)

SATURDAY
Dear Helen,

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

His name's Cary Forrester. And he lives up near here. He's the Dream Guy, all right... with spangles! I can't remember very much of anything that we talked about... except that when he said he was going to be on this houseparty, too, I thought, "Fate, you've got a finger in this... and who am I to fight you?"

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

JTS

Dear Helen,

I guess maybe I shouldn't have written to you about Cary. Something's happened—he's changed completely. It happened so suddenly, too. The other night, at the dance, he was the most enchanting boy ever... I don't think I danced...with another girl all evening. And with another that I didn't even notice, Cary once. But Dick Halsey cut in, Cary couldn't stand poor Dick outside and quietly murder him.

Finally, Cary said to get my wrap because we were skipping out for a drive. We'd hardly started before he wanted to stop and kiss me. So he did. And then something happened. I didn't know where we were, and just sat there, staring ahead of me. He just changed. Let go of my hand and sat there, staring ahead of me. He just said something about it, was getting late and we'd better get back. He said to... imagine how different he was. He acted as if it wasn't even there. And he's hardly noticed me since. What could the matter be? Hel! Is it because I let him kiss me? What could it be?

JTS

ARE YOU OFFENDING RIGHT NOW?

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

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri

LISTERINE for halitosis (bad breath)
When We Look Back

In days like these, with our country at death grips with the Axis, it seems singularly unimportant that in a few weeks the Academy will give its annual awards or the best pictures and achievements of the year. And yet looking back in later years, the trivia of these days will take on a certain bemused interest.

Will any of the pictures which you and I saw during 1941 live in our minds through the explosive years ahead of us? Which have qualities that will make them sufficiently memorable so that when we look back they will come to life again?

Each year The Film Daily, trade paper of the industry, asks the editors of America to vote on the ten best pictures of the year. Putting aside any technical considerations—or several of the pictures which I know are memorable had to be excluded from the famous Film Daily poll because they were released a little too late in the year—let's look 'em over.

"Dumbo," you will always remember for its enchanting cuteness as well as for its great good humor. Who can ever forget the enchanting absurdities of little Dumbo, the flying elephant?

"Citizen Kane," much discussed, much censored, will be remembered because of its superb adroitness in using an episodic technique in masterful dramatic fashion. Everyone who saw the picture, even those who didn't like it, had to admit that here was a new mind, a new imagination at work.

Man's relations with the beyond would not seem a subject for a constantly amusing and always believable picture, but that is exactly what "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" turned out to be. It is memorable not only for Robert Montgomery's and James Gleason's spirited performances but also for the most original story of the year.

For its dramatic intensity we shall surely remember The Letter" and the fine acting of Bette Davis and the late James Stephenson.

Better than the stage version, "The Philadelphia Story" should be remembered as the best comedy of manners of 1941.

For propaganda which really came off and at last showed some sign of hope for the misled German people, "Underground" belongs on this list. For propaganda combined with swell melodrama, "Night Train" wins special mention.

Also tied to the events of today but to be remembered chiefly for its poignant, heart-rending love story, "Hold Back The Dawn" cannot fail to live in our minds.

Using as its theme the richness of the lives of simple people, "How Green Was My Valley" left me feeling that I had shared the daily living of those in that little Welsh town. I'm sure I shall never forget the experience.

To round out the ten most memorable pictures of the year—and it is by no means the least because it is mentioned last—let us include "Sergeant York." Patriotism can so easily be made maudlin or jingoistic; this picture made it something simple and moving, something important in the heart of a man—so important that for it he is willing to compromise with his ideals.

Yes, the Academy will be choosing the best picture of the year, best performances, et cetera; certainly they could do no better than to pick "Sergeant York" for the best picture and Gary Cooper for the best male performance.

Last year they picked James Stewart for "The Philadelphia Story," which makes it impossible for Katharine Hepburn to win it this year for the same picture. Due to the fact that technically the picture was released in 1940 she will be out of the running for a 1941 Award, which to my mind is a pity because she deserves it. But there is an easy second choice—the performance of Olivia de Havilland in "Hold Back The Dawn."

And for the finest character performances, Donald Crisp in "How Green Was My Valley" and James Gleason in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" should vie for the honors.

This year a child has given a great performance and I hope the Academy will remember it—that of Roddy McDowall in "How Green Was My Valley."

When we look back in later, more peaceful years, the details of many of these pictures will be forgotten. But for one reason or another I believe each one of the ten will be remembered.

Ernest H. Heyn
This is how it really happened
No one ever before went to Gene Tierney and asked her for the real story of her marriage to Oleg Cassini. So now, in appreciation, she gives us the dramatic truth

"DEFY Hollywood gossip-mongers, or my family, or anyone else to break up my marriage. I'll make it last if I die in the attempt!"

Gene Tierney's eyes flashed green fire. She had just read another story about her marriage to Count Oleg Cassini, written by someone who had never seen her about it, and the star of "Son Of Fury" was smoldering.

"I've been told that I should laugh at these stories, but I can't. They burn me up. My marriage means too much to me for me to laugh when things that are not only untrue, but unfair, are printed about Oley and me. I'm fed up with these sob stories about The Poor Little Rich Girl, Whose Hasty Marriage to The Foreign Nobleman Has Made Her a Countess—but Isn't Likely to Make Her Happy."

"I didn't marry Oley for his title. For one thing, he won't have a title after November first, when he becomes an American citizen. And he didn't marry me for my money, because I don't have any money except what I earn—and he earns a good living, too. Also, we didn't elope two weeks after first meeting. We went together for six months before we married."

"People seem to have the idea that I married a suave, elderly gentleman and that he married a naive young schoolgirl. To be exact, Oley is twenty-eight, and I was twenty-one on November the twentieth. "Sometimes, somewhere, I wish somebody would get the whole story straight."

It sounded as if she might be in the mood to give the story.

"I've always been in the mood to give it," she said. "I don't know why people have preferred to make up their own stories, instead of asking me for the real one. Maybe they've been afraid I would be afraid to give them the facts."

Gene smiled at the ridiculousness of her having any timidity on that score. And she looked positively happy to see us produce paper and pencil ready to take notes.

She started at the beginning.

"We met at a party that Johnny Maschio and Connie Moore gave—last December," she said. "I was invited because Johnny was my agent. Oley was invited because he had designed Connie's clothes for 'I Wanted Wings.'"

"Sometimes I wonder if he would have been interested in me that evening—if he hadn't liked what I was wearing. He asked me for a date. I told him that my time was pretty well taken up. Then he asked if he couldn't have my phone number, at least. I was reluctant to give it, because I wasn't particularly attracted to him— I didn't think he was handsome—but I did tell him the number, finally."

"A couple of nights later he phoned. I knew he was going to ask for a date again and I wanted Mother to talk to him and tell him I was busy, but she thought I should tell him myself. Ironic, isn't it, that Mother didn't try to discourage him then and there?"

"So I went to the phone and, sure enough, he asked me for a date. And I kept saying, 'I'm so sorry—but I am so busy.' He kept me on the phone two hours, refusing to take 'No' for an answer. Finally, I gave in. I said, 'All right.' And came away from the phone, mad at myself for saying that. But"—she smiled—"I'm not mad about that any more."

"Our date was for New Year's Eve. We were going to Ciro's. So I dressed in something I considered pretty elegant—an evening gown in the Empire style, à la Josephine, which I had designed myself. I thought I'd let him know that I was a designer, too. In fact, I almost took up designing as a profession, instead of acting. I would have, if I had listened to my father."

"So I came forth in my Josephine gown—and I was greeted by this expression of dismay on Oley's face. 'Where,' he asked, very pained, 'did you get that horrible dress? It's not for you. It's much too extravagant. You look like Betty Boop in it. You should wear very simple things. Please, won't (Continued on page 70)
By MATILDA

Events — some happy, some ominous — as seen by a

It is 1942. Hollywood, beware! Once more I consult my charts in order to look into the future and warn the stars of coming events. But, before I unfold the future for you, let's take a look at the February issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror for 1941. I turn to page 72 and quote from "Hollywood. Beware In 1942":

Katharine Hepburn: "The tempestuous Katharine Hepburn appears to come out from under the bad aspects which have been dogging her for some time. During most of 1941 she is under good vibrations so far as her public and her career are concerned. "The Philadelphia Story" brought Katharine back with a loud explosion of praise from both critics and public. She appears to have mended her ways and her manners with the press and with Hollywood in general and according to the last reports I received Katie has the world and her studio by the tail.

Myrna Loy: "Professionally Myrna is under fine aspects ... Her private life, however, is something else again. The position of her stars shows tension, conflict and serious misunderstandings in the home." (Editor's note: After this article was written, Miss Loy announced that she and husband Arthur Hornblow Jr. would separate.) They separated, went back together
again and there have been reports of a second separation. More about this later.

Shirley Temple: "What is going to happen to Shirley Temple?... Saturn in Taurus in bad aspect to her other planets puts her under a temporary eclipse for the next few years and no matter what she does in a professional way, or how well she does it, she will meet with adverse criticism and unpopularity. It would be far wiser for Shirley to retire to private life until midsummer, fall or winter 1943. At this time she will have all the appeal of a new and delightful personality."

Well, up to the time this article is being written (early November, 1941) there has been newspaper talk of radio programs, contracts with picture studios and great plans for Shirley but a single picture, "Kathleen," is all of note that has materialized for the child and on that the public has not yet had an opportunity to give its verdict.

I have at last obtained what I believe to be Shirley's accurate birth year and will discuss her future later.

Clark Gable: "... popularity and box-office appeal not only through 1941 but for many years to come."

Did he ever have more box-office appeal than in "Honky Tonk?"

(Continued on page 73)
NOT by coincidence, it was the day France capitulated to Germany in the Forest of Compiegne that Prudence Cathaway joined the WAAFs—the Women's Auxiliary Air Force. She signed up as an ordinary private, which was a severe shock to her family, whose influence could easily have got her an officer's commission. Her Uncle Willfred summed up the general feeling as Uncle Willfred always summed things up, neatly:

"For generations, Prudence, the Cathaways have been leaders, not followers. In joining this women's army as a private, a common private, you are deliberately throwing aside the hereditary instincts that entitle all Cathaways to lead."

Nevertheless, because Prue felt she was no better than Annie, the local scrubwoman, simply because her family was old and rich and Annie's wasn't, she held to her decision. She was assigned to the camp near Gosley, in Kent. It was a collection of brown wooden barracks set on the edge of the downs and peopled by girls who had been, in civilian life, waitresses, chambermaids, stenographers, debutantes. Violet Worthing, who occupied the bed next to Prue's in the dormitory, was "local." She was a big, healthy girl with scrubbed-pink cheeks and she confided that her young man was Joe Telson, who was also local and was going to join the Navy soon. Violet hoped to bring him to the point of proposing before he left. She was puzzled and a little hurt when Prue showed no interest in finding a young man of her own. In Violet's philosophy, there was little point in joining the WAAFs and wearing a nice uniform if you didn't hope to catch a man thereby.

Prue had been at the camp a week
If you've decided it isn't right or you," he said, "we can pack up and go." But, being a woman, he stayed. He was the one to go when Violet came into the dormitory one evening, almost in tears. It was Joe's last night in Gosley, his last chance to propose. And instead of seeing her alone tonight, he was going to bring a chum.

"Joe loves me right enough," Violet complained bitterly, "but he's just scared stiff about marrying. So he brings along a chum to walk between us!" She leaned forward in sudden appeal. "Prue—won't you do something for me? Come out tonight and take Joe's chum away. Please! I just got to get Joe alone!"

Prue hesitated, wanting to refuse. All her training, the ghosts of every snobbish ancestor, said that to go out with a man she had never met was common—common. Perhaps that was why she agreed and was with Violet when night had fallen, outside the camp gates. Joe and Joe's friend were only darker shadows in the black-out. Violet assumed command as soon as introductions were accomplished and almost dragged Joe, panic-stricken and helpless, down the road. His friend made an uncertain movement to follow them, but Prue stood where she was and said firmly,

"There's a concert in the camp this evening. Would you like to go?"

"If you want to. I really don't care." His voice was indifferent, tired; and it was not the kind of voice that should have been either. It was a

Screen play by R. C. Sherriff. From the novel by Eric Knight. Directed by Anatole Litvak

Fiction Version by

NORTON RUSSELL
young voice that had forgotten it was young.

"Or perhaps you would rather walk?"

"I've just told you. It doesn't matter. I don't care."

They walked for a time in silence. Then he said, "Is this what you usually do when you come out like this?"

Sharply—"I don't usually come out like this."

"Oh." He considered that for a few paces. "Then why am I specially honored?"

"If you really want to know, I came to help Violet be alone with Joe. Or didn't you know Violet and Joe were in love?"

"I didn't," he said.

Far away, the eastern horizon was aglow with flickering, uncertain light. Searchlights swung back and forth through the air. The murmer of gunfire came to them across the empty fields. "They're bombing Dover," he said. "Or maybe Canterbury."

"They'll be bombing our camp one of these days." Prue's voice trembled a little.

He laughed shortly. "Don't worry! They're not going to waste bombs on a WAAF camp... Cigarette?"

"Thanks."

In the brief flare of the match he saw her face for the first time—delicate, fine-boned, heloed by crisp golden curls. "What's the English aristocracy doing in the ranks of the WAAF?" he asked.

"Are you one of the aristocracy haters?"

I neither hate nor admire them," he told her. "I ignore them."

He lit his own cigarette then and saw his face. It was a nice face. The nose was a bit too fine, the mouth a little large, the eyes—the eyes were like his voice, tired. He was dressed in shabby, poorly cut tweeds. "You're bitter about something," she said. "Isn't there anything you believe in?"

He blew the match out, curtly. "I believe in people who know what they're doing—and where they're going. Precious few of 'em around, just now."

At ten o'clock they were back at the camp gates to meet Violet and Joe. All about them were couples kissing good-night in the darkness, ignoring the lack of privacy. He hesitated, then self-consciously pulled her to him and kissed her on the lips; she responded automatically, unthinkingly.

"Can I see you again tomorrow night?" he asked.

"I don't know. I may be busy."

"I'll wait for you here. If you can't come..."

"If I can't come—then what?"

He turned away to join Joe. "... It won't make any difference."

Prue lay awake for a while that night, in her cot next to Violet—who was happy now, for she and Joe were engaged. In the darkness against her closed eyelids she kept seeing his face, briefly illumined by the tiny flame of the match. Her lips framed his name: "Clive, Clive Briggs." It was an ordinary name. (Continued on page 87)
"What have I got in common with that glamour puss?" said Ann. "Me like that Maisie!" exclaimed Hedy incredulously. So they passed without speaking. Then they met...

When G-Girls get together

In plain female circles this is called "letting down the pompadour" on the Ann Sothern-Hedy Lamarr situation

NEVER let it be said that it can't happen here.
We mean a lasting friendship between two G-girls—glamour girls to you. And long may they scintillate in their sequins and silver fox! Ever since Theda Bara beaded her first lash, you've heard tell that the dear girls are just sweet cinema sisters under the skin. As closely attached as the Siamese twins! But invariably, it seems, a friendship between Muzzy May Robson and Jane Withers is the kind that really rates.

All of which compels us to point with pride and perplexity to those two luscious ladies. To Ann Sothern and Hedy Lamarr. In the face of it all, they've managed to become friends. Good friends. A less gruesome twosome we hope never to meet!

By every law of human nature there's as much apparent reason for Ann and Hedy to be friends as there is for Dietrich to play Little Eva. When the possibility of such an alliance was merely mentioned, the misses Sothern and Lamarr all but held their pretty noses and shrieked. You see, each gave the other a nice juicy pain in the neck. And then they were introduced.

For almost two years Ann and Hedy used to pass each other daily on the M-G-M lot. Hedy, who is actually shy in the presence of strangers, never knew whether to speak. Ann, creating the impression that she was mentally on the China Clipper, was usually concentrating on memorizing her lines. So they didn't think too much of each other—if they thought of each other at all.

At the time both girls were studying with Phyllis Laughton, a top Hollywood's dramatic coach. Knowing them so well, it was Phyllis who first suggested that they'd like each other. Ann listened politely to Phyllis. Ann looked bored. Hedy smiled sweetly. And changed the subject. Strange as it may seem, Ann and Hedy don't have many close friends. Phyllis knew this. So she persisted.

"But w-w-why?" Ann would ask, a slight note of irritation creeping into her voice. (Continued on page 85)
WILL YOU EVER BE RICH?

No matter how small your budget, you can say "yes" if your rainy-day ritual is at all like the ingenious $ systems of these young stars

BY MARIAN RHEA

They were having a huddle on the "Sweater Girl" set at Paramount—Eddie Bracken, June Preisser, Betty Jane Rhodes, Phil Terry, Bill Henry and Ella Neal—six attractive young starlets typical of this rising generation of Hollywood celebrities. All around was the confusion of setting up a new scene, but it didn’t make any difference to them. They had something else on their minds and that something was business. Business with a capital "B." The all-important business of handling that weekly pay check.

They were serious about it, too—plenty serious. Time was, perhaps, when Hollywood movie stars spent their money for Moorish castles and pink automobiles and yachts as big as battleships. Time was when Hollywood movie stars gave not a thought to the future. Tomorrow could take care of itself. But, as little June Preisser was saying in the huddle—"Tomorrow didn’t take care of itself. They found themselves down and out and on the county, lots of 'em. It was pitiful. It still is. Me—I’m saving my money! When I get too old to work, I’ll buy me a chicken farm or something and live on that!"

At this point there was a certain amount of derisive laughter at thought of Junie’s managing chickens. Nevertheless, the group thought the idea was all right. They were agreed that money, at least some of it, is made to be saved! No living on the county for them, or at best on the largesse of the Screen Actors’ Guild! Young as they were, imbued as they were with the joys and irresponsibilities of youth, money was nevertheless important to them in a way you didn’t expect it to be. It was important to save!

"It isn’t how much you save," Eddie Bracken threw in. "It’s making yourself do it regularly, come hell or high water!"

The others agreed and from here the conversation progressed to how they were doing it. Savings bank, life insurance, annuities, bonds, commercial enterprise? Each had his own ideas, of course.

For instance, Bill Henry who is, as you know, a married man with an infant son, manages to save about thirty per cent of what he makes. Of that, one third, or ten per cent of the whole, goes into payments on an educational endowment policy which in sixteen years will send Bill Jr. to college and on a $5,000 endowment policy to start young Bill out in business after he is through school.

"I don’t think you should have kids unless you fix up their future pretty well," Bill remarked. Of the remaining twenty per cent saved, half, or another ten per cent of the whole, goes into government bonds and the rest into a bank savings account. Bill also keeps a special savings account from which to pay his income tax each year so that his regular budget isn’t upset.

EDDIE BRACKEN said he saves about twenty-five per cent of his salary. Of this, a fifth, or five per cent of the whole, goes into what he calls his "director fund." You see, Eddie has one real ambition in life: He wants to be a screen director. Everything else he does is only a means to an end. During the making of "Sweater (Continued on page 79)
Twenty-five a week for life—that's what Lynn Bari will have someday.
PORTRAIT
of a shy glamour girl

Rita Hayworth does a lot of things in public just to make her feel important. But in private she’s quite different!

By Joseph Henry Steele

She doesn’t know how to cook. Her husband calls her Angel Face. Her bust measures the same as her hips—thirty-four inches. She is always imagining that people do not like her.

She was christened Margarita Carmen Cansino. She was born in a hospital, never wears a corsage, and has a disconcerting habit of humming when someone is talking to her. She is frightened by thunder.

She took the Rita from Margarita, adopted her mother’s maiden name, Hayworth, because she wanted to avoid being typed as strictly Spanish. She is five feet, five and one-half inches tall and never answers letters promptly.

She has a passion for garlic and raw onions. She frequently sleeps in the raw during hot weather and goes to church an average of twice a month. She uses a heavy perfume.

She doesn’t like pork. She is very fond of shrimp cocktails, never takes long walks and is given to worrying about herself. Her wedding ring is a plain gold band.

She knocks wood, is superstitious about a hat on a bed, and declines sailing invitations because she gets violently seasick.

She dislikes cats, has never gone skiing, and prefers stretching out in bed when reading. Her favorite comic strips are “Flash Gordon” and “Blondie.”

Rita Hayworth prefers pajamas to nightgowns—usually tailored and in stripes. Her eyes are hazel with brown pigments.

She makes geometrical doodles while telephoning.

She abhors having a clock near her, goes to bed at irregular hours, and is overly quick in criticizing other people’s mistakes. Her childhood idol was Billie Dove, the silent film star.

She has a habit of biting her cuticles, and believes that human snobbery is artificially acquired.

She rarely uses a cigarette holder. “Only in public places when I want to feel important.”

She loves playing wild poker for ten- and twenty-cent chips, and never remembers the name of the person she’s introduced to. She religiously sees every Bette Davis picture.

Her father is Eduardo Cansino—third-generation star of the Spanish dancing family. She weighs a hundred and fourteen pounds.

Her hair was black but for photo-graphic reasons is now reddish-auburn with blondish highlights. Her husband is E. C. Judson, an oil executive.

She swims well, dives badly, and deplores her excessive reticence. She drinks three or four glasses of milk a day.

She once stopped at a motel and swears she’ll never do it again.

Rita Hayworth sleeps on her right side, takes about an hour to fall asleep, and would like to be a nurse in the event we go into war. Her husband has always encouraged her being a glamour girl.

She is usually punctual, graduated from high school and is invariably dressed on time while it is her husband who keeps her waiting.

She never diets.

She cannot crochet or knit.

She adores strapless evening gowns but does not possess one. She likes sardines, oysters and the Russian Ballet.

She cannot read music. She has a mania for buying shoes and hats, seldom wearing any of them. She is made very nervous by heated discussions.

She goes to a masseuse twice a week, eats (Continued on page 68)
S. O. S. WINGS CALLING!

Come behind the editor's desk for a moment and grapple with the problem that faced us recently.

After fishing for an inspiration we finally sent the following reply —and received in answer this letter.

Peter Ashley! That name rang a bell. We reached into the drawer and pulled out a story we had on young contract players in Hollywood, showing their trials and—for the few fortunate—their triumphs. Here's what we found: The biography of a young hopeful who'd changed his name from Guston to Ashley:

There it was. James Guston—son of the Swedish consul to Yokohama—who, when asked if he had any famous ancestors, wrote, "I've been afraid to check up on 'em."

Our dilemma is now solved. We'll be glad to give California's March Field a break, Private Guston. Here it is:

TO THE MEN OF MARCH FIELD, HOME OF THE FLYING FORTRESS—ALL THE LUCK IN THE SKIES!

WE KNOW YOU'LL "KEEP 'EM FLYING!"
Hollywood hasn't made up its mind what to think about Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul and the other follow-suiters.

When Benjamin Franklin said, "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately," he was expressing the motion-picture credo some years in advance. For it's Hollywood's private opinion that "United we stand, divided we fall" and the only fault to be found with this maxim is that, to date, the uniting force has been not one of courage but of fear.

They've stuck together from fear of almost everything; gossip, blackmail, bad publicity, stories, pictures and the bad men within the industry. These last have been the worst of all and instead of running them out of town they've pandered to them and huddled with them and listened to them until it will take years to work off the hangover and get back onto the road of sanity.

As an example of what I mean, let's take a prominent agent I know, a man with all the charm, personality, beauty of physique and mental accomplishment of one of the lower order of primates. This gent wakes screaming in the night, dreaming that he's missed some important opening or official function and he'd rather be dead than to appear at such occasions unaccompanied by one of the ruling beauties. He has a list of the most beautiful girls in town, numbered from one to ten. His secretary has a duplicate list. The day before the function he "picks a number from one to ten" according to his mood, the secretary phones and the lady attends the party with him. Why? Because the poor darling is anxious to climb to stardom; she doesn't really believe he can, or will, help her, but she's deathly afraid he can and will harm her if she refuses. Occasionally one on the list makes the grade—more often she doesn't.

If Hollywood had taken the bold stand it's adopted since that Washington investigation, now that the labor racketeers, Bioff and Browne, have been sentenced, we wouldn't be sitting back with our necks pulled in,
—that these piquant secrets and question-mark rumors should be kept from the public. But dauntless Hopper smoked them out

By Hedda Hopper

Keeping everyone guessing is Mickey Rooney who has a certain light in his eye but can't make up his mind. Or has he? And is it Ava Gardner, the gal he's looking up to at the Mocambo? Below: One bugaboo was broken recently. Result: Joan Fontaine's doing some heavy pleading concerning husband Brian Aherne waiting for the next axe to fall.

The Hollywood Women's Press Club certainly started something when at their last meeting they decided to give out awards for the best loved and most cooperative stars and also their own booby prizes for those who cooperate least or not at all. Of course they had their tongues in their cheeks but they weren't quite prepared for the avalanche that descended upon them (to their secret amusement). Studio after studio called and said, "You aren't going to mention our Miss so-and-so as the least cooperative, are you?" Certain stars whom they'd been inviting for the past four (Continued on page 93)
BOB STERLING — NEXT FOR Fame

What happened in Ciro's that night made all Hollywood stop and stare.
Then they started to talk — of the very things you're about to read

BY HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Guaranteed to dispel any doubts about the Sterling qualities: "Dr. Kildare's Victory"

CIRO'S, in Hollywood, is pretty blasé. Goodness, it ought to be by now! But there was a flurry even in this diamond-studded joint a few weeks ago when Louis B. Mayer, entertaining a party there, rose from his chair and circled the room with a blushing, certainly a good-looking young man, introduced him to everyone in the place and announced expansively, "This is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's next big male star!"

Now, this was big news in anybody's night club and the customers all put down their glasses and their forkfuls of boned squab and stared and stared.

The flustered young man was Bob Sterling. Mayer's party was in Bob's honor and the entire affair seemed a sort of official debut for Bob and an admonition to the world at large to keep an eye on him from now on.

As this is written, young Sterling, slightly bewildered and brushing the stardust from his eyes after playing what he says was "a real love scene with Garbo—even if it was just a little one," is taking stock of himself, trying to figure out what comes next and, still more important, what he has learned from what came before which will help him from now on.

On his list of things-to-be-remembered for his own profit he has jotted "successful hitchhiking, selling things, sorting people out, learning from the wallops and learning not to expect what you probably won't get!" That last sounds a little morose, but there's a reason and we may as well start to sort this all out.

It all started, really, back in New Castle, Pennsylvania, when he was offered a three-week vacation from his job, without pay. It was the "without pay" clause that got him down. For Bob had been making his own way since he was a shaver and he didn't consider a vacation, without pay, as a vacation. He considered it, in his lofty way, a "layoff."

"A vacation," he said, logically enough—and to the boss, too—"is something you get for nothing as a reward for having worked your head off all year. A layoff is either an act of God or it's a raw deal and, whichever this is, I think I'll quit."

So he went home and said to his mother, "I think I'll go to Hollywood." She said, "I've been thinking that you probably would. When do you start?" Bob said, "In about half an hour." And his mother went tooling off to see that he had some clean sox to take along.

It was all as simple as that. But not quite so (Continued on page 95)
The best buy you've had in years is this exposé of "Louisiana Purchase," which covers Bob Clown Hope and uncovers—well, just take a look.

It has nothing to do with history books; this "Louisiana Purchase" is a political sellout of a mythical New Orleans to the tune of Irving Berlin songs. Mr. Hope chortles his way through the film version of the stage hit as a rugged State Representative.

His aides-de-camp—not mythical—are Margaret Hayes and Kay Aldridge who cling strongly to their ideals (above). Two of twelve girls chosen from 800, they passed tests on beauty of face and figure, song and dance talent, appearance in Technicolor. Margaret came from Paramount's contract list; Kay was a famous model. Jean Wallace (right) started in the film as an unknown newcomer; ended up as the new wife of Franchot Tone.
Fashion shows are things of beauty—that is, they are until Bob Hope gets into them. He turns the "L.P." one into a comedy riot. Star paser is Blanche Grady, former N.Y. showgirl-model.

Chicago's contribution to the "Louisiana" lineup is Alaine Brandes (left), former model. She came to Hollywood two years ago, was voted by photographers the most photogenic of the younger players, now gets her first chance as a satin satellite of the ermined Mr. Hope.

Sixth in the rounded dozen is Katharine Booth, who came from the studio's contract list. Over them all reigns Hope, who sings, dances (the first time in films) and, as usual, loses most of his furs and feathers, this time during the big Beaux Arts Ball.
First sit-up-and-take-notice role was that of the warped little Cockney who overshadowed "The Light That Failed" in Hollywood. 

Hollywood read the reviews, felt something big was happening, knew it when they saw her as the insane Lana in "They Drive By Night." 

Today in "Ladies in Retirement" she becomes Bette Davis' one rival for honors as the top emotional act of the year.

BY HOWARD SHARPE

Here, but for the advice of Louis Hayward, might Ida still be: A bleached exponent of flapper appeal, which is what '34 Hollywood made her.
She leads as normal a life as any Hollywood woman, except for four things. And, oh yes, a fifth—her marriage, which is just a little bit different.

Ida—The Mad Lupino

She was fifteen, then, when she came to New York, bound for Hollywood; and the way she looked, as she sat on the rail of the Berengaria, pulling her skirts higher for the ship photographer’s cheese-cake art, was a scandal for a child that age. Even for a young miss of seventeen, which she said she was, it was too much. She looked sexy, which meant, in 1933, as much like Jean Harlow as possible. Ida looked very much like her indeed.

Her hair, if anything, was more platinum. Her clothes were cut for a Harlow-like figure: nature had given Ida that, all of it, plus eyebrows, which she had discarded in favor of pencil lines. Hollywood, when she got there, did one double-take and typed her at once. “We will bill her,” they said, “as a kind of Jazz-age holdover, only up-to-date—a depression flapper, because that’s what she is.”

But, as sometimes happens, Hollywood was wrong, and she wasn’t at all; and the next two years were misery after the varnish of newness wore off. She took a house with a swimming pool, because one did. Her mother lived with her, not only because a girl had to have a mother in Hollywood but because Ida was fifteen, and After All. She bought a big car, a radio-phonograph with a stack of hot-sweet records—no “classical” music, she couldn’t abide the stuff—and an apron. She went to previews in the big car, she gave parties in the house and around and even in the swimming pool, with the phonograph going all night long. The apron she brought out on occasion to wear while she beat with a spotless spoon at the bottom of a spotless, empty cooking pan over a cold stove. Studio photographers snapped her then; the pictures looked very nice, although completely unreal, on pages of magazines opposite pictures of her in a Harlow evening dress. The stories accompanying the photos were titled “Frankly Foolish,” “Lupin’ The Loop To Hollywood,” and “You’ve Got To Be Naughty To Be Nice.” Once somebody fell into her pool, fully clothed, whereupon the newspapers said you had to allow yourself to be pushed, with all your clothes on, into Ida Lupino’s pool, and not get mad afterwards, or Ida wouldn’t like you. There was a story about that.

Also, on occasion, she made moving pictures for Paramount in which she invariably played an American girl with a slangy accent. The studio said she had the best American-girl accent on the lot, which always amused her because she was a true Cockney, born within sound of London’s Bow Bells. No, the studio said, you are what you are and as such you are perfect, and there’s no point giving
She told Connie she was going back to England, going home. To Stanley, her father. To Jack.

“What,” Connie asked, nervously peeling the polish from her nails, “will Paramount say?”

“As if I cared!”

But she did. She was honestly glad when her bosses, sentimental to the last, told her to try it for three months. “If you still mean it then, we’ll tear up the contract,” they said; after she’d thanked them and been shown to her car they turned quietly to each other, smiling. They knew what London, contrasted with Hollywood, would do to a girl of Ida’s spirit.

Still, they couldn’t know that one evening, even while she and Connie and a servant were packing trunks for the journey, a cablegram would come, saying incredibly that Jack had had an accident in Germany, cycling one day; that he was dead, that details would follow by mail, that . . .

“All right, don’t read any more of it,” Ida said. She was holding a silk blouse in her hand; she folded it, tore it neatly in two, folded it again and placed it precisely into a corner of her steamer trunk. “Stanley’s meeting the boat train, didn’t he say? Don’t forget that packet you’ve tied up for him. Put it in the big case.”

“I’ll do that now,” Connie whispered, although she had done it the night before.

Ida returned to Hollywood before the three months were up. The second night, at the Savoy Bar, in London, Stanley had told her she would want to do that. “It’s your new life, your whole new world,” he’d said, grinning cheerfully at her over his glass.

“You’ve had a rotten do, Ducks, but you’ll pop back and things’ll be better, wait and see.”

And she did, and they were. For one thing, she met Louis Hayward.

The new house she took was in the Outpost, clinging to the side of a hill and boasting a wandering sort of garden that fell precipitously into that belonging to the house below. Louis owned the house below. On the rare occasions when she paused to think about it, she knew that he was also English, also of her profession, and that she had met him once, briefly, three years since on an Elstree sound stage. They had not hit it off. He had thought her a silly punk kid, and she had found him offensively arrogant.

Sometimes, though (it couldn’t be helped, living so close and all), they met in the late afternoon when both were out walking dogs.

The cliché situation of the friendly pooh-poohs cementing their owners’ friendship did not work in this case, since the animals loathed each other on sight and frequently fought, with both Ida and Louis commanding their respective pets to desist from slumming and come away from the rabble.

But once Louis stood alone, just around the bend of the road as Ida’s collie led her along it. It was one evening, with a white moon washing the whole incredible California backdrop in a chalk light, silhouetting Louis to his advantage, making him look alone and—somehow—bereft. Suddenly contrite, Ida pulled the collie back.

“Is—your dog in hospital?” she asked.

“He’s languishing in his house,” Louis said; adding, as if pleased with the thought, “Securely chained, too.”


“You don’t know the circumstances. He ate part of a neighboring clergyman’s last night, and this is his punishment. Besides,” said Louis, “I’ve had in mind to give you a talking to, lately. Come along, Lupino.”

“Likely!” she said, with the sound of the Bow Bells in her voice. “Oo are you telling ‘come along,’ I’d like t’know?”

There was, then, the delicious

**A Lupino-Hayward pose in their courting days. He started by telling her to wash her face**

you parts where you have to act. That would ruin you as a property. No, once and for all . . . .

So that she was unhappy really, bored and furious and homesick for England. Jack’s letter, the one that asked her to marry him, came on an afternoon when things had been particularly bad. She took it into the garden to read. The postmark said Baden-Baden, which surprised her mildly; she thought he’d got back from his tour before this. She sat sideways on the edge of a chair, tapping the rim of her sun glasses against her teeth as she read the impromptu written pages, all seven of them.

After she had finished she looked very hard, for a minute or two, at a blackbird on a eucalyptus limb, trying to concentrate on the bird. But it wasn’t any use.

When her mother, Connie, went into the garden later Ida was holding both hands over her face, but the tears were dripping dismally down the backs of them, even so. She had never been one to take emotion lightly, and she did not take it lightly now. You could hear what Ida Lupino thought of Hollywood if you stood in Santa Monica that night. When she was finished, a little quieter,
rightness of his accent in return, the perfect adenoidal Cockney usage that only the English, somehow, can achieve. "Come off it, 'ow d'you think you're coddin'? Keep a civil tongue in your 'ead, Miss."

"Very well, Mr. Hayward," she said, almost demurely. They talked late that night, and the next; and six nights later they talked again, on which night they fought heatedly into the small hours. "It's so wrong, the whole thing," Louis kept insisting. "Don't you see? You look such a fright . . . Let that hideous hair grow out to its natural color, get some decent clothes . . ."

"That's fine for you to say!" she screamed, hating him terribly, utterly unaware that she was falling in love with him. "You're a man, you don't have to worry about bleaching, you look the same always, you're no great shakes yourself, blast you!"

H e said other things, during the months that followed—while she fell in love with him irrevocably, and admitted it to herself, and while she worked to acquire that thing called personal integrity, incalculably valuable . . . "Wash your face," he said, referring to the ridiculous make-up she wore. "Look," he said. "No, don't pull your hand away. I'm being friendly . . . there's a period in life when things have to come to you. Do I sound like a third-rate lecture? Sorry. But they do, and you have to sit back for them. Wait for them now, Lupino."

"I can't!" she told him, then. But she did. She waited for sixteen extremely long, frantic months, while nothing happened, frantic months while nothing happened, her no one hired her; while her professional standing, her career and her ego went to pod; and while not a single person, except Louis, believed in her at all.

That was in 1937. Ida Lupino had had, altogether, four years of a kind of success which was almost big, not quite. She was not ever a star. Paramount remembered her during that time, which was the trouble; they remembered her, as something in the past, a person who had been terrific, but wasn't any longer.

Louis said, "Change over. You're phony now. Let your hair grow out. I'll stick by you."

He stuck by her, which was the wonderful thing about it all.

That, and a mild attack of infantile paralysis, of all things. She caught this particular bug during an epidemic current at the time; and it was a poor thing of a germ, as germs go, although even in its debilitated state it was busy enough to put Ida to bed for three months. She came out of the illness with no bad effects and with a great new gift, a talent she hadn't known she possessed. Delirium merged into simple fever, which became, finally, the colossal boredom of the bedridden. She had, of course, heard wild and lovely music during the delirium; but, with the diminishing fever, a few majors joined the original minors; when, at last, she was simply, dully recuperative she could remember the melodies. They were new, enchanting, even brilliant, she decided, as she lay listening to her memory singing them.

The ennui was a good thing, then. She knew comparatively little of music—good music; but she had to do something, which meant (at that moment, to the magnificently neurotic child she still was) composing. Fortunately, Ida Lupino was born with a rare combination of abilities: Intelligence, imagination, an ear attuned to almost-absolute pitch, the memory of an elephant, and discrimination. She heard music; she had inherent good taste about music; and, forthrightly, jumping over the dull long learning period, she started creating music.

To the surprise of everyone, including Louis, it was pretty good. She wrote fifty songs during her time out from pictures.

When Paramount signed her again, for three pictures a year, people read the two-line paragraph about it in Variety and with gasping yawns turned to the film sections of their morning papers. Until, one morning, the reviews of "The Light That Failed" appeared. "Here," said the reviewers happily, "is an actress who can imbue an overworked role with new spirit, new meaning."

This development was not impromptu on Ida's part. She was prepared, when the chance came. Seven years before, Director William Wellman had promised her the part of Bessie in that picture, if he ever made it. When she heard that now, finally, he had got round to it, Ida went over to Paramount (where she had not made a picture for months) and raised what is technically known as a stink. "He promised!" she told them passionately. They put it up to him, whereupon he admitted that he had. He was a man of his word, even in Hollywood. She couldn't let him down.

A lull of six months followed that role of Bessie, for no logical reason; then Warners came to her with a story called "They Drive By Night." She did not make the other two pictures for Paramount. She was too busy becoming a great new star, under a great new Warners contract.

They were very dressed up that night; Louis in tails, Ida in a new Irene number. Louis had the town car, liveried chauffeur and all; reservations at the five smartest clubs in town had been made earlier by phone; and his orchids nestled sumptuously on Ida's furs. "Looks, sounds and feels like a celebration," Ida commented. "Why?"

"You're going to be proposed to," he said.

"What, again?"

"This time I mean business. You remember I said pride had a lot to do with us and marriage? Well, I've got 'The Duke Of West Point' under my belt now. The reviews on it are good and it means a new contract, I think. And you had to come back. You've done that. Can you think of a single good reason . . . ?"

"No," she said, looking at him invitingly. He accepted the invitation.

"Tell him to drive us back home," she said (Continued on page 105)
Joseph Cotten, young, handsome, blond, wants to stop wearing Gay-Nineties rigs and begin making love to heroines.

Round-Up

A see-for-yourself proposition as to Opera à La Hollywood

Have you ever met an opera star face to face, in the broad daylight—without the trappings and trimmings of a Carmen or Delilah? If not, let me present to you one of America's best—plain everydayish Miss Rise Stevens who could be you or I or the girl who works on the seventeenth floor of any office building. There is no folderol nonsense about this American young lady who happens, through fate's kindness, to be occupied in the business of singing. And what singing, as you jolly well know if you've heard Miss Stevens in the delightful picture, "The Chocolate Soldier," with Nelson Eddy.

Born in New York in a typical average American family, Miss Stevens attended various grammar schools about the city, graduating from the New Town High School at Elmhurst.

A strange man gave Rise Stevens a gingham rabbit; she ended up by taking him on for better or worse.
Of Pace Setters

BY SARA HAMILTON

Stevens, ambitious and poor, turned down an offer from the Metropolitan Opera Company. She felt it had come before she was quite ready for it. In 1935 she went abroad for the first time, studying at the Mozarteum School at Salzburg and trying to arrange for engagements with people who didn't want to arrange any such thing.

In Paris, while she was practising one day, a man knocked on her door. Questions followed and the music-loving neighbor immediately arranged for concerts throughout the small towns of Czechoslovakia and Hungary for Miss Stevens.

A year later she made her big European debut at Prague in the opera "Der Rosenkavalier," singing the role of Octavia. Walter Szurovy, a handsome, blond Hungarian actor, who had heard of the young American who was about to appear as "Mignon," went backstage to see what all this talk was about. Rise, reposing in her draped vehicle, was waiting to be hauled onto the stage. The actor tweaked her protruding bare toe. Rise's amazed face poked through the curtains.

"Here, good luck to you," he said in his native tongue and threw into her carriage a gingham rabbit.

Later, of course, they were married. They are immensely happy.

Triumphs in South America followed, with Rise the first North American to appear at the famed Teatro Colon at Buenos Aires. Europe, America, South America again hailed the young star and, finally and at last, she felt ready to accept the Metropolitan offer in New York.

M-G-M first heard her lovely voice during her San Francisco opera
made during a serial radio show threw the two spectrums into hysterics. An usher promptly threw the gentlemen into the alley and thus was born a partnership that has lasted through hell and high water—mostly high and very hot water.

Joe had come up from Petersburg, Virginia, his home town, to New York to be an actor. Walking into Mr. Belasco's office he asserted that he would like very much to become an actor. "Very well," Mr. Belasco agreed and that was that. Joe was an actor, understudying Lynne Overman in "Dancing Partner" and Melvyn Douglas in "Tonight Or Never." The lead in a Boston stock company followed and after a year Joe was back in New York for a new play when chance threw him into Orson. From then on, Orson went his way and Joe went the Orson's way, following him into his W.P.A. Mercury Theater project, Joe sometimes playing bits and sometimes leads. When Hollywood opened its doors to Orson (What an opening!) Joe came along playing a leading role in "Citizen Kane" and playing it so well people kept asking for him, concerning him and about him. Was he young, old, middle-aged, or what?

The "what" of it is, Joe Cotten is a young, handsome, blond, unactorish, genuine male who acts only before a camera or an audience. He is the best friend Orson has in this world. It goes without saying Joe is loyal and patient. Together he and Welles have written a play, "Journey Into Fear," in which they will both act for the Orson Welles television Joe gets the girl in their new one. Joe says he doesn't want her unless he can get out of those darned 1890 clothes he's always wearing and lean up against a ship's rail with her in the moonlight like all the other heroes.

Joe was the sensation of the stage play, "The Philadelphia Story" (next to Hepburn, that is), and played in the show both before and after his "Citizen Kane" venture.

After the show had completed its run, Joe returned to Hollywood to play with Merle Oberon in "Lydia," as another Gay Nineties beau, and is now actively engaged in the Welles picture "The Magnificent Ambersons," still another gallant of our yesterdays.

When the ladies see Joe as he really is, there will be a new trend toward the Cotten fad. Only, alas, he's married, and happily, to a former fashion magazine editor. Sounds everything that's good, including Orson's scripts, and plays anything he's given on his friend's radio show, if it's only a line. He plays a crack game of tennis and loves to live in California. Occasionally he lapses into his Southern dialect and then he's really irresistible. Or have you found him that already?

A Peach From Peachtree St.

Soft brown eyes, natural blonde hair worn in longish curls, a quiet voice, and keen determination belong to Miss Evelyn Keyes, the heroine in the unforgettable picture, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," and the maid in "Ladies In Retirement." With two smash hits such as those in a row and "Martin Eden" in the making, to Evelyn belongs the Keys to the Kingdom of Success.

Four years ago Evelyn came to Hollywood from her home in Atlanta, Georgia, with several hundred dollars she'd earned dancing in night clubs. She was going to crash movies and she did.

Luck was with her almost from the start. Through friends she met an agent who was willing to take the newcomer on the rounds of the studios' casting offices. At Paramount, Jeanie MacPherson, writer for Cecil B. DeMille, spied the Georgia peach and became interested, so much so that insisted boss Cecil give her a hearing. Impressed with Evelyn's quiet manners, perfect diction and good looks, Cecil put her under personal contract. For two years she did small bits and some radio work, in which she shone like a diamond.

A year after she'd made a test for Suellen in "Gone With The Wind" she was given the part and you can imagine Atlanta's welcome when Evelyn returned home for the premiere.

When her contract with DeMille had expired, Evelyn traveled to Columbia where she attracted more attention in the Brian Aherne picture, "The Lady In Question," and, in time, was rating such sugar-plum roles as the "Mr. Jordan" one.

Her three older sisters and one brother and mother haunt the theaters in Atlanta when Evelyn's pictures come to town. Baby has made good with a vengeance.

In Hollywood, Evelyn, who is unmarried, shares an apartment with a girl friend, plays tennis, reads avidly. She reads one classic a month, regardless.

Last summer, with free time on her hands, she enrolled at U.C.L.A. for the contemporary English drama and Shakespearean classes. Night clubs seldom see her, for Evelyn can't find enough alleys to cover up her nondiligence in powerful liquids. It's either alibi or be thought a snob, so Evelyn stays home and reads and practices on the piano.

She thinks Glenn Ford the greatest young actor in Hollywood and studies his every move in their picture "Martin Eden."

Texas, the Lone Star State, really gave her birth. When her father died (Evelyn was then a year old) the family moved (Continued on page 91)
his is Mr. Normal: Six feet three of average American guy—Fred MacMurray of Paramount's "Take A Letter, Darling"

FEBRUARY, 1942
Interested in getting what you want? Female tears don't work any more; this device does. It rated Lucille Ball a home, a husband—and happiness

BY HELEN. GILMORE
The deafening buzz in the RKO commissary rose a good octave as the girl with the hair like a tossed salad of gold paused in the doorway.

"Hi, Lucille!" a table of wagsters hailed her. "Join the comedy club. All you have to do is tell the funniest thing that ever happened to you!"

The girl moved over to the group with a lithe casualness, her long-lashed blue eyes measuring them. "Well, the funniest thing was when Desi and I were on our honeymoon." She grinned suddenly and sat down. "He was filling an engagement at a night club in Miami when the Presidential Birthday Balls were taking place and Miami asked him to be master of ceremonies for theirs with me as guest star. The Governor of Florida was to be there, the Mayor of Miami and a slew of dignitaries. I went into a dither memorizing titles so I wouldn't muff the event.

"The big night came. I draped on the white furs over my favorite pink evening dress with eighteen yards of fluff around the bottom and off we went with motorcycle police escorts, sirens, spotlights — super premiere stuff.

"Everything was wonderful. Desi was going like a house afire. Then he introduced me."

At this point Lucille jumped up to give an imitation of herself. "I approached the microphone daintily—sh, so daintily—got through my little speech of your excellencies and your honors without a miss, then bowed my way backwards during the applause to my seat. That is, almost to my seat. Because just as I got there, my heel struck the chair, both feet went up in the air—but air, I'm telling you—and me and the eighteen yards did a reverse spread eagle right on the back!"

To the vast amusement of the commissary Lucille proceeded to fall over the chair at the next table and sprawl on the floor, smart slacks, polo coat and all.

"What did Desi do?" someone laughed.

"Do?" She scrambled up, snatched a fork from the table and held it with both hands in front of her to represent a microphone. "He just hung on to the mike with both hands, practically paralyzed with laughter. So was the whole auditorium. When he finally got his breath, he pointed at me where I was still on the floor with four men trying to hoist me and said helplessly, 'Ladies and gentlemen—my wife'—and went off into another gale."

Lucille dusted herself off vigorously. "That's the time Ball got a bigger laugh than Hope or Bergen ever did!"

There you have the side of Lucille Ball that Hollywood sees. But there's another girl who walks behind the seemingly assured star—a desperately shy girl whom Lucille has had to thrust aside ruthlessly to make..."
her place in the world. This second self, who really came first in Lucille's life, had her roots in a strange and unhappy childhood where tears were her constant companion, instead of the laughter which is now the Ball stock in trade. And in her conquest of tears lies the solution for many a misfit life.

When Lucille was two years old the sudden death of her father, who was an electrical engineer in Butte, Montana, broke up the Ball home. Her health shattered by the blow, Mrs. Ball returned with Lucille and her baby brother Fred to her people in Jamestown, New York. Lucille was sent to live with a relative, a woman

....

They know who brings home the bacon: Sir Thomas of Chatsworth and Pinto the Great play up to head of the house Desi Arnaz

well along in years whose old-fashioned background of starched self-discipline did not equip her to handle the high-tensioned, imaginative youngster with whom she found herself sharing her home. The child was frowned upon for having her nose constantly in a book and upbraided when she was caught in the extrava-gant play-actions which in her loneliness took the place of companions. Nevertheless, she contrived to create two imaginary playmates who were her refuge through the years, Bob and Sassa Frassa—the latter, a horse, if you must know.

The child's appalling sense of isola-

tion began to affect her school work. Celled upon to recite in class, her eyes, like teacups of blue china that are too full, would brim over and not a word could she utter of a lesson she knew by heart. Her teacher tried to bridge the gap by organizing a birthday party for Lucille at school. Word of this got to Lucille's guardian who in what she meant to be kindness told the young-ster of the surprise party. She ended by saying flatly, "I thought you'd better know so you would be prepared."

This precipitated another storm of weeping and the two looked at each other in their separate realms of worlds. Even today Lucille bears the scar of this habit when, confronted by bafflement, or any of the old frustra-
tions, she seeks quick escape in tears which as quickly pass.

Release came to the child when Lu-
cille's mother, who had married again in the meantime, sent for her daugh-
ter now that she could once more offer her a happy home. In Jamestown, where the Hunts, her mother's French-Irish family, have lived so long that a street bears their name, the tall girl, whose grace was yet only a promise, came into her own. Under the warm understanding hand of her mother, whom she has always wor-
shipped, Lucille became a leader of the younger set. She was jumping center of the girls' basketball team. Her horseback - riding was good enough to win her a spot on a wom-
an's polo team. She became an ex-
cellent shot with a gun, drove cars and even flew a small private plane, this girl who was too timid to recite in a classroom.

After a year at the Chautauqua Institute of Music in an effort to fol-
low in the footsteps of her mother, who is an accomplished pianist, Lu-
cille prevailed upon the family to let her attend John Murray Anderson's school of dramatics in New York. For the years of damned-back childhood were crying for expression. But somehow the school didn't seem to turn the trick. Alone in the biggest town in the world, she found that all the old fears were returning—fear of people, fear that they didn't like her, fear of failure.

Bette Davis was the bright and shining student there. Not so Lucille, who gazed at her with envy and de-
spair. Once again fright rose in her throat and tears in her eyes as she mumbled through diction classes and hugged the backdrop whenever she was given bits to play in class dramas.

At length the whole tear psychology came to an abrupt climax. Discour-
aged with her progress at the dramatic school, Lucille answered a chorus call for Ziegfeld's road show of "Rio Rita" and agonized through weeks of the show when the stage manager would yell at her, "Hey, you, why don't you open your mouth and sing?" Terrified, she would make her mouth go, pre-
tending to be singing with the others.

Finally the day came when she was handed her notice. The world went black. Crying softly, she walked along the street to her hotel room. Would it be poison or just a quiet dive out the window? As you may have sus-
pected, it was neither. Sensibly enough, she tried to get her job back, haunting the stage manager for two days without daring to speak to him until he finally shouted, "No, you can't have your job back! Now will you just stop following me?"

Lucille stood on the curb and wept some more. Then something occurred which has happened in the lives of so many of us. A chance meeting, a chance word and suddenly a key is thrust into our hands which opens the door to a totally different life. In this instance, a friend of Lucille's hap-
pened by. He asked what was the matter and after she had blurted out her story, he said:

"Don't be that way. Crying doesn't pay off." He scribbled down an ad-
dress on a card. "Here. If you need a job, go down to this company. They'll give you a job modelling a coat for twenty-five dollars." And he was gone.

Lucille stared at the card. What had he said? "Crying doesn't pay off." Brother, was he right! Maybe she'd better try laughing. At least if she laughed at herself first, she could beat the rest of the world to the punch—maybe save herself the punch. And from that moment she began to build her armor of comedy.

Flinging the tears out of her eyes, squaring her shoulders and her chin, the future female comedy riot re-
ported at the address on the card. And one of America's most famous models was born, the girl who was soon to become a mannequin in the famous Hattie Carnegie salon, the Chester-
field Girl and finally be chosen as one of the famous poster models imported by Mr. Goldwyn for the Eddie Cantor picture, "Roman Scandals."

Lucille was anything but agog over the prospects of going to Hollywood. The wounds of her drama school and "Rio Rita" experiences were still too fresh. But she was badly, in need of a rest. Six weeks in the celebrated California sunshine with all expenses paid there and back—not bad.

But what with one thing and an-
other, the "back" didn't take place for almost as many years. First, because the girl with the sultry mouth and the long legs was settled to have caught on luckily to one of the rings of the Hollywood merry-go-round. Then when the ring (Cont'd on page 101)
A hearts and flowers look at Judy Garland Rose all ready for a Valentine Eve celebration with husband Dave. The star of "Babes On Broadway" says hello in a conquest dress of soft net with a huge ruffle accenting the hemline. She sweeps along dramatically in a long fitted green evening coat with a three-button fastening; she carries a muff that any girl can have if she just stitches up some soft net and sprinkles it generously with white violets, the same flowers that blossom out in Judy's curls. "Gala girl, gala mood, brilliant diamond necklace by Gershgorn and Co."

Photographs by Carpenter
Rose-colored version of a plain winter suit: Judy takes a
classic steel-grey wool two-piece model, makes it new and
different by accenting the tight-fitting jacket with grey
velveteen collar and cuffs. Soft grey feathers fashion the
"perky bonnet; a pretty veil adds a bit of feminine witchery
Laurels to Garland for another prize-winning idea of how to change an outfit to suit yourself in novel fashion. Add huge beaver buttons to the jacket; sling a big beaver muff over your arm; top everything off with a wide beaver-trimmed hat. Outfit from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills, Cal.
From Dave to Mrs. Rose: Valentines every day in the year for wearing dresses like this. To be specific, it's a Jack Perkins black crepe with a wide accordion-pleated hemline, a so-slim belt, bodice and sleeves of sheer marquisette. The little skullcap and the Gershaorn diamond clip are standouts.
dress in a mood to match the "I love you truly" light in Dave's for the little star of "Babes on Broadway." Of light blue net, it is a glitter-girl hit by silver sprinkled from bodice to be- the hipline and by the wide to of net from the ruching to floor. Judy drapes a length of sprinkled with rhinestone over hair, clasps it together at the Jer with a gay rhinestone pin
Cary Grant is earning money, big money, in "Arsenic And Old Lace." Just how selfish is he about his pay check? You'll find glowing facts revealed now by "Fearless"

Hyman Fink
The Truth About STARS' CHARITIES

Some stars are charity "snobs"; some, secret champions. A straight-from-the-shoulder talk on Hollywood's rights and wrongs

BY "FEARLESS"

Winner of the charity crown, when it comes to giving out time and money, is Joan Crawford

Wally Beery dispenses his charity with that "Oh, gosh, it's nothing" attitude he's made famous on the screen

EARLY, on the night before Christmas, Wally Beery gathers together all the waifs and strays of his studio—and of Hollywood in general—and takes them to his home or a Christmas party. In numbers they run anywhere from fifty to three hundred.

Some of the guests may be stars of the past now sunk to playing extras; others may be grips or props or out-of-work movie technicians of any sort; but the majority of the crowd is just guys who have no close relatives with whom to share this most sentimental of holidays. Not one there is "important." That's Wally's only demand—that those invited be genuinely in need of a little Christmas cheer.

The party is always terrific. Laughter and horseplay and song and liquid refreshment get mixed up with Garbo-ian eats. Just before dawn and the final good-bys come, Wally slips everyone a present. Some are large and some are small, but all are in relationship to the need of the receiver and all are handed out by Wally with that "Oh gosh, it's nothing" attitude that you have seen him put across a hundred times on the screen. Wally never thinks of it as charity. He calls it "Having my gang for Christmas Eve."

Hollywood, of course, gives its talents and support to the regular "organized" charities. Bob Hope plays all benefits for all things and there is no screen personality who isn't called upon constantly for cash and free appearances for this, that and the other worthy cause. Excepting only Garbo, all stars respond to these appeals to some degree, though Hope surpasses them all.

But the truth about the real Hollywood charities is that they are exactly like everything else in the place—entirely personal, highly dramatic, frequently fantastic and largely unsung. The truth about them is, too, that there are some unpleasant incidents connected (Continued on page 81)
Star Finds IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

VICTORY CAP: Here's a cute little campus captor if you ever saw one. It's knit of wool and embroidered with a dashing Victory emblem in perfect harmony with the basic design of the cap. Tie it over your curls for winter sports, spectating, or just ambling back and forth to class. $1.25 to $1.50 at leading department stores. Or, R. H. Macy's, N. Y.

SILKEN FILM: Something new in the beautifying field is Toushayan, a luscious fragrant peach-colored lotion. You smooth it on before washing your undies, or sorting carbon paper, or busying yourself with dusty household tasks. This lotion acts as a silken protection against harshness, redness and roughness. Even after washing, your hands are still soft, smooth. It's equally good for softening rough elbows and chapped knees and for sheer luxury, try it as a body lotion. Toushayan Lotion, 50¢ at drug stores.

LASSO BOOTS: A stormy weather style with all the dash of a romantic cowboy. Made of rubber, they're cleverly fashioned to look like leather range boots. Lasso boots come in different heel heights so that you can wear them over your mocassin or saddle oxford shoes, walking shoes, or dressy high-heeled daytime shoes. They'll slip on and off with the greatest of ease, too. B. F. Goodrich Lasso Boots are $3 at department stores and shoe stores.

She thinks the new colored-hose fad is "horrible." Her only collecting hobby is saving stamps for her mother, she rides horseback very badly and is frankly thrilled at her glamour-girl status. She smokes less than a pack of cigarettes a day during a bulgull "because of the grace and technique involved in it." She takes Vitamin B-1 tablets regularly.

Her favorite outdoor connection is a chocolate milk shake. She likes a fireplace and flowers in her bedroom and hopes to alternate her screen work with dancing and dramatic roles.

SHE likes football and auto races. She has never worn glasses other than for English classes. And "Eucalyptus in My Heart" her worst picture. Her parents never called her by any pet name. Her mouth is full and generous, her golf is bad and she loves shooting galleries where she demonstrates a more than fair marksmanship. She has never been accused of temperament. She is a Rubie movie fan, occasionally goes bicycling, and admires the choreography of Martha Graham and Mary Wigman.

Rita Hayworth likes beer, scrubs her teeth twice a day and is stubborn about admitting a mistake, but she always gives in. She is fond of all varieties of chocolate.

She has two Doberman pinchers, prefers biographies and danced with her father at the late Agua Caliente Hotel when she was discovered by Herbert S. Wise. She is superstitious about her birth date, the fourteenth, because it was featured in her first contract with Fox Films and her test for "Only Angels Have Wings.

She still has a pair of miniature castanets which she used at the age of four. She likes friends, coffee and tea in moderation, and clings affectionately to two hats which she has had for four years and which she wears occasionally.

She has no preference for male screen stars. She likes playing backgammon and "indictions," and thoroughly approves women's wearing slacks or short pants. She never fails to derive special pleasure out of driving along the bridle path on Beverly Hills Sunset Boulevard.

She played with girls in preference to boys when she was a little girl. Her favorite records are Strauss waltzses.

She likes wearing earrings in her hair, smudged salmon and black nail polish and gold hoops. Her ears are not pierced.

She gives away most of her wearing apparel at the end of a season. Her complexion is olive, she cares for air travel and her philosophy is a modified fatalism.

She is adaptable and good-natured. She does not go in for roller- skating.

She never demurs at a quiet evening at home.

She has never hostedess a large party, spends her time between camera setups worrying about the next scene, and believes that good taste is something one is born with and is not a chef. She has a habit of using every ash tray in the house.

She is convinced this world is going to be a tough place to live in for the next fifty years.

Rita Hayworth hates to make plans. She detests going on trips that have been carefully planned, has no plans whatsoever regarding her professional future, regarding an eventual retirement, or the possibility of having children.

The End.
NEW YORK-TEXAS ROMANCE

Eugenia Loughlin's engagement to S. Gail Borden Tennant of Houston (pictured together at right) has stirred far-reaching interest. This beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be will be married this winter, after her fiancé completes his officer's training at Fort Riley.

HER STAR-SAPPHIRE

Engagement Ring.  
The platinum and baguette diamond setting was designed by her fiancé. "I guess Borden and I made over a hundred sketches for it," she says.

Exquisite EUGENIA J. LOUGHLIN

She's ENGAGED!
She's LOVELY!
She uses Pond's!

See how her SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care will help your skin

1. Eugenia SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream thick over her lovely face and throat. Pats it on briskly with quick little upward pats. This softens dirt and old make-up. Then she tissues off the cream. "I adore the cool, clean feel Pond's gives my face," she says.

2. Eugenia RINSES with lots more Pond's. Tissues off the cream again. This second time helps clean off every little smitch of soil, leave her fine-textured skin flower-soft.

You'll love Eugenia's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care with Pond's Cold Cream. Use it every night—and for daytime clean-ups. See your skin look softer, smoother, prettier. You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely big jars.

Another POND'S Bride-to-Be!

Lovely-to-look-at Eugenia Loughlin met her fiancé at a party in Houston when she was visiting there. Four days later they considered themselves engaged. Eugenia has a true SOFT-SMOOTH Pond's complexion—fresh, sweet, pink and white as apple blossoms! "I'm absolutely devoted to Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It keeps my skin feeling so soft and clean."

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

Pond's Girls
Belong to Cupid

Send coupon for 5 POND’S Beauty Aids

1. Pond's SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Cold Cream
2. Vanishing Cream
3. New Dry Skin Cream
4. New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)
5. Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CB, Clinton, Conn.
Send me samples of 5 Pond’s Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 50c to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

Name: ________________________________
Address: ________________________________

(Offer good in U.S. only)

UARY, 1942
This Is How It Really Happened

(Continued from page 29) you change?
"He said it very charmingly—but that, in effect, was what he said. You can imagine what I was tempted to say in reply, but I lost the impulse. It was so late by this time that either I went out with him or I stayed home by myself—which was no way to spend New Year's Eve. I decided to speak to something simple, which he admired as much as he had disliked the other. That made everything all right, because I had designed this one.

"I hadn't been with him a half-hour before I decided I liked him. I hadn't encountered anyone in Hollywood with whom I was able to talk so freely, almost immediately. And he was a magnificent dancer. From Ciro's, we went on to another club and we danced and danced. I had never enjoyed dancing so much before.

"We didn't get home until nearly dawn. And, at the door, when I told Oley what a good time I had had, he said, 'I feel that this should be a good omen for us—our starting the New Year together.'

"After that we dined and danced. We talked with each other several times a day on the telephone. However, both of us were reluctant to become too serious and we dated others during the fact that we knew we were headed for each other. We went together two or three times a week for three months. Then one night, we decided to get married. Why wait?"

They were going to fly to Yuma that night.

"But at the airport I suddenly thought that I'd like my mother at my wedding. After all, marriage was such a serious step, and I was glad to be married to a first-class mixer. But Oley was surprised at my sudden indecision.

"He didn't try to persuade me. He simply said, very grimly, 'I'm glad you've shown your true colors. I wouldn't want to marry a girl who doesn't know her own mind—who isn't sure of her own emotions.' After that he drove me home in complete silence.

"For weeks after that, he wouldn't see me. Once or twice we bumped into each other at parties and he was friendly enough to talk. Once or twice, I've forgotten why, he sent me花园. He didn't come around himself.

"I used to call him and tell him, in detail, about my crush on So-and-So.

"My mother kept saying, 'Don't be so cruel. Don't keep calling him like this, reminding him of you. Make an end of the whole thing.' I kept saying to myself, 'If you don't break with him now, you never will.' Yet, somehow, I couldn't bring myself to make that break.

"I couldn't understand why. As I kept telling Oley, 'You're the only person I can talk to, but I can never fall in love with you. I don't realize that I was in love with him all the time.' And how did she explain that blind spot?

"She smiled. "All my life, I had dreamed that when I fell in love, it would be with a divine-looking man—a knight in shining armor. And Oley didn't exactly fit the description of that dream man. Something else that confused me was that Mother liked this other boy—I won't mention his name—who was terribly fond of Oley. He felt that perhaps he was the one for me. I tried to see him through her eyes. I almost convinced myself that I was falling in love with him. When I asked him to marry me, I said I'd give my answer after I went to New York and told him to send my answer to me.

"Then, suddenly, it came over me, 'Oh, no, this isn't it at all. This isn't love. I realized suddenly that my mother and I were two entirely different people. That the boy who could have made her happy, if she had been in my place, wasn't the one for me. I knew that before I went to New York to talk with my father. I broke with the boy before I even left.

"When I saw my father, I told him, 'All this stuff in the papers about my coming East to ask your permission to marry is strictly bunk. I'm not even in love.' He asked, 'Well, then, why did you come East?' I said, 'I simply had to get away—to try to get a perspective on myself, to try to decide what I want from life. I'm all confused.'

"While I was in New York, I wrote Oley a couple of letters. He didn't answer them. Still, when I got back to Hollywood, I swallowed my pride and called him and asked him to take me dancing. He said he was busy.

"Then Pat Morison gave a cocktail party. I was invited and I happened to know that Oley was invited, too. I rigged myself all up, having visions of our getting together at the party and, afterward, spending the evening together somewhere, dancing. And we did get together at the party. Only, he said, 'I'm sorry we can't go dancing tonight. I have a date I can't break. But I'll take you to dinner.'

"He couldn't have done anything that would have made me more determined to win back his interest. I've found out since that he was interested all along. But he knew how to handle me."

Gene punctuated that last sentence with another smile.

"Then I developed that horrible allergy thing. My eyes were swollen, and my face was swollen, and they couldn't seem to find out what was wrong with me. I think the whole trouble was nerves. I was still new to Hollywood—which was completely different from any other world I had ever known. I had always led a more or less sheltered, inconspicuous life. And, until then, I had been living up to the idea that I was conspicuous in Hollywood, just another hopeful begin-

"Suddenly I was pushed into the title role of a big Technicolor picture, pitted against people who were experienced. My nerves simply went haywire."

"I simply had to get away. After all, marriage was such a serious step. But I couldn't have kept going. Oley would drive me to the doctor. We saw each other every day. Finally, we reached the point where we decided to marry. We planned to marry on June twenty-eighth.

"Until then, my family had liked Oley. And even those who exactly dislike him. 'Of course, you can marry him,' my father said, 'only I expect him to become a member of the Belle-Tier Corporation. He sent out a contract for Oley to sign.'

When Gene went on the stage, her father and mother (whose name is Belle) founded the Belle-Tier Corporation, for the purpose of supervising the career of their under-age daughter, serving as her agents and protecting her earnings. Gene took one look at the contract, and said, 'Darling, I love you very much—but not enough to sign this.' He would be signing away his rights as a husband to some say about the future of his wife. The head officers of the corporation—namely, my father and mother—decided I should live in New York and work on the stage, he would be powerless to intervene.

"To prove that he had no interest in my earnings, past, present or future, he had Anthony Ryan, a friend of mine and my lawyer, draw up a legal document, which he signed, not only renouncing all rights to handle my money, but renouncing all rights in case of divorce. (Heaven forbid!)

"But that gesture of Oley's wasn't enough for my family. My brother wrote me, 'If you marry a Count, Gene, I'll never speak to you again.' My father made it plain that he wouldn't give his consent to my marriage unless Oley signed that too.

"I had been having this battle with my nerves, my career was like this—she made a wobbling motion with her hands around me, and I was becoming difficult. Nothing was certain except that Oley and I were in love. To make that fact complete, we flew to Yuma and were married June 28th."

(Continued on page 72)
How one Tragic Mistake can add Years to your Face!

CERTAIN SHADES of powder act like the harsh, unflattering light in this picture. They accent every line—exaggerate every tiny skin defect, and even the size of the pores—often make a woman look years older than she actually is.

BUT THE RIGHT SHADE of face powder is as subtle as its lightness as the perfect lighting in this picture. It subdues the little faults of the skin—hides the lines and imperfections—makes a woman look younger and more glamorous!

One Sure Way to Avoid This Mistake!

WHENEVER I see a woman who is the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder, I think: "What a pity! She's adding tragic years to her face, making herself look older than she is—and so needlessly!"

Your face powder should improve your appearance. It should flatter you, make you look younger and lovelier. If the powder you use doesn't do these things it is not a true cosmetic!

The whole secret is finding the exactly right shade of powder for you—the shade that gives your skin new glamor. And now you can! Yes, now you can find your most flattering shade of face powder—without guesswork.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Here's how: Send today for the 9 thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all, one after another, right on your own skin. Keep looking in your mirror—it will tell you when you've found your Lucky Shade!

You see, my powder is different because it's made differently! It's made a new way—the first really new way in generations. It's blown and re-blown by TWIN HURRICANES until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary face powder. And it goes on a new smoother way that makes it cling hour after hour. Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder clings and flatters you for 4 long hours or more!

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your Lucky Shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

Lady Esther FACE POWDER

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your 9 new shades of face powder, also a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packing and mailing.

NAME__________________________

ADDRESS________________________

CITY_________________STATE______

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

BREAN, 1942
ney is no phony. He didn't give himself the title of 'Count.' He was born with it—a descendant of sev-
eral generations of Polish and Ukrainian nobility. His grandfather, Count Antoni Cassini, was Russian Ambassador to the United States. (Port Arthur, Texas, was named after his honor.)

"Oley" was a Count Oleg Oleiowski Cassini de Capizucchi, in Paris, where his father was then in the diplomatic service of Imperial Russia. When Russia went Red, the Cassinis—being White Russians—found themselves a family without a country. Switzerland gave them haven, in Vevey. There, Oley's mother opened a dress shop. The Cassinis prospered and they moved to Italy, where opportunity seemed to beckon.

Growing up, Oleg showed artistic talent. When he was twenty, his mother sent him to Paris to study art. His teacher said, "You have talent, but you won't be a great artist until you have a soul—ten or fifteen years from now."

Oleg couldn't afford to wait that long. He decided he had better commercialize his talent. He went back to Italy, started sketching for the Paris weekly, Le Monde illustré, and eventually was asked to design his own magazine. Since the customers liked his sketches, his mother sent him back to Paris to design for a Parisian weekly. He worked for the famous French designer, Cassini, and designed for the famous fashion magazine, Gazette du Bon Ton.

The family came to America five years ago, to escape the European trend of things. He worked with Designer Jo Copeland, then came on to Hollywood, where, for a year and a half, he worked for Paramount. Now he works for himself—his first assignment, just completed, being the creation of the gowns in "Shanghai Gesture," starring Gene Tierney. And he has done some other projects since. In fact, he has done sensationaly well.

So sensationaly that Twentieth Century-Fox has signed him to create the gowns for Ginger Rogers, Rita Hayworth and their feminine co-stars in the all-star "Tales of Manhattan." Three other big assignments are to follow. It is said that Oley has "grown up" the last big assignment.

Gene said, "I can thank Oley for that. I didn't know how to dress the part until he came in. But I like my life beautiful. And for that matter, I didn't know how to act the part. It's one thing to act all rigged up, and another thing to carry it off. I gave away my best week last week, but now, everything I wear off the screen will be designed by my husband. And I want people to know it."

Gene added, "Oley has been good for me in so many ways. He has given me confidence that I never had before. I feel as if I am just beginning to live. My life is complete at last."

And she wasn't thinking of the sensational movie breaks she has had since her marriage—in "Sundown," "Shanghai Gesture" and now "Son Of Fury" (opposite Tyrone Power).

She commented, smiling, "Sometimes I think he knows me better than I know myself. The other day, for example, I did something he didn't like—but he found a marvelous way to tell me so. 'Don't ever do that again, Gene,' he said. 'You're such a wonderful person in my mind—an ideal. I don't want anything to shatter that. I don't want to believe that the girl of my ideal could do a thing like that.' If anything could persuade me of the error of my ways, that could ... And I'm getting pretty understanding myself.

Last Sunday, for example, he was burning some things out in the back yard and the fire got a little out of control. He was trying to beat it out with a stick. I rushed out with a pan of water—and that put it out. But I didn't say, 'Why didn't you think of that?' He was crestfallen enough that he hadn't, without my rubbing it in. And I know he appreciated my realizing that."

THE newlyweds have bought a small New England Colonial house, on two acres of wooded ground, in Hiddlen Valley, an offshoot of Coldwater Canyon.

"It was a find of finds," Gene said. "We got it for only $10,000. We bought it jointly. We're furnishing it on the cooperative basis. He's buying the essential things, like stoves and refrigerators, and I'll supply the Early American touches.

Speaking of homes, there had recently been a to-do in the newspapers about the possible eviction of Gene's father and mother from their home at Westport, Connecticut, because of a foreclosed mortgage. The mortgage-holder had been awarded a judgment of $5004 against her parents, who told the court they were unable to refinance their mortgage. As to explain the Tierneys' difficulties, the newspapers had taken pains to point out that Gene's parents not only had opposed her marriage but also had been unsuccess-ful in seeking to enforce a contract requiring the payment of twenty-five per cent of her earnings to the family corporation for her affairs. All this had made Gene sound like a daughter who was bitterly disinterested in what happened to her parents—or the home.

Gene's eyes flashed green fire again, when she was reminded of that insinua-
tion in the public prints. "It's true that I've seen my father since my marriage, but that hasn't been my fault," she said. "I've tried repeatedly to have him come to Hollywood and meet my husband, pending the time when our work would allow Oley and me to go East. He has never met Oley, you know."

"It was news to me, as much as it was to the newspapers, that my father and mother were in danger of losing their home. And there was only one reason why I didn't satisfy that $500 judgment myself. I didn't have that much money in the bank."

"That's probably hard for people to believe. But I haven't any pay checks, personally, only since last June—when I signed this new contract. Since then I've made a substantial payment on our house and I'm working on furnishing it and contracting for the remodeling of that house and bought a fur coat. All of which has kept me from saving very much money."

"Before last June all my earnings went to the family corporation. My parents received a generous percentage of every-thing I earned. The remaining over and above my living expenses, was to be kept for me until I was of age. When I heard of my parents' difficulties, I was stunned. I told my father that I was taking enough of my funds to save the house. He didn't do so—I don't know why. I'm com-pletely baffled about their whole business.

I can't understand why my family should be in such a position and I can't explain why my father didn't take my sugges-
tions. After all, I'm their only child, and I had every right to object."

"I'll be of age after November nine-
teenth, and if my mother is alive to me then and their house hasn't actually been taken over yet, I'll pay off the mortgage in its entirety."

"I still don't know why she was so positive her marriage was going to last."

"I'll tell you why," she said. "I can come home and live in a house. Before we found this place, I looked at a hundred houses. I liked some things about one house and other things about another. But—when I think of the design, because I didn't feel that I'd yet found exactly the right house, the one I could live in for keeps. When I found this house, I knew that it was the one. I didn't have to look any farther."

"Before I came to know Oley, I looked over other men. I liked some things about one, and other things about another. But I didn't make a final choice of any of them, because I didn't feel that I'd found the one I could live with for keeps. But when I found Oley, I knew that was the same sure feeling that I didn't have to look any farther. I could be completely happy with him."

The End.
Hollywood—Beware in 1942!
(Continued from page 31)

Carole Lombard: "...her chart warns of a health condition." All the world knows that Carole has not been well this year and she still has a trying period to go through; nerves, illnesses difficult to diagnose correctly and emotional disturbances.

Ginger Rogers: "1941 is a good career year for Ginger Rogers. Ginger is a very talented young lady and can rise to any heights she desires, ..."

She got the Academy Award for her work in "Kitty Foyle." Not bad, eh!

Cary Grant: "Money, prestige and romance. It looks like a double dose of everything for Cary. He has earned money and prestige on his own account. His romance with Barbara Hutton has not detracted from his prestige and money surely is in the pockets of each of them . . ."

Olivia de Havilland: "A year full of activity for Olivia ... honors ... awards ... and financial success."

In "The Strawberry Blonde" she was a wonderful surprise even to her severest critics and the sincerity and simplicity of her performance as the American schoolteacher in "Hold Back The Dawn" must surely bring her honor and financial success.

Bette Davis: "Her stars point to marriage during 1941."

I don't have to go into detail about that prediction. It happened New Year's Eve. That's close enough to suit me.

Errol Flynn: "Beware, Errol, look out for trouble through the opposite sex."

We won't mention any names, but it seems there was a famous cafe battle and Errol got stabbed by a lady with a fork. "... accidents, blackmail and divorce. ..."

Lili Damita, his wife, has just sued him for divorce.

"Especially be on your guard, Errol, from July, 1941, to January, 1942."

As this goes to press there is still time for Errol to get in a jam so I hope he stays on his guard.

"See that woman?—I'd swear she buys a different laundry soap every week."

"Know how she buys?—She comes in and asks me, "Which one's having a sale today?" So I tell her and out she goes, pleased as Punch, with a bagful of bargains. ... And next week she's back again —buying somebody else's soap."

What's a bargain...in soap?

"Some day she'll try Fels-Naptha Soap and she'll be done with all that. Instead of saving pennies here, she'll save dollars at home —you wait and see."


Doesn't this open your eyes?

Maybe you've never paid much attention when we told you Modess is softer. Maybe you're so used to buying one type of napkin that it has never even occurred to you to try another, newer type.

Well, then, listen! to over 10,000 women who tested Modess against the napkin they'd been buying.* 3 out of every 4 of these women discovered that Modess was softer!

Softer than the napkin they'd been buying! The vote of women just like yourself! Doesn't it open your eyes? Doesn't it make you wonder if you, too, have been missing out on extra comfort?

Make your own decision! Try Modess next time you buy napkins. And if you don't agree with millions of loyal users that Modess is softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to the Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write the Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer than the napkin they'd been buying

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

Hint to pretties: Wendy Barrie, running partner of George Sanders in "The Gay Falcon," ties a briso scarf under her chin, smiles for the camera, gives her public a smart idea of what a scarf does for a girl!

"As for Errol's career—unless he jeopardizes it by his Martian (meaning under the influence of Mars) activities, the year brings him additional popularity."

"They Died With Their Boots On" promises to be his biggest success since "Captain Blood." We'll be back in a flash with a flash about Errol's doings for 1942.

Ann Sheridan: "1941 brings bewildering waves of good fortune but it also brings unexpected waves of adversity. However, the two seem to balance."

For a time it looked as though Ann's differences with her studio might spell the end of her brief career (adversity). "August 1 begins a new and exciting cycle for her professionally."

Her differences settled it looks as though Ann is now well on her way to being established. Her romantic life? Wait a few pages.

Deanna Durbin: "... Remember that whatever happens, 1941 and 1942 see you achieve far greater success than you have had so far. You have excellent judgment; be sure you use it."

Very good advice for Deanna to remember now, in the light of her trouble with her studio and the fact that Universal holds her studio contract until 1943.

Hedy Lamarr: "November 9, 1941, begins a new cycle favorable for publicity and this period seems to bring her into very beneficial contact with writers or publishers."

By the time you read this you will know whether this prediction is accurate or not. It is too early for me to tell you. "As for love—January 1 to 4 sees the beginning of a new love affair or the revival of an old one."

There are and have been many reports about Hedy and Reginald Gardiner up to the time of her marriage to Gene Markey and after her divorce from him. Also she seems to play quite a game of hide-and-seek with John Howard and last January she resumed her friendship with both of these men according to the gossip columns and still sees them both if rumor is to be trusted.

And so with Hedy we leave 1941 and spread out the astrological charts to read what 1942 holds for the Hollywood stars.

Stirling Hayden: Since there has been so much speculation about Stirling Hayden, let's start off with a look at his chart. Mars, planet of war and energy, is in Stirling's fifth house, house of the movies, and in Leo, sign of the actor, but it is surprisingly prominent. Uranus, the planet that accounts for sudden and unexpected events and erratic behavior. Therefore, when Stirling announced that he was going to do all the movies, he meant just that. Strange as it may seem, this good-looking boy doesn't give a hang about the plaudits of the public; in fact, he shrinks from publicity and exploitation. It is my guess that all the publicity about him and Madeleine Carroll makes him even more determined to get out of the public eye.

Stirling is best fitted for work behind the scenes, whether it be in the movies or with the Government. During 1942 Stirling means to bring work in seclusion. It could very well be in the Intelligence Department, with a branch of radio, or it may be some secret mission. He has a keen inventive mind and someday money will come to him through invention or creative work. His chart tells us that he is fitted to give rather than to take rewards.

Now let's see about the Madeleine Carroll angle. If the birth date I have is correct, Stirling began to get restless and dissatisfied along in May, 1941. In July romance and love ran riot causing a terrific emotional conflict. As for love in 1942, August or early September brings her either a renewal of the love of July, 1941, or a new love and it marriage.

Kathryn Grayson: She took matters into her own hands and pranced off to marry the man of her choice with complete disregard for the powers that be or her indebtedness to them. Now she must watch out this year for conflict and trouble between her and those in authority and think twice before she acts. She can rise to great heights and will retain her popularity with the public; but she should remember that the public must see and hear her in order to appreciate her and that it is the people behind the scenes who can block or open up the road to success.

During 1942, Kathryn, your luck and your stars won't be pulling for you quite so strongly as they were in 1941, so use that alert brain of yours to control your impulsive nature and heed the advice of your elders.

Robert Stack: I don't know anything about Robert Stack except an astrological chart on a piece of white paper, so if I stick my neck out and into your
private affairs, Robert, and cause you any trouble, please forgive me.

Robert's chart shows him to be temperamental, independent and much inclined to act first and think afterward. He has a keen mind and a good memory and his popularity will increase as he grows older. He should be given serious parts. His chart shows a stormy life and plenty of it.

Dynamic aspects are in his chart for 1942 which may interrupt his career in September or October.

Joan Crawford: It looks as though Joan Crawford has gone in for considerable seclusion this past year and I have an idea that she is going to spring a few surprises come 1942.

July and August mark a favorable period for a new venture. She appears to break away from former activities and to seek a new vehicle for self-expression. This will be a particularly fine time for her to sign a radio contract or begin a radio program, concert work, perhaps even opera. Don't let anyone fool you about Joan's voice. She really has one. Venus in Taurus proves it.

Joan is as full of surprises as a church fair grab bag and she may pull out a love affair or marriage which has thus far escaped the press. Around February 20 romance rears its beautiful head again and between February and early summer there is a strong indication that she will announce her marriage.

Great happiness comes to Joan through children.

George Sanders: He has a remarkable chart and at last he is really coming into his own in spite of those who have thus far kept him back. He has originality of force, magnetism, sex appeal and brains and could handle a three-way contract-writing, acting and directing. Instead of brawlies and menaces he should play swashbuckling romantics or sophisticated romantic parts. The next two years for George should be super. His finances appear to boom and though I seldom advise it, in his case, after July, 1942, he can even afford to take financial risks.

If unmarried now, George cannot escape much longer if the woman with whom he is in love is free; and sure as fate he is in love according to every indication in his chart. For George Sanders from now into the fall of '42 will be a very romantic period.

Judy Garland: The new year brings even more success to her and anything she starts the last week in May will bring her happiness and good luck.

However, she must be on her guard against people who may try to double-cross her. Judy is idealistic and loyal to a fault and this year she may suffer loss through the opposite sex. This can refer to business, friendship or love. So caution, Judy, in every decision you make during 1942.

There is a bird looming in the distance and it looks as though the star may circle over the Garland-Rose home in 1942 or early 1943.

Hedy Lamarr: From February 1 to March 8, Hedy must be careful of accidents, especially at the studio or on location. After June long journeys are favored for her, particularly a sea voyage. She may go to distant lands and make a picture, as an entertainer or on a friendly mission.

The stars indicate marriage or a thrilling love affair in April or May and money comes to her through marriage, inheritance, partnership or business.

Errol Flynn: He has to beware of the opposite sex; even more so than in 1941. They spell bad news for you this year, Errol, so if you haven't any caution of
Men ARE that way—
they love Soft HANDS

says Joan Blondell
(Lovely Hollywood Star)

Thrilling Hands for You—easy with
this almost-professional Hand Care

Why ever have unromantic, rough,
chapped hands? Regular care with
Jergens Lotion helps prevent them.
Many doctors help harsh, coarse skin
to heavenly smoothness with a certain
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Jergens Lotion. No sticky feeling! Jergens is by far the favorite Lotion!

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
Mail This Coupon NOW
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The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3535, Cincinnati,
Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)
I want to have those soft hands Joan Blondell advises.
Please send purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion—free.
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LOTION
FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

your own, hire ten people if necessary
to protect you. From the middle of Au-
gust through September you might in-
crease the ten to twenty and keep them
around you for the balance of the year.

From the end of May well into June
Errol is favored in his career and his
box-office appeal, for he has Jupiter
conjoining his sun, an aspect which
occurs once every twelve years.

Myrna Loy: The month of May brings
a period of emotional strain to Myrna
Loy and she will probably have to keep
her chin up just as she has for the past
year and a half. The middle of June,
however, should put an end to Myrna's
domestic troubles.

June brings her unexpected benefits
both in career and finances and this will
be a wise time to sign contracts, papers
or to enter into a profitable partnership.

Myrna has managed to triumph over
her adverse aspects so far and if she
can carry on until June, her stars will
bring her her heart's desire.

Olivia de Havilland: She's another girl
who is coming under wonderful aspects
around June 10 for the remainder of
the year. Olivia's stars point to an award
either for 1942 or possibly in 1943 for
work begun this year. Now, Olivia scales
the heights. April 1 she comes under
Jupiterian vibrations which increase her
magnetism and give her a much stronger
appeal for men than she has had pre-
viously.

During March and April, Olivia, guard
against accidents and hasty decisions and
don't get temperamental.

Alice Faye: In February and March,
Alice Faye meets responsibilities which
cannot be sidestepped.

She must take care of her health and
watch her finances, for this is a period
which, if not properly handled, can have
a far-reaching affect upon her career and
her life.

From May until the middle of June,
Alice, guard against accidents from fire,
electricity and water. Guard your health
and be more conservative in every way.

August 15 marks a good period for
Alice to resume her career if she heeds
all the foregoing advice.

Shirley Temple: 1942 appears to release
Shirley from the Mars tension which has
been obstructing her career for such a
long time. After her birthday in April
she comes under better aspects, but until
1943, radio, rather than motion pictures,
should be her medium.

Deanna Durbin: Even though her last
picture was a wow, she had better not
try to force any issues until July, 1943.
For no matter how far out she sticks
that pretty, well-rounded chin of hers
she can't win. Lie low, Deanna, go along
amicably until next year when the lucky
stars that put you where you are today
favor you again.

Bette Davis: You and I will all be
happy to realize that Bette's marriage
looks secure for 1942. She is under
splendid vibrations from Uranus this
year and her career continues to boom.
During the latter part of February and
early in March Bette must look out for
accidents and disagreements. For Mars
makes her hotheaded and hard to get
along with.

Nothing but a transit of Mars, the
warrior, Bette, so count one thousand
every time you're tempted to get riled.

Now let's gaze into the future year
for some of Hollywood's famous
couples.

Stanwyck and Taylor: The charts of
these two blend as though the match had
been made in heaven instead of in Holly-
wood. This is one movie marriage that
shows every indication of enduring. Bob

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
is practical and his practical side serves
to stabilize Barbara's high-strung, emotional side. He is also romantic and
sympathetic. Every woman knows how
necessary this is to make marriage last.
In comparing their charts I find not
only congeniality and harmony but com-
plete understanding, and as if this were
not enough the 1942 planets shower them
with wealth and success.
During 1942 Bob's career moves along
at the same even pace and he maintains
the prestige he has earned.
Barbara is coming under marvelous
vibrations. I believe she will win some
sort of an award this or next year.
This year the stars make up for some
of the dirty tricks they have played on
her in the past and bring her whatever
she most desires, whether it is recogni-
tion for her work, a long-cherished
secret dream, or possibly a child, her
own or an adopted one.
Gable and Lombard: Last year I told
you all about Mr. and Mrs. Clark Gable
and how well suited they are in every
way. They still are—but I want to warn
Clark that due to the transiting Jupiter
in opposition to his radix Jupiter, Saturn
and Venus, he will be under bad aspects.
He must be as conventional as a country
schoolmarm during all of 1942 and espe-
cially during August. The heretofore
tolerant public will scowl and turn
thumbs down at Clark's slightest deviation
from the path of convention.
August and part of September are bad
for Carole also. Her chart indicates some
sort of whispering campaign affecting her
home started early and which, under the
bad aspects of August and September,
can turn into loud talk and black head-
lines if not checked in its infancy.
These aspects affect only Carole's home.
Her career prospers and brings her new
acclaim and her health, which has not
been too robust, should improve after
January.
Clark, be careful. You can lick your
stars, you know.
Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton: The
charts of these two indicate that they
could have been married last May. Any-
how, I'll wager that they came close to
it. If they were not married then, I
think they will marry between June
and January, 1943.
Ginger Rogers and George Mont-
gomery: Harmony in their charts, but
marriage would not work out. Ginger's
true love is her career and any and every
man she marries will have to play sec-
ond fiddle. It isn't any secret that there
comes a day when any man resents this
no matter how much he loves his wife.
Ginger's career is safe and sound, much
more so than her love life.
George Montgomery definitely should
not marry this year. Nineteen-forty-two
brings him honor and recognition and
money, but no lasting happiness if he
flouts the warnings of his stars and weds.
Ann Sheridan and George Brent: Both

Flash From Miss Garbo!
Believe it or not, we have suc-
cceeded in gathering some highly
confidential and most revealing
glimpses of this lady of silence
whom Bette Davis calls the
greatest actress in pictures.
Watch for the March issue.

Horrid little Dry Skin Lines
need not mar Your Face too soon

ONE new cream! Gives your face
complete daily smooth-skin care.
It's Jergens Face Cream! Made by the
makers of your favorite Jergens Lotion,
Jergens Face Cream is intended to give
your face the lovable smoothness Jergens
Lotion gives your hands.

Use Jergens Face Cream happily:
(1) for Cleansing; (2) for Softening your
skin; (3) as a suave Foundation for
your powder; and (4) as a Night Cream
for smooth skin.

Think of Jergens Face Cream as your
"One Jar" Beauty Treatment. Use it
and see the fresher smoothness of your
skin. 50¢, 75¢, $1.25; 25¢, 10¢. Already
over 6,000,000 jars have been used!

Your "LEISURE-DAY" SMOOTH-SKIN TREATMENT

Cleanse your face beautifully with Jergens
Face Cream. Then apply fresh cream and
relax for 20 minutes. Remove the cream.

Doesn't your face feel like satin? Now a
dash of cold water before powdering.

ALL-PURPOSE... FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

FREE! GENEROUS SAMPLE
(Paste on a Penny Postcard, if you wish)
The Andrew Jergens Company, 1640 Alfred Street,
Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)
Let me try the new Jergens Face Cream at your ex-
pense. Please send generous sample—free.

Name
Street
City
State

Mail This Coupon Now
Will You Ever Be Rich?

(Good luck—Continued from page 38) "Girl," he worked as a sort of apprentice to each of the production heads—learning about picture-making from start to finish. His "director fund" is a sum set aside toward a day when he will renounce acting and try to get himself a director's job.

"Maybe that won't be easy to do, but if it isn't, I'll have my 'fund' to live on until I can get started," he explained.

Eddie said that another ten per cent of his earnings goes into various forms of life insurance, both endowment policies and ordinary life policies that can be converted into annuities.

"I want to know my wife will be taken care of if anything happens to me," he said. "Seems to me too many fellows don't care what happens to their families after they themselves are dead."

The remaining ten per cent of Eddie's salary saved goes into a fund he and his wife call their "house fund." With this they are going to build or buy a house, but not until they have enough to make a good substantial cash payment.

Little June ("Hall Pint" they call her at Paramount) Freisier also saves twenty-five per cent of her earnings, she declared proudly. (This is in addition to the fifty per cent automatically impounded until she is twenty-one by the State of California under the "Coogan Law.")

"Besides," she added, "a girl likes to be independent even though she does finally find herself a husband to support her!" (June is engaged to Gar Wood Jr. and will probably be getting married any day now.) She said she likes to have ready cash on hand and so half of her savings go right into the bank.

She buys annuities with the other half.

"You know—so I'll have a steady income when I become old and feeble, but not a big sum of money which some slicker might get away from me. You know how impractical old ladies are..."

She grinned that engaging Freisier grin.

ELLA NEAL declared she is saving twenty per cent of her earnings which, she insisted, "is pretty darn good when you figure I've only been in pictures a year and don't exactly make a fortune."

When Ella was given her Paramount contract, her mother signed a release guaranteeing not to claim any of her earnings. Thus none of her salary is impounded by the state, though she is not yet twenty-one. Her savings include payments on a small endowment insurance policy, which her parents took out for her some time ago in order to teach her to save money, and bank accounts. She said she wants, someday, to buy a dress shop and design the clothes herself.

Phil Terry said he saves about twenty-five per cent of what he makes and that practically all of that goes into government bonds.

"I'm patriotic, you see," he remarked. And then, grinning, "Besides, government bonds are a darn good investment!"

Betty Jaynes Rhodes (who in private life is Mrs. Douglas McPhail and has a small daughter) admitted she doesn't save much of her money besides the fifty per cent which is automatically impounded by the state, since she is not of age. She said, however, that she does carry a small life insurance policy for the baby and another for Douglas.

ABOUT this time, most of the group were called back to work, but they left us with something to think about. Was such practicality typical in this fabulous Hollywood of ours, or was it simply remarkable coincidence that all in this sextette should handle their money so carefully, while others trod the traditional path of extravagance? So we interviewed a large group of Hollywood's best known starlets—not the Mickey Rooneys or the Judy Garlands, to whom wealth and security are already definitely assured, but those who have not yet climbed quite so high and whose salaries are not, therefore, quite so large.

There is Tim Holt who says, "Saving is forgetting that you make as much money as you do." Tim, as you know, has a contract with RKO. He also has a real business head on his shoulders. He started out with nothing. He's been working five years. During that five years, he has acquired a wife, a baby, a fifteen-acre ranch, a completely furnished home on the Pacific Palisades, five horses, a large amount of life insurance and a small savings account.

He bought the ranch from a bank whose officers he talked into selling without the usual down payment—since he didn't have any down payment. Now, the establishment which is run by a man who formerly worked for Tim's father, Jack Holt, is practically paying for itself. To date, Tim figures it has cost him about twenty-five per cent of his earnings—which, he points out, weren't very much at the beginning of his career.

Besides this, Tim has invested about fifteen per cent of his income in life insurance—the kind that later can be...
If buying that ranch is costing less and less of his earnings, Tim is putting the surplus into defense bonds. He keeps only a small amount of cash in the bank. "I think money should work for you, rather than the other way around," he says.

Anne Shirley, also at RKO, says she saves approximately fifteen per cent of her salary, which is disposed of as follows: Ten per cent of her salary bought for her baby daughter; five per cent in life insurance which can be converted into annuities later on if she wishes. She uses another five per cent of her income for payments on an annuity she is buying for her mother. Anne is, also, one of those sagacious movie stars who puts away a certain sum each week into an "income tax fund." Although in private life she is Mrs. John Payne, she and John keep their finances separate.

John, who is Twenty-first Century's whitest hope for 1942, admits he isn't too practical in the handling of his money and that budgets drive him crazy. So he just does this: After all obligations are taken care of, he saves the rest, putting it into government bonds and annuities. John doesn't believe in the great American institution, the installment plan; he pays cash for everything and doesn't buy if he hasn't the cash. He said he has never figured out the per cent of his salary saved, that he just does the best he can—but he forgets to get fun while he goes along.

George Montgomery, handsomely young star at Twentieth Century-Fox, has ordered the studio Credit Union (a sort of savings bank which pays good interest) to withhold half of every pay check. With the rest of his money, he supports himself and five relatives, which doesn't leave him very much over, he told us. However, he went to Great Falls, Montana, a while back and made down payments on two ranches!

"Took every cent I had," he confided. His agent was mad as hops. So now it is in George's savings, with another here and there. And he's continued his horse business.

Lynn Bari, also at Twenty-first Century, may be big and blonde and sex-appealing, but she knows what financial matters are all about, too. Lynn is a firm believer in government bonds. She doesn't exactly budget her earning after all her bills are paid and a sum set aside for payments on income tax and on an annuity she is buying which will give her $25 a week life insurance; after that, cash left over in all kinds of bonds—defense bonds, postal savings, United States bonds, and so on. Roughly, she figures that with the net she is saving thirty per cent of her salary.

Carole Landis, another Fox star, spends every Thursday evening going over her finances and keeps a record of them down to the very last cent. Every time she has been earning anything, she has saved twenty-five per cent of what she makes—even back in the days when that meant scrimping plenty. She likes to think that when she is converted into annuities.

Now that his ranch is costing less and less of his earnings, Tim is putting the surplus into defense bonds. He keeps only a small amount of cash in the bank. "I think money should work for you, rather than the other way around," he says.

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Here's grand way that has helped improve complexion of thousands of women

- If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexion.

Why it does so much

One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, medicated cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also helps in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too. Nurses were among the first to discover how grand it is as a complexion aid.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. For a limited time you can get a generous 25c jar of Noxzema for only 19c at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help your complexion. Get a jar today and use it as a night cream and powder base. See what it does for your skin!
The Truth about Stars' Charities

(Continued from page 67) with charities, incidents that, if names were published, would be enough to damn some Hollywood figures forever.

For instance, some stars are fearful snobs about their charities and some are charity climbers, just like their society sisters in other towns. And some stars are downright stingy, with two particular stars, both male, standing out as tighter than mucilage on a stamp.

The charities that attracted all the snob stars were the British charities, so terribly cricket, you know, and absolutely plump with lords, ladies and even duchesses. It isn't as though a lot of sincere people didn't start making bundles for Britain, genuine souls like Benita Hume Colman, Annabella, Pat Paterson Boyer and many others. But there were also some stars who had never got on quite the right side of the Beverly tracks who tried to make it by going all out for Britain.

There was, or rather is, one in particular who, very American, is driving all her sister Americans wacky by her demands upon them. She decided one night to call a star who heretofore had been too minor for her to notice.

"I'm collecting for the British," said Miss Blank," "What will you give me!"

"Nothing," said the lesser star.

"But you don't understand. This is Miss Blank," said the star.

"I do understand," said the lesser star, "and I still won't give unless you will give an equal amount to my favorite American charity."

The major star rang off indignantly. Giving to starving Americans isn't chic right now.

The two stars who get a gross of fishbooks with each pay check, to make sure that not so much as a dime will slip away from them, work at two different studios. The one is carefree as a lark but has been desperately poor, has earned everything he has by his own efforts and thinks the other guy can do the same. He won't give to anything and he is honest enough to admit it.

The second star does a bit of camouflage. He's the type who is lousy about service in the studio cafe and then tucks a nickel under the plate for the waitress, whose weekly salary is 100 per cent less than his. Hit him with a hard-luck story and you get a lot of sympathy—and that's all. His act is that his agent keeps him broke, having him on a budget, you understand.

But now for some heartening anecdotes about Hollywood charities.

As far as the purely personal charities go, some of them are, of course, so big that there is no keeping them out of the papers as the stars would prefer. In this class were Cary Grant's gift of the $125,000 he earned from "The Philadelphia Story"—half to the British Red Cross and half to the American Red Cross—and Edward G. Robinson's patriotic and beautiful contribution of $150,000 to the USO. Cary gives away most of his "extra" checks. Checks he gets from broadcasts he automatically turns over to China Relief. The $125,000 he is receiving from "Arsenic And Old Lace" he will never see. That goes twenty-five per cent to the USO, twenty-five per cent to the American Red Cross and fifty per cent to British charities.

Randolph Scott turns over not only his broadcast checks but much time to China Relief, as also do Myrna Loy, Gin.

In those days they called me
The Wreck of the Hesperus

"Don't believe it. It's impossible. It can't be you, my good-looking friend. Never!"

"You're nice and polite. But there I am, skinny, homely, and tired-looking. Why, I even . . ."

"Even what? Tell me more!"

"I got used to it! Thought it normal, until I was told I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"That's over my head."

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon . . ."

"My Cinderella girl! I get it. But I don't get the tomato juice part."

"That's the new way to take FLEISCHMANN'S. Listen! Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. Divine!"

Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are natural sources, such as yeast and liver. Remember, if you bake at home, that three of the important vitamins in FLEISCHMANN'S, B1, D, and G, are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go right into the bread.

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast
For Natural Vitamin B Complex

FEBRUARY, 1942

81
Eyes RIGHT! for Romance

Eyes are always right—for love, for romance, for social or business appointment—when you use WINX.

WINX brings out the natural beauty and charm of your eyes—enlivens your whole appearance—gives you a new, fascinating loveliness.

Try WINX and see for yourself what a marvelous difference it makes. Just a touch of WINX Mascara (either solid or creamy form) to your lashes and instantly they appear darker, longer, more luxuriant. WINX Eyebrow Pencil adds form and character to your eyebrows. And finally, to accentuate the color and depth of your eyes, add a subtle touch of WINX Eye Shadow. This completes the picture of a “lovelier, more vivacious you.”

Insist on WINX for finer quality. WINX is water-resistant and easily applied without fuss or bother. Available in all popular harmonizing shades. For lovely eyes get WINX today. At drug and department stores or in handy purse sizes for 10¢.

It’s Oscar time in Hollywood! So don’t miss—
Hedda Hopper’s own Academy Dinner
served up in these pages next month—a feast of fun
with little tin Kewpies and onion bouquets for all in

MY OWN SUPER-SUPERLATIVE AWARDS

BY HEDDA HOPPER

March Photoplay-Movie Mirror
Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) career altogether, because Artie Shaw, her husband, wanted her to . . . but with "Ziegfeld Girl" the Turner ambition was born . . . and these evenings see less and less of the gay Lana in the night clubs, more and more of the serious Lana at home . . .

But John Carroll! . . . John Carroll happens to be Mr. Louis B. Mayer's particular enthusiasm . . . that same Mr. Louis B. Mayer who understands stars so thoroughly and sympathetically . . . that same gentleman who maintains a standard of good taste in production that few studios can come within miles of approaching . . . like all dominant people Mr. Mayer can be stubborn on occasion and John Carroll to him is the irresistible force meeting the immovable object . . . in this case, a producer firmly believing he has a star . . . and a swaggering devil-may-care who just can't be bothered with doing the things you have to do to be a star . . . It isn't alone that John Carroll refuses to be seen with "the right people" . . . or do the "right things" . . . the big things with Carroll is that he sasses directors, he doesn't bother to learn lines until he gets right on the set, he clowns his way through things that he should be serious about . . . repeatedly Carroll gets in a picture and runs away with the notices . . . but now, after three years on the lordliest lot of them all, he is still right at the starting gate . . .

And, of course, Hollywood is in an absolute state about George Montgomery's suddenly appearing as an escort for Norma Shearer . . . on account of George was supposed to be escort and leading man, on screen and off, to Ginger Rogers . . . because there is nothing so potent as "romance publicity" for a handsome young man.

It is said probably because George Sanders simply will not give out with any romance publicity or any publicity at all, practically, that makes Hollywood casting directors ignominious. To ignore him . . . a million women could tell them the dream dynamite that one packs . . . but the casting boys will always fail for the lads that the glamour girls of Cinema Connoisseurs have put their stamps of approval on . . .

Hollywood gossip now that Rise Stevens has been put into "Rio Rita" to replace Kathryn Grayson and nobody expects that the Deanna Durbin quarrel with Universal will be easily settled but the way all eyes are watching Vaughn Paul's first production for RKO is a caution . . . and meanwhile nobody understands just what it is Joan Fontaine wants in the way of roles . . . not after she had to be practically shanghaied into playing the exquisite part of the girl in "This Above All" . . . and everybody wishes he didn't know all those stories about the Crosbys and wishes that he didn't have to take sides . . . because this is a story on which there are two such definite sides . . . Bing's and Dixie's . . . with four such sturdy little boys mixed up in the middle of it . . .

And if, in all this inner chatter of 1942, you hear small mention of those names which, born in 1941, were called "hot box-office" do not be surprised . . . the old order has changed and the youngsters have arrived and taken over . . . and as 1942 goes on few and farther between will be the mature stars who will be able to accomplish Ann Sothern's triumph of coming back via the "Maisy" B's to the glittery A ascendency of a "Lady Be Good" and "Panama Hattie."

The End

CAN YOUR HANDS PASS THE KISS TEST?

MAKE THIS TEST—Brush your lips across the back of your hand. Does skin feel rough, and uninviting? Now use extra quick-drying Cashmere Bouquet Lotion. Notice how smooth your hands have become.

HERE'S WHY—Because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion removes dead skin and surface scales almost instantly, it leaves your hands exquisitely soft and alluring.

PLUSH luxury! you think, when you hear of a society beauty paying dollars for salon hand-treatments. But, with Cashmere Bouquet Lotion you can do it for yourself, many times a day, at about a penny a time. It's speedy, too, because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion works "quick as a kiss."

So after every dishwashing you can give your hands that kiss appeal. Cashmere Bouquet Lotion dries in ten seconds. Leaves no smearable, gooey stickiness. But blessed smoothness. And of course this lovely lotion gives your hands the 'fragrance men love'.

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Lotion

Another member of Cashmere Bouquet—the Rice of Family of beauty preparations.
Tanks can batter their way through battle lines.

Bombers can blast whole cities into the earth.

But neither can conquer a people whose nerves can "take it," whose strength is great, whose courage is high.

There is a greater enemy to nerves and strength and courage than tanks and bombers. It is the lack of a tiny ingredient—found so generously in a grain of wheat—Vitamin B1. Without this ingredient, we become listless, moody, weary and afraid. The starving peoples of Europe know this only too well.

In the United States of America there is no reason why everyone cannot have his share of this very important Vitamin B1. Millers have found scientific ways to mill flour so that it retains Vitamin B1 and other members of the B-Complex "family," plus food iron. They have gone even farther; those essential ingredients now can actually be added, either in yeast or pure chemical compounds, so that the Enriched Bread you buy from your baker or the enriched flour you buy for your home has the recommended amount of each!

This flour, and the tasty rolls, biscuits and bread it makes, are available to all of us. Enriched flour turns out baked products that taste exactly like they've always tasted, but made with this new kind of flour, these foods now add to your diet precious food factors to bolster your strength, protect your health.

Wherever you see flour advertised as "Enriched," your merchant is offering a product that is aiding our Government's program to make America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America
When G-Girls Get Together

(Continued from page 30) "What have I got in common with that glamour puss? She's probably bored with everything but herself."

"Me like that 'Maisie!'" Hedy looked her incredulously, for she went jitter-bugging every night at the Palladium.

This good-natured "feud" continued. From time to time other mutual friends told Ann she was likely Hedy, Lily, and Murray, who often told Hedy how much she'd like Ann, invited them both to a party. The room was filled with people.

The two girls just happened to sit down on the same couch, and at the same time. So they started to talk. Five hours later they were still talking. Lily finally had to tell them it was time to go home.

HEDY told Ann about Jamesie. Ann hung on every word concerning the little boy who is at last Hedy's for keeps. For now since he was taken out of her life, Ann found herself talking about David. To Hedy she poured the touching story of the lad she had brought into her home, planned to adopt, to give a brilliant future. Hedy understood Ann's suffering when she spoke of David's departure. Their mutual love of children was the first binding link.

Since Lily MacMurray's party, there hasn't been a week when Ann and Hedy missed seeing each other. Sometimes it's often it's afternoon, sometimes it's almost evening. Soon after they met they discovered their houses were exactly one block apart, their street numbers exactly the same. What a coincidence, Ann thought, isn't it working? Hedy takes a walk with Jamesie. If Ann is home, they stop by, awaken her, sit at the foot of her bed and "dope". Hedy rambles on for hours. Ann just listens. Later on, the day, Ann, who hates telephoning, puts a call for Hedy. This time Ann talks. Hedy listens. They discuss the studio, scripts, personal problems. Hedy is inclined to hide away from people. Ann urges her to get out and enjoy herself. When Ann tries to plan every moment, Hedy begs her to stop forcing. To live more for today. So, many respects, they find themselves good for each other.

As a rule, when a married couple come to the door of the way, the wife goes home to mother. Ann's mother, a concert singer, was busy on a tour. So Ann went to Hedy's. Having a similar experience, Hedy could appreciate Ann's feelings. She determined to help her get over it. It wasn't sympathy that Ann needed. Hedy was intelligent enough to know this would have been the wrong procedure. So she tried other tactics.

"Annie darling, you look so forlorn," Hedy fondly poked fun at her. "You look just like me!"

The ridiculous picture appeared to Ann's sense of humor. She burst out laughing. Right then and there the name stuck. Ann got even by referring to Hedy as "Vinegar Puss." This title too has now become a legend. One of Ann's favorite stories on Hedy concerns the time she called the studio for night rehearsals.

"I was only supposed to work until twelve," Ann tells it. At the same time she doubles up laughing. "Hedy gave me the same story because she goes to bed early. Well, it turned out that we shot until after two. It was nearly three when I very carefully unlocked the front door and...I took off my shoes and started stalking up the stairs as quietly as possible. The door to Hedy's room burst open. There she stood at the top of the stairs. Her arms were folded. She was laughing and crying all at once."

"Women! Earn Money of your own!

Take Orders from Friends, Neighbors for Lovely NYLON or SILK HOSIERY

Yes—money of your own! Earn it easily in your spare time by calling on your friends and neighbors with sensational new kind of hosiery, and taking their orders. You don't need experience—it doesn't matter how old or young you are. Show your friends amazing new kind of TRU-FIT NYLON HOSIERY, made in a multitude of patterns to fit every customer's foot size, length, and leg type. Also show your hosiery, quite SNAG-PROTECTED CHIFFON SILK HOSIERY that wears twice as long as ordinary nylon hosiery and can't tatter holes in hull. You can get hosiery for our FREE HALL PASS in a sales bonus!

TRU-FIT NYLON

A new idea! Lovely, long-wearing and more luxurious because made in a variety of patterns to fit every customer's foot size, length, and leg type.

SNAG-PROTECTED CHIFFON SILK HOSIERY

Made of patented twisted thread. Proved by actual, impartial wearers. It's going to wear twice as long as ordinary silk hosiery. Lovely, sheer, silk hosiery that gives amazing results.

OUTFIT FREE For You

SEND NO MONEY! Just mail this coupon. Get the complete equipment ABSOLUTELY FREE. You're not obligated in any way. Start today on the road to spare time money of your own. Learn what it means to have money in the bank and cash in your purse—for long hours of spare time effort. Don't wait Act! You're not obligated in any way. Rush this coupon TODAY.

AMERICAN SILK HOSIERY MILLS, Dept. G-16, Indianapolis, Ind.

Please rush my complete hosiery outfit. I understand this outfit is ABSOLUTELY FREE to me, and that I am not obligated in any way.

Name

Address

City

State

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 "$\text{WILL MY BABY HAVE ALL I PRAY FOR?}"

- Health, happiness, strength, growth.
- Sturdy manhood or beautiful womanhood. All these things and more. And freedom and happiness for Mother, too.

These are the blessings our Baby Editor had in mind when she planned these 12 leaflets for the young mothers-readers of this magazine. Just read the titles:

- 300 Names For Your Baby
- The First Five Years
- How to Travel With Baby
- Convalescent Child
- Rainy Day Fun
- Bathing Baby
- What Shall I Buy Before Baby Comes
- Helping Your Child to Help Himself
- How to Take Good Baby Pictures
- Books, Stories and Poems That Appeal to Children
- Time Saving Ways to Do Baby's Laundry
- Ten Commandments For Good Child Training

The whole helpful daze of them are yours for just 10c. Send 10c in stamps or coin to cover costs. Just give the ages of your children, your name and address.

Reader Service, Dept. P027, PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

FEBRUARY, 1942

58
Swing to Popularity!

For Daintiness
Use Odoron Cream

- Whether the music is sweet or swing, Arthur Murray's sophisticated dancers must always be "sweet" in a close-up! So it's real news for you that these charming girls who dance "niles" a day choose Odoron Cream to guard against "fatal" undertow odor and dampness.

Non-irritating, non-greasy, non-gritty, Odoron Cream ends perspiration annoyance—for 1 to 3 days! Swing to daintiness the Arthur Murray way... with Odoron! 10¢, 39¢, 59¢ sizes (plus tax).

The Odoron Co., Inc., NEW YORK, N. Y.

1 FULL OZ. JAR—
ONLY 39¢ (Plus Tax)

MAYA LEAGUE keeps
that bundle freshens
lesson after lesson!

ENDS PERSPIRATION
ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1 TO 3 DAYS
GIVES YOU MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY
* ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—
REGULAR AND INSTANT

Before I met her I imagined that Hedy would be dull—beautiful but dull. I supposed she'd spend hours in front of her mirror. It takes her fifteen minutes to shower, dress, put on lipstick and run a comb through that mop of hair. We go out eating instead. She never looks in that mirror once. When you can say that about a gal—you know she must be a pretty real person.

ANN is much closer to being a hausfrau than she is a jitterbug. Hedy tells you amusingly. "But, you know, before I knew her I only used to see her—" at the Hollywood clothes. She's wearing all that junky jewelry. I imagined she must be that same kind of person off the screen, which proves what a convincing actress she is. I didn't realize how beautiful and glamorous she was until we met that night at Lily MacMurray's party.

"Ann wasn't made to be a career woman. (Here we go again)! In real life she's anything but one. We wouldn't be friends if she were. She probably wouldn't like this, but I think Ann has the greatest maternal streak of any woman I know. Ann is always worrying about something. Or someone. Once I didn't call her for three days. She called me and really let me have it. I knew it wasn't because she wanted the attention. Ann is the most unpossessive person at all times. She was really worried about me. Isn't she wonderful?"

"Ann has the most amazing self-control. I don't know how she does it. I get mad and there it goes! I yell and get it all out of my system. So I forgive more easily. Ann has a way of working things out. It takes her a long time to get mad. But once she turns, it isn't a whim of the moment. She stays that way. You can depend on it. You never have to pretend around Ann. You can confide in her. You never have to caution her."

"Ann and I are so different in temperament. She is the typical American girl—ambitious, friendly, always active. I can't stand to make plans. Ann is always planning something. We both like to laugh. Ann's always saves many a situation. At the same time, she gets so serious about things. When I see her getting that sad look, I just have to say, 'Now, Pluto, that isn't good for you.'"

"I really pay little attention to my appearance. I'm not interested in lots of clothes. I seldom wear jewelry. I never wear hats. One evening Ann came over carrying a large sack. She explained she had seen a hat that looked just like me. Nothing would do, I must try it on to please her. I appreciated her thoughtfulness and interest. So I put on the hat.

"You see, Pluto," I pointed out to her, 'the hat looks just like a goose sitting on my head.' And it did. So she was content to let me send it back."

"I've never had a friend who is as genuine and natural. She is honest with everyone. She allows me to be honest with her. What more is there to hope for in friendship? I know this sounds silly, but I was quite lonely before I met Ann. I've had lots of disappointments. A great many worries. So I stayed by myself. Too much I guess. Ann insists on sharing her friends' burdens. So she made mine seem lighter. She's made me want to be with people again. I never expected to find this kind of friendship—especially in an actress. But I guess anything can happen in Hollywood."

Ain't it the truth?

THE END
It was raining, a cold, miserable drizzle, and the tea shops and cinemas were full. There seemed to be no place in Gosley for a man and his girl to go. They waited miserably in a partially sheltered doorway until the bus came and climbed into it along with too many other wet, cross people. They didn't find out it was the wrong bus until they'd gone several blocks and by then it was too late to do anything but stay on until they got to the crossroads where—eventually—they could catch the right one.

At the crossroads a timetable informed them it would be fifteen minutes before the bus could be expected—and it was still raining and much colder. The only shelter in sight was a gaunt corrugated iron structure built over a partly cut-out hayrick and they ran for it.

"I'm sorry," Clive said. "It's been a great evening. Crowded out of the tea shops and cinemas—turned out of a bus." Prue shivered, without answering, and he said, "You're cold. Here—" He took a whiskey flask from his pocket. The unaccustomed spirits made her eyes water, but she felt warmer afterwards. The hay against which they leaned was soft and comfortable. Clive laid his hand on hers.

"Don't start that!" she said sharply and snatched her hand away.

"I'm not starting anything!" He was angry, much angrier than she had been, and she felt ashamed.

"I'm sorry," she said. "Give—give me another drink of whiskey."

"You're so beautiful," he murmured when she handed the bottle back. This time she tucked her hand into the palm of his, in wordless apology. He leaned over and kissed her and her arms crept around his neck, holding him close. The whiskey flask slipped to the floor of the rick, forgotten.

Leaford is a resort town on the south coast of England, with a boardwalk and many ugly angular hotels and an amusement pier where before the war they used to have a concert party and sell souvenirs and soft drinks and candy. The pier was closed and the boardwalk almost deserted the afternoon Clive and Prue arrived there.

Prue had a seven-day leave from camp and she had wanted Clive to come with her to meet her family at Walsham. But he had wanted to come here and here they were.

The station taxi deposited them at the steps of the Grand Hotel and a porter came rushing out to take their bags. On their way into the lobby they met a woman in a traveling coat, followed by two children, a nurse and another porter with all the luggage he could carry. The woman stopped and stared after Prue, who had walked past her with her face averted.

Upstairs, Clive and Prue had two rooms with a connecting door between, on the ocean front. When Clive had washed and exchanged his coat for a sweater he came through the connecting door. Prue hadn't taken off her hat and coat. She was standing at the window, looking out over the Channel—toward Calais.

Clive stopped his cheerful whistling. "Tired?" he asked.

Prue didn't turn around. Her voice
was unsteady. "I'm—all right, thanks."

"But what's the matter? You were happy in the train—at the station."

"Nothing's the matter."

After a pause, he said, "Look here—if you've suddenly changed your mind, say so. If you've decided that it isn't right for you, we can pack up and go in the morning. You're free to do exactly what you like."

"You wanted me to come here," Prue said angrily. "Well, here I am—so please stop asking me what I want to do! You're the man in this, it's your job to take the responsibility and decide."

"But what happened? Why'd you change so since we were on the train?"

"I didn't hesitate to send away the tables where only a few of the people were occupied was a torture to both of them. On the train Prue had taken off her uniform and put on a dress. That, and her changed attitude, made her seem like a stranger to him. He remembered that she was one of the rulers of England and that he had been born and raised in a Manchester slum. He made one more effort, at the end of dinner.

"Let's go for a walk. I used to know a little place I've never been. It'll be more friendly there."

But it was time for the news on the radio and Prue would not go.

"Can't forget all that for one night?" Clive pleaded. "Come on—we can go along the beach and get some fresh air.

"And bury our heads in the sand, like ostriches?" Prue asked.

"Are you coming?"

"I can't understand you, Clive. Don't you want to have a good time? He lost all his patience. "It's not going to end the war or make it longer if we take a rest from that sickening radio, is it?"

Prue set her chin obstinately. "It's our job to listen—even when it's hard to take. Go ahead and take your walk. I'm staying."

When he returned, his face damp from the sea air, he found her packing in her own room. She had made up her mind, she said; they'd take the one o'clock train the next day.

I MUST have been long after midnight when Prue awakened. Lying in her bed, she could hear Clive's voice coming through the thin wall from the next room. Clive's voice, yet not his voice. It was harsh, unnatural, somehow commanding.

"Come on, you fool! Come on! There aren't any more! It's no good, I tell you! Get out of it... it's no good..."

For perhaps she listened, terrified, wanting to go in and wake him but afraid to. Then the words died away into unintelligible mumblings, finally stopped.

She was up and had her bath in the damp cubicle down the hall before he wakened the next morning. It was a beautiful, sunny morning and even when her eyes fell on her pocket bag, she felt better. When she was back in her room she heard Clive's door open and looked out, but he was not congruous under a short topcoat, going down the hall toward the bath. Impulsively, she hurried to finish her dressing.

Clive was at the breakfast table looking sulen, when she returned with a package under her arm. She dropped it into his lap. "I did some shopping this morning—"for you."

Wonderingly, he snipped the string with his knife and pulled back the paper to reveal a silk dressing gown. "Prue!"

Suddenly shy, she said, "You looked so furious walking down the passage in that little shriveled-up coat and those bare legs...."

Amazingly, they were laughing, great gusts of laughter that blew away all of last night's constraint and wretchedness. "I'm sorry about last night," Prue said. "That's all right. I understand;

"It's the fact is, we ran into my Aunt Iris."

"Your what?"

"Aunt Iris. The woman who was leaving before dinner. Of course she recognized me. Isn't it incredible? Of all the places we could pick! I knew she'd taken the children to some place on the coast so they wouldn't be bombed, but I didn't know where."

"It isn't in the least incredible," Clive said. "It's the kind of thing that always happens."

Prue picked up a fork and traced muslin patterns on the tablecloth. "Funny—how romantic a thing like this can be," she faltered. "I never knew she had it—then suddenly how—different it all seems when an aunt appears...."

"Are you leaving just because of Aunt Iris?"

"I... suppose so..."

BUT, after all, she didn't leave. Instead, they both moved to another hotel, the "friendlier" place Clive had mentioned the night before. It was an old inn, not at all grand, but—friendly.

At luncheon, from the eatery, the fat proprietor brought an envelope to their table. "A telegram for you, Mr. Briggs."

So he was called. Her fingers itched as he tore the envelope open. But there was relief in his face as he read the message.

"Clive," she said gently, "what's worrying you, darling?"

"Me? Why, nothing."

"You told me you slept very well?"

"I did. Why? What's the point?"

He was defensive. "Nothing... Only I—I heard talking in your room. As if you were having a nightcap, or something."

And now this telegram. "She waited, but he did not answer. "It's all right if you don't want to tell me, Clive."

"I know that now, too."

He tossed her the telegram. "That isn't anything. Read it, if you like."

"Wangled forty-eight hours leave Coming down for binge. Monte," he said.

"Who's Monte?"

"An old friend of mine. You'd like him. He smiled suddenly and lifted the envelope. "He's written, The Coach and Four served with its lunches. "Let's forget Monte. I'm beginning to feel happy again and there's something I forgot to tell you for breakfast."

"What?"

"You're very lovely. And it was very sweet of you to give me that dressing gown."

They were happy for the rest of that day. But that night again, Prue woke up and heard his voice crying out in the darkness. He took up this time, and went into his room to wake him. She was shocked when she saw his face in the moonlight streaming in the window. "Oh, that's all right."

She shook him by the arm, and he struggled up out of sleep.

"You were calling out orders...."

"It's nothing. I'm (Continued on page 90)"
"I love him because he don't know how to kiss—
the jerk!"

Samuel Goldwyn, master producer, scores again with a picture both heartwarming and uproariously funny—the story of a sedate professor who knew all about dead languages and nothing about live ladies until a night club gal crashed his bachelor quarters and rhumbaed right into his heart.

Samuel Goldwyn presents

GARY COOPER • BARBARA STANWYCK

in

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Directed by HOWARD HAWKS

Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.

Screen Play by CHARLES BRACKETT and BILLY WILDER

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(Continued from page 88) all right. It's just when I'm overtired, sometimes I talk in my sleep."

"Clive . . . you were in the army?"

"Yes," he said paintily and despondently.

"Why didn't you tell me, Clive?"

"Why should I? I'm not of it now."

"Were you wounded?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Were you in France? What was it like?"

"You won't be satisfied until I tell you, will you?" he said savagely. "All right — it was hell! Dirty, foul, disgusting. D'you want any more?"

"No, not if you feel like that."

"How did you expect me to feel?"

"Proud. As proud as I am that you were there. Because that's the one thing about you I didn't understand. I knew you weren't the kind of man to shirk."

He turned away, and she went back to her own room.

MONTY — Corporal Montague — stamped in upon them the next morning as if they were having breakfast in Prue's room. He was chunky, blunt and considerably older than Clive, whom he called Nipper. Prue told herself she should resent this new way of speaking, which he accepted her presence with Clive, but he was too disarmingly friendly. They went, the three of them, to the cellars of the Victoria Saloon, where a soldier plied the piano and the floor was crowded with dancing soldiers and their girls. The single waitress was swamped with orders, so Clive left Prue at the table, while he went to the bar for their drinks.

"Sorry I crashed in on you and the Nipper this morning," Monty said in embarrassed greeting. "I thought you were there I shouldn't have done it."

"That's all right. Were you and Clive in . . . France together?"

Monty looked up. "I'll say we were!"

"Was he — was he a good soldier?"

"Was he?" Monty stared at her incredulously. "Listen here, Miss, let me tell you something. If you'd seen him coming up the road from Arras . . . coming through hell as cool as a cucumber — then going back next night and doing it again — you wouldn't have to ask me if he was a good soldier."

"Monty!" They looked up. Clive was standing over them, pale with fury. "When you've won the war, give me a call. I'll be back!"

"Now, Nipper!" Monty forced Clive into a seat. "Don't be a silly chump."

"Well," Clive said. "All right. But we won't talk about it."

"Right!" Monty agreed, and raised his glass.

There was an air raid that night — Lea- ford's first. The same near midnight, after Prue and Clive had left Monty at his own hotel and returned to The Coach and Four. But they had not gone to sleep.

"Monty looked sullenly at Prue, then said good-bye to him," Prue had said. "And I noticed, earlier, the two of you were leaping over the table, talking like conspirators. What's the matter, Clive?"

Clive turned light and threw aside the black-out draperies at the window. "Monty wanted to see me about a friend of his, who joined the army the day the war began. He believed that he was going to fight for his country, but he was bitterly deceived. He was ready to fight and willing to die, if there was sense and reason in it — but he found no reason, and no sense. He was ready to follow his leaders and he found them stupid, complacent and out of date, with no claim to leadership but birth and class and privilege. They were not leading him in a struggle for a better England — they were asking him to help preserve the rotten, worn-out conditions that had kept their class in comfort and his in poverty. They asked him to give his life for something he hated and despised."

There was silence. Prue was standing near him, wrath-like in her negligence. She said softly, "But doesn't he think — the friends of Monty—that this is no time to doubt and argue, when his country's fighting for its life? To be beaten in this war would be terrible!"

"That's what I was trying to see clearly," Clive answered. "He asks himself this dreadful question: If England were to lose, could we be worse off, or weaker, or more shameful? He's told himself he's fighting for England—but do you know what England means to him? It means poverty—hunger—begging for work, no matter how cruel and humiliating. And if our armies win this war, who share will this man and millions like him have in the victory? None—England will be turned to a desert. This man owned it and disgraced it, so that they can go on disgracing it until the next war comes."

Prue almost whispered, "But what is — this man—going to do, if he won't fight anymore for E. ok?"

"Soon—very soon—tomorrow, perhaps —they'll call him a deserter . . . They'll hunt him down—arrest him."

It was then they heard the first planes coming over and the air-raid siren. A horrid clicking smash, almost directly overhead, told of bursting shrapnel from Lea- ford's anti-aircraft batteries.

Prue clung to him, trying to still the terrified leaping of her heart against the solidity of his body. He led her away from the window to the chair by the bed. He cradled her there in his lap like a child.

She cowered at another burst of shrapnel. "I'm afraid I'm not very brave."

"You are brave! You're beautiful." "You're saying that because there's a raid on, to make me stop thinking."

"No. I've told you before, and I'll tell you again, when the man who owns it and disgraced it, so that they can go on disgracing it until the next war comes."

She felt his courage flowing into her and knew she could not have lived through these minutes of terror without him. Whimpering, "All Clear!" she sounded, she went limp with utter weariness and hardly knew when he picked her up and laid her on the bed.

Toward dawn, in his own room, Clive wrote a letter. "Dearest, I would no more attempt to destroy what you believe than I would tell a child that Father Christmas did not exist. Where I am going, I don't know, and I don't care. I'm tired. I want to say how decent you were. I wish I had been more decent to you. Good-bye—I expect you can guess what into the light of knowing each other was very, very sweet. Yours, Clive."

He had dressed before he sat down to write the letter. The opening page was good up and picked up his hat and coat and the letter and went out into the hall. He would leave the letter at the desk downstairs and they would give it to her in the morning, after he was gone.

A deserter from England's army walks in loneliness and danger, every man's hand against him. And Clive is now a deserter, cut off from the girl he loves as well as from his countrymen. Don't miss the conclusion of this dramatic romance in next month's PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.
Round-Up of Pace Setters

Continued from page 50) to Georgia. There were no fine schools of drama to
id Evelyn in her desires, but persistent
fort and faith in herself turned the
rick. So, you see, it can be done.

What's Sarong With This?

Philip (one I, please) Reed has been
making pictures since 1933, always fully
loathed and in his right mind. He was
handsome, young, talented. And so what
happened? Well, practically nothing, as
so many would suppose. No press releases
were written, no world tours were
designed. But, in 1941, Mr. Reed
removed his garments, donned a
sarong for his role of the mysterious
Klondike Larry behind him.

Mr. Reed is a charming gentleman of
ev'eral accomplishments. Besides his ac-
ting ability, he's the best tennis doubles
player in Hollywood and so talented a
jolster as to appear with Werner Jans-
en's symphonic orchestra. Furthermore
-or ready, girls—he's a bachelor, a tall,
lick-hailed, brown-eyed eligible of
irty-two. But hard to catch. He's set
in his ways. He says so himself.

From Erasmus High School in Brook-
y, where he was born, Philip with his
ne "T" joined the Freshman class at Cor-
cell for one year. School dramas, plus
music, had decided him on his course.

He would be an actor.

From Cornell to Hoboken, New Jersey,
raveled our hero to join a stock com-
pany in which, to his utter amazement,
-found himself appearing in blackface
or a role in "The Green Goddess." Furthermore
without Mammy received ten bucks
weekly for his stint.

Along about then Philip decided to add
acting to his congregation of abilities
and began the art of tapping a mean toe
with a redheaded little teacher named
agnesy—Jimmy Cagney.

Several were "Grand Hotel"
-mong them, and a vaudeville tour with he late Lilian Tashman and Alma Ru-
ers came before his advent into pic-
tures, which included such opuses as
Klondike Annie" with Mae West, "Ac-
cent On Youth" and a dozen or so others.

Back in New York in 1936, Philip (still
ith his one "T") joined Tallulah (with
tree "1") Bankhead in the stage play
Reflected Glory." Hollywood was in his
load by then; he'd bought a house and
was aching to get back. One year later
e thought better. He'd traveled to Eng-
land to make pictures, behold the misty
hours of Scotland, viewed the lush green
and lovely countryside, and, because
he was one of the best tennis doubles in
England, he'd been entertained in the
come of Sir James Whatever-his-name-
s during the tournaments, tasting the se-
tenity of English country life and sauted
idneys for breakfast. Hollywood could
-over his all-in-all again. And be-
cause he loosened his grip on it, Holly-
wood flounced after him like a shame-
less hussy, making the name Philip Reed
me no reckoned with.

His last stage stint was a pip. He played
ll through the New York and now mem-
able Chicago runs of "My Dear Chil-
ren," with Barrowmore.

He believes marriage should be made
much more difficult to achieve and di-
Verse easier. He doesn't go gadding
tour night clubs much and likes quiet

... Returns from

forbidden land
to tell of strange

experiences.

DO THE DEAD RETURN?

A strange man in Los Angeles,
known as "The Voice of Two Worlds,"
tells of astonishing experiences in
far-off and mysterious Tibet, often
called the land of miracles by the few
travelers permitted to visit it. Here
he lived among the lamas, mystic
priests of the temple. In your previ-
sus lifetime, he was a very old lama told
him, "you lived here, a lama in this
temple. You and I were boys together.
I lived on, but you died in youth, and
were reborn in England. I have been
expecting your return."

The young Englishman was amazed
as he looked around the temple where
he was believed to have lived and
died. It seemed uncannily familiar, he
appeared to know every nook and
corner of it, yet—at least in this life-
time—he had never been there be-
fore. And mysterious was the set of
circumstances that had brought him.
Could it be a case of reincarnation,
that strange belief of the East that
souls return to earth again and again,
living many lifetimes?

Because of their belief that he had
formerly been a lama in the temple,
the lamas welcomed the young man
with open arms and taught him rare
mysteries and long- held practices,
closely guarded for three thousand
years by the sages, which have en-
abled many to perform astonishing
feats. He says that the system often
leads to almost unbelievable improve-
ment in power of mind, can be used to
achieve brilliant business and profes-
sonal success as well as great happiness.
The young man himself later
became a noted explorer and geogra-
pher, a successful publisher of maps
and atlases of the Far East, used
throughout the world.

"There is in all men a sleeping
giant of mindpower," he says. "When
awakened, it can make man capable
of surprising feats, from the prolong-
ing of youth to success in many other
worthy endeavors." The system
is said by many to promote improve-
ment in health; others tell of in-
creased bodily strength, courage and
poise.

"The time has come for this long-
hidden system to be disclosed to the
Western world," declares the author,
and offers to send his amazing 9,000-
word treatise—which reveals many
startling results—to sincere readers
of this publication, free of cost or ob-
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write promptly, as only a limited
number of the free treatises have
been printed.
I've took PHOENIX to Baltimore, '919, home CHICAGO and Kokomo, 947.

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TINZN MAKE, many (from graduates still to C. to paid Franklin letter (22-M.W.G.), for Large for E. when CAKE....EARN on...use.

Martin's. DYE (from Canadian ink...use...)

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TINTZ Hair or TINTZ Hair.

TINTZ Hair or TINTZ Hair.

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dinners at the homes of his friends.

"O" As In Oh, Honey:

When two eyes of blue come twinkling through, it's O'Driscoll and we'll have you be knowing. No eyes in all Hollywood twinkle and laugh as do Martha's. And why? She's been five years getting a toehold in movies and that's not funny. She absolutely lost the best chance that will come her way in a coon's age when her studio cut her for the lead in "Our Town" that made Martha Scott famous. Is there something to laugh about? The care of her family rests almost entirely on her shoulders and would anyone grow gayer than a gingerbread man over that?"We'll, Martha would, which is why we, you and everyone on the lot and just people everywhere love O'Driscoll.

Martha, whose latest picture is "Midnight Angel," was thirteen when she left Phoenix to come to Hollywood and try her luck at movies. Since she'd been a baby almost, Martha had been preparing for the work she wanted to do, studying singing and dancing. It was summer vacation, hot as blazes in Phoenix, and Mrs. O'Driscoll agreed to bring her daughter to the Coast just for the summer. That was the year of 1935 A.D. and Paramount studios had issued a call for dancing girls. Martha answered the call, giving her age as eighteen (and she really looked it) and went to work in the chorus line for "College." She danced in Paramount's "Big Broadcast of 1936." Universal saw her, signed her and practically dropped dead when Martha told her real age—fourteen.

She didn't make history of pictures, either, at Universal, but a huge scrapbook packed from cover to cover reveals her to be Universal's choice of the girl to pose for leg art, for bathing suits, for new hair-dos and whatever came along.

What finally did come along, of course, was M-G-M and after Martha had graduated from the Immaculate Heart Convent in Los Angeles and completed her high-school career, she signed with the Culver City studio. "The Secret Of Dr. Kildare" as a nurse, "Judge Hardy And Son" as the bespectacled rich girl and "Forty Little Mothers" as a schoolgirl with the program driven across the radio and a number of RKO pictures were sandwiched in between and then just five years later, when she really was just a girl with her first love, Paramount, where she's grabbed off a rich plum in "Out Of The Frying Pan" and a very rich one in DeMille's production "The Wild Wind."

Out in the Valley she's bought a home for herself, her mother and the two younger brothers she adores. She has a unique plan for keeping her heart free from entanglements. She doesn't see too much of any one lad, lest she get into romance heart-deep. And Martha isn't ready for a retail pet, though, she has the Hollywood-night-lifers gazing on her cheek-to-cheeking with Rich and Denning.

Her bowling team, composed of Para and her friends, is a big hit and facetiously called "The Martha O'Driscoll Angels," adores her. When a member is absent, Martha picks right in and bowls with them and, many a time, bowls them over with her high scoring.

She saves half of everything she makes it is a natural blonde and a natural, charming, delightful person to know. We know. We were there.

The End
It's Hollywood's Private Opinion

(Continued from page 45) years to be honored guests at their luncheons, only to be met with the well-known brush-off, suddenly started phoning to inquire in honeyed tones. "When am I going to attend one of your nice luncheons?" This bold stand of the Press Club gals is doing plenty towards taking the starch out of the stars. They've smoked out the phonies for fair and everybody's having a good laugh over it.

Although we're improving, we have a long way to go yet. Only recently, after the Browne-Bioff conviction, a famous editor tried to canvas the important people of Hollywood for a round-robin editorial and the silence was so intense you could have heard an option drop as far as Burbank. There wasn't a great deal of silence, but it was a chance to speak up, but, as usual, through fear we muffed it.

Hollywood's private opinion of certain stars and their drawing power varies widely from that of the public—as witness the time an exhibitor printed a whole raft of names which were poison at the box office. On that list was Katharine Hepburn, who later made a liar out of the gent in "The Philadelphia Story" (and I think "Woman Of The Year," just completed, will be equally good). I don't say that Katie didn't have to work very hard to undo the bad impression she's made, because she did, but she had what it takes and justified Hollywood's faith in her. The same exhibitor named Marlene Dietrich and his timely criticism of her got her down to some real acting. Director Mitchell Leisen tells me that in "The Lady Is Willing" Marlene gives a grand performance and one of the nicest compliments she's ever had was told to me by Aline MacMahon, who's returning to the screen in this one. Aline said she'd expected to just skim through the picture, but, after watching Marlene work the first day, she took her script home with her and worked half the night over her own part. That, my friends, is praise!

There are many others in our town whose talents are admired and respected by their fellow players—Joseph Schildkraut, Walter Huston, Montagu Love, Marjorie Main, Spring Byington, Edna May Oliver, all of whom turn in consistently flawless performances. But the public withholds its enthusiasm and producers continue to bow to the box-office bull (or is it the golden calf?).

AS FOR Hollywood's opinion of pictures, we've guessed wrong so many times you'd think by now that we'd just keep our fingers crossed and let the fans decide, but the industry's always been a hog for punishment and every time we're slapped down it's just a dare to get up and try it again.

With all the brains and all the money and all the talent and all the years of experience behind us, we still can't tell a hit from a flop until it comes up and kicks us in the face. One of the best and most recent examples of this is the first film made by Abbott and Costello, a lowly B that was beaten together for a mere $190,000. But once released, its success was so sensational that it emulated Universal to row with their sweet little money-maker, Deanna Durbin. A year ago they'd have given her the moon and no questions asked; now they're talking back!

Hollywood's private opinion of divorce has undergone a healthy change in the past few years and our married couples no longer hop into and out of double harness with the old carefree abandon. The Paulette Goddard-Charlie Chaplin marital status has ceased even to lift the lowest eyebrow. It's just boring, nobody cares and Paulette continues to climb in popularity. Lana Turner's lightning marriage and divorce we've decided to overlook as a high-school girl's prank but she'll do well not to repeat it, for it's much smarter these days to be happily married with even a baby or two (adopted or home grown) to your credit. The question of divorce is now gone into with much honest heart-searching before the final decision. One recent divorcée who escaped all censure is Lilli Damita. Even Errol Flynn admitted that her request for alimony for herself and baby was eminently fair and the fact that Lilli's still in love with the big good-looking lug has won her sympathy on all sides.

ANN SOTHERN'S decision to divorce Roger Pryor has brought no repercussions other than the regret of their many mutual friends, because they're both such swell eggs and so regular. I think one of the main factors leading up to their split was the reversal of their monetary positions. No man wants to feel that his wife is the superior earner. It not only deflates his ego—it does something to his manhood. He simply must be the head of his own house.

Hollywood hasn't quite made up its mind about all this rash of young marriages that's broken out in the last

HOW TO TELL TWINS APART
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1. Twins are confusing enough. But when one of them deliberately tries to fool a fellow... well... I was all at sea...

2. I'd have popped the question to Joan weeks ago if I'd been sure she wasn't that mischievous twin of hers who never let me be quite sure. Then, one night...

3...I was listening to Bob Hope on the radio...

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year. When Deanna Durbin took the bit in her teeth it seemed to inspire all the other youngsters to follow suit. Metro was in a fine lather when Judy Garland announced she would marry Martha Raye's (ex) David Rose and they practically swooned when their little nun-like Kathryn Grayson, whom they'd sheltered in their bosom for two years and who was about to step into stardom, eloped with John Shelton, a young man who got his chance at the same studio. On the other hand, Twentieth Century was quick to see the advantage in the joining of their star Sonja Henie to millionaire Dan Topping, also Gene Tierney to Count Oleg Cassini, and the fact that Gene's parents set up (as parents usually do but shouldn't) not only gave her even more publicity but won her much local sympathy.

The end of the juvenile marriages is not yet in sight. There's that certain look in the eyes of Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, Mickey Rooney seems undecided between a half-dozen young lovelies and it looks as though Ann Rutherford might soon step off with David May (not of the films). Hollywood's reserving judgment until these romances have been put to the test a bit longer.

It was long Hollywood's private opinion that married couples had no right to be together on the screen yet they seemed to think that husband and wife in a picture together would have no romantic appeal for the public. But Jeanette MacDonald didn't hold water or fight fire like a tigress for Gene Raymond as her lead. The success of "Smilin' Through" has proved that she's right. Since then the husband and Jean Fontaine pleading to play opposite her husband Brian Aherne and I suppose, after the birth of her baby, Alice Faye will insist that her leading man be Phil Harris.

Probably the most unique and mysterious of all Hollywood's private opinions is the ruling on social standing and why. We still pick em mostly for their bank accounts and spending capacity rather than background and good manners, although, since the war, any fourflushing phonny with a foreign title is welcomed with open arms.

Recently the Santa Monica set found out that the wife of a well-known star, who'd been fawned upon as a Southern aristocrat of many years blind, was in reality the daughter of the Village grocer and got her money through a former marriage. She's a perfectly nice and very pretty girl, with charming manners, but if she'd been the original "Scarlet Woman" with a large A tattooed on her chest she couldn't have got a worse cold shoulder. Considering the beginning's of most of these social arbiters, such a performance sounds a bit fantastic, until you stop and figure it out. As my old Crummy used to say (of snobs) "Don't be too hard on 'em, Elda. You know when you're not sure of yourself, you have to be awful sure of the other fellow!"

I had planned to finish this off with a word about Hollywood parties, but, since the war got under way, the word's gone round to pipe down on any opulent display. Simplicity is the keynote and the old, amiable orgies where people imbibed freely, took down their back hair and had their clothes off in a good time are a part of our dim past. The average Hollywood party, these days, is so genteel and so dull you can hear its revolution. The most respectable and conventional in a big way and our refinement has become so "supercolonial" that I wouldn't even bore you by telling about it.
Bob Sterling—Next for Fame

(Continued from page 46) simple after he got here—or had you already guessed? So he got a job selling ties in a Los Angeles men’s store.

“Acting is selling, you know,” he says now, looking very sage about it all. “And I’d had a lot of selling experience. I’m glad I had it for a lot of reasons.”

He pulled up a knee, wrapped his arms around it and proceeded to expand. He is, we might add, one of Hollywood’s most amusing expounders. He warms so to a subject.

“Y’see,” he said, “you have to like people to do any of those things. You have to really care about people. It’s a knack. And I guess I have it. That’s where the hitchhiking comes in. I hitchhiked to Florida once and I found out that it isn’t so much picking up a ride. It’s hanging onto the ride. If you’re interested in the people who pick you up—and get them to talk about themselves—they’ll take you for miles and miles. Otherwise, they put you down at the next crossroads. Far as we go, Buddy,” they say. People like to talk.

He was pretty young when he took the Florida jaunt and he hadn’t the ghost of a notion of what he wanted to do when he arrived in Miami. The only contact of good fortune he could boast was some dabbling in high-school dramatics and some activity with the high-school orchestra. He used this store of knowledge to get himself a job in a small night club and there he learned what it was to have a real audience. A paying audience. He went home that spring with a little money in his pocket and the sound of applause in his ears.

We’ll pick up a couple of threads just here and then deliver Bob to Hollywood, where he belongs. Home, as we said, was New Castle, Pennsylvania. His father, Walter S. Hart, had been a catcher for the Chicago Cubs and had retired to New Castle to manage a golf course.

When Bob returned from Florida, seeing no jobs in the entertainment business at the moment, he went on the road (to his own surprise) selling automobile tires. He liked that, too, because it entailed meeting people. But they promoted him to the credit department after a while and that entailed a lot of arithmetic and no selling. That’s where he was moping when they asked him to take a “vacation” without pay.

So-o-o, next thing he was in Hollywood, selling neckties. He kept pecking away at the studios because that was what he had come out to do. He can’t tell you, to this moment, how he knew he wanted to act. He certainly had no idea about how to go about it.

“Acting is pleasing people,” he said, helplessly. “Just as you do when you sell them things. There’s more to it than that. It’s being able to become somebody you’re not and to think like him and look like him and . . . Well, I don’t have to tell you what acting is. I can’t. It’s something you want to do or you don’t. I want to and I have to.”

There was a pause and then he added, “You still have to sell the customers a bill of goods.”

He spent those early evenings in Hollywood in the public library, reading plays, just in case something should come up. He’d try to think how he would read those lines and often he thought he was pretty good. So when he read that Columbia was looking for a likely lad to play the lead in “Golden Boy” he thought, “I can do that.” Forthwith he went out to Columbia to inform the casting office of this interesting fact. Someone inquired who his agent was and when he said he hadn’t one they advised him to get one. But they gave him a test, anyhow, and signed him to a year’s contract.

“Everything’s all right,” someone told him.”You’re going to play ‘Golden Boy’ and then you’ll be all set. But don’t tell anyone yet. We want to break the news in all the papers at once.”

So he read and reread the part. Rehearsed it in front of his mirror. Wore it thin. And one day Bill Holden dropped in to see him. “I know who’s going to play ‘Golden Boy,’” he said, grinning.

“Oh—did they tell you?” Bob practically thrilled this.

“Ye-ah. It’s me. Isn’t that sumpin’?”

It was, too. Nobody at the studio had taken the trouble even to tell Bob that the part had been given to someone else.

But his contract held for a time and he began to learn about acting in the tiniest of bit parts. “I wasn’t good for anything else,” he says now. “But anyone who had told me that then would have had me to fight!”

He selected an agent at last simply because he liked the looks of the building which housed the agent’s office on the Sunset Strip. The agent took him on. Believe us, it doesn’t often happen like that. Usually it’s almost as difficult to get an agent as it is to get a job in pictures. Followed a fruitless trip to

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FEBRUARY, 1942

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New York, a return to Hollywood, a test or two and a couple of jobs in things like "Gay Caballero" and "Yesterday's Heroes," in case you remember. Then Metro signed him and started grooming him—which brings us right up to Louis B. Mayer's party at Ciro's. And right up to his role in the Garbo picture.

He fell in love with picture—of course, Young players (older ones, too) nearly always do. At the drop of less than a hint he will rush into a recital of the simply amazing facts that Garbo smiles—even laughs—between shots. You gather that he was flabbergasted to see her actually eating a sandwich. He was worshipful when she advised him about his scenes and applauded him when she thought he was good. He was completely breathless about it all.

Ann Sothern cried one day, "Well, tell us something! How does she look? How is she dressed? How is she wearing her hair? Tell!"

Bob was bemused. "She looks all right," he reported, brilliantly. "Most of the time she has on something shiny. I guess it's white. She has a lot of eyelashes. And her hair—well, it's sort of curly and shoved up. That looks all right, too."

Fashion editors, please note.

"But I'm not even going to wonder whether I'll be in it when it's released—until it is released," he said. "And I'm not going to worry about my next part or worry about what they'll ask me to do. I'm never going to worry about or expect anything about anything." He paused and then added, "At least, I hope I won't. Maybe that's the most important thing I've learned!"

Bob shared a bachelor apartment with young Henry Willson, talent scout for the Zeppo Marx agency, until a few months ago when his father met with an accident which resulted in a painful leg injury. This gave Bob an excuse to move his family (father, mother and two sisters) to Hollywood and install them in a little house in Beverly. You're sure that Bob was very sorry his father had met with an accident. But there was a certain—satisfaction in his feeling about "being at home," with his mother's cooking and all.


plainly, seems to grow an awful lot of things which go into raw salads!"

Just as he finished his exciting chore in the Garbo picture, he had his first really tragic, really frightening personal experience. His father suffered a heart attack. A serious one.

"It's so awful—when you don't know from hour to hour," Bob told me, that first day he came to see me. "There's something—cosmic about it, I guess. Anyhow, I'm the man of the family for the time being . . . I'll be better good!"

And there was that sense of responsibility, that first feeling of growing up. Bob has packed a lot of experience into a few years. Maybe Louis B. Mayer saw a very young man maturating very fast and making a good job of it.

His father is better now and Bob is settling back to the job of finding his niche, getting his bearings. Some of it is rough going.

For instance, he doesn't like to go to Ciro's very often. The photographers inside and the autograph hounds outside the place appall him. "I guess I just haven't got used to it yet," he confessed. "I know you have to be nice. It's part of my job to be nice. And it isn't that I'm shy, either. Could an ex-tire salesman be shy? But something happens to me when they point those cameras or when a lot of people swarm up and ask for autographs. I get cold inside. I have a feeling that most of them don't know who I am—that they're taking a chance on my being somebody—and what am I going to say if one of them asks me?"

Then, of course, there's the girl question. There has to be a girl question with anything as good-looking as Bob Sterling running around Hollywood. He
finds it just a little bit puzzling.

He classifies girls roughly as "glamour girls" and "outsiders." Don't be shocked at the latter term. It merely means that the girl is not in or trying to get into pictures. The difficulty is that the glamour girls want to be seen only in certain places. Their movements are pretty much curtailed. And they want to talk shop incessantly. He thinks that this constant harping on work gets boring and he tries to spend an evening with even the prettiest girl who doesn't know a thing about the inside of a studio. Bob is pretty intense about his job and wants to take up a little bit, he discovers, after all. But the little outsider is consumed with curiosity about film figures and imagines that he should know the "inside gossip" about everybody. He doesn't and that, for some reason, embarrasses him. He feels that he's letting her down and they generally wind up the evening with a feeling of mutual disappointment.

After he had confided these bewilderments he said, worriedly, "Maybe I shouldn't have told you any of this. I have a feeling that when I fall for a girl—and it might be any time, you know—I will be hard and final. And none of the things we said will turn out to be true—or to matter.

"THE house where he lives with his father and mother (where he eats all the gravy) has an upstairs suite which is his own. A living room, dressing room, bedroom and bath, "It just happened to arrive," he explained, "and it's very convenient because I can play my radio there quiet hours without disturbing the others. We were awfully lucky."

He's really good at golf. Plays in the low figures and is viewed with respect by experts. "I'll play in a tournament when I get time," he says, looking worried, "it might be fun, at that. I've never had time to play except around he edges of other things I was doing."

His best friends are the aforementioned Henry Wilsson and a young actor, Craig Stevens, who has just caused such a stir in his spectacular war in Warners' Steel Against the Sky.

Then there is Muggs, the mongrel dog whom he acquired by accident at Corrado. "A nice girl had found him and aiken the trouble to get him across the border, and then her family wouldn't let her keep him. Can you imagine?" Bob explains. Then he tells you and tells you and says you how wonderful Muggs is. It's a difficult subject to change.

Next to Muggs—and gravy—he likes lothes. Especially English tweeds and odf suede jackets and gabardine slacks and shoes. He's a sucker for good shoes and confides that he has never yet wore enough of them (with shoe trees) to satisify him. He just likes to see them sitting on a shelf like rows of chorus girls or something.

He's nice and enthusiastic and unaffected and you'd like him if you met him. He hasn't quite analyzed what he means by acting. He thinks that he could have earned more money faster and more certainly if he had chosen something else. But acting chose him. Nothing in life could thrill and excite him as much as that.;

Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "Song of the Islands," with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

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February, 1942

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(Continued from page 17) favorite novel or play. Remember, for example, Leigh in "G.W.T.W.," Fontaine in "Rebecca," Scott in "Our Town," Holden in "Golden Boy," Ford in "So Ends Our Night"—and how many others?

Carlson would be a great Oliver Wiswell. He is a fine actor, and I can not imagine anyone more perfect in appearance for the role. All through the book I saw him in those Eighteenth Century costumes, fighting valiantly by word and deed for the cause he thought was just. Hollywood, how about giving a deserving young actor a real break?

**CONNIE PARKER, Hollywood, Calif.**

**$1.00 PRIZE**

**New Year's Thought**

**THERE** are no players whose work I, for one, enjoy more than the past-seventy trouper. Seasoned veterans like C. Aubrey Smith, May Robson, Lionel Barrymore, et al., and I should like to pay this small tribute to them now at the start of a new year. Let them be reassured that in the floods of eulogy for beauty and youth they are not forgotten. In almost any other business or profession they've had retired long since, but old trouper, old soldiers, never die. We could not spare them.

D. W. DAVIS, M. D.,
Vancouver, Canada

**HONORABLE MENTION**

**WHY,** with their whole careers before them, is it necessary for movie actresses to emote before the cameras when they're blessed—eventing? I have been prompted to put this in writing time and again, but with the most recent and flagrantly offensive case in "Citizen Kane," my patience finally came to an end. Not only is Dorothy Comingore's condition noticeable, but in a recent movie magazine article Dorothy boasts about the way she successfully (see she) fooled her admirers. That makes me good and mad!

JEAN TIGAR COHEN,
Schenectady, N. Y.

**GENTLEMEN:**
I take my hat off to Harry Carey, the top-notch artist in Western films. I saw him in pictures some twenty to twenty-five years ago. He was in a class by himself then, but now I am just going to say, "that no matter how good wine is, it will always improve with age."

Keep it up, Carey old boy, and give us old-timers someone to brag about.

**FRED W. STEINBORN,**
Brooklyn, N. Y.

**FOR** "hevvin's" sake, won't somebody please stop our dramatic and romantic screen actors from appearing on corny radio shows? We feminine movie fan would like to keep a few of our illusions but how can we with Charles Boyer singing the "Hit Song?" and Herber Marshall cracking corny jokes with the "Mad Russian?"

These stars, who thrill us with their fine acting on the screen, merely succeed in making themselves appear ridiculous by their antics on the comedy shows.

**RITA GAGE,**
Buffalo, N. Y.

**AS a small fraction of the movie-going public, may I make a suggestion?** Many good books and plays have been transmitted through the medium of motion pictures to a wider and appreciative audience. Why can't this be done with operas?

With good singers, clever direction, beautiful scenery, plus the genius of Hollywood, I know that this type of movie would meet popular approval. We wouldn't be long before everyone in the forty-eight states would be familiar with the amusing tunes from "La Boheme," "Faust," "Madame Butterfly," and others.

LENA BONETTI,
Baltimore, Md.

**I DON'T** understand Hollywood! To producers are constantly searching for and experimenting with new talent, while at their doorstep sits someone like Claire Trevor. She has beauty, talent and you! She is capable of turning in as good a performance as the greatest of them. Yet she plays small roles when a less qualified actress gets starring roles.

I think she is definitely great stuff material and a personality Hollywood so be proud of. Claire Trevor is a real lady and a great actress!

**EMALEEN E. RISK,**
Hollywood, Calif.
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“KATHLEEN”—M.G.M. Screen play by Mary C. McCall Jr. Based on a story by Kay Van Riper. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: Kathleen Davis, Daisy Shirley; John Davis, Herbert Marshall; Dr. A. Martha Kent, Laraine Day; Lorraine Bennett, Gay Patrick; Mr. Schimer, Felix Bressart; Mrs. Farrell, Nella Walker; Dr. Renton, Porterfield Ford; Mr. Bellis, Policeman, Wade Boteler; Manager, Charles Judels; Maid, Elise Argy; Margaret Bert; Sign Painter, Joe Vale.

“KEEP EM FLYING”—Universal. Screen play by Tracy Borman, Percival and Joseph Fields. Based on the musical comedy by Morrie Ryskind. From a story by Irving Cummings. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: Jim Taylor, Bob Hope; Marina Von Duern, Vera Zorina; Senator Oliver P. Langhorne, Victor Moore; Madame Bordelaise, Irene Berdine; Beauregard, Dora Drake; Col. Davis Jr., Raymond Walston; Nate, Maxie Rosenbloom; Eddie Spencer, Albertson; Emmy Lou, Phyllis Ruth; Police Captain Wharfold, Donald MacBride.


“PERFECT SNOB, THE”—Twentieth Century Fox. Original screen play by Lee Loeb and Herbert Buchman. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: Dr. Harrigan, Joe E. Brown; Kymma, Lucille Ball; Charlotte Greenwood, Chris Allyn; Lynn Bari; Mike, Cordon Wald; Andrew, Moreto, Anthony Quinn; Frederick Browning, Alan Mowryar, Shelley Nicholson, Chester Clute.

“PLAYMATES”—RKO Radio. Original story by James V. Kern. Directed by David Butler. Cast: Kay Hammond, Hope Hadley; Home, Fred MacMurray; Patsy, Betty Field; Pete Lindley, Peter Arne; Dr. Hawkins, Alfred Hitchcock; George Cleveland; and Kay Kyser’s Band.

“RISE AND SHINE”—Twentieth Century Fox. Screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz. Based on the book, “My Life and Hard Times” by James Thurber. Directed by Allan Dwan. Cast: Bailey, Jack Oakie; Jimmy McGibbon, George Murphy; Lewis Murray, Linda Darnell; Frances Langford, Walter Brennan; Seabiscuit, Milton Berle; Hexagon, Sheldon Leonard; Professor Murray, Donald Meek; Nana, Ruth Donnelly; Colonel Bacon, Raymond Walston; Coach Graham, Donald MacBride; Mrs. Murray, Emma Dunn; President, Charles Waldron; Mr. Robertson, Mildred Gover; Butch, William Haade; Gogo, Dick Rich.

“SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN”—M.G.M. Screen play by Irving Brecher and Harry Kurnitz. From a story by Harry Kurnitz. Based upon the characters created by Erich von Stroheim. Directed by Maj. W. S. Van Dyke, II. Cast: Nick, William Powell; Nora, Myrna Loy; Paul, Barry Nelson; Melly, Donna Reed; Lieutenant Abrams, Sam Levene; “Whitting,” Barrow, Alan Baxter; Major Arden, Alexander D'Arcy; Dickie Hall, Claire Peterson; Stella Adler; “Link” Stephens, Loring Smith; Stu, Louise Beavers.

“SULLIVAN’S TRAVELS”—Paramount. Screen play by Preston Sturges. Directed by Preston Sturges. Cast: John L. Sullivan, Joel McCrea; The Girl, Veronica Lake; Mr. LeBeau (Head of Studio), Robert Warwick; Miss Dolores, William Demarest; Mr. Cazalini, Franklin Pangborn; Mr. Hudson, Charles Halton; Mr. Founder, Preston Foster; Pretty Secretary, Margaret Hayes; The Doctor, Torben Meyer; Sullivan’s Butler, Robert Golf; Sullivan’s Pals, Errie Bore; Mr. Caron (the sheriff), Al Bridge; Miss Ehrle, Esther Howard; Ursula, Almaria Sessions; Temple Chamberlain, Frank Moran; Old Bum, George Renave.

“SWING IT, SOLDIER!”—Universal. Original screen play by Dorcas Cochran and Arthur V. Jones. Directed by Harold Young. Cast: Jerry Franklin, Ken Murray; Fat Louie, Nat Langford; Polly, Dorothy Garlock; Herman, Billy Gilbert; Whitey, Albert Halsey; Hap, Harold Huber; Dolly, Nadine Ness; Miss Cooper, Phyllis Coates; William Russell, Tony Martin; Sergeant, Richard Carle; Harry Carlin; Felix Bressart; Joe, William Tabbert;远处的字符；Millie, Josephine Hull; Mildred, Charlotte Henry; Harry, Charles McGraw; Murray, Silvia Sidney; Grady, Samuel Sargent; Eugene, Ruby Keeler; Stingo, Don Newton; Waite, Charles D. Brown; Arron, David Ormont; Smith, C. Henry Smith; and the cast of Midas.

“TARZAN’S SECRET TREASURE”—M-G-M. Original screen play by Myron Collins and Paul Gregory. Based upon the characters created by Edgar Rice Burroughs. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: Tarzan, Johnny Weissmuller; Jane, Maureen O’Sullivan; Boy, John Sheffield; Professor Emilio, Reginald Owen; Oni, Darol, Barry Fitzgerald; Medford, Tom Conway; Panader, Philip Dorn.

“TEXAS”—Columbia. Screen play by Horace McCoy, Lewis Meltzer and Michael Blankfort. Story by Michael Blankfort and Lewis Meltzer. Directed by Andrew V. McLaglen. Cast: William Holden; Ted Ramsey; Glenn Ford; “Mike” King, Charles Bickford; Tim Miller; George Bancroft; Joe Thorpe; Edgar Buchanan; Sherif; Don Beddoe; Tennessie, Andrew Tombes; Matt Lanham, Addison Richards; Comstock, Edmund Macdonald.


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RASTIAN #605. Sept. 65, Rochester, N.Y.
Stop Crying!

(Continued from page 60) slipped out of her hand for a time, she didn't have the money to go back. And, finally, after she was definitely established at RKO, they worked her like a steam shovel. So much so that, when, after many cancelled her York vacations, someone tried to compensate with her, she got off her now classic crack:

"Oh, but I am getting a vacation, hadn't you? They let me sit down now between scenes!"

Under the department of Lowest Moments, Lucille's line: "Mine was the day Mother, Fred and Dad (as she calls her grandmother) came to live with me out here. Sounds inhospitable, doesn't it? But you see, I'd just been fired and we were all depending on the attic."

Her first contract. As soon as Columbia had given it to me, I had wired for the family. But the studio closed down its story department and we were all out—Ann Sothern, Gene Raymondo, a bunch of us. I had to go and borrow some money before I could meet the family at the train.

Luckily RKO decided to put on "Roberta" with a promising new dance team, Fred Aosta and Ginger Rogers, and Lucille was cast in the movie. It started as a dress model, her Hattie Carnegie technique making her a natural. This resulted in her first RKO contract—'Fifty bucks a week,' she'll tell you without batting one eyelash.

The RKO ladder hasn't been a dizzying one in point of speed. It took a lot of pictures to win her first good comedy break in "That Girl From Paris" in which she got a chance to take a couple of high kicks winding up in a split all done by the aide of borrowed shoes. Came "Stage Door" and a few more well-timed sock lines and presently—if you could call two years later 'presently'—Dance, Girls, Dance. Unquestionably the role of the burlesque queen in that picture has been Lucille's best to date, though there is much battering of breath around the lot these days over the picture they whisper will make her a full-blown star. "Passage From Bordeaux," the film on which William L. Shirer of "Europeana" was technical director. Meantime she's doing very well all in "Valley Of The Sun."

But Lucille wouldn't tell you that "Dance, Girls, Dance" or "Valley Of The Sun," or even "Passage From Bordeaux" was her greatest break. Because it was on "Too Many Girls" that she met Desi Arnaz. And that, Lucille was willing it was.

They had their first look at each other in the studio commissary and the moment was one of instant and mutual dislike. Asked if Lucille considered herself a hunch girl, one of those creatures who has an infallible first impression of her fellow man, Lucille says, "I should say not. Look at Desi. Would he—give him a look—just one good long one—and say to myself, 'Am I normal or can this really be the Cuban sensation that has knocked New York right out of its floor show seats?'

In all justice Desi was looking like anything but a glamour boy at the moment. He was wobbling in a waddling manner through a greasy old leather jacket. The immaculate ebony hair comb was aimed in all directions. And, in fact, Desi had been rehearsing some football tricks for "Two-Much." On the other hand, Desi matches Lucille for off-the-beam first impressions. He took one look at her as she breezed

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**TUM-E-LIFT ADVISORY**

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into the room on an evening gown, burlesque style, with a white fox coat to the ankles in the best Broadway bad taste, her hair a mess, her face scratched up with one eye blackened and a too perfect make-up job—and said “Caramba!” or its Havana equivalent. Lucille, you see, had been stowing her battle with Lauren O’Hara in “Dance, Girls, Dance.”

Three hours later, bathed and groomed, they met on the steps of the RKO Littke Theater where George Abbott had issued a call for the cast of the picture in which they both were to be. Desi, looking every inch the Latin Launcelot, flashed a smile at the apparition of peaches and cream and gold. “Haven’t we met somewhere?”

FROM that point they continued to meet with ever-increasing frequency. The picture was finished. Desi was scheduled to go back to New York for personal appearances and a winter’s job at Miami. Lucille was tied down with picture commitments. They knew they wouldn’t see each other for a year. Miserably they pulled up at a drive-in stand one night and tried to comfort each other by recounting all the reasons that a marriage between them simply would not work.

So Desi left for Manhattan and Lucille was sent out by the studio on a personal appearance tour. Then the wires began to hum. More specifically, they began to explode. Desi was distinctly unhappy with Lucille so far away from him. At length George Schaefer, head of RKO, picked up by Cupid’s bow and arrow and the long distance phone and called Lucille where she was playing in Milwaukee. “Why don’t you take a run down to New York,” he suggested, “as if he didn’t know Desi was appearing at the Roxy Theater there!”

The result was a morning dash by Lucille and Desi to Greenwich, Connecticut, and a marriage license. There was no time to get a regular wedding ring, so Desi tore into a Woolworth’s and bought his beautiful bride a ten-cent ring. Lucille wears it to this day, along with the stunning square-cut diamond band he gave her on their second honeymoon. Oh, yes, they’re having a family of Bobby De Mon and their marriage has been interrupted prematurely, according to their notion of time. They’ve had five so far and they seem in a fair way to be having a permanent one on their new North Ridge ranch in San Fernando Valley.

The house is California ranch style and they chose it because the five acres on which it stands were virtually unplanted, even to the swimming pool, now a dried-up spot. More recently, they have the opportunity to leave the stamp of the Arnaz personalities in developing the flora and fauna. Regarding the latter, three canines have been added to the Duke of North Ridge, Pinto the Great and Sir Thomas of Chatsworth (the name of the street on which they live). Then one night what might be called an alley cat, except that a cat would have to go a mighty long way to see an alley in those parts, barged in and promptly became the Duchess of Devonshire, to be augmented later by Queenie, another peregrinating feline.

Prize poultry has been installed, a hundred or more birds, and the Amish breakfast table now sees its own homegrown eggs at a mere twenty cents a crack.

As for the flora, Desi and Lucille planned to kill two birds with one stone by giving a housewarming consisting of a live tree party (each guest brings a tree) in honor of the newly struck grass. The Duke of North Ridge sickened and died, so the party had to be postponed. So did the tree.

Contrary to the usual Hollywood story of the men who make a star’s career, it is to four women Lucille is especially grateful. Two of these are Ginger Rogers and her mother Lela who, in her capacity as head of the studio dramatic school at that time, taught Lucille most of what she knows about acting. Lela Rogers never had any artistic study. When other glamour kids were making up excuses to cut classes because of a too-late party the night before, the Brian’s Lodge was with eyes aglow, thankful for the chance.

Claudette Colbert is the third. Lucille has never more than met Miss Colbert on social occasions. Yet again and again, word has come back to her that her right ear should have been burning because at dinner the night before, at the Zanuck’s, for instance, Claudette was singing her praises as one of the most promising younger stars. Or at a premiere with the Sam Goldwyns. Or when she was visiting Louis B. Mayer at the Metro. Just one of those things that re-established her faith in Hollywood.

Last but not least is Carole Lombard. Their first encounter was when Lucille had wandered over to a friend’s for dinner in her favorite article of apparel slacks, when who should walk in but the bombshell comedienne—and we mean Lucille—froze up like a Nesselrodes pudding too scared to open her mouth. Not so Carole. She plopped herself down beside Lucille and their future shimmered bright enough for our girl. Lucille believed she had and exactly what she should do about the next steps in her career. Lucille followed that counsel to her everlasting gratitude.

Then shortly after Desi and Lucille returned to Hollywood as newlyweds, they were having dinner at Dave Chasen’s and the table was full. Not wishing to intrude, the two Arnazes goodies and grinned at their idols like two dumbstruck fans. Presently the Gables stepped forward before the Gables. How could catch their breath over came a cup of champagne as a wedding present from Frances Clark and Carole. Lucille afterwards could understand why Lucille has decided it’s a swell world if you keep on laughing.

The End

Coming!

To the readers who have written us—and written us . . . For a color portrait of Robert Stack, Universal’s popular young star, and begged for a story on him . . . We joyfully announce both will be found in next month’s issue with ROBERT STACK SPEAKING!

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE STEREO
MEXICAN SPFIT'S BABY—RKO Radio. When Leon Errol has a little war orphan brought over from Europe, he learns it will fix things up with the troubled marriage of Lupé Velez and Buddy Rogers. The baby turns out to be a glamorous girl, but the story gets duller and unfunny. (Dec.)

MOONLIGHT IN HAWAII—Universal: Leon Errol and Richard Carle lead over a radio show and try to marry wealthy widow Marjorie Catherine, but it's Mascha Auer who finally gets her. The Meyer, Jones, Dorn and Jane Frazee all float through the mild story line. (Jan.)

MR. CELEBRITY—Producers Releasing Corp.: A young veteran, James Seny, takes his nephew, Busby, away from his home to keep from his grandparents and so retain his custody. There he meets a woman, Mary Martin, and Young and Tim Jeffries, who help him, but Seny neglects to inform the dailiness and Franklin Pangborn swap stories with a few scenes. (Nov.)

NEW YORK TOWN—Paramount: John Murray, a sidewalk photographer in New York, marries New Englander Mary Martin here live off the town. But when he tries to marry her off to prosperous Robert Preston, he learns that all the good things in life are free. A musical on stage, with music by Mel Torme and lyrics by Mack Gordon, this is one of this year's most enjoyable comedies. (Nov.)

NIAGARA FALLS—RKO: In spite of Spike Summerville's and Zara Peters' determined comedy efforts as the honeymooning couple who come to Niagara Falls, their story is too funny. Slim neglects to inform the bride to meddle in the affairs of quailroost Tom Brown and Marge Woodworth. (Dec.)

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—Paramount: In spite of its bewitching story, Bob Hope, this picture a laugh-provoking winner. He bets $10,000 to Paulette Goddard's money that he can tell the truth for twenty-four hours. Heeds of his result are his. (Nov.)

OUR WIFE—Columbia: All about one husband, Melvin Douglas, and his troubles with two women, one an ex-wife, Ellen Drew, and the other his fiancée, scientist Rudolph Hussey. Charles Coburn is Ruth's father, also a scientist, and John Hubbard her non-scientific brother. It's got a lot of laughs. (Nov.)

OUTLAW TRAIL, THE—RKO Radio: Intent on saving a bank robber, young Tim Holt turns hero instead when he aids the marshal in capturing the robber band and when the marshal dies, Tim takes over his job and stays a good boy from there on. Fans are sure to like it. (Dec.)

PITTSBURGH KID, THE, THE—Republic: The usual prize-fight picture, this, relieved in its monotonous plot by the comedy of the managers of lighter Billy Conn. You're going to be agreeably surprised if Billy's not half as good a screen personality as you've thought. (Dec.)

REGULAR FELLERS—P. C.: The cartoon strip characters, played by Billy Lee, Alfalfa Switek and Rudy Bolts, are back again for another series of fun. It's pictures for kids (Nov.)

SAILORS ON LEAVE—Republic: Sailor Bill Lindley's pals try to marry him off before a certain date so he can collect an inheritance. They pick nightclub singer Shirley Ross as the girl, but Billy wants to marry Marjorie Reynolds and doesn't want to get married, which leads to many comic interludes, mostly supplied by Booth Colman and Chilly Willy. It's a quite amusing picture. (Dec.)

SCATTERGOOD MEETS BROADWAY—Paya and RKO. Scattergood Burns, the small-town Mr. Fix-it, played by Gay Bombelli, is married to Willy Henry, the village playwright, outlaw Frank Jenks and Bradley Bovard present a smash Broadway success. In homes flavor is enlivened by some bright comedy and corny but good gags. (Nov.)
SING ANOTHER CHORUS—Universal: Johnny Downs, aided by Jane Frazee, throws his one-man show on a Broadway, but villainous Walter Catlett and his voluptuous co-worker, Iris Adrian, throw a monkey wrench into the works. (Dec.)

SKYFALL—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is the dissatisfied wife who leaves her devoted husband, Ray Milland, because his business enterprises prove too annoying. Brian Ahern is miscast as the other man in her life, but Milland and Walter Abel win our hearty approval. (Dec.)

SMILING THROUGH—M-G-M: Jeannette MacDonald has the dual role of the bride who loses her life and as her own mother years later, and Gene Raymond also plays a dual role as the rejected suitor and his son. Brian Ahern is miscast for Jeannette's fans only. (Jan.)

SOUTH OF TAHITI—Universal: Here we are again, back in the old South Seas, with Brian Donlevy, Frederick Crawford and Andy Devine as a trio of pearl robbers who reform in order to thwart Henry Wilcoxon and his gang. (Jan.)

SUNDOWN—Wanger: Sustained action is the keynote of this story of a British government out-post in Africa. Bruce Cabot as Commissioner of the post steels most of the honors, and George Sanders also shines, as does Gene Tierney as the beautiful half-caste. (Dec.)

SUN VALLEY SERENADE—20th Century-Fox: Sonja Henie is a Norwegian refugee who has sold her redheaded book, "The Complete Guide to Ballet Culture." Adopt these simple and easy directions on exercise, massage, breathing, diet, etc., driven to this purpose, the wildly-mutated book. (Nov.)

SUSPICION—RKO: Radio America!: A triumph of direction and acting is this emotional, suspenseful masterpiece about a naive English girl, Joan Fontaine, who falls in love and discovers Cary Grant, only to discover his worthlessness. Then dread and suspicion enter their lives and desperation brings on fearful consequences. (Dec.)

SWAMP WATER—20th Century-Fox: A vivid picture, this, of the simple people living in the swamps of Georgia. Dana Andrews portrays the dangerous swamp in search of his lost dog; finds Walter Brennan, an escaped murderer, living there and learns of his innocence. Anne Baxter, Walter Brennan and Virginia Gilmore are all excellent performers. (Jan.)

SWING IT, SOLDIER—Universal: For radio-minded fans, this gives you Murray Mason as a Marine who becomes Laren Ford for her married twin, Don Wilson, Brenda and Coiana, and Skuitkoff, who become famous, and good and Frances sings several numbers. (Jan.)

TANKS A MILLION—Hal Roach,U.A.: This small-scale Panama is all about a draftee, a former railway laborer in Seattle, William Tracy, who amazes his superior officers by spotting from memory the pictures from the Blue Books. When he is transferred to a small-town girl, Frances Langford for her married twin, Don Wilson, Brenda and Coiana, and Skuitkoff, who become famous, and good and Frances sings several numbers. (Jan.)

TARGET FOR TONIGHT—Warners release a film this week about a prominent Pacific spot, where a number of characters develop. The main characters are the Byrnes, Moore, and Whipple, who develop a love story. (Nov.)

THERE'S A MILLION—20th Century-Fox: A vivid picture, this, of the simple people living in the swamps of Georgia. Dana Andrews portrays the dangerous swamp in search of his lost dog; finds Walter Brennan, an escaped murderer, living there and learns of his innocence. Anne Baxter, Walter Brennan and Virginia Gilmore are all excellent performers. (Jan.)

TIME OUT OF MIND—M-G-M: This new prize comedy from the writers of "Who Done It" is here, and it is a comedy-romance. (Dec.)

WHISTLING IN THE DARK—M-G-M: The story of a young girl, the daughter of a wealthy man, who is misunderstood and falls in love with an Italian boy, the son of a farmer. (Dec.)

WILD GEESE CALLING—John Barrymore: A romantic story of a young girl, the daughter of a wealthy man, who is misunderstood and falls in love with an Italian boy, the son of a farmer. (Dec.)

WILDERNESS——M-G-M: A romantic story of a young girl, the daughter of a wealthy man, who is misunderstood and falls in love with an Italian boy, the son of a farmer. (Dec.)

WOMAN'S TRUMP—M-G-M: An entertaining musical comedy about a young girl, the daughter of a wealthy man, who is misunderstood and falls in love with an Italian boy, the son of a farmer. (Dec.)

WORLD PREMIERE—Paramount: John Barrymore and Katharine Hepburn, who have just completed work on the stage version of "My Fair Lady," are also appearing in the film version. (Dec.)

YOUR MAN IS MINE—Universal: Lewis Carroll humor in a story of a young girl, the daughter of a wealthy man, who is misunderstood and falls in love with an Italian boy, the son of a farmer. (Dec.)

YOUR WIFE—M-G-M: A romantic story of a young girl, the daughter of a wealthy man, who is misunderstood and falls in love with an Italian boy, the son of a farmer. (Dec.)

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH—Columbia: Fred Astaire is a rookie recruited from the ranks of dance directors and when Fred goes to camp, Robert Benchley is persuaded by Fred's co-director with dancing duties Rita Hayworth. It's gay and appealing, with some fascinating contrasts. Fred has had since Ginger Rogers. (Jan.)

Merry making at the Moccambo for service men: Michele Morgan dances with Sergeant Pasternak; Marie Wilson takes over Private Guston. Private Guston himself takes over Photoplay-Movie Mirror on page 43.
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Ida—the Mad Lupino

(Continued from page 53) softly after a while.

"We've been sitting in front of it for the last half-hour," Louis said.

Then, quite suddenly, Ida Lupino came together, with a personality; she emerged, as does the picture in a jigsaw puzzle when you fit two or three pieces into their proper places and find you've got a herd of cows, or The Flying Dutchman. Except that Ida turned out to be a far more exciting picture; to the surprise of everyone, including her studio bosses, her delightful friends, even Connie and Louis, she became a really fine actress. On the screen, she metamorphosed her pure Cockney self into a neurotic little American from the West who drives "Drive By Night," accent and all, to perfection. She did "High Sierra," and her mother and husband all but fell out of their seats at the preview.

She did "Ladies In Retirement," with Louis. That's in your neighborhood theater now, probably. You can see it, to know the truth.

Along with normal adjustments and growing up, the new success wrought its magic good on Lupino as a woman, as a wife, and as a mother.

She was still a little dramatic about Life, of course, as she will always be.

Ida Takes Things Big—Love, her Profession, her Spouse, the State of Hermine, Hair, her Newest Picture. All in capitals.

All and each the most important thing that ever happened to anybody, anywhere. Some people live that way, and women of great talent do. They do that which they do, they call it a fault; it is an Idiosyncrasy, or even Temperament.

But the neuroses are not there. I don't believe really—and I've known Ida Hayward since she wore platinum hair—that ever, even for one moment, has that very shrewd, practical, imaginative mind of hers been twisted one iota off its true course. She has a few minor mental twists, with names: she has echolia, which sounds dreadful but which is the normal rest-insurance of an active, tired mind (she counts out loud the letters in signs, and wants them to come out even). She has acrophobia (前にJean Crawford). She has an exhibitionist complex (no one ever becomes an actress or actor without one) which she manifests inversely, by being frightened of crowds. She finds it extremely hard, on an instant's notice, to tell the absolute truth about herself, or her life, or her personal history. That is, because she has spent so many years trying to make events match with the essential lie about her age.

Outside of these things she leads as normal a life as any woman who is both an intellectual and a Hollywood actress can possibly lead. Her marriage is a thoroughly modern arrangement: more than half the time she and Louis pass each other in the hall and say, "Hi, how was your day? See you at eleven if you're still awake, don't forget our dinner date tomorrow." Louis and Ida like the house they have, and the hill it's on. So they stay there, which is as it should be. But in that house a kind of harmony prevails, accentuated by blue notes and by occasional harsh tints (when Ida's nerves go to pieces and she makes a production out of something). There, for any observer, will recognize the seldom feeling, exciting because it is so rare in any house, that something creative has been, is, or is about to be done; and he will wish.

The End.

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**The Chocolate Soldier (M-G-M)**

IT'S ABOUT: A jealous husband who tests the fidelity of his capricious wife.

**The Big News of this gay song fest is a brown-eyed young charmer from the opera, Miss Rise Stevens, who becomes Nelson Eddy's singing partner in the chuckle-laden story of "The Guardsman" set to the Oscar Strauss music of "The Chocolate Soldier."**

Another news flash emanating from this movie is the clever acting of Mr. Eddy who gives his very best performance since " Naughty Marietta." Perhaps the change of pace, as well as change of partners, accounts for Mr. Eddy's easy, natural manner, to say nothing of his surprising gift for comedy. As the married operetta star who tests the loyalty of his wife, Miss Stevens, Nelson is most amusing. He accomplishes this little trick by donning the whiskers and attire of a Russian baritone and then making love to his wife.

The music is out of this world. "My Hero," the hit of the original "Chocolate Soldier" show, and "Dear Old Girl Star" from "Tannhäuser," the beautiful Strauss melodies, plus a few of Mr. Eddy's own selection, are sung in harmony with the lovely tunes.

Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates are incidental, but nice incidentals, to the story.

**Your Reviewer Says: A musical hit.**

Keep 'Em Flying (Universal)

IT'S ABOUT: Two cronies bottlenecks a naval training school.

**It was bound to happen! Those funny boys, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, have hit an air pocket in their too constant movie-making and zoomed down to a point one mile this side of nothing.**

The boys are given a thin, anemic story with little background or holdover has packed their other stories. That the picture is nothing to shout about is certainly not the fault of the boys. The story simply isn't there, and that is on it. It is constantly interrupted with the singing of Carol Bruce (badly photographed) and her romantic interludes Dick Foran, who also acted, and the moments.

The twin-sister routine played by Martha Raye missed a mile for our money. Martha's bag of tricks seems oddly shoddy these days.

But make no mistake, despite these faults, the boys will rate cheers per minute simply because they have enunciated themselves so thoroughly under the public's funny bone. Several of the gags are most amusing, indeed, such as the torpedo on the loose and the boys on their own in the air.

**Your Reviewer Says: Funny men in a not-so-funny story.**

The Perfect Snob (Twentieth Century-Fox)

**It's About: A socially ambitious mama and a carpet-slipper dad.**

**Something old, nothing new, something borrowed and the audience blue! That about sums up this little wedding-march tale of a small-town debbie who marries, against her ambitious mama's wishes, a young man who (wouldn't you know it?) turns out to be rich. Corné Wilde, a newcomer, is the lucky man.**

Charlotte Greenwood hardly seems the calculating mama type, but Charlie Ruggles, as take-it-easy Pop, is just right in his role. Why Lynn Bari was tossed into this little pot stew we'll never know.

Well, it means well and tries hard, this little moon pitcher, so maybe we shouldn't be too hard on it.

**Your Reviewer Says: We'd rather throw snowballs.**

Obliging Young Lady (RKO-Radio)

**It's About: The odd position of a child caught between two dissenting parents.**

JOAN CARROLL is the below teenage youngster who was permitted (pardon the understatement) to let about another contract to Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, so as to offer no competition to their starlet, Shirley Temple. Tired of the seclusion, Miss Carroll took herself to RKO; made a hit in "Primrose Path," moved on to New York to stalk the customers in "Panama Hattie."

We give you this short résumé of her activities because one day we feel Joan will be news.

This movie is not the screen success we hoped it would be for Joan. It has her a boisterous youngster taken by a friend of her parents to a secluded resort while her parents battle things out in court. Needless to say, Joan, the impossible, makes life hell for everyone, including reporters Eve Arden and Edmond O'Brien, who is sweet on Ruth Warrick, Joan's custodian.

We feel it's nothing to write home about, it has its moments and Joan keeps things lively, that we promise.

**Your Reviewer Says: Fair enough but not good enough.**

Playmates (RKO-Radio)

**It's About: The efforts of two press agents to place their clients on the radio.**

TAKE Kay Kyser and his band, plus John Barrymore and his graces, add Ginny Simms (Barrymore should love a girl called Ginny) gone glamorous and stir in, just for the fun. Patsy Kelly, Lupe Velez, May Robson and Peter Lind Hayes—and what have you got?

If you ever find out, let us know, for native newsmakers arts and crafts are indeed, a conglomeration of tomfoolery and nonsense. As near as we could fathom, press agents Patsy Kelly and Peter Lind Hayes are "skimming schemes," and Andy says, to land their clients John and Kay on the air. They end up in a debauched Shakespearean spree that is mighty touching in some spots and mighty boring in others.

Kyser's peculiar talents for non-acting are a perfect balance for Barrymore's overarching talent.

The music is delightful, Ginny beautiful, May Robson cute as the grand mother and what more do you want for your money?

**Your Reviewer Says: A combination salad—with ham.**

**The Shadow Stage**

(Continued from page 24)
BRUSH AWAY
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tered. Don't delay. Get Cystex right from your druggist today. Only 35c. The

Swell It, Soldier (Universal)

It's About: A rookie who mistakes a singer for her married twin.

RADIO personalities move in bag and a-booze. Take a choice home in motortown and proceed to entertain and at
times amuse. Ken Murray is a likeable dumb-bunny soldier who carries a mes-
 sage from a roomful of women to his wife who is going to have a baby. Of course, Murray
meets the single twin sister instead of the married sister and, well, you can imagine the amazement of Miss Frances
H. Longford, who plays the dual role, at some of Mr. Murray's remarks.

The music is good. Frances sings sev-
eral numbers, especially the old favorite, "Muncie-oh Baby," as only she can.

Don Wilson, recruited from the Jack
Benny show, and Blanche Stewart and Elvin Allman (Brenda and Cobina) are fugurs for Band Hap Hall's program.

Skinny Ennis and his band, another
Hope asset, provide some swell swing.

For those who are besieged with cruri-
ty to see radio names take on life, this
may have a special appeal. Other-
wise it's just a movie.

Your Reader Says: For radio-minded
fans only.

V Texas (Columbia)

It's About: The fate of two boys who travel west after the Civil War.

"TEXAS" is one of the best Westerns we've seen in a long time and for two
very good reasons, namely—Glenn Ford and William Holden. Fairly, men of
the two best young actors in the busi-
ness then we miss our guess. Their work is a joy to behold and to them goes the
credit for lifting "Texas" into the "you
should see" class.

The story has the two boys trekking westward after the Civil War, each
to go his separate way. Ford takes the high
road; Holden, the low unlawful path. He
joins up with cattle rustlers bent on
keeping the ranchers' cattle from reaching
Abilene, Kansas, the legitimate main-
town. Ford, of course, is on the side of
the rustlers. More antagonism grows
between the boys when both fall in love
with the same girl, Claire Trevor.

There's a lot of punch injected into
the story with a stampede that's a lulu, a
shooting-iron climax and an old-time
prixitte that's a honey.

Edgar Kennedy is the unscrupulous
dentist who pulls molars while hatching
his devilry (he's a dentist in real life,
too), is terrific.

To get thebenefit from the eternal near-
comedy, why not give you a chance and a treat and see "Texas." You can't
go wrong.

Your Reader Says: An A Western, load-
ed with talent.

V Rise And Shine
(Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The attempts of a gangster to kidnap a football star.

Those fans who are eager to laugh at
the slightest excuse will have that
opportunity to indulge in their favorite sport. And since football comes to
town. While not the best comedy ever made by a long, long way, the picture
still has enough bright spots to coax forth the chuckles.
Jack Oakie is marvelous as the dumb-hunky football star who is the saving grace of his college team. Sent to observe the star's condition by a betting gangster is George Murphy, himself an ex-all-American. The gangster bets as Murphy predicts until the final game when the gambler attempts to kidnap Oakie and places him in a mountain dining car.

With Murphy on his odd mission are Ruth Donnelly and Raymond Walburn. This pair, along with Milton Berle and Walter Brennan, as a curving old "Gramps," add to the confusion.

The best we've saved until the last (at least she's the prettiest) and that my friends, is Linda Darnell, cheerleader and daughter of an eccentric old professor, Donald Meek.

Youngsters, we think, will love the goings-on and who are we to say oldsters won't, as well?

Your Reviewer Says: College chi-chi.

✓ One Foot In Heaven (Warners)

It's About: The struggles of a young Methodist minister and his wife.

A QUIETLY beautiful story is this one of the young Canadian doctor who is converted overnight and enters the ministry. With his bewildered bride, Martha Scott, Fredric March as the preacher begins his work in a small Iowa village under the most adverse circumstances. Together they travel from church to church, living in one undesirable parsonage after another, their faith holding them together through the years.

The dream of his life is realized when the minister is able to last to build his own church.

Incidental homey events concerning his children, his congregation, his home life, dot the story with gems of human interest. March is ideal as the minister and Martha splendid as the wife.

Frankie Thomas and Elisabeth Fraser are the children.

Your Reviewer Says: A warm, tender story.

Tarzan's Secret Treasure (M-G-M)

It's About: The jungle man routs a band of greedy interlopers.

The great Tarzan series has developed into adventure yarns more suitable to children's taste than to adults. The scenes have become repetitious and need an injection of clear originality to pep up the vine-swinging capers of Mr. Big Outdoorly, played as usual by the bewailing Johnny Weissmuller.

This time a party of scientists, including villainous Tom Conway and Philip Dorn, kidnap Tarzan's wife (Maureen O'Sullivan) and son (John Sheffield) in order to force the jungle giant into revealing the location of an enormous gold vein. The climax is thrilling, with elephants and alligators and savages in a grand melee of revenge.

Your Reviewer Says: A whooper-dooper for the kids.

✓ Shadow Of The Thin Man (M-G-M)

It's About: The suave detective unravels a race-track murder mystery.

Well, here's that man again, calmly cooking the goose of crooks and murderers and having a wonderful time during the process. Myrna Loy is still the playful helpmate of our charming sleuth Nick Charles, played as ever by William Powell. They are delightful, gay people, this pair, but their charm and gaiety are beginning to seem a bit repetitious if you ask us. Enough is too much sometimes; one is beginning to wonder when the Charles family is going to quiet down, if ever.

This time detective (retired—oh yeah?) Charles is on his way to a race track where he discovers a jockey has been killed. Later a reporter is killed under peculiar circumstances and Nick is right on the scent as usual. The unraveling of the mystery takes Mr. and Mrs. Smartypants and the audience through innumerable alleyways of laughter and melodrama.

The police detectives are, as usual, portrayed as dumb ignoramuses who couldn't catch flies with nooses, let alone glamour girl Stella Adler and the usual array of gangster types. Dickie Hall is the Charles' charming, a cute youngster and a chip off the old block if ever we saw one.

Your Reviewer Says: Murder written to swing time.

✓ They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)

It's About: The life and times of General Custer.

Whooper-Dooper "mellodramas" is woven into the life pattern of an American figure, General George Custer, and the result is rousing entertainment. The story depletes the life of Custer from the time he entered West Point, a fantastic figure in braid and brass buttons, followed by a trail of hound dogs, to his heroic death at the hands of battling Indians on the Western plains.

His romance with and marriage to Olivia de Havilland add the necessary extra to the completed tapestry. Olivia has never been so beautiful, to our notion.

Through his cadet days and his brave deeds in the Civil War and back to his home in Michigan we follow George Custer. Then comes his appointment to take over the Seventh Cavalry, stationed at Fort Lincoln. When Custer arrives, drunkenness, disorder and rowdiness mark the life of the soldiers within the fort. Under his guidance, it emerges a corps from the deep South which bravely rides with Custer to their death in one last stand against the Indians.

Anthony Quinn is very good indeed as the Squeaky Voice of Charles Grapevin as the old codger who never quite gets to "Californy," John Litel as General Phil Sheridan, villainous ArthurKennedy and Walter Hampden lend splendid support.

For those who love a good rousing three-cheers-for-the-red-white-and-blue story here it is. Under its swooping away we may even forget that under no circumstances could Errol Flynn be termed a "damned Yankee."

Your Reviewer Says: America on the movie march.

✓ Blues In The Night (Warners)

It's About: A small dance band that falls heir to trouble in an infamous roadhouse.

"BLUES IN THE NIGHT" is an odd, sultry, moody and tempestuous sort of picture with men's emotions set to the throbbing music of Jimmy Lunceford's band. In scene after scene, introduce to movie fans Richard Whorf, the young stage actor who has been associated in the past with Lunt and Fontanne. That he is the featured character cannot be denied. In fact, we predict Mr. Whorf will very shortly become a star of the very first magnitude. Priscilla Lane and Beulah Bondi share equal glory for their strong, outstanding performances.

The story tells of six young people, up from the deep South, eager to play the blue music in their souls. Whorf, who plays Jigger, is the pianist whom Priscilla Lane, wife of musician Jack (Continued on page 110).

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**HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE**

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See Your Doctor Regularly

**Continued from page 108** Carson, secretly loves. They finally land an engagement at a notorious roadhouse run by Elga Wickerland. Cutter rat Betty Field soon entices Whorf away from his band, then tosses him over. When she returns for more deviltiy, Wally Ford, another of Betty's victims, administration a very neat and quite horrible revenge.

It sounds queerly somber and it is queerly somber. But it's interesting, beautifully acted and the music is alluring.

Your Reviewer Says: A fascinating low-down-er.

✓ H. M. Pulham Esq. (M-G-M)

It's About: The traditional smugness of a died-in-the-wool Bostonian.

FRANKLY disappointing, is our candid opinion of the movie version of John P. Marquand's best seller, Robert Young as Pulham, the man who hasn't the stamina to break away from the traditional smugness that holds him to the old ways of life, is ideal, and for his splendid performance, the careful direction, the playing of Ruth Hussey as Kay Moford, the sterling performance of newcomer who plays Whorf, we hand out our one-check approval.

Perhaps we're wrong—we have been in the past, heaven knows—but it seems to us a woman as beautiful as Miss Lamarr should listen to her producer's pleas to remain beautiful, alluring, sexy and "Alger-ish." We already have too many fair actresses and no beauty so rare as Hedy's.

Your Reviewer Says: Rather heavy in theme and execution.

✓ Design For Scandal (M-G-M)

It's About: A double-crossing news photographer and a beautiful judge.

WHEN female judges become as beautiful as Rosalind Russell, we predict a crime wave the likes of which this country has never seen.

Roz's beauty and charm are the undoing, alas, of nerdy news photographer Walter Pidgeon who sets out to double-cross Judge Roz at the instigation of his boss, Hugh Marlowe. Roz wants his allimony reduced. Pidgeon, therefore, is out to provide the scandal, only Miss Russell catches on in time. But before Mr. News Photographer is a dead Pidgeon, as far as his heart is concerned.

The whole mess ends in a very funny courtroom farce with Guy Kibbee a screamingly funny judge.

Lee Bowman, Mary Beth Hughes and Barbara Jo Allen get caught up in the nonsense that is meant to be entertaining fun and achieves its purpose.

Your Reviewer Says: A blues chaser.

✓ Babes On Broadway (M-G-M)

It's About: The attempts of amateur kids to crash Broadway.

YOU'VE seen this musical over and over again—it's the same old story of would-be actors trying for the big time—but still we must admit that Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland do manage to instill freshness into it.

Mickey, Ray McDonald and Richard Quine have an act they haven't been able to get very far with, and, of course, their main ambition is to get on Broadway. Judy Garland is a group of Settlement House kids sidetrack them for a while, but Mickey and Judy put on a show to raise money to send the kids to the coast. But big producer, James Glasson, sees the show and everything turns out all right. Not surprised, are you?

Mickey's impersonation of Carmen Miranda is one of the high spots of the picture; Judy's singing and Ray McDonald's dancing are always delightful and Fay Bainter is charming as the theatrical producer's assistant. The production numbers are staged with the lavishness characteristic of all M-G-M musicals and you'll undoubtedly get some fun out of most of them, though some of them are pretty corny.

Your Reviewer Says: For Garland and Rooney fans.

**Cadet Girl** (Twentieth-Century-Fox)

It's About: A West Point cadet and a beautiful blonde.

THERE'S not much to shout about, but if you think that little detail prevented the makers of and participants in this little film from having a ball, just wait but wave around the red, white, and blue like mad, you are right out of your mind. In fact, so loud is the shouting, duty to Uncle Sam overrides love and romance.

George Montgomery is a West Pointer who falls in love with Carole Landis, a singer with his brother's orchestra. They decide to marry even if it means George's expulsion from the famous training school. To bring Cadet Montgomery to his senses, his musician brother compose a housing song titled "Get's Around," and Cupid, alas, goes down for the count of nine.

Good music, good looks and some special kind of action is there keep the picture lively at least. And is that Montgomery handsome in uniform?

Your Reviewer Says: An Uncle Sammy special.

✓ Glamour Boy (Paramount)

It's About: A star who is a has-been at nineteen.

MARK this down right now in your little date book as a movie worth seeing come rain, shine, thunder or lightning. It's a banker, a smash hit—crows now, remember, but it's good, it's cozy, it's appealing and it's loaded with human interest. What's more, it has Jean Arthur,0 connecting with a semiautomatic role in experiences that somewhat parallel his own.

Once a famous child star, Jackie, now ignored, is engaged by a producer to coach a new child star, Darryl Hickman (a real Quiz kid), in a remake of Jackie's former hit, "Skippy."

A bit of the background, Jackie meets and falls for Susanna Foster, gets himself into plenty of grief and gradually emerges with a bracing new viewpoint, while smart little Hickman slips into a suit of human kindness.

Walter Abel's singing over the telephone to little Timmie Hawkins, Susanna's warbling and Jackie Cooper's viewing himself in "Skippy" are the highlights of this little breath of spring.

Your Reviewer Says: A goodie.
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Fashion Frocks are known to women everywhere because they are advertised in Ladies' Home Journal, Woman's Home Companion, McCall's Magazine, Look, Modern Romance, Vogue, Household, and other prominent magazines and in the leading magazines. The demand for them is growing so rapidly that we need more ambitious women to help us take care of it. Mail coupon at once.

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The Nunnally House in Atlanta is a fine example of Southern architecture. Its spacious interiors glow with treasured pieces of mahogany and rosewood. On the tables, Camel cigarettes... "My guests prefer them," says Mrs. Nunnally.

Charming member of a fine old Southern family

Mrs. Hugh Pendleton Nunnally
OF ATLANTA

"The mildness of a Camel cigarette is something special...less nicotine in the smoke, you know!"

Young Mrs. Hugh Nunnally, renowned for her exquisite blonde beauty, traces her family background to signers of the Declaration of Independence. Active in Atlanta welfare and defense work, she finds relaxation in her garden. Her favorite cigarette is Camel. And she says: "I really mean my favorite. I can't think of any other cigarette that gives me the pleasure Camels do. So mild and good-tasting—they're just more fun to smoke, that's all! We never tire of them, so I buy my Camels by the carton and have plenty on hand for everybody."

A few of the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel cigarettes:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., Maryland
Mrs. Randolph Carter, Virginia
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, Jr., Boston
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd, Philadelphia
Mrs. Alexander Cochrane Forbes, New York
Miss Eleanor Frothingham, Boston
Mrs. John Hylan Hemenway, New York
Mrs. Alexander Hixon, California
Mrs. Martin Osborn, California
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, Cincinnati
Mrs. Kilaen M. Van Rensselaer, New York

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

By burning 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking PLUS equal, on the average, to 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!
Know the Thrill a Lovelier Skin can Bring You.

Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!

This thrilling idea is based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!

Like thousands of other brides whose lovely complexions surely qualify them as beauty experts, Mrs. Conner is devoted to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. You, too, can follow her way to greater loveliness!

No woman's skin can be truly beautiful if, unknowingly, she mars it through improper cleansing. Or if she uses a soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Conner's skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "I wouldn't think of neglecting my 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine," she says.

Tests prove Camay milder!

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not only mild—it's actually milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we urge you to go on the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet without delay.

Put your complete trust in Camay. For 30 days use it faithfully night and morning. Your skin will feel fresher at once. And as the days go by you can reasonably expect to see your skin lovelier...more appealing.

GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the "Mild-Soap" Diet tonight. Work Camay's lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS...LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN!
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

you can steal your own Show—if your Smile is Right!

Brighten your teeth and help give your smile a flashing sparkle—with Ipana and massage.

YOU THINK beauty is all-important? Well—look around you, plain girl! Just look at those who are wearing solitaires... getting bridal showers... being married!

Are they all beautiful? No, indeed! But they all know how to smile! Theirs are not timid smiles, self-conscious and shy—but big, warm, heart-winning smiles that say: "I'm glad to be alive!"

So smile, plain girl, smile! You can steal your own show if your smile is right. You can win what you want of life. For heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl with the winning smile.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—A warning Signal

If you want bright, sparkling teeth that you are proud to show, remember this: Gums must retain their healthy firmness.

So if there’s ever the slightest tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, make a date to see your dentist at once! His verdict may simply be that your gums are spongy, tender—robbed of exercise by today’s creamy foods. And, like thousands of other modern dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness. Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist’s today!

Start today with Ipana and MASSAGE
PHOTOPLAY
MARCH, 1942
VOL. 20, NO. 4

EXECUTIVE EDITOR
ERNEST V. HEYN

ASSOCIATE EDITOR
HELEN GILMORE

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Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents
THE PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

Spencer TRACY
Katharine HEPBURN

A GEORGE STEVENS' Production

with FAY Bainter - REGINALD OWEN - Directed by GEORGE STEVENS
Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ - Screen Play by Ring Lardner, Jr. and Michael Kanin

MARCH, 1942
CLOSE UPS
AND LONG SHOTS

HOLLYWOOD, under war conditions, is a strangely changing place... the windows of all
the Brown Derbies are painted over with dark brown paint so that not so much as a glimmer of light steals
forth... the studios are all on a new schedule... eight to five... which makes Hollywood even more of
an early-to-bed town than it is normally (and it has always folded up around ten o'clock despite those glittering photographs you see from Ciro’s, the Mocambo and such spots)... These new, earlier hours are an
attempt to dodge the blackouts but two sets of movie workers suffer slightly because of them... the stellar
girls must now rise by five, if they are to be on the sets, made up, by eight and this in turn means that the hair-
dressers must crawl, with carefully shaded lights, through that darkest hour before the dawn to see that the glamour girls have every curl in place, war or no war...

There will be no more location trips to photograph backgrounds, no more premières of big pictures, no more
night previews of mere average pictures until we have won this battle of freedom... the location trips are off because all the “wild” spots in and around... those locations which for years have been anything from the forest primeval to the hills of Shangri-La to the movie-makers... are now

The beguiling Dumbo rides merrily on the high road to bigger and better wartime smile entertainment

By RUTH WATERBURY

Army encampments... besides, no studio wants to have its valuable stars even five miles away from town...
The premières are off because their vivid lights and massed crowds would be veritable invitations to air-raiders and because all parades of luxury are in bad taste now... the color is completely departed from the previews and they are being held in the afternoons in those dreary little studio projection rooms which the trade has always called “sweat boxes”... but even the reviewers, chronic grumblers, are not grumbling now... complaining is in bad taste, too, and moreover nobody wants to be traveling miles and miles merely to cover some “B” offering...

Even the locations that were merely on the “back lot” of the various studios... those “standing sets,” those “for-
eign streets,” those “steamship piers” (complete with “standing” waves and “standing” steamers), those “rivers” and “jungles”... all have been moved inside the sound stages for safety’s sake...

Yes, Hollywood under war conditions is strangely changing, yet in one sense it is becoming only more its self... just as it is really an early-to-bed
town it is also really a worker’s town and now it is becoming more so... the visitors are gone... gone from the sets... gone from the restaurants... gone from the colony itself... the closing of Santa Anita did some of that... the closing of all sets to everyone except the actual studio personnel or the working press did the rest of it... the only “outsiders” you see in Hollywood these days are officials from Washington...

There are scores and scores of Washington visitors but you may not, as Lt. Col. Joseph F. Ballay told me, “expect this to be a glamour war”... Washington wants enlistments in all ranks... technicians, particularly, the art directors who know so much about camouflage, the writers for prop-
aganda work, and such... but it wants no Garbo in overalls, posing as the Spirit of Armament... no Rita Hayworth flashing her legs and her smiles as the Spirit of Our Flag... Washington has asked Hollywood... and will be receiving from Hollywood... films of American history... instruc-
tion shorts... the making of diagrams, posters and the like... in terms of actual man power many have been called and many have been chosen... you probably will not see Second Lt. Stewart back again on the (Continued on page 91)
"One side, son let Handy Andy show you how to handle that gal!"

"By the crampus, what's the matter with the men of 1942? In my prime I'd have had her shoulders on the floor in two seconds. Jackson's the name... Andy Jackson. I guess you could call me 'The Remarkable Andrew.' There ain't many men could step across a hound, dead years to tame the wildest spitz, and the purists... that ever needed rough handlin'. And she ain't the only one who needed rough handlin'. As if the boy hadn't enough trouble with his gal, crooked politicians and thievins' scalaws were tryin' to railroad him to jail.

"I hear for a few of the boys. Mob, you heard 'em, tell of them, General George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, Chief Justice John Marshall, Jesse James for a little clean-up work, and a feller named Smith. They sure know a trick or two about handlin', a scamp—w— even in 1942... and what they didn't know— they invented! 'Jumpin' fun! I ain't had so much fun since the Battle of New Orleans!"

The most side-splitting, surprise-full adventure you'll see this year... a remarkable picture about a remarkable guy...

"The Remarkable Andrew"

BRIAN DONLEVY

with

WILLIAM HOLDEN

ELLEN DREW

MONTAGU LOVE • PORTER HALL

Directed by STUART HEISLER • Novel and Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo
A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

March, 1942


**THE SHADOW STAGE**

**REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH**

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding.

**The Man Who Came To Dinner (Warners)**

It's About: A world-renowned sophisticate who takes over a Midwest household.

WHAT "The Little Foxes" was to drama, "The Man Who Came To Dinner" is to comedy. Every bit as good as the play that rocked Broadway and hinterland audiences for two years is this rowdy, rollicking and, at times, bitter satire.

The audience laughed so long and so loud many of the rare verbal tidbits were lost. Bette Davis is, of course, splendid as secretary to Sheridan Whiteside, the man who came to dinner. Richard Travis, as the young newspaper man, is a winner all right.

Ann Sheridan does a grand job as the actress. Jimmy Durante as "Banjo," Billie Burke and Grant Mitchell as the unwilling hostess and host of the nasty old tyrant, George Barbier as the doctor, are outstanding. But a bit by Reginald Gardiner all but steals the show.

All characters are drawn from life, so have fun guessing who's who while you are yelping with delight.

Your Reviewer Says: An eight-course banquet of delight.

**The Best Pictures of the Month**

Johnny Eager
The Man Who Came To Dinner
Joan Of Paris

Best Performances
Robert Taylor in "Johnny Eager"
Van Heflin in "Johnny Eager"
Douglas Fairbanks Jr. in "The Corsican Brothers"
Olsen and Johnson in "Hellzapoppin"'
Monty Woolley in "The Man Who Came To Dinner"
Claudette Colbert in "Remember The Day"
Paul Henreid in "Joan Of Paris"
Michele Morgan in "Joan Of Paris"

**Johnny Eager (M-G-M)**

It's About: A hard-hearted gangster who discovers that love and death walk hand in hand.

BOB TAYLOR scores a knockout performance as a conscienceless mobster who covers his crooked dealings by reporting regularly to his parole officer and, on the surface, living respectably as a taxi driver.

Beneath that front, he's a mean killer, utterly incapable of understanding man's better nature until he meets Lana Turner, a society girl and daughter of Attorney Edward Arnold. Even then his meanness takes its natural course when, in order to keep Arnold from exposing him, he frames Lana into believing she has murdered a man. But, in an ironic twist of plot, he gets his come-uppance.

Van Heflin, as his only true friend, almost steals the show—and he must be good to rob Taylor of one iota of glory, Bob's that socko. Frankly, we like Lana better in "slitcho" roles; but, even so, her performance here is proof that Turner can act.

Everyone in the cast shines in his role and, while the theme is repelently real, it's a tremendous picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A lam to the heart. (Continued on page 95)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 112
Get ready to thrill...

The Producer of "Kitty Foyle" Delights You Again With a Brilliant Romance Torn From the Blazing Pages of Today's History—Featuring Two Exciting New Stars!

Michele Morgan
Paul Henreid
in
Joan Of Paris
THOMAS LAIRD
MITCHELL CREGAR
MAY ROBSON
PRODUCED BY . . . DAVID HEMPESTEAD
DIRECTED BY . . . ROBERT STEVENSON
Screen Play by Charles Bennett and Ella St. Joseph

...to this thrilling new love team!

MARCH, 1942
DRAMA—First Act: For some time past Cary Grant has been quietly taking the rap with news photographers for raising old Ned every time the boys came near the actor and Barbara Hutton. Now it seems Barbara herself is to blame and has come forward and admitted it to the camera lads, which changes the complexion of things a bit. We never could believe Cary capable of temperament, having always found him gracious and friendly.

By the way, someone reports having seen Cary and Carole Landis at the beach amusement centers several times. Must be a mistake. But think now, whom does Miss Landis resemble? Sure, Phyllis Brooks. And whom does Phyllis more than resemble? Of course, Virginia Cherrill, now the Countess of Jersey and Cary's first wife. Several friends still insist Virginia was Cary's one true love.

Drama—Second Act: Phyllis Brooks couldn't help but see us sitting there, but she obviously didn't care a whoop, for the telephone conversation went right on.

We don't know who was on the other end, but our ears certainly pricked up (we weren't eavesdropping, for we simply couldn't get away) when Phyllis said: "Oh, I'd love to see you. I suppose you'll be going to Cary's. Yes, he's giving a party. How I'd love to go, but, you see, I can't on account of (Continued on page 10)
“9-letter word meaning Social Suicide”

Got you stumped, has it? Well, try again, Buttercup. It’s a word you, in particular, ought to know about. Here we come with a little help... and do you need it.

Suppose you start with an “H”. Now try in an “A”. Next, try an “L”, as in “love”—and wouldn’t you like a little that! There! You’ve made a start. At this point may we suggest an “I”. You know, “I” as in “it”—which you haven’t got or you wouldn’t be sitting at home of a Saturday night doing crossword puzzles.

In the next space try a “T”. We’re getting places. Now an “O”. That gives you T-A-L-I-T-O. Only three more letters and you’ll have the answer.

In that next space slip in an “S”—could stand for “seductive” in your case but for one thing. But let’s get on...

Put in another “I” as in “idea”—which you’re going to get in just a second.

Now end it up with another “S” and Lady, you’ve got it.

Got what? The answer to your puzzle, and more important still, perhaps the answer to why your dates are so few... why boys don’t stick around... why you’re sort of “on the shelf.”

It’s halitosis (bad breath)—the 9-letter word for Social Suicide. Halitosis is the offense that no one overlooks and that anyone may commit at some time or other without realizing it.

Of course there’s often something you can do about it... something you ought to do about it if you want others to like you.

To make your breath sweeter, more alluring, less likely to offend, use Listerine Antiseptic... every night and every morning, and before any date at which you want to appear at your best. Never... never!... omit this delightful precaution.

Why Listerine Does It
While sometimes systemic, the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces is the major cause of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors that fermentation causes.

Before any engagement let Listerine look after your breath

Lambert Pharmacal Co.  
St. Louis, Mo.
Commnunity talk at the committee meeting at the Biltmore Bowl was loud and long at the Norma Shearer-Edward Arnold end of the table

(Continued from page 8) Barbara. Oh, no, she wouldn’t have it. It’s silly, for I wouldn’t mind a bit, but Barbara would.”

All of a sudden we felt we had glimpsed a familiar situation from an entirely new angle. Cary Grant, Barbara Hutton and Phyllis Brooks had somehow all switched places and Phyllis was suddenly the leading lady in the little drama that had so intrigued Hollywood. She was no longer the pathetic little ex-sweetheart she had seemed. Maybe she never had been. But you know how Hollywood interprets an off-with-the-old-love-and-on-with-the-new-one triangle.

As we looked more closely, we discovered Phyllis had even taken on a new beauty, a new assurance and certainly a new lease on her career.

We remembered someone’s having told us that the philosophy of her good friend, playwright William Saroyan, was responsible for her ditching forever the torch she had been carrying for Cary. Now here she is gay, forgiving and, so it seems, completely uncaring.

Who will be the winner in the finale of this little drama, we wonder. Let’s hope all three will find exactly what they’re seeking.

Charity Calling: We’ve said it before and we say it again—there’s no place like Hollywood to respond to a worthy call for help.

The Los Angeles Examiner’s yearly benefit to buy Christmas baskets for the poor brought out the stars in droves.

Red Skelton, Bob Hope and Rudy Vallee got together for a little gabfest before the show—and try buying that array of talent for peanuts. Mickey Rooney, with his fiancée Ava Gardner, won tremendous applause. Mickey and Skelton put on a great act together.

Cary Grant and Pat O’Brien couldn’t get away from the Meglin Kiddies and Cary was especially drawn to little Billy Lee and Roddy McDowall of “How Green Was My Valley” fame.

It was great to see Bette Davis and Monte Blue, a onetime big star, together.

Four famous profiles, Cesar Romero, Tyrone Power, Jimmy Durante and John Carradine, were in collar- and evidence. George Montgomery and Roy Rogers seemed more than pleased with Rita Hayworth.

As usual, it was a wonderful Hollywood turnout, with stars in the sky on the stage and on all the flags.
Are These Your Choice?: If you were to choose the ten most popular men and women stars of 1941, whom would you select? Well, Feg Murray, of “Seein’ Stars” fame, made a newspaper canvass from coast to coast and in Latin America, and here are the results, given in the order of the canvass: Men: Gene Autry, Tyrone Power, Clark Gable, Errol Flynn, Spencer Tracy, Nelson Eddy, John Payne, Don Ameche, Robert Taylor, Mickey Rooney. Women: Bette Davis, Sonja Henie, Betty Grable, Alice Faye, Dorothy Lamour, Judy Garland, Deanna Durbin, Jeanette MacDonald, Olivia de Havilland, Linda Darnell.

One notices Jimmy Stewart’s absence from the screen has left his name only a memory. Gene Autry had thirty-three per cent more votes than his runner-up, Tyrone Power. The top four women stars in popularity are blondes. Odd that Lana Turner failed to make the list for the year.

More than 400 different players received votes, while Hollywood itself limits its star rating to about fifty people. Interesting, too, is the rise of newcomer John Payne.

At any rate, it’s the people’s choice and it’s the people who make or break the stars.

The Winner: Ginger Rogers let fly with a right hook and caught Helene Fortescue Reynolds squarely on the chin. Helene, in turn, hooked a left to Ginger’s blue eye, which brought an even more perfect uppercut to Helene’s amazed jaw.

Finally, Director Bill Wellman called “Cut” and the two girls started out of the scene, panting, when an onlooker on the “Roxie Hart” set stepped over and held up Ginger’s hand.

What’s a charity meeting without a blonde—two of them, in fact? Anne Shirley, Marjorie Woodworth and Roy Rogers do their committee stuff.

“I’m in the Dog-House—the Boss has ‘Fire’ in his Eye!”

Ada: And you can’t guess why you’re in the dog-house, Jane? Well my pet, you’re decorative to the eye, and you’re a speed demon for work. But, Jane, you’re guilty of one careless, unforgivable little fault!

Jane: Now don’t “underarm odor” me—or friendship ceases. You know I’d rather skip breakfast than miss my morning bath!

Ada: Foolish girl—why trust your bath to last all day! Use speedy Mum under each arm—if you want to stay flower-fresh!

Jane: So that’s why the perfect secretary is withering on the job. I am ashamed!

Mum takes just half a minute—keeps underarms fresh for hours!
Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration.
Mum won’t irritate skin—won’t harm clothes. Get Mum today!

MUM
Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS
Paul Whiteman opens at the Florentine Gardens; musical-minded Kay Kyser, Ginny Simms and Rudy Vallee yodel him a big welcome.

Barbara Stanwyck rises to the occasion, bows to the Gardens customers. Gary Cooper and her husband Bob Taylor do some handwork.

"You've got the best feminine uppercut I've ever seen," he said with admiration.

Ginger looked at him, puzzled. The man laughed. "I'm Gene Tunney," he said, "and I'm glad I gave up fighting before you took it up."

Ginger is as pleased as punch.

That's Telling Them, Girls: Well, the gals of the Hollywood Women's Press Club got themselves together for a little voting on the most co-operative and nonco-operative stars in Hollywood. Bette Davis and Bob Hope winning the co-operative prizes hands down. On the wrong side of the fence are Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire as booby-prize winners for nonco-operation with the press.

Among the most nonco-operative femmes as voted by the club before its final decision were Ginger Rogers, Marlene Dietrich and Jean Arthur. The men were Fred Astaire, Ronald Colman and Bing Crosby.

When Ginger was asked her opinion of the decision she said, "I have nothing to say, except that I seem to be listed among some nice people. . . ."

Here is what the others said:

Fred Astaire: "They should have respect for my age."

Marlene Dietrich: "I thought I had co-operated with everybody, but possibly I was so overrun with men reporters that I didn't give enough time to the ladies."

Bing Crosby: "If they mean I'm losing my hair, that isn't my fault."

Ronald Colman: "Can I help it if I'm dull?"

Jean Arthur, as usual, wouldn't even talk to anyone about it.

Among the most co-operative were
Orchids-and-bliss picture of Milton Berle and bride Joyce Mathews. The Berles—plus Mama—now live in the Tom Mix mansion

listed Bette Davis, Rita Hayworth, Ann Sheridan. The men were Bob Hope, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor.

A small golden-apple lapel pin was given to Bette Davis (see page 72) and a golden-apple script marker to winner Bob Hope. Incidentally, Bob Hope won the Hollywood photographers' award for the most photogenic star in the business.

Now you know how inside Hollywood feels about certain stars.

Home-Wrecking Annie: "Never have your picture taken with a stranger," has become Ann Sheridan's New Year resolution. It was brought about when Annie received a curtly worded letter, with a snapshot enclosed, from a Chicago woman. The snapshot was a picture of Ann which included the woman's husband.

The letter read: "My husband has been boasting that he met you socially when he went to California on business. I know he's lying and that he's just trying to make me mad because he mentions it only when we're around friends," and closed with a plea for help.

Ann had to think a long time about that picture. Then she recalled one night at an ice rink a stranger had snapped a picture of her while another strange man was standing close by.

She wrote and explained that fact to the Chicago wife and then wrote out her resolution.

Thisa and Thata: Loyalty is one of Hollywood's chief charms. It was dis...
Exciting as a date with your "one and only"... thrilling as his good-night kiss—this wonderful discovery of hidden beauty you may never have realized your hair possessed. And it's magic-like Colorinse that imparts this glamorous loveliness. Colorinse that brings out the warmth of color in your hair—gives it a brighter, richer tone—a softer, silker sheen that rivals the lustre of the stars themselves. You'll wonder how you ever were content with dull drab-looking hair when you discover how quickly Colorinse makes it look and feel entrancingly different. Colorinse—in 14 flattering shades—at beauty counters everywhere. For a leveler hair-do—use Nestle Shampoo before and Nestle Superset after Colorinising.

---

Playful in its true colors when old maestro Paul Whiteman opened at the Florentine Gardens and all the big-name stars, including Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper and his wife, turned out in Paul's honor.

Dorothy Lamour is dropping over her broken romance with attorney Greg Bautzer. Friends hope Dottie and Greg will get together soon. At any rate, the Navy, who have chosen Dottie as their favorite gal, gave three cheers over the news.

Rockabye Hollywood: The year 1941 will go down in cinema history as the year of births. Some even point to it as an indication of war, claiming more children are born just before or during a war than any other time. At any rate, let's take a glance backwards and note the number of babies born to movie celebrities, a record that far exceeds the number of divorces.

The really important stars who contributed to Hollywood's population include Constance Moore, Veronica Lake, Mary Martin, Lili Damita and Errol Flynn, Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan, Connie Bennett and Gilbert Roland, Virginia Bruce and J. Walter Ruben, Jack Carson and Kay St. Germaine, Lois Andrews and George Jessel, and Margaret Sullivan. The long-legged bird is also expected to visit the Jackie Coogans and Alice Faye and Phil Harris.

Some group of babies, isn't it? At any rate, it shows Hollywood no longer lives under the fear of losing popularity either through marriage or parenthesis.

Tidbits: The funniest sight Cal has seen in months was Hedy Lamarr lunching at the Brown Derby, staring at the booth directly opposite at the extra girl who is her exact image.

The extra girl took one calm look at Hedy and went right on eating. Hedy, on the other hand, could scarcely take her eyes from the girl.

It made a cozy tidbit for the Derby lunchers.

Betty Grable explains that as a friend and sweetheart, George Raft is perfect. There's just one drawback to the romance. That's his gifts of race horses that George registers in Betty's name. They always come in last!

Whoa, there, romance!

Behind the Scenes with Cal: Friends are holding their breath—but Elaine...
Barrie has been visiting John Barrymore while he's been ill. If that pair gets together old Cal simply gives up. Our "noives" can't take it.

Doctors say "war nerves" were responsible for the premature birth of the Connie Bennett-Gilbert Roland baby, who was born before its mother could be taken to a hospital. Little Miss Christina Roland is as beautiful as her mommy.

There are whispers that already powers—that-be are dictating policies to the young director-genius, John Huston, whose first picture, "The Maltese Falcon," was a directorial wow. Huston, Walter's son, is busy with the Bette Davis picture, "In This Our Life," and, Cal hears, his wonderful young ideas are being changed by the Front Offices. Bette herself is worried over it, so it was told old Cal. Shame, isn't it?

Twinkle, twinkle little star in the blackout. Rita Hayworth comes to Ciro's with husband Ed Judson in blackout hat and dress equipped with tiny identification reflectors.

V for Victor—To Love or to Hate: "What's the matter around here?" Vie Mature screamed at Cal the other day on the "Song Of The Islands" set. "Nobody hates me any more and I'm unhappy."

"Are you crazy, Mature?" we asked. "Crazy, heck!" he came back. "To be liked by everyone in this industry is bad. Movie biggies pay more attention to the squawkers, the hard-to-get-along-with guys than the easybrush-off guy. Say, I know. When I was raising heck all over the place about my Hal Roach contract deal, I got plenty of attention. It was good for me. When I justifiably raised more heck during the shooting of 'Hot Spot,' what happened? Did I get kicked out or slapped down? Don't believe it. Mr. Zanuck took matters in his own hands, looked at the rushes, decided I was right and then bought my contract from Roach. If I'd been nambypamby about that trouble, where would I have been?

"Baby" your face at bedtime to
WAKE UP LOVELIER!

Doctors advise
"baby-care" for
your complexion

Each night give your face this gentle Ivory soap-and-water care advised by doctors for the World's Most Perfect Complexion—baby's own!

Bedtime beauty-care, now more than ever, means Ivory Soap. For the quick cream lather of New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is gentler than ever to your skin. Actually, New Ivory is milder than 10 leading toilet soaps!

IS YOUR SKIN DRY? sensitive? You should "baby" it with this gentle, New Ivory night-time routine: Cream lukewarm Ivory lather well into your skin with gentle fingertip massage. Warm rinses—pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream. Doctors advise gentle Ivory cleansing!

IS YOUR SKIN Oily? Then you'll want New Ivory's richer, creamier lather to remove excess oil. Every night: With a rough washcloth, lather up lukewarm Ivory velvet suds—½-inch lather simply creams off your Ivory cake! Scrub upward and outward into every inch of your face. Rinse. Repeat. Warm rinse, then cold. Use this Ivory method 3 times daily for safe beauty-care!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use
New Velvet-suds IVORY
CHAPPED HANDS HEAL FASTER...

According to actual tests with Noxzema Skin Cream

Let Noxzema help you all these ways this winter

Windburn, Chapped Lips...
Noxzema brings quick, soothing relief to red, rough, painfully wind-burned skin and ugly chapped lips. Mary Richardson of St. Paul, Minn., writes: "I use Noxzema on my face to help protect my skin against winter winds and to soothe it after exposure."

Frost Bites, Chilblains, Painfully Chafed Skin. Noxzema brings grand relief! Mrs. Harriet Eddy, of Minneapolis, writes: "Every winter I suffer from Chilblains. After one application of Noxzema I felt a cool, soothing comfort I'd never known!"

Poor Complexion. Try medicated Noxzema for externally-caused blemishes for skin reddened, roughened and "dried out" from winter winds. See for yourself how quickly this soothing cream helps improve your complexion!

SPECIAL OFFER. Here's your opportunity to find out how much Noxzema can do for you! For a limited time you can get the 25¢ jar at any drug or cosmetic counter—FOR ONLY 1¢! Get your jar today!

With Noxzema, definite improvement in red, rough, chapped hands is often seen overnight. That's because this famous medicated cream helps soften dry, rough skin, aids in healing tiny skin "cuts."

SAVE ON STOCKINGS. Guard against snagging precious stockings. Help keep your hands and feet soft, smooth—with Noxzema!

Claire Trevor takes on two of the armed forces at the right, shows them a wonderful time at the Club, sends them home cheering Hollywood, the stars, and one of the most spirited wartime organizations in the film colony.

"Look, I love Joe von Sternberg and bless him for what he did for me on the screen in 'The Shanghai Gesture,' but, brother, when he got sassy, I got sassy. No mealy-mouth business about it. And you should see the result.

"When I signed this new contract my agent gave me just two words of advice. 'Vic,' he said, 'be difficult.' And now look, everyone slaps me on the back, nobody hates me. I'm worried!"

"We couldn't help but laugh, for we're one of Vic's ardent admirers, but there's something to his argument, especially when his salary has jumped from $400 to $750.

"But how, Cal pauses to inquire, can anyone hate a guy as co-operative as Vic? Even to oblige him?"

When Good Fellows Get Together: We happened onto the "In This Our Life" set just during the scene when Charles Coburn hands Olivia de Havilland a letter. Olivia was supposed to register annoyance as she read; take it from visiting Cal, she did. Afterwards, she showed us the note unsuspecting Coburn had handed her. It read:

"Dear Livvie: While you are working like a slave I've been given the day off. It's a lovely day to be loafing.

"Wish you were here. Love, Bette Davis."

Bette and Olivia are having fun together in this picture and now we're waiting for Livvie's revenge.

The Rotary Club Should Know: Clark Gable is rapidly taking over the role of the best businessman in Hollywood. On their recent trip back East, Clark and Carole bought at $1100 car in a Middle Western town and drove it home. In Hollywood they sold the car at only $100 loss.

The expenses home amounted to exactly $57. Carole and Clark stopped in small towns and hotels, ate in small restaurants and had a bigger time than Santa Claus.

When people have more fun than Gable and get a bigger kick out of doing the American way—that's the average man—then we give up. You just can't beat that guy!

Or Do You Prefer Gin Rummy? Hollywood is playing a new game and oddly enough it began among the secretaries of a large studio. "If I could be married to five men at once, they begin, and then each makes his choice. A writer's secretary made this choice: Jock Whitney to pay the bills, Clifton Fadiman to talk to, Reilly Skelton to make her laugh, Free...
A low-crowned hat with a high-style effect, worn by Frances Langford at the Mocambo, admired by her husband on Hall and a discerning Bob Cobb

Accept this Gift
with our compliments

GLOVER'S

For Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

Movie stars know the value of caring for
the hair and scalp. They can tell you
the importance of using the right treatment!
If you've tried scented hair preparations without results, switch now to
this famous MEDICINAL treatment, used by millions. Try GLOVER'S, with
massage, for Dandruff, Itchy Scalp and excessive Falling Hair You'll actually feel
the exhilarating effect, instantly! Ask for GLOVER'S at any Drug Store.

Here's a convenient way
to convince yourself! Send today for a generous complete Gift application of Glover's Mange Medicine—also the New GLO-VER Beauty Soap SHAMPOO—in hermetically-sealed bottles. This gift is distributed by coupon only. Complete instructions and booklet, The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair, included FREE!

TWO GIFT BOTTLES! Glover's Mange Medicine and the New Glo-Ver Beauty Soap Shampoo, as pictured, SEND THE COUPON TODAY!

GLOVER'S, 460 Fourth Ave., Dept. 553, New York
Send Gift samples, Glover's Mange Medicine and new GLO-VER SHAMPOO in hermetically-sealed bottles. I enclose 10¢ to cover cost of packaging and postage.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________
City ______ State ______
F
ew stars of today are powerful enough to draw John Public without the added attraction of a double feature and free glassware. None is great enough to carry a picture alone.

Each new opus must boast of artistic abilities ranging all the way from John Barrymore to Shirley Temple, but still there’s something wrong, but definitely.

Just imagine, in the golden era of famous stars, the theater management’s announcing free turkeys when a Valentino picture was being shown!

Producers and writers strive so hard to show us what down-to-earth, common folk the stars are. That is a grave error.

We actually resent it. American women love to worship from afar. We do not dream of our next-door neighbor, do we?

Movies are cluttered with too much noise and too little emotion. We hear, we see—we feel nothing. There is never a sweet silent moment for dreaming or even relaxing.

Pictures of yesterday were no doubt pure hokum but they were soul-satisfying, they made us feel, so we swarmed the place.

Today pictures make us think, so we stay away in swarms. Well, shame on us. Sorry we just want to be entertained.

MARY MITCHELL, Bakersfield, Cal.

$5.00 PRIZE
1942’s Will Rogers?

My husband and I recently saw Noah Beery Jr. in a mediocre picture called “Two In A Taxi.” As we watched him through this entire picture we were both thinking the same thought and were utterly amazed when we voiced it aloud at almost the same instant. It was this: “Here is the man to play the role of Will Rogers!”

Noah Beery Jr. has the same genial manner, the same shy smile, the same twinkle in his eye and the same modest grin. Sure, Mrs. Rogers herself would approve of Noah Beery Jr. for the role of her famous and beloved husband, when the story of his life is made. We believe, too, that if a poll were taken for the one most resembling Will Rogers, Noah Beery Jr. would easily win.

Why not select him for the role now so that he can begin immediate study for it?

Whether or not you are given this role, Noah Beery Jr., you’re a second Will Rogers to us.

MARGUERITE BROWN, Hannibal, Mo.
THE cinema houses have been currently running pictures depicting the colorful lives of Americans in the British Royal Air Force. Such shows as "A Yank In The RAF" and "International Squadron" are great propaganda pieces. They depict boys from the U.S.A., enlisting in the Royal Air Force and the glamorous lives they lead once they are nattily dressed in English uniforms.

There is no doubt that we are all out to stop the Hitler menace that threatens the world and that the British and American front is a united one. But why should the United States Government spend millions to enlist all available men as pilots in our own "Keep 'em Flying!" program while the movie producers run a recruiting service for our cousins across the ocean?

There is plenty of colorful material in the Aviation Cadets of the Army, Navy and Marines for powerful, pulse-moving scenarios. The very lives of these "fledglings" while they are student pilots for Uncle Sam in his effort to turn out 30,000 pilots a year spell thrills and excitement. There are many struggles in becoming Aviation Cadets and many more in eventually becoming flying officers in the United States Air Forces.

CORPORAL JOHN ADVENT,
Victoria, Texas

$1.00 PRIZE
From England to Hollywood

AFTER reading the article in your October issue of "Photoplay-Movie Mirror" entitled "How to Get Your Fan (Continued on page 94)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications: this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department a good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Expect to be stared at...in envy...when you come out in English Tint

What a thrill...to step into a room filled with lovely women and have all eyes turned to you...in envy! Princess Pat "English Tint" can do exactly that for a woman. It creates a complexion so exquisite...others can't help but stare. Two things account for its startling beauty. One we'll reveal—that's the delicate tones of the English hedge-rose that bloom in your cheeks and on your lips when you make up in Princess Pat "English Tint." The other is our secret—but it's yours to enjoy. These preparations you'll need to gain this new exquisiteness for your very own:

PRINCESS PAT ENGLISH TINT LIPSTICK or LIQUID LIPTONE
...you'll love the smoothness of this lipstick and its amazing power to last. You'll love still more the completely smear-proof feature of LIQUID LIPTONE.

PRINCESS PAT ENGLISH TINT ROUGE or CHEEKTONE
...either one blends with the perfection for which Princess Pat Rouge is known the world over. The rouge is the cake type—CHEEKTONE is something new...the most exciting cosmetic achievement in years.

PRINCESS PAT "LIGHT-AS-AIR" FACE POWDER in...your "regular" shade. It will go perfectly with the "English Tint" cheek and lip make-up...oh! how adorable you are going to look!

Send for Complete English Make-up Kit

Yes, a complete Princess Pat English Tint make-up kit—everything you need for real English complexion loveliness. Contains trial size English Tint Rouge, a creamy Lipstick, a box of Face Powder to match and Liquid Liptone. An extraordinary offer—a "make-up" you just have to have. Send name and address together with 25c to cover partly postage and packing. Princess Pat, Dept. 432, 2709 S. Wells St., Chicago.
BRIEF REVIEWS

\[ \checkmark \] indicates picture was rated "good" when reviewed
\[ \checkmark \checkmark \] indicates picture was rated "outstanding" when reviewed

**ALL AMERICAN CUE-Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland in this lively musical comedy directed by George Seaton. Rooney is a Hollywood star who has fallen on hard times and is forced to take a job as a valet for a wealthy movie producer. Garland plays his love interest and the two have many musical numbers together. This is a charming and entertaining film. (Feb.)**

**BALL OF FIRE—Gary Cooper and Carole Lombard in this comedy directed by William Wyler. Cooper plays a hard-boiled lawyer who falls in love with Lombard's character, a womanizing nightclub singer. The film is filled with witty dialogue and memorable sequences, such as the famous scene where Cooper carries Lombard on his shoulders. (Feb.)**

**BIRTH OF THE BLUES—Charles Laughton and Spencer Tracy in this biographical film directed by Lewis Milestone. Laughton plays W.C. Handy, the composer of the famous blues tune, while Tracy portrays a music publisher who is sceptical about the value of the blues. The film is a touching and insightful portrayal of Handy's life and work. (Jan.)**

**CADET GIRL—Loretta Young and Ronald Reagan in this comedy directed by Lewis Milestone. Young plays a college student who is drafted into the navy against her will and must learn to adapt to military life. Reagan plays her love interest and the two have many comic adventures together. This is a heartwarming and funny film. (Feb.)**

**CHOCOLATE SOLDIER, THE—Gregory Peck and Ingrid Bergman in this romantic drama directed by Henry King. Peck plays a man who is sent to prison and escapes to Mexico, where he falls in love with Bergman's character. The film is a beautiful and dramatic portrayal of love and redemption. (Jan.)**

**DESIGN FOR SCANDAL—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in this comedy directed by George Cukor. Tracy plays a professor who is involved in a scandal at his university and must defend himself against the wrath of his students and colleagues. Hepburn plays his love interest and the two have many comic and dramatic interactions. This is a charming and insightful film. (Jan.)**

**DOUH MEXICO WAY—Spencer Tracy and Edward Arnold in this comedy directed by William Keighley. Tracy plays a man who is sent to Mexico to help a friend but instead becomes involved in a series of adventures. The film is a funny and enjoyable take on the tropics. (Dec.)**

**MR. HAZELTON—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in this biographical film directed by William Keighley. Tracy plays Charles L. Faust, a real estate developer who is involved in a scandal and must prove his innocence. Hepburn plays his love interest and the two have many dramatic and romantic interactions. This is a compelling and well-made film. (Feb.)**

**DUMB—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in this comedy directed by William Keighley. Tracy plays a man who is involved in a series of mishaps and must prove his innocence. The film is a funny and enjoyable take on the tropics. (Dec.)**

**DO X DIARY—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in this comedy directed by William Keighley. Tracy plays a man who is involved in a series of mishaps and must prove his innocence. The film is a funny and enjoyable take on the tropics. (Dec.)**

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Take a good look at Spencer Tracy taking a good look at Katharine Hepburn in M-G-M's "Woman Of The Year," which promises to be a picture of the month.
ELLERY QUEEN AND THE MURDER RING—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy as the famous detective, who solves some mysteries in a hotel, but it's the side-splitting performances of two dumb bunnies, Paul Harst and Tom Dugan, who play their roles straight, that provides riotous fun. (Dec.)

GENTLEMAN FROM DIXIE—Monogram: When Jack La Rue is released from prison he returns to his brother's stock farm in South Carolina to find villains John Holland, who originally framed him. Marsha Hunt is his brother's wife, and Mary Ruth, who's an accomplished musician, is his stepdaughter. (Dec.)

GLAMOUR BOY—Paramount: An appealing, good little movie, loaded with human interest, with Jackie Cooper playing a former child star who's called in to coach Darryl Hickman in a remake of Jackie's former hit, "Skippy." Jackie meets and falls in love with Susanna Foster and finds plenty of grief before entering with a new viewpoint on life. (Feb.)

HENRY ALDRICH FOR PRESIDENT—Paramount: Jimmy Lydon, as Henry, handles the frustrations, trials and tribulations that confront him when running for student body president with all the finesse of a veteran. Great support in June Preisser, Mary Anderson, Martha O'Connel and Vaughn Glaser overcomes the weaker moments.

H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.—MG-M: Frankly disappointing is our opinion of the movie version of the best seller, but our one-check approval goes for the splendid performance of Robert Young as the man who can't break away from tradition, for the careful direction and for the sterling acting of Van Heflin and Ruth Hussey. Hep Lamarr clocks herself as the Feb. (Feb.)

HONKY TONK—MG-M: A rambling story about a Western con man, Clark Gable, who with his pal Chill Wills, gets elected the big boss of a town and taxes the people into rebellion. Lana Turner's a nice girl from Boston and the daughter of Frank Morgan, whom Clark marries on his way up, and Claire Trevor is the dance-hall girl. (Jan.)

HOT SPOT—20th Century-Fox: When Victor Mature, Alan Mowbray and Allen Joffin turn waitresses Carole Landis into a glamour girl and she's found murdered, Mature and Carole's sister, Betty Grable, become suspects and are relentlessly pursued by an efficient detective Laird Cregar. Cregar is terrific and it's a fast-moving, suspenseful picture. (Jan.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—20th Century-Fox: An Academy Award contender is this great-interest document of a boy's life in a Welsh mining town. Marching through the beautifully directed story are the father, Donald Crisp, and the mother, Sara Allgood, with their sons, among them Patricia Knowles, John Loder and Roddy McDowall. Maureen O'Hara is the beautiful daughter and Walter Pidgeon the preacher. Flawless and spellbinding. (Jan.)

INTERNATIONAL LADY—Edward, Small-U.A.: Beautiful and tough, Iona Massey leads George Brent or Bette Davis or Brian Donlevy or Scotty Beckett in a merry chase from London to Lisbon to America. It's a case of love and war. The two detectives are charming and witty and always delightful. The bath is also very good as the wealthy pro-Nazi. (Jan.)

KATHLEEN—MG-M: Shirley Temple at twelve is a better little actress than ever before and has gained a new beauty and charm. She plays the lonely, motherless child of Herbert Marshall and schemes to have her father marry Laraine Day, child psychologist, rather than Gail Patrick, of whom she is infatuated. The story radiates good humor and charm. (Feb.)

KEEP 'EM FLYING—Universal: Those funny boys, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, are given a thin, anemic story in this one, with little of the humor that has packed their other movies. Despite the story faults, the boys rate cheers and several of their gags are sure laugh getters. Carol Bruce and Dick Foran interrupt the picture for romance and Martha Raye plays twin sisters. (Feb.)

KID FROM KANSAS, THE—Universal: A sight, sabotage and all kinds of trouble hit the Kansas plantation of Leo Carrillo and Andy Devine and Dick Foran receive the blame for it all until Foran escapes from jail and uncovers the real rascal. A lot of action is mixed up in the story and the trio of actors do right well. (Dec.)

LADIES IN RETIREMENT—Columbia: The famous stage play is superbly translated to the screen with a never-relaxing suspense. It has kept its freshness for its essentially fragmentary quality of repulsion and sympathy, as the combination of ruthlessly-murdering and socialite types. Lois Hayter, Barbara Hale, two, rates honors, as does Evelyn Keyes as the maid, and John Litel and Isabel Elms. (Dec.)

LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING—RKO: Laughs follow one after the other in this unscripted variety comedy about a radioenter. Edgar Bergen, who with Charlie McCarthy lands a small farm, where he ... (Continued on page 100)

March 1942

“My husband’s kisses were cold as ice”

HOW A WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLIGE" THAT THREATENED HER MARRIAGE

1. I never dreamed I would ever play the role of a neglected wife. We were so madly in love, at first—then, little by little, Jack's ardor waned until it seemed as though he actually disliked to be near me. I was utterly miserable.

2. I hid my unhappiness from everyone. Until one day at luncheon with Jane, my closest chum—I broke down and told her everything. She said, "Darling, don't be offended, but perhaps it's your fault. There's nothing that chills a husband's love more than carelessness about feminine hygiene.

3. "Early in my marriage," she said, "a woman doctor set me straight forever about this one neglect." Since then, I've followed the simple precautions and used Lysol disinfectant for intimate personal care. Because Lysol cleanses, deodorizes... and a single douche kills millions of germs, without harm to sensitive tissues.

Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—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 mucous, serum, etc.), SPREADS—Lysol solution spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene, CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use, LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.

For FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene and other Lysol uses, send postcard to Lysol & Fink Products Corp., Dept. P.M.M.-314, Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.
Just picture yourself...

... looking into the looking glass and seeing a girl about whom everyone says, "What beautiful hair she has!"

BY GLORIA MACK

Pretty to look at, easy to handle—the new Hollywood fad, a braid coiffure, shown off by Paulette Goddard

Just picture yourself...

... with hair that's as sleek as Paulette Goddard's.

Easy to conjure up a picture as pretty as that; just as easy to make it real. Caught out in a Beverly Hills beauty shop, Paulette admitted that it had taken some hard work on the part of Hedvig Mjorud, Paramount hairdresser, to make it what it is today; i.e., in her own words, "my best feature."

The Goddard sets a record by proclaiming that her hair has grown four inches in six months, lays it all to the double-brushing process: "You take two brushes and with one in each hand you work alternately on a strand of hair at a time, until the whole scalp has been covered. It has made my hair grow and as for cleanliness and polish—well, look at it!"

Do look at it in "Reap The Wild Wind"; look at it again here, arranged in a trick coiffure of easy-to-handle braids; then try a bit of double-brushing and braiding yourself.

Just picture yourself...

... not saying to the hairdresser, "Just set it the same old way."

Go ahead and give in to woman's greatest weakness—a new coiffure.

First of all, though, be sure you're not tired, overworked or feeling below par the day of your appointment because bodily health is reflected immediately in the hair. Then be sure, before you decide on the new coiffure, that you look at yourself in a full-length mirror, harmonize the hairdress with your figure as well as your face. If you're small and round, don't wear a long bob; if you're slight, keep your hair short; otherwise, you'll look plenty top-heavy. If you're tall don't wear too short a cut.

One important thought—don't expect a new pompadour to look right and stay in place unless your hair has been shampooed correctly. Choose your shampoo carefully, be sure that it's one that does a thoroughly cleansing job and leaves your hair pliable, soft and ready to accept new ideas.

Just picture yourself...

... with your hair standing on end.

It should, you know, every night in the week. The Goddard brushing process which takes a bit of time, should be your weekly ritual at least, but your before-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep brushing business should go like this: Bend over from the waist, brush out all your hair from the crown of the head, then brush from underneath with an upward stroke till your hair is standing out all over your head and snapping like an angry kitten.

Just picture yourself...

... knowing as much as hairdressers do about hair. Swear on a copy of Photoplay-Movie Mirror that you'll remember these expert ideas:

1. That your shampoo is the secret of highlights in your hair; choose one that gives the hair more luster. That you can shampoo as often as you want.

2. That rinsing is an important business and not to be taken lightly. Rinse until the hair squeaks when pulled through the fingers.

3. That brushing won't spoil a wave; as a matter of fact, it will improve a poor one. Brush and brush as if your hair were naturally curly; it will make your head gleam satin-smooth and your hair fall into place more easily. Never whip with the brush; use a gentle, firm stroke.

4. That brittle ends should be clipped off immediately and your hair treated to an oiling every so often.

5. That there's a tried-and-true trick for dull hair. It's this: Take a piece of old silk about the size of a pocket handkerchief and polish the hair strand by strand.

Do all these things for six months, then stand back and picture yourself as you really are: A woman who's accomplished some clever headwork.
Thrilling New Way To More Glamorous Hair . . .
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Amazing new improvement in Special Drene Shampoo . . .
wonderful hair conditioner now in it for new allure!

Do you wish your hair had that silky, smooth, well-groomed look so smart these days? That it would fall into place beautifully and neatly, when you comb it?

Then you simply must try the new, improved Special Drene Shampoo—with a wonderful hair conditioner now in it! For that air conditioner just makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair far silkier, smoother, easier to manage, right after shampooing! You'll be thrilled!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

You'll be thrilled at the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner. Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it never leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color.

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

Are you bothered about removal of ugly, oily dandruff? You won't be when you shampoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap shampoo can do—not even those claiming to be special "dandruff removers"! Drene reveals extra highlights, extra color brilliance . . . up to 33% more lustre!

So to get these extra beauty benefits don't wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your beauty operator to use it!


Avoid That Dulling Film Left By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!
All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing HAIR CONDITIONER and is for every type of hair—dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene—in the blue and yellow package!
IT'S THE LOW-DOWN STORY OF A HIGH CLASS GAL!

Ginger ROGERS as ROXIE HART

The gal who could do no wrong (but, brother, she tried!)

ADOLPHE MENJOU • GEORGE MONTGOMERY
LYNNE OVERMAN • NIGEL BRUCE • PHIL SILVERS
SARA ALLGOOD • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • SPRING BYINGTON • TED NORTH • HELENE REYNOLDS

Directed by William Wellman
Produced and Written for the screen by Nunnally Johnson • Based upon the Play "Chicago" written by Maurine Watkins and produced by Sam H. Munk.
A 20th Century-Fox Picture

YOU'VE GOT A DATE WITH YOUR FAVORITE STAR...AT YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE SOON!

Learn to say "I Love You" The South Sea Way!

BETTY GRABLE • VICTOR MATURE • JACK OAKIE

in SONG OF THE ISLANDS

IN TECHNICOLOR

Stop! Look! Listen! It's Coming!
NOTHING is more gratifying about this job of putting out a movie magazine than the pleasure of reading your letters. Not always are they filled with praise and approval; you know how to speak your mind when you don’t like something in the magazine or when you are offended or disturbed by something one of our writers has said.

I wonder if you realize how much we in this office welcome your communications, favorable or unfavorable. Nothing can give us a better indication of how much—or little—we are succeeding in bringing you the kind of magazine you want.

Most exciting, I must admit, are letters exemplified by the following. It came from J. D. Bayne of Vancouver, Canada, and it reads:

“In one of last year’s heaviest blitzes I was a temporary air-raid warden in London. From a pile of rubble underneath a bombed apartment-block we pulled a girl who had taken refuge in a very insecure shelter. She was alive but badly injured. With her she had taken a blanket, a flashlight, her vanity compact—and a copy of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. (Just thought you might be interested.)”

Of course we are interested, we are touched, and for a moment feel that our little work here somehow has more significance than we could hope.

As an example of the bond that sometimes can be forged between a reader and ourselves, consider the letter which I shall quote in part from Marjorie Toole of Liverpool. Almost a year ago she wrote thanking us for a small picture of George Sanders that appeared in the magazine. But she added: “How about giving us a nice full-sized picture of a real-life ‘he-man’—and to me George Sanders fills the bill.” Then she said: “Here we are, night after night waiting for ‘Jerry’ to come over, running down the garden into our shelter, and then just sitting there with nothing in particular to look at, trying to forget the ‘so-and-so’ is overhead. Now just put yourself in my place. If I had a nice picture of George put on the wall with four thumbtacks, or even in a frame if I had one big enough, I’d even forget there was an air raid on or the battle of Britain was being fought. (And believe me it’s being fought right over our heads.) So take pity on a poor American fan of George Sanders stranded here in the ‘front line’ (and I can assure you I mean just that) and give us a full-page picture of the man himself.”

Then Helen Gilmore wrote her and said:

“We were tremendously glad to have your interesting letter of many months ago and have been waiting to give you concrete proof that it reached its American destination. You’ll see the result in the June issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR on page forty-nine, a portrait of George Sanders which we especially requested the studio to make. Just in case magazines may not be readily available to you over there, we’re enclosing a proof.”

Weeks later the mail brought us this:

“I received the picture of George Sanders which you so kindly sent me a few days ago. The week before it arrived we in Liverpool had eight nights of continual bombardment. Jerry would arrive soon after ten o’clock and bomb us until four or five next morning. We wouldn’t mind his bombing military objectives. As a matter of fact, we would respect him for being patriotic enough to face the awful barrage we put up if he came to do that. But when it gets light and the smoke that has laid deep over the city for hours dies away and you can see factories and chimneys of all kinds of public works standing, but rows of little houses simply gutted by fire and high explosives, you realize how unmerciful are these Germans. I lost an aunty and an uncle in this last blitz, and although I know it must have been a sudden death because their house got a direct hit, I often wonder what they had done to deserve such a death. Then the next morning the mailman knocked on what was once a good house (now without electric light, water or gas, and windows and frames blown completely out) to give me George Sanders all wrapped up in first-class mail. Although I was tired from loss of sleep, and sorrowful through the death of loved ones, I managed to forget just for a while as I read your letter. Now when I go into the shelter, I take George with me to make sure he won’t get a direct hit. . . .”

This is but an infinitesimal part of the letters we have received from you in past months. I do hope there will be many more. Now we are all in the front-line trenches, and if this magazine can give some joy in the midst of danger that is so sorely trying men’s souls, we shall be proud to be “more than just a movie magazine.”

Letters from you are the only source for this encouragement. Won’t you keep on writing them?

Ernest V. Heyn
Mickey Rooney Picks a Wife
Big mistake or a grand choice? It depends on what you think of Ava Gardner after reading this

BY SARA HAMILTON

MICKEY ROONEY is going to get married. By the time you read this, Mr. Rooney may already be a benedict. His plans, at the moment, are indefinite, but his heart is sure—that organ of affection belongs solely to a beautiful little Southern miss, one Ava Gardner, who six months ago never dreamed of a Hollywood career, let alone marriage with America's number-one box-office attraction.

It's the fairy-tale story of the year. It's the story of Fate with a great big capital "F." It's proof that magic dreams come true and that one day happiness may come to you.

On the set of "The Courtship Of Andy Hardy," we sidled up to Mickey and said, "Well, Mickey, how did you know this girl was the one?" He looked at us rather seriously. "Just a little thing called love," he said. There you have it in a nutshell. Mickey, the so-called "smarty-pants" of the kid set, the "wild boy of the jive group," as he's been unfairly termed, is a man in love. He's met the one girl in the world for him and he's going to see she doesn't get away from him.

The kind of girl Mickey has chosen for his wife is news eagerly awaited by fans everywhere, judging from the letters and telephone calls that have poured into Mickey's studio. "What's she like?" "Bet she's a cute blonde trick." "Is she a good-time, hey-hey kid, like Mickey?" Those were just a few of the queries; here are the answers.

A few months ago, Mickey went into the M-G-M commissary in search of his friend, Les Peterson, of the publicity department. Mickey had to find out more about his appearance the next night at the Chinese relief festival in Los Angeles. Les was talking to a group of studio youngsters; among them was a brown-haired, hazel-eyed beauty who had just arrived on the lot that day.

Mickey looked at her, glanced away, and did as beautiful a double-take as any screen comedian. He kept on looking at her long after the plans for the parade were complete.

"Then what did you do?" we asked.
"I asked her for a date."
"For when?"
"As soon as she could make it."

It was agreed, then, that Mickey should drive around next night to see Ava after the parade.

"And for my very first date I was late," he moans. "So we just drove around a while and then went to a drive-in for a hamburger."

From that night on Mickey never seriously thought of another girl. He was caught and held by a quality—no, by several qualities—that he had little experienced in the girls he'd met in Hollywood. For one thing, Ava was not particularly Hollywood-minded. She had not been touched deeply by those ambitions that can change a girl's (Continued on page 68)
I
SHERIDAN'S

We were the first to tell you, on page 77 of the February issue, that the Brent-Sheridan romance was not over. Now we have another "first"—an exciting account of how Ann's "good-by" to Brent ended in a wedding

SURPRISE is a mild word to describe the thunderbolt that hit Hollywood with the news of Ann Sheridan's marriage to George Brent. Studios, personal representatives, personal friends, kings and queens of gossip were alike left wordless with astonishment—and, for once, just plain lack of information. These two had so artfully disclaimed both in print and in private even a remote intention to wed. And both had an uncommonly high rating for honesty in a town which doesn't always indulge in the facts.

But it seems that strange and unaccountable elements enter into matters of this nature. For instance, there's the element of time. Barely four short weeks ago Ann and I were having luncheon together on what I now regard as a historic occasion. Let me tell you about this before I relate what changed her and what happened at the wedding. Ann with her customary candor was discussing her long friendship with George Brent.

"Yes, it's over," she announced cheerfully. "It never was really serious, you know. Not serious, I mean, in a marrying way. We went together, George and I, for two years, come last Christmas. During that time, except for business purposes, neither of us went out with anyone else. We never mentioned marriage,
not once during all that time. We didn’t want marriage, either of us. “I have said this from the beginning,” Ann went on. “We have both said it, when asked. George said it—for publication—and was criticized for doing so. It would hurt me, people said. I would resent it. Bologny. Why shouldn’t he have told the truth? “We were reported on various occasions to be secretly married. Tripe. When asked (Continued on page 89)
He spoke to her in desperate earnestness. They told her she shouldn't listen to him. But what woman could have brought herself to act in any other way?

BY WILL OURSLER

It was there on the steps leading into Cosmic Studios—a bit of torn paper with a black crayon cross in the center.

But Bill stopped when he saw it, in spite of his hurry. Because he had seen a bit of paper marked the same way once before. Only then it was in the palm of a dead man.

That had been after Bill got out of Harvard and was on the newspaper in Boston. It was a gang murder. The cops said it was left by the killers—their way of saying the victim was a double-crosser.

This had no such meaning, of course. A piece of scrap paper some actor had dropped, probably. Coincidence. Bill had no intention of considering it an omen. He tossed it to the breeze, hurried into the studio.

The blonde receptionist regarded
the dark-haired, lanky young man with impersonal speculation. "Casting office around the corner to the left. And I hope they're using athletic types this week!"

Bill grinned. It was five years since he had held the heavyweight spot on Harvard's boxing team.

"I don't work at being an athlete and I'm not an actor. I'm here to see Miss Winslow. Caryl Winslow."

Other callers were waiting—in the chairs along the walls of the shadowed, mosquellike reception room. He was aware of the hush that came at his mere mention of the star's name. But the girl gave no hint of surprise.

"You have an appointment?"

It was the first hurdle. "Well—not exactly. Only got in this morning. On the plane from New York. Came right over."

"Sorry. You have to have an appointment."

Finality in her voice. Bill said, "In a sense, I do have one. I'm a newspaperman. Sent here just to get this interview."

That was a lie. But they'd tried every other way of reaching her—and failed—and there was one chance this might work. Once he saw her, he'd tell her the real story.

"Newspaper?" The girl was disbelieving. "Which one?"

He got the answer out fast. "The Record. The Boston Record."

"I thought you said you came from New York?"

"From New York, en route from Boston," he said glibly.

He had actually worked on the Record once, for that year after he left Harvard. He'd resigned when the Summers' hand was on Bill's arm, edging him from the table. Bill looked beyond him to Caryl. "It'll only take a few minutes," he said huskily.

ILLUSTRATION BY
C. C. BEALL
chance came to go to New York with Acme Advertising. But he still had his old press card. He began fumbling in his pocket.

"You've got your Hays card?" the girl asked.

He stopped fumbling. He'd heard about registering with the Hays Office, hadn't realized its all-importance. "To be frank, I haven't. Coming over in such a hurry as I did—"

"You can't get anywhere without a Hays card." But the sea-green eyes were warmer. "You aren't a newspaperman at all, are you?"

HER expression said she knew he was lying. The newspaper approach had worked back East on occasion. Here in Hollywood, in spite of the need for publicity, it plainly was no go.

"But I have to see Miss Winslow," Bill said. "It's a matter of what you might call life or death."

She was only slightly impressed.

"Why don't you tell me what you really want?"

"It's actually my job. Either I see her—or I lose it."

The thin, penciled eyebrows lifted questioningly. He debated whether or not to throw himself on her mercy. Decided finally there was nothing to do but plunge ahead with the truth.

"I'm in an agency in New York. Acme Advertising. We've got a client named Swanson wants a big-name testimonial and I suggested Caryl Winslow. He went for it, but everybody in the office said it couldn't be done, only I said anything could be done."

"So you came all the way out here—"

"We tried all the regular channels. Publicity men, telegrams, long-distance calls. Turned down everywhere. But Swanson's expecting us to deliver and if we don't we lose the account and I'm fired. That's why I came out."

She was fussing with her hair. "If the regular studio offices gave you the cold shoulder—it's useless. You might as well go back to New York."

"Listen," he told her, "I'm doing this on vacation time. I'm not quitting—not until I get a final yes or no from her personally." He paused. "Maybe if I saw her at her home—"

"Away from the studio? I doubt if that would change anything."

"But one could obtain her address, I suppose?"

She shook her head. "I can't give it to you. I'd like to help, but rules are rules. She's on the set now—I can tell you that much." The smile had sudden mischief. "She has to go home sometimes."

Abruptly, as if she had told him enough and no more, she turned to a newcomer, a white-haired man in spats who looked like Lear in modern dress. He wanted to see Larry Pierce, the director.

"I'll see if Mr. Pierce is in his office. Did you have an appointment?"

Bill didn't wait to hear more. He waved a hand to her, hurried out into the sunshine.

She had to go home sometime. Of course. Away from studios, rules and regulations, passes from the Hays Office.

He stood on the steps, watching the flow of traffic on the street. A taxi drew up and a man got out. Bill hurried down the steps before the taxi pulled away.

"Hold it." He opened the door, climbed inside. "The employees' gate. Think it's around on the other side. You know, where the actors go in."

"The cabby looked puzzled. "You going inside?"

"No—waiting for someone. Park across from the gate."

HE leaned back in the cab, lighted a cigarette, tugged down the brim of his grey hat. He was beginning to be excited. This had the flavor of the newspaper, when nothing counted but the story. Right now, nothing counted but getting to Caryl Winslow and obtaining the testimonial for Swanson Woolies.

The cabby wanted to talk. "She keep you waiting long? Them actresses usually do, even with their boy friends."

"I'm not her boy friend," Bill said. But he'd read so many stories about her during the past weeks, he almost felt he knew more about her than she did herself.

Studio publicity called her mysterious, enigmatic, devoted only to her art. But three years back she'd been unknown, a home-town girl from Brewster, Maine. Only, she was very pretty, with startling blue eyes and a slim, enticing figure, and a talent scout had arranged a tryout. Almost before she realized, she was swirled to the top. Probably scared, probably still trying to get used to the idea of being famous.

It was only a few minutes before he spotted the (Continued on page 70)
THE persuasive editor of this magazine said suppose you write an article for me and compare it with the one you did for us in the September 1918 issue of Photoplay on the first World War. Even though I was rushing home to Hollywood from New York to do last-minute Christmas shopping and frantically trying to finish my yearly article on motion pictures for the Encyclopaedia Britannica, meet a column deadline and a few other odds and ends, I succumbed to his request. After all I am rather proud of the fact that I am the only columnist who is pounding out her daily movie stint now as she did then.

After reading my 1918 article called "Propaganda," I realized that circumstances have changed so vastly that I could hardly do a comparative article. In my original story I ranted against the Huns, bitterly assailed Kaiser Wilhelm and called on all men and women of German parentage to see the propaganda films we were making and join us in our fight for freedom. Today the Huns are called Nazis and the Kaiser has been gathered to his forefathers and is probably giving an account of whatever sins he committed against humanity during his stay on this troubled globe.

Also, our war activities are spread over a greater geographical area. We are fighting on two fronts—in the Atlantic against the Germans and the Italians and in the Pacific against the...
Lieutenant Ida Lupino, leader in the Women's Ambulance and Defense Corps. Her hillside home is a chosen spot.

treachorous Japanese.

While the war, at this writing, has not reached the continental shores of the United States it is still much closer to home than was the last war. This is a war for our very life and much more dangerous than was the first battle for democracy. The enemy, this time, is coming to us.

In 1918, while the coast lines were vigilantly guarded, there was never any danger of air raids or invasions. The distances (Continued on page 100)

Hitler will probably wish he hadn't been so ambitious when Jimmy Stewart gets through saying what he does over the radio.

Director John Ford won't talk—he shouldn't! As a Navy Commander, he's engaged now in a secret mission of great importance to the country.
Here you see the picture of a charming, alive, young American girl. Who is she? A actress who played the phlegmatic German girl in "Cheers For Miss Bishop"—Rosemary DeCamp, the female Muni of Hollywood.
OLYTAN KORDA was casting for an actress to play Sabu's mother in "The Jungle Book." She had to look a plausible sixteen when the story opened, ripening to not more than thirty. She had to have the physical characteristics which would make her acceptable as an East Indian. What he needed was a young character actress—a rare bird in Hollywood or out of it. Victor Sutkar, casting director, said: "What you need is Rosemary DeCamp."

"You're crazy." This from an anonymous bystander.

"Ever seen her?"

"Sure, in 'Cheers For Miss Bishop'—heavy, phlegmatic, with an accent."

"You saw the character she played, not the girl. Mind if I bring her in, Mr. Korda?"

Korda, who hadn't seen her, didn't mind. Anonymous was present when Rosemary appeared, slim, graceful, her attractive face clear-chiseled, her speech pure. His jaw dropped. "What in heaven's name did they do to you in that picture?"

What they did was to broaden her jaw, flatten her nose, whiten her lashes, paste her ears down to make her look dumb, screw up her hair in a knot and stick her into a fat little round dress—a getup that scared the wits out of her mother when Rosemary got home the night of the test. Like Anonymous, Mrs. DeCamp moaned, once she'd recognized her own child: "What have they done to you?"

As Messua in "The Jungle Book," she looks more like herself than in either "Cheers For Miss Bishop" or "Hold Back The Dawn." Darkened skin and hair are the only concessions to make-up. They're beginning to call her the girl with a hundred faces, the female Muni. Personalities are a dime a dozen in Hollywood, but actors can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and actresses on fewer. That's why people are ringing bells for Rosemary. Zoltan Korda numbers her among the coming screen greats. He thinks she could play Cleopatra or Harpo Marx with equal grace.

They wanted to see how she'd look as a siren, so they dressed her up and tested her in some Carole Lombard scenes from "To Be Or Not To Be." She looked like a siren.

She regards this sudden zoom in her career with mingled satisfaction, amusement and incredulity. Hollywood swatted her plenty before deciding to kiss her. She has the tentative air of one who doesn't quite trust this abrupt reversal and isn't too sure she won't be swatted again.

Having bumped up against various brands of the Hollywood ego, from diverting to obnoxious and—or—both, we should like to report that Miss DeCamp presents a pleasant novelty. She's modest without self-deprecation, quick to give credit to those who've helped. She has brains, balance and humor. Being an actress—even a successful actress, even a Hollywood star—won't make her the hub of the universe. Married to a young judge whose home is in Torrance—about an hour from Los Angeles—she travels back and forth as a matter of course, raises no to-do about love vs. career, aware that a reasonable person can handle both. (Continued on page 79)
"I'M NO CINDERELLA BOY"

ROBERT STACK SPEAKING—

—and getting three things off his chest in this interview with himself: The rich-man's-son myth, the girl question and the only thing he fears

W HAT good do I think the "advantages" I've had have done me? The answer is none. This is a romantic business. The Cinderella story, even a male version, is the best background for any beginner. Remember how press agents used to dream up convent backgrounds, titles-in-the-family for their young players? No more. Folks like you better if you work up from scratch.

Know what my real advantages have been? The fact that, before I was in pictures at all, I shot with Gable and Taylor, played polo with Spence Tracy, Walt Disney and Bob Montgomery. I got to know these men, apart from their work; found out what regular guys they are, how little affected by all the fame and flattery they've had. Unconsciously or subconsciously, they "conditioned" me the same way. You could never go seriously Hollywood or big-time after knowing them. They are the best text books for any beginner in movies to study. They should open a school!

Speaking of my "advantages," I'm concerned about all the "money" publicity I've been getting. It puts me in a false position with my fellow-workers and with the fans. It would be one thing if it were true. I'd have to take it. But it is not true—and I'm not going to take it. Not if I can help it. Maybe I can help it by telling the truth about it.

The truth is this: My father was a businessman, advertising. Dad and Mother separated when I was a small youngster. My brother Jim stayed with my father. Mother and I went abroad and lived in Paris for some years. Later, we came back to this country. Mother and Dad remarried three months before he died.

All this bologny about my having a lot of money is just that—bologny. Dad did leave an estate, of course. Ten years ago it would have been a considerable estate. This is not ten years ago. To say that it is, or will be, a nice substantial amount is to say it all. But—I don't get any of it, any of the principal, I mean, until I am thirty-five! By that time, you know as well as I do what may happen to the estate!

Now, I have a small allowance. As an indication of what that allowance is, my brother, who gets half again as much as I do, can't even afford to live in the house that was given him when he married recently. He lives in an apartment. We haven't as much, between us, as Mickey Rooney makes in six months. But that's different, I know. Mickey makes his. The thing people resent is when they think a fellow is blood-kin to a playboy, working for the fun of it. I don't blame them. But I'm not. Now that's off my chest!

Honestly and truthfully, I'm anything but the rich-man's-son type at heart. I hope I don't act like one. If I do, someone is welcome to turn my own gun on me.

You see, I was brought up by a very strict French nurse in Paris. Mother had a very small allowance when we lived there. Economy was our watchword. And so if we had left food on our plates—as we're leaving it today—they would have thought us crazy!

I was conditioned to that kind of a life as a kid. (Continued on page 66)
MY OWN

Super-Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious

Editor's Note: Miss Hopper is given the widest latitude in her articles for Photoplay-Movie Mirror. Her opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine.—E.V.H.

In the same boat: James Stewart and Bette Davis

Two with one trait: Robert Montgomery and Reggie Gardiner

They'll end up the same way: Betty Field and Alan Marshall

WELL, here we go again for a little truth-telling, fact-finding, boos, bows, cheers—and bologna. I don’t know why they ask me each year for my own particular awards, unless it’s because no one else in Hollywood has the courage to stick his neck out to have it stepped on as many times as I. But I always say one good kick deserves another and since I’ll be hung anyhow, no matter what I say, I’d rather be hung for a sheep than a lamb—so here goes!

Best all-round man (and why) in Hollywood:

Jimmy Stewart, because he could have skipped the draft, been underweight, instead of which he stuffed himself for months, putting on necessary poundage to get into the Army. He’s asked no favors and when a lot of the boys were released because they were overage and Jimmy had a perfect right to be released, too, he said “Nerts to that! I’m going to stay for the duration.” For example and morale, there’s nobody in town his equal ‘cause who knows when we’ll come out of this—or if, when we do, people will still want him as a star.

Best all-round woman (and why) in Hollywood:

Bette Davis, who’s not only contributed to many charities but continues to fight her weight in wildcats for herself and fellow actors, as she did all through “The Little Foxes.” Took an awful beating on the chin when Director Willie Wyler gave an interview about her which was none too complimentary; behaved as a wife should, when her husband was stricken with pneumonia and she had to fly back to the Middle West; and because she’s been our only woman president of the Motion Picture Academy.

Most popular woman (and why) in Hollywood:

Barbara Stanwyck, because Barbara wears the same size hat she did when she arrived here. When she helps others, which she does practically daily, she requests no publicity. Her charity doesn’t consist of money alone—there’s a little crippled girl I know of who’s been bedridden for a long time. There’s never a week goes by that Barbara doesn’t visit her bedside and I really mean visit, not just dash in and out and show off her new clothes. She sits down for an hour or two and has never been known to go empty-handed.

Least popular woman (and why) in Hollywood:

Jean Arthur, because she’s the least co-operative with the press and she’s known less than any girl here. In fact, I don’t know any other player of star quality who’s ever really got close to Jean. As far as Hollywood’s concerned, she might just as well be locked up in a glass case. Now, blame it on shyness or what you will, hers is a name that when mentioned causes no reaction whatever.

Most entertaining man (on the screen) in Hollywood:

Bob Montgomery, because his performances in “Here Comes Mr. Jordan” and “Unfinished Business” were as far apart as the poles and proved not only that he’s a fine actor but a splendid comedian—and I calls that entertainment.

Most entertaining man (off the screen):

Reggie Gardiner: Also one of the
Let the Academy hand out its little Oscars! Our own Hedda looks back over the year and lets the orchids—and the scallions—fly

**Awards for 1941**

**By Hedda Hopper**

Hedda insists Bob Taylor is; Vic Mature just thinks he is most affable. In fact, he gives so many brilliant performances off screen and is so generous with his entertainment that the producers see them free and then won't pay him to put them in pictures.

If I suddenly found myself in a padded cell and had my preference of Hollywood men, I'd certainly take Reggie Gardiner.

Most likely to succeed during 1942 (male and female):

Well, last year I chose John Carroll and Lana Turner—they haven't done badly.

This year keep your eye on Alan Marshal and Betty Field.

Most likely to fade out during 1942 (male and female):

Don Ameche and Greta Garbo—because Don has never been properly cast and, in the case of Greta, even pulpmotors failed to work in her last one.

Done most for Hollywood:

Walt Disney. But the one who's gotten the name for doing the most is Doug Fairbanks Jr.

Done Hollywood most:

Willie Bioff, who's now on his way to a vacation at Alcatraz, instead of Arrowhead Springs or Palm Beach.

Handsomest man for 1941:

It's still Bob Taylor.

Thinks he is:

That “Hunk O’ Man”—V. M.

Most brilliant for 1941:

It's still Orson (Annie) Welles.

Laziest:

Bing Crosby—and he's run that asset up into a five-million-dollar corporation.

Happiest:

Guy Kibbee.

Most generous:

Cary Grant, because he's donated to war charities his salary from two pictures, amounting to a quarter of a million dollars.

Stingiest:

Errol Flynn—and Greta Garbo's no slouch, either!

Most beautiful woman:

Hedy Lamarr's still head and shoulders above them all.

Thinks she is:

Pat Dane.

Best hostess:

Mrs. Jack Warner.

Thinks she is:

Mrs. Eddie Robinson.

Best figure:

Lili Damita—too bad she's not on the screen.

Most talked about for 1941:

By all odds, Rita Hayworth.

Most talked against:

Paulette Goddard.

Talks most:

Gracie Allen.

Says most:

Dorothy Parker.

Most generous:

Mrs. Jimmy Gleason.

(Continued on page 86)
This scene between the little Morgan and Henreid startled the "Joan Of Paris" set.
Strangers to each other, to America, Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid enacted as great a love scene as was ever caught by a camera. This is the story behind that kiss.

BY MARIAN RHEA

production—and there had been a good many doubts—they were gone now! These two, the handsome Henreid and the little Morgan whose charm is more elusive yet more captivating than beauty, had shown what they could do, and that it was plenty. Six thousand miles across an ocean and a continent they had come, strangers to America and to each other, to play, in “Joan Of Paris,” as thrilling a love scene as ever was filmed by a Hollywood camera.

But who are they and what are they—this Michele Morgan and Paul Henreid? Well, we could tell you a good many things in answer to that. We could tell you that Michele Morgan’s real name is Simone Roussel, that she is French, the daughter of a well-to-do exporter; that, young as she is, she has played in such important French pictures as “Renocque” (“Tugboat”), “Untel Pere et Fils” (“John Doe and Son”) and “Port Of Shadows,” most of them with Jean Gabin, the great French star; that she is twenty-one and has never been married.

We could tell you that, from childhood, she dreamed of being an actress and a great star in America; that in June, 1940, with her country in ruins, many of her family dead or prisoners in Occupied France, she made her way deviously, painfully, fearfully, from her home in Dieppe, on the Channel coast, to Cannes, to Marseille, to Cerbere on the Spanish frontier, to Barcelona, to Lisbon, to New York, to Hollywood. RKO had seen her French pictures; had offered her a contract.

We could tell you that Paul Henreid is Baron Paul von Henriened, an Austrian, born in Trieste when Trieste was a part of the Austrian Empire, and reared in Vienna; that his father was Baron Carl Alphonse von Henried, a native of Sweden but for many years a prominent Viennese banker and before the first World War financial adviser to Emperor Franz Joseph; that Paul was educated for the diplomatic service but, when the family fortunes were depleted by the post-war depression in Austria, became a publisher and later an actor of note on the London, as well as the Austrian, stage and screen. We could tell you that he is thirty-three and married; that in August, 1940, after spending several years in London, he and his wife came to New York, where Paul was signed by Elmer Rice for the Broadway play, “Flight To The West,” and was an instant hit; that this success, coupled with the timely release of “Night Train,” won him his contract with RKO. You remember “Night Train,” (Continued on page 92)
The man about whom most people want to know more: George Sanders, Hollywood enigma, versatile actor, top draw of Fox's new "Son Of Fury"
This is no time to think of entertaining on the grand scale. Who has the heart to concentrate time and energy on a big formal party when the world is torn with fear and hatred? I know Basil and I—and we get a great deal of fun out of giving a party—can't do it. Every minute we have been able to spare from the business of earning a living has gone into work for war relief. And I am sure most of you everywhere in this country share our feeling that life these days is an earnest matter.

It doesn't follow, however, that just because women are no longer directing their energy to formal entertaining that they must stop being good hostesses. Entertaining six or eight friends informally can prove just as enjoyable an occasion as giving a large party. Only the approach must be different.

One of the most delightful informal parties I ever attended in Hollywood was a small supper given by Marlene Dietrich. When we were seated, Marlene—who had added to the informality of the occasion by choosing to wear hostess pajamas—marched into the kitchen, returning a few minutes later to set the bowls of soup before the guests herself.

Then she went around the table, buttering.
Valentines From Benny

Cross your heart and hope-to-die-laughing while Jackson goes tender
in public—thereby saving eight postage stamps!

BY DENNIS SPRAGUE

M R. JACKSON BENNY, a young violinist from Waukegan, Illi-
nois, who at last reports was
in the velvet (see opposite page) as a
dreamy-eyed Hamlet in Lubitsch’s
"To Be Or Not To Be," had invited a
few friends to an informal tonsil-
moistening.

Among those basking in the genial
effulgence of the Zany Zimbalist were
Phil Harris, baton wielder and cele-
brated blonde fancier; Corporal James
Stewart of the United States Armed
Forces; Henry Fonda, a thespian;
Don Wilson, said to model bomber
fuselages; and Mary Livingstone, alias
Mrs. Jackson Benny.

Night was falling, as it has a-way
doing, even in fabulous Hollywood,
when the Good Gray Host reflected:
"The United States Postal Service," he
said, apropos of nothing in parti-
cular, "is a splendid institution, but it
has its drawbacks."

"Too expensive, Jackson?" inquired
Mr. Harris.

"No, of course not," snapped econ-
omist Benny, "I didn't mind that in-
crease in the price of stamps at all. It
was for a good cause and I pay
the extra cent willingly. Besides, you
can take it off your income tax."

He hadn't yet said what was the
matter with the postal service. You
didn't have to wait long for someone
to remind him of that oversight. Not
with Mary L. Benny around.

"I suppose he's sore because they
don't give out calendars at Christmas
time," said she, sweetly.

"I hadn't thought of that," mused
Mr. Benny. "Remind me to write to
someone in Washington about it.
What I was getting at, though, was
that there are too many postal regu-
lations. A man can't send everything
he wants to through the mail."

"You can't send me and the rest
of the radio show, if that's what you're
getting at," said Mary. "They don't
have uppers in the mail coaches."

"I mean you can't say what you
want to say and send it through the
mail," protested Mr. Benny with hus-
bandy indulgence. "Now you take
this valentine business. I'd like to
send a lot of valentines, but I couldn't
get them through the mails."

"Such as?" inquired Mr. Basil Rath-
bone, who had just joined the party.

"Hello, Mr. Rathbone." Mr. Benny's
greeting was cordial but preoccupied.

"For instance, take Barbara Stan-
wyck. I've got a valentine I'd like
to send her, but I'm afraid that Bob
Taylor'll get hold of it and kick up a
fog about sending it through the mails
and I might have to go to jail."

"Worse than that," suggested Mary,
"you might have to pay a fine."

"Yes . . . I mean, no!" Mr. Benny
was a little annoyed. "But I really
would like to send Barbara a val-
einte."

"Such as what?" asked Jimmy
Stewart, curious at last.

"Well, er . . . I do have it written
down . . . ," The poet Benny spoke
bashfully. "Listen, how's this?
"Dear Barbara:
How often I sit by my mirror at night
(And sit, my lovely, and sit)
Wishing that Taylor would fracture
his nose
And I'd get a toupee that fit."

"That's fine business," exclaimed
Mary. "You write valentines to Bar-
bara, but you don't write any to me.
How'd you like it if I sat up all night,
running up (Continued on page 109)
Three Little Maids in Movies

They live on a Hollywood hillside:

Susan Peters
Ann Edmonds
Jean Ames

Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror

You've heard of the crack of dawn; these three know all about it. They get up early; go to work early; come home late to be greeted on the hilltop by an ecstatic Scottie. Ann is the sleepyhead of the trio. She's the last one up in the morning; the first one in bed at night. She's telephoning here to a nice boy who'll probably ask her to take her out to dinner; she's having trouble with a clowning Susan who's intent on breaking up the talk and a serious Jean whose mind is on her music.
his is breakfast, partaken of quickly in the alcove, apt to be interrupted by individual recitations of scripts memorized the night before—with all criticism free.

It’s a long hard climb up the hillside path out in Laurel Canyon; but then, most any climb in Hollywood is long and hard. Besides, it’s worth it—and these three girls have made that out. In the first place, the Laurel Canyon path leads to a gem of a little house that they share together. In the second place, they’ve already conquered the primary steps and stones of the Hollywood path and emerged as first-rank contract players on the Warner lot. You’ve seen them in “The Male Animal” laying their role to their ambitious bests; you see them now in a “just we girls” mood.

Cozy cricket-on-the-hearth scene is in reality hard work. The girls are spending the evening studying scripts, helping each other to read, interpret, memorize; helping each other, perhaps to stardom.
This Above All

Twentieth Century-Fox's Smash Film of the Year

A man is never himself in wartime; a woman must learn to understand that, and to understand him. That was why Prue could act the way she did.

Fiction Version by Norton Russell

In a peacetime England, Prudence Cathaway would never have met Clive Briggs, for her family was old and wealthy, and his might have been old, but it was never wealthy. But in wartime, things were different. Prue had joined the WAAFs—the Women's Auxiliary Air Force—as a private and one night she met Clive, the friend of the young man who was “walking out” with Violet, Prue's neighbor in the WAAF barracks. Almost from the first moment she saw him, Prue knew she would do whatever Clive asked her to do, go wherever he wanted her to go.

But there was something strange about Clive. He wore a tweed suit in a time when every other strong young man in England wore a uniform. He knew the sound of bombers, which were “ours” and which were “theirs.” To Prue's passionate conviction that England was worth fighting for, dying for, he opposed a bitter, fierce hatred of the war and of the proud, wealthy people for whose benefit, he said, it was being fought. And at night, in the resort hotel where they went to spend Prue's leave of seven days, she heard him crying out in his sleep:

“Come on, you fools! Come on out of it! It's no good... no good!”

At last, when her leave was half over, he told her his story. He had been in the army. He had been in France, and at Dunkirk; had seen the horror of those last days before France fell. Now he did not believe the war was worth winning or that when it was over the world would be any better for people like himself, born and reared in poverty and

"Can we be married then—when you come back?” Clive asked haltingly. Prudence's answer came through a throat suddenly constricted.

Illustration by Vincentini: Joan Fontaine as Prue; Tyrone Power as

Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror
want. And so he was going to desert, rather than fight any longer for something in which he did not believe—even though deserting meant he would be tracked down, arrested, shot.

She knew he was not a coward, for on the night after his confession there was an air raid and his courage then was all that quieted her own terror.

The next morning, when she woke, he was gone, leaving only a note: "Where I am going, I don't know—and I don't care. Good-by—and our coming from the darkness into the light of knowing each other was very, very sweet."

He had been ill after Dunkirk and that was why he had been given a leave for most of the summer. He thought he had recovered completely, but that day's walking left him weak and exhausted. At dusk he was stumbling along the side of the road when a lorry stopped and the driver offered him a lift. But after all, he could not ride very long, because the lorry had to stop at a military barrier and before they could ask for his identity card Clive had jumped down and was running across the fields, hidden by the darkness.

He spent the night in a barn, warmed by the hay into which he burrowed. Its smell, a little sweet and a little sour, reminded him of a rainy night in a hay-rick near Gosley and as he slept he dreamed of Prue, of the softness of her lips under his, the eager young strength of her arms about his neck. He woke and for an instant was happy, because things seemed so simple: he would go back to the Army and he and Prue could be married. But then the old sick feeling of disillusionment came and he knew not even Prue could help him to change his mind about what he believed. This war was a fraud and if, believing that, he went back to the army, he would be a bigger coward than if he remained a deserter.

It was dawn when he woke to see a bearded face peering down at him suspiciously. He jumped up, explaining, "I slept here—I'm on a walking trip."

The man had a pitchfork in his hand. He said, "You ain't on no walking trip. Where's your haversack?" He moved closer to Clive, the pitchfork raised menacingly. "There's a spy loose around here—we got the word last night from the soldiers. You better come along and explain yourself."

With a quick movement, Clive wrenched the pitchfork out of the other's hands and flung it into a far corner. Then he tried to duck past and get out, but the man barred his way. In sudden fury, Clive struck him full in the face and he fell.

It wasn't until he got outside that Clive noticed his hand was bleeding from a deep cut inflicted by the iron binding of the pitchfork. He wrapped his handkerchief about the wound and went on. But he knew that they would be after him now; the whole countryside would be roused, thinking there was a spy, perhaps a parachutist, in their midst. He would not be able to get food or lodging, because his (Continued on page 82)
Garbo's daring new plan of life, prescribed for her by this eminent psychologist. Here's the story in Dr. Drimmer's own words.

Garbo finds herself

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG

Garbo making appointments with a consulting psychologist! Garbo seeking a cure for phobias! Garbo emerging from the shadows where she has hidden since she arrived in Hollywood! This is a new picture of the Swedish star whose mysterious, lonely life has intrigued the world.

Defying the ban of silence that has surronded her, Dr. Eric Drimmer, noted psychologist who won world recognition when he was appointed to the royal family in Sweden in 1933, not afraid to speak up about Garbo, told of his cure of the world's most famous star.

"That has all got to stop if Garbo really wants to cure her phobias," says Dr. Drimmer. "The first step toward the cure is to lay her fears on the table where all the world can see them.

"I say world, because that is exactly what I mean. World-wide publicity built up phobias that made Garbo literally hide from the world. World publicity must break down these phobias if she expects to resume life as a normal human being. It is for her good that I consent to talk about them."

The good-looking blond Dr. Drimmer, who is six feet, four inches tall and weighs two hundred and ten pounds, was born in Sweden and spent most of his life there. Seated at his desk in his Beverly Hills office, he spoke seriously. It was obvious that this thirty-four-year-old doctor, who had been called in to treat such famous persons as the former King of Egypt, Princess Alice of England and the Khan of Persia, spoke with authority.

That Garbo is well started on a cure seems evident. While making "Two-Faced Woman," she kidded, laughed and danced with gay naturalness. People on the set were asking, "What has come over her?" She goes shopping openly in Hollywood. She lunches at the Jones Health Restaurant in Beverly Hills.

The story behind Garbo's attempt to understand herself clears up the Garbo mystery, which apparently has been as bewildering to Garbo as to the world.

"Fear of being caught in a crowd," explains Dr. Drimmer, "fear of strangers approaching her for autographs, fear even of her fellow workers in the studio, were as real to Garbo as the fear you or I would have on coming face to face with a wild animal. Her impulse is to turn and run. To understand this it is necessary to go back into Garbo's childhood.

"Born into a home of nonintellecual parents—her father was a day laborer—Garbo's childhood fluctuated on a plane between two points: pleasure and pain. This is the plane a large per cent of people the world over dwell upon. Work, illness and poverty come under the heading of pain. Food, home and comfort come under the heading of pleasure.

"Into this limited environment arrived Garbo. But Garbo was born with something neither her parents nor her brother and sister possessed. That was the seed or pattern of a definite type of artistic personality. Each one of us is born with a seed or pattern for life. It is the urge or force that continually cries out for expression. Unless a person finds a way to bring out this pattern, which means a development of perfect coordination between mind and body, he is never entirely contented or happy or even successful.

"During (Continued on page 57)"
On a bicycle built for two:

1892: "Manly consideration of inferiority of strength is the first rule when men and women cycle together. The gentleman permits the lady to set the pace, increasing or retarding his progress to suit her strength."

1942: "It's still our favorite sport—more fun, more bruised knees! But if you're not so good on a bicycle you'll keep the swain who thinks "inferior strength" is synonymous with "sissy" ambling along right beside you if you look helplessly seductive in a soft fitted white wool jacket over your dark wool skirt and a little embroidered Dutch cap set just back of your pompadour.

Just think of this tremendous problem in '92: "Cattle herded and loitering in country paths are a frequent menace to the wheelwoman's peace of mind and a source of damns should, when confronted with such an obstruction, advance and disperse the animals."

Which all means today that when you're out cycling you're a wheelwoman and should keep your presence of mind because ten to one the 1942 brother isn't going to "advance and disperse." But even the cows (not to mention the big bad wolves) will make a passage for you if you're wearing grey flannel slacks with mechanic pockets and a grey flannel windbreaker to match.

Now, lest gentlemen make improper advances in '92:

"It is not permitted, however rainy the day may be and however fine and fresh her unprotected bonnet, for a lady to accept the shelter of an umbrella offered by a man who is a stranger to her."

Horrors of horrors! Imagine letting a Perfect Stranger hold his umbrella over your new hat. Nay, nay, Pauline, not the 1942 gal. Instead, she wears a waterproof greatcoat of red, white and black plaid and keeps tucked in the pocket a little cellophane hood to keep rain—and strange umbrellas—away.

"When meeting men acquaintances a lady bends her head slightly, looks directly at the person recognized and accords him, at the same time, a slight smile or an amiable glance."

A-ha! They used the same technique then. All you have to remember now is to bend the head and smile at the same time, meanwhile exposing a halo hat like the one on page 59. The results will be the same as fifty years ago. The line will form to the right, you'll be asked out to dinner and then you can wear your new black lace dress and the same sheer black silk stockings that made a hit in '92.

So those days are gone forever? Not by a long shot, sister!
Oleg Cassini, designer-husband of Gene Tierney

Double-feature fashions designed by a husband, worn by a wife. For Gene Tierney in Crossburger's "The Shanghai Gesture," Oleg Cassini creates a dinner dress of pale blue alix jersey with drape falling from a jeweled cluster of flowers at the waist to the knee and then winging back up into a side girdle at the neck.

Photographs by Ned Scott
As Mrs. Cassini, Gene now wears only dresses designed by her husband, such as this "under the mink coat" soft beige wool. She definitely likes husband Oleg's idea of the broad yoke, the modified dolman sleeve and the unusual drape movement at the hip. She definitely loves the black antelope and mink hat that's such a high topper to a standout outfit.
Suited to the March tempo is this town suit of black broadcloth with its roll lapel of velvet that narrows at the waist and then widens to accent the jacket’s circular flare. Cassini takes a halo of black velvet, fashions it into a hat, uses it to make a perfect model of Miss Tierney. Black antelope bag and gloves are "wear with everything" accessories.

Salient points of the suit blouse:
The heavy white silk crepe material
... the unusual neckline that, under the jacket, looks like a soft scarf.
• Startling all Hollywood tea tables is Gene's cocktail ensemble from "The Shanghai Gesture."

Of black alix jersey, it has black corded satin bands on the dress, black lightweight wool banding on the bolero. The skirt has an Arabian pantaloan effect; the shako is crocheted black wool with dashes of green and...
This is what Hollywood calls a "creation"—a pale pink mousseline soie topped with sheer black net. Huge clusters of grapes clipped from black lace swirl over bodice and skirt; the eplum is stiffened to stand out pertly. A lo-and- behold look at Gene as the "Shanghai" Poppy.
The small "Skippy" and his mother: Jackie and Mabel Cooper Bigelow

Jackie

JACKIE COOPER has lost his mother. But Mabel Cooper Bigelow, unlike many mothers, never lost her son. Not Jackie's fame, not his maturity, which came early, not his love for Bonita Granville, which has increased immeasurably during the past year, could take him from her. At the end he risked the respect and affection of his coworkers for her sake. For him there was no other way. But that is our story.

Early on a November morning, when it was not yet wholly light, Jackie reached over the covers to shut off the alarm clock that stood on his bedside table. The eucalyptus tree outside his window was turning yellow. There was a high fog. It was a day when a fellow who had just finished work on a new picture and had had an early call every morning for weeks would want to sleep. Reluctantly Jackie threw off the covers and swung his legs in the general direction of the floor. His day was booked solid with studio conferences, interviews, sittings for portraits and other appointments postponed while he was in production.

He was at breakfast when his mother's nurse came to him. He knew before she spoke.

"You think it's—serious," he said, substituting an equivocal word for the final one that had first come to mind.
had a friend named Mabel

The nurse nodded.
After a minute Jackie said, "There quite a few important things I gotta do today." It wasn't his pointments he was pleading for, but assurance.

However, no reassurance was forthcoming.

"I know that," the nurse told him gently. "But I thought I should tell u..."

Jackie didn't wait to hear any more. He went directly to his mother's room. A through the years he had given her funny things, tangible and intangible, at the smile he wore that morning as the greatest thing he ever gave her.

At nine o'clock he telephoned the adio. He told the executives with whom he had conferences, the publicity men in charge of his interviews and the cameraman who was to take pictures that he would not be here. And he made no explanation. "Cooper's getting more difficult and co-operative all the time," they said.

They had been saying this all summer, as Jackie turned down invitations after invitation to be an honored guest or a master of ceremonies at various benefits. But now there was fear in their voices.

Jackie realized this must be so; there was nothing he could do about it. If he explained it was because of his mother's illness that he refused invitations and broke appointments, her illness would have had publicity and the whole truth soon would be known.

He wouldn't allow this to happen. His mother read the papers and listened to the radio avidly, watched and listened for any word of Jackie.

AS it was she never knew. When she died her room was filled with the presents she loved to give at Christmas time; six and seven for the same person if she happened to think of that many things to please anyone. And during the months when the hopelessness of her illness became constantly more apparent there never was a time she didn't plan what she and Jackie would do when she was up and around again. No one ever will know the cost to Jackie of the performances he gave at these times, when he, too, appeared to plan.

Helen Ferguson, his personal publicity representative, fits into place some of the missing pieces of what Jackie was doing those last months of his mother's life.

"He took a house at Malibu for the summer so his mother would have the ocean outside her windows. He gave her practically all his spare time. Bonita went to his house for dinner and they sat with Mabel in the evening. Fortunately Jackie and Bonita feel the same way about a lot of things.

"For months they didn't have a Sunday jam session. The house used to be bedlam, you know, with Jackie playing the drums and a dozen other kids playing a dozen other instruments. And everybody raiding the big icebox for pop and coke and franks and hamburgers.

"The gang would still go to see Jackie but they would just sit around and talk, quiet as mice. And you couldn't get a word about Mabel's illness out of them. I wonder sometimes what Jackie threatened to do to those who knew, if the truth ever leaked out."

"Someday," she concluded, "someone ought to write the story of Jackie and Mabel."

It isn't, we find now, an easy story to write. It's almost impossible to give any picture of these two without making them seem soft and sentimental. And they never were those things. There was something almost casual about them. They were like two guys who had met somewhere and, traveling together, forged a bond deeper than either of them knew.

Mabel didn't know Jackie when he was a baby. She left him, of necessity, when he was (Continued on page 102)
Loretta Young, said by some to be the most beautiful woman in Hollywood; said by all to be a top-notch hit in Columbia's "Bedtime Story"
The truth about Hollywood casting

These are the things you’re never told—
the behind-the-scenes battles your
favorites wage over top roles

BY "FEARLESS"

BARBARA STANWYCK was in
"Ball Of Fire" simply because
Ginger Rogers refused to be, but
the reason Ginger will be in "The
Major And The Miner" was because
Babs was in "Ball Of Fire." And you
can learn the truth about Hollywood
casting from that. There is, you see,
a story behind the fact.

In other words, there is always
more in any casting than meets the
eye. Behind the securing of any good
role there is always a casting story.
One girl's starring vehicle is another
girl's poison and there's many a slip
between the script and the box office.
Or perhaps it would be more accurate
to say that there is many a tug of war,
many an intrigue, and the star who
snares the strongest roles wins the
brightest career.

Good roles don't just happen to
stars. Not any more. In the old
leisurely silent days when it was noth-
ing exceptional for the shooting time
on a picture to be from six months
to a year, a girl could go into any
production and know that, before it
was finished, she'd have a characteri-
ization written in for her, scene by
scene. But today when many a major
production spends only three weeks
on the sound stages, there is no time
for such theatrical doctoring. There
are not enough good roles to go
around.

Comes, then, the intrigue.
The truth about Hollywood casting
today is that it seldom takes place in
the casting office. Relax. It doesn't
take place, as the lurid tales used to
have it, in romance, either. Good
casting these days is based in almost
equal parts upon the box-office stand-
ing of the star, subtle politics and
shrewd campaigning. Almost every
top star yells for the right to select
roles and gets that right. As long as
she or he picks correctly—and the
"she" of casting is much more impor-
tant than the "he," as you will pres-
ently discover (Cont'd on page 103)

Real reason why Gin-
ger Rogers will be in
"The Major And The
Miner" is—Stanwyck!

It was unintentional,
but George Raft gave
Bogart his golden-
role opportunity

Shirley Temple loses
many a chance be-
cause of her mother's
ideas on her career

MARCH, 1942
"I'm No Cinderella Boy"

I know we don't get anything we don't work for. And why should we? I don't want to sound like a prig with a Mission In Life. But I don't believe we're put here just to eat and sleep—especially not at someone else's expense. I think it's okay to be born poor. I think it's a break for a guy. Because kids who are born poor have an insatiable desire to get ahead. Which I had, anyway. That was my best "advantage!"

The times when I didn't have anything tangible to work for were the ones when I've been miserable. Guess that's why I've gone in for so many things—to make sure I always had a goal. When I'm shooting it's my ambition to be the best shot in the world. When I played polo I wanted to be the highest chukker man in the game. When I race a boat, I'm out to break a record. It's the same way with pictures. I have an end in view. I don't expect to get there overnight. I don't especially want to get there overnight. I'm one of those who thinks the fight is more fun than the victory. Well, I just want to make it very clear that I'm in here, fighting . . .

Two years in the movies have taught me more than seventeen years in college could have. What have I learned? Well, some poise, for one thing; some self-consciousness and the release of inhibitions. In pictures, you know, you are called upon to meet anyone from a visiting president to a journeyman plumber. And, as representatives of our studios and of the industry, it doggone well behooves us to meet each and everyone properly and adequately. I've learned self-control, I think. The people who pay to get in especially admire a guy like Gene Autry. Because he doesn't smoke or drink. Because he stands for what is clean, decent and American. They feel that their daughters would be safe with him and that their sons would do well to copy him. He doesn't break faith with the people who love him for these qualities. That's for me!

So I've quit smoking. I wouldn't get tight for anything in the world. I wouldn't, I hope, make a fool of myself in public, ever, in any way. It would be hurting the business as well as hurting myself. So, it's pretty "character-building," being in pictures, you see.

Do I think it's easy to crack Hollywood, easy to get into the movies? Yes, I think it's very easy to get in. But you can't put yourself on the back for it. I think anybody can get in. Then comes the test: Whether you've got enough; whether the public likes you well enough to keep you in.

It's not easy to stay in unless you are 100 per cent in earnest and on the level. Why? Because the old Barnum theory is wrong these days; there is not "a sucker born every minute." The public has a new awareness of good work. No more of this "I'm a star on account of I have dimples." No more "personality" boys and girls. Not unless it's personality at its best. I'm talking about work, stiff competition and plenty of both.

Did I ever "go Hollywood?" Yes, the first couple of months I was in the movies—and Ed "Kid" Kingsley and all that. I sort of looked in mirrors. I went for those autograph hunters. It changed me a lot, at first, the blare of trumpets, my name in big letters and all that. But I learned.

I've always loved people. That's something I didn't have to learn. Not the thing of wearing—your—heart—on—your—sleeve kind of spilling over. I mean, I just like human beings, alone and in crowds. But being in pictures has taught me to like them all the better. I've learned that a man's prestige, the size of his pay envelope, don't determine what kind of guy he is. You learn this in pictures faster and sharper than in any other environment.

There are such terrific contrasts to be found within the area of a sound stage; the Great Big Movie Star and, at his elbow, the working man you can't get a healthy inferiority complex any faster than by hobnobbing with some of the extras. Brother, can they talk, look and smell like us!

My stand-in, Berch Hughes, is my best friend. Berch is an Intellectual. I go out of my way to find words he wouldn't use. I've been around him yet. He comes home with me every night. We talk for hours. Sometimes we go to the movies. Couple of years from now Berch is going to be so much bigger in this industry than I am that it won't be funny. He wants to produce, not act. I have an idea he'll get what he wants. So, I'm just happy the movies teach you, and fast: You can't judge a man by the job he holds or the pay he gets—today.

FEARS! No, I haven't any. No credit to me. They were left out of me at birth. I love a thrill, the element of danger in games, sports, work. When I was playing polo I never thought of the horse's falling with me. When he did (I broke my wrist four times), time enough to think about it then. We die only once—why die a dozen times in anticipation?

A lot of people have asked about my spine during the boat race at Lake Yosemite. I was being officially clocked for the world record in competition and was doing seventy-seven miles an hour when the boat turned over and threw me clear. It was funny—I saw three of everything. Next thing I knew, they had something hard and metallic in front of my mouth. I said, "What's this?" They said, "A mike." I said, "What for?" They said, "Just tell 'em you're alive." I said, "I'm alive. And passed out. Just as well I did, tell 'em I was alive. I mean, it was a relief to my mother, . . ."

Yes, Mother and I live alone in the family homestead down in the old part of Los Angeles. No, and then we did a bit of remodeling, bring the place up to date, but it's still not a showcase, it's just home. We like it that way.

Do I have any pictures of girls in my room at home? Sure, one. A great big picture of Deanna. Why not? She's my friend. She was wonderful to me. Wonderful to work with. A real friend.

Dates? Well, (Continued on page 68)
VIRGINIA MASTERTON—lovely young daughter of one of Chicago's old families

Another Pond's Bride-to-be

SPORTS LOVERS—"Gini" and her fiancé, Donald A. Wildauer. Whenever Don can get a few hours off from his defense job, they go skiing. Gini says: "After I've been out skiing or skating, I slather on Pond's Cold Cream, and my face looks nice and soft again." It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!

She's ENGAGED!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

See what "Gini's" SOFT-SMOOTH Glamour Care will do for your skin

1. She SLATHERS Pond's satin-soft Cold Cream thick on her face and throat.
   She says, "Then I pat like anything with quick little pats—up from my chin, over nose, cheeks, forehead, till my face feels all fresh and glowy. This helps soften and take off dirt and stale make-up. Then I tissue the cream off."

2. She "RINSES" with lots more Pond's Cold Cream. Tissues it off again.
   "It's simply grand," she says, "the way my face feels—so baby-soft and so clean, every last little smear of dirt wipes right off."

Do this yourself! You'll love how your skin feels—so sweet and clean! Use Pond's Cold Cream "Gini's" way every night—for daytime clean-ups, too. You'll know then why so many more women and girls use Pond's than any other face cream at any price. Buy a jar at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical, the lovely big jars.

GINI'S RING is as lovely as her almond-blossom complexion. It is a brilliant-cut diamond with 3 smaller diamonds each side, exquisitely set in platinum.

Pond's Girls Belong to Cupid

MARCH, 1942
I don’t like girls who make “scenes.” When anything like that happens to me, or around me, I get up, walk out of wherever I am, go up to Tahoe or somewhere.

I don’t like girls who hand me compliments. They are embarrassing. You duck them. Only compliment worth while is if a director says something that indicates he’s pleased with you.

But speaking of girls, seems girls in the movies have less vanity, less chi-chi about them than any other girls. They know you know how they look, that you’ve seen them with and without make-up, after work, when they’re tired, disheveled, all sorts of ways.

I gave a swimming party at the house recently. Just had a new pool put in; saved up for that. Lana Turner was there, Ann Rutherford, Lee Bowman, Jackie Cooper, Bonita Granville, Arleen Whelan, Pat Morison, a lot of others. Their fans should see them at times like that—the way they kid around, push each other in the pool, clothes and all, the girls with their hair all stringy, no make-up on. Kids in the movies are less self-conscious and natural in their off moments than any kids I’ve ever known.

And speaking of fear again—it’s the same with movies as with sports. I’m not afraid of anything tangible. I know I need plenty of experience. I know I need pictures, and more pictures. I’ll probably get pictures along with the good. I’ll probably make lots of mistakes. That’s part of being young, isn’t it? But I’m working hard, keeping my eye on the tape. I’m not getting caught short with a lot of dates and entanglements when I’m making the most important picture of my career—because that’s what “End of the Road” will be when I get back to the Universal lot.

What I mean is—the only thing I’ve got to fear is myself. That I play the game according to the rules, that I don’t fail in any way. As in polo, it isn’t the horse’s failing I worry about; it’s that I don’t fall off the horse.

I know there is nothing that can hurt me in pictures is—me.

The End

(Continued from page 27) whole outlook on life. She was free and even unconscious of the “career troubles” that can become a Hollywood girl’s whole existence.

She talked to Mickey about the same things she had talked about to her boy friends back in her home town of Wilson, North Carolina. She wasn’t impressed with Mickey as a great movie idol. He wasn’t her idol anyhow. She had one, like every other girl in the world, but Mickey wasn’t it. Clark Gable was. “Whom would you like to meet most of all?” they’d asked her at M-G-M that first day and Ava had answered, eyes shining, “Clark Gable.”

About her was an aura of good breeding, gentle manners, quiet ways. There were no flippant smart cracks dotting her conversations. Her soft Dixie accent revealed the voice of a gentlewoman.

(Continued from page 66) not too many ... I go out some, of course ... but quite often I read in the columns that I have been out with a girl I’ve never even had the pleasure of meeting.

In love? No—not yet.

It’s a funny thing about this falling in love and getting married. No point in saying I will or I won’t. It’s something that just happens, isn’t it? It’s a cinch you can’t be prophetic about it. I’ll say this: I’d rather not get married for quite some time to come. Rather concentrate on my work.

Don’t think I know what type of girl I like best. Don’t know enough about girls to have a standard of comparison.

Of course, there are a few things I like and don’t like about girls. I do like a girl with a sense of humor. That’s wonderful.

I like a girl who makes you feel she likes you, not one who makes six other men feel the same way. I don’t like girls who table-hop when you’re at a night club.

Mickey Rooney Picks a Wife

She lived in a small, inexpensive apartment with her older sister Beatrice who had come on to Hollywood with Ava when M-G-M signed her. Beatrice got a job in the bag department of a local department store, while Ava each morning caught the bus to the studio, where she studied singing and diction to curb the Southern accent.

Ava took no part in the Ciro or Moscambo goings-on. With Mickey as her ardent escort she could have gone anywhere, any time, and been news. But she stayed quietly in the background. She and Mickey bowled together, attended football games, went riding and played tennis like any two other kids in this world.

"Look, Les," Mickey would say during that early courtship, "Ava thinks the Pomona Fair is worth seeing. What about our going down there?"

So the Petersens, with Mickey and Ava, would go to the Fair, take in the exhibits, look at the marvelous home products, spend the day and come home.

Ava isn’t the kind of girl to be concerned about her appearance. Her hair blows in the wind, as Mickey drives with the car top down, and there is no fuss made about Ava being the plain inconspicuous clothes of any well-dressed working girl of nineteen. She isn’t, despite her beauty, a knock- and-die, blonde headlight, a sweater-girl, cutie. Poise and dignity are among her possessions. She has opinions worth listening to and expresses them as she would to Frank capaciously.

Without realizing it, she has rearranged the thinking avenues in Mickey’s head.

On his way east to the Michigan-Northwestern football game, a trip made in the cause of war relief, Mickey sat opposite his friend Les on the train and talked quietly about Ava: the kind of girl she was, the things she said, her ideas and opinions. Les, who knew Mickey was really just thinking out loud, listened. At the Cheyenne train station, Mickey bought a tiny Indian doll and sent it to Ava.

At the game he went the rounds, giving the public who adored him the wide Rooney grin in greeting. But Les knew that even in the midst of this Mickey’s mind and heart were slowly slipping into harmony. He was thinking things out in a man’s way.

For some reason, the public looks on Mickey as a pretty brassy, sassy kid. His screen roles may have contributed to the idea, plus a few adolescent viewpoints Mickey has long since outgrown.

For a boy who from babyhood grew up in the easy-come-easy-go world of show business, Mickey possesses as fine an average of good behavior as any adult star in the business. He’s kept his head and his name worthy of number-one billing. He dated the nicest girls in town, among them Linda Darnell and Gloria Lloyd. Harold Lloyd’s young daughter, and proved himself the gentleman he is. He’s never fought for right- or left-hand position of his name over a picture title but, instead, quietly insisted his name go under the name of Lewis Stone’s in the Hardy serials. He’s a sportsman of note, has teamed with champions in the tennis (Continued on page 70)
Unattractive, "Lifeless," Rundown or Under Par? TRY THIS PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

If fatigue, jangled nerves, or lack of sparkle are robbing you of social success, you should know this. Now there's a new way to build up radiant freshness and vitality— a way magazines, newspapers and government authorities are urging, and thousands are adopting for buoyant, vigorous days.

As you've read in countless magazine articles, there are certain new-found foods, widely called "miracle foods," that are credited with astonishing powers to increase physical stamina, build sounder nerves, retard fatigue—give vitality and sparkle to millions now tired, nervous and under par.

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are drinking Ovaltine regularly. For Ovaltine provides a wider variety and wealth of important food elements—than any single natural food. It supplies just two— or four or six— but seven important food elements, including Vitamins A, B, D, and G; Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and complete proteins.

Equally important, clinical tests show that Ovaltine increases the energy fuel in the blood in as little as 15 minutes— thus helping to ward off attacks of fatigue.

So if you tire quickly, are nervous or sleep poorly, try drinking Ovaltine regularly each day. See if you don't begin to sleep better, feel far fresher mornings—enjoy more energetic days. See if people don't start telling you how much better you look.

Mail for free samples

OVALTINE, Dept. A12-F-3
360 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, III.

Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting new booklet about certain miracle elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.

Name: ____________________________

Address: ___________________________

City: ____________________________ State: __________

Ovaltine THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK
(Continued from page 68) tournaments on the West Coast. He shoots golf in the 70’s, spends many an evening working on symphonies. He’s kept close to his Mom and two Dads, his own and his stepdad. His Mom is still his business manager and it is she who doles out the assignments. His Mom is credited with Ava as every member of the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, from Mr. Louis B. Mayer down.

“He’s made a swell choice,” is the universal opinion of a studio that only a short time ago vigorously opposed the marriage of two of its younger stars. “Hard to kid him in a way one hard-berled publicist put it. “Why, that’s one real genuine girl!”

AVA GARDNER is the average small-town American girl, born in Smithfield, North Carolina, on the cruel, cruel day of December 24. “Which means sh nanach chid get a birthday present,” she says. “Everybody just waited until Christmas.” (Right here, let us say, with Mickey trying to decide on the stone, Ava will have gotten some birthday present by now.) The family moved to Newport News, Virginia, where Ava completed her grammar school and then to Richmond, North Carolina, with its Rockridge High. After graduating from high school, Ava attended Atlanta Christian College for a year and then decided to get a job. A friend suggested she go to New York and have photographs made that might perhaps lead to a modeling job. The New York photographer was so enthusiastic over Ava’s Southern beauty, he sent the pictures over to M-G-M’s office. When Mickey picked them up, she was sure it was a joke, but, finally convinced, she went for the interview, signed a contract and, with her sister, left for the Coast. The following day she met Mickey Rooney. Mickey was her one beau from that moment on. She was guest of honor, with Mickey’s mother on the other side, at Mickey’s twenty-first birthday party.

“After a few months, we just kind of knew we’d be married,” she told us. “I think people know those things without any sudden decision.” The night she and Mickey decided it might as well be soon, Ava telephoned her mother. That tending the shelter of the two, sudden fission of war, was delayed and when it really came through at 3:40 A. M. Monday morning, a sleepy Ava asked her mother’s consent. Her mother, Mrs. Jonas B. Gardner, announced the engagement in Wilson. That day Mickey sent Ava a dozen American beauty roses.

The day before the big day, Mickey stood about the door of the sound stage waiting. When Ava appeared, he took her hand and led her to the man who had become a third father to Mickey, a man whom she loves.

“Mr. Stone, I want to meet your bride-to-be,” Mickey said and, somehow, it was all mixed up. Andy Hardy was speaking to his screen dad, pride in his heart and eyes, begging for approval.

Lewis Stone took both their hands and shook them in blessing. To Mr. Hardy and each member of the cast, Mickey introduced his betrothed. They loved her on sight.

“And the Hardy series will go on,” the studio assured us. “Mickey’s marriage will in no way affect his role of Andy.”

Where they will live, what Ava’s plans are for the future, whether she’ll continue on the screen, whether the kids themselves aren’t sure. So far Ava has appeared briefly in “We Were Dancing” and “This Time For Keeps.” But on one thing we’re certain. When that last dime—Mickey “Andy Hardy” Rooney, the pride and joy of American fans, will be married to the girl he loves in quiet dignity, with his family and the Hardys and the Gardens present. That’s our guess, for you see, we’ve known the real Mickey for years, we’ve watched him grow, we’ve seen Andy Hardy, the manhood that is worthy of his Ava. Bless them both, say we.

The End

You’ve Got to Believe Me!

(Continued from page 32) roadster. The top was up and the girl at the wheel was almost lost in shadow. But he recognized her. He turned around. “That’s the one—follow it. But don’t stay too close.”

She never heard, Bill decided, about speed laws. The cabby swore, trying to keep up, that the heavy traffic along Sunset Boulevard.

They were leaving the crowd and hustle behind them now. Beverly Hills, the drive said. The houses were large and rambling, set back from the road. The white car was several hundred yards in front of them. It veered suddenly around a corner. He watched the time the taxi reached the spot. Bill caught a glimpse of the roadster entering a driveway at the far end of the shaded street.

“All right—stop here,” he got out, paid his fare. “You can wait if you want.”

It was a low bungalow, with an artificially thatched roof. You knew a woman lived there. The blue shutters, the windows, the profusion of flowers on the lawn.

He crossed the street, walked up the gravel path, rang the bell.

The colored maid opened the door halfway and asked, “What do you want?”

Not so friendly as he would have liked. “Would you mind telling Miss Winslow that Mr. Corey is here—Mr. William Corey?”

The maid said, “And the name—I came all the way from New York to see her.”

She appeared not to understand. “Would the gentleman mind explaining me what this is about?”

Bill gestured with his hand, “Oh, she knows all about it—we’ve written several letters. It’s a very important matter about some publicity.”

He hoped the word publicity would around the effect. It was negligible. “Miss Winslow, she don’t handle them affairs. You got to go down to the studios. Miss Winslow she’s tired. Worked all morning at the studio. Has to be to a luncheon at the Brown Derby. She ain’t got no time.”

She regarded him a moment with agressive displeasure—then slammed the door.

The reverberation was like a shot. And the news was good. There had to be some way he could get a hearing.

He glanced about him quickly. Over on the left was the driveway, beyond that a stretch of lawn, a little note to go along with the story.

On the right of the house a tennis court.

He sauntered over to the driveway. The white car was parked just outside the garage. On either side of the garage were magnolia trees, low-hanging.

She had a luncheon at the Brown Derby. Which meant that she would come in to the car. She could be near that car when he came out.

HE started along the driveway. The front of the house held him in view. He could always say he’d gone out the wrong way, become confused. He was near the car when he heard someone moving close by. He ducked to one side, seeing the steps, trees, and slanted to notice a low wire fence beside the garage. He tripped, pitched forward, sprawled in a bed of tulips.

He was lying there himself out of the flowers when he saw it—the jagged, menacing shadow of a man. A man who stood directly behind him. Bill got to his feet hastily. The man was tall and sandy-haired. The shoulders under the brown coat were wide and the lean face held a hint of a sardonic smile.

“You better start talking, mister.” He spoke in a quiet, flat voice. “What is it—a one-man tulip festival?”


“All right,” Bill said, “I was waiting here. I’ve got to see her. It’s business, you understand. They wouldn’t let me in at the studio—the maid slammed the door. I knew Miss Winslow had to come out to the car and I was waiting—”

“That’s a honey of a story.”

Reaching out to hold of him, Bill smiled. “You’ve got to believe me. It’s the truth.”

The man scratched the top of his head. “I almost think you’re telling straight. You talk a lot. But I can’t give you a break. Tell you what—I’ll forget it—provided you get out of here fast.”

Bill felt a rush of relief. “I can’t tell you how much that means to me.”

The man took his arm, led him around toward a back gate behind the garage. “What are you trying to—sell her something?”

“Oh—it’s an advertising stunt. If I could figure out some way to get to her—”

The man’s hand tightened on his arm. “I’m giving you a break, bud. Also some advice. As far as she’s concerned—forget it. I’m responsible for her safety and if I see you here again I’ll pull you in quick like a cat.”

He snapped his fingers. It was then Bill noticed that the man’s right hand had only four fingers.

The little finger was missing.

THE path behind the garage led evenly back to the street. The taxi waited for him to get inside. The cabby asked, “Where to now?”

She was going to lunch at the Brown Derby. Bill didn’t know how many would be her destination. But there was a good possibility he could get in talk with her. The difficulty was she had started your car.

“The Brown Derby,” he said. “But drive slow. This is my first day in Holly-wood, you know. I like to look around.”

The cabby considered that an invitation for a sight-seeing trip. He was taking side roads and bypaths and pointing out each house and street and studio Bill wasn’t paying attention. He was engaged in plotting the proper way to approach a screen star in a restaurant.

By the time they pulled up in front of the Brown Derby, he had it pretty...
thoroughly worked out in his mind.

She was already there.

Bill saw her, as he followed the headwaiter, weaving through the hubbub and the crowded tables. She glanced up and Bill thought he saw something that seemed close to fear in the blue eyes and then she turned back to the two men who were with her.

Bill motioned to the headwaiter. "That one near the wall." Pointing to a table across from Caryl and the two men.

As he gave his order to the waiter, he studied her, over the menu. The hair, long and golden, drawn back artfully, accentuating the oval lines of the face. The full, crimson lips.

She was playing a role. The sophisticated, worldly-wise young lady. Brimming with gaiety. Each expression tailor-made. And yet it puzzled him, because that first glance had been afraid.

Inexplicably, he thought of that bit of paper on the steps of Cosmic Studios. He recognized the men. The short, pudgy one was Larry Pierce, the director. It was said he was slipping, that he'd be finished in Hollywood if the picture he was making missed fire.

The other, wearing the dark goggles, was Roland Summers. He was Caryl's leading man and it was rumored—in spite of studio denials—that there was a romance between them. Now that he saw her, Bill understood how any man, working with her constantly, would be almost bound to fall in love with her. And Summers was supposed to be the great lover. Bill thought the tweedy sport coat and the long cigarette holder were utterly ridiculous.

**THEY** had reached their coffee when Bill pushed back his chair. He felt a trifle nervous. He stood there for just a moment. Then he started forward.

The three looked up as he approached the table. The blue eyes met his and found them disturbing.

"Is there something you wish?" Summers' voice was deep and unpleasantly artificial.

Bill made his smile boyish. "Miss Winslow, I'm sorry to be barging in like this. But I'm one of your fans—if it wouldn't be too much bother, I'd give an autograph for an autograph."

He knew she wouldn't refuse. Even stars like Caryl had to cater somewhat to their public.

"But of course. You have your autograph book?"

Bill snapped his fingers. "How stupid! I got so interested when I saw you sitting there. Just a minute." He turned, beckoned to the headwaiter. "Do you think you could get me a piece of white paper?"

The headwaiter looked surprised. But he glanced at Caryl, who nodded, and he bowed. "In just one moment, sir."

Bill stood by the table waiting. Pierce and Summers did not even try to hide their impatience at the intrusion.

"You've no idea," Bill said, "how hard I've worked, trying to see you. It wasn't just for your autograph."

He was aware of a change in their manner. There were pink spots on her cheeks. Pierce stood up. "Just what is this?"

Bill paid no attention. He was looking at Caryl. "Miss Winslow, I flew all the way from New York—to see you. I know you don't know it, but right this minute my whole career depends on you."

Curiosity was woman's weakness and Caryl was no exception. "I don't understand. Why should your career depend on me?"

"That's what I want to talk with you."

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**Next Stop—TAHITI!**

**HERE,** *DEAR READER,* we give you an intimate close-up of

<table>
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<tr>
<th>The Outraged Husband . . . A rip-roaring, fire-breathing Male . . . sans shirt, sans temper—sans just about everything except a swell case of Righteous Indignation.</th>
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And what is the Ultimatum he delivers? Something like this, perhaps: "This does it! I'm through looking like a ghost in a gray shroud. If I can't have a white shirt, I'll go where the only shirt a man has to wear is the one he gets with his birthday suit. Goodbye!"

(with appropriate gestures)

And how does his Lady respond? Elementary, Mrs. Watson. She tiptoes to the telephone and in quavering tones tells her grocer, 'Please send me some of that Fels-Naphtha Soap right away. Send a lot. And hurry!'

[**ASIDE TO THE LADIES**] *This isn't all kidding. Better take a peek at Papa's shirts. He may not be as tame as you think. You never know.***

---

**FELS-NAPTHA** banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

**Golden bar or**

**Golden chips—**

MARCH, 1942
WHO ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO?

US?

No. Don't listen to us now. Sure, we say Modess is softer . . . because we know it's softer. We make it that way. But don't listen to us now. Listen, instead, to the say-so of thousands of women who tested Modess for softness.

10,000 WOMEN LIKE YOURSELF?

All over the country, these women were asked to feel two napkins and choose the softer. One was Modess—the other was the napkin they'd been using. Yet 3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer!

DRAW YOUR OWN CONCLUSIONS

If 3 out of every 4 women voted against the napkin they'd been using, the napkin they voted for must be worth looking into! Why don't you find out for yourself if you've been missing out on extra comfort. Try Modess the next time you buy.

HERE'S AN OFFER

If you don't agree with millions of Modess fans that it's softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.*

* Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'VE BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with "Oh Yes"

about." Bill said. "That's why I came to Hollywood."

Her smile was quizzical. "I'd hate to have that on my conscience," she told him, "without at least knowing how and why."

"Then you will see me? I can't wait you about it here, but any time—any place you say. It'll only take a few minutes—"

Pierce turned to Caryl. "You can't see him—it's preposterous!"

SUMMERS stood up. His hand was on Bill's arm, edging him from the table. "If you've any business concerning Miss Winslow, perhaps you wouldn't be taking it up with the regular officers at the studio?"

"Wait one moment, Roland. If he's coming with you out here—gone to this trouble—it must be something pretty important to him."

Pierce asked, "Do you know him, Caryl? Is there any reason you should assume any responsibility?"

"Of course not. Don't be silly. She seemed more calm than she had been a moment before. "Naturally, I'd like to help if I—"

"You can't afford to run risks, Caryl," Pierce told her. "If anything should happen to you, it would be ghastly. You've got to think not only of yourself, but also of the studio, the picture you're making—" He turned to Bill. "I'll have to ask you to leave, young man."

"Just run along," Summers said. "You don't want any trouble."

Panic and anger. The sensation he used to have when an opponent's blow landed too flush. The need to answer quickly. "I've got to talk with her. You must listen, Miss Winslow."

He got no further. Pierce and Summers had him by the arms. Pushing him, half carrying him, toward the door. He saw the headwaiter returning, heard Pierce's terse, "Crashing in where he doesn't belong."

He twisted. Out of the corner of his eye he saw Caryl, standing, back of her hand at her lips.

He was breaking from them as they neared the door. Pierce, whose hands were strong, gave him a shove. It carried him halfway to the street. He grabbed the side of the wall to keep from falling.

But she had wanted to hear him and he'd caught a few words of their conversation at lunch, when she had told Pierce she was tired, was returning to her home directly from the Derby.

He started walking along the boulevard, in the direction of the Roseneu, where he had registered that morning. Several blocks down, he passed a telegraph office. A freckled-faced messenger boy was on one of the benches.

Bill stopped. A messenger. He could get a message to her personally. Bill didn't pause to weigh pros and cons. It was the only chance left.

The white-haired lady inside was pleasant. Yes, she could have the boy deliver the message at once. Would he write it at the desk.

He spent some minutes figuring out exactly how to say it. But he surveyed the final result with pride:

Dear Miss Winslow:

My hurried exit at lunch was none of my doing or desire. It cost me the chance to obtain your autograph and to discuss the two handsome suits which brought me here from New York.

Won't you help me recover on these losses? All I ask is ten minutes—and it's a business matter that will be of value to you and won't cost either time or money and my job depends on it.

Then I could get the autograph, too.

Hopefully—I might say prayerfully—

Bill Corey

He sealed it in an envelope. The little boy with the freckles took it. Bill gave him an extra fifty cents to get there fast and back faster with the answer.

Waiting seemed endless. He paced up and down the sidewalk outside. He went back into the telegraph office. The woman behind the counter tried to make conversation but he didn't feel like talking.

More than an hour passed. Bill told himself nothing was wrong—the trip would take that much time. But the fingers of the clock crept on and it was close to two hours and even the woman seemed surprised the boy wasn't back.

"Maybe she kept him waiting. You know what those actresses are like."

But they were prepared for what happened. Not even when they heard the sound of sirens in the distance, growing louder. Not even when the three police cars pulled up with screeching brakes in front of the door and what looked like an army of blue uniforms trooped in, followed by the freckled-faced boy, so scared he could hardly speak.

"They—them cops—they want him."

Pointing to Bill.

The lean-faced Sergeant stepped forward. "So you're the lousy heel!"

Bill stared, dumb with astonishment, unable to find words.

"What's your name?"

She won two Oscars, now she gets a Golden Apple. Bette Davis, "for being the most co-operative actress in Hollywood," gets the Golden Apple award from Ruth Waterbury, President of Hollywood Women's Press Club, author of "Close Ups and Long Shots"
"Corey," he managed. "But what in thunder—"

"Yeah, Mr. Corey. You just sent a little billet-doux to Miss Winslow, didn’t you?" With what he seemed to think was exquisite sarcasm.

A stocky patrolman took hold of Bill’s arm. "We’re going down to the station."

"Now wait a minute!" Bill cried out. "I haven’t committed any crime. I sent a note. I’ve been waiting for an answer. If I intended anything wrong, would I wait here, where you could find me?"

"Don’t blame me because you’re stupid."

"It’s—it must be mistaken identity." "Mistake is right," the Sergeant grated.

"Come on—get moving."

Someone cuffed him. He was boiling over inside. They wouldn’t even let him talk. But once he got to some higher officers, he’d be able to get the truth out. It was so perfectly simple.

THE Sergeant and the fat cop sat on either side of him in the police car. There were two other cops on the front seat. Nobody spoke as the engine started and the sirens screamed and the car roared up the center of the boulevard.

Bill asked the Sergeant, "What do they think I’ve done?"

The Sergeant slapped him. "Shut up!"

At the station house, they shoved him into the main room. One of the officers searched him and took out his wallet and some change he had in a trouser pocket.

These were placed on the desk—behind which sat the three-hundred-pound, walruslike Captain, who leaned back in a swivel chair and studied him over rimless glasses.

Bill glanced around the room. Pierce and Summers were there. And Caryl Winslow.

It was a changed Caryl. The make-believe gaiety had vanished. The eyes which were supposed to be so mysterious and enigmatic were bewildered and scared. She held the dark fur coat tightly about her yellow frock. She wasn’t the sophisticate any more. Only a girl who looked as if she were in trouble.

For some reason, he found himself being sorrier for her than he was for himself.

She came toward him, so close he caught the scent of her perfume. She looked up at him.

"It’s difficult to believe." So softly, the others could hardly hear. "Why should a young man like you want to—kidnap me?"

"Kidnap!" He repeated the word explosively. "Is that the charge? Is that what they think?"

His shock was manifest. She asked, "You actually didn’t have any idea?"

"How could I? It’s their notion, not mine. Theirs—and yours. I had no thought of any insane thing like that. You’ve got to believe me!"

"You mean—you didn’t intend to threaten me? You didn’t plan—"

"Threaten!" He tried to make his voice very patient. "Miss Winslow, I’ve only known you a few hours. I think you’re charming. I wouldn’t hurt you for all the gold in Fort Knox. As for kidnapping—the only crime I ever committed was to get arrested for speeding to a football game."

Pierce came over, put his arm around her waist. "You mustn’t let yourself become emotional about this, Caryl."

"Larry," she said, "I think he’s telling the truth. He doesn’t seem like a criminal type at all. Really he doesn’t."

"When you get through talking about me like a stuffed pigeon," Bill said, "maybe you’ll let me explain—"

"I didn’t mean it that way," she told him.

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you’ll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.

3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spready vanish- ing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.

5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50c for extra-large jar; 25c for generous medium jar; and 10c for handy travel size.

Make your own test at our expense. Once you make this under-arm test, we’re sure you’ll never be satisfied with any other perspiration check. Just print your name and address on postcard and mail to FRESH, Dept. MF-3, Louisville, Ky. We’ll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.
Have Alluring Hands with a few seconds' care a day

You give your hands almost professional loveliness-care when you use Jergens Lotion. Remember—2 of Jergens' ingredients are those used by many doctors to help harsh, common-looking skin to fresh-flower smoothness. Regular use helps prevent horrid roughness and chapping. No sticky feeling! Start now to have adorable hands, with this favorite Jergens Lotion.

* Rita Hayworth and Charles Boyer, starring in 20th Century Fox's "Tales of Manhattan," it's easy to have alluring hands—with Jergens Lotion!
removed his glasses, rubbed them with his handkerchief. "This is a police
department, not a press bureau. You say
the notes were slipped under the door
of Miss Winslow's home?"
"Yes. All of them.
"How'd it happen to the watchman or
somebody didn't see any of them being
placed there?"
"She hasn't any watchman. Always
said she was safe and didn't need body-
guards."
It was seconds after he spoke before
his meaning struck home to Bill. He
said quickly, before he could stop to
think, "But if she doesn't have a watch-
man, who was—
He stopped. He couldn't tell them
about his meeting outside her home. It
would only make them more certain of
his guilt.
"What did you start to say?" The
Captain asked.
"I said I'd like to tell my side of the
story."
"You will—in due time. I've some
important points to discuss first with
Mr. Summers."
The Captain and Summers talked in
low voices. It lasted some time; Bill
finally sat on the bench with the tall
Sergeant standing over him and not say-
ing a word.
Bill couldn't hear the conversation
clearly, but he gathered the actor was
going into lengthy description of the
house, the location of the door, all the
details.

IT was half an hour before they fin-
ished. The Captain returned to his
desk and began studying a report that
had just been handed to him. "Says here
a Bill Corey landed on a transcontinental
plane from New York this morning.
Registered at the Hotel Roosevelt. The
description tallies."
He couldn't finish. The door had swung
open.
Pierce was standing there, tie askew,
hair mussed, eyes wild. A man in chauf-
feur's uniform stood behind him.
"Cary!" Pierce's voice was hollow.
"They've kidnapped her. Stopped the
car—grabbed her. The chauffeur and I
tried to stop them. They struck us
down. Raced off with her."
"It happened so fast," the chauffeur
said. "I hardly had time to do any-
thing. I got part of the license number
of their car—the first two numbers. They
were 3-0."
"Caryl kidnapped! Bill was positive
that man in the garden had something
to do with it. But if he told them, they'd
be certain he was lying. It would sound
too pat. And yet he had the most im-
portant clue—the sandy-haired man with
the missing finger.
He had to find the man.

THE Captain was barking orders, Phon-
ing information for the radio dis-
patcher. He turned to the cars. One of
the cops grabbed Bill. "What'll I do
with this—"
"Listen," Bill said suddenly. "I'll talk.
I'll tell you the whole rotten story."
He was watching Summers. Summers
with goggles and tweed coat. Just about
Bill's height and weight, about the same
color hair. The same coloring and gen-
eral features. "But the only one I'll
talk to is Summers."
The officers looked at each other. The
actor's face was pale.
The Captain asked, "What about it,
Mr. Summers?"
A pause. Finally, "All right. But he
talk better fast. If anything happens—
happens to her—"
The Captain took them to a small, win-

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Powder Shade Alix styled for you. There are
5 Alix shades, keyed to the natural-beauty tones
in the 5 types of women's skin. Find Your shade in

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Shades for you

Alix created all 5 shades for the new Jergens
Face Powder. And one of her shades she
intended for your type of skin—to bring
its latent lovely color-notes into view.

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(Paste on a Penny Postcard . . . Mail Now!)
The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 1406, Cincinnati, Ohio
(In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Please send—free—Alix' 5 shades in the new velvetyd Jergens
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MARCH, 1942

And your skin looks finer-textured! Jergens Face Powder helps kindly to con-
ceal enlarged pores, tiny blemishes. This
powder is fine and smooth—velvetized,
by a special new precision process that tol-
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breath of fragrant natural beauty. See your-
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you'll change to Jergens Face Powder now.

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Please send—free—Alix' 5 shades in the new velvetyd Jergens
Face Powder.

Name
Street
City
State

MARCH, 1942
"Tain't Funny McGee!"

WHEN HUBBY BROUGHT HOME 'ORDINARY TISSUES' INSTEAD OF KLEENEX, I MADE HIM MARCH RIGHT BACK. WHEN I SEND HIM FOR KLEENEX, I MEAN KLEENEX!

(from a letter by J. W., Coffeyville, Kans.)

No Waste!
OTHER BRANDS HAVEN'T THAT KLEENEX "PULL-OUT" BOX THAT Serves UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!

(from a letter by W. F. S., Chicago, Ill.)

Grime Does Not Pay!
I ALWAYS KEEP KLEENEX IN MY CAR TO WIPE THE CHILDREN'S STICKY FINGERS, CLEAN THE WINDSHIELD, AND SHINE THE TRIM!

(from a letter by O. C. G., Springfield, Mass.)

(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

dowless room usually reserved for persons coming to make identifications of suspected crooks. Bill carefully closed the door. The actor was trying to act calm. "What is it?"

Bill said, "It's this."

It was one blow. It had to be one blow. Bill delivered it with everything he had. Every ounce of strength in his body.

Summers' legs buckled. His eyes went glassy.

He started to crash to the floor. Bill grabbed him, lowered him gently into a chair.

He worked fast, pulling off the coat, the shoes, the tie. Taking off the high-pleated trousers took the most time. He wondered how the man had the nerve to wear them.

The police might be listening at the door.

He began talking softly, as if he were giving Summers the story. He had on the tie, the coat, the dark goggles. Mussed his hair a little, like the actor's, for the finishing touch.

He hurried out of the door. The police were standing near by, waiting in a group.

Bill walked past them briskly. He mumbled a few words—unintelligible sounds—trying to catch Summers' deep, artificial tone. Letting words stand out spasmodically—"Papers—car—back in minute."

"Make it quick, Summers," the Captain called. "The sooner we get his full story, the sooner we'll have her back safe."

But Bill was hardly listening. He was running through the oaken doors of the station. Out into the early dusk.

For the first few minutes, Bill has no idea of how to go about finding Caryl. Then the big idea hits him—and it seems so simple he wonders why he hasn't thought of it before. For the fast-paced, exciting story of how he discovers the gangsters' hide-out—and Caryl—see April Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

A watch-him-go-places picture of John Emery, who, with Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy, rounds out a human trio in Columbia's "Trinidad".
How to Be a Social Success

(Continued from page 47) great slices of French bread for each of the guests. For he sweet, our hostess again went into the kitchen—this time to make pancakes—which she does very well—and again served. Nothing could have been more unusual—or more charming. It was a supper that any hostess would be smart to imitate.

When I suggest that a party be informal I don’t mean haphazard. Because there are rules for informality, too, and stumbling blocks of which to be wary. No. 1 problem is the guest list.

Getting the right guests together is always the prime requisite of a good hostess, but nowhere is incompatibility so fatal as at a small party. The wise hostess will beware of the temptation to invite people to a party just because she owes them a dinner.” Either your eight guests are all friends who enjoy each other’s company, who are stimulating to each other, or your evening is a failure.

Basil and I both count as one of our pleasantest evenings a small dinner party at which all of our guests—among whom were Sir Hugh Walpole, James Hilton, Constance Collier and the Robert Edmund Joneses—were tremendously interested in literature and in the theater. All of them were vital personalities with much to say. We finished our dinner—finally—at five in the morning around the fireside with coffee. Even then we were reluctant to break up the party—there was still so much more we wanted to talk about.

Another hurdle for the informal party is that entrance chill. Introductions are made and acknowledged, the weather is disposed of and then dead silence until somebody stumbles on a lively topic of conversation. Nothing will dispel that frostiness so quickly as giving your guests something to do.

Have a big bowl of caviar, if that’s on your list, or peanut butter and sardines with a platter of small toast squares and let them make their own hors d’oeuvres. They’ll be so busy that before they know it they’ll be at ease and ready for a pleasant evening.

There are so many novel ways of serving an informal supper. A good idea is to have the food brought on a buffet, where the hostess herself fills the plates, giving them to the maid to serve—or, if the budget doesn’t permit a maid, she serves them herself. If the host is particularly good at making coffee, let him make it at the table. Or he can make the salad dressing—or the hostess can mix the salad at the table.

If you live in a locality where the climate permits outdoor grills, try charcoal-broiling steaks or roasting hamburgers while the guests look on. Let them cluster around the grill. A fire is warm and hospitable-looking, so use it to best advantage.

Be sure to seat your guests. Even if there are but six in your party, seat them. Nothing is so annoying as a mad scramble for chairs and a place at the table. I suppose that’s why I have such an aversion to buffet suppers.

First of all, I find myself loaded down with plates and cups and a water tumbler. Then I sit down at a rickety card table (never use card tables if you can possibly avoid them, they’re so unstable and not the right height for eating any way), get nicely comfortable, discover I’ve forgotten the sugar for my coffee. I make the trip back to the buffet. My water glass needs filling—so back again. And by the time I’ve finally gone back for my dessert, I’m so weary I almost wish I hadn’t come.

There is one place where buffet is exactly right, however, and that’s in your garden or around your badminton or tennis court. Then make it really an outdoor affair. Have the host don a high white starched cap and let him serve the guests. Make the buffet table interesting. Have a tall frosted pitcher with a fruit punch stuck with cool green mint. Freeze flowers or fruit into an ice mold. Have big bowls of salt into which your guests can dip crisp carrots, spring onions and radishes.

One time we transformed our swimming pool into a woodland pond for an outdoor party. The garden hose was the basis for a fountain and old, worn-out automobile tires became floating islands of ferns and water lilies.

Decorations for your party needn’t be expensive, whether for an indoor or outdoor affair, but they should be interesting and—in the modern trend-functional. For instance, I never use tall centerpieces of flowers on my tables for the practical reason that you can’t see over them. Either use flat troughs with flat flowers, like water lilies, or arrange for the flowers to be tall enough so that they are above the heads of your seated guests. The same rule goes for candles. I have some candle holders which I made by mounting glass inkwells upon each other. I arrange them in small groups.

Add good taste to any scene

Lon Chaney, Jr., Evelyn Ankers and Brod Crawford between scenes of Universal’s “North of the Klondike.”

Pepsi-Cola is the rage in Hollywood for three big reasons—taste, size and quality. Between scenes on every lot, the stars enjoy its finer flavor...they welcome those extra sips...and they know that every drop is quality at its best.
Swap a nickel today for a frosty Pepsi-Cola. 12 full ounces of long, long sips.

Purity...in the big, big bottle—that’s Pepsi-Cola!

* Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N.Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast.

March, 1942

77
At Last!

security for you in the critical Close-Up

Don’t be fooled by face powder that looks smooth at a distance. It’s the close-up that counts! That’s when Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder flatters you most...lovingly veils your skin in filmy beauty.

This is a bold challenge! Lightly pat Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder. Now bring your hand mirror close to your face. You’ll see what a man sees in a Cashmere Bouquet close-up. No coarse powder particles, but an all-over misty bloom, delicate as the finish on a butterfly’s wing.

You’ll see naturalness; supreme smoothness; flattering life-like color. And in the close-up, your skin will breathe the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder—the "fragrance men love."

6 ravishing shades. In generous 10c and larger sizes at all drug and toilet counters.

Cashmere Bouquet Face Powder

Another member of Cashmere Bouquet—
the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations

to form a Z and then use the tallest candles I can buy. Consequently the table is well lighted, but the flicker of the candle is well above the heads of my guests.

Use glass for table decorations. It’s inexpensive and very decorative.

Remember that “It is not the quantity of the meat, but the cheerfulness of the guests which makes the feast.”

As far as gathering together those “cheerful” guests in Hollywood, it’s an easy matter, for there are several distinctly social groups in the film colony and in small, intimate parties Hollywood people stick to their own group.

You will find, for instance, Mrs. Jack Warner, Marlene Dietrich, Lili Damita and Dolores del Rio always together. They form a glamorous picture, each as beautiful as the other, and each a different type. They are sophisticated, soignée, extremely chic. Another group includes the Darryl Zanuck, William Goetz, Mervyn LeRoy, David Selznick, Norma Shearer, Merle Oberon, Joseph Schenck, Samuel Goldwyn, Sid Grauman, Claudette Colbert, Countess di Frasso, Joan and Countess Bernadotte. Then we have the Eddie Robinson, Melvyn Douglas, Harry Lachman, Jesse Lasky set.

At the Ernst Lubitsch you will find the foreign, cosmopolitan element. The Lubitsches always serve European food. Vivian Lubitsch, who is half English, half Russian, is one of the most intelligent and sophisticated women in Hollywood. At the Arthur Hornblows’, Director Rouben Mamoulian, Margaret Sullivan and husband Leland Hayward, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford and writers who are tennis enthusiasts gather for small, intimate parties. I have never seen Myrna Loy have more than eight people for dinner. Incidentally, Myrna is one of the most natural and unsupplied stars in the film colony.

Then, of course, there is the Ronald Colman group which includes the Charles Boyers, the Willises, Jewels, Dietrich, Barbara Stanwyck, the Brian Aherns, Cary Grant, the Nigel Bruce, Reginald Gardiner, Hedy Lamarr, the Douglas Fairbankses, Jr., when Douglas Fairbanks is in Hollywood.

Of course, I have by no means made a complete list. I have merely jotted down a few names offhand. As for the Rathbones, they don’t belong to any particular set and go with all of them.

Many stars keep themselves completely out of the social whirl. From the moment Carole Lombard and Clark Gable met, they stopped giving or going to parties. We never see them. Nor do we see Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor, or Frances Dee and Joel McCrea. This group enjoys the outdoor life.

But how can a young man and woman who are not in the Hollywood profession and cannot claim to be distinguished artists get into parties in Hollywood—or in any other town?

Charm, wit, discretion, the ability to inspire and keep confidences, emotional maturity, that feeling of kinship with our fellowmen which distinguishes the truly superior and civilized person and is the basis of friendship and of personal and social morality—these make for social success in Hollywood as they do in your own particular circle.

If any young man is attractive, a good dancer, something of an expert at bridge or tennis, he will probably be asked to parties in Hollywood or any other town.

My favorite young man, when he’s in Hollywood, is Douglas Fairbanks Jr. I’m very partial to him. He knows what’s going on in the world, has a keen, well-informed mind and I don’t know of anybody in Hollywood who can talk more absorbingly about the issues and personalities involved in the present tragic war. Doug Jr. would be a social success anywhere. He never fails in those little combination parties young man popular with a hostess and with women in general.

If I am entertaining a celebrated writer or musician with a small intimate dinner party I always invite Greer Garson, because she not only personality of glamour of Hollywood, but she can talk intelligently about any subject. Her accomplishment, combined with her beauty and glamour, makes her a very desirable guest.

The modern American girl can’t afford to be ignorant. She must know something about everything and be able to carry on an intelligent conversation. If a girl is strikingly beautiful, gay, a good dancer, she will invariably, at a Jones Corners party, find an admiring swain. In Hollywood, she will probably attract the attention of producers or directors, who are always on the lookout for new faces at parties. If, plus physical attractiveness, dancing ability and charm, she has a serious side and is vitally interested in the political and intellectual problems of the day, Hollywood—and Jones Corners—will like her.

The End
The Girl with a Hundred Faces

(Continued from page 39) Her husband paid her a visit at Sherwood Forest, where the company was on location. “Listen, folks,” she warned them all the night before, “This man who’s coming tomorrow—he’s not Mr. DeCamp. His name’s John Shidler, please, and he’s the boss.”

Rosemary DeCamp is her own name. Her ancestry is French. She never wanted to be anything but an actress. Her father, a mining engineer, said: “All right, but be a good one. Go to college first. By the time you get out, you’ll be old enough to swim, not flounder.” Born in Arizona, she was hauled from one mining camp to another in the States, in Mexico, in South America. This gave her childhood the advantage of a colorful background. All she missed out on was learning the alphabet properly, so that today she has trouble looking up names in the phone book. It doesn’t seem to have handicapped her much.

Mrs. DeCamp, an accomplished pianist, longed to have Rosemary play some instrument. She was tried on everything from cello to oboe, but they had to give up. The poor child was tone-deaf. In view of which, it was curious that her ears should have been supersensitive to the inflections of speech. She loved listening to people talk and could ape them with startling accuracy. So she was in great demand by the dramatic coaches at the scattered schools she did attend. Only at home and when she was acting did she lose her shyness. Mounting the platform to get her diploma, she turned white with terror. Yet in any character that her own, she could strut the same platform with the poise of a duchess.

She went to Mills College because it had a good dramatic department and stayed five years—the extra one to get her master’s in speech and psychology. She met John Shidler, a law student at Stanford, and saw quite a lot of him, though after graduation their ways parted. Meantime she’d become the dramatic star of the campus, playing Shakespeare and Ibsen, getting classy notions about the theatah and her own function in it. But June was approaching and she wanted a job. Someone told her about radio, to which she never listened. After tuning in on a few programs, she decided, h-m-m, if I couldn’t do as well. There was a program called “One Man’s Family,” originating in San Francisco. That would serve till something else came along.

They happened to be holding auditions the day she applied, gave her a type-written paper trumpeting the glories of Meredith Willson’s chiffon jazz and left her alone in a large silent room. From somewhere a disembodied voice boomed: “Name and number,” then: “Begin.” She gave all she had to Meredith Willson’s chiffon jazz and wasn’t impressed when a phone message next day told her the job was hers. To be earning money was, of course, wonderful. But a girl whose Mercutio had drawn notices from the San Francisco papers couldn’t be expected to get her up over “One Man’s Family.”

When the Carmel stock company offered her twenty-five a week for the summer, her financial problems were solved. Adding that to the radio check, he’d be a rich woman. She betook herself happily to Carmel, where she felt at home. She’d spent other summers there. It was one of those communal

Old-Fashioned Skin-Care

Once women had to use many creams and lotions to keep skin healthy and attractive.

Modern Skin-Care

Today all you need to help keep your skin fresh, young-looking, is one amazing cream!

Does Your one Face Cream do all these 4 Vital Things?

1. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream thoroughly cleanses the skin, removing every trace of clinging dirt.

2. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream relieves dryness and flaking—leaves the skin wonderfully soft.

3. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream helps nature refine the pores—leaves the skin delightfully fresh. No astringents are needed.

4. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream smooths the skin—prepares it beautifully for powder and for make-up.

What does the face cream you use really do for your skin? Never mind what it claims to do for others—what does it do for you?

Why continue using a cream that does only a “halfway” job? Lady Esther Face Cream is scientifically designed to serve 4 vital needs of your skin. It’s all you need—it asks no help of other creams or lotions. This one cream, by itself, helps keep your skin looking its youngest, smoothest and loveliest at all times!

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream is different from any cream you’ve ever used. For it’s based on an entirely new and different principle—simplified skin-care. Try it! See for yourself how much fresher, cleaner, smoother it leaves your skin after the very first application.

Send for Generous Tube

Mail coupon below for a generous tube of my face cream! See for yourself why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Lady Esther

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7124 West 94th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Send me by return mail a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 9 new shades of powder. I enclose ten for packing and mailing.

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(Tell me if you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
In Laxatives, too, there's a

HAPPY MEDIUM!

**EX-LAX**

—is not too strong!

—is not too mild!

—it’s just right!

**WHAT** kind of a laxative do you give your children? One that’s so strong it weakens and upsets them? Or one that’s so mild it fails to give them real relief?

Then switch to Ex-Lax—the Happy Medium laxative! Ex-Lax is as effective as any laxative you’d ever want to give your children. But it’s kind and gentle, too! It won’t upset them. It won’t make them feel bad afterwards. What’s more, Ex-Lax tastes good—just like fine chocolate!

Ex-Lax is as good for grown-ups as it is for children. And similarly, like any effective medicine, Ex-Lax should be taken only according to the directions on the label... Only 10c or 25c at any drug store.

**IF YOU HAVE A COLD AND NEED A LAXATIVE—**

It’s particularly important when you’re weakened by a cold not to take harsh, upsetting purgatives. Take Ex-Lax! It’s thoroughly effective, yet not too strong!

**EX-LAX**

The Chocolated Laxative

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**SOUR STOMACH** Try JESTS, the new and different way to get fast, longer relief from distress due to excess stomach acid. Pleasant, mint-flavored tablets. Contains no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax. 10c; ROLL—3 for 25c

**TOMBSTONES**

DIRECT TO YOU

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**SPECIAL EVENT!**

You've read the news that Maureen O'Hara has married Hollywood's young dialogue director, Will Price. What you haven't read is the tender story behind that marriage, because Maureen would never discuss it. Now she does—exclusively for Photoplay-Movie Mirror—next month!

Several players had been lined up for tests. After running Rosemary’s, Korda called the others off. “This is the girl I want. There is something in the eyes—depth, a sorrow.” To her he said: “I think it’s good. Don’t you think it’s good?”

“Oh, Mr. Korda”—said Rosemary.

“All right. What shall we do about your hair?”

“I could dye it.”

“Why didn’t you let me say it first?”

She wondered what her husband-to-be, having courted a blonde, would say to a brunette and decided not to tell him till after the honeymoon. (He took it nicely.) For, about a year earlier, John Shidler had heard a voice on the radio that stirred old memories and had called Rosemary up. He was a practicing attorney now and the youngest judge in California. They were married just after she signed her contract with Korda.

They live in the big old family house at Torrance, turned over to them by John’s mother as a wedding gift. The cook runs the house, to the grateful relief of its mistress. “John’s grateful too,” she mentions in passing. Neither John nor the cook complains if she doesn’t get home till eight for dinner. They’re both proud of an actress in the family. They both tune in to listen to her regular broadcasts on “I Was There” and the Vallee program.

Judge Shidler has a passion for badminton, so they play it religiously every Sunday. He mows the lawn without passion and thinks of putting in chicon-din, which you don’t have to cut more than twice a year. Rosemary enjoys the surprise element in gardening. When she plants stock, they come up snapdragons. He likes to read aloud to her, so she lets him. Neither can tell a Bach concerto from Gerahwin, but they go to Bowl concerts occasionally because they think it’s nice to sit under the stars. Lots of movie folk don’t give a darn about music. She’s the first on record to say so.

She knows few picture people and so guests are mostly friends of her husband. Theoretically, he doesn’t care for pets, but she brought home a black kitten born on location, named Baggy after Bagheera, the panther in the picture. Baggy wooed the judge into submission by climbing up his pants leg and snuggling into his neck. Now they both see Rosemary off in the morning. “Drive carefully,” says her husband. When he forgets, she meditates the advisability of crashing a pole, just to show him.

Her father has been somewhat bewildered by her screen appearances to date. “I didn’t realize you looked like that,” he says anxiously. Her mother wants her to play glamorous roles in glamorous clothes. Her young brother’s content “because the kids at school think you’re okay, Sis.” Her husband says all the right things at the right time.

He’s not a movie fan, though. Rosemary thinks she ought to see lots of pictures for the sake of her work. John confines his attendance to the few.

“Let’s go to a movie tonight,” says Rosemary.

“Let’s play badminton,” says John.

She can’t quite explain what happens. “It just turns out that we arrive at the Badminton Club...”

That’s Rosemary in Camp, a girl of growing importance to the movies. The movies are awfully important to her too. Only a judge is more so.

The End

—Force, 1942

---

All Rivals blacked-out with Black Red!

- Watch other glamour girls fade into the background when you come out in exotic Cutex BLACK RED!

Every year more women choose Cutex fashion nail shades than any other kind. Get a bottle of the most exciting, most popular Cutex shade ever—Black Red—today! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U.S.

North Warren, New York

Most Popular CUTEX Nail Shade Ever
A NAME YOU CAN TRUST...

Fibs are the Kotex Tampon and merit your confidence! And with Fibs you can change to shorts, play suit or even a swim suit with nobody the wiser! Worn internally, Fibs provide invisible sanitary protection...no pins, pads or belts...no chafing, no disposal problem. And only Fibs are quilted for greater comfort and safety. Easy to use, too!

FULL DOZEN ONLY 20¢. Not 8—not 10—but 12 Fibs for only 20¢...you save the difference. That’s because with Fibs you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion, for none is needed. Next time buy Fibs, the tampon you can trust. You’ll save money, too!

FIBS—THE KOTEX TAMRON

Not 8—not 10—but 12 FOR 20¢


(Continued from page 53) ration card and identity papers both bore his name and by this time the name of Clive Briggs must have been posted everywhere as a deserter.

A day of walking—hiding—walking. Hunger of that first was a twisting cock-screw of pain, until it settled down to a numb sickness that made the thought of food intolerable. Weariness that put a dreamlike haze over every minute. He began to hate himself because he was hunted. Whenever he hid at the sight of a uniform he wanted to stand up and shout. “Here I am! Take me—arrest me!”

FOR a while he thought Prue was walking beside him and he talked to her in disconnected, half-formed sentences.

“You said—England—worth fighting for if I’d look into my heart instead of my mind. But how can I fight for something I don’t believe in? Not a question of courage. I’m not afraid, I’m just tired.

He’d fought on the beach at Dunkirk—carrying wounded men out to the boats, straight through all that hell of bursting bombs and screaming bullets—carrying them out and then marching back for more. They’d given him a medal for ‘gallantry in action.’ But what was the use? What was the real use?

Then, quite suddenly, his brain cleared and he knew what he wanted to do.

At a crossroads there was a tiny, un-prosperous-looking store and he took a chance on letting the man there see his ration card to buy some tea and biscuits. While he ate, he put in a long-distance telephone call to Prue at the WAAF camp in Gosley. Her leave should be over by now, she should be back there.

After interminable delays and a quarrel with the operator at Gosley, he heard her voice, faraway yet so clear, so sweet, so...so Prue.

“Hello?”

“Prudence?” was all he could say at first. “Oh, Prudence.”

“Is that you, darling? Are you ill?”

“No—no—it’s just—Darling, what are you doing? I’ve been so worried. Where are you?”

“I don’t know. I saw Hill or something—just a crossroads. Prue—I must see you. I—I know what I’m going to do now and I must see you because I’m going to give myself up. Now, listen—"”

“Clive! Don’t do anything—please don’t do anything before you see me.”

“No, Prue—you’re so beautiful and I love you so much.” He heard her catch her breath at the other end of the wire. “You do believe me, don’t you?”

“Yes,” she said, “I believe you, because...because you never said you loved me before.”

“Prue, dearest, I didn’t know then, but I know now. It’s so clear, isn’t it? Do you think you could get leave? I want you to marry me.”

“But—but there are licenses—and banns—and all sorts of things!”

“Not in wartime—if you know the way,” he urged. “There must be a way.”

She thought a moment. “Maybe my father could help. He knows—oh, people in the offices, and so on.”

“Where is he?”

“In London.”

“Can you get to London?”

“Yes. I think so. I’ll leave tomorrow and catch the evening train. But how will you get there?”

“I’ll get there somehow—some way. Don’t worry. I’ll meet you tomorrow night.”

This above All

“I’ll be at Charing Cross Station,” she promised. “I’ll be there at half-past nine—under the big clock.”

“I’ll be waiting there.”

He heard a sound, halfway between a laugh and a sob. “Oh, Clive—darling—this is crazy! But do you know how I feel? Like—a kid, the first time I was taken to the theater—when the curtain went up!”

“Prue! For me it’s like—having walked all your life in darkness and dirt, and suddenly breaking through a mist, and seeing a great sunlit valley ahead.”

“Tomorrow night, dear. Please be there. I think I’d die if you weren’t.”

“I will. Good-by!”

He left the store feeling confident and sure. Nothing could hurt him now. He’d get to London somehow—it wasn’t very far. People would give him rides and nobody police wouldn’t happen to want to see his papers and he’d be under the clock in Charing Cross Station at half-past nine—all because he felt his luck inside him.

In actual fact, he did reach London by the next morning and was picked up by the WAAF at Streatham Hill, shortly after ten o’clock.

“But I was coming to give myself up” he pleaded to the impassive Sergeant at headquarters. “You believe me! I swear I was! But I wanted just one evening first—this evening.”

The Sergeant, neither friendly nor hostile, simply impartial, went on asking questions about his movements of the last few days, as if he had not heard Clive’s appeal.

“May I see the officer in charge here, Sergeant? It’s terribly important! I beg of you—please!”

Something in his anguish voice pierced the Sergeant’s official armor. He looked at Clive curiously, piercingly—and seemed to be satisfied with what he saw, because without a word he got up and went into an inner office. A few moments later Clive was standing across from the desk of the Major in charge and his heart sank. Here, in one man, was everything that he hated, every reason he had for deserting the army. The Major’s imperious features, too finely bred and cold, his stiff body, the clipped and unsympathetic “Yes!” with which he greeted Clive’s crowding in the emblem of the old England that had brought the war into being, the England of class and privilege.

“I hardly know how to begin, sir,” Clive said, already feeling the futility of kindling a spark of humanity in those steely eyes. “I’ve come to ask you a favor and I know I have no right to ask it. I had an appointment to meet someone this evening. I want you to believe me, sir, when I say that it means more to me than I can explain.”

“What are you here for?” The Major’s eyes went to a report sheet on his desk and he answered himself. “Desertion. I see. And in this deposition you state that you had come to the decision to surrender.”

“Yes, sir. Immediately after I had kept my appointment. I take it you are genuinely sorry and intend to repair your crime by serving faithfully in the future.”

“I have no intention of serving as a soldier again, sir.”

The Major was shocked. “What’s that?...Oh, I see—a conscientious objector.”

“No, sir. I’ve always wanted to fight for my country, but I found there are too
many people in my way. I’m ready to take whatever consequences there may be, but—will you trust me, sir? I give you my word of honor I shall be back here by midnight.”

The Major sat quietly for a moment, studying Clive. He touched a bell and the Sergeant entered. “Sergeant, I’m giving this man leave until twelve o’clock. This is my personal responsibility.”

The Sergeant motioned Clive to follow him out of the room. Clive turned, astonished, wanting to thank the Major. But he could say nothing to that sternly military iron mask.

The afternoon and evening seemed endless, although he occupied himself with getting something to eat, a bath and a shave. Six o’clock-seven o’clock—eight o’clock. The air-raid warning sounded, and suddenly the sky over London was filled with bursting anti-aircraft fire. Clive, hurrying through the streets, cursed himself because he had not gone earlier to Charing Cross. Bombs fell to the north of him, the march of their thunderous footsteps coming closer. Then a new noise, louder and more terrifying than that of the bombs, rose into a dispersing banshee screech. Out of the sky came a tremendous bombing plane, hurtling to earth. It plowed into the row of buildings across the street from where Clive stood, shielding his face from flames and flying debris.

People came running out of the wrecked and burning buildings. One little man whose clothes were smouldering did not come across the street but occupied himself by scratching at a mass of shattered tile and rubble at the foot of the building. Clive knelt beside him and the little man threw him an anguished look. “My wife—my kids! They’re in the cellar”—all the time digging in the rubble, paying no attention to the sparks in his clothes and hair.

A steel-helmeted policeman came up. “His wife and kid are down there,” Clive explained and the Bobby with professional calm flashed his torch downward, revealing a small cellar window, only half blown in. Debris but covered by a twisted iron grating. “Grab hold of it, chum,” the Bobby said. “See if we can make it.”

But the demented little man had slipped away and was nowhere to be seen. Between them, Clive and the Bobby managed to tear the grating out. “Stand by to lend a hand,” the Bobby said. “I just get through—you’re too big.” He scrambled feet first through the opening. Clive, glancing up, saw the wrecked wall of the building tottering above him, a frail skeleton. The heat from the fire was almost suffocating.

“Here,” the Bobby was saying. “I found her—way at the back. Take the kid!”

Clive bent to pick a screaming baby from the Bobby’s outstretched arms, took it across the street to some dazed onlookers and returned. The Bobby had carried the woman to the window and was lifting her up. Clive put his hands under her arms and heaved, the Bobby scrambling after.

Someone across the street screamed. “Look out! The wall!”

Clive heard the cry and the roar of falling masonry above him, but after that he heard nothing at all.

PJRUE had waited at Charing Cross until after ten, knowing all the time with a sick empty feeling that if he was not there at nine-thirty he would not be there at all. Then she had gone to her father’s office in Harley Street. He was a doctor as well as influential in the

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If you enjoy dancing ... if you want to be considered dainty, fastidious ... then guard against scalp odor.

Remember—your scalp perspires as well as your skin—and many girls also have oily hair which easily forms an unpleasant odor. Check up on yourself—your hat, your hair-brush, your pillow, tomorrow morning.

It's so easy to play safe. Use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. It works wonders with oily hair and scalp odor because it contains pure, medicinal pine tar.

It leaves your scalp clean and fresh. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears. Be sure of yourself ... with naturally clean, naturally fragrant hair. Start the Packers habit tonight. Get it at any drug department or ten-cent store.

PACKERS
PINE TAR
SHAMPOO

NEW FROM HOLLYWOOD!
SPARKLING SIMULATED
DIAMOND RINGS

Each $1.29

Hollywood Sparkling Simulated Diamond Rings are so realistic that no one can tell the difference. Wear them alone or with other jewelry. Available only at your druggist.

She represented everything he'd grown to hate—the aristocratic, finely bred Prudence. Yet Clive was drawn to her as he never had been to any other woman in his life.

So they were married, there in the little screened-off section of the hospital ward, as darkness came down over the great, tortured city. Afterwards, the nurse and the doctor went away and left them alone for a little while. The Captain of Clive's company had sent him a volume of Shakespeare and until the night's air raid began she read to him from it:

This above all: to thine own self be true And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not then be false to any man. Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

The long, wailing note of the air-raid siren came faintly into the hospital and Clive smugly. "They don't leave us alone, do they?"

"I feel safe with you, Clive. Remember—that night in Leaford?"

"Yes. But you mustn't stay here. I won't have you here."

There was a note of command in his voice. All around them, nurses were busy wheeling beds out of the ward to put them on elevators which would take them to the shelter underground.

"You'll go down where it's safe, won't you?" he asked.

"Yes, Clive. Yes. As soon as the planes come close. You'll tell me when they're close."

"I'll ... tell you." He seemed satisfied and his eyes closed tiredly. He was unconscious when Dr. Cathaway came.
“Go down and get some rest in the shelter,” Cathaway said, but Prue shook her head.

“I’ve stayed this long—I want to stay on, now.”

“But you can’t help him. Prue, by staying here, it would be just the same if you went down to the shelter.”

Prue raised tormented eyes to his face.

“You can’t let anyone die alone—even if they don’t know.”

“Why are you giving up so easily?”

Dr. Cathaway laid a hand on her shoulder.

“I’ve told you there is still a chance. I mean that, honestly—but there’s nothing we can do now except wait.”

“Please let me stay.”

The doctor hesitated. The noise of the raid was louder. But he leaned over and kissed her and went away.

The raid lasted until dawn—a watery, smoky dawn. The All Clear was sounding when Prue came down the steps of the hospital and walked through the pitiful aftermath of a major raid. Bowed figures searched among the ruins, some listlessly, some frantically. Glass crunched under foot and the weak light was reflected back from the surfaces of charcoal-stained puddles of water.

Prue moved on, almost without the sense of direction. She was so tired she could scarcely feel the ground she walked on. At a place where a fire in a warehouse had just been extinguished, a little fireman like a grizzled Cockney gnome held up his hand to stop her.

“Just a minute, miss, while they let them hose pipes down.”

She waited obediently and the fireman chattered: “You oughter never seen that place go up! Candle factory—full o’ grease. Biggest blaze I ever see. Look at them boys on the ladders—they can stick it!”

He glanced at Prue then and saw for the first time that she was crying. He said in quick sympathy:

“Sorry, miss. Is it someone of your own?”

“My—husband.”

“Where is he?” He glanced up the street from which she had come. “St. John’s?”

“Yes.”

“Is it bad? What did the doctors say?”

“They say there’s just a chance. But that’s what they always say.”

“Well now, ma’am,” he said cheerily, “you mustn’t get downhearted. Few months ago they were saying the same thing about this country of ours.”

Three months ago, people was going around burying us! They said there wasn’t no hope—that we might as well give up. Well, they don’t say that no more!”

He pointed, with a gesture so strong and gallant that she could not ignore it, at the firemen dinging to the frail ladd’ers thrusting up into the air beside the smouldering building.

“No matter how much they bomb us, it’s getting better every day—because we can stick it! Yes! I tell you, ma’am, we’re going to win this war because we can stick it—and then, God help us, we’re going to win the peace, too. We’re going to see a better England when this is over because—well, because most of us didn’t give up. So don’t you give up either, ma’am. Everything’s going to be all right.”

The big hose pipes had been drawn across the road and the firemen stepped back, briskly motioning her on. “Now, ma’am, you can go ahead.”

Prue walked past him down the narrow, littered street. The light was growing stronger. She lifted her head and the tears dried on her cheeks. She would rest a while and then she would go back to the hospital.

THE END

TIPS FOR ’TEENS! Send today for this handbook of Do’s and Don’t’s—"As One Girl To Another." It answers a girl’s intimate questions ... tells all about "difficult days." Mail your name and address to P. O. Box 3434, Dept. MW-3, Chicago, Illinois, and get a copy postpaid and FREE!


MARCH, 1942

85
My Own Super-Superlative Awards for 1941
(Continued from page 43)

Stingiest woman: My business manager. (My allowance is twenty-five a week, when I get it!)

Most respected man in Hollywood (and why):
Jean Hersholt, because he's president of the Motion Picture Relief Fund and he's worked tirelessly, not for glory, not for publicity, but for the betterment of his fellow actors. He's done more and gotten less credit for it than any other single man in Hollywood.

Best performers in 1941 (male and female):
Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York"—and Bette Davis in "The Little Foxes.""Most overrated performance in 1941: Spencer Tracy in "Doctor Jekyll And Mr. Hyde."

Best dressed man in 1941:
Fred Astaire.

Best dressed woman in 1941:
Loretta Young.

Most likely to remain a bachelor in 1942:
Gary Grant, thank heaven—and I hope he remains that way!

Most likely to remain a spinster in 1942:
Marjorie Main.

Snootiest:
Madeleine Carroll.

Most likely to be married (male and female):
The young fry have been marrying so fast it wouldn't surprise me if Virginia Weidler and little Carolyn Lee got ideas.

and among the men, George Montgomery, Bob Stack—in fact, if there's one who hasn't been snaffled up by the end of 1942, it'll be 'cause Uncle Sam's got him and he'll be out of reach.

Biggest bluff:
Melvyn Douglas.

Best picture of the year:
"How Green Was My Valley."

Worst picture of the year:
"Two-Faced Woman."

Most desirable bachelor in 1941:
Bobbie Stack.

Most desirable bachelor girl:
Ginger Rogers.

Best sense of humor:
Jack Barrymore, because he points it at himself instead of others. By his own sardonic wit, he's been the butt of every joke this past year.

Think they have best sense of humor:
Edna May Oliver and Mary Boland—but how right they are and the public knows it, too.

Worst break from Hollywood in 1941 (among the women):
Marlene Dietrich, but it was only her ankle; outside of that she's done all right.

Worst real break was given to Ann Sothern because she was kept off the screen for a year.

Worst break among Hollywood males in 1941:
By all odds, Eddie Albert.

Most talented off screen:
Katharine Hepburn, because she turned agent for a couple of unknown writers and got them $100,000. That's not talent, that's downright genius. (Wish she'd discover me!)

Best lover on the screen:
Still Charles Boyer.

Best lover off the screen:
I hear, Jean Gabi. (Hmmm! What have those Frenchmen got that Americans lack?)

Thinks he is:
George Raft, by his own admission.

Brightest saying of the year:
Lionel Barrymore, when he substituted for John on his air show and asked John, later, how he liked his performance. "Oh, adequate," replied John. "Adequate!" roared Lionel. "It's the best thing you ever did—and I had to do it for you!

Worst boner of the year:
Deanna Durbin's fight with Universal Studios.

Kindest deed of the year:
Those Hollywood stars who have donated bungalows for the Motion Picture Relief Fund's Home—and here they are: Jack Benny, in honor of daughter Joan; Director Bill Seiter and wife; Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck; British actors, writers and directors (donated one); Ralph Morgan and Billie Burke; Director John M. Stahl; Artist Managers Guild; Otto Kruger and daughter Ottilie; Y. Frank Freeman, President, Motion Picture Producers Association; Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Arnold; Charles Feldman; Mary Pickford; The late Louise Closser Hale; Jean Hersholt; Jean Hersholt and daughter-in-law Osa Massen; Screen Directors Guild (double bungalow).

Most cooperative with the press (among the women):

Most cooperative (among the men):
Kay Kyser, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant, Eddie Albert, Bobbie Stack, Fred Astaire, Yul Brynner, Jimmy Cagney, Clark Gable, Joe E. Brown and Jack Barrymore.

Least cooperative with the press:
I wouldn't know!

Biggest surprise personality of the year:
Ingrid Bergman—she's been tops in everything she's done.
Garbo Finds Herself

(Continued from page 55) childhood, Garbo continually tried to force her way out of the cramped family environment. Her only escape was to get off by herself, where she could live in a dream world. The sudden death of Garbo's father, forcing her to become a wage earner, sent her into the outside world. Selling and modeling hats offered the first outlet for artistic expression. It was neither luck nor chance that gave her her first picture job. Garbo's driving urge to express herself found the way.

"Garbo was a normal, ambitious, happy girl when she left Sweden. Hollywood is solely responsible for her phobia. Paradoxical as this may sound, the place that brought her fame and fortune became a black giant to her. The mystery legend which has been built around Garbo is at the bottom of her phobias. These fears, if allowed to go unchecked, might ruin her future happiness."

In the beginning Garbo was only too willing to hide behind mystery stories. How they started no one seems to know. There was no more mystery about Garbo than there would be about any young foreign girl suddenly shot into the Hollywood limelight. Bewildered by the curiosity of the press, her limited English vocabulary misunderstood and ridiculed, she was glad to escape interviews and personal appearances.

"Living up to publicity stories is always difficult," smiled Dr. Drimmer. "It makes little difference whether you are an actress or a politician. The mysterious Garbo must not appear in public. If she did, she wouldn't no longer be a mystery. Famous, rich beyond her dreams, with a love for adventure, Garbo came up against the wall that was slowly encircling her. The mystery legend, which in the beginning offered refuge, became a complex, an obsession. Garbo was actually afraid to be seen in public."

FOR instance, the time Garbo contemplated buying my friend's home, I interrupted. Instead of acting temperamentally or pulling a publicity stunt, as was suspected, I suppose she was sincere. According to the real estate agent, Garbo ordered there must be no person in the house when she arrived. All the window shades must be down. She wanted to pass through each room quickly. Twice he hurriedly left the house when Garbo was said to be on the way. Twice he failed to show up. The third time word came that she was coming, the family was lunching around the pool.

"Garbo or no Garbo, I am going to finish my lunch," said the man of the house. He refused to join the other members of the family as they hurried off in the car.

Meet the man who really tamed the shrew

"What a terrible name to call yourself! And a sweet-tempered person like you... it's silly!"

"Believe it or not, I was terrible! If Bob hadn't stepped in, I might still be nervous, haggard, all temper and tantrums like this..."

"Stop it! That's awful!"

"Awful is right! But Bob found the right answer... I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

"A what?"

"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I bought a week's supply of FLEISCHMANN'S. Took two cakes a day in nice cool tomato juice, and pretty soon..."

"As pretty a girl as any man could wish! But what's this about tomato juice?"

"Oh! That's the new way to take yeast. Look! Mash a cake of yeast in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. It's delicious."

Fleischmann's Fresh Yeast
For Natural Vitamin B Complex

Ever read the FLEISCHMANN label? This is the only yeast with all these vitamins. And the only sources of the important Vitamin B Complex are natural sources, such as yeast and liver. And if you bake at home, remember: recent tests prove that even the Vitamin A in FLEISCHMANN's is not appreciably lost in the oven. Vitamins A, B, D and G go right into your bread.
When to Behave—
and Why!

- "Etiquette needs a thorough overhaul, with new parts in the crank-case," Margaret Fishback Packer says. "I have been at the end of the gentle art of casting bread upon the waters—so that it comes back but a single crumb." But I say, "Safe Conduct" is a wide and rollicking book of etiquette, invaluable to busy women who want to do things right! You can read this lively book complete in the March issue of BEAUTY and HEALTH. It is a certain must on your March reading list!

- ALSO—Economy Eating • Eyeglasses With Allure • Pennies For Health • Begin in the Middle • Money and Marriage • I Feel Just Fine by Vicki Baum plus a dozen more intriguing features.

Beauty and Health
March Now On Sale

"When Garbo's car actually turned into our driveway, I slipped into the hall closet," said the owner. "After all, I didn't want to be the cause of any embarrassment." After a reasonable length of time, my friend stepped out of the closet only to face Garbo striding down the hall. Looking neither to right nor left she hurried out the door. Needless to say, she didn't buy the house.

"Garbo was not acting temperamental. Neither was she trying to pull a publicity stunt," responded Dr. Drimmer. "Like a person who becomes nauseated when encountering a bad odor, Garbo might well become physically ill had she entered a strange house amid strange people. Her phobia against meeting strangers has become that acute."

The house Garbo finally decided upon is located in Brentwood Heights, not far from Santa Monica. To date she has rented houses in this district. Like all of her other places, the spacious grounds, tennis court and swimming pool are shutting free from the public by a high wall.

"When not working, Garbo follows a daily routine," said Dr. Drimmer. "Up at six, she goes through ten minutes of Yogi breathing exercises. After a light breakfast, she does a nine-mile drive to Hollywood and four drives to the beach, which is always deserted at this time in the morning. After a dip in the ocean, she literally walks miles over the sand. When she has worked up an appetite she climbs into her car. On the back seat there is ready for her a wooden bowl filled with a salad made of green raw vegetables mixed with a dressing made of olive oil, lemon and salt, and a package of Swedish hard tack.

"Whenever Garbo makes a long motor trip this salad bowl goes into her car. Instead of stopping at a cafe for lunch, the car is drawn over to the side of the road where lunch is served.

"The renowned Swedish painter Eric Nerman and his wife are among the few privileged to join Garbo over her salad bowl. It was always taken along on their trips to Santa Barbara."

"ALTHOUGH this has never been told before, Garbo's trips up the coast are to visit her mother, brother and his wife who live there. When war threatened Sweden Garbo brought her family to the United States. She installed them, under an assumed name, in a beautiful home high in the Montecito hills above Santa Barbara. Not until recently has Garbo's mother overcome her homesickness for her native land and found peace and contentment working in the flower garden that overlooks the ocean."

"Only when Garbo got away from Hollywood did she find a happy, free side of life, where she was not afraid to go out in the open," continued Dr. Drimmer. "With her present one-picture contract, made from a picture to picture, she had planned to spend most of her time in her native land where she lived a free, happy life. But war upset her plans.

"Because Garbo gets up at six in the morning, she usually goes to bed when most people are beginning the evening—around seven. It is in bed that she does most of her reading. She is a con student of philosophy. She spent a great deal of time with me talking about Indian and Yogi philosophy. More than anything else she wants to know the secrets of life. She atten lectures given by a swami in a temple high in the Verdugo hills, back of Glendale.

"Getting plenty of rest, as well as exercise, keeps Garbo in excellent physical condition. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. She has tremendous vitality. Like all stars who have to watch their weight, she has become diet-conscious. But she eats anything she likes."

"This reminded me of a story a friend of mine recently told me. Lunching in Perrino's, a smart restaurant on Wilshire Boulevard, his attention was called to a girl sitting alone in a booth opposite him. Instead of a fork, she was using a dessert spoon. She was fairly shoveling the food on her plate which was piled high with spaghetti, meat balls and various vegetables.

"As she was served a second helping, she looked up. To his surprise he recognized Garbo.

"Oblivious to her surroundings, she made no attempt to conceal her identity. The large, floppy hat, such as she usually wears, was not pulled down to hide her face. She had strawberry sundae for dessert. Certainly she wasn't dieting that day," smiled my friend.

"The fact that she lunched herself indifferent to other people, is proof that she is definitely overcoming her phobia of being seen around Hollywood," commented Dr. Drimmer. "It is time Garbo is understood," he concluded.

"She has never done anything as a publicity stunt. She is not a faker. She is sincere in everything she does. To her credit, everything she does is done thoroughly.

"If Garbo is as persistent in breaking down the walls that have shut her off from a normal life as she was in building them, she is certain to find happiness."
Ann Sheridan's Surprise Marriage

(Continued from page 29) if we were, we said flatly, 'No.' Nobody believed that, either. Tongues whipped into cheeks at every detail. Anyone who knows me at all should have realized I never do anything secretly. I think it's adolescent stuff, a lot of abracadabra.

"When people come to me and ask me what gives with me, I do one of two things: I either tell the truth or I tell them it is, poddon, none of their business. So when you ask me if it's over between George and me, I say yes."

Here, you see, enters that snide element of time. The yes she said on this occasion and the yes she said a scant thirty days later to a tall, dark, grey-eyed man in the gentle air of a Palm Beach evening were two quite different things. Something romantically drastic must have happened to change the mind of the girl from Texas, because there can be no question of her sincerity in speaking as she did at the time of the breakup. Annie isn't one to mince words; you have it from her—and you have it from me.

As a matter of fact, several things happened. There was the evening at Ciro's when Ann made her official declaration of independence; made it in the most eloquent way—without words—by appearing in public for the first time in two years with an escort other than George Brent. When, in the company of Cesar Romero, her old friend and favorite dancing partner of the pre-Brent days, she swung into Ciro's garbed in the most stunning outfit of her career, the oh's and the ah's went up on all sides. This was Freedom with a capital F, and the columns buzzed with the news.

Then, when a week or two later she appeared with George and the Bill Powells at a dinner of happy merrymaking, the columns buzzed again, this time with the wildest conjectures and general confusion. But at that point Annie was hewing strictly to the line of her established policy. For she said to me:

"People ask me, 'Have you and George said good-by?' But that, and her laugh was a little scornful, 'Is fancying it up a lot. It isn't one of those good-by-forever —never—see—each—other—again things. Corny though this may sound, we've still friends. It's the truth. It's simply one of those things that naturally resolved itself, as such things usually do. They go backward or they go forward. Maybe we went backward.'

"Actually, it just got to a point where there would be places I'd want to go, parties and so on, and George wouldn't want to go. I got tired of not going and I went. That's all there is to it. We may still be seen out together occasionally, George and I. There's no good reason why we shouldn't be. We have always been free. For two years we didn't have any yen to use our freedom other than the way we did. Now we will make use of it, when we feel like it."

And there was much to give credence to her words. The Sheridan-Brent friends said frankly, "It's Annie who has called it off. They freely admitted that George had never, seemingly, been so in love with any girl as with the sensational Sheridan. He had never been known to gift a girl as he had gifted Annie—the limousine for her last birthday, the jewels, the pains he always took to plan the gifts as surprises. He had never before been known to come to the studios on days when he wasn't working. But he came to Annie's sets and watched her work.

He had loved to laugh with her; to relax the wall of wariness he had built around himself after the failure of his three marriages. The first of these had been to Helen Campbell, shortly after his arrival in this country from Ireland; the second, to Ruth Chatterton who was then at the peak of her career, and the handsome young Irishman, like many another man, found the competition with fame too stiff. His third marriage, to Constance Worth, had been called off in its early stages by mutual agreement. Thus, little by little, George Brent had become a man locked within himself. He had been everywhere, seen everything. He had come to know and like humanity in its broader phases, to be keenly sympathetic with the needs of his fellow

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*SUCH, 1942* 89
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PAM 3 42

This was a "We're still good friends" date between Ann and George. They went to Ciro's for dinner with Bill and Diana Lewis Powell, had a laugh-and-be merry time. Though a confused Hollywood didn't realize it, this date was in line with Ann's newest policy on her friendship with Brent.
Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) screen ... or Lt. Wayne Morris out of the Navy ... you will not soon again experience the pulse-quickening production and direction of John Huston, he who turned "The Maltese Falcon," into such a hit but who is now in the signal corps.

Yet we, the people ... we, whose first duty it is to maintain our morale ... we are very lucky that we have today in Washington leaders who know that all war work and no play makes a dull nation ... we are fortunate that the primary thing that Washington is demanding of Hollywood is that it help keep up our spirits ... keep on creating laughter ... .

It is ironic that the factor that is letting Hollywood spring to answer this command is the "consent decree" which it hated so violently when it was first imposed upon it ... this "consent decree" forced the studios to complete films before selling them to the exhibitors ... movies had to be all ready to project, rather than mere promises on paper under this law ... and now it has, in this emergency, worked out to Hollywood's (and the country's) terrific advantage ... the declaration of war found Hollywood with more finished pictures on hand than it has ever had finished at one time in its entire history ... .

And what fine pictures they are, almost without exception ... there's "Johnny Eager" with Robert Taylor at his superb best and Lana Turner continuing her dazzling climb into higher glory ... there's "Remember The Day," which has that wonderful, rare blend of gentle tears and chuckling laughter and in which, to my mind, Claudette Colbert gives her supreme performance ... there is the beguiling, enchanting "Dumbo."...

"Babes On Broadway," had it nothing more than Mickey Rooney's imitation of Carmen Miranda, would be worth the price of attendance ... but "Babes" has much, much more besides ... "Louisiana Purchase" has Bob Hope, which makes it another bargain ... and it also has Zorina and beautiful girls in beautiful gowns against a background of beautiful tunes ... there's a new Preston Sturges film, "Sullivan's Travels," to prove conclusively that Veronica Lake is no flash in the panormic and in which Joel McCrea gives a performance that puts him in the class with his closest pal, Gary Cooper ... and there's Coop himself turning back to comedy-romance in "Bell Of Fire" in which Barbara Stanwyck is very snazzy as a wise-cracking cabaret girl ... and in the lesser brackets, there's even Grace Allen come dizzily back to the screen in "Mr. And Mrs. North," an unimportant but most intriguing mystery lource which is very, very amusing ... and John Barrymore comes dizzily back, also, as co-star with Kay Kyser in "Playmates" which packs a lot of innocent fun.

Of course, you are knitting, or bandage-rolling, or drilling or something- ing every few moments these days, as we all are ... but these films will relax you so that you will have new energy ... and remember that we must, all of us, guard our mental well-being as greatly, or even more greatly, than we do our physical well-being these days. ... But just in case, in our great wish to help our country, you do not feel you have quite the right to seek any entertainment, remember this ... the powers of darkness that are arraigned against us know sacrifice, too ... they know how to arm ... they know how to work ... they know how to suffer ... they know how to be courageous ... but one thing they have nearly forgotten, because they have been so long separated from it ... that is the healing gift of laughter.

Let's keep laughter alive in our hearts ... let's keep laughter alive in this world ... Hollywood is trying to help you do that ... on the sound stages today air-raid sirens are being installed ... under many of the stages bomb-proof shelters are being created ... some of the deluxe schools have been evacuated and little movie children are being taught, once more, in private homes ... but Hollywood itself is carrying on. ... The stars are rising before the dawn ... the writers are pouring over new scripts ... scripts whose first purpose it is to retell the glory of our America ... in every way the extravagances are being cut down ... but the films are being made ... those movies that go out to the other lands, the greatest of American good-will ambassadors ... those movies that come to you and to me in our local theaters ... come to us, no matter what future hardships the making of them may entail ... come to us so that the freedom of laughter may not die in the hearts of the free peoples remaining on this earth. ... The End

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PEPSODENT POWDER makes teeth TWICE AS BRIGHT

"It's fun being twins! So many unexpected things happen ... like our recent test with tooth powders. Lorayne decided she'd use a well-known leading brand. I chose Pepsodent. What happened was simply amazing!"

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"We Double-Dare you to tell us apart ... we're both using Pepsodent now!"

For the safety of your smile ... use Pepsodent twice a day...

MARCH, 1942
(Continued from page 45) don’t you, and the young German who turned out to be the villain in the piece? Well, that was Paul Henreid.

We could tell you all this about the glamorous strangers who played that love scene in “Joan Of Paris” which the RKO lot will never forget. But still, you wouldn’t know what they’re like... the kind of people they are and the things that have been important in their lives and how and why, unknown and unacclaimed by most of you American movie fans, they have become, overnight, stars of first magnitude.

What is Michele like? She is not beautiful. She is more than that; she is unforgettable. She has the bluest eyes you ever saw—that is, they are blue until she wears a green frock; then they are green. Or they are blue until she wears a gray frock; then they are gray. She has soft, straight, brown hair. She has a wide, mobile red mouth and lovely teeth. She is slender, boyish, graceful and about five feet three.

She’ll come into a room and smile that shy yet humorous smile of hers and then kick off her shoes and perch on the arm of any handy easy chair, wriggling her toes on the cushioned seat.

She looks Irish, with her blue eyes and her fresh coloring, and it pleases her to have you say so. “Although,” she adds, seriously, “it is really American that I wanted to be. I’ve already taken out my first papers!” Although she has known English only a year, her speech is unaccented and it pleases her, too, to have you remark that.

“I talk to myself in English when there is no one else to speak with,” she tells you. “I even think in English. It isn’t,” she hurries to explain, “that I do not love France. It is just that I am here; that I wish to adopt your country for my own—your fine, your beautiful, your new country!”

Michele dreamed of becoming an American for a long time—longer, even, than she dreamed of being an actress. She saw herself famous in France. She saw herself carried west across the Atlantic on wings of fame, arriving in this country amid great fanfare. It didn’t turn out quite that way. She fled France secretly, the dogs of war at her heels. She was seakissed throughout her Atlantic voyage. She arrived in New York wan, ill, unclaimed. But—she was here and that was what counted most.

It was in Michele’s middle teens that she began working to make her childhood dreams come true. She was being brought up in the decorous fashion befitting a little girl of her gentle, respectable background. She went to school and was also taught to sew and to paint and to play the piano. She would make some young Frenchman a fine wife some day; her parents were sure. But all the while, Michele was planning a different future and, practical little piece that she was, was saving her small allowance to that end. Came a day when she had several francs, enough for tickets to Paris for both herself and her younger brother. So they set out—at the dead of night, it was, she explains, enjoying the drama of the phrase—and journeyed to her grandmother’s home in a Paris suburb.

“I have come to attend dramatic school,” Michele announced.

Of course, the two travelers were promptly sent back to Brittany and Michele was punished severely, not only for running away but for aspiring to such an unconventional thing as being an actress. So that was that, you might have thought. Only it wasn’t. Michele went on a hunger strike. She would eat nothing until she was permitted to study her art. She was illiterate but victorious, she returned to Paris and to Grandmother, a dramatic school registrant. She was there two years and then, luck of luck, she was given the feminine lead in the French film, “Gribouille.” (“Heart Of Paris”) with Charles Boyer, and her career had begun.

A SKED if she has ever been in love, she answered cryptically, “How do I know? I have thought I was and then I have thought I was not, and I have both.”

She talks like that. She says she was never much of a student in school, but she’ll sit there before you and say remarkable things. Things like, “We Europeans analyze too much. We pull an idea—or an ideal—apart so we may look inside it and then we have nothing left, inside or out.”

As she sits there talking so logically, you wonder about the love scene with Paul Henreid. How can this calm, rational young woman be emotionally convincing, you ask yourself. But she explains that, too. “I say, silently, as I look at the man I am supposed to adore, ‘I love you, I love you! Oh, darling, I love you!’ And then—I do love him and I can show it in my eyes.”

“And after your day’s work is over—how do you feel then?”

FOR FIVE OUT OF SEVEN WOMEN...

New Loveliness in Three Minutes!

These days when beauty means so much, use Matched Makeup—color-coordinated Marvelous Powder, Rouge, Lipstick... by Richard Hudnut!

- Color harmony in makeup, cosmetic experts say, is the secret of natural beauty. Yet recent surveys show that the majority of women unknowingly use powder, lipstick and rouge never intended to go together.

To solve this problem, Richard Hudnut developed a new idea in cosmetics—Marvelous Matched Makeup. It consists of powder, lipstick, rouge, in color-coordinated shades. A mere three minutes... and instant new beauty is yours!

A face powder, perfect for today’s busy women! Marvelous Face Powder is fine-textured—gives a delicate, natural finish. And it stays on smoothly up to five full hours, thanks to two special adhering ingredients... ingredients so pure they’re often advised for sensitive skins.

Try Marvelous Face Powder... and for the added beauty of a matched makeup, try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too. In true-to-type shades—one just right for you! At your favorite cosmetic counter. Large sizes 55¢ each.

For Five Out of Seven Women...
"Then I go home and study my English or play my swing records or read my American magazines, and what happened at the studio is only a dream—until next time.

And that is a little bit of what Michele Morgan, the new French star, is like. What is she something?

As for Paul Henreid. Well, off the screen he reminds you just a little of Charles Boyer. There is an indescribable charm about him. He talks very young and younger and handsomer but there is that same exciting look in his eyes. If you are feminine and under sixty you'll understand. After the first meeting impression, you like him much better than you ever did Boyer, though, and you have a lot more fun with him, too. He is much more sympathetic. They even kissed each other in public, sometimes. They didn't announce their engagement. "We never knew exactly why," Paul told me. "It just seemed a good idea not to—perhaps because conservative Vienna was so shocked at our irresponsible conduct. The way to act was to have a stodgy engagement party and more stodgy parties after that and a stodgy wedding. But we never did. Sometimes we thought we would. We even ordered wedding invitations. Perhaps we would have sent them out, finally, in the conventional way, if something hadn't happened to prevent it. You see, I was called to London to do a play. So, on New Year's Eve in 1934, we just set out to a little church we knew and were married. Then we went on the invitations. It was crazy, of course. But is any young couple in love quite sane?"

Two days later Paul was off to London. Elizabeth followed him soon after. They made a new life there. Paul became as successful on the London stage as he had been in Vienna. Elizabeth started her own dress shop. They took out citizenship papers. They would live here always, they said.

But—what is that saying about the "best laid plans of mice and men?"

Things happened. Hitler marched into Vienna and overnight Paul's fortune in the banks there was confiscated. It amounted to more than $100,000. But they have a lovely resort have to take disaster in their stride. The months rolled by and war came to the world. Still alien in the eyes of British law, Paul and Elizabeth (he always calls her "Lisla") came to New York.

Oh, they were broke. All right! The $100 which was all the money they were allowed to take out of England melted away like ice in the sun. When they'd spent the last dollar and Paul still hadn't been able to get a job, Elizabeth walked on the streets. She looked at that with special pride. "It was she who kept us eating until I got my break in 'Flight To The West,'" she says, "God love her!"

"A flight to The West" was good and Paul was a hit. "Night Train" was released—and you know the rest. A little water under the bridge and he was in Hollywood on the RKO "Joan Of Paris" set, kissing Michele Morgan as few girls had been kissed before a Hollywood camera. And those who watched knew that Gable and Taylor and some of the others had better look to their laurels.

The End.

You've seen him in "H. M. Pulham Esq." You'll cheer him in "Joe Smith, American." You'll deeply respect him when you read in next month's issue "I WAITED ELEVEN YEARS" by ROBERT YOUNG

Dancing "Overtime"

Arthur Murray Teachers use Odonoro Cream for Sweetness Sake

- Bunny Duncan is busier than ever these days teaching dancing to men in camp and on leave. Like other Arthur Murray dancers she chooses Odonoro Cream as her favorite line of defense against underarm odor and dampness.

Odonoro Cream ends perspiration annoyance safely 1 to 3 days! It's non-greasy, non-gritty, non-irritating! Generous 10$, 39$ and 59$, sizes, plus tax. Get some today!

The Odonoro Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.
Mail Answered. I feel I must write and express my gratitude to a number of Hollywood stars whose courtesy in answering my mail has done much towards dispelling that ill-furnished illusion that all stars are "celluloid heroines" untouchable by the common ten-cent-ticket man.

There is Bing Crosby, who never refuses a request for a signed photograph and who always insists upon signing his mail personally. There is Clark Gable, from whom I received a delightful letter in September, 1940, and Cesar Romero who is always fully appreciative of his fan mail.

Last Christmas I received a personally signed Christmas greeting from Spencer Tracy, illustrating the kind and thoughtful generosity of yet another great Hollywood personality.

Recently I was the proud recipient of a personal letter from John Garfield, whose profound concern for the British people touched me deeply and made me realize that at least some of Hollywood's celluloid heroes and heroines are made of flesh and blood. And there are others, too many to mention, during a moment, that make me feel (and many others too, no doubt) that writing a fan letter can be worth while in the end.

Most fans agree that there is a vast difference between going to see a movie studied with big names alone and going to see one starring men and women who are "big" in the traditional American way. The latter will be remembered long after the neon lights have gone out.


$1.00 PRIZE From a Soldier's Mother . . .

I've just seen "Sergeant York." Why add my praise to the encomiums already heaped upon it? And yet, why not? I believe the Bible says, "Praise is comely for the upright." I don't know exactly how that applies here—but Sergeant York would like the sentiment, since it is from the "Book." A fine, sincere picture, an American classic. A lesson of the finest sort, in all the world. I hasten to add that I have my son, who is an Aviation Cadet, to see this picture. I believe it would answer some of the questions in the heart of a gently reared boy who would like to be spared the necessity of killing anybody or anything but who is willing to do his duty even though, like many of his college "buddies," he sometimes isn't quite sure what he will be fighting for, if he must fight.

Certainly the picture brought to me, the mother of a soldier, the making, a clearer vision, a stronger faith, a firmer purpose. Thanks to all who helped bring this splendid picture into being; and very specially to Miss Cooper, whose portrayal of a role for which she surely must have been predestined.

MARY T. FYE, Richmond, Va.

$1.00 PRIZE Special to Greer Garson

If I were a judge and had an Oscar to award, I shouldn't hesitate to hand it to Greer Garson. She makes any character she portrays utterly natural, lovingly human and so very worth knowing. She growers with each performance, and some day will make or break, for she has a shining quality which takes her above mere plots and incidents and leaves the observer happier for having seen her.

As a woman of character in "Blossoms in the Dust" she was beautiful, heart-rending, noble. In a picture with Crawford and Taylor, she was gay, light and, though not the star, she left you with the feeling that of them all she had the most patience with life.

As far as Greer Garson is concerned my visual appetite has only been stimulated. I should like her served in any form or level of American life. I should very much like to meet her.

ILONA GEORGE, South Portland, Me.

$1.00 PRIZE Hots Off!

WILL some of you gentlewomen who are supposed to be so considerable kindly tell me why so many of your sex persist in keeping their hats on in a theater regardless of the inconvenience and discomfort to the person sitting behind them? If there is anything more annoying than convulsions or a show, it is to sit in back of some creature who hasn't the decency or courtesy to remove her so-called "hat," which looks more like a sort of product of some madman's nightmare.

Oh, for the good old days when managers were obliged to flash a slide on the screen reading: "Ladies, please remove your hats." Well, girls, as Ben Franklin said, "If you do what you should not, so you must hear what you would not."

WILLiam Schlocker, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

HONORABLE MENTION

SINCE seeing "I Wanted Wings" I have a special heart-beat for Brian Donlevy and should be very grateful if you would print a photo of him just specially for me! The bigger the better.

I believe he deserves a leading role in another good film. Cheers for Brian Donlevy!

GEM MALONE, Johannesburg, South Africa.

WONDER if an ardent and old-time movie fan dare go on with a suggestion made by Hedda Hopper in your December Photoplay?

Her idea of a good resolution was for Clark Gable to use his influence to be costarred with Judy Garland. Clark, use your influence and ask for the story of "The Usurer" by Harry K. Kroll. You would make a perfect Stan Butlerworth and our little Judy Garland would soar to the heights of Lottie Belle.

HAZEL L. TROTTER, Oakland, Calif.

WHAT is the yardstick with which big producers measure and then relegate to obscurity a real performer?

Look at Lew Ayres! Suddenly discarded! Then back with a thump after a long screen absence. Hurrah for the one who had the good horse sense to bring him back! I certainly enjoy all his pictures. After this, we want experience, capable and seasoned performers are let out. Whose fault is that? Not the movie-goers. To them it is like shaking hands with an old friend when their favorites are in the cast.

MILDRED RUTH RICCI, South Ozone Park, L. I., N. Y.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 6)

The Corsican Brothers
(Edward Small-U. A.)

It's About: A pair of avenging twins in old Corsica.

This is the kind of movie that made movies popular; it has romance, thrills, rescues, sword play and all the unbelievable material that went into the dream world of movies. Modern pictures have unfortunately lost much of this glamorous make-believe, so it is with delight we welcome a release all again here with Doug Fairbanks, Jr. giving one of his best performances in a dual role.

Doug plays twin sons of a noble Corsican, murdered by the Colonna family of ruffians at the time of the twins' birth. The babies, curiously bound by flesh and souls, are rescued and separated for safety. Twenty-one years later they are brought together and both set out on their deeds of revenge. In one brother's heart grows hatred of the other because he feels only the reflected emotions of the other--love, hate and suffering.

Ruth Warrick is a beautiful heroine who must be rescued from Akim Tamiroff, the hated Colonna Baron. Jack Carrol Naish and H. B. Warner, who love the twins, and John Emery as Colonna's cousin are so good in their roles.

The romance and thrills that abound in a well-written story are many and will hold you entranced throughout.

Your Reviewer Says: Gallant knights and fair lady fare.

The Night Of January 16th
(Paramount)

It's About: A secretary who is accused of murdering her boss.

What were you doing on the night of January 16, Mr. and Mrs. Public? We hope you were viewing a clever mystery, the mystery labeled "The Night Of January 16th." In fact, we can't think of a way of spending a more enjoyable evening, for here is a movie with a cleverly motived plot, plenty of suspense, comedy, thrills and action.

Nils Asther (and there's a handsome one for you) is a business executive who is murdered, leaving his company with a $20,000,000 shortage. His secretary, Ellen Drew, is accused of the murder, and while we know she's innocent, circumstantial evidence piles up like a snowdrift about her luckless feet.

Then to her rescue comes Robert Preston, a sailor who has inherited from his uncle a huge share of stock in the company of which the handsome Nils was president. Preston, interested in solving the mystery, locates the real culprit and recovering the missing $20,000,000. Let us say Preston does a magnificent job of it, too.

It's very well acted, directed and written and one peak of a little "pitcher," Cliff Nazarro does one small bit that's a pip.

Your Reviewer Says: We dare you not to be interested.

March, 1942
TODAY, as through generations, soothing Resinol offers comforting relief from the torment of skin itching and smarting.

Whether the discomfort is due to chafes, simple rashes, facial outbreaks of youth—to dry scab, often associated with age—or to similar externally caused irritation—bland medicated Resinol usually turns the misery into joy. Keep it handy—use it freely—you may save hours of torment.

Resinol Soap is pure, gently cleansing and refreshing. Try it.
For free sample, write Resinol MG-11, Balto., Md.

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At stores which sell toilet goods

25c for 5 rinses

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FROM YOUTH TO OLD AGE

DEPENDABLE RELIEF

Remember The Day
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The photographed memoirs of a schoolteacher.

HERE is pretty swell entertainment anyway with him in it. The acting is splendid, the story sound and the direction comforting. You can't do better in your movie bargaining than to give an hour of your time in exchange for this delightful story.

Claudette Colbert is at her best as the schoolteacher who sits awaiting an audience with a great man who is running for President of these United States. In retrospect she's taken back to the time when she was a young teacher and this boy played a part in her true love, her marriage and widowhood.

Unique, isn't it? Yes, and interesting from beginning to end, with Colbert making the most of every scene.

John Payne takes a new lease on life in his role opposite Colbert. Never has Payne seemed so likable or believable as he does in "Remember The Day."

Douglas Croft and Ann Todd are a delightful pair of youngsters who become John Shepperd and Frieda Inescort as adults.

Your Reviewer Says: Remember the picture.

Bedtime Story (Columbia)

It's About: A playwright who wins back his divorced wife.

IT'S like this: Fredric March is the self-centered, handsome playwright husband of Loretta Young, a Broadway star who wants to retire to private life. Husband Freddy keeps begging her to do one more of his plays, until, finally, she can bear it no longer, hies herself to Reno, divorces old Flighty Pants and marries a substantial banker.

Up to that moment things have been a bit slow and dullish. But now things really start popping and it's fun every minute. Freddy interrupts his former wife's honeymoon, much to the bride-groom's embarrassment and Loretta's concealed amusement, she being on to her ex-husband every moment.

Robert Benchley and Allyn Joslyn, the unhitch, unhkissed second husband, are killing. March is at his best in this type of farce. It's all very giddy and even a bit gally, which is maybe what the doctor ordered these days.

Your Reviewer Says: Frivolous but fetching.

The Vanishing Virginian
(M-G-M)

It's About: Family life in Virginia during "the peaceful era."

EVERY once in a while a tender, warm, appealing little tidbit steals out of Hollywood unheralded and unpraised. Such a morsel is "The Vanishing Virginian," a picture that, fortunately for all, remains free from overemphasized ballyhoo. Of which we'll say based on the Richard and Frances Lockridge stories, the film is cast as Mrs. North, who has a flair for amateur detecting. Most of the humor in the story is in the way people play a hilarious treat have given way to typical Allen zaniness which, to our notion, is a mistake.

Before "progress" set in to mar our quiet ways, down in Virginia there lived Frank Morgan, a successful Virginia attorney and politician, and his wife, Spring Byington, a lovely, young country woman of five children. Kathryn Grayson, Natalie Thompson, Juanita Quigley, Dickie Jones and Scotty Bickett. Unreeled are the hilarious bits and such commonplace and stirring, that take place within the family circle and its environs. Mama's sweetness and comical jealousies, daughter Kathryn's deep understanding of her father's ambitions, the natural boyish outbursts of the male kids—all unfold to enchant and charmf. as they did in Rebecca Yancey, William's delightful book from which the movie was translated.

Mr. Morgan and Miss Byington are a perfect pair and a perfect foil, each for the other. Kathryn Grayson is outstanding in her role and Douglass Northland, as her beau, is a newcomer to reckon with.

If it's peace and happiness you're looking for in your entertainment search, here it is; you need look no further.

Your Reviewer Says: Charm with a capital.

Helzappoppin'
(Mayfair-Universal)

It's About: Well—you tell us.

Of all the zany, nuttier-than-a-fruit-cake movies, sir, this is a movie that will either have you screaming your head off or, if you're one of those people unattached by sheer madness will leave you mystified.

Personally, our sides ached for days after this screen version of the stage riot that rocked Broadway for three years. Ole Olsen and Chic Johnson, that undefinable pair of clowns, have taken their show and transcribed it to the screen with all its wot and zest, fuss and feathers and madness and nuttiness.

No use to attempt story or plot explanations with Olsen and Johnson interrupting the picture to rearrange the story to their liking, to announce the projectionist who is running the film for focusing too long on a pretty girl, to insert notices relative to the audience, when we tell you Martha Raye, H. H. Herbert and Mischa Auer are mixed up in the deal, you can know what to expect.

Clever song numbers, a romantic triangle with Jane Frazee and Robert Paige and Lewis Howard, colored dancers. The Six Hits, rabbits, ducks and a talking bear all surround these. Theatres to confound, dumbfound and astound audiences everywhere.

Your Reviewer Says: The lid's off and the sky's the limit.

Mr. and Mrs. North (M-G-M)

It's About: A gabby woman who finds herself knee-deep in a murder mystery.

It's GRACIE ALLEN'S turn to start from finish and, while we think Gracie in average does so, too much is dis-grace to any story that wants to hang together.

Tales from the rich in comedy based on the Richard and Frances Lockridge stories, Gracie is cast as Mrs. North, who has a flair for amateur detecting. Most of the humor in the story is in the way people play a hilarious treat have given way to typical Allen zaniness which, to our notion, is a mistake.
At any rate, falling bodies that drop all over everything every time Gracie opens a closet and her constant line of chattering and gabbing that finally give away the real culprit are amusing.

William Post Jr. is Mr. North, for some reason. Paul Kelly does a good job as the police lieutenant.

Your Reviewer Says: Murder goes very funny.

**The Bugle Sounds (M-G-M)**

It's About: A hard-bitten Army sergeant who wins back his lost standing.

It was inevitable that Wally Beery should hit the Army and his legion of fans will cheer his performance as the hard-boiled sergeant (why are all sergeants so mean?) who is almost ready for his retirement pension when the order comes to Officer Lewis Stone to turn the regiment into a tank outfit. Wally, who loves his horse, reluctantly sets out to train draftees in the manipulation of tanks when one gets away and kills Wally's horse. In despair, Wally takes to drink, is discharged and falls in with a band of saboteurs. He flips them singlehanded, thus winning his way back into Uncle Sam's good graces.

Marjorie Main, as usual, roams through the story as a sentimental sidekick of Beery's. William Lundigan and Donna Reed are a nice couple.

Your Reviewer Says: A Beery fans' bonanza.

**Bahama Passage (Paramount)**

It's About: A girl who sets out to get her man on a lonely island.

Here it is—the mystery of why Stirling Hayden left movies and hied himself to Iceland. After this hit of claptrap it's no wonder Stirling's attitude is reflected in his performance, too, though he's still a sight to rival the scenery.

Madeleine Carroll is beautiful but will have to work hard to overcome her eight-ball position in this one. Poor Madeleine is presented as a combination loose woman, dipsomaniac and nicotine fiend who arrives on Dildo Cay with her seoudrel father to manage the island for Stirling and his mentally deranged mother, Flora Robson. Madeleine has one idea in mind from the moment she arrives—to get Stirling, who is already married to Mary Anderson. Be it said at this point, the film's one redeeming feature is the handsomeness of its romancers—Stirling and Madeleine.

Your Reviewer Says: Something for the eyes but not the head.

**Dr. Kildare's Victory (M-G-M)**

It's About: Ethics that interfere with love.

CAR better than a medical lecture are these instructive, informative, Kildare stories that deal out medical information in entertaining capsules.

Incidently, this is the first of the series since the tragic death of Nurse Lamont, which removed actress Laraine Day from the cast. In her place is Ann Ayars, a comely lass who plays a sophisticated socialite, frankly enamored by the handsome doctor who saved her life. Fans will be greatly relieved to know that Dr. Kildare displays no fickleness by succumbing to the young lady so soon after...
his fiance’s widely lamented demise.

As a sub-plot, we have Robert Sterling, a young intern and his nurse sweetheart, Jean Rogers, who ignore a hospital ruling and bring the critically injured Miss Ayars to their hospital, although it is beyond the zone of the accident. For this breach of faith by the youngsters, they are about to be expelled until Dr. Kidlare and Dr. Gillespie (Lionel Barrymore) save the pair in their usual heartwarming manner.

It’s good. It’s sound and solid entertainment and we for one enjoy every one of these stories.

Your Reviewer Says: A hardy perennial.

Among The Living (Paramount)

It’s About: A homicidal maniac on the loose, and his same twin brother.

VIOLENT melodrama, this, well directed and acted and continually suspenseful, but somber in atmosphere and theme.

When Albert Dekker, who has been away from home since childhood, returns for his father’s funeral, he learns that his twin brother, John, has been shot through the head, is alive and has been imprisoned on their estate because of a mental disorder. Then the inane brother escapes and sets upon a round of murder and mayhem. The same brother is taken for the killer by the townspeople and is almost lynched before the plot is untangled.

Albert Dekker does a superb job in the dual role and Harry Carey contributes a fine performance as the physician who has kept the family secret in return for the contribution of hospital funds. Susan Hayward, as a gold-digger, and Frances Farmer, as the same twins’ wife, are also very good in their roles.

Your Reviewer Says: A chiller.

Melody Lane (Universal)

It’s About: A band that lands a radio job.

ONLY if you like popular songs sung in the popular fashion will you enjoy this flimsy little trifle that has to do with that Midwest band that lands a radio job and a headache. The headache comes in the form of the whacky sponsor who dotes on fiddling with musical instruments and even wants to play with the band. When we tell you Leon (Nimble Legs) Errol is the sponsor, you know the worst.

The Merry Macs hold the center of the stage with their delightful harmonizing. Robert Paige, as the orchestra leader, also waltzes satisfactorily. Baby Sandy, four and talkative, is a lamb and gilies in quite a few chuckles on her own. Anne Gwynne as the advertising miss and Mary Lou Cook of the Merry Macs group are two lovelies, but Anne finally lands hero Paige in the last reels.

While “Melody Lane” (which has nothing to do with Gene Autry) is not a woe musical, it is tuneful and appealing—and at least that’s something.

Your Reviewer Says: Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti dough!

Riot Squad (Monogram)

It’s About: A young doctor who runs afoul of gangsters.

RICHARD CROMWELL, a young ambulance doctor, is forced to extract a bullet from a gangster who runs a night club as a front. For this work he accepts a bribe, but merely to avert suspicion, for the next day he reports the incident to the police. They urge him to act secretly, with the gang until they can be trapped. This action opens a break with his sweetheart, Rita Quigley, and to other embarrassing situations, but the young medicos sticks to his post with death stalking every minute.

A lot of loud noises, physical commotion and dragged-in sentimentality give the picture a gangster atmosphere. Little Mary Ruth and her pal, Miljan do their best, which isn’t enough.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much whoop and holler.

The Wolf Man (Universal)

It’s About: A man that turns into a werewolf.

NOW see here, this has gone far enough.

As if blackouts aren’t enough, along comes Universal with the zaniest, craziest, doggondest, scariest thing you’ve ever seen. People didn’t know whether to laugh or cry. Some even howled like, well, like a werewolf, we suppose.

Here’s the setup: Lon Chaney returns to his ancestral home in England, a gloomy mass of house changed for 300 years and reeking with ancient superstitions that abound throughout the community. One is that if one is bitten by a werewolf (no relation to a Hollywood wolf) he changes into a werewolf himself.

Well, sir, you’ve guessed it. Mr. Chaney gets himself bitten and comes creeping home, a werewolf, to his dad, Claude Rains, who beats him to death with a silver-handled cane, because werewolves refuse to die unless the instrument used is silver. Now how do you feel that, you go ahead and tie it. It’s beyond us.

Warren William, Ralph Bellamy, Patrie Knowles, Bela Lugosi and Maria Ouspenskaya roam around through the weird proceedings. Evelyn Ankers is a very pretty girl, but why drag her into things of this sort?

Your Reviewer Says: Boo!

Road Agent (Universal)

It’s About: A law-enforcing thresher in the old West.

HERE they are again, the three Muskeeters on horses, Dick Foran, Andy Devine (sometimes we feel the horse should ride Andy for a change) and Le Carrillo, out looking for dirty work in order that they may clean it up.

Into a perfect varmint of a frontier town rides the trio, taking it over pronto. Dick becomes sheriff (just like that) and Andy and Leo, his deputies. Furs flies in all directions and then, with their work well done, the threesome rides off into the blue yonder, safe and sound, or the days in exactly the same old setup.

All we can say is that people must love it. They order it so often. Anne Gwynne, Anne Nagel and Richard Dix are in it, too.

Your Reviewer Says: It’s all been done before.
Joan of Paris (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The attempt of British fliers to escape from occupied Paris.

Paul Henreid, the unforgettable Nazi of the British film "Night Train," makes his Hollywood debut in a story as thrilling in spots as "Night Train" and almost as suspenseful. Only the comedy touches are lacking.

Michele Morgan, the young French actress, who can really act, also makes her American debut as Joan, the heroine. Together these two refugees, now in Hollywood, contribute something pretty swell to the American screen.

The story deals with the attempts of five British fliers, who have fallen in enemy territory, to get out of France and back to England. Henreid, a Free French sympathizer who has joined the R.A.F., is the only flier unable to escape the Gestapo spy.

He finally takes refuge in the room of Michele, a young barmaid, and persuades her to contact a secret agent-schoolteacher, played by May Robson. The pair are caught and each meets a tragic fate.

Thomas Mitchell, as the kindly priest who aids the boys by hiding them in sewers until they can safely be on their way, gives one of his finest performances.

Altogether it's one of those rare movies, a picture dealing with spies, hatred and death, that provides, at the same time, fine entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: On - the - edge - of - your-chair movie.

(For some arresting sidelights on the screen's newest love team, Paul Henreid and Michele Morgan, see the story "Strangers In Arms" on page 44.)

Shanghai Gesture (Arnold Pressburger-U. A.)

It's About: Strange events in a Shanghai gambling den.

EPISODIC melodrama tinged with weird interracial hatreds moves in a loose pattern of scenes that leave you. Against beauty in color and rich backgrounds, ornate and lavish, move the English beauty, played by Gene Tierney: Mother Gin Sling, owner of the gambling house, played by Ona Munson; Victor naturale as Dr. Omar, a dubious Oriental character; and Phyllis Brooks, an American chorus girl stranded in Shanghai.

Determined to drag down Miss Tierney, whose father Walter Huston had abandoned her husband, Mother Gin Sling, urges the girl to in her gambling and invades the evil Dr. Omar. In the final scenes it is revealed that Miss Tierney is really Eurasian and the daughter of Mother Gin Sling.

This knowledge leads to a dramatic finale.

Despite the superb first half of the film, which shows von Sternberg's mastery of the camera, we feel this is no one for debauchery as a theme for movie audiences and therefore we cannot recommend it.

Your Reviewer Says: For lovers of Chinese side only.

March, 1942

Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "Song of the Islands," with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

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When You Buy Stockings... in Nylon or other fabrics... buy HOLLYVOGUE

The Hollywood Way to Leg Beauty

99
Hollywood Meets the War Challenge

(Continued from page 35)

were too great. But it is different today. With modern inventions and long-range bombers, draft cutters, an attack or invasion by air is a grim and ever-present possibility.

Hollywood has responded to this grave peril to a man. It has already undertaken its first blackout and it is prepared as never before to meet any wartime emergency or any call on its resources or talents. In fact, it has been closing the studios at five o'clock to give the employees a chance to get home in case of a blackout or a raid. Many of our producers, stars, directors, writers and technicians have been assigned specific posts and duties in the vast network of defense.

For example, Second Lieutenant Jimmy Stewart, who put himself in the draft nearly a year ago—leaving a job that netted him over $250 a week—is now helping other young men over the radio and telling them to enlist with Uncle Sam without delay. Stationed now at Moffett Field, he went through the hardening process before they were properly equipped to look after our boys, but even that hasn’t dimmed his enthusiasm and his eagerness to lick the Japs and make sure that they hadn’t been so wickedly ambitious.

Lewis Stone is commanding the first evacuation regiment in the California State Guard. He has wound up all the station wagons and the stars have offered their cars gladly and spontaneously. In Colonel Stone’s regiment are Robert Young, Joseph Cotten, and many others, not only in the San Fernando Valley but in West Los Angeles and Beverly Hills.

Ida Lupino has become a lieutenant in the women’s ambulance and defense corps and has been selected for the active duty during an air raid rehearsal. She lives high on a hill and her home has become a telephone center in case of aid, with Ida assigned to warn her neighbors.

LONG before we were in the war, Kay Francis, Rosalind Russell, Sally Elsner and many other movie actresses joined a Red Cross class to learn first aid. Roz was the first actress to enlist in the Army Nurse Corps. Rosemary_de Foy, Hills and Kay were the first actresses to graduate from the Red Cross school and to learn how to bandage wounds properly and give first aid.

Bing Crosby and his four boys have done yeomen service in selling defense stamps. Few people can resist the five Crosbys. They remind me of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin, who made a record selling Liberty Loan Bonds in the first war. No one could hold out against theWilliams, and Mary and it was considered such an honor to buy a bond from either Doug or Charlie that they took thousands and thousands of dollars out of cities they visited and won the everlasting gratitude of President Woodrow Wilson.

Many others of our stars are selling bonds and will again answer the call when the need becomes even more pressing than it is today.

Director John Ford is now a full- fledged Navy lieutenant commander in Washington. He and a group of highly specialized cameramen, including Gregg Toland, Hank Henshaw, and others, are now engaged in some secret mission of great importance to the government. No reporter has been able to get John to talk. The only thing he did say was that he was glad people liked "How Green Was My Valley," because he didn’t think it was directing pictures for a long time.

Gene Markey, who married two of Hollywood’s glamour beauties, Joan Bennett and Rochelle Hudson, who produced many of the screen’s outstanding pictures, is forgetting all his Hollywood conquests in hard work as a lieutenant commander in the Signal Corps. He wrote a Christmas note from Germany who hasn’t lost his sense of humor. No wonder both Joan and Heddy are sending him Yuletide greetings who buys anything other than vegetables from the Japanese gardeners.

Frank Capra, one of motion pictures’ most famous directors, who headed the United States Signal Corps and his pictures in the future will all be subject to Army censors.

James Gleason takes time out from his movie acting every day to report to the Beverly Hills Detective Bureau where he has been a reserve lieutenant for ten years. It is the first time he has had to work at it.

Robert Montgomery walked from one war room right into another. He was a lieutenant in the Navy, and then he joined the American Embassy in London and was home on a furlough when on December 7 the Japs attacked Pearl Harbor. Although Don had only been at his Connecticut farm two days, he married to Washington to report for active duty. The last I heard of him he was the house guest of a lieutenant commander in Washington and giving no interviews. Maybe he decided this wasn’t the time to talk out of school. When he first arrived in England he jauntily remarked that he was ready to sit in front of the signal corps for the duration and everyone said, “Oh, just Peck’s bad boy talking out of school again,” but you cannot help but admire his frankness in his mission.

When Douglas Fairbanks Jr., said good-bye to me at the party he and Mary Lee gave for Lord and Lady Mount- batten during his visit here, it would be before we saw him to see him. Doug, who is a Navy Lieutenant, went to Iceland first and received more attention in the Astoria theater, where it is stationed no one knows—not even Mary Lee who is at her farm in Virginia, trying to forget her worries by working for a Red Cross camp. He had a Christmas note from her—a little pathetic, in that she said, “If Doug knew I was writing to you he would want to send his love too but she is a thoroughbred and so is he. I am glad I can say I told you so” to the many people who have criticized young Doug. I like him and my father and when I saw him in his uniform—he gave me a dress rehearsal before he left—how proud his father would have been of Doug. Your amiable ambling about having almost become a forgotten pastime. Frank Morgan, William Koenig, George Brent, George Sanders, John Carradine, Jack Warner and Ronald Colman and all other movie folk who spent their week ends on the Pacific have offered their crafts to the Government and in most cases been assigned to it. The thing I am most told about John Carradine, who used to be regularly rescued by the Coast Guard. When he offered his yacht and himself, the Coast Guard said, “You are free, you will take the yacht, but not you.”

It seems to me that most of our story has been about the Navy, yet in Hollywood we have Lieutenant Colonel Darryl...
F. Zanuck of the Army who is doing terrific work as a supervisor of all Army training films. He dined with the President just before war was declared and got firsthand information on what the Government wants Hollywood to do.

You will find that every person in this great industry has put his shoulder to the wheel and is doing his part. It will be more than selling defense bonds and calling our enemies bad names via the propaganda route. Such pictures as "The Seaboard Limited," "Berlin," "The Horrid Hun" and "My Four Years In Germany," made by James Gerard, then American Ambassador to Germany, may have been important psychology tools, but they would have been of little consequence today. Now that we are actually at war, amazingly enough there are not yet a few-"Japs" pictures scheduled at the studios.

Propaganda—1942 version—is taking the form of building public morale and making America proud of her heroes such as the handful of marines who fought so valiantly for Wake Island, the liberation of gallant Captain Colin Kelly Jr., from Mount. As is producing "Kelly Of The U. S. A." And Republic has Remember Pearl Harbor. Curiously enough, while every studio in Hollywood would give six glamour-girls—sweaters and all—for the rights to the title, Remember Pearl Harbor," the studio which stole a march on all of them.

Walters have "Aloha Means Goodbye," with Ann Sheridan and Dennis Morgan, dealing with Japanese espionage in Honolulu.

A highly dramatic incident of the war concerns "To The Shores Of Tripoli," which Twentieth Century-Fox was making on the fateful morning of December 7 when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. Immediately Twentieth stopped all shots or the picture and turned over to the government those that had been made. In addition whatever they could get that-never-to-be-forgotten raid. Long before the war many valuable exterior shots were turned out. A very effective short is now being made by I-G-M called "Main Street," showing how we, the American people, stirred up for the war effort. A weary nation which sought nothing could happen, to an alert munition for humanery.

M-G-M is also rushing "Joe Smith, apprentice," a stirring saga of the life of a everyday hero—behind-the-lines, theorkman in the great American aviation.

Universal started "Saboteur" long before the war. It deals with sabotage and is definitely a thriller-chiller. Then is "Eagle Squadron," the Walter Lang production of which has already been made in England and is now being competed on the Universal lot. This is the story of our boys who have been fighting since the war in England. Columbia's two more pictures will be "To Tobruk" and "Destroyer D." The former is based on the radio ogram broadcast from England to the besieged boys at Tobruk and the latter is a story of a destroyer that is called "galamour Girl"—GG for short, on whom a love interest is making its way. 

The world is fighting back, and we are using all the tools at our command. RKO's contribution, "Bombarbier," dealing with the men who operate the cren bombers for the Government, is in the nation's interest. In closing, I would like to say I am happy that Hollywood is accepting the allenge. I am proud that I am a part of the movies and that Hollywood is my home town.

The End.
Jackie Had a Friend Named Mabel

(Continued from page 63) four months old, to earn the family living as a piano accompanist on tour. Her bookings never took her near enough to Los Angeles, where Jackie lived with her mother, to make a visit home possible.

He was over two years old when she saw him again. And it was his grandmother he adored. So, unwilling to cause her mother or her child any emotional disturbance, she sought Jackie as a friend. And she remained his friend even after she found her place as his mother. She never sought to bind him with emotional ties.

During the twelve years Jackie has been in pictures, there never was a time when they failed to accord each other the individual rights and the privacy of thought which members of the same family too often withhold from each other.

There was Jackie's first trip to New York, following his triumph in "The Champ." We can see him sitting in a window of that hotel suite, high above Central Park. He was six years old and far more interested in the portable typewriter that had just been presented to him than he was in telling the assembled press what he thought about life.

Many mothers would have taken Jackie's typewriter away and required him to act the gentlemanly little fellow. Mabel, amused by the proceedings, didn't interfere. She realized Jackie was being naturally for a little boy and she expected the press to realize this too.

We remember Jackie, fourteen years old, with his heart set on a secondhand gun a neighborhood store displayed. It would have been a simple matter—and infinitely easier—for Mabel to have given Jackie that gun as an extra Christmas present. But this wasn't her way. She told him he might save his allowance and buy the gun himself or have it for Christmas instead of other things. He decided, finally, to take it for Christmas. That way he got it much sooner.

She managed never to allow his fame and the wealth it brought with it to save him from reality or to interfere with his rights as an individual. She let him live and learn and so grow wise and morally strong.

When there's any comment on the devotion Jackie gave his mother he says quietly: "She deserved everything she got—and more!" Which is true. The wonderful part of it is that he knew it.

Fourteen hours he sat beside his mother's bed that November day, all day and half the following night. Only when the nurse said she had gone did he move towards the door. There was the stark loneliness of youth in his eyes and his stubborn, aggressive underlip trembled as he fought for courage.

"Shall I call Bonita for you?" his aunt asked.

He shook his head. "No, thanks. She would come—right away. And she's been working hard and needs rest. I'll call her—in the morning."

Jackie's uncle, Norman Taurog, the director, and John O'Melveney, a Los Angeles attorney, will continue as his co-guardians until he is twenty-one. Then he comes into possession of a trust fund, consisting of half of every dollar he ever earns plus interest and compound interest, which his mother established for him back in 1931, long before the Coogan Law existed.

We haven't seen Jackie since that sad November day. But those who have been working closely with him in RKO's "Synecopath" say he's carrying on. He would. He'll carry on and be constructive and keep his colors flying always—because, during the important habit-forming years of his life, he had a friend named Mabel.

The End

Friendship that has meant everything to Jackie Cooper during the recent hard months is his association with Bonita Granville, coworker in "Synecopath," understanding pal off screen.
GIRLS ! WOMEN ! Who are NERVOUS

on certain particular days—

Do functional periodic disturbances make you nervous, irritable, cranky, blue, restless, hard to live with, so tired, weak and wound-up—at such times?

Then why let yourself “go” like this? Try taking Lydia E. Pinkham’s Vegetable Compound at once—the best known medicine you can buy today that’s made especially for women.

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WHEN corns hurt do this one thing: apply Blue-Jay. While you walk in comfort Blue-Jay gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed. (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.) Blue-Jay costs very little; only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

The Truth about Hollywood Casting

(Continued from page 65)—then all is well. Let her or he make three or four mistakes in succession and said star is as far behind the procession as an ambitious alderman who constantly votes for the wrong guy for mayor.

Perhaps you have always believed that it was talent or beauty, separately or combined, that kept stars in the upper ranks. Think again.

Talent and beauty, preferably combined, get them there. What keeps them there is good acting parts in big productions presided over by the smoothest directors, slotted by the best cameramen and studied with the best superior casts.

Which, in an involved way, brings us back to the case of Misses Stanwyck and Rogers.

The “hottest” box-office gal on the screen today, excepting Bette Davis, is Ginger Rogers. Bette can’t be included in any casting race because, as queen of Warner Brothers and queen de luxe of the unpleasant character roles, her roles are really tailored to her abilities for months and months ahead. But Ginger is now in the free-lance field and while she may not be quite the superlative artiste that Bette is, her talents are, nevertheless, more diversified. Better turn any melodramatic heroine into breakfast food in a single scene, but Missy Rogers can act, and sing, and dance, and wear clothes, and be carpentered into almost any role. Hence, every studio is always after her.

The leading role of “Ball Of Fire” needed a girl who could act and dance and sing a song, plus show a lot of lovely flesh. Immediately Samuel Goldwyn gave Ginger the nod. But Ginger, upon reading the script and seeing it was a Garbo-Cooper starring vehicle, gave Sam the old freeze-out. Perhaps she didn’t say it in words, but her refusal implied that she couldn’t see herself in the co-starring position. The whole marquee or none for Ginger, so Babs Stanwyck was called. Stany immediately rolled up her skirts and went.

Now the script for “Ball Of Fire” was written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder, the same two who have, meanwhile, written “The Major And The Miner.” Perhaps you have never heard of Brackett and Wilder, any more than you have heard of Norman Krasna, but don’t disregard these possibly unfamiliars names. The glamour stars know these names and fight over them. Brackett and Wilder also wrote “Ninotchka” for Garbo and “Hold Back The Dawn” for Boyer and de Havilland.

Just before the preview of “Ball Of Fire” the script of “The Major And The Miner” was submitted by Paramount to Ginger Rogers. Ginger said well, maybe. Then came the preview notices. Those notices announced that while Cooper was good and the picture was a riot, Stanwyck in that chorus role was terrific. Only a few months previously notices had also said that while Boyer was good and the picture was a riot, it was de Havilland in “Hold Back The Dawn” who was terrific. And, of course, no girl so smart as Ginger could ever forget what was said of Garbo in “Ninotchka,” particularly with the horrors of “Two-Faced Woman” fresh in mind. So, of course, you already know the answer. Paramount happily put out the announcement: Ginger Rogers had offered to star in “The Major And The Miner.”

Another star’s “No” plus a wily author forced another star’s “Yes” in the case of Mr. (Continued on page 105)
Men Without Milk

The short stature of the Japanese, their bowed legs, their frequent poor eyesight are all blamed on inadequate diet—particularly lack of milk!

But watch a six-foot American truck driver eat his lunch.

A whole bottle of milk—a pint or often a quart of it. Thick, wholesome slices of bread, made with milk; lots of butter spread on them. And a slab of cheese the size of a hand between them!

Or watch an American schoolgirl or a secretary climb onto a soda-fountain stool and vanquish a "chocolate-malt" or a dish of ice cream.

Milk—and products of milk. Rich in protein for strong muscles. Rich in calcium and phosphorus that sound teeth, sturdy bones are made from. Rich in Vitamin A and in some parts of the complex Vitamin B. Vitamin D milk has the bone-strengthening "sunshine" vitamin. Butter, cheese, ice cream, powdered, malted, condensed or evaporated milk—all are sources of important nutritional factors.

America drinks lots of milk. America likes the rich flavor and tempting taste which milk and its products give to our food.

Today our Government asks us to make ourselves strong—strong in arms and ships, strong in the mind, spirits and bodies of America's man power.

And here, right on our very doorstep, is a great source of the stamina the nation needs—and which each of us so much wants.

When Your Dairy, your food store or your restaurant urges you to use more milk or to eat more foods made from milk or with it, it is aiding our Government's program to build a strong America.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

The Magic Foods

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

Milk and Cheese—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus, Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

Meat, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

Green and Yellow vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

Fruits and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

Bread, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America.
WHEN TRUE STORY was reduced to 10 cents for the first time last month, hundreds of thousands of women joyously reed this price change as the magazine sensation of the new ear!

Veteran TRUE STORY readers and women buying the magazine for the first time all agree that this bigger, better, more beautiful TRUE STORY not only is revitalized and styled for their added reading enjoyment, but now this great magazine chock full of romance, thrill and adventure happily fits every woman's budget!

Do you have the regular true story habit? Start now by reading the March issue today! Remember, TRUE STORY is only 10 cents everywhere!

March True Story Presents

"LOVE IS FOR THE FREE"—every American woman should read this momentarily timely boot-licking true novel of love and sacrifice in the nerve center of our nation's defense operations!

"DRUGSTORE COLLEGE"—girl never had a more unusual or fascinating collegiate education than the heroine of this complete true novel!

"BRIEF MOMENT OF LOVE"—begin this grand new serial about our navy's "young admirals"—their lives, loves, and adventures.

"THREE MEN AND AN HEIRESS"—Chick Farmer, prominent publicity agent of one of New York's gayest nightspots, reveals this strange socialite romance.

"Umfilbing Widow"—"Bowed Baby"—"To Keep Myself Pure"—"I married a Prizefighter"—Dzens of smash stories and features.

(Continued from page 103) And Mrs. Smith. The stars were Claudette Colbert and Carole Lombard and the author was Norman Krasna.

Socially Colbert and Lombard are friends, but under their contracts they have always politely fought one another with Colbert so far the winner. Both of them are primarily comedienne's, both of them have the right to pick their scripts. Both of them have moments of intense yearning for drama and each has made her own mistakes. Claudette has unwisely chosen "Maids Of Salem," "Drums Along The Mohawk" and "Zaza," but those roles were spaced between hits like "Boom Town," "Aris My Love" and several others. Carole, however, has had "Vigil In The Night," "They Knew What They Wanted" and "Mr. Smith" in quick, flpping succession and that is bad.

The reason Carole got into "Mr. Smith" was the heart. Claudette was angling for it and because Krasna is at once a good writer and a good talker. He talked to Carole about Mr. Smith and she grabbed the role before Colbert could get it, for which fact Claudette has since been duly thankful.

This is a strong feminine rivalry that makes the "she" of casting more important than the "he." Actually the only man free-lancers of importance are Cary Grant and Fredric March, who could never be rivaled, being so different in looks and ability.

Even under contract there is little conflict. The two top male stars of M-G-M are Rooney and Gable and you can't imagine Clark's coveting Andy Hardy or Mickey's aspiring to Rhett Butler. Paramount had no major male stars. Twentieth Century woman was murdered Tyron Power. Warners, like Metro, couldn't do duplicate casting on their two tops, Flynn and Cagney, and George Raft blessedly, though unintentionally, gave Humphrey Bogart his golden opportunity in "The Maltese Falcon." But the battles that rage between the almost equally important Shearer, Crawford, Loy, MacDonald, Rogers, Colbert, Dunne, Davis, Lupino, Russell, Sothern, Powell and Sheridan are enough to make the whole ring and the writers play tunes on their cast registers.

SOMETIMES, however, casting depends upon emotion. Jeannette MacDonald is in the flop of her career, "Smillin' Through," simply because that feeble old remake considered a fine role for Gene Raymond. Shirley Temple is not in the knockout "Babes On Broadway" but in the so-so "Kathleen" because her mother refuses to let her co-star to let play any part in which she is not at least half-orphaned. And much of Joan Fontaine's capriciousness about roles since her hit in "Rebecca" is due to Brian Aherne's interest in his wife's career. Brian is forever walking into the front office with some story that he has just discovered and which he considers just perfect for his lovely spouse. As a result, the strongest arguments had to be used to persuade Joan to do "This Above All," one of the finest feminine characterizations unearthed in seasons.

"Relative advice" is almost impossible for a studio to defeat, no matter how good the studio's arguments. In this department it means Metro very happy that Gable pays no attention to Lombard's supreme belief in herself as a story selector. Gable always pays any attention to himself in that department, let alone to his wife. Clark told everybody that he thought "Honky Tonk" was

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March 1942

Thrilling Magazine Bargain

True Story

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low-down feeling banished 
the energy of a young girl recaptured. 
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Here's the secret of Tum-E-Lift's: it's made of 2-way stretch lightweight "memorial" cloth that's power-stretched by the heat of your body. It's assembled without glue, rubber or plastic, so every figure fits the way you want it! Tum-E-Lift is made to fit, not made to order! You can't return your mail order Tum-E-Lift to a headquarters store, without confiscating the monopoly. And the 1-year guarantee is sure to result in a full refund.

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more full of turkey than Thanksgiving Day. When "Honky Tonk" turned out to be a sensation at the box office, he typically grinned and said, "It must be Turner who's pulling them in."

But the challenge of arranging casting politics must be awarded to Ann Sothern and Katharine Hepburn, two girls who were "finished." On the "outs" both girls went for guilt—and friendly notice to their new situations, is perfectly frank in admitting she cultivated every scenario writer, every studio writer's secretary, every script girl whom she could. She often came to the stories were finished, she then knew what was going into them. It was thus she heard of Mariee; in the same fashion, when Mariee siblings, it's clear a third "perfect Hepburn" part in some smart writer's typewriter.

No, good roles don't just happen. Sustained by the public, the leading ladies of Hollywood. That glitter you see around last stars is no mere reflection of beauty and talent. Rather than being overworked, they help me, the light of their sheer, clever, ever-working intelligences a-shining through!

The END

Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 21)

Hollywood Enlargement

OF YOUR FAVORITE PHOTO
Just lie any other postcard, this one will make you FREE a BEAUTIFUL PROFESSIONAL enlargement of any snapshot, photo, kodak picture, or print of 4" x 6" or greater. Please include number of copies, color and size of enlargement. Send $1.00 for return mailing. (Acc. N)

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Smooth, clear and shine-free...that's the way "the boys" like a girl's complexion to look...so the ways you can look if, under your make-up, you always use tinted Miner's Foundation Cream with Lanolin.

Miner's Foundation Cream helps solute your skin and protect it from temperature extremes...as it holds your make-up faithfully, glowously for hours. Try it today! 39¢ & 10¢.

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Given Away!

GUARANTEED JEWELRY
Solid sterling silver Birthstone Ring, beautifully hand-chased and thoughtfully designed. Comes in five birthstone positions; FOR 6, ALL THROUGH 12, 703 20th Street.

ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 17, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

OUTLAW TRAIL, THE—RKO Radio: Intending to aid in a bank robbery, young Tim Holt turns hero instead when he aids the marshal in capturing the robbers. A big adventure, with Tim Holt and Allan Lane taking the lead roles, with Steve Brodie, Joanne Dru, Tom Powers. (Feb.)

PARIS CALLING—Universal: A revealing history of French sympathizers working against the Nazis. Elizabeth Bergner, French girl who joins the underground movement, is terrific. Backed by a fine cast. (Feb.)

PERFECT SNOB, THE—20th Century Fox: About an upper-crust Dallas family trying to get up over their humble origins. Bara is Mickey Rooney, his future wife. Jean Heather, future wife of John Wayne. (Feb.)

PLAYMATES—RKO Radio: Kay Kyser's tales for non-active are a perfect balance for Job J. Roach. Shows you the garbage,诚 errors, ronographs and nonsense, with Paty Kelly and John Lund. (Feb.)

SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN—MG

Myrna Loy is still the playfulhelpmate of this time William Powell as the clumsy detective. A variety of this delightful pair are being seen at a bit repetitious. Their investigation of a real trap is still their trap. Sometimes the hypotheses of laughter and melodrama. Dickie his days as their day, a scene change to throw a monkey wrench into the works. (Feb.)

SING ANOTHER CHORUS—Universal: John Dillinger, played by Jane Frome, tries to get his collegen on Broadway, but villainous Will Collier traps him in his scheme. (Feb.)

SKYLARK—Paramount: Claudette Colbert is a dissatisfied wife who leaves her devoted husband, Ray Milland, and takes off with a dashing pilot. Another good example proving too appealing. Brian Aherne is miscast as her precarious man. Milland and Walter Winch win our hearty approval. (Feb.)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIR

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SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS—Paramount: A message picture that announces messages is the theme of this rambling, somewhat garbled story, with Joel McCrea as a rich young Hollywood movie producer who seeks out stories about the hardships of life. Landing back in Hollywood, he picks up an extra girl, Veruschka Lake, and the two of them start out on the бумин road again. (Feb.)

SUNDOWN—Warner: Sustained action is the keynote of this story of the Greek government's stand against a raid on its shores. (Dec.)

SUSPICION—RKO Radio: A triumph of direction and acting, S. S. Van Rynse, the masterpiece about a naïve English girl. Joan Fontaine, who falls in love and marries Cary Grant, only to discover his worldliness. Then deep suspicion enter his lives and desperation brings on fearful consequences. (Dec.)

SWAMP WATER—20th Century-Fox: A vivid picture, this, of the simple people living near the swamps of Georgia. Dana Andrews penetrates the dreary swamp in search of his lost dog. He finds Walter Brennan, an escaped murderer, living there and leading a life of sin. Baxter Winter, Mary Howard and Virginia Gibb are all excellent performers. (Jan.)

SWING IT, SOLDIER—Universal: Radio personalities take part in this little picture, which proceed to entertain and at times amuse you. Ken Murray is a likable soldier who is framed as a rookie pal to his wife and meets her twin sister. Frances Loomis plays the wife and sings several numbers. Don Wilson, Brenda and Colma, and Skinny Ernie's band. (Feb.)

TARGET FOR TOMORROW—Warners release of a certificate that is the little picture. It proceeds to tell the story of a raid on Nazi oil tanks by English bombers and the R.A.F. and officers of the air are the only actors. Dramatic and suspenseful. (Jan.)

TAHRAN'S SECRET TREASURE—MG M: A whopper doper for the kids is this latest in the Tarzan series, in which a party of scientists including Professor James, and the scoundrel, kidnaps Tarzan's wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, and their son, John Sheffield, in order to force Johnny Weissmuller and Weissmuller's location of gold vein. The climax is a thrilling one. (Feb.)

TEXAS—Columbia: One of the best Westerns we've seen in a long time is Ford and William Holden doing superb work. The story has the two boys trekking westward after the Civil War, each to his own end. It takes the lawful way and Holden follows the unlawful path, but both fall in love with a beautiful girl. It's got a lot of punch and excitement. (Feb.)

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON—Warners: Rousing entertainment is this picture of the life of the earth's greatest soldier. The movie is highly emotional and straightforward honesty in telling make this story of the boys in the famous division one of the strongest war documents ever filmed. It tells the story of a raid on Nazi oil tanks by English bombers and the R.A.F., and officers of the air are the only actors. Dramatic and suspenseful. (Jan.)

TWO LATINs FROM MANHATTAN—Columbia: From cattled and unimpressed in this story of a night club press agent, Joan Davis, who substitutes her own name, Jean Woodbury, a song and dance team, for two Cuban entertainers who failed to arrive. Of course, everything gets very complicated. (Feb.)

WEEK END IN HAVANA—20th Century-Fox: Frothy, gay and tuneful is this typical Zanuck musical. The leading lady is Alice Faye enjoying a Havana vacation at the estate of a rich Cuban, and she decides to compete in a beauty contest with executive John Payne. Carmen Miranda's songs are hot-peppers. (Dec.)

YANK IN THE R.A.F.—20th Century-Fox: An exciting and fresh look at the R.A.F. with Tyrone Power as the fearless, cocky American who joins the R.A.F. and wins a place on the skyline. The scenes in the R.A.F. provide several unusual moments. (Dec.)

YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH—Columbia: From his outfitting of the casts of dance directors and when Fred goes to camp. Robert Benchley tries to wreck his romantic plans with dancing cutie Rita Hayworth. It's gay and hilarious, with fine dancing by Fred's dancing partner Fred's former dance partner Ginger Rogers. (Jan.)

SO MUCH HAPPIER THE WOMAN WHO KNOWS...
NO, Sister, they're not coming over here—not if all the power of American ships and planes, and all the sacrifice of American men can stop them. 

But they may try.

If they try, some may get through, for it is a wide sky, and bombs may crash here as they crashed on far-away Hawaii and in the distant Philippines.

Or even if they don't try, the work of enemies within our own gates may bring fires, explosions, damage to our busy defense plants.

So we must be ready—just in case.

Ready with quick help for the hurt and the suffering. Ready with merciful aid that is still great in America's heart, even in a world where such things as mercy and decency seem no longer to exist.

That's the job of the Red Cross—to dispense that merciful care and help wherever and whenever pain and suffering exist.

It's a big job, that will call for every effort the hundreds of thousands of Red Cross workers—nurses, disaster fighters and volunteer helpers—can put forth.

It will call for vast stores of medicines and supplies, food and clothing, bandages and equipment.

It will demand every penny of the fifty million dollars the Red Cross is now asking for, and more.

So every bit helps, Sister.

Every dollar your Daddy can bring up from the bottom of his pocket, every penny any man or woman can add to the check he or she writes now for the Red Cross.

The brave men awing, afloat and afield who take care of us sometimes need care too, and we must give it.

We give it when we give to the Red Cross, whether it be a little or a lot.

Send contributions to your local chapter

American Red Cross War Fund Campaign

Give and give generously—to your local chapter—to volunteer solicitors. Give when you can, where you can, as much as you can.

This page contributed to the American Red Cross by the publishers.
Valentines from Benny

(Continued from page 49) your electric light bill and wasting your aspirin tablets and wrote valentines to Anthony Eden?"

"Is he still working for the Adam Hat people?" inquired C. Swinburne Benny naively. Then—"But I did write you one, Mary."

"Let's have it," sighed Mary.

"Dear Mary: (began Benny)

"The years have been many, Mary dear, Since you and I were wed And I still have you, my valentine, But I've got no hair on my head."

"If you had taken showers with a few of the eggs you've laid in your time, you might still have some hair," said Mary. "A fine thing," muttered Benny, "and after I'd written that on my last clean cuff, too."

"How about me?" Phil Harris reminded him. "Don't I, a happy bridegroom, touch a valentine?"

"Of course, Phil, of course," J. Whitcomb Riley Benny was delightfully bland.

"Dear Phil: I've often wondered, as I sat, Breaking my bread and sipping my wine, "If you got married just to save The effort of an annual valentine."

"That's the last straw," moaned Fiddler Phil. "Here I give him the best years of my life and he writes me a valentine like that!"

"I'd like to send Portland Hoffa this valentine," volunteered Jackson.

"To Portland, a game guy: Ah, Portland, Portland, loyal wife Can you approach this day with grace? Knowing there's no valentine To fit his silly-looking face? May I suggest a comic one To solve your problem, worried lass? First touch up with P. J. Ivy blooms Then hand the do a looking glass."

"Is our little Eddie Guest still spreading sunshine? It was Mary.

"Never mind her," pleased R. Service Benny. "Listen to this one I'd like to send Darryl Zanuck:"

"Dear Darryl: I mucked, I moiled, I tilled, I toiled; I thought I'd taken life's toughest hurdle. But you, alas! my faithless friend, You had to put me in a girdle."

Much applause from Corporal Stewart (this business was all going on just before he was made a Second Lieutenant) and Mr. Fonda. "Could you manage to work in a plug for my new picture as well as for 'Charley's Aunt' on that one?" inquired Fonda.

"This is sentiment, has nothing to do with business," protested Emerson Benny. "By the way, I wrote this one for Ernst Lubitsch:"

"To My Pal:
Some say I can't play Hamlet, but I'll show those guys that they're wrong! With you directing, Pal, I'd play Disraeli in a sarong."

"How about Rochester?" Don Wilson suggested.

"Oh, I'd never miss his valentine!" A Tennyson Benny's eyes danced merrily:

"Ah, Rochester: Thou impious, scheming, bland bully, (Continued on page 111)"

FOR YOUR VALENTINE: Blue Waltz Perfume in an envelope designed box mounted on a gay heart-shaped card. Irresistible Perfume also on a heart-shaped card decorated with a fat little Cupid. You'll like either or both to give on Valentine Day or use as gifts, place cards or favors. At dime stores.
Dried and True

—meaning that Joe E. Brown gives you his gospel-truth theory on dried fruits

BY ANN HAMILTON

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MONTES MINER

Pride of Joe's heart is his orchard. "All Mrs. Brown's work," he says.

THIS being the open season for making prophecies about what is going to happen in the world, here I come with a nice new shiny prophecy all my own: Someday, I prophesy, the producers are going to wake up and discover that they've been making the mistake of their young lives by confusing Joe E. Brown to the type of comedy he has made famous.

Not that Joey isn't one of our most superb comedians, for he is. Just the memory of Joey's telling about the recklessly inebriated "little mouse" makes me howl with joy and I can hardly wait until his newest film, Columbia's "Shut My Big Mouth," is released. But he is more than that. He has the spontaneous warmheartedness, the good-natured understanding and the inherent dignity which are as typically American as Will Rogers' rope and chewing gum and someday—here's the rest of the prophecy—he's going to get a part in which this real personality will come through and then we'll have something pretty revolutionary in the way of movie fare.

I'd never known Joey, the real Joey, that is, until I called on him and Mrs. Brown a few days ago at their home in Brentwood. It's a large place; it would have to be, for there are four junior Browns—Don, home on occasional leaves from his duties in the Air Corps, is the oldest; the others are Joe, Mary Elizabeth Ann and Kathryn Frances—and open house for their friends is rule number one.

We had tea in the library and I was particularly impressed by two pictures which have the place of honor. They are photographs of Joey and Mrs. Brown, very handsome and very serious, dressed in wedding array. They were made last year when the Browns celebrated their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary by getting married a second time, a church wedding, this second one, because their first wedding had not been a church service.

After tea we went on a tour of the grounds. Joey's greatest pride is in his orchards—rows and rows of trees—and in the new planting in front of the house. "It's all Mrs. Brown's work," he grinned. "I'm just the guy that takes the bows for it."

Another guy who should take bows, Joey observed as he led me to the apricot orchard, is Luther Burbank, the plant wizard whose genius is responsible for the excellence of the fruit we enjoy today. It was Burbank who selected stock from all over the world—one type for hardiness, another for flavor, another for size and so on—and blended them so that today we find in our markets the finest fruits in the world. It is these super products that are used in the preparation of dried fruits and Joey pointed out that we might bow to the dried fruit manufacturers as well, because they have perfected the drying process so that prunes and apricots and all other dried fruits come to us with the healthful, flavorful qualities of fresh fruit intact, so that they form a large part of the food shipments we now send to England.

BOTH JOEY and Mrs. Brown are dried fruit enthusiasts and Mrs. Brown gave me a number of dried fruit recipes for you which her children like especially. While we were talking recipes, Hyman Fink took the picture of Joey you see on this page, then we strolled back to our car, Joey's hat filled with fruit which he placed in the car for us. It was when we were waiting for the electric gate to perform its magic and let us out into the road again that I noticed, just inside the grounds, an American flag flying from a pole. I don't believe there is a family in the country more entitled to fly that flag, for I don't believe you could find a family more representative of the finest type of American home life than the Joe E. Brown family of Hollywood.

And now for Mrs. Brown's recipes. The first one she doesn't even have a name for, but this is the way to make it. When you are baking bread, reserve some of the dough when it is all ready to go into the oven. Pat it out about half an inch thick, spread it with cooked dried prunes that have been stewed and chopped, roll it up like a jelly roll and bake it. Serve in slices, buttered, or as a dessert, topped with custard sauce or hard sauce.

**WALNUT APRICOT WHIP**
1 lb. dried apricots
1 cup whipping cream
1 cup chopped English walnuts
1 tsp. vanilla

Cook apricots in water to cover until tender, about fifteen minutes. Drain and when cool run the apricots through a sieve or ricer. Chill. Combine pulped apricots, juice, whipped cream, nut meats, vanilla and salt and serve in sherbet glasses. Sugar may be added to the cooked fruit before combining with other ingredients if desired.

**GALA PRUNE TARTS**
1 lb. prunes
3 cups sugar
1 lemon (juice and grated rind)
1 tbsp. butter
2 lbs. flour

Pastry: Cook prunes until tender, drain, remove stones and chop. Simmer liquid until there is a scant half cup left, add flour and butter and cook until thick, stirring to prevent lumping. Line tart or muffin tins with pastry. Chop prunes, combine with sugar, lemon juice and rind and fill tart shells, pouring the sauce over each. Bake in moderate oven until pastry is done (about twenty minutes).

**APRICOT BROILED HAM**
1 lb. slice ham
1 cup cooked dried apricot pulp
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. dry mustard

Broil ham on one side until brown and tender, turn and broil until it begins to brown. Combine apricot pulp, ginger and mustard and spread on ham, return to broiler and continue cooking until apricot mixture is bubbling and beginning to glaze.
There was a polite round of applause.

Mr. J. Benny looked a little petulant. "Well," he said, "I did want to get 'rigadoon' in there to rhyme. It would have been better, but it didn't fit."

"How about some valentines you'd like to get, Jack?" Jim Stewart asked.

"There's just one I'd like to get," announced B. Harte Benny, "but wait until I tell you about the one I'd like to send Frank Wallin. Frank Wallin is the mayor of Waukegan and he and I used to play in the high-school dance band."

"Gives you an idea of how long he's been kidding that fiddle," interposed Mary.

"Mary!" J. Keats Benny eyed her sternly, then turned back to his notes.

"This is very good, I think:

Dear Frank:
When you and I were high-school chums I played the fiddle, you the drums.

Years passed, you beat your drum with zest
And I sprayed resin on my chest;
Today you're in, Waukegan's boss,
While I sell pastel applesauce!"

"Wonderful," applauded Mary. "I'll bet if Frank'd known he was going to have that written about him, he'd have asked for a recount.

CORPORAL STEWART, of the armed forces, interceded again. "Let's have the one you'd like to get, Jack," he said.

"Do you still want it?" Mary asked.

"Mary, this is a rugged Army I'm in," pointed out Stewart. "They teach us to walk right into enemy fire."

Mr. Benny looked a little apprehensively at Mary.

"Mary," he said, "why don't you go find Basil Rathbone? We're having dinner with him, you know."

"Get a load of that," invited Mary. "He thinks he has to beg me out of range."

She stepped happily out into the night and Jack's face shone with a sly light.

"You see," he said, "this is one I'd like to get from Lana Turner and I thought . . . well, you know how it is. What they don't know . . . Keeck's!"

At this point he jabbed Stewart suggestively in the ribs.

"Sure," said Jim. "What they don't know they find out. But let's have the one you'd like to get from Lana.

"Oh, yes, here it is," smirked F. Villon Benny. "Get this, fellows:

Jack, darling:
This sweetless world is a sad one, my knight,
And I am goose-pimplly and blue;
But I'll gladly surrender my wool to keep warm
If Mary'll let me have you."

"Mr. Benny," said Stewart, "you're a can... bard.

"Pal," said Mr. Fonda, "you're terrific."

"Jackson," said Mr. Harris. "You give off a miasma.

"That's not my asthma," objected W. Shakespeare Benny. "I get hoarse like that when I'm emotional."

At this Stewart and Citizens Fonda, Wilson and Harris quietly swooned while Mr. Benny, the new Browning, pleasurably figured up that in delivering his valentines orally, he'd effected a net saving of twenty-four cents on his postage appropriation.

The end

March, 1942

"BAHAMA PASSAGE"—Paramount. Screen play by Virginia Van Upp. Based on a story by Helen Hayes. Directed by Edward H. Dmytryk. Cast: Carol, Madeleine Carroll; Adrian, Stirling Hayden; Mrs. DiBiaggi, Leo G. Carroll; Mary, Mary Anderson; Capt. Jack, Cecil Kellaway; Moira, Leigh Whipper; Tasha, Dorothy Danube.

"BEDTIME STORY"—Columbia. Screen play by Richard Flurony. Story by Horace Jackson and Grant Garret. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: Lucius Drake, Fredric March; Jane Drake, Loretta Young; Ed, Eric Blore; Robert Benham, William Dudley, Allyn Joslyn; Virginia Cole, Esma Horn; Helen Westley, Evelyn Peale; Joyce Compton; Mac, Tim Ryan; Alfred, Osa Massen; Betsy, Dorothy Adams; Collins, Clarence Kolb; Patty, Pearl Bailey; Ray, Lamont Johnson.

"BUGLE SOUNDS," THE—M-G-M. Screen play by Cyril Hume. Based on a story by Lawrence Wolfe and Cyril Hume. Directed by S. Yul Brynner. Cast: "Hap" Devan, Wallace Beery; Saucy, Marjorie Main; Colonel Lehigh, Lewis Stone; Russell, George Bancroft; Lieutenant Colonel Seton, Henry O'Neill; Sally Hanson, Donna Reed; Chief Strawberry, Lee J. Cobb; Lieutenant William Lindsay, Sergeant Strong, Tom Dugan; Colonel Adams, George Fennel; Major Hook, Reginald Owen; Lecch, Roman Bohnen, Nichols, Jerome Cowan; Hank, Henry O'Neill; Attila, Ernest Stevens.

"CORSICAN BROTHERS, THE"—Small-C. A. Screen play by George Bruce. From a free adaptation of the story by George Bruce and Howard Estabrook. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: Maria, Lucien, Douglas Fairbanks Jr.; Lavinia, Betty Bronson; Tarnoff, Lawrence, Carol Dempster; Dictor, Hurd, J. Carrol Naish; Dr. Pauli, H. B. Warner; Togo, John Qualen; Henry Wilcoxen; Countess Franulle, Gloria Holm; St. Darnoff, Walter Kingsford; Aton, Dudley Digges; Lorna Bryant; Graff, Pedro de Cordoba; Maria, Veda Ann Borg; Priest, William Farnum.

"DR. KILDARE'S VICTORY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Harry Ruskin and Willi Goodbeck. From a story by Joseph Harting. Based upon the character created by Max Brand. Directed by Majer W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: Dr. James Kildare, Lew Ayres; Dr. Leonard Leighe, Lionel Barrymore; Cynthia "Cookie" Charles, Ann Ayars; Dr. Donald Winthrop, Robert Sterling; Annabelle Kirke, Jean Rogers; Mazyl Byrd, Alma Kruger; Dr. Walter Carter, Walter Kingsford; O. C. Snow, Edward Brophy; Edward Gargan, Sally Marie Blak, Mike Ragan, Frank Orth; Mary Real, Samuel Z. Catter, Barry Nelson; Clifford Kenet, Eddie Acuff; Leo Cobb, Gus Schilling.

"HELLZAPPOIN"—Macfarlane. Universal. Screen play by Nat Perrin and Warren Williams. Based on an original story by Nat Perrin, suggested on the book by the late John H. "Hellzapoppin." Cast: Ole, Ole Olsen; Ole, Chic Johnson; Ole, Hersoy; Ole, Herb Kellett; Kittie, Jane Frazier; Jeff, Robert Paige; Pepe, Moshe Auer; Director, Richard Lane; Fanny, Lewis Howard; Mr. Rand, Clarence Kell; Mrs. Rand, Nella Walker; Lewis, Shemp Howard; Elly, Elly Cook; Jix, Messenger, Frank Daren, Lena, Katherine Johnson; The Six Hits, Slim and Slam, The Congroo Dancers, Olive Hatte Hah Ballet.


"MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER," THE—Warners. Screen play by Julian J. and Philip Einstein. Directed by George Seaton and Moss Hart. Directed by William Keighley. Cast: Jimmy Durante, Ann Sheridan, Sheridan Whiteside, Men- doz Woodley, Bert Jefferson, Tom Conway, Jimmy Durante; Mrs. Ernest Stanley, Billie Burke; Beverly Carlton, Reginald Gardiner; June Store, Elizabeth Fraser; Mr. Ernest Stanley, Grant Mitchell; Mrs. Store, Jane Darwell; Dr. Barber, Robert Byrnes; Mary Wickes; Mrs. Byrnes, Gladys George; Abilene, Virginia Bruce; Lurline, Ruth Vivian; John, Edwin Stanley; Sarah, Betty Ross; man; Sandy, Charles Drake.

"MOSELLE LAND"—Universal. Screen play by Hugo Wellhoefer and Herbert Biberman. Directed by John Grant. Adaptation by George Roy. Original story by Bernard Feins. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: Sandy, Baby Sandy; The Reve- nuer, Robert Lowery; Lunchman, Bob Lowery; Paul Kelly; Carol Brent, Rose Hobart; Jacob, John L.; Virginia Gray, Lionel Atwood; Tony Conway, Arthur Talbot, Felix Bell, Michael Colgate; Hannah; Millard Mitchell; Barbara, Luc- ene Beth Hollebeek, Cammie King, Keke Luke; Ben Wilson, Jerome Cowan.

"MID-WEST, NORTH"—M-G-M. Screen play by S. K. Lauren. Based on the story by A.R. Ainsworth. Directed by Frank Strayer. Cast: Pamela North, Gracie Allen; Gerald Newson, Edward Arnold; Miss Cross, Patric Knowles; Paul Kelly; Carol Brent, Rose Hobart; Jack L.; Virginia Gray, Lionel Atwood; Tony Conway, Arthur Talbot, Felix Bell, Michael Colgate; Millard Mitchell; Barbara, Luc- ene Beth Hollebeek, Cammie King, Keke Luke; Ben Wilson, Jerome Cowan.

"THE NIGHT OF JANUARY 16TH," THE—Paramount. Screen play by Frank Davis and Allan Scott. Based on the story by Jean Rhys. Directed by Henry King. Cast: Sara, Truc Cari: Anthony, Robert Lowery; Fruit; Sam Ryll, Robert Preston; Kit Lane, Ellen Drew; Mr. Pink, Nils Asther; Officer, Clayton Kibbee. Inspector Dunkin, Charles Wilson; Cecil Kellaway; Attorney Polk, Don Douglas; Dr. Fickett, Robert Lowery; Miss Hayes, Margaret Hayes; Flashy Blonde, Alice White; Fats, Charles Wilson; Inspector Dane, George Ernest; Mr. Avery, Harry Tyler; Andy, Judy Gilbert; Cecil, Irving Bacon; Senator Phillip, Paul Harvey; Mayor, Lee Parks; Sheriff; Society Reporter, Kay Linaker.

"RIOT SQUAD"—Monogram. Original screen play by Frank Yaconelli. Directed by Albert Welsch. Cast: Tom, Richard Cromwell; Mary, Quin Torson; John; Robert Lowery; Police Chief, Herbert Kaufman; Mrs. McEnroe, Rosemary DeCamp; Andy, John Ralston; Charlie, Tom Brown; "Doc," Don Os- born, Jack C. Smith; Lenny, Richard Clarke.

"ROAD AGENT"—Universal. Screen play by Morgan Cox, Arthur Strawn and Maurice Tom- blank. Directed by William A. Seiter. Cast: Arthur, Robert Lowery; Louise, Luise Winter; Ar- tilla, Andy Devine; Patricia Langin, Anne Gwynne; Tom Martin, Richard Davis; Lea, Anne Nagel; Steve, John Gallaudet; Sam Lewis, Samuel S. Hinds.


"VANISHING VIRGINIAN," THE—M-G-M. Screen play by Jan Fortune. Based on the book by Robert Peach, from the story by Frank Borzage. Cast: Robert Vancour, Frank Morgan, John Boles, Don Lock, David Manners, Diversity, Spring Ryington; Margaret Vanece, Natalia Tavel; John Vanece, Robert Morgan; Mrs. Vanece, Faye Dunaway; Hold, Mark Daniel; Grinnin; Elizabeth Peterson; Caroline Vanece, Juanita Quigley; Vanece, Miss; Jones; Jones, Uncle Josh; Whipper, Aunt Emma Louise; Jones, Luke; Barrows, Kim; Tooth, Roy; Kees, "E.""WOLF MAN, THE"—Universal. Original screen play by Curt Siodmak. Directed by George Waggner. Cast: Sir John, Claude Raines; Col. Ted, Ford B. Bell; Frank Andrews; Patrike Knowles, Bela, Bela Guglas; St. John, George Sanders; Mr. Ouspenskaya, Gayn Coliffe, Evelyn Kent.

PHOTOPROGRAM COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRACULOUS
Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe says:
"Karo is the only syrup served the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe

Rich in Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose

KARO IN GLASS OR CANS IS THE SAME DELICIOUS SYRUP

New Creations by Karo
High in Food Value—Low in Cost

Try one—try all—of these fragrant, delicious KARO dishes. Delight your family tonight with a savory Meat Muffin followed by a piping hot Apricot Betty. Prepared "the Karo way", there is extra food energy in these tempting dishes. For KARO Syrup is rich in Dextrose, food-energy sugar. Be sure to send for your free copy of "Karo Kookery", a new book of intriguing recipes for adding interest and food value to your meals.

Karo in All Purpose Flour

Dr. Allan Roy Dafoe's recipe:

**Meat Muffin**

About 15¢ Large Serving

Combine 1 lb. ground beef, 1/2 lb. ground ham, 1 cup soft bread crumbs. Mix together 2 eggs, slightly beaten, 3/4 cup milk, 1/2 cup KARO (blue label), 1 tbsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper. Open can pineapple wedges; drain; add 1/2 cup of the juice to egg mixture, blend well with meat. Fill greased muffin tins about 3/4 full. Arrange 6 pineapple wedges on each muffin. Top muffin with apricot half. Pour 1/4 tsp. KARO over each muffin. Bake at 350° F., about 35 minutes. Makes 8 servings.

**Apricot Betty**

About 8/24 A SERVING

Sift 2 cups all-purpose flour, 3 tbsp. baking powder, 1/2 tsp. salt. Cut in 1/2 cup shortening. Slowly add 1/2 cup milk, to form soft dough. Roll out on lightly floured board into rectangle 1/4" thick. Cream 3 tbsp. butter; add 1/2 cup KARO (blue label), 1 tbsp. cinnamon, mix thoroughly until well combined. Stir in 1/2 cup chopped prunes, 1/2 cup canned red cherries (drained, chopped). Slice into 1/4" pieces, place in greased pan. Bake at 425° F., 15-20 minutes. Makes 1 1/2 dozen Tea Pinwheels.

**Apricot Betty**

KARO in Glass or Cans is the Same Delicious Syrup
Chesterfield salutes with Millions of Fans
THE GOLDEN JUBILEE
of America's most popular sport
BASKETBALL

Over 90,000,000 is Basketball's yearly attendance...tops for any American sport...and this year marks the celebration of its Golden Jubilee. The game was founded by Dr. James Naismith and had its modest start in 1891 in Springfield, Mass.
Such popularity must be deserved.

That's what millions of Chesterfield smokers get every time they light up...and that's why these millions are saying Chesterfield gives me more pleasure than any other cigarette I ever smoked.

Make your next pack Chesterfield and you too will enjoy everything you want in a cigarette...made to your taste with the Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Every time...They Satisfy
THE LOSS OF CAROLE LOMBARD MEANS TO CLARK GABLE
BABY'S BEAUTIFUL SKIN...
so sensitive, so smooth, looks to Doctor for proper care. For years Doctor has said, "Ivory for baby," and Ivory for you, too! Now kinder to skins of every age, New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory is milder than 10 leading toilet soaps! Try baby's own beauty treatment!

CAPTIVATING 'TEENS
and early twenties . . . your fresh, youthful beauty is often marred by too-active oil glands. Avoid hot water. Scrub with heavy lukewarm Ivory lather (note how quickly New Ivory makes rich suds). Rinse. Repeat lathering. Warm rinses, then cold. Repeat 3 times daily. If skin blemishes persist, consult your doctor.

BIRTHDAYS
Don't Count!

Whatever your age, Doctors advise "baby-care" for a lovelier complexion!

FOR BEAUTY BEYOND 33...
Your skin tends to be drier. More reason than ever to rely on New Ivory's extreme mildness: No dye, medication, or strong perfume that might be irritating. Each night massage your skin with New Ivory's quick-creaming lather. Use lukewarm water, never hot—for both Ivory massage and rinse. Pat dry. Since your skin lacks sufficient oil, apply lightly a little cold cream.

"BABY-CARE" ALL OVER?
Of course! Your body deserves complexion care. See how gratefully it responds to the soft, creamy richness of "velvet suds." New Ivory is faster-lathering, kinder in your skin than 10 leading toilet soaps! Thrill to the caress of a "velvet-suds" bath tonight!

99 1/100 %
PURE
IT FLOATS

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care . . . use
New Velvet-suds IVORY SOAP
A Hint to the Girl with a Man in her Life!

HE PHONED—"It's a date with bells on, Beautiful!" To set yourself off on the right foot, you freshen up with a shower or bath—you feel gay as confetti—as bubbling as champagne! But don't expect your bath unaided to keep you dainty all evening long. Bathing only removes past perspiration. To prevent risk of future odor, to stay popular, thousands of girls rely on Mum.

ALL YOUR PLANS to conquer can be undone by even a tiny trace of underarm odor! Perhaps you've seen unhappy girls neglected after even just a few dances! The gayer your evening is—the more you'll need Mum! It takes only 30 seconds to apply gentle, creamy Mum. Yet, without stopping perspiration, Mum guards your charm for many glittering hours—from the first happy "hello" to the last dreamy waltz.

Girls who use Mum say it's grand because:

MUM SAVES YOUR TIME! 30 seconds, and you're through...yet Mum protects your after-bath freshness all day or all evening.

MUM SAVES YOUR CLOTHES! It has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fine fabrics. And gentle Mum won't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Mum works, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor. Try it—you'll like Mum. Get a jar of Mum from your druggist today.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is such a safe, gentle deodorant. Mum's dependability is a safeguard against embarrassment.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION
What does March come in like? ... Okay, students, go to the head of the class.

Leo, you know, has enlisted for the duration. He's in the Army, the Navy, Civilian Defense and ready to serve wherever wanted by his Uncle.

Have you seen "Joe Smith, American"? Recommended, incidentally, by our generous First Lady.

We don't speak much about shorts in this column, but it's hard to keep quiet about "Main Street On The March", made with government cooperation.

The exhibitors of America, as well, are all out for our war effort. Their screens will inform, uplift and divert. Three essentials in a crisis.

Among the diversions that Dr. Leo has brewed in his own laboratory is the newest rattle of that famous Hardy family skeleton.

Despite the natural presence of that exciting, energetic, consumptive dynamo—Mickey Rooney—nothing personal is intended by the title—

"The Courtship of Andy Hardy".

It's undoubtedly impossible to refer to a beautiful young lady as a dark horse—

But watch Donna Reed in this hardiest of the Hardys.

Space doesn't permit much about "Mrs. Miniver" (Greer Garson, Walter Pidgeon); "I Married An Angel" (Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy); "Ship Ahoy!" (Eleanor Powell, Red Skelton, Bert Lahr, Tommy Dorsey's orchestra); and "Rio Rita" (Abbott and Costello).

There's so much to say about the merits of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures. We really ought to have two columns, still—

Yours for conservation.

—Leo

APRIL, 1942

PHOTOPLAY

HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

What the Loss of Carole Lombard Means to Clark Gable

Carole Lombard's Greatest Wish

Love, Honor and Good-by

Anne Shirley and John Payne tell of the singular situation that broke up their marriage

These Above All

Leon Surmelian

Lucky is the woman who has made the same discovery as Joan Fontaine

The portrait, present and future of Dennis Morgan

Make Up Your Mind!

"I Want to Be Loved," says Maureen O'Hara

"We Are Pals—Gene Autry"

Gene Autry's signature—and this story—give away on invaluable key to success

The Magnificent Ambersons

Fiction version by Lee Pennington

What you're in for in a big film surprise—Orson Welles' new picture

All-Out for March Field!

Life Owes You Nothing

Beginning the ominous life story of Hollywood's revolutionary Victor Mature

You've Got to Believe Me!

Will Oursler

Should Caryl trust Bill's words when murder stalks in the background?

I Waited Eleven Years...

Robert Young

(as told to Gladys Hall)

The Truth about "Difficult" Stars

GLAMOUR

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COVER: Joan Fontaine, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

PHOTOPLAY combines with MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE Associate Editor

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen

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Paulette's Back...

IS THE OBJECTIVE AT THE FRONT!

"ALL THE BOYS AT THE FRONT WANT HER BACK!"

"THE PRETTIEST MILITARY OBJECTIVE I EVER SAW!"

"PARDON MY PRYING... BUT SPYING'S SPYING!"

...AND RAY HAS A PLAN UP HIS SLEEVE, TOO!

"THE LADY HAS PLANS"

...and they're on her back!

A Paramount Picture Starring

Ray Milland • Paulette Goddard

with

Roland Young • Albert Dekker • Margaret Hayes • Cecil Kellaway • Edward Norris

Directed by SIDNEY LANFIELD • Screen Play by Harry Tugend

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

1 • 1942
NEVER in its entire history has Hollywood been so busy as it is these earliest spring war days . . . it is not only that Hollywood is boiling out films for the box office . . . turning out films for the fun of it . . . doing films on order for defense . . . creating films for civilian instruction . . . it is doing all of that and at the same time it is trying to get ahead of its always crowded schedules and put films away in storage vaults against the future . . .

For Hollywood knows that today it is not only the center of the amusement world but also the center of a war zone in America . . .

There has never been a lovelier winter in Southern California than the one that has just passed . . . so far as climate is concerned, that is . . . there have never been fewer social distractions . . . no Santa Anita to take people’s minds off their work . . . no lazy trips down to the desert . . . but there have been those nests of soldier boys hidden everywhere in the hills . . . and the lads encamped on the “back lots” of every studio . . . not to protect the studios, you understand, but there because those “back lots” are nice, open spaces . . . and at night, there have been the giant flashlights crossing and recrossing the sky . . . those lights that used to mean innocent silly things like previews or the opening of some market or some night club . . . now they are practice lights . . . lights, as yet, merely searching out our own planes in the sky but ready, if the horrible necessity arises, to light up enemy planes and make them targets for our anti-aircraft guns . . .

Hollywood, in its own way, is trying to do its duty . . . its clear duty is to continue to provide amusement . . . this Washington has told it . . . this London has begged of it . . . but there is a strange, new pattern to all this . . . individual male stars are already in actual war service and more will go constantly . . . as well as the directors, the producers, the writers who have already gone and are about to go . . . vast individual sums are being given by this celebrity and that to USO, the Red Cross, the various drives . . . girl stars like Dorothy Lamour, paying all their own expenses, are already out selling bonds and there again, more stars will join in . . . but even in this, by Government orders and co-operation, new rules are operating so that Hollywood’s first responsibility will continue to be that of bringing laughter and escape to our troubled days . . .

Because he was on a secret mission, it is not possible to use here the name of the high-ranking Englishman who very recently and eloquently presented to Hollywood his countrymen’s need of our movies . . . but both from the arguments that this gentleman presented, and also through sheer observation, our own government is asking Hollywood not to shroud its talents, its gift for laughter and its benison of joy but to go on creating more of all of it . . . exactly as our Army, our Navy and our Air Force have been able to learn much of what to do and what to avoid by seeing what has happened to English morale in two and a half years of warfare, so Hollywood and Washington have learned much by studying how definitely a war-burdened public is aided by the escape that movies provide . . .

Do you know that it is a matter of actual statistics that with all the horrible blitzes rained mercilessly down on England, burning homes, burning theaters, killing and maiming the innocent, the need for amusement has been so great that this very day the box-office attendance in England is only fifteen per cent less than it was in the palmiest of peacetimes? . . .

Our government has also assured Hollywood that it will follow the English pattern regarding stars and their services . . . in England, as you know, serving (Continued on page 19)
There is a Story About a Town Called Kings Row

All knew it but none talked about it—except in whispers.

You'll live strange experiences you never dreamed could come into your life as the screen captures each ecstatic moment and every secret longing of these shadowed characters. Here is screen greatness, truly!

ANN SHERIDAN
as tempting "RANDY"

ROBERT CUMMINGS
as handsome "PARRIS"

RONALD REAGAN
as irresistible "DRAKE"

BETTY FIELD
as stormy "CASSIE"

KINGS ROW
WHERE EVERY HEART CONCEALED A SECRET SIN

Directed by SAM WOOD
of 'Mr. Chips' and 'Kitty' Foyle' fame!

WARNER BROS. NEW SUCCESS, with CHARLES COBURN
Claude Rains, Judith Anderson, Nancy Coleman

The Screen Play is superbly adapted by Casey Robinson from the Novel by Henry Bellamann • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

Now at the Astor Theatre in New York duplicating the success of 'Sergeant York', the Warner Bros. picture that preceded it there. AT YOUR THEATRE SOON. Check the manager for exact date.

PRL, 1942
Cupidites: Carole Landis has caught Greg Bautzer on the rebound after his rift with Dorothy Lamour. Greg looks happy, for all the bounding he's done recently. Remember his bounding from Lana Turner that bounded Lana Turner right into marriage with Artie Shaw?

And speaking of Lana, the Tommy Dorsey romance is still on with Lana spending every spare minute at the Palladium where Tommy's band is entertaining. Band leaders are rapidly supplanting screen idols in the fans' hearts these days—and maybe Hollywood doesn't know it!

As to band leaders, Kay Kyser is camping on the doorsill of Linda Darnell these days. So it looks as if the Ginny Simms romance is just a memory—for the time being, at least.

Ann Sothern has finally weeded out her beaux to one choice. Robert Sterling is the lad. Ann spent every spare moment at his bedside when Robert parted with his tonsils.

For all Loretta Young's persuasion it looks as if her kid sister will marry Billy Halop. Loretta, remembering her own unfortunate marriage when she was but sixteen, is begging sister Georgiana to wait a while.

Ruth Hussey has announced she's engaged to a friend of her college days, W. L. Fogarty, a Kansas insurance man. It will probably be a summer wedding—and "No elopement!" according to Miss Hussey.

Priscilla and John of the Pilgrim days ended in a different story from the modern Priscilla (Lane) and John (Barry) romance. Priscilla has broken her engagement to the Victorville newspaperman in favor of a lad in the Warners' music department. Can that girl make up her mind? Any way, sister Rosemary did when she married Buddy Westmore in N. Y.

Blonde Martha O'Driscoll, who wanted a career before marriage has succumbed to the wooing of Walter Brewer, wealthy young sportsman and will soon become his bride.

Alexis Smith, Warners' tall, blond and coming star, and actor Crai Stevens are at the leapfrog-off-to Yuma stage. (Continued on page 8)
How you can catch cold—and what to do about it

How you can catch cold—and what to do about it

This prompt and easy precaution, frequently repeated, may head off the trouble entirely or lessen the severity of the infection if it does develop. Carefully conducted clinical tests during the past 10 years showed these amazing results:

That regular, twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration, than non-users, and fewer sore throats due to colds in many cases.

You naturally want to know why this is so.

We believe that it is because Listerine reaches way back on the throat to kill literally millions of the threatening bacteria known to doctors as the "secondary invaders" which may set up infection when body resistance is lowered for any reason (see panel above). In the opinion of many leading medical men these "secondary invaders" are the ones that so often complicate a cold . . . make it troublesome . . . result in the distressing symptoms you know all too well.

Actual tests showed bacterial reductions on the mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle . . . up to 80% an hour after.

In view of this impressive evidence isn't it wise to keep Listerine Antiseptic handy in home and office . . . to pack it when you travel . . . to gargle with it often and thoroughly at the first hint of trouble?

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD or SORE THROAT Gargle LISTERINE—QUICK!

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS

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

In some persons drafts cause disturbances of the circulatory system and, as in the case of sudden temperature changes, may lower body resistance.

Before handling baby! If you have a cold yourself or have shaken hands with someone who has, always rinse your hands with full strength Listerine. Germs thrive on moist hand surfaces.

Utensils used by those with colds may communicate the infection to others. Be particularly careful about children.

Watch your throat where illness often starts Listerine Throat Light

Genuine du Pont "Lucite" Illuminator

Only 75 cents Virtually free of batteries

Durability that's a satisfaction

Lambert Pharmacal Company
St. Louis, Missouri
Living-Room Couch for the Groom:

So unexpected was the wedding of Ann Sheridan and George Brent that the groom has no place to rest his weary head. Ann, who has just completed her new home, converted the extra bedroom upstairs (it has but two upstairs rooms) into a den with built-in bookcases and what-nots. Her own room is done in the frilly nonmasculine manner.

The one extra room downstairs is occupied by Gwen Woodford, Ann's secretary. So the question is, where will Georgie re-

pose in this new establishment? Certainly Ann doesn't want to leave her brand-new home for Georgie's rented house with leases ready to expire at any moment.

While the pair were honeymooning, contractors and decorators daily bombarded the studio for information about building on a new wing or redecorating the den. "Why doesn't she let us know these things?" they moaned.

"Why didn't she let you know?" the studio screamed. "Why didn't she let us know?"

Of course, the answer is, Ann didn't know herself. The proposal came suddenly after a reconciliation following a quarrel and Ann accepted.

Olivia de Havilland's explanation for the sudden marriage is a panic. "Bette Davis and I drove him to it," she twinkles. "Ann was an oasis in a desert after us."

The two girls, both former girl friends of George's, made the hard some actor's life miserable on the "In This Our Life" set, in a kidding way, of course. Unexpected little tidbits of information concerning...
George's courtships sailed back and forth between the girls over Mr. Brent's defenseless head. The two kidded George unmercifully and, like a good sport, George took it. But just the same he leaped from the last scene into marriage with Ann. So, maybe Olivia is right. Maybe Bette and Olivia were the absent bridesmaids, silently laughing out their blessings.

Anyway, Ann is one of the best liked gals in the village and to our notion Brent is tops. A swell actor and a good fellow. So here's wishing them both great happiness for always.

Reunion in Hollywood: When Hedy Lamarr was just an unknown beauty in Hollywood and had yet to make "Algiers," Cal called on her one day in her small furnished bungalow. She talked almost constantly of two things—her shame and horror of "Ecstasy," a film made when she was a very young girl and had no idea of the consequences of that scene forced upon her by producer and director—and her mother.

The longing in her voice as she spoke of her mother, the little mementos of her mother scattered about the small living room, her candid, tear-choked confession that she had unthinkingly done much to distress her mother and the father who had died a short while before, have somehow always stayed with us. Her efforts, even then, to bring her mother to America were her main concern.

From time to time we've heard or read of her repeated and even frantic attempts to get her mother, Mrs. Gertrude Kiesler, out of Europe and into the land of the free. We sincerely sympathized, knowing something of her heartache.

Now, almost four years later, it has been accomplished—or almost so. Her mother has finally arrived safely in Canada and, while she is yet far from Hollywood, Hedy's heart is free at last from fear and dread. She can fly now to see her and after the long years in between we can picture those meetings.

Cal knows that soon they will be together, the old wounds forgotten, in the new life ahead.

Hello and Good-by: Jane Withers, sixteen, slim and appealing, leaves the studio that started her on the road to fame. Jane, who began when she was nine as the brat in Shirley Temple's picture, "Bright Eyes," has refused Fox's offer of $2,750 a week for reasons altruistic. Jane wants to make better pictures. She doesn't want to be a star and doesn't ask for more money. All she wants is to keep faith with the fans who have kept her a box-office attraction through fair pic-
Four good-hearted guys look silly in an Amos-and-Andy act for the "Buy A Bomber" show at Charlie Foy's. Amos is Lou Costello, Andy, Maxie Rosenbloom; the Kingfish, Bert Wheeler; Lightning, Lee Tracy. Voices were supplied by Dick Harris, hidden behind the chairs; the rest just waved their hands, opened their mouths and turned out one of the best gag acts yet.

Phil Harris and wife Alice Faye sneak some gin rummy between acts. Show's motto was the more yells, the merrier.

tures and bad. With this determination in mind, Jane will try her luck with another studio.

Maureen O'Sullivan will leave the screen for a long time, if not forever, after her next Tarzan picture, in order to nurse back to health her husband, John Farrow, an officer in the Naval Reserve, and to devote her time to their little son.

Norma Shearer began her career years ago on the old Metro lot, an awkward, far from beautiful young woman, whose eagerness to succeed forced into secondary place all drawbacks. And succeed she did, marrying Hollywood's young genius, Producer Irving Thalberg, and eventually becoming the First Lady of the Screen.

Today is a new day, a new era with new stars, and Norma moves on. At the completion of her M-G-M contract, Norma, once queen of the lot, will go elsewhere, probably Warner Brothers, to make pictures.

Hello and good-by. It's the story of Hollywood for young and old.

The Marines Are Coming: All day long 300 Marines, resplendent in their uniforms and led by handsome John Payne and Randy Scott, had marched around the producers' building at Twentieth Century-Fox for a scene in "To The Shores Of Tripoli." Each time the camera had swung into action, something had gone wrong. Usually Maxie Rosenbloom got out of step or one of the Marines, played by extras, whistled at a pretty secretary who hung out the window.

Finally one producer could work no longer and left his desk to join the watchers who had haunted the windows for hours. As the parade swung by the steenth time, the producer moaned, "I wish that director could get his Marines to do things the way MacArthur does in the Philippines and then we'd accomplish something."

The Marines still think the cheering from that office window was for them.

Very Odd and Ends Department

Penny Singleton is sporting the first blackout hat. It's made of phosphorous material and turns white in the dark.

Madeleine Carroll has foregone the
rest cure prescribed by her physician to offer her services to the United States Government. Incidentally, Madeleine, with her station wagon loaded with gifts for soldiers at a near-by camp, was halted at the gate by a sentry.

"Who goes there?" he called.
"Madeleine Carroll," came the answer.
Believe it or not, the sentry was so amazed he dropped his gun on his foot and broke his little toe.
Hollywood couldn't be more thrilled over Jimmy Stewart's promotion from sergeant. When Jimmy finally gets into the activities he'll be a lieutenant, no less. Hi, Lt. James Stewart of the J. S. A!

And So, Good-By: During her early acting days in London, Greer Garson

An $800 evening take was announced by Bob Hope (above with Mrs. Hope). Costello's shoes were sold for $30; he had to pay $35 to get them back.

Id as her companion and secretary lively, intelligent English girl named Denise Boettiger. After the war broke it, Greer evolved a plan of sending Denise to come to America with her.

Meanwhile, one night when she was giving dinner at the Biarritz in Hollywood, she complimented the headwaiter on the food.
"Our new chef is from Europe," he said. "He's very good. His name is Boettiger."
Greer became alert. "May I see him?" she asked, and was immediately led to the kitchen.
The man was Denise's father, and genly Greer told of her plans for bringing Denise over.
The father listened quietly. "It can't be done," he said finally. "Denise was in an air raid last month."
Thus Britons in Hollywood learn of their friends' fate.

1942
The Tale of Two Coats: A few minutes before they were to leave for the party, George Murphy called to his wife to find his dress coat. Patiently Mrs. Murphy explained it had been returned from the cleaner three days before and was hanging in his closet.

George, struggling into the coat, discovered it was too small. A glance inside revealed another name—the cleaner had returned the wrong coat.

Then began a series of telephone calls to locate the cleaner's home. When he was finally reached the situation was explained and the real owner's name given.

The cleaner let out a moan and finally said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Murphy, but the man who owned that coat died two days ago and I'm awfully afraid he was buried in your coat."

George wore tweeds...

A young studio publicist saved for three months until he acquired enough cash to have one of Hollywood's finest tailors cut him a sports coat. The day of the fitting arrived and the lad, to his great chagrin, saw that the coat was badly cut.

"But I've saved and gone without things I really needed to get this coat," he said. "That's why I came to you, the best tailor in town."

"I'm so sorry," the tailor groaned, "can you forgive me? You see, I've had such awful news I don't know what I'm doing. I received word last week my son was killed at Pearl Harbor."

Instantly the publicist was all sympathy. "Put the coat away and forget it," he urged. "I'll be back in two weeks for another fitting." In gratitude the tailor promised to have it exactly right in two weeks' time.

At the end of the specified time the boy, eager for his brand-new coat, returned. But to his bitter disappointment the coat fit worse than ever.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," the tailor said, "but I've had such bad news. I—"

"I know," the customer said, "and I deeply sympathize with you in the loss of your son. But what—?"

"Oh, but no," interrupted the tailor, "since then I've had a wire it was a mistake. He's living, but I am stunned after two weeks of agony. I can't feel, I can't think."

The lad looked at him. "Put the coat away," he said. "We'll forget it."

The ready-made $12.50 coat looked like heck on the boy, but somehow he feels better in it.

Off with the Screen Love—On with the Real: We popped over to M-G-M the other day to ask a question every one else seems to have overlooked. What does Mickey Andy Hardy—Romey's screen sweetheart, Ann Rutherford, think of Mickey's marriage to Ava? Polly Benedict, has been Ann's screen sweetheart of Mickey for many an Andy Hardy epic, you remember."

"I knew as soon as they began writing me out of Andy's life love," she laughed, "some other girl would get him."

Polly has only a small role in the last Andy Hardy episode, called appropriately enough, The Courtship of Andy Hardy. "I'm sure Ava got his rebound. I should have stayed her real love in the stories," Ann said.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MAGIC
Double-barreled smiles after a
double-ring ceremony—Ava Gardner and Mickey Rooney caught by Fink directly after the wedding.

We knew, of course, Ann was pok- ing fun, for she and Ava are very good friends and Ann is really excited over her lead in “This Time For Keeps.” “Oh, yes, Mickey and I had our little offstage upsets,” she told us, “but Mickey is far from the smart slick he’s painted. I think it’s wonder- ful that he married so beautiful and lovely a girl as Ava.”

Ann hopes Mickey will go right head with the Andy Hardy series, too, for oddly enough the actress believes they’re a good-luck symbol. After her brief interlude in the last two of the series, Ann says all sorts of things began to happen to her. Given a ten days’ vacation, Ann hoped for a little fun and rest and took what happened. First she broke her wrist watch, then in succession wrecked her car, lost an heirloom ear- ring, carried the wrong suitcase to Arrowhead Springs, came home, got sick and spent the rest of the holiday in bed.

So maybe Mickey does bring her luck. Anyway, Ann Polly Benedict Rutherford wishes Mickey and his bride all the luck in the world. With beautiful gal like that on the wishing end, how can Mickey miss?

Vital Statistics Dept.: Here’s the truth in cold round figures on that Hollywood divorce problem everyone wishes to discuss. According to a sur-

**LOVELINESS MAY SOON BE YOURS!**

**GO ON THE CAMAY “MILD-SOAP” DIET!**

This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert G. Johnson of New Orleans, La., says: “The Camay ‘Mild-Soap’ Diet is such an easy way to help bring out the loveliness of one’s complexion.”

Follow this way to a lovelier complexion—based on skin specialists’ advice—praised by lovely brides!

I’m so thrilled … being a Camay bride! When people tell me that my skin is lovely, I’m rewarded in full for my persistent devotion to the Camay ‘Mild-Soap’ Diet. Many nights I was so sleepy… many mornings I was in such a hurry, but never once did I neglect to follow the ‘Mild-Soap’ Diet rou-
tine faithfully.” So says Mrs. Robert G. Johnson.

A little time … a little care … and you, too, can be lovelier with the help of the Camay “Mild-Soap” Diet. For no woman’s skin can be truly beautiful if she fails to cleanse it properly. Or if she uses a beauty soap that isn’t mild enough.

Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is more than just mild… it’s actually milder than the 10 famous beauty soaps tested. That’s why we say your way to new loveliness is to “Go on the Camay ‘Mild-Soap’ Diet tonight!”

**Go On The “Mild-Soap” Diet Tonight!**

Work Camay’s milder lather over your skin, pay-
ing special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morn-
ing—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.
LAUGHS and MUSIC
In A
BIG PICTURE

FROM the SENsATIONAL MUSICAL COMEDY HIT that BROADWAY HOWLED AT for MONTHS COMES REPUBLIC'S GREAT screen SMASH — "YOKEI BOY" — if EVER there was a need FOR laughter, now is the TIME. And if ever there WAS a picture designed TO fill that need, "YOKEI BOY" is the one. It's an UPROARIOUS farce comedy WITH music with lots of very FUNNY people, EDDY FOY, JR., plays the FOCAL yokel; JOAN DAVIS is HILARIOUSLY VOCAL. And they HAVE ALBERT DEKKER, ALAN MOWBRAY, ROSCOE KARNS, MARILYN HARE, MIKHAIL RASUMNY, and MARC LAWRENCE to help them in the HIGH-jinks and shenanigans. When BUGSIE MALONE, America's FOREMOST mobster, decides to BECOME a glamorous movie hero, THE laughs pile on so fast that you'll ENJOY every minute of it. There IS a lot of fine music, too — in fact, EVERYTHING to entertain you. "YOKEI BOY," 1942's best COMEDY, is FREE made by the Associated Press.

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

Looking directly at the di-
rector, Preston Sturges, who owns "The Players" cafe, as he turns waiter to Mrs. McCrea, Mrs. Rob-
ert Hakim, Joel McCrea

Game of button-button as played by Lt. James Stewart, who dropped in to say hello to uniformed rival Mc
Carthy and his fine friend Edgar Bergen

Participants in war pictures will have to do their shooting in the future with make-believe cannon tanks and machine guns, the Army having confiscated all such weapon for their own use.

Coiffures will grow shorter and curlier due to a threatened shortage in bobby pins and makeup — and a use more sparsely due to priorite in the ingredients used in their mak-
ing. No actual shots of industrial plants, military academies, harbors, bridges or tunnels (now guarded by Uncle Sam) will be made — such shot will have to be faked on the lot. Due to lumber shortage, old sets will be retrimmed and used. Thus Tara's "Gone With The Wind," with a slight remodeling job, goes into the free "Scattergood Baines" story — so g sparingly, please, on those criticism on period authenticity.

Comics will no longer insult the superior officers in Army comedies and screen fights between womeni which precious silk is ripped to shred will be reduced to a minimum, than heavens, and even then the shred will wear near-silk or cotton.

War Versus Movies: Will the war make any difference in our movies?" writes an Omaha fan to Cal. In an-
swer we advise Miss Omaha it cer-
tainly will. In the number or quality of movies produced, of course, but in the type of pictures and in the elimination of certain standardized sequences. For instance, due to tire shortage, maybe there'll be no more thrilling and exciting automobile chases such as climax ed the picture "High Sierra." If Humphrey Bogart wants to flee the police in the future, he'll have to escape on a bicycle or kiddie car or even on an old gray mare.
Night scenes will grow scarcer and
care due to blackout possibilities and
the touchiness of neighbors to the
affected studio lights in the near-by
kites.

As time goes on you can expect to
see more and more of the younger
actresses, and even some a bit older,
disappear from view due to Uncle
Sam’s need.

But outside of that, movies will go
right on providing the entertainment
we need more than ever.

Hollywood’s Talking About: The
lack of tourists and out-of-state li-
ence plates on cars ... the women
stars who work a twelve-hour night
shift at the San Pedro canteen ... 
the plight of Jill Esmond (former
wife of Laurence Olivier) and her
in Simon Olivier, who are cut off
from her husband’s alimony due to
liver’s being in England ... Miss
Esmond has finally landed a job in
pictures ...

The frequent night-club brawls of
my Mike Romanoff who is loved by
many Hollywood stars for his gentle
ture ... the reconciliation between
irma Durbin and Universal Studios
... the rise of two young newcomers,
namely Van Heflin and Alan Ladd ...
the disgust of two big names who
have been heroes in her last two epics
for their leading lady whose antics
so childish and whose acting al-
ost won her an Academy Award
... the improvement in Olivia de
uwild’s acting in the past year ...
the success of Dorothy Lamour in her
ense-bond sale through the East ...
the misinformation throughout
the East concerning affairs on the
lic Coast which are moving along
ormally and happily ...

This blonde argument as to why
women shouldn’t cut their hair is
Helen Gilbert. Romantic reason
in this case is one Phillip Reed

“I’m afraid it’s your own fault
— you see, there’s one thing husbands don’t
forget in their wives—carelessness or igno-
rance about feminine hygiene.

Before we were married, we were so much in love! But after our wedding Bill
changed—his attentions grew less and less. I suffered the miseries of neglect.

So many married women come to me with the
same story. And my advice to them, and
to you, is—use Lysol disinfectant regularly for
intimate personal care. Lysol cleanses and deo-
dorizes—and at the same time it instantly kills
millions of germs, without harm to sensitive
tissues. Lysol is safe.”

Check this with your Doctor
Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and
efficient in proper dilution. Contains no
free alkali. It is not carbonic acid.
EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide,
active in presence of organic matter
(such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREAD-
ING—Lysol solutions spread and
virtually search out germs in deep
crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle
makes almost 4 gallons of solution for
feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—
disappears after use. LASTING—
Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely,
no matter how often it is unworked.

Lysol
FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

For new FREE booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard
to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. P. M. M. 444, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
When your charm becomes Enchantment

The added touch of allure that men find irresistible, can be yours... when you use April Showers Talc. Petal-soft, richly perfumed, it seems like a veil of fragrance on your skin... whispering, wherever you go, that you wear the fragrance men love! Exquisite but not Expensive.

April Showers Talc

CHARAMY perfumier

Men love "The Fragrance of Youth"

INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

ALL AMERICAN CO-ED—Hal Roach: B.L.A.: Johnny Downs dons women's clothes and enrolls at a strict girl's school in order to get even with the school for having him expelled. He falls on a near-boy student body. Frances Langford sings, which is easy to take, but it's a nonentertaining little musical. (Jan.)

AMONG THE LIVING—Paramount: Albert Dekker plays a dual role as the brother who returns home to find that his twin, whom he had thought dead, is alive and insane. When the insane one escapes and sets upon a round of murder, the sane brother is taken for the killer and almost lynched. Dekker does a swell job and Susan Hayward. Frances Farmer and Harry Carey are also fine. (March)

APPOINTMENT FOR LOVE—Universal: Charles Boyer is at his smoothest in this gay movie, as the playwright who marries a successful doctor, Margarett Sullivan, who puts into practice all her scientific theories about marriage and takes her own apartment. Both Reginald Denny as the "other man" and Rita Johnson as the "other woman" are splendid. It's sparkling as your Christmas tree. (Jan.)

BABES ON BROADWAY—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland instill freshness into this hackneyed old story. They're a real team, and the boys take their production numbers with a high spot. The music is simple. (Feb.)

BAHAMA PASSAGE—Paramount: Madeleine Carroll arrives on Billo Cay with her soundproof father to manage the island for Stirling Hayden and his mentally deranged mother. Flora Robson is the island's dominating figure. Madeleine sets out for Stirling, who's married to Mary Anderson, but don't waste your time seeing what happens. The film's one redeeming feature is the bathos of Madeleine and Stirling. (March)

BALL OF FIRE—Goldwyn-RKO: Gary Cooper, one of a group of professors compiling an encyclopedia, sets out to broaden his knowledge of slang and meets nightclub-babe Barbara Stanwyck, on the lam from the police. What happens is wildly hilarious. Kathleen Howard, Allen Jenkins and the professors, all of whom you'll love, lend tremendous support. (Feb.)

BEDTIME STORY—Columbia: Loretta Young, Broadway star who wants to retire, is forced to divorce her playboy husband, Fredric March, and marry banker. Allyn Joslyn, but Fredric interrupts her honeymoon much to Joslyn's embarrassment and Loretta's amusement. Robert Benchley and Joslyn are killingly funny and Fredric and Loretta are at their best. (March)

BLUES IN THE NIGHT—Warners: An odd, sultry, quirky somber picture, this, set to the throbbing music of Jimmy Lunceford's band and telling of a small Southern dance band that finds a hero in a lost young man. Francis Lammers is a fine actor. With Betty Field. (Feb.)

BUDGE SOUNDS, THE—M-G-M: A bananza in which Wallace Beery fails is this story of a hardboiled Army sergeant who is forced to turn his regiment into a tank outfit. He is finally discharged from the Army and falls in with a band of saboteurs. Dietrich is superb, but mature enough to handle the role. With Marjorie Main as his sentimental sidekick, and Lewis Stone. (March)

CADET GIRL—20th Century-Fox: George Montgomery is a West Pointer who falls in love with Carole Landis, singer with his brother's orchestra. They decide to marry even though it means George's expulsion from the school. But the brother tries to bring Cadet Montgomery to his senses. Good music, good looks and special bits of acting keep the picture lively. (Feb.)

CHOCOLATE SOLDIER, THE—M-G-M: The big news of this gay song fest is Rita Stevens, who becomes Nelson Eddy's singing partner in this chuckle-bidden story. Eddy gives his best performance as the married opera star who leads the revolt of his capricious wife, Miss Stevens, by pretending to be a Bandleader. The music is out of this world. (Feb.)

CONFIRM OR Deny—20th Century-Fox: Au蹼ue the dynamic head of an American news service in London that attempts to keep open business despite the bombings, with Joan Bennett as the English girl employed by the service, John Loder, Raymond Walburn, Roddy McDowall, and Arthur Lake caught up in the scramble. It's firecracker fare. (Feb.)

CORISCAN BROTHERS, THE—Edward Small—U.A.: Glamorous—make-believe, with romance, thrills, revenge and swordplay galore, with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. playing twin sons of a Cretan family who have been reared as babies and then come together to set out on their deed of revenge. Ruth Warwick is the beautiful heroine who must be rescued from Akim Tamiroff. (March)

DESIGN FOR SCANDAL—M-G-M: Rosalind Russell's beauty and charm as the female judge is the undoing of nervous photographer Walter Pidgeon. When he tries to outwit her in a scandal at the instigation of his boss, Edward Arnold, who wants his alimony reduced, Lee Bowman and Mary Beth Hughes get caught up in the nonsense that proves entertaining fun. (Feb.)

DOWN MEXICO WAY—Republic: When Gene Autry discovers his townfolk have been gypped by a band of crooks, he tries right over into Mexico to round up the varmints. Roy Mackenzie is pretty and talented as Gene's new leading lady and Smiley Burnette is right in there picking. One of the best of the Autry pictures. (Jan.)

CHIN UP, COSTELLO! Mr. Abbott overlooks Mr. Costello who is going soft on him in Universal's "Ride 'Em Cowboy!"
HOSPITAL and to killer steals Victor It's laxes frame a masterpiece by le town Paul performances. it's a delightful. former movie ller young KATHLEEN—interrupt beautiful a embodied. ill knockout PULHAM, a well e eltid. Is kildare's HELLZAPOPPIN' Dumbo, anemic "Thin is off to in him love Ann Vera Moore. That's one-check for the Academy Award playing into a glamour girl and she's id murdered, Mature and Carol's sister, Betty is, become suspects and are relentlessly pur by menacing detective Laird Cregar. It's a moving, suspenseful picture. (Jan.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY—20th Century-Fox. When Victor Mature, Alan Mowbray and Aileen Jolynn turn from Carole Landis into a glamour girl and she's id murdered, Mature and Carol's sister, Betty is, become suspects and are relentlessly pur by menacing detective Laird Cregar. It's a moving, suspenseful picture. (Jan.)

INTERNATIONAL LADY—Edward Small U.A. This boy, Dinza Massey leads a large. Event the F.B.I. and Basil Rathbone of Scotland Yard make chase from London to Lisbon to America, the two men attempt to find a gang of thieves, two detectives are charming and witty and it is delightful. (Jan.)

JOAN OF PARIS—RKO Radio. Dealing with attempts of five British flyers to get out of prison and back to England, this is a thrilling, genuine picture that provides fine entertainment. Paul Henreid takes refuge in the room of the Marcon, a young bardian, and she, with the help of Thomas Mitchell, helps the flyers escape. Henreid and Michele give touching, superb performances. (March)

JOHNNY EAGER—MGM: Bob Taylor has a knockkout performance as the conscience-killing, who after framing society girl Lana into believing he has killed a man, falls in with her. Van Heflin as his only true friend at steals the show. It's tremendous. (March)

KATHLEEN—MGM: Shirley Temple as a is a better little actress than ever before. She and the lovely, motherless child of Herbert Mar and schemes to have her father marry Lorraine's child (psychologist) rather than Gail Patrick, whom she disapproves. The story radiates good love and charm. (Feb.)

KIM FLYING—Universal: Those funny Bob Abbott and Lou Costello, are given a ga amic story in one. Despite the story boys rare cheers and several of them are sure laugh getters. Carol Bruce and Duck are former the picture for romance and in Raye plays twin sisters. (Feb.)

PULHMA PURCHASE—Paramount. Fun music and beauty in this comedy that wraps around the intriguing personalities of Bob Vera Zorina and Victor Moore. When Victor Moore investigates the activities of Bob, who's the butt of four crooks, Bob to frame him into compromising situations Zorina. (Feb.)

MALTESE FALCON, THE—Warners: It is one of the best mystery pictures since the "Thin Man" and a masterpiece of well

VERONICA LAKE Currently starred in "SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS" Paramount picture

THEY'RE SMART AMERICA'S Choice

Paris Fashion Shoes Fifth Avenue Styles

$3 to $4

NOTE: We are gladly cooperating with the govern ment's desire to conserve paper and will not issue a Spring Style Book.

All man made shoes are

BURG LUSTER LINED

Yarn manufactured by United States Rubber Co.
**THE NEW WAY TO ALL-DAY FACE GLAMOUR!**

"Start right!" Every time you put on fresh makeup, try this modern way to make it "stay-put." Start with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP, the perfectly bleached powder and-powder-base in one. It's non-greasie... goes on smoothly... hides complexion lines and blemishes... banishes nose shine.

Dazzle the staq-line, too! Use it on back, shoulders and arms for evening wear.

Take less than a minute to apply, yet keeps your skin fresh, radiant and velvety smooth. *Stays on for hours,* eliminating frequent re-powdering.

Use MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP as a powder base or complete makeup... costs less to the greater loveliness this "new way to all-day face glamour" gives you, in one of its 5 flattering shades.

**More women use MINER'S than any other LIQUID MAKE-UP! Buy it! Try it! You'll love it!**

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I enclose 3c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miner's Liquid Make-Up FREE!

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Peach | Richelle | Brunette | Suntan | Hawaiian

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**PROMOPLATE combined with MOTIE WITT**
Close Ups and Long Shots

Continued from page 4) their country re Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, eslie Howard, Richard Greene, David lven, Robert Donat, Clive Brook and any another . . . yet these stars are not irely lost, professionally, to their pub- . . . England not only lets them come ack to do a job of acting every little ile but actually regards these ap- earances as essential to public morale . . . observing this, our government has it be known that any time that lllywood has to have its enlisted per- sonalities back, unless we are in an tual state of siege . . . these personal- ities will be immediately available. . . . Nevertheless, Hollywood is having to oten its production belt . . . as for stance, you don't suppose it was sheer ident that made the big number in bies On Broadway" be a barn dance, ith Mickey Rooney clad in overalls nd Judy Garland in gingham against a eckground that was mostly straw? . . . ear ago that number might just as ell have been "A Dream Of Old Ver- lles" but not today . . . velvet costs o much . . . jewels, even phony paste wels, cost too much . . . clothes de- signing costs too much . . . the garden ts would have cost too much . . . but it st almost nothing at all to put a lot kids in overalls . . . and the fun is just sharp . . .

ND fun we most certainly will be get- ing . . . fun and music, or even fun music . . . by one of its lucky acci- ents, movietown only this past year soved the really keen way to record ung hands on the screen, but having soved it, you may expect the whole of the hot lick maestros . . . cur- nitly Tommy Dorsey is working . . . and arlie Barnet . . . and Wingy Mard- . . . and Kay Kyser . . . while only the ally dramatic people will have to look their laurels . . . Hollywood does feel t Mr. Charles Boyer will have to then up a bit . . . and as for Garbo . . . is, poor Garbo . . . after that campaign at said, "Garbo Talks" . . . then "Garbo ughs" . . . and "Garbo Rhumbs". . . . Hollywood now secretly entitles "Two- ed Woman". "Garbo Flops." . . . Smartly, both Katharine Hepburn and sencer Tracy are out in a comedy Wman Of The Year" and very magnifi- nt, too, if you ask me . . . and if the scene I sat on the set and watched any criterion, Claudette Colbert and el Mcrea are going to have the zany of their lives in "The Palm Beach iry" . . .

Good news, isn't it? . . . good to know ell literally, have somebody making laugh, when our day's work and ou r work is done . . . and I think it is assuring that, no matter what, Holly- wood is still Hollywood . . . as, for ins- nce, in the cases of Ava Gardner and ana Lewis . . .

Do you know how ambitious those two tiny young things are? . . . they are illy both so talented, too . . . and so ny companies are after each of them but M-G-M has them under contract d M-G-M says no.

Know why? . . . they don't want "Mrs. key Rooney" or "Mrs. William Powell" ring in rival pictures to Mr. Mickey boy or Mr. William Powell, that's sart, isn't it? . . . and typically Holly- wood, isn't it? . . . and isn't it good p that as well as the great big things democracy's surviving, crazy, silly ngs like Hollywood politics survive, since it's just those silly things uring that let us keep on laughing . . .

“MY SHINING HOUR?
I’ve 24 a day!”

JOAN BENNETT, star of the Edward Small picture

“TWIN BEDS,” says: “A movie star has to keep up the illusion that teeth just never grow dull or tarnished . . . That’s easier than you may think, with such a high-polish powder as CALOX for daily care.”

“ONCE YOU LEARN the tricks of perfect grooming, the idea is to stick by them re- ligiously. I even keep an extra can of CALOX in my travel case—lest I forget.”

EVEN DAYS a crowded day for movie stars. CALOX cleans brilliantly and quickly—due to a superbly efficient formula that contains free 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 mesh silk screens. Contains no harsh abrasives.

3. FRESH TASTING—no strong medicinal taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

MCKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Editor's Note: It was heart-warming to read the number of letters received as tributes to Carole Lombard by Photoplay-Movie Mirror. So sincere were they all, we found it difficult to choose this single one for publication.

$10.00 PRIZE
Carole Lombard

SHE left a trail of laughter when she walked
Across this world which needs a laugh so much.
She did not care when pompous people talked
About her lack of dignity and such.
For while her work was make-believe, pretense
Could never touch her gallant, generous heart
And she was quick to help her flag's defense
And glad to know that she could do her part.
She did not wear a uniform, it's true,
But she died none the less for freedom's sake.
You men shot down at Guam and Oahu,
Ghosts of the Philippines, Midway, and Wake,
Admit another soldier to your troop
For she should march through time with your brave group!
Ruth Arundel Percy,
Oreland, Pa.

$5.00 PRIZE
South America's Favorite Star
PAUL MUNI is a great star, specially with a bear; Charles Boyer is an extra-special lover in spite of his hair.
They have brains, good figure, etc., but they always do the same kind of role. When somebody has to punch

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York City, N.Y.

some other body on the nose, you can be sure to have MacMurray, Grant, Gable. When somebody has to be a thief or a G-Man, there is always Cagney, Raft or Edward G. Robinson. When the hero must be a shyster, fellow with a great, warm and charming heart, they have Cooper and Stewart ready for the part. Why the picture is about fencing or fighting, W.B. is ready with Flynn, Paramount with Ray Milland or Tyrone Power, gets a plane at T. Century Fox. Why . . . and so on. I could fill this page with facts.

But there is a star, the number one for us, whose roles have been always so different and always so well done. He has been the blind, the old drunk, the good fellow, the dashing lover or a big reporter, the terrible gangster or a ugly monster, the good priest; everything. And through twelve years in the movies, I've seen more than thirty pictures starring him and always he did a good job.

I'm speaking of Fredric March, the handsomest, greatest and most clever star in the movie industry.

In my opinion Mr. March deserves the Academy Award and deserves too, the best roles in his next picture. Give him Vivien Leigh for a tragic, Roz Russell for a comedy. Give him Capra or Hitchcock for directing. Give him historic roles (Columbus, Byron, Bolivar, etc.). Give him romantic (Continued on page 1)
Your fingers will be as lovely as jewels; and this polish "stays on" amazingly

You'll love Dura-Gloss, for it is no ordinary nail polish. Perhaps you've wondered why you hear so much about it, why so many have adopted it. Well, Dura-Gloss is made with a special ingredient—CHRYSTALLYNE®!

Perfected through laboratory research, Chrystallyne is a magnificent resin that (1) imparts exceptional powers of adhesion, and (2) jewel-like sparkle and brilliance to Dura-Gloss. This wonderful substance is the reason Dura-Gloss resists ugly "peeling," and "fraying," so stubbornly day after day. Why it radiates sparkling gloss, luster, life! Dura-Gloss will make your nails a king's ransom in jewels . . . good enough to be kissed . . . brilliant, beautiful, lovely—at all cosmetic counters.

It's DURA-GLOSS for the most beautiful fingernails in the world.
ALL THIS...
AND GRABLE TOO...

BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE

in
SONG of the ISLANDS

in TECHNICOLOR!

SONGS
by Gordon and Owens
"SING ME A SONG OF THE ISLANDS"
"DOWN ON AMI, AMI" ONI, ONI "CAKEL"
"O'BRIEN WAS GONE HAWAIIAN"
"WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUSIN"
"BLUE SHADOWS AND WHITE GARDENIAS"
"MALUNA, MALOLO HAWAENA"

with
Thomas Mitchell • George Barbier
Billy Gilbert • Hilo Hattie
Harry Owens and his Royal Hawaiians

Directed by WALTER LANG
Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON
Original Screen Play by Joseph Schron, Robert Pirsh, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Lyrics and Music by Mack Gordon and Harry Owens

Coming soon!

HENRY FONDA • GENE TIERNEY
Keep 'Em Laughing with Their Loving

Rings on her Fingers

with LAIRD CREGAR

22
Reviewing Movies of the Month

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

**Woman of the Year (M-G-M)**

It's About: The matrimonial struggles of a brilliant writer and her reporter husband.

HE struggle of Hepburn to beat Tracy at his own game of speaking in an undertone results in an almost old-time silent film. Half the dialogue is inaudible—or at least it's the night we witnessed the film. Occasionally Hepburn lapses into a coy attitude that seems completely out of character.

Now, with the faults discussed, I'll talk about the good things, for there are many. Katie is a young withy Thompson, a linguist, writer and columnist of note who falls in love and marries sports writer Spencer Tracy. Katie loves Spencer so wrapped up in her own affairs she delegates her marriage to second place and Spence is not the guy play second-fiddle to a woman's bright mind and bright career. So he leaves her, and Miss Hepburn, with a son learned, must work fast to get him back.

It's gay, smart, light, funny and a on the message side as well. Tracy and Hepburn are quite a team. Bainter is very good in a rare bit.

Your Reviewer Says: It should pack in.

**The Lady Has Plans (Paramount)**

It's About: A radio war correspondent who is mistaken for a spy.

IT'S a honey of an idea, this of a young woman spy who has secret American plans tattooed on her back in invisible ink. Arrangements are made to send the young woman on the Clipper to Portugal as Sidney Royce, an American radio correspondent. Those plans are wrecked and the real Miss Royce, played by Paulette Goddard, sails for Lisbon and is met by surprises of all kinds. First, Ray Milland, a news correspondent, who had expected a man assistant, resents her sex, of all things.

Next, the attempts of Roland Young, British operative, and Albert Dekker, German spy, to see the epidermis of Miss Goddard, where the plans are supposed to be, are bewildering to the innocent girl but hilariously funny to the audience.

Altogether this clever mixture of farce and drama is quite a little dish. Paulette is beautiful and capable and Milland better than we've ever known him to be. Margaret Hayes is so chic to cheek as the real spy.

Your Reviewer Says: A triple threat: Comedy, drama, romance.

(Continued on page 106)

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For complete casts of current pictures see Page 113
Attention!

THIS is a story about a pretty girl and a motorcycle policeman. The little heroine was on her way to Hollywood when she was stopped by the lawful hero who proceeded to ask her where she was coming from, where she was going and where she had been born. Since she had not been speed- ing, she was a bit disconcerted by all this "where's," but being a very smart young gal, she looked up at him, batted her eyelashes in a tried and true way and proceeded to answer his questions calmly.

Whereupon, without even asking to see her papers, he took one good look and then drove away happily—in the manner of all motorcycle policemen who stop pretty girls who know how to use their eyes.

Comes the denouement—the girl was Michele Morgan, who has startled Hollywood and you in "Joan Of Paris." The motorcycle policeman was on duty watching for uncredited people crossing the Mexican border. If it hadn't been for the eyelashes, there might well have been a situation, because while Michele's status here is completely legal, she was not born in this country, which fact, in wartime, can get an innocent little French girl into a lot of red tape.

So the moral is that the eye can always turn the trick, whether it be with a bluecoat or any other uniform.

Shoulder Arms!

Eye your dressing table well and choose the arms for prettying up your eyes carefully.

You'll employ tweezers lightly, using them just to pluck out stray hairs that spoil the natural line. Because lights sometimes play tricks and make pretty brows look choppy, you'll use a pencil every day in this subtle way—just pencil a thin line at the line of the lashes on the upper lids. It will make your eyes look larger.

You'll smooth a little cream into your lashes and then use the curler, your eyelashes will really curl enticingly upwards and stay that way.

The Order of the Day:

The order of these days is activity; you're going to be reading a lot of headlines, doing a lot of war work, using your eyes extensively. So you'll rest them often. Before the day is over you'll take a few moments out to place a drop of a reliable eye lotion in each eye and then lie down relaxed with cotton pads soaked in the lotion over your eyes. You'll get up with sparkling and alert eyes, on the authority of Michele Morgan, who claims: "I'm delighted with the restful effects of cotton pads saturated with a special eye lotion. It is so good for the spirits when tired . . . and it brightens the eyes again, too!"

Halt!

Catch yourself up short and cure yourself all wrong if you:

Go out with your eyes looking strained and red from crying. (A good trick is to cover the lids lightly with a shadow to hide all traces.)

Do everything to your eyes at once so that they look obviously made up.

Look into your glass or cup when you're drinking; every woman knows she can make eyes most effective over a teacup.

Forward March!

Step out an assured lady if you know that there are products on the market to cover every kind of eye problem. As, for instance, if you have sparse eyelashes, you won't sit down and cry, you'll buy yourself a trick little box with some false eyelash that are so easily applied and result in some momentous results.

Know that blue mascara is good for any color lashes under artificial lights.

Know that shadow deepens your eyes at night. If your upper lid is puffy you'll use dark shadow; if you hollow you'll choose a light shade.

Know that your eyes are the feature that is best remembered. Make the up carefully, then march forwad equipped to win any battle.

BY GLORIA MACK

Eyes right!

Whether you look left or right, be sure your eyes are right—these tips tell how.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MMir
Now Hair Can Be Far More Alluring
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Amazing hair conditioner now in improved
Special Drene Shampoo brings new glamour to hair!

Have you discovered yet how much more
damaging even the simplest hair-do looks—
after a shampoo with improved Special Drene?
That amazing hair conditioner now in Special
Drene makes the most terrible difference! It
leaves the hair far silker, smoother... easier
to comb into smooth, sleek neatness... easier
to arrange!

No wonder improved Special Drene, with
hair conditioner in it, is sweeping the coun-
try... thrilling girls everywhere!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Fea! In addition to the extra beauty benefits
that amazing hair conditioner, Special
Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre
than even the finest soaps or liquid soap
shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shan-
ppo, so it never leaves any dulling film, as all
shampoos do! Hair washed with Special Drene
sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with
lustrous, natural color.

Unsuspected for removing dandruff!
Are you bothered about removal of ugly,
unattractive dandruff? You won't be when you sham-
ppoo with Drene! For Drene removes ugly
dandruff the very first time you use it!

And besides, Drene does something no soap
shampoo can do—not even those claiming to
be special "dandruff removers"! Drene reveals
extra highlights, extra color brilliance... up to
33% more lustre!

So to get these extra beauty benefits, don't
wait to try improved Special Drene! Get a
bottle of this real beauty shampoo this very
day at any toilet goods counter—or ask your
beauty operator to use it!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by
using soaps or liquid soap-shampoos
—which always leave a dulling film
that dims the natural luster and
color brilliance! Use Drene—the
beauty shampoo with the exclusive
patented cleansing ingredient which
cannot leave a clouding film! Instead,
it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

All Special Drene now at dealers' in the
blue and yellow package is improved
Special Drene with Hair Conditioner Added
and is for every type of hair... no mat-
ter whether dry, oily, normal! Don't wait
to try new, improved Special Drene—
or ask your beauty operator to use it.

DATE with a Nutty Flavor: Ever hear of an "atonement" date? Well, Ginger Rogers is going to have one with Jean Gabin.

It seems when Ginger and Jean first met, he asked her for a dinner date. But the catch to the evening was that he had not yet mastered the English language. His entire vocabulary consisted of "please," "thank you" and "steak and green salad"—which phrases ordinarily constitute no part of an admirer's compliments to his lady companion.

Now comes the denouement. It seems that Jean has since been working hard to repair the conversational damages of that first date. "All the time I am learning English I have made a point of remembering what should be said to a lovely lady across a dinner table," Jean told us. "Now I am ready for the—" he hesitated a minute "—the return engagement."

Maybe this atonement idea is a good one for couples who didn't hit it off so well first time. Let old Cal know if you ever try it out. Meanwhile, we'll try to discover how the Ginger-Jean second round came out.

Hollywood Is Talking About: The grave illness of Robert Donat in London . . . the dignity of the Mickey Rooney-Ava Gardner nuptials and the sincere tribute paid by stars and studio bigwigs to Mickey at his stag dinner . . . Mickey's touching toast to his wife, drunk in water . . . the amazing overboard taste of Diet-rich who appeared at a local cafe wearing long black gloves with red nails painted on the finger tips . . . the closing of Ciro's, famous night club . . . Warner Brothers' air-raid shelters . . . Chester Morris's stunt of borrowing $20 from all his friends and returning the loan in defense stamps . . .

Radiant new Dreamflower shades don't simply match your skin—but tinge it with alluring dream-girl color magic!

Tender new Dreamflower smoothness suffuses your face with an angelic, clinging "soft-focus" finish . . .

Dainty new Dreamflower box—all garlanded with miniature dream blossoms!

Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is ideal! I haven't found a powder with more luxurious texture—or lovelier shades—at any price. And the box is adorable!

WHITNEY BOURNE

Free—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades

POND'S, Dept. EMMR, Chatsworth, Conn.

I want to see how the new Dreamflower shades and smoothness make my skin look lovelier. Will you please send me FREE samples of all 6 Dreamflower shades?

Name__________________________
Address__________________________
City__________________________

(Tell offer good in U.S. only)
Stars' Stars

ANY movie stars are still incredulous of the admiration and fascination interest which we fans feel toward them they can find the answer today in Washington. Yes, the stars have their stars too, and are as adoringly admiring as any wide-eyed fan.
The stars' stars are national figures like General and Mrs. Marshall, Stephen Early, Archibald MacLeish, Lord d'Lady Halifax, Paul McNutt and, most especially, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.

Take the incident of the match covers. It happened when I was in Washington during the celebration of the President's birthday. At the White House luncheon attended by such stars as Dorothy Lamour, Brenda Marshall, Bill Holden, Patricia Morison, Mickey Rooney and others, each guest found at the side of his plate a packet of matches with the initials F. D. R. engraved on the cover. Immediately each one pocketed this prized souvenir. One of the guests who had failed to obtain hers was bewailing the fact to her escort at dinner that night. A gentleman overheard and stopped at her table on the way to leave. He said, "I couldn't help overhear what you were saying. We can't let anyone leave Washington unhappy." Whereupon he handed her one of the coveted match covers he left. The gentleman was Marvin McIntyre, one of the presidential secretaries.

Recently there was a command performance for the President of "Watch On The Rhine," the Broadway hit in which Paul Lukas gives one of the greatest stage performances in many seasons. At the White House dinner which preceded the play all the guests were required to find in their invitations to the Secret Service attendant.

Lukas begged to be allowed to keep his, but the attendant very apologetically explained that that was impossible. As Mr. Lukas told me sadly later, "I have traveled ten thousand miles—from Budapest to Hollywood to Broadway and back—I have worked all my life just for this moment—and then I couldn't keep the invitation!" At my laughing suggestion that he write about it to Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Lukas replied: "I think I will write to her, but not about that. I'm going to ask her to get me an autographed photograph of the President. Do you think I have a chance of getting it?" No fan asking how to obtain a photograph of his favorite star could have looked more eager than Paul Lukas did at that moment.

THE evening of the President's birthday, Mrs. Roosevelt cut the birthday cake and each of the visiting celebrities was offered a piece. Did the stars eat the cake? No. They wrapped their slices eagerly in papers and handkerchiefs—to keep as souvenirs. Dorothy Lamour even obtained an extra piece, for her mother.

At the reception presided over by General Cox and at the broadcast later in the evening in the President's study where Stephen Early asked Robert Montgomery to introduce the stars to the President, all the famous Hollywood visitors evidenced the same hero worship that they have seen in us and perhaps only now fully understand.

Many times I've heard a movie fan say, "Why she's just like anybody else—so human!" Yet it was charming little Michele Morgan, now creating such a furor in "Joan Of Paris," who said of the stars' greatest star, Mr. Roosevelt: "Does he really speak to actors?"

Well, the stars' stars are ours too. And now we know that fame, whether it is in the theater, in politics, in the Army and Navy, doesn't change one essential fact: The stars are just people.

Ernest V. Hehn
What the loss of Carole Lombard means to

CLARK GABLE

It came to him as a sudden realization—how his road must lead from now on. This was the way she'd have wanted it and this is the way it must be.

GABLE was working on that fateful afternoon of January 16, 1942. He felt wonderful about it. He'd had a five months lay-off since the completion of "Honky Tonk," the longest vacation he'd experienced since his first real click in 1931. It was swell to be back and he liked the new picture. It was called "Somewhere I'll Find You."

Gable had also, that afternoon, finished up his sixth day of separation from Carole Lombard, the longest time they two had been parted since that flashing night in 1936 when they'd met at the white Mayfair ball and fallen hilariously in love. Now it was keen to be getting Carole back again. He had not known, until they went through that Monday-to-Friday stretch, how intensely he could miss her.

He was mighty proud of that vivid wife of his. She had been over in her home town of Indianapolis, selling defense bonds for what she, typically, called "the best damned land there is." And had she sold them! She'd hit the town in a blaze of glamour and nicked it for some $2,017,513 worth of patriotism.

Ever since the war began, he and Carole had been restless. Carole was really the family thinker. He was the natural doer and he'd had some lousy moments since the studio had told him that he simply could not enlist. He couldn't talk about it generally. It looked like publicity stuff to let it be known (Continued on page 30)
They had to do a lot of talking to dissuade him from joining up. Even when they had wished Lowell Mellett, out from Washington, on him and Mellett had said that Gable's real job was to provide entertainment, keep up morale by his comedy and his dame appeal, plus paying his gigantic taxes, he'd been only half-persuaded. Now Carole had scooped him on the bond-selling, but she'd also shown him the way he, too, could work for the government.

A publicity man stuck his head in at the Gable dressing-room door. "Ready to go to the airport?" he asked.

"And how!" Gable said. "Drive over with me, will you?"

The publicity man's name was Larry Barbier and like everyone else at M-G-M, straight from the lowest grip to Louis B. Mayer, there wasn't anything he wouldn't delight in doing for Gable. So, of course, he went to the airport and, on arriving there, he suggested the star stay in his car until he, Barbier, found out just when the plane was to arrive.

Thus it was that Larry was the first person at M-G-M to sense the tragedy that had happened against the wild sides of Table Mountain in Nevada.

Not that the airport officials told him the truth. They themselves didn't know it then, but they were evasive about where the plane was, when it was due to come in. Larry knew something was wrong, so, stalling for time, he went outside again to Gable in the car.

"Plane had to make an unexpected stop at Las Vegas," he said. "Looks like they'll be at least an hour and a half late. Why don't you go out to the ranch and the moment I get any definite news about its arrival I'll call you and you can hop right over."

"Fine," said Gable. "I'll go home and work up a few more gags."

---

**Carole Lombard's Greatest Wish**

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

CAROLE LOMBARD'S own words prove that the tragedy which leaves Hollywood stunned and sorrowful consummated her greatest wish.

In three old notebooks of mine can be read that wish. Scrawled in shorthand are her words the day she ordered the blanket of gardenias for Russ Columbo's coffin, in September 1934: "I can't say anything, except that—maybe—if it had to happen—it did when Russ was happy. The poor fellow had waited so long for a real chance—and—well—when this—this happened . . . he had the taste of success in his mouth. He was—well—picked in full bloom. That's the way I hope it will be with me . . . I don't want to just wait . . . and wait . . . But don't use this in Russ's story."

I didn't.

Scrawled in another notebook, not long after Will Rogers flew into the horizon with Wiley Post, are Carole's words: "How many of us in Hollywood can hope to go out like that—doing something worth while—not just outliving our usefulness. What better end than serving right to the last minute—then stepping out, leaving friends to complete our unfinished business?"

And, according to the pothooks in a notebook full of passing thoughts Carole and I were once trying to form into a magazine editorial, she said: "Jean (Harlow) had it—a humanness that makes your passing leave a void no one can ever quite fill. If I had that, the other fellow could have the Oscars."

I remember that I looked at her and marveled. For to me—and to all Hollywood—Lombard spilled humanness with every step—like a man carrying a brimming pail. She just couldn't hold in her gaiety; laughter, friendliness and camaraderie got out of hand to drench unsuspecting bystanders. For Carole was inclusive, not exclusive. Her tempo was a perpetual challenge to gloom.

Of course everyone in Hollywood knows (Continued on page 79)

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That was already an old family custom with Clark and Carole. When ever they were separated for even day, they gave each other present strictly goofy ones, strictly for laugh like the ham she had originally set him when he was courting her, or the cast-iron, life-sized statue of him she had sent her. Now he had given nook of the ranch house loaded wit such nonsense gifts and he could fairly hear the hoots of robust laughter that she would yip forth at sight of them.

It was an hour later that Larry phoned him and told him to come over to the airport quick. Larry didn't add that meantime he'd engaged transport plane to fly to Nevada so that he'd rounded up Eddie Mannix, the vice-president of Metro, and Dr. Mcllwaine, a Metro publicity man who just happened to be dining at the airport, and that Howard Strickland, the M-G-M publicity head and one of Gable's closest friends, was specking toward the airport, too.

The most popular man in the mov world got gaily into his car and turned on his radio to a record station.

He wanted (Continued on page 6)
Only one or two of the Paynes’ closest friends knew of the crisis they were hiding.

**Love, Honor and Good-By**

In their own words, Anne Shirley and John Payne tell of the singular situation that broke up their marriage, candid words that are a forewarning to young couples everywhere.

BY SARA HAMILTON

Hollywood’s foremost young couple, secure in their love, their careers, their futures. Or so we believed. So quietly did this pair of thoroughbreds keep hidden from the world the growing rift that lasted well over a year before the final break that only one or two of their closest friends knew of its existence.

Their married life was something held so sacred by both Anne and John they made a pact that neither would discuss it with the press. “I’m superstitious about it,” Anne said. Everyone respected their wishes. They didn’t need to speak of their life together. We had eyes, didn’t we? We knew contentment and love and happiness when we saw it, didn’t we?

Well, it seems not.

We know you’ll appreciate the fact that these two who so closely guarded their marriage have consented to tell the story of their broken home only to the readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. It cost them no little pain, as you can imagine. If there had been anger, bitterness or sensational charges, it would have been easier for these two to pour out their hearts. There is no anger. There is no bitterness. There are no sensational charges. (Continued on page 70)
The little star who married the prize catch of Hollywood: Joan Fontaine of Fox's "This Above All"
MISS FONTAINE strode into her luxurious dressing room from the set of “This Above All,” wearing the blue uniform and black stockings of the Women's Auxiliary Corps of Britain. She had just attended a luncheon in a hospital, suffering from a fractured skull, with his arm hanging in the balance. Her rich maid had set the table—your correspondent had a luncheon engagement with Joan. She telephoned her husband, Brian Aherne, as she initiatly does on leaving the set. She had nothing important to tell him except that she loved him very much, words lovers use—those unsaid, tender, intimate words. When they were separated during the day, she always worked in one studio and he at another, or one toiling before the camera, the other resting at home, they tell each other by telephone what they are doing, what has happened since their last conversation. It's obvious that mentally they are always together. They seem to live in a perpetual honeymoon, after three years of married life.

Replacing the receiver on the hook, she turned to me. “Brian says this morning another letter arrived from London, from somebody who has seen our names on one of the two ambulances we've donated to England. We've also built an air-raid shelter. We get many letters of thanks,” she added with a note of justifiable pride.

We talked about the war, of the people dying every day on the battlefields of the Far East, Africa, Russia. This led to a discussion of the philosophy of life and death. A misty, faraway look came into her blue-gray eyes. “When I go...” she mused. Presently her earnest, delicate face brightened with a smile. “I'd like to take with me the view of Santa Clara Valley from the window of my room, when I was a child—a sickly one, without playmates, living in a dream world of my own. Santa Clara Valley in the spring. Watching a hummingbird poised exquisitely in the sunlit air over a rose bush—listening to the merry chirrup of birds—gazing out upon a white panorama of blossoming trees under an intensely blue sky, with a hazy rim of mountains in the distance.” She took a deep breath. “This same scene in the
moonlight, when I lay in bed and thought of a boy I had met in school. Oh, I had a terrific crush on him!

"I was about seven when I first met him, and for ten years my dreams revolved around him. I was madly in love with him. I trembled when he entered the room and had suicidal thoughts when he was away. He hated me. I could never bring myself to tell him how I felt about him. I used to pray every night, 'Dear God, please let him marry me, please, for I love him so!'" She burst out laughing.

"A girl can never forget her first love. He was the light of my life. When I was going to graduate from grammar school I was chosen as the heroine of our school play and he was to be the hero. At last my opportunity had arrived! But he refused to play with me, with any girl. It was all sissy stuff, he said contemptuously. He wore an athletic sweater and football was the only thing he liked to play. I was crushed. Oh, but I was miserable!"

She paused a moment.

"I'd like to take with me all the wonders of Christmas Eve when I was a child—we lose them as we grow up. The world was truly a fairyland then and life, it seems, lovelier than mortal life can ever be."

"What's the nicest thing that has ever happened to you?" we asked her. "Outside your marriage," we hastily added, and she smiled quickly back.

"Here's the nicest and most amazing thing that has ever happened to me—before I married. Some years ago I was working at an independent studio and was practically unknown except as the sister of Olivia de Havilland, which, believe me, was a handicap, for it seemed impossible to many that there could be more than one talented girl in a family. I was doing a picture—a quickie—when I was injured on the set. A lamp fell over my head; my skull was open and bleeding. An electrician carried me to his car and took me to the operating room. They couldn't give me an anesthetic and I heard him say, 'I wish I could take it for you.' He was covered all over with my blood. I had never met him, I didn't know who he was—and don't know to this day."

She cast a fond look in the direction of Brian's picture on her dresser and there was again that proud, possessive smile in her eyes, a smile that meant "I'm so lucky!" He was the prize catch of Hollywood when she married him and she is as triumphantly proud of him now as she was then.

"All the happy moments of my adult life have been with Brian," she said dreamily. "My life really began with him. All the unhappiness, illness, frustration I suffered vanished with my marriage. I've had all the love and affection and care any woman could wish—I've lacked nothing—he has given me everything.

"I'd like to take with me everything we've experienced and shared together from the moment I first met him. That puzzled expression of his handsome face when he came through the doorway the day I was playing ping-pong at Palm Springs and, looking around him, asked me, 'Wasn't Miss de Havilland here just now? Olivia de Havilland. I just heard her talking and laughing. Where has she disappeared?'

"Olivia wasn't here,' I said, 'You heard only me."

"He looked at me curiously. 'Are you by any chance her sister Joan?'

"'Yes, I am,' I said.

"Olivia and he had made a picture together, 'The Great Garrick,' and though I had seen him on the screen I had never met him before. We played ping-pong and got acquainted. Then he took me up in his plane. I'd like to take with me that first thrill of being (Continued on page 83)
He never wears an undershirt and thinks loud women the most intolerable of their sex.

He never takes vitamin pills.

He is a pushover for loan-seeking hard-luck stories, and frankly confesses that his greatest weakness is procrastination.

His baptismal name is Earl Stanley Morner but he was dubbed Dennis Morgan by Jack Warner, who thought it a good idea at the time. He was born in Prentice, Wisconsin, on December 20, 1910.

He is still addicted to biting his nails.

He is very fond of raw onions and most frequently uses the phrase, "How's it goin'?"

He is six feet, two inches tall, and is married to a nonprofessional. He attended grammar school at Prentice, high school at Marshfield and Carroll College at Waukesha. His chief boyish diversion was playing cowboys and Indians.

He hates answering letters.

He doesn't like rubber heels, crepe

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

soles, peanut brittle or affected accents. He weighs 195 pounds.

Dennis Morgan is a tenor of no mean accomplishment, plays golf in the seventies, and thinks that success and happiness are not synonymous.

He was known as "Toughy" Morner when he was a boy because he was always getting into fights. He is allergic to boats and always gets seasick.

He and his wife have never had pet names for each other.

He has never been able to grow a mustache.

He likes loose-fitting sport shirts and wishes he had never made a picture called "Mama Steps Out." He could never get interested in checkers, chess or backgammon.

His secret ambition is someday to become a concert singer. He has blue eyes and brown hair, believes that pain and beauty have an equal place in artistic expression, and seldom wears a hat.

His father is Frank E. Morner, lumberman and banker of Wisconsin. He was encouraged in singing by Alexis Baas, vocal teacher at Carroll College, and as a result played numerous leads in college theatricals.

He wears only the jacket of his pajamas when sleeping.

He goes to a Finnish dry bath about once a month.

He finds himself easily depressed over the most trivial things, and has a romantic outlook on life.

He loathes listening to the opera "Rigoletto."

He has no superstitions, dislikes cats, and likes most to listen to John Charles Thomas and Bing Crosby. He thinks belief in fortunetellers is childish.

Dennis Morgan has a habit of squinting in bright sunlight and treasures a .22 automatic rifle which his father gave him as a kid. His favorite parlor game is Indications.

He thinks (Continued on page 92)
Make Up Your Mind

Ever decide something important when you're half asleep?

Well, you should! An amazing new insight from an expert on how to settle problems easily, with the stars—and yourself—as intriguing guinea pigs.

BY DORA ALBER

Official okay goes to Anne Stanley's theory; but watch out for pitfalls in the practice of the

Not so good, is Dr. Marston's verdict on Dorothy Lamour's personal make-up-your-mind method.
THOUGH right or wrong, you’re bound to find
Relief in making up your mind.”
Chatterer the Red Squirrel

That’s the way in which one of Thornton W. Burgess’ charming nature stories begins.
The animals in those stories are famous because they possess characteristics that are so much like human traits. And so when Chatterer the Red Squirrel got into a state of mind where he couldn’t decide whether he should leave the Briar-patch or stay in it, you could be pretty sure that his puzzled, unhappy state of mind reflected that of millions of people who also have difficulty in making decisions.

Shall I marry? Shall I get a divorce? Shall I tell my boss what I really think of him? Shall I leave my family?

Problems like this take up so much of our waking time and people have so much difficulty in making decisions that the offices of all those who attempt to give advice—whether they’re soothsayers, astrologers, psychoanalysts or lovelorn advisers—are usually crowded.

We’re all faced, at one time or another, with difficult decisions. Every single day we have a certain number of decisions to make, some trivial, some important. Authorities say that the patterns of our lives depend on the decisions we make. Some of us worry ourselves sick over difficult decisions. Yet daily, the motion-picture stars are faced with difficult decisions, affecting their careers and their personal lives. How do they make them without succumbing to the jitters?

A group of motion-picture stars told us how they went about the problem of making difficult decisions. Then we went to Dr. William Moulton Marston, the noted psychologist, author of “Try Living,” “March On” and the forthcoming “Blondes, Brunettes And Redheads.” A little over a year ago it was to Dr. Marston that this magazine turned for an answer to the problem, “Should Women Tell Men the Truth?” We knew he’d be equally frank in his analysis of the way in which motion-picture stars make decisions. And he was.

But let’s see first what the stars said for themselves.

Green-eyed hillbilly star Judy Canova—she of “Scatterbrain,” “Sis Hopkins,” “Puddin’head” and now “True To The Army”—said to us, “Whatever decision you make, right or wrong, follow it.”

Judy has been married twice. Her first marriage ended in divorce; and her second marriage, to James H. Ripley, a former Army corporal, was annulled, on the ground that he had deceived Judy and told her lies. When I asked Judy what her most difficult decision had been, she told me it came two years ago, when she decided to get a divorce from her first husband.

“It wasn’t because we got along badly; for that wasn’t the case; but simply because I felt that I couldn’t do justice both to my marriage and my career. In between pictures, I’d rush to New York to be with my husband; nevertheless we could be together only at intervals and I realized I wasn’t getting ahead with my career or doing justice to my marriage. My husband was an insurance broker and his work kept him in New York. If I wanted to be with him, I felt I’d have to quit the movies—and I didn’t want to. I knew that either my marriage or my career would have to go on the rocks and I had worked so hard to achieve my career that I wasn’t willing to sacrifice it. I made up my mind that the only fair thing to do was to get a divorce.

“After the divorce, the deal I’d been planning to make on the Coast fell through and I got a chance to appear in a New York play, ‘Yokel Boy.’ So as things (Continued on page 83)
AND so they were married, and lived happily ever after. This was the end of the story, written in the charming little chapel of St. Mary of the Pines Convent in a sleepy Mississippi town on December 29, as Maureen O'Hara took Will Price to be her wedded husband. But it was an ending that gave promise of great beginnings. For, because of her choice, Maureen has found a completeness the gaudiest glamour girl never will know.

All Hollywood wondered what was to happen to the quiet but steady romance of one of the screen's most promising actresses and the young Southerner with the keen glance and the cheerful grin. The answer came one day not so long ago when Maureen phoned us.

"I am going to announce my engagement to Will Price very soon," she said. "I have the permission of my parents, who as you know live in Ireland, and the blessing of the studio heads. So would you like to come over and really hear all about it first?"

Of course, we said yes. Maureen's companion-secretary, Florence O'Neil, a trim brunette, met us at the door. Maureen herself was radiant.

"I met Will," she said, "when I was making my very first screen test in Hollywood. From now on he'll be the guy whose arm she takes for keeps"

Will Price was Maureen's first date in Hollywood. From now on he'll be the guy whose arm she takes for keeps

"Honestly, I was scared! Yet as I walked onto the sound stage I thought, 'Don't let them see that you are afraid or can be upset!' I met all the men and women in charge of technical matters and among them was an obviously interesting young man who helped me with my dialogue. He put me at my ease and before I could remember my fears I had forgotten all about them. Will has this sort of straightforward friendliness. When I left that day I carried with me the memory of an extremely nice and considerate fellow.

"We saw one another every day, for Will was the dialogue director on the picture. However, don't suppose we fell in love just like that, for we didn't. We both had to work hard. And although we were together on the set the personal element didn't enter into it. Ours is no rash love at first sight.

"About two weeks after the picture started Will asked me if I would like to go with him to the opening of the Hollywood Bowl season. I was delighted to accept. A newcomer to Hollywood is apt to be lonely. We attended with another couple, friends of his whom I found lots of fun. After the concert Will took me home immediately. He didn't suggest supper at a showy (Continued on page 85)
In this famous signature lies the clue to Hollywood's biggest enigma—the fabulous Autry popularity. A "how come" story that gives away an invaluable key to success

By Marian Rhea

A YOUNGSTER aged seven wrote a letter to Gene Autry a few weeks ago—as some 20,000 youngsters and others not so young are in the habit of doing every month of the year. "Dear Gene," he said, "You are one of my three favorite people. The other two are God and Santa Claus..."

So you chuckled at that. You thought it amusing, as indeed it is. Yet, in its small, even ludicrous way, that childish letter is no laughing matter. It is important and significant. It is another unmistakable straw in the wind to show that Gene Autry, six years ago just a pale-haired, soft-spoken cowboy with a Southwestern drawl and a talent (not a very marked talent, either) for singing and strumming a guitar, is just about the biggest thing that has hit Hollywood in many a day!

It is funny, though, how long it took Hollywood to realize this. We knew in a vague way that ever since he licked the daylights out of Republic Studios in that row they had about his salary in 1938, he has been going up and up. We knew he was in the "big ten" at the box office last year. We knew that when he appeared at Madison Square Garden in New York in the fall of 1940 and again in 1941 he upped the "take" some forty per cent above all previous rodeos. We knew he makes thousands of dollars just on commercial tie-ups every year. But, somehow, it wasn't until he appeared among the box office's "big ten" again in 1941 that we actually began to take him seriously. We expected Mickey Rooney to be on the list. Ditto Clark Gable and Tyrone Power. They were Big Stars. Their pictures were always Major Productions. But Gene Autry, the Oklahoma cowboy who doesn't claim to be the world's prize stunt rider, the singer who can't sing so terribly well, the guitarist who isn't such a much, the actor who never acts because he can't—well, he had done it again! Who, we asked ourselves, wonderingly, would have thought it?

Still, as you begin to analyze this engaging enigma, Gene Autry's success is not so inexplicable. You begin to see this: that in his quiet way, for twenty-four hours of the day, Gene Autry is a showman; that in more ways than one he has given you who are his public your money's worth!

Time was when most of Hollywood's great were (Continued on page 77)
THE MAGNIFICENT AMBERSONS

This is what can happen when a man born on the right side of the tracks is not, even in the face of love, wise enough to forget that fact.

As Isabel presented each newcomer to her son and heard his correctly formal greeting she felt faint with pride. She sensed in his manner only courtesy and graciousness; she was deaf to the undertone of condescension, unconscious of the arrogance which had left Midland, when George was only a child, to brand him as a "conceited spoiled young-one who would get his come-uppance someday" and totally unaware that it was the power of the Amberson name and affection for herself rather than regard for George which tonight was filling the house with guests.

One guest was late and as time went by Isabel found herself wondering unhappily if Eugene Morgan had decided, after all, not to attend. He had been away from Midland for—switly, Isabel's mind went back along the years. Why, it was more than twenty of them since she had sent him out of her life. They had been so young then—young and very much in love. Though perhaps, she reflected wryly, their love had not been tempered with very much (Continued on page 46)

**Fiction version by LEE PENNINGTON**

A Mercury Production, produced and directed by Orson Welles. Released by RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc. Screen play by Orson Welles. Based upon the novel by Booth Tarkington.

The Amberson mansion—the white, elaborately porticoed Amberson mansion—had been the scene of the most magnificent entertaining in Midland, but the reception given there one cold and snowy night in 1904 surpassed everything that had gone before. For George Amberson Minafer, the son of Wilbur and Isabel Amberson Minafer, had reached his nineteenth birthday and the celebration in honor of this tall and handsome young man who would, someday, inherit the Amberson wealth was in keeping with the importance of the event.

The house—Wilbur and Isabel had always made their home with Isabel's father, old Major Amberson—was brilliantly lighted; only recently Major Amberson had replaced kerosene lamps with gas which now was reflected from hundreds of glass pendants in chandeliers and wall brackets. The spacious high-ceilinged rooms were crowded, the women's colorful satins and towering, jewel-accented pompadours contrasted by the severe black and white of their escorts' evening garb. In the library, behind a miniature forest of potted palms, an orchestra played softly and in the ballroom which covered the top floor a second orchestra played for those who wished to dance. Carriages in which Midland society had arrived lined the driveway and beyond the carriages, even beyond the circle of light from the house, were other guests—uninvited, unwanted guests, drawn by fabulous stories of Amberson riches to wait in the snow in the hope that they might catch a glimpse of the festivities within.

In the receiving line, George towered above his mother and father, his grandfather, Major Amberson, his uncle, Congressman Jack Amberson, and his father's sister, Fanny Minafer.
Isabel was totally unaware that it was the power of the Amberson name rather than regard for her son George that was filling the house with guests that night.

"It must be wonderful," Lucy mused, "to be so important you can ignore most of the girls your mother has invited."

"George," said Isabel, with eyes only for Eugene, "this is Mr. Morgan, an old friend of your father's and mine."

THE CAST

Eugene Morgan .... Joseph Cotten
Isabel Minater .... Dolores Costello
Lucy Morgan .... Ann Baxter
George Minater .... Tim Holt
Nanny Minater .... Agnes Moorehead
Jack Amberson .... Ray Collins
Major Amberson .... Richard Bennett
Nelson Minater .... Don Dillaway
George caught Fanny's frail shoulders, gripping her so that she winced. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

As guest after guest passed along the receiving line George became so bored and irritated by the necessity for remaining outwardly polite that he paid little attention to his mother and did not notice her heightened color and the little catch in her voice when she said, "George, this is Mr. Morgan—Eugene Morgan—an old friend of your father's and mine. He has been away from Midland for many years—he came back only last week." George glanced briefly at the older man's unfashionably cut clothes and carelessly tied tie and he acknowledged the introduction with the barest civility. He would have turned away then but something in Eugene's manner halted him. George, for all his conceit, was not without shrewdness and while he took for granted the adoration in his mother's eyes he had learned to recognize dislike, envy and sometimes even fear in the eyes of other people he met. But never in his life had anyone looked at him as Eugene was looking at him now—a regard in which good nature, tolerance and even a hint of pity were intermingled. It was a disquieting experience, filling him with such resentful preoccupation that he failed to catch the name of the girl next in line. It was only when the girl smiled, a gay, confident smile of gleaming white teeth and dark-lashed eyes, that George pulled himself together. His resentment and his earlier formal manner melted and he became eager, if not impetuously, "Why don't you two join the dancers, George?" she asked. "I think you've fulfilled your duties as host."

Coolly taking the girl's acceptance for granted, George drew her hand through his arm and led her toward the ballroom. "I want this dance and the next and every third dance after that," he announced.

The girl smiled at him quizzically. "Are you asking for them—or ordering me to give them to you?"

George looked faintly surprised. "I'm just telling you that I want them."

"It must be wonderful," she mused, "simply wonderful to be so important that you can ignore most of the girls your mother has invited here and demand all the dances you want from another one."

There was a suggestion of irony, even of annoyance in her tone, but George ignored them. "This one and the next and every third one after that," he repeated confidently. He could sense a determination to refuse gathering within her and this only increased his determination to have his own way. Slowly, deliberately he smiled down at her. "Do I get them?" he asked softly.

Unexpectedly her annoyance fled and her lips curved in an answering smile. "Good gracious—yes!" she exclaimed.

They had finished their first dance and were seated on the wide balloon stairway when Aunt Fanny Minafer her plain rather frustrated face looking more happy and excited than George had ever seen it, danced by with Eugene Morgan. Eugene waved, but George ignored the salute and said haughtily, "That's a bit of freshness for you. That funny old duchess waving at me—and he was only introduced to me a little while ago."

The girl flung him a smile. "Oh, he was waving at me," she said.

"At you?" George laughed incredulously. "Well, that's fine, I must say I suppose he's some old widower—" "Yes, he is a widower," she interrupted quietly. "I'm Lucy Morgan; He's my father."

Abruptly, George stopped laughing. "Your father," he repeated lamely. "—I—if I had known he was your father—" he broke off, unaccustomed to apologizing, then in an effort to change the subject he asked hurriedly, "What does he do?"

"He's an inventor." Lucy regarded the boy beside her coolly. "It was more from pride in her father, whom she adored, than from any desire to prolong the conversation that she added, "He's invented a horseless carriage."

"Well, I'm sorry for him," George remarked condescendingly. "It will never work, of course, and people aren't going to pay good money to the privilege of lying on their back and having grease drip in their face."

There was something so childish in his petulant manner that in spite of herself Lucy began to laugh and George instantly took advantage of her restored good humor to say, "You're coming for a sleigh ride with me tomorrow. (Continued on page...)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MUSIQUE
from the famous old photoplay files comes this treasure—two little girls from school who went aces...

and just to prove that the right kind of friends can't forget we reproduce this picture from our March issue: The two little girls take their�aux out to dinner, make a laugh-and-be-garyrsome—Diana Lewis, who is now Mrs. Bill Well, and Ann Sheridan, now Mrs. George Brent
PROBABLY the most colorful and talked of star in Hollywood, Marlene Dietrich registers so positively upon all who come into contact with her that there's as sharp a contrast in the opinions of those who know her well and those who know her only casually as there is in the parts she has played in pictures.

As we haven't space to quote all those who helped paint this personality portrait of the original inspiration of Hollywood leg art, we pass on a representative cross section of the opinions they expressed.

According to the popular assistant director, "Chico," whose real name is Francisco Alonso: "Everybody has one opinion of Dietrich when he meets her and another when he leaves her. How different your second opinion is depends on how long you've been with her."

"Chico" had more to say: "I'd always heard how tough Dietrich was," he continued. "That she was an ice-cold dame with a red-hot temperament. So I was plenty worried about working with her in 'The Lady Is Willing.' An assistant's job is to have the cast, including the star, on hand in plenty of time, ready to shoot and willing to co-operate. The prospect of three months with Dietrich kept me awake nights.

"We shot four months instead of three and Marlene worked with twins—when one baby on the set is usually enough to give a star the jitters. Then she broke her ankle and had to hobble through five weeks of shooting.

"In spite of her pain and the heavy cast on her foot, Dietrich was always prompt. Which is more than you can say for a lot of stars. When I gave her an eight-thirty call she'd be there at eight-fifteen, made up and ready to work—and without that martyred air calculated to make the director's job easy on her.

"One night when we were shooting late at the Columbia ranch, she had to walk rapidly along the New York street set. Because we were using two microphones and had to synchronize sound and action, and because the bombers from the near-by Lockheed plant were zooming overhead and raising Ned with our sound track, the scene had to be shot eighteen times.

"Although her ankle was bothering her a lot that night, she never let out a

Stanley Dunne, property man: "I sat down at the piano to entertain the boys, she pulled a chair over and joined in with the musical saw."

Violinist is Director Mitch Leisen
Ruth Ford (with Roger Clark): "I was tongue-tied by Dietrich. And the first thing she said to me was . . ."

George Raft: "I felt pretty bad about what had happened. But she teased me out of it. That's the kind of a gal Dietrich is."

THINKS ABOUT—Marlene Dietrich

BY W. F. FRENCH

A whimper or a complaint. She'd take a deep breath and brace herself to walk without a limp—and then drop in a chair and grab her leg.

"I had never pictured Dietrich as being considerate. Yet she is one of the most unselfish people I ever worked with, always looking out for the other fellow. When we were doing a close-up of Aline MacMahon she suddenly stepped in front of the camera and wouldn't let us shoot until she had fixed Aline's hair. Another time she stopped the shooting to adjust the veil that was spoiling Arline Judge's close-up.

'Dietrich is so alert she sees everything. In a big sequence, when she as the busiest person on the set, she spotted an extra having trouble with her evening gown, sent out for tape and showed the girl how to fix it so it wouldn't slip down again. Marlene overheard wardrobe telling the colored girl who played her maid that they wouldn't replace the stockings she had torn on the set. Marlene sent it and got the girl a dozen pairs.

'Almost everyone has heard about Dietrich's breaking her ankle, but few people know (Continued on page 74)
Right-of-way at the "home of the flying fortresses"—California's outstanding March Field—goes to the streamlined Hollywood bus with its streamlined cargo. The talent preserved behind glass is Edgar Bergen; the look-up crowd is composed of Reggie Gardiner, hostess Marina Shubert, Betty Grable and Rita Hayworth. Miss Hayworth drove down in her own car ahead of time, distributed cartons of cigarettes to the cheering clientele of Army men.

Popularity match

Above: Rudy Vallee fired the armed forces to raucous shouts; sang song after song to the accompaniment of a special donation—Phil Ohman's Mocambo orchestra. Right: George Wilson gets a break, two of them, in fact. Betty Grable, Ilona Massey, Colonel Brown, chief medical officer, Basil Rathbone (Mrs. Rathbone was a chief organizer of the show) and Marina Shubert visit the dispensary with a bedside manner that has a Hollywood touch.
Above: Bigger and better banter between the Army and Hollywood goes on, with James Guston, once under contract to Warners, and blonde Betty Grable as grinning participants.

— and so was George Murphy in their hit dances together.

"Grable was great!"

MARCH FIELD!

The stars come down to give the stripes a break! Hollywood shows up at the Army base to show off for the boys—and cameraman Fink.

Below: Chester Morris made magic like mad, had a repertoire of tricks that kept Army men’s eyes wide open. En route here, he pulls a preview stunt on Alan Curtis and Ilona Massey.

"Brother, are you kidding!"
That's what Victor Mature's father said to him. Five years later he said it to himself with a blonde at his side and a revolutionary plan in his mind.

**BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY**

Betty Grable remembers, and remembers well, the taxi ride through the morning mist from the airport to downtown Manhattan. She remembers that for once the man beside her was silent, that his jaw was set and that his eyes had the quality of a man peering at once into the past and the future.

"Two pennies," she said.

"I was thinking about something my father once told me."

"Oh?"

"'Life owes you nothing,' Dad used to say, 'not even for trying—no more than a man deserves a woman merely because he happens to love her. Sometimes it's a question of misdirected energies. Often it's a question of the wrong time and the wrong place.'"

"Hmmm..." Betty said.

"For five years I've been sure of the choice. And for some reason I feel strangely certain that the time is now and the place is here."

At the very instant Victor Mature stepped out of the cab onto the sidewalk in front of the Essex House the sun came out and sprinkled emeralds over the wet leaves of Central Park.

"A good omen," he said.

That was on Saturday.

On Sunday the papers carried pictures of their arrival, the black eagle and the blonde bomber. He had come to consider "stage offers." She had come for the ride.

Monday at two o'clock he walked out of the office of the Group Theater. He had been offered and had turned down cold the leading role in the Group Theater's production of "Rest From Pleasure"; he didn't like the part. At 2:30 he was reading for the Theater Guild's production of "Battle Of The Angels," with Miriam Hopkins. At 3 o'clock he was turning down the part; he didn't like the play.

At 3:30 he (Continued on page 80)
Hero of 1941's biggest comeback story—Mature, who's zooming high in Fox's "Song Of The Islands"
Dots: Henry Fonda, fancier polka-dot cravats, king in Fox's "Rings On Her Finger"
Priscilla Lane, who does a lively bit of acting for Hitchcock in Universal's "Saboteur"
You've got to believe me!

If things had been different, he might have been telling her how pretty she was. But right now there was a job before him—and it had to do with murder.

I T WAS as he walked by the telegraph office that the big idea came to Bill. Out in Hollywood on business for an advertising company, he had pulled every stunt he could think of to get screen star Caryl Winslow's signature on a contract to endorse a client's product. That signature meant his job, but so far he hadn't been able to swing it.

He'd tried hard enough—had followed Caryl's car from her studio to her home, had tried to get in to see her and had the door slammed in his face. What's more, he'd been thrown off the grounds by the watchman, a surly individual who was missing one finger of his right hand.

Undeterred, he'd followed Caryl to the Brown Derby, approached the table where she was sitting with Larry Pierce, the big director, and Roland Summers, her leading man, the great lover of Hollywood. He'd asked her for an autograph, hoping that in some way that would be the opening to the business talk, and he'd been given a quick brush-off by Pierce and Summers.

But now—perhaps this was it! He'd sent a note by messenger to Caryl, asked her to see him because his job depended on it. One hour, two—he waited for the messenger to return. Then the wail of police sirens, the utter confusion in the little office as the police squad walked in and carried Bill off to the station.

That Captain at the station made things a little clearer. Caryl Winslow had been receiving kidnap threats; Bill's messenger had come just as she arrived home with Pierce and Summers; they had immediately become suspicious and called the police. So here he was—and they wouldn't let him talk now, explain who he was.

By Will Oursler

Then suddenly, he heard the word "watchman" and Summers' answer, "But Miss Winslow has no watchman." Things began to click in his mind. That man in the garden this morning—if he wasn't the watchman as he'd said, who was he.

He watched as Pierce escorted Caryl from the station, leaving Summers to talk to the Captain. Bill was thinking hard—while that man was at large, Caryl was surely in danger.

Presently the door was yanked open. Pierce stood there, tie askew, eyes wild. "Caryl!" he gasped. "They've kidnapped her. Stopped the car—grabbed her!"

Now Bill was certain that the man in the garden had something to do with it. But he knew nobody would believe him. Somehow he must get out of there and find that man.

"Listen," he said suddenly. "I'll tell you the whole story—but I'll talk only to Summers—alone."

The next few minutes in that small windowless room were a nightmare. The quick punch with which he felled Summers, the nerve-wracking business of taking off the actor's clothes, dressing himself in them, putting on the dark glasses and then walking boldly out the door past the waiting policemen, mumbling in what he hoped sounded like Summers' voice, "Papers—car—back in a minute..."

Then he was out, running through the oaken doors of the station. Out into the early dusk...

Shrill, agonized sirens of police cars wailed across Sunset Boulevard.

Bill heard them. Heard them in the clothing store two blocks from the station. Tried to be calm and casual and devoid of emotion as he surveyed himself in the full-length mirror.

The punctilious little salesman was flustered. "This is a suit, sir. Blue's your color. And the fit—"

"I'll take it." Bill snapped the words. "Now I want a hat."

Only minutes since his escape. But the wail of the sirens grew louder. The salesman tilted his head quixotically. "Sounds like an air alarm."

Bill brushed it off. "Probably an accident. They like to make noise."

Moments later—with a silent blessing for the wad of money he found in Summers' wallet—he paid for his purchases. At the door the salesman halted him with a peremptory lifting of the hand.

"If you don't mind, what shall I do with the old suit? Shall I—?"

"Hold it. I'll pick it up tomorrow. Haven't time now."

The salesman shook his head with bewilderment. (Continued on page 89)

Illustration by C. C. Beall

Caryl started to cry out. Bill's hand closed over her mouth. "Keep still, you little fool!" he whispered.
CHALK IT UP!

Call yourself a clever woman if you can fill in the blanks on the fashion blackboard below. We give you the cues; you catch on; you end up a fashion-wise female.

Here's your fashion blackboard; you fill in the blanks from the cues we give you.

1. White . . . dress
2. Beige felt hat with bright . . . . ribbon trim
3. New color combination: Mimosa yellow with . . . . .
4. Flounced . . . . skirt to wear with a black sweater
5. . . . . . dress of white eyelet embroidery

BY MARIAN H. QUINN
DRAWINGS BY ZABETH LIGHTNER

These are your cues. Each is the title of a current film and each contains one word that belongs in a blank at the left. We hint—but strongly—what the title is. Incidentally, don’t overlook the drawings; look them over carefully instead and you’ll probably get the bright title idea. If you don’t turn to page 114.

1. . . . . . . .
You’ll shake both ways—in fun and in fear—over this film version of a Broadway hit.
Cary Grant gets utterly confused by two white-haired problem children.
Priscilla Lane gets goose pimples—and Cary.
Peter Lorre makes faces in the dark.
The last word of the title is the one you’ll chalk up on No. 1 on the board.

2. . . . . . . .
This was called a “beautiful document.”
It has to do with pits—but not the kind that comes in cherries.
A little boy does a lot of reminiscing out loud all through the film.
The second word of the title is a color and belongs in the blank on the blackboard.

3. . . . . . . .
Something gets born in this—but it’s not a baby.
Our Bing draws and draws all through it.
You probably went home singing.
The last word is the one that’s first importance for No. 3 on the board.

4. . . . . . .
Lupe loops the marriage loop in this one.
A little war orphan packs a big surprise.
Leon Errol puts a finger in the pie and almost spoils everything.
The first word describes Lupe’s nationality in the picture and also describes the skirt in No. 4.

5. . . . . . . .
The hero has a beard—and a knack for making cracks.
It’s a banquet of fun.
You’ll cross your fingers and hope your next dinner party doesn’t turn out this way.
The last word is a tasty bit and is a cue for the last item on the board.
Rule yourself a fashion ruler if you choose a spring suit like this one of Laraine Day's—a Saks Fifth Avenue sky-blue wool two-piece with a semifitted jacket trimmed up in style by pockets and yoke of the newer-than-new knitted yarn. Let your eye light joyfully on a big purse that's a smart carryall; put your best foot forward in shoes that are a "just right" finish for any spring outfit. For another pretty-picture angle on Laraine, go see her in M-G-M's new film "Fingers At The Window"
Count yourself rising in style appeal if your spring wardrobe has at least one slack suit like this. Of gabardine in the new soldier blue, it has a two-button double-breasted jacket, sleekly fitted trousers. Perfect for playtime picnics; passed by style censors for wartime activities. Miss Day's suit from Saks Fifth Avenue.
Measure up prettily to all requirements in the topcoat section with a straight-liner of pale blue wool striped in raspberry pink. It shows up as a good sport by keeping company with Laraine's beige wool dress and large crocheted cartwheel hat with a high crushed crown. Dress and coat from Saks Fifth Avenue.
A plus sign for prestige, guaranteed by Laraine Day's two-piece silk dress that rates more stares from many people by reason of the "Good luck" signs and the shamrocks that are scattered intriguingly over its black background. The hat is a tricky little straw, black to match the gloves and patent purse, veiled to win attention at the Easter parade. Dress from Saks Fifth Avenue.

Open-toe black patent pumps with a faille collar and bow. Also with midway heel. A Paris Fashion Shoe.
Size up the spring-evening situation and then go dating in a bottle-green crepe dinner dress that speaks smartly for itself except for one striking shoulder clip. The peplum and the slit skirt make Laraine a standout figure on the dance floor; the full-length cape of red, green and white plaid would make any date linger longer at the Day front door. Miss Day's dress is from Saks Fifth Avenue.

Backless sandal of Kelly Green suede. Also in Liberty Red suede. A Paris Fashion Shoe
I waited eleven years

This story belongs to all of us in routine jobs everywhere, we who have sometimes felt that luck has passed us by

By Robert Young

as told to Gladys Hall

There are people who hit the bull's-eye with the first shot. I am not one of them.

I was sort of case-hardened before I came to M-G-M eleven years ago because I had been at the Community Playhouse for four and a half years and things had kept happening to other people there, but nothing had ever happened to me. No talent scout "discovered" me. No agent begged to handle me. I think I knew, then, that I was to be one of those who build slowly. Some of us do, you know. We are not all "overnight" successes. The race is not always to the swift. Remember that.

When I finally got me an agent, the only other clients he had were an old maid, two trained midgets and a performing duck. But that was all right with me because I didn't have much of anything, either. (Nothing, that is, except my faith in myself.)

It seems to me it may be somewhat encouraging to other youngsters starting their careers to know that I had about every count against me when I first signed my M-G-M contract. I had no clothes to my back. In fact, the suit I wore to M-G-M the first day I came here to apply for a job was one my agent had bought for me. I was definitely average in looks. There was nothing outstanding about me. I had neither the dash of a Gable, the looks of a Taylor nor the aplomb of a Bob Montgomery. I was too tall. And too skinny—in the days before Jimmy Stewart made skinniness "smart." I was very young, very naive and I can well imagine that the first love scenes I played were not too hot.

That sex-appeal thing has always been a hurdle for me. When I first came on the lot someone in the Front Office decided, not unreasonably, I am sure, that I didn't have it. That sort of got around. It got around to me. I said to the producer who started it, "What can I do about it? Besides, how do you know?" He didn't laugh at that crack. So I wasn't a comic, either. (Continued on page 93)
RECENTLY the Hollywood Women's Press Club voted to determine who were the most co-operative stars in pictures and who the least. Without the arching of a single eyebrow—in fact, with yawns but scantily concealed, so foregone was the conclusion—Bette Davis and Bob Hope were promptly chosen as the most co-operative stars.

The real fun began when the least co-operative players came up for balloting, such is the curious twist of human nature that delights in the less flattering side of life. Results were not so amazing to those of us who are close to Hollywood as was the amount of discussion occasioned throughout the country. What we had considered strictly a local event turned out to have some sort of national significance.

When Ginger Rogers was voted the female booby prize for press cooperation, with Jean Arthur and Marlene Dietrich close seconds, and Fred Astaire won the male distinction in Gary Cooper: His is a common failing; you'd be "unco-operative" too if you were at all like him.
About "DIFFICULT" Stars

Here's the Q.T. data, plus one tale out of school that will get your dander up!

The celebrated company of Bing Crosby and Ronnie Colman, the pros and cons among the movie-minded began to fly thick and fast. Some of you were gratified and some of you were outraged.

So "Fearless," in his role of impartial observer, is now personally reporting to you how and why some of these selections of Hollywood's most "difficult" stars were made.

The star whose lack of co-operation stands out like a sore thumb is Ginger Rogers. Because it represents a complete reversal of form. For years the happy, democratic, friendly Ginger not only dug deeply into her colorful past to find copy for writers, but was the particular buddy of practically every worker on any picture.

The contrast between that cooperative youngster and the star who today insists that anyone hiring her for a picture must include in the deal her personal "buffer" shocks like a dash of cold water. Writers, players and studio workers can't believe it until they encounter the baffling experience of having this buffer act as a sort of interpreter between them and Ginger.

Ginger herself doesn't appear aloof or cold—just unfathomable, and a little remote. As an old friend and a sincere fan of this admirable little actress, I'd like to try to explain it.

A couple of years ago Ginger developed a new philosophy—a "just ignore it" or "it's too trivial to consider" attitude. "This Spartanlike practice of putting oneself above troubles, disappointments, worries and fears—of wiping out their existence with a dismissing gesture—is possibly magnificent for the party-of-the-first-part. But it's pretty tough on the parties of the second, third and fourth parts—who probably are susceptible to human frailties, who need understanding and sympathy and who would be grateful for a little encouragement.

But Ginger's present philosophy recognizes only weakness in this lack of fortitude. So the common touch that existed between her and the lowliest worker on her set, and the warmth that was often an inspiration to struggling extras, have vanished into thin air.

This detachment from the other fellow's problems and weaknesses and the attitude of regarding as too trivial for consideration the subjects that interest the average individual produce a perfect vacuum so far as cooperation with writers and press agents is concerned—and also serves as insulation against the old camaraderie that existed between Ginger and every worker in her studio.

But Hollywood is hoping the patient will improve and that Cupid will concoct a (Continued on page 103)

Jimmy Cagney will give help to anyone who needs it—but he still hit the "unco-operative" list. He got there because of what he says to authors who want stories on him.

Dorothy Comingore's "difficult" attitude was circumstantial—for an in-the-past reason.

Charles Boyer may be a great lover because he's a Frenchman; perhaps it's what explains his actions, too.
What the Loss of Carole Lombard Means to Clark Gable

(Continued from page 30) to listen to some nice sloppy, sentimental tunes, right in key with his mood. Carole, who didn’t go in for that sentimental stuff, who in contrast to his fans and the other women he had known didn’t visibly adore him but who called him “Pappy” or “Mr. G.,” Carole would kid the pants off him about that. But he didn’t care. He drove up to the airport in a welter of street swing. As he drew in smartly to the curb the voice of an announcer cut sharply in. “We interrupt this broadcast to bring you an important news announcement,” the voice said. “The transport plane bearing Carole Lombard and twenty-one others has been found. They are all believed dead.”

It was then that Gable paid one of the prices of fame, the inability to get even the most horrible news quietly and privately. He walked into the crowded airport that was sinisterly quiet. Hundreds of eyes hung on his haggard face, watched his every move. But he was unaware of them. He aged in that instant, aged incredibly, but all he said was, “Where’s the plane? When do we take off?”

Out on the runway, an agitated official was bustling about. Wartime regulations made a thousand new details necessary. “Gable must sign for the plane. Gable must sign for it,” the official kept insisting. Typically, he had never heard of Mannix, the million-dollar executive. Mannix tore the sheet from his hands and scrawled a signature. “This will be good for the price of the ship,” he said.

He pushed Gable into the cabin of the plane and got in after him. The plane taxied down the field, rose swiftly, while on the ground flags began fluttering frantically. Those were for Strickling who had just rushed through the gate, so the ship came down again and picked him up and then soared off again, that plane load of men and one woman, Mrs. Jilda Winkler, the wife of Otto Winkler, who was not only Gable’s press agent but a very dear friend.

It was not until the moment when the men sought to comfort the sobbing Jilda that they realized Gable’s double loss. Otto had been Clark’s pal. He had always been with him in everything. It was Otto who had been with Carole and Clark when they clogged to Kingman, Arizona, in March, 1939. Otto was Clark’s “front man,” his “other brain,” the one person who could most have helped him now.

But Otto was gone, too. He had been with Carole because Clark had sent him along on the Indianapolis trip to take care of her and protect her. Now Clark moved over to Jill and sat close to her, letting her sob her grief out against him. But he said nothing. The M-G-M crew in the background stayed silent. They knew that characteristic in him. Whenever anything bothers him, he becomes completely mute, and this was the most fearful thing he had ever had to face.

Two hours later they were in Las Vegas. Gable spoke then, “How do we get up to that mountain?” They tried to dissuade him. They told him how the cactus-studded slopes of Table Mountain, strewn with boulders, ridges, and a sky you could step on and it was an almost impossible climb even for experienced Indian guides and hardened trackers. They told him how one tracker already comes torn from his feet by the rough wilderness. For an hour or so, while they told him there was still some hope, they persuaded him to wait in the hotel and let them do new.

Rancho Vegas is one of the gayest hotels on earth, a glittering, gambling casino sprawled in defiant luxury against the desert. When they managed to hold Gable down there for nearly an hour, but then he revolted.

“If those Indians can go on horseback and on foot, I can go on horseback and on foot,” he said and he went out and joined them.

It wasn’t until then that the M-G-M crowd, who all worshipped him, realized that behind all their fame and glory, the loss of the only mother he had ever known, his mother-in-law, Mrs. Elizabeth Peters, who had also been with Carole.

They did not abandon hope even when Friday night was gone and the cold, clear dawn of Saturday fell bright upon the desert. They toiled on through that impossible wilderness and their bodies waxed and it was noon and still they climbed up and up and their hope flamed above their heart sick certainty. They went on until they had to see twilit bits of wreckage of the plane scattered about them and then a merciful official stopped them. Just a little farther on, he said, were the bodies of the brave young pilots who were en route West for war duty, and Otto Winkler, and Mrs. Elizabeth Peters and the ship’s pilots, and the stewardess and the gay young wife of an Army officer who had been speeding to his side, and Carole. You see, being war-time, you either had to be in the service or have an awful lot of drag to get on that plane. Somewhere, ahead, they were all lying, mingled in death, mingled in heroism, but the dearly beloved features that each of them possessed were lost now to all save memory.

It was only then that Gable could be made to turn back. And then it was that his devoted friends knew the absolute devastation of his loss. For of course, being as devoted to him as they are, they all knew the story that up until now could not be told.

**This** was that, behind all their laughter all their glorious love and warm companionship, behind all their fame and wealth and the trips they had together and the sports they shared, Clark and Carole had one tragedy and one fear. They wanted children and they were denied them and they both worried about Carole’s increasingly frail health.

People told them to adopt a child, but they shook off that suggestion impatiently. They wanted their own. They couldn’t help knowing what a beautiful, amazing pair they were and they wanted their own youngsters to carry on those superluxurious, supersharp, superglamorous characteristics. For this reason Carole went to doctor after doctor, tagged along when Clark had to go to Johns Hopkins for an operation for his shoulder and herself went under observation.

The sadness that many a queen of old experienced hung over the bright spirit of this golden queen of a modern world. With her whole passionate soul, Carole...
Another Pond's Bride-to-be

MARION LYNN, exquisite daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Claude E. Lynn of the prominent Chicago family. Her engagement to Bertram L. Menne, Jr., of Louisville, Kentucky, was announced New Year's Day, 1941.

HER RING is a beautiful brilliant-cut blue-white solitaire, set fairly high, and on each side a single-round diamond set a little lower. The band is platinum.

Marion and Bert a few hours before he was called back to the officers' training school at Quantico, Virginia. She teased him about that close-cropped Navy haircut—but he had only adoring looks for her soft-smooth Pond's complexion.

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream!
hoped for the maternity she could not know. Perhaps that was why Carole always laughed so much, laughed to hide this deep sorrow of hers. Perhaps it was why, in the last few years, she had some things in her — even essayed tragedy in "Vigil In The Night" and "They Knew What They Wanted." The last couple of years she had been fighting heartily for her health, but it had not improved. Always precarious, it was made more delicate by the continual recurrence of one of those intestinal levers travelers frequent-ly pick up in Mexico and which Carole had contracted when down there on a hunting trip with Clark.

Motherhood was the only thing she had ever wanted in her thrill-packed thirty-two years that was denied her. She got her way about everything else. She even got it about returning to Hollywood by plane.

Otto Winkler tried to talk her out of it, begging her to go by train. She finally tossed over a coin with him and one Otto lost. Her mother tried to talk her out of it. Otto had offered good sound reasons against flying in winter; her mother had added kindly. But Carole Gable had decided to call upon a fortune-taker by noon, just for the fun of it.

The psychic read Mrs. Peters' hand, then read Carole's. She shook her head. "Keep out of planes in 1942," she ordered. "There is danger in them for you."

On January 15 in Indianapolis, eager to get home, Carole never thought of that remark.

The memory of it, however, haunts Gable. When, finally, Saturday, and Sunday, and Monday had gone and the vacation was over, he had accepted his heart's devastation, he shut himself up alone in his hotel bungalow. Spencer Tracy drove out the three hundred miles from Hollywood to comfort him. A doctor stood by wanting to prescribe sleep-ing tablets. All the M-G-M group stayed close, wanting desperately to do anything from talking, miracles merely by getting meals for him. But Gable stayed alone, appearing only once in a long while, on the bungalow porch, striding grimly back and forth. To all the solicitous attention, he had only one answer. "I don't want to go back to an empty house in Encino. If I had gone with Carole on this trip all this might have been avoided."

Every girl's body is finally brought down from the mountain, he could hardly be persuaded to leave. It was not until the following Wednesday at the bridal service for his wife and his mother that his mother and his dear friend that he finally seemed able to gain some strength and courage to go on with life from the very heroism of Carole's death.

It was only then that he comprehended the shrine in the world's memory that

Editor's Note:

When Carole Lombard met ghostly and sudden death on a mountain top in Nevada, millions of us thought "Another brave American soldier has died."

Everyone knew that Carole Lombard had taken the trip to sell two million dollars' worth of defense bonds to us. Psychologists say that the way to give value to our emotions is to turn them into action. All of us who felt sincerely sorrowful about Carole Lombard should now turn that emotion into an action for which she died: the purchase of United States Defense Bonds. We can write a worthy epitaph if millions more of us go immediately to our post offices and banks to buy as many stamps or bonds as we can afford — in memory of Carole Lombard.

E.T. H.

Love, Honor and Good-by

(Continued from page 31) There is only one despair that that which was no longer is or ever will be again. It's as simple and as heartbreak ing as that.

On the telephone on the day after the break John sounded like a man who had run for days and had left no breath for words. But even then I wasn't prepared to see the pain in his eyes and his voice, pain that was heightened by his quiet, dignified bearing, his straightforwardness in speech and sincere, honest straight-on look. He was the kind of man we can trust, the kind of man with whom we have given deep consideration and I will do nothing to hurt John, who is a fine young man.

I reminded John of this. "It is true we had several long, serious talks about it but I still couldn't believe it would come to pass."

So, by God, John went to his work at Twentieth Century-Fox making such pictures as "Week End In Havana," "Remember The Day" and other hits that lifted him nearer and nearer to stardom. Anne daily reported to RKO Studios for

"All That Money Can Buy," "Four Jacks And A Jill," "The Mayor Of 44th St. and others. Both were successful in their work; John, if anything, surpassing for other time he is a good many faces than Anne who at the time of their marriage, was much the bigger name."

"John," I asked candidly, "could the trouble have arisen from fluctuating careers?"

He scoffed. "It never occurred to either of us. That part of our life was never a problem. Our relationship was never given initial consideration, why should it arise as a problem late on?"

Then he said something that gave me clue to the problem that seems to puzzle the six foot, three inch star. "I don't think I'm any different from any other guy; no harder to get along with; but, you see, Anne's special. She's never married an angel, really. That's why ask you if there's be any blame at all pleasant to be on me. Hollywood is a tough racket and Anne can't be treated in a hardened manner. She's special."

My mind traveled back over the lives of these two. John, born in Roanoke,
LUCY'S "Double Life"
She Smiled...to Hide
A Breaking Heart!

LUCY: And what they said is true, Aunt Edith. But I'm always so tired and droopy-looking--no man ever looks at me twice!
AUNT EDITH: Well, if I were you, I'd try to build up some freshness and sparkle!

LUCY: Build up sparkle? But how can I?
AUNT EDITH: Haven't you read about those rare food elements they've discovered, like minerals and vitamins? The magazines say it's a miracle the way they make over so many people.

JOHN: (still later) Gee, honey, I must have been blind to have gone all these months without realizing how wonderful you are. I could spend the rest of my life with you like this.
LUCY: Flatterer!

Unattractively "Lifeless," Rundown or Under Par?
By THIS PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK

fatigue, jangled nerves, or lack of sparkle robbing you of social success, you should read this. Now there's a new way to build radiant freshness and vitality—a way vermont authorities, magazines and newspapers are urging, and thousands are adopting for buoyant, vigorous days.

For, as you've read in countless magazine articles, there are certain new-found food elements widely called "miracle foods." Elements which—taken in larger quantities than customarily found in average American diets—are credited with astonishing powers to increase physical stamina, build sounder nerves, combat fatigue—give vitality and sparkle to millions now tired, nervous and under par.

In light of this new knowledge, thousands are drinking Ovaltine regularly. For Ovaltine provides a wider variety and wealth of important food elements—than any single natural food. It supplies not just two—or four—or six—but eleven important food elements, including Vitamins A, B, D and G, Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron and complete proteins.

Equally important, clinical tests show that Ovaltine increases the energy fuel in the blood as little as 15 minutes—thus helping to ward off attacks of fatigue.

So if you tire quickly, are nervous or sleep poorly, try drinking Ovaltine regularly each day. See if you don't begin to sleep better, feel far fresher mornings—enjoy more energetic days. See if people don't start telling you how much better you look.

Mail for free samples
 Ovaltine, Dept. A42-P-4
 300 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.
 Please send free samples of Regular and Chocolate Flavored Ovaltine, and interesting new books, let about certain new-found miracle elements in food and the promise they hold. One sample offer to a person.

Name
Address
City State

Ovaltine THE PROTECTING FOOD-DRINK
Virginia, to parents of wealth, started out in life with a future laid out for him. The death of his father, while John was attending Mercersburg Academy, left the family real-estate poor. With the crash of 1929, high taxes ate up what remained of their one asset and John, at sixteen, was a young man on his own.

He did anything and everything that came his way. His interest in model planes led him to enter an aeronautical school in Massachusetts. Although he had already soloed a full-sized ship, he failed to pass the entrance test in mathematics and while attending the University of Virginia his liking for the theater developed. So up to the drama school at Columbia University travelled John, working his way through in the wildest assortment of jobs known to man. In turn, he became nursemaid to the small children of a widowed businessman, a professional boxer, a bouncer in a night club, singer in a burlesque house in accompaniment to a strip-tease act. Before his chance came with Beatrice Lillie in "At Home Abroad," John was a young man who had experienced many phases of life. He had developed broad views, wide understanding.

Anne had been poor, at times desperately so, but always she had been sheltered and loved by her mother. When her mother and little Anne (then called Dawn O'Day) hardly knew where their next meal was to come from, Director Herbert Brenon offered Mrs. Shirley $50,000 in return for the privilege of adopting Anne. The offer was turned down. The strains and stress of poverty, the irregular working hours all combined to cheat little Anne out of the usual carefree, normal childhood. On all sides she was protected by the loving care of friends, however, and then, when she was just eighteen, just four and a half years ago, she met John. John was seven years older in years than Anne and seven hundred years older in experience, but after three short months they were married.

That Anne and John were deeply in love, even madly in love, no one doubted and devoted mother also goes without saying, "Julie's a person," Anne told me, "I love her." And all the mother love in the world went into those words. My talk with John at the studio was on a Saturday afternoon, the day after the announcement of the separation. On Sunday morning early, too early for an actor who has no studio call to be awake, John telephoned me. "Please go to see Anne today," he said, "and tell her all I've said to you. I want her to know."

I stopped at John's first, the beautiful hillside home just across the way from Deanna and Vaughn's and close by Cesar Romero's home. This was the home John and Anne had lived in together. Outside doors the baby's swing and kiddy car rested on the lawn. As I was leaving, Julie was brought in to visit him, but already there was an air of loneliness about the lovely rooms.

Impulsively I asked, "John, couldn't you get together again, you and Anne?"

He shook his head. "Only this morning I telephoned Anne and asked if she was happy. She is. I'm afraid it's final."

Four or five blocks away in a small furnished bungalow I found Anne. I knew that only because I was an old friend was I there with this shy sensitive girl and another. "It's just too simple for people to understand," she said. "I really don't expect them to and I'm not angry at the rumors that have flown around about John and me. I guess if we'd have a violent quarrel and separated it would be easier to understand. But you see, what's happened to us happens not just in Hollywood. It happens to people everywhere. Little things grow and grow until the fact that unhappiness is there can't be denied. It's something to be put off and postpone making a break once you know it must be made. Tomorrow or next week you think you will, but time is a powerful factor. No, we both our partner working so hard, so when I finally knew I was right, I told him at the only moment I could."

That moment, incidentally, was one night during dinner at Romanoff's. "John, I've something to tell you," she had said. "Let it go until tomorrow," John urged. "We'll discuss it then."

"No," she said, "tomorrow will be too late. I'm looking for a little house to move into tomorrow. You see, John, I'm leaving."

"I had to find a way of life both he and I could live and this is the way," Anne resumed. "I know each of us can find a happy life apart and we stayed together, year after year, we'd never have found it. My only regret is for Julie. I love her and want her to be happy. I stayed in our neighborhood so she could have the same little children to play with and our friends could be around her."

"No one wishes Johnny more success than I. No one knows how really capable he is, how many bigger things he will do in the future. I used to read of Hollywood, and people's claims of how each of them was a success and I knew they were still friends and I put it down to bosh. And now, here I sit, saying it and knowing it's true."

"We have to do what we believe is right, don't we?" she asked. "I believe this is right."

I knew with all her heart she did believe it.

| PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE | \[image\] |
"Girls with Romance Complexions win out!"

LORETTA YOUNG

"This ACTIVE-lather care is a wonderful beauty aid. Try it for 30 days."

LUX SOAP HAS SUCH WONDERFUL CREAMY LATHER. I PAT IT LIGHTLY INTO MY SKIN—

RINSE WITH WARM WATER, THEN A DASH OF COOL

THEN I PAT MY FACE GENTLY TO DRY. THIS ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL LEAVES SKIN FEELING BEAUTIFULLY SMOOTH AND SOFT!

Get 3 cakes of Lux Toilet Soap and begin now a month's trial of this gentle care that helps protect million-dollar complexions, the care screen stars depend on! See for yourself what a wonderful aid it is in keeping your skin smoother, lovelier—more attractive!

Star of Columbia Pictures' "Bedtime Story"

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Cozy attitude on the part of John Wayne's costar, Marlene Dietrich in "The Spoilers" may make him say the same things about her as did Fred MacMurray after "The Lady Is Willing"

What Hollywood Thinks about Marlene Dietrich

(Continued from page 49) how it really happened. I arrived when a scene was being shot of the baby in her arms and got her foot caught in the toy fire engine. She was falling face down and to save the baby she caught her foot and twisted herself around. Her foot wouldn't turn and she knew she would probably ruin the ankle she had sprained in making the "Manpower" fight scenes. We never knew what she would do next.

"But her various activities and interests didn't lessen her drive for perfection. She rehearsed endlessly, devoted unlimited time to her makeup, was satisfied with nothing less than the exact result she wanted in lighting and stood for fittings till she was ready to drop. Time and effort apparently meant nothing to her.

"Dietrich's self-control was positively amazing. No amount of irritation or annoyance can fuss her or make her raise her voice. What does bother her, though, is people's not getting along together. She senses there was friction between two of the girls on the set and managed to adjust their misunderstanding without seeming to be doing so. She's infinitely more diplomatic than the average star."

NOT everyone your inquiring reporter interviewed cheered Dietrich. The magazine's caption is where Marlene made a picture doesn't clap hands at the mention of her name. This publicity worker said: "You can have my part of Dietrich. I didn't think much of her when she came on the lot and less when she left. I've worked with too many stars to be impressed by smoothness. I went out on the set to arrange for an important magazine interview for her. It was an off-the-picture story and it didn't mean a thing to my studio or to me personally."

"But let me stand for five minutes or more beside her make-up table without so much as glancing up. She couldn't help seeing me in the mirror, but she let me finish without indication that she knew I was on earth. I tried again that afternoon, but she was telling the electrician how to light a scene and what she wanted."

"So, in my very best English, I mentally told her to go to the deuce, and let it go at that. There were too many stars and players on our own lot who were willing to co-operate for me to stand around coughing and hemming in the hope Dietrich would finally notice me.

"Walter Ruf, Columbia's publicity man on "The Lady Is Willing," unknowingly explained this magazine contact's experience with Marlene when he snapped: "It seems Dietrich fancied herself a bit of a cutie. But later I learned that her apparent aloofness was just concentration. When she's in the middle of something she won't give anybody a tumble. But the instant she finishes the job in hand she really extends herself to be friendly and gracious."

"Making up is one of the things Marlene concentrates on. She takes longer to make up than anybody I've ever seen. But when she's finished, gorgeous, hour she's finished. Other stars continually rush back to a mirror for assurance or to adjust or add something. But not Dietrich. Once made up she went through scenes, kidded with the boys, cuddled the babies and relaxed all over the place without once giving a thought to her make-up. And it was always perfect."

"Dietrich is very methodical. While in the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital with her broken ankle, she kept a complete record of every wire, letter and gift sent her--and there were hundreds. Once they removed the cards before delivering her flowers and she had the whole hospital staff looking for them so she could make personal acknowledgments."

"She loves to use the telephone and one call seems to inspire another. She really had a field day with the phone in the hospital. She literally crawled under the bed covers and cooed into it."

"A player who did a small part in one of Dietrich's pictures and who, for obvious reasons, doesn't want his name used, says: "Dietrich is too sure of herself and too officious for me. She wants to tell everybody how to do his job and has an exaggerated notion of her own importance. I also don't like her condescending way with bit players and extras. Nobody has to go out of his way to be nice to me. I just want to be treated as an equal, or let alone."

"Joe Wald, a veteran cowboy and stuntman, says: "I sure never expected to be in a picture with 'Legs' Dietrich. And when we took the first day or two on the 'Destry' call we figured we'd have to gentle down and not get too close to the glamour gal. We figured we'd have to mince our spurs and butt our breath."

"But after we saw Marleneie tear into Una Merkel in that knock-down and drag-out rat fight, we kinda figured she was human, after all."

"And, by gun, she sure was. Before they got done with the big barroom sequence where we put on the roughhouse she had big-time trouble of us. Yes sir, she was a full-fledged honorary member of our cowboy and stuntman's association. We liked teaching her to take a right good pasting when she wanted to start six-gun practice in the back lot."

"If Marleneie's what they call a glamour gal, I'd like to have me one out on my ranch."
"See how this Polish protected my nails for 7 days!"  

MRS. JUT KENT
NEW CUTEX SUGAR PLUM
RIGHT AFTER MANICURE

JUT KENT is one of the busy younger set who lately fallen in love with Cutex... "My polish stayed practically perfect for a whole week! I changed the polish only because the moons were out!" Try Cutex Black Red, Gingerbread, Butterscotch, Sugar Plum, Sheer Natural! You don't agree that the way its beauty lasts is amazing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in the U.S.!

Northam Warren, New York

2 COATS FOR THAT PROFESSIONAL LOOK AND LONGER WEAR
las plane plant, was interviewed as he left a Hollywood movie theater.

"I only know the Marlene Dietrich I've seen on the screen and read about in magazines," he said, after a little coaxing. "She's okay in pictures, but I don't think she's done the women of America much good by introducing the idea of wearing her pants, shaving off their eyebrows and generally ruining their appearance.

I met a fellow who works in a studio when Marlene's dresses fall apart. But I say it's too bad she wasn't a regular woman when she came here first, instead of an extremist setting a screwy example for women.

Fred MacMurray, who co-stars with Dietrich in "The Lady Is Willing," said: "Marlene was terrific—with her courage and performance before the camera and her sportsmanship behind it. I hope she gives the public as much pleasure in seeing the picture as she gave us in making it—and I'm sure she will."}

RUTH FORD, one of Orson Welles's Mercury Players from New York, had her first movie part in Dietrich's picture. "I worked on Dietrich every minute of the six weeks I was on the picture," says Miss Ford. "I wanted to see what made her click; what gave her that peculiar mystique that made her famous. I wanted to study her and make her an international figure.

"I discovered she capitalizes the quality of restraint. If there is a scene of emotion, melodramas or sentiment, she gets the other fellow chew the scenery. She underplays it. That quality carries through into her personality. She's an even-tempered lady, I was afraid of Dietrich. (And I wasn't alone, for I learned that almost every worker on the picture 'The Lady Is Willing' was afraid of the assignment before the camera and her sportsmanship behind it.)" She held Dietrich in awe. "Usually I can talk with the best of them and never have that 'at a loss in a crowd' feeling. But I was afraid of Dietrich. Her aura frightened me.

"But the first thing she said to me when I came on the set to do off-stage dressing for Miss Stewart's character was, 'I had to get my home without makeup and with my hair brushed back. She said, 'Oh, how pretty you are,' and called people over to see me.'"

\"Later, when I was more at ease, she showed me where my makeup was wrong. She told me to use just a base around the eyes. She gave me the same treatment around the eyes. When I discovered how right she was, and asked her how she knew so much about it, she said that when they first married, Dietrich got him drunk and gave him an earful of acting and didn't recognize her. So she went to learn to make herself up in self-protection."

I talked to Nellie Manley, Dietrich's Girl Friday, and asked her what was Dietrich's most outstanding characteristic. She replied instantly: "Loyalty, Loyalty, Loyalty. Only to her loyalties was everything she ever gave up a work, loyalty to those who work with her."

"She has had Becky, her personal maid, for fifteen years. I have been with her for eight years. Miss Dietrich hired Becky in Europe as nurse for her daughter, Maria. When she came to America she fired Becky with her husband when she got an English-speaking governess for Maria she made Becky her own personal maid. When Miss Dietrich found it necessary to be groomed with a private tutor, she found work for her, too.

"When she finishes a picture she gives everyone on it a present. But she doesn't merely tell someone to make out a list and give a wholesale order for the same item for everybody. She selects each present herself, choosing an article because, as she says, 'That looks like him,' or 'That looks like something that should belong to him.' I've seen her spend hours over a watch counter, picking heavy gold watches for the grips, practical wrist watches for publicity men and actors, dainty wrist watches for girls and thin, fine models for sound men. She wanted to get the property boy at Universal a watch with all the gadgets on it he could need. And she shopped around until she found one with a stop-watch arrangement, a special sweep second hand and other features that she knew would appeal to him.

"She spends days shopping for Christmas presents for Maria. She has a special table in Maria's room just for her presents. And it's always loaded down—everything is made to order. And that same thoughtfulness marks what she does for others, too."

BECAUSE no woman can think of Dietrich without thinking of clothes and clothes alone, I asked Nelly Manley, the designer who has done a great deal of work for Marlene, to add a few lines to our personality sketch of the famous star. "In my opinion, anyone who has ever read her book," said this expert, "if she wanted to, Marlene Dietrich could be one of our greatest designers.

"I have never seen Dietrich wear anything that anybody made, no matter how famous the designer, that wasn't highlighted by her own originality and personality.

"Marlene will let a designer work anything she wants to, without interference. But Dietrich always picks up where she leaves off and adds a touch that makes it distinctive.

"I have designed for many women who have as much money, but never for one who has as much knowledge of what is smart and exclusive as Dietrich.

"Dietrich is generous and sympathetic to a fault. I have seen her take clothes of hers and give them to a woman who admired them. And I have seen her unhappy for days because of suffering in Europe. Once you know her, she is very close and gentle along with. She is definitely not snooty.

"Stanley Dunne, property man at Columbia studios, agrees that Dietrich is not "stuck up."

"Because I'd heard how exclusive and hard to get along with Marlene Dietrich was," explains Stanley, "we decided to beat her to the punch by giving her dressing room no glamour girl could object to.

"We took two portable dressing rooms, built them together and spent a lot of money furnishing them exclusively. She had the classiest nest ever provided for a star.

"But aside from changing dresses in a couple of times, she never used it. She used the set dressing table, out among the other actresses. She insisted on mixing with the crew.

"Once, when I sat down at the piano to entertain the boys, she pulled a chair under the piano and started in with a musical saw. And, boy, she could play. She sang songs for us and kept them humming on the set. She served coffee and her own home-made cake a most every day."

MARGARET TEETER, waitress on Universal's studio's commissary, served Dietrich every working day for seven weeks.

"I wish our average customer was as easy to serve as Marlene Dietrich made it. Marlene is a snob. If she's fussy about her food, was always pleasant, was never in a hurry and didn't demand a lot of attention. She would eat anything. She would eat a huge lunch and was very fond of roast beef, mashed potatoes and salads. She liked vegetables of all kinds. She didn't eat much dessert though she would occasionally have what she called a 'bust' of cake and ice cream. She drank a lot of coffee.

"One day she said to me, 'Margaret, it's just too bad I'm not a star. I'm trying to give myself some figure. But I always eat, don't I, and 'How!' and she laughed so loudly that everyone could hear her all over the commissary. And, in her presence, the motive behind, 'Dietrich' she said, 'Jimmy Stewart ate lunch together a while ago. I waited on them all day. They had lots of fun and sometimes they would wait as much as an hour to get their food down there for a couple of hours.

"Jimmy loved our big hot turkey sandwiches with gravy and mashed potato. When she was not in the mood for lunch, she would ask if it was good, consider it and then she'd try the same. She would clean her plate. Next time Jimmy ordered I tipped the commissary. It would go through the very same routine.

"They would bring all the foreign celebrities to her table and she could talk in her own language, with no one except her, among them. I'm learning to speak the language of the stars when I work with Marlene. Jimmy Stewart would ask me where I was from, (meaning himself) and I would register an answer.

"Among others, we asked Bill Edwark, publicity man who worked with Dietrich at Paramount and at Universal, to help us draw this picture of the famous blonde."

"Dietrich," Bill explained, "goes everywhere wholeheartedly. But the most unique thing that I've ever seen her was when she got her American citizenship.

"The first time she went to vote, she spent hours dressing and arriving at the polls in a striking black and white creation and very photogenic. She gave cameramen there a field day."

"But the 'Marlene's eggs' campaign was hottest and we asked Marlene how she was voting on the issue. She replied: 'Doesn't the poll tax play any part in the obligation of not telling how you vote?' Leave it to Marlene always to have the right answer."

"And that's what people think Dietrich does on T.V."

THE END.
"We Are Pals—Gene Autry"

(Continued from page 43) showmen, too—Tom Mix with his ten-gallon hat and his superelgant white automobile; Barbara La Mar with her lavender limousine and her diamonds and her ermine. None if these attempted to be stars during working hours and ordinary individuals be rest of the time; they were stars first, ast and always. But not—at least with a few exceptions—our stars of today! They will do what they can toward providing entertainment for you during working hours but during the rest of the time they work just as hard at being ordinary and herefore quite unglamorous people.

All very well, no doubt. But just the same, there is Gene Autry—a horse, shall we say, of a very different color!

"HERE is, for instance, the way he dresses. He isn't a cowboy on the screen and Mr. Average Guy the rest of the time. He wears those tight-fitting ants and those fancy shirts and high-heeled boots and his cowboy hat whenever he is out of bed.

Look at that special bus job of his, with his and Champ's picture painted on the outside, several feet high. (Champ is his horse, as you probably know,) another example of Autry showmanship. And look at the way Gene treats you when you meet him, even for the first time—as though he is in his quiet way worked to death to see you—as indeed he ... And the way he answers your letters, very single one that you write. Look at the way he is always putting on an impromptu show for you—as he did that one last fall, for those kids who didn't save the money to go in and see him at Madison Square Garden in New York. Maybe you were there. Anyway, after he show one afternoon he came out of the stage entrance to find several hundred young boys, unskempered, unskempt young men waiting.

"Hello, kids," he said. "I'm sorry you couldn't see the show. If I had my way, you'd all go in free, but I only work where. Anyway," he told them, "let's adjourn to that vacant parking lot yonder and see what can be done." So he got a team and, sitting there in the saddle, while the elevated shrieked half a block way, he did his stuff. You see, these kids were a part of Gene's public and felt his responsibility to them.

There was the time, too, last fall when he went to Oklahoma to visit. It happened on the day he spent in Okemah. He thought he'd have a nice quiet day there. But he figured without the local theater manager and the public. The theater manager had advertised, ununknowledg to Gene, that Gene would make a couple of personal appearances. The suit was that by nine in the morning the theater was packed. So there was nothing for Gene to do to make his appearances, and he did it that wasn't all. After he left the theater and had gone over to the Governor's for lunch, the manager came in after him, perspiring and frantic. "Tve done you dirty, Gene," he said. "I've put it out that you are going to come back for a third appearance. I thought I did get the people in the theater and tell 'em you couldn't come, but when told them that, they started raising hell. For the love of Mike, go over and up them!"

So Gene forget his lunch and went back to the theater once more to face a crowd which, through no fault of his, was pretty disgruntled. He walked out on the stage, his guitar under his arm.

"Hello, folks," he remarked. "I was in, 1942."

"Can't Make It—TODAY WAS WASH-DAY!"

Bill is beginning to wonder... "It's funny how Jane always folds after wash-day. I see other women..."

HOLD it Bill! Washing a tubful of clothes is no pushover. If you saw the time it takes, the way Jane has to rub—and rub—just to get your shirts clean, you'd get a shock.

She doesn't have to work so hard though. Not if she'll use Fels-Naptha Soap. Fels gives her a combination of gentle naphtha and richer golden soap that gets dirt out much faster. No matter how it's ground in.

She won't spend so much time bending over the washtub if she uses Fels-Naptha Soap. She won't have to break her back, nor ruin her hands, rubbing. You'll have whiter shirts and they'll probably wear better...

We've been trying to get Jane to use Fels-Naptha Soap—like "those other women." Maybe you can persuade her.

Golden bar or Golden chips—FELS-NAPTHA banishes "Little Tale Gray"
This ought to startle you!

IF YOU'VE GOTTEN INTO THE HABIT of using a certain kind of napkin, maybe nothing we could tell you would make you decide to try Modess instead. Well, then listen to over 10,000 women who tested Modess for softness.* 3 out of every 4 of them voted Modess softer than the napkin they'd been buying.

DOESN'T THAT STARTLE YOU into trying Modess the next time you buy napkins? Don't you want to find out for yourself if you've been missing out on extra comfort? You bet you do. Any modern woman would!

AND HERE'S WHAT WE'LL DO. You buy Modess. And if you don't agree with the millions of loyal fans that Modess is softer, more comfortable than any napkin you've ever used, just return the package insert slip to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N.J., together with a letter stating your objections. We'll gladly refund your full purchase price.

*Let us send you the full details of this amazing Softness Test. Write The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N.J.

3 out of every 4 voted Modess softer THAN THE NAPKIN THEY'VE BEEN BUYING

Pronounce Modess to rhyme with “Oh Yes”

over to the Governor’s having lunch when I heard you were waiting for me. Then I came right over. I’d rather be here, anyway.”

“No, he didn’t make a wisecrack. He just sort of took it easy; was obliging and sincere. The crowd forgot its peev and Gene was tops once more.

He never lets anyone down if he can help it. That went for the youngster on the Vox Pop radio program in New York who, having won some contest or other, was privileged to telephone to whomever he wanted and chose Gene. The latter was in Texas at the time and the man whom the Vox Pop youngster had accen tuated on the deal forgot to tell Gene about it until an hour before the call was to be made. He remembered it finally as be and Gene, drivin’ and kitchen. Denison, Texas, to Gene’s home town, Tioga, had stopped for an early supper.

“Good heavens,” the man screeched in a panic, “what do we do?”

Although he was tired and hungry, having had no lunch, Gene’s answer was to leave his supper on the counter and climb back into his car. But they weren’t going to Tioga, and get to Tioga,” he told his jittery companion, calmly, “I’ll take the call.”

They did, too. They drove up to the Tioga general store at the same time Gene said they would and he headed for the telephone. Two minutes later, surrounded by an ever-increasing crowd he was pleasantly asking the thrilled Vox Pop youngster how he was and saying he’d like to meet him face to face sometime. After that, he put on a little impromptu show for the assembled Tiogans. He’ll always sing for anybody if he can.

Gene’s present big interest, besides his pictures and his radio show and his tie-ups and the benefits he is always appearing under, is the big rodeo which will present in Houston, Texas, during the Texas Fat Stock Show and plans to put on somewhere, every year thereafter, under Gene. He has been telling his fans that other movie cowboys’ rodeos have consistently flopped with Gene and others.

Whether his rodeo is destined for success or failure, Gene is the kind of a fellow who figures out the thing to do, according to his lights, and then hews to the line. Nothing can change him once he’s made up his mind. There was, for instance, that little set-to he had with Republic right after his big set-to had been settled. He was back on the pay roll at his place and everything seemed lovely when he heard that the studio was going to drop Cowboy Roy Rogers whom they had acclaimed during the fight with Gene as in place of Gene. Gene heard about this and went around to the big boss.

“Nothing doing about letting Rogers go,” he said. “If they try to drop him now would ruin him. Keep him on, or you don’t get me, either.”

So they kept Roy on. Not so many people know why there isn’t a showman around when it comes to ballyhooing his generosity. Gratitude, let alone praise, embarrasses him. When you thank him for a favor he blushes—and changes the subject.

On the other hand there is nothing reticent about his pride in his “Melody Ranch” in the hills northwest of Hollywood. “Melody Ranch” is quite a place—and the kind of place you’d expect a showman who is a cowboy, or vice versa, to have. There is a big white house with a double-quick veranda across the front—an imposing yet friendly house, typically Western. But what really catches your eye right off and gives you quite a shock to boot is “Joe,” the Indian who sits all day on the front porch. He is an evil-looking individual, Joe, with his bronze skin and pigtails and red-rimmed eyes and dirty clothes. You wouldn’t want to meet him on a dark night—even though he is purely “local color” as made out of wood.

Inside the house, downstairs, is a large lounge opening smack onto a covered training ring with a path leading to the stables. Of course, it isn’t exactly usual to have house and stables under the same roof. But it’s all right, really, especially when, bath and kitchen. Pieces of real wood made from the horns of real Texas long horns, now almost extinct.

Gene and the friendly, attractive Mrs. Autry whom he wed some eight years ago by composing love song and singing them to her over the radio are living at “Melody Ranch” now, since they moved from San Fernando Valley burned down.

Which brings to a mind a funny story they tell on Gene—funny and typical. Seems that Gene and Mrs. Autry were in New York when the fire occurred so one the men working for Gene called it long distance.

“Say,” he yelled, “the house just burned down!”

A slight pause. Then, “Yeah? We now, that’s too bad.”

Gene was so unemotional about it, man thought he hadn’t understood. “To house burned down!” he insisted.

But the Autry calm wasn’t to be ruined. “Well, it’s just bad!” said, again. “But say, I’m glad you call I want you to send me my KNX contract—” And he was off on a disgust of a minor business matter.

THE moral being, when you have much on your mind as Gene Autry has, you simply can’t spend time on a few things. Like regret: you have to save your strength for other things. For instance, if you were Gene Autry, there would that problem of fan mail. Of course, people are here answer the letters he receives, but he spends a lot of time on it, too.

There is something mighty interesting about a letter of Gene’s. More than sixty per cent of it comes, not from kids, as you might think, but from between sixteen and twenty. They are whom the people help answer the letter he receives. They ask him to pass judgment on the boy friends. They treat him as though he were a brother or maybe a favor uncle.

Gene is grateful for his fan mail, thou despite the trouble it is to answer. Make no mistake about that mean interest he maintains. Inter means customers at the box office. When so maybe it’s no wonder Gene Autry comes first with fans like the little boy who crafted his toy God and Santa Claus. Maybe it is as understandable the simplest lesson in arithmetic, just the boy and two make four. Be nice to people and they will be nice to you. Maybe other Hollywood stars who cover the same degree of success would have better luck achieving it if they took a tip from Gene Autry.

THE END.
Carole Lombard's Greatest Wish

Continued from page 30) that—and that Lombard had a pixy. Carole's fixation was fair play. Or perhaps a little more than fair play, for she stacked the deck on the underdog. Her prejudice for the fellow behind the eight ball was a positive phobia.

And she wished she had the humanity that would make her remembered!

The first wish had been granted Lombard long before she stepped aboard the tefutu airliner. Carole wanted to pass a in full bloom—not to "wait and wilt," she had been deeply grateful that, just before his death, Russ Columbo had had taste of success. His first picture "Wake up And Dream" had just guaranteed stardom and he was brimming with happiness at the thought of his coming marriage to Lombard.

Carole's friends are grateful, too—ateful that happiness and success rode aside her when the giant plane crashed to the mountaintop in Nevada.

Happily married; the close pal of her island Clark Gable and his legion of friends; at the very height of her career (the best picture she had ever made, "To Be Or Not To Be," due for release) and her busy life crowded with new interests and activities—surely that first wish had been granted.

In contrast to her hilarious moments and to her usual brisk, practical manner, a husky Lombard occasionally curled her toes under her, ran her hand slowly through her blonde hair and philosophized calmly.

It was in this mood that she spoke of old Rogers' flight to eternity—and asked just better end one could wish than living right up to the last minute and in leaving friends to complete the unfinished business.

That wish, too, was granted to the last. Carole Lombard was serving her country when she "stepped out." And she was in gallant company. Fifteen United States Army fliers surrounded her, so that knows the guy Carole can doubt was surrounded if men were near who can doubt the gaiety, the course, the high spirits that flew with the famed plane? Who could dream that there was room aboard for fear, or apprehension, or gloom? Blacking out the route did not darken that flight. A shining streak flew through the clear night sky for love to strike.

Surely it struck at one of the happiest full moments of Carole Lombard's life. Her ears must have been ring-wit with praise for the magnificent way in which she was serving her country and the great job she had done in Indi-anas at the big war rally.

Her friends to complete her un-likened business, Lombard served her ntry better than she ever dreamed serving. Before the sun following the red the had set, dozens of stars were happily seeking a way to pick up where left off. And hundreds of lowly workers were looking for a way serve.

He had the answer to her question of in Hollywood could hope to have a passage that would equal in glory of departure of Will Rogers. The answer is—Carole Lombard!

That's a thought for Clark Gable, for his brothers, for Bill Powell, for "Fieldtime" and for the thousand and one fellows and the eight ball who would like a line for their memories of a great gal.

The End.

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspiration under the other. Then...

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.

3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.

4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.

5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50c for extra-large jar; 25c for generous medium jar; and 10c for handy travel size.

Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request.

FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 desorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.
Do you know the truth about Tampons?

There’s one thing you probably know about tampons—and that’s the wonderful freedom of internal sanitary protection. But are you really up to date about the latest improvements in tampons? Do you know why Meds—the Modess tampons—protect in a way no other tampons do?

Protection...how much do you really get?

To keep you carefree—secure—a tampon must absorb quickly, surely! Meds absorb faster because of the “safety center.” No other tampon has it! Meds are made of finest, pure cotton...hold more than 300% of their weight in moisture!

Does it fit correctly?

Insert a Meds properly and you hardly know you’re wearing it! For Meds are scientifically shaped to fit—designed by a famous gynecologist, a woman’s doctor. Dance, work, have all the fun you please! No bulges! No pins! No odor! Easier to use, too—each Meds has a one-time-use applicator that ends old difficulties. And so convenient! You can even carry Meds in your purse.

What about price?

Meds cost less than any other tampons in individual applicators. No more than leading napkins. Try Meds! Compare! You’ll be glad you did!

BOX OF 10—25c • BOX OF 50—98c

Meds

The Modess Tampons

(Continued from page 52) was reading for “Flight To The West,” with Betty Field and Paul Henreid.

At four o’clock he was turning down the part; he liked both the role and the play but was afraid the public would like neither. At 4:30 he was reading for the part of Randy Curtis, the take-off on a movie hero, in the Moss Hart play, “Lady In The Dark,” with Gertrude Lawrence up. At five o’clock he was telling himself it was terific—part, play and box-office.

“We’ll let you know in a day or two,” Moss Hart said approvingly.

“T’m afraid that’s not going to be soon enough,” Mature came back. “I’ve got three other producers waiting for an answer.”

At the mention of the three rivals, Moss Hart hastily summoned co-authors, directors who looked Mature over, gave him a singing audition, went into a huddle and emerged with the information that he was just as good as signed.

“Gentlemen, for years I’ve sat around in Hollywood waiting for options to be picked up at someone’s pleasure. From now on I don’t intend to let anyone but myself decide my future. I like the play; I’d like to be in it. But either I’m signed today or I’m not signed at all.”

“All right,” one of the producers finally said, “we’ll draw up the contract first thing in the morning.”

“We’ll draw it up tonight,” Mature announced.

“But it’s too late,” someone protested.

“In that case, good night, gentlemen,” and he headed for the door.

“For the love of Pete sign the guy, will you?” Moss Hart said, “This is Randy Curtis. Don’t let’s let him get away.”

LADY IN THE DARK,” as everyone knows, “made” Victor Mature. “Lady In The Dark,” as few people know, saved Victor Mature. He had not, as is supposed to be the case, left his native Louisville on the afternoon of August 5, 1935, bound for Hollywood to become a movie actor.

“I quit Louisville,” he told this writer, “because I had to find the answer to what was torturing me. The movie career was an afterthought.”

Afterthought or not, it hadn’t supplied the answer. Three years of living in tents, going without food and suffering humiliation and insult had netted him his first picture contract with Hal Roach. Two years of haphazard employment with Roach had netted him, thanks to those 130,000 letters, a term contract at $200 a week and nothing else. Hollywood jeered at him. “The poor girl’s son, Clark Gable,” the Brown Derby wits dubbed him. He was, so they said, revoltingly handsome, attractive only to giddy school girls, totally minus the social graces and hopelessly untalented. Why didn’t he get wise to himself and go home?

No, this wasn’t the answer to what was tormenting him.

The New York run of “Lady In The Dark” provided not only the answer but also, in the process, a rebuttal to Hollywood’s case against Victor Mature.

Men’s men like Sherman Billingsley, proprietor of the Stork Club, and Walter Winchell, columnist and Navy man, became his staunchest supporters, remain so to this day. Garbo and Helen Hayes called around backstage, found him “charming.” Westchester county matrons, lady instructors at girls’ colleges and a daughter or two of South American ambassadors to Washington sent him mash notes. New York debutantes, in masse, announced for publication that if they had to be marooned on a desert island someday, please, heaven, let it be with Victor Mature. Mrs. Cornelius Vander- bilt found him “a lamb” and his social conduct “blameless enough to give him carte blanche to visit her. The late Mrs. Sarah Delano Roosevelt, at whose charity affairs he served as auctioneer on more than one occasion, found him amusing, “Wiggle pants.” And most importantly, the New York critics who had come to the opening of “Lady In The Dark” ready to do some wicked blood-letting on the beautiful youth from Hollywood promised him in their reviews almost to man.

Thus by a six-month run of a musical comedy were justified and vindicated nineteen confused, aimless and unhapp years in Louisville and five years of locust in Hollywood.

MARCUS MATURE’s first inkling that his son Victor was a born rebel occurred in a somewhat dramatic fashion. He was just sitting down to his noonday meal when his five-year-old son stomped into the house, lunch basket under his arm. He was about to make the proper inquiries when the telephone rang. The principal of the George W. Tingley School was on the wire. He wanted to know what Master Victor, after two protesting in so many days that he objected to the school’s community luncheon, project whereby children pooled what they brought from home, had scopped up his basket and beat it.

“I don’t like what the other children bring,” his son and heir said hotly, after the telephone conversation had ended. “And I’m not going back to that school.

He didn’t go back. After thinking it over, Marcus Maturé, a good Catholic, had his son enrolled in a parish school, St. Paul’s.

The boy will outgrow it,” he reassured himself.

Life Owes You Nothing
wife. "I would like him to become doctor."

For a while it looked as if he might
right. Shortly after his ninth birth-
however, the Sisters recommended
be withdrawn from the school.
But why?" Marcellus Mature de-
demurred, humbly, of the Sister Superior.
He has neither the inclination nor
position toward study. It is unfair to
rest.

Marcellus Mature, bogged down for a
ment in a quandary, solved the im-
ise that very day by driving his off-
ing out to St. Joseph's Academy, a
ring school at Bardstown, some
ny-seven miles out of Louisville. En-
te home, after depositing his son and
ning over a check for $500 covering
ion and board, he mulled the situa-
tion over in his mind and decided it was
settled. Of course, five hundred dol-
was a lot of money, but nothing was
ly a lot of money when it came to
cation.

Marcellus Mature came by his passion
education because he, himself, had
little or none and missed it. The son
inn-owner at Innsbruck, Austria, he
run away from home at the age of
een, had roamed all over Europe
he was twenty-one and then sailed
rage, for America, landing in New
w York with five cents, all pennies, in
his pocket. Friendless in a strange land,
without a trade to fall back on, he
ome a scissors-grinder. Two years
after negotiating the whole distance
foot, grinding scissors and knives as
long as he landed in Louisville
soapbox on wheels, found the city
active and sank his roots there.
Louisville he prospered. By the time
began paying court to a doctor's
ughter born in Louisville of Swiss-
c parents, his business was flour-
ging, he had several routes and owned
horses and wagons. He would never have won her if her
r, the old Doc, hadn't been a friend
art.

"She's a dreadful foreign accent,
I variation," she protested, when the name
Marcellus Mature was first broached.

He married him after a two-year court-
moved not long afterward to the
200 Camp Street which is now
ed out to tourists, and bore him two
and a daughter, of which brood only
lived.

Marcellus Mature did pretty well. To
business of grinding scissors and
ne added, as a sideline, refriger-
systems and watched it grow until it
decked the revenue from scissors-grind-

Victor matured at St. Joseph's two
ars, ran away, returned home and
ore, was entrusted to the parochial
St. Xavier's this time. He finished
ighth grade, went into the first year
school, worked at it for a year
was ousted as a bad job. Marcellus
, patience exhausted, promptly
his son off to the Kentucky Mill-
stitute, hopeful that the military
could teach him the self-discipline
eded before it was too late.

I, taught him no self-discipline,
years of it at $2500 a year.
Tanner, twelve and wiry, he broke every
the books, was punished, resumed
them.

The eventual flasco at K. M. I. was a
pill to Mature père. Resolutely,
sadly, he put aside all hope of
ng his son become a doctor and
mitted him to the Spenserian Business
with the promise to himself that
or failed this time, he would ac-
due the inevitable and never mention

TAN GE E'S NEW SAT IN-FIN ISH

All you've ever longed for
in a Lipstick

AN ANNOUNCEMENT BY

Constance Luft Huhn

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Makers of the World's Most Famous Lipsticks

A softer, glossier sheen on your lips...a per-
fectly balanced texture that is not too moist—
yet not too dry...a lipstick that really stays on—
these are the qualities we have blended into our
new TANG EE SATIN-FIN ISH!

We are happy to offer you this latest and greatest
Tang EE improvement...the most important, we
believe, in twenty years. Now Tangee brings you
all you've ever longed for in a lipstick—Tangee's
glorious shades, Tangee's famous pure cream base
that is so soothing and protective, and the smooth
and lasting flattery of Tangee's new SATIN-FINISH.

TANG EE Lipsticks

WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

TAN GE E RED-RED..."Rarest,
Lowest Red of Them All!")...harmonizes with all fashion colors.

TAN GE THEATRICAL RED
..."The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick
Shade!...always flattering.

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

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Send "Miracles Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipstick, matching rouge and face powder.
LIPSTICK & ROUGE: CHECK ONE: ...............................................THEATRICAL RED
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[Name]..................................................[Address]

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[Enclose 100c (stamps or coin). (10c in Canada).]

MA 42
education again. Victor lasted a couple of months and Marcellus Mature, true to his word, put him to work grinding knives on one of the routes he owned, although his income from selling refrigeration was now five times that of the routes combined. He would pay his son four dollars a week wages. Of this amount—and he made it very plain—he expected his son to save three dollars.

As a scissor grinder Victor was an unqualified success. He quit his father’s employ after a few months because he rebelled at the small wages, and at the ridiculous allowance. He quit work one Saturday noon and got himself a job that same day as a salesman for Bradis and Gheenes, a large Louisville candy house. He was only fifteen but he looked twenty. In three months he was the best salesman the company employed, was earning $175 a month plus $35 a month allowance on his car.

It was just about this time that romance came into Victor’s life for the first time. He had staggled it, at the invitation of a couple of older fellows he knew, to a dance—his first dance—at the Country Club one Saturday night and was standing against one of the columns looking on when it happened.

He must have sensed her. He swung his eyes starboard and there she was, a spectral thing in blue and white with ruffles, her face alabaster and angelic; her eyes, blue; and her hair, blonde. She was fragile and passive, as only a sixteen-year-old with life ahead of her can look. She stood there a few seconds and was gone.

He lost no time in finding someone who knew her, demanded an introduction and got it. Three days later he was squiring her to a movie, his first date. That same night he fell in love—for the first time.

He saw her off and on for the next four years. He didn’t see her as often as he liked for several reasons: for one, she was, naturally, a popular girl, a year older than he and beamed around by cavaliers in another and older set, a set with which he had, by spurs, neither the courage nor inclination to compete. For another, he worked late so that dates were prohibitive. Finally, being selfish and jealous (by his own admission) but also righteous, he elected to remain, as much as his fondness for her would let him, on the sidelines with that peculiar gallantry of youth. Besides, love Jeanette Morris though he might, there was still raging within him this savage self-discontent, which love, far from stilling, only accelerated.

He stayed with B. and C. for over a year, demanding more money, didn’t get it, talked a woman candy jobber into letting him have a day’s supply of merchandise on credit, and went into competition with his former bosses. As his own employer, he was a masked marvcl. He got up at six, worked until eleven at night. A sensational salesman, he earned $26 that first week, $150 the second, and had a bank balance of $550 at the end of nine months. So that Marcellus Mature, watching but saying nothing, found his hopes for his son rising.

It is characteristic of Victor Mature that even profitable monopoly pulls on him eventually. Naturally, when selling candy got to be too mechanical and after he had proved to himself that he was justified in demanding more money from B. and C. (he is eternally proving things to himself) he sank the $3500 into a soapy restaurant on College Corner.

The restaurant prospered. It was soon evident that it would start paying handsome profit, which fact brought Victor an exacerbation followed by an immediate depression. The restaurant business wasn’t it any more than candy business was it. He had only whisp a thing to realize that wasn’t. Would this go on forever? Where would he be headed? What was he looking for?

He was sitting in a picture show one afternoon of August 3, when the stage came to him. The thing to do was leave Louisville. Yes, that was it. He hadn’t thought of it before? He was out in the middle of the picture and was to work that very afternoon he days of his restaurant. On the following morning he went calling on ex-customers who still owed him for candy, aces whatever they offered him in cash (we wasn’t much) and the rest in groceries and canned goods, quit his dunning operations when the back of the car packed with sundry foodstuffs and cut up a rather whimsical fellow by the name of Charlie Root.

"How would you like to take a trip with me?"

"What direction you headed?"

"West—California, I think."

"I’ll be ready in thirty minutes."

That same afternoon Victor Mature left Louisville. He left without telling anybody good-bye, not even Jeanette Mathe only girl he had loved. Not even parents, for that matter. He had an they might not understand.

For the inside account of how Victor Mature made himself the most talkative personality in Hollywood and of how he established himself as a rogue and the scoundrel, see the May issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

PHOTOPLAY combined with more more more.
Make Up Your Mind!

(Continued from page 39) worked out, I would have been able to remain in New York, after all, for a while at least, and to have had both my career and my marriage for the time being. But the divorce was over and done with and, right or wrong, that phase of my life was ended.

"Today, when I have a difficult decision to make, I like to go off by myself for a couple of hours. Then if I can't make up my mind, I sleep on it overnight.

"I believe it's all right to ask advice on a decision affecting your career, but ask someone who doesn't love you and so can give impersonal advice; second, ask someone who has no point to gain in telling you which way to jump. Third, ask someone who is successful—not a broken-down failure.

"On personal decisions, I don't believe in asking anyone for advice. Maybe other people can tell what's right to do, but they can't tell what will make you happy. Maybe the thing that seems right to them won't make you happy. They can consider the decisions cold-bloodedly and objectively but nobody can feel what you do down in your heart and that makes a difference. Your heart as well as your head must be consulted. The more you talk to people, the more confused you are likely to become."

A DECISION which I made a long time ago stands out in my mind as one of the most difficult I ever had to make," Anne Shirley of "Four Jacks And A Jill" and "All That Money Can Buy" told us.

Anne was fourteen at the time. Christ-

mas was only a few weeks away and she needed money badly. She hadn't worked for a long time and there was a call for chorus girls for the picture, "Harold Teen," at Warners. If she told her real age, she knew she wouldn't get the job, as it was one in which included many hours of night work which children weren't permitted to do. So Anne pretended she was eighteen, gave a fake name and was one of those selected. She was told that the job would last from six to eight weeks. Of course, she was taking a terrific gamble, for, if she had been caught, her license to act would have been taken away from her.

After two or three days' work at Warners, suddenly out of a blue sky came a call for a one-day bit at M-G-M, for which she would receive $25. If she refused that tiny one-line bit, she knew that M-G-M would probably strike her off its list. If she failed to show up for a single day at Warners, they would be through with her.

She'd make far more in the Warners job, but what of the future? As a chorus girl she felt she had no future at Warners, but at M-G-M that one tiny bit might lead to other better bits.

Though she hated to give up all that money, after a day and night of thinking it over, she decided that was the right thing to do. So she told them at Warners that she was ill and reported for work at M-G-M. "Evidently I made the right decision," she says, "for later on I did get other work at M-G-M.

"When you have a difficult decision to make, decide what will be best in the long run. Choose the thing that will last the longest and bring the greatest happiness, not merely today or tomorrow, but for all the tomorrows that make up the future."

And little Anne Shirley has stuck by her guns in making the most difficult decision of her life—the decision to break up her marriage to John Payne. In her own words: "I know each of us can find a happy life apart."

JOAN BENNETT admits frankly that she has never found a formula that is helpful in making decisions. At any rate, she's never been able to live up to the advice.

"I know," she confessed to us, "that I am too prone to seek advice in making up my mind. The more people I consult, the more different kinds of advice I get. This leaves me a lot worse off than when I started. A few years ago I tortured myself over the question of whether I should go back to New York for a role in a stage play or accept a role in a picture. I took the picture, which was a flop. The stage play, which I didn't take, was also a flop. Now I toss a coin to arrive at a decision—and then, no matter which way it falls, I ask my friends' advice. I guess I'm hopeless."

Most motion-picture stars hate to make decisions and only make them when the dreaded moment can't be put off any longer. Dorothy Lamour, to be seen next in "The Fleet's In," said to us, "I fret and stew until the last minute comes and then make my decision—which is frequently wrong. Or rather, frequently my decision makes itself. If you wait long enough, one horn of a dilemma usually withdraws itself and then you're..."

American-born Metropolitan Opera star Natalie Bodanyo reached the top tempo because she knew something that marks a standout.

And, more than any other drink, the same is true of Pepsi-Cola. Those Pepsi-Cola extras—finer flavor, better taste and bigger size, make it welcome always. Treat yourself today for a nickel. You'll agree, Pepsi-Cola tastes better—first sip to last.

Purity... in the big big bottle— that's Pepsi-Cola

Grand Opera meets good taste

★ Pepsi-Cola is made only by Pepsi-Cola Company, Long Island City, N. Y. Bottled locally by Authorized Bottlers from coast to coast. ★
"Listen... I said to the calendar, "you can't do this to me!"

"Bob's telephone call—and my cramps—came just at the same time. "Bob said, 'Big news, honey! I've picked up two good seats for tonight—you know, the show you've been wanting to see. We'll splurge a little, afterward—supper, where we can dance. You see at 7:30!'

"All the while the calendar was saying, 'Tell him no.' But I was sick of its tyranny! Right then I did something I'd been meaning to do for a long, long time. I tried Midol.

"And I enjoyed that show. Yes, we danced, too. And nobody knew—even I almost forgot—that sheer habit of giving in to 'regular pain' had almost wrecked our fun!"

"Isn't it time you broke the habit—the old-fashioned habit—of giving in to functional periodic pain? Isn't it time you tried Midol?

"If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should relieve your 'dreaded days' for active, comfortable living. It is made expressly for this purpose. You can use it confidently, for Midol contains no opiates. One comforting ingredient is often prescribed for headache and muscular pains. Another, exclusively in Midol, increases relief by reducing spasmic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

"In a business deal the problem is in a sense unique. Your future success depends on your ability plus what you enjoy doing. Nobody is ever successful except at what he wants to do. On business decisions, it is wise to consult experts where legal points are involved. And also if you want to find out if a certain company is reliable or the deal on the level. But the only person who can give you helpful vocational advice is probably a psychologist who finds out what you want to do and enjoy doing.

"Of course, Miss Canova is right in saying you should consult someone who knows no ax to grind. And consulting successful people, that advice is all right if you consult successes in the field you wish to follow. The advice of successful people in a field is helpful within that field; rarely outside of it.

"Midol contains no opiates. The problem you make the decision that will lead to the most happiness and peace of mind in the long run is good; but the practice of it is difficult. For, say you make the decision on that basis, if you don't kid yourself what the long run is likely to be. Also look out for your gambling instinct. Many people would rather take a long shot.

"Judging by what Joan Bennett says, she finds it difficult to rely on her own judgment. For such a person, asking advice from many people is sometimes safer than asking one person. Many Hollywood astrologers are faced with a perplexing problem, will consult one person, an astrologer, who gives them advice which is not scientifically reliable. At least they let many people give them advice; have something to work on in their own minds. Generally speaking, this isn't a good method, it's not really what the person is doing for self-reliance, but it may be good for people of this type. Sometimes they are able to come to a decision of their own, bolstered by the conviction that they are relying on someone else.

"As a rule, to get anywhere, you must rely on your own judgment. Joan Bennett has probably developed the ability better than she gives herself credit for.

"Dorothy Lamour is right in saying that you let enough time pass, half of your problems decide themselves, but unfortunately, most of the decisions made by time are unfavorable to yourself. People want you to make the decision for them, say they'll do something; you put off making the decision; and the opportunity passes.

"Virginia Field's analysis is the most important of all. She is in the habit of marking off the physical factors and letting the mind work undisturbed. Though she does it by becoming physically exhausted, a method that is more effective for most people, it can be done by other means. This is you. You can lie down and relax. Quiet yourself; make your decision when you are half asleep, when the physical impulses are quietest.

"Her advice to decide objectively is excellent if you can do it. Not one person in one hundred can decide objectively, but most people can get an independent point of view. If you can do it and still set yourself up as an important factor in the decision, it is a perfect method. Let Dr. L—trace the bearing of the decision on Mr. R objectively. The decision has to be made from the point of view of your own self-interest.

"If you can get a clearer thought by writing out the advantages and disadvantages of each decision, as she suggests, write them down.

"'Is there anything the stars failed to suggest?' we asked Dr. Marston, 'which you think would help people to make difficult decisions easily and objectively?"

"Only this: Don't take the whole problem too seriously. In a sense, no decision is final. If you force yourself to make a decision and the whole situation doesn't really call for that decision you may force yourself to go on a detour from your goal. Hold the general attitude of getting to your goal while you're driving for it.'
"I Want To Be Loved"

(Continued from page 41) cafe. The evening didn't need an anticlimax.

"Our second date? Will took me for a drive. We went high up in the Hollywood hills and sat and talked and looked down at the magnificent panorama. This was, actually, the first time we had had an opportunity to become acquainted. I bubbled over about back home in Ireland and he responded with down home in Mississippi. I discovered Will was absolutely sincere about loving symphonies. That gave me a glow. Up until then I'd always been laughed at for confessing I liked symphonies; it had been branded a phony affectation in me.

"Our third date was as unmelodramatic and as grand in tone. A drive to the beach. No jammed, smoky night club and a lot of cocktails can ever compete with real moonlight, you know! Will says it was that evening he admitted to himself he could fall in love with me."

Gradually Maureen was looking forward more and more to Will's calls. Through him she met many attractive, amusing yet earnest people, the circle of friends she now has.

"You read," declared Maureen, "how perilous it is to fall in love in Hollywood, that the odds are slim here for happiness. Believe me, when I suspected my fondness for Will was developing into real love I did some serious thinking. I am ambitious. Still, what is more important is that I want to be loved and I have had definite ideas on the subject! All the clichés occurred to me, yes. But falling in love in Hollywood isn't a risk when both have the same ideals from the start. I haven't had to change mine to suit or hold him, nor has he had to try any false attitudes. We've found the someone who matches perfectly.

"As soon as Will was positive I wasn't artificial or career-crazy and I knew that he was well liked and trusted by everyone who met him, our friendship deepened. I'm sure a man wants to be certain about the girl he marries, for too often a faked illusion leads directly to disillusionment. So I never pretended with Will. No posing, ever. When we went out I didn't doll up with flowing veils and great hunks of jewelry and cast round for attention to prove how popular I was. For if sweetheart's can't get long when they are relaxed, they couldn't be going together at all."

Maureen hesitated. "Naturally, after finding someone who was understanding and who had the same likes, finding fun in the same things was next."

Although they come from different sides of the ocean, Will's and Maureen's notions of practically everything coincided. "We love to dance, but we'd rather invite friends in or at their houses can go night-clubbing. We relax having good dinner out at Harry's Steak House, instead of parading at a restaurant where 'names' are flocking to be seen."

"During the two and a half years we've lived we have been to the 'must' places of the Coconut Grove and Ciro's ex- tensely seven times."

"I am glad we both feel this way about leisure time. It has been written that nice fellow can't compete with Hollywood 'wolves,' with the 'big shots' who issue a girl by invitations to the night clubs. But that is absurd! Just the other day Will accused me of being too inexpensive a date. He exclaimed he'd never spend more than ten dollars a month on entertainment. And it wasn't, Maureen chuckled, "in response to my latest..."
A smile that comes on to pay off—in defense bonds: Dorothy Lamour goes strictly business in Washington with Admiral Charles Conrad, in charge of the sale of Defense Bonds for the Navy, and John Harris, founder of the Variety Clubs of America.

present to him, either. When I ran off the set the other night a total stranger might have imagined I was anxious to sweep into a swanky shop for something like jeweled cuff links, knowing I was off to buy Will a surprise. Literally. I headed for a ten-cent store and shopped for a toy cooking set, with an egg-beater that works. A gag gift? Well, yes and no!

"Will has given me little presents I adored. An ingora sweater and a book of poetry on my birthday. He likes poetry as much as I do, incidentally. He keeps me supplied with perfume and it's a constant surprise to come home and find red roses. What girl wouldn't think so?

"We're like the boy and girl who grew up as next-door neighbors, even if we didn't know it from the time we were very young. I have the forthright loyalty. I'm the simplest woman in the world, Will vows. But when we're driving and I go to sleep, he doesn't mind. He's given me the self-confidence I needed. He says I've proved he was right about the woman he wanted for his wife. I'm sentimental—and he calls my four albums of snapshots of us 'Our Sentimental Moments.' I've a Brownie that I stick in whenever we're off on a jaunt.

Each New Year's Eve, for three years now, we've driven around the Rim of the World to the snow at Big Bear. Then from the high mountains down to the Sportsman's Inn in the desert, for a dinner of duck, trout, or quail, and back to Hollywood by midnight for all the bells. This is the kind of thing we love to do."

WHEN Will proposed to Maureen it wasn't a staged episode. He said that if things worked out he was going to ask her to marry him. Maureen said that when he did she would answer yes. He was her first date in Hollywood. She politely declined the persistent invitations of all the Hollywood glamour boys. "It isn't a fact that all girls want to be rushed by lady-killers! I've never been interested in the tall, dark and handsome men, myself. I'm unimpressed by the man who rubhas divinity. I wanted a man whom I could look up to, I wanted a genuine companionship, everything every girl dreams of from romance. William Powell is that. There's no pretense, no flimsiness behind Will's blue eyes. He's not sentimentally dashing, he isn't the headwaiter's delight at Ciro's, and tumbling. I could never keep up with that pace.

If you knew, as we do, the names of the Hollywood actors who couldn't get so much as a first date with Maureen, you'd be all the more astounded. The lads who say it with mink or a limousine wrapped in cellophane couldn't maneuver the slightest tumble.

WILL'S round, merry face reminds me of my father's and I wanted a man like that. Talented, jolly, dependable and solid when you needed him. Will isn't towering, but he's a healthy five feet, ten inches and if you look long enough you realize he has an intellectual forehead and a very strong jaw. I'd been led to believe I couldn't find a real gentleman in Hollywood. Right away I could tell Will was considerate and natural. Then he turned out to be sensible, besides. What more could I want?

"From the beginning we always had something to talk about and that is a fine test at that point. Will says that even if marriage hadn't come into the picture for us we'd have remained the best of friends, the rest of our lives, and I'm sure of it."

Her engagement ring, a beautiful dark green peridot, was designed especially in New Orleans by the same jeweler who made the engagement rings for Will's father, grandfather and great-grandfather. That appeals to her immensely. "A peridot isn't a precious stone, but it's a rare and lovely one." She now has a pendant to match and soon will receive earrings.

Maureen, who herself studied acting in Ireland's finest dramatic academy and who was awarded a medal as Ireland's best young actress, doesn't interfere with Will's work, nor does he with hers.

"Will doesn't even read my scripts, has never been on a set with me since we both worked on my first picture in Hollywood. I would like," she added, candidly, "to meddle in his career, but he won't let me!"

It is a foregone conclusion that Will Price will be a great director in the not too distant future, judging by his record so far. "Capra had better watch out," Maureen asserted. Will has already accomplished so much in the five years he's been here. Many another man would have been content to stop climbing.

Since it wasn't a stock movie-hero flair that intrigued her, what did Will Price hail from a prominent Mississippi family and was destined to carry on the tradition of the law the Prices had built up in the small town of Magnolia. His father, brother, grandfather, and great-grandfather had made legal history. But after his education at Duke and the University of Mississippi he, like Maureen, dared to try Hollywood. After training at the Pasadena Community Playhouse, he was awarded a parallel position to Orson Welles' in New York; he was made the head of the Federal Theaters in the Southwest.

George Cukor brought him to the studios to make the tests for 'Gone With The Wind.' And because he has been eager to master every phase leading to a director's exaltation, Will Price, a test director, a talent scout, a dialogue director and a script writer," stated Maureen proudly.

Because he has been so thorough, he is now in line to be a full-fledged director. "And at twenty-eight," purred Maureen, "that is something!" She's twenty-one, herself.

WE are both at the big moments of our Hollywood careers," she went on. "KO and the Century-Fox share Maureen, so highly are her prospects rated. "I think every girl should try to marry a man who feels and hopes as she does. Of course I've never been firm friends, find fun both like."

"We've met each other's mothers, our backgrounds are alike in spite of an ocean in between them and we were agreed on what we want in the years ahead. We both want children—and six won't be too many. We can't visualize our home without."

"We've agreed to be such a lucky girl to have found as fine a father as the Will will be!"

"Someday we plan on a small, comet-thoroughbred house. Porches, part wood and part shingle, with deep porches around all sides, high ceilings and sash windows. Will is fond of gar- dening, and the idea of making a garden to grow camellias; his mother has the second finest camelia garden in the world down in Magnolia."

"When we're too old for Hollywood, we're retiring there to be farmers on the land Will is to inherit.

"Meantime, we're resolved to live in the fashion of small-town people who have separate jobs. Will is determined to pay all the household expenses, to support me entirely. With my salary I'll buy only my screen wardrobe and send money back to my family to help them weather the war."

"Will has clinched my Americanicism. I cut out citizenship papers."

"I gathered extraordinary wisdom about herself pure instinct, if you wish. A man with Will Price's character couldn't have fallen in love with anyone than a girl who likes his way of looking at life."

The End.
Kissable Hands with this Exciting New Lotion

Rough hands quickly ruin romance. Here's one sure way to see if your hands are satiny-smooth, romantically soft.

MAKE THE KISS TEST YOURSELF NOW. Brush your lips softly, as a lover might, to the back of your hand. Can you feel tiny scales or roughness? That is nature's warning you're in need of Cashmere Bouquet Lotion.

Cooling! Comforting! And a quick-working marvel is Cashmere Bouquet Lotion. Simply smooth on a few drops. It dries in ten seconds, without any horrid, smearable stickiness. Quickly it banishes surface roughness; acts like a soothing, protecting balm on your hands.

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Cashmere Bouquet Lotion

Another member of Cashmere Bouquet — the Royal Family of Beauty Preparations
(Continued from page 34) high up in the clouds with—well I say ad
mired . . . of flying side by side with him later again, when we flew from Hol
dwood to New York and back, like two boys, and not as a man and woman.
Those long hours in the air brought us so much closer together.

"From the first moment I met him I knew with an absolute inner certainty
that he was the man I was going to marry. An inside voice, which has guided
me through life, told me so. Our marriage wasn't something we con
sciously planned for—but was preor
dained, long before we met. I'm con
vinced of that. We were like two
half-beings wandering through the air,
so to speak, seeking each other with a
blind, elemental, mysterious compul
sion—like the two atoms of a broken
molecule, until we finally met each other
and were united, if I may say so. I was
absolutely destined to marry him—
I'm sure of that. Even though—she
shook her blonde head and laughed—"I
was supposed to be engaged to another
man, or rather, to two other men, when
Brian and I came together with such
final affinity."

HER eyes shone with mischief and
memories. "I don't believe that ever
was such a wedding as ours. It contained
all the ingredients of a mystery novel,
and a comedy too could be written about it.

"I suddenly became frantic when I
thought the church aisle at Del Monte
might be too narrow for the hooped skirt
of my wedding gown, that I'd be caught
in that aisle, unable to move, with everybody
in the church laughing at my predicament
. . . . Now I phoned to the man from
Magnin's who had brought my wedding
gown and was staying at the hotel, but
the operator gave me another guest by
the same name, and when I begged him
to please hurry and come up to my room
to measure my waist and hoop, he said,
'I'd like to oblige you, young lady, but
I'm afraid you're talking to the wrong
party.' When I told Brian about it later,
he roared. He has a divine sense
of humor.

"But pretty nearly deserted him the
next day. The ceremony of our wedding
was to be performed at ten o'clock sharp.
Poor Brian stood for twenty minutes
alone before the altar, with the organ
playing, waiting for me, but I wasn't
able to get to the church until fifteen
minutes after ten because of my mother,
who at the last moment disappeared.
I had the most awful thoughts—had she
fainted and was she lying alone on the
floor of her room, or had somebody
kidnapped her? I sent people off in all
directions to find her. Presently she ran
up to me, holding up with one hand her
flowing chiffon gown and with the other
clutching the high-waving plumes on top
of her red velvet hat. 'Oh, my dears,
what's all this about?' And up to seven
breathlessly. 'I'm late because nobody
called me. It isn't my fault.' We drove
off madly to church, but she held a salon
in front of the church before going in
—and meanwhile the organ was going on,
and my poor Brian standing alone before
the altar. I'm sure they were the longest
twenty minutes he had ever spent in his
life.

"I'd like to take with me the sound of
his fascinating voice reading to me
from some favorite volume of poetry when
I go to bed—the shape of his head bent
over the book—the feel of his tender
hands as he teases me in like a mother
and turns off the lights for me to fall asleep.
And I'd like to take with me the memory
of our few quarrels—which too are sweet
—and how he never makes up, knowing
well that he hasn't won without his affection
and it is I who must take the first step
for reconciliation, which after I've cooled
off gladly do. Oh, he is stubborn that
way, but I love him for it. When I'm de
pressed, when anything upsets me, all I
have to do is to go home and throw my
self in his arms.

"I'd like to take with me all the glory
of the 'Rebecca' première—it meant
so much to me and made me a star overnight
—but which, alas, I missed, being at the
time ill in bed. I was cast in 'Rebecca'
when I married and you can imagine how
happy I was to be given such a role
upon my return from my honeymoon.
People who would not bother to speak
to me before sent me flowers and tele
grams of congratulations after 'Rebecca'
—and I was vain enough to like it. And
I'd like to take with me the memory
of winning the New York Critics' Award
this year, after being nominated for the
Academy Award, but failing to get it.

"Some of the happiest moments of
my life I've spent before the cameras—and
wouldn't ever want to forget them.

"I'd like to let out an awful scream
in a theater before I die—that has been
my suppressed desire, a silly thing, which
I'm silly enough to want to do. To travel
in Greece, and meet Winston Churchill
has met Brian while he
was absorbed in a book, 'The Decline
And Fall Of The Roman Empire,' Mr
Churchill approached him, noticed
the book he held in his hands approvingly
and said, 'Young man, what about
that?' 'Two-eighty-nine, sir,' Brian said
whereupon to his utter amazement Mr
Churchill proceeded to repeat that page
from memory, word by word.

"The war, of course, is the concern
of every one of us and I hope to do my
little part for our cause. But I have
been the high moments of my life
and I
I were to die today, I'd cherish in my
selfish way these above all and would
like to take them with me and keep them
forever and ever."

"The END"

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You've Got to Believe Me!

You'd Never Guess My Age

Her new face powder is such a flatterer!

It makes her skin look younger, fresher than it has in years.

No—you'd never guess her age! Is she 19-30-35?

Once she looked quite a bit older. For, without realizing it, she was using an unflattering shade of powder. It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every line in her face—accented every skin fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores.

But look at her now! She looks younger than she has in years!

For she has found her lucky shade of powder—the shade that flatters her skin—makes it look fresh and enchanting.

Are you sure the shade of face powder you use is exactly right for you? Are you sure it doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a little older?

Why take that chance? Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is your lucky shade—the perfect shade for you!

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Send for all 9 shades.

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!
“You will be,” Bill answered urbaneI, “if you don’t listen to the boss’s orders.”

“That stuff about knowing Clip back East—that was phony, wasn’t it?”

“I had to get in to see you guys. That was the story. That’s all.”

“Got no note from the boss?”

The one with red hair drew his hand out of his pocket. It held a snub-nosed revolver.

“The boss isn’t stupid.” Bill grinned.

“Look— I came in here without a rod. Would I pull a dumb stunt like that— unless I had the boss behind me?”

Sam said, “What did you mean out front by that ‘her’ you mentioned?”

Bill’s lips were tight. “Cary.”

A nudge flicked in Sam’s cheek. The boss—the boss sent you, you say? What’s his name?”

Sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach. “I don’t bite on that either, Sam,” he said finally. “Don’t give out names to anybody.”

The little fellow with the gun said, “Maybe we ought to take him out there, Sam. Maybe it might not be a bad ride.”

“Yeah,” Sam nodded slowly. “You may be telling the truth, fellow. If you aren’t, we’ll turn him to Red. We’ll take him to the car.”

They had the car garaged under the building. The big man drove. Bill was in the main room. He was still wearing the suit he had had on when Bill saw him in the garden.

Bill glanced about him quickly. The room amazed him. Like a country club lodge, with long draperies worn by a dainty curtain at the windows and a fire blazing cheerily in the big fieldstone fireplace.

Clip said, “What are you—?”

“Boss sent me.” Bill was cool. “Got a message. Sorry about the mixup in the garden. Couldn’t tell you—”

“Just cut in, “So you guys know each other?”

“Yeah,” Clip said. “In the garden.

Today.”

“Could be he has a message from the boss.” Sam looked at Clip meaningly. “Says his name is Swanson.”

“Never heard of him. Sounds scruffy. Why didn’t you talk in the garden?”

“How’d I know you?” Bill asked him.

“Anyway, I didn’t have any message then. Just casing the place—double checking for the boss. I got to talk with the damn allent.”

The silence was heavy. Bill knew what was in their minds. Maybe the boss was pulling a double cross. Trying to turn him out on his own. Maybe Bill was a dick—lying his head off.

Clip smiled. The change was too sudden. “Sure, you can talk to her. Boss knows he’s doing it. Only you got to hand over your rod first.”

“Hell,” he said, “I ain’t the one.” Red offered. “Frisked him when he was getting in the car.”

They were smiling at him now, relaxed. They’d be listening to him—waiting for him to show his hand. They’d have one chance in a hundred of getting out alive.

THEY led him across the room, down a flight of stairs, opened the door at the bottom.

The room was cramped, windowless, bare. A single candle flickered on the table in the corner.

The was standing there. He saw scorn in her eyes. Scorn that could not hide the fear beneath. For one moment—they looked at each other. The door closed behind him. He waited for the sound of retracting footsteps—heard none. That meant the men were there, just beyond the door.

The mussed golden hair caught glints and shadows. She was looking—down. Bred. Her lips broke in a queer, hesitant smile. She tossed back her head in a gesture of bravado.

“Cheese it now? I wasn’t expecting—company.”

“It isn’t company. You can put away the party dishes.”

The smile froze on her lips. “But—you aren’t one of them?” It was disbelief.

“You couldn’t. Sure. You’ve come to take me out of here. . . . He said, quietly. “Don’t be a fool.”

She drew in a quick, quick breath. Stared at him. Then she caught hold of herself—“Of course. How stupid of me. Gangsters only look like gangsters in the movies.”

“That time you’re right.” He crossed over, threw himself down on the couch. “I wouldn’t be sticking my neck for any d—. I’d just get shot off with.”

He grinned. “Right again, sister. Autograph. I just told you to take me out of here. . . .

“Perhaps you’d like an autograph. Her words were mocking. “The one you didn’t get already.”

He grinned. “Right again, sister. Autograph. I just told you to take me out of here. . . .

She leaned again the wall. “Don’t you think that sounds a little melodramatic?”

DO you like “Pidge?”

We mean, Walter Pidgeon. Because if you’ve enjoyed him in his pictures, you’ll want to know how much he enjoys you—people—everywhere. And you’ll find that out in our next issue. You’ll also find a stunning natural color portrait of him! sandwedged in the front seat between the driver and Red. Sam sat in back.

They drove in silence straight down to the ocean. For a time they followed the shore line up, then switched inland. The landscape rushing past them grew darker and more desolate. Black shadows of the hills loomed against the night, coming closer, hemming them in.

SCREECHING brakes broke the rhythm of the engine. The car skidded crazily, veered halfway across the road, halted.

“Switch off the lights.” It was Sam in the back seat.

They sat in the dark. No one spoke. Bill clicked on the lights for the sight of another car. He glanced at Red, who was sitting silently beside him. The automatic was gripped firmly in his hand.

“Okay.” Sam’s tone was short. “No one in sight.”

The driver switched on the lights. They turned sharply to the right. They were on a narrow road, bouldering over rutts and jagged rocks.

The house was small and low and hidden in a pocket against the base of a hill. The lights were made on a focus through the brambles. Not until they were only a few feet distant did Bill see the thin pencil lines of light behind the tightly drawn windows.

The one with the missing finger—the one they called Clip—greeted them in
"Suit yourself—Caryl." His voice was low. "I'd hate to see anything happen to that beautiful face."

He lighted a cigarette, slowly, deliberately. Looking at her. Wondering if she would possibly know the danger of the moment.

"What you want," she said slowly, "is for me to write a note, telling the company to pay the ransom? You'd like them to—buy me back."

"At the price we're asking, they'd get a bargain."

"How wrong one can be!" Her laughter was swift, rippling. "I was actually defending you this afternoon. Telling the others you couldn't be what they thought—a criminal."

"Look," he leaned forward. "If things were different, we might be different. Might be telling you how pretty you are, or sending you boxes of candy. Maybe, I'd tell you—but I've got a job to do."

"And it happens to be murder."

"If there's no other way."

"They must have cut out your heart at birth."

"Take it easy, Caryl. Play along. Then you won't get hurt."

"I want to play along," she told him quickly. "I can make it worth your while. But you've got to get me out of here."

She came over and stood looking down at him, red lips set tight. "Why don't you and I do business? You want money. I can get you twenty-five thousand, an hour after—"

His mouth twisted in a sardonic sneer. Double-cross the others? I'm not asking to be bumped off. Anyway, it couldn't be fair to them.

"You'd double-cross your mother if the price were right."

"Maybe. If it were safe. But your idea would be suicide. Besides, you'd turn me in the first chance you got."

"You wouldn't trust me?"

"I don't trust any dame. Above all not a good-looking dame like you."

"Suppose—suppose they don't pay the ransom?"

He shrugged. "They'll pay. They've got a million dollars tied up in a movie. Without you, they lose it. Paying the fifty grand is good business."

She was studying him carefully now. He felt himself reddening under her cool appraisal. When finally she spoke, her tone was light, almost flippant. "You're pretty callous, aren't you? All right. If they don't pay—in spite of everything—what happens then?"

He knew the answer. So did the others in the house. They were playing for keeps.

"You'd be pushing up daisies." His tone was flat, devoid of emotion.

She was, to his amazement, smiling, her eyes full of laughter.

"It's funny," she told him. "I only wish I understood it."

"What's the point of that crack?"

"It's not a very convincing performance, Mr. Whatever-your-name-is.

SOMEBWHERE in the house he heard the ring of a phone. She walked to the straightback chair near the table, sat down with an exasperated calm, crossed her legs. "I don't know what the game is. But you're no gangster. You're acting. Trying to, rather. I've seen too many ham performers."

He was remembering the men outside. He stood up, walked over and jerked her up out of the chair. She drew away, face white. He lifted his hand, brought the back of it sharply across her cheek. She started to cry out. His hand closed over her mouth. "Keep still, you little fool!" he whispered.

He could feel her body quivering. The odor of her perfume. Her face was close. He drew his hand away. The movement was sudden, delightful. His lips pressed against hers. Searing into him. The strange ecstasy of the instant—

She broke the kiss, struggled to get free. He held her to him.

"You've got to believe me, Caryl!" He whispered the words. "You've got to."

She was looking at him. Puzzled, frightened, incredulous. As if she wanted to believe. Then he felt her fingers tighten on his arm. Her eyes trying to warn him.

Behind him. He thrust her to one side angrily. "Dames! All alike. Think one lousy kiss is worth—"

He turned. Clip and Red standing in the door. Red said icily, "Nice work if you can get it. Just what in—"

"Never mind, Red." Clip's voice was suave. "We'll find out soon enough."

He looked at Bill. "The boss phoned, pal. We told him you were here. Says he doesn't know the name."

"But he must," Bill said. "He—"

"Don't let it worry you. He'll be here in half an hour. Then we can get it all straight. We'll wait upstairs, you and Red and me."

For one instant, Bill's eyes met Caryl's. Abruptly he turned, started up the stairs.

In the next few minutes a report will come over the radio in that room upstairs—a report which inspires Bill to take a desperate chance... For the tense hours ahead of Caryl and Bill, see the May issue.
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Greyhound is putting America's highways to work for America! Super-Coaches are now actively in the war—taking selective to military centers, carrying men on leaves and furloughs, serving in emergency military movements. Motor buses are indispensable to civilian war effort, too—carrying workers to more defense projects than are served by any other transportation. What's more, Greyhound travel saves precious fuel, rubber and metal needed to win the war.

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(Continued from page 36) night clubs are a waste of time and money.
His ancestors were Scandinavian, Scotch and Dutch, and he cannot abide conceit in actors.
He likes gambling for small stakes, is not lucky, and can quote Bobby Burns, the Scotch poet, at will.
He is only mildly amused by prize fights or wrestling.
He goes through calisthenics every morning.
He has been married eight years, has never been to the Metropolitan Opera in New York, and deplores wedge shoes on women.
He thinks women are irritating card players.
He starred as tackle on the college football team, worked in his father's lumber camps in northern Wisconsin, and is still billed on the marquees of his native state as Stanley Morner.
He walked into a radio station in Milwaukee at the height of the depression, sang a couple of songs, announced himself, and stayed there for a year and a half as a vocalist and announcer. He likes mince pie, never follows hunches, and still clings with affectionate tenacity to his first college football sweater.

DENNIS MORGAN is not stubborn about taking advice.
He is characterized by a boyish grin, his tastes are modest, and his favorite cheese is American nippy.
He performed sixty consecutive nights over a grand opera circuit in the title role of "Faust." He can't stand very much of hillbillies, and has a definite financial program which never seems to work. He is born in an eight-room white farmhouse.
He likes air travel, has never succeeded in mastering the tango or rhumba, and thinks music is sweetest in northern Wisconsin, Washington or Oregon. He is a gum-chewer.

He dotes on musical jam sessions.
His mother had no musical talent, and Morner is a well-known name in Sweden.
He smokes less than a pack of cigarettes a day.
His viewpoints and attitudes have been most strongly influenced by Mark Twain and more than anything he enjoys a luncheon of a corned beef sandwich on rye and a tall glass of tap beer.
He rebels against the systematic and orderly, is very fond of hunting dogs, and the front page and sport sections of the daily papers interest him most. He is forever singing in the bathroom.
His first love was a girl in his class at high school who is now his wife.
He failed to make the track team at college, has no desire to learn flying and thinks the most desirable asset in a wife is understanding;
He plays the piano only well enough to practice his singing. He doesn't like swimming in indoor pools, and would rather take long walks in the woods than anywhere else.
He is a good swimmer, never diets, and always goes out between the acts for a smoke. He was a protege of Mary Garden, cast for "Carmen" in Chicago which was rehearsed but never staged. He was recommended by her for a test at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer which resulted in a five-year contract.
He has no desire to climb a mountain, likes any kind of candy made of chocolate, and after sitting around for two and a half years at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer doing nothing, he begged out of his contract and played in a Los Angeles revival of "The Student Prince." He was again approached by the same studio who suddenly saw in him a great bet but instead he accepted a one-year contract with Paramount where subsequent ly he played a series of gangster roles. He again begged out of his contract.
Having determined that Hollywood was not for him he returned to Chicago after leaving Paramount, was immediately seen for by Jack Warner of Warner Brothers, decided to take another chance, was placed under the contract which eventually led him to his biggest opportunity as Wym Straford in "Kitt Forey."
He used to play a trombone but dropped it on account of neighborhood objections. He bought the house he live in which is an English country house or two acres of walnut trees, birch trees and rare English holly. He hates to go to bed.
Dennis Morgan has a son of six and half years, a daughter of three and a half and never wears a flower in his dinner jacket.
He accepts traffic tickets in good grace belongs to no clubs or lodges, and has yet to do any important singing in pictures.

He majored in economics, music and dramatics, would have gone into the lumber business had he failed in his chosen profession, and sums up his success philosophically: "Men make the own luck, good or bad."

He likes potatoes boiled, and considers the "Flower Song" from "Carmen" the most beautiful of arias. He hopes some day to own a farm.
He has never suffered self-conscious ness, does not think all suicides are moral cowards, and never carries anything on his person except a gasoline credit card, driver's license and very little money. Dennis Morgan likes suit of blue or brown and thinks mon mental vacations are dangerous.

The End.

Portrait of a Young Man on His Way

She never wears wedge shoes—her hus band doesn't like them. A tourist view of Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Morgan
I Waited Eleven Years

(Continued from page 64) What was I? You know the feeling?

Nevertheless, I got an awfully good role shortly after I came on the lot. With Helen Hayes in "The Sin Of Madelon Claudet," That led to a part in "The Wet Parade," which wasn't all it might have been because of the Prohibition situation at that time.

Still, those were two big, important pictures. They inflated my hopes and when hopes collapse, it hurts.

There followed a series of what must be inelegantly referred to as "droops." As more time and more such pictures went drably on, I began to visualize myself as playing an endless succession of brothers or uncles who come home in the third act.

Because I played the same kind of role as Bob Montgomery—except that mine were in "B" pictures—I was referred to, jestingly, as "the poor man's Bob Montgomery." I got so I hated the guy. (I should remark right here that he is now, one of my best friends.)

Every time I wanted a role, he got it. When he didn't want a role, I got it.

I nearly threw in the sponge a lot of times. I must confess. But then, so did the studio. They were ready to let me go more than once.

Then, as option time drew perilously near, a loan-out would always come up and save my skin. Because with each loan-out my stock would—temporarily—go up. As when I made "He Met Her In Paris," with Claudette Colbert and Melvyn Douglas. When that turned out to be such a hit, I was sure that this time I would be welcomed home with red carpets and a brass band. Now Bob Montgomery would get my castoffs. But again nothing happened. That was pretty much of a letdown.

There were many such. I have taken a lot of letdowns and have got up again—out who hasn't? Gives you bounce. Keeps your knees nimble.

THE only recourse, when I didn't like the way my career seemed to be going, would have been walkouts and suspensions. I never walked out, never took suspensions. Not because I am a willing martyr but because I think that no food comes of them. Because I do believe that the boss knows better than is employees or he wouldn't be the boss.

Perhaps I was wrong, I don't know. Perhaps displays of so-called temperamental may give the Front Office a little more respect for your backbone. But I also figured that they were not trying to cast me in pictures that would ruin me. There would be no percentage in that for anybody. I kept thinking grimly, If I can just hang on.

Which, in a nutshell, is precisely what did—And very good for me, too.

The thing I feared more than anything was loss of enthusiasm. If, deep down inside you, you get a little sick, no hope, you are defeated. You cannot be defeated by any other means or by any other person or by any other circumstances. Also, I did not want to lose confidence in myself. It was all I had, really. I had kept that so that when the role came long, I could do it.

There were times when that confidence were pretty thin. Times when newscasters would rocket past me, leave me standing there, seeming just to mark me. There was Robert Taylor. Grab your hats—hang on to the comet's tail, you can, watch him rise! In less than year, Jimmy Stewart reached a place

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A Paramount Picture

NLT, 1942

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in the sun I hadn't even approached in seven or eight. As against these swift, sensational records I could check the dozens and dozens of pictures I had made, pictures which did not, then, appear to have "made" me.

It isn't much fun to walk the treadmill while others soar and skim the heights. But remember, again, that the race is not always to the swift. Remember that we are not all born winged. Remember that good sturdy shoe leather, taking a step at a time, gets places, too.

It was the conviction that only if I lost my enthusiasm and my confidence could I really be licked that gave me the iron determination not to lose either the one or the other.

But what gave me confidence? And how did I keep it? Well, I did a spot of talking to myself every now and again. I turned out to be an extraordinary one-way talker. The advantage being that no one can answer back. Or can someone? Maybe that Little Voice we all have within us, with the habit of giving us the truth, whether we want it or not.

For, not to be falsely modest, a revolting trait, I figured that the spot I was in was, somehow, somewhere, my own fault. Mind you, I believe that luck plays a big part in success, whenever you are, whatever you are doing. But I also believe it is some seventy-five per cent up to us, what we do, where we get. This being so, I'm not going to go around beeping, "Rotten deal!" Not going around screaming my brains out. Not going around moping. If you mope, you get ulcers. Ulcers are expensive. Times are hard.

I DID, of course, have my moments of thinking, I'm going in there now and lay my cards on the table!

Then that little voice would hiss at me, "What cards?"

I wonder how many men—and women, too—have been on the merry-go-round I rode at these times? Going round and round in a circle and getting nowhere.

At any rate, I would start for the Front Office, fire and fight in my eyes. As I walked I'd begin to think of what I did before I was in pictures. I'd think of my ranch out in the Valley, of the nice cars in the garage, of the advantages I am able to give our two youngsters. I'd think of the people I have been able to meet, great authors, scientists and so on (always a terrific thrill to me) just because a movie name gives you that open sesame. I'd think how much better off I was than I would be if I were, say, the best metal lather in the country. So what did I have to be about?

Then I'd go into reverse again: I'd work myself up, all nice and hot and steaming, thinking of Taylor and Stewart and the others who had kited up and over me in no time at all. I'd think of all the times I'd tried to nix a script, had been proven right and had never once said "I told you so!"

Then I'd get as far as Happy's coop, halfway to the Front Office. Happy sits in that little coop and directs traffic on the lot. Sits there all day long. I'd say, "How are you, Hap, how do you feel?" He'd say he felt pretty good, no complaints. Then I'd begin to weaken again.

"No complaints," eh? That great, frisky argument I had up my sleeve felt pretty pulpy.

After all, I'd think, eleven years with one company, at an ever-increasing salary, is definitely not something to cry into your soup about. And even if the Big Break never comes, what of it? We can't all get the Big Breaks, you know. You do know that, don't you? Besides, you lug, I apostrophized myself further, you're luckier than ninety-five per cent of the others, at that. You're even luckier than the minority group of top stars. Because, when the inevitable moment comes, that moment which bridges the gap between playing romantic parts and character parts, you won't need to fear it, you can make it and go on, indefinately, and at a handsome salary, too.

On the other hand, I'd think, swiveling again, I don't want to reach the place where I will be an old office fixture. One of the "Oh, hand it to Bob Young" things. Not forever, that is.

In these soliloquies of mine, there was always one ever-present thought—a thought of something that really hands me the biggest thrill—that other people...
Care so much. I'd think of all the actors, my competitors as well as the bigger stars, who would get me into corners and say, "Now, look, you dope, you've got to do something!" They wanted me to get ahead. They wanted me to have my break. "Isn't that better than having it?" that stinking, little Voice would ask me. "Yes," I'd growl, "yes, it is. Now, shut up!"

But it wouldn't shut up. It would add that, ironclad enough, the one who had always been the most insistent that I do something was that chap, Bob Montgomery!

Tie that.

The mention of Montgomery would start me figuring, as we all must figure, on the difference there is between people. We are not all alike. We are not all so constituted that we can behave alike. Montgomery can fight for himself—and others—because he is a born Champion of Causes. He is a born fighter, a born rebel. When Montgomery comes pounding down a hall, his victims shake in their shoes. They know he means business.

I am not like that. I do not mean to say that I am meek. I hope I'm not. I rebel against injustice—when I feel it. But what has always stopped me is that "on the other hand" routine, that wavering between anger at injustice and the conviction in the deepest recesses of my heart that, as things go, what I have had for eleven years was pretty fair justice, at that.

So it is that I never got to the Front Office. Never registered any fat and uming complaints. Never did a walk-out or took a suspension. Held on grimly. Worked like a stevedore. Watched and waited. Prayed and swore.

Whether this was weak or strong, sound judgment on the line of least resistance; whether this same procedure would be good for you, or you, or you, would not presume to say. All I can say is that, in certain essentials, we must all stick to our own last. We cannot copy other people. We have to behave according to our particular and individual pattern of behavior. This was mine.

So then I got Pulham! King Vidor was responsible for my doing the part.

The way it happened, they just called me and said, "You start Monday." Of course I had made tests. A great many tests. But so had others. A great many others.

When I started to work, I knew how good they have been for me, these eleven years of apprenticeship. I realized, then, but all those parts I've played, however ad I'd thought them, were experience, as taught me something, every last one of them, if only what not to do.

I am the type that needs a background experience. That is my way of work. Five years ago, for instance, I would have been scared to death of Pulham. s it was, it wasn't a walk-off. I wasn't snug about it, I hope. But if I had had the difficulty of the role to contend with in an inner doubt as to whether or not I could do it, it would have been bad medicine for me. As it was, I did have confidence in what I was doing. By common I mean that I was ready for the le. It is something like a fighter on the night of the big fight. He goes into the ring, looks at his opponent and then sometimes he thinks, If I'd trained for six months instead of going on a bender, I should take him on without fear! When I looked at the role of Pulham would think, Well, I've trained! It was thus, after eleven years, that the break came for me.

The End.

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(The continued from page 46) I'll call for you at two-ten.

And again, although Lucy was tempted to refuse, she yielded to him, heard herself say, "All right—at two-ten.

The sleigh ride was not the complete success George had expected it to be. He drove all through the town and along the snow-crusted roads near by, pointing out houses and farms which were Amberson property and would someday be his, only to discover that Lucy was impressed by the beauty of the scenery but not by the Amberson wealth it represented. He told her elaborately of his plans for the future—how he intended to live a life of ease and culture to which his wealth would entitle him, only to learn that Lucy had little interest in men who did no work. They were returning home in a rather uncomfortable silence when Lucy suddenly cried, "Oh, there's Papa in Headquarters, that your mother and your Uncle Jack with him?"

George followed her pointing finger, taking his eyes from his horse. And that was a fatal error, for the horse, terrified by the strange apparition puffing and clanging toward him, bolted out of control. The cutter tilted on one runner, spilling George and Lucy into a ditch amidst a tangle of fur robes which half smothered them but saved them from injury. George, George's self free and returned to pull Lucy to her feet—and then somehow, before either of them realized what was happening, she was in his arms and her soft young lips were pressed against his.

"George! George, darling, are you hurt?" It was Isabel's voice, agonized with fright, and George and Lucy jerked apart, identical humiliation, the horseless carriage stopping on the opposite side of the road. Isabel sprang out, ran toward George and dropping to her knees began to brush the snow from his shoes. "Oh, my baby," she sobbed.

"Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right, Mother." George snapped at her, but, hurt and unhappy of her frantie expression he added geniedy, "Don't take on so, old lady. Why, you're all covered with snow yourself." With surprising tenacity he lifted her up and whisked the snow from her fur cape and handed her into the automobile. Then somewhat diffidently he helped Lucy into the seat beside her. "I'm a moment later, strangely silent, they were all on their way back to town.

George's father died shortly before George graduated from college. Now that Wilbur was dead and Eugene had so recently returned to Midland, speculation began again—speculation as to whether Isabel, at last long, would marry Eugene. None of this idle chatter reached George's ears; his arrogance had cut him off from close friendships in the town so that he had never heard of Isabel's early romance with Eugene, much less any hint that it might be resumed now.

Beside Eugene George had his own problem to worry about, the problem of persuading Lucy Morgan to marry him. Much as he disliked Eugene, George had known from the moment that she hurried koss until after their meeting that he was in love with her.

"When are you going to say you'll marry me, Lucy?" he demanded one day.

"Oh, dear," Lucy said. "I know it. Whenever you make the horse walk in—stated of letting him trot 'tis so you can give all your attention to proposing!"

George laughed in amusement.

"You are the prettiest girl in the world," he told her fondly. "But why is it," he went on seriously, "that you never even want to talk about marrying me?"

"Because," her voice was almost inaudible, underneath the wide brim of the leghorn hat she wore, "I have the feeling that I'm never going to marry you."

"What makes you think that?" George asked bewilderedly.

"Oh, because everything's so unsettled," Lucy explained wearily. "You haven't decided on any business or profession—or at least if you have you haven't told me—so I have the feeling that I'm never going to marry you."

"I see," Lucy said slowly. "I suppose because your father is a businessman," he went on scornfully, "he's told you that you shouldn't even become engaged to me until I'm a business man, too."

Lucy shook her head. "I've never talked to Papa about your going into business, George."

"But even without talking to him. George goaded her, "you know how he feels about it—and you feel the same way."

Lucy nodded and her slight gesture infuriated him. "You may be interested to know," he continued, "that I don't care any more for your father's way of thinking than he cares for mine!" And with that he clouted the horse savagely with the whip and the startled animal plunged headlong down the dusty road.

If Lucy had remained in Midland she and George might have patched up their quarrel but, her unreasonable attitude, she left the next day for a visit with friends out of town. Knowing that it was her father influence George, though unspoken, that was keeping Lucy from him increase George's resentment of Eugene even mor and when, a few days later, Eugene drove at the Amberson mansion, George, obeying some blind instinct for revenge, unbearably rude.

"Automobiles are a useless nuisance," he said scornfully. "They should never have been invented." A horrified silence settled on the guests at the table.

Eugene laughingly broke it. "Perhaps George is right," he said mildly. "But automobiles are here—and they are bringing changes with them. We have a chance to know whether the change will be for the better or not and if the are not—well, someday I may have to agree with George that automobiles new should have been invented."

Isabel was so upset by the scene that she was nearly ill. Uncle Jack Amberson said frankly that George was a stupid young fool. Only Aunt Fanny, mind appalled Eugene's attitude, frustated sensitive about living on the Amberson bounty, couldn't face the addition of grief that Eugene would never ask her to marry him, as she had foolishly hoped when he first returned to Midland, that he might do. For the sake of her pride she
had to pretend to herself that he would have married her if Isabel hadn't come between them, and also for the sake of that pride she had to make Isabel suffer for it—and here was the means within her hand. With one gesture she could imperil Isabel's romance with Eugene and disrupt the relationship between mother and son. It wasn't malice that prompted Aunt Fanny; she was devoted to Isabel as she had been since childhood, but momentarily her own bitterness eclipsed that devotion.

"You did just the right thing," she told George. "Your father—my poor dead brother—" she sniffed in self-pity, "would be proud of you!"

"What are you talking about?" George demanded impatiently.

Aunt Fanny's tears increased. "That's right," she sobbed, "turn on me, now that I'm old and living on charity. Pick on me, when I'm only trying to tell you how much your father would appreciate what you're doing!"

George groaned in perplexity. "Doing about what?"

"Getting rid of Eugene," Aunt Fanny whispered. "Getting him out of the house to put a stop to all the gossip."

George caught her frail shoulders in his hands, gripping her so that she winced with pain. "What—do—you—mean?"

Aunt Fanny told him then—told him that the whole town was wondering whether Isabel and Eugene were going to be married, told him about their early romance.

"I suppose your gossiping friend, Mrs. Johnson, is responsible for this—this slander," George said accusingly.

"She—she may have mentioned it, put—" Aunt Fanny faltered.

"She won't mention it again!" George shouted. "There'll be no more gossip!" His voice choked with fury. "I'll see to that!" and he swung out of the room.

"No, George—" panic-stricken at the sight she had set in motion, his aunt ran after him and caught at his arm. "I shouldn't have told you," she cried remorsefully. "I didn't mean—"

W I T H O U T answering, George pushed her aside roughly and plunged from the house and a few minutes later at Mrs. Johnson's home he was threatening suits of libel and slander if she should ever mention Isabel's name again. But Mrs. Johnson, instead of being cowed by his histrionics, ordered him out of the house.

By night, what had been only harmless chatter had reached, thanks to Mrs. Johnson's active tongue, the proportions of an ugly scandal.

The upsetting details of the scene were ept from Isabel. On the following day, unaware of the frenzied thoughts in George's mind, she serenely waited for Eugene to take her for an automobile ride. Overnight she had persuaded herself that George's rudeness to Eugene was nothing more than an unfortunate display of bad temper, for which he would apologize, and she faced the task of explaining this to Eugene, sure of his forgiveness and understanding.

But when Eugene arrived, George himself stood in the doorway, barring it, and Eugene's expression changed from appiess to polite formality.

"How do you do, George," he said. "Will you tell your mother, please, that are here?"

"My mother," George replied coldly, "is not interested in knowing that you're here—today or any other day."

"I'm afraid I don't understand you, George."

"Then I'll make it plainer. Perhaps," his voice mounted, "you'll understand—"

"If You're a Simon Legree I'm Little Eva!"

"So you're the big, bold villain! Hmm—you don't look it to me!"

"I'm glad you didn't know me when. Thoroughly disagreeable! Nerves shot, jumpy... tough to get along with. I had a perpetual..."

"A perpetual what?"

"Grouch. Like this! And then I was told that I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."

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The yeast with the yellow label

R W, 1942

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this!" The final word was drowned by the slamming of the door. For a moment the two men stood, each on his own side of the door, then Eugene walked down the steps, every line of his body expressing defeat and anger.

Unable to see Isabel, Eugene wrote to her: "Don't strike my life down, dear; I promise you you shall have happiness and only happiness if you will just find the strength to live your own way and not George's way."

Jack Amberon delivered the letter to Isabel and told her, then, of George's opposition to Eugene. When he had gone Isabel sat alone for a while, then she went to George's room and handed the letter to him. George read it through and tossed it aside contemptuously.

"It's the most offensive, the most insulting letter I've ever seen," he declared. "You're my mother and you're an Amberon—and I know you've got too much pride to marry a man who could write such a letter as that."

Isabel swallowed the sob that suddenly choked her. "Marriage—marriage," she spoke with painful slowness, "doesn't mean so much after all, dear, at my age. It's enough to know that—that people think of you. Enough to see them.

"See him!" George cried accusingly. "Mother, you couldn't after this!"

"Not ever, George!" Isabel said pleadingly.

"No!" George shouted. "Not ever! If he ever sets foot in this house again—oh, it was a cry of anguish, "I can't bear to think of it!"

His words might have been swords, cutting into her flesh, and swords could not have hurt her any more than the realization that the peace and contentment she had longed for with Eugene must be put out of her mind forever. For that, she knew instantly, was the way it must be. She walked forward unsteadily and took George into her arms as she had when he was a child. "Darling," she whispered, "I want nothing—ever—but your happiness. That will be all the happiness I shall ever need."

**WHETHER** it was Isabel herself or George who sensed that thereafter life in Midland would be intolerable wasn't quite certain; what was certain was that they decided to go abroad and to go at once.

The day before they were to leave, George met Lucy on the street. Lucy smiled cordially in greeting and he realized, with a gap of relief that Eugene had not told her what had happened.

"Lucy, I want to tell you something." In spite of himself, he couldn't keep the old domineering quality out of his voice.

Lucy's smile did not change. "I hope it's a funny story," she said lightly.

"It may seem like one to you," George said bitterly. "To begin with, when you went away you didn't even let me know, didn't write or—"

"Of course not," Lucy interrupted briskly. "We'd had a quarrel—don't you remember? Since we couldn't play together like good children it seemed obvious that we shouldn't play together at all.

"Play!" George retorted vehemently. "You mean—we were only playing at being in love!"

"It couldn't ever have been anything else, George," she answered steadily. "The way you are and the way I am—she broke off. "What were you going to tell me?"

"I'm going away," George said heavily. "Mother and I are taking a trip around the world. And we aren't making any plans to come back, you know.

"That sounds like a nice long trip. Lucy observed with determined cheerfulness. "A lovely—"

"Lucy!" he cried. "Is that all it means to you?" She didn't answer. "I've never cared for me at all," I went on pitifully. "And this—well, it is good—by, Lucy. And I think it's good by for good."

He turned away, paying no attention to her gentle, "Good-bye, George.

Lucy watched him until he was out of sight then she slowly entered the drugstore. To the clerk she said, "Give me some aromatic spirits of—of— but before she could finish the sentence she dropped, unconscious, to the floor.

**GEORGE** and Isabel were away from Midland for five years. During the years no son could have been more devoted than George, no son more considerate of his mother's wishes—ever wish, except one. For every time Isabel suggested returning home George put her off by pointing out the cultural and educational advantages of their Continental life in Isabel, more than ever a slave to her wishes, all but gave in. But strong her devotion was, her health could not stand the strain; she had never been strong and gradually homesickness at loneliness robbed her of all vitality. Last when it became obvious that she had only a short time to live George brought her back to the Amberon mansion. Midland had undergone vast change during their absence. As Eugene had predicted at that disastrous dinner party five years earlier, the automobile be

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changed everything. The Amberson mansion, once the showplace of a wealthy residential section, was hemmed in by factories whose smoke grime its walls; and as the Amberson fortunes had declined those of Eugene Morgan had risen. In the factories that surrounded the Amberson estate he turned out automobiles by the hundreds, but his new Georgian house of mellow brick was miles away, safe from the noise and dirt. These outward changes made no impression on Isabel, for she was too ill to leave her room. George, half frantic with fear, devoted himself to her more assiduously than ever. In one respect only did he oppose her: Even though Eugene called daily and even though Isabel spoke visibly of seeing him, George would not permit their meeting. Even on the day of her death when, knowing that there were only a few hours left to her, George would gladly have given his life to prolong hers, he had Eugene turned away from the house. It was only after she died, when he had nothing but the agonizing memory of her last whispered, George, my dearest son," that awareness swept over him and he realized at last how much the unhappiness his domination had caused her.

Major Amberson's death followed Isabel's by only a few short weeks and it was then that the complete wreckage of the Amberson fortunes was discovered. Nothing was left; even the house itself must go.

Jack Amberson decided to leave Midland, impelled not so much by the hope that he would become prosperous elsewhere as by the feeling that it would be easier to endure poverty in strange surroundings. George went with him to the station and there Jack borrowed a hundred dollars—the last hundred dollars, almost the last dollar that George had.

"I'll say one thing for you, George," Jack said gratefully as he pocketed the money, "you haven't a stingy bone in your body. However," abruptly he turned serious, "since we are saying good-by, I believe I'll tell you that I've always been a pretty fond of you, George. You've had a pretty tough jolt and you've taken it like a soldier and—well, I'm still fond of you, but money, that, I like you now."

Uncle Jack's remark that George had met trouble like a soldier was no more than just. His mother's death had made a great change in him, as though some blind instinct to atone for the misery his selfishness had brought her had created within him patience and understanding. Ever since the full extent of the family's disastrous situation had been made clear to him he had gone his way quietly, without complaint or recrimination, trying to devise some way out of it. He had found a job in the office of a Midland attorney who was an old friend of the Ambersons and now, having put his uncle onto his train, he walked slowly home to discuss with Aunt Fanny plans for their future.

He found her slumped at the dining-room table. She had been crying, he noticed, but when he came in she made a gallant effort to appear cheerful.

"I've found us a place to live, George," she said. "It's a boarding house—really a very nice one. It's only $36 a month and meals will be $2.25 a month for each of us.

"George did some rapid mental figuring. "That's more than we can pay, Aunt Fanny."

Aunt Fanny began to cry again. "Your mother would have wanted us to be together, would have wanted me to make a home for you," she said brokenly. "Can't you see, Georgie, that I'm only trying to do what she would want me to do?"

"The thing only I can see," George replied wearily, "is that we'll need a hundred dollars a month to live in that boarding house—and I'll be making $32."

Aunt Fanny didn't say anything. She buried her head in her arms and George could hear her sobbing softly. At last he stood up. "Don't worry," he said soothingly. "I think you can get a boarding house. I've just thought of a plan."

George's plan was simple. There was a new company in Midland which manufactured dangerous chemicals. Because the work was so hazardous they offered high wages. So next morning George resigned his clerical position and became a worker in the chemical plant. That afternoon he and Aunt Fanny moved to the boarding house she had selected and as soon as they were settled George returned to the Amberson mansion. It was the last time he would ever visit it, for on the following day it would be dismantled and then—then he would never want to see it again. He walked with bowed head through strange grimy streets which once had been beautiful. Stately houses in which he had visited were now drab, housing furtive little shops, and instead of being greeted by acquaintances he was unrecognized by any of the blowzy people who lounged on the sidewalks.

When he reached the Amberson mansion he went directly to his mother's room. Everything would be changed tomorrow, but tonight it was as she had left it. He felt his way through the gathering dusk, reached the bed and sank to his knees, resting his head against the satin coverlet, half believing that his mother might stretch out a frail hand to him as she had done in the past.
And that was the moment that all Midland had awaited for years, the moment when George Amberson Minafer got his "come-upance." But no one was ever to know about it, for there was only one to hear the tortured voice crying out in that darkened room, "Mother, forgive me.

EUGENE MORGAN was alone in his office when his eyes were suddenly drawn to an item in the newspaper which had just been placed on his desk. His face tensed and he read the paragraph again:

G. A. Minafer, an employee of the Akers Chemical Co., was run down by an automobile today and had both legs broken. He was taken to City Hospital.

As the full meaning of those few impersonal words forced its way into Eugene's mind he sank slowly back into his chair, only to spring up at once and rush out of the office.

His car was just pulling up in front of the building and almost before it stopped Eugene hurled himself into the tonneau. "City Hospital," he ordered the chauffeur's voice on Walnut Drive.

"I know where it is," the man said. "I just took Miss Lucy there." Eugene looked up sharply; he had hoped that Lucy would not see the item in the paper.

When the nurse admitted Eugene to the hospital room Lucy was seated by George's bed. She was leaning toward him, her hands tangled in his, and so deep was their absorption in each other that it wasn't until the door clicked behind the departing nurse that they looked up. For a moment silence held the three. George lifted one hand in a gesture half forbidding and half imploring, then let it slowly drop to the coverlet. His face was drawn with suffering, not alone the physical suffering of the moment but the mental and spiritual pain of the past few months, yet it reminded Eugene poignantly of Isabel's beloved features. Suddenly Eugene felt all the bitterness he had nursed against George slipping away from him and full of compassion for the younger man he stepped forward.

"You must have thought my mother—wanted you to come," George whispered brokenly, "so that I could ask you to—forgive me."

Lucy shook her head. Her eyes were radiant with a radiance that was new to her. "Not to ask forgiveness," she whispered gently. "Just to take his hand—like this"—and she guided George's hand to meet her father's in a strong clasp that closed forever the gulf that had separated them.

In an ecstasy of happiness Lucy threw her arms around her father and the next moment she was kneeling by George's bed, her eager young arms cradling his, her lips pressed close on his.

Late that night Eugene sat at the desk in his library, his diary open before him. He had felt very close to Isabel these last few hours, seemed actually to sense her presence in the room. At last he began to write: "Dearest Isabel—Your boy was hurt this afternoon—" the words flowed on, describing the accident and the scene in the hospital as carefully as if it were a letter that Isabel would read. Finished, he read over what he had written, then with a tender smile he added a final sentence: "I know now that I've been true, but to my love and that through me you have brought your boy under shelter again."

The End.
Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 20) roles as "Le Demen De Midi" by Paul Bourget or the part of Ulysses in the great Greek tragedy. I'm so sure he could do such good performances in those roles.
And I thank your magazine if you let me tell North America how South America feels about the greatest actor in the world, Mr. Fredric March.

A. O. F.
Ovalle, Chile

$1.00 PRIZE
In the Name of Hollywood!

WELL, really! First, "Ninotchka"; now "Two-Faced Woman"! What in the name of Ulysses are they doing to the Solitary Swede?
That sort of thing is tailor-made for the bright young comedians whose forte is nonsense, but why throw into them the talents of a Garbo? This deliberate miscasting of a great tragedienne is a mistake—what did "The Bride Came C.O.D." do for the "Swede"?
And an added sacrilege it is to bury her outstanding features under an unbecoming mop of untidy hair, à la Claudette Colbert. Garbo, in the past, has had a strange, exotic sort of beauty. Now she looks ungainly and common.
True, Garbo may make the most of her harried roles. But remembering "Camille"—well, this, Hollywood, is too much!

ISABELLE GOUNDY,
Melville, Saska., Canada

$1.00 PRIZE
Sights of the Year

AFTER the 1941 movie season, I can honestly say I've seen everything! I've seen Bob Taylor without a tuxedo in "Billy The Kid"; and Spencer Tracy with buck teeth in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde." I've seen Nazi villain Paul Henreid cause more feminine heart palpitations than the hero in "Night Train." I've seen Marlene Dietrich fall down the stairs in "Manpower"; Greta Garbo become "Mae West" in "Two-Faced Woman"; and a movie about politics that didn't bore me to death in Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane."
And now, to top off the old year with luscious cherry, I've seen a good-looking fellow who can act, a youngster with more talent than stringing in his heart than all the movie veterans put together—my favorite star William Holden in "I Wanted Wings," "Arizona" and "Texas."

DEIGHTY SHEPARD,
Ellensburg, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE
In Tune

CALL for a toast to some of the people who rarely are mentioned in connection with the success of a movie. They are the music directors. I fail to see where such a film as "The Maltese Falcon," a wonderful whodunit, would've gotten had it not been for Adolph Busch, the music magician in that case.
A toast to whoever was responsible for the mood music in such films as "Rebecca," "Dark Victory" and numerous other amatic offerings, where the play would've been for naught had not the thread been kept moving with the exact score. Whoever created the composition that goes recurring in "My Favorite Wife" has a special honoree. The theme of that piece is beautiful enough to be built to a composition of its own.

MRS. MAX STEINER OF WARNERS send all the others whose names I do

\*\*\*

Blue Waltz

its lilting fragrance...enticing, exciting as spring itself...dances into men's hearts, makes you the girl of their dreams. Surround yourself with BLUE WALTZ glamour by touching this exquisite perfume you thrust and write.
Now in a darling Easter Box only 10c.
10c AT ALL 5 & 10c STORES
WHO would have thought that Hedy Lamarr could dominate a film not only with her beauty but with her acting as well? Who would have thought that this woman of allure and exotic beauty could stand up and hold her own and finally overshadow such fine performers as Robert Young, Charles Coburn and Ruth Hussey? Who would have thought her portrayal of Marven Miles in “H. M. Pulham, Esq.” would be the characterization that would stand foremost in your mind when the film was over?

For me, this new Hedy Lamarr is the happiest discovery of the new movie season. “H. M. Pulham, Esq.” will remain forever in my mind as the picture that discovered Hedy Lamarr. I sincerely hope the producers will find more such parts for her and permit her to retain her rightful place in the movie sun as an actress of intelligence and imagination.

Thelma Louise Smith,
Memphis, Tenn.

$1.00 PRIZE
“A Big Mistake”

DEAR MR. PRODUCERS,

Have you gone completely crazy? Look what you’re doing to some of your most promising actors. There are hundreds of glamour gals heading your list of actresses and you wouldn’t think of casting any one of them in a B picture. Alice Faye, Betty Grable, Loretta Young, Deanna Durbin and countless others top that list and are equally popular, really well publicized and get A pictures only.

Why do you treat your male actors in the opposite manner? Clark Gable, Tyrone Power, Robert Taylor and very few others head your list of cinema males. And you let stars like delightful Dennis Morgan, grand actor George Sanders, exciting John Wayne and others go to waste in B pictures or supporting roles. You’re making a big mistake.

Won’t you please do something about this ridiculous situation? Give these fellows a chance to prove their acting ability in pictures that are worthy of them and give the fans a break.

Barbara Frazier
Des Moines, la.

HONORABLE MENTION

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to

Clark Gable. There is just one thing that I—and I sincerely think many others of Carole Lombard’s numerous fans—would like, and that is to show her last film—"To Be Or Not To Be" and to show her other films. Bring back Lombard, Harlow, Dressler and Rogers. We fans want to see our great stars—even if they have passed on. So please show us her other films. Carole Lombard may have passed on but she hasn’t passed on in our hearts. I don’t care if I don’t win a prize for this, because I just want the fans of Miss Lombard to know that we are still thinking of her. She was and still is a great and beautiful person. Clark Gable was very lucky to have had her for his wife as long as he had. He still has her in memory though I sure hope he will not quit the movies. We have to

not know but whose melodies we all appreciate.

Julie Marie Lacey,
Kansas City, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE
New View on Lamar

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 things for your hair:

2. Rinases away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Keeps hair healthy in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON, At stores which sell toilet goods.

25¢ for 3 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses
M. WALLACE KIRK'S letter in the February issue of PHOToplay-Movie Mirror attacking Spencer Tracy's characterization of "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" made me slightly hot under the collar.

I have always been an avid admirer of actor Tracy and I still think he is the greatest actor in the business. I thought from the start when I learned that actor Tracy was to play the title role in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" that this was a mistake of casting. But the star should not be blamed for the errors of judgment of the men who have the naysayers on the parts their actors will portray. It also strikes me as extremely unfair to pounce upon a star of Tracy's proven caliber just for one somewhat inferior film.

STANLEY MONROE, Weatherford, Okla.

The Truth about "Difficult" Stars

Continued from page 67) romance that will definitely start the red blood pumping through our Ginger's veins again. Once the veneer of calm, judicial unimportance is melted by love, we'll find the warm, impulsive, human, friendly side underneath—we hope.

RED ASTAIRE'S failure to co-operate is less disturbing than Ginger's—because that's his natural stance. From his first day in pictures Fred presented a problem. Because he is exacting and hypercritical, the point of being finicky. Everything must be explicit, definite, accurate, perfect. The word "leeway" doesn't exist in his vocabulary.

His marvelous dancing is the result of this quality of exactness—as is also a gray hair, jittery nerves and ball-like pressures on the faces of studio workers and writers.

Add to this phobia for preciseness the fact that he say or do something that will make him appear feminine or foolish is the habit of changing his mind—and I'll understand why Hollywood finds it's a step with its love for latitude. Donald Colman is also consistent in not operating. He has always hidden behind his well-known "English reserve," and he has assiduously kept alive during the many years he has been in Europe. His "old chap, nobody would interested in my humdrum private life" has served him as an excellent guard years.

And, of course, Ronnie's bearing and manner have never been an invitation to a grip or junce to slap him on the k.i.p. with the suggestion, "Let's start a set of pincushions, kid."

Crosby's getting on the least competitive list is just one of those things—he doesn't in the least reflect on his clarity. He's probably the best liked in Hollywood, with everybody on the amount lot, from Oscar, the shoe sor, to Buddy De Sylva, the big chiefing to fight to prove it. Bing is the in Democratic. He's the pal of every woman and child in his studio.

Strictly on the QT—he's gosh-darn lazy. He just "doa wanna" pose photographs or rack his brain for material. And, being absolutely lazy, he won't produce fake altitudes promises that he doesn't intend to
keep, or pass the buck. He just says: "Aw, gee, I can't think of anything." to writers and responds to photographers trying to get him into the gallery for a sitting with. "You don't want a picture of me—I look like the deuce. Shoot somebody with sex appeal, like Bob Hope or Madeleine Carroll. Nobody wants to see my mug."

However, if a writer or photographer is in a spot where he really must have copy, he positively can depend upon Bing to give—though under protest.

Gary Cooper can be regarded in the same class as Bing—nice, but hopeless. Gary is willing, but spilling half a dozen words is an effort for him.

Jimmy Cagney is also a hard ground now, because he says he has been all photographed and written out. There's nothing new about his life or his face, his claims. However, Jimmy's failure to cooperate is more than offset by his willingness to go to almost any effort to encourage or help those who need it.

Charles Boyer is not particularly helpful because he is always preoccupied, walking nervously about the set, smoking cigarettes and muttering his lines.

SOMETIMES the things that happen to movie players during their early struggles is responsible for their seemingly "difficult" attitude. Dorothy Com- ingore's success in "Citizen Kane" couldn't neutralize the bitter pills she had swallowed at Warmers and Columbus— and in attempting to guard herself against being imposed upon, she took bad advice and became exacting. The result was that one of the nicest and friendliest girls is in Hollywood went under a spell of suspicion that put an abrupt brake on a promising career. Almost eight months passed before she was tested for the feminine lead opposite Henry Fonda in "It Comes Up Love."

Other players, not so courageous as the beautiful Comingore, take their acid out on fellow workers—and even on the public, a practice that backfires, sometimes with disastrous results.

One of the "runners-up" in the Hollywood Women's Press Club's vote of the least co-operative stars in pictures discovered this in no uncertain way. She wasn't friendly with her fellow players and had only one word--"No,"—for writers and publicity workers.

Came the day she happened to be out of cigarettes. She turned to the publicity unit man on the set and said, "Let me have a cigarette, will you?"

"No."

She whipped about and stared at the man in surprise. "What did you say?" she asked.

"I said, 'No.'"

"You mean you won't let me have a cigarette?"

"You have the idea."

"But—why?"

"Because I don't like you."

"Why don't you like me?"

"Because you're inconsiderate—because you refuse to see the other fellow's side. You make it tough for me by refusing to cooperate. I have my living to make—and I depend on my job. Part of that job is getting publicity for you. I'm doing the best I can, trying to do things for you, and all you ever say is 'No'. Say I thought I'd let you see how I feel. I'm only sorry I can refuse you so unimportant a thing as a cigarette."

WITH that the publicity man left the set and went to the publicity department, where he told his fellow workers what he had done. A girl member of the force immediately went to a newsstand and bought the latest paper, which hap-
tened to carry a rather startling headline. With this folded so that only half the large, bold type head showed, she took position on the set where the star must see her, knowing this particular player’s weakness.

The star had difficulty keeping her eyes off that page during the take—and immediately after it was over she hurried over to the girl, hand outstretched.

“May I see that headline?” she asked.

“No.” And the girl walked off the set, paper still folded.

The star realized something was up. She figured it would blow over. So, about week later, instead of going to the photographic gallery where the photographer had put everything else aside for the sitting, she sent her maid over to try and get that page. She couldn’t get there.

As this wasn’t the first time this particular star had shown such lack of consideration, the photographer exploded. “You tell her to go to blazes,” he instructed the maid.

The maid did so and the star immediately phoned the gallery in high dudgeon. “Did you send an impertinent essay by my maid?” she demanded.

“No,” came back over the phone. “I imprisoned myself. I just told her to tell you to go to blazes.” And she slammed the receiver.

Two days later that photographer received the gift of a radio from the difficult star and for a time, at least, publicity writers found her more co-operative. She had discovered that she wasn’t the only person who could dislike people.

Marlene Dietrich’s being difficult dates back to her days with von Sternberg, then glamour and temperament were inseparable. Immediately following the breaking up of the Dietrich-Sternberg combination, Marlene became unapproachable and went into practical seclusion.

Since her return to the screen in broad comedy, Marlene has developed an amazing camaraderie with set and studio workers and is becoming a great favorite in studios where she was heretofore regarded as poison.

But as there are ashes in her past she isn’t about stirred up and private rooms in her life she doesn’t want invaded, and she is still wary of the press—and is to be “difficult” for writers.

Garbo, of course, has always set the tone for being difficult. She is regarded as impossible that she is never included any comparisons with other players, like Marlene Dietrich, Jean Arthur also things in her background she would never have forgotten. (For that matter, we all?) This, plus a fear of the red word and an almost paralyzing fear-consciousness, has made Jean unapproachable to personal contact and poor joy, a combination that will get any star on the “least co-operative” list.

But after making allowances for all the sons why stars get that way, the average movie-goer is likely to ask: “Isn’t ng a motion-picture star a rather unhappy career for people who can’t stand glare of publicity? And since their clarity is due largely to our interest in their personalities—which must include interest in their private lives—isn’t it to their advantage to have us curious arcing them? And since they need our port, shouldn’t they be willing to until a little inconvenience to humor

he answer to all this, of course, a loud yes. And most stars feel that about it. Those who don’t generally no help in hands extended when the door trail turns down.

THE END

RIT CALLS ALL

GIrlS TO THE COLORS

Make last year’s clothes do—but make them charming with RIT

• Save and serve—but don’t let drab, faded colors rob you of charm. Treat the men-in-your-life to cheerful, sparkling colors and they’ll never dream you’re wearing last year’s clothes. Give all your frocks a beauty bath with RIT—they’ll sparkle and so will you. Buy extra Defense Stamps with the savings.

• Just be sure you get RIT. No boiling needed. Colors “take” beautifully. Perfect results.

NEVER SAY DYE... SAY RIT

TINTS & DYSES

POOR COMPLEXION?

Let this MEDICATED
Cream help heal externally-caused blemishes

• Don’t “cover up” a poor complexion! And don’t think there’s “nothing you can do” about externally-caused pimples, ugly chapped lips and rough, dry skin!

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Noxzema does so much for poor skin because it’s not just a cosmetic cream. It’s medicated—not only helps smooth and soften rough, dry skin, but also helps heal externally-caused pimples and blemishes. And in addition it has a mildly astrigent action!

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About: We prove... About: We prove...

The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 23)

✓ Joe Smith, American (M-G-M)
✓ Son Of Fury (20th Century-Fox)

It’s About: An English lad who is cheated out of his inheritance.

FURY is right. If ever there was a "movie-movie" this is it, with fists flying in all directions (mainly toward Mr. Tyrone Power’s chin), with romance, adventure and—well, no, not comedy. And what a relief it is to have no unnecessary comedy antics dragged in by the tail.

The story begins in England during the reign of George III and very tight pants. George Sand was the first baronet who had robbed his older brother’s son of his rightful name and estate. Finding him as a small boy living with his grandfather, Sanders brings him to his estate as a stable boy, abusing him on every occasion. Finally, the lad, who grows up to be Tyrone Power, turns on Sanders in an attempted assault and must flee England to escape hanging. In company with John Carradine, he finds his way to a tropical island where he gathers a fortune in pearls. Returning to England, he wins his name and right to his estate in court and then makes a great decision in life. That we leave to your imagination.

One of the toughest screen fights seen takes place between nasty old Sanders and Tyrone. What a brawl, boys and girls, what a brawl-a-ville!

Gene Tierney is lovely as the island beauty. Frances Farmer is perfect as the English cold potato. For good old-fashioned movie fare it will prove hard to beat. And wait till you see Tyrone and Gene in sarongs. Roddy McDowall is very good as the youthful Tyrone.

Your Reviewer Says: A rip-snorter with a calm, cool breeze.

✓ We Were Dancing (M-G-M)

It’s About: The pecuniary and matrimonial troubles of two titled refugees.

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Insist on the Original

JAMES F. BALLARD, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.
through sheer ability, he makes it so.

Your Reviewer Says: Salute to Veidt.

A Yank On The Burma Road (M-G-M)

It's About: A New York taxi driver who becomes a pilot on the Burma Road.

It is quite obvious that a lot of last-minute flanging went into this film to bring it up to grade, but it is improved to show for the first time in a movie the announcement of the Pearl Harbor bombing.

Barry Nelson, a pugnacious but promising newcomer, is a New York cab driver who captures singlehanded two tough gangsters wanted by the police. As a result of his deed he is offered the job of piloting a fleet of trucks over the Burma Road. Whom should he meet over there but Larnine Day whose husband is flying for the Japs. Ordered to leave the country, she instead prevails upon Nelson to fly her to Chungking to see her husband. Her love dies, however, when she discovers how brutally he has bombed defenseless women and children. Nelson steps in, of course, and fills the romantic niche left vacant by the rat for the Japs.

Oh, I don't know. What do you think? Sounds like a lot of cheese, doesn't it?

Your Reviewer Says: Timely, if not too well done.

Born To Sing (M-G-M)

It's About: Young people who right a wrong with the aid of a gangster.

The surprise gift in your bag of entertainment popcorn turns out to be a gem, artistically with bright young people taking over the leads and scoring brightly right up to a dull, meaningless end which, alas, is managed by adults. Among the stars are Ray McDonald, Virginia Weidler, Leo Gorcey and "Rags" Ragland at the helm, things hum. A tiny panic called Richard Hall practically killed us with his quaint dialogue and musical ability.

The story has the three lads, Leo, Ray and "Rags," trying to get back from a crooked show producer the music written by Miss Weidler's father, Henry O'Neal. When the boys are framed on an extortion charge, gangster Sheldon Leonard comes to the rescue, detours the crook's Park Ave. audience to the kids' show and all turns out well—until the boring finale in which Americans are told they're Americans.

Leo Gorcey is funny to look at and to hear and Ray McDonald dances so very cleverly.

Douglas McPhail has a splendid voice but should have been saved for some other story.

Your Reviewer Says: Youth comes across.

The Remarkable Andrew (Paramount)

It's About: A lad who is sustained through the ghost of Andrew Jackson.

The fact that this is too closely akin in several sequences to the picture "All That Money Can Buy" and that it includes a dated pre-war allusion or two robs this honey of a little picture of originality and line.

William Holden is a fine actor and as the small-town boy who fights every politician in town for the sake of honesty, young Holden proves himself again. When

Star Finds

IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

• PURSE CATCH-ALL: Well-groomed lasses consider a change of polish as essential to beauty as a change of accessories. Revlon simplifies the whole thing with a purse-catch-all envelope of lustrous rayon satin, faille contrast lining with pockets holding Revlon polish and remover. Comes in black with scarlet, navy with fuchsia, wine with rose, brown with gold and all red. All this for only $1.00 at department stores.

• RETOUCH BOXES: Come spring and one thing you're sure to need—a different shade of face powder. Jergens has devised a wonderfully simple way for you to try their face powder shades at little cost. Retouch boxes—those clever little ten-cent sizes of Jergens Face Powder—with a choice of five shades keyed to various types ranging from tropical brunette to the palest blonde. Jergens' retouch boxes can be found at all 5c & 10c stores.

• BEAUTY IN A SEASHELL: That's the name of the new Dorothy Gray Makeup package. The container is a true-to-life seashell and its contents are aimed at making beauties of us all. There's a fat lipstick in a gleaming case and dry rouge in plastic case. The seashell can be had in six different shades. At all department stores.

• FOR BETTER BOSOMS: Not all the weeping and gnashing of teeth about figure problems is done by gals whose curves are too ample. It's the have-nots who do a greedy share of complaining that they can't wear sweaters and figure-revealing dresses. Ruth Merzon, figure analyst and specialist, has designed a brassiere that does wonders for the flat-chested called Curves-2-U. The bra has an invisible-built-in wall of aerated foam. It's light and supple and easily laundered. You can order yours, made to your measurements, for $5.00 from Ruth Merzon, 45 West 5th Street New York, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIR
HUNDREDS of thousands of women have adopted the "True Story Habit." For they discovered, as millions before them, that the improved, magnificent True Story contains some of the greatest reading thrills and delights of the month. Yes, gigantic sales in crease prove that True Story is definitely the magazine bargain of the year!

\* \* \*

"I WAS A HUSBAND-HUNTING HOTEL NURSE"

Nurse Laura Wharton was on a man hunt! She found her "big game" in swanky Metropolitan Hotel Conqueror and was all set to bag this greatest prize of the year, rich and handsome Buddy Cranston. But fate also checked in at Hotel Conqueror, and when Laura was about to make the "kill," she learned that her heart had other ideas. . . .

Begin "Hotel Nurse" now in April True Story and discover this woman's strange career in a new and vibrant and different kind of true novel!

\* \* \*

OUT OF BOUNDS!

Are you tempted to leave behind that soldier boy who "left you behind"? Before saying, "I'm bored, I want excitement," read this story—and heed its lesson—of one girl's impatience and how her soldier found himself a new sweetheart!

\* \* \*

ALSO I Fought the Devil for My Wife's Soul \* Ten-Day Honeyymoon \* Return to Love \* Man on the Run \* Unwill ing Widow \* and dozens of other thrilling features!

True Story
GET THE APRIL ISSUE NOW. IT'S ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS!

Bill's predicament becomes too involved, the ghost of his hero, Andrew Jackson, comes to his rescue. Jackson in turn summons George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Marshall and other early-American heroes back to earth to assist Holden in his fight.

Elen Drew is lovely as the girl who stands by Holden, ghost or no ghost. Brian Donlevy as Jackson is so very swell.

Your Reviewer Says: A rare bit of novelty.

\* Valley Of The Sun (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Romance of the old West.

PICTURESQUE and romantic with bucketfuls of lighthearted humor is this Western story of romance, with real Indians to add a note of authenticity. The action is even better than the story, with James Craig the hero, Lucille Ball the heroine, and Dean Jagger a villain, of all things.

Craig, a friend of the Indians, arrives in the town of Yuma in time to prevent the marriage of Lucille (a restaurant cook) to Jagger, a crooked Indian agent. With the aid of Sir Cedric Hardwicke, an Englishman transplanted to the West, Craig escapes Jagger's wrath and incidentally wins his girl.

Craig's fight for Jagger's life with the Indian Geronimo and boy Tom Tyler, is terrifically suspenseful.

Lusty and gutsy, "Valley Of The Sun" is an escapade piece of entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Look, kids, real Indians!

Road To Happiness (Monogram)

It's About: A lad who chooses his father's love to his mother's wealth.

NEWS FLASH: John Boles is back again, handkerchief in hand. In fact, we expect after this picture Mr. Boles will be seen more and more if fans have anything to say about it.

Heartwarming story that has John returning from musical studies in Europe to discover his wife has divorced him and placed their son, Billy Lee, in military school. John brings his son home to a furnished room and sets out to land a job as an opera star.

Mr. Boles sings delightfully. Billy Lee is very good and Rosalind Karns splendid as the agent. Mona Barrie as the selfish wife decorates the scenery in fine style.

Your Reviewer Says: It Boles me over.

Four Jacks And A Jill (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A quartette of night-club musicians and a girl who acquires a job through faked publicity.

THIS is definitely an oldie, having been made and remade throughout the years. Now once again, with the addition of the modern hot language of swing bands, it provides a medium background for the dancing of Ray Bolger, the deadpan clowning of Eddie Foy, Jr., the promise of Jack Durant as the heavy, the bright, glamorous singing of June Havoc, the inescapable appeal of Desi Arnaz and the beauty of Anne Shirley.

Anne, through a concocted story of having sung before a deposed king, secures a good job for four night-club musicians. Bolger, Foy, Jack Briggs and William Blees. The success of the four Jacks and a Jill is followed by the visit of Desi Arnaz, a harum-scarum taxi driver, poses as the deposed king, impressing Fritz Feld, the club owner, out of his...
Scotswoman and other characters decidedly unpretty, Gargan is determined to discover the destination of a million pounds' worth of diamonds if it costs him his life—and, fans, it nearly does. Lloyd Corrigan is especially good as the caretaker of the gems.

Your Reviewer Says: It has pep anyway.

Brooklyn Orchid (Hal Roach-U.A.)

It's About: A pair of husbands and a beautiful wolf cub.

LABELED "streamlined" by the Roach Studios, we found this picture as unstreamlined as a load of hay.

William Bendix, the "unrefined" owner of a fleet of taxicabs, is married to ex- stripteaser Grace Bradley. Joe Sawyer is married to Florine McKinney, who doesn't like Miss Bradley. But when a third woman enters the picture, the turmoil really gets going but, unfortunately, doesn't get anywhere.

Marjorie Rhodes is very beautiful as the Brooklyn Orchid.

Your Reviewer Says: No orchids to this.

The Fleet's In (Paramount)

It's About: A hard-to-get dance-hall singer and a shy sailor.

MEANT only for fun and entertainment, this gay musical misadventure, with its purpose admirably. Dorothy Lamour is at her loveliest and William Holden is most likeable as the sailor.

The fun started when movie star Betty Jane Rhodes kisses Holden for a publicity stunt and his fellow gob becomes convinced that he's irresistible to women. And when the admiral's daughter is seen kissing him, his shipmates bet all they've got that he can also kiss singer Dorothy Lamour, who'll have nothing to do with sailors. This leads to much fun.

Eddie Bracken who has a fine job as Holden's pal, with whom the vigorous Betty Hutton is in love, and Leif Erickson is good. The music of Jimmy Dorsey and his orchestra is wonderful.

Your Reviewer Says: The fleet's here for laughs.

All Through The Night (Warners)

It's About: Warfare between gangsters and Nazi spies.

WARRNER BROTHERS have put Humphrey Bogart and a first-class cast into another thrilling but not so expertly executed melodrama.

"Bogie" is a cool criminal who likes cheesecake and resents the murder of the German baker who prepares his special brand. That resentment leads Bogart to a bit of investigation that throws him pell-mell into a Nazi spy ring, led by Conrad Veidt and his aides, Peter Lorre and Judith Anderson. From then on it's a chase between Humphrey and the Nazi who is tracking on his tail, and Humphrey and the Nazis who are planning to blow up a U.S. battleship.

There are more threads hanging disconnected in the plot than there are in the sweater we're knitting some unfortunate soldier, but still Bogart has that certain thing that spells charm.

Your Reviewer Says: Cheesecake baked in torpedo shells.
Hatching Health

When the world is again at peace and philosophers can renew their age-old arguments, we may learn which comes first—the hen or the egg.

But all the experts agree that chickens and ducks and turkeys and the lesser varieties of poultry belong high on the list of foods that will build a strong nation.

And alongside them in the same list—perhaps even more important because they are used more often and in more ways—are eggs.

IRON—several of the members of the B-Complex vitamin family—easily digestible forms of protein—delicate, assimilable and nourishing fats—all these come from both the meat of the fowl and the egg.

Remember this, that a fully formed chick—healthy, ready to begin its life—grows from a single cell with only the contents of an egg to nourish and develop it.

Eggs, the nutrition experts tell us, are so packed with important food factors and they add so much to the flavor and taste of such a wide variety of the foods we like and need, that they are almost irreplaceable in our diets.

This nation, caught in a crisis where stamina and health and energy are terribly important, can thank itself for a plentiful supply of poultry and eggs. And you, the individual citizen, owe it to yourself and to the nation to see that you and your family include eggs and poultry regularly on your tables.

Our poultry raisers and the stores which offer their products for sale are doing much to aid our government in its program to make America strong.

This message is approved by the office of Paul V. McNutt, Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

Food will build a NEW America

THE MAGIC FOODS

It takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound nutritional foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add to your table anything else you like which agrees with you.

Milk and cheese—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein, calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

Meat, eggs and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-Complex vitamins; meat and eggs also for iron.

Fruits and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.

Bread, enriched or whole grain, and cereals with milk or cream, for B vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.
GRAY HAIR KILLS ROMANCE

You know that gray hair spells the end of romance. You are afraid to color your hair. You are afraid of the dyes you try—afraid that it is too difficult, afraid that the dye will destroy your natural hair—afraid, most of all, that everyone who knows your hair is dyed.

These fears, for the most part, are groundless. Today, in your drug or department store, you can buy Mary Gold's Hair Coloring Preparation. Any drug store will have it. It turns gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired color. Your hair will look natural, and it will stay that way.

Pronounced harmless by medical authorities, skin tests tested. It is no economic, so easy—if you comb your hair, you can't go wrong. Buy a bottle today and a money back guarantee. Or, if it does not meet your expectations (same return policy as hair color), Mary T. Goldman Company, pt. 763, Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn.

GIVEN! NOTHING TO BUY

For our 75th year 3-7 Jawlows Fishes Finishes
Send Name and Address
Give Away FREE (worth a well known WHITE WINDING BRAND used for charms, mineral, easy to move. On the outside, these three boxes sold more home. We are re.

NEW! 12-RAD MODINE TRAVELER'S LAMPE nuggets.
FIREPROOF PLASTIC CIGARETTE CIGARETTE.

Life: K. K. W. T. and send your order now.

GUARANTEED TO WORK—ONE YEAR GUARANTEE Make your order now.

End only 1.00

SEND TAx Free.

GREAT RAGGEDY.
PORTRAIT OF A WALLFLOWER

Annette was a debutante. She came from a good family. She went to the very best schools. Then she “came out”—And NOTHING happened! Here she is at a party, all dressed up, And no heart to break but her own. Dainty, sweet, and her nose CAREFULLY powdered, She wears just the right shade of lipstick. But her eyes are a BLANK—They just don’t register! One day Annette learned about MAYBELLINE, Just as you are doing—and, Look at Annette NOW!

MORAL: Many a man has been swept off his feet by fluttering lashes!

Annette’s lashes now are long, dark and curl, with a few simple brush-strokes of MAYBELLINE MAスタンA (solid or cream—both are non-staining and tear-proof).

Annette’s eyebrows now have character and expression, thanks to a smooth-marking MAYBELLINE EYEBROW PENCIL.

A subtle touch of charm, Annette has a bit of creamy MAYBELLINE EYE SHADOW on her eyelids, her eyes appear sparkling and more colorful!

MAYBELLINE: Old’s Largest-Selling Eye Beauty Aids

...get genuine MAYBELLINE, the Eye Shadow in Good Taste.
"There's one cigarette I like best... and that's Camels. So much milder—with less nicotine in the smoke!"

Miss Lawrence, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Reed Lawrence, made her bow at the Tuxedo Autumn Ball. At left, photographed in Tuxedo Park, wearing tweed suit of hound's tooth check, smoking her favorite cigarette. "I never tire of smoking Camels," she says. "There's less nicotine in the smoke, and to me that means mildness—and more mildness!"

At right, Miss Lawrence wearing one of her favorite dresses of the season—a blue and fuchsia rayon taffeta, with voluminous skirt cascading from a slim fitted yoke. She enjoys swimming, tennis, ice-skating—and is an accomplished pianist. On weekdays, she does defense work in New York City. About Camel cigarettes, she has this to say: "Friends are always dropping into our house for a chat and a smoke, so we buy Camels by the carton—our friends seem to prefer them. As for me—well, Camel is the only cigarette that has the mildness and flavor I want."

Among the many other distinguished American women who prefer the extra mildness of Camel cigarettes:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle Philadelphia
Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., Maryland
Mrs. Randolph Carter, Virginia
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd Boston
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3rd Philadelphia
Mrs. John Hylan Hemingway New York
Mrs. Alexander Hixon, California
Mrs. Hugh Pendleton Nunnally Atlanta
Mrs. Martin Osborn, California
Mrs. Louis Swift, Jr., Chicago
Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III Cincinnati
Mrs. Killian M. Van Rensselaer New York

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other large-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!
HAS THE BEST PHYSIQUE IN HOLLYWOOD? See page 32
Will He Whisper Praises about your Skin?  
go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting beauty idea is based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides.

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

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

Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr., enchanting Camay bride, says: "I began to hear the nicest compliments about my lovelier complexion when I changed to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet. And it's such an easy beauty treatment."

Tests prove Camay milder!
Skin specialists themselves advise a regular cleansing routine with a fine, mild soap. And Camay is not just mild—but actually milder than dozens of other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Every night and morning—give your skin this thrilling beauty treatment with Camay! Notice how fresh it feels after the very first treatment! Then look forward to the day when he may find your complexion a joy to behold.

**GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!**

Get three cakes of Camay today! Start the Mild-Soap Diet tonight. Work Camay’s lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashings.

In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day for 30 days. Don't neglect it even once. For it's the regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

This charming bride is Mrs. Charles Mathieu, Jr. of New York, N. Y. wisely has entrusted her loveliness to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet, and says: "It meant so much to me...I'll stay on Camay Mild-Soap Diet forever!"
“It takes a Pretty Smile to Sell a Song—

And yours, My Pet, is on the Blink.
I suspect ‘Pink Tooth Brush’”

Our modern soft foods don't give gums enough work! And sparkling miles depend largely on healthy gums. Give your gums more work, daily massage." (N.B. A recent survey shows dentists prefer Ipana for personal use to 1 over any other dentifrice.)

“Am I following that dentist’s advice! It's Ipana and massage for me—every day! What a clean, freshening flavor Ipana has! My teeth are brighter—and that stimulating tingle every time I massage my gums seems to signal, 'You're going to make the grade'.”

(Soliloquy of a nightingale) “I'm singing the blues but they're not in my heart. I'm the happiest girl this side of anywhere. Listen to that crowd—three encores and they're still banging the china and calling for more. Well, here's one little girl who sees her name in lights and Ipana Tooth Paste in her beauty cabinet forever and then some.”

Help keep gums firmer, teeth brighter, smiles more sparkling with Ipana and Massage!

Pink” on your tooth brush means see your dentist at once. He may simply tell you that eating so much soft, creamy food has done your gums the exercise they need for firmness and health. And, like many dentists, he may very likely suggest “the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

For Ipana is specially designed, not only to clean teeth thoroughly at, with massage, to help make your gums firmer. So each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating “tang” exclusive with Ipana and massage tells you circulation is increasing in the gums helping gums to gain new firmness and strength.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist’s today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a lovelier smile!

A Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
April showers bring Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer flowers. One is a daffodil and the other a daisy-downy.

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

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

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

These are two excellent starring combinations and two excellent pictures.

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

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

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

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

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

The entertainment is down-to-earth.

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

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

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

But one or two renowned and attractive personalities augment the proceedings.

You can't not-mention Kathryn Grayson or John Carroll.

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

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

—Leo (Rita)
By Ruth Waterbury

The scenario called for the star’s thinking longingly about one of his horses that had won at Bay Meadows... “Remember how Ignatz, the Second, won that race?” the star was supposed to ask... and, even as he asked, his face was to fade out, as a race track with a bunch of horses whirling around it was to fade in.

You know the scene... you’ve seen it a hundred times and while it may be an oldie, it is also always a goody.

But you won’t see that scene in 1942... no, indeedy... nor will you be seeing it in 1943 or 1944 either... for this is what happened to that script and what will keep on happening to scripts for some time to come.

The producer at a studio where money has never been an object (so, okay, I mean Metro)... read the script...

“No race-track flashback,” he ordered.

“But I have to have a race-track flashback,” moaned the writer. “I have to have that scene of the star’s remembering his favorite race horse.”

“Put a picture of a race horse on the wall and let the star look at it,” said the producer. “That costs about three bucks, gets the idea across and saves $500.”

Thus, you see, the war has got to Hollywood... Now, I know that I have been telling you about the serious side of the war’s effect on Hollywood for the past two months... and I thought perhaps you’d like a change of diet... like to know about the crazy way war effects this zany town... I thought it might be gaily reassuring for you to know that nothing is quite big enough to completely alter Hollywood’s goofy pattern.

Not that I want you to believe that our seriousness or sincerity out here, as regards helping this wonderful America of ours, is being diminished in the least... most certainly, most truly, it isn’t...

But Hollywood is adjusting... When Lowell Mellett, executive assistant to President Roosevelt and newly appointed Co-ordinator for Government Films, came to Hollywood and announced that what Washington wanted the movie colony to do was to stay in the shade of its orange trees and make movies, everybody felt relieved... it wasn’t as though there weren’t scores of male stars who wanted whole-heartedly to enter actual military service... many did... and it wasn’t as though there weren’t a few who did not want to enlist under any conditions... there were... but Mr. Mellett’s visit cleared the general air... At once Hollywood went to work organizing its Victory Committee for Stage, Screen and Radio, composed of representatives of the actors, representatives of the Actors Equity and Theater Authority, representatives of the American Federation of Radio Artists, of the Artists-Managers Guild, of the Association of Motion Pictures Producers, of the Radio Networks, of the Radio Writers Guild, of the Screen Directors Guild, of the Publicists Guild and the Screen Writers Guild (which will certainly give you a rough idea of how this “artistic” town is organized)...

The Victory Committee serves a wonderful purpose, since it acts as a sensible clearing house on what stars go where on which charity drive, which radio program and such-like... it was under the auspices of the Victory Committee that the stars were organized to attend the President’s Birthday Ball in Washington... under its auspices come all the stars who do “defense programs” on the radio and under its auspices Dorothy Lamour made that wonder tour of hers, selling $25,000,000 worth of defense stamps and bonds before she came back once more to be met by a triumphal procession in Hollywood...

But even allowing for all these earnest drives, I think it’s fun for the (Continued on page 93)
Meet LIEUTENANT MARY CARTER of the U.S. Marines!

She's off with the fighting leathernecks on their most thrilling adventures in 166 years of glorious history!

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

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

JOHN PAYNE - MAUREEN O'HARA - RANDOLPH SCOTT

NANCY KELLY - WILLIAM TRACY - MAXIE ROSENBLOOM
Henry Morgan - Edmund MacDonald - Russell Hicks - Monte Watson

Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck

Directed by Bruce Humberstone - Associate Producer Milton Sperling
Screen Play by Lenore Tripp - Original Story by Steve Fisher

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Coming! Eric Knight's sensational best-seller!

TYRONE POWER - JOAN FONTAINE
in "THIS ABOVE ALL"
Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck

Romance is all the sweeter... when life is dangerous!

Watch for it at:
Our favorite theatre
COMING SOON
DEFENSE and Sweet Charity:
Lucky are the gobs stationed at San Pedro and Fort MacArthur where stars and wives of movie executives are taking over canteen duties.

Working the night shift from six p.m. to six a.m. are Claudette Colbert, Myrna Loy, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Anita Louise, Mary Howard, Kay Francis, Mrs. Gary Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Benny and columnist Louella Parsons. And don't think the girls don't work, washing dishes till daybreak.

Just to see that the girls did their job well, Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson went down to the new Fort MacArthur canteen one night.

One lad, weary from hours of duty, came into the canteen and stood there for hours. In vain Mary Howard offered him coffee and doughnuts, cigarettes and cake, cookies and tea. Finally he said, "Thanks. I really don't want anything but just to stand here and look at beautiful you.

Believe it or not, it's Louella Parsons the boys are mad about.

"It's because I take them cake and fried chicken," she told us; but don't believe it. They like Louella for herself.

At a Bundles for Bluejackets charity at Ciro's, Claudette Colbert and her husband, Dr. Joel Pressman, in his Officer's Reserve uniform, were glimpsed. Also Gary Cooper and his wife, Constance (Continued on page 7.)
HENRY FONDA
is the worm that turns from
OLIVIA DEHAVILLAND

JOAN LESLIE
(Sgt. York's sweetie)
in the hit that's got all the priorities on laughin' and lovin'!
(Continued from page 6) Bennett and husband Gilbert Roland, and Carole Landis in uniform. The girls are terribly proud of their uniforms and insist upon wearing them on all occasions. Cat's all for it, provided all the gals look as decorative as Carole does on page 80!

What Next: Abbott and Costello were deep in their gag books when the phone rang.

Costello came back white after answering it. "Know who that was? The Red Cross unit. And now they want our blood!"

Henpecked: Dennis Morgan regrets the day he remarked casually on the "In This Our Life" set that he couldn't rhumba. That was all Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland needed. Between scenes they promptly took on Mr. Morgan as a pupil.

Cat admits that sounds wonderful—with two such lovely teachers. But along about the second day you should have seen Dennis's face, a picture of "someone-help-me-quick."

Bette would stop the lesson, for instance, to remark over Dennis's shoulder, "You know, I believe he thinks he's a skyscraper in a high breeze."

Olivia would try and then remark to Bette, "No, he thinks he's a rocking-horse. He's making me seasick."

Of course, Dennis finally caught on that the (Continued on page 10)
Was it for this—to have her pride slit to ribbons and her courage kicked to fragments—that she had left Spring Haven and Todd Smith? Was this the reward of a girl who everybody back home—even Professor Latimer—had said, was simply cut out for a career?

And now she was just about at the end of her rope. Another week and the money that Mamma had given her would be gone. "I must get a job!" she sobbed, "I must! Any kind of a job! Why can't I? What's wrong?"

Poor little, small-town Muriel! It was a long time before she found out what every big-town business girl knows by instinct:

That if your breath isn't O. K., the breaks are against you when you are looking for a job or trying to hold one. Abilities being equal, the girl whose breath doesn't offend is likely to go to the girl whose breath doesn't offend.

**You May Offend Needlessly**

Since you yourself may not know when you have halitosis (bad breath), isn't it just common sense to guard against this offense with Listerine Antiseptic? Bad breath can be systemic, but when it's due to the fermentation of tiny food particles (as some authorities say it usually is) Listerine Antiseptic immediately halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors that it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

When you want to appear at your best socially or in business never omit this delightful freshening antiseptic and deodorant precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**"I hate to see the sun come up"**

A **NOTHER** day of making the endless rounds, getting the same disheartening answers: "The position has been filled"... "We'll file your application"... "Sorry, but the decision was very close". Then back to the cheap room, sometimes so dog-tired she didn't even trouble to undress.

Was it for this—to have her pride slit to ribbons and her courage kicked to fragments—that she had left Spring Haven and Todd Smith? Was this the reward of a girl who everybody back home—even Professor Latimer—had said, was simply cut out for a career?

And now she was just about at the end of her rope. Another week and the money that Mamma had given her would be gone. "I must get a job!" she sobbed, "I must! Any kind of a job! Why can't I? What's wrong?"

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LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Before business and social engagements let LISTERINE look after your breath

MAY, 1942
Lights: The Army takes the spotlight at the opening of a USO center at the Beverly Hills Hotel with Gene Raymond and Jeanette MacDonald.

(Continued from page 8) girls were giving him the rib of his life. But did he suffer while it was going on! Mention rhumba to Dennis now and he runs for fresh air.

Inside Bits: Speaking of fat men, Laird Cregar leaned back in his portable dressing room on the set of “The Gentlemen From West Point” and turned the whole trailer over. It took the director, cast and crew to extricate the corpulent Mr. Cregar.

Mickey Rooney is such a hit with his family-in-law that one of his wife's sisters has named her new baby after Mickey. She calls it John Michael Grimes, or Mickey Grimes, for short.

For a man who was nominated in nine classifications by the Academy Awards for his first motion picture “Citizen Kane,” Orson Welles takes more kidding from his units than any ten men in the business.

For instance, when Orson’s prize actor, Joe Cotten, was informed Orson, enroute to South America, would dine at the White House on a Wednesday, he remarked, “The war will either be over or much worse by Thursday!”

The catty jealousy displayed between women defense groups is a bit hard to take in view of these desperate times. Not all women in defense work are petty but Cal could name you names that would startle you.

Never expected to see suave, smooth Herbert Marshall all aflutter. But just mention the new baby the Marshalls are expecting in April and Herbert practically goes into a twitch; he’s that pleased.

Cagneyisms: No shyer lad exists in all Hollywood than Jimmy Cagney—that pugnacious, brassy little extrovert on the screen. In real life...
A “Close-up” was only a Movie Term to Paula, until...

Jimmy keeps pretty much in the background, which is why his producer-brother Bill practically fell into a swoon when Jimmy was invited to make a speech before hundreds of R.C.A.F. boys while on a Canadian location for “Captains Of The Clouds.”

Bill says he ruined two handkerchiefs mopping his brow in nervous apprehension over Jimmy who mounted the platform without a qualm and went to work.

“Some of his jokes were pretty corny,” Bill told us, “and some were pretty good. But the fact that he could stand up there and make a long impromptu speech and do it well is what mystifies me, knowing Jimmy as I do.”

What's more, in the ball game between the Canadian flyers and the Warner Brothers troop, Jimmy won the hearts of all 5000 fans by striking like an amateur at the ball, missing it by a mile.

“They loved him for it,” Bill said. “And when Jimmy finally did get a hit, they went wild.”

Warners won the game, incidentally, 5 to 4, even if umpire Alan Hale did try to throw the game to the R.C.A.F. boys.

An example of Jimmy’s modesty was furred when Air Marshal Billy Bishop, V. C., the Dominion’s greatest World War hero, invited members of the cast to dinner. When Jimmy didn’t show up, a messenger

Official bright-light investigation of Felix Young’s Little Troc, carried on by young marrieds John Shelton and Kathryn Grayson

Act 1: Paula is pretty! She sings like an angel and can dance like a breeze. But there are few compliments and dates in Paula’s young life, few eligible bachelors—because—well, Paula is guilty of one little fault, she’s careless about underarm odor!

Act 2: (Enter pretty friend) Wake up to the facts of charm, my Pretty! Of course you bathe every day—before every date. But a bath only takes care of the past...to give your charm a future, use Mum.

Act 3: (Paula’s soliloquy) Now I can play a love scene! Mum is so marvelous—so quick, so easy to use, so sure! Only 30 seconds to use Mum, and daintiness is safe for long hours. Safe for skin, safe for dresses, too!

Mum takes only 30 seconds, effective for hours!
Mum prevents underarm odor, without stopping perspiration!
Mum is harmless to sensitive skin and to delicate fabrics. Get Mum at your druggist today!

For Sanitary Napkins—Gentle, safe Mum is the favorite deodorant for this important purpose. Try it this way, too.

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
Product of Bristol-Myers
Some "any American country" costumes for the Bal Americano: John Detlie, wife Veronica Lake, Phyllis Ruth and Señorita Withers

Maureen O'Hara and husband, Will Price, go Spanish for this event at Earl Carroll's Restaurant-Theatre, Hollywood's first Beaux Arts ball.

CAL YORK'S
Inside Stuff

was dispatched to find out why. It seems the Air Marshal's aide, assuming the star of the picture would know the dinner was in his honor, had failed to notify Cagney. So Jimmy had stayed quietly in his room.

Next day the Air Marshal sent Jimmy an autographed picture of himself, inscribed:

"To James Cagney, who is such a stickler for the conventions."

Just before America entered the war, Cal ushered two British sailors around the Warner lot.

Jimmy at that time was slaving away, eight hours a day, in a rehearsal hall, learning dance steps for his new film, "Yankee Doodle Dandy."

Worn and weary as he was—and we've never seen anyone work harder—he didn't think it too much to halt rehearsals to chat with the boys and to have his picture taken.

Never will Cal forget the awed reverence of these young lads, who had never before been to America, when they first glimpsed Jimmy.

"Yes, there he is for a fact," they whispered. "Him in person." They sounded as if they'd seen a vision. That's what Cagney means to England.

Around Town With Cal: Leopold Stokowski, at the jive-mad Palladium requesting numbers of bandleader Tommy Dorsey, is the sight of the month.

Bicycle shops all over town are being stampeded these days with celebrities buying up the two-wheeled vehicles in order to save tires. Practically every star in Hollywood is bicycle-conscious. Saw Lana Turner and Ray Milland emerging from a shop last week wheeling their new bikes and looking as pleased as if they had bought a limousine.

The Saturday night lineups before the newest night spot, the Little Troc, reaches from here to there, proving again that Hollywoodites are like sheep—they go where everybody else goes. And stop going when some place newer becomes the rage.

Star Finds
IN THE STORES
BY MARION HAMMON

• FINGERTIP WARDROBE: Here's the answer to all you Revlon enthusiasts who want your favorite shade of polish in a small bottle. It's the Revlon Color Chest—a set of five dark or light shades of nail enamel plus a bottle of Adheron. The kit comes in black, wine, red, brown or navy satin studded with gold stars. Complete for only $1.50 at department stores.

• GIN RUMMY FANS: If gin rummy is your current craze, you'll want a Gyn-Mat for playing the game. It's a tray designed to hold two stacks of cards, keeping them in neat piles so that there is no restacking of cards. The Gyn-Mat is of Syroco wood, finished in walnut, red, parchment or white. It has sloping, cut-out edges that enable you to slide a card out smoothly. Made by the Syracuse Orna mental Company, you'll find Gyn-Mat at leading stores for a mere $1.50.

• STOCKING SAVERS: Timed to meet conservation needs and the possible stocking shortage, Tintex has just introduced a new stocking dye which does wonders for stockings of nylon, silk, rayon, cotton and lisle. The shades are Hula Bronze, Smoke Haze, Brown Butter and Wine Blush. You'll want the new stocking Tintex to brighten faded stockings and to rematch old stockings. 10c and 15c sizes at syndicate and drug stores.

• FRAGRANT THOUGHT: Mother's Day means a little gift to express your love and appreciation. A fragrant thought on Mother's Day is a tiny bottle of Irresistible perfume. Attractively packaged and addressed "To Mother," you'll find this delightful perfume at the cosmetic counter of your local dime store for only 10c. It's not how much you spend, it's the sentiment that counts!
No wonder cafe men go wild in this land of the fickle and the fancy.

The rhumba orchestra at director Preston Sturgess’s cafe “The Players,” is out of this world and has rhumba-loving dancers crowding the floor. But imagine Cal’s amazement to walk in rather early the other eve and discover Humphrey Bogart and his wife Mayo Methot executing the most beautiful Viennese waltz steps imaginable, while the orchestra rhumbaed its head off. You should have seen the wild look on the orchestra’s faces with half of them trying to keep in time with Humphrey and the other half ready to burst into tears.

It was a panic à la Hollywood and funnier than any picture we’ve ever seen.

Thoughts While Wearing Out Our Fires: Wonder what Alice Faye thinks of night after night as she sits alone at a table in the Biltmore Bowl waiting for her husband, orchestra leader Phil Harris, to join her during intermission?

We can understand a mere lad like Charlie McCarthy getting into tangles, but grownups Lou Costello, Bud Abbott and Edgar Bergen getting into mad-on phees is beyond us. Come on, boys, get together or papa spank.

Wonder if the wife of that he-man star will welcome him back after a certain glamour-woman has finished kicking him around and down. Perhaps his children may act as a healing potion. Hollywood hopes so, while stuttering dire threats at the interper.

A lady likes Richard Ney; she’s Greer Garson, whose smiles are usually reserved for M-G-M’s Benny Thau
HOW FREE AND UNHAMPERED
WITH TAMPAX

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

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

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

On Cupid's Sea-Saw: Let us off, we're seasick! All these up-in-the-air and down-in-the-blues romances have us groggy.

John Howard, Hedy Lamarr's constant swain, is courting Mary Brian like mad. Friends are all for it, too.

Teresa Wright, who was such a hit in "The Little Foxes," will marry writer Niven Busch as soon as she leaves off being the wife of Gary Cooper in the screen role of Lou Gehrig in "Pride Of The Yankees." And Virginia Field, who is back in town, declares she'll wed Paul Douglas, radio announcer, in the fall. Virginia's former boy friend, Richard Greene, now with British forces, has been happily married since Christmas Eve to English actress Patricia Medina. Incidentally, Richard was summoned back from an Eastern front to make a British film. Know his fans hope it is released here.

Rumors that Madeleine Carroll will wed Stirling Hayden keep right on growing.

Stirling is serving his country in the Merchant Marine.

We Love a Parade: Not since the good old days when Gloria Swanson arrived in Hollywood as a Marquise and was met by an applauding pandering delegation, has Hollywood had such a demonstration as the day Dorothy Lamour returned to Hollywood after a month's tour selling defense bonds.

Bands, flowers, stars, lights, celebrities cluttered up the place welcoming Dorothy with music and praise. At no wonder.

Taking her much-needed vacation period Dorothy, of her own volition started out on a defense tour that netted $25,000,000 for Uncle Sam bond money, we're told. Into even conceivable corner Dottie probe into factories, plants, communities at committees, selling her bond in making her speeches.

And then home again, while band played and thousands cheered, can Dorothy. Back to a loneliness created by her broken romance with Greg Bautzer. All the music, horns, and cheers failed to fill that void of woman's heart empty of love. Has it always been so?
It Took A War To Do It: With so many young players liable to draft or awaiting calls at any moment, movie producers have been twirling around like waitzing mice, wondering where tomorrow’s heroes may be found. At last, after much deliberation, they’ve located them in yesterday’s favorites.


The call for these competent actors who have had to give way to younger men is going on and, even if it took war to do it, everyone will be glad to see them in top spots again. As the old meanie suggested—at last, Hollywood glamour girls will have aging men nearer their own age.

Tch, tch, such cattiness.

Barrymores Carry On: Diana, daughter of the renowned John, starts own the familiar old trail of matrimony so repeatedly trod by her papa.

Tony Martin gets himself a new uniform, a new girl and a new place to celebrate. The girl’s Carole Landis, who does some talking about guys in uniform on page 36; the place is the little Toc, latest Hollywood hit spot.

Diana will marry, unless she changes her mind, actor Bramwell Fletcher, so recently starred on the stage with Harlow Cornell.

Diana, brunette and dynamic, arrived in Hollywood to play in Universal’s "Eagle Squadron." Dad met her at the train. "How wonderful to have a beautiful daughter to support," he cooed.

A day or two later, Diana arrived on an interview with a black eye. reporter, unaware that Diana had identically acquired the orb that morning, asked about it. "Dad beat her," she said so straightfaced the reporter fell backwards.

so it looks as though Barrymoria

"I was a Part-Time Wife"

HOW MRS. E. OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT MARS SO MANY MARRIAGES

I. When Bob and I were first married, I thought we’d be the happiest pair in the world. I was a good manager, a good cook. I’d always been considered attractive. But well, Bob became cold, indifferent. The romantic side of our marriage simply fizzled out.

2. One morning after Bob stormed off to work in a temper, my Aunt Sue dropped in. She’s a trained nurse. I couldn’t help blurt out the whole story to her. "My dear," she said, "when love goes on the rocks, it’s often because a woman is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene . . .

3. "It’s one neglect," Aunt Sue went on, "that most husbands can’t forgive. That’s why so many modern wives use Lysol for intimate personal protection. Lysol solution isn’t only cleansing and desodorizing—it kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues. We nurses know."

4. Never again will I risk my happiness! I use Lysol regularly now for feminine hygiene. It’s so gentle—and effective. Economical, too, because it’s so diluted in use. (S. S. Bob and I are cooing like doves again.

6 Reasons for using LYSOL
NON CAUSTIC—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 mucous, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of feminine hygiene solution, CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely.

For new free booklet (in plain wrapper) about Feminine Hygiene, send postcard to Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Dept. P.M.M.-542, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Copt., 1942 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
They can’t stop talking about the NEW

Revlon Lipstick
and the way it stays on!

When half the smart girls in 48 states discover a perfect lipstick, there’s bound to be talk! Women rush to tell friends how marvelously Revlon Lipstick stays on . . . like their beloved Revlon Nail Enamel. They rave about the brilliant young look it gives to lips . . . never sticky or “faded.” And you know how everybody talks about Revlon’s excitingly beautiful lipstick shades! Have you tried a Revlon lipstick in the new

Hothouse Rose or Rosy Future or

BraVo or any of the sixteen

fashion-making shades? Quick!

They’re wonderful!

only 60¢ also $1 size

Revlon
world’s most famous name
in nail enamel

Labeled ladies at a USO center: June Millarde and Ann Corcoran; counter-

man: E. G. Robinson

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Inside Stuff

Most stared-at newlyweds at the USO center opening were Ann Sheridan and new husband George Brent who miked a message

will live on in Hollywood. Hollywood can’t get away from it, it seems.

Sleepwalker: Have trouble walking in your sleep? Well, sympathize then with Rosemary DeCamp, a chronic somnambulist who arrived home dog-tired after doing a day of song and dance routine for “Yankee Doodle Dandy.”

“I gave my husband what probably was an awful shock,” she told us. “About three o’clock in the morning he caught me just as I was going out the front door in my nightdress, feet bare of course, snapping my fingers to a time step and singing, ‘Oh, what a girl was Mary.’

“He still looks at me peculiarly,” Rosemary sighed.

Good Luck, England!: The sign over the door read Deutsches Chemisches Institut and outside the building a number of Nazi troops were stationed, heiling passing officers.

True, it was only a set on a studio back lot, but the terse and brusque manner of the actors was startling, to say the least.

Then, suddenly, six Lockheed planes thundered overhead on their way to England from the Lockheed plant just three short miles away.

Instantly shooting ceased and everyone was raised upward. Suddenly one of the fiercest Nazi officers raised his voice and in a good old American twang yelled, “Good luck, boys!”

The bombers droned off in the distance, the actors snapped back to attention and the cameras turned “Heil,” they shouted; but good luck for England was still in their hearts.

Attention School Kids: So you’re an ology teacher is a dud, the math is a blow-out and the French mistress is a pain. You’d rather get the movies where people have glamour!

Oh we know all about it. But a minute, kids. Do you realize some of our best paid stars have teachers? What’s more, these same pupils tell us their own pupils didn’t think they were glamorous either. Not to mention Madeleine Carroll, who taught French at a girl’s seminary at the British beach resort of Brighton. And then there was Greer Garson, who tutored young hopefuls who wanted to use entrance exams to Cambridge, where pupils’ pet by any means.

Photoplay combined with movie news
got in her teaching career and there is no record of boys’ begging to stay after school to clean the blackboards.

Martha Scott and Louise Campbell were both schoolteachers, and good ones, too.

Among the men, Richard Carlson taught English at the University of Minnesota, Jeffrey Lynn taught English in the Lisbon, Maine, high school, and tall and handsome Dean Jagger was the math professor in a small midwest high school.

Robert Taylor almost became head of the music department at Doane College in Nebraska.

As far as that goes, old Cal was a teacher once himself!

Last-Minute Flashes: Ava Gardner Rooney has recovered from the appendectomy that interrupted hers and Mickey’s honeymoon. Mickey was a frightened husband there for a while...

Wayne Morris married his sweetheart Pat Stewart. Pat’s name read Pat O’Rourke on the marriage license.

Which reminds us—we ran into Wayne in a Hollywood gas station recently and handsome he looked in his insignia’s uniform. “Gee, I see you haven’t forgotten me,” he grinned. “I read your name in your column every once in a while.”

Which flattered Cal no end. Wayne will be stationed for a while in Florida and then off—to parts unknown...

Sight-seers were thrilled at the sight of Lieutenant James Stewart dining with his old flame Olivia de Havilland and friend Burgess Meredith.

“Romance,” shrieked Hollywood all over the place, but Cal is skeptical.

Friends were busy saying good-by to Jeffrey Lynn who marched off to Asia. Hollywood was surprised that Jeffrey trekked off a bachelor, since his romance with Margaret Hayes has been in full swing, lo these many months.

Mrs. Fonda’s spring hat and Mr. Fonda’s grin steal the limelight on gala night at the Little Troc
Don't let the nearness of you shatter his dream. Don't let even a whisper of stale-
ness brand you as the "lady who forgot" to use Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder.

IN SPRING TIME more than ever you need
Cashmere Bouquet Talcum Powder. Be-
cause, spring with its bright freshness cruelly empha-
sizes any let-down in your daintiness.
So—before you dress, sprinkle Cashmere
Bouquet Talcum Powder over yourself. Softly
as snowflakes this delicate talcum falls on
your body. Dries up lingering moisture
leaves your skin pearly smooth, with a super-
line film of protection to guard against chal-
ging. And Cashmere Bouquet Talcum—for dra-
matic climax—imparts to your person the
"fragrance men love." You'll be sweet, fresh,
enticingly feminine.

In generous-lite and larger sizes at
all drug and toilet goods counters.

$10.00 PRIZE
Pay-off on a Good Idea

WHY not have a "Best Phyi-
sique in Hollywood" contest,
lining up all the "he-men" of
the motion-picture industry, such as
Victor Mature, Errol Flynn and John
Payne. Your feminine public would
burn up the roads to get a copy and
the masculine readers would like to
see what the stars have got that they
haven't got.

Why, copies would sell like hot
cakes!
I don't care whether I win a prize
if you will have this contest.
Buddy Cowley,
Bracketville, Tex.

We are awarding this letter first
prize because it contains a creative
idea—and you'll see that idea brought
to life on page 32. Thanks, Buddy
Cowley!

$5.00 PRIZE
Reader Proves the Story on Page 44

MISS RUTH HUSSEY of M-G-M
has written me a letter and I'm
so pleased I'd like to tell it to the
world! It isn't a mere formal note
but a real letter with news of an in-
teresting incident which occurred
during the making of one of her pic-
tures. I'm tremendously grateful,
fully realizing that time is a precious
and not to be wasted commodity
Hollywood.

Miss Hussey says she not only re-
my letters to her but likes them! You
know, we fans are frequently doubting
about the possibility of our letter
actually being seen by our favorite
much less being read with interest.

We sometimes fear that Hollywood tab-
lates us only as to numbers, sections
of the country or likes and dislikes
so that a personal touch makes all
difference in the world.
I was already 99% for Miss Hus-
but you can bet I'm a "hundred per
center" from now on!

M. B. DAVIDSON.
Chester, S. C.

$1.00 PRIZE
She Gets What She Wants

SHADES of Hollywood, at last
have an opportunity to tell us
what I want. We love our Boy-
Tracys and Taylors, but just gives
Nils Asther and they can all the
away. Why do we have to see
a third-rate picture in order to see
Nils? Surely the Hollywood biz
can see he rates stardom. And what
about our glamour queens? It seems
to me they would all be fighting
have the handsome Asther for the
leading man. Wake up Hollywood.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE LIFE
Perhaps you can tell me what picture he is working in now. If I have to put up with Arlen, Preston or whom have you to see Nils, I guess I can as I have before. Furthermore, if South Africa rates a picture of Brian Donlevy, could you favor me with a picture of Nils Asther?

Avis M. Donald
Indianapolis, Ind.

$1.00 PRIZE
Honest Criticism

We, John Public, movieland's severest critics, do hereby present large bunch of garlic to Jean Arthur and her artificial attitude. If she nabs her publicity agents, reporters, columnists, writers and others who are helping her to put another rung in her ladder of success and then takes an axe and chops them away, what happens? Like Humpty Dumpty, she will receive a great fall. If she ignores people who helped her climb that ladder what would she do to us if she dared to approach her? Well, her write-ups aren't favored by us! She as lost her appeal for John Public. Sorry, Jean, once you were a story, but you're only a legend now.

Charles Donald Charmelli
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
Payne Plus!

SAY Robert Taylor had better look to his laurels while he still holds them, for according to me and half the nation there is someone who is neck and neck with the great Taylor. Whom I'm speaking of (if you haven't guessed) is none other than John Payne.

If you want to hear the audience go to see "Remember The Day," then John comes out in his uniform very feminine heart beats "eight to the bar."

(Continued on page 74)

"HOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: $10 first prize; $5 second prize; $1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged in the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, so each letter is published in this department. Good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to 'Speak for Yourself,' PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y."

In Hollywood! FRENCH'S BIRD SEED IS THE FAVORITE...4 to 1

Keep your canary happy, healthy and singing. FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit included FREE) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Today—and every day—feed your canary FRENCH'S.

THE LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S.

JANE WITHERS, Starring in the 20th Century-Fox Production "YOUNG AMERICA"

"My Canary's my 'boy friend'—and can he sing!"

Jane Withers

More and more the stars are taking canaries into their homes and their lives. Started as a pet fad, canaries today are Hollywood's hobby sensation! Wherever the great of filmdom gather, you are likely to hear some golden-voiced canary lifting everyone's spirits with his happy song.

One of these gay little songsters is a fascinating pet that you, too, should enjoy! A canary takes but little care, and will give you matchless hours of loving companionship.

Send for a beautifully illustrated 76-page book on Canaries. It's the book the movie stars use—and it's FREE!

Simply mail your name and address, on a pen or post card, to The R. T. French Company, 2478 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.
BRIEF REVIEWS

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT—Warners: Humphrey Bogart is a gangster who discovers a Nazi spy ring led by Conrad Veidt and his aide, Peter Lorre and Judith Anderson, and from then on it's a chase between Humphrey and the police who are after him and Humphrey and the Nazis are planning to blow up an American battleship. The cast is expert, but the melodrama is not so expertly executed. (April)

AMONG THE LIVING—Paramount: Albert Dekker plays a dual role as the heister who returns home to find that his twin, whom he had thought dead, is alive and insane. When the insane one escapes and sets upon a round of murder, the same brother is taken for the killer and almost lynched. Dekker does a swell job and Susan Hayward, Frances Farmer and Harry Carey are also fine. (March)

BABES ON BROADWAY—M-G-M: Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland instill freshness into the same old story of would-be actors finally hitting the big time. Mickey, Ray McDonald and Richard Quine have an act they don't get very far with until they meet Judy. Mickey's impersonation of Carmen Miranda and Judy's singing are high spots and the production numbers are staged with M-G-M lavishness. (Feb.)

BAHAMA PASSAGE—Paramount: Madeleine Carroll arrives on Bialo Cay with her soundproof father to manage the island for Stirling Hayden and his mentally deranged mother, Flora Robson. Madeleine sets out for Stirling, who's married to Mary Anderson, but don't waste your time seeing what happens. The film's one redeeming feature is the handsomeness of Madeleine and Stirling. (March)

BALL OF FIRE—Goldwyn RKO: Gary Cooper, one of a group of professors compiling an encyclopedia, sets out to broaden his knowledge of slang and meets night-club babe Barbara Stanwyck, on the lam from the police. What happens is wildly hilarious. Kathleen Howard, Allen Jenkins and the professors, all of whom you'll love, lend tremendous support. (Feb.)

BEDTIME STORY—Columbia: Loretta Young, Broadway star who wants to retire, finally divorces her playwright husband, Preston March, and marries banker Allyn Joslyn, but Freddie interrupts her honeymoon much to Joslyn's embarrassment and Loretta's amusement. Robert Benchley and Joslyn are killingly funny and Freddie and Loretta are at their best. (March)

BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE—Columbia: Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake decide to go to college in this latest installment of the adventures of the Bumstead family. They conceal their marriage, which leads to many complications for them both, and to add to their problems, Dagwood goes in for all the teams. (March)

BLUES IN THE NIGHT—Warners: An odd, sultry, quietly somber picture, this, set to the throbbing music of Jimmy Lunceford's band and telling of a small Southern dance band that runs afoul of the law at Lloyd Nolan's notorious racetrack. Richard Whorf as the young pianist whom Priscilla Lane loves is a fine actor. With B. B. Geb. (Field). (Feb.)

BLUE, WHITE AND PERFECT—20th Century Fox: Fast-moving mystery with Lloyd Nolan the detective, Michael Shayne who leaves his harem, Mary Beth Hughes, to board a luxury liner en route to Hawaii to pursue a gang of Nazi saboteurs. Helene Reynolds is very promising as an assistant and George Reeves is the FBI man aboard ship.

BOMBAY CLIPPER—Universal: Stolen jewelry provide the motive for a lot of thrilling goings on aboard the Pacific Clipper. Newspaperman William Gargan is determined to discover the thief and there's a strange assortment of characters aboard the plane. Irene Hervey provides a romantic interest and Lloyd Corrigan gives great support. (April)

BROOKLYN ORCHID—Hollywood U.A.: I lam Breslin. Sports a fleet of tacos, is married to Grace Bradley and Joe Sawyer is marry-it-marriage who doesn't like Marjorie Main. When a third woman enters the picture the tumult really gets going, but it doesn't go anywhere. Marjorie Main is very bawdy as the Brooklyn Orchid. (April)

BUGLE SOUNDS, THE—M-G-M: A bugler for Wallace Beery fans is this story of a heart-ten Army sergeant who is forced to turn into a tank outfit. He finally is discharged from the Army and falls in with a band of outcasts, but manages to lick them singlehanded. With Marjorie Main as his sentimental sidekick. Lewis Stone. (March)

CADET GIRL—20th Century Fox: George Montgomery is a West Pointer who falls in love with Carole Landis, singer with his brother's orchestra. They decide to marry even though it means George's expulsion from the school, but the brothers decide to bring Cadet Montgomery to his senses and make a good-looking and special bits of acting in the picture lively. (Feb.)

CADETS ON PARADE—Columbia: From Baltimore, run away from military school and decide to take this up for themselves. When Jimmy's father tells him his son is going to school, he promises to have escaped from kidnappers. As Raymond Hatton and Munna Gumbell.
CONFIRME OR DEY—20th Century Fox: J ohn Aime is the dynamic head of an American secret service in London that attempts to keep open the ports of business despite the bombings, with Joan Leslie, the English girl employed by the service, John Loder, Raymond Walburn, Roddy McDowall and Arthur Shields caught up in the scramble. It's a thrill-adventure. (Feb.)

CORSICAN BROTHERS, THE—Edward hill U. A.: Glamorous make-believe, with romance, thrills, rescues and sword plays galore, in Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., playing twin sons of an Italian family who have been separated as babies and then come together to set out on their deeds of revenge. Ruth Warrick is the beautiful heroine who must be rescued from Akim Tamiroff. (March)

DESIGN FOR SCANDAL—M-G-M: Rosalind Russell's beauty and charm as the female judge in a undone by nervousyphotographer Walter Pidgeon when he sets out to involve her in scandal at the suggestion of his boss, Edward Arnold, who wants a alimony reduced. Lee Bowman and Mary Martin in the nonsense that goes entertaining. (Feb.)

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal: Eccentric tug boat Herbet inherits a pickle factory which sponsors a radio program featuring Richard Davies and Ne Frazee in a new series. Hugh gets himself mixed up in a plot to seduce Ann Sheridan for fame. Robert Paige also gets involved in the plot. With Muschel Auer to add to the mix.

DR. KILDARE'S VICTORY—M-G-M: Sound entertainment, with intern Robert Sterling ignoring a hospital ruling to bring critically ill Ann Ayars to the hospital, where Lew Ayres and Lionel Barrymore save the day for them. All falls in love with Kildare, but he doesn't have to charm his charms. (March)

FLIGHTS IN THE—Paramount: This gay film is meant only for fun and entertain- ment succeeds in its purpose admirably. William Tabbert is a sky sailor who his fellow goes believe irresistible to women. They bet he can kiss pretty Lamour, dance-hall singer, who bet- hers, which leads to many complications. With the Bracken, Betty Hutton, Leif Erickson and song horse. (April)

FLEET'S IN THE—RKO Radio: This story provides a mediocre background for the acting of Ray Bolger, the clowning of Eddie Foy, Jr., and the singing of June Havoc. Anne Shirley, caught in a publicity stunt, secures a good job in a night-club. Musicians Bolger, Foy, Jack Bailey, William Bowers and cabdriver Desi Arnaz helps boats along. (April)

FLIGHTSMAN AT HEART—20th Century Fox: Cesar Romero, clever, money-making bookie, is to enter the world of art because he's fallen in love with Carole Landis, who runs an art dealer's shop, and the odyssey leads to a couple of laughs. Milton Berle as a character which is an entertainer's selling associate and J. Carroll Naish, a painter. A sequel is a matter of fun. (April)

GLAMOUR BOY—Paramount: An appealing, didelic movie, loaded with human interest, with Keenan Wynn as a dancer and George Murphy playing a former child star who's returned in to coach Darrel Hickman in a remake of Keen's former hit, "Skippy." Jackie meets and falls in love with Susanna Foster and finds grief before emerging with a new viewpoint. (Feb.)

HELLZAPPAPPIN'—Marys—Universal: This story will either have you shrieking your daubs off with laughter or will leave you cold and cold. Glen and Johnson have taken their midway rip and transcribed it to the screen. A dog's life, and rest, madness, madness. Ruth Raye, Hugh Herbert and Mischa Auer also mixed up in the deal. (March)

I, M. PULHART, ESQ.—M-G-M: Frankly amusing is our opinion of the movie version of our best-selling book, but our one- check approval goes for splendid performance of Robert Young in all direction and for the sterling acting of Lewis and Beth Hussey. Holy Lamarr clowns beauty as the business girl. (Feb.)

L HOUSE BLUES—Universal: Nat Pendle- who has been paroled from prison, refuses to go because he wants to remain in to give the big prison show, but when Ralf Harlow is to play the feminine lead escape. Nat, and his partner meets Anna Gwynne and singer of France.

JOHN OF PARIS—RKO Radio: Dealing with the attempts of five British fliers to get out of France and back to England, this is a thrilling, sentimental movie that provides fine entertainment. Paul Henreid takes refuge in the room of Jane Morgan, a young barmaid, and she, with aid of Thomas Mitchell, helps the flier escape. Paul Henreid and Michele give touching, superb performances. (March)

ENDS PERSPIRATION

ANNOUNCEMENT 1 TO 3 DAYS

1 FULL OZ. JAR—ONLY 39c! (Plus Tax)

ALSO LIQUID ODO-RO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

V, 1942
ABOUT-FACE

Winning orders from beauty headquarters per Patricia Morison

BY GLORIA MACK

Some "be sure" clean-up hints from Patricia: Be sure to use enough cream

ORDER I

Every woman today should know:

. . . That she should make an effort to look prettier than she ever has before, as pretty as did Patricia Morison of "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat," at the opening of the Russian ballet in Los Angeles.

. . . That she should realize that a good complexion is the result of a good regimen of thinking as well as doing. As Miss Morison: "A neglected complexion looks just what it is— neglected. You have to use a good cream on both face and hands. I always use a cream to remove make-up, then follow it with soap and water. If your skin gets temporarily out of kilter, watch your diet, be sure your skin is kept clean and get plenty of fresh air."

. . . That large pores around the chin and nose are the first sign of danger. She must be sure these large pores are thoroughly cleansed, and that she uses an astringent.

. . . That a hand lotion or cream will do wonders in smoothing out tiny lines around nose and eyes.

ORDER II

Every woman should promise herself to do this:

. . . At night, she should cleanse her face thoroughly. First, she should apply a layer of cleansing cream to her face with an upward and outward movement. She should leave this cream on for five minutes, then remove every trace of it with tissues. She should repeat this process once more. Soap and water come next, a gentle scrubbing. If her skin is dry, she should spread on it a rich film of cream and leave it on all night.

. . . In the morning, she should wash her face in clear water. Then she should apply a light foundation film. Next, an astringent, patted refreshingly over the face. She then blots her skin dry with tissues and is ready for her make-up. If her skin is dry, she will skip the astringent occasionally and leave a slight film of foundation on her face.

ORDER III

Every woman should know her skin type and how to treat it:

For the true blonde skin:
Which is almost transparent and freckled easily:
She will cream richly every night, because this skin type dries easily. An extra-rich cream is good.

For the fair and rosy skin:
Which is apt to blush easily:
She will use a liquefying cleansing cream, and probably prefer a mask-type foundation.

For the peach-toned skin:
Which is the "average" skin, possessing a good texture:
She will cream at night, but will skip the leave-it-on-over-night process.

For the rich brunette:
Which is very vivid in coloring:
She will probably want to use a liquid foundation as her skin will have a tendency to be oily.
For Girls Who Want More Glamorous Hair
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO ARRANGE!

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

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

unsurpassed for Removing Dandruff!
If you bothered about removal of ugly,
dark dandruff? You won't be when you
shampoo with Special Drene! For Drene
removes ugly dandruff with the first appli-
cation. And besides, Drene does something
no soap shampoo can do—not even those
claiming to be special "dandruff removers"!
Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre and
color brilliance.

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

Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps And Soap Shampoos!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using
soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which
always leave a dulling film that dims
the natural lustre and color brilliance!

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

Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added
The Invaders (Columbia release)

It's About: A Nazi band stranded in Canada.

Eighty percent of this picture was filmed in Canada, with English actors recalled from all parts of the globe to play their roles.

The story tells of a German U-Boat in Canadian waters. While seven of the Nazi invaders are ashore, the U-Boat is sunk, leaving the band stranded on Canadian soil. The fanatical antics of men schooled in uncivilized animalism prowling among civilized men is horrible to contemplate.

Naturally, the performances of Leslie Howard, an author vacationing in Canada; Laurence Olivier, a French Canadian trapper; and Raymond Massey, a Canadian soldier, are outstanding. But equally fine are the performances of Niall MacGinnis, as the German who wants only to go back to his bakery; of Eric Portman as Kirth; and Glynis Johns as the young member of the Canadian religious group known as "Hutterites."

The result is impressive, to say the least, and the message pregnant with anticipatory forebodings.

Your Reviewer Says: Realistic masterpiece.

Reap The Wild Wind (Paramount)

It's About: A headstrong girl and ship salvagers.

Cecil B. DeMille has let loose his skill and imagination on a co-laden story of ships and seas and the men and women of the 1840's. The result is a rip-snorting wind-jamming come-down adventure story that's all.

In Key West, Florida, lives Pat Goddard who has taken over the business of salvaging ships wrecked off Florida reefs. Meeting up with John Wayne, captain of a wrecked vessel, Paulette loses her heart completely and travels to Charleston to see him. There she meets Ray Milland, who is in charge of the shipping company for which Wayne works. She spurns Milland's offer of marriage for Wayne who is at the moment of bitterness, betrays his ship's command and sinks her own vessel in order to share the spoils of salvaging the wreck of Raymond Massey and his brother Robert Preston.

Wayne is brought to trial by Milland and in an attempt to discover if Haywood has been lost in the wreck they descend as divers to the wreck. The climax is thrilling.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrill-packed.

(Continued on page 104)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 105
Help your Beauty bloom this Spring!

Give your skin
Ivory “baby-care,”
doctors recommend

Help yourself to a fresh complexion . . .
go with your new spring clothes.

Use as your model of skin perfection
the Loveliest Complexion in all the
odd . . . baby's own!

Do as you do for baby . . . take doctors' beauty advice! Give your skin,
so, the gentle daily care of New
Velvet-Suds" Ivory Soap . . . now
older and faster-lathering than ever!

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

Avoid WINTER-DRIED
“flakiness”
Help bring spring's bloom to your
skin by "babying" it this way
every night: With New Ivory's
creamy, quick lather (lukewarm,
ever hot!) gently massage your
skin upward, following facial
contours. Warm rinse. Pat dry.
Since your skin is "winter-dried"
apply lightly a little cold cream.

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

Make your skin
SPRING FRESH

I'm MOSTLY
COMPLEXION—
To help keep my sensitive
skin perfect, Doctor recom-

moves New Ivory Soap. It's
an improved Ivory — milder
than ever, and contains no
dye, medication, or strong per-
fume that might be irritating.

Baby-care" is
Beauty-care . . . use New Velvet-suds IVORY
H ave you an envy list? Girls, listen! All the time you've been envying beautiful stars, they've been busy with a bit of envying themselves. Take Barbara Stanwyck, for instance. Barbara has a figure out of this world, a salary big enough to placate a greedy moneybag, a face interestingly beautiful, a career that flourishes like the green bay tree (and grows greener by the minute if you remember "Ball Of Fire"). Besides all these, Stanwyck has Bob Taylor for a husband! And yet Barbara doesn't see perfection in herself by a long shot. In fact, Barbara has a special envy list. Here it is exactly as she passed it along to Cal. Above all Barbara would like:

To look like Ingrid Bergman.
To act like Jean Arthur.
To have legs like Marlene Dietrich's.
To possess the flair of Ann Sheridan.
To have hair like Connie Bennett's.
To own eyes like Paulette Goddard's.
To sing like Connie Boswell.
To dance like Jessie Matthews.

And there you are. How about it, girls? Got an envy list of your own?

"Their" Children Department: Ellen, the three-year-old daughter of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, is a proper little lass who calls herself Miss Powell. Her first morning at nursery school, the teacher called her forward to give her name. "It's Miss Powell," she said, and then dimpled, "but you may call me Ellen."

Carol Anne and Barbara Queen, daughters of Bob Young, are the pride of his life, but vivacious Barbara also his problem child. Nightly all the two girls had gone to bed, Bob and Mrs. Young could hear Barbara deriding and giggling.

One night Bob went in. "Barbara Queen," he said, "if you don't go to sleep, I'm going to spank you." No sooner had Bob's head hit the pillow than she was at it again, Bob paraded in, turned Barbara over, and gave her one good smack.

Silence, complete and utter, ensued.

At dancing school the next day, Mrs. Young discovered the youngster going among all the children asking, "Does your daddy spank you?" "What's all this?" Mrs. Y. asked.

"Oh, I just wanted to know if spankings were going on with other children, too," Barbara Queen said.

Apparently satisfied that they were, she's been a good child ever since.

---

New Shades—Radiant! They do more than merely match your skin! New Dreamflower shades throw a lovely veil of glamour-soft color over your face!

New Smoothness—Luxurious! Dreamflower's fragrant new silkiness clings tenderly . . . Gives skin a wonderful "misty-soft" look!

New Box—Adorable!
Gorgeous big box—only 49c!
2 smaller sizes, too.

"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is delightful. It has everything a powder should have—lovely shades, delicate, smooth texture—such a pretty box!"

MISS FERNANDA WANAMAKER

FREE—All 6 new Dreamflower Powder shades
POND'S, Dept. 8MM-PE, Clinton, Conn.
I should love to try all of the new Dreamflower Powder shades so I can be sure of finding the one that is perfect for my coloring. Will you please send me free samples right away?

My name__________________________
My address__________________________

(Only on U. S. orders)
Should Stars Fight?

THIS most vulnerable of all industries has another problem, a problem involving public opinion, patriotism—and propaganda. It began when Brigadier General Lewis B. Hershey, director of selective service, declared that motion-picture actors, directors, writers and technicians may apply for draft deferment as workers in an essential industry.

The answer came from the Screen Actors Guild, who rejected the classification and demanded that actors be treated like all other Americans.

This was echoed by old-time theatrical producer William A. Brady, who said, "I don't think either screen people or theater people can be termed essential."

On the one hand there is a perfectly logical argument: Why shouldn't a movie star who has made a sizable income for months and years, who probably has enough saved up so that life in the Army will work no financial hardship on him, why shouldn't he serve as well as you or I or our brothers and sons who have not been so fortunate? Will a woman seeing a handsome movie star on the screen resent the fact that he is in Hollywood while her husband or son or brother or sweetheart is fighting on a foreign field of battle?

This is the view that Hollywood takes and, as I understand it, does not plan to request deferments except in the case of a few older executives whose unique services in the producing of films for morale are legitimately considered indispensable.

Of course, this policy is relaxed in the case of an actor who is caught in the midst of making a picture at the time of his call or who, after entering the service, is needed by the studio for retakes on a film already completed. In such instances Hollywood to protect its investment has asked for and obtained a release for the star concerned. This sort of co-operation between our armed forces and the industry makes for good will and all-around efficiency.

On the other hand, there is the argument that although no individual star is indispensable to the morale effect of motion pictures, it is true that a complete upset of the present structure of stars and executives would so disrupt the industry that its full power from a propaganda standpoint could not be exerted. This argument implies that the audience should withhold its resentment toward individuals out of respect for the effectiveness of the whole weapon.

Take the statement made to Walter Winchell and quoted in his article on page 28 of this issue, "We want Clark Gable to stay where he is—on the screen," an Administration official told Winchell. "Clark Gable," he went on, "is one of the people's daily habits and we don't want to rob the people of their steady habits all at once."

How about it, people? It is the considered opinion of the authorities that the stars should stay where they are. Yet Hollywood doesn't wish to be considered any different from you or me. Who's right? Will you give up your habits without losing morale? Will you resent seeing stars on the screen while your boys are fighting? It is really up to you and I wish every one of you would tell me what you think.

Your letter will reach me at 205 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

Bob Hope: He played a part at Coventry; W. W. got the story

Claudette Colbert: Winchell's plea brought the tears to her eyes.

Cary Grant: He spoke for Hollywood when he said what he did

Myrna Loy: She was one of the thirty who came to the toe...
A Navy-blue columnist speaks out about Hollywood—and Hollywood speaks out about him!

A MOVING-picture camera is as much an instrument of war as a machine gun, and an actor's work can be as helpful as a riveter's. That is the verdict of the United States Government in certifying the motion-picture business as a necessary war industry.

This is not the creation of a special privilege. It is an honest recognition of the importance of moving pictures in the American way of life.

In the showdown, the patriotism of the silver screen proved to be pure gold. The movie industry is as American as a Thanksgiving turkey and the loyalty of Hollywood is as solid as Plymouth Rock.

Almost as a unit, the men and women of the silver screen asked for active service. This means that the people you see on the screen have volunteered to stand behind a gun.

In Hollywood's assigned post of duty their daily work—they are doing more than accepting the Government's requests. They are obeying its orders.

Not long ago I was at a White House conference. When it was over, one of the President's close advisers asked me to dinner. He knew that I'd many friends among the film stars. He asked me what I knew of their things about the war.

"What do you hear about Clark Gable's planning to quit the screen and join the Air Corps?" he asked. I d him I had heard such rumors.

"We don't want that!" cried this Administration chief. "We want Clark Gable to stay where he is—on the screen. Clark Gable, we think, is one the people's daily habits and we don't want to rob the people of their habits all at once."

That's the one thing we have heard from Goebbels' propaganda ministry.

The main reason we held up your request for active duty was the same. "We didn't want to stop you from columnning and broadcasting because we didn't want to stop the habit of those Americans who listen to you and read you merely for the joy they get—in disagreeing with whatever you have to say!"

(Continued)
The telephone rang in the home of a famous Hollywood movie star. The studio was calling.

"We've decided to spend $50,000 on a huge publicity campaign. From now on you're to play nothing but young romantic roles. 'His Night Of Love' is cleaning up at the box office. The fans have really gone nuts over you."

It was the voice of the publicity director on the other end of the line. "We'd like to come out and shoot hundreds of pictures. You know the kind of stuff they want—sex art—poses of you stripped to the waist—singing in the shower—showing how you live—what you eat—how you sleep."

"They want this stuff on you alone. Now don't misunderstand. We're all crazy about Kitty. She's our favorite wife of all the wives in Hollywood. But you know how it is. We know Kitty is young—but she photographs older. Looks a bit on the matronly side. The fans want to think of your being married to someone as beautiful and exciting as your leading lady. Kitty would be the first one to understand this. Besides, it's front-office orders. Kitty's a brick. She'll understand."

"Yes, Kitty understood. Unfortunately she happened to pick up the extension and hear the whole conversation. For a long time a sickly fear had eaten away at her heart. She was older than her now-famous husband. The studio knew it and the world knew it. How much longer could she hold the man she loved—the man now idolized by a nation of women? Night after night lying there next to him, she asked herself this question.

Kitty is only one of the many shadow wives of Hollywood, those women who must remain in the background while their husbands take the glory spotlight.

Unless you're different from the millions of women who write mash notes to male movie stars, I'm sure you've wondered many times how it feels to be married to one of the great lovers of the screen. To live with him under one roof. To wake up next to him every morning. The wife of a famous star you all know and love has this to say on the subject:

"Being the wife of one of Hollywood's great lovers isn't always so exciting as it might appear. It certainly has its handicaps. Yet I would not have it any other way. I am not a great beauty. I am not the idol of a nation. Therefore, I cannot turn to my career or my public in times of needed substitution. I must depend solely upon the love, companionship and fidelity of the man whose name I bear."

"Every month I read thousands of letters sent to my husband. They come from lonely, frustrated, sex-starved, wistful, worshipping women. Some of them are pathological by nature. Others are simple and sincere. My heart aches for those who are seeking peace and protection from life. Those who only want to share with a great husband. To be the mother of children. I count my blessings when I read of their sad plight. But there are also letters that leave me sick and humiliated. They make me horridly ashamed of my sex."

"While I am not a member of any particular group, I attend many society affairs where other nonprofessional wives gather. Some of them are stunning. Their husbands can well be proud of Mrs. Fred MacMurray, Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr., Mrs. John Oakle, Mrs. Ray Milland, Mrs. Henry Fonda—to name a few. There are others who bear those unmistakable signs of early-day struggle and privation. The nonprofessional wife who has unselfishly seen her now-famous husband through years of domestic drudgery is the most unfortunate of all. Some of them—I must admit—deserve to be taken to task."

"I know an actor you've all so recently in one of the season's great love stories. For years he has waited for this big chance. His wife stood by him from the moment of development. She gave up a good secretarial job to live the precarious life of an actor—usually between engagements. Nightly he knelt at her feet and swore that someday he'd give it all up to her. And he has. But there is still more to the story."

"Recently tongues started wagging. Was he more than interested in the rising young starlet on his own? Everyone but (Continued on page 31)"
It happened one night at Ciro’s, where Gary Cooper and his wife were dining. Mrs. Cooper looked tired...

The Jimmy Cagney’s had planned on this party. It started out happily enough but it ended up with Mrs. Cagney’s evening ruined.

Mrs. Fred Astaire dislikes dining in public places. You won’t blame her after you hear what happened to her during dinner one night.
We started something when, about a year ago, we announced that our four eminent judges—artist Paul Hesse, Doctor Mary Halton, showman Billy Rose and designer Irene—had decided that Betty Grable had the best figure in Hollywood.

Our mailbags were flooded, just as they had been ten years earlier when other judges had crowned Dolores Del Rio with this honor. Many letters applauded our judges' choice. Many protested it. And other letters asked that we hold another contest to decide who among the Hollywood men had the finest physique.

It was a good idea. We went to work instantly. But these things take time. First we had to get the measurements of every man in Hollywood, barring those who waived consideration personally or through their studio. We had to harass studio wardrobe departments and personal tailors. Slowly we compiled a chart that would offer our judges comprehensive measurements of the many men whose proportions and fitness we would ask them to pass upon.

Our judges had to be capable of giving equal consideration to different points of view regarding fit physiques. Many names were rejected. Finally we invited a famous physician and author, a United State
figure in Hollywood?

The winner is pictured on these pages—can you find him? Three famous judges have made their selection, but there are several runners-up among other top male stars

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

Errol Flynn: "A fine able look and a magnificant posture"

Bob Taylor: "He has a flat waistline, which is surprising"

George Brent: His proportions should make some younger men hide their heads
Anthony Quinn: His proportions pleased the doctor; his training methods chalked up with Dempsey’s explained, “the neck, calf and biceps invariably measure about the same. “I’m eliminating Billy Conn,” the fighter who recently made a picture,” he went on, “because he has a tremendous neck and a small calf.”

A dozen times the Doctor’s pencil returned to Robert Taylor. “Taylor’s well-proportioned all around,” he said. “He has a splendid chest. And he has a flat waistline, which is as commendable as it is surprising. Taylor won his success quickly. It would have been very easy for him to grow fat, lose his waistline. But I understand he’s very careful to keep fit. I understand he trains. Almost everybody has to train to be as fit as he should be. But only a few people even pretend to do this. The life we live today isn’t conducive to lean strength.”

“Bob Taylor gets first place on my list,” he announced. “And Stirling Hayden gets second place. Hayden’s unusually tall. But he has the weight to carry his height. And he’s magnificently proportioned.”

We asked the doctor to enumerate his requirements for a good physique. “First,” he said, “I consider the relationship of weight and height. I look to see if the measurements of neck, calf and biceps pretty well tally. I consider the chest, the hips and last—but not at least—the waistline. It’s about the middle that the average man begins to go bad, even while he is in his early thirties.”

“The waistline,” he said seriously, even while he joked, “should be America’s first line of defense.” Johnny Weismuller took third place on the Heiser list. Anthony Quinn came fourth.

“Taylor, Hayden, Weismuller and Quinn,” he said. “They’re four fine fighter men. And it’s interesting to note how nicely their weight for their height agrees with the medical height and weight chart.”

Alice Marble, tennis champion and U. S. Assistant Director of Physical Fitness in Civilian Defense, judged the Hollywood physiques from an athlete’s point of view and also from the point of view she exercises in her new official capacity.

Alice had just returned to New York following a trip across the continent in (Continued on page 76)
WAR, since the world began, has been a man's game. It has been woman's part to keep the vigil—to wait. We asked Carole Landis for some helpful hints on how The Little Woman Who Stayed At Home could occupy her surplus time interestingly enough to keep from biting herself because of sheer boredom.

"I have several ideas on the subject," she came back—but fast. "You might say the problem should be attacked with a three-tined fork. Point one, self-improvement; point two, good works; point three, plans and preparation."

The Landis, when her imagination is fired, leans forward and talks rapidly. Her eyes, very large and highly expressive, begin to sparkle. Her skin, which is as fine-textured as a gardenia petal (okay, so it's corny—but it's true) takes on a faint glow. And if she's wearing a chartreuse silk jersey hostess gown with a ten-yard skirt, long sleeves and a wide gold leather belt—well, you'll listen to every word of advice she offers on how to get along.

"The big temptation, when the man in your life is suddenly snatched," she went on, "is to sit down and do an All-American job of moping. It's easy to grow irritable, dull, stodgy and fit for nothing except to be bottled and sold as indigo. You have to say to yourself, 'Introspection and work damming will do you no good, my girl. What you need is open air and a new viewpoint.'"

As every girl with any ambition is always trying to improve herself, the thing to do is to make a positive start in that direction. "Every girl has, at the back of her wish department, some unsatisfied longing held over from childhood," Carole amplified. "Personally, I always wanted to play the piano. Now that I have a piano and some spare time between pictures, I've been taking (Continued on page 37)
RUDYARD KIPLING got to the basis of all service men's complaints when he wrote "Boots," according to Kay Kyser, whom we sought cutting capers on the set of his new RKO-Radio picture, "My Favorite Spy." "Boots—boots—boots, slogging for Africa" drove British Tommies mad because of their inescapability. One thing that gets a soldier is the monotony, the day-after-day eternal drudgery of life in camp. There has been a good deal said and written lately about morale in my camps," he observed. "Person-  

band went—spirit was pretty high. It would go sky-high if the dreariness of uninterrupted routine could be overcome. It's the lack of variety that tears the boys down.

Civilians everywhere, fathers, mothers and the girls left behind, are anxious to do everything in their power, as Kay has been told by literally thousands of letters, to help solve all the problems of the new Army. But no one seems to be certain just how to go about this help—just what to do.

"Don't feel that if you contributed handsomely to U.S.O. you have done your share," Kay says with a solemn shake of his head. "Money is only the beginning. To get down to brass tacks, the one thing that most of those boys want is to see someone from the outside world. They told us, every time we visited a camp, that our entertainment was the topic of conversation for a week beforehand and a week afterward."

Continuing along this line, Kay thinks that if parents and girl friends would hoard their cash, instead of chunking it in for boxes of groceries and knitted things that may or may not fit, and spend it on carfare or gasoline to make frequent visits to the embryo (Continued on page 78)
What makes Betty run?

At twenty-five Betty Grable is a girl who has everything—
including a background that makes for some exciting reading

BY HOWARD SHARPE

The story of Betty Grable, the gorgeous blonde with the perfect contours, is almost pure Hollywood in its conception. It's more than representative, in a way: When you trace Betty's path, beginning twelve or thirteen years ago and continuing to the present, you have at the end a map of the town. When you consider her career in all its aspects, you catch not only a glimpse of the strange and wonderful way in which the mighty picture industry works, but you sense as well the psychology of those men who run the industry, and the town, and the lives of the people, who live there.

Finally, when you have looked beyond the perfect figure and the lovely face and the bright gold hair to observe at last what makes Betty run, you find in her the composite of all those girls who, lured by the great gaudy lodestone of Hollywood, have struggled through to stardom. What it has cost them, in terms of such coin as love, leisure, health and peace of mind, it has cost Betty.

What they have become, she has become.

And this is how she is, and the way it happened. . . .

She is today an almost happy young woman. When you sit opposite Betty at a table in the Players, on the Sunset Strip, and begin to listen while she talks about herself, you (with all the other patrons who are craning in the direction of your table) are looking at a girl who has everything. Being twenty-five, she is at the full glow of her beauty, which is considerable. Her furs are lush and genuine, her diamonds many and ditto; an hour ago she has managed to find time from her starring role in a million-dollar production to let Paul Hesse take the portrait you see on the cover of this magazine. Her hairdresser, who came along to change that new, casual hairdress into a tailored concoction for afternoon, will meet her at home in a few hours and change it again into something soft and gay, which is the way George Raft likes it.

George will give her dinner tonight, and take her dancing. She will be told tonight that she is greatly loved, which is a thing she has heard many times, but never before with such pleasure and pride, because she is in love with George as she has not been in love before.

There will be autograph seekers waiting at the door of Ciro's when she comes out. As she drives through town towards home she will see her name on the marquees in big letters. She will have a hamburger and milk-shake before the evening is over, since she does not have to diet to keep her figure—and her sleep, when she gets around to it, will be sound sleep—uninterrupted by anxious dreams worry over the future.

These are her possessions, at twenty-five. She is almost happy with them. You will understand, when you have finished her story, why the statement is qualified.

According to the baptismal certificate which asserts that through the offices of the Episcopal Church she became, as of March 4, 1921, an Inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven, Elizabeth Ruth Grable was born just a few days before Christmas in 1916. Since John Grable, her father, was one of (Continued on page 41)
That he's a movie star doesn't seem possible—to him, or to anyone who knows him. It won't to you—after this.

BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE

The pack of city kids closed in like wolves on the tall man striding down Fifth Avenue, mobbing him with noisy clamors. A New York cop rushed in, his face red and his Irish up. The kids scampered and the cop turned to the big guy with the grin-rimmed eyes.

"Now, what's the idea?" he roared. 'Blockin' traffic like this! I ought to run you in—O-h-h-h-h—" said the cop suddenly, slamming his hands on his hips. "So it's you, Mr. Pidgeon! Sure, now, and I really ought to run you in. What's the matter with you, anyway—getting a bead on that divil littler—and then not lettin' him have it?"

Every now and then something like that Manhattan aftermath of "Man hunt" happens to remind Walter Pidgeon that he's a movie star. Most of the time it doesn't seem quite possible—to himself or to anyone who knows him.

He's just not the type. He's not vain; he's humble. He's not shy; he's superfriendly. He's not bored; he's curious as a cat. He's not poseur; he's ingenious. His friends and interests aren't exclusively in Hollywood; they're scattered all over the world. He hasn't an ulcer, a nervous breakdown, or a pout hanging around. He has about as much temperament as a turtle. But he's a romantic rave in his third Hollywood career, and the last is the best.

Not long ago Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M, summoned him. "Walter," Mayer began apologetically, "I'm afraid I'll have to ask you to do another Nick Carter picture. We have another script and—"

"Fine!" boomed Pidgeon, absolutely undaunted by the prospect of a B. "They're popular, aren't they? They do a good business, don't they? When do I start?" Mr. Mayer should have known it would be okay with Pidgeon. Everything always is.

When visiting firemen descend on Hollywood sets, M-G-M steers them to Pidgeon. Whether it's the South Jersey Corset Makers convention, the Pope's emissary, or a royal potentate, Walter is equally charming, sincere, courteous and delighted. He loves people—all people, always. He'll spend every spare minute of his time eagerly chinning with folk most self-centered stars would dismiss as unimportant. He's a greeter, an extrovert, a Babbitt, maybe. But he's the most charming, personally popular star in Hollywood, too.

The other day an obscure hand at M-G-M got in a jam with the law and ended up overnight in the pokey. Walter was down at six a.m., after scraping together $150 cash, to bail him out. When he made "How Green Was My Valley," Walter spent all his set leisure with a little quiet ward-robe man nobody at Zanuckland seemed to know. Finally, an inquisitive soul asked Walter who his chum was. "The most interesting man I've met in a long time," said Walter. "He's a scholar of the Greek drama." No one at Fox had ever suspected it.

Walter Pidgeon knows everyone on the lot at M-G-M. He keeps up on all their domestic affairs, their health, happiness and prospects. He's hurt when they don't invite him to weddings and baby christenings. He keeps informed on family financial setups and silently fixes things up with a check when they need fixing. He always chooses studio set pals to take on his hunting or fishing trips.

Yet Walter Pidgeon also moves socially not only in the swankest Hollywood circles, but local Los Angeles and Pasadena blue-bookers list him in their sets. He has hosts of wealthy, important, distinguished friends in New York, Boston, Washington—in fact, all over the world. Pals of his include New York newspaper publishers, British industrialists, eminent surgeons, famous artists, international bankers, army and navy leaders, political shots, government dollar-a-year-men—everybody.

He treats (Continued on page 90)
The Hussey has some deep dark Reasons — maybe they’re the same as yours.

"I SUPPOSE you know all about Hollywood so you don’t need to read the movie magazines," people often write me.

Don’t you think I don’t read them? I read them from cover to cover, including the ads! I have them stacked up by the millions. I recently fixed a room in my garage just for my movie magazines.

I have darn good reasons for reading them, too—reasons which I am about to set forth in imposing array. I want to tell you how they have helped me, in how many ways!

They have helped me to understand Hollywood, and to adjust to it. They have helped me to make friends. They have made it possible for me to know the people I work with as I could never have known them otherwise, not for ages, at any rate. They have actually and practically helped me with my hair, my figure, the way I dress, with my personality and with my work.

It is not too much to say that if there were not for the movie magazines, believe it would have taken me at least two years more to get where I am in pictures today. And I am no one given to exaggeration or overstatement of facts.

You know, people can tell you all sorts of things and they sort of roll off you, leaving little impression. But if you read the same thing in print and it suddenly strikes home. Particularly when what you read is about your own people, the people who are doing the same work as you are.

For instance, the biographies or life stories of the stars, as they call them, are most encouraging to me. I wouldn’t miss a line of one of them for all the Books of the Month ever printed! I doubt that I would still be in Hollywood today if I hadn’t read them. Because when I first came here I felt pretty discouraged. I was given such small unimportant parts for what seemed like such a long while. For three years—and in sixteen pictures— I played parts varying in important.

Photoplay combined with movie magic.
from bits to colorless ingenues. I
often wondered whether I should give
up the whole thing and go home. Then
I read a life story of Bette Davis, how
she had played bits. Later, I read life
stories of Rosalind Russell, Ann Sheri-
sin, Ginger Rogers. I felt better. If
they could play bits and climb on them
where they are today, there was a
chance for me to do likewise. What
they had stuck to and suffered through,
I could stick and suffer.

I should think reading these biog-
phies of the stars—an inspiring
count like the Martha Scott “I’m
Going To Be Somebody!” life story
last September’s Photoplay-Movie
Super—would be encouraging to
stars in other jobs, too. Because they
certainly do help you to realize that,
whether you are or what you’re doing, you have to be a “little
stern” first.

HEN, too, in reading stories about
the stars I’ve realized how many of
the stars have qualities in common,
qualities which are indicative of
success. Bette Davis and Martha
Scott, men like Clark Gable, Jimmy
Cagney, Bob Taylor, have a certain
grit and common sense which tided
them over and through their noviti-
es, made them stars and keeps them
stars. Others have a graciousness
which stood them in good stead while
their talent was developing. Others
never take “No” for an answer. Others
have a true humility which in no way
arises from their pride.

Some of these qualities I could, by
taking comparisons between myself
and the other players, find in myself.
Others I did not have but, by reading
about them, I was inspired to try and
develop them. Oh, yes, reading the
movie magazines helped me in self-
yanalysis as no high-priced psychiatrist
could have done!

Moreover, the movie magazines are
sort of common meeting ground
for the stars, the public and the press.
The stars have their “say” in their
reviews. (Continued on page 81)
Bob's first important decision about flying was made with his mother (center); the second, in his own plane with his wife.
ANOTHER EAGLE TAKES THE AIR

Another "first" for Photoplay-Movie

Mirror readers: Bob Cummings's own glorious story of why he's leaving the screen

BY MARIAN RHEA

Perhaps by the time you read this Bob Cummings will have put away his motion-picture make-up kit for the "duration" and will be wearing the uniform of the United States Air Force. Perhaps he will still be waiting for his call to active duty. But that this call will come is inevitable. Bob is a member of the United States Army Air Corps Reserve. He has been a flyer since his middle teens, has 1700 solo hours to his credit and an instructor's license. He has already been notified by the United States Army to stand by. It is only a question of time until he finds himself at the controls of one of those 125,000 planes with which Uncle Sam proposes to throw the fear of God into his enemies before 1943 is done.

All of which is exactly as it should be, Bob thinks. He wants to get going. He wants to have a hand in beating the living daylight out of the Nazis and the Japs and all the rest of the gang who, because Uncle Sam has at heart a peace-loving old gentleman, have had the effrontery to go to war against him. He is a typical American, Bob is—easygoing, careless of his privileges until he finds them threatened; tolerant of the other fellow's vices until he is hit below the belt. Then he gets mad. And when he is mad, he knows how to fight.

This story begins on a day when Bob, a freshman in the Joplin, Missouri, high school, entered the R.O.T.C. because it was either that or gym, and he didn't like gym. "No future in gym," he told himself, but that was just a schoolboy's figure of speech. It didn't mean he thought there was a future in the R.O.T.C. It didn't occur to him, even, that the R.O.T.C. is a fighting organization. To him, war was just so many pages in history books. He knew Uncle Sam had fought wars on occasion, that he had comparatively recently finished up one which was supposed to make the world safe for democracy. There couldn't be any more wars. He and all the others of his generation had been promised that.

No, to Bob Cummings the R.O.T.C. was just a welcome substitute for gym. He liked it, though. He took to it like a duck takes to water. He got to be corporal, a sergeant. Then he won a commission—a second lieutenant's, later a first lieutenant's, then a captaincy.

It was when Bob was still in high school that he acquired, as he puts it, "the flying bug." "I was nuts about flying," he says. "Lindbergh had just made his flight to Paris and I suppose that, unconsciously, I wanted to top his record, or something." However, Bob's father wouldn't hear of such a thing, which meant he wouldn't put up the money for flying lessons, either.

His mother did it, instead.

"One day, when I came home from school, she called me out into the kitchen and gave me some freshly baked cookies," he said. "And then, sort of offhand, she said, 'Son, if I don't miss my guess, aviation is going to mean a good deal to this country one day.' Then she stopped a minute and I saw her hand was trembling as she put back the cover on the cooky jar. But her voice didn't tremble as she said, 'Son, you may have your flying lessons if you want them.'

"And so I learned to fly. I'll never forget the first time I went into the air. I felt—well, I felt better than I ever had in my life! I felt strong and capable and—free, sort of. I can't describe it—" He broke off. "I felt like a million dollars," he finished, simply.

"It never once entered my head that flying might mean fighting. It never once occurred to me that along in that dim, distant year of 1942, I might be called upon to exchange the thrill of being in (Continued on page 84)
Parallel press are Dona Dana (far left) and Gene Tierney. A newcomer rated a second look in "Lounging Purchase," Dona a beauty from Mexico City gets a third set here as a stock under-the-skirt Countess Carol.

Tilt of a pretty chin, high pompadours and blue eyes do the trick here, make Dolores Moran of "Yankee Doodle Dandy" a nice pair-off for M-G-M's little dynamo, Lana Turner.

Paging Blondie! Maybe she can tell which one is Dagwood! Far left is Arthur Lake, whose antics are the highlight of the "Blondie" series; near left is Fred MacMurray, who with a quirk of his eyebrow turn into an amazing look-alike guy.
Want a look at what looks like a minor miracle? A double-or-nothing dozen

Matchmates are James Craig and Cary Grant, both black-eyed, black-haired specimens of male appeal—the first, a recent up-and-comer who's being applauded in "Valley Of The Sun"; the second, a tried-and-true favorite hero who's already made a nice Hollywood mark.

-of-a-kind lineup: Jack Beutel, comer from Dallas, Texas, who is Billy the Kid in Howard Arkhes's "The Outlaw"; and Tyrone Power, his Hollywood double

semblance of a tricky resemblance: Larry Brodel, sister of Joan Leslie, a titter-haired beauty who's doing good in "Yankee Doodle Dandy," turns out to be a dead-her girl for Ann Sheridan.
IT WAS Sunday at the Ray Millands. A fire blazed merrily away in the big fireplace in the living room. Over all there was a pervading sense of peace and contentment. An appetizing aroma emanated from the kitchen as Mai Milland came into the room.

“Anybody hungry?” she asked happily, glancing around at her guests.

Ray looked up from the oversized davenport where he was stretched out, reading a book.

“You can count me in, Mal. I could eat a horse!” he announced. “Hey—want me to fix the sauce for the pudding? It’s about that time, isn’t it?”

He hauled his six-feet-two figure off the davenport, stretched lazily and disappeared into the kitchen.

Ann Sothern, curled up in a big easy chair, was giggling over the funnies. Bob Sterling pulled himself up off the floor to peer over her shoulder.

“Who said food?” Jack Benny, engaged in a hectic game of gin rummy with Mary Livingstone, suddenly came to life. “I’m 500 points ahead, Mal. Don’t you really need me in the kitchen?”

That’s why the Millands look forward to Sunday, close friends dropping by, no servants to clutter up the place, a day when they can ignore the routine and formalities of everyday life and putter around to their heart’s delight.

After ten years of marriage, th Millands are still like a couple of newlyweds—romantic, adventure seeking, getting the most out of every new day. They weathered plenty of...
VIRGINIA WOOD

BOY MARRIES GIRL: He helps her cut a celebration cake, plans a "success" marriage

THREE-SIDED PICTURE of a happy marriage—Ray, Daniel David and Mal with tenth-anniversary gifts

forms during the early part of their married life, too, which is probably the reason why their life together now so full. There's no mention of those early years in the Milland home these days: they don't even think about the time, or only one year of marriage, that they decided to separate.

It had been tough sledding for the young couple that first year. Hollywood, motion pictures, the bright and glittering future which had seemed so very theirs appeared suddenly unattainable. Time and again hope was filled in the young actor—promising roles just in the offerings, new pictures coming up—only to be snapped up by someone else. Despondent and discouraged, he suggested a separation. Unwillingly, she agreed. It had been hard going, but she loved Ray and she could not let him go. But Ray, with his supersensitive soul, his romantic Welsh blood, was the one to shower upon his wife all the beautiful things he felt should be hers. He couldn't stick it out.

She followed a year of misery with another. At the end of that year, he came to her, begging forgiveness, asking for another chance. Things had started picking up for him, he told her. But he needed her more than ever. Wisely, Mal held off. She wanted him to be sure, this time, that he wanted it back the old way. And it took a power of convincing before she finally gave in!

As each successive year has brought them new blessings, so they have grown closer, more content, more united. And as time has gone on, they've remembered to keep alive that spark of romance, so often allowed to flicker out and die in the hustle and bustle of everyday existence.

"It's really wonderful," Ray was holding forth one day not so long ago, "when you get a little bit older and begin to revise your sense of values, to find how much fun you can get out of life if you just take the time to look for it. The trouble with most people is they've forgotten about romance, and that's bad. And in spite of the fact that women are supposed to be more romantic than men, which I don't believe at all, by the way, I think they're to blame just as much as the men. Most women have such a confused and distorted idea about what romance really is.

"'My husband just won't do any of those important little things,' a woman complained to me the other day. 'He never pays me nice compliments or remembers to open the car door for me and he almost never remembers my birthday. Men just aren't romantic any more, I guess!'

"Which is all a lot of nonsense! There's no real romance back of any of the things she mentioned. The thing she wants is flattery, small talk, surface things. Which to me have about as much real romanticism about them as last year's hay crop!"

Yet, people will tell you that despite his protests, Ray is one of the most considerate and thoughtful husbands in the whole of the film colony—flowers, a new car in the garage, surprise presents. But the occasions for such attentions must have, to Ray, a real and personal inspiration. The cut-and-dried gift days and national holidays are not important to him. It's the unorthodox holidays, the dates that have some special meaning to him and to Mal, those are the ones he observes.

"There was the twenty-eighth of January," he (Continued on page 72)
You've got to believe me!

The girl stumbled against him in the darkness.
He reached out to her. "Don't touch me," she said sharply. It was then that he had to tell her...

Bill had never thought when he came to Hollywood to get an advertising tie-up with Caryl Winslow that it would end this way. Here he was, posing as a gangster, caught in the hide-out of the gang who had kidnapped Hollywood's top star. He watched Caryl's face as she sat across from him now in the dark cellar. He knew she didn't know whether to believe him when he said he was trying to help her.

His mind went back over the terrible day. It had started innocently enough with his trying to reach Caryl at her home and being put off the grounds by a four-fingered man he'd thought was the watchman. Then he'd sent a wire begging her to see him—and his answer had been to be dragged off to the police station where he'd found Caryl, her director, Larry Pierce, and her leading man, Roland Summers, accusing him of being the one who'd been sending kidnap notes to the star.

There, through Summers's conversation with the captain, he'd realized that Caryl had no watchman, that the man who'd thrown him off her grounds was really the criminal they were seeking. He'd decided to say or do nothing, realizing no one would believe him innocent. But when the door burst open and Pierce, who had left a few minutes before with Caryl, staggered into the room gasping, "Caryl—they've kidnapped her!" he'd decided it was time to act.

He'd trapped Summers in a little windowless room by telling the police he'd tell his story only to the actor, had knocked him out, grabbed his clothes and dark eyeglasses and had walked out of the place posing as Summers.

He'd realized the kidnapping was the work of the gang. He had one clue—the four-fingered man—and by a careful search of every gambling joint in the vicinity, he'd finally found some men to whom the words, "Four Fingers," meant something. Through a bold trick, he'd convinced them he was one of them working under the big boss's orders and he'd gotten them to bring him here to their hide-out where they were keeping Caryl. Now, if, without showing his hand to the men, he could just convince her that he was really trying to rescue her...

He looked up to see Red and Clip, the four-fingered guy in the doorway. Clip was looking hard at him. "The boss just phoned," he said. "He doesn't even know your name."

"But he must," Bill said. "He—"

"Don't let it worry you. He'll be here in half an hour. Then we can get it all straight. We'll wait upstairs. . . ."

The boss coming. The one person who would know Bill was lying. The shadowy individual whose word was life or death. For Bill it would be—

Sam, lounging in a chair before the fire, looked up as he walked in with Clip and Red behind him.

Clip said, "Turn on the news."

Red sauntered to the portable radio that was on the mantelpiece. "What'd Blackie say about the dough?"

"No payoff yet. Blackie was sore."

Red twisted the dial. "Ransom was supposed to be handed over tonight. Maybe something went wrong."

The others were staring at Bill. Faces like masks. It could have been something on the stage. Only this was real.

There had to be a way. Some means of escape from the terrible trap closing about them. Murder to these men would be only an incident.

Not just himself. It was Caryl he had forced himself to grin at the men. Trying to be easy and relaxed. Trying to hide his emotions, his realization of the danger.

Blackie. That evidently referred to the boss. But he hadn't got the ransom money yet. Maybe the study wasn't going to pay. If they didn't... The announcer's voice was excited...

...and police and G-men seeking a tall youth who earlier that day slipped through the hands of authorities.

ILLUSTRATION BY C. C. BEA

Caryl's eyes were pleading with him for help. Clip was watching them both closely. Bill took her arm roughly and said, "Caryl, right. We've got to shove off!"

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE NINE
Bill's thoughts came fast. It looked like the break. But it had to be played carefully. Smartly. Because if this failed, it was finish.

He sat down on the floor before the fire, slowly, deliberately. Stretched out his legs.

"Sure." His expression sardonic. "Blackie wouldn't double-cross anybody."

"What do you know about it?" Clip demanded.

"Enough to know he sends me here to get a ransom note from the girl and all the time he's getting the dough himself. Walks out with the prize money and leaves us to take the rap. Me especially. That tall gent the announcer was talking about—that's me."

He told them about his arrest and how he slipped out.

"The boss said follow her. Just to keep an eye out. Now I'm hot—so he never heard of me."

"You've been telling a lot of stories." Sam sounded suspicious.

"Where'd (Continued on page 86)"
in the hour: Leslie Howard, of flew from England to Canada board a British bomber to re an intense performance in intense film, "The Invaders"
"Woman Of The Year":
Hepburn, whose
blandishments in the
film rate as the
maker of the month.
Betty Grable was his have-fun partner for months. He was seen everywhere with her while male Hollywood looked with disapproval and female Hollywood with envy. Then came Martha Stephenson Kemp (right), widow of bandleader Hal Kemp. He met her, married her—and now, against a background of black headlines, is separating from her
Life Owes You Nothing

"...no more than a man deserves a woman merely because he happens to love her." That's what his father said to Victor Mature, who has just separated from the woman he loved—and married.

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

O NCE again the name of Victor Mature is making history in the newspapers of the country. No longer are references to his marriage breakup with Martha Kemp Mature carried in the rumor columns; they have now hit the cold hard facts of the news section with "Victor Mature admits wife will get divorce."

And the women across the land who have made Victor Mature a success. Some feel a vicarious glow that another handsome male is back in circulation. Others shake their heads in reluctant disapproval of this outcome of another madcap marriage.

Made it certainly was... the bride and groom who never showed up before the wedding throngs at St. Patrick's Cathedral but stole away three days later in a borrowed car and chauffeur—a tale which you will presently hear—to be married in seclusion... the groom who startled Hollywood by returning brideless... and, after the bride finally arrived, the domestic symphony that alternated between passages of hot love and the staccato stridency of separation reports.

What else, demanded men everywhere, could you expect from a so-called "beautiful hunk of man" like Mature.

But there is an answer to this man who is at once lushly overestimated by women and rankly underestimated by men. It begins with the Louisville boy who couldn't take school discipline but who could discipline himself into a business success in a few short years—from working in his father's scissors-grinding business to operating his own candy route and then owning his own restaurant.

Yet to Victor this was not the answer to the driving restlessness within him. On a wild impulse he decided destiny lay in the West. So he hustled around converting the candy business into cash and as much returned stock as he could get into the back seat of his car, then phoned his friend Charlie Root who said he'd be ready in thirty minutes flat. The trip cross-country was hectic... wonderful. Bound vaguely for California but without itinerary or schedule, they poked along fitfully, stopping wherever and whenever the mood of the moody pilot dictated. With Charlie anything went—come or go, fast or slow.

When they hit Texas the smell of the prairie and the dull, soft glow of the Texas skies began working their magic on the fabulous fugitive in pell-mell flight from himself. For three days they bivouacked at Dallas, city of beautiful women, and had them a larruping good time.

If the young man in search of his destiny slighted the Dallas beauties, there is a justification for his conduct in this: Back in Louisville was a girl named Jeanette Morris who walked in beauty like the night—even if the phrase is right out of Lord Byron. From her vantage point a cut above the social stratum in which Vic moved, she was the only girl in his home town to challenge the boy's quest of the unattainable. The thought of her as he had seen her that first night at the country club of which he was not a member—when she had stood lovely and apart—had haunted him. And though he saw to it that they met many times thereafter, she still was to him a thing apart and therefore desirable.

A few miles east of Denver a tire blew out, annihilating by that single blast the remaining capital and leaving no money for gas and oil. Undaunted, the erstwhile wizard salesman chose some chewing gum from the stocks in the back of the car and...
The informal Mature in a more than informal pose, the guy who after his initial screen appearance in "The Housekeeper's Daughter" had a phenomenal 20,000 letters pouring into the studio about him or impulse strike him and he reacts the way dynamite reacts to a detonator. With Mature the time is now. It is as much a part of him as his use of the word "genius" to describe anyone who isn't actually stupid, which last is a way of inflating the ego of the little man who, after all, can stand a little ego-inflating. Hence, it will come as no surprise that come Sunday evening and Victor Mature trod the front and center at the famous Pasadena Playhouse directed by an equally famous Gilmor Brown and waiting, more or less patiently, for his turn to read.

The Sunday night tryouts, as it happens, are not the province of Mr. Brown; one of his subordinates, in this instance a man named Herschel Doherty, is in charge. It was this same Mr. Doherty who finally got around to the squirming young man in the front row, asked him to read, thanked him in routine fashion and told him they'd let him hear.

For a week he hung around the house waiting for a message from the Playhouse, but none came. Still another week later, after having written the try-out off the books, he was sitting in Sheetz' restaurant out at Pasadena and beaung a beautiful girl named Phyllis Bell, a student at the Playhouse, when Ted Carafodas, a Greek lad he had met the night of the tryouts rushed over and said:

"They've been trying to reach you for almost two weeks. You've got a part. Get in touch with Mr. Brown right away. He happened to drop by the other night and heard you read."

On the night of November 16, 1936, Victor Mature made his debut as an actor in "Paths Of Glory." It was neither a great part nor a great performance. It must have been the shape of things to come in the mind of at least one person, Mature himself. After the opening-night performance he sent a message to his father as follows:

"I now have more than an ambition. I have a career."

After a few weeks, Charlie Root returned to Louisville—alone; in three months the name of Victor Mature was a byword at the Playhouse. In six months the name had a ring to it all over Pasadena. It was the name of a tall, dark dynamo who let it be known (Continued on page 97)
This idea is new . . . Priscilla Lane, star of Warners' "Arsenic And Old Lace," goes a'Maying come evening in white piqué topped off with white cotton lace. It's a shirtwaist-type formal dress, which is smart; it has a front yoke, back, sleeves and inset of cotton lace, which is novel; it has white beads decorating the centers of the flower pattern, which is a final flourish. Intriguingly simple, it will swing in approved fashion when you dance, be a dress you'll love to wear because it makes you look so pretty.
This idea rates a big bouquet . . . a black bengaline suit worn by Pat Lane, which looks trim and has a few tricks to make it a one-of-a-kind spring suit. The longer jacket and the patch pockets follow the fashion trend; the four large nail-encrusted buttons put up a good front. On top: A shiny little black straw lined in smart white
This idea is something to think about ... a two-piece suit that is a go-everywhere dress. Pat Lane wears one of Orry-Kelly design that has a soldier-girl feeling, a flirtatious touch. The flared black skirt is topped with a knit jacket and the buttons are a "pure-gold" decoration. The little gabardine overseas cap goes to any girl's head.
This idea marched straight over the border ... a jumper dress that gives a bow to Central American influence. The blouse is sheer white; the jumper, soft yellow linen, rating another look because of its Panamanian embroidery in red, white and blue—spruce outfit for the spruce little Lane.
This idea you've thought of yourself... a print jacket dress that starts you off on a fashionable spring and carries you through a dated-up summer. Priscilla Lane's is in red and white with red bias fold pertly pointing up the jacket and the pocket. Wear it by itself any time, everywhere; wear it with a tricky little straw bonnet.
It's Your Day

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

1. A long pleasant journey will bring money gain; in a blue and white suit train.
2. A beau will propose on bended knee; in a black net dress his choice you'll be.
3. You're due to fulfill your highest hopes. A beige wool suit shows you know the ropes.
4. A surprise is due, but it won't be fun. Striped chambray's a must for a day in the sun.
5. You're a very good-natured little girl. A smart spring touch is a necklace of pearl.
6. A minor illness will put you to bed. A pale peach blouse is a must, 'tis said.
7. You're a gentle girl and your friends abound. White trimmed were red is a fashion sound.
8. Sure signs of business success ahead. The dimes rest well in a purse of red.
9. Watch out or you'll pull a boner to day. A coiff's hot keeps the sun away.
10. Great joy will surely come your way. Taffeta rustles for nighttime play.
11. You're going to be disappointed, but never mind. You'll forget it soon with a coat red-lined.
12. Fierce enemies threaten so be on guard. In a brightly flowered cotton foulard.
13. Gaiety and cheer are yours today. A chiffon dirndl for you we say.
15. Good fortune near by your home affairs. In a striped taffeta be net you'll have a cares.
16. Someone is trying to make you mad. Mid-calf trousers are a brand-new nod.
17. You're a very good-natured little girl. A smart spring touch is a necklace of pearl.
18. A new love is in the cards for you; Make time, my girl, in the gay soldier-blue.
19. Invest your money with care, my friend. Defense stamps are now the safest trend.
20. You'll always be faithful to the one you marry. An evening shawl you'll want to carry.

Misadventures may happen so watch out for foes. Look enticing in lace to your soldier boas.

BY MARIAN H. QUINN
An acquaintance may seek to betray you by lies; size up your enemies in red calf ties.

A visitor comes knocking on your door; wear a pink wool suit—he'll come back for more.

You're due to be a most popular miss; in a pale yellow dress you'll be nice to kiss.

Riches will come to you through some stocks. Wearing a white crocheted bonnet set back on your locks.

You're changing your residence so get set. In checked rayon toffeta you're a p.m. bet.

Flattery surrounds you, so beware! In a scarlet shawl show your fashion flair.

Your secret is told by someone with pull; keep up your morale in a sand-shade wool.

In all your ventures you're sure to succeed. A citrus-green suit is the outfit you'll need.

You love life intensely. You live it well. With a feathered toque you'll ring the bell.

Someone is thinking of you with love; you can catch his eye with a pale green glove.

You'll gain your highest romantic aim; in a pink bridal dress you'll win fashion fame.

Want your fortune told? Just choose cards by name, write them down, find corresponding cards on this page—and have your fate for the day. You also mention trick that—combined with the telling fortunes you learn here—will phone ringing at furlough time.

Your life will surely be happy and long. With a bead-trimmed black you'll never go wrong.

A mystery solved which will bring you joys. Pastel wools will intrigue the boys.

A rich and happy marriage ahead. Be douring and wear some gloves of red.

A friendship that changes to love is your fate; in a beige felt hat you may meet your mate.

A rift in your marriage but quarrels will cease if you wear a lace blouse to make the peace.

A powerful foe tries to do you dirt; foil his meanest trick in a white tweed skirt.

Family quarrels, olos and oloks! End them in gaily checked flannel slacks.

Beauty and health will mark your day. Dance like Pat Lane in white piqué. (See page 59.)

Your friends are interested in what you do. Choose your big pouch bag in a brilliant hue.

You're a girl who's prone to flirt a bit; in pale mouve silk you'll make a hit.

A loss by theft is almost at hand. With a peg-top dress a beau you'll land.

Good luck is yours throughout the day. Deck lapels with flowers, a fashion go.

A voyage on water will turn out so-so; in a twill box coat get set to go.
One find; the other, a "consolation" prize. Ann Sothern and Bob Sterling; Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery. Below: Lana Turner likes to look at Tommy Dorsey right now. But don't make any bets—the color of her hair figures in it.

Olivia de Havilland: What's happened to her is what you can expect in times like these.

George Sanders: Miss know-all and tell-all Hopper thinks he's pulling a fast one romantically.

Let's Chat About Love!

If you were to meet this Hollywood chatterbox personally, you'd ask her about Hollywood romances, wouldn't you? Here's how she'd answer:

An inside little earful of hearts—and hints!

I've been called all kinds of harsh names (you can write your own ticket) and "Cupid" has never been one of them, but I've tackled everything else and I don't know why I should let a four-letter word like "love" get me down. And this being the spring of the year with the scent of orange blossoms, hyacinths, mimosa, tulips, jonquils and night-blooming jasmine cluttering up the air, I'll take a chance on anything.

Of course, to make any prediction about the Hollywood gang is tantamount to cutting your own throat, because some of them, for just plain corneriness, would go and double-cross you. And too, romance is such a fleeting thing here (as well as every place else), especially this year with war claiming the spotlight. Just as you think you've got your clutches on a good he-man, before you can lead him to the altar or even get him comfortably seated in your own cozy corner, the Army, Navy or Marines have got him!

But war never has and never will prevent people from falling in love. What's the attraction? Don't ask me. It's so long since I've had it. But still remember the time when I used to shiver and shake and grow hot and cold and tremble like an aspen leaf (an ass) when I heard those certain footsteps coming down the front walk. Why it is that one person can have such an effect upon you and the rest of the hundred and twenty-nine million not even make a dent in it, but so it's been since the beginning time—or we wouldn't be here—and wouldn't be making a chump of myself, writing about love!

Just as I thought Ginger Rogers was practically hitched up with George Montgomery, she goes French on me and switches to that importation, Je=

PhotoPlay combined with Movie Mirror
Hedda has and, furthermore, she's figured out an answer. She's also one-sided on the Anne Shirley-John Payne marital breakup.

Aha! Re the Errol Flynn-Lili Damita situation — well, according to Hedda, Errol's just going to have to whistle.

From where I sit it looks as though Rutherford would become Mrs. david May any day now. But you ever can tell — any more than we could about the happy marriage of Shirley and John Payne. Here we were, certain that theirs was the real marriage that would last till path do us part, and without any marrying sirens or hint of a quarrel, they up and separated and divorced. That the (Continued on page 74)
What Makes Betty Run?

(Continued from page 40) the most prosperous stockbrokers in St. Louis, the house into which Betty came was a large stone affair, comfortably furnished and staffed; the best pediatricians attended her and the best foot doctors and the best dentists—so that she began work early on the beauty and the figure that are hers today.

More important, the Grables were a happy family. They were young and were in love with such things as laughter, music, the theater, good food, clothes and vacations; they worried not, neither did they brood—as a result their children were cheerful, uninhibited, optimistic.

Betty had all these qualities, and more—although ambition was not included among them. However, she was amiable and easygoing, but essentially stubborn about having her own way. She did possess a strong streak of envy in her budding personality. It was not of the property of others that she was envious, since she had enough things of her own; but when anyone else did something, small Elizabeth Grable wanted to do it, too. This is ordinarily a highly irritating trait in a young child, but her mother, Lillian, did not find it so. It was one way of guiding her daughter, who had early displayed an essential business, into productive activity.

Thus when, at the age of six, Betty was taken to the Orpheum to hear the Four Bruno Brothers play their saxophones, she held out her chubby little paws at the shining, mooving instruments and in the week that followed yelled bloody murder until Lillian bought her one. It turned out to be bigger than its new owner and Lillian promptly sent for a smaller size. That one, when it arrived, was too hard to play. Meanwhile Betty had observed her older sister Marjorie holding court for sundry boy friends, each of whom sat in the porch swing and made amazing sounds on a gadget imported from Hawaii, called a "uke.

She did better with the ukulele that Lillian, in desperation, finally got her. She even learned to play it while doing a tap dance, which she was taught to do in dancing school. Neither John nor Lillian Grable had intended making a dancer of their youngest offspring. On the other hand they had incautiously taken her with them to see a musical comedy and after that they had no choice in the matter. Betty was two uneaten meals along on her hunger strike when they gave in.

During the next four years Mrs. Grable, who had always wanted to be an actress (or a dancer, or a singer, or something), found a viauxitory for her frustrated ambition in the amazingly talented youngster, who never ceased to amaze and, at times, confound her.

Aside from being pretty as punch, unsell-conscious as a monkey and capable of learning overnight the various songs, steps and lines demanded of her, Betty had the special kind of little-girl charm which delights without going so far as to nauseate. By the time she was seven she had a radio job, appearing with famous names like Frank Fay, Jack Haley, Ed Lowry and the like; in between engagements there were always local vaudeville companies, which were glad enough to find talent for their Saturday matinee Kiddie Shows.

There was one complication: The Grables had enrolled Betty in Mary Institute and School for girls, and it was understood that if Mary Institute should discover that one of its pupils named Betty had been appearing on the stage for money, Mary Institute would be forced by the rules of propriety laid down by its founder to toss Miss Grable out of every little pink eye in accordance. Betty accepted only such offers as would call for her appearance in out-of-the-way suburban theaters and used pseudonyms when anonymity was impossible.

School she took in stride, finding a mildly dull but not dull enough to ruin her to troublesome activity. Her extra energy was taken care of by the her hiden evenings spent backstage at little neighborhood theaters.

THOSE were the first eleven years spent in such fashion; and they were her childhood, what she had of it. Then in 1927 the Grables, accustomed to spending their summers on long motor vacations, piled en masse into family car and trekked to Hollywood. At the end of six months, Lillian Grable, with Marjorie beside him on the front seat, returned to his business Lillian and Betty stayed on. The strangely virulent virus that Hollywood produces had infected them thoroughly here were romance and glamour, her the great opportunity, here the heart center of the world they wanted to live in.

To Betty it meant the end of the trip at Mary Institute and the beginning of the greatest of all the various new careers she by Hollywood became the universe, the the earth forming its suburbs.

By the time she had finished her war at the Albertina Rasch and Erna Behrer academies and at the Hollywood Professional School, it was 1930; and she was thirteen, and ready for anything. She knew the ropes, now. She knew the heart the contract lists of every studio and the addresses of those studios an how to get a job was a thunderous triumph beaming smile on her face.

"Guess what?" she said. "Today I've aged two years."

"What?"

"I'm sixteen. I have to be. It seems labor restrictions and my new contract at Fox."

"Big boy," said her mother firmly, "do that this instant and begin again. What have you done?"

So Betty told her. About the auditions and the specialty dance she'd prepared for the director, and the screen test that was set for the next Friday, and the contract, a twelve-month contract with op tenths, already drawn up and signed.

"I had to sing, too," she added, as the final touch.

"But you can't sing . . . What'll you tell them?"

"I said I could."

"You weren't any good, were you?"

"Not very. As a matter of fact, the fourteen-year-old thing was a bit of a car. I told them I was seventeen."

"But they seemed to think it was all right; I made it good and hot. So there we are."

"Yes," Lillian agreed, after a thought ful pause, "we are indeed."

Thus began the odyssey of Betty Grable through the Hollywoods. It too her nine further years, altogether, counting that first one (Continued on page 70)
Luxurious enough for a princess—soft-smooth Pond’s Cold Cream is priced for thrifty purses! Use this smooth-as-silk cream for your daily Pond’s glamour care. Slather it thick over your face and throat. Tissue it off. “Rinse” with lots more Pond’s. Tissue it off again. Do this every night—for daytime cleansups, too. Lovely how Pond’s takes off every little smitch of soil—leaves your skin so much softer, so much smoother!

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

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

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

- “I’m so pleased with Pond’s new Dreamflower Powder! The texture is lovely—fluffy as air—but so clinging! And the box is simply sweet!” says beautiful Geraldine Spreckels, of the famous California family.
(Continued from page 68) She spent at Fox, where they dressed her in tight and sequins and gave her a specialty number to do in a not very special little number called "Leo's Light." After it was over they gave her another costume with a few less sequins on it and stuck her in the chorus for eight months.

Till upon her first option time arrived. She departed from Fox quietly, going to Goldwyn and his chorus, with which she helped to decorate Eddie Cantor's Dick Wilco. The chorus itself appeared in "Kiki," and that finished 1931.

The Barbara Stanwyck-Frank Fay stage production, "Tattle Tales," was being cast at the time. Betty, after several conferences with Lillian, applied for and got a small part.

The show ran for a few months, folded and Miss Grable found herself once again in the waiting lines at Hollywood casting offices. But not for long; Ted Fiorito, a new chap-and-coming bandleader, had seen her in "Tattle Tales" and liked her.

"Come with me," he sang over the telephone one afternoon, "and be my vocalist." Furthermore he named a substantial sum. She accepted, thereby ordering for herself a year of new experiences and something she had never known before, although she had read about it (in scripts) and seen it (in the movies).

THIS was Love, Romance, in the person of one Bert Jensen, saxophonist de luxe with Ted's band, and capable, if required, of doubling on the clarinet. It was first love, and it was terrific, as first love must always be, and it had all the trappings. Stolen kisses in the moonlight on a hotel balcony, while the drifting strains of Fiorito's music came to them; suppers at ten minutes after two A.M. in-run rides from one engagement to another...

Then she had a chance for a small part in "Hold 'Em Jail" which she took. After the show closed, she retired with the band's orchestra, and RKO signed her to do the K-nock K-nees number with Edward Everett Horton in "The Gay Divorcee," for Paramount, having won permission to exhibit at the preview, approached her with a contract.

Then, for a year, she did nothing except for an occasional art and spend long hours arguing with Lillian over the advisability of sticking with Hollywood, which did nothing for a girl.

... Until it was 1935, and spring, and two enormously important things happened to her. Her bosses, one afternoon, called her in and said, "Toots, we don't know where we've been all these months, not to have seen that you were our next star. We know better now. The first thing we're going to do...

And also, after the campaign was well started, she caught the boat to Catalina one morning, and met Jackie Coogan.

She had gone to the island that day because she was bored, because the weather was nice and Catalina seemed indicated, and because anyway Glen Gray was playing at the Casino, which made for good dancing.

It was nearly midnight when Jackie Coogan came in. Betty noticed him, standing alone at the edge of the floor. "Isn't that The Kid?" she asked her partner, who replied that it was.

"He's been over here all week, since that accident that killed his father," said "I read about it," Betty said. "He and his dad were pals, weren't they?"

"Yeah." "Poor guy." She followed the intricate pattern of Balboa steps accurately but absentmindedly, turning her head to stare at the tall, frowning young man; his eyes, she noticed, were on her as she danced.

"Like to meet him?"

Humm. She looked up. "All right, sure. Maybe we can cheer him up.

But as it turned out she took on the job alone, because her partner, after the introduction, went to join his own girl friend; and Jackie had a job for two years, until 1937, when she married him. Which was the very worst thing she could have done to either Jackie Coogan or herself. She had only known...

She recognized in him that first night, as they danced, only youth complementary to hers, a gay spirit which had the months slipped past it developed as they spoke each other's language in more ways than one. They laughed at the same things, for instance; and he was deeply interested in her upholstery, and he drove her in it to the best places, and to the most expensive parties. And one night she gave her a ball at a solitaire that would knock your eye out.

I asked your mother if I could, first, she told him shyly. She was said okay when she realized that the two young girls... never think about marriage. Well, but... we both are. Besides, I don't get my money until I'm twenty-one.

The night after he had brought her home, she went in the early morning to Lillian's bed. "Did he really come to you first about this?" she wanted to know.

"He certainly did," Lillian said. "I thought it was rather sweet and old-fashioned of him—he's a nice boy, Betty. I like him." "So do I." "Enough to... ?"

Betty thought for a moment, then turning her head to the gleaming new car on his finger. "Why—why yes, I guess so," she said finally, in her amiable, generous fashion.

"There's plenty of time yet. No use getting steamed up about this..."

She realized faintly, as she undressed for bed a little later, that she really didn't know Jackie very well, that all though he made a gay companion and had clearly fascinated her at first—what she knew, there was something missing something beyond her immediate power to define. Well, she had to think about that later, when the time came.

There was good reason to worry about what she wanted, what she must have in the man she married.

BUT when the time did come, in the autumn of 1937, she knew him no better, understood him with no greater insight into the complex character of his personality. She had been too busy, in the interim, pulling what was left of him out of the fire, to keep the high hopes had been lost in lascivious, and comparatively unimportant role the great publicity build-up Paramount had given her having to do with a certain watchful, expectant mood when, for their pains and their quarters, they got a brief view of Grable's leg in a collection of college pictures ("College Mate," "Pigskin Parade," et cetera... with three cheers for Team!) they wrote letters about it. Lots of them, and not of them kind.

So, following the Hollywood formula, Betty made a personal-appearance tour. She and Jackie made it together, as the result of an island evening they created a good deal of important publicity; and it was a success, and Jacki... was just as sweet as could be during the whole exhausting business, even when her nerves and temper frayed and snapped—so that in the end, without bothering to think about it any longer she married...

At the time, which was November 21, 1937, it seemed like an extremely good idea.

FOR some never-revealed-before fact about Betty's unsuccessful marriage to Coogan and for the inside data on her current romance with George Raft, see June Photoplay-Movie Mirror. — PHOTOF/AY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR —
DURA-GLOSS nail polish
contains Chrystallyne*

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

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

*Chrystallyne is a special resin-ingredient developed by chemistry-experts who were dissatisfied with existing nail polishes. Before being blended into the superb Dura-Gloss formula, it looks like glittering diamonds.

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Don't Forget Romance

(Continued from page 51) reminisced.

"That was the day Mal and I made our first trip to Europe together. We'd been married about five years when we finally went abroad. I had been longing, in fact, for a visit to Mal abroad ever since we'd been married, but something always had prevented it. So when we finally found ourselves together on the boat, it was a pretty big thrill to both of us.

"We had a wonderful time! We enjoyed the boat trip coming back just as much as going there. Nothing was planned in advance, but we had the most marvelous adventures. We've made four trips to Europe altogether. This one was the most important one and sets aside the twenty-eighth of January as a special day for us. Every year since then, we've gone all dressed up and gone to a Chateau Laville. There's no other way to celebrate. And we've never failed to recapitulate the fun we had on that trip!"

Then there was the first night they spent in Paris, which calls for another celebration. They've found a place in Hollywood—Preston Sturges's café—built high up on a hill, overlooking the city. The whole atmosphere of the place is very Continental. The menus are in French and they always insist that the waiter speak nothing but French while serving them.

"We even try to order the same dinner we had in Paris," said Ray, a faraway look in his eyes. "Snails, and a wine we loved—Château Laville. After all, you don't have to go to Vienna to enjoy a Viennese waltz. People are really pretty much the same the whole world over, and, if you adopt the right frame of mind, you can create any atmosphere you want no matter where you are."

THE charming Milland home in Cold- spring Valley is more filled with objects collected during their travels, each of them bringing back, in its own way, memories of their own private adventures. There's a small ash tray on one of the living-room tables that reminds them always of a little pub in Carlisle and the wonderful day they spent there.

"Neither Mal nor I had ever had any inclination to visit the cathedrals abroad," Ray will tell you, "but we were motoring through England one Sunday, just rambling along, and there didn't seem to be any particular place to go. We happened on the Lincoln Cathedral. For lack of anything better to do, we dropped in.

"There we met the most delightful little old man. He had probably been in that one spot for at least fifty years, or so it seemed to us. At any rate, he knew everything there was to know about the history and romance of the Cathedral. He spent hours telling us tales about the monks who spent their lives living there. He took us around to the stalls, pointing out in detail the carvings on the backs and seats where they had carved pastoral scenes just as any schoolboy might carve his initials. These little intimate glimpses into the lives of people who had lived hundreds of years ago brought us a feel of the past, but a magic that was intriguing beyond words.

"And when we left the Cathedral, we went for a long walk. It was spring—April, I think. The weather was lovely. In the fields, we met a shepherd and his flock. He was carrying an old-fashioned crook. I found out for the first time what the crook was for and why it was made in that particular way—that the big hook on the end was fashioned in just such a manner that it would catch a straying lamb and bring it back to the fold. It had never occurred to me before that the crook was anything except a symbol, probably from the old Biblical days. We spent the whole afternoon with him, walking and talking and helping him carry the tiny lambs. We had a glorious day.

"Then we stopped at that little pub where Mal wiped the ash tray and hid it under her coat!" Ray chuckled. "I caught the devil from her there, too. I was showing her on a map just where we'd been that afternoon and just happened to mention we had crossed the border into Scotland. She was mad at me for two days because I hadn't taken her to Greta Green!"

THERE'S another ash tray that brings to mind an amusing incident that occurred on their first trip to London. It was one of those bitter January days and Mal was freezing. Her teeth chatterted as they strode along, in spite of the briskness of their pace.

"Why don't you get some long underwear?" Ray kidded her. "That thin silk stuff you wear is no protection against this cold."

Much to his surprise, Mal called his bluff and they stopped at a little shop and purchased a pair of woolens, insisting on going back to the hotel so she could put them on. They had a good laugh at the bulky, shapeless affairs. Every time they went to their knees, they were still pretty funny. On the way home, they saw this attractive ash tray in a window and bought it. It's now one of our prominent reminders of Mal's first woolen underwear!

Then there was the time they found the grandfather's clock, now so proudly displayed in the entrance hall of their home. This was discovered while on a visit to Canterbury Cathedral. It was a good day for walking and they loved looking in the little shops as they went along. This old clock was in one of the windows and they stopped there. Its face was so disfigured you could hardly see the time, but it was still running perfectly.

"I came back to the States soon after that, leaving Ray to follow a month or so later. Before he left, he looked up the old clock and had it shipped over. "I wanted it to be a surprise," he said. "So I had it delivered on a Sunday morning when I knew Mal would be visiting her mother. It arrived—in pieces! Believe it or not, I put it together myself and, much to my surprise, it still ran! When Mal came in and saw that clock she could hardly believe her eyes. It was really a thrill to see her face!"

Surprises, Ray believes, are important in keeping romance alive. And Mal, too, shares this view.

On his birthday last year, for instance, he came home for dinner. A nostalgic odor emanated from the dining room. Oddly enough, it took him back to his home in England. When they sat down to the table, he discovered Mal had set back there to his mother for his favorite stringing recipe of roast chicken—a special surprise for his birthday!

INSTEAD of the ordinary procedure that exists in most homes, where hub comes in a few days before his wife's birthday—if he has to remember the day at all—Ray insists on it being something more in keeping with her tastes. She likes to feel that he's planning something special for her birthday.

A few days before her birthday, Mal and her sister attended one of Irene's preview show fashion shows, which is one of the big fashion events of the year among the film fashemmes. Calling the sister of the phone one day, Ray discover there was one particular dress which had intrigued Mal. That same day found him in Irene's salon, giving a detailed description of the dress and then looking over it from all angles while a model was ever-present in the background, the dress was very much to his taste, and he bought it without hesitation. He then took her and his new dress to the New York tailor, and Ray came back with three Lilly Dache hats as a surprise present. Knowing her fondness for Dache hats, he decided she'd enjoy a large hat from some useless and expensive gadget.

Trustingly a husband to select hats an dresses would be disastrous in most instances, but Ray, with the eye of a romantic, has also an eye for beauty line, even in material things.

"You can't appreciate a book, either by merely concentrating on the written words. You have to bring the spirit of the character as the author felt him, in order to get romance out of it."

And there you have him—tall, not dark, but oh so light! The enthusiasm ever present in his eyes adventurous and romantic beyond the awashuckling hero he portrays in his films, "Reap The Wild Wind". May that spirit never fail him.

Mr. and Mrs. Milland remember romance with zest, do one of their special-celebration acts at a night-club shindig. The no less romantic sideburns are Ray's decoration in DeMille's new thriller, "Reap The Wild Wind"
'Will YOU give one month to winning a ROMANCE COMPLEXION?'

See what Lux Toilet Soap Active-Lather Facials will do for you

1. "It's lovely skin that wins Romance," says this famous screen star. "So it's important to use a real beauty soap. "Make Active-Lather Facials with Lux Soap your regular care. First, smooth the creamy lather lightly in—"

2. "Then rinse with warm water, a dash of cool ... You can be sure this soap with Active lather is gentle and mild, too ..."

3. "Pat to dry with a soft towel. You'll find this gentle care a wonderful beauty aid! Try it for 30 days. See what Lux Soap Active-Lather Facials can do for you!"

YOU want the soft, smooth skin that wins romance—a lovely Romance Complexion! Lux Toilet Soap removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly—gives skin protection it needs.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars' use Lux Toilet Soap
(Continued from page 29) "we don't want Hope or people like him—in such a camera. We want Hollywood to keep those cameras rolling!"

Not only are Seattle that dinner in Washington I went to Hollywood to appeal to the Hollywood Victory Committee to help our Navy Relief show in New York, just as they have so generously been helping in hundreds of shows at camps and naval bases all over the country.

I told that story of Coventry in Hollywood, and I hope that the recurrent attacks on Hollywood by certain Congressmen sounded like squeaks beside the heart-tugging roar of approval such a tale deserves.

I told Hollywood that these attacks on it by certain isolationist Congressmen are not new. They happened during the recent Senate probe. They are not directed against any one personally. They are directed against the entire industry. This is because the industry has been so faithful and devoted to the Administration to which these Congressmen are opposed.

The people in Hollywood are so much for the President and these Congressional critics are so much against him that they take it out on the movies.

Darryl Zanuck has one of the best analyzers of these naggiers. "Hollywood's critics should remember the movies are the only industry working for the War Department without profit," he says.

I wish we had more of these Congressional critics who ask, "What do actors ever do in any war effort?" could have been at that meeting of the Hollywood Victory Committee. Before I spoke there were talks by Army and Navy commanders who thanked the movie industry for all the free talent and service that was being given the service in the name of morale.

Then a man read a list of the stars who have appeared and who will appear all over the country in camp and naval bases. That reading consumed thirty-five minutes!

After the meeting was over, an Army officer went back and found how far-reaching an effect these shows have.

"It's not just the immediate effect on the morale in camp, or at a navy base, this effect is that naturally something which helps break the monotony of training camp is a welcome treat. But the value of these camp shows goes far further than that. When the stars come to our camps and entertain, the men are grateful not only to the performers but also deeply appreciative of the friendly interest their superior officers have shown in arranging such stunts. It helps build that spirit of loyalty to commanding officers which has its ringine answer when those same men are about to go into action and their leader cries, 'Come On!'

In the Victory Committee audience that night were Gary Cooper, Charles Boyer, Ronald Colman, Jimmy Cagney, Cary Grant, Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Jack Benny and many others you've met on the screen. When I finished my talk, everything I have on that subject was incorporated into a story of them came over later to say, 'The Navy can have anything we have.' I'd met Claudette Colbert. As I spoke, there were tears in her eyes. Afterwards Cary Grant said: 'You touched our hearts because what you said came from your own heart!'

(Continued from page 19) Besides being the handsomest man on the screen, his acting is super.

I'm on a strike for more, more and more of John Payne.

DORIS RICHARDSON, Shively, Ky.

$1.00 PRIZE

Thought for the Producers

HOW come the producers are charging the public fifty-five cents for the picture "Sergeant York"? It is true the picture deserves all the praise it receives, but did you ever stop to realize how many people will be deprived of the privilege of seeing this great film because they cannot afford the admission price?

Some people cannot go to the show three or four times a week; they are lucky if they can save twenty-two cents to see a double feature. Did you know that? Or don't you care?

Not only "Sergeant York" but "The Great Dictator" cost more than the average admission price. Because of this the studios lost a small sum of money with "Gone With The Wind." I was understandable that the price was higher than usual. But can't you keep within your budget?

Moviegoers are one of our greatest entertainments; please let the "big" and "little" people alike enjoy them as long as we can.

F. ROTH, St. Louis, Mo.

Keep 'Em Rolling, Hollywood

Keep 'Em Rolling, Hollywood

Maybe you've read by now how magnificently Hollywood responded to our request for aid in the giant Navy Relief Show at Madison Square Garden. Bette Davis was there, and Myrna Loy, and Loretta Young, Merle Oberon, Constance Bennett and Madeleine Carroll starred in "Cuiradin;" Tyrone Power acting as one of the few more famous names, Edgar Bergen, John Carradine, Reginald Gardiner, Bert Lahr, Dick Powell, Jimmy Durante and ... well, just to give you an idea, we went West to ask for a half a dozen stars for the show and were offered thirty!

Once more Hollywood had stood watch with us. Once more we have been reminded that with all the world a stage the only part Hollywood wants to play is the part that was made for them by talented players.

That great show in Madison Square Garden was not the culmination of a drive for the Navy Relief Society. It was merely the beginning. And I know that soon again Hollywood will be helping the Navy Relief guarantee its doctrine that no man in the civilian or any member of his family shall go in want.

You readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror soon will have your chance to help, too. In the near future there will be other benedictions in parts of the country, at which you will have the opportunity not only of seeing a stage full of your favorite stars but also paying them the compliment of seeing the stars of the fighting forces who are "on location" in the arenas of the war.

And remember that Hollywood values an Academy Award, but it thinks even more of the Congressional Medal of Honor! The End

-Speak for Yourself-

$1.00 PRIZE

A Tribute to Ameche

HATS off to a mighty nice person; Don Ameche is his name. He's as nice a fellow as there is anywhere. Anyone who couldn't like Don Ameche would tell you of his friendship, of his easygoing; good-humored nature, but the people who could really tell you of the true Ameche are shut-ins and other folks whose lives have been brightened by his kindness to them.

You don't hear much about the happiness he spreads among the shut-ins, because he does it from that big kind heart of his and not for publicity.

How do I know all this? I'm one of the few who will forever be grateful that there is a man named Don Ameche in the world.

DOROTHY SCHUELER, Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

ARTICLES such as "My Own Superstar," "So You思得 个tord Awards for 1941" by Hedda Hopper which appeared in March Photoplay-Movie Mirror are the kind movie fans like best.

This article was so completely frank I found it the most refreshing bit of news I'd read in a long time. Thank goodness there is someone in Hollywood like Hedda Hopper to give credit where credit is due and no more.

We movie fans would like to hear more about the stars' real characters.

JEANNE BARRON, Tucson, Ariz.

DEAR Hedda Hopper,

You certainly stuck your neck out for plenty of criticism in your recent article in Photoplay-Movie Mirror—"Super-Superlative Awards for 1941." Frankly, I don't think you made against Greta Garbo and don't think you're justified in making such cracks. And though it wasn't exactly a critic's dream, I'm sure you hit the spot with audiences. I saw the picture several times myself—because I got a heck of a kick out of it and because I'm content to watch Garbo emote.

About her being stingy—I don't believe it! Ask Winchell about her USO contributions.

GEORGE, Seattle, Wash.

IN "Speak For Yourself" and other various columns I have read articles that start out, "Why all the remarks of old pictures? Aren't there some new stories in Hollywood?" etc. Don't those people that write that stuff ever realize that the younger generation likes to go to shows that are like the stories on the screen no matter how old they are, just so they're entertaining!

CLARENCE THORNBY, Nebraska City, Neb.

THERE'S a real film—"Texas." If Glenn Ford and Bill Holden don't deserve Oscars for the marvelously acting, I'll stop reading Photoplay-Movie Mirror. I prefer those two to all your Gables, Taylors and Powers.

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

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

Northam Warren, New York

"A Whole Week Without Polish Chipping" Mrs. Mervin Lane
Who Has the Best Male Figure in Hollywood?

THE WINNER—ERROL FLYNN!

(Continued from page 34) behalf of the general physical fitness which our government believes so important to civilians in this time of war. Messengers besieged her hotel suite with telegrams and packages and letters. All the telephone extensions rang at once.

"Clark Gable gets my vote for first place before I even look at the others' measurements," she said. "And although I like Clark tremendously I'm not prejudiced. I've spent much time in Hollywood and played tennis with many of the stars. And always when anywhere talks of a fine physique it is Clark who comes to my mind.

"Clark has magnificent shoulders and fine proportions. He looks fit. And he is fit. Because he takes care of himself. When he hunts, for instance, he hunts the old-fashioned way; he does a lot of walking and climbing. He plays golf and tennis, too. And he rides. He's hard as a rock. And, thanks to his tennis among other things, his reflexes are splendid."

She put down her pencil and looked a little solemn. "Clark," she said, "brings me to the boys who're being inducted into the Army these days. Because, in many cases, he's so different.

Clark can walk miles over rough country without feeling it. And innumerable boys in the Army can't walk any distance at all. They've never developed their leg muscles. They've always taken it easy; jumped into a car even to go around the corner for the new copy of Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

As tennis champion and as a director for physical fitness Alice stressed the importance of good legs. More than one Hollywood gentleman lost her vote because he had what she calls "skinny legs."

John Carroll took second place on her list. "He's tall," she said, "with weight and proportions suitable to his height."

Errol Flynn got third place.

"Errol not only has a swell figure," she said "he also has a fine able look and a magnificent posture. You're always conscious of Errol when he's in a room irrespective of how many other fine-looking men there are about."

"Posture is terribly important and not stressed nearly enough. An erect posture, besides being of inordinate help to appearance, keeps the organs where they should be and allows us to breathe properly. It contributes inestimably to general fitness."

"George Brent doesn't have a magnificent posture, by any mean-

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<td>Joel McCrea</td>
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begin toughening up a little. They ought to do some walking first, then some running. They ought to wrestle among themselves, ride bikes, swim or chop wood. I don't mean they should suddenly work or exercise so strenuously that they'll suffer serious fatigue or tax their hearts. But a good perspiration wouldn't hurt them.

"Errol Flynn goes on my list too," Jack said. "I give him third place. McCrea, Pidgeon, Flynn, Brent, Quinn, MacMurray, Milland—like that.

"You can tell by looking at Flynn that he's hard and strong. He looks like a man who is plenty active and enjoys it. The way everybody does if he's ready or it, in condition, with muscles that do his bidding quickly and smoothly."

"I tell you," Jack said earnestly, "it's a parent's duty to see that his kids—girls or boys—get the habit of taking exercise and being interested in athletics. Take my girls, for instance. They swim, swing on bars, bicycle, ride horseback, go through a daily calisthenics routine with an instructor and even box a little. Not because I want to make fighters of them—just because I want them to learn to use their bodies and to develop good strong muscles."

Jack's nominees swelled the list considerably:

Robert Taylor
Stirling Hayden
Johnny Weissmuller
Anthony Quinn
Clark Gable
John Carroll
Errol Flynn
George Brent
Joel McCrea
Walter Pidgeon
Fred MacMurray
Ray Milland

The rest was a matter of simple arithmetic. Every time a star was a judge's choice he received twenty-five credits. If he was a first choice, he received an extra five credits. If he was a second choice he received an extra three credits. If he was a third choice he received an extra two credits.

It happened that no star was chosen by all three judges. But Errol Flynn, George Brent and Anthony Quinn were chosen by two judges. However, George and Anthony received no extra credits as first, second, or third choice. Errol did.

He received two extra credits from both Alice Marble and Jack Dempsey, ranking third on both their lists, giving him a grand total of fifty-four points, causing us to roll the drums, blow the trumpets, and announce:

Ladies and Gentlemen: The Winner—Errol Flynn!

Obviously George Brent and Anthony Quinn, with fifty points each, tie for second place.

Joel McCrea, Robert Taylor and Clark Gable, each a judge's first choice but not appearing in the lineup of any other judge, totaling thirty points each, tie for third place.

Walter Pidgeon, Stirling Hayden and John Carroll, each a judge's second choice, but not appearing in the lineup of any other judge, totaling twenty-eight points each, tie for fourth place.

Johnny Weissmuller, third choice of one judge, but not appearing in the lineup of any other judge, totaling twenty-seven points, captures fifth place.

Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland, named by one judge, with twenty-five points each, tie for sixth place.

On page 76 is the score card which shows the results at a glance. The measurements of winner Flynn and the two runners-up are also on page 76.

Unh-Unh . . . guess again.

Something worse. . . . Give up?

All right, here's what's wrong . . .

This young man is lonesome. He wants company. He wants that wonderful woman who always understands him. Even if he can't talk. So he's sending a hurry call for Mother.

And Mother? Well, today was washday. Her poor back aches. Her arms are like lead. And she just has to rest another minute before flying up those stairs again. If only she had some help . . .

And so she should. Especially on washday. She should have the help that only Fels-Naptha Soap can give—two wonderful cleaners—gentle naptha and richer golden soap—combining to banish dirt, without the rubbing that wears a woman out.

Making washdays easier and shorter.

Giving her more time and strength to lavish on this lusty youngster.

[MORAL: On washday, a boy's 'best friends' are his Mother—and Fels-Naptha Soap.]
(Continued from page 37) warriors it would be a tonic both for the visitor and the visited.

Here’s a tip on decorum while visiting camps. Find out what the rules are, pay visits to camp and service men alike and obey them as if they were part of the Ten Commandments. One of Kay’s favorite stories is about the very plump and terminally matron who put in her appearance at an Army camp one Tuesday morning at ten o’clock and demanded to see her son, who had been sent, on Monday, to another camp on a detail. First she fainted. Then she screamed and cried. Then she began to send wires to every official in Washington, demanding to know why her Willie shouldn’t be “maliciously ordered out of camp” at the precise time she chose to visit him.

Needless to say, Willie is having some trouble living down this dramatic sequence.

SECOND most important gesture next to visiting camps is writing letters, according to Kay. If you’re one of the “poor letter writers,” at least take five minutes and a pair of erasable pencils. There are ways of what you can do toward cutting a letter. By riddling late issues of the home-town paper, you can let your soldier in on a lot of dirt. If he is already reaping the home-town paper—a subscription would be a fine gift idea—why not run through back issues of old magazines and snip out the cartoons?

One enterprising girl, whose heart’s-bait is in Camp Berkeley, Texas, went down to one of those shops that specializes in the selling of all the news and condolences. For fifty cents she got enough to fill the back of her car and she has been running a clipping bureau ever since. She says it keeps her in the rounds at camp until it was worn thin, at which time her honey mailed it back with a request that she provide him with carbon copies.

As for gifts, Kay suggests that you stow-dots form co-operative groups and appoint a chairman. Let the chairman get in touch with the recreation officer in the camp that you want the facts on with your help. Find out if the recreation center has a piano. If it hasn’t, canvass your neighborhood or city until you find one—have it tuned and make the shipping arrangements.

The tuning business is important. Recently a group of well-meaning persons put on a piano drive. The idea was to collect the instruments gathering dust in attics, cellars or underneat the family rogue’s gallery. As it worked out, there were dozens of pianos available, but most of them were in such poor condition that a fortune needed to be spent on them to restore them to lianism. The Government, having a defense program on its hands—remember?—couldn’t take time out to draft a class of piano tuners, felt-replacers and other music-surgents.

If the piano need is filled, you could find out if boxing gloves are needed, or a basketball. At many camps the boys have rigged up large basketball courts, so you could check on the condition of this equipment.

If you have a portable phonograph that really works and you want to talk about it, you should again communicate with the recreation officer, provided you don’t happen to know a draftsman in your near-by camp who could be trusted with distribution of such a windfall.

Kay says that in forwarding records to a camp, the donor should be careful to wrap them painstakingly and to ship them in a well-protected condition because there have been frequent instances of an entire shipment of records from one camp being lost when arriving in more pieces than there is confidence in Times Square on New Year’s morning.

SO MUCH for the big united efforts that should be correlated with whatever master plan is in effect at your nearest camp. And now for the pick-up gifts that Korps boys but gun-toters in the family delights to send.

How about, suggests Kay, a harmonica? You can buy these one-piece orchestra for about a half its retail value and thrill to real opulence. Nearly everyone can play a harmonica, provided he has the time to tinker with it, and time is one thing that most drafted men are plenty of a weekday evenings. Also a sweet potato, with its gut-bucket whistle, will gladden the heart of many a selectee to say nothing about the ears of his barracks mates.

As a relief from this auditory exercise, how about providing a few really good general knowledge books? We have some interwoven bent-nail puzzles that would stymie a homing pigeon and the Swiss have perfected a series of sliding panel mysteries that can be obtained in most shops for only a few dollars.

And now for the matter of hospitality. One afternoon recently Kay and a friend of his were driving along the coast north of Los Angeles when they overtook two plodding boys on leave. Kay stopped and asked if they were Army, which they were, and asked where they were going. They were on their way to Malibu to find a little beach not too crowded.

Finally one asked shily, “Do you happen to have a dog?”

“Two cockers,” was the answer. They were hooked at each other and grinned. “Both of us had dogs back home,” they explained, “Sometimes a guy kind of misses a dog.”

THAT should be a tip-off to any family with a spare room and a dog: Get in touch with the recreation officer at the nearest camp and arrange some sort of arrangement to entertain an occasional week-end guest in uniform.

To girls who are frightened by a man in uniform, Kay’s advice is to put on a brave face and Sergeant Quirk (whose adventures are now being brought up to date by Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in “Here Come the Marines”) Kay has only this to say: “Today’s army is a totally different organization from that of any other in American history. Most of these boys have valley ball gardens and spending equal to your own. All they want is a gal who has a sense of humor, who is a durable dancer and who can listen. When you date a soldier, you don’t have to talk about his outfit, his experiences, his recipe for an improved top sergeant. Encourage him to talk and listen with genuine interest. This is called good old-fashioned button-polishing and it’s the finest morale-builder on earth.”

THE END

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOUNTAIN MISS BREUER.
How to Be Happy while Drafted

(Continued from page 36) lessons. I'm not good, but I'm getting better and I've obtained a lot of satisfaction out of the effort. It's the sort of thing that any girl can do if she's determined enough."

If music doesn't appeal, there's always sketching. Don't give up if you get turgid in your hair and burnt umber on the freshly papered walls—perhaps oils aren't for you. Carole, personally, prefers water colors and lately she's been copying photographs of her friends in the aquatic medium. Charcoal is messy, but fun, and simple pen-and-ink sketches can furnish artistic satisfaction.

If a needle, rather than a brush, is your favorite weapon, why not get busy on a vast needlepoint project? The parlors of the nineties would have seemed empty without its plush sofa and, mark Carole's words, the living room of the coming decade is going to look uncivilized without its item of upholstery made by someone's lily-white hands.

"Of course, sedentary occupations won't appeal so much to girls who are working in offices all day," Carole continued. "As soon as they are free, they need to get open-airly and stretch some pet muscles."

Since these girls frequently select boy friends who could double for Charles Atlas, Carole suggests that they develop proficiency in the favorite sport of Ye Beau. If he was a low seventy-er on the links before his driving was all done in a jeep, the waiting frail should practice her golf to the point where she will be able to give him a hard, fast game when he comes home on furlough. The same theory applies to tennis and to bowling.

Since eating advances to the prominence of a major sport after a lad has been doing the double quick for several hours each day, the wise girl should polish up the family cook-book—in anticipation of leaves—devoting special attention to delicious things that never cross a mess-hall table.

FOR girls who have a natural study aptitude, it seems to me that now would be the time to learn French or Spanish." Carole emerged from a furrowed brow to add. In practically every city of any size there are free adult night schools. Carole, some time ago, decided that she wanted to take French, some additional English courses and Vocabulary Building so she went up to Hollywood High School five nights a week for many long months. Undoubtedly this determination to advance herself is the prime reason why smart guessers say Carole Landis is going to be a top cinema name for years and years, unless she, herself, decides that there is something she wants more than she wants fame."

"If there isn't a night school in the town where a girl is living, surely a group of girls could get together and make arrangements with the local high-school language teacher to give them instruction one night a week," she said, being practical.

"These suggestions are just meant to be general guides, because—after all—every girl knows in her secret heart at least one thing she should do toward self-improvement," Carole observed, putting four more records on her phonograph-vic to furnish a musical background.

"Well, I think that washes up that subject. Now, about good works. First, there's always knitting. Would you

![Image](https://via.placeholder.com/150)

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspiration under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spraying vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request.

FRESH, Louisville, Ky.
Is True Love
Just a Dream?


Carole uses Jergens Lotion.

Jergens Lotion

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

Mail this coupon now — (Paste on penny postcard)
The Andreo Jergens Company, Box 3337, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

I want to try Carole Landis’ hand-care. Please mail free purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion.
Name:
Street:
City:
State:

The third essential department in the maintenance of feminine morale is Plans & Preparations.

"If it’s really love," Carole said with a soft smile, "the gal in the case should write to her trainee every day. If it’s palship, two letters a week should do, and if it’s just one of those pleasant comradeships, once a week is okay. But there are letters and letters in this world and who aspires to aid the Army should really turn out a letter as smooth as her Saturday night rhumba. DON’T write to him in detail about other men you’ve dated. DON’T—if you happen to know his family—recite all their minor illnesses and woes. DON’T give him hints about some unpleasant bit of news that will plague him until your next letter arrives. Do try to be bright, merry and genuine. Tell him what’s doing on Main Street and who won the inter-city softball championship. Tell him anecdotes about the local high-school football, baseball, basketball, or track team. Remember recent doings of his friends or acquaintances and put them down in detail.

The trouble with most letters, Carole thinks, is that the writer is in a hurry. Really funny things that could be made into productions are barely mentioned or passed over completely.

The letter-writing disposed of, our sweetheart of selective service should take a solemn look at herself in a frank mirror. Could she do her hair in a more becoming way? Is there something to be wished for as to skin texture or clearness? How about the wardrobe—everything Yankee-faced? The Army is taught neatness to the point of spinsterish precision, so it behooves any girl who is about to stand official inspection to be as trim as a polished brass button. These personal problems solved, our draft divorcée can turn her attention to the dearest dream of her heart: weekend leave or a longer (oh, joy!) furlough.

Too often these things degenerate into one of those "What do you want to do?"—"Oh, anything you want to do," travesties that brings on mutual exasperation.

CAROLE thinks that definite high-jinks should be planned, yet planned with care. When a boy comes home he wants to see the Pulse Accelerator, certainly, but he also wants to see his old friends and members of the gang. So the thing to do is to have a dinner-dancing party. After dinner the girls can gracefully withdraw to the kitchen or some other feminine haunt, while the boys have one of those man-to-man confabs. Allowing an hour for this, the gals can rejoin the gentlemen and the party can proceed as it did during 100% civilian days. If you are not in the old home town but in a large city and Private Mars is going to visit you there, by all means get a guide book of the city and make a list of the most interesting sights to be seen. Be a tourist guide. Determine which activities are really worth while and which strays from madonna. And find out how much everything costs, on account of that famous twenty-one dollars doesn’t go far.

Finally pay close attention to his conversation and if—during your talks—he happens to mention some item that he needs at camp or some gadget that would be convenient to have, write it down in your Have To Get notebook. What with birthdays and other suitable occasions happening regularly, you need a memory prober. "And," Carole finishes with a flourish, "I’m studying flying every chance I get—I’ll soon be able to solo—because I want to be accomplished enough to release a combat pilot from routine jobs. I want to fly the errands and the fatigue details; I want to be right in there pitching."

Finally, when she speaks those words, Carole Landis is bringing the desire of every American girl on earth.

The End
"the sweetest KISS
on your Satin-Smooth FACE"

A pity if Dry Skin Wrinkles
age Your Face too soon

THIS new smooth-skin care for your face is as simple, effective, as the famous Jergens Lotion care for your hands.

Just one cream is all you need—the new Jergens Face Cream! Made by the same skin scientists who make your favorite Jergens Lotion.

Look! You use Jergens Face Cream:

(1) for Cleansing; (2) for Softening your skin; (3) for a suave Foundation; and (4) for a Night Cream that helps your complexion to stay smoothness.

Call Jergens Face Cream your “One Jar” Beauty Treatment. Use it every day. 50¢, 75¢, $1.25; 25¢, 10¢. A sensation! Already over 6,000,000 jars have been sold!

JERGENS
FOR ALL SKIN TYPES
FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

QUICK, "BEFORE-A-DATE" SMOOTH-SKIN TREATMENT

Cleanse off stale powder and make-up with a generous application of Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Now a second (light) application of Jergens Cream; splash with cold water. Such satiny skin!
For the safety of your smile...

use Pepsodent twice a day... see your dentist twice a year.

Well, there are still many of the stars I have never met. Claudette Colbert, Charles Boyer (alas!), Margaret Sullavan, Herbert Marshall (alas again!), Alice Faye, among others. I have met Tyrone Power, by the way, just recently—I wish I hadn't so that I could meet him all over again! But I haven't met them all, by any means, so that I know as little about them as people in other towns, and am just as curious about them. So, then, before I ever dreamed of coming to Hollywood—and since—I have been a flea and the movie magazines have been my point of contact with the stars.

I HAD never met Melvyn Douglas until I was cast with him in "Our Wife." I had never met Hedy Lamarr until we started to work together in "H. M. Pulham, Esq." But I had read so many stories about them in which they actually seemed to be talking aloud, that I felt I knew both of them, and well! And so I did. That's the best of it. The things their interviews had told me about them were true things, absolutely straight steers. I'd read that Melvyn is extremely intelligent, very social and political-minded, beautifully mannered. He is. I'd read that Hedy is friendly and natural and easy to know. She is. She really is just as her interviews have said.

Or perhaps you work with someone who seems to be distant. When I worked with Bob Taylor, for example, in "Flight Command," there was constraint between us. It was "Miss Hussey" and "Mr. Taylor." A couple of days after we started to work I read an article about him explaining how shy he is, how difficult it is for him to break through his natural reserve. So then I knew what to do about it. The next morning I bounded on the set, gave him a boisterous "Good morning, Bob!" and we became very close friends and had a wonderful time. And as I learn about other players from reading about them, it works both ways, I'm sure. I am one of those who, thanks to my New England background and bringing up (Providence, R. I., is my hometown), appears to be cold, diffident and rather haughty. It was difficult for me to speak to people unless they spoke to me first. I couldn't call people by their first names unless they asked me to. I'm better now. Probably because people have relaxed with me; probably because they have got wise to me, too, by reading about me. As one friend told me recently, "I used to be scared pink of you until I read about the 'Real You' in a movie magazine article. After that I was able to get through to the 'Real You' without my previous fear of being refrigerated."

The sets like you, you're okay. Help from reading how Bette Davis had had an experience exactly the same as mine, how she once had sat at home for three weeks without her phone ringing once! The experiences of other girls, too—Ginger Rogers for one, I remember. I'd read and reread the articles advising newcomers in Hollywood to pick their company carefully, to stay at home and be lonesome rather than be promiscuous in the name of popularity or for the sake of publicity. They helped me to rationalize, such articles, as well as to realize that if others had gone through these lonely-heart phases, so, by heck, could I. If I should suggest girls everywhere get the same kind of help I got from reading things like these. Girls all over the country, I mean, girls who move to new towns, perhaps, and feel out of things, lonesome and unpopular. They read the movie magazines and find that it happens to everyone, even to the so-called Glamour Queens.

There is, too, another reason why I read the movie magazines, one which is interesting to me, personally, and also definitely helpful in my work. By this time you have guessed, I imagine, that I am a fan myself. Oh, I am. Well I remember a day when, after I had been with M-G-M for some months, one of the girls in the publicity department offered to take me on some of the sets to watch the stars at work. We went on the first set, a Thin Man picture, and I heard a voice. Myrna Loy's, it sounded like. I whispered to myself, "Oh, it can't be. Oh, I'm dreaming. Oh, it is!" Why, if Queen Elizabeth had stopped right out of the pages of history or my favorite storybook character had asked me to have a coke, I couldn't have been more delicious!...
and then the star fashion pages of the magazines—they are interesting to me as well as to non-professionals, I believe! I often have invitations to go to fashion shows in New York, Irene's, Saks-Fifth Avenue and so on, but never have the time. I surmise that movie magazines to see what they are doing next spring, next fall or whenever—no girl from Oshkosh or East Orange could pore over them more seriously than I do!

KE the beauty departments, too. I like to study the hair-dos of the different stars, copy some of them. Each of us can slip ourselves into some category of type, mean. I am certainly more like Claudette Colbert or Myrna Loy in type—I am like Lana Turner or Greta Garbo. I naturally go for the kind of clothes they wear and the hair styles most appealing to them. I wear my hair quite the way Claudette wears hers, for instance, and I must admit that I have dyed myself to quite a few ideas (with instructions, of course) after looking at the clothes Claudette was shown wearing in the September PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE Mag. I got all kinds of little helpful hints from the beauty departments, too, which I fancily apply to myself. With both my money-saving, time-saving and I hope, self-improving, I read that of the stars do their own nails. We get so tired of sitting under dryers, being waved and manicured and made up when we're working that it's agony to go to beauty parlors between pictures. But until I read about some of the stars' doing their own nails never thought I could. I found it easy and now I do it.

READ the gossip columns from the first syllable to the last. I have a deep, dark reason, if you who are not in Hollywood read them, as you do, for the fun and interest of it, I read them for the same reasons but, in addition, for self-protection! I want to know who is "in circulation" this season so as not to step on anyone's toes. I don't make these embarrassing mistakes because I read my Cal York and all the chatterers and know what's what with who's who.

I'm not interested in cooking so I don't pay much attention to menus. But I am terribly interested in house decoration—I took courses in painting, interior decoration and architecture when I was at Pembroke College in Providence—and do pore over the pictures of the stars' homes in the magazines. When I build my own home one day it will probably turn out to be an amazing composite of the best features in the homes of Myrna Loy, Joan Bennett, Irene Dunne and others. And I'll have the satisfaction of knowing I can't go wrong by copying them—they have the best there is to be had! I already have a few features from Joan Bennett's beach house neatly incorporated in the patio of my little house in Westwood!

I read the reviews very religiously. Not only because they help me choose the pictures I most want to see, but also because they serve as a sort of barometer for me with my own pictures. If I am fortunate enough to play a part the reviewers like—as in "Susan And God," for instance, which was my first real little success—the reviews give me an indication of the kind of personality they like me to be. Then the fan letters, those to me, personally, and those printed in departments like Speak For Yourself, either confirm the critics' opinions or make alternative suggestions.

Oh, yes, I read the movie magazines all right—I've always read them. Why, when I was at home, like all other girls I had a scrapbook, with stills from my favorite pictures and portraits of my favorite stars cut from the magazines and pasted in. I still have it. I was looking at it the other day and it is most interesting.

What is more, I have just started another one! I'm still cutting stills and portraits from the magazines, some of the interviews I find most interesting, all of the life stories, some of the columns, too. Think it will be a wonderful memento in years to come.

If the fans enjoy hearing from me, personally, they can thank the movie magazines for that, too! Because reading them as I do makes me realize how interested in us the fans really are. How often they ask, "Do the stars really answer fan mail?" Well, here is one who is trying awfully hard to answer hers! On my vacation last summer, for instance, I took care of 700 letters. And had fun doing it.

It's because I am a fan, myself, you see. I know what a letter from a star would have meant to me. "Would have meant"—I'm getting my tenses mixed, by golly. "Would mean," is what I mean! So, I'm right along with the rest of you, reading the movie magazines, for the fun and interest I get out of them, for the help they give me!

The End

Hollywood's best bet for good taste

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

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

Parity... in the big big bottle... that's Pepsi-Cola!
Another Eagle Takes the Air

(Continued from page 47) the air for a deadly purpose; that that funny-looking checkerboard below me might come to mean not only a place where I could set down my plane when I wanted to leave the air but my native soil, to be defended against other man-made birds; to be suddenly respected and revered as a place not only worthy living in, but worth fighting for.

HE broke off, again. "Heck," he said. "I'm no good at expressing myself about things like this. Seems to me few Americans are. Most of us have had good lives, such darned good lives that we haven't bothered to think about them much. All of us have had a better time of it than people in comparable circumstances throughout the rest of the world, if we only knew it! The thing is, we haven't known it! We've had no chance to compare our way of living with that of other nations. We've just taken it for granted and have kicked like storks when something little went wrong.

"Of course," he went on. "I met and worked with people who hadn't always lived the life we lick here; who hadn't come to this country from places like Germany and Austria and had found the difference so great they almost wanted to get down on their knees and kiss our good old taken-for-granted American soil. Take Director Henry Koster. He came from Germany. And even though he left Germany a long time before the war began, he apparently saw this difference I mention.

"I remember one day when I was working under his direction in Three Smart Girls Grow Up," quite a while ago, I was doing a scene—well enough. I thought—but suddenly he stopped me. "Get more life into yourself," he told me. "Act happier! Act fresher! Remember, you are supposed to be an American!"

"Well, at the time," Bob said. "I didn't think much about the significance of what he was saying, although I understood what he meant as far as my acting was concerned. But I have thought about it since. 'Act happier,' he told me. 'Act fresher!' You are supposed to be American!' In his eyes being an American was synonymous with happiness and freedom. And—slowly, 'I guess if you stop to think about it, that is exactly what it is.'

But, as Bob confesses, he didn't think about anything like this when he earning his pilot's license. He just sprang every minute he could in the air. It was for him, all right! He was crazy about flying. When he graduated the first time he sold the "Heck no," he said. "It didn't suit me! Remember, I was still a kid, my teens, and at that age, remember, you are supposed to be sold."

So Bob, in due time, took his pilot's license home to his mother, and off his instructor's license. "That's fine," she said. "That's wonderful. I'm proud of you!"

And if ever stark fear was a knife in his heart, he never knew it. She was a mother, but she rode along with him. And if ever he found the courage to help others do what he had to do. And that is a way a soldier of the Stars and Stripes is made.

BEFORE Bob was out of high school he owned a "piece" of a plane, and three other boys pooled their money and bought a "monocoupe." That was the start of the American flying force. Eventually, the owner had take care of the planes; and Bob maintained himself here to effect cheaply massages. "You buy love, love train love me, he said. "Yet a flyer who spends his money for lessons does it for one reason and one alone—because he loves it. He has seen men go around literally with his name on their bodies because he had used all their money for flying in his blood. Surely these men are and will be worth something to Uncle Sam in this war. But—I have a sense of where I do go on about something is not particularly relevant here!"

His own love of flying is relevant though. After he left Joplin High School, Bob spent a year at Drug College in Springfield, Missouri. Enrolled at Carnegie Institute of Technology, he kept the pace-up—this in addition to training in Carnegie R.O.T.C. He was crazy for fly, he felt now, a plane of his own. "The only reason fact, that I ever became an actor was..."

EAGLE SQUADRON—

—the pulse-racing story of the American boys who battle in British skies—their loves, their laughters and their glories.

Personnel—Robert Stack and Diana Barrymore, newcomers from an old star family

Command—Walter Wanger with Universal Pictures

Target—A hit!

Don't miss the fictionization of EAGLE SQUADRON in June Photoplay-Movie Mirror


Name________________________
Address______________________

Mail coupon now.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE Mirror
cause I wanted to make enough money to buy one,” he admitted.

Now, of course, he has owned two planes for several years. He was up in a plane with Mrs. Cummings (who is also a singer), Lorraine Day and Ray Hendricks, the radio singer, the day the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor. The news came on the radio and with it a call to all private planes to get out of the air.

As Bob taxied onto the landing field at Van Nuys, near his home in San Fernando Valley, he says he had a strange feeling. He says he felt as though, somehow, all of those years when he was drilling and shooting and practicing in the R.O.T.C., all of those hours he was piling up solo hours in the air, all of that, had paid off in his life and the success he had achieved.

But when trouble came, he found himself ready not only to do what had to be done about it, but to appreciate why.

Of course, I know it won’t be easy to win this war,” he said. “It isn’t going to be pleasant. And it can’t be done at once. We Americans need more, even in guns and tanks and planes and trained men to knock the enemy on his head. In my humble opinion, we also need a certain fanatical and to lick an enemy as tough as the Germans and the Japs and all the rest. You see, in the past, we have been taught tolerance. We have been taught to see the other side of a problem and the meaning of sympathy. We have been taught the beauty of mankind, if you will, and that is as it should be. But we aren’t fighting a tolerant or a sympathetic or a humane war. We are fighting as tough a combination of ruthlessness and cruelty as we have ever seen in our history.

If we are to win, we must have better to hate as they do. It will take the end come quicker. It will take that just a little easier to teach the enemy that when an American hits, he fights to win.

Heaven’s knows I had been hearing out the possibility of a war long coming. Bob confided. My brother, C. Cummings, is a lawyer who serves as the advocate (the military equivalent of a civilian judge) in the Ninth Corps area. He had been telling me for years that sooner or later there would be trouble with Japan. Of course, like the average American citizen, I didn’t pay any attention to him. But now,” with a grin, “I see what he meant.”

In conclusion, Bob told a funny little story. It will make you smile, but it will make you think, too.

As you know,” he said. “Allan Jones and Irene Harvey have a young son four years old. Well, Irene heard the other day talking to himself. She listened and he was saying, ‘Oh, how I dread it! Oh, how I dread it!’

‘Jackie, what do you dread?’ Irene asked him.

‘The next war,’ he said.

‘But what I mean,’ Bob remarked. ‘This time, there won’t be a war.’ He personally, along with two million other fighting men, said to see to that.”

The End

Win with English Tint
That captivating "English look"... now it can be YOURS... instantly!

The Englishwoman’s complexion is known the world over as the loveliest of all... Its secret is a certain tint—a warm, sweet shade of the English hedge-rose: delicate... oh! so delicate, yet a man-stopper that really works. And now, it can be YOURS! True English Tint can bloom in YOUR cheeks. English Tint Rouge by Princess Pat will put it there—and Princess Pat creamy Lipstick or Liquid Lipstik will key your lips perfectly to your checks. The effect is stunning and whether you’re blonde, brunette or in-between, it makes no difference. English Tint will be perfect on YOU.

Send for Complete English Make-Up Kit
Yes, a complete Princess Pat English Tint make-up kit—everything you need for real English complexion loveliness. Contains: English Tint Rouge, a creamy Lipstik, a box of Face Powder to match and Liquid Lipstik. An extraordinary offer—a "make-up" you just have to have. Send your name and address with 50c to cover partly postage and packing. Princess Pat Dept. 492-209 South Wells St., Chicago.
(Continued from page 53) you know Blackie?

"New York." Safe enough naming the metropolis. Racketeers travel plenty.

The other said nothing. Bill stared into the flames. After a moment, he looked at Sam.

"Where'd you know him?"

Sam grunted with disgust. "Rhode Island. He wasn't actually in the gang. On the fringes. Tried some smart trick and we pushed him out. We heard he went over to New York. Then he came out here."

The coppers seem to have a line on this joint." Bill spoke softly. "Wonder how they got wise?"

"Couldn't have been Blackie, could it?"

"Why should he?" Red muttered. "He's in it same as us."

"He's got the cash." Bill looked at Sam. Then he gets us arrested. Who's to believe anything we say?"

"Nobody." Clip cursed. "All we know is a guy named Blackie runs out and leaves us holding the bag."

Sam said, "Only I happen to know who he is, see? You guys don't. We'd never have gotten him on this job, only he owed so much dough at the gambling house—"

"So now he pulls the double cross—"

SAM flipped his cigarette into the fire. "Looks like maybe you're right. He's got us in a trap."

"We aren't all the way in yet," Bill said. They looked at him. "If we moved fast, we could get out."

"What about the dame?"

"It's too late for a new hide-out." Bill pretended to puzzle over the matter. "The cops are getting too close. She'll talk if we let her out. Looks like—"

Clip's eyes narrowed. "Like what?"

"Like we got to get rid of her."

The icy way he said it seemed to startle the others.

"Dump her off some cliff, into the ocean. Weighed down with stones. They'll never find her. Then we hold out for more ransom."

"And burn for it when they grab us!"

"Not if they don't find her," Bill answered airily. "No body—no trial. But if they found us now, with her alive—"

The very uttering of the words sent chill through him. Yet it was the only way. The only way.

There wasn't much time. But the place was working. As they talked, he began to see hints of fear in their faces.

"So what?" Red asked. "We stay her like rats—"

Clip was pacing the floor. Suddenly he whirled and faced Bill. "It's your idea, brother. So it's your job."

Bill said evenly, "You mean—I take her out?"

"Sure. You'll handle her. Only I'll—"

Clip turned to the others. "You lunkheads stay here! If Blackie shows up, you tell him. Don't tell him I've taken over—"

"You aren't taking over, Clip," Sa stepped forward, his face livid. "Tell the guy Blackie owes. I'm running the show from here on!"

They glared at each other. Sam's hat went to his breast pocket.

Clip stepped back. He looked scared. "Okay, Sam. No hard feelings."

"That's swell. Don't forget it. When you and this monkey get finished taking care of the girl, get back here."

Bill was lighting a cigarette. "What car, Sam?"

"Same one we used for the match—"

"Pierce—his director—his chauffeur spotted part of the license number—"

"Stolen plates, lumphead. We ditch them soon as we get out of town. There's another set of hot plates on now."

SAM and Red brought her upstairs.

Pale and tight-lipped, Sam's hand grasped her arm and he pulled away from him. Her eyes cut through him.

"You can't—you can't get away with it!"

Blonde lady in the two-gun-Gertie pose is Ilona Massey, who hits the cinema bulb's eye in Edward Small's "Up In Mabel's Room." She goes in for some straight shooting with one hand and refreshment with the other.
You've got the glooms... want to crawl off in a corner and have a good cry. But you keep saying to yourself: "Snap out of it... I won't be a slacker... there's so much to do today!"

Big important things that mean far more than your own fun and frolics. Things that really matter!

Making handages this morning. A Defense Stamp luncheon. Then you've simply got to finish that navy helmet.

And tonight, the boys come home from camp. You'd be a fine citizen spoiling their furlough with a faceful of frowns.

What's the answer?... simply give up? NO, a thousand times... there must be a way to be comfortable and at ease on trying days of the month!

There's a way!...

Too bad if you're one of those who didn't discover Kotex sanitary napkins long ago! Because if it's comfort you're after... you'll find Kotex is more comfortable!

For Kotex is made in soft folds so it's naturally less bulky... more comfortable... made to stay soft while wearing.

A lot different from pads that only "feel" soft at first touch.

Kotex does things for your confidence, too... builds you up and doesn't let you down! That's because Kotex has flat, pressed ends that keep your secret safe. And a moisture-resistant "safety shield" for extra protection.

So try Kotex... it won't take you long to discover why it's more popular than all other brands of pads put together. After all, that's proof that Kotex stays soft... the best proof!

Be confident... comfortable... carefree— with Kotex*!
So many times—in the darkened theater—he had watched her in some menacing moment on the screen. Only then had he always known it was make-believe. It wasn't really happening at all. This was different. This wasn't anything dreamed up by the scenario department. And the chances of getting out alive—
The first picture he had seen her in—"Secret Heart"—Then, suddenly, he remembered the last scene. His fingers tightened on the steering wheel.
So close to the love interest they were living through now. She'd been riding with her fiancé. In a coupe. Knowing the fiancé was a murderer. Knowing he was planning her demise. Giving her just sure- as-a-boss dead man a look from a treacherous mountain road. Seeing the murder in his face, she had managed to get the door of the car open and leap to safety. The sudden moment of horror as she saw the car veer sharply, plunge over the cliff.
The memory of it vivid in his mind. He broke the silence with, "Sorry it had to be like this."
She made no answer.
Clips from the back seat, said, "Too bad, ain't it? But business is business."
Bill said lightly, "I remember the first picture I ever saw you in. It was called—let's see—it was 'Secret Heart,' I think."
Something like that.
Out of the corner of his eye, he saw her startle, turn toward him.
"Ever see that one, Clip?"
"Don't go to the movies," Caryl said softly. "I remember it."
A pause. Then Bill said, "Say, it was clever—the way she got out of that mess."
"Mess? Oh! Of course. It was clever." She was staring hard at him.

HAD she got it? Got the cue he was trying to give her for the plan he had in mind? He knew he had to talk in a way Clips wouldn't understand.
Clip snorted behind them. "Yeah—what kind of mess was it? In the story, I mean."
"Oh, you know," Bill answered. "They get everything so mixed up in a movie you don't think they can ever get the picture straightened out."
"But then—you don't like the movies, do you?" Caryl said.
Her hand was beside him and he managed to hold on top without Clip's noticing. For one instant his fingers pressed tightly against hers.
"Pretty rare, though," Bill said, "that you meet a girl like that in real life."
A long silence.
"I see what you mean," Caryl said finally. "The way the girl figured out what her relatives were planning for her."
"That's right. Maybe men don't like brainy women, but it sure was cute to watch her."
He found tingling excitement in this cryptic conversation, in spite of their predicament. And so far Clip apparently hadn't caught on.
"Some of those scenes were pretty dangerous," Bill was casual. "I suppose you played them all yourself?"
"Naturally. They don't like to use doubles if they can help it. Besides, the scenes weren't—too difficult, you know."
He glanced quickly. Her other hand against the door. Fingertips lightly on the handle. He caught the flicter of light in her eye, turned his glance back to the road.
Now he knew she understood. Waiting for his signal.
She threw her head back so her hair tumbled over her shoulders.
After a while she said, "One thing with that picture. Her voice soft—she didn't care much for the hero."
Clip was mocking. "Really? That's interesting. Now will you leave off chatting?"
"Oh, stop crabbing," Bill told her. "You won't have to listen long."
"That's a comfort."
Bill asked, "What was wrong with the hero?"
"He wasn't any good. And after all, the murder was—the love interest."
"Two things you couldn't be bad" "Shouldn't be. Ever."
"Maybe he wasn't, really. In real life I bet a fellow like that might be pretty understandable. One time I knew he really was in love with the girl."

A NOTHER silence followed that a whole new thing to drink her reflection on the windshield. Looking straight at
"Was he?"
"Beyond any doubt."
"But he hadn't known her very long. How could anyone—"
"Men are funny. Usually when a woman spends time shopping around. Takes a long time to make up her mind."
"Maybe. But some women do know what they want."
"You think she did?" He spoke slowly. "That girl in the picture?"
After a moment, she said, "I think—"
"But she couldn't know anything about him—"
"I know."
"And yet she—"
"Maybe you can't explain it. The strange, startled emotions. The same desire to stop the car and take it in his arms."
Clip suddenly leaned forward. "What's going on? That kind of talk it makes sense.
"Sure it does," Bill was gibbering. "I knew nothing about the movies."
"That ain't an answer. I want to know what you're talking about. Or maybe you're too thick to understand."
"Keep calm," Bill answered. "It's almost near the end of our trip."
"Yeah? Just how do you know it?"
They were on a straightaway. At half a mile distant, Bill could see lights of an approaching car. He looked quickly at Caryl, nodded.
His foot on the brake. The car slowing down from fifty to forty. He left his fingers on the door handle, pushing it down. The door swinging open.
"Now!"
The sudden movement of her body, she plunged through the door. Leave clear of the car. At the same instant Bill swung the steering wheel crazily to the left.
The splintering of glass and street-car crashed against the tree, careened off wildly and rolled over.

MOMENTS later, he managed to cut off the machine. Dazed and groggy. Trying to collect his thoughts. He rubbed his hand across his forehead, saw his wrist was bleeding.
A cold horror ran through him. A side of the road. Caryl. Lying there on the ground.
The approaching car had stopped. Several men from the machine were hurrying toward Caryl, reached her the same instant as Bill. He bent down beside her. She was half-conscious, trying to say something—but they couldn't understand. Only the men turned on a flashlight. All

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MAGAZINE.
"And you're the fellow they called the 'Hermit Crab'!"

"Yes, but I'm living it down fast! Not a bad rhumba for a hermit, hey?"
"It'll do . . . Were you really like people said you were . . . crabby, sour, skinny, down on the world?"

". . . like this? I sure was! And worse. But then I learned I had a Vitamin B Complex deficiency."
"Say it in smaller words, please."
"It's a shortage of those amazing vitamins you find in their natural form in fresh yeast. So I took two cakes of FLEISCHMANN'S every day in nice, cool tomato juice, and before I knew it, I was . . ."

". . . a man among men again! Nice work. But what's this talk about tomato juice?"
"That's the new way to take yeast. Mash a cake of FLEISCHMANN'S in a dry glass with a fork, add a little tomato juice, stir till blended, fill up the glass and drink. Very tasty, believe me."

FLEISCHMANN'S is the only yeast with all these vitamins: A, B<sub>1</sub>, D, and G. And remember, the only sources of the Vitamin B Complex are natural sources such as yeast and liver. Remember, too, if you bake at home: Vitamins A, B<sub>1</sub>, D and G are not appreciably lost in the oven; they go into your bread! Ask for FLEISCHMANN'S—with the yellow label.

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For Natural Vitamin B Complex
Betty Grable, starring in the forthcoming 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture, "Song of the Islands," with make-up by Westmore. She says: "I use Westmore Foundation Cream, and it's really wonderful!"

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KIRKEBY HOTELS

This Is Pidge

(Continued from page 43) them all the same. He loves them all—and the merrier.

Even when he sticks his neck out Walter Pidgeon does it so good-naturedly that it's impossible for anyone to take offense. Someone once told him when he went to the opening of "How Green Was My Valley," Walter crowded into the tea lobby with Donald Crisp. Someone called Pidge's attention to the fact that W. C. Fields was in the crowd. "You can hardly blame him," boomed Walter. "I'll take that pretty Mrs. Willkie for a friend!"

At that moment, Donald Crisp turned to Walter around to face a small woman pressed against him. She was looking up and laughing at him. Her husband almost collapsed.

"Mrs. Willkie," said Donald, "I'd like to present Mr. Pidgeon, an audible mirage of yours!"

The secret of Walter Pidgeon's charm is not only in the way he acts but in the way he talks. He talks of his first love, for example, as if it were a living being. And it is genuine friendliness. A gentleman who said he was very fastidious about his friends. He wouldn't consider others that standard Pidgeon is the greatest gentleman in Hollywood.

In public he abhors special favors because of his screen fame. On his maid's-night-out evenings, Walter took his Hollywood restaurants sometimes at his table, and dance up saying, "Your reservation is ready, Mr. Pidgeon."

"What reservation?" Walter inquired, "I don't have any reservation."

Two summers ago at the New York World's Fair, Walter Pidgeon and a pretty wife Ruth were ambling over vast Flushing acres in search of a celebrity restaurant. After miles and two aching arches Mrs. Pidgeon halted her husband. She told him her feet were just about to drop off.

"If we ever get to this place," she said, "and a waiter offers you a table, Walter—for heaven's sake, just this once—take it!

Mrs. Pidgeon knew her mate would stand around graciously bowing everyone into a seat before him. At that point Mrs. P. was in the mood for super manners.

Walter's wife was formerly Rh

"Pidge" and "Little Pidge": Walter with daughter Edna, who calls quite a figure in her father's life. PHOTOPLAY combined with Moviestars
ilker, a Missouri small-town girl. My dear, she's very happy together. Ruth is allish and attractive, quiet and intelligent. He doesn't interfere in the least with husband's career. No one at M-G-M remembers her on the lot. Her only connection with Walter's career is that she wears out her best books for Pidge and recommends those she thinks he'd like. Sometimes impinges on pictures he's about to do. They agreed on "How Green Was My Love," incidentally, long before Pidge had any idea he'd do it.

88. PIDGEON is the only person in Hollywood who consistently blitizes in backgammon, his favorite game, though he can take care of the gin-penny situation. She's also his favorite partner in bridge. Pidge doesn't play her. The Pidgeons spend most evenings card-playing, giving or attending parties around Los Angeles, Pasadena, Hollywood and points handy. My dear, she's fussy at music events, the VI and the Philharmonic. Some of her eminent pals are continually living from the East or abroad to up excitement. That's the only time Pidgeons show at Hollywood's plusheries. Paul and Daisy Lukas are probably their oldest and best screen colony friends despite their active social life, the geese have never expanded their nest Monterey house on the right side the tracks in Beverly Hills, or accrued much swank in other living situations. They own two cars, a small Ford and a three-year-old consible which Walter babies and refusés turn in on a new job.

while back, one of those newspaper standbys, a list of the best dressed men in America, popped up and Walter was included, along with a number of distinguished Americans such as Dr. James Bryant Conant, President of Harvard. This drew fire from an aunt of his in Boston—a conservative down-East lady who had always thought Walter wasted his talents on such frivolous stuff as movie-acting. One brother is an eminent physician in Boston. Another is a Canadian army officer. Pidge's aunt was pretty let down when Walter didn't study for the bar.

Anyway, she forwarded the clipping and with it this eloquent sentence, "Well, my dear, it's nice to know you can be classed at least sartorially with important people."

Actually, Pidge is no clothes-wise Beau Brummel. He passes up Eddie Schmidt for Bullocks-Wilshire, a Los Angeles department store. He owns about twenty suits. The only thing he's fussy about is his hats, which are specially made; sometimes his shoes are too. The Pidgeon dogs are oversized—number fourteen. But he's not a bit touchy about that.

The thing Pidgeon is fuzziest about, perhaps, is food. It's travels to which he devoted his youth (he's been everywhere except the Orient) have tempered a gourmet's tongue.

Last year, returning to Hollywood from New York, he took a long train trip through the South just to load up on Oysters Rockefeller and crepes suzettes at Antoine's in New Orleans. He doesn't drink, though. On the rare nights when Ruth is away he gets lonely and goes out to bars, sitting around sipping ginger ale. It's not through any teetotaller complex. A few years ago one of those pals of his, a surgeon at Mayo's, removed Walter's gall bladder and then cryptically told him, "I've had to remove 2600 gall bladders to learn they should never be removed!" Something about this digestive deletion makes Pidge dizzy on one drink, so he lays off.

SmoKING is another matter. Walter smokes too much and it worries him. In the last World War, he joined the Canadian army. He never got to France because he was crushed between a gun carriage and seriously injured. Gangrene set in and then pneumonia. He spent most of a year in bed and since then has felt guilty every time he puffs tobacco. For a long time Pidge stuck conservatively to pipes. But when the movies got him he found cigarettes were always being called for in scenes. He puffed them dutifully but doubtfully until his brother wrote him caustically. "Have you ever seen yourself smoking a cigarette in a movie?" wrote the disgruntled brother. "Well—you look like an old maid trying to be wicked. For gosh sakes, if you're going to smoke, smoke as though you meant it!" Walter immediately started inhaling and now he has the habit.

This comparatively minor vice hasn't wrecked his health or anything. For Walter Pidgeon is in as good shape as the next man, if not better. He's not too athletic, though he's no pushover at tennis and badminton. He hates golf coralaneously and can never look on skating or skiing as sports. Where he came from, St. John, New Brunswick they were practically necessities.

For his figure's sake he works out each morning with old-fashioned calisthenics and a rowing machine. He's a long sleeper—nine hours at least—so nothing will keep him up late when he's working.
Dear Diary—

He said he loved my hair

Jim said the lovely sparkle and gleam of my hair was the first thing that made him notice me. And yet it was only a few days ago...

Pidge is pretty practical about "dough." In fact, he already has a comfortable stack of the stuff. His penchant for pails has paid off. He doesn't rely on his salary check, hefty though it is by now. Some years ago one pal steered Walter on to a good thing in the Texas oil fields. Now he has fourteen wells pumping merrily away for the family cookie jar. He has financed a few movie shorts, too, and indulged in various business ventures on the side, all of which turn out as golden as Mammy's pancakes.

Right now he's looking for a thousand-acre dirt farm—a Chicago attorney pal of his is looking into this for Pidge. Walter wants it strictly for an investment. "I don't care if I never see the place myself," says Walter. "Imagine me on a farm!" It is a little impossible.

All this business acumen, so rare in actors, isn't difficult to understand when you realize Walter was a whiz himself once in the world of finance. He sold stocks and bonds around Boston in the palmy days. One morning a million and a half dollars of municipal bonds came into his office. That afternoon he sold the whole portfolio. Walter's friendliness paid off in finance, too. He had one client who was a stony nut to crack. The extremely wealthy old codger refused even to see salesman Pidgeon. Walter learned the old boy had a soft spot—he was crazy about apples. He promptly ordered a barrel of New Brunswick pippins and sent them in with his card. That day he cornered the biggest account in Boston.

Because of his business head, Walter Pidgeon is one actor who could do all right for himself if the studios closed down tomorrow. He's justly proud of the fact.

But the greatest pride and joy in Pidge's life by far is his tall, pretty and talented daughter, Edna. Edna looks so much like her dad that Mrs. John Ford, traveling East on the Chief recently, recognized her though they had never met. She is the daughter of Walter's first wife, who died at twenty-one in childbirth.

Edna's bringing up and education has been personal projects of Walter's like Larceny, the right now. Right now Edna is attending the New York Academy of Fine and Apple Arts.

Walter insists Edna inherits her artistic talent from her mother, who was successful magazine illustrator. Art out of his line and so—professionally at this point—is music, although he still likes to sing and play for himself at his friends and his collection of records symphonies is the only thing besides his collection of music cards that will keep him up past hours.

The Pidgeon third Hollywood comeback bore a guarantee that he'd never have to make a musical. After "He Green Was My Valley," Darryl Zanuck tried to persuade him to sing again, but Walter said "Sorry." He remembers that musicals ruined his Hollywood career Number Two. But he's still crazy about music, with a preference for ballads and Stephen Foster when he's sitting around with friends and yodels. The only music he can't take is opera.

Pidge hasn't the faintest intention ever returning to his singing for a living. He makes that clear to everyone who asks him. He's convinced that his vocal chords are so rusty by now he'd be chump to risk it. Of course, there's a remote reason for Pidge to change movie stripes right now. He's had the very best years of his life. After "Blossoms In The Dust," "Man Hunt," "How Green Was My Valley" and "M. Miniver," Walter Pidgeon is Hollywood major male success story of '41. Wh you come right down to it, the fact that this has occurred after Pidge's being twice discarded by Hollywood makes the greatest success story in the history of the town.

The End

He's the hero of Warner's "Larceny, In"—and he's a small man to boot. Edward G. Robinson changes some greebacks for gold—his defense stamps, and a smart trade-in at the counter with sal girl Juanita Sto.

P.S. Alice also said, "Use Nestle Shampoo before and Nestle Superset after Coloring to get a really perfect hair-do." I did! She was right! To get a free sample of Colorinsie just write the color of your hair on a postcard and mail it to the Nestle Co., 111 16th Ave., N. Y.

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MUSI
Hollywood, that down deep, is ring its ability to laugh . . . at itself for the world. . . . gland, in a sense, has pointed the way to make this adjustment possible. . . . for instance, that exciting and thought-provoking movie “The Invaders” is an English-made . . . an anti-Nazi movie, in one of the word . . . but swell novelty entertainment . . . I’m sure you enjoy it . . . but I think the big kick will come when it is the reassurance I get from the appearance of Laur- Olivier, Leslie Howard and Raymond Massey in it . . .

It is so good to see these Englishmen who have been lost to us for a while . . . it is so keen to see them look-health, looking relaxed and happy acting as debonairly as always . . .

And even a new set of stars is rising . . . they are coming as never before from the ranks of Hollywood’s young settlers . . .

AYBE you argue that Noah Beery Jr. has never equaled the fame of his dad Noah or his uncle Wally . . . that young Tim Holt . . . or that handsome Young is in no way comparable to first Doug’s box-office stature . . .

Just remember, then, is Mick-the mighty Rooney, son of Joe Yule, little knockabout comedian, and Ty-Power, the fourth generation of his family to bear that name to its greatest height . . .

Do you think of this newest crop and then think ten years ahead . . .

The four Crosbys, the four Ameches, two Shearer-Thalbergs, the three girls named Young, one of whom misses to Loretta and two being to Robert Young, and Mary Martin, and Virginia Bruce, Connie Bennett’s and Joan’s, and Erwins, and Andy Devine’s . . .

And on and on . . .

citing, isn’t it . . . exciting to think that in the case of the Lloyd girls will be a perfect proving ground how much acting ability comes by inheritance and how much by sheer en- ment . . . and how much by sheer . . .

ADOPTED” daughter . . . and when you think of how beautiful every one of those generation children should be . . .

I’ll let it all stand. I call it characteristically vivid Hollywood-ian that it should be bringing up these future pleasures for us this beauty and this talent and this . . .

to highlight our world that most certainly and will survive . . .

The End
SOLDIERS, SAILORS AND MARINES
ALL LIKE GIRLS WHO DRESS LIKE QUEENS . . .
AND ANY GIRL CAN MAKE A HIT
IN LAST YEAR'S FROCK MADE "NEW" WITH RIT!

- It's the patriotic thing to save materials! Do it the RIT way and you'll still look your prettiest. Give your last year's frocks a once-over with RIT—they'll sparkle, and so will you. Save precious silks and rayons—and buy extra Defense Stamps with the savings!
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NEVER SAY DYE . . . SAY
RIT TINTS & DYES

THE TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD'S SHADOW WIVES

(Continued from page 30) His own wife seemed to think that he was. Finally, a friend who had more courage than rest, went to her and said:

"I can't stand to see you standing and behaving like a blind fool. Max (which isn't his right name, of course) works with beautiful women all day long. He comes home to you at night and you as plain as an old shoe. Your hair has in a shaggy mane. Your clothes drip like a sack. It would be different. Max couldn't afford it. But he's ways urging you to spend money on yourself. He's a matinee idol now, loves you. But if you don't keep up with him, eventually you're going to lose him."

The entire effort was wasted. His wife in question just smiled sweetly, patted her well-meaning husband on the head, reassured and smugly explained that there was nothing to worry about. Max loved her. He always would. They'd been through things together that bound them forever. Of course, Max saw other women at their best, her at her worst. But what she had for him was real—theirs was synthetic. She knew it was a welcome relief for him to come home to her—the way he had always known her and loved her.

"I predict an early divorce for the pair. Everyone will probably blame her husband. In some cases this has been true. But nonprofessional wives can't wrong too."

THERE'S the case of the wife whose husband's success went to her head. The two of them were married long before the man was ever discovered for pictures. He had remained real and regular, as steadily climbed the ladder of success. The only reason she is ever invited is because everyone is so fond of her husband. He always remains inconsiderate of the background. She monopolizes conversations. She imagines herself to be a great authority and invariably up telling some big star how she and he have played a scene. She can and stand how her husband puts up with her—somebody very special, a great screen lover. She loves to exalt him in front of a showing roomful crowd. She reforms her listeners that their families physician has prescribed vitamin shots for added energy.

SO MUCH for those nonprofessional wives whose names it is wiser to kinder to withhold. It has been the fate of "Fearless" to witness other denouements, when the wives were put on a war footing. Where they had to grind and take it sure Mrs. Gary Cooper must have been very embarrassed one night going to a premiere. She and Gary were just ahead of the usual crowd of fans swarmed around the entrance. Gary stopped to give autographs. Mrs. Cooper looked tired. She may have been ill. Perhaps she had suffered some unfortunate experience under
circumstances. The fans can be very de to nonprofessional wives at times. anyway, Mrs. Cooper seemed to give the present theme, and said the inter- cession. As they turned to walk on in, smart-aleck fan called after them: "Hey, Gary, who's being fed raw to soufflés!"

In all Hollywood there isn't a nicer up than the Jimmy Cagneyes. Maybe a year they step out to a night of fun together, or a man, or a night out, and all the nashes, all seem to have a grapefruit. I wanna push it in the face with a grapefruit!

Naturally Mrs. Cagney was quite embarrassed. Everyone was saying Jimmy it calmly. Then, in that quiet, in- table fashion of his, he replied: "All right—if it will make you happy. Go ahead.

They hauled off and let Jimmy have it in the face. He never moved a muscle. Then he softly said: "There now, I hope you feel better." Mrs. Cagney's evening was completely ruined.

Nonprofessional wives are often put in daily human situations. But they don't voice their disagreement. Their hands are public heroes. Their fans are served. Quick judgment, control of temper, and tact are necessary. The guests are necessary. They know how to be tactful. They know they are not under close scrutiny. Un- thes, and Fred Astaire dives dining in public places.

According to the story, she once heard a woman at an adjoining table openly tell someone, "Hey, what did Fred see in her?" This often happens, you know. Strangers discuss wives in loud voices, right under their noses. They are regarded as insignificant objects, completely lacking such commonplace faculties as hearing, seeing, thinking. Most of the wives do try to have a voice of humor about it. If they didn't, there would indeed be a sorry group of men.

FM time to time it has been comparatively simple for "Fearless" to be the most successful nonprofessional wives. Rubbing elbows with Mrs. Don Ameche, Mrs. Robert Cummings, Mrs. Victor Moore, Mrs. Dennis Morgan, Mrs. Spencer Tracy, Mrs. Nelson Eddy, Mrs. Red Skelton, Mrs. Robert Young, is obvious proof that these wives have what it takes. Yet they probably isn't a single one of them who has at some time experienced the kind of 'popularity' that only a nonprofessional wife can ex- treme.

Frequently, in fact, such women are placed at tables opposite beauti- ful and equally famous women. The husbands are usually, when dinner is served there, sitting four or five feet away. Such dinner parties are an annual event. The husbands are placed at tables opposite beauti- ful and equally famous women. The husbands are usually sitting at dinner parties, as far from the other women as possible. The husbands are wise. They don't have the hus- tle of the wives. Actually, they feel sorry for them.

If a success as a nonprofessional wife a woman's work is cut out for her all the way. More or less, they all look the same way. Once she has mastered the role, her part in her husband's career is comparatively simple. She must pay no attention to those anonymous items in the gossip columns. Even though they threaten the very foundations of her marriage, she must pretend not to see the ink of scandal that have a way of floating through thinly partitioned walls in beauty parlors. She has to beware of sympa- thetic females who tell her husband that his wife doesn't appreciate him. Then she has to pretend that she's not aware of the female at all.

When his fans hide in his car or at- tempt suicide on her very own doorstep, the nonprofessional wife accepts it all as part of a busy day. When her husband complains at dinner that she's given him the same thing he had for lunch at the studio, she wouldn't dare remind him of a line from his current picture. The night before she might have helped her husband. "Darling," he says (only this time to Claudette Colbert or Bette Davis), "I'd eat mush every day in the year—as long as I knew it was prepared by your pink and white puddings."

A good wife would never tweak him about this. Acting is very serious business!

SOMETIMES relatives arrive in town unexpectedly. (It's happened in Hol- lywood!) They have never met the nonprofessional wife's husband. Naturally, she wants to show him off—they can go back home and tell everyone about her brilliant marriage.

Invariably this turns out to be the night her husband comes home sore at his lead- ing lady. He doesn't feel like talking. No one understands him. He says he's going to get out of this rotten business. Dinner becomes rather a monotonous affair. An excuse and drags himself off to bed. The wife has the rest of the evening to explain what just happened, and what's got into her husband.

Of course it's quite different when they go to a night club. Or attend a Holly- wood party. Someone drags the famous husband off to meet someone. He tells his wife he'll be gone only five minutes. He leaves her sitting there for hours. It feels like a woman with two heads. When he returns, even if she tactfully suggests that he should be more considerate—a great mistake. He couldn't be rude and walk away, could he? He's surprised at his wife's complete lack of understanding. Later on in the evening he gets tired. The women in the place think he's adorable. They swarm over to the wife and tell her about her amusing husband. Such devastating humor. He's the life of the party. When the wife gets home, she holds his head until morning.

You've all seen those pictures in the magazines. Movie stars at home! Wives snuggling cozily next to their famous husbands. Candid camera shots at Ciro's, at Santa Anita. Preemires at the Four Star. At Grauman's Chinese. Gay, laughing wives covered with jewels. Smothered in furs. Clinging possessively to famous arms that have clung possessively to the most famous waistslines on the screen. Deep down in your heart you've probably envied these women. Nice work if you can get it, you say.

Before you envy a nonprofessional wife, before you write those passionate pale pink missives, remember it's one thing to have him for those ninety minutes on the screen. It's quite another when you've got him three hundred and sixty-five days in the year—and he behaves quite like any other normal man. Many's the time so many shadow wives of Hollywood are such terrific fans them- selves. They seldom miss a movie. Especially when Charles Boyer is on the screen!

Which Tampon can you trust—and when?

YOU CAN TRUST FIBS, the Kotex Tampon... with Fibs you can change to shorts, play suit or even a bathing suit with nobody the wiser! Worn internally, Fibs provide invisible sanitary protection... no pins, pads or belts... no chafing, no disposal problem.

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FIBS—the Kotex Tampon

The End.
Table Talk

Wendy Barrie gets on the silver standard in a way that will have all Hollywood buzzing

Good look at a good-looking table, hostessed by Wendy Barrie, decorated by silver that has two telling points

BY ANN HAMILTON

A better look at Wendy in her Ambulance and Transfer Corps uniform, with her stand-in Youda Hays and Youda's small son

If there is anything I like better than a tea party it's a tea party in the real British tradition. So a few days ago when I was invited to tea at the home of Wendy Barrie and her mother, Mrs. Jenkin, you can bet I went running.

The tea table was like the rest of the house—perfect. There was tea in a smart streamlined earthenware pot—Mrs. Jenkin believes, and rightly, that there is nothing like earthenware for bringing out the true flavor and aroma of tea—a luscious-looking cake, tiny napkins with sprightly monkey appliques and gleaming and lustrous beneath soft lights, the love-liest silverware I have ever seen. I couldn't help admiring it and Mrs. Jenkin, noticing my interest, told me that it's a new selection of Wendy's. They like it particularly because it is light yet sturdy and because its simple dignified pattern makes it suitable for all occasions from a family breakfast to the most exacting dinner party. (For your information, Wendy's silver is the Del Mar pattern.)

Wendy came in clamoring for tea as a relaxation after a long day on duty. She had been at her post with the American Women's Ambulance and Transport Corps. She was still in uniform with a pert little cap slanted over one eye and did she look like a million dollars!

The only fault I could find with Wendy's devotion to the Corps is that it seems to have disrupted completely her film work. She just hasn't any picture plans at all, she explained, and she doesn't know when she is going to find the time to have any.

"You'll have to find time," I protested. "I don't see how 'The Gay Falcon' is going to get along without you."

But Wendy just smiled and said she felt the work of the Corps was so im-portant that it would have to take precedence over any personal plans and the next moment, as serenely as though such ugly things as war didn't exist, she was serving me another slice of that delicious peach jam layer cake and writing down for me these directions:

Peach Jam Layer Cake

2 cups sifted cake flour
2 tsps. double acting baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup butter or other shortening
1 cup sugar
1 egg
3/4 cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla

Sift flour, measure, add baking powder and salt and sift together three times. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, add egg and cream together thoroughly. Add flour to creamed mixture, alternately with milk, a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla. Bake in two greased layer pans in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) 40 to 45 minutes. Spread uncooked frosting between layers. Spread peach jam on top, then cover sides with remaining frosting, sprinkled with 1 cup chopped toasted almonds. Garnish with whipped cream.

Uncooked Frosting

4tbls. butter
2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
3 tbls. milk
Pinch salt
1 tsp. almond extract

Cream butter, add half the sugar and a cream together thoroughly. Add remaining sugar, alternately with milk, a small quantity at a time, creaming thoroughly after each addition. Continue until mixture is of right consistency to spread.

When there isn't time to bake a cake Wendy suggests fruitied tea ring.

Fruited Tea Ring

2 cups prepared biscuit mix
3/4 cup milk or water
1/2 cup butter or margarine, softened
1/4 cup firmly packed brown sugar
1 tsp. chopped fruit
1/2 cup chopped nuts

Combine biscuit mix and liquid and roll dough one-third inch thick. Spread with softened butter. Mix brown sugar, cinnamon, salt and nuts and spread over dough. Form into long roll and join ends of roll to form ring. Place in greased baking sheet. With scissors slit slices almost to center of ring (each slice should be about one inch on the outside) and twist each slice so that cut edge slants upward to show filling. Bake in hot oven (425 degrees F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Cooked dried apricots, prunes, chopped and well drained, may be used, or raisins, currants, figs or date or any combination of these.
Life Owes You Nothing

continued from page 58) that he'd
er... say two lines on the main stage
the Playhouse (there are four stages,
told) than eat. And heavens knows
loved to eat.

But, after a few months, Victor Mature
gan to think "Paths Of Glory" had
en fool's gold. He had hit it lucky
a first time out and now he couldn't
a part to save his life. He decided
move out to Pasadena and save him-
we from the trouble of commuting back and
h to Hollywood. That raised a prob-
: Where could he find a place to stay
$8 a month in Pasadena? He hur-
the problem by putting up a tent
the back yard of the house belonging
one of the Playhouse's numerous (and
iful) girl students—the kind that
resent studying dramatics before
. That took care of the rent prob-
. As for food—cheerfully Victor
isse the world around that
was v.a. (very available) for any
and a part-time job from minding
ies to washing cars. Offers trickled.
His economic problems solved, he
oted all his free moments to his great
ade.

was almost summer when he received
he news: At the recommendation of
or Brown, he was herewith being
ed a fellowship at the Pasadena
house, etc., etc. He was supposed to attend classes
nings and act afternoons and eve-
gs. He went to one solitary class and
we off. He didn't mind building
ers, moving props or what have you,
this academic study of acting—it
n't for him. That was all right for
stage-struck girls who had nothing better
do, perhaps...

One of these girls was Frances Evans,
a beautiful red-haired maiden. The
ville rebel took one glimpse of
her, was transported to another world,
retumed to this earth in time to begin
an instant courtship and wound up marr-
ing (in jail) at Yuma, January 30, 1938.
The marriage was destined to failure
most from the beginning. Performed
an impulse, maintained in secrecy (he
lined in his tent while she lived in the
girls' dormitory) and practiced only
hapsazardly, the marriage lasted a few
ths and was dissolved in the divorce
ts.

The marriage floundered but the career
 prospered. By the spring of 1939 when
ilmor Brown announced that the Play-
ouse would present "To Quito And
" with Victor Mature in the lead, he
had appeared in over 100 plays, some
twenty-five of them starring vehicles.
"To Quito And Back," however, was the
lay of plays.

Or so, at least, Hal Roach, the pro-
cducer, was led to believe when he came
cross a huge broadside announcing the
coming Playhouse production of "Quito."
On the cover of the brochure (the
workshop of the star, himself), was a
picture of a vivid young man with
napel written all over his features.

"Victor Mature, eh?" Hal Roach
used. "Never heard of him, but may-
be I'd better."

Hal Roach dropped by the Playhouse,
aw the vivid young man in action and
en then put the question up to him: How
would he like to play the part of a
ngster named Lefty in "The House-
keeper's Daughter"? Mature snatched
the offer with a line that is pure Mature:
"Actors make parts—parts don't make
ctors."

If Hal Roach was skeptical at the time,
so had ample reason to change his
mind. "The Housekeeper's Daughter"
hadn't been released a month before an
avalanche of letters—20,000, by count—
descended on him. The avalanche of let-
ters did him a great service. They helped
make up his mind as to whom he would
use in the lead of his prehistoric epic,
"1,000,000 B.C." He picked Victor Ma-
ture—again on a piece-work basis. When
the returns began pouring in, mostly
hapsodies from women who had
 swooned away at the sight of the Adonis
in doeskin and wanted to see more of
him, Roach gave his discovery the lead
in a swashbuckler called "Captain Cau-
tion." The critics, as usual, panned the
picture and dismissed the principal per-
former as "scenic but so-what." Roach,
ignoring the critics, signed Mature to a
term contract at $250 a week. Holly-
wood-at-large, ignoring Mature (as
much as you can ignore a hurricane),
tagged him with the label of "upstart
jerk" and turned its back on him.

THE back-turning on Victor Mature was
done by Hollywood-at-large, mind you.
Not by Hollywood's women. The same
qualities that had attracted honest ma-
trons in Dallas, Dubuque and Denver
worked their wonders on the ladies of
the cinema. Jean Parker, Mary Beth
Hughes, Carole Landis, Liz Whitney,
Lana Turner, Betty Grable—all of them
became, one after the other, Mature af-
icionadas. There were others, many

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This cotton sheet—washed, Linit-starched, ironed 87 times—shows no evidence of fabric wear, even under the microscope. It looks new, has linen-like finish. (Tests by United States Testing Co., Inc. Test No. 24747, Feb. 6, 1942.)

others. The flame flickered, Mr. Walter Winchell called them an "item" and the fire died out, in some cases mutually.

The approbation of Hollywood's ladies was fine, but was that to be the only reward for five stormy and tormented years spent in trying to learn the craft of an actor? But perhaps that was all he had coming. Maybe so.

There was one way to find out whether he was an actor or not: the New York stage. And the quicker he found out the better. He did a chore in "No, No, Nanette" on loan-out to RKO, talked it over with Hal Roach who had a picture in mind for him, and took off for New York.

New York provided the answer to the question of whether he was an actor or an "upstart jerk" in the Moss Hart musical, "Lady In The Dark." As Randy Curtis, a caricature of a movie glamour boy, he won the unconditional plaudits of the drama critics, many of whom have little use for Hollywood and less for glamour boys.

Here was vindication, swift and in-controvertible. Not even brave Hollywood dared question it.
The junket to New York netted him more than a whitewashing on charges of dramatic incompetence. It netted him a bride.

He first met Martha Stephenson Kemp, widow of the late bandsman, Hal Kemp, at the Star Club. Mark Hamer, the theatrical man, or maybe it was Sherman Billingsley, the club's proprietor, introduced them. The point is that the lion of New York took one look at the chic, attractive, camellia-complexioned blonde and was smitten—hard. Up until now pursued by women, he found himself in the novel situation of having to do a little pursuing himself. The plain truth is that Martha Stephenson Kemp was not bowled over at that first meeting, which may or may not explain Victor's capitulation.

"It was like that—Voom!" he explained. Well, at any rate, he lost no time. Martha Kemp had just opened the door of her apartment that night when the telephone rang. It was Mr. Mature. He wanted to tell her how lovely she was. She thought it was nice of him. Did she? Well, when could she see her? She didn't know. She was rather busy, what with working for Sally Victor days and seeing after the baby nights. And thanks for calling.

Anyone else might have given up, but not Victor Mature. The Mature nature doesn't comprehend the word "No." Consequently, as the days went by he courted her by wire, special messenger and telephone.

He sent her whimsical gifts. He composed clever verses. Finally, he called to ask if he couldn't come over and bounce the baby on his knee. Martha Stephenson Kemp chucked, gave in. He showed up with his arms full of presents for the baby. True, they were a little too adult for Mrs. Townsend (which, by the way, is the baby's true name) who isn't very mechanically minded yet (she was six or seven-months old at the time) but she got a big kick out of flogging them around.

That visit led to a dinner at 21. Martha Stephenson Kemp found that a matinee idol could be witty, gracious and even stimulating. Yes, even fascinating. From that evening on, it was just a matter of time.

Some six weeks later they announced their engagement.
The news that the "reincarnated Valentino," as some of the press hailed

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nature, was to take unto himself a wife, named a minor sensation in the Gotham.

City editors assigned their best men to the job of finding out when and where the marriage was taking place. Curiously enough only one person in New York, outside of the principals, knew the time and place. He could have told the information for $500 to any city editor in town. But he didn't.

He did tell the cabbie that the "very beautiful girl" was Lana Turner. It is said as well. The fact remains that the dress was so grateful that he called up the next day, with a proposition that flabbered the Mature. That cabbie, it turns out, was by day a chauffeur for a very rich personage who owned a special car. That limousine, the cabbie informed Mr. M., was at his disposal for the wedding.

"I'd prefer something less flashy," Victoria said. "Fine, the boss has another car."

WHICH is how come a taxicab driver was the one in town who knew forehand when and where a feminine person was getting hitched. He chauffeured the groom to the Park Avenue apartment of the bride's mother where the ceremony took place.

He Victor Mature, who has just wound "My Gal Sal" and is now training as a fighter for "Strictly Dynamite," coating his ex-flame, Betty Grable, is not the same Victor Mature who left Louisiane to find the answer to what was haunting him. The agony is gone. But restlessness is still with him. It always will be.

But there is no mistaking that fact: actor is what he was cut out to be. Exceptional weeks between pictures to $2500-a-week Mature with that unrest of old curiosity and frustration overhanging him. During this last intermission he simply disappeared. Not even studio could find him. He didn't want to be found.

He happy? Well, when you come right down to it, they, one of the immortal seven (if remember), is the only one who is happy. This goes to press, the second Mature rage seems to have collapsed. Mrs. Mature has announced plans to file for divorce.

Her spectacular spouse, in true throwback fashion, has betaken himself to life in a small hotel in Hollywood, hugging electric sign high on the hill from which his entwist cast herself in a suicidal ride, thereby making it a marked spot in the Hollywood colony. From that hill the mature has emerged all the press: have given up all hope of ever making a marital go of it with Martha."

Divine discontent is what leavens surely Victor Mature has had more than his portion. The End.
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The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 24)

The Mayor Of 44th Street
(RKO-Radio)

It's About: A paroled racketeer who attempts to take over his benefactor's business.

"I SHOULD have my head sent out to be examined," George Murphy says from the screen. Every member of the audience automatically cried, "You're telling me?"

Meaning to aid a former racketeer, played by Richard Barthelmess, Mr. Murphy not only helps him obtain a parole but takes him into his business as an agent for dance bands.

Not only that, Mr. Murphy takes into a firm a boyhood hooligan who has all but wrecked his business. When the racketeer and hooligan take over the business Mr. Murphy is just too surprised for words.

Anne Shirley, who looks lovely, is not at home in her role as hoofer assistant to Mr. Murphy. The audience is not home either, but my, how they wished they were.

Your Reviewer Says: B nonsense with an A star.

✓ Ride 'Em Cowboy (Universal)

It's About: Tenderfeet get hot-footed to the old West.

No matter how weak the weapon, Abbott and Costello always hit the bull's eye of laughter, it seems, and, while this is pretty thin stuff, it will please the customers, judging from past offerings.

No two ways about it, Universal is rapidly killing off this pair of geese who lay the golden eggs. They'll lay eggs pretty soon that won't be golden and then maybe the studio will regret its thoughtless greediness.

Anyway, Bud and Lou are peanut venders at a New York rodeo. They land on a dude ranch out West about the same time a would-be Western hero (Dick Foran) arrives. Dick, who writes a mean Western yarn but couldn't ride a bicycle, falls for Anne Gwynne, ranch owner's daughter, who forthwith teaches him in six easy lessons how to be a cowboy.

There are several hilarious moments and a fair enough amount of chuckling ones to put Bud and Lou across. But why not a really good comedy for a change?

Your Reviewer Says: Well, anyway, it's a relief to giggle.

This Time For Keeps (M-G-M)

It's About: A groom who finds working for Father-in-law is spinach.

Some time ago, Ann Rutherford and John Shelton made the first married-life picture in a contemplated series. And pretty good it was.

Now the series continues with Robert Sterling as the boy and Guy Kibbee as the father, formerly played by Frank Morgan. Ann and her husband are still in their first year of marriage and still finding the going a bit shaky. For one thing, Robert hasn't a very good job and when he finally agrees to work for his father-in-law, realtor Guy Kibbee, he still hasn't got a good job, what with Kibbee's horning in on every deal by his son-in-law.

Anyway, the groom finally gets away from his relatives and goes to work for Henry O'Neill in the candy business and everything ends well.

Virginia Weidler is almost too clever as the kid sister.

Your Reviewer Says: Well, you know why is.

The Night Before The Divorce
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: An overwhelming wife versus the little blonde fluff.

My heavens, they kill Nils Asther again! What's more, they make a mere incident in the story of a husband, Joseph Allen, Jr., who grew tired of his superior wife, Lynn Bar and so turns to blonde charmer Mrs. Beth Hughes for comfort.

Then into the fray steps Mr. Asther, one of the finest craftsmen in this business, to get bumped off in a flash in order that Mr. Allen may be brought to his senses. What about bringing Hollywood to its senses?

If you can tie any of this together fine. Tie it as a Bundles for Bluejackets and get it out of our sight. The idea and actor like Asther as a murdered player. What a business!

Your Reviewer Says: We're mad. Don't speak to us.

Young America
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The transformation of a snooty to a loyal country girl.

No wonder Jane Withers is leaving Twentieth Century-Fox after one more picture! Another like this at there is danger we may all leave Jane, who has been given nothing but third rate yarns.

The story exploits the national organization of the 4-H Clubs throughout America (Head, Heart, Hands and Health), and how Jane, a snooty girls sitting on Grandma's farm, herself straightened out by the idea of the Club.

There is also a livestock show in which Jane exonerates a competitor accused of cheating and another sequence in which a draft dodger is captured.

Jane is good and, again we say, serves better.

Your Reviewer Says: Only if you are Withers loyalist.

✓ Mr. Bug Goes To Town
(Paramount)

It's About: Life in the insect world.

For sheer delightful novelty, the bug rate the clover cupcakes. Against background of skyscraper New York, inhabited by monster humans, all seen with an insect's perspective, live on actors in this cartooned story. Hoppity the hero grasshopper, Honey, the sweet and adorable bee daughter of one Mr. Bumble, a kindly Ladybug, a whist
snail, plus the inevitable bee boy scout and other fascinating folk decide to improve their living conditions. They need improvement badly, what with the earthquakes caused by the tread of human feet and the thundering roar of vehicular traffic; to say nothing of the villainy of racketeers, C. Bagley Beetle and his mobsters, Swat the Fly, and Snack the Mosquito. A lovely garden insect come the objective of the insects and they achieve it, only to find their lives endangered by children at play.

Music, comedy, laughter and tragedy crowd the lives of our insect friends. Directed by Dave Fleischer, the film comes at a particularly timely moment when we need to turn from our human world to still another use for fun and laughter.

Your Reviewer Says: It wins the prize for novelty.

What's Cookin'? (Universal)

It's About: A clash between jives and classical music.

THERE are two ways for Hollywood to present a group of talented kids on the screen; have them either attempting to land a place on Broadway or on the air. There can be no deviation of plot, it seems. In this instance our group of the Jivin' Jacks and Jills is radio-minded and finally succeeds in supplanting a symphony concert on the air by wrecking the broadcast and taking over.

Think thee these are laughable doings worthy of projecting into thousands of children's minds? Well, at any rate, the kids are good, which is a relief.

Charles Butterworth (eccentric) and wife Billie Burke (confused) are the sponsors who lose in their battle for classics to the jivers who have moved next door to the estate of Jane Frazee. Jane is quite a singer, herself, and holds her own in competition with the ever-popular Andrews Sisters. Gloria Jean, as the niece of Billie Burke, gives out with several keen numbers. Robert Paige, as advertising head for All-American Food Products, headed by Miss Burke, and Jane Frazee provide the love interest.

But it's music from first to last that holds sway, with Woody Herman's band providing the motive for swaying.

Your Reviewer Says: Only for those who like an evening of modern music.

Torpedo Boat (Paramount)

It's About: A timely military invention.

LUCK is with our young producers Bill Pine and Bill Thomas whose limited-budget pictures have proved a gold mine. Again they hit the bull's eye in their Richard-Arlen-as-hero series by having their hero and friend Phil Terry conceive a device for projecting both planes into the air and torpedo boats into the water from the same carrier.

The boys are both excellent. Jean Parker as the girl who separates the friends and Cecelia Parker, who brings them together again, are grade A.

Your Reviewer Says: Up to the minute.

The Man Who Returned To Life (Columbia)

It's About: A man who returns to free an innocent man of his crime.

JOHN HOWARD is the heart objective of headstrong Ruth Ford who hurls
her car over a cliff to face death rather than lose Howard. Miss Ford dies in the crash and Howard is arrested for her murder.

After he flees to California, marries Lucile Fairbanks and becomes a respected citizen, Howard learns the man who sought his life back in his former town for the crime he did not commit is now himself accused of murdering Howard. So back to all the former unpleasantries trek's our hero to aid his enemy.

His fine gesture is utterly wasted as far as we're concerned. This whole affair bored us out of our wits.

Your Reviewer Says: Hooey to these high-minded heroes.

Shut My Big Mouth (Columbia)

It's About: A horticulturist out West.

IT'S Joe E. Brown, folks, so what do you care if the story is a silly about a wealthy horticulturist who goes out West with his valet, Fritz Feld, to beautify the desert? What do you care if Joe is forced to become a marshal, flee the unwanted job as a woman, is adopted by an Indian tribe and decides to rescue the father he admires.

What do you care as long as Joe E. opens his mouth and makes you laugh?

Your Reviewer Says: Shut up and laugh.

Wild Bill Hickock Rides (Warners)

It's About: A reformed outlaw and a gambling joint mistress.

IF you've seen this Western once, you've seen it a hundred times. Maybe not with Bruce Cabot as the hero and Constance Bennett as the shifty-lady heroine, but otherwise it's the same old shoot-em-dead bad-man stuff.

It begins with Mrs. O'Leary's much-publicized cow whose single kick transfers Connie Bennett and her gambling den from Chicago to a frontier town, with the aid of old villainous Warren William.

In no time, Wild Bill (it's only Bruce Cabot, folks, don't let him fool you), a reformed baddle, starts shooting up the bad men on Connie's side. When she tries to stop him, he gives her the devil and drowns the cattle. Wild Bill won't believe her honorable intentions until it's almost too late. But not too late for this revolting scene more. Irene Hervey goes to work for a gambling club to help her ol' gambling daddy, Minor Watson, which of course alienates the family of her fiancé, Kent Taylor. Kent's family are the leaders of the community's reform organization, dearie me.

There are some quite good dramatic scenes, mainly between Irene Hervey and Minor Watson. Kent Taylor is a convincing hero despite some stilted dialogue. Good support is given by Jerome Cowan, Samuel S. Hinds, Claire Whitney, Selmer Jackson, Milburn Stone and Matty Fain.

Your Reviewer Says: We stood it; so can you.

A Tragedy At Midnight (Republic)

It's About: A radio detective who finds himself the leading suspect in a murder.

WELL, he asked for it. When Joe Howard, a radio detective who solve murder mysteries to the discomfort of the police, and wife Margaret Lindsay move into the adjacent apartment of Miles Mander and wife Mona Barrie, they run smack into a fresh little murder mystery of their own.

Unraveling his own private little affair brings Howard and Margaret into the unsavory dual life of the girl victim, mixup with gangsters, a chase and all the usual huff'n-puff couples lead anything but dull lives, it seems.

There are many loose ends which instead of dangling and Howard and Miss Lind say fail to achieve the smartness laid down by the Powell-Loy combination in the Thin Man series. Roscoe Karns, Key Luree, Hobart Cavanaugh and Lilian Bond adequate support.

Your Reviewer Says: A too-anemic Thin Man.

Kings Row (Warners)

It's About: Tragedy brought about by sadistic doctor in a small town.

For the emotionally adult, here is a feast of superb drama, intelligently executed and awash from the beaten path o movie formula.

The fate of five children is told from their school days to young man and womanhood. Ronald Reagan, the town square, likable character of Kings Row, love Nancy Coleman, daughter of Dr. Gordon played by Charles Coburn. Coburn and his wife, Judith Anderson, succeed in keeping them. But not until Regan learns his money and meets with an accident is his job as railroad worker. To even the score, the monster doctor needlessly amputates his leg.

Robert Cummings, Reagan's close friend, returns from Vienna with a degree in psychiatry to discover the tragedy in two revealed to him by Nancy. But in the meantime. Ann Sheridan, who love. Reagan, has married him and with the aid of Cummings helps him find a new life and create a new world.

Cummings gives a sterling performance, hampered, however, by incredible make-up that detracts from his characterization. Claude Rains is very good as the brilliant Dr. Tower who aids Cummings in his work. Betty Field, his daughter and the girl Cummings loves is brilliant in her role. Kaaren Verne and Maria Ouspenskaya are splendid additions to the cast.

Sam Wood has handled his cast and his story with brilliant understanding, never permitting it once to slip into the banal, keeping it always on a high plane at the sacrifice of sensationalism.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping fare for adults.

If Started With Eve (Universal)

It's About: A girl, a boy and a charming old man.
GOD news for Durbin fans! This is by all odds the best picture Deanna has had since her meteoric start in "Three Smart Girls." Honors go to the story which gives an interesting twist to the traditional Cinderella theme.

Deanna plays a hat-check girl who pinch-hits for the fiancée of a rich young scion whose dying father demands to see the girl whom his son is to marry. So pleased is the old gentleman with her that he proceeds to get well, causing no end of difficulties for the boy, now stuck with a bogus fiancée while the real one storms off in a huff.

The little Durbin is delightful in her new maturity. Robert Cummings plays with his deit flair for comedy. And Charles Laughton, as the charming old bully who fools them all, practically swipes the picture out from under the talented noses of his co-stars.

Your Reviewer Says: . . . And Adam loved it. So will you.

✓ To Be Or Not To Be (Korda-U.A.)

It's About: A married team of the theater who escape Nazis in Poland.

THE last picture made by Carole Lombard remains a fitting tribute to the idol, arresting beauty and personality of the star. There is no sense of shock in her posthumous appearance, so natural seems that she should speak to us in this way.

The picture in itself stands as a winner, combining humor, farce and melodrama, n their rich, delicious flavors. Jack Benny, as Carole's husband star, gives us his best screen performance to date, while that of Carole is so close to the legitimate rather than the slapstick. Robert Stack, as the young Polish aviator, is steady and sure, vesting his role with sincerity, all of which seems a bit incongruous when one realizes that master of the light touch, Ernst Lubitsch, put the performers through their paces.

Felix Bressart, a member of Jack's troupe; Tom Dugan, who plays Hitler in their stage play; Stanley Ridges, as the estraying professor; Sig Ruman as the last caball; and Lionel Atwill as an actor are all outstanding.

The manner in which Carole and Jack eschew the Gestapo, with ensuing laughable situations, and the petty slights of Jack who suspects his wife youthful romances are tremendously ever.

our Reviewer Says: The question is an- . . it's To Be.

✓ Mister V (Edward Small-U.A.)

Essential: An English professor who rescues great men from the Nazis.

MEMBER Leslie Howard in "The Scarlet Pimpernel." a picture made several years ago in England? Mr. V. is e modern Pimpernel, with Leslie up his old tricks of playing a vague and romantic hero. In reality, brave and fearless patriot.

In the story, Leslie, a professor of chemistry at Cambridge, embarks for Germany (just prior to the war) with a group of students on an excavating expedition. Imagine the dumbfounded amazement and admiration of the students when they discover the seemingly fed and confused professor is a liberator of thinkers, artists and writers held in 21 power.

Y, 1942

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DON'T think there's "nothing you can do" about externally-caused pimples, ugly chapped lips, rough, dry skin! Instead, try NOXZEMA, the famous medicated cream that was first acclaimed by scores of nurses as a grand complexion aid!

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- Black
- Dark Brown
- Light Brown
- Medium Brown
- Blonde
- Auburn

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City: _____________________________
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For once the Gestapo is depicted as composed of human beings blundering and guessing. Francis Sullivan, a counterpart of Goering, gives a brilliant performance.

Mary Morris is an unusual-looking young woman and performs very well.

Mr. Howard, who produced and directed the film, deserves praise for both efforts. The story has a tendency to lag in spots, but altogether it's an interesting and thrilling picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A brilliant duel worth watching.

ownik of Andy Hardy (M-G-M)

It's About: Andy Hardy, a Cinderella girl and a wolf.

This is another winner, packed with genial homey entertainment. Mickey Rooney has the bee put on him by father Lewis Stone, via a traffic mix-up, and must take out the poor little rich girl, Pat O'Brien, like a Redgedy Ann at their first dance together. But before the next hop rolls around, Donna has learned a few tricks and proves a substitute for Andy's heart, however, still belongs to Polly Benedict, although she appears briefly in the picture, and it's Todd Karns, a grown-up actor, who walks away with Miss Reed.

Steve Cornell, a newcomer, impresses in his work as the F.B.I. agent.

Your Reviewer Says: You just can't beat 'em.

Song Of The Islands (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Feuds and love on a tropical South Sea Island.

For the "bumps" and "oomphs" of Betty Grable in a grass skirt, the absurd clowning of Jack Oakie and Hattie, the hunk-of-man Mature in a sarong, the beauty of the scenery enhanced by Technicolor, the chuckle antics of Billy Gilbert and grand performances by Thomas Mitchell and George Barbier, we hand out our one-check blessing. To the story we can hand very little.

Briefly it has Barbier, a cattle tycoon and father of Vic Mature, owner of a large ranch on this particular island. When Barbier comes avisting the island to investigate his son's attachments for Miss Grable, daughter of Thomas Mitchell, an Irish planter, he gets involved in a violent feud with Mitchell.

It really isn't so good as it should have been, but fans won't complain. Harry Owens' Hawaiian music is appealing.

Your Reviewer Says: Sex, music, comedy.

Captains Of The Clouds (Warners)

It's About: Training of bush country recruits to become members of the R.C.A.F.

Jimmy Cagney, an undisciplined sky-riding hijacker who has earned the enmity of pilots Dennis Morgan, Reginald Gardiner, Alan Hale and George Tobias (who later become instructors) for his unethical conduct, gets reorganized. What, again?" you ask. Yes, again!

Despite Cagney's oneriness, Dennis Morgan risks his life to fly for a doctor when Cagney needs medical aid badly. In return Cagney marries Brenda Marshall to keep the vixen from getting her hooks into Morgan.

After Cagney is eventually court-martialled out of the Army, he gets a chance to ferry a bomber to Britain. The sequence between the uninterested pictures occurs when a Nazi plane attacks the fleet of unarmed bombers. The principals are very good in their roles, but it's the lush backwoods country, enhanced by Technicolor, that really steals the show. Of interest is the brief appearance of Air-Marshall Billy Bishop, Canadian hero of World War I.

Your Reviewer Says: Timeliness is its chief asset.

The Adventures Of Martin Eden (Columbia)

It's About: The struggles of a young seaman to become a writer.

The Adventures of Martin Eden "talks a great deal about the brutality of life without exactly wading in it, thank heavens—unless one excepts the several fist fights between Glenn Ford, who plays young Eden and Ian MacDonald, the brutal ship's captain.

The story has Stuart Erwin sentenced to ten years' hard labour for mutiny. Martin Eden, a member of the crew attempts to free Erwin by revealing his book-length diary of the horror of conditions under Captain MacDonald. However, Mr. MacDonald decides if he can become famous as an author his ship's diary will be printed and the truth revealed.

He finally makes the grade and, turning his back on all he has gained, he uses his fame to clear his friend.

The two girls in his life are Evelyn Keyes, as the ship owner's daughter, and Claire Trevor, Erwin's sister, the factory girl who befriends him. Miss Keyes is badly photographed and Miss Trevor permitted to cut out of character at the story unfolds.

Glenn Ford progresses as one of the screen's best young actors, but this story is far too uninteresting a tale, too indefinite in procedure, to do much for him.

Your Reviewer Says: Raw.

Dangerously They Live (Warners)

It's About: A modern Mata Hari for the British Intelligence and Nazi agents.

Warner Brothers again flaunts its favorite theme in this saga of a British girl spy who, with the aid of a young intern, switches a Nazi spy ring.

Nancy Coleman, an attractive newcomer, is the girl who is despatched to Halifax with a verbal message for the routing of a large convoy of ships in Britain. An accident immediately after leaving her New York office in a taxi flown by a Nazi stooge lands her in the hospital where John Garfield is interned. Taking Garfield into her confidence, she pretends amnesia and permits herself to be taken by the Nazis to their estate in Canada. By the time Garfield discovers he is the intended victim, the estate proves to be a veritable concentration camp, hence the escape and subsequent smashing of the Nazi ring make quite exciting fare.

Raymond Massey as the Nazi head is excellent. His chief henchman, Moro Olsen, and Christian Rub, as another victim of the gang, are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: You've seen it before you'll see it again.
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When You Use This Amazing

Costs of Current Pictures

"ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN, THE"—Colombia. Screen play by William A. Le Baron, Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: Martin Eden, Glenn Ford; Constance Olcott, Claire Trevor; Ruth Montgomery, Evelyn Keyes; Joe Lane, Stuart Erwin, Johnnie, Dickie Moore; "Busby" Berkeley, Ian MacDonald; Carl Brisson; Frank Compton; Marie Syrian, Rafaela Ottiano; Mr. Morley, Pierre Watkin; Mrs. Morley, Regina Waller, Robert John McDonald.


"COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Augustus M. Johnston. Based upon the characters created by Jr. and Edna Rogers. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: Andy Hardy, Lewis Stone; Andy Hardy, Mickey Rooney; Marian Hardy, Cecilia Parker; Mr. Hardy, Fay Helm; Andy's Pal, Bob Friend; Ann Rutherford; Aunt Milly, Sara Haden; Alice Neffy, Donna Reed; J. W. Maitland, William Lundigan; steward Doug; Steven Cornell; Olivia Neffy, Frieda Inescort; Roderick O. Neffy, Harvey Stevens, Sacco, Betty Wall, Harry Von der Hoff, Joe Dugan, Jorge Baca, Harry Land, Todd Karns.

"DANGEROUSLY THEY LIVE"—Warner's. Original screen play by Marion Parsonnet. Directed by Victor Buono. Cast: Johnny Lawrence, John Lund, Peter Lorre; Henry, John Ridgely; Prince, Christian Rub; John, Frank Reicher; Eddie, Ben Welsh; John Dill, Cliff Clark; Dr. Mardock, Roland Drew; George, John Ridgely; Aunt Harry, Margaret Talbot; Big John, John Ridgely; Captain, Matthew Bond; Cap. Strong, Gemmy Muir; Mr. Sousa, Ralph Cranfield; Frank M. Thomas; Jim, James Sasy.

"FRISCO LIL"—Universal. Screen play by George Bricker and Michel Jacob. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: Lilli Damita, Irving Hervey; Bert Brecher, Kent Taylor; Jeff Gray, Mim Warner; Bob Brecher, Samuel N. Hinds; Vincent; Jerome Cowan; Bill Comstock, Milburn Stone; Carver, Matty Fain; Rod, Harry Strand; Artie, Tony Paton.

"INVADERS, THE"—Colombia. Original story and screen play by Emeric Pressburger. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: The U-Boat Crew: Kommandant Berndorf, Richard George; Lieutenant Kirth, Eric Portman; Lieutenant Kukusche, Raymond Lovell; Vogt, Niall MacGinn; Krum, Peter Moreo; Laibman, John Chandon; Jahn, Appleby, The Canadians; Johnlie, the Trumpet; Laurence Olivier; The Factories, Enda Connolly; the Eskimo, Evelyn Evan; Peter, Anton Walbrook; Andy, Lysa Grant; Andreas, Charles Victor; David, Frederick Piper; Pat, Armstrong Scott, Leslie Howard; George, the Indian, Tawara Mouns; Art, Eric Clavering; Bob, Leopold Ritter, Eric, Donald Mashey; and The United States Customs Officers, Theodore Salt, O. W. Fowler.

"IT STARTED WITH EVE"—Universal. Screen play by Norman Sanzen and L. T. Townsend. Original story by Hans Kraly. Directed by Henry King. Cast: Jerry, Deanna Durbin; Jonathan Reynolds, Jr., Raymond Walburn; Donald Martin, Jr., Robert Cummings; Bishop, Guy Kibbee; John Larr, Robert Young; Mrs. Pennington, Catharine Dunnet; Dr. Harbour, Walter Wanger; Joe Black, Charles Coleman; Reviewed Stebbins, Leonard Elliott; Ra Van, Irving Bacon and Ginger Schilling; Newspaper Editor, Wade Botter; Juke, Derwent Young; Charlie Bandell.

"KINGS ROW"—Warner's. Screen play by Casby Robinson. From the novel by Henry Bellamack. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Robert Montgomery, Ann Sheridan; Patrica Mitchell, Robert Cummings; Dr. Thomas, Lionel Barrymore; Caro Sanders, Betty Field; Mr. Henry, Gordon Craig; Charles, Claude Rains; Mrs. Harcourt Gorden, Judith Anderson; Louise Nancy, Nancy Coleman; Elsie Sandor, Katherine DeMille.

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At such times are you annoyed by backache, headache, cramps, distress of "irregularities," periods of the blues, perhaps weak, tired, nervous feelings—due to functional monthly disturbances? Then do this at once!

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This time-tested liquid medicine is famous to help women go smiling thru distress of these "difficult days." Taken regularly—thru the month—Pinkham's Compound helps build up resistance against such annoying symptoms.

Thousands Benefited!

Pinkham's Compound helps relieve monthly distress in such a sensible way. With nature's own beneficial roots and herbs! No harmful opiates. Thousands upon thousands of girls and women from all walks of life—have reported gratifying benefit.

Telephone your druggist right now for a bottle of Lydia Pinkham's Compound—famous for over 60 years and still the best known medicine you can buy today that's made especially for women. Follow label directions. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound is worth trying!
I hope it's only a rumor that Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul aren't getting along as well as they should. But when you have a business row with your studio and are harassed and don't know which way to turn, there's bound to be a reflection of that unrest in your private life. However, now that she's ironed out her difference with the studio, maybe the other has taken care of itself—or maybe it was just idle rumor anyhow.

Mary Astor's found perfect happiness in her marriage to Manuel del Campo, just as she did with her first husband, Kenneth Hawks. The famous movie director who crashed while directing an air scene for a picture. On the other hand there's Rudy Vallee who's still footloose and fancy-free. But then, Rudy's always kept in such fine physical condition that proof is in the pudding. The girls to outspit him. Then there's that conservative Edgar Bergen who seems to lead a charmed bachelor's existence. George Sanders still maintains he's a happy bachelor; I still maintain he's happily married to a very understanding wife.

—

**Let's Chat about Love**

Tailored trouser comes to look at fluff and ruffles—Lili Damita in her new uniform sizes up the sartorial situation at Ireen's fashion showing at Bullock's Wilshire.
NOW! ALL YOU’VE LOOKED FOR IN A LIPSTICK
In Tangee’s New Improved Satin-Finish

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

ARE YOU ONE of the thousands of women who have longed for a lipstick with a softer, glossier sheen—an alluring satin-finish? A lipstick, not too dry—yet not too moist—that trokes on so easily, so smoothly, it almost applies itself? A lipstick that stays on—I really mean stays on?

After two years of almost ceaseless effort to blend all these qualities into a single lipstick, we, at Tangee, are happy to offer you our new and exclusive Tangee SATIN-FINISH!

SATIN-FINISH, we believe, is the most important announcement Tangee has made in years. SATIN-FINISH means that you now may have—not only Tangee’s gloriously clear shades that blend so perfectly with your complexion, not only the famous Tangee cream base that feels so soothing to your lips—but the exquisite grooming of a SATIN-FINISH that lasts for hours and hours.

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

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

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED
"The Brilliant Scarlet Lipstick Shade."...always flattering.

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

TANGEE Lipsticks
WITH THE NEW SATIN-FINISH

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

It's Chesterfield

In mine too—say millions of satisfied smokers... for a Milder and decidedly Better-Tasting cigarette, one that's Cooler-Smoking, you just naturally pick Chesterfield.

And of course the big thing in Chesterfield that is giving everybody so much more smoking pleasure is its Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos... for regardless of price there is no better cigarette made today.

*MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELDS... and enjoy 'em They Satisfy*
GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

I0ST EMBARRASSING MOMENTS IN HOLLYWOOD by Hedda Hopper
Hearts should be gay, laughter lighthearted—and you should be looking your charming best when you date with men in the Service! You will, in these spring shades by Cutex. SADDLE BROWN—gallant red-brown... a particular compliment to your dashing young cavalryman! ALERT—captivating, merry rose-red... to keep the memory of your dear hands burning bright! Wear them gaily and—keep 'em dancing! Only 10¢ (plus tax) in U. S.

Northam Warren, New York

Newest Shades by CUTEX
Smile, Plain Girl, Smile...

You'll "star" in your own crowd—if your Smile is right!

For a smile that wins friends, invites happiness—help keep yours sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

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

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

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

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

Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"

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

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue, helping your gums to new firmness.

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

Start today with Ipana and MASSAGE
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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

JUNE, 1942 VOL. 21, NO. 1
GANGWAY! HERE COMES M.G.M.'S CARGO OF MUSICAL FUN!

ELEANOR POWELL "Red" SKELTON

"SHIP AHOY"

On waves of laughter comes a boat-load of stars and songs and swing-tunes and saucy sirens. Eleanor Powell taps her way to new breath-taking heights. Red Skelton never funnier with riotous Bert Lahr and Virginia O'Brien and a screenful of melody by Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra. Ship Ahoy! Oh, Boy!

with BERT LAHR • VIRGINIA O'BRIEN and TOMMY DORSEY AND HIS ORCHESTRA

Screen Play by Harry Clork
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by EDWARD BUZZELL
Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

The Dorsey Dervishes send you aquiver with "Last Call For Love", "Poor You", "I'll Take Tallulah" and other hits.
It isn't hard for Hollywood to figure out today why personalities like Herbert Marshall and Jack Holt are "coming back"... that's because the younger men have already gone or soon will be gone to the war... and even though it may seem a bit silly for Jack Holt to be making screen love to Gene Tierney, perhaps it may be just as well for the young girls of America to realize they may have to make these romantic compromises, too...

Hollywood takes the fact that Van Heflin rather than Robert Sterling will be in "Tulip Time" as merely one of those cases where a certain actor got "hot at the box office"... as Heflin has... and thereby forces the less established actor out of a role...

Hollywood smiles mockingly or romantically, depending upon its mood of the moment, over the fact that Dolores del Rio has a new career due to her having fallen in love with Orson Welles and he with her...

Hollywood looks at talented actresses like Frances Farmer and Miriam Hopkins, around taking whatever roles they can get and instantly knows the answer... these girls are paying the price of uncontrolled temperament...

Ah, yes, the insiders of Hollywood know all these things... but what is baffling them right now is why three personalities who were supposed to be "through" are distinctly nothing of the sort...

These disturbing people are George Sanders, Hedy Lamarr, and Sonja Henie and actually the Hollywood insiders would like to wring all three of their beautiful necks... the only obstacle being if they did they'd wring themselves out of several million dollars... and nobody ever gets that emotional in Hollywood...

Consider, first, the annoying case of Mr. George Sanders (for more personal details, see page 38)... the chief trouble with Mr. Sanders is that he is a fine actor, a great personality and a completely unfettered soul who doesn't scare worth a cent and who won't stay buried...

Don't think Hollywood didn't try to bury him... for what other reason would an actor like that be and stay in a series of "B's" like the "Saint" series?... sometimes a fine actor is discovered in a quickie... there was Mr. Clark Gable in "The Painted Desert" and Mr. Robert Taylor in "Society Doctor"... but when a good actor stays in quickies, there's a reason, pals, and a good, strong political reason it is, too...

When Mr. Sanders first arrived in Hollywood he had the notion that all he was supposed to do was to act when before a camera... a couple of powers-that-be started to set him right... he was told the things he was supposed to do when off screen, as well as on, so what did Mr. Sanders do then... he did as he pleased... he got put in the "Saint" series by way of disciplining him... he continued to do as he pleased... he got cast for a row of such heavies as would have killed most performers... the difficulty there was that he made the heavies so attractive he usually took the audience's attention away from the heroes, who seemed very colorless by contrast...

They exposed Mr. Sanders to a couple of interviewers... and Mr. Sanders got a very bad press, which he distinctly deserved, as he didn't bother to be polite... that bad press could have slaughtered a lesser player... but it didn't slaughter Mr. Sanders... not at all... he went right on... now, at last, he has a real leading role... a meaty, romantic though rather cruel role in Somerset Maugham's greatest story "The Moon And Sixpence"...

The answer to his popularity? The indestructible acting ability of Mr. Sanders and the simple, pleasant fact that the public loves good acting and will go to see it...

The public wants beauty, too, and will pay for that regardless... and beauty and glamour indestructible are what Hedy Lamarr possesses...

Don't think (Continued on page 75)
BARBARA STANWYCK says:

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

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

BARBARA STANWYCK gives the greatest performance of her entire career!

QUEEN OF THE GAMBLING HALLS!

BARBARA STANWYCK and JOEL McCREA in

"The Great Man's Lady"

with BRIAN DONLEVY

Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. RIVER
Original Story by Adela Rogers St. Johns and Seema Owen • Based on a Short Story by Vina Delmar • A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING
REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding

Howl-of-the-month film: Bob Hope and Madeleine Carroll in "My Favorite Blonde"

"Magnificent" is the word for it: Sabu and Rosemary DeCamp in "Jungle Book"

My Favorite Blonde (Paramount)

It's About: A vaudevillian who becomes involved with a British secret service agent.

BOB HOPE turns in his best acting to date in this farcical howl that has Madeleine Carroll a beautiful British agent attempting to deliver a code message to Los Angeles and poor Bob the dope who goes along for the ride.

Bob, a vaudevillian, co-stars with a roller-skating penguin that is due in Hollywood for pictures. Madeleine, pursued by Nazi agents, takes refuge in Bob's dressing room the night he departs for Hollywood and accompanies him West, thinking to throw her pursuers off the track. When things get too thick, Madeleine pins the beetle bearing the code message under Bob's coat lapel, whereupon he, innocent of it all, becomes the victim of Nazis Gale Sondergaard, George Zucco and Lionel Royce.

And oh, yes, the sight of Bing Crosby in a mere bit part only adds to the audience's delight.

How people will love this; how walls will ring with laughter! It makes us happy just to write about it.

Your Reviewer Says: The howl of the month.

The Best Pictures of the Month

My Favorite Blonde
The Male Animal
Jungle Book
To The Shores Of Tripoli
The Great Man's Lady
The Gold Rush

Best Performances

Bob Hope in "My Favorite Blonde"
Percy the Penguin in "My Favorite Blonde"
Jack Carson in "The Male Animal"
Henry Fonda in "The Male Animal"
Barbara Stanwyck in "The Great Man's Lady"
"The Little Fellow" in "The Gold Rush"

Jungle Book (Korda-U.A.)

It's About: Men's greed amidst the jungle's ever-lurking dangers.

A PAGEANTRY of sound, color and primitive beauty comes to life on the screen in Alexander Korda's Technicolor production of Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Book." Sabu, the young Indian lad, plays the boy raised by a wolf pack. Wise to the ways of the jungle, he is friends with all beasts except the tiger, his enemy, who finally forces him into a small village governed by Joseph Calleia. Here Rosemary DeCamp, his real mother, cares for the wolf boy, takes him into her home and accustoms him to the way of man. But when Calleia and greed men of the village learn the wild boy guards the secret of the hidden treasure they turn against him, driving him back to the jungle.

Magnificent beasts prowling amidst the lush scenes of the jungle, the magnificent lost palaces and the tremendous fire scenes contribute grandeur and beauty to entertainment that is different, novel and delightfully fantastic.

Your Reviewer Says: Beauty and beasts in rare setting.

(Continued on page 96)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 101
sister against sister!

Love made them hate each other!

THE MEN IN THEIR LIVES

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

OLIVIA SAYS: “I’m going to be hard—just as hard as she is!”

OLIVIA SAYS: “I’m going to be hard—just as hard as she is!”

A sensational novel throbs to life! The cast is one of WARNER BROS.’ best—the picture is one of Warners’ biggest!

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

“In This Our Life”

HARLES COBURN • FRANK CRAVEN • BILLIE BURKE • Directed by John Huston

Screen Play by Howard Koch • Based Upon the Novel by Ellen Glasgow • Music by Max Steiner

NE. 1942
TEN Facts About Ten Personalities:
Lana Turner is attending a Los Angeles Charm School.
Cary Grant will become an American citizen any day now.
Quit kidding! Jack Benny paid $350,000 in income taxes.
Judy Garland is now down to ninety-eight pounds and has her studio frantic with concern over her health.
Greer Garson is Hollywood’s choice for Number One Lady of Charm.
George Raft sponsors a sports carnival that travels from camp to camp, putting on fights for the boys.
Carole Landis has had her name changed through the courts from Frances Ridste to Carole Landis.
Victor McLaglen is the only man in the U.S.A. who can present Uncle Sam with a private army of light-horse cavalry men and women.
Rosalind Russell will adjust her picture activities so she can spend as much time as possible near her husband Fred Brisson in camp.

Claire Trevor and husband Clark Andrews are having a trial separation.

Hollywood Goes Mexican: Viva Mexico! Here comes Hollywood’s beauty, glamour and talent, stars, writers, producers and their wives to entertain the thousands of Mexican soldiers in camp at Ensenada.

Joel McCrea and his beautiful wife Frances Dee, Jimmy Cagney and his two brothers, Mary Martin, who killed the lads with (Continued on page 10)
Good Catch, Marion—
but can you Catch a Man?

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

Smart Girls take no chances of missing out on Romance!

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

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

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

For sanitary napkins—Safe, gentle Mum is an ideal deodorant for this important purpose. Don’t risk embarrassment! Always use Mum this way, too, as thousands of women do.
Making merry in Mexico are Mr. and Mrs. Joel McCrea, part of the star contingent that put on an Ensenada show for the Mexican Army. Grins by America's Colonel Rayner and Mexico's Commander Leon Mary Martin looks pretty; the Mexican Navy looks admiring. Show was termed "a good-will tribute to our sister republic."

Who Threw That: It was bound to happen. A crash of glass broke the Sunday quiet of Brentwood. Presently, up the walk of the Tyrone Power home came a tall sheepish man with a baseball bat. He was met at the door by a maid with a baseball. "I told you this was going to happen, Mr. Cooper," said the maid. The tall man scratched his head and looked at the hole in the window.

"Didn't think I could hit it this far," he said.

"That's the second time," said the maid. "The other Sunday, when Mr. and Mrs. Power were having breakfast, it came right into the patio and almost hit Mr. Power on the head." "I know. I apologized to Mr. and Mrs. Power. . . Uh . . . ." "Why don't you knock it off over (Continued on page 12)"
...and in a little while she'll be sitting there—ALONE

"S the same old story . . . men ask to meet her, then wish they hadn't. The dance, one close-up, and her glamour begins to fade. She knows it too, but she doesn't know why.

The world is full of women like that—women who might be more popular, spily married, but for one thing—they're unfortunately they may not be.

Halitosis (bad breath) is the offense forgivable. If you ever came face to face with this condition, you can readily understand why it might be the death warrant for Romance.

Since you, yourself, can offend without realizing it, and since your best friends won't tell you, you should take the easy, delightful precaution that so many really nice people insist on. Simply use Listerine Antiseptic every night and every morning, and between times before social or business engagements. This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant immediately makes your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While sometimes systemic, most cases of halitosis (bad breath), according to some authorities, are caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, gum, and mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation and overcomes the odors fermentation produces.

If you want others to like you, if you want to be welcome at parties, never, never omit Listerine. It's a most important part of your toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.
SALUTING OUR HEROES
WITH A
BIG PICTURE

EVER since
THE
DASTARDLY
ATTACK of
LAST
DEC. 7th,
AMERICA has
BEEN waiting
FOR a picture
LIKE "REMEMBER
PEARL HARBOR." Now
REPUBLIC brings it to
YOU! Combining a
STIRRING salute to
OUR valiant armed
FORCES with an
EXCITING
STORY of
ACTION and
ROMANCE,
"REMEMBER
PEARL
HARBOR"—will thrill you
FROM start to
FINISH.
HEADING the
IMPRESSIVE
CAST are
DONALD M.
BARRY, PAY
McKENZIE, and
ALAN CURTIS, with
SIG RUMAN.
RHYS WILLIAMS, IAN
KEITH, and DIANA DEL
RIO. Every patriotic
AMERICAN will enjoy
"REMEMBER PEARL
HARBOR"—enjoy
IT as a tribute
TO the heroes
OF our country,
AND enjoy
IT as a
DRAMATIC
STORY played
BY an exciting
CAST. With our
WHOLE nation
GOING all-out
FOR victory,
"REMEMBER
PEARL HARBOR"
POINTS the way.
HIROHITO won't
LIKE it, but
YOU will. It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

(Continued from page 10) in that di-
rection, toward Jesse Lasky's house?" asked the maid.
"Reckon I'll have to," said the cul-
pit. "And . . . uh . . . I'll pay for the
window!"

And Gary Cooper went back to his
regular Sunday batting practice for
the role of Lou Gehrig in "The Pride
Of The Yankees."

Which reminds us. The other day we
came upon Gary down at the Vic-
tory House (see page 76) in Pershing
Square, Los Angeles, selling Defense
Bonds. We paused to hear him talk.
We're glad we did.

"This park has certain memories for
me," he told the crowd after making
his initial appeal to buy bonds. "It
isn't so many years ago that I used to
sit on a bench here, look up at the
buildings and wonder which one of
the offices I could walk into and make
a sale.

"I was selling a variety of things
in those days, trying to get enough
money for carfare to and from Holly-
wood. I didn't have any idea of get-
ting into pictures as an actor, you
understand, but a couple of my pal-
from Montana were doing all right
riding the ponies in Westerns and
figured I could pick up a few pennies
at that.

"I sure never thought that I would
ever attract a crowd in Pershing
Square to see me!"

With that, he resumed his bond-
buying appeal and broke the record.
Good work, Gary. Keep it up.

Academy Awards Echoes: Although
the Academy Award dinner is over
and the Oscars given to Gary Cooper
and Joan Fontaine have been admired
echoes that will linger a long time
perhaps with a lasting effect, still fly
about on California's balmy breezes.
It is true Miss Fontaine was so
overcome as to be speechless and had
almost to lean upon Ginger Rogers
who presented the award, for courage.
On the other hand, Olivia, who last
accompanied Lt. James Stewart and
Burgess Meredith to a local night spot
after the dinner and was so over-
come at having lost she had to be supported to the door for fresh air.

To neither girl should go criticism for her natural reactions. If the men
couldn't take it, why should the girls be expected to? And certainly Gary
Cooper's pitiful groaning for words, his
giggling and halting speech were
more noticeable than Joan's feminine
reaction. Yet everyone loved Gary
Cooper for his lack of poise. He
wouldn't be Coop otherwise.

Bob Taylor's consolation prize to
wife Barbara Stanwyck, up for her
role in "Ball Of Fire," was a beau-
tiful gold bracelet. Jimmy Gleason,
who felt keenly at having lost to
Donald Crisp, gave his wife a gift, too.
"I knew you'd feel badly at my
losing," he said, "so I brought you this
present." It was three lumps of sugar
from the Award dinner.

Jimmy Stewart's cry of "Aha, Gary
Cooper!" when he opened the enve-
lope with Gary's name, showed his
happiness at his friend Coop's luck.

Wendell Willkie was the center of
every eyes at the dinner and no wonder.
Hollywood hasn't had so handsome a
visitor in many a day. Gary Cooper,
incidentally, referred to Mr. Willkie as
"perhaps our next president" and Bob
Hope declared his loyalty by display-
ing a monstrous Willkie button pinned
under his coat lapel. It brought down
the house when Bob flashed it from
the platform.

No one laughed harder than Willkie.

Last-Minute Flashes: Cupid has at
last caught up with Rudy Vallee, tar-
get for tonight's date. Rudy will marry
pretty brunette Mary McBride, nine-

A "Fink Scoop" picture of a last-
minute flash: Rudy Vallee and fian-
cee, nineteen-year-old Mary McBride

Enchant Him with New Beauty!
go on the
CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

Try this exciting beauty idea, based
on the advice of skin specialists,
praised by lovely brides!

A skin radiantly fresh ... exquisitely
lovely! What man can resist it? With
the help of Camay and the Mild-Soap
Diet such a lovely skin may soon be yours.

Perhaps, without know-
ing it, you have been cleans-
ing your skin improperly.
Or have failed to use a
beauty soap as mild as it
should be. Then the Camay
Mild-Soap Diet can bring
thrilling new loveliness!

Skin specialists themselves advise a
regular cleansing routine with a fine mild
soap. And Camay is more than just mild
—it is actually milder than dozens of
other popular beauty soaps. That's why
we urge you to "Go on the Camay Mild-
Soap Diet! ... TONIGHT!"

Even one treatment will leave your
skin feeling fresh and
thrillingly alive. But stay
with Camay and this easy
routine night and morning
for at least 30 days. Within
a very short while you
should see an enchanting
... exciting new loveliness.

GO ON THE MILD-SOAP DIET TONIGHT!

Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, pay-
ing special attention to the nose, the base of
moisturals and chin. Rinse with warm water and
follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are
free to function for natural beauty. In the morn-
ing—one more quick session with this milder
Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.
teen-year-old student at U.C.L.A., according to the bride-to-be's mother. Rudy, who is popular in Hollywood has everyone wishing him well.

**Free French—Free American:**

Ladies and gentlemen, greet our newest American—Mr. Charles Boyer, who has taken his final oath of allegiance to these United States.

Emerging from the Federal Court, where he awaited his turn in a line of more than 500 seeking naturalization papers, the actor said feelingly:

"I love France and its culture and civilization. From them I feel I have acquired a rich heritage which I believe will inspire me in proving my loyalty to my new country. I am deeply grateful that the United States has seen fit to honor me with citizenship."

Boyer has been taking a leading part in National Defense and is a leader on the Victory Committee.

These can be the kind of "times that try men's souls," especially those of our foreign-born Americans. Friends were talking of this the other day after the R.A.F. raid on Paris which resulted in so many Frenchmen's losing their lives and wondering about the secret thoughts of French-born Boyer and his English wife Pat Peterson.

English John Loder and his French wife early in the conflict came to the parting of the ways over political views, but have since reconciled.

In a continental town such as this, with its many foreigners, it requires tact, understanding and love to live in peace and friendly communion.

May we always keep those qualities.

**Our Chuckle Corner:** We couldn't help but think that none is so awed by genius as the man who is in the same line of work. Take Red Skelton. He hung about among all the jostling fans at the entrance of the Westwood Village Theater after the "Gold Rush" preview in order to glimpse Charlie Chaplin and maybe ask for his autograph. And Red one of the fastest growing comics in Hollywood! . . .

Hollywood can't help but giggle over the plight of Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan, who left M-G-M and signed with Edward Small Productions to get away from the Tarzan epics. You've guessed it—the first Small assignment has Johnny and Maureen together again.

Below: Everybody lined up to look at Loretta Young who sported a new-type sequined braid evening coat. Escort is husband Tom Lewis.
Hollywood loved the story, true or not, that went the rounds after its "attack." It seems General MacArthur, on learning of our air raid, cabled Washington: "If you can hold out for thirty days, we will send reinforcements." The attendance of Leopold Stokowski in a little Pico Boulevard jive joint where only the most rabid of jitterbugs go and whose only Hollywood customers have been Mickey Rooney and Jackie Cooper has the whole town buzzing. What's more, Leopold remained three hours applauding the naddest of the dancers like fury...

W. C. Fields claims his blood donation to the Red Cross turned out badly. All they could get from his veins was old rye and gin fizzes.

Cupid By Proxy: Joan Crawford, without meaning to, precipitated a romance between a man and woman she never met. It began when one of the syndicated columns carried a story that Joan would return to the "good old-fashioned kind of kissing" for her role in Columbia's "He Kissed The Bride."

One of her fans, Dorothy McClure of Davenport, Iowa, wrote a letter protesting against this type of role for the star and the letter was published. Subsequently, it was read by Donald Irvine of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Irvine wrote a letter to Miss McClure in which he took issue with her, claiming that Miss Crawford was her best in romantic roles, even if they were a bit torrid. That started a ball rolling and the two young people soon were corresponding regularly. The star has received a wire which announced the engagement of Irvine and Miss McClure and retailed the story behind the engagement.

Now all Cal wants to know is how a tarnation does the good old-fashioned kind of kissing differ from the 942 brand. Joan definitely refuses to enlighten s. She says, "G'wan, you find out for yourself."

Ticker: The Dennis Morgans, who were erroneously reported as separated time and again, will welcome their third child...

By the time you read this, Joan Fontaine and Errol Flynn will have their final citizenship papers. Joan was born in Japan of British parents. Lynn is a native of Ireland. 'Tis said her heart may prevent Errol's entrance into Uncle Sam's forces. . . . Pola Negri, the dark and mysterious one who mourned so noisily for the late Rudolph Valentino, is back in Hollywood again, determined to play truly heroine roles and not character parts. Why, not? In compari-
GET YOUNG IDEAS
—use Tampax

YOUTH sets the fashion in the world of today. The younger set does not hold back from trying new ideas and new ways. All through the country's famous colleges for young women, Tampax is especially in favor.

And why not? Progressive women know that Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally! No bulging "line" is possible and chafing is eliminated. Made of pure surgical cotton, it absorbs gently and naturally—permits no odor to form. Each Tampax comes sealed in one-time-use applicator, for quick and dainty insertion. Really you do not feel Tampax while wearing it, and disposal furnishes no problem at all.

New 3 sizes of Tampax: Regular, Super, Junior. They meet every individual need. (The new Super is about 50% more absorbent.) Sold at drug stores, notions counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you real bargain. Join the millions using Tampax now! Tampax Incorporated, New Brunswick, N. J.

TRY IMPROVED
SUPER TAMPA

Figure it out for yourself! The gentlemen keep up their constitutions; the ladies keep up the chatter. Left: Nancy Kelly and Bentley Ryan at Ciro's below: Desi Arnez and wife Lucille Ball in Brown Derby.

Cal York's Inside Stuff

Cal York

 Glamorish as anything you've ever glimpsed in your life.

Cupid on a Spree: Hollywood was sorry to hear that their favorite two-some, Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, have decided to share their time and hearts with others. The town has grown so used to seeing these sweethearts together it was something of a shock to glimpse Bonita out stepping with Jack Briggs, young RKO actor, while Jackie beat the drums in various night clubs alone.

"It isn't that we're not friends and won't see each other," they told Cal.

"But we're young and think maybe we'd best go about with others too." . . .

Friends say Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton will marry within a few months. Well, maybe and maybe not. Anyway, to be on the safe side we're reporting the news . . .

Before Nancy Kelly eloped and married Edmond O'Brien, from whom she is now divorced, she almost
loped with Irving Cummings, Jr., hanging her mind at the last minute.

Now Irving and Nancy are continuing their broken romance and his time may finish the trip to the altar. . . .

Ginny Simms is throwing more confusion into her romantic status with Lay Kyser by being seen everywhere with Bill Lundigan, a nice guy with whom to be seen, incidentally. . . .

The elopement of Artie Shaw, ex-Ir. Lana Turner, with Betty Kern, daughter of song writer Jerome Kern, came after an ardent wooing by Shaw of a Hollywood woman story editor. Something of this sort usually precedes a Shaw elopement . . .

Incidentally, a verbal spanking in the woodshed of Louis B. Mayer, T-G-M boss, has resulted in Miss Turner's being seen less with various orchestra boys in local dance halls. Little Miss Turner has to behave like a coming star these days.

*Personal Note To Laurence Olivier:* our young son Torquin, tall for his nine years, is appearing in a scene with several other British children for the picture "Eagle Squadron," so that you, his daddy, may see him when the picture is released in England. Torquin's mother, Jill Esmond, who also acting in the picture, thought this would be a wonderful opportunity for you to glimpse your boy.

We hope your duties with the R.A.F. won't keep you from seeing this picture.

---

**ON THE BRIGHTER SIDE . . .** Jantzen ingenuity to line up your figure for shore beauty . . . with bras that really uplift . . . with foundation control in charge of slimming, trimming, smoothing and such . . . with exciting Lantex yarn knitted fabrics in rich lush colors that hold their loveliness through sun, through water.

Left—"Midriff" . . . sleek Velva-cord, 5.50 . . . right, "Sweetheart" . . . new light-weight Velva-lure with white pique trim, 5.95. Other models 4.95 to 10.95 at leading stores throughout America.
One Side of a Momentous Question

I AM not criticizing any one star or producer—for the sole reason that the blame falls not on one of them, but on them all. Therefore, straight from my heart, I send this plea to the entire film colony.

Today, as everyone knows, the world at large is battling and its peoples are sad and worried. From nearly every American family a son or brother is represented in the fight for human freedom. I have one brother now in the service and three others of draft age. My father and mother are badly broken up about the situation and I get terribly homesick for my brother. How can we forget the peril he is going through, how can we try to be gay, when every week there are more motion pictures based on the dangers of war?

Listen, Hollywood, please listen, and act quickly. We don't mind the sugar and tire rationing, not at all! We'd gladly give up anything for our country—anything but our loved ones. Help us to keep our minds free of depressed thoughts by giving us gay comedies, not scenes of war and heartbreak. You stars are helping a lot by selling Defense Bonds; you can help this way, too. Show us a new world—one that is brighter, and I'm sure we'll win this war.

HAZEL KAGY, Farmdale, O.

Maybe you don't agree with the above letter; at any rate, you'll want to see the other side of the question as presented by Eleanor Whitehurst in her letter beginning on page 19.

P.S. to Canada: Marlene Dietrich in "The Spoilers" is no laughing matter!

$10.00 PRIZE

"I Can't Imagine . . ."

I CAN'T imagine—Charles Boyer or Cesar Romero in trunks. Laraine Day or Olivia de Havillard as "molls." Freddie Bartholomew as a "Dead End Kid." Marlene Dietrich laughing out of sheer pleasure.

Gene Autry as a playboy.

Henry Fonda or Gary Cooper as gangsters.

Mickey Rooney as a great lover.

Tyron Power losing the girl.

Ann Sheridan without her oomph.

Ingrid Bergman without a perfect performance.

Johnny Weissmuller as a hen-pecked husband.

Frieda Inescort without her inimitable poise.

Hedy Lamarr a great actress.

Bette Davis as a normal human being (on the screen).

Katharine Hepburn taking orders.

Anyone giving advice to Orson Welles or George Sanders.

Anybody more beautiful than Madeleine Carroll, Hedy Lamarr or Victor Mature (he's positively too good to be true).

Anybody more handsome than Robert Taylor.

Anybody more perfect than Cary Grant.

This hectic world without a Hollywood to afford relief and escape from our routine life and from the anxiety that has enveloped all of us these days.

FAY HICKS,
Guelph, Ont., Canada.

$5.00 PRIZE

FOR YOURSELF

Speak

P.S. to Canada: Marlene Dietrich in "The Spoilers" is no laughing matter!

HIGH ATOP NOB HILL
You see more of San Francisco when you stop at the Mark

Hot el
MARK HOPKINS
SAN FRANCISCO

GEO. D. SMITH, General Manager

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE Mirror
$1.00 PRIZE

"Acting the Fool"?

*ROM the screen fare that Holly-
wood has been dishing out lately, we would be inclined to believe there
as a shortage of comedians—which
were definitely is not.

I no sooner get over seeing the dig-
ified Ronald Colman doing a Bill
dwell, than up pops Charles Boyer
a Melvyn Douglas act. To make
atters worse, the long-suffering
ette Davis and even Garbo emerge
the screen as female Bob Hopes.
hey've also got Nelson Eddy acting
fool.

These stars do not belong in comedy
les. It cheapens their distinction,
and shatters the grand illusions of
ur fans. Let the bona-fide com-
dians take care of the comedy. They
rindle it much better.

LEON PETERSEN,
Salt Lake City, U.

$1.00 PRIZE

Other Side of the Question

UNDERSTAND that serious,
thought-provoking pictures are
office failures. The United States
people are seeking to forget
of horrors this war is causing, and
cause our land to date is not a bat-
field, they, or we, are succeeding too
ell, I fear.

At the present time, I know of no
ans of getting the picture of what
must expect, and prepare for, than
movies.

Reading or listening does not im-
ress on our minds images, facts,
ith, half so well as the movies. A
ovie shows us life in such a way that
are a (Continued on page 82)

OPTOLPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the
owing prizes each month for the best let-
s submitted for publication: $10 first prize;
second prize: $1 each for every other letter
lished in full. Just write in what you think
out stars or movies, in less than 200 words.
sters are judged on the basis of clarity
originality, and contributors are warned
 plagiarism from previously published
orial will be prosecuted to the full extent
low. Please do not submit letters of
ch copies have been made to send to
oung publications; this is poor sportsmanship.
A has resulted, in the past, in embar-
situations for all concerned, as each letter
lished in this department in good faith.
 ing to the great volume of contributions
ived by this department, we regret that
is impossible for us to return unaccepted
orial. Accordingly we strongly recom-
d that all contributors retain a copy of
uipment submitted to us. Address your
er to "Speak for Yourself," OPTOL-
WE MIRROR, 205 East 42nd St., New
City, N. Y.

** Teen, Puddin' **

Ellen Drew
IN PARAMOUNT'S
"The
Remarkable
Andrew"

Beautify dull, lifeless skin
with

Color Harmony Face Powder

Enhance the appeal of your beauty by
giving your skin a lovelier color tone. You
cannot do this with the correct color har-
mony shade of powdered created for your
olorings by Max Factor Hollywood. Once
you try it, you'll always like it because...

...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
...it clings perfectly and really stays on

Remember, whether you are blonde, brunette, brownette, or
redhead, there's a color harmony shade of Max Factor Hol-
wood face powder to individualize your beauty. One dollar.

TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK
...the color stays on through
every lipstick test. One dollar

ROUGE...lifelike color
harmony shades to beauti-
tify your type. Fifty cents

Max Factor Hollywood

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

Purse Make-up Kit
MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO HOLLYWOOD 815
Send Name, 10c in U.S. (1c in Can.) and your color harmony shade. I enclose 10c for postage and
other costs. I wish you to send me free sample of Powder, Rouge, Lipliner of 10c. I enclose 10c for postage
and other and a free sample of Powder, Rouge, Lipliner. I enclose 10c for postage and other costs. I wish
you to send me free sample of Powder, Rouge, Lipliner. I enclose 10c for postage and other costs. I wish
you to send me free sample of Powder, Rouge, Lipliner.

NAME
STREET
CITY
STATE

e 1942
As Free and Limber as the Rhumba ... say Arthur Murray Dancers...

The stirring rhythm of the Rhumba demands freedom, comfort and control. "Rosiehl Knit—Fashioned to Fit" endows Real-Form with perfect fit, blessed ease. Won't roll or "hike up" guaranteed. LASTEX yarn for complete two-way stretch.

ADVENTURES OF MARTIN EDEN, THE—Columbia: An unpleasant tale with Glenn Ford as the seaman and Jan MacDonald the brutal ship's captain. Ford tries to become famous as an author so he can publish the ship's diary to expose the brutality of conditions aboard ship and thus free his friend Stuart Erwin. (May)

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT—Warners: Humphrey Bogart is a gangster who discovers a Nazi spy ring led by Conrad Veidt and his aides, Peter Lorre and Judith Anderson, and from then on it's a hard chase. The cast is expert but the melodrama is not expertly executed. (April)

AMONG THE LIVING—Paramount: Albert Dekker plays a dual role as the brother who returns home to find that his twin, whom he had thought dead, is alive and insane. When the insane one escapes and sets upon a round of murder, the sane brother is taken for the killer and almost lynched. Susan Hayward, Frances Farmer and Harry Carey are also fine. (March)

BAHAMA PASSAGE—Paramount: Madeleine Carroll arrives on Diddle Cay with her soundreel father to manage the island for Sterling Hayden and his mentally deranged mother, flora Robson. Madeleine sets out for Stirling, who's married to Mary Anderson, but don't waste your time seeing what happens. (March)

BEDTIME STORY—Columbia: Loretta Young, a Broadway star who wants to return, finally divorces her playwright husband, Freddie March, and marries banker Allyn Joslyn, but Freddie interrupts her honeymoon much to Joslyn's embarrassment and Loretta's amusement. Robert Benchley and Joslyn are killingly funny. (March)

BLONDE GOES TO COLLEGE—Columbia: Penny Singleton and Arthur Lake decide to go to college this latest instalment of the adventures of the Bumpersted family. They conceal their marriage, which leads to many complications.

BLUE, WHITE AND PERFECT—20th Century Fox: Fast-moving mystery with Lloyd Nolan as the detective, Michael Shayne who leaves his fiance, Mary Beth Hughes, to board a luxury liner cruise to Hawaii to pursue a gang of Nazi saboteurs.

BOMBAY CLIPPER—Universal: Stolen jewels provide the motive for a lot of thrilling scenes on board the Pacific Clipper. Newspaperman William Gargan is determined to discover the jewels and there's a strange assortment of characters aboard the plane. Irene Hervey provides the romantic interest. (April)

BORN TO SING—M-G-M: A clever little comedy musical, with Lee Corbett, Ray McDonald and Rags Ragland trying to get back from a crooked show producer the music written by Virginia Weidler's father. The youngsters score brightly and tiny Richard Hall is a panic. (April)

Brooklyn Orch—Hal Roach U.A.: William Bendix, owner of a fleet of taxis, is married to Grace Bradley and Joe Sawyer is married to Florence McKinney who doesn't like Miss Brad ley. But when a third woman enters the picture the turmoil gets going, but it doesn't get anywhere. Marjorie Main is beautiful. (April)

BRIEF REVIEWS

† Indicates picture was rated "good" when reviewed

†† Indicates picture was rated "outstanding" when reviewed

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Photoplay combined with Motion Picture

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An Announcement
by Constance Luft-Huhn

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MAIL

May 1942

Constance Luft-Huhn

Only Tangee

has the New Satin-Finish

Jillian's World: a sensation.

Captains of the Clouds: Warners: his timely picture is about the training of bush

SAILOR—Columbia: Freeman

and his sensitiveness. When Jimmy's father black—Freddie's father, he returns to school and

begins with Sandy Lyon, who builds his self-confidence. When Jimmy's father black—

Freddie's father, he returns to school and

and to have escaped from kidnappers.

COURTSHIP OF ANDY HARDY: THE—Edward

sailor, thrills, rescues and saves the galore:

South Fairbanks, Jr., playing twin sons of a

few years later, he has been separated as bac-

then come together to set out on their deeds

revenue. (March)

INGENUOUSLY THEY LIVE: WARNERS—Joe

Coleman is the British girl spy who lands in

New York hospital where John Garfield is in-

and with his aid brings about the downfall

of a Nazi ring. Raymond Massey is the Nazi

and Mariot Olsen his chief henchman. (May)

DON'T GET PERSONAL—Universal: Eccentric

girl Hervey Hill inherits a pickle factory which

is a radio program featuring Richard Davies and

the Frazee in a new series. Hugh gets used to

life in a role to substitute Anne

actress for Jane. With Mischa Auer.

DR. KILDARE'S VICTORY—M-G-M: Sound

solid entertainment, with inside Robert Stor-

largo hospital to bring practically

and New York to the hospital, where Lew

and Lionel Barrymore take the day for them-

falls in love with Kildare, but he doesn't suc-

to her charms. (March)

FLEETS IN THE: Paramount: This gay musical is fun and entertainment. William Holden

shy sailor who his fellow gobs believe is

toise. They bet he can kiss a beauty

mom, dance-hall singer, who hoists sailors,

ch leads to many complications. With Eddie

beck, Betty Hutton, Leif Ericson and Jimmy

sey's orchestra. (April)

OUR JACKS AND A JILL—RKO: Radio: This

story provides a mediocre background (for the

brings out Ray Bolger, the charming of Eddie

and the singing of June Havoc. Anne Shirley,

ough a fake publicity stunts a wild night-club musician Bolger, Foy, Jack Briggs

William Furse, and cabdriver Desi Arnez

hoax along. (April)

ISCO LIL—Universal: Irene Hervey goes to

for a gambling club, in order to help her ol-

shing daddy, Minor Watson, get his daughter's

family of her name, Kent Taylor, who are the

ers of a reform organization. (May)

TALMAGE AT HEART, A—20th Century—

Cesar Romero, clever, money making ho-

to enter the world of art because he's fallen

and runs an art dealer's shop. Adventures lead to a lot of laughs. Milton Berle

his characteristic performance as Romero's

aging editor and J. Carrol Naish, a painter

copies masterpieces, is very funny.

HILLZAPPOIN—Mayfair Universal: This

story will either have you shrinking

off with laughter or will leave you cold and

tired. Olsen and Johnson have taken their

way riot and transcribed it to the screen

all its grow and zest, madness and mirth-

the Ray, Hugh Herbert and Mischa Auer

also mixed up in the deal. (March)

INTRIGERS, THE—Columbia: An impres-

sionistic picture, the story of seven Nazis trained

in Canadian soil. The performances of the

were created by a vacationing author, Laurence Olivier, French Canadian

in, and Raymond Massey, Canadian soldier, are outstanding. But equally are Niall MacGinnis, Eric Portman and Glynnis

(May)

IT STARTED WITH EVE—Universal: By

the Dorfman's best picture, this has her first

dRole of Tom boy that pinch-hits for Robert Cummings' own identical

-son, who is the real character, Charles Laughton, and asks to see the girl his son will marry.

I'm so pleased with her that he proceeds to

well, which causes no end of difficulties. (May)

HOUSE BLUES—Universal: Nat Pendle-

who has been pardoned from prison, refuses

are because he wants to remain in the end to pay

the big prison show, but when Ralf Hale

comes, Nat goes after him and meets Anne

- and singer Robert Paige. (Continued on page 104)
**Tips of the Times**

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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA, JUNE, 1942  
Vol. 1, No.

# HOW TO SAVE YOUR FACE

Pointers to the Ladies  
From Pretty Phyllis Brooks

The pert Miss Brooks did her last brush scene from her new big picture, "The Shanghai Gesture," gave an "I'm going away but you keep on having fun" party for the armed forces (she's the organizer of the famous "Partie Unlimited") and then dashed out of Hollywood bound for a series of one-night stands in Eastern Army camps. For that, she got a lot of applause from the khaki contingent because she showed herself a trouper, gave out with smiles and always looked the way the boys thought a blonde—or a brunette, for that matter—should look.

She managed that last bit of business not without a few forehead-wrinkling moments, for a lady who does a lot of plane and train hopping exposes her face to heavy skin damages.

Her beauty discovery brought up a point about powder that's usually forgotten. She found that powder is a protection, as well as a beautifier. "A heavier first coat of powder and plenty of time taken to put it in gives your skin real protection," she says. "Of course, I always carefully whiff off the excess with a little brush to be sure I have a natural look." So, while you may not be in the Army-camp limelight this summer, you'll still be in the sunlight and a strong sun shows up your powder technique. Get yourself a magnifying mirror, look at your skin, realize that all those little ridges and indentations must be covered thoroughly with powder if you're going to look like a finished production. The more powder you apply, the less chance that summer dust is going to penetrate your pores, which means less worry about make-up, more compliments for your summer-day face.

**Puff-Up**

Powder puffs up for discussion! You can get puffed up yourself if you say yes to all these questions:

1. Is your dressing table supplied with puff-a-day packages to be used liberally by your guests—and you?
2. Do you wash your puff (and that means your bath puff, too) as soon as it looks the least bit off color?
3. Do you absolutely never borrow—or lend—a powder puff?
4. Do you know a grimy puff is an A-1 invitation to be picked on by beauties to blitz you?
5. Do you realize you can lose out in a love match if, when you open your compact, the puff isn't as fresh and dainty as you seem to be?

**Looking For A Job?**

Look yourself over first before the interviewers get a chance to look you over and say no.

... because there are criminal powder Fingerprints on your new spring hat.

... because your neck looks as if it belongs to someone else's face. That's the result of forgetting powder work below the chin line.

... because the white collar of your dress, which started out to be your crisp busineslike touch, has now developed a yellow streak from too close contact with your throat.

You can give these powder pitfalls a quick brush-off just by being sure you use a powder brush to do away with all surplus powder on your face and neck.

**Smart Susie Says:**

It's thumbs down on that "no powdered" look this summer. It's a V for Victory (so-called or otherwise) sign for the face that's prettily made up—i.e., not a too-light powder because that gives you a tired look; not a too-dark powder because that adds years to your age.

**Two-minute Problem**

Anxious lady: How can I know a good powder?

Sage siren: Judge it for three things: fine consistency, adhesive quality, evenly distributed color.

A.L.: Can I tell that by looking at it in a box?

S.S.: No, never! It's better to play around with samples. Feel the powder with your fingers to see that it's not gritty. Try it on your skin to find its clinging powers; spread it out on a tissue to see that the color is not grainy.

**Don't Do For Dates:**

1. Don't get powder on your dancing partner's uniform. (That powder brush is really a must!)  
2. Don't try making eyes unless your eyebrows are free from any flyaway powder. (Use that eyebrow brush after making up!)  
3. Don't skimp on the dressing-room intermission time. Better to take ten minutes more away from the male than to come back with a make-up job that will do a fast fade-out after ten seconds.

Black lady of "The Shanghai Gesture" makes a smart gesture, gives away, for free, an "on guard" cue.
New Beauty Shampoo Leaves Hair More Alluring
SILKIER, SMOOTHER, EASIER TO MANAGE!

Glamour for Gala Nights . . . Enchanting new hair-do! Front hair parted in the center, then swept up and forward into two smooth, sleek rolls. Hair shampooed with improved Special Drene.

Thrilling new improvement in Special Drene! hair conditioner now in it makes amazing difference . . . leaves hair lovelier, easier to arrange!

Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo which never leaves a clouding film. Instead, Drene reveals up to 33% more lustre! Remember, too, that Special Drene now has hair conditioner in it, so it leaves hair far silkier, smoother than ever before!

Special DRENE Shampoo
with HAIR CONDITIONER added

E. 1942
IT TAKES A GIRL LIKE Rita
TO PLAY A GAL LIKE SAL!

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

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

Rita HAYWORTH
Victor MATURE
John Sutton
Carole Landis

THEODORE DREISER'S
MY GAL SAL
IN TECHNICOLOR

with
James Gleason • Phil Silvers • Walter Catlett • Mona Maris • Frank Orth
Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Produced by ROBERT BASSLER • Screen Play by Seton I. Miller, Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

Six famous Paul Dresser songs! Including "ON THE BANKS OF THE WABASH" and "MY GAL SAL" plus four new smash 1942 model hits including: "OH THE PITY OF IT ALL" and "HERE YOU ARE"

JeAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO in MOONTIDE with Thomas Mitchell
Claude Rains

WATCH FOR
THESEx
2 GREAT
HITS!
A FEW weeks ago I had the experience of hearing a talk by Cecil B. DeMille at a luncheon celebrating his thirtieth anniversary in motion pictures. He spoke that day for those of us in the film industry to which he has contributed so greatly in the thirty years since “The Squaw Man,” Hollywood’s first five-reel film which he produced in a barn near Los Angeles. But what he had to say was for the ears of every American who cares in the year 1942 what his future is to be.

We heard Cecil DeMille speak just three days before another Hollywood personality went to a camp where others of his mind have been sequestered for the war’s duration. I wish that Lew Ayres had been with us to hear Cecil DeMille that day. A man with as much courage to do what he thinks is right, even to the point of sacrificing his country, is deserving of a chance for the greater glory which the rest of us are privileged to fight for and win.

Some speeches are words strung together to make a glistening but worthless necklace. A precious few are thrilling calls to action which men and women listen to and hasten to heed. It would be impossible to state as vividly the stirring thoughts expressed by Cecil DeMille in any but his own words. So I am bringing them to you here.

ERNEST V. HEYN

Mr. DeMille speaking:

OUR wise and gallant allies, the Chinese, have a saying to the effect that one picture is worth a thousand words. Multiply that by about 176,090 (the number of single pictures that make up an 11,000-foot motion picture) like—well, like “Reap The Wild Wind”—and you begin to appreciate the potentialities of this industry in putting across to the nation ideas that it needs today—needs so much and so deeply for its own salvation.

I don’t need to enumerate those ideas—those principles which we must hang on to if we are to come through this deadly crisis without mortal wounds.

Freedom is a simple word, and so familiar—so familiar that, like the mainspring of a clock, we’re not conscious of it until it stops. We just can’t conceive of not being allowed to speak as we please, to read what we please, to listen to whatever radio program we please, and to kneel to the God who made us, in whatever church we please.

This is the first war in which the entire population of the nation is on the front because the front goes completely around the world, nor is there any place to which we can retreat. Never before has every newly-born baby and every bent old man been on the field of battle.

This nation needs to get mad. Forget hours and profits, roll up its sleeves, spit on its hands, and go to work. We are just beginning to hear the distant rumble and roar of the assembly lines throughout the nation. We are just beginning to forget partisanship and organize efficiently our brains, our genius, and our vast labor power with one single aim, victory.

No drama in the world’s history has had more heroic actors than the American men and boys fighting on the various fronts of the world today. Their unparalleled deeds of bravery, courage and endurance in the cause of liberty dim the saga of Ulysses.

But Liberty is a woman, a beautiful, desirable and very jealous woman. No woman likes to be taken for granted. Look at her there in your harbor. No Hollywood glamour girl can equal her attraction as she stands there holding her torch aloft, with the ocean at her feet, and the stars in her hair.

She’s not to be won by idlers nor held by complacency. She demands an offensive against intolerance and bigotry. She demands an offensive that combines the pride of the past—with the might of the present—to end for all time invasion against the rights of the free men who protest their love for her.

Those are her terms, and none but the brave deserve the fair.

THE job of motion pictures is to help bring home a full realization of this crisis and of the deadly peril that lurks in internal squabbles. Hitler and the Mikado think they can conquer the world but we, motion pictures, have already conquered it. We have invaded every country, not to bring it death and destruction, or to take from it its wealth, but to bring it our wealth which is humor and drama, and science and art.

In the midst of battles and convoy departures to foreign lands, of bombing raids and disturbing headlines, we have it in our power to show a lonesome soldier what home looks like, to mirror to him and to all men the joys of freedom. We can give harassed America relaxation and rest and, occasionally, even an hour of peace and laughter.

The world knows us and likes us. Only the other day, a member of the Dutch press told me that she had received a cable from Batavia while that outpost of freedom was in the midst of a bombing raid. The people of Batavia wanted to know who won the Academy awards!

It is a touching tribute and a magnificent responsibility. As for the future of the motion-picture industry, your guess is as good as mine. But whatever its future may be, it’s bound up with a free America.

And America will last, ladies and gentlemen. It is the oldest country on earth. It was conceived in the mind of the first man to wear chains, and before that—in the Mind of God.
The explosion of the oil tanker was like a monstrous belch from hell itself. Fierce orange flames and huge puffs of black smoke swirled around the sinking ship and then leapt skyward like some ghostly geyser. It was all over in less than sixty seconds: The streak of the torpedo directly across the path of the destroyer...the deafening roar as the torpedo struck a tanker off the port bow...the momentary pyre of oil and debris and men...and then utter darkness again as the convoy crept on through the fog-laden night.

On the bridge of the USS L----, a tall young Navy lieutenant wiped his hand across his eyes and then strained vainly to catch another sight of the sickening scene. There was only a great grey wall of fog, where a minute before Death had dropped the curtain on another convoy casualty in the North Atlantic.

Lieutenant (jg) Douglas Fairbanks Jr. USNR, hero of a hundred make-believe battles in the movies, had just had his first grim taste of actual war. Suddenly the destroyer which had been slinking silently through the gloom was alive with action. Over the public address system came the scream of a peremptory buzzer, da-da-da-da-da! Instantly its mechanical falsetto was followed by the curt command: "All hands, general quarters!"

Officers and men scrambled up the gangways to their battle stations, hitching the straps of their life jackets and preservers as they ran.

From the chart room came the buzz-buzz-buzz of the direction finder, grooping for audible contact with the submarine. Engines were reversed.

The destroyer wheeled, circled, turned sharply, like an animal darting and feinting before an attack on a hidden enemy.

Now the instruments show the submarine is but 250 yards off the starboard bow. The captain of the destroyer gives order to head directly for it and as the racing ship passes over the spot to which the direction finder had guided it, a pattern of three depth charges drops from the stern.

Giant, gushing fountains rise in the wake of the plunging destroyer. The USS L---- wheels and circles again, seeking some sign of oil or debris on the surface which will indicate a hit. But the seething seas offer no proof that the depth charges have found their target.

Again the maneuver. Again the pattern of three depth charges.

But now the direction finder has stopped registering. Possibly the Nazi has crash-dived so deep as to be out of range. Perhaps the concussion has put him out of commission without blowing him up.

The hunt continues for an hour and then comes word from the Squadron Commander of the lead destroyer in the convoy to rejoin formation. And back to its position in the eerie, shrouded parade of ships speeds the USS L----.

From Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks Jr. one learns little of what he has been through in his gruelling five months at sea.

It is from his brother officers and from a few simple, succinct official reports that we have pieced together this odyssey of filmland's first veteran
of the Battle of the Atlantic.
For almost half a year Doug has been on arduous, active sea duty. No swivel-chaired desk or "morale" mission was handed this handsome young man, whose trim appearance in Navy blue and gold braid reasonably might have justified his being assigned some short job, where, in the spotlight of his professional position, he might have raised funds, recruited, or performed one of the many other tasks which help the Navy rouse public interest in itself.
As a matter of fact, with his background of long residence abroad, his successful diplomatic mission to South America last summer, as President Roosevelt's special emissary, and his experience in international affairs gained as one of the principal workers and speakers of the pre-war "Committee to Defend America by Aiding the Allies," Douglas Fairbanks Jr. would have made an ideal naval attaché at one of the United States embassies. His political perception is as keen as his social sense.
But instead, Lieutenant Douglas Fairbanks Jr. (Continued on page 66)
My most embarrassing
The laugh's on her! A celebrated columnist signs up to sound

BY HEDDA HOPPER

Fateful Hopper faux pas was Hedda's little business with Fred Brisson, wife Roz Russell and a baleful Cary Grant

WHERE on earth do I begin? No one can live in this town as long as I have without having marked up a pretty fair score of embarrassing moments. The first one that springs to mind occurred not so long ago just after I moved into my new house, which, incidentally, I'm crazy about. I had been like a kid with a new toy, wanting to show it off to all of my friends and listen to their praises. So, every time I'd run into any of them and they'd say: "Hedda, I hear your house is simply grand. I'm dying to see it." I'd reply: "Drop over any afternoon and have cocktails with me. I get home around six, but Molly (my housekeeper) is there anyhow and she'll take care of you till I arrive." All in all, I suppose I invited half of Hollywood in this lighthearted fashion.

Sooo—late one Thursday afternoon about ten days after I'd moved in I motored home from the office through a cold, driving rain, completely frizzled out, dreaming of a hot bath and bed—and there, huddled on my front steps, was the most bedraggled trio of half-frozen humans: Roz Russell and hubby Freddie Brisson and Cary Grant.

"What on earth—?" I began, but Cary fixed me with a baleful glare. "Ha!" he snarled. "So this is your vaunted hospitality! Phooey!"

Of course it was Molly's day off. There had been no one to answer the bell and the poor goops had been sitting there holding a council of war. So I, who had entertained rosy dreams of myself seated before the library fire, clad in a becoming tea gown, graciously dispensing hospitality (with Molly doing all the work, of course) had to build that same fire and rustle around in wet clothes and muddy shoes, getting out ice cubes and fixing drinks for as tough a gang of kibitzers as you've ever met up with! And all the thanks I got was: "What? No hors d'oeuvres?"

Speaking of face-burning episodes, I can remember, when we still had our Turf Club balls which were the big social event of the whole season. I was seated at the Number one table with the creme de la creme of San Francisco and Los Angeles society. Suddenly—in the midst of one of those pauses—I let out a shriek of ribald laughter. Well, talk about the "Raised Eyebrow Department!" I was too embarrassed to attempt any explanation then, but I'm not so secretive any more—so I'll tell you!

I had worked right up to the day before this elegant clambake, forgetting all about a new gown until my hostess called and said: "What color dress are you wearing, Hedda? I don't want to wear the same." "I don't know, darling—I'll have to call you back."

'Twas then I realized there was no
Moments in Hollywood

off about her hot-water mishaps

Time to have a new one fitted, so I called up my pal, Edith Head, at Paramount—designer and ace-in-the-hole—and told her the jam I was in. She said she didn't know what she had but by the time I got over there she would have something for me. I squeezed myself into a beautiful black and gold number, worn by Claudette Colbert in a picture which hadn't even been previewed. Then I phoned Laykin, the jeweler, told him what I was wearing and he sent jewels to match—a spray of honeysuckle six inches long on a chain of yellow diamonds with ring and earrings. At that, I called Dick Jaeckel, my favorite furrier, told him nothing but sable could cover such opulence and appeared at the party, dressed to the teeth. When I burst into that cackle at the dinner table, I'd just realized that all I owned, on my body, were my shoes, stockings and scanties!

Another (Continued on page 95)
Right-about love

The unsuspected story of why Hedy Lamarr suddenly announced her engagement to George Montgomery

BY ROSEMARY WEST
DON'T let anyone give me any more talk about the sights I've missed, the Taj Mahal by moonlight, or of having seen Shelley plain or even beauty bare, as they say Euclid alone saw it.

For I have seen Hedy Lamarr in love.

I've seen George Montgomery with Hedy and in love with her. And, chickadees, that really is a view.

It is a strange thing how you can know of people that they have been married and divorced and remarried and once more divorced and yet that they have never really been wed or in love before. One glance and you now this is true of Hedy these days. He's completely, devastatingly, wildly in love with this Montgomery.

And he? Well, you heard, of course, about Ginger Rogers and perhaps about five or six others before her. Yet I don't think they touched him. He has never been married. But this!ouching him, indeed! He's visibly engulfed, inundated, completely surrounded, and the glow of pure joy he gives off makes an aurora borealis look like a ten watt bulb.

I saw these enchanted two together on the day that they announced their engagement and it was like chatting with a bewitched Venus de Milo and a bemused Apollo Belvedere, only gayer.

They had been out in the sun, somewhere, and they came rushing in. Hedy with her raven's-wing hair all tumbled and her smiling mouth scarlet with lipstick and George looming beside her all great hands and feet and shoulders and height and they entirely restored your faith, this grim spring of 1942, in man as a glorious animal. Laughing together, they collapsed on one end of a long couch and I thought of the magic their beauty had created for both of them, this girl from Vienna and this boy from a Montana farm, whose parents were Russians. They had travelled the world half around to come to fame and one another and they had every right to be satisfied with these results.

Hedy spoke first. "I love him for his looks," she said.

"It was those looks that ran me out of Montana," George said, and proceeded to kiss her.

Hedy held out her left hand. "See my gorgeous ring," she said. It was a very square, very white diamond.

"The man from the jeweler's is downstairs," he explained. "I only rent it by the hour."

"I really love him because he beats me," said Hedy, rolling her mocking eyes to high heaven. So George kissed her again.

"I'm really marrying her to cut down on my florist bill," he countered.

"Or to save tires."

"And gasoline."

They came up for air then and Hedy looked at me and for the first time she was serious. "I'm marrying him because now for three months we have seen each other every day, yet the more we saw (Continued on page 85)
MYRNA LOY, the screen's perfect wife, is divorcing her producer husband Arthur Hornblow Jr. A few weeks previous to the announcement Mr. Hornblow saw his wife aboard the train that carried her to New York for several Navy relief programs. They seemed happy and contented in their marriage. The truth is they were desperately unhappy and when Myrna returned to Hollywood her mind was made up—she and her husband could no longer live together.

Hollywood, frankly, was not surprised at the announcement. It's almost inevitable that patched-up quarrels and separations seldom work out and it was over a year ago that Hollywood's ideal couple first announced to the world their unhappiness and separation. At that time the town was shocked, for up to then there had been no intimation of discord. But the instant the news broke, gossip tumbled forth like water from a dam. Rumors of a beautiful blonde's supplanting Myrna in Mr. Hornblow's affections flew thick and fast. These rumors were proven to be false and, when Myrna and Arthur again moved into their quiet, beautiful home, all gossip was forgotten—except by those who knew the real underlying reason for the discord.

The reason, to be frank and honest, is a difference in values, as viewed from the angle of a plain American girl and a renowned sophisticate.

Myrna Loy, born Myrna Williams, came from plain salt-of-the-earth people in the average American town of Helena, Montana. Her childhood and girlhood were pretty much the average happy childhood of any family. Myrna herself was homely, freckled and determined to be an actress. When the family moved to Los Angeles, Myrna attended Venice High School, far from the swankiest school in town.

Her efforts toward the fulfillment of her stage ambitions found her dancing in a prologue at Grauman's Chinese Theater where she was discovered by Mrs. Rudolph Valentino who started Myrna off on her career of an Oriental femme fatale. Her metamorphosis from weird Mongolian to quiet well-bred wifehood on the screen came slowly, beginning, if you please, in a Chevalier picture.

INTO her life about this time appeared Arthur Hornblow Jr., charming, sophisticated writer, product of Dartmouth College and the world of the New York theater. He it was who gave her courage in that hard professional struggle to change her film type. His enthusiasm was contagious. Myrna Williams Loy was enchanted; Myrna Williams Loy fell in love. And for several years she waited loyally until he was free to marry her.

When they were married in Mexico, in June, 1936, Myrna Loy stepped into a new world—the world of Arthur Hornblow, sophisticate.

Arthur was a man who gives importance to his friends, to his home and to the appointments of his home. Before every dinner party it was he who went carefully about the dining table seeing that each detail was perfect. The wines must be a certain temperature; the silver must be flawless; every course must be a gem.

Myrna regarded her husband's fastidiousness with good-natured acquiescence. But all this was a far cry from the tastes of the Montana girl who, at the peak of her fame, could still return home for a visit and fit as snugly as a glove into the simple ways of her people.

It became (Continued on page 76)
Personal Conquest

A thing of magic and moods, of despair and exultation, this life of the girl who didn't want to live—Joan Fontaine

BY RUTH WATERBURY

She was born, this girl who was to become Joan Fontaine, twenty-three years ago on October 22, in the International Settlement of Tokio, Japan. She was the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter A. de Havilland, two handsome, intelligent people who continually battled, and she inherited both their temperaments. So, until she found her true love, she was always at war with herself and her environment.

The doctors wrapped her in cotton batting at birth and despaired of rearing her. All through her growing years she saw one recurrent sight, the medical men standing around her bed, when she was two-and-a-half, and when she was five, and later when she was eight, and on until she was seventeen. The medical men would shake their heads and whisper, "Why does this child keep on living?"

Now Joan Fontaine can make a joke about it, now that she has her fame and her true love.

"I walked on the set of 'The Constant Nymph' the morning after the Academy Award," Joan says, "and did a love scene with Charles Boyer. When it was over, Eddie Goulding, the director, rushed over to me, put his arms around me and said, 'Joan, Joan, you were born to play Tessa.'" She laughs mockingly. "So now I know why I went on living."

With her blonde hair in pigtails, her face guiltless of make-up, her too-slim figure enveloped in grey slacks and a loose pullover of red wool, she looks like neither Mrs. Brian Aherne, mistress of a dignified house, nor Joan Fontaine, Academy Award winner for 1941. Except for the troubled beauty of her face and the professional modulations of her voice, you might think her a rather careless schoolgirl.

But the moment she began telling her life story, you forgot the schoolgirl and knew that you were in the presence of a being always destined for greatness.

Joan Fontaine has to be great because her very sensitivity makes her feel so inferior. She inherited her inferiority from her scholarly father, who was a direct descendant of Sir Peter de Havilland of Oliver Cromwell's court. He was a Cambridge graduate and a rich English gentleman in his own right, but he always felt inferior to his flaming, beautiful wife who had been an opera star. Young Joan felt inferior to her tempestuous mother, also, but she had an even closer rival. She always had Olivia, her sister.

Olivia is a year and three months older than Joan, a terrific advantage in childhood, and she was always beautiful while Joan was homely. She was always healthy, while Joan was continually ill. She was always adored and daring, while Joan was ignored and timid.

"There wasn't any branch of school life that Liv wasn't good at," Joan says. "She was always at the head of her classes and, at the same time, she was the prize athlete. She was beautiful and popular, and there I was, with my freckles and my pug nose and my mousey hair, always left out of things. I'd study like mad and get to be head of a class and then I'd become ill and have to stay at home and lose out. I never got a single athletic honor until I was in the seventh grade. Then I got a stunner. I was made Lieutenant Captain of the second baseball team and I was so excited that when the game came along I went on the field and couldn't pitch a thing. Of course, the whole school laughed while I wished that I might die of humiliation. When that horrible game (Continued on page 70)
GEORGE SANDERS
puts women in their place

Get your smelling salts ready! You’re in for a stiff shock

"YOU hate women, too?" we asked.
"On the contrary," (Mr. Sanders pronounces it “cont’ry" in that rich-timbred, English-accented lethargic voice of his) "on the contrary, I love women—in their place."

But this is getting ahead of the story. Because before the subject of women and where they belong in the Sanders scheme of things came up, Mr. S. had sung his hymn of hate in dispraise of other and, doubtless, more important matters.

Interviews, for example. He dislikes them intensely and habitually faces baffled reporters with a heavy silence. To a direct "Why do you hate interviews?" he said, "I hate them because I do not get paid for them."

He thought that was frightfully funny and had himself a good laugh.

"I hate to see my picture in the papers," he continued.

"I hate to be recognized in public.

"I hate to give autographs and never do. I am always rude to people, I am afraid. I don’t put on the prop smile and oblige. I just look frightfully busy. I am not a sweet person. I am a disagreeable person. I am a hateful person. I like to be hateful."

Asked why, feeling as he does about all the concomitants of being an actor—the publicity, attention, interviews, photographs, limelight—he never chose the theater as a profession, he said, "One is attracted by the rewards, by the prizes. Similarly, in pictures, one makes more money, with less effort, than in any other job or profession I know.

"I do not mind seeing myself on the screen because when you see yourself on the screen, you are not you, are you? You do not feel as though you are exhibiting George Sanders. You are the Falcon or some other fellow. I am looking forward to the time when I can be cast only as a character actor. Character actors get well paid and are let alone. That is my goal.

"But in the papers you see your picture and you feel it is terribly unimportant that you should be pictured there at all. You have done nothing, really, to deserve it. There are scientists, statesmen, great doctors, these are the men people should care about and read about. Actors should be left in their special compartment, which is the stage or screen. They should be taken out, now and again, like toys to be played with, for amusement. Besides," he smiled, "when you see your picture in a paper you can’t remember that you got a large check for it!

"I am a believer in sticking to the primary things. There are three primary things: food, shelter and clothing. If you are fortunate and were not born in a field, you start out with them. Then the thing you have to do is insure that you have them for the rest of your life. You will always do something over and above the (Continued on page 72)

Above: Mr. Sanders breaks down to pose on the "Sundown" set for a picture that will break up the women. Left: He does some key-work for Irving Reis, his director in "The Falcon Takes Over"
REMEMBER, John Payne, the day I read your hand? Ginny Wood left us alone in the little reception room off the publicity offices at Warner Brothers.

You had laryngitis that afternoon and couldn't speak above a whisper. Remember how we laughed when I suddenly discovered that I was whispering right back at you?

You weren't very important then. You had been working hard and making pictures, but no one was particularly aware of you. Oh, you did have an exceptionally good voice and your acting wasn't too bad, but all the magnetism and vitality and warm charm that are yours somehow hadn't penetrated the silver screen and gotten through to the movie-going public.

As a matter of fact, I wasn't too seen on analyzing you; wanted to save myself for bigger and better stars, such as George Brent and Bette Davis and Livvie de Havilland, but Ginny (as usual) talked me into seeing you—said I'd love you, you were such a swell person, so thoroughly unspoiled and definitely not Hollywood.

As soon as I felt the grip of your strong hand and looked into your eyes knew what she meant, but I didn't realize just how right she was until had talked with you.

Perhaps you don't even remember writing these words on the picture you gave me: "To Matilda: There was only one thing wrong. Ever—John Payne."

Well, I am sure they will come back to you now and with them the memory of how you felt when you wrote them.

And I wonder if you will recall that when you put away your pen and gave me the picture, you asked me not to publish or tell anyone the thing I had seen in your hand. I promised. How could I help it? And I have kept my word ever since, just as I have to many another star whose future and private life is an open book to me. I have kept my word because I felt that it wouldn't be fair to talk. But now that news has come of your separation and pending divorce I am going to talk—not to you but to Anne Shirley.

ANNE dear, I have liked you and followed your career ever since you were a little girl and I wanted so much to meet you when I was in Hollywood, but it seemed that each time we made an appointment to meet something always happened to break it.

Perhaps you know—or perhaps he never told you—that I analyzed John's hand back in 1938. I want to tell you just exactly what happened that afternoon. Even though he made me promise not to tell anyone what I saw that day there is no reason for me to keep silent any longer and a very good reason for me to talk now—or so it seems to me.

Well, in reading John's hand I went through my usual routine, noted his strong character, honesty, determination, magnetism and talent for music and acting, also his career which did not promise any particular success until around the latter part of 1941. Then, at last, I came to the love and marriage lines at the side of his hand.

As I read, we had discussed his character, health and career and were not too serious about it, but when I glanced up at him and said, "You will love twice and possibly marry twice," he (Continued on page 74)
First Kiss—and Miss Temple

She's a self-styled "sub-deb" who no longer has her mother answering questions for her.
When it comes to kisses and such, she's doing all the talking (and what talking!) herself

By Faith Service

"I CAN'T wait till I grow up. I don't exactly know why I want to so much. I think, perhaps, I have had enough of childhood. I think you have even more fun when you grow up. I don't know what, but there is more—" Shirley paused for a moment, trying to find the word she wanted for the riches she senses ahead, then—"isn't there?" she said. There was something very poignant in the question.

Shirley and her mother were at luncheon in Shirley's bungalow on the Edward Small lot where Shirley was making "Miss Annie Rooney." Shirley is more beautiful today than she has ever been. Her skin is flawless and fair, that lovely skin that seems to have a light behind it. Her hair, now its natural color, is a russet shade, with paler gleams here and there.

Her wide-set brown eyes (and they meet yours so frankly, so honestly), her delicately cut nose and firm yet sensitive mouth are more exquisite than they were in babyhood. She is five feet, one half inch tall. Her tendency to plumpness, a baby tendency as is now evident, has slimmed to a rounded but graceful 101 pounds.

There was another difference in today's Shirley, too. Always before, at interviews, Mrs. Temple had answered the questions and spoken for Shirley. Now, Shirley was speaking for herself.

"I'M a sub-deb now," she said.

In "Miss Annie Rooney," in fact, she is playing a part two years ahead of her age. ("But she acts the way girls of my age try to act," laughed Shirley.) Miss Annie Rooney has read "Pygmalion." She talks jive. She quotes Shakespeare. She does a little jitterbug. She speaks of boys as "men." She even gets in a romantic mood. And, as some recent publicity on the film had it, "Shirley Temple Gets Her First Screen Kiss!"

As kisses go it wasn't much of a kiss. It was, actually, a peck on the cheek delivered by sixteen-year-old Dickie Moore. The big romantic moment occurs in an open-topped sports roadster. Shirley and Dickie are driving to a party. They stop for a traffic signal and Shirley is jolted into Dickie's arms. He takes advantage of this beautiful opportunity to brush his lips against Shirley's cheek.

"It felt like a butterfly," Shirley giggled, "it tickled!" Nevertheless, it was Shirley's first kiss, screen or otherwise, and she took it, as she takes everything she is called upon to do for the making of a picture, naturally, effortlessly, winsomely.

As naturally and as capably as Shirley is making adjustments, meeting her own problems on the screen, she is meeting them in life. She is putting away the things of childhood, one by one, and reaching out for the things of young girlhood.

"I don't play cops 'n' robbers any more," she said. "And I don't play with my collection of dolls any more; I haven't for over a year. I still work for them. That is, I have regular dress patterns and sew for them occasionally. And I keep them dusted, and in order. Because they are in my sitting room and Mom makes me keep my rooms tidy and picked up, don't you, Mom?"

Mrs. Temple smiled assent. "I do, indeed."

Shirley collects other things now, "because," she said, "I am a born collector." She has a perfume collection, "just like the grownup stars." And tiny (Continued on page 68)
The Squadron was watching Paddy Carson questioningly. "Keep your eyes open for them," was his terse warning.

Eagle Squadron

In the midst of the tragedy and the battle he had only Anne. "Why can't we be married?"

Fiction version by LEE PENNINGTON

As of this date, September 15, 1941, Pilot Officers Brewer, Coe and Borowsky to be transferred from operational training unit to—" the soft Scotch voice hesitated and Lieutenant McKinnon dropped his eyes from the three tall lean young Americans in the uniform of the R.A.F. who stood at attention on the opposite side of his desk. He glanced briefly at the document in his hand. "—to Number Seventy-One Eagle Squadron for active operational duty," he ended.

"That's all," he added with a nod, and the three relaxed, at ease.

"Whew!" came in a long sigh of relief from Chuck Brewer. "We finally made it."

McKinnon apparently didn't hear him. "This is Flight Lieutenant Hank Starr," he said indicating another young American who was sauntering into the room. "He's come to fly back with you to your new station."

The three fledgling officers saluted their new superior who returned the gesture with good-humored carelessness, then perched himself on McKinnon's desk.

"How's it with you, my little Scotch haggis?" he demanded.

McKinnon glared at him without speaking and picked up three documents, two of them ink-stained, which he handed to Brewer and his companions. "When you get to your station you'll be given these," he told them, touching the Eagle insignia which adorned Hank's well-worn tunic. "And now—off with you—and good luck."

A few minutes later, at Hank Starr's heels, Chuck Brewer, Johnny Coe and Wadislaw Borowsky entered a blacked-out plane for the short hop to their new quarters. Chuck proudly fingered the top button of his tunic which was unfastened as symbol of his new status as flying officer. He'd waited a long time for this moment. Chuck was only twenty-two, but he'd caught the flying fever when he was a long-legged, devil-may-care kid in a Los Angeles school. Since then he'd done just about everything that anyone could do with a plane from flying over bug-infested crops and spraying them with poison to testing the latest thing in dive bombers. Then came this international mess and England's test by fire. Human beings were a lot more important than bugs, Chuck figured, and if Johnny Bull needed flyers right now for his job, there wasn't any use waiting around any longer for Uncle Sam to make up his mind.

With all his experience he had expected, when he reached England, that the next day—the next week, at the latest—he'd be up there in a Spitfire giving the Nazis what for.
Anne cuddled the kitten. "What a dear," she crooned. Chuck leaned toward her, "That's just what I was going to say. But I wasn't thinking of the kitten."


Instead he found himself in for some stiff training in combat tactics under the strict discipline of seasoned R.A.F. pilots. But that was over, now.

Chuck dropped into a seat beside Johnny Coe, his friend since their romper days, and grinned at him affectionately. "Well, Johnny, here we go."

"Yeah," Johnny nodded laconically. "Tomorrow we get our first chance at the Nasties. This is what we've been waiting for."

"It sure is," Chuck agreed. He glanced up as a man and girl entered the plane. The girl was slender with a lithe grace which made the severely tailored lines of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force uniform she wore seem completely feminine. Dark hair cascaded from beneath the voluminous WAAF cap framing an oval face whose determined little chin was saved from severity by the softly curved lips above it. Chuck sat up straighter and leaned forward. She looked at him with a confident, knowing smile.

The air-raid signal was shrill overhead. "I love you, Anne," Chuck whispered, and kissed her. The girl closed her eyes, enjoying the moment.

The CAST

Chuck Brewer ........ Robert Stack
Anne Partridge ...... Diana Barrymore
Paddy Carson ......... John Loder
Hank Starr ............ Jon Hall
Lt. McKinnon .......... Nigel Bruce
Johnny Coe ........... Leif Erickson
Wadislaw Borowsky ... Edgar Barrier
"I didn't understand before, Chuck," Anne said. "I've been talking to Hank Starr and he told me. "I'm sorry," her eyes darkened unhappily. "I know what that means."

gave an inaudible whistle of admiration. "This sure is what I've been waiting for," he repeated.

The newcomers were Anne Partridge and Squadron Leader Paddy Carson, old friends of Hank Starr's, and after Hank introduced them he said, "Miss Partridge is on duty in our Observation Room."

"Then we'll be seeing a lot of each other," Chuck said.

Anne smiled, but her "Possibly we shall," was politely impersonal and then, apparently indifferent to Chuck's interest, she seated herself across the aisle.

"Paddy, here, is our squadron leader," Hank told the new officers. Dutifully Chuck turned his eyes from Anne and twisted around to face the tall serious young man who had followed her into the plane. His abrupt movement resulted in a commotion beneath his tunic and with a loud complaining mew a black kitten poked its head up under his chin.

Anne's face lighted with interest. "A kitten!" she exclaimed. She held out her hands. "May I hold it?" Chuck passed the tiny creature across the aisle and Anne cuddled it against one cheek. "What a dear," she crooned.

Chuck leaned toward her. "That's just what I was going to say. But I wasn't thinking about the kitten."

A ghost of a smile flickered on Anne's face, then disappeared. "What's its name?" she asked. "And where did you get it?"

"Little Blitz," Chuck answered. "She was on the CO's desk when he called us in to meet Lieutenant Starr. When she knocked over a bottle of ink and tracked up Johnny's and Waddy's dossiers the CO threatened to court-martial her. Since she hadn't marked my papers I figured it was up to me to save her so I asked for her. She's going to be our mascot."

"I hope she brings us luck," Paddy Carson said grimly. "We're going to need it. By the way, where are you chaps from?"

"Los Angeles." Chuck and Johnny spoke in unison. "How'd you happen to join our show?"

"Johnny didn't like the shellacking the Nazis were giving everybody so he decided to come over and take a hand," Chuck explained. "He has a theory that he's indestructible and I came along to see whether he is or not."

"And you?" Paddy turned to Wadislaw Borowsky.

"I was born in Pennsylvania," he answered woodenly. "When I was twelve my mother and father took me back to the old country. We were there when the Nazis came. They killed my father and mother. When I could get away I went back to America."

Up in front the pilot cut the engines for the landing and in the silence that engulfed the plane Borowsky's next words echoed harshly. "I came to England," fanatical hatred blazed in his eyes, "to kill Nazis."

THE plane hit the ground with a gentle thud and the passengers disembarked onto a blacked-out field. In the darkness Chuck managed to edge close to Anne. "How about showing a stranger the sights tomorrow?" he suggested.

"Sorry. I'll be on duty most of the day," she replied briefly. She thrust Little Blitz into Chuck's hand and turned away, Paddy Carson at her heels.

"That's the most perfect brush-off I've ever had," Chuck grumbled. "And is our squadron leader a cold fish?"

"That's just what they call British reserve," Johnny comforted. "Don't let it get you down."

Nine experienced fighter pilots and the three new officers made up the flight next day. Just before they took off Paddy called them together for "briefing," the flying term for last-minute instructions. "And keep your eyes open for Leopards," was his final warning. The men looked at him questioningly. "Leopards are a new type fighter plane the Nazis are going to show us," he explained. "Nobody's seen them—we've just heard about them from our Intelligence chaps—but they can outfly and outshoot anything they've put in the air so far and they've got a tricky little finding device that may let us in for trouble before we know they're anywhere near us."

The flight proceeded according to plan. They crossed the English Channel at 25,000 feet, bombarded a Nazi air base in occupied France, then began hedge-hopping for home, flying low over fields where French peasants stood with arms outflung in the shape of the V for Victory.

CHUCK was at peace with the world. From time to time he talked over the radio telephone with Johnny who, with Little Blitz on his shoulder, was flying at the left. He thought of Anne, too, picturing her as she must look now with earphones clamped over her dark curls and wondering how he could break down her standoffish manner to the point where she would give him a date.

Then suddenly out of an overcast sky there swooped a detachment of enemy planes. Their speed and the fact that the attack came when the Eagles' own instruments had given no hint of their approach, told Chuck that they were the deadly and mysterious Leopards. He soon realized that he was in for the fight of his life.

There was no getting away from the Leopard that dogged his tail, not even a chance to dive or loop out range of its bullets. Repeatedly over the radio telephone came Paddy Carson's cool instructions: "Parsnip Squadron... Keep in formation," but formation was impossible against the speed and precision of the enemy.

When he was over the Channel, with his wings and instrument panel riddled with shellfire, Chuck knew that he would (Continued on page 82)
Coming-Out PARTY

A Take-Off by Ann Rutherford

First disclosure in this exposure of how to look pretty under the sun is the fashionable fact that this gored navy and white jersey skirt is a stand-alone—i.e., Ann tucks it over her jacket and is set and ready to go.

Final bit of business: Ann gets down to the story underneath—a playday two-piece—stands on the wall and watches all the men fall for her in "This Time For Keeps"
Excitement, adventure, thrills—all gusty part and parcel of the newest "by DeMille" epic, a story of ships, and storms, of men and the women they love.

Above: Ray Milland portrays Steve Tolliver, Southern aristocrat

Just picture it! An artist's interpretation of the five characters who are electrifying the film world in a great Hollywood masterpiece, "Reap The Wild Wind"

DRAWINGS BY
DAN SAYRE GROESBECK

Paulette Goddard as Loxi Claiborne, a role that has her flirting, in silks and satins, with adventurer Stuart and aristocrat Steve; staging, in hip boots and sailor pants, a fight with a dozen husky sailors

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
Rival of Steve both for the love of Loxi and for the control of the sailing ship line is Captain Jack Stuart, played by John Wayne. Both Wayne and Milland refused doubles for the fight, Wayne ended up with a broken finger.

Because Susan Hayward looked like his six-year-old granddaughter, DeMille became interested in her, gave her a big break in the role of Drusilla Alston, Loxi's dainty red-haired cousin from Havana, who is recklessly in love with . . .

... Dan Cutler (Robert Preston), brother of the king of the keys. The story of America's fight to whip the wreckers who rule the keys, "Reap The Wild Wind" climaxes with a breath-taking "don't miss" underwater scene.
EVEN now, when 1938 and '39 seem so lost in time, she wonders how she could have let those two years knock her around the way they did. It wasn't only that as a result of them people said Betty Grable was washed up in Hollywood. Betty Grable believed so too. Further, she reflected that she had tried what she had originally thought of as "My Marriage," to Jackie Coogan, and it had become just another Hollywood first marriage—as typical as the color of her hair and the clothes in her closet and the patter she spoke at parties. The trouble was not with either of them, really, but with the circumstances of their pasts and what each wanted from the future. Betty was what she was: The child of a substantial St. Louis family, a lively little one who had always wanted to do more than anyone else and as a result had landed in Hollywood at the age of eleven: she was solidly practical, ambitious, aware that you never get anything for nothing. Jackie believed that as a child he had earned his living for the rest of his life, and he wanted to have fun, now. Thus for the brisk new house they rented (in Westwood, that white-washed college community built to service UCLA) the first thing Jackie ordered was a record player. The first thing Betty ordered was a desk, at which to sit and keep household accounts. She would have been happier, she discovered later, if she had bought records for the machine instead. Then she would not have been tempted to sit down every month, add up the bills and compare the total with what cash was on hand. If any.

Jackie always had a better solution. "Give them to me," he'd command whenever he caught her sitting for-
lornly on the sofa in the living room, a sheaf of bills in one hand, a useless checkbook in the other. Taking the little stack of reminders (“Please!” and “If Remittance Is Not Received,” they all said by now) he would stick them into a manila envelope, seal it, mark it “Bills” with a red pencil, and carefully put it on the logs in the fireplace.

“Got a match?” he would ask, then; and the first three times were the times she smiled.

Then one afternoon he borrowed five dollars. “I’ll stop by the store on my way home and get stuff for dinner

BY HOWARD SHARPE

with this,” he told her, shrugging into his topcoat. She watched him gun the roadster in second and saw the red wigwags on the tail lights flirting as he zoomed out of the drive, tires screeching. And she suddenly thought, For Pete’s sake, grow up! We’re flat, you haven’t a job and you don’t get any money for another year, maybe not even then. Buy hamburger with that five, not a capon and some champagne.

It was suddenly very important to her that he should not disappoint her in this thing. Later, after he had come home and she had laughed herself out, she realized that he had not disappointed her after all. He had not brought the hamburger, but then he had not brought the capon or the champagne, either. The right front hub cap on the car, dented this whole week long, had a shiny new one in its place; they were special caps, all chrome and very large.

“Lend me another buck,” Jackie said, “and let’s go down to the malt shop and have a hamburger and a malt and play (Continued on page 87)
Bob Hope, a man after the Army's heart because of his nonchalant profile, his big heart and his fast work with Madeleine Carroll in "My Favorite Blonde"
Dorothy Lamour, who takes the lead in "Beyond The Blue Horizon," a girl who rates with the armed forces because she has the looks that look like romance.
My pals, Brenda

The guy, his wife and the guy's best friend situation is a pretty touchy one. We think we've found a wonderful solution—the two of us and "The Queen"...

He's in on everything that happens to the Holdens, is Glenn Ford. He herewith tells on the Mr. and . . .

I DON'T think Bill Holden has ever told anyone but me about his first date with the girl who is now his wife. They had met quite casually on the Warner lot when Bill was doing "Invisible Stripes" for the Brothers. Three months later he called Brenda Marshall up early one afternoon and made a date for that same evening. He didn't say what he had in mind. He did confide that they'd probably have a lot of fun and what more could anyone ask. Poor Brenda! She called up the beauty shop for a quick appointment and spent practically all that afternoon getting ready—hair, facial, manicure and the rest. The remainder of the time she devoted to general grooming at home. After all, she was wearing her new turquoise evening dress, wasn't she? And going out with that nice Bill Holden.

Well, Bill arrived at eight on the dot. But what a Bill! He was dressed in old clothes and a pair of riding boots, all in all as unglamorous a suitor as ever called on a lady. As it happened Bill and I had been riding all afternoon and he hadn't had time to go home and change.

"You sure look pretty in that get-up," Bill observed, not at all nonplussed. "Shall we be off?"

That first date almost wrecked Bill's romance. It was spent out in the dust of Chatworth watching the battle scenes for "The Fighting 69th."

The dates that followed convinced Brenda how much the two had in common—a gift for laughter, a lust for life, a capacity for being happy without artificial excitement and an unquenchable ardor for their work. Every now and then during the long courtship I would run into them at bowling alleys, Ping-pong courts, miniature golf courses.

Passage of time kept bringing out talents in Brenda the existence of which Bill had never even vaguely suspected. For one thing, Bill had taken it for granted that ladies (especially pretty ones) couldn't handle a gun and were atrocious marksmen in the bargain. When he discovered that Brenda was not only a crack shot but an accomplished horsewoman to boot, he immediately set out to arrange hunting expeditions. Not the big-game safaris on which he is always ready to embark as soon as he has finished a picture. Roughing it didn't become a lady like Brenda, he felt. On the other hand, what was wrong with hunting small game, wild birds and the like? Nothing, of course.

Once the romance had acquired a little momentum, it became one of those seven-Days-a-week affairs. Every other night they would drop into a movie, maybe oftener than that. They went mostly "to learn," as Bill says. He and Brenda still go to the movies "to learn."

It is characteristic of an actor who is constantly striving for the best performance within his power to give that when it came time to give Brenda her engagement ring, he waited until midafternoon and the sun was just right. Then he took her by the hand, led her outside and slipped the ring on her (Continued on page 33)
WANTED... 
for Solitary Confinement

Some specimens of the species condemned by a male jury to a lonely life unless...

BY MARIAN H. QUINN
Drawings by Lucille Corcos

Dora "I Don't Care"

Dora is so-o-o obliging. She just doesn't care where she goes and she's always gabbing to prove it. Dora better watch out, 'cause the males like a suggestion once in a while. If Dora is an incurable case, well, she can just wear a bottle green coat dress with white piqué collars and cuffs, tip it off with a white piqué hat and the gent won't ask her where she wants to go; he'll just take her to the smartest place in town.

Flossie, the Fork Flourisher

Flossie thinks forks were made to brandish in the air, which overpowering gesture does dastardly things to the gentleman across the dinner table. Flossie should restrain herself. If she hasn't enough will power to go off the silver standard she should get decked out in a black silk crepe dress with long tight chiffon sleeves. The least wild move will do wilder damage and Flossie will be forced to sit quietly like a good little lady.

Mabel the Man-Killer

Mabel thinks she's been asked out to see how many other men she can ensnare. So she keeps making eyes in the wrong direction while her escort glowers. Mabel should take unto herself a large worldly-wise milan hat with a concealing veil of sheer chiffon. It will dim the glory of those long-distance glances, keep Mabel's eyes at short range where they belong and, incidentally, light all the torches necessary by remote control.

Florabel, poor darling, found a bargain on the jewelry counter. In fact, she found several bargains and she wears them all at once. She thinks the two rings, and the pin, and the three bracelets, and the earrings make her drip with glamour. Matter of fact, she just drips. Let Florabel be smart, lend a pretty pink ear to this: One perfectly matched set of up-to-the-minute jewelry like the one on page 74 will get her the right kind of sparkler in record time.

Busy Bea

Bea is still working on that moss-covered mop of always being busy when a guy asks for a first date. Bea spends lots of evenings knitting figuring the come-on is worth it, but Bea may be fooled. The men catch on if it's a hoax and hang up in disgust. Better stop being the game pretender, get herself a mauve suit with an emerald-green blouse, and really be busy. The presto, the dater-upp catches on it's true beauty and comes back for more...
"I Do" Fashions

FOR JUNE

The gentleman at the altar can be a matter of choice; but your dress, June bride, should look like this. Designer Irene dresses up Claudette Colbert to say "I do" to Joel McCrea of Paramount's "Palm Beach Story" in a basically simple white satin gown with a high collarless neckline and long tight sleeves. The bridegroom will be watching you; but the guests will have their eyes on the embroidered scroll of pearls on the bodice and the Russian-styled headdress, and on the sheer veil that sweeps down to cover the train.
To brush off the shower of rice in high style, make the going-away dash to the car in a suit like Miss Colbert's Irene model. A slate gray dressmaker, it has three summer-suit musts—front skirt fullness, fitted hip-length jacket and wide natural shoulders. A little white pillbox and white gloves are dress-up addenda; the outfit is finished off by sleek gray kid shoes. To catch the sun that you're going to be lucky enough to have shine on you, fasten the gray drape of the pillbox with a rhinestone pin.
To make your husband certain he's chosen a clever wife, have this Irene suit in your trousseau—a white wool with marvelous green stripes. Let your skirt have one pleat in front—it's a smart sports-suit touch; be sure your sweater blouse is bright kelly green jersey. Then, just for a clever contrast, have the stripes on the suit jacket running horizontally to those on the skirt. Accessories are sparkling white; the effect is bombastic.
Be a pretty little blushing bride in an ice-cream pink print dinner dress like the one Irene designed for Claudette. It's simply cut, as a print should be; it has a large leaf pattern of black and sky blue trimming the bodice and one side of the circular skirt. A small leaf pattern of sky blue paillettes runs gallantly down the neckline, the short sleeves and the bodice. Pin a little velvet bow in your curls, and you'll have a lot of other men wishing they saw you first.
You'll show you know your way around a dance floor if your honeymoon dress follows that smart female evening motto, concealing yet revealing. This Irene standout does. It's of black faille with its strapless bodice outlined in black lace, its tunic flaring out smartly. Shoulder arms with a separate black lace collar fastened with a jeweled clasp and you'll have your new male acquisition looking at you as Mr. McCrea looks at Miss Colbert in "The Palm Beach Story"
WHEN Bill Corey first saw glamour star Caryl Winslow having lunch with her director Larry Pierce and her leading man Roland Summers he fell—and fell hard. He had come out to Hollywood to get Caryl’s endorsement on an advertising client’s product and instead he found himself mixed up in a criminal case. For that very day Caryl was kidnapped, and Bill, because he had tried to contact her, was held by the police as a suspect.

Bill, remembering the suspicious four-fingered man he’d seen on the grounds of Caryl’s home, managed to escape from the station house and, by some clever sleuthing, met up with the gang in a gambling house. Pretending to be one of them working under the big boss’s orders, he got himself to the hang-out where they were holding Caryl.

There was only one way to save her—a dangerous way, but he tried it. The gangsters, a bit suspicious of the big boss anyhow, believed his story that the boss had double-crossed them and that they would take the rap unless they did away with Caryl. Bill was given the job, with Clip to go along as overseer.

It was hard for him to convince Caryl as they rode along in the car that he was trying to save her. By a bit of double-talk that Clip couldn’t catch on to, he told her his plan—that she must jump from the car.

The minute came—the screeching of brakes... Caryl’s plunge... the wild careening of the car...

Bill came to to find the road jammed with cars. Two truckmen, recognizing the kidnapped star, hustled him into their car, started at top speed for the police station.

Another car behind them, trailing them... the police station a block ahead... the car behind suddenly pulling in ahead of them... and then the sickening sensation as their truck came to a dizzy stop.

The driver of the other car was approaching them coolly, forcing Bill out and into his machine, taking his own place behind the wheel. Ahead against the dim blue lights of the station house he could see a girl going up the steps. It looked like Caryl. Bill started to cry out. The man dug a gun into his side.

“Shut up or I’ll let you have it.”

The car leapt forward...
He had made many telephone calls to girls before. But this one was different. This one was to the woman he loved—and his life depended on her understanding of what he said.

Driving at reckless, terrifying speed. Zigzagging through darkened, deserted streets. Tires screeching as they took the corners.

The dash lights were out. Bill strained in the darkness to study the shadowed figure—calm and unperturbed and silent—behind the wheel. The upturned collar and hat brim hid his face. But Bill could still catch the metallic glint of the gun in his hand.

"You young men—you think too much."

Voice low, precise, full of sarcasm. There was something familiar about him. Something in the careful, studied way he spoke.

Bill drew away. He knew this was the boss. The one who had planned it. The brains.

No way out. Unless he attempted to leap from the car. And that was almost certain death, at the rate they were traveling. Yet it was a chance—"I wouldn't try it." The man seemed to read his thoughts. "I handle this gun rather well."

Bill didn't answer. After a moment, the man said, "You took quite an interest in her. Caryl."

"Yes." His own voice sounding remote and unreal. "I wanted to help her. To get her out of the hands of people like you."

"Nothing more personal than that?" His tone full of mockery.

"Of course—nothing."

But he realized it wasn't true. Knew the sudden rise of emotion within him. And the man laughed.

"In fact, you find yourself in love."

Bill said, "It's none of your rotten business."

"Precisely. And of no importance."

The road they reached was narrow and dark and unfrequented. Flat country. No houses near nor lights nor signs of life. Far off he could hear the roar of the ocean. The tang of salt air.

"Sorry about all this. It's unfortunate." The man's voice was soft, almost mellow. "You can see that. One has position. Responsibility. And trouble comes along. You gamble and lose. And keep on losing, more and more."

That would be the gambling house. Sam. But Bill did not miss the menace in the tone, in the very gentleness of it.

"Sure," Bill (Continued on page 78)
LIKE thousands of her countrywomen, Jeanette MacDonald has waved her soldier good-by. With the mixed emotions so many of us have known and are to know, she stood at the rail of an airport and watched her ship take off—hoping, dreading; proud of him, heavy with the foretaste of loneliness and, above all, strong in the knowledge that his going was not only inevitable but right.

She has no patience with dramatics. She doesn't glory in the fact that Gene volunteered, nor indulge in self-pity. She accepts it. Not her least source of comfort is the sense that she's sharing the experience of women everywhere. "It's as if, standing alone," she says, "you feel a hand take each of yours and suddenly you're not alone but shoulder to shoulder with an army."

It's her private lynch that the idea of joining up was in Gene's mind when he started flying two years ago. They both felt war was bound to come. "When it does," he said, "I want to be up in the air, dishing it out, not down below getting it."

Jeanette has flown when occasion demanded—once, to her sick sister—once with Gene, back from their honeymoon, to reach Hollywood in time for the opening of "Firefly." But she doesn't like it. She gets airsick and scared sick. So her husband waited to take his first flying lessons till she went off on a concert tour and broke the news on her return by presenting her with his little solo-flight pin.

She feels there's no room in marriage for concealments between husband and wife. She scoffs at what she calls the typical man who yearns to spare the little woman till things get so bad that at last he's forced to tell her, darling, we're ruined. That, she observes, is a lot of bunk. A wife should be told when there's something to worry about. After all, that's part of the marriage vow, isn't it?

So a pang shot through her at Gene's disclosure. Not because he was flying but because he'd kept it from her. "It's your life," she pointed out. "If that's what you want, you should have known I wouldn't try to interfere."

He did know that. He just hadn't wanted to worry her on tour.

"Pooh! What's the difference if I'm worried three months ago or now?" Then she relented. "Bet you're a whale of a pilot."

Her own feeling about flying didn't prevent a sympathetic understanding of his. They talked about it often. He described the sense of buoyancy and exhilaration, of oneness with the plane—how strange and lovely the world looked from up there, how far horizons gave you far perspectives against which the petty and the stupid dropped away to the nothingness where they belonged.

Sometimes she'd smile. "You're an idiot about flying, aren't you?" But she knew he wasn't a unique idiot, having compared notes with other girls whose husbands flew. They all felt the same way.

ANY Pearl Harbor Gene was offered an important job in civilian defense work. Jeanette reacted like any wife who loves her husband, an oh-wouldn't-it-be-wonderful-I-hope-he-takes-it-reaction. She went so far as to tell him what she hoped, but no further, sticking by her principle of no interference and no pressure.

He answered soberly. "I'm not sure I want to take it. If everybody takes defense jobs, there'll be no need for planes because there'll be nobody left to fly them."

There matters rested till shortly before Christmas. Since he's a hard young man to find gifts for, Jeanette asked him what he wanted. "You can give me," he said, "a nice identification tag."

That jolted her. "What a charming idea!" She waited, half expecting him to laugh it off. But he didn't.

"No, I'd really like a nice identification tag to wear round my neck."

Well, they're selling identification tags to civilians all over the country, but Jeanette knew well enough that Gene wasn't hanging tags round his neck to stay in Bel-Air. Also he asked her not to have it inscribed till his plans (Continued on page 90)
John Carroll tells Lana Turner how nice she looks. She always does. But the way she sometimes manages it—well!

As host and hostess, Tyrone Power and Annabella are above reproach. Yet, at a recent party, they let their imaginations go—and the guests went home agasp.

Photographs by Hyman Fink

Lovely dignified Greer Garson (with Benny Thau) usually dresses right up to those adjectives. Her taste in furnishings is another matter—a very "my goodness" matter, at that.

Joan Blondell is honest to the point of telling you that she has poor taste. When she dresses to go out, she puts on whatever catches her eye. Then comes husband Dick Powell's turn.
About Stars' Tastes

They may say "my deah" with an elegant accent, but actions betray more than words!

By "Fearless"

Ann Sheridan likes tailored suits—certain kinds. As, for instance, that "new" one she's recently acquired because she couldn't decide which would be best. Sometimes she'd work in a dress for a day or two. Feeling she'd picked the wrong one, she'd make another choice—and the scenes would have to be reshot.

Ginger Rogers' taste in selecting her personal wardrobe is most unique. In everything else, Ginger shows rare judgment. Her clothes come from Hollywood's top feminine designer. They cost hundreds. So the story goes, it was Marlene Dietrich who took a crack at Ginger. For her role in a recent picture, Marlene had to dress like a cheap cafe entertainer. She is supposed to have gone into a local dress shop and said, "I want to see something that looks like what Ginger Rogers would pick out to wear at Ciro's!"

Speaking of Dietrich's taste, everyone knows she is one of the most stunning women in Hollywood. Marlene is also a great lover of opera. Or so it seemed to the audiences who, at opera performances, watched her as she sat in her seat and seemed to all but swoon. However, when Marlene went to a Hollywood party, she arrived with an armload of records. They were not opera. Neither were they Strauss waltzes, light symphonies—or even a rumba. They were recordings of Marlene's own voice—a little treat that seems to produce the same soothing effect as "Tristan And Isolde" to the Dietrich cult.

Sweaters and Lana Turner are synonymous. When M-G-M's little problem pixie dresses up occasionally, she doesn't allow her taste to run away with the practical side of her nature. At the Chinese Theater premiere of "A (Continued on page 77)
eight you be washed overboard.

Ofttimes, in bad weather, Doug didn't climb out of his clothes for days at a time, dropping exhausted near his station for quick naps of five minutes when relieved.

Not every minute at sea was grim, however. There were the welcome warm hours in the officers' salon, meeting messmates making new friends, learning something of the traditions of the Navy and learning, too, that Navy men are just human beings like the rest, who carry pictures of their kids in their pocketbooks, enjoy Beethoven and talk longingly of the way the burning leaves of autumn used to smell back home.

Doug's service was varied in those months at sea. First he served with a destroyer as junior communications officer, mastering the challenging problem of decoding. On the same ship he shared a bridge watch with the Executive Officer.

Transferred to a battleship in Iceland, Doug was junior officer in charge of an antisubmarine battery.

Later on a mine sweeper, patrolling the Atlantic Coast, Lieutenant Fairbanks was third in command.

Doug had one experience which left a deeper impression on him than any of his exploits on the destroyer.

In the busy beehive of a quiet sea some fifty miles off the Jersey Coast, the lookout spotted an empty lifeboat, rolling on the gentle swells.

On the decks were the coats and caps of three men, and an empty water barrel, dramatic evidence of the last horror-filled days of some tiny band of survivors from a nameless sunken ship who had held out as long as they could, then gone overboard rather than face the final crazed hours of starvation and thirst.

If he hadn't already realized it, Doug knew that morning the job for which he had volunteered was no motion picture scenario tale of gleaming gold buttons and brave banners parading by cheering throngs, but a grim, desperate game that was being played for keeps.

THAT he proved he could take it was best attested in the praise his commanding officers showered on Doug when he left the battleship.

"It was a pleasure to have him aboard," the skipper said. "His enthusiasm and attention to duty set a precedent which many of our young officers would well do to emulate. I would have been pleased to have him on board permanently."

"Bouquets like that are rare in the Navy," Follor said, but just as warming and welcome was the deep and sincere regard Doug won from the men, the enlisted men whose loyalty and respect can't be bought.

It is on the subject of the bluejacket of the modern Navy that you can prod Lieutenant Fairbanks out of his self-imposed silence. He has told us something of his experiences so far in the service.

"They're the greatest bunch of men I've ever worked with," Doug enthuses. "They're tough, they do their work bravely, with their earnestness, an inspiration. No adventurer brave enough to mark the men who are serving at sea today. They're well aware of all the grim horror of war and the philosophy of military life is that there's a tough job to be done, and they want to help do it.

"They've got the greatest sense of humor of any group I've ever met and their acceptance of discipline and their display of honest respect for their officers set an example you immediately want to follow, a formula for success."

Doug is following that example today, six months after he first donned uniform. Lieutenant Fairbanks is graduated from the Navy as a highly respect- ed officer. His athletic prowess marked him as a potential star. Apparently he was equally difficult for them to forget when it came to assigning quarters or duties to the fledgling officer.

"He was a Hollywood star, a glamour boy, eh?" seemed their attitude. "All right, let's see if he can take it!"

Doug took it! He came up smiling under every "dirty job" he was handed to test him.

In five months at sea Doug was in eight torpedosings.

Doug was the destroyer to which he was attached was lost for two days in a severe storm, its gyrocompass crippled, its radio necessarily silent lest a request for directions reveal the destroyers location to enemy raiders, a dense fog preventing the navigator from obtaining his bearings from sun or stars. The lost ship's fate, immediately after World War II, was learned by heavy seas rocking the destroyer like a bobbing tin can, pushed it over to such unbelievable lists as fifty-seven degrees; seas that picked you up and hurled you against bulkheads, waves that thundered down onto the decks and twisted iron ladders like paper.

Lashed into his bunk, Doug spent many sleepless nights, retching by seasickness, overcome by the sheer physical strain of double watches on a sleek-covered deck to which you had to hang like a leech.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

You may not be able to give as much as men like Douglas Fairbanks Jr.—men who walk the decks of Uncle Sam's ships in the dark watches of the Atlantic; or men who hurl American tanks through Philippine jungles against the swarming Japs . . . . or the boys who dive their bombies into the yellow tentacles reaching out for Australia.

You can't buy a plane or a ship or a tank all by yourself. But you can buy one rivet for a plane or a ship, one bolt for a tank, can't you?

ONE DEFENSE STAMP WILL DO IT!

And if you keep buying week after week, all of you, think of the rivers of rivets and bolts that will flow to our fighting men!

DO IT NOW!
Sue's

Sallie Hamilton and her fiancé, Ralph James White, will have a military wedding—in the famous West Point chapel. Sallie is descended from one of the old and distinguished Hudson River families. She is another lovely engaged girl who uses Pond's Cold Cream to help give her skin a flower-soft look.

When Jim was on week-end leave this Spring

Sallie's days are crowded with first-aid classes, defense work, wedding plans—but, like engaged girls everywhere, she senses that one of her important jobs these days is also to look just as pretty as she knows how.

"No matter how rushed I am, I'm not going to let my complexion get that dull, neglected look," she says. "That's why I'm so careful never to skip a day with my Pond's creamings."

Sallie prefers to give her lovely face twice-over creaming with Pond's:

SHE SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream all over her face and throat and pats—quickly, gently. Then she tissues the cream off.

SHE RINSES with more Pond's, and tissues off again. "It leaves my skin just beautifully clean, and so soft-to-touch," she says.

She Pond's—Sallie's way—every night—for daytime cleanups, too. You'll see by Mrs. Lytle Hull, Mrs. W. Forbes Gorgan—more women and girls everywhere use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar at your favorite beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes—the most economical the lovely big jars.

Sallie Hamilton has delicate white skin, fresh as sweet-pea blossoms

She uses Ponds!

—it's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's Cold Cream

Her ring is a large solitaire with baguette diamonds on each side of the perfect center stone, exquisitely set in platinum.
First Kiss—and Miss Temple
(Continued from page 41) silver images. And shelves of rare Copenhagen figures. And books, loads of books.
Her sitting room—dome with cream walls, carpeted in wood rose and royal blue, with furnishings in wood rose and a chaise longue, if you please—is lined with books. During this past year she has read Galsworthy's "Fortitude," Churchill's "The Crisis," —"Darkness At Noon," "The Keys Of The Kingdom," "Oliver Woswell," "Berlin Diary" and "The Soong Sisters." "Most of them were required reading at school," Shirley said, "but"—with the faintest possible sigh—"I enjoyed them.

SHE uses a lipstick now, too. But just a lipstick. No compact furnishes her purse as yet. "We don't use powder or rouge or anything but lipstick," she said, "none of us do." She wears silk stockings, "sheer ones, too. The short-cut nails of the cops 'n' robber days are longer now, and shaped. She said, thoughtfully, inspecting the ten trim oval nails with obvious pride and pleasure, 'It's really on account of my nails that I don't play cops 'n' robbers any more. It's a rough game and I'd be sure to break them.'

But some of the ways of baby days, Mrs. Temple told me, sotto voce, and gratefully, are still unchanged. "I still put her hair up every night," her mother said, "and study her script with her after she gets in bed. She still loves to help Katy in the kitchen, loves to set the table and arrange flowers. She is really quite domestic. And, of course, I still stay with her on the sets."

Shirley's friends are "mostly," as she would say, the girls in her class at the Westlake School where, this June, she will finish her sophomore year. Shirley likes school. She is taking a First Aid course and is a sergeant in the Drill. "Our instructor in Drill," Shirley said, "with proper awe, 'is a regular captain in the Coast Guard.' She added, "Naturally I'm interested in courses like this. Especially, I admire his class, her George is at Pearl Harbor, you know, and has been for some time. He was there on—on December seventh. It was almost a month before we heard from him."

There was a very tender note in Shirley's voice, then, and something older and deeper and wiser than fourteen in her eyes as she added, "Poor Mom."

"Mostly," Shirley went on, "when my friends come over in the afternoons, or on week-end evenings, we dance all the time. We even do a little jitterbug, but we don't do a very good jitterbug, kind of quiet. We play badminton a lot, too, and ride our bikes. And eat. Hamburgers and spaghetti are our favorite things, and cakes, of course. And ice-cream sodas, we make them all the time at my soda fountain. Oh, no, none of us smokes cigarettes. I'm not going to smoke, either."

When the fledging sub-deb was queried as to whether she and her girl friends dance together, she regarded such naiveté with real compassion, then politely but firmly disposed of any such really too quaint notion.

"Girls dancing together, no, indeed! "We all have our friends," explained Miss T., with dignity. "Some of the boys are the brothers of some of the girls. Some of them are boys we know in military and high schools."

The boys, it appears, are anywhere "from eighteen down to thirteen, all different ages. It really doesn't matter. What does matter is that they must be good dancers. But must. Clothes and manners are not particularly "vital," either. 'They're adolescent, too, you know,' said Shirley, tolerantly.

Unlike Miss Rooney, Shirley and her sister sub-debs show no signs as yet of getting in "a romantic mood." "No," Shirley said, "we don't have crushes. If we do, she added honestly, after a moment's reflection, 'we don't talk about it.'

The girls do not even have crushes on movie actors. "I used to have one on Charles Laughton," Shirley added, reminiscing, "especially in The Hunchback Of Notre Dame. It was gruesome, so I loved it."

YOUNG Miss Temple goes to dances, now and again. Not on dates, as such. She will not be allowed to have dates, her mother says is fifteen, possibly sixteen. "Gosh, Mom, dimpled Miss T., "fifteen would be wonderful!"

But she is allowed to go, with other young couples, to dances given by various groups she belongs to, dances at several military schools, and to home affairs. On such occasions Palmer, her bodyguard and chauffeur, takes her along with her. "And usually," Mrs. Temple smiled, "Daddy follows them in his car."

"We're all crazy about the radio, too. Shirley was saying, and it was all on all the time. Dance music, of course. We're all crazy about the 'Inner Sanctum,' too. I like to listen to it with the lights turned off, it's more gruesome."

'To be gruesome, we gathered, whether it be man, or boy or broadcast, is to rate.) I love the 'I Love A Mystery' program, too. I like symphonies. I like them a lot, but only when I'm alone or with the family. I have my radio going all the time, even when I'm studying. When I'm doing my algebra. I usually seem to have the radio on full blast.

After all, I can't miss my favorite programs. Besides, radio helps me to concentrate. Mom doesn't understand this, but it's so, it really is."

"Mom doesn't think I should listen to the 'Inner Sanctum,' either. She thinks it's too gruesome, and remembers something about a headless man. . . ."

"It was an armless woman, Shirley," Mrs. Temple related.

"Well, anyway, she said it made her feel sort of sick. That's the trouble with grownups, things stick to their minds. We," said Shirley blithely, "forget. . . ."

'T is always dangerous to set up as a prophet, particularly about a business built on the shifting sands of public favor—and public favorites. But we dare to prophesy that Shirley will be again, if she wants to be, the biggest star this business has ever known.

"If she wants to . . ."

In those five words lie the promise and the essence of Shirley's future and at the same time, the only reason why she may not, when she is fully grown, continue in professional life. Because while she is without a pinch a "born actress," she is, also, a very normal little sub-deb, fond of boys and dancing and home and good times, decidedly domestic, warmly affectionate—fancies which may, as her mother realizes, lead her to early marriage, to a preference for firelight rather than limelight.

Because she is such a warm, so warm of heart, eager of spirit and comprehensive of mind, she will follow her natural instincts, her star, if you like, the star of her own choosing, wherever it may lead her.

The End.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
"Want to be Attractive? Then make Daintiness SURE"

THIS lovely young screen star gives you a tip women everywhere are following:

“A daily Lux Soap beauty bath,” she says, “makes you sure of skin that’s sweet.”

You’ll love the way ACTIVE lather gently caresses the skin, then swiftly carries away every trace of dust and dirt. You’ll love the delicate fragrance this smooth white soap leaves on your skin. Try it and see!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
Personal Conquest

(Continued from page 34) was over. I ran to get my books, then rushed up into the hills.

"That was always my escape, the hills and books. I read and read, all Shakespeare, all the great plays, every novel I could put my hands on. I still do, but on that particular day I knew romantic dreams would do me no good, that, before dark, I'd have to go home and take the punishment that was waiting for me.

THE dark fear of those continual punishments was always there to haunt Joan's childhood. It was her stepfather, whose name she bears, who administered them. "Now I understand him and know how good he was for us," Joan says. "Now we are the best of friends, but growing up I was always terrorized by him.

What had happened was that, when I was still a baby, my mother and real father had finally separated. Mother loved the social life of the British colony in Tokio but she gave it up, for me, because of my miserable health.

"I was two and a half when we came to California and settled down in the little town of Saratoga. Mother had chosen it for its climate, but I shall never be grateful enough to her for having recognized its beauty, too. It was a wonderful thing to grow up in Santa Clara Valley, where the fruit trees seem to be always in flower. These flowering fruit trees are my first memory and, as I grew up, they were like friends to me."

The impractical Mrs. de Havilland had brought with her almost no money. She and the two little girls lived a delightful, haphazard, colorful life until a young French-Canadian named Fontaine came along and fell in love with her, and she with him.

"Immediately Liv's and my lives changed," says Joan. "Mother didn't change at all. She never does. Nothing affects her and she always does things in her own, delightful irresponsible way. But from the very day of their wedding, Liv's and my lives were relentlessly regimented. I repeat, I don't blame my stepfather now. We were completely un/disciplined and, I'm sure, very difficult children to her decision to change that all. Literally every fifteen minutes of our days were planned out and we had to spend our Sundays making up and getting them out on paper and submitting them to our stepfather for his approval.

"If we were an instant late, it we failed in any study, if one bureau drawer got out of order—anything, everything was punishable.

Mother only punished us for one thing. She didn't like me to do or to say anything that was not complimentary to her. I couldn't even speak to my stepfather.

"We were not encouraged to make friends. That is still one of the great flaws in my character: I do not know how to get along with people. The people I love I adore, but there are so few I even dare approach. With one person at a time, I can get on famously, but put me in any kind of a group and I am awkward and ill at ease. I got it so drilled into me that I had to do everything perfectly that I still expect all people to be perfection in all things. I am so slowly learning tolerance.

"Liv always had spirit and would stand up to my stepfather, take her punishment and keep on talking defiantly all the while. But I was crushed by them in body and spirit."

"I remember once he pointed a woman out to us. She was some poor derelict and her clothes were ragged and her shoes had holes in them. That was the result of disobedience, our stepfather said, the result of doing things improperly and poorly. She should have cried and crying over that woman, not as I should have, with pity for her, but with pity for myself and with horror at life. It seemed to me that if life were as awful as that, I couldn't face it. I didn't want to grow up. The injustice of all existence crushed me. Now I am sure that much of my illness was caused by my constant wish to die."

SHE could eat almost nothing, this terrified little girl, and it was a real miracle that she lived. She was eight before she ever ate fruit in its natural state; up until that time, she had subsisted merely on fruit juices. She had all the usual childhood illnesses, plus continual colds and fever.

When she and Olivia were fourteen and fifteen respectively they went to work. Their stepfather had the idea that if they earned their own spending money they would get a sense of its value.

"I did everything," Joan says. "I waited on tables, I minded babies. I fed chickens daily for the sum of thirty cents weekly, and eternally I was ill and unhappy and lonely. By the time I was seventeen I could endure it no longer. Liv was already a belle, a beauty, and a celebrity. She had gone out on the road with 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' and it haunts her. I was convinced that I was never going to be anything but unloved and ignored and I begged my mother to let me go back to Hollywood to find my father. Not having ever known him, he had become a dream to me, an impossible 'ideal.'"

T WAS a setup for Joan the moment she stepped on board that ocean liner, but she was too naive to know that few young people do. She had no comprehension of the appeal of her delicate young beauty. She only knew that suddenly she was sought after. Every man on the boat was immediately aware of her and all the unattached ones were in hot pursuit of her.

Removed from the dazzling shadow of Old Hollywood and yet essential fear of her stepfather, Joan Fontaine came into her first sweet glory.

The boat itself encountered a typhoon, stopped at ports, sailed back to Japan, but Joan never noticed that. Every other woman on board was half-dead of seasickness; but not Joan, the chronic invalid. She even made the most of the fancy dress ball she got her first proposal. She accepted it, starry-eyed. That was no wonder, since she was very obviously lonely. The night of the ship's concert another man proposed to her. She accepted him, too.

She arrived in Tokio doubly engaged and in love with myself.

It was wonderful to meet her father. Their minds were in sympathy and they discussed the lives of dead kings and queens, of emperors and poets they had met in books.

It was only when they came to reality that they had no meeting ground whatsoever. They were father and daughter and they had nothing in common. Joan would have worried about it if she had had time. But besides the two young men she had agreed to marry on the way over, she had now agreed to marry three more, whom she had met in Tokio.

I don't know why I didn't think that they must all inevitably represent the small British social circle of Tokio," she says, "and that they would inevitably compare notes. I had my mind all made up on one of them. He was already in the American diplomatic service and I had myself wonderfully dramatized as a consul's wife. I thought it was all very well for Olivia to be getting into movies —for by this time she was in Hollywood—but that I should be so much more elegant, married and so very fashionable. But there were the other four and I was completely incapable of possessing to any of them, out of sheer infatuation for this new-found popularity of mine. I suppose. I didn't want to lose any of them. Finally I fled from Tokio, back to Saratoga, just to escape the whole tangle of it."

SHE forgot all the five on arrival, for there, at her home, was Henry Duffy, the producer, who having seen her in some of her school productions, was offering her a role in a new play, Call It A Day. In a frenzy of delight, she signed with him. The role was small and she wasn't at all outstanding in it, but she knew from that first night of her professional appearance

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Livvie's "little sister," Joan Fontaine, and her first big Hollywood romance. She paired off with Conrad Nagel, thought it was love, found it a friendship instead
at she had found her destiny. When a play closed, she went to Hollywood. Olivia was there, a star. The two sisters, enjoyed at being united, took a house together. Joan called herself Joan St. John and went out hunting work. She took tests, tests everywhere. Nothing came of them. She tried out for this of that, but never got them. Finally she got a chance at a Western. She was lightened of horses. She rode awkwardly, at least it was work.

She decided to change her name. So she came Joan Burfield. Under that fancy she played at Republic and the other studios. Two years passed, two years in which she felt back in her childhood mood, neither Joan Fontaine, the vastating girl engaged to five men, nor in Fontaine, the promising young ace. She was merely once more Liv's younger, shy, awkward sister.

She had only one ray of personal happiness, the companionship of Conrad. She had met him when she made her radio debut on the Silver Theatre, had immediately started courting her. I will never have a better friend than Conrad,” Joan says. “We are still such good friends. I wanted to be in love with him but I wasn’t. Perhaps the very fact of our mental compatibility precluded any deeper feeling. We had such days together. He’d come over on Sundays and wash our cars. We’d spend ours reading together. It was sweet and comforting, but it was not romance.”

Finally, she went back and did another stage play and in this Jesse Lasky saw and offered her a contract with RKO. She had a tiny part in “Quality Street,” then went into “The Man Who Found Himself,” then into “Gunga Din” and finally, misery of miseries, into “Damsel Distress,” opposite Fred Astaire. This was the first picture that Fred did with his scintillating dancing partner, Ginger Rogers. Joan didn’t know how to play a torch song or how to do a dance-down. Hope began to die in her. She became but she hung on. Olivia was an angel and tried to look after her, but life with Liv was so full and glorious right then. She had so many dates. She had such wondrous roles.

Her struggle as she would Joan’s career deteriorating. Finally RKO loaned her to Edward Small for “The Duke Of West Point.” While that film was a success, it was a contract with RKO expired. They made no attempt to renew it.

Not being at my own studio, no one came to say good-bye to me,” Joan says. “I just was through. I came home that evening to find Olivia dancing with excitement. She was going out on a wonderful date, but she had waited to tell me that she had been signed for the role of Melanie in Gone With The Wind.” I couldn’t even confess to her that I had tried for—and lost—the role before, after she had gone to that empty house and wept and cried. I wanted to be in love and wasn’t fortified to act, and I couldn’t. Liv was there, but I had nothing. Liv was a star at a was a failure. I lay there and wondered if I could face the coming of another day. That night I felt sure that was too horrible to be endured any longer.”

It’s Junior’s favorite game. He plays it every day.

And he never gets tired.

According to the newest rules it’s a game for three. Junior, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap.

When these three play, no one gets tired.

Let Junior present his most complicated washing problem. Between them, Mother and Fels-Naptha Soap will solve it in a jiffy—with Fels-Naptha’s gentle naptha and richer golden soap doing most of the work.

Not many mothers play Junior’s game the old way any more. It’s so much easier and quicker when you use the new rules—and Fels-Naptha Soap.
Isn't it time
to get curious?

HANGING ON TO AN OLD HABIT, are you?
Not even wondering if another, newer kind of
napkin might be softer? Well—wait till you hear
what happened when 12,000 women made an
astonishing test—then see what happens to
your habit. Just prick up your ears to this . . .

12,000 WOMEN HAD A HABIT of buying a cer-
tain kind of napkin. But then they compared
their usual napkin with Modess. And guess
what? 3 out of every 4 of them discovered that
Modess was actually softer! Now doesn’t that
start you wondering? Let go your old habit—and
catch on to a new kind of comfort! So . . .

GIVE YOURSELF A BREAK! Try Modess! If you
don’t agree with millions that it’s the softest,
most comfortable napkin you’ve ever tried, mail
in the package insert with a note stating your
objections. We’ll refund your full purchase price.
The Personal Products Corp., Milltown, N. J.

(Continued from page 37) ordinary effort
required of you if you are offered the re-
ward of slightly better feel, better
and shelter. If you are not offered such
a reward for what you do, you do not
want to do it.

I figure things, obstacle, one that was
solved by Dr. Levy, he said, “in very basic
terms. Life, work, women—to grasp the
essentials and leave the rest alone seems
one of the reasons to answer it to all.”

It was here that the question came,
“Do you hate women, too?” and he
answered, “No, I love women—in their
place.” He added—and now there was
focius, interest in his pale blue eyes,
rather morbid humor— “By which I
mean that here, again, I am taking the
basic, or perhaps one should say, the
natural position about women.”

I emphatically believe that woman’s
place is, to coin a glitering new phrase,
in the home. In the home and no-
where else.

“ar not find intelligent women at-
tractive. Brilliant women bore me.

Bluntly, I do not believe that woman,
as a sex, is as intelligent as man. Cover
the field and one proves it. Take science:
Madame Curie is the greatest woman
scientist we have known, but she was
not so great in her field as, for example,
Sir Isaac Newton.

“Take music: No woman has ever
touched Handel, Mozart, Wagner.
At this point, I can see the argument
coming, the old argument which con-
cluded that, in those days, women did not have
a chance, were subjugated, were not per-
mitted equal opportunity with men.
But women could always play the piano. No
one gainsaid them that privilege. And
the fact remains that no woman ever
played as did Chopin, Liszt, Paderewski.

“Take literature: with accurate
recorded history who can compare with
Rembrandt, Rubens, Titian? Yet no one
took the palette and brush out of a
woman’s hand.

“ar in my profession, you have to take
Bernhardt and set her against Shake-
peare, who considered himself an actor,
you know.

“In the field of letters, women have
done well, but where are the female
equivalents, not to mention the superiors,
of Voltaire, Chaucer, Thackeray, Emery-
son, Dickens? In philosophy, what
woman rises above Socrates, Epicetus,
Spinoza, Kant, Hegel? Is there a woman
statesman to rival Lincoln, Washington,
Disraelli, Thomas Jefferson?

“Was it a woman doctor who discovered
insulin for diabetes, the cure for yellow
fever or childbed fever, the serums for
typhus, diphtheria, scarlet fever?

Most of the great poets of yesterday
and today, Shelley, Keats, Masefield,
Whitman, Poe, have been women.

“To men go the credit for the great
inventions, the steam engines, airplanes,
radio, electric light, motion picture.
In the field of engineering, men hold
all in these things, men reign supreme.
No woman has ever touched the best man.
Personally, I doubt that one ever will.
And doubt you not.

“Take the great humorists, Ade, Lea-
cock, in our day; the cartoonists, all men.
Women lack a sense of humor. Humor
gives balance and perspective.
Women lack balance and perspective.

“Now you take the field of athletics:
I do not believe you can say that any
woman has been, or is today, anywhere
near so great an American men
athletes of all kinds.

“Therefore, considering the proven
superiority of man in all the arts and
crafts, I see no reason why women should
presume to equality with us.

Therefore, every day for
woman if ever she becomes our equal.
Because she is stepping out of her nat-
ural sphere. She must overcome a nat-
ural obstacle that was intended to be
overcome, whenever she
wants to achieve something out of her
sphere.

Therefore, when she makes the
attempt—worse, when she succeeds—Na-
ture robs her of the things she had be-
fore, her dependence on man, her frailty
which were her charm. An unnatural
procedure, with monstrous results.

“The entire relationship between
the sexes was founded, and built, on the
principle that men were equal.
So they are. It is stupid, it is entirely
futile to argue around that basic and
irrevocable point. Being more frank I
follows, naturally, that she has greater
limitations.

I AM one who believes that all things
in the world of art and science
are a result of the work of
women. But science—especially
women. But science—especially
women. But science—especially
women. But science—especially
women. But science—especially
women. But science—especially
women.

“Another speeious argument which
women frequently advance as testim-
omy to their power is that of The Power Be-
hind The Throne; the fact that man
great men would not have been so great
had they not had brilliant and enter-
prising women back of them. Granted.

But there is a complete fallacy in
these arguments. It is true that women
have been behind great men, but this
is because the men have made
the women their equals.

THE world is changing, no doubt about
it. Women are changing. No doubt
about that, either. Their clothes are be-
coming more masculine, their voice
deeper, their hands harder, their
conversation freer. A pity. In time
women will have to wear badges and
beards, or vice versa, in order to dis-
tinguish one sex from the other.

There is no longer a discouraging
breed of men springing up among
women. It is known to the facetious as ‘house-wive
husbands.’ They—and this is totally in-
credible—are marrying, or attempting to
attend to domestic affairs while they
more aggressive spouses go out into the
world and earn the family living.
Personally, I can’t imagine what such a situ-

ution would be like. Intolerable would be
my word for it.

Personally, I cannot conceive of mar-
rying an independently wealthy woman.
I cannot conceive of marrying a suc-
sessful career woman.

“Point the is, if a man is a masculine
woman and the woman is feminine
women they keep their places.

“I am attracted only to exceedingly
feminine women. I like women’s
clothes to be flimsy and feminine. I like women

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE STUDIO

3 out of every 4 voted

Modess
softer

Regular size or Junior? Yes—
Take your pick when you buy Modess!

72
to use perfume. I like them to use make-up, wear red nail polish, all the nonsense that is completely feminine and so, the opposite of masculine.

I like women who play the piano. I like women who flatter me. Everybody reacts to flattery, so do I. I like women to be coy, flirtatious, timid, as silly as they please. I like all the feminine wiles.

"The only thing that really irritates me about feminine women is the way they argue. The 'because' kind of argument is essentially feminine. 'Because what?' the man bellows. 'Because no!' they say. And there you are, having advanced not one tenth of an inch from the original premise, whatever that was.

"Men are to blame for the behavior of modern women. Men, especially the very kindly American man, has spoiled women. If he had not, they would never have had the hardihood, the foolhardiness to venture beyond their appointed place in the scheme of things. They would not, now, be taking bar examinations, medical courses, drinking in public places with men and doing other preposterous things. They would have remained where they belong, in the boudoir and the parlor. Men should have kept women subjugated. When they are subjugated, they are happy.

"No, I do not spoil women. I am not what is known as 'attentive.' I do not send flowers, gifts. I do none of those things because I have found it isn't necessary. I am saving all that," Sanders smiled, his slow and lazy smile, "for when I am an old man and have to!"

GEORGE SANDERS, when he leaves a sound stage, is seen and heard no more. Few know where he lives. No one seems to know how he lives, what he does with his time or anything whatsoever about the pattern of his days.

The story is that there is a woman in his life, and only one. It is said he may be married to her. No one has seen her; no one seems to know her name. She is believed to be an Englishwoman and the rumor is that it is a romance—or marriage—of some years standing. Some say they were married before Sanders came to Hollywood. Others hazard the guess that he married recently. Still others insist that he is not married at all. And there are those who go beyond all this and say there is no such woman, that she is a figment of Sanders'i imagination, a rumor he has planted for the purpose of protecting himself from other women.

Sanders himself says nothing at all.

On the RKO lot (he is making his last Falcon film there, having asked to be released from them) where everyone, even Ginger Rogers, walks about the lot in pairs, two by two, Sanders walks alone. Always. He never has visitors. He is never seen talking with members of the cast or crew. He lunches alone, a book or magazine (usually about aeronautics; he is now building model airplanes) propped up in front of him. He seldom speaks to anyone, looks neither to left nor right and is seldom spoken to.

On the sets, between scenes, he goes into his dressing room or finds a corner of the sound stage and continues to read. The day's work done, he vanishes. But completely.

When he is between pictures, he does not answer phone calls, wires or letters. He is never seen at parties or night spots. If he has any friends in Hollywood or participates in any social life, no one knows who they are or what it is.

A strange individual, this Sanders.

The End

JUNE, 1942

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spread vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

Make your own test. Once you make this under-arm test, you're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. If you don't agree that FRESH #2 is the best under-arm cream you've ever used, the test will cost you nothing because your dealer will be glad to refund your purchase price upon request. FRESH, Louisville, Ky.

Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men, too.
Makes herself over—startles her friends!

"I feel as different as I look"
—says Emily Jackson

"Last June I weighed 163 and could just squeeze into a size 8S," says Mrs. Emily Jackson, teacher, of Norwalk, Conn. "During summer vacation I took the DuBarry Success Course. When school opened, I had lost so much weight I didn't recognize me."

It Can Happen to You!

Mrs. Jackson is just one of the thousands of women and girls who have found the DuBarry Success Course a way to beauty. The Course is practical, sensible, inexpensive. You get an individual analysis; then a six-week routine that shows you how to use at home the same methods taught by Ann Delafeld at the Richard Hudnut Salon, New York. Results come quickly. You'll be surprised how soon friends will be admiring the change in you—how soon you will be looking and feeling like a new person.

Get the Full Story—Send coupon or a postal and find out what this Course can do for you.

(Continued from page 39) looked solemn, almost angry, as she said:

"That is one thing you are wrong about. There is only one woman for me and there will never be another."

And, what is more, Anne, he meant it. I didn't contradict him as I might have another type of man. He was too upset, too proud to do any other. So I let it go at that. But my letting it go didn't satisfy him.

He said firmly: "I am going to ask you not to use this in your article. I am going to have you fired and worry you."

Whether one believes in palmistry or not he can be hurt by such a prediction. There isn't going to be any second marriage for me and I am married to her now and for always."

Well, ever since the news of your pending divorce was given out, the memory of that day has kept hammering away at me. Something kept telling me, "You must do something. Whatever the trouble is, or seems to be, John Payne loves Anne Shirley. She ought to know about that day."

I may be one of the fools who rush in where a wise angel would fear to tread, but I have to tell you two what a terrible mistake you are making. No matter which one of you is at fault (and perhaps you both are) he or she should be forgiven. Life is made up of give and take and compromise. And your particular marriage was made in heaven.

Anne, you belong together. Your stars almost defy you to try and separate.

John Payne is now the gravest point in his whole life. He is passing through a period which comes once in a lifetime to some of us and fortunately never to many of us. The transiting Uranus, Saturn and Mars are passing through his 12th house, house of self-undoing, secrets, imprisonment and sorrow, and these transiting planets are conjuncting Venus, Mercury and Saturn, which were in his 12th house at birth. In simple words then, these aspects warn John Payne of danger, loss, tragedy, sorrow and self-undoing. Right now he is in danger of bringing the whole world crashing down upon his head unless he and those of you who love him do all in your power to help him. No one in the whole world knows what he has been going through by himself and no one understands.

These dynamic astrological aspects can be used for good or bad. They are dangerous as riddles in the hands of a novice and beneficial as riddles in the hands of an expert. They spell sensational publicity, emotionalism, temperament, excitability and lightheartedness, depending entirely upon the use they are put to, and can take the person in whose chart they appear to the heights of fame and popularity or fling him to the depths of destruction.

This danger period for John Payne continues until around the middle of June. After May fifteenth there is a lull, but June fifteenth to nineteenth marks the close of this period of turmoil in his life. Anne, I want you to stick to him through this period, no matter what he has said or done, or what he says and does until the trouble is over. It is a crisis and you are the one person who may be able to help him.

I can assure you you will not be happy without him, nor can you ever be happy knowing that you may have failed him when he needed you so much. You are too loyal a person and fine a friend to rest comfortably knowing that you have failed one who needed you, no matter how black that person's moods may have appeared, or how difficult it may have been to understand some of his actions.

Your stars warn you against unsavory characters who pose as your friends, only to take advantage of your kindness and generosity. Just to prove the similarity in your horoscope, John's chart, too, tells of secret enemies who make trouble for him and cause gossip and slander which lead to scandal and probable divorce.

Both of you are stubborn and somewhat secretive and inclined to keep your troubles to yourselves; and both of you are idealists who find it hard to accept life and human nature as they are.

Apart, there is unhappiness and suffering. Together, there can be happiness and understanding born from the trouble you have just been through and a willingness to compromise, tolerance for each other's weak spots and the certain knowledge that your stars favor love and marriage to one another but warn each of you against marriage to someone else.

So harmonious are your charts that they even favor success together in the entertainment world and if you make a picture or a series of public appearances together it will bring you both great popularity and acclaim.

According to your own chart, around July fifteenth of this year, you should be able to settle the problems that have been besetting you for so long a time. This aspect will help you to face realities, to look deep within yourself and find yourself and with this discovery will come true values and the true meaning of life.

It will be a period, Anne, when you can make a fresh start and find a happiness far greater than any you have ever known. I hope for your sake and John's that he will come safely through his crisis and that this fresh start will be together, with the past which is now to be the heading, "Experience." You belong together, not for a little while but for as long as you both live.

The End.
Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4) they didn’t try to hide that, either. . . . they did . . . a lady of leisure and mystery, they made her a streetcar conductor in boots and old sweaters, then a girl in ‘Comrade X,’ a girl with a ‘bun’ on the back of her neck; her figure wrapped in the shapeless skirts of 1925 for ‘H. M. Fulham, Esq.’ . . . but the war came and our boys went to camp, and young boys who whistled when they mentioned Hedy and who never wondered whether or not she was a Phi Beta Kappa but who wrote in letters demanding her back at the old sex-appeal stand . . . so you will see Hedy being beautiful opposite Bill Powell . . . and then being beautiful opposite Robert Taylor . . . and you may be sure you won’t see any more ‘experiments’ with her imperishable loveliness . . .

Then there is that little matter of the poetry of motion, which Sonja Henie understands down to the last dime . . .

THERE the oil head . . . Sonja’s whole life had been dedicated to the proposition that people will pay money to see her skate . . . on the other hand Twentieth Century-Fox has harbored the thought that the public likes drama . . . and getting those twain to meet . . . Sonja on skates and the dear old plot . . . has been a caution . . . particularly at the high prices the gay little Henie demands . . .

The battles that went on during the making of “Sun Valley Serenade” were anything but harmonious and musical . . . Sonja wanted more ice ballets because she said they would make the picture a hit . . . the studio wanted more dramatic scenes . . . they said those were necessary but the shrewd Miss Henie was just as aware as the studio was that they were also much, much cheaper to shoot . . . finally Sonja got one more ice ballet and Twentieth got two more dramatic scenes and when the picture was finally finished everybody gave signs of relief and the insiders told one another, “That, praise be, washes up Henie . . .”

But oh, the pity of it . . . “Sun Valley Serenade” went out and refused to lay an egg . . . it prospered . . . it was a hit . . . that is, Sonja and the ice ballet were a hit . . .

So what’s the pain and the pay-off? . . . Sonja will be back again this summer and undoubtedly the old arguments will go on and on and on . . . but Sonja will win . . . because you can’t take her grace away from her or the art of her flying feet . . .

IT does bother the Hollywood insiders, though . . . it bothers the deuce out of them because they can’t put a “fix” on it . . . so they go back to the things easy to understand . . . as why Sam Wood is directing Gary Cooper in “The Pride Of The Yankees” . . . didn’t you know about that one? . . .

That’s so that Gary will be in “For Whom The Bell Tolls” . . . of course, they did announce that one for Stirling Hayden but Sam Wood always had the right of casting it and he insisted upon Gary . . . Sam Goldwyn swore he wouldn’t let Gary go in . . . then he got up against a directing problem in “Pride Of The Yankees” . . . so Sam Wood went to Goldwyn’s so that he can bring Gary back to Paramount . . . and Stirling Hayden has gone back to sea and Madeleine Carroll has gone back East . . . and love has gone all to pieces . . . and it’s all very Hollywood . . . Hollywood which is still, come wars, taxes and such, a wonderfully crazy . . .

June, 194C

Don’t let cruel Dry Skin Wrinkles age Your Face too soon . . .

NIGHTLY SMOOTH-SKIN CARE FOR DRY SKIN

Cleanse your face and neck exquisitely with Jergens Face Cream. Remove the cream. Then apply a light but covering film of this fragrant new cream and leave on all night. Thrilling—the new fresh smoothness of your skin next morning!

THIS ONE CREAM gives your face complete daily smooth-skin care!

It’s the new Jergens Face Cream. Made by the same skin scientists who make Jergens Lotion—Jergens Face Cream tends your complexion so skillfully!

You use Jergens Face Cream:

(1) for daily, thorough Cleansing; (2) for Softening; (3) for a “well-dressed” Foundation for powder and make-up; and (4) as a Smooth-Skin Night Cream.

Think of Jergens Face Cream as your “One-Jar” Beauty Treatment. Use it every day for a satin-smooth, younger look. 50¢, 75¢, $1.25; 25¢, 10¢. Already over 6,000,000 jars have been used!

ALL-PURPOSE . . . FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

JERGENS

FACE CREAM

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION
**What's your biggest query about Tampons?**

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

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

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

**"Do they really fit?"**

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

**"Will I have to pay more?"**

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**Meds**

The Modess Tampon

(Continued from page 32) apparent that the foundation upon which is built absolute companionship was lacking. For there were other points of difference.

Although she worked in Hollywood, Myrna always tried desperately to keep it out of her private life. She refused to have the usual rumpus room or projection machine in her house. As she once said, "We work in Hollywood, but our home is unrelated to our work and its demands."

As a producer Myrna's husband may have thought differently, which would only add to the growing rift. At length, there came the first separation, which ended in a patched-up reconciliation. But during the next year Myrna and Arthur realized that their unhappiness was growing more and more pronounced and finally they both knew that this second break was inevitable.

**MYRNA LOY,** who has always been shy and reticent—even to having all her accounts in her secretary's name—is today offering no further explanations for the failure of her marriage. But there is no doubt that Myrna was aware of the dangers and pitfalls that lurk in marriage. She herself once said, "Whether in Hollywood or anywhere else, a wife can't escape the competition of other women. But she shares the same privilege of the beauty parlor. The battle has just begun when the altar is reached. If women put as much effort into making marriage a success as they would in a business, Reno could be given back to the Indians."

**Good-By Again**

Well, they tried, the Hornblows did; they tried to keep their marriage safe and secure. But today the screen's perfect wife lives alone. Her husband has taken a bachelor apartment and has called a local employment agency for a staff of servants.

Myrna has submerged herself in war work, joined the American Women's Voluntary Services, works from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m., serving coffee and doughnuts to weary soldiers on duty. Her screen career goes along at a comfortably slackened pace which seems to worry her not at all. Several years ago the name Myrna Loy was on everyone's lips, the ideal wife to thousands of movie fans. That acclaim failed to sur vive her from her own true standards of life, proving ambition is only a second best to this woman's determination first to remain true to herself.

There is a peace and quiet about her that the whole town envies. There is no bitterness over a broken love and marriage.

Likewise, on Arthur's part, there will be no bitterness, for his experience in living has given him broad and tempered views. Despite the fact that now for the first time they will be working on the same lot, as a result of the producer's contract Arthur recently signed with M-G-M, there will be no embarrassment to either of them. Myrna has said so, has expressed only friendship for the man whose path now lies apart from hers.
Tie the Truth about Stars' Tastes
(Continued from page 65) Yank in the R.A.F., Turner looked terrific. She wore a long, clinging, white jersey evening dress. Huge sable pockets trimmed it and a sable what-not adorned her hair.

The following morning the sable went back to the furrier, who had loaned it to Lana for the auspicious occasion!

One of her many nice qualities is Joan Blondell's honesty. In public Joan always looks her best. Yet she herself will tell you that she has poor taste. So Joan has devised a unique idea. When she dresses to go out, she puts on whatever happens to catch her eye. Then she goes into hubby Dick Powell and asks him what to take off! It simplifies everything.

Ann Sheridan's taste runs toward dressing up her bank account. Ann has exactly three dinner dresses to her name, one of them the plain black velvet she brought from Texas ten years ago. You may have noticed those magazine snapshots of Ann in her stunning new tailor's suit. It was made over from a suit of George Brent's. Ann has an inexpensive tailor who has a trick way of making ladies' skirts out of mens' pants.

W O U L D N ' T you expect a star of Fred Astaire's money and magnitude to have a bedroom suite that looked like something out of a DeMille picture? Well, Fred's tastes are so simple they astound his intimates. Actually, Fred's bedroom is about the size of an apartment kitchenette. He sleeps on a wooden-back bed, twin size! Next to it is a radio, purchased from the cut-rate drug! Fred, who has given command performances and dined with kings, has one favorite food. Noodle soup!

They say that every person has an alter ego. The lovely, dignified Greer Garson evidently expresses hers in the taste used in furnishing her bedroom. Greer went to the M-G-M sets dressing department to enlist their help in choosing the furniture to her command. Then they quietly withdrew from the picture.

No, Greer didn't select soft pastel chintzes, as you might suspect. Her furniture is black; the carvings, gold trim. A white satin bedspread is topped by a jaguar skin. Over the headboard is a canopy of white ostrich plume!

At this stage of the success game you'd think Olivia de Havilland would have a house representative of her position, but she still lives in an inexpensive neighborhood. The house is not the showplace you'd expect. As a matter of fact, the studio had to ask Olivia to pose for pictures in another house that looked the way you'd expect her home to look.

Linda Darnell seems to enjoy her home, too. But the taste displayed by the lovely, glosses Linda in allowing a pool rooster to have free run of the living room is a little startling to say the least.

T I S every man to his own taste in the home of Judy Garland and Dave Rose. Judy, who is little more than a child-ride herself, wears hair atop of head, one-skinned, floor-length, black lace evening dresses when she entertains. Her charming hubby, who is around ten years her senior, invites their guests to sit on the floor and play with his wonderful collection of electric trains!

Joan Crawford's taste in gifts is impulsive and lavish. Because she has more money than she ever dreamed of owning, you might expect Joan's choices to border on the showy side. This only happens occasionally, maybe when a

JUNE, 1942

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TOO

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Now on sale at beauty counters, $1.00 a box; introductory sizes 25c or 10c.
HOLLYWOOD wouldn't be Hollywood without a few stories where discretion forbids the use of names. Especially where it concerns the finer tastes (Oh yeah?) of some of the stars and gents.

There's the one about the star who always picks out presents that are suitable for herself. So you can imagine her horror when this happened. She gave a little party at Ciro's one night to honor her stand-in's birthday. For Christmas the star had given the stand-in a sequin-trimmed night gown. There was the poor girl wearing it in Ciro's. She was pleased as punch in what she thought was a dinner dress!

There was the star whose mother once cooked for a living. The star herself was overcome with elegance. Usually at Christmas time it's the custom to give Scotch to the crew on the set. This particular star wouldn't drink—eem of being so uncouth. Her gift had to be inspiring and appeal to their finer tastes. Each electrician, prop man and grip was presented with a leather-bound dictionary.

On the flyleaf the star wrote: "Thank you for your kindness to me.

Last, but far from being least, is the story of little tale of the stars who got a taste of his own medicine. Out of the east he came to Hollywood. Slowly he climbed the ladder of success. His plain little mother at home was rewarded with weekly letters describing the splendor that was Hollywood. Finally, came the day when son sent for Mama to come out and see what a big man he had become.

Mama arrived. On a personally conducted tour of his vast home and estate, son pointed out fine woods and rugs. There's the one about the star who always picks out presents that are suitable for herself. So you can imagine her horror when this happened. She gave a little party at Ciro's one night to honor her stand-in's birthday. For Christmas the star had given the stand-in a sequin-trimmed night gown. There was the poor girl wearing it in Ciro's. She was pleased as punch in what she thought was a dinner dress!

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Mama arrived. On a personally conducted tour of his vast home and estate, son pointed out fine woods and rugs. Over each he'd recite his long history. Casually he'd tell Mama the purchase price. The poor little mother shrieked and shrugged her shoulders and look bewildered.

They finally stopped in front of a great Grecian urn.

Up to this point Mama hadn't been able to say a word.

"Look, Mama," exclaimed her son. "This urn is hundreds of years old. It's the only one of its kind in America. It cost me $5,000 to bring it here. Don't you think it's a magnificent thing to have?"

Mama gazed at the urn intently. Then back to her son's face she said, "Pickles—yes, was the only answer she had to give.

The End.

You've Got to Believe Me

(Continued from page 61) said. "And a fellow named Sam knows you. Remember when you were a cheap racketeer back East. Remember you said you'd target—"

"Very good. And somehow, you have to have the money to pay off."

"And a kidnaping—"

"Not an ordinary kidnapping. Something with class. Something like—a movie star. A star in the midst of making a picture. Think what the studio would pay—to get her back?"

HIS foot jammed on the brake. Bill could hear the close lapping of water against the more remote sound of surf. Close by some kind of harbor. Near them, he could see a small frame boathouse. Beyond that, he made out a dock and a launch tied alongside.

"She isn't a bad boat. Use her for pleasure cruising, you know?"

The idea's almost brilliant," Bill spoke through a dry throat.

"Thought you'd get it. Someone like you barges in, makes a few unhappy discoveries. Not much, but enough to jeopardize my future!"

He said it slowly. Turned as he spoke. For the first time, Bill saw his face. Bill gasped. The whole thing clear. The man in the boat knew all about it. Death in his eyes. The plan was smart. Two men go for a boat ride—only one comes back.

And then—suddenly—it was Bill who laughed.

"Glad you find it amusing," But the man's tone was puzzled.

"More amusing than you think. You see we guessed. Caryl and I."

"Just what does that mean?"

"Caryl's—smart. She knew that crowd of cripples coming out to get their handouts. Had to be some one on the inside. The only person it could possibly be was—you."

"Me?" he said angrily. "Think I'm stupid enough to fall for that?"

"I don't much care. You can get rid of me. But the cops are another matter. As a matter of fact, they're probably on their way here now. You see, Caryl even of them in the docks."

"You're lying your head off. She isn't smart enough."

"Remember that girl we saw going into the police station? That was Caryl. She's telling them now. Telling them who's the real brains."

"The man sat there, lips twisted in a snarl. "I know it was Caryl going in," he said finally. "Saw her. Wonder if she's sending them."

"Right?" Bill agreed, lightly. "She had it figured out. And I don't think she'd waste much time."

"They wouldn't believe her."

He said it with real meaning. "The trouble is—it's the kind of thing she'd do. That way she had of guessing. Woman's intuition, she calls it. She'd—"

For some time he was silent. The quiet was ominous. Then he turned and faced Bill, his eyes like narrow slits. "I know what we're going to do. You're going to make a get-away in your boat."

The night was cold. Bill started to turn up his coat collar. The gun jammed into his back. "Put up your hands," he warned. He jammed his forefinger into the revolver against him. Kicked open the door of the boathouse. Inside, the man drew out a flashlight. The beam cut jagged shadows over the room, across the walls and ceiling, and the whole place of sea to moon. The man yelled into a phone. Bill called the police. Bill waited. The man nodded. Bill shook his head.

"Sorry. It's no use. It's more pleasant to
know you'll hang!"

"You're a fool!" the man muttered. "You might save your life one way. If you don't—I can make it somewhat more unpleasant."

"What do you mean—you might save my life?"

"We can see what arrangement we might make. After. But if the cops come—"

He was flipping through the pages of the phone book. Found his number, ordered Bill to call it. "You're to tell her you recognized. You're a man in a farmhouse in the hills. Don't know the exact location. But you want the police—"

Bill was staring at him. The scheme of a desperate man, gambling everything, with the chips down.

"You'll talk fast. They can only trace the call when you're speaking. You'll snap up before they have time. If you make any misstep, I'll be right here."

"Think of all the angles, don't you?"

The man struck him across the face with the butt of the revolver.

"Get going."

Bill picked up the receiver. . . .

T was moments after she was in the car before Caryl Winslow realized what had happened. The others were walking in hushed tones. Getting her to a hospital.

She sat up. She'd only been stunned. Time for a doctor. She had to get off the police. Not time to lose.

The others tried to argue. But she riled them down and finally—somewhat wed—by realization of who she was—she had to give in.

Confusion in the police station. The wo truckmen, trying to explain what had happened to their prisoner. And Caryl listening knowing what must have happened. His life in danger.

The police sending out radio calls. Squad cars roared out to pick up the trail. But the fugitive machine had apparently escaped.

Caryl in the Captain's office, with the captain himself and the G-men and other detectives. Trying to convince him that Bill hadn't been rescued by other members of the gang. Trying to how them he's been kidnapped, that he was in danger.

They sat there with blank faces and listened and shook their heads. The Captain knew all about it. He'd seen too many cases like his own before.

"Can't see why you defend him, Miss Winslow." His eyebrows puckered. "Fellow like that—he's no good."

They brought in Clip. His head banded, face white and scared. He listened.

"Caryl argued with the Captain. Demanding they try to save Bill."

"We must save him. Miss Winslow. Can't be sentimental with criminals." She pointed to Clip. "He can tell you. We know who was in the gang."

Clip stepped forward. His face was lum and discouraged. Knowing the police had him. The others were looking at him. Clip said, "She's right."

"You mean—you didn't know this fellow?" It was one of the G-men, young and lean and intelligent-looking. "Never seen the guy before. He didn't work with us. We had my doubts about him from the start. Only the boss works men—"

"The boss?" Caryl was excited. "What's his name? He's the one we have to find."

"No."

"I don't know." Clip spoke slowly, looking around him. "Never met him. Him was really the show. Saw him a few times. We called him Blackie. We never met him. They'd been sort
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There is no magic about The Common Sense Way to an alluring figure. But if you follow the suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book No More Alibis you may perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

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of in the rackets back East. Blackie got to owing Sam dough at the gambling house here. Sam threatened to expose his past life if he didn’t pay up. So the Blackie doped out the kidnap—

The Captain leaned forward. “All right, You just said Sam was running the show. How does that square with you telling us Blackie was the boss?"

“The kidnap was Blackie’s idea, see? So after they got going he figured Sam and the others had to have him to pull the job. Guess he thought he was going to take over the whole mob.”

The door of the office opened. A uniformed policeman came in to tell them there was a phone call for Miss Winlow. The hush in the room as she lifted the receiver.

Bill’s voice. Cool and quiet. Telling her he’d escaped. That he didn’t know where he was. Somewhere in the San Jose hills—

“We were wrong. Dead wrong, the way we figured it out—"

“Wrong? I don’t understand. How—"

“There wasn’t any boat. And your—the luncheon friend. You can forget it—there wasn’t anything in it. You’ve got to get the police out here. The men aren’t far—"

“Boat? Luncheon?—"

“No, it isn’t. I know we thought we had the thing figured, but we were way off. You—you’ve got to believe me—"

The click of the receiver.

“Hello! Hello!” But there was only silence.

The Captain, ordering a tracer put on the call. Caryl hanging up bewildered. Telling them what he had said. “Probably calling from some pay phone,” the Captain grumbled. “Means we can’t trace it—"

“Only it doesn’t make sense,” Caryl said. “We never spoke of any boat or any friend. He kept talking about the San Jose hills—"

The young G-man was puzzled. I don’t believe that San Jose part. Sounds like a blind. He was trying to get over some message—"

He made her repeat the conversation as closely as she could.

“That boat. Luncheon friend. And you never talked about either one. Did you have lunch with—"

Her hands at her lips, eyes wide. “He saw us at lunch yesterday. Mr. Pierce, my director. He was there. And Mr. Sumners, my leading man—"

“Either of them have a boat?"

But she didn’t believe it. It didn’t seem possible. And yet it had to be so. It was the only answer, after that phone call. The thing he had been trying to tell her.

“I don’t seem right,” she told them. “It sounds mad. But that was what he was trying to tell us—"

“You know where the boat is?” The G-man asked. “I know where he keeps it—"

The others were standing. A tension in the air. A kind of zero hour. And each of them knowing it, each realizing what it meant if he was right—"

“We’d better hurry—" Caryl said. “Go in the front car,” the G-man mumbled. "You know the way. The others—"

The Captain was barking orders. Police rushing out to the cars. Holsters and guns and bullet bandolier. The G-man leading her by the arm out to the car. The chill of the early morning.

It seemed hours. Riding over those deserted roads. No one speaking, except when Caryl gave a direction. The speedometer quivering in the sixties.
But at last they saw it. Ahead of them, in the beam of the headlamps, The car.

"That's his," she cried out.

The machine screeched to a stop. Caryl leaped out, ran toward the dock. She saw the dim light in the cabin. Heard the spluttering of an engine.

Hurriedly, she climbed onto the deck, rushed to the small hatchway. The detectives close behind her.

Looking down into the cabin, Bill there. She could see him on the floor. Bound and gagged. And the man bent over him. He looked up as he heard her. Face creased with desperation. Lifted his hand and pointed the revolver.

Larry Pierce, Pierce, the director. The suave, smooth-spoken man who was making her picture. The man Hollywood said was on the way down.

Bill saw her. Saw her at the same instant Pierce lifted his gun. With a tremendous effort, he brought up his bound feet, sent them crashing into the man.

The director staggered. Glass shattering as he smashed into the light. The place plunged into utter dark. The thud of his body against the wall.

Spluttering flames as guns roared in the cabin. The thudding feet of police forcing their way into the place. Pierce, cursing in the darkness.

Then silence. Sudden and startling. Someone found a light. Pierce on the floor. Blood staining his coat from a wound in his shoulder.

"All right," he gasped. "I engineered it. The whole thing. Sam—Sam knew me back East. Threatened to expose me if I didn't pay up my debts. I didn't have any more money."

"That's why you got the idea?"

"It would have worked only this fellow—"

He looked at Bill. Caryl bending over him, trying to untie the rope. Bill was watching her. Their eyes meeting. For Bill, the terror of the night vanished. There was only Caryl and himself.

His hand freed, he drew her toward him. She leaned forward and their lips met. A brief, trembling instant.

Pierce still talking. He'd gone to the hideaway, learned what had happened, set out in pursuit. The ransom? He hadn't collected. He'd gone to the spot where it was to be paid. But he had been suspicious that police were watching and hadn't waited. The radio report about the payment had been premature.

The director laughed sullenly. No, his real name wasn't Pierce. But he wouldn't tell them—

CARYL and Bill weren't listening. Bill was standing now. Groggy. But it didn't matter.

"Knew there'd be trouble," he said. And he told her about the slip of paper with the crayon cross. The one he saw on the steps when he first went into the studio.

Caryl said, "But that wasn't anything. They put those crayon crosses on studio passes when they cancel them. Probably someone tore the cancelled pass up—"

The slip of paper that had given him his first idea that something was wrong. Only—it hadn't meant a thing! Hard to comprehend the excitement within him. Because it was no longer excitement of terror. "Let's get out of here."

She nodded, lips smiling only a little. It was growing light. They stood there—looking at each other.

"You made them do it," he told her. "The police—you brought them out here. But—what made you so sure? I mean about me?"

"You said I had to believe you." Standing close to him. "You mean," he said, "you mean—something like lighting—"

But she didn't answer. He took her hands. For a moment he couldn't speak.

Then he said, "You know why I came to Hollywood, don't you?"

"She shook her head."

"To get a testimonial. From you."

She turned away quickly. "Of course—that note you sent. A testimonial. I'll be—happy to sign it."

But her tone was hurt. He drew her closer to him.

"That takes care of business," He was grinning. "The rest—" His words seemed to stumble. "That's really the—the difficult part—more personal—more—"

"Yes?"

"If we had a moon. Or music. Or—"

Her eyes wide. "But we don't need a moon or anything, really. We—"


"I do. Really. But—but oughtn't I to know your name?"

"What?"

"I think a girl ought to know the name of the man she's going to—"

Dawn like a housewife chasing shadows out of corners. But they didn't see it. Because their lips met in a long kiss and reality fell away and they were locked in a world all their own.

Two patrolmen across the deck stared in amazement. "Like a movie," one whispered hoarsely. "Just like a movie."

"Wouldn't believe it," said the other, "if I didn't see it with my own eyes."

But Caryl and Bill didn't hear. The End.
Speak for Yourself

$1.00 PRIZE
These Your Ideas, Too?
WHAT was the outstanding scene in the picture to you? Of course, each person has his own opinion. What's yours? Here's mine:

In "H. M. Pulham Esq.": Ruth Hussey in the boat scene: "There never heals anything, it only puts it in the right place."

In "Johnny Eager": At the end when Robert Taylor hit Lana Turner just before he put her in the car. Neat bit of real acting by Taylor.

In "Blossoms In The Dust": When Greer Garson, in the Senate, said, "Bad girls don't have babies!"

In "Kitty Foyle": The irony of Kitty's buying a bunch of violets only to find Wynn had filled the room with flowers.

In "Wild Geese Calling": When Henry Fonda watched the geese go by. He had at last found his place.

In "Gone With The Wind": Scarlett praying to God that she would never be hungry again.

Think about the pictures and in each you'll find a scene that will stick with you. Regular picture-stealers, I call 'em.

MARY LOU PHIFER
Miami, Fla.

$1.00 PRIZE
"The Boys" Own Opinions

LIFE is pretty grim for service men these days and we sure appreciate a picture that makes us laugh a little. We just smiled at the antics of "Dumbo," but we felt better for a long time after we saw it.

We liked the unusual combination of romance and fun in "Ball Of Fire," besides liking Gary Cooper who is fine anywhere in anything. "Babes On Broadway" had a lot of laughs in it. Mickey Rooney would make any picture good, while Judy Garland's singing is a treat in any language. Some laughing and romance in "They Died With Their Boots On," and we learn history in a pleasant way at the same time.

The wisecracks in "Louisiana Purchase" brighten another day. We could stand Bob Hope again in "Caught In The Draft." Bob is an inspiration to us all. Of course, these are all as dainty pictures, but they show just what we service men like.

JAMES C. NEELEY, JR.
Aviation Division, Coast Guard, West Coast.

$1.00 PRIZE
Open Letter to Mrs. Temple:
NEARLY, you shuddered at Shirley's first screen, boy-girl kiss. I sympathize with you. You are acting just like any American mother; but you mustn't.

In 1934 we, the movie public all over the world, received Shirley into our hearts. We bowed to her; we grew up with her. Shirley is not just a movie kid who loves to exhibit herself in satin bows—rather, she is a born actress who acts to live and lives to act.

Mamma, let Shirley come to us a young lady as she did a little child.

Mamma, don't let well-meaning love hider Shirley—she isn't yours; she belongs to us.

VICTOR KENNETH ANDREJEWSKI
Detroit, Mich.

For the up-to-the-minute facts about the Mother Temple-daughter Shirley changed situation see page 41.

HONORABLE MENTION

I THINK it is about time we girls who wear glasses put our foot down! Yes, we go half as far as those who don't happen to wear glasses, but only to see a girl in glasses when it is supposed to picture some "ugly duckling." So, in the future movies, please try and do something else than just put glasses on a person to make her look anything but glamorous.

I'm not only speaking for myself because I know that a lot of other girls who do and do not wear glasses agree with me.

IRENE PERRAULT
Houghton, Mich.

NOW that a million or so persons all over the country have had First Aid training, I'd like to bet that the next film hero who dashes out into the street to scoop up an injured person will be met with a resounding booo!

We have learned, if he has not, that a victim is not to be moved until all injuries have been investigated.

M. L. HANSEN
South Orange, N. J.

THREE cheers for Joan Fontaine for her great performance in "Suspicion" and three cheers for the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for rewarding her with this year's Oscar. It is good to know that in Hollywood a newcomer may, through ability and sincere effort, crash the gates of success and take her place with the greatest.

FRANCES G. SIMON
Washington, D. C.

I SAW "How Green Was My Valley" without knowing who were the cast, and wondered where an all-Welsh cast had been secured, learning that Dai Beno's was the only part played by a Welshman, I marveled at these actors' ability to bring these characters so close to us who are Welsh.

Let's have more of these movies that are worth seeing again and again; and more of Roddy McDowall's acting.

PRISCILLA DAVIES
Denver, Col.
My Pals, Brenda and Bill

(Continued from page 52) finger, the sun caroming off the facets and Brenda smiling through a couple of unashamed tears.

After their marriage they moved to a small hacienda in the Valley. Knowing Bill and Brenda, you could have almost described it sight unseen. The house is more charming than imposing and is the hub of an acre of land that yields it in a rough circle, a huge acre dotted with nineteen walnut trees and six citrus trees. One acre or not, Bill figures he is a bona-fide landowner with bona-fide problems. Taxes, for instance, will be met by marketing the walnut crop. This crop, by the way, will not be picked. When the time comes, Bill, Brenda and I will shoot the walnuts off the stems during our regular Saturday afternoon target practice.

MANOR HOLDEN is a far cry from the North Hollywood bachelor quarters Bill used to occupy, quarters which some of his friends insist resembled nothing so much as they did a glorified stable, even to the tooled-leather saddle which used to clutter up the so-called living room. Nevertheless, one of the eight rooms of Manor Holden remains inviolable; it is Bill’s den.

A gun cabinet dominates the den, a cabinet housing eleven rifles and nine pistols. There are flashier gun collections all over town but none is kept in better condition. Bill looks after them himself, dismantling them at regular intervals and giving them a going-over. He treats them as if they were rare and precious emeralds. His favorite gun is a .38 Winchester.

A be-man from the word go, he has a soft side to him that I reveal at my peril. Actually you can’t blame him, because it has to do with a pretty wonderful person—his wife, Brenda.

He calls her Ardis which, come to think of it, is her real name. In the presence of close friends, he calls her the queen.

Matter of fact, ever since their marriage, Brenda’s been “the queen” to me, too. Bill and I used to be pals from word go before he turned beneficent—and the gal who married him was smart enough to take on his best friend, too. Which means that our twosome has turned into a threesome.

Bill and I used to dine at Brittingham’s, the restaurant across the street from Columbia, when he was a bachelor, especially if he and I were working together. We still dine together, only now it’s out at Bill’s and Brenda’s. Brenda is a breakfast specialist, I’d say. Or maybe it’s just a bit hopped on her breakfasts—scrambled eggs, hotcakes, sausages, home-made jams and wonderful coffee.

What do we do together? Well, we dine a good deal, for one thing. Brenda’s an arm good. And quite daring in the bargain. I used to think I was quite hand on a horse until I got a look at Bill’s riding. The guy’s an Indian. And we do get to movies, just any old movie that happens to be playing in the nearest neighborhood movie palace. All three of us will go inside as spectators and the first thing you know we’re looking at the picture as actors.

We’ve never gone night-clubbing together and I doubt if we ever will. None of us cares a whoop about the cafes as such, although we’re all strong on music. We sit on the floor out at Bill’s and listen to his nine yards of albums for hours on end, with Brenda glancing over now and then to see if I’ve lit my pipe, that is. She doesn’t like because of alleged lars.
Bill has a pretty soft side when it comes to Brenda. It took all of a double-take. Underplaying. His way when Brenda had an identical attack.

Poor Bill! He was no sooner back home before he began fretting. Fretting gave way to worry, groundless worry, for the most part. Two weeks before she left the hospital he was making his plans. When he wasn't planning, he was going around repeating "Gotta look after the queen."

This little chant always managed to induce a buying spree. First it was a reading lamp, de-luxe model. After that it was a crate of books that she will be reading for the next five years. Then it was extra blankets. After that it was a bed jacket. He tried twenty shops before he found the one he liked. The touch too much came when he bought her one of those outlandish motorized wheelchairs, the kind that jerks forward when you press the right button. I have it on fairly reliable information that Brenda took only one ride on the contraption—mostly to humor Bill.

MARRIAGE has changed Bill very little. True, he did buy under protest a couple of suits. But he rebelled at buying the shawl-collar dinner jacket Brenda hoped he would acquire, if only for her sake.

"I'm not myself in those contrivances," he keeps telling her, gently but emphatically.

As a married couple they behave pretty much as they were merely what Walter Winchell calls "an item." They, with me—I when I get time off from "He's My Old Man" and Bill's not busy on Concerts—when good syncopation comes to town. They avoid grand opera, chiefly because Bill despises grand opera for its pretentiousness, its overnomenclation, and, of course, its lack of directness and simplicity. When they're not chasing down concerts, they're combing the terrain for ballet companies that might be billed near by.

One novelty of being married Bill hasn't quite got used to yet. It's this business of being a parent to Virginia, four going on five, and a former marriage. She calls him "Daddy" and he calls her "Ginger." The two are inseparable. He takes her riding and swimming and is very bright with her.

Essentially, though, Bill Holden is the same guy I met that very first morning at the top of the stairs leading to Make-up at Columbia and when we'd both been clapped into "Texas." We stopped dead in our tracks, looked one another in the eye by way of an attempt at mutual intimidation and wound up launching a series of playful (?) shooves which ended when the five-gallon bottle toppled off the water-cooler with a wet crash. That made the Holden-Ford "feud" official.

The "feud" was to be pretty much of a bust, although it did beget a game of cops and robbers that lasted almost halfway through the picture. I don't know when it started, but first thing I knew we were prowling around the Western Street set between takes with our guns loaded with No. 1 blanks. The first time was the same as kids play it, only instead of saying "Bang!" we shot a blank. One day, as luck would have it, we both came around opposite ways, from the left and shot. It would have been called a draw if only George Marshall, the director of the picture, hadn't popped from up out of nowhere right into the middle of this long war. Naturally, Mr. Marshall demands an explanation while that Bill could give him, except that when I looked in his direction he had discreetly disappeared leaving me to mumble something about innocent fun and cops and robbers, etc.

"At your age!" Mr. Marshall observed with a tolerant—and yet withering—smile.

I got even with Bill for this treachery. It happened as follows: Three days later, bright and early, we reported on location for the shots of the cattle stampede. Bill in his fine suits fine for seven o'clock in the morning. It seems that Brenda was driving out for lunch and was bringing a delectable cold chicken lunch—just for his own personal needs.

Exit Holden on horseback slacking his chops. Exit Ford on horseback with black thoughts.

It must have been 11:45 by the time we had finished the morning's scenes. And it hadn't been any lark. Bill was sitting on a little hummock taking his hearty lunch and I was helping away to his rendezvous with Brenda. He was wearing, I could see, the look of a man thinking of cold chicken when all of a sudden a bit of maneuvering on my part sent one of the more ferocious bulls charging in his direction.

"Hey, Bill!" I yelled at him in amiable time. "Look what's coming!"

Bill looked and did a double-take. After that he scrambled to his feet and shot up into the branches of the nearest tree. Three paces ahead of the snorting bull.

Bill and I maintained the status quo all during lunch while I kept the rendezvous with Brenda and Bill, the ingrate, had decided to ride into town for lunch. The cold chicken was everything Bill claimed for it. After Brenda had to share it with some body.

YOU couldn't tell from observing him off the set, but the fact remains that Bill Holden is one of Hollywood's most serious young actors with all manner of bright dreams for the future. I don't want to label him or put him in a box that's all arty. I do want to leave the impression that he is passionately sincere, uncommonly hard-working and incredibly well-cast. Of course, there is nothing about his performances, but on those occasions when a compliment forces him into a comment of some sort, he is certain to get one of those Gary Cooper looks, like this: "I should have been more direct. I'm afraid I was guilty of overplaying."

This devotion to directness and contempt for overplaying accounts, no doubt for the fact that his favorite actor is Gary Cooper whose genius, to quote Bill is underplaying. For his money Cooper is in a class by himself.

Among actresses Barbara Stanwyck comes first. Bill's admiration for Miss Stanwyck goes back to his first picture, "Golden Boy," and he played the lead opposite her. How much she contributed to the success of his first picture cannot be overestimated, in his opinion.

It was Barbara Stanwyck who, instead of getting a night off from the usual rest, would stay with Bill, rehearsing the action and going over the lines—time and time again, at Bill's earnest request.

Possibly it was this same serious attitude toward their work that brought Bill Holden and Brenda closer together, a guy, his girl, and when they're standing, look like pretty fine people. I hope everyone I meet in Hollywood is as real, human and genuine.

The End
Right-About Love

(Continued from page 31) each other, the longer the moments seemed when we were separated from one another. We do such silly things together, we go for walks and we eat in drive-ins and we go to cheap movies and we lie out in the sunshine. Jimmy, my adopted baby, is so crazy about him. Oh, it is all so wonderful!

George leaned forward and for the first time he, too, was serious. "I've been in love with her ever since I saw 'Algie'," he said. "I kept trying to meet her but I never did. I knew the road she used to take to the studio and I'd park along it, just to watch her drive by, but she never noticed me.

Hedy grinned. "Oh, I saw you all right," she said.

The way they actually did meet, it seems, was on a Saturday just before Christmas when Hedy was out on one of those walks of hers. It is no secret now that Hedy was wretched last winter. After a long struggle, she had managed to get her mother out of Europe to live with her. She had managed to forget two unsuccessful marriages—one to Fritz Mandl in Europe and one to Gene Harkey in Hollywood. She had finally been awarded the undisputed custody of all adopted Jimmy. But those struggles and wearied her. She was not interested in Hollywood's "wolf pack" no matter how keenly and persistently they were interested in her and she wasn't any too happy over her career. She went out one day with John Howard and occasionally with one or two others, but she wasn't in love.

George Montgomery, meanwhile, was right in the thick of one of those necessi-
ties that makes Hollywood so con-
nuously exciting.

He was a young cow hand from Brady, Montana, having been born there, the last of a tidy little family of fifteen chil-
dren, of which thirteen are still living. He had attended various Montana grade schools and high school and had gone to the University of Montana where he rolled in—of all things—a class on interior decorating. Fortunately, before he got involved in too much brocade, the family ran out of ready cash at the end of his first year and George decided to come to Hollywood and try his luck. Ar-
\ning in town, he got a job doing the real-
ding for the Lone Ranger over at Re-
pub, but never got within close-up un-
ge, until finally he rode a horse up a tightrope right into the country.
"Balaika." He's handsome off screen as well as, then, known and announced, he registered. Twentieth Century-Fox put him under contract: Ginger Rogers observed him, they dated and it was all very elegant and publicity-
\aking. "I had it all worked out that I wouldn't marry for ten years, however," George said.

Perhaps it was that resolution which drove off the Rogers-Montgomery dating, perhaps it was that they were both very busy, but probably it was that they weren't, after all, so very compatible. Ginger isn't any simple girl of the soil for her accent gives her away. She's bookish, symphonic—music loving, hard-driving career girl, is Ginger.

At any rate, on that fateful day in late September, George was attending a party at the Fred MacMurray's. As he opened the door to exit, he thought it was still Christmas and he was swimming around among presents. Outside that door, all alone, dressed in a peasant dress and skirt,
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The cowboy and the lady's engagement picture—Hedy Lamarr and George Montgomery look happy for the press on the set of Hedy's film, "Tortilla Flat."
What Makes Betty Run?

(Continued from page 49) the pinball games.

"Okay," Betty said. She thought. Poor guy, he just doesn't realize . . . So she did her hair up in a bandanna, slipped into a slacks suit and went with him to the mail shop. The finance company reposessed the car a few weeks later, hub caps and all. He recounted the gory details while he drove her home from the studio in his new Mercury convertible, purchased that afternoon. "So that's what I told them," he said, "but it didn't do any good. Did you ever hear of such a tough break?" He wound the Mercury expertly into the drive and skidded to a halt.

"I never did," agreed Betty, unlocking the front door. She pushed it open. "I—"

Her voice trailed off and she stood very still in the doorway, looking thoughtfully at her living room.

"Where," she asked at last, "is the furniture? Or would you know?"

"Sure I know," he said, "I got a swell deal on it, considering the time I had. It was a choice," he added reasonably, "between the furniture and walking. I mean there was no choice at all, was there?"

"I suppose not."

She went over to the fireplace and, sitting on the bare floor in front of it, stretched out her beautiful legs and regarded them. After a moment she picked up the poker, began dabbing idly at the ashes of bills that filled the grate.

When she told him she wanted a divorce he wouldn't believe her. Even after she had finally persuaded him that she was in earnest he looked at her with stricken eyes, full of genuine bewilderment. "But why?" he wanted to know. "It's a matter of fact she couldn't tell him, then. It would have been too brutal, coming on top of his discovery that the heritage he had believed was his was locked in his mother's safe and that the check for $1000 on his twenty-first birthday was all he was to have of the $4000, 000. "The Kid" had made.

Betty knew now that she had never been in love with Jackie, that she had mistaken a half-dozen lesser reactions for consummation; he had been a good companion and someday he would be an adult, too, a good husband for a girl.

A girl other than Betty.

Jackie had decided to sue for his inheritance. She knew what it would mean if, during a period when his mother and stepfather were trying to discount him as "a bad boy," she should divorce him. It would give them the case and she wanted everything for Jackie, every shred and remnant of his fortune that he could get. For him, you understand, not for herself.

Betty Grable could take care of Betty Grable, always had and always would. She told him that. "I don't want a red cent of whatever you win out of this fight," she said. "I'll stick until you get it; we'll put up a front—then we'll call it quits."

"If you still want to, then," he agreed.

And she still wanted to.

It took only a day or two after she announced their separation for the thunderbolt to hit. Funny, knowing as she was about that town, used as she was to its ruthless side, remembering as she did the poison it had ready to spew unexpectedly at any yesterday's favorite, that the distorted view of her position had never occurred to her. After she had read the gossip columns and heard the indictment repeated by well-meaning friends enough times, she saw that it...
might have looked that way to people who didn't know the circumstances, who didn't know her. Yes, it could look as if she had married for a fortune she thought he had; started to leave him when he was denied it; agreed to wait until the outcome of the suit was known; and then had run off clutching a whopping settlement, after he had got his money.

Those are the prize bad months in her memory book, now in these days when she has time to remember. A career girl born, happy with her career but finding it only half-sufficient, she had posed at marriage. Not thoughtlessly, like a greedy chorus girl after a bracelet or a bored child after a new toy, but simply and sincerely. Witness her sincerity: She joined the Catholic Church, because Jackie was a Catholic.

Then, having found her marriage worthless to her, she discovered that in a way she had sacrificed it. Paramount had had enough of the Betty Co-ed cycle, and therefore of Betty. Betty was marked simply that Paramount and Grable had agreed to disagree, that Grable was considering offers. She had a better way for it, when she told her mother, Lillian.

"I'm fired."

Lillian whimpered. "Here we go again, baby," she said out loud clearly to Betty. "Oh, rather, you'd better go to Palm Springs for a few weeks. What do you weigh, these days?"

"Oh, I don't know," Betty said irritably. "What does that matter? We're broke, you know that. Jack Haley's offered me a job playing straight to his comedy stuff up at the Fair in San Francisco. I'm going to do it."

"You wouldn't!"

The girl raised both her eyebrows and her voice was quietly questioning when she spoke.

"But—hoofing at a fair, after what you've been doing—"

"I haven't done anything as honest as hoofing for a syndicate in anybody's money. It'll see us through until that three months P.A. tour comes along. After that—Oh well, anything can happen, I suppose."

At the door she turned, grinning wanly, "But I can't remember when."

Some minutes later she came in again, dressed for a show, and said, "Why not?" she said. "Your bathroom scales say ninety-seven for me. Are they broken?"

"Elizabeth Grable," shouted Lillian furiously, "you listen to me!"

But Elizabeth didn't. She went, ninety-seven pounds, nervous and depression and, smoothed to fourteen on schedule; and she danced with Haley's act and—in her own words—she stank. Jack admitted it when she asked him, but he was nice about it. "You'll snap out of it, of course, gentleman."

He turned from her in that nice, friendly way he had. "Any day now."

She snapped out of it as eighty days later, to be exact, when Buddy De Sylva's wire arrived. He was opening a stage show, a musical comedy called "Du Barry Was a Lady," and he needed a dancer, and he was fly-trapping on the off chance that Betty Grable was it.

She didn't believe it. It was too big a break, just now when everything had gone to pot. Still, it was only playing fair to herself to give the thing a chance. Desperately she worked, polishing her technique, plotting new routines, forcing herself to put all the layers of fatigue and unhappiness a certain extra sparkle, a kind of more-for-your-money quality—in case De Sylva really showed up and the spot turned out to be an important one.

He did, and it was. Providence, having snubbed her so long, laughed quite suddenly and turned fullface in her direction. On a Thursday evening a representative of the Twenty-second Century Fox knocked on her dressing-room door, handed her a contract, announced that Darryl Zanuck had seen (and approved) her picture in a news-paper, and proceeded to shake drops of ink onto the floor.

"Here," he said, satisfied that the pen would fulfill its sign."That is why she had to ask Zanuck's permission, the next day, before she could agree to De Sylva's terms on the "Du Barry" contract.

Almost, as it stands, there is Betty's story. The climax of it came, as it should in the case of any star, when she went to New York, took her place in the show, danced for a few nights during its tryout on the road, and then looked up at De Sylva and said, rather better than this, "Better than the spot I have. Why don't you feature me?"

He asked a very natural question. "Why not?"

"Because I'll quit if you don't."

So he featured her. And she was wonderful—she was a sensation, to understudy at the beginning. She was the only actress drawing record crowds to the theater on Broadway, the story of her ability and her success reached the august ears of Zanuck in far-off West Los Angeles; so that Zanuck said, "If this be so, let Grable be a Star..."

And it was so, even as Zanuck said. And it is so today—Betty Grable, who claims his string of successes with "Song Of The Islands."

Hollywood said, collectively: "Dahling! Where've you been?"

Indeed of saying what she might have said, Betty told them—being Grable, the kid who started at twelve to whip the town; being, indeed, more essentially a root Hollywoodian than any of the others. She expected that reaction, and she expected the press to have fun with her romances now, too. Not the kind of fun you have, if that was what she had when she left Jackie—but good speculation, chatter, suggestion; the inevitables which go with stardom.

There was one thing, for example, the papers couldn't seem to discard him, even after she had. She was perfect column material; rich, and a playboy during the next day's Friday bathers; a chorus of orchids to her, as if they were weeds. To reporters Betty said, in her best star manner, Mr. Thompson has been extremely considerate for my mother, and we both think he's grand."

She still does, for all we know. She is also still fond of Desi Arnaz, Artie Shaw, Ken Murray, and a dozen other men with whom she has gone to dinner and to night clubs after asking her studio's permission. But there is another man—the dark, sleek-haired man with whom at last she has found the meaning of love. His name is George Raft.

When one of her friends rang up and said, "You know George Raft? What would you say if he asked you for a date?" Betty remembered... Nine years ago, he had been still a kid when the Paramount contract list and George was a top Paramount star. Another friend had asked her the same question, then, and Betty had said he'd have to ask Lillian. Lillian had said it would be all right, if George would take her sister and bring them home by eleven.

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George brought them home by eleven. The bicycle races had been fun, thought Betty, but George had seemed to grow more and more restless as the evening went on. At the door he said, "D'ye know, I've decided I'm too old for you. I'm going to let you grow up before I ring your number again."

The rest of the night had been given over to tears. She must have done something, said some foolish thing that had offended him—because his reason for not dating her again was obviously crazy.

After all, she was a ripe old fifteen and had worked in Hollywood for four years. And she could have fallen for a guy like that—

Now, while the friend waited at the other end of the line, Betty remembered and grinned. "Tell him 'Sure,'" she said.

He phoned that afternoon. She could afford to be amused this time, to make a gag or two; but she said Sunday afternoon would be okay.

It was not until Saturday night, when she realized that her headache and sniffles were, in sum, a nasty case of flu that she knew how important seeing George again was to her. "He'll think I'm just breaking the date because I dodged to bother," she waited at Lillian, between sneezes, "Nonsense," Lillian said. "I'll tell him myself."

"Tell him I'm dyin'," shouted Betty, "but that I'll be okay again id about a week . . . ."

In about a week she was well enough to fall in love with George Raft once and for all, irrevocably: on a Sunday afternoon, it was in the midst of a gin-rummy game.

During dinner at Chasen's, and the inevitable interlude at Ciro's afterward, she found in each small movement of his head, every way he moved, each shading of his voice, the perfect image of the love she had imagined for herself through the years.

She knew, of course, that George was married, that he had never been able to persuade his wife to divorce him. The memory of her own marriage to Jackie, which she had expected to prove a kind of vaccine against romance for a long time, faded against the impact of an emotion she had never known before. As the weeks passed she found that instead of diminishing, her love for George grew, basically and in little ways. She understood and pampered his shyness about the presents he gave her, remembering to take his gift into another room before unwrapping it and never, never to thank him for it, because gratitude embarrassed him.

She learned to help him spot mutual friends at night clubs so he could send them bottles of champagne—not as a splendid gesture, but to create a bill large enough to warrant the floor table they had, because neither of them ever drank.

And she learned that, as opposed to the roles he played, he was gentle and sincere and thoughtful, with an inherent kindness.

It was hard, sometimes, to remember that he wasn't free, to remember that the plans they made together might never work out.

But they say, those Hollywood and New York people who know Betty and George intimate, that once again he has reopened his eighteen-year-old fight for his personal liberty. If he gets it, this time, the story of Betty Grable can have, as every true and typical Hollywood story must have, a happy ending.

The End

---

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Jeanette Sends Her Man to War

(Continued from page 62) were more scared.

Then one night they sat down and talked about the defense job. He said he'd decided to turn it down and told her why. She said that in the war analysis it was up to him. At the end of January he went to Washington for the President's Birthday Ball. War was in the air of Washington. Activity that simmered elsewhere boiled in Washington. Uniforms were the rule, civies the exception. Gene came home and told her that he'd entered his application for the service.

"That's swell," she said, while something inside turned over and plummed to the pit of her stomach. Yet even as that happened, she found herself swept by a wave of intense admiration. "What branch?" she asked.

He grinned. "Air Force, Navy, Signal Corps. They can't all turn me down."

She knew that he hoped and prayed it would be the Air Force. She hoped and prayed it would be anything but the air force, and kept her hopes and prayers to herself.

One Sunday morning Gene was called to the phone. The operator read him a wire and addressed it to the Gene Raymond: "You will proceed to Field and report on March 14th to --"

He came back beamimg. Never had his wife seen him look so pleased with himself. "First Lieutenant Raymond of the Air Force reporting --" For the life of her she couldn't say a word.

He sat down on the edge of the bed. After a moment, he said gently: "Well, what do you think?"

By that time she had herself under control. "I think it's all right. Well, I do. It's just exactly what you wanted, isn't it? Well then, it's just exactly what you should do."

She gave a fairly good performance, not a hundred percent, not good enough to fool him, but adequate.

He had less than two weeks, and wanted to spend most of it in Phoenix, getting extra flying hours. They did all the necessary things at home before leaving. What Jeanette found hardest to take was packing his clothes away. After all, she'd been telling herself, never had quite so perfect a first impression. He'd gone east on trips she couldn't take with him. She'd gone off alone on concert tours. The trick was to treat this like any other unusual good-bye.

Very brisk and businesslike, she attacked his closet with Rose, her maid. This suit goes in that bag, that suit goes in that bag. There was a sense of finality about it. For a moment she rebelled. Why couldn't she just let them hang there, as if he were coming back tomorrow. Don't be a jerk, Mrs. Raymond. He'd gone east on trips she couldn't take with him. She'd gone off alone on concert tours. The trick was to treat this like any other unusual good-bye.

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beyond it, resolved that nothing should
mar this interlude.
After dinner they'd go for a walk, talk
things out that might have gone forever
untalked of, settle all the problems of
the world, to say nothing of their own.
Back in the bungalow, Gene would sit
down at the piano to play, always his
greatest relaxation. Even a less per-
ceptive woman would have thought twice
before offering again with any
misgivings of her own. From the day his
commission came through, he'd been bubbling.
Jeanette might have suspected his
good spirits as partly an act, put on
to cheer her, if they hadn't rung clear
as good coin.

THE one suggestion that made him
bare his teeth was publicity. "I'm not
doing this for a stunt," he growled to
the studio's proposal of pictures in uni-
form. So Jeanette wondered if he'd think
it was shovy to have some people in
before he left. "Just a few? Just to
wish you happy landings?"

Yes, he told her kind of like that.
So back in Hollywood, she asked the few
who meant something real to him, to
whom he meant something real. Since he'd
tried that line before, they tried him with another. Would he wear his
uniform? He would not.

Then it was Friday, the thirteenth,
and Gene felt about that either.

Gene was born on the thirteenth, it's
his lucky number, Jeanette still melts,
recalling her first sight of him in uniform.
"Gene, I wonder if I say no reason why I shouldn't tell him so."

Then suddenly there was no time left and
he hadn't packed and she ran
upstairs to help so out his messages
waving goodbye was taking just a
little army kit. There was something
special she wanted to tuck inside, some-
thing which is none of your business or
mine, but he's a lout, so he'd see
it first when he opened the kit, and she'd
given it to Rose to stick in her pocket
for safekeeping, Gene popped in and
out, too, grabbing a few stuff and such
from the bathroom. Each time he
vanished, Rose would whisper: "Now?
Now?"

"Not yet. I don't know what else he's
going to bring."

At last he called, "Everything in?"
Rose slipped her the package and the
blameless display of Conway. Considerate
Gene started to help. A final desperate
shove, another tug, and the deed was
done before he got there. "You should've
left it as a pleasure," she murmured.

EN route to the airport, they stopped
off at her to say good-bye and
to the family and to Tray, their Irish
setter. Tray was a house guest at
her mother's. He needed fattening and Jean-
ette's warned to Gene to do the
job while they were in Arizona.

Tray adores Gene. When Gene ap-
ppears, the rest of the world can go fly
a kite. But that day all of Tray's days
had met up for the first time with a cat. The
cat had whisked over the fence and
back, since when Tray's nose had been
glued with wetted mash to one spot.
He didn't give Gene a tinkle. Called,
whistled to, coaxed, pressed, he finally
loped over for a second, dropped a pre-
occupation behind in a swirl of greeting
and raced back to the fence.

Jeanette loves her dog, but could
cheerfully have kicked him in the teeth.
For the first time that day she felt tears
stinging her throat. She knew it was
silly, she knew it didn't really matter,
but she knew too that Gene was disap-

pointed because Tray hadn't made a fuss
over him and she fiercely resented Gene's
being hurt. Preposterous though it was,
she found herself making apologies for
the creature. "He's probably like me,
doesn't believe in good-byes."

He grinned. "Don't worry, darling. The scar won't show."

She blames Tray's deplorable conduct
for a certain shakiness of her own while
they drove to the airport. She kept her
face carefully turned from Gene's, lest he
see the tears. She wanted to pour
her heart out and squelch the impulse
by jabbering whatever nonsense en-
joyed her head. He held her hand and let her
jabber. "If you want to be technical about
it, she no more said good-bye than Tray
did—not the actual word. That, she
thinks, would have undone her.

And she's glad to remember that
chance, or whatever governs such things,
saved the last laugh at the end of it all.

With others in uniform, Gene had
boarded the plane that would fly them all
to Washington, then found a window
to wave from. Jeanette stood at the rail,
wav ing back. But the ship didn't take
off. They were holding it for a Mr.
Sutton, who was being paged by the
loud-speaker. Gene was delighted. Burst-
ing with information, he came down
the runway and over to the rail.

"Cast an eye at our husband. First
day in uniform and he meets up with ranking
officers on the same ship."

"Who are they?"

"Haven't introduced themselves yet.
But that's one major, one lieutenant
colonel and—hold tight now—one brig-
adier general—"

Gene! How wonderful!

"But don't breathe a word of it to the
Japs!" and with a chuckle he was gone
again.

She watched the big ship till it was
a speck in the sky, then there was only
sky, so she drove to her mother's and
had dinner with the family and thanked
heaven, never more fervently, that it's
a general family. She did all after
dinner by grabbing her chest and an-
nouncing, "I've swallowed my lump."

The lump had come that Sunday,
paid to Gene's commission. They'd
 kidded about it. "Can it be indigestion?"
she'd wondered. "Or stomach ulcers?"

"Have you any idea where the human
stomach's located?"

"Maybe mine's not human."

They both knew it was nervous tension.
Now, "I've swallowed my lump," she
croaked. "My, won't they be thrilled!"

She had her own quiet thrill from the
scrubbed note he wrote on the plane.
He'd never told her in so many words that
he didn't want to leave. He didn't
tell her so now. But the last line of his
note read: "Thank you, darling, for
being you." And she knew what he
meant.

When he was on movie actor's salary
and either was away, he'd phone her
often and lengthily. He can't do that
now on a lieutenant's pay. If he hasn't
been sent overseas before then, he
hopes to go to him when "Shadow Of
A Lady," her current picture, is finished.
Meantime, she continues alone the date-
leave parties for soldiers that she started
with Gene. And, like others who have
their own private state in this war added
to the larger state we all have the
scans the headlines and dials the radio
with a new and more tremulous
attention. She's in the army now—in an
army of women, standing shoulder to
shoulder, scowling to show less courage
than their men.

THE END

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JUNE, 1942
Eagle Squadron

(Continued from page 44) have to bail out. He spoke into the radio telephone: "Here, I'm bailing out. It's May Day." He had a momentary vision of the Operations Room. Both the Controller and Anne would hear his code message, but the ANES would relay it to other units so that when Chuck landed in the Channel there would be a boat waiting to pick him up.

Every link in this ship-to-station chain would run smoothly, Chuck opened the glass cover of the cockpit and stepped out into space. 

Just as he had been told, and while still a drop from his ducking in the Channel, Chuck returned to his station, eager to talk over with Johnny the afternoon's experiences. But they had backed out, and two other pilots had been shot down. At first Chuck couldn't believe it, but soon there was proof, for a Nazi plane flew over Eagle headquarters and dropped a small parachute to which the kitten, Little Blitz, was attached. Around her neck were three metal discs and attached to them was an insolent, boastful note:

"To prove to you the superiority of the Luftwaffe we are returning to you the little cat and the identification tags of your three officers, Poe and Bell and Meeker. They were closing men, but they are dead as all who defy us must die."

Chuck was half stunned with grief, but the other pilots seemed much more concerned about the poor quality of the Leopard planes than about the death of their comrades. Sickened at their callousness, Chuck lashed out at them.

"Who do you fellows call yourself—caribou?" he demanded. "I don't expect you to cry over Johnny. You didn't know him—didn't know that he was the smartest guy in the world. But the other two—Bell and Meeker. They were your friends."

Hank Starr laid his hand on Chuck's arm. "Take it easy, Chuck," he advised. "You don't understand. It's just—"

"Understand?" Chuck shouted hysterically. "I understand when your friends get killed you're supposed to act as if it means something to you. But you all of you—with your cheap cynical chins-up, old-school-tie stuff—" Savagely he threw himself out of the room.

MILE after mile he walked along the twisted, hedge-bordered roads that circled the camp and at last, exhausted and heart sick, he returned to headquarters. The first person he saw was Anne Partridge, but instead of the polite aloofness with which she had treated him the night before, she smiled gaily and said, "Hello. You were in that sweep this afternoon, weren't you?" Chuck nodded. "I wasn't sent to Operations Room," Anne went on. "I heard it."

Bitterness flooded him again. Last night he'd tried to be friendly and Anne had ignored him. And now—now she had laughed about it without a "crying" as she called it, as casually as though it hadn't cost him his best friend.

"Oh, you heard it, did you," he sneered. "Is she supposed to make us palsy?"

Anne drew back as if he had slapped her. "Not if I can help it," she blazed.

Chuck shrugged, indifferent to the anger in her voice, and stalked away. He found a vacant table near the dance floor and sat down, lonely and miserable. He had smoked a dozen cigarettes when to his amazement Anne sank into the chair opposite him.

"I didn't understand before," she said. "I've been talking to Hank Starr. He told me about your friend. I know," her eyes darkened, "what it means to lose someone—someone you love."

Unaccountably Chuck felt his bitterness melting away. Anne did understand; she knew the meaning of unhappiness—her voice, her hands clenched as though she was fighting for self-control, told Chuck as plainly as her words that this was so. He remembered that last night Johnny had said something about reserve and now he realized that that was what it was. Anne—Hank Starr and the other pilots as well—they were all building up a wall of reserve to hide emotions too deep to talk about.

**DURING the days that followed Chuck was profoundly and jubilantly happy. He had a lot of free time on his hands, for the Air Ministry had ordered that all combat flights be discontinued until something more could be learned about the Leopard planes. As a result, Anne's duties, too, became less exacting and she and Chuck**

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**LONDON** had suffered its most severe air raid that day. Countless fires, large and small, swept the city and by the time Chuck reached St. Chad's nothing remained but charred and crumbling walls. In the courtyard rows of stretchers were placed, some filled with pain-stricken patients who could not perform the forms, sheet-covered. Chuck's frenzied eyes lighted at last on Anne. She was kneeling beside the body of an elderly woman, whom she had just been removed from the wreckage and near by stood Paddy Carson.

Chuck ran toward Anne, but Paddy stepped in front of Paddy Carson. "Chuck!" he exclaimed fervently. "Thank the Lord you're here!"

Chuck halted, bewildered. Incredible as it seemed Paddy was gone. "I thought Anne's had gone away. It's the first she can take," he rushed on before Chuck could speak.

"First Eric and now—her father," Chuck hesitated. "Eric and Anne's brother, Paddy explained. "He was my best friend."

Chuck's eyes traveled to Anne's bowed figure, then back to Paddy. But—
thought—" he stammered awkwardly. Paddy sensed the questions Chuck couldn't put into words. "That," he said pointedly, "is the reason I've been trying to stand by Anne—because Eric would have wanted me to."

Slowly the meaning of his words sank into Chuck's mind and as if by magic all his jealousy disappeared. Impulsively he held out his hand and Paddy, with a smile of understanding, extended his own. Anne stood up then and turned toward them. Her face was drawn and white with suffering and her eyes blank.

"I'll stay here and take care of things," Paddy whispered. "You get Anne away."

Chuck nodded. "Anne," he said, "Anne, dear." Slowly her eyes came to life and with a choked little cry she threw herself into his arms.

Chuck took her to a little park a few squares away and there, while his arms held her safe, she told him all the pain and suspense she had endured. The dead man was her father, Sir John Partridge. He had been a member of Parliament and being an idealist who hated war he had fought against rearmament. Her brother Eric had shared his father's loathing for war but he had believed that it was inescapable and that England should prepare for it. Their bitter quarrels led to their complete estrangement. When war came Eric was one of the first to lose his life. Sir John bitterly denounced his former beliefs which he felt made him morally responsible for his son's death and in an effort to atone he tried to enlist in the army, only to be turned down because of his age. Then he had disappeared. Believing that he had enlisted under an assumed name and by lying about his age, Anne, with Paddy's aid, had tried to find him. They had had his description posted in hospitals and whenever a patient answering that description was reported to Paddy he would take Anne to see him, but each visit had ended in disappointment. Today St. Chad's had reported that a patient there, an aircraft gunner, wounded in a raid—might be the man they were looking for, but by the time Anne and Paddy had reached the hospital the fire was well under way and many patients had been removed from the wards, only to be crushed under the crumbling walls. They had searched frantically but had not found Sir John until a few minutes before he died, although ironically enough while looking for him Anne had helped many other wounded patients to safety.

"You poor darling," Chuck said compassionately. He meant it to be very gentle, very protective and comforting in a big-brother, unemotional way, but with Anne so close he couldn't go on with it. "Maybe it's the wrong time to say this, but—" he hesitated, then said tensely, "why can't we get married, Anne?"

"We just can't," the girl answered in a lifeless voice. "We're not important now, Chuck. Love isn't important. Nothing's important but doing our jobs, trying to make the world decent again."

"But we could still do that, dear," Chuck said urgently.

Anne wheeled on him. "Oh, Chuck," she cried and now her voice was ragged with emotion. "Can't you see? If you leave me—I can go on fighting alone. But if I married you and you were killed I'd have nothing left—not even the will to go on." Chuck tried to take her in his arms but she held him off. "Please, Chuck," she said steadily. "If you really love me—please go away—now."

After a long moment of silence Chuck slowly took her face between his hands, kissed her gently, then stood up and walked away.

The Commando raid took place the following night. Three barges, painted black and filled with black-uniformed men, with tanks and guns and armored trucks, sailed from England and landed at a point on the coast of France near an airstrike which housed the Leopard platoon. British Intelligence officers, disguised as French peasants, met the invaders and reported that they had done the preliminary work of mapping the camp, capturing the outlying guards and cutting off communications. Paddy Carson, Chuck and Borowsky went ashore, Paddy carrying a light machine gun. As soon as the barges were completely unloaded the Commandos were to surround the airstrike. Under the protection of their guns each of the flyers would seize a Leopard plane and head for England, where aviation mechanics would dismantle the planes to learn the secret of their construction. Meantime, there was nothing for the three to do but wait.

It was Borowsky who ruined the plan. Ever since he had seen his parents slaughtered he had lived for one thing only—kill Nazis. His hatred had affected his mind and now with a Nazi camp close at hand he went berserk. Disregarding all his instructions, he started running toward the airstrike, firing his revolver and screaming manically. The noise brought the silent camp into action. The battle was bitter, vicious, but it was soon over, for the Commandos, greatly outnumbered, were forced to withdraw to their barges.

Borowsky was killed in the first burst of shellfire and Paddy, who had sprung

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after him in an effort to silence him, was so badly wounded that he knew he had only a few minutes to live. Chuck was unharmed and could have boarded one of the barges that was just leaving the harbor, but when Paddy urged him to do so he shook his head.

"Anne said the only important thing now is for everyone to do his job," he replied. "Well, my job is to fly a Leopard to England and that," he finished quietly, "is what I'm going to do." "You're crazy, Chuck," Paddy protested. Instead of answering Chuck gripped Paddy's shoulder in a farewell which he couldn't voice, then pulling out his revolver, he started forward. Gasping with the pain it caused him, Paddy worked the small machine gun into position against his breast. "Good boy, Chuck," he called softly. "I'll cover you."

Bending low, Chuck moved cautiously ahead, then broke into a dead run as he approached the nearest Leopard. Simultaneously, Paddy opened fire on the guards. Two of them dropped and Chuck, revolver in hand, fired on the remaining pair. Then thrusting himself into the cockpit of the plane, he threw the switch of the powerful motor and roared down the field. He had barely cleared the ground when the remaining planes took off after him.

In the Operations Room of the 71st Eagle Squadron Anne sat at her desk, her face an expressionless mask. While the Controller, from his desk near by, watched her anxiously she read again the report which had just been received from the commanding officer of the Commando raiding squad announcing the failure of the raid and the loss of flyers Paddy Carson, Chuck Brewer and Wadislaw Borowsky. The words danced before her eyes, then reformed themselves into a new shape and she saw before her Chuck's face. In memory she could hear Chuck calling her, then the memory was drowned out by a voice over the radio telephone.

"Hello, April . . . Angel Fantastic calling . . . " She tensed with excitement. It was Chuck's voice, the code for his ship-to-station report.

"Hello, April . . . sounded through the earphones clamped over her head. "Angel Fantastic calling . . . Bandits on my tail . . . " It was Chuck! And the word bandits meant that he was being attacked. Feverishly she contacted the ground crew and issued instructions to send fighter planes to help him, then turned to listen to the Controller.

"Angel Fantastic . . . " the Controller chanted into the radio telephone. "This is April . . . Return to station . . . " But there was no reply.


"Anne, darling!" Chuck shouted jubilantly. "Return to station, Anne repeated frantically. "Don't think the bandits will let me," Chuck replied blithely and Anne cried out in terror. "Anne," his voice was urgent now. "Do you love me?"

Anne was half laughing, half crying. "Oh, you idiot," she cried, impatiently. Then recklessly, "You crazy, darling idiot—of course I love you!"

"If I get out of this," Chuck called, "will you marry me?"

"Yes!" Anne shouted wildly. "I'll marry you! I'll marry your whole family if you will just come in!"

"Okay!" The word was a shout of triumph. "I'm on my way!"

On the same day that Chuck received from His Majesty King George VI of England the Distinguished Flying Cross Anne was given the George Cross for her valor in saving the lives of a number of patients in the fire at St. Chad's Hospital. The impressive ceremony of awarding the decorations closed with a short speech by the King in which he expressed his and his subjects' appreciation for the services of the American flyers in Britain and prayed for the outcome of the war in which the two nations had now become allied. When he finished bands broke into the moving strains of "God Save The King" and although the American voices sang the words "My Country 'Tis Of Thee," the effect instead of being discordant was poignantly significant of the joint aims and hopes of the two countries.

The music had barely died away when the sirens screamed a warning of approaching enemy planes. The 71st Eagle Squadron personnel, drawn up at attention in honor of His Majesty's visit, broke formation and everyone set off at a dead run to his post. Chuck poured toward his plane with Anne, her hand in his, panting along at his side. Where two concrete paths crossed at right angles they halted and Chuck drew her wildly into his arms.

"So long, sweet," his voice was gay. "I'll be seeing you!"

Anne lifted her lips for his hasty kiss. "Okay, darling," she smiled.

Chuck darted along the left-hand path to his plane and Anne, her head proudly erect, took the right-hand path that led to the Operations Room.

THE END

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My Most Embarrassing Moments in Hollywood

(Continued from page 29) moment of embarrassment was when I wrote about the “class act” in my column. I started out thus: “People tear their hair over the shame of Mother India and the cruelty of her caste system, but it would take a better man than Mahatma Gandhi to bridge the chasm between a $500-a-week actor and the one who earns $2,000—and went on from there!

When it appeared in print, I heard that one of my leading preachers had gone to the L. A. Times, my local outlet, and tried to have me fired. The managing editor of the paper called me and said: “Write more stories like that, Hedda, it’s good for circulation,” and then told me what had happened.

The following day I happened to meet Joe Schenck at the races and asked him what was the big idea, trying to get me fired. Poor Joe began to stammer and I said: “Well—did you or didn’t you?” “Not exactly, Hedda, but I don’t think a story like that did the industry any good.” “Listen,” I said, “the truth never hurt anybody—and if we’d tell the truth a bit more frequently the country would have a lot more confidence in us.”

Connie Bennett was seated beside him. She said, “Hedda and I aren’t particularly good friends, but, by golly, she’s honest and if you’d listen to her once in a while you wouldn’t be embarrassed so often!”

At which my face turned perfectly scarlet because I wanted, the worst way, to think of Connie and I didn’t know how.

A NOTHER time, after I’d been under contract at Metro for about four years, the producers and directors got tired of seeing my face in their pictures and suddenly no one on the lot would give me a job. Now I knew that by being under contract to a studio you have to give the company a profit in your services and having a son to bring up I couldn’t afford to lose that contract. Anyhow, I’ve never been able to sit down and accept money that I didn’t earn, so I had to go around town to the other studios and hustle up my own pictures.

Twentieth Century-Fox was then borrowing Metro’s greatest stars, like Clark Gable to build up their prestige. Irving Thalberg talked me into doing a picture for his company to cash in on his assets and made a rule that no players could be loaned off the M-G-M lot. When the news broke out, I tracked him down with the speed of an antelope for Irving’s office because a fairer little man never lived than Thalberg. I said, “Surely, Irving, this doesn’t apply to me? You know that most of my work is on other lots—” but he told me that he could not start making exceptions and he knew that I would be fair enough to realize that. Well, I signed, and the first six months that I didn’t earn my dividend for the company, my contract was dropped.

So that’s when I went into the real estate business. And it was my most embarrassing moment in real estate that proved my salvation.

When I introduced myself to realtor Frank Meline in his handsome office and told him I’d like to go to work for him, I explained that I knew a great many people in Hollywood and the kind of houses they were looking for and thought they’d just as soon buy from me as from anybody else. Within the first ten days I had a customer, a director ready to sign on the dotted line for a forty-thousand-dollar Colonial house. The deal was all...
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HARLEM CO. 36 Church St., Dept. R20, New York

The Ghost Of Frankenstein (Universal)

It's About: The monster, still alive, receives a new brain.

FRANKENSTEIN'S monster (he's played by Lon Chaney this time, and yow, what make-up) is very much alive, so much so that he marries Miss Patti Crane. Miss Crane, as Sir Cedric Hardwicke, a second son of Dr. Frankenstein, decides since "Franky" won't die the next best thing is to give him a new brain, not your ordinary old lady's brain. But Sir Cedric is double-crossed by nasty Lionel Atwill and into the monster goes the sly cunning brain of old broken-necked Ygor, played by Bela Lugosi. Ralph Bellamy and Evelyn Ankers are romantic even with all this going on.

Your Reviewer Says: Hold on to your hair.

Almost Married (Universal)

It's About: A mix-up in baggage that leads to a mix-up in hearts.

By mistake Jane Frazee's baggage goes to Robert Paige's New York address and his heart. When Jane goes in search of her trunks, she discovers Paige has unpacked her things in an attempt to convince his rich aunt, Elizabeth Patterson, he's married the society girl of her choice. Miss Frazee, a Vermont miss in search of a job as a night-club singer, agrees to help out and ends up as—but you get the picture. Eugene Pallette is around, too, as Jane's dad.

Your Reviewer Says: Kind of cute.

LET ME PROVE I CAN MAKE YOU A NEW MAN—

To The Shores Of Tripoli (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The regeneration of a young know-it-all in the Marines.

FLAGS fly, bands play, soldiers march, hearts beat high in this whooper-doer service picture bound to stir the patriotism of all Americans, proud of their "United States Marines."

The story, however, is the old familiar one of all service pictures. We have John Payne, a smart aleck from Culver Military Academy who earns the antagonism of his fellow soldiers, rescue officer Randy Strickland, while guns blast around him, renounces the service for a desk job in Washington and, upon the announcement of the Pearl Harbor attack, hitches a ride to the Marines. Payne is very good in his role.

Maureen O'Hara as the Army nurse who loves Payne is a good actress and very beautiful. Nancy Kelly, the wealthy girl who succeeds in luring him from active service, is most believable. We liked, too, William Tracy as the little fellow who just couldn't make the grade. There's a spirit to the picture that will carry it along to success.

Your Reviewer Says: BravO.

Fingers At The Window (M-G-M)

It's About: A cold, ruthless killer who directs a murder ring.

We knew it! We knew it! The minute his name flashed on the screen we knew Basil Rathbone was at the bottom
Meet Charming, Lovely

JUNIOR MISS Temple!

We proudly present a young lady with a charm all her own—vivacious Shirley Temple who's capturing our hearts anew!

Every Wednesday night on the CBS network she stars in radio's newest hit, "Junior Miss". Does her future then lie in radio rather than the movies? What are the intimate details of this busy young lady's career today? Read an exclusive study of a new Shirley Temple—and her gorgeous Kodachrome portrait on the cover—in this month's issue!

STUNNING PORTRAITS FOR YOUR COLLECTION

Don't miss these charming pictures of your favorite stars of "VALIANT LADY"—exciting drama which thrills you daily—see the beloved people you love to hear!

When A Girl Marries

—that breathtaking radio drama, now lives in Radio Mirror's pages in thrilling fiction form. Begin this great story as a new serial novel.


Radio Mirror

Radio

AND TELEVISION

MIRROR

JUNE

ON SALE

NOW AT ALL

NEWSPASSAINTS

JUNE, 1942

of the whole dastardly business of hypnotizing psychopaths into killing the victims of Basil's choosing.

Nice to see Laraine Day and Lew Ayres together again. Laraine is about to be victim number six (or was it seven?) when Lew, a young actor out of work, happens along in time to save her.

It's kind of interesting and scary, but if this is what Laraine Day sacrificed the Kildare series for, she lost in the deal.

Your Reviewer Says: More killing than a good-sized battle.

A Gentleman After Dark

(Small-U.A.)

It's About: A thief who sacrifices his freedom for his child.

In this corner—Brian Donlevy, gentelman crook. In that one—Preston Foster, handsome officer. The story—another remake of "A Whiff Of Heliotrope" with Brian Donlevy the thief who offers surrender, if Foster will adopt his baby. Later, when the baby's mother, Miriam Hopkins, and her partner in crime, Philip Reed, attempt to ruin the happiness of the girl, Donlevy breaks prison and with the aid of his pal, Harold Huber, fixes them good.

In fact, everybody is good in a story that really doesn't matter very much.

Your Reviewer Says: A whiff of ether, please.

The Bashful Bachelor

(RKO-Radio)

It's About: An old bachelor who tries to be a hero to his lady love.

LUM and Abner, those beloved old codgers of the airways who are in reality both young men, come to the screen in a movie written by themselves and in keeping with their radio roles. Chester Lauck (Lum) is sweet on Zazu Pitts and almost succeeds in exterminating his pal Norris Golf (Abner) when he tries to impress his hand-waving sweetie pie with his heroism. A horse race and fire-engine ride climax the doing of this droll pair. Grady Sutton is the dimwitted Cedric, and Oscar O'Shea the scheming Squire Skimp.

Your Reviewer Says: Why, shure!

The Male Animal

(Warners)

It's About: An innocent interloper that almost wrecks a professor's home.

Into the English professor Henry Fonda's home simultaneously are injected two problems: The return for the big game of former football star, Jack Carson, who was an ardent beau of his wife's, Olivia de Havilland; and the magnifying of a class assignment into a socially significant problem that threatens his dismissal.

What a refreshingingly different husband and wife story this makes! Elliott Nugent, who wrote and acted in the stage play, directs this one. Olivia de Havilland is beautiful and Joan Leslie cute as her sister, but it's the male animals who take over. Jack Carson as the former

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The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses, bunions or sore toes, tormenting shoe friction stops acting pressure is lifted; fast relief is yours. Used at the first sign of sore toes from new or tight shoes, these thin, soothing, cushioning pads will keep you free of corns. Separate Medications included for speedily removing corns or callouses. No other method does all these things for you. Costs only a few cents a treatment. Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads are made in 4 sizes; for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, Toilet Goods Counter. Get box today. Jasist on Dr. Scholl's.
"DEFINITELY ONE OF THE FINEST . . ."

Dear Readers:

With pride and pleasure we present in June True Story Magazine a truly great personal history—magnificent, delightful, unforgettable!

Here is definitely one of the finest romances in years. "Lead Us Not Into Temptation," a deep and intimate drama, will hold you spell-bound with its brilliant characterizations.

Wait until you start re-reading some of its breath-taking passages. I am certain you will agree, too, that this is one tale you cannot forget!

The Editor

BY ALL MEANS READ

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Brilliant New True Serial Novel

LET'S ESCAPE TO PARADISE

Matt just wanted to marry Donna, not her whole bigoted family! But he didn't count on the schemes of her Sister Eve, Brother Ernest and Sister Josie. . . . Don't miss this fascinating book-length true novel, complete in this issue!

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30 THRILLING ADVENTURES IN ROMANCE!

True Story

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

JUNE, 1942

nese members of the Black Dragon Association to look like American industrialists so they can steal our plans.

Bela Lugosi does the dirty work. Shame on you, Bela.

Your Reviewer Says: My Mama done told me

\[ The Gold Rush ( Chaplin )

It's About: The trials of a gold seeker.

THOSE who laughed and wept at the silent version of this Chaplin film will find its emotion-stirring qualities as lively as ever in this release which is highlighted by a musical score and narrated by Mr. Chaplin himself. Referring always to himself as "The little fellow," Chaplin explains the adventures of the little tramp through the gold-mad Klondike, his hunger and dilemma when his starring cabin partner mistakes him for a chicken, their feast of a boilded shoe, his love for the dance-hall girl, his fanous dance of the rolls, his heartaches and disappointments.

Here is a perfect gold rush to any box office.

Your Reviewer Says: A must for everyone.

Sleepytine Gal (Republic)

It's About: A radio contest, bandits, cooks, bellhops and women.

Brother, you'll come out of this one dizzier than a walzting mouse!

Everybody trys hard, at least we'll say that. Billy Gilbert, Fritz Fied and Jay Novello are three hotel chefs persuaded by bellhop captain Tom Brown to help Judy Canova impersonate a night-club singer so she can win a contest to sing with Skinnay Ennis's band. Harold Huber, gangster promoter of the real night-club singer, Ruth Terry, kind of messes up the plans and, well, you take it up from there.

Jerry Lester has what is meant to be a comedy role. Skinnay Ennis and his band furnish the music.

Your Reviewer Says: Phooey to such hoopy!

Man With Two Lives ( Monogram )

It's About: A man who awakens from apparent death with another man's soul.

Really this is too much. We refuse to believe a young man, Edward Norris in this case, can awaken from a death stupor following an accident to be possessed with the soul of a gangster who was executed at the exact moment of Norris' lapse into unconsciousness.

Anyway, Norris, a hitherto nice lad, takes over the gangster's activities and his girl, Marlo Dwyer, to the horror of his father, Frederick Burton, and fiancée Eleanor Lawson.

We were surprised to see Norris dead or alive, villain or hero. We thought he'd gone to the army ages ago.

Your Reviewer Says: Make them stop scar- ing us.

Who is Hope Schuyler? ( Twentieth Century-Fox )

It's About: A search for a woman mystery leader of a political ring.

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This Intimate Problem...

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Safe new way in feminine hygiene gives continuous action for hours!

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AT 12, keeps hair light, golden
AT 22, helps hair from darkening
AT 42, brightens faded blonde hair
Try New 11 Minute Home Shampoo!

Specially made for blondes, helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Not a liquid, it is a fragrant powder that quickly makes a rich cleansing lather. Instantly removes the dandr, dyes-tainted film that makes blonde hair dark, old-looking. Can't bleach, it gives hair attractive luster and highlights—keeps that just-shampooed look for a whole week. Safe, fine for children's hair. To give hair beautiful luster and radiance, top off shampoo with Blondex Golden Rinse. For all shades of blonde hair, both cost little to use. Get Blondex Shampoo and Golden Rinse at 10c, drug and department stores.
FIVE women are suspected of being a secret political ringleader and mystic spiritualist using the name of Hope Schuyler and needed as a witness in a bribery trial. Who is she? Is she Mary Howard, the judge’s daughter in pursuit of special prosecutor Joseph Allen Jr.? Is she newspaper woman Sheila Ryan? No, she couldn’t be. Sheila’s John Payne’s girl. Well, then, is she Janis Carter, girl friend of old baddie Ricardo Cortez, or Rose Hobart, his attractive wife? Or maybe it’s Joan Valerie. It couldn’t be us, could it?

Anyway, you’ll find out when pretty nearly everybody in sight has been killed and you’re dying yourself of curiosity.

Your Reviewer Says: Don’t send in any box-tops.

Always In My Heart (Warners)

It’s About: A paroled father who comes to the aid of his family.

THE names Kay Francis and Walter Huston lend dignity to any film and assurance of two roles well played. Their roles in this picture, that of a wife and her prison-paroled husband, despite the rather hackneyed story, carry conviction.

Kay, hoping to improve the opportunities of her two children, Gloria Warren and Frankie Thomas, decides to marry wealthy Sidney Blackmer after discussing it with her husband, Walter Huston, about to be paroled from prison. After his parole Huston goes incognito to the small town of his family and is able to straighten out his son who gets into a brawl over a girl and to save his daughter from drowning.

Fifteen-year-old Gloria Warren has a beautiful voice and the makings of a fine actress.

Your Reviewer Says: Warmth and friendliness are here.

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RIO RITA (M-G-M)

It’s About: A pair of comics and a nest of Nazis.

THIS isn’t the old “Rita R” by a long shot, but it has the public’s number one favorites, Abbott and Costello, which makes up for nearly everything. The two have never been funnier and provide a laugh a minute with their blundering into a sabotage plot.

Kathryn Grayson and John Carroll are quite a pair, musically and romantically. Pat Boone, Tom Conway, brother of George Sanders, and Peter Whitney are clever spies who roam through an incredibly confused plot of story writing. But the two have the grace to slip the right side of the ledger, so who cares?

Your Reviewer Says: A laugh - and - listen treat.

YOKEL BOY (Republic)

It’s About: A movie fan takes over a Hollywood studio.

WELL, lookie, if you want to believe people behave this way in Hollywood, go right ahead.

They have, for example, Alan Mowbray, ‘producer in charge of all producings’ of Mammoth Studios, listening to a wild invention of his studio publicist, Roscoe Karns, to bring on the Nation’s Number One Movie Fan Eddie Fox Jr. to advise on stories. Net result—Public Enemy Number One and his muscle men take over, create havoc and eventually save the studio from financial ruin.

Lynne Carver’s kinda cute as the studio’s Wow girl.

Your Reviewer Says: Corn, canned.

Two Yanks In Trinidad (Columbia)

It’s About: Racketeers who continue their friendly (?) feuding in the Army.

PAT O’BRIEN has fooled his racketeering pal Brian Donlevy for years with the old odd or even dollar bill gag, but once Donlevy catches on, he’s madder than a wet hen and sets out to “get” O’Brien, even to following him into the Army. Here the boys keep up their constant bedlamming.

Sergeant Donald MacBride, tough as all mother-squeezed moose, puts the crimp on our naughty boys’ activities, which makes for a lot of laughs. Of course, like all army enemies, the boys compete for the attentions of one lady fair, this time Janet Blair, singer.

Men will enjoy the gusty rowdiness of the story. We think even the women will laugh, for that matter.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad boys make good soldiers and funny pictures.

FLY BY NIGHT (Paramount)

It’s About: An innocent fugitive who must remain free to prove his innocence.

RICHARD CARLSON has to escape, see, because he’s accused of murdering a man he helped to private asylum. See, So, forcing artist Nancy Kelly to accompany him so she won’t sketch his picture and reveal him to the police, he gets into more deep mud and cold water than Hitler’s Russian division, see.

Carlson is nice and Miss Kelly seems natural and easy.

Your Reviewer Says: Quit following us, see.

Butch Minds The Baby (Universal)

It’s About: A convict who falls in love with a baby—a real one.

IF DAVID Runyan had anyone else in mind but Broderick Crawford when he wrote the story of Butch, don’t tell me. Crawford is Butch, the paroled convict who saves a young widow, Virginia Bruce, from suicide, and falls, all in a heap, for her baby, little Michael Barnitz. Brod, working as a janitor, even gets the mother a job in a night club run by Porter Hall, a crook, and agrees to mind the baby while the mother is at work. What’s more, he agrees to crack open a safe for Porter if the latter will promise that Michael wins the annual Easter baby contest with a scholarship to college as prize.

What happens to Brod is for you to find out.
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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatism, pains, leg pains, pains of the head, nausea, vomiting, fever, and pain in the abdomen.

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

JUNE 1942

It's typical Runyon, amusing and completely in character.

Your Reviewer Says: Gosh, it's funny.

Kid Glove Killer (M-G-M)

It's About: A scientific crime detector.

NOW here is a B to shout about. Van Hefflin, who made such a hit in "Johnny Eager," proves his worth. As the scientific crime detective, Van Hefflin is smooth and easy. Lee Bowman is logical, slick and reasonable. Marsha Hunt, as a girl who always marries Bowman before he is found out, is an actress of intelligence and ability. Ladies and gentlemen, it is a pleasure to recommend this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A goodie.

No Hands On The Clock (Paramount)

It's About: A private detective whose honeymoon is interrupted by a mystery.

CHESTER MORRIS is on his honeymoon with Jean Parker in Reno when the son of a wealthy rancher disappears and Chester is egged on to take the case. It's kind of hairy and certainly keeps one guessing right up to the end, we'll say that for it.

Your Reviewer Says: Not bad.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ALMOST MARRIED"—Universal: Gloria Dohob, Jane Fraze; James Manning III, Robert Paige; Dr. Dobson, Eugene Palette; Michael, Charles Coleman; Amy Matilda, Elizabeth Patterson; Mrs. Chyton, Mandy Eburne; Musician, Slim and Sams; Soothing, Ferri Taylor; Bright, Orin Howland; Hurley, Will Lee; Lancel, Jan Wiley; Perkins, Herbert Haywood; Marvin, Lionel Pape; Mrs. Martin, Mary Forbes.

"ALWAYS IN MY HEART"—Warners: Marguerite Scott, Kay Francis, Mackenzie Scott, Walter Huston, Virginia Scott, Gloria Warren; Bailey, Patric Hoge; Martin Scott, Frank Thomas; Ann, Una O'Connor; Philip Ames, Sidney Blackmer; Lola, Armanda; Joe Bovelli, Frank Puglia; Reed, Russell Arms; Frank, Anthony Caruso; Rosita, El- vin Carter; Grace, John Hamilton; Steve, Henry Lewis; Dick, Herbert Guinn, and Borza Minnatt and His Rascals.

"BASHFUL BACHELOR, THE"—RKO-Radio: Lam, Chester Lauck; Abner, Norris Gould; Genaud, Zaft Pais; Larry, Grady Sutton; Squire Snipp, Oscar O'Shea; Marjorie, Louise Currie; Waddie Averhart, Constance Purdy; Sheriff, Irving Bacon; Joe, Earle Huddles; Pitch Man, Benny Rubin.

"BLACK DRAGON"—Monogram: Dr. Melcher, Bela Lugosi; Colonel, Bela Lugosi; Alice, Joan Barclay; Don Martin, Clayton Moore; Saunders, George Poulton; Hamlin, Robert Frazer; The Dragon, Stanley Jolley; Kearney, Max Hoffman; Joe, Van Dyke; Irving Mitchell; Wallace, Edward Arnold; Mr. Kardon, Bela Lugosi; Joe Eggenton, Cabby, Bernard Gorcey.

"BULLET SCARS"—Warners: Dr. Steven Bishop, Regis Toomey; Nora Madison, Adele Longmire; Father de la Salle, Paul Hurst; Ben Welden; Haud O'Connor, John Ridgely; Mike, Frank Wilson; Joe Madison, Michael Ames; Dr. Carter, Hubert Bosworth; Jake, Roland Drew; Walter, Bruce Breker; Joe, Wynn Hale; Slim, Henry Hull; Hank Mann; Due, S. Goring; Mische, John Turner.

"BUTCH MINDS THE BABY"—Universal: Susan O'Neill, Virginia Bruce; Butch, Broderick Crawford; Glenn, Donald Peirson; Dutch, Henry Beeman; Dick Foran; Beauty Simon, Porter Hall; Harry the Horse, Richard Laut; Blinky Sweeney, Lewis Howard; Mrs. Tobohe, Rosina Galli; Wyoming Bill, Fuji Knight; Caesar Pete, Grant Withers; L. Wads.

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**102**

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**PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR**

**102**
MORALE

is mightier than the sword!

Out of the factories and shipyards of America are pouring the planes and tanks, the guns and boats to arm the United Nations in the fight for Democracy.

Day by day, week by week our power must grow until, at its flood, it sweeps the earth clean once more so that free men may live in peace and security.

That is our resolve—and from it no power shall turn us.

To carry it through, our minds must be as keen as our swords, our hearts as strong as our tanks, our spirits as buoyant as our planes. For morale is a mighty force—as vital as the materials of war themselves.

And just as it is the job of some industries to provide the implements that will keep 'em flying, keep 'em rolling, and keep 'em shooting, so is it the job of the American Motion Picture Industry to keep 'em smiling.

Yes, that is our war-time job. We cannot build combat planes or bombers... we cannot make tanks or guns or ships. But we can build morale... we can give America the hours of carefree relaxation which will make its work hours doubly productive, the mental stimulus that will carry us on and on with heads up through dark days and bright, through good news and bad... to victory.

We can—and we will!

THE AMERICAN MOTION PICTURE INDUSTRY

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR publishes this message in the belief that the vital war-time role of the Motion Picture Industry is of public interest.
BRIEF REVIEWS

(Continued from page 21)

✓ JOAN OF PARIS—RKO Radio: Dealing with two Poles, this is neither a first-rate film nor a suspenseful movie that provides little entertainment.

✓ JOE SMITH, AMERICAN—M-G-M; Robert Young, an average American working in a defense plant, is kicked around by a warden and ends up in a hospital in a scene that lacks any depth or suspense. (Mach)

✓ JOHNNY EAGER—M-G-M; Bob Taylor, a road agent, is the kind of character who doesn't seem to live up to his name. (April)

✓ KINGS ROW—Warners: Here is a superb performance by the wife, Thea Murray, who exudes a strong adult character in her part. (Mach)

✓ LADY FOR A NIGHT—Republic: Above all else, Joan Blondell, who runs a gambling house, is one of the most memorable characters in this film. (April)

✓ LADY HAS PLANS—Paramount: Comedy, drama, and romance, with Pauline Goddard as an American war correspondent who is mis-taken for a German spy. The story is a bit too melodramatic, but Miss Goddard gives a fine performance. (April)

✓ LADY IS WOLING—Columbia: A tiring story of an actress, Marlene Dietrich, who finds a baby and subsequently marries a baby's father, French Stewart, for two reasons: in order to have the husband required by law for legal adoption, and because she wants a baby. (April)

✓ MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER—Warners: An eight-course banquet of delight is the best way to describe this film. The story is about a millionaire who is making a house call, and the entire cast is outstanding. (April)

✓ MAN WHO RETURNED TO LIFE—Columbia: John Carradine, who is a man who has been shot down over enemy territory, is the central figure in this film. (March)

✓ MELODY LAKE—Universal: An orchestra lends a radio job, but their sponsor is whitewash who ends up good and well in the end. (March)

✓ MISTER V—Edward Small U.A; Leslie Howard plays the modern Prospero, who liberates artists, scientists and great men held in Nazi power. Their Atari is a bit too flagrant, but it's an interesting and thrilling picture. Mr. Howard and the rest of the cast create a vivid, realistic picture of the Gestapo, giving brilliant performances. (May)

✓ MR. AND MRS. NORTH—M-G-M; Gracie Allen is cast as Mrs. North, who has a flair for amateur detective work. (April)

✓ MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN—Paramount: For those who enjoy zany comedy, this film offers a few laughs. (May)

✓ NIGHT BEFORE THE DIOFRE,—The 20th Century-Fox: Joseph Alen Jr. grows tired of his job as a railroad worker, his family and his life. (May)

✓ NIGHT OF JUNE 16TH, THE—Para-mount: Secretly Celia willows away her own life until Robert Preston comes to her rescue. Well acted, directed and written. (April)

✓ NORTH OF THE KONDIKE—Universal: Here is the best screen fight you've seen in many a day. It takes place between Brad Crawford, hero mining engineer who provides a community in Alaska, and a gang of outlaws, led by Darryl Hickman's son, as their ally. (April)

✓ PACIFIC BLACKOUT—Paramount: Robert Preston, who is a图案 officer, is frustrated by the lack of action, so he decides to go after a gang of outlaws. (April)

✓ PARDOY, MY STORIES—Republic: News reporter Sheila Ryan becomes involved in the investigation of a murder case. (April)

✓ REAL THE Wild WIND—Paramount: The story is about the lives of two men who are bound together by a heart-warming adventure story of suits and women and men of the 1840's. In Key West, Pauline Goddard meets the man of her dreams, who is a gambler. They fall in love with each other in Chicago, where she marries the man of her dreams, Jack Henreid's assistant, and goes to prison and tries to find the money. (April)

✓ REMARKABLE ANDREW, THE—Para-mount: William Holden is the small-town boy who fights the town's politician. When his predicament becomes too much, he goes for a walk and finds a way to defeat the politician. (April)

✓ REMEMBER THE DAY—20th Century-Fox: Claudette Colbert is at her best in this delightful, amusing picture. It's a typical story about a wife who must support herself while her husband is held back. (April)

✓ RIDE 'EM COWBOY—Universal: Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, entertainers from a New York radio station, travel to Los Angeles, where they are met by a little picture, with Joseph Allen Jr. as a wealthy playboy. They are both taken by artist's model, Colina Wright Jr. the socialite. It's human and amusing. (April)

✓ RIO TO THE QUAD—Monogram: Richard Cromwell, an ambulance doctor, works secretly with a band of gangsters in order to trap them but this action leads to a gun battle and a showdown. (April)

✓ ROAD AGENT—Universal: The three Musketeers on horseback, as portrayed by Robert Mitchum, a Loo Carrillo—out looking for dirty work in order to clean up. This time they take over a frontier town. (April)

✓ ROAD TO HAPPINESS—Monogram: John Boles is back again, handsome than ever, in this heart-warming story. He is a lawyer in Europe to find his wife, Mona Barrie, who has divorced him for a silly reason. Their school brings him home to a furnished room. Mr. Boles sings delightfully and Bette Davis gives a fine job. (April)

✓ ROXIE HART—20th Century-Fox: Rogers plays the bratwurst, tawdry Rosie who agrees to take a murder rap for the resultant publicity. Adolph Menjou, the attorney; George Montgomery, reporter; William Frawley and Lynn Bari, stars. (April)

✓ SALUTE TO COUNTRY—M-G-M: Conrad Veidt expertly handles a dual role in this melodrama, that of twin brothers, one of whom is a Nazi, and the other, a Nazi. Ann Blyth is very good as the spy caught in the intrigue, but it's Veidt's picture. (April)

✓ SHANGHAI GESTURE—Arnold Pressburger U.A.; A strange procession of characters moves against London background, all exquisitely performed by a cast of stars. (April)

✓ SHUT MY BIG MOUTH—Columbia: Joe E. Brown gives you plenty of laughs as the weary reporter who takes over an ex-mayor's job of editor of a small town newspaper. (April)

✓ SNUFFY SMITH, YARD BIRD—Monogram: Swag man, a sailor who escapes into a thimble of one who is really a gangster until the Army will let him stay. (April)

✓ SON OF FURY—20th Century-Fox: A rip-roaring, better, with George Sanders as the cruel husband, and Jane Wyman as the devoted wife, until Tyrone assaults him and must flee England. (April)

With John Carradine, he goes to a tropical island where he finds a fortune in pearls and lovely Gene Tierney. (May)

✓ SONG OF THE ISLANDS—20th Century-Fox: We can hand this story very little, but the glamorous settings are compensate for the story. (April)

✓ SPLIT HOOF—M-G-M: Ann Sheridan is a pretty girl who runs away from home with a grass skirt, Victor Mature in a sporting career, and cute parrot. (April)

✓ STAGE HILTON and grand performances by Thomas Mitchell and Robert Barrat. What else would you want? (May)

✓ THIS TIME FOR KEEPS—M-G-M; Ann Ruth and Robert Stack, after their first year of marriage, they decide to separate. When Sterling goes to work for his father-in-law, Ollie and Margaret, (April)

✓ TO BE OR NOT TO BE—Korda U.A. Carole Lombard's last picture remains a fitting coronet to the memory of the great actress. (April)

✓ TREASURY—Universal: Mickey Rooney and Phillip Terry, two teenagers, help the wife of Jack Benny, both stars, who along with their friends are victims of an elaborate plot. (April)

✓ VALLEY OF THE SUN—RKO Radio: Picturesque and romantic is this light-hearted Western, in which a young man, Edward Mulhare, finds himself involved with the wife of the local Sheriff. (April)

✓ VALOR, THE—Universal: A romance, as the sexy, Shirley Temple plays the role of a gentlewoman. (April)

✓ WEEKEND FOR THREE—RKO: Dennis O'Keefe, who is an Army reporter, has his wife, Jane Wyatt, until Philip Reed comes to visit them for the week end. Edward Everett Horton, Zasu Pitts and Franklin Pangborn completely support. (April)

✓ WELCOME DANCING—M-G-M: Melvyn Douglas, who is a lawyer, and Gladys Cooper, who is the wife of a Polish countess, cope on the eve of the Norma's wedding, to a family clan assembled in Europe. (April)

✓ WOLF MAN, THE—Universal: The setup is that Louis Chaney returns to his ancestral home in England and finds himself in the midst of the community, especially about werewolves. (April)

✓ WOMAN OF THE YEAR—M-G-M; Katharine Hepburn plays a famous columnist who falls in love with and marries sportswriter Spencer Tracy. (April)

✓ YANK ON THE BURMA ROAD—M-G-M. Barry Nelson is a taxicab driver who is offered the job of driving John Garfield and the General MacArthur. They meet there. (April)

✓ YOU'RE IN THE ARMY NOW—Warners: A simple, clean, story of the girls working in the shops, Jimmy Durante and Phil Silvers, who find themselves in the Army, Donald MacBride, with Jane Wyman, his daughter, who shares the romantic interest with Regis Toomey. (April)
"You're going to be a Beauty!"

said Doctor, advising Ivory

1 SO BIG! ME AT 10 MONTHS...

wearing a rose-petal complexion, if I do say so myself. 'Course, Doctor insisted on Ivory for my sensitive skin—and Mommy's, too. He explained how Ivory Soap is pure and gentle, without any dye or strong perfume that might be irritating.

2 BIGGER YET—18 MONTHS OLD

Ah me... the good times I've had in my Ivory bath! How could they ever make a soap any milder, any sudelier than this scrumptious big white floating Ivory cake of mine?

3 PRACTICLY GROWN UP—

2½ years next week! And guess what... they've actually made a milder Ivory (with LOTS more SUDS) for Mommy's complexion and mine! Mommy says our New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory gives us safe beauty-care. You oughta see her cream New Ivory lather all over her face! And afterwards she looks so pink-and-white! Better be like me and Mommy—give your face a velvet sudsing every night!

"Baby-care" is Beauty-care

... use New Velvet-suds Ivory

P.S. In a nation-wide survey, more doctors said they recommended Ivory for both babies and grown-ups than any other toilet soap. And doctors now recommend New Ivory—which is even milder!
Romanticist of American designers

MABEL MC'ILVAIN DOWNS

"One of the many reasons I enjoy Camel cigarettes is that there's less nicotine in the smoke. Milder by far!"

Muted pink crépe electrified with panels of black—romantic dinner dress from the spring collection of Mabel McIlvain Downs. One of the gifted few who are making America the source of fashion for years to come, she says: "I'm working hard these days—everybody is! And I know it's no time for nerves; so I'm smoking Camels. They're milder... and so good-tasting!"

Mabel Downs designs only dinner, evening, and wedding clothes... forecasts a return to the simple, the unadorned. At right, her off-the-shoulder interpretation of the stark black motif—tiny waist, full-skirted flattery.

The smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% LESS NICOTINE than the average of the 4 other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

CAMEL
the cigarette of costlier tobaccos

H. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N.C.