ROMANTIC FICTION! "THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO"

WITH JOAN BENNETT, LOUIS HAYWARD, GEORGE SANDERS

"First Lady" in Movie Debut! See Page 26

DEFENSE OF HOLLYWOOD MEN BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT
HEY! Look Who's Here!

"Your place is in the home — the old ladies' home!"

"The waterfront's my home — and I'm going to do some housecleaning!"

They're back again— Tugboat Annie and Capt. Bullwinkle — the most lovable characters who ever appeared in Saturday Evening Post fiction — coming to life on the screen just as you've pictured them — in the happiest hit of any year!

'Tugboat Annie Sails Again'

with MARJORIE RAMBEAU • ALAN HALE
RONALD REAGAN • JANE WYMAN

Directed by LEWIS SEILER
From the screenplay by Walter de Leon
A WARNER BROS.—First National Picture

Based on the Saturday Evening Post stories by NORMAN REILLY RAINE
**Who...**

**ME?**

If someone told you that you were guilty of halitosis (bad breath), you'd probably feel humiliated beyond words.

Unfortunately, friends do not tell you... the subject is too delicate. So you go blindly on, perhaps offending needlessly. Remember, halitosis is one of the commonest and most offensive conditions which anyone may have. Every woman should suspect its presence and do something about it. Clever ones do so and their reward is an easier path to popularity. Wall-flowers who overlook it can't complain if wall-flowers they remain.

**Take This Precaution**

Instead of taking your breath for granted, remember that it may be "off color" and use Listerine Antiseptic every day as a mouth rinse. It is such an easy, delightful, and effective precaution...one which helps you to appear at your best socially or in business.

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to fermentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gums. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath quickly becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

**A Hint to Men**

Men can be bad offenders in this matter, so if you adroitly suggest the use of Listerine Antiseptic to them, you'll be doing them a real favor.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Let LISTERINE look after your breath
Although we've never had our faces lifted, we do want what it's like to feel young all of a sudden.

There was Mickey Rooney at the drums, there was Judy Garland at the voice, and there were we and all the audience at our happiest.

That trip to see "Strike Up The Band" was a trip to the Fountain of Youth.

It started us singing. Usually our vocal efforts are confined to the marbled halls of the shower-room, but after seeing this new M-G-M sooper dooper musical smash, our little voice went pattering all over the house.

The boys and girls in the picture get the plot inspiration from Maestro Paul Whiteman himself. Over the years Whiteman has deserved the title His Royal Highness of Rhythm. Paul's music never fails.

We have a flock of bouquets to pass around on this one. We'll toss a few to Arthur Freed, the hit Ascap song-writer who turned producer; to Busby Berkeley, the director; and to those brother rats, Monks and Finklehoffe, who wrote the screen play.

When you hear "Our Love Affair", others will hear you. It's more than a melody, it's an infection.

But the final repeat rave must be held for those incomparable artists of the present and future, those babes in arms, Rooney and Garland. We call them Punch and Judy, because punch is what they've got.

It's remarkable the way M-G-M keeps up the parade of hits. This summer has revealed "The Mortal Storm", "Pride and Prejudice", "New Moon", "Andy Hardy Meets Debutante", "I Love You Again", not to mention the record-breaking "Boom Town".

That leaves you all set for the masterpiece, "Escape" (Norma Shearer and Robert Taylor) as well as this month's delightful "Third Finger, Left Hand" (Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas).

No wonder we're singing —Lea

That's the October edition of SCREENLAND. Keep it around the house and show it to the kids.

OCT - 4 1940

SCREENLAND
DELIGHT EVANS, Editor
MARION MARTONE, Assistant Editor
ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative
FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

November, 1940
Vol. XLII, No. 1

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The exciting, romantic novel is even more exciting on the screen!

Escape
starring
NORMA SHEARER
ROBERT TAYLOR

with
CONRAD VEIDT · NAZIMOVA
FELIX BRESSART · ALBERT BASSERMAN
PHILIP DORN · BONITA GRANVILLE

A MERVYN LeROY Production
Screen Play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts
Based on the Novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance
Directed by MERVYN LeROY

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE
BARBARA HUTTON and Cary Grant have more fun when they are out together than any other couple in town. The other night at the Little Hungary the entertainment was scorned and each person present had eyes only for Cary and Barbara. Their infectious gayety put everyone in a hilarious mood. Don’t be too surprised if they wed when Babe’s divorce from Count von Reventlow becomes final.

VERY few people know that when a baby works in a picture, no matter how small the rôle, the California state law holds the studio responsible for the infant’s health for six months thereafter. ... It is rumored that Claudette Colbert will spend some time soon on the island of Martinique in the Caribbean—just because she has a yearning to set foot on French soil once again. ... Every unfeeling Hollywood gossip hound seems to be vicariously waiting for the day when he can broadcast the fact that Clark Gable and Carole Lombard are feuding. That won’t happen soon. The only point these two fight about is the amount of luggage Carole can manage to find indispensable on camping and fishing trips.

BY UNDERGROUND, it comes to be known that Patty McCarthy, Dorothy Lamour’s knockout secretary, has Dottie a little worried, if not envious. Patty, somehow, is getting around town with all the right swains in much faster time than Dorothy ever did, and Patty has never once been seen in a sarong. No wonder Miss Lamour is a little irked! If you do any night prowling in Hollywood you’re sure to run into Patty McCarthy. During the day Patty is a prosaic secretary, but, Cinderella-like, night-fall finds her the envied delight of the town’s discerning males.

ANN SHERIDAN is the laziest white woman in Hollywood when it comes to exercise of any kind. She doesn’t care for any exertion more violent than a swift game of bean bag. When some writer hinted that she was getting just a little hippy, George Brent had a perfect excuse for a gag. He first presented her with a bicycle, then a rowing machine; he followed that with boxing gloves, foils for fencing, tennis rackets—and, to top the gag, a thickly-padded mat to use for setting-up exercises. Ann didn’t take the hint. She has all her reducers put away in storage.

(Continued on page 13)
Lucky everybody who enjoys the finest in motion picture entertainment. For here's Paramount with a grand college football picture, "THE QUARTERBACK", featuring Wayne Morris and Virginia Dale, directed by H. Bruce Humberstone. Yes, and Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston, and Preston Foster in a heart-searing drama of the teakwood forests, "MOON OVER BURMA", with Doris Nolan and Albert Basserman, directed by Louis King. Dick Powell and Ellen Drew in "CHRISTMAS IN JULY", with Raymond Walburn, a completely new kind of comedy, written and directed by Preston Sturges, whose "The Great McGinty" is the talk of the country. And, most exciting of all, the Claudette Colbert-Ray Milland starrer, "ARISE MY LOVE", directed by Mitchell Leisen...Claudette's grandest heart-picture in years.

...with the Loveliest Ladies in Hollywood to Entertain Him!
Kit Carson—Edward Small—United Artists
An action-packed Western with John Hall in the role of Kit Carson, Indian fighter and Army scout. It's another exciting chapter in the winning of the West, associated with the daring adventures of Carson. It shows wagon trains and hostile Indians in the fight for California's independence. Hall falls fully to realize role of the brave Kit, but it has enough thrills and Indian whoop-de-doo to make it entertaining. Lynn Bari is in the cast.

Dance, Girl, Dance—RKO-Radio
This is a romantic drama of backstage chorus girl life in which Maureen O'Hara plays a struggling young dancer and Lucille Ball plays Bubbles, a burlesque queen. Maureen is seen in artistic ballet sequences and Lucille does some torrid song and dance numbers which are plenty hot and we mean plenty hot! Louis Hayward is the rich playboy in whom both dancers are interested. Some may find the burlesque numbers carried too far.

Hired Wife—Universal
A lively comedy in which Rosalind Russell plays Kendall Browning, Brian Aherne's indispensable secretary. Brian has a weakness for blondes, Virginia Bruce in particular, but Kendall, who's in love with her boss, complicates things nicely to keep Brian from marrying Virginia—and gets her man. Hilarious situations and dialogue afford many laughs. Bob Benchley adds to fun. John Carroll is the lover who squares the triangle.

The Return of Frank James—20th Century-Fox
This sequel to "Jesse James," last year's popular film, continues the exploits of the notorious Jesse boys and shows how Frank James avenges the cowardly murder of his brother. The picture starts off with scenes from the first film, showing the murder of Jesse by his traitorous friends, the Ford brothers (John Carradine and Charles Tannen). Henry Fonda is excellent as Frank. Other good performances by Gene Tierney, Jackie Cooper.

He Stayed for Breakfast—Columbia
Meant strictly for sophisticated audiences, the dialogue and situations in this bedroom farce, which pokes fun at communism, are hilarious. Melvyn Douglas plays a communist who hides in Loretta Young's apartment after taking a shot at her ex-husband, Eugene Pallette, a capitalist. While sheltering him, Loretta falls in love with Paul and he forgets the revolution. Loretta's gowns are something and can be blamed for Paul deserting his "party." Loretta and Douglas, excellent.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢
Easier to fire Helen
than to say “You Need Mum”

I Love You Again—M-G-M

Myrna Loy and William Powell, who appeared together in the “Thin Man” series, are reunited in this screamingly funny film which presents Bill as an amnesia victim. He’s a sanctimonious small-town man who revives his former identity of nine years ago—a confidence man—when he’s hit on the head. The situations are incredible, but that’s what makes it the goody picture it is. Myrna’s good and charming, but Powell’s at his best.

Dancing On a Dime—Paramount

This peppy screen musical is about a group of talented and ambitious youngsters who are stranded when the WPA Theatre Project is disbanded. They can’t pay their rent so they move into an old theater. While dancing and clowning, they get the idea of putting on a show, and produce a hit. Not much of a story, but has catchy tunes, and the kids, Robert Paige, Grace McDonald, Peter Hayes, Eddie Quillan, work hard to entertain you.

Why didn’t somebody tip Helen off?
One of the other girls could have done it. But it’s hard to mention a fault like underarm odor. That’s why every girl should use Mum each day.

Nowadays in business—if a girl’s not smart enough to know the penalties of offending, she’s just not smart enough! It’s so easy to understand that underarms perspire . . . that a bath, while it’s grand for past perspiration, can’t prevent risk of odor to come!

That task goes to Mum! For Mum is especially made to keep underarms fresh—not by stopping the perspiration—but by neutralizing the odor. Mum guards the charm of thousands of girls each and every day.

Mum Saves Time! 30 seconds and you’re through. Slip right into your dress.

Mum Saves Clothes! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And you’ll find Mum so safe, that even after underarm shaving it won’t irritate your skin.

Mum Saves Charm! And charm is very important to any girl—in business—or in love! Get Mum at your druggist’s today. Be sure you’re safe from underarm odor. Use Mum every day!

ON JOBS AND ON DATES—MUM GUARDS CHARM

For Sanitity Napkins—
Thousands of women use Mum for Sanitity Napkins because they know that it’s safe, gentle. Always use Mum this important way.

Mum Takes the Odor Out of Perspiration
When you can't breathe through your nostrils because they are stopped up by a cold, insert a little Mentholatum.

Soothing Mentholatum clears the mucus-clogged passages, lets in air. It clears the way for breathing comfort.

Opens STOPPED-UP NOSTRILS due to cold

MENTHOLATUM Gives COMFORT

Daily

Train at Home in Your Spare Time!

Trained Artists are capable of earning $30, $50, $75 a week. Our practical, home-training makes it fun to learn COMMERICAL ART, ILLUSTRATING and CARTOONING. All ages welcome. Write for details of course in free book, "Art for Pleasure & Profit." Stude no.

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Make Your Eyes Whisper

"Romance"

Every smart girl can possess that wide-eyed, limpid loveliness that adds so much to charm. The secret is KURLASH, the dainty eyelash curler. It curls back lashes from your eyes in a half-minute jiffy—minus heat, cosmetics or practice. Makes eyes appear brighter, larger, lovelier. $1.00.

KURLASH, the scientific oily-base cream, keeps company with Kurlash! Stroked on lashes and brows, to enhance their dark luxuriant beauty. $.50.

KURLASH

The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line

THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.  CANADA TORONTO 3

Write Jane Heath, Dept. B11, for purpose trial tube of Kurlash, and book in case of trouble, show you exact analysis of your eye and how to make the most of them.

Rita Hayworth's original ideas for interior decorating are as luscious as she looks! Don't miss that spaghetti recipe

The young Frank Judson—Mrs. Judson is better known as Rita Hayworth—bought their home before it was quite finished, so they had all the fun of deciding on its decoration. They selected paint, wood and wallpaper, and Rita, who has a flair for design, could start at scratch with each room.

They've lived in their house now for two years, but it still looks as delightfully fresh and new as a bride's house. Outside it's white frame and stone with flagged walk and green lawn, set on a street of attractive California houses. There's a garden full of flowers all year round—wouldn't you expect Rita to have gardenias in her front
One of the screen’s real beauties, Rita is also a real homemaker. See, on facing page, her table set with amusing mats she crocheted herself. Left, her Mexican dancing hat now used as a decoration. Above, in her white-and-beige bedroom.

yard? Well, she has bushes laden with them. Every time you go to see her, you'll find bowls of them inside.

"We loved doing the house," confided Rita, very smart in an ice blue wool sports dress. "I think if I hadn’t been an actress, I’d have gone in for interior decorating. It's fascinating! This house is modern Colonial, but it’s adapted to almost any style. My living room is Swedish modern, the dining room and my bedroom are French, my husband's room is early American, the den is English, the back patio is California-Mexican, and the kitchen is modern American."

It may sound like a wild mixture, but it doesn’t look like one. The rooms harmonize beautifully. The sand-colored rugs in hall, dining room and living room, the gleaming white of the woodwork and the Venetian blinds make a neutral, common background.

"I like warm colors in a living room," she explained. "The couch here was first a sort of ashes of roses, but it looked dirty and dull, so I changed it to dubonnet; that chair was an ashlen rose too, but now it's tomato red."

There are chairs of deep turquoise and clear lemon yellow, and two turquoise vases (Continued on page 96)

It's so good for so long because it's filled with flavor through and through Tastier! Yes. More enjoyable for a longer time? You bet! That's why you'll like Beech-Nut Gum. The finest flavors are mixed through and through to bring you a wealth of fine flavor. Your choice of 7 delicious varieties.

Full-Flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oregum 4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated) Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

COME ONE! COME ALL! See the N.Y. World’s Fair Be sure to visit the Beech-Nut Building. If you drive near the lovely Mohawk Valley of New York, stop at Canajoharie and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

SCREENLAND
YOUR TIME TO SUFFER?

take a hint from millions of women—remember it’s time for MIDOL

Midol is a new formula developed for one purpose—to relieve the functional pain of menstruation. Millions of women who have learned about Midol now find they can face their trying days without dread, and live through them in active comfort.

Try Midol, to know how much relief and physical freedom you’re missing without its help. Midol contains no opiates. One comforting ingredient is prescribed frequently by thousands of doctors. Another ingredient, exclusively in Midol, increases the relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual period.

If you have no organic disorder demanding surgical or medical treatment, Midol should help you. If it doesn’t, consult your doctor. Five Midol tablets, enough for a convincing trial, only 20c; 12 tablets for 40c. All drugstores.

MIDOL
RELIEVES FUNCTIONAL PERIODIC PAIN

BUNIONS

Enlarged or Tender Joints. Quick Relief!
Stop suffering! Get New Scholl’s Zino-pads. Lift shoe pressure. Soothe, cushion the sensitive area. 65% softer than before! Don’t come off in bath. Cost but a trifle. At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. store, Toilet Goods counters.

NEW Super-Soft
De Scholl’s Zino-pads

WAKE UP YOUR EYE BEAUTY!

No matter what you’ve tried, see how much more inviting and glamorous your eyes look with the amazing new CAMILLE CREAM MASCARA. Gives you shimmering, longer-looking lashes. Makes your eyes irresistibly appealing. No water needed; smearproof, tearproof, nostrump. And the smart colored varnish keeps your purse shins. Try CAMILLE today!

Brown, Black, Blue—all 10c stamps, or send 10c (15c in Canada) coin or stamps to Dept.S.

CAMILLE
49 EAST 21ST STREET, N. Y. C.

The Cat That Lives on Hollywood Boulevard

WICKED Hollywood? Right smack in the middle of that legendary lane is a cluttered hardware store window. Nails, seeds, ant-poison, tools. And in the midst of all this miscellany, complacently snoozes a fat, striped tabby-cat. She is highly prized by the proprietor, as witness her special velvet mat. And well she should be, for before the acquisition of the cat, some two years now, no one noticed this anachronistic note on the Boulevard. They were all hurrying into the Gotham next door, or Grauman’s Chinese just down the street. But now, not only do the famous stars stop to admire this sleek beauty, but many of our leading citizens make this window the objective of their nightly stroll with their dogs. Meanwhile, the object of all this attention continues to yawn in her superior fashion, feeling that not many cats can live in a window on Hollywood Boulevard.
ON CLOSE inspection Hollywood is a colossal study in cross purposes. Movie personalities surround themselves with every known device for keeping healthy and active by making exercise a convenient essential. Then, on the other hand, all the benefits of exercise were worn a wardrobe of exercises set by efforts to surround themselves with every labor-saving device yet invented. In a well-known star's new home you are received even opening doors. Every part of the house is automatically opened by an electric eye when you approach it and closed when you leave it.

JEAN ARTHUR flew into an honest-to-goodness tantrum when her pet burro, which she acquired while making "Arizona," was detained at the state border. Jean goes senile over animals and when she thought her new pal, Lazarus Ward, (that's the burro's name) was being refused entry she went into a shriek. Her fears were unfounded, however. The only reason Lazarus was detained was that he was so amusing that the officials hated to part with him. They decided against their station for a couple of days just for the laughs he gave them.

NOW that Ida Lupino has made such a hit with her new role in "They Drive By Night," she has been typed to such an extent that she is threatened with becoming our newest rough thrill artist. Walking along an edge of a lakeshore, "High Sierra" Humphrey Bogart is supposed to playfully push her into the water. He nudged her and Ida made the scene overly realistic. She fell into the lake, hit her head on a submerged rock, and knocked herself out completely.

DID you know that the biggest movie show of all in Japan is named the Gary Cooper Theater? You can criticize Dorothy Lamour's acting but certainly not her generosity. She gave a San Francisco check-room girl $150 for finding her misplaced fur cape.

IT WAS at Giro's, and every appointment in the beautiful night club was as glamorous as could be. Mary Pickford sparked her dazzling best for her guests. They were properly appreciative and very much amused each time the maître d'hôtel leaned over Mary's shoulder and asked if the service was satisfactory. Mary, with an impatient flutter of hands, dismissed him each time with an assurance that everything was fine. When the guests began to titter audibly at this little game, Mary looked up at the man for the first time. There, playing the solicitous maître d'hôtel stood Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., grinning down at her. Mary, not a little flustered, joined her guests in the good-natured giggling in the joke on herself.

WHENEVER Mitchell Leisen directs a picture, you'll find, in a bit part, or among the atmosphere players, one of her own friends, the blonde of her choice who seems completely at home amid all the complicated excitement of a movie set. She hasn't missed being in one of Leisen's pictures for years. Once, you could have heard her name glibly mentioned in every remote corner of the globe. No one seems to know her now. She's Jean Acker, once the wife of world-renowned Rudolph Valentino.

THE almost constant sessions of lawyers with Maureen O'Hara and her mother concern the vital questions of how to annul the marriage to the young man Maureen left behind in England. Her assistant director spouse and Maureen never lived together, as man and wife, yet until she appears in London and in person, no steps can be taken to make her single again. It may be years before she is able to return to England. The only recourse will be to resort to divorce proceedings, which can be filed here.

SURPRISE parties in Hollywood usually have their share of eye opening sensations. However, the unexpected sight of the month, bar none, was the appearance of rotund Jack Oakie at Graham Baker's surprise birthday party. Guests were requested to come in kiddie get-ups. Jack arrived wearing nothing but a snow-white abbreviated diaper! He made an impressive infant, all pink and dimpled—every ounce of the whole 250 pounds of him.

IT WAS very embarrassing for the foreign actress being interviewed over the air, but it was an incident that just naturally brought a chuckle. The interviewer, to lighten the tension of the questioning, facetiously asked, "What trio of bam actors rose to fame by their dancing and singing?" He was referring, of course, to the three little pigs. The foreign girl didn't hear the word ham, and started to enumerate, "George Raft, and..." The ensuing uproar of laughter immediately drowned her out. She still doesn't realize why what she said was so funny.
Applause for a great American motion picture: "The Howards of Virginia"

All honor to Frank Lloyd, Cary Grant, Martha Scott, Richard Carlson

Against the beautiful background of Colonial Virginia, dynamic producer-director Frank Lloyd undertakes a stirring dramatic story. Star Cary Grant, in the robust role of a frontier adventurer who becomes a member of Virginia's House of Burgesses, gives great performance.
Judy Garland has reached the age where she can play romantic roles. Above, in her starring part in "Little Nellie Kelly," in which she and George Murphy play Irish sweethearts.

Hot from Hollywood

Continued from page 13

JACKIE COOPER please take a hint! Everyone knows how fond you are of playing the drums and everyone knows how good you are. However, when you take out a swell girl like Bonita Granville and allow her to sit alone at a table for two while you spend an hour or more swinging out with the orchestra boys, she's apt to get just a little annoyed. Maybe you'll realize how the girls feel when some night you return to your table to find your date has waltzed out on the arm of some other young buck and left you flat.

The most amusing chuckle in town at the moment is once again on Sam Goldwyn. He met Betty Grable at a Hollywood party and was very proud in his praise of the amazing success she has had lately. "If I could only have found you," Sam went on, "I would have starred you in musicals long ago." Betty went weak at the unexpectedness of the praise, and with good reason. She didn't have the nerve to tell Mr. Goldwyn that she had once been under contract to him for two whole years. Don't miss Betty's next picture, "Down Argentine Way." She does the rumba in it.

DID you ever see it to miss in Hollywood? It's always the smallest, most insignificant things that, without fail, are the actual starters of streaks of good luck and good fortune. It happened quite by accident that an M-G-M big shot saw George Murphy all dressed up in a handsome policeman's outfit for a costume party, and immediately put George into "Little Nellie Kelly." George was so impressive as a good-looking officer that you soon can expect to see him in a series of cops and robbers stories. His studio is dusting off a number of them that they own.

ALWAYS eager to do something different—that's Irene Dunne! When she had some free time for a late European vacation, she and her husband, Dr. Griffin, decided to motor incognito through the northern part of the state. They remained unknown, all right! In fact, so pitifully unrecognized in their old clothes and rented car that when they got stuck with the old jalopy on a deserted mountain road it took a whole day to persuade one passing car to stop and give them some aid. That was one time that Irene Dunne, the movie star, was ignored by her public.

CURT DOIS, whom you'll remember as the comedy tailor in "-from Town," adds another incident to the interesting, ever-growing commentary on Hollywood. For a solid year he didn't get one day's work in pictures. Then came his performance in "The Lady in Question," which was hailed as a most brilliant portrayal. The following day he was showered with offers of jobs, praise, and countless telegrams, messages and letters. The most amusing to Curt was one from his daughter, "Congratulations," it said, "we knew you'd do it, you only needed the right opportunity. We knew we'd never lose one of our best customers!"

ALL of Hollywood is mulling the identity of the person who has taken to flying a kite from atop the Plaza Hotel at Hollywood and Vine. It sounds to me as if it might be Orson Welles... Propaganda favoring Latin lovers: Desi Arnaz' studio gives out that he dislocated four vertebrae in a love scene with Ann Miller in "Too Many Girls." Where!... Did you know that every fourth player of both John Payne and his pretty wife, Anne Shirley, goes into a trust fund for the new addition to their family?

A FEW years back Clark Gable owned a very swanky car. The body was hollow, with dazzling chromium from stem to stern. The gaudy paint job made the car recognizable blocks away. Clark finally had to give up his foreign-made pet because it attracted too much attention. Now the Gable stigma still clings to the machine. It's owned by an executive of a large corporation here. He uses it, specifically, to show visiting officials about Southern California. They get a big kick out of riding in a car once owned by Clark Gable.

(Continued on page 17)
SMART

LIPS

MUST

BE

FREE

FROM

LIPSTICK

PARCHING

- Whoever saw a "fashion plate" with rough, chapped lips? Smart lips must have the smooth sheen of glossy red silk. So don't risk Lipstick Parching! Take advantage of the protection offered by Coty "Sub-Deb." This amazing Lipstick actually helps to soften...while it brightens your lips with the season's ultra-smart, ultra-brilliant colors!

THRAILING RANGE OF 9 SHADES!
You'll like the dramatic shades of "Sub-Deb" Lipsticks! Newest of many grand shades is Magnet Red...very dashing, very red.

Sub-Deb

LIPSTICKS

MAGNET RED

200

STYLE!

BRIGHT

MEDIUM

COTY

ACROSS

DOWN

42. Acute discomfort 44. Social pretenders 46. Gable's role in "Gone With the Wind" 47. "The Return - Frank James," a movie 48. Occupant of a house, etc. 49. Co-star of "Susan and God" 50. To worship 55. He played Mr. Chips 56. Enclose 57. A gelatinous substance obtained from seaweeds 58. To repair 59. Sea eagle 60. Component 61. Tax, fee 62. In the matter of (law) 63. A bad actor (slang) 64. Part of to be

Answer to
Last Month's Puzzle
TARA BEAK'S ALAN
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CABOT LIEF ETHE
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VISTA HOG DAILY
ETON ORRIN REAP
RANT HUSSEY ESE
NOT too many years ago Tyrone Power spent a good part of his spare time ushering at the Orpheum Theater in Cincinnati. He got about ten dollars a week for his efforts. Ever since he made his success, the management of the Orpheum has been trying to coax him to come back and make an appearance on the stage of that theater. At last, the moment seems destined to arrive. Tyrone’s new picture “The Californian” will world premiere at this theater and if possible Ty will make an appearance.

IT’S a kind of irony that is found only in Hollywood. Today on a set at RKO Fred Niblo, for a very modest salary, is portraying the rôle of a movie director in “I’m Still Alive.” Fred Niblo once was one of Hollywood’s highest paid directors.

OFTALL of Hollywood’s male movie idols, Bob Taylor still causes the most spectacular stir among feminine hearts. When he suddenly appeared for a cooling dip at the swank Hotel Del Monte’s Roman plunge just at lunchtime, the pool-side diners forgot all about their food. His two golf cronies, James Mack and Allan Miller, cavorted in the pool with him to an even more admiring feminine gallery than Errol Flynn can muster out at the West Side Tennis Club. Taylor stayed for lunch after his swim, and women soon filled every available table. They completely ignored their salads and just stared.

NEVER worry for a moment about Olivia de Havilland not having a head on her shoulders. Livvie was assigned the dull task of extracting money from parking lot customers at a Red Cross money-raising affair. She hit on a sure-fire scheme to squeeze some cash from the prosaic assignment. She charged fifty cents a tire for all parked cars. Spare tires, I might add, did not escape her; she charged for those, too.

"Bittersweet," the Noel Coward operetta about life in London and Vienna during the Gay Nineties, brings the two singing stars, above, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, together again. Jeanette appears as a Victorian belle, and Eddy as her voice coach. Bottom of page, a song and can-can dance number is performed by Muriel Goodspeed, Jeanette, and Pamela Randall.
20th CENTURY-FOX HAS MADE THE GREATEST MUSICAL EXTRAVAGANZA EVER BROUGHT TO THE SCREEN!

in TECHNICOLOR!

Down ARGENTINE WAY

with DON AMECHE, BETTY GRABLE, CARMEN MIRANDA

Music and Lyrics: "Two Dreams Met", "Down Argentine Way" (Argentina), "Nenita", "Sing To Your Senorita" by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Songs Sung by Carmen Miranda: "South American Way", "Bambu", "Mamãe Eu Quero", "Touradas Em Madrid"

The irresistible rhythms of Rhumbas and Congas! The glamorous spell of the Argentine!

A cast of stars brilliant as the Southern Cross!

Show-stopping new personalities! Romance—the South American way! The spectacular entertainment two continents have been waiting for!
This is a fan letter, and I’m speaking for a couple of million other movie fans when I write it—for in the past few weeks we seem to have forsaken all other movie stars for you, sir—I even heard a woman in front of me at your “Information Please” saying, “He makes me feel like Clark Gable!” I see what she means.

At that Showplace of the Nation, Radio City Music Hall in New York City, you stopped the show when you “happened to drop in” to see yourself on the screen. The audience cheered you both on the screen and in the flesh. I’ve never seen or heard such a demonstration, not even for Robert Taylor. When you ambled onto the screen in a newsreel at the hardboiled Paramount on Broadway, the audience which rarely rises to cheer anyone except their favorite bandleader applauded, stamped, whistled and hurrahed, drowning out your voice but not, which is more important, your personality. Somehow the minute you step into a movie your geniality seems to flood the screen and spread right out into the audience—which responds as it has not responded to any other celebrity, not even excepting Valentino and Pickford.

And speaking of Pickford—who am I to contradict the great Mary, but I will, anyway—when she tells you, as reported, to “Give” more in your public appearances—apparently she tried to coach you while making a newsreel out in Colorado—I hope you won’t listen to her or anybody else. Let Tracy have the technique, and Montgomery keep the smooth diction. The audiences who cheer your every movie appearance—whether in the glib “Information Please” or the more informal newsreel pictures—get enough exhibitionism from others. They like you because you seem, from where they sit, to be giving an honest, unassuming performance of a good plain American. They like you so much just as you are, they may even be giving you an Academy Award one of these days.

Delight Evans
When Gary Cooper started whirling Merle Oberon around on the dance floor at the Grove, our cameraman raised his camera above his head and got this unusual shot of them.

"Come now, Mother!" is what Nelson Eddy seems to be saying to his ma, seated with him at a table at the Sand & Pool Club, as she finishes telling her B-I-G fish story.

Hollywood's newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Lewis (Loretta Young), are shown smiling as they accept the congratulations of their friends at an intimate party at the Grove.

John Boles was caught by the cameraman as he chatted with Irene Dunne at a film party in the Cocoanut Grove when Eddy Duchin's famous orchestra opened its engagement there.
Len Weissman, SCREENLAND'S cameraman, and his candid camera are always on the spot whenever and wherever the screen stars gather—at the Del Mar Race Track, the Cocoanut Grove, the Sand & Pool Club—everywhere!

When John Barrymore attended the opening of his own picture, "The Great Profile," he was besieged by autograph hunters. And surprising as it may seem, John loved it.

Myrna Loy and hubby Arthur Hornblow, Jr., were among couples who danced to music of Clyde Lucas' band at the Grove when it opened its engagement at the famous night spot.

Pat O'Brien and Bing Crosby officiating at the Del Mar Race Track in which they own an interest. They welcomed the patrons and assured them of good, clean, honest fun.

Mary Martin and Bing Crosby entertained the guests at the party sponsored by Crosby at his Del Mar Race Track by singing numbers from their new film, "Rhythm On the River."
CHARLIE'S MAD AGAIN!

This time, the great Chaplin turns on dictators—and if ridicule can kill, they're corpses!

By Thomas Nord Riley

TENINGS look fine, Charlie Chaplin has never been so sore. When Mr. Chaplin gets sore he makes a motion picture. The sorer he gets the sunnier the picture. This time he is so all-fired griped with a couple of foreigners he has spent a million bucks on a flicker called "The Great Dictator." If there is anything in the adage that ridicule can kill, there will be a couple of bodies, all right.

"It's going to be the comic masterpiece of all time," admits Jack Oakie when harried. "It's going to be the funniest thing anybody ever gandered, including the time grandma somersaulted down the cellar stairs with the cake batter." Mr. Oakie could be prejudiced. Mr. Oakie is in it.

It is Mr. Oakie who is giving us the lowdown on the picture and on Mr. Chaplin. It is time somebody did. More is known of the inlays in Garbo's teeth than of the whole of the most famous comedian in the world. He is polite, but remote. Myths cover him completely and eerily. He is said to be a mushy sentimentalist, a tight-wad, a crusader, a Hamlet sort of bird. What are the meat-and-potato facts? How does he work? What kind of a boss is he? Is he tight, sentimental, or morose? Outside of Miss Goddard and a few relatives nobody is better implemented to squeal on Mr. Chaplin than Mr. Oakie who has just completed a four-months' stand with Mr. Chaplin in Mr. Chaplin's personal haunts. Ostensibly, Mr. Oakie was at work, but most of the time he and Charlie were chasing each other around the lot. It turns out that this Mr. Chaplin is quite a character when you get to know him.

In "The Great Dictator" Charlie is shooting the works. It is his supreme effort. Everything the left-handed little comic has learned in fifty years of being funny has been poured into the job. He's even thumbed his nose at the Chaplin tradition. For example, he's using a cast of well-known actors: Oakie, Paulette Goddard, Billy Gilbert, Reginald Gardiner. And a new-fangled Hollywood gadget called a script is also being tried. Most important, "The Great Dictator" has a voice. Besides all these radical innovations are Mr. Chaplin's gags and situations. Every one is his very own brainchild, guaranteed original, and you have never seen a brighter bunch of children either.

What has gotten Mr. Chaplin so infernally mad is the way dictators belittle and harass human beings. Mr. Chaplin has a large respect for human dignity and he can't stand seeing it soiled. He gets sore. The last thing that got his dander up was machinery; it did dismay things to people. He became so aroused he made a picture called "Modern Times." It was a satirical dig calculated to stop the Machine Age dead in its tracks. A good many factories are running in spite of "Modern Times" but Charlie says they can't last. There'll be a helluva bust-up and then everything will be done by hand again, like it ought to be. However, Mr. Chaplin is angrier about dictators than he ever was about machines; consequently, "The Great Dictator" is undiluted murder, even if it is hilarious, for it is out to exterminate dictators with satire. It is a one-man attempt to laugh them out of their jobs.

The plot is this: A little Jew is mistaken for a dictator of a great nation and is compelled to carry on in the rôle. It is passed around that Mr. Chaplin was smitten by this theme whilst stewing languorously on the beach of Carmel. He has had upwards of ten million ideas since "Modern Times," but only this one took. Mr. Chaplin has been more or less wacky ever since, and, if we can put any stock in Mr. Oakie, the whole studio got the same way. Happy, that is, but nuts.

Up to now we have not mentioned the name of THAT CERTAIN PERSON and it is no use being coy any longer. Mr. Chaplin will impersonate that loud Austrian paper-hanger you have been reading about—Adolf Hitler. In doing it Mr. Chaplin is running a good chance of being blitzkrieged, although Mr. Hitler could do a little blushing himself when it comes to this impersonating business. He started it long ago when he grew a facsimile of Mr. Chaplin's counterfeit mustache. The Italian lion, Mussolini, will be reduced to a kitten by our Mr. Oakie, who is heir to dictators. "It's a cinch," he says, "impersonating those guys, Hitler and Mussolini. Anybody could do it. They're just a couple actors—acting, all the time acting. For the Mussolini part all I had to do was to remember the newsreel shots of him. But Staline! Now there you have a tough child. He's not in the picture because he never does anything; there isn't anything a body can mimic. He just sits behind that walrus make-up, deadpan as a corpse, never so much as clicking his bridge-work. If Charlie'd said, 'Oakie, you go be Stalin,' they'd had me where the hair's short.

"When Chaplin called me on the phone and asked me how I'd like being in the picture, I like to swoon right there!" Mr. Oakie paused to pat his flourishing bay-window, "I figured with a fine (Please turn to page 92)
In DEFENSE of
HOLLYWOOD

BY
Claudette Colbert
Hollywood Men! Are they heels, hams, conceited fools? Let Claudette, who's played opposite 'em all, tell you the truth

The Hollywood man, for the past few years, has been getting a major kicking around. Hardly a day passes but someone, with an air of magnificent boredom, calls him quote a heel, a ham, a cad, a coward, and a conceited fool unquote. In fact, the movie male has been called practically everything except a he-man. There seems to be some rule against that. As these detractors usually turn out to be slightly green-eyed men with receding hair and advancing chins, and no more charm than a gum-drop, I am inclined to believe that there is a little dash—a soupcon—of jealousy involved. Now it so happens that I have been kept pretty busy playing in pictures (good heavens, get me a piece of wood to knock on) these past few years and I feel that I can speak with authority regarding the Hollywood leading man. I have worked with Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Ray Milland, Gary Cooper, Don Ameche, Henry Fonda, Jimmy Stewart, Fred MacMurray, Charles Boyer, Herbert Marshall, Ronald Colman, Fredric March and Melvyn Douglas, quite a gathering (Please turn to page 94)

As Told to Elizabeth Wilson
FIVE months ago Eleanor Roosevelt was an hour late for an appointment, and what an unheard of thing that was! Miss Malvina Thompson, her trusted secretary, struggled in vain to awaken the First Lady's conscience in regard to the unfairness of keeping other people waiting.

Eleanor was adamant. "Suppose I am late," she said naughtily. "Then what? They'll just have to wait, that's all. I'm having fun, and I don't want to lose a minute of it. I'm not going to hurry."

What Mrs. Roosevelt was doing was watching the finishing scenes of a one-reel motion picture film that Arthur Leonard was directing, picturing Dave Ellman's "Hobby Lobby," so popular on the air. She, herself, had just taken part: telling about the hobbies of the White House family. It was her first experience as a player on a real movie set, not in a newsreel, and with "screen make-up" on. She was as charmed as a child.

In the newsreels they always photograph her "just as I am," and "sometimes I am shocked when I see myself," she had told Ira Senz, the honored make-up man, as he studied her face and selected his colors. But I have learned that the cameramen have another way of putting it. "She is the easiest woman to photograph in the world. She has no vanity," as Neil Sullivan of Pathe News describes it. He has photographed her over 100 times, and has had a chance to weigh her "co-operative-ness" with that of queens and princesses.

"I love anything that is new to me," she told Mr. Ellman, as they sat in comfortable studio chairs talking about the series of pictures which he hopes to make. "This is new to me and I love every minute of it."

A few weeks later, on July 17th to be exact, (remember that date? Something rather important was going on in Chicago at that moment)—Eleanor Roosevelt was again waiting in the big, cavernous studio where she had made...
By

Betty Shannon

She was going to do a prologue for the powerful English-made picture, "Pastor Hall," written by the late Ernst Toller and based on the now historic story of the German minister, Pastor Martin Niemoeller, who was thrown into a Nazi concentration camp because he would not change the simple doctrines of faith, which he had always taught his parishioners, to agree with the doctrines of the Nazi party. United Artists have recently released it.

A few days earlier, her son, James Roosevelt, who is now quite an experienced motion picture executive and is the president of Globe Productions, Inc., had flown from the coast to consider the possibility, as some one has said, of becoming the picture's "white knight." One of the advisors on whose opinion he intended to rely would be that of his mother, whose infallible judgment, as far as stories and other things too were concerned, he and his sister and brothers had known from their childhood up.

His mother had approved of "Jimmy's" sponsoring the picture. And, having acquired a certain confidence on the screen from the results of the "Hobby Lobby" picture, I presume, she had agreed to appear in an introduction enlarging upon the great character of the German pastor as pictured on the screen, who preferred death to giving up the right to preach as he had always preached from the pulpit of his little church.

It was now Wednesday, July 17th, as I have said (Continued on page 97)
Glorious romance in the great tradition, told from the thrilling film starring Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward, with George Sanders in cast.

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen
HE WAS like his father, this son of Monte Cristo, like him in his zest for life and adventure, like him in his courage too and in the way he had with sword and rapier. Only the son of such a father could fence with that sure deftness, could take to himself a cause he believed in and follow the star that was his destiny through whatever danger it might bring.

Europe had need of a hero! For it was the dread decade that came between the years 1860 and 1870 when the whole continent was a political battleground dominated by Bismarck, Louis Napoleon, and the Czar of all the Russians. Smaller nations became but pawns in the gigantic game and overnight many of them became mere provinces and some men lost their power or their thrones and others rose to take their places. Such a man was Gurko Lanen, son of a stone mason, Gurko the cruel, the hated, who had created himself dictator of the ancient Principality of Lichtenburg, and in so doing had subjugated the young Grand Duchess Zona who was its rightful ruler.

It was toward the capital of Lichtenburg the young Count of Monte Cristo was headed now. He had made his way leisurely for it was business that had sent him and he was not too fond of the details of the great French banking house that bore his father’s name. Adventure was more to his liking, and so on this day with the sky clear above him and a crisp wind beckoning his thoughts to the hunt he (Please turn to page 70).
Attention, you shy, awkward girls! Let an ex-misfit tell you how she improved herself.

ONE!

TWO!

THREE!

FOUR!

FIVE!

As told to Gladys Hall
Glance over to facing page for the amazing camera progress of Brenda Marshall—who, when she first arrived in Hollywood, was a clumsy kid with a terrific inferiority complex. Look at her now: top, Glamor Girl; right, with Errol Flynn in “The Sea Hawk”; below, in her latest film with Jeffrey Lynn.

If you look up the word ‘misfit’ in the dictionary (I did!) you find the definition given is, ‘to fit badly; a bad fit; an ill-fitting garment.’

An ‘ill-fitting garment’—yes, that’s exactly what I mean. Look, if you have a dress that’s a misfit, what do you do about it? You alter it, don’t you? Even if you have to pick out all the stitches, one by one, and put them in again, you alter it. Well, then, alter yourself if you feel like a misfit, so that your life fits you or you fit your life, with the seams smooth and sleek and the hem neat and even.

I had to. I hasten to say that so you girls won’t think I’m sitting here in Hollywood, sitting smug and pretty, giving you stuffy advice I didn’t have to follow myself. ‘If I’m, you might say, ’who’s (Continued on page 82)
IF YOU were a psychoanalyst and you said to Fred MacMurray—"Now close your eyes and relax and when I ask you a question, answer quickly with the first word that comes into your mind"—Fred would close his eyes, feeling pretty silly, of course, and when you said rapidly, "What-is-your-favorite-word-in-the-English-language?", the unhesitant answer would be Sleep. Not guns, not Garbo, not even trout. Just sleep.

You see, sleep is something rather sacred to the Mac-Murray heart. That's why he and Walter, the new butler, are having a little difficulty at the moment. The first morning after Walter and his wife came to take care of the MacMurray's, Walter appeared to wake Fred at seven-thirty. In the past, other men-servants had tiptoed gently into the darkened room, tapped him lightly on the shoulder and whispered, "Seven-thirty, Mr. MacMurray. Time to get up." and Fred, opening one eye, had whispered back, "All right. Thanks," and with no trouble at all picked up right where he left off struggling with that eight-pound trout which had foolishly taken his fly. Naturally it took some time to land it. Net result: Mr. MacMurray didn't quite make that nine o'clock call on the set.

Came Walter into Fred's life and things were different: first the noise of Venetian blinds being raised, then Wal-ter's polite but definite voice, "Seven-thirty, Mr. Mac-Murray. Time to get up." The inert form on the bed mumbles a muffled response. Silence for a few moments while Fred dreamily considers, Now, let's see, the trout was just about to —— "It's a lovely morning, sir." Silence. "Did you enjoy the tennis matches yesterday, sir?" Both MacMurray eyes fly open. There stands Wal-ter, arms folded, at the foot of the bed. Hang it all, this isn't cricket. Reproachfully he regards the loquacious offender. Then, slowly, a look of sheer duplicity comes over his face. "Yes, yes, the matches were fine," he re-marks heartily. "It's all right, Walter, I'm awake now—er—you—hm—you can go now. See, I'm awake. Yes, indeed—"

The bright tone falls hollowly around Walter's immovable form. "The Modom says I'm to remain until you're up, sir." Walter and the Rock of Gibraltar have a lot in common.

Stymied, the MacMurray eyes screw shut. All right, all right, Fred thinks, go on—stand there—see if I care. Nobody's going to trick me into getting up so early.

Does Fred look grim here? No wonder—we woke him up for this story. On page opposite, wide awake for a love scene with Patricia Morison and big-brother business with Betty Brewer, for Paramount's "Rangers of Fortune."
There is no sound in the room but the faint ticking of the bedside clock. Slowly Fred opens one eye a trifle. There stands the imperturbable Walter, studying with grave concern the pattern of the patchwork quilt. Fred’s eye winks shut quickly—desperately he tries to revision that trout—but somehow he can’t. It has vanished. Suddenly he sits up in bed. “Now look, Walter,” he begins grimly.

Walter raises his shoulders slightly. Sympathetically but firmly he shakes his head. (Please turn to page 80)
MEAN Rosalind Russell. The girl who even as a child had determination and principles. Some pretty funny, but a great many stark common sense. Who wouldn’t eat fish or meat when she was a small girl, in spite of the parental warnings that she’d never grow up a big, strong, intelligent girl. She still won’t eat them and here she is a big, strong girl and with more brains than you can shake a stick at—all of which goes to show something—but don’t ask me what.

Here’s a girl who loves to talk, which she does a great deal, but what is much more rare in a woman, she loves to listen, with that look on her face that shows both interest and understanding. She’ll start a conversation with anyone, in gas stations, at football games, anywhere, with the theory that you must know every point of view to get the best out of life. No matter what the conversation’s about you generally learn something interesting when talking with Rosalind.

Back on the New York stage (Please turn to page 78)
Cutest cinema blonde of all time, after her Broadway stage hit, returns to screen in "Down Argentine Way"
It isn’t only, “Can he act?” that Hollywood asks. It’s also “Can she wear a sweater well?” Well—!!!

We’ve fooled you! Not a trace of Lana Turner, Hollywood’s original “sweater Girl,” on these pages. But we believe you’ll be more than satisfied to see: Mary Beth Hughes, on facing page and at right—she’s 20th Century-Fox’s new beauty, you know; Linda Darnell, lower left; Sheila Ryan, decorative note in new film, “The Gay Caballero,” below; and, proving that all men go for sweater girls—Don Ameche, with Betty Grable in “Down Argentine Way,” big new musical.
JOAN BENNETT'S OWN NEW CLOTHES
Of course you know that the North West Mounted Police always "get their man," but you'll learn much more about these fascinating fellows when you see Cecil B. DeMille's big new picture. For Mountie No. 1—Gary Cooper, no less—not only pursues his prey but also catches up with Madeleine Carroll and Paulette Goddard—though Robert Preston, upper left, seems to be providing a little competition. Anyway, "North West Mounted Police" looks to us, from here, like one of the "must-not-miss" movies.
Here, a filmy white chiffon negligee over a foundation of heavy dust beige satin. Facing page, black chiffon hostess gown with set-in sections of Chantilly lace. You're seeing Loretta on the screen in "He Stayed for Breakfast," with Melvyn Douglas.
Hollywood's most radiant new "Missus," Loretta Young—now Mrs. Tom Lewis—models her most exquisite, most intimate gowns.
No longer Babes in Arms, Mickey Rooney has now reached the advanced age of 19, and his co-star in "Strike Up the Band," Judy Garland, is all of 17½. Hi-ho!
GO WEST, FOLKS, AND MEET US IN "ARIZONA"
William Holden and Jean Arthur in Wesley Ruggles' new film
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Jane Withers in "Youth Will Be Served"
IT'S "VICTORY"
for
Fredric March
and
Betty Field

Two splendid players combine their acting talents in Paramount's dramatic picturization of Joseph Conrad's novel about the Dutch East Indies.
WHEN we barged into Fredric March’s dressing room on the “Victory” set at Paramount, he cut the war news off his portable radio and turned a cream-white smile in a cinnamon-brown face toward us. Good enough to eat—that smile. “How d’ya like my haircut?” he demanded, the smile merging into a grin and the grin broadening into a swell laugh.

Some haircut. It’s parted on one side and combed straight down like shingles on either side of a ridge-pole. The sort of haircut that you will find decorating the cork of your great Uncle Gamaliel on page 29 in the plush-lined family album. The only difference being that Fredric March has the kind of hair that has never met its master and the ends persist in turning up in disarming curls.

“This,” announced the man who studies the nature of every character he portrays clear down to the shoelaces, “was high fashion in the Dutch East Indies in the 1900’s. And,” slapping a thigh that resounded with muscles, “how do you like my Bond Streets? Leave it to the wardrobe department to cook up a snappy little number in keeping with the times.”

Now that suit deserves attention. After all, if they can make stockings out of coal, air, and water, there is no reason on earth why they can’t build men’s suits out of shredded wheat biscuits—and after this we’ll keep an eye on the Paramount wardrobe department, because outside of a good grade of canvas, the eye of man has never seen material the like of which went into Freddie March’s latest outfit.

In addition to his trick haircut and his gunny-sack ensemble, Mr. March was wearing a pair of oiled boots—just plain old boots. Pretty heavy to lug around, of course. but nothing spectacular. Staring at them, Fredric said, “Seems a shame they don’t wear wooden shoes in the Indies—that would have been something else different. And I tried to get John Cromwell, who’s directing this picture, to let me wear some kind of fancy beard, but nothing doing. That would have changed me quite a bit, you know.”

As a matter of fact, we had come to talk to the thoughtful Mr. March about men, women, and marriage, but life was being very good to us. Life or war or something was prompting Fredric March to open up on the one subject he studiously avoids: Fredric March.

“Changed you? How do you mean?” we slipped in craftily, rubbing our mental hands together. This was going to be an interview!

“Well, to begin with,” he said solemnly, “I’ve been on the stage and in pictures for the past twenty years. I’ve seen every picture I’ve ever made several times, in order to criticize the portrayal, to try (Please turn to page 91)
They've Got
AUDIENCE APPEAL!

YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE ... YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE...

By Margot Maye
Plaid invades the evening! Bonny bouffant gown of vivid red, green, black and white satin-stripe rayon taffeta, dramatically topped by stark black velveteen. Striking but very young. Only about $15.00 at Flah & Co., Syracuse. TWO ON THE AISLE—First, hooded side-tie wrap of festive red wool, black velvet lined hood. About $13.00 at Halle Bros., Cleveland. Snow-queen cape of pure white bunny fur, about $11.00 at J. L. Hudson, Detroit. BACKSTAGE BEAUTY steals the scene in a subtle gown of deep blue rayon crepe, skillfully draped with glitter clips at the neck. Vivid jewel tones, too. A mere $11.00 at Oppenheim Collins, Brooklyn; Power's Dry Goods, Minneapolis.
THREE STARS MAKE A WISH

Make a wish. Write it on a tiny slip of paper. Slip it under the jewelled lid of Lisanda's amusing new trinket. If it won't come true, you still have the fun of flaunting Wishing Box on your lapel! About $2.00 at Arnold Constable, N. Y. To inspire your wishing, here are the heart's desires of three lovely young Universal starlets!

I want to nail the mean guy—Pippen Morgan

I want to do a dream house All in Antiques Van Alrey

I want to play serious dramatic roles Helen Parrish
Pampered princess look, at sweet and low prices! Left, rich Laskin Mouton Lamb in a gay yoke-back jacket, plus bumper toque with a big felt bow. Both, about $60.00 at Carson, Pirie, Scott Co., Chicago. Grey's good, especially cel grey African kidskin with lustrous highlights, in an extravagant looking yoke-back swagger. About $89.00 at Gimbel Bros., Pittsburgh; Mushroom felt cloche, about $5.00. Write for store names. ORIENTAL EXTRAVAGANZA Jewelry is first for Fall, like this golden scimitar and warrior-head series, inspired by "The Thief of Bagdad," Alexander Korda's film masterpiece, released through United Artists. Collaret, about $4.00, bracelet about $2.00, earrings, $1.00. Crystal-gazer turbin pin, about $3.00 at Adler's, Kansas City.
NOW that famous and favor-ite beauty first-aid, Hinds Honey & Almond Cream, goes glamorous! This fragrant preparation that keeps hands so softly smooth and guards so efficiently against dryness and chapping comes in the luxurious white bottle decorated with fuchsia, above. Stun-ning on your dresser, a grand gift idea. $1.00 everywhere.

POWDER puffs and plenty of them are a must for any well-appointed dressing table! You'll find the Betty Lou var-iety at chain stores every-where, economically priced as in the little transparent cy-linder, shown above, holding three for $1.00. For your purse or when you travel, the little rayon silk envelope with rub-berized lining, shown left, is wonderfully convenient for your cosmetic kit and puff. Only $1.10, too. Remember for good grooming's sake to re-place puffs quite frequently.

DRESS-UP days are here! You'll be wearing glamor-gowns for evening, smart wools for daytime. Arrid, left, plays an important rôle in fastidious Fall smartness. This fine, greaseless, odorless deo-dorant checks perspiration safely, protects feminine dain-tiness, protects clothes from discoloration. Awarded the approval seal of the American Institute of Laundering. In $.10, $.39 and also $.50 sizes at all toilet goods counters.

IN STEP with fashion's mood militaire, Louis Philippe launches a gallant new cosmetic color-scheme, Patriot Red, shown below. There's Patriot Red Lipstick, specially blended to stay warm and alive in the cold light of day, without smudging or smear-ing. In the same brilliant true tone, Louis Philippe Compact Rouge, soft and natural-look-ing. Completing the three-some, harmonizing Poudre Incarnat in a handsome golden box. Highlighted at cosmetic counters everywhere.
FIGURING OUT FALL

MORNING—For every day, under tailored clothes and suits, an efficient girdle of brocade with the new note of spiral boning in its back seams, to lend superb control. A band of wide elastic at the top, in back, adds to ease. About $4.00. With it, a new-design bra of batiste. Bias cut sections around straight cut "inner circles" streamline and sculpture beautifully. About $1.00. Both are Eddy-Form ideas. NOON—Luxury, in every smart seam of this luscious nude color satin all-in-one with lace bra top. But wait! Very workmanlike at smoothing down hips, thanks to the disciplining side panels of satin Lastex. An R & G design at about $4.00. NIGHT—To give you a siren shape, Maiden Form's lovely little featherweight girdle of fine cable net with light front panel. About $5.00. The moulding satin bra plays a dual rôle. Wear it for daytime. For evening, you moor it very low in back with the aid of the little detachable tab, shown in the small illustration. About $1.00. Write for store names and information on all garments illustrated.
"THE HOWARDS OF VIRGINIA"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: MAGNIFICENT!

APPEAL: To every real American.

PLOT: High spots of Elizabeth Page's best-selling novel of Colonial America, "Tree of Liberty," crammed with romance and patriotic adventures of a fiery frontiersman who crashes another world when he woos and wins the daughter of an aristocratic Virginia family. Their life together unfolds against the stirring background of the American Revolution.

PRODUCTION: By Frank Lloyd—meaning you can count on the best, not only in costumes but characterizations. Lloyd went direct to Williamsburg for beautiful backgrounds; he collected priceless interiors; but most important of all he made his historical characters live, human beings rather than stuffed shirts. They all behave like real people, for a change.

ACTING: Perfection! Cary Grant is the hot-headed Matt Howard to the literal life. Martha Scott is a lovely Jane. Richard Carlson makes Thomas Jefferson a provocative and picturesque figure. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Alan Marshall, fine.

"FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: THRILLING!

APPEAL: If you're a reader of the daily headlines and/or a fan of Hitchcock melodrama.

PLOT: Just one climax after another as maestro Hitchcock stirs up more suspense than you've been through since—the last Hitchcock thriller. He makes the fantastic escapades of an American reporter in war-torn Europe, tracking down spies and rescuing political refugees, seem almost as credible as today's newspaper—as indeed they are.

PRODUCTION: Well, you know your Hitchcock—past master in matching the mood of a scene in every department, from draperies to demi-tasses. You're in for spectacular shocks, especially when a transatlantic airliner crashes.

ACTING: The Hitchcock touch again, even transforming Joel McCrea, making him more colorful; Herbert Marshall, stirring him from his stolid dignity; Laraine Day, giving her new poise. There's no "type-casting" here—George Sanders for once is a sympathetic character. Albert Balserman is particularly good.

"LUCKY PARTNERS"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: DELIGHTFUL!

APPEAL: To all in search of charming entertainment.

PLOT: What happens when a pretty girl and an appealing, if mysterious gentleman buy a sweepstakes ticket together, planning to take a platonic honeymoon if their horse wins. Well—their horse doesn't exactly win, but they take the trip, anyway, and a swell if incredible time is had by all.

PRODUCTION: Lewis Milestone has managed his material with such dexterity as to make you forget he is skating on very thin ice, especially in Niagara Falls. It's all in excellent taste and humor, with scenes of fantastic hilarity balanced by believable interludes.

ACTING: The last two people you'd ever think of as a team except possibly in a crazy dream, are Ronald Colman and Ginger Rogers—yet strangely they go very well together. The elegant and aloof Ronnie actually seems amused at Ginger's antics, and it's fun when they face each other in uproarious courtroom scene.

Jack Carson, Harry Davenport, Spring Byington help.
to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES
Delight Evans

"RHYTHM ON THE RIVER"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: REFRESHING!
APPEAL: If you like Bing Crosby at his best, surrounded by sparkling cast and tunes—even if you don't, there's Oscar Levant.
PLOT: Good-humored exposé of "ghost" song-writing, showing up famous "hit" composer who hires two youngsters to turn out the tunes he can no longer dream up until they walk out on him to make good on their own. A plot!
PRODUCTION: Swell, with Victor Schertzinger's down-to-earth direction imparting a wholesome, folksy atmosphere to the tin-pan-alley scene. Don't get the idea it's corny; there's many a sly dig and even a mild touch or two of genuine satire.
ACTING: The Crooner is at his most ingratiating—about time we admit that Crosby is a pretty clever, though lazy, actor. Smart showman, he permits Levant to stroll off with many a scene, and the impudent "Information Please" wit abuses the privilege. Basil Rathbone, Mary Martin, Charles Grapewin—all grand.

"CAPTAIN CAUTION"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ACTION!
APPEAL: To fans who frankly prefer swashbuckling sea-fights to streamlined cinema.
PLOT: Adapted from Kenneth Roberts' book about early American nautical exploits, concerning the captain's brave little daughter who alternately loves and hates the handsome first mate—and the trouble her tantrums get her—and everybody else into.
PRODUCTION: Best when all at sea—just one big, gory battle after another, with never a dull moment until even the heroine, an inexhaustible little spitfire if ever there was one, begs the hero: "Take me home." By that time the most red-blooded fan will be willing to second the motion.
ACTING: Victor Mature of the faultless physique battles his way through the title rôle, his doubtful reward—besides an increase in his fan mail, of course—being the hand of heroine Louise Platt—the minor-league Hepburn. Bruce Cabot works hard as the heavy. An unknown actor, Alan Ladd, contributes a few truly fine moments in a minor rôle.
Norvell, noted Hollywood astrologer, will fascinate you with his amazing predictions. Find out what the stars foretell for you.
HOLLYWOOD was perfectly furious when David Selznick announced that an English girl had been cast for the rôle of Scarlett. Everyone resented this young interloper whose name was Vivien Leigh and predicted that she would be the most despised of all stars ever to appear in a picture. I had the good fortune to set up Miss Leigh's horoscope after she had started the picture and I was perfectly delighted to discover that she was a Scorpio. Although, in my discussion with David Selznick, I had visualized la O'Hara as a Gemini because of her strangely dual and tempestuous nature, I knew after he had discovered Vivien Leigh that the Sign of Scorpio gave her all the fire and temperament necessary to interpret the season's most difficult rôle. Paulette Goddard is a Gemini and the world little realizes how close she came to playing Scarlett!

Those of you who are not versed in astrology and who would like to do some checking up on yourselves or friends, might be interested in knowing that Scorpio is the section of the Zodiac ruling those born between October 23 and November 22.

I've always regretted that there were so few Scorpio persons on the screen because here is a sign that has enormous physical magnetism. In fact, I may go so far (and I hope that the American (Please turn to page 71))
Katharine Hepburn has three leading men in "The Philadelphia Story"—Cary Grant, James Stewart, and John Howard appear with her in this screen version of her stage success.

By Liza

The latest legend going the rounds in Hollywood is that Katharine Hepburn is a new Katharine Hepburn. Hollywood is a fabulous place and like all those kingdoms in the fancy story books it just has to have its legends. They make very pleasant dinner conversation. They also fill up space in the columns, but beautifully. The only trouble with legends is that after a while people begin to believe them.

There was a legend several years ago—started by a scribe on a deadline, no doubt—that Shirley Temple was a midget. (My goodness, you should see that long-legged girl now!) This legend was hastily nipped in the bud—though a lot of people insisted upon believing it, until they saw the next Shirley Temple picture.

Now I shall do a bit of nipping at this latest legend regarding a new Hepburn. As one of the thousands of people who liked the old Hepburn I heartily resent all this talk about a new Hepburn. I liked Hepburn because she wasn't according to Hollywood formula. I liked her because she was honest, natural, fiery, and independent as hell. I'm certain she still is. You can't be like that and change. So when Hollywood says, "Hepburn has changed," I'm fit to be tied. A new Hepburn, indeed—why, that's just so much—er—legend.

It's not Hepburn who has changed, believe me. It's Hollywood. Hepburn came to Hollywood eight years too soon, which is probably the only time in her life she can be accused of bad timing. If she had waited (though I don't know what she could have done, taken a few extra courses at Bryn Mawr, perhaps, or run off a few New York stage plays) until 1940 to make her entrance into the celluloid city, her presence here would have caused no unfavorable comment. She would not have been criticised. She would not have been called rude, snooty, peculiar, unapproachable, temperamental—and box office poison.

Let's get straight about Kate! Dynamic star now making her movie comeback gives the lie to her own legend in this frank interview.
She would simply have been called a great actress, and a brilliant discovery. Ah me, what a lot of grief she could have saved herself if she hadn't been so premature.

When Hepburn arrived in Hollywood in 1932, on an RKO contract, Hollywood was right in the midst of its Glamor Period. Glamor was spread all over the place, thick and sticky, like honey on a pancake. The Glamor Girl was in her heyday; so was the White Drawing Room. Hollywood, assisted by Miss Ruth Chatterton, had discovered elegance, a phony sort of elegance, but place cards, finger bowls, white ties and lorgnettes were all over the place. If you didn't dress for dinner you drew the drapes (with little white balls on them) carefully to guard your dreadful secret. Of course no Glamor Girl would stick her head out of the door unless every little tinted curl was in place, her make-up was perfect, and her Hattie Carnegie simply shrieked with chic. She nestled luxuriously under the silver fox robe in her town car, and thought, “Ann Harding shouldn't be allowed to appear in public looking the way she does, her hair stringing, and those sloppy clothes. It gives Hollywood a bad name.”

That was Hollywood in 1932 when Katharine Hepburn, college graduate, stage actress, and awfully good Connecticut Family, arrived at RKO to make “A Bill of Divorcement.” Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer were the Big Four of the cinema and everybody copied them—their manners, their hair-do, their clothes, their parties. Katharine Hepburn was no more like them than a morning-glory is like an orchid. Hollywood could have forgiven her that, but as the months passed she made not the slightest effort to be like them, or anyone, except Katharine Hepburn. In a formula town, that she should dare to be different—well, that was going a little too far. The arena was prepared for Hepburn.

Hepburn did not spend her time in beauty parlors the way the other stars did. She wore her finger-nails and her toe-nails au naturel, and rather short—which was quite a refreshing novelty with (Please turn to page 91)
THERE is nothing that gives most women sleepless nights as much as the thought that before long they’ll be facing the problem years. That dreaded period in any woman’s life—that alleged end of youth and beginning of a tiresome boredom and old age.

Well, perk up, ladies! It’s all bunk. Middle age isn’t the end of everything. It’s the beginning. And even though you are stepping on the forties—or if you’re already wading in them—what difference does that make? You’ve still a lot ahead of you. And you can still be as young as you want to be.

No, I’m not being Pollyanna. And I’m not being Walter Pitkin or Dale Carnegie. I’m only passing on to you what some of the best known stars in Hollywood think about facing middle age—and of keeping young. There is one actress in particular who has set a course for herself that has proved both full and gratifying. She’s one woman who proudly admits her age and who intends to keep on admitting it from now on, for life is one grand thing to her. That actress is Mary Astor.

There’s an interesting story about Mary. Not so long ago, she was at a party. One curious woman said to her, “Really, Mary, how old are you?” Mary smiled and said, “You won’t believe me if I tell you.” “But of course I will,” the other gasped excitedly. “Now come on, how old are you?” “I’m thirty-four,” Mary answered.

The woman looked at Mary as though she were saying, “How can you lie so brazenly?” She smiled weakly and said, “Oh.” Later on, Mary heard this same woman telling a friend that Mary said she was only thirty-four.

“Thirty-four!” said “friend” exclaimed. “Don’t be silly. I saw her on the screen when I was twelve. She must be at least—well, I’d say forty-five.”
DON'T

FEAR

MIDDLE AGE!

By

Jack Holland

And so it went. Everyone laughed—oh, but politely—at Mary. Finally, in self-defense, she sent for her birth certificate. Proudly she displayed it to her friends. Their reply was usually, "You can't kid me. It's faked." Mary even had her certificate copied and sent to the doubters. Once, a suspicious interviewer was questioning her on her age, so she immediately yanked out a document to prove her point. The document turned out to be the road map of Florida. And the interviewer smiled at her with a smile that implied Mary was as balmy as a spring breeze.

But it makes no difference what the doubters think. Mary was thirty-four last May. Think back a little and you'll see how plausible it is. She has been on the screen since she was fourteen. When she was one of the biggest stars in Hollywood, drawing the largest salary—which wasn't so long ago, she was about twenty. Now, a lot of water has gone under the bridge. And much can happen in fourteen years.

Even if Mary were forty-five, she still wouldn't look a day older than she does now. She has an amazing gift for keeping young. And yet it's surprising that she has kept her youth so well. Certainly no woman has had more tragedy in her life than she has. Certainly no actress has had to face the problems that should have aged any woman terribly. But tragedy and deep-seated problems have only enriched Mary Astor's life. They haven't aged this lovely star of "Brigham Young." Rather, they have mellowed her and taught her one supreme thing—tolerance and understanding. And they have added to her love of life and her innate courage.

I was talking to Mary in her lovely home in the Pacific Palisades about youth and how she has been able to hold on to it, despite her trials. She smiled at me in a winking sort of way, lit a cigarette, and relaxed in her chair. "I'm not the only woman who has known tragedy," she explained. "I've had my share and it all came at a time when I was trying to get a new hold on a career that seemed to be slipping away from me. You see, I'd always had whatever I wanted. I was never worried about anything. Then, suddenly to find myself thrown in a new world, a world without security and without love, was a terrific shock, and I went through a period of mental turmoil and indecision. But somehow, I couldn't seem to take the attitude of resigning myself to my supposed fate."

"I was then—and still am—determined to beat every trouble that came my way. I wanted to prove to myself that no tragedy could throw me. And I certainly had no intention of ever letting anything take away all that life—and youth—had to offer,"

"One thing helped me through this trying time. That was my own peculiar sense (Please turn to page 85)"
CAMEO CINDERELLA—Lovely Vero Gilmer, who lived in Los Angeles most of her life, came East and became one of New York’s most popular models. She hadn’t been in Manhattan more than two months before Russell Patterson, famous artist, picked her as the girl with the “classic cameo profile.” She recently went to Hollywood to return to Vivien Leigh the “Gone With the Wind” cameo brooch, shown in picture at left, and to appear as Cecil B. DeMille’s guest on the Lux Radio Theatre. The priceless brooch was borrowed so that reproduction could be made.

ANY young man’s name linked with Helen Parrish’s after her break up with Forrest Tucker was sure to be looked on with cullous eyes, because this young couple, Hollywood feels, was ruthlessly parted for very selfish reasons. So don’t put too much stock into the romance RKO is building now between Helen and one Charles Lang. Confidentially, Lang is an intimate and long-time friend of Helen’s brother, Bob.

IT TAKES an actress to pick an actress. A number of years ago Madame Nazimova was shown the tests of ten young girls and asked to choose the one with the most promise. She chose the most unlikely of the lot—a quiet, unassuming, rather plain girl. Recently Madame Nazimova saw this girl again on a movie lot—she since has become a name to reckon with on the screen. Nazimova told the girl of the incident and how satisfying it was to see such success. “I am Madame Nazimova,” she went on to explain. She needn’t have introduced herself at all, because what she didn’t know was that she had long been the idol of the very girl she had marked for success. That girl’s name is Laraine Day.

NO ONE would think of calling Artie Shaw cautious, much less superstitious. But, underneath, he must be more deeply hurt by his marriage fiasco than he will admit. Whenever he brings one of his beautiful dates to Grace Hayes Lodge these nights he refuses to sit at a certain very conspicuous table—it’s the scene of his first serious fight with Lana Turner.

THE crowds of curious onlookers clicked indignant tongues when Loretta Young’s sister, Polly Ann, breathlessly arrived at Loretta’s wedding in full screen make-up. Everyone began moaning about Hollywood’s uttering disregard for anything sacred, but they shouldn’t have taken Polly Ann to task. She wouldn’t have missed that wedding for anything and the crowds might have been far more amazed had she arrived in the full regalia of bridal gown and veil herself. She was being married, in a picture, all that day at the studio. It was a toss-up to get out of her make-up or her bridal finery—they kept her working until the last moment. She chose the clothes.
HASLETTE GODDARD has always been a wonderful pal of the two Chaplin boys, but now she has become a greater hit than ever with them and all their friends. Since the boys found out that she could execute a few slick jujitsu tricks and that she actually threw Lynne Overman in "North West Mounted Police" she's become their favorite heroine. Their father has rigged up a gymnasium for them at the studio and big-hearted Paulette is showing them how the artful wrestling is done.

I EXPECT it's a case for the Hays office to ponder. Rita Hayworth has just received a fan request to top all fan requests in audacity. It came from a group of sailors aboard the U. S. S. Yarnell. There was no mention of an autograph or a picture. They didn't ask Rita to be pen-pals with them—they wanted one of her brassieres to, as they put it, "make the Yarnell the envy of the Atlantic squadron!" That goes to show you what influence Hollywood has on our first line of defense.

MOVIE stars do the funniest things. Who would ever think of going to a night club to hide! Holy Lamarr made her first appearance at a night spot since her separation from Gene Markey, and tried to make everyone believe she wasn't there at all. She arrived with a young couple and with her gloved hands shielding her face she sought out the farthest and darkest corner in the room. She spent the evening impassively slouched there, hiding. When she left, she sneaked out the back door.
THE rowdiest, but one of the most enjoyable fun fests in Hollywood, is the West Side Tennis Club’s annual party for its members. It is always a costume affair and this year, believe it or not, Alice Faye was the big, outstanding hit of the evening. Impersonating a gay 90’s belle having a time for herself down on the Bowery, Alice was three-deep in men the entire night. She tossed off a million dollars worth of songs—just like that. Too bad Tony Martin, who she divorced in March of this year, wasn’t there to see her. I’ll bet he would have put an end to all their differences and, then and there, persuaded Alice to take up where they left off and give that much-rumored second try at marriage a chance.

DID you know that Claudette Colbert cautiously peeks at any gift of flowers sent her and if the blooms are roses they are never unpacked but sent off to the patients at a local hospital? Claudette can’t live in the same room with a bunch of roses. . . . When you see the rough and ready skirmishes and tussles between football stars in “Yesterday’s Heroes,” know that in most of the scenes, powerful wind machines were set to blowing over tons of ice to keep the hardbodied gridiron guys from fainting with the heat. . . . All in all, Eill Holden grew six complete beards for “Arizona.” He grew the last one, a complete set of whiskers, to make just one final retake.

IN MORE sophisticated circles, Great Profile Barrymore can carry on in his inimitable style and prove very amusing with his frank and startling language. However, John found that less cosmopolitan people can fail to appreciate him and what’s more, even go so far as to shut him up. Three middle western women tourists, in a booth next to him at the Derby, were frankly shocked at his goings-on, but John went right ahead. Soon the women were joined by three bruisers who all looked as if they might be professional strong men. When all three stepped over to Barrymore’s table John became as silent as a clam, and in a few minutes left the restaurant with only a mutter.

"Tugboat Annie Sails Again" with Marjorie Rambeau as Tugboat Annie, which was one of the last rôles and finest portrayals by Marie Dressier, below, before her death.

Above, scene from “Tugboat Annie,” with Marie Dressier and Wallace Beery as the Captain, the rôle played by Alan Hale, in “Tugboat Annie Sails Again.” Below right, scene from old film with Marie Dressier, Robert Young, Maureen O’Sullivan.

NO ONE ever tried harder, had as much to give and managed to make less headway in pictures than Liz Whitney. Dynamic Liz, with all the rumored rôles in the offing, hasn’t yet got to first base. And now the irony of it—one of her famous horses will make the grade before she does. White Rose, a beautiful nag, will make her debut in celluloid in “The Philadelphia Story.” Katharine Hepburn will ride her.

YOU’LL never guess how big, handsome John Wayne is managing to pick up an extra bit of change these days. It’s a secret, but I’ll let you know that husky, be- man Wayne sells personal instruction in bridge to anyone interested, in a private room at this club. He seems to get more of a kick from his “teaching” than he ever did from acting.

WHY was Gary Cooper so intent on trying to disguise himself at a recent concert that he hid in an out of the way corner and wore black glasses, although he was already sitting in the dark? I’ll bet he thought he was unrecognized! . . . At dimly lighted night spots these nights the gals who put those softly luminous phosphorescent highlights to their coiffures are getting the lion’s share of admiring glances. It’s something brand new in Hollywood.

Remember Marie Dressler as Tugboat Annie? Here are scenes from her most memorable movie to refresh your memory.
A GROUP of local women writers very successfully took over the Farmers' Public Market and turned in a pretty penny to the Red Cross by having movie stars donate their services and turn salesmen in this great food emporium. Mischa Auer, appropriately, was placed in charge of the nut department. Joe Penner sold ducks. Shirley Temple held forth in the candy department and never had so much fun in her life. Shirley, a real million dollar baby, was thrilled to see and get her hands on so much real money. "Imagine," she said, during her first ten minutes as a salesgirl, "one lady just bought a whole fifty-cents' worth of candy!"

SOONER or later a bombshell is going to be dropped in filmland society circles that will bring back that old feud between real, capital S society and Hollywood's own brand. Liz Whitney and Mrs. Harrison Williams have taken up the Hollywood social set and seem to be having a lot of fun. However, the leaders of Southern California's social aristocracy are as cold to movie names as ever. No film player is allowed membership in the exclusive Los Angeles Country Club. Both Liz Whitney and Mrs. Harrison Williams are members. It's interesting and amusing to ponder what will happen when these two demand admittance, as they undoubtedly will, for their friends from "the other side of the tracks."

Marjorie Rambeau, below, was brave when she agreed to play Annie, knowing filmgoers still remembered the late Marie Dressler's fine interpretation of that rôle.

Now see Marjorie Rambeau in the modern version of that lovable character—in "Tugboat Annie Sails Again"

M-G-M was determined at first to rush up the fact that they found their new male Atlantans dishin' out fancy victuals to movie folk at Ciro's. They thought he couldn't become a great cinema lover with the "signal" of having been a waiter stick-in to his past. But young Cliff Howard, now there's a guy who is handsome would have none of it. "There's nothing wrong with being a waiter," says he. "If I ever get my foot in the door of Ciro's, there'll be no putting on airs. And what's more, you can bet I'll know how to be considerate to the folk who serves me and give him a break!" Sounds like some of the movie big shots are being told off by a fellow who should know.

Above, Marjorie Rambeau in a scene with Alan Hale. Below left, Miss Rambeau with Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, the young married pair in the new film, and who are Mr. and Mrs. in private life. See it and compare portrayals of the two casts.

IT DOESN'T pay a star to try to fool his fans. Recently Gene Autry took Lindy, a stand-in for his famous horse, on a personal appearance tour with him. The majority of his young admirers hooted, "Where's Champ?" They weren't fooled. They know that Champ has a small white spot on his chest and Lindy hasn't. It's the only way the two horses can be told apart, but the fans had no wool pulled over their eyes.

JOAN FONTAINE is taking life easy these days, and she never looked as well or as smartly dressed in all her life. Lazing in the sun at the Coral Casino at the Santa Barbara Bilmore she has completely regained her health. Her suiting clothes are the smartest I've ever seen. In pale blue and white Joan caught and held every eye at the fashionable pool-side every time she made an appearance.

THE Jane Wyman-Ronald Reagan eagerly awaited heir is without a doubt the most planned-for baby to come to Hollywood in a long time. The money for the child's education has been set aside. His school in the East has been picked. In fact, both parents are so sure it will be a boy that his first toy, already waiting for him, is a pair of miniature red leather boxing gloves.
engaged a guide and a pack of hounds and was off. After all, it mattered little that he would lose a day in seeing Gurko. The man would have little enough relish for his visit as it was, since he was coming to visit the House of Monte Cristo, would not give him the huge loan he had asked from them.

The hounds were in full pursuit after a stag. Monte Cristo first saw the carriage. Careening down the road it came as though pursued by demons and he saw the position rise now and then and look behind him. As the coachman whipped the horses to new frenzy, this was something to Monte Cristo's liking, this sense of danger, this promise of adventure to come. Then he saw, in the rear, the horses with the redcoats on the galloping horses and the hounds dart after it in hot pursuit. It was all over in a second, the horses rearing and the coachmanbufing in that horrible moment before it crashed against a tree, and the horses broke loose and stampeded in the lane.

Cristo's first impulse was to help the coachman and postillion recapture them. Then he saw the two women, the older one whom he knew as the lady lying on the grass beside the road, Cristo needed only that first sight of her still figure, of the soft black hair pushed away from the small heart-shaped face to know that he had found at last the woman he had been seeking all his life. She opened her eyes, slowly, wondrously, and he saw that they were blue, the same incredible blue of the late afternoon sky and he felt as if all heaven was opening before him.

"You are sure, Madame, it was an accident!" he said, his voice was shaken.

"Accident!" the older woman glared at him. "You call setting your dogs on us an accident!"

Even as she spoke her eyes turned in the direction from which they had come and Cristo saw their fear become a living thing. And far in the distance he saw the clouds of dust kicked up by horses' hoofs.

"Can you get us to Petsh quickly?" the girl asked, and his answer was a quick step to her and his arms lifting her to his saddle. Then at his curt command the guide had lifted the other woman to his own horse and they were off on the trail that led through the woods.

Cristo, the courageous, found himself trembling with this girl sitting before him on his saddle, for it was as if he really had in his arms with his arms holding her, her head close to his he felt the soft smoothness of her skin and her hair blowing against his cheek became a whispered song.

She had been silent so long he longed to hear the softness of her voice again.

"My name is Zona," the girl hesitated the merest moment, "Zona Pfaffendon.

And she turned her head away so he would not see her lip breaking into that impish grin.

They were nearing the border now and Cristo felt the girl's body lose some of its tension as they saw the distant roofs of Poland. Then there were the lighted windows of the inn and the horse stopping at last in the cobblestone courtyard and he holding her in his arms as he lifted her to the ground. He hated to let her go, and as he saw her follow the inkeeper up to her room he bemoaned the minutes that would pass with her out of his sight and found himself longing for the one that would bring her to him again.

He did see her again. But it wasn't as he had dreamed it would be, in walking in the garden with the moonlight on her face and the stars in her eyes and he finding the courage to tell her he had come to love her in that small space of time. For even as he stood in his own room thinking of her he heard the noise in the courtyard below and saw the soldiers crowding into it. Lichtenburg soldiers here in Poland, ordering the gates opened for them! And he knew the girl was in danger as he heard two of them run up the stairs and pound on her door. It could be no small thing that would make soldiers show such contempt for another country's frontier.

Then as he stood there he heard the sound of splintering wood as they broke through her door. "Your Royal Highness!" one of them said and Cristo marked the irony in the voice. "My orders are to escort you back to Lichtenburg. I am also instructed to secure a certain letter you are carrying to the French Emperor, written as we have come to know by Your Highness' Prime Minister, the Baron von Neuhoff. A letter asking for help from France to overthrow our leader Gurko."

"Must I remind you that I am the Grand Duke of Lichtenburg?" the girl asked and Cristo thrilled to the quiet courage of her voice. "I command my own person!"

"I trust Your Royal Highness will not make a search necessary," the man persisted. "The letter, if you please!"

It was all Cristo needed to hear. He opened his door cautiously and motioned the girl to silence crept toward the two officers standing in front of her. Then in a lightning flash he ripped the sabre from the scabbard of one of them and whirled upon the other. "I think Her Royal Highness said that she commanded her own person!" he said as he lifted the sword. "My friend, here, will introduce me."

As the officer's hand went to his own sword, Cristo took Zona's arm and almost hurled her back into the room beside her companion. Then, sword in hand, he waited for the onslaught. Other soldiers came crashing up the stairs but Cristo standing with his back to the broken door had the vantage place. He fought grimly, but gaily too as a man will who looks upon his sword as a comrade. With a quick lunge he leaned forward, ripping the captain's sword from his hand, holding the rest of them at bay, and he laughed as if he found danger to his liking.

Neither of the women heard the window open behind them and the woman climb
into the room and so they were unprepared for the sudden dash he made between them. Before they realized what was happening he struck at Cristo's head with the butt of his pistol. When Cristo fought his way back to consciousness again he was lying on the bed in his own room and the soldiers were gone and Zona with them.

He had a purpose in going to Lichtenburg now. But it was a few days before the wound in his head would allow him to travel and so when he arrived there he saw the newspapers with their headlines screaming of von Neuhoff's treason. Lichtenburg was in a turmoil. Soldiers guarded the streets and the people went silently about their business, with only their frightened eyes showing the outrage that had come upon them. But as Cristo walked among them he felt their uneasiness and the oppression that held them.

His face became grim when he saw the soldiers wrecking a drygoods shop. They dragged out the son of the proprietor who was scarcely more than a boy and began questioning him. "Hans Mirbach," they demanded, "where is the press that printed this billet?"

Cristo saw the crudely printed newspaper they were brandishing before him and the headlines exonerating von Neuhoff and his heart lifted as he knew that even in this dictator-ridden country there were souls courageous enough to strike out for freedom, and he knew the boy was one of them for all that he so steadily denied any knowledge of the thing of which they were accusing him.

Even before the boy wrenched himself away from the officer holding him and ran, Cristo had decided his cause lay with him. Daring through the crowd after him Cristo managed to hold back the pursuers, tripping one after the other as he ran, and then as they were passing a narrow alley he took hold of the boy's arm and pulled him into it.

"But this is my own house," the boy whispered, staring up at the building the soldiers had been demolishing.

"Certainly is it," Cristo agreed, forcing him to go through the back entrance. "This is the one place they'll never think of looking for you." He smiled ruefully. "But dueling in was simple. I wish I knew how we were going to duck out again."

"There is a way out!" Hans said eagerly, and now it was he who took the lead, going through the wrecked basement. He pushed down on the wooden floor and a section of it slid back to reveal a crude flight of stairs leading to a tunnel below.

"We sent the papers out this way," he explained, "but I couldn't escape through it, for the passage leads to my friends and I couldn't betray them."

A rat scurried by and Cristo looking at the damp stone walls and the water flowing under the loose planks beneath their feet realized they were in the sewers under the city. Slowly they made their way through the intricate passageway and then they turned into a wider space and was through the ancient catacombs they went and in the dim light Cristo saw the tiers upon tiers of coffins buried in the niches of the wall. Then as they reached the end of the passage the boy rapped a signal against a heavy door and it swung slowly open.

There were about fifteen men in the room and Cristo stepped back and his hand went to his sword as he saw that one of them was the officer who had been holding the boy when he made his desperate break. But the man smiled as he came towards them.

"I saw what you did!" he said, "That was enough to insure your welcome here. I am Fritz Dorner, Lieutenant of the Household Guard."

"I am Edmund Dantes," Cristo smiled, "Sometimes called the Count of Monte Cristo."

"It is like meeting a legend face to face," Dorner said and his hand went out to Cristo, "We are proud to have you with us. But fate has just dealt us a death blow. Gurko has given orders that Baron von Neuhoff is to be tried at midnight. You must have a high opinion of our country! Welcomed in a tomb with the news that our greatest man is to be assassinated and the knowledge that our little Grand Duchess is a prisoner in her own palace, and at the mercy of Gurko's attentions."

"The soundless is trying to marry her. Cristo saw the men's fists hardening as they listened and heard their voices rise demanding that they be the ones chosen to rescue the prime minister and help their Duchess."

"None of you can help me," Dorner said slowly, "I'd have to have someone in the palace beyond Gurko's suspicion."

Cristo stepped forward then, "Perhaps I could qualify as the volunteer you need," he said.

"But how could you, a stranger, get into the palace?" Dorner demanded.

"By using a bank draft for twenty-five million francs as a calling card." Gurko smiled. "Gurko applied to the House of Monte Cristo for a loan. And I have just decided to grant it!"

It was almost too easy ingratiating himself into Gurko's confidence, for the loan and the easy compliments on his lips had opened the palace doors wide to him. Cristo had to tell himself that this was fighting too, this fencing with words instead of a sword, but it was fighting that came harder for him.

And that night he saw Zona again. She had been summoned to the banquet table.

"THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO"


Grand Duchess Zona... Joan Bennett Count of Monte Cristo... Louis Hayward Gurko Lanen... George Sanders Mathilde............... Florence Bates Colonel Zimmerman............ Lionel Royce Conrad Stadt... Ian MacWright Fritz Dorner...... Clayton Moore Baron von Neuhoff... Montague Love French Ambassador... George Rennie Hans Mirbach...... Rand Brooks Captain......... Theodore von Eltz Schmidt...... Jack Mulhall

Left, in a lightning flash, the young Count of Monte Cristo (Louis Hayward) ripped the saber from the scabbard of one of the Lichtenburg soldiers and fought grimly, but gayly as a man who looks upon his sword as a badge. Below, Cristo tells with Zona (Joan), who's bewitched over his foppish characteristics.
at his request for Gurko could refuse Cristo nothing now that he had granted him the sorely needed loan. He was just raising his glass to his lips when she came through the door, her imperious little head held high. At first there was her smile when she saw him. Then she realized he was here as a guest of the man she hated, and Cristo saw her eyes hardening as Gurko introduced him.

The Count of Monte Cristo is the last person I expected to receive here," she said, and her voice told him she held him as her enemy.

"Turning up in the most unexpected places is an idiosyncrasy of the Cristo family," he laughed.

The Count is a great friend of our little Principality," Gurko looked at the Duchess triumphantly. "Lichtenburg is indebted to him in the sum of twenty-five million francs.

Only the sudden trembling of her hands showed that she had heard and she was silent during dinner, and when it was over she took the first opportunity she could to leave. A few moments later Cristo made his excuses too, and stopping in his own room only long enough to get his cloak he went out into the garden.

Dorner had whispered to him that he would find her here and she was sitting beside the fountain when he came, her face tragic as she stared down at the flower in her hand. She looked up then and saw him and the flower fell from her hand.

"You change characters quite easily, don't you?" she asked, "I saw you first as a swashbuckling gallant and now I see you in the role of a silly fool, flattering the ego of a man your first personality would have every reason to despise. Just what is your true character?"

"I'm a business man," he laughed. "A banker, to be exact, I believe in making my clients feel superior to myself."

"In Petsh you made, me believe you a chivalrous gentleman," she whispered, turning away so he would not see the mist clouting her eyes. "What you did that night became one of my most beautiful memories. Too bad I had to see it shattered by knowing you loaned Gurko the money he needs to completely shatter my country. What you have bought is a partnership in his crimes against it."

"I'm sure you do Gurko an injustice," Cristo's voice sounded regretful. "I consider him a remarkable man. We understood each other, almost at once."

"Love at first sight, I suppose!" she said bitterly.

"Oh no!" He smiled at her. "That can only happen once." He longed to tell her how really felt but in a dictator's garden even roses may have eyes and lilies ears. So instead he said, "Do you know you're even more beautiful when you're angry?"

She rose contemptuously and left him and when he went back to his room he found Dorner waiting for him, dressed in a long cloak that was almost a replica of his own. Cristo stood by as the man pressed a secret spring and the great fireplace swung open to reveal the stairs leading to the dungeons below.

Cristo was the first to go, tryining on the black mask Dorner had brought him as he went. And then as the officer waited in the shadows, his pistol drawn to protect him, Cristo crept up to the turnkey and covering him with his gun demanded Von Neuhoff's freedom. Back of them as they fled came the shouts of their pursuers but Dorner went out to the old square tower that had not been used these fifty years now and underneath it was the underground passage connecting with the sewer and the catacombs. And von Neuhoff was safe in the secret hiding place of his followers.

Then Torch had struck for the first time! That was the name Cristo had signed to the impudent note he sent to Gurko and that was the name he was to be known by now. And hearts that had given up hoping beat with courage again as they thrilled to his deeds of daring. No one knew where the Torch would strike again, except that they knew it would always be for Lichtenburg and for the people and for little Zona who was their Duchess.

And in the palace Cristo went about with another mask, one of indifference, and he was considered so harmless that Gurko took him into his full confidence. "But I had hoped it would be possible to leave soon," Cristo said in a bored voice when Gurko asked him to stay to meet the French Ambassador who was coming with an urgent message. "You see this visit took me away from Paris at the very height of the society season."

He sat toying with his ruffled wrist bands when the Ambassador was announced as if he were trying to conceal his boredom. But Gurko's face was red with anger as he listened to the Ambassador's ultimatum and realized that von Neuhoff had been able to get a message through to France.

"Unless you surrender Her Royal Highness into the custody of the French Government at once she will be liberated by force!" the Ambassador said.

"What would be your attitude if her Royal Highness announced her marriage to me?" Gurko demanded, his smile cloak ing his words with velvety softness. "If she thought her people were in danger of a Russian invasion she would do almost anything to save them. And surely Your Excellency realizes that Russia is just as interested as France in using Lichtenburg as a barrier against Bismarck. I understand the readiness of your Government to support von Neuhoff against me. But is it as eager to support him against me and Russia?"

The Ambassador hesitated and Cristo knew Gurko had won. The Torch must strike quickly to prevent him from making the pact with Russia.

But first he must see Zona. He went into the garden and it was then he saw her up on her balcony and in an instant he had scaled the flower-covered trellis that led to it.

"It's such a pity you have to be a Grand Duchess!" he said, when there are so many roads to be crossed, so much happiness and laughter and all the things you could have if you had really been Zona Pfaffendopf on your way to Paris. She must have held the horse waiting to come riding up to you then. But it's almost impossible for love to pass the sentries at the palace gates anyway."

"The man I love would not find it impossible to pass sentries," Zona said, lifting her head proudly. "I'd go out to meet him."

"A ruffian?" Cristo pretended he was shocked. "A masquerader?"

"A ruffian and a masquerader who is unseemly enough to risk being caught," she said, looking at him scornfully. "Such a man would dare to take love in his hands and be its master."

"Do you dare?" he asked, "That I could be master!"

And before she realized what he was doing he had taken her in his arms and crushed her to his heart, with her lips closing over hers. For a moment he felt her heart beat against his, then she tore herself away and before he had time to go up and struck him full on the mouth.

"That is to remind you that this is a palace and I am its mistress," she said, and her voice was trembling with her tears. "And I think you are the most conceited, in suferable, stupid man I've ever known!"

The red imprint was still on his cheek when he wrote the note signed The Torch and wrapping it around a brick sent it crashing through her window. He had not dared reveal himself to her, for he was sure she would have changed him. But she would need that note and late that night she would be at the postern gate dressed in peasant's garb waiting for him and her loyal followers who would see that she had safe passage to Paris.

Everything went so easily. Maybe he should have suspected it was wrong for there was no scrutiny on watch when the peasant cart driven by Hans with Dorner by his side drove up to the gate. But Gurko had taken her in as he waited tensely, her mask shielding her eager eyes, and at last he saw the Palace doors open and she came running toward him.

Suddenly as he went out to meet her there was the clash of swords and soldiers were around. "Hans," Gurko cried. Then Gurko stood there smiling ironically at the man.
he knew only as The Torch. "Throw down your sword!" he commanded.

But Cristo's hand tightened on its hilt, and too it was a duel of skills that in his
father's sword in all the subtil-

ties of swordplay that his father had taught
him. And as Zona watched breathlessly she
knew at last what the peasants had
owned had such a way with the sword, the
man who had fought for her at Petsh.
And fear darkened her eyes as she saw his
strength to the end and the
wall and the Palace guards closing in on
him.

But The Torch could not be taken so
easily, for there still saw Hans make his
escape in the cart, then in an instant
he had disarmed Gurko with a twist of his
sword blade and vanished into the
ness. "Don't worry!" he called to Zona
as he fled. "I'll be back!"

So morning found Zona a prisoner still
and Cristo in the palace playing his role
of the spy men are onlooker. But he had
need of all the subterfuge he could
command when he witnessed the signing of the
pact with the Ambassador, the
agreement which pledged Russia to put
Gurko on the throne of Lichtenburg and
to keep him there by force if necessary.
That meant at least to the
her country from destruction by the
Czar.

There was so little time. The Ambas-
dador saw Zona waiting at the gates to

take him on his journey to Russia. But
The Torch moved swiftly too and just
outside the city he caught up with it.

But for once The Torch had made a mis-
take. He had revealed his identity to
Gurko. For Cristo was the only man be-
side himself who knew of the existence
of the pact.

It was Zona who came to warn him.
"You must get away quickly," she cried.
"If you had only been Zona Pfaffendorf!"

he smiled.

"Please, maybe just for a moment I can be,
" she said, and then she put in his
arms, her slender body clinging to his. "I'm
afraid! I feel this may be the last time we
shall ever see each other and I love you,
more than anything in the world."

"Keep saying that until I come back," he
whispered. He moved toward the
place. But he was too late. Gurko and his
men were already at the door.

Cristo flung a stool at Gurko's head
and dashed to the window broke through it
and jumped to the ground below. But
more soldiers were waiting and when Dorner
came to his aid he was captured too.
It wasn't to the dungeon they were taken.
Gurko had lost his confidence in it since
von Neuhoff's rescue, and had ordered
them taken to the jail on the outskirts
of the city and it was there they learned
they had been sentenced to death,
"I understand now how my father felt,
" Cristo said ruefully. "Twenty years in a

cell, stone walls, cold, not even a voice!
He stared down at the metal pan of food
a guard had pushed through his cell and
then he saw the envelope lying beside it
tearing it open discovered it was an
invitation to Zona's wedding to Gurko. And
on the margin Gurko had written in his
heavy sprawl: "I have already conveyed
your regrets to Her Royal Highness."

"I wonder why I never thought he had
a sense of humor," Cristo said grimly as
he read it to Dorner.

Neither nights nor days can be counted in
a prison through which no light of sun
or moon can show their passing. So there
were only the jibes of the guards to tell
them that the day had come on which Zona
would be married and they must mount the
scaffold. For Gurko had decreed the two
events would take place at the same
moment.

But the tyrant had reckoned without the
rest of that loyal band. The leaders were
gone but von Neuhoff had taken their place,
and there were still men like Hans willing
to risk their lives for their friends and
for liberty. So on that day when a cart drove
up in front of the prison it was Hans and
von Neuhoff dressed in peasant smocks
who jumped down and pretended to unload
their provisions. And at their signal the
burlap bags were thrown aside and men fully armed swarmed
out of it and seizing the guards imprisoned
them in their own cells.

Criso and Dorner were freed, but maybe
even now it was too late. In less than
an hour the wedding would be performed.
Criso gave the wedding invitation and asked him to print two hundred duplic-
ates of it on his press and distribute them
among their members who would use them
to gain admission to the palace. Then he
himself went to the Russian Embassy,
deserted now of everyone but the servants,
and then on the Russian Embassy,
saw that he had a crowd of men who
were not to the wedding if they wanted to
who had come there on the forged invita-
tions rose as one with von Neuhoff at their
head.

"Call the Captain of the guard! " Gurko
ordered. "Arrest these men!"

A first the moment the guard is taking
orders from us!" Cristo swept him a mock-
bow. "This palace is completely sur-
rounded." And taking out the pact he gave
von Neuhoff who held up his hand for silence.

"This document is written proof that
Gurko Lanes was willing to sell his coun-
try, his Queen, and her people into bond-
age," the prime minister thundered. "Gurko
Lanes, I arrest you in the name of the
People of Lichtenburg for the crime of
taking the war against the State. The penalty
for which is death, not only for you but for
all you represent!"

Gurko drew out his pistol and as Zona
stood there, her trembling hands covering
her face, he pressed it against his heart
and drew the trigger. A shout was heard
and the great doors of the throne room
were thrown open as the guard appeared on
the threshold, staring in horror at his mas-
ter's dead body.

"How did you escape?" the Ambassador
asked, "The palace is surrounded."

The officer stared blankly. "The guard is
everywhere, he said bewildered.
"There is no one outside the palace."

Criso laughed then as he looked at the
officer, completely lost with no one to com-
mand him. But it was to Zona he went,
knelling before her as he lifted her hand to
his lips. "Imagineation is a wonderful thing,
Your Highness," he said. "You can use it
when everything else fails!"

Zona leaned over and her trembling fin-
gers untied his mask. And so it was as him-
self, young Monte Cristo, that he faced the
crowded ballroom and their cheers rang
through the room as Zona lifted her lips to
his.

Our readers will be interested to
know that the picture we fictionized in
the October SCREENLAND, under the
title "The New Yorker," has reached the
screen with the new tag of "Christmas in July." It's still the same swell
story and you'll want to see it when
it comes to your neighborhood theater,
no matter what it is called.
Wish Upon a Star For Romance!

Continued from page 61

Society for Scientific Astrologers will forgive my being colloquial) to say here is the most sex appealing of all the signs. Moreover, Scorpio subjects have the lush viewpoint, the extravagant way of living which makes for exciting movie stars. As one who has always been depressed by the back to the fireside movement of latter day Hollywood, I welcome any newcomer cast in the heroic tradition.

When Scorpio women have, in addition to their boundless physical appeal, a face to launch a fleet, the result is glamour as is glamorous Vivien Leigh is Scorpio at its best. When I interpreted her chart I predicted her divorce and coming marriage to Laurence Olivier. In fact, that prediction was just made public in Screenland. What will the outcome of that marriage be? Astrologically it will last, for they have much in common in their work, and although there are some differences in temperament, I am sure that they can overcome their differences and be happy in marriage.

There are some warnings in Vivien Leigh's horoscope, however, for her sign is ruled by Mars, planet of war, and this planet has been grievously afflicted for some time. I advise Miss Leigh to remain out of war zones, no matter how intense her sympathies. I advise her also to count her blessings and be content. Scorpio subjects are very apt to request, "More, more," even when the gods' stocks are depleted. Miss Leigh has a full share of love, fame, beauty and happiness. More attempts to augment these may prove disastrous. It is obvious that Vivien Leigh can go on in her already great career for some years to come, but her strange, changable and unpredictable nature may cause her to suddenly give up her career in favor of marriage.

It is significant that the most fatal of modern heroines is a Scorpio. I mean, of course, the incomparable Hedy Lamarr. No matter how many other movie ladies give us a watered version of the Lamarr charm, no one can touch the original. In fact, only the camera of James Wong Howe in "Algiers" ever captured it completely for the screen.

I met Hedy before the making of "Algiers" and she was discouraged about her future. After setting up her chart and looking back at her face, I was able to assure her that the world would soon be hers.

Through astrology I was able to predict her marriage to and divorce from Gene Markey, and every columnist in Hollywood took me to task for being so pessimistic. But you can't fool the stars! Hedy and Gene were never intended for a life together.

Hedy's chart shows that she will marry again soon. This third time will probably stick. She should marry someone of her own age, if possible. Young men are a bit frightened of so much beauty, however. Recently an actor, who shall be necessarily nameless, said to me, "You know, I'd give anything to have the nerve to ask Hedy for a date, but I wouldn't dare." Such modesty among actors is so rare, I asked why.

"Because she looks like the sort of girl one would have to send diamonds to instead of gardenias and I wouldn't dare become serious with her unless I had at least five million dollars."

I do hope that Hedy's expensive look isn't going to frighten off all the men of her own generation and leave the field clear to the boys who salted it away before the suitors. Of course I wouldn't advise wearing any Scorpio woman empty handed but you needn't come loaded down with buckets of emeralds, boys.

Material and acquisitive though Scorpions be, they are incurable romantics, and a full moon may get you as far as a diamond bracelet.

Not in the glamor league, but a girl as gifted and exciting as any in Hollywood is Scorpio-born Eleanor Powell. I'm especially fond of Eleanor because she takes her astrology seriously and never fails to consult me when she has an important decision to make. I've always predicted a marriage for Eleanor during 1940 and I hope she doesn't upset all my calculations. She is the extremely idealistic type of Scorpio and will marry for love. She would even give up her career for it, but I hope not as there is no one else to take her place in the work she does. Her chart warns against overworking (a great danger for those born in this sign), and gives indications that she may return to the stage spasmodically. In future years one or two children are shown for Miss Powell.

In the gents' department of Scorpio we have Dick Powell, whose career has been sadly afflicted by Mars lately. Dick has the male version of Scorpio appeal and while it moves ladies' matinées to cooling dithers, it has inspired some male critics to rebel criticism. (Just jealousy, Dick.)

His career will pick up after the release of "I Want a Divorce." Dick's and Joan Blondell's marriage will last, as I told you a few months ago, for they have listened to the warnings in their stars and have tried to overcome the differences in their charts.

Pat O'Brien is another perfect Scorpio husband. His marriage is that thing of increasingly rare beauty, a permanent union. His career, which has suffered the ups and downs of the Mars ruled, will be on a more satisfactory basis next year. Now that his salary squabble with Warner Brothers is ended Pat will go on his Irish Scorpio way doing realistic, down to earth type of drama that his fans seem to like. It is significant of Scorpio that when his studio threatened to cut his modest salary of fifteen hundred or so a week, Pat is reported to have replied, "But I couldn't live on less than fifteen hundred!" Our sympathies reach out to him in his struggle and we are happy that he will be able to continue buying beans for the Winter season at least.

Scorpio types run to extremes; they are either built on stream-line models like Vivien Leigh and Hedy Lamarr or their faces and classic type on the stream-line modelling of a Judy Canova. Have you seen this strangely funny comedienne in "Scatterbrain"? She's the funniest girl since the late Marie Dressler (who was born in Scorpio the same as Judy Canova).

It's rumored that Lana Turner will marry Vic Mature, screen leading man, now that she has divorced Artie Shaw. Above, looking over a menu at the Brown Derby, they seem mighty happy.
It's true that this versatile sign has given us such comedians as Miss Dressler, Will Rogers and Jack Oakie, who became famous for their humor rather than their beauty, but not since Marie Dressler has there been a great Scorpio comedienne on the screen, and Judy Canova will be on the screen for many a moon. After attending a screening of "Scatterbrain," I had the pleasure of setting up Judy's chart and I found out why she is just coming into the best cycle of her life, professionally speaking. Famous on the air for some time, and well known on the stage, this is Judy's first starring picture. Her chart shows continued success and marriage within two years.

William Henry is a Scorpio. Ten years ago when he was playing at the Pasadena Community Playhouse I predicted his career accurately. "You may never be a sensation," I told him, "but you'll work steadily, build up a fan following, and marry happily and have children." What more could a man ask for?

In our Scorpio discovery section for the month I would like to present Gene Tierney, a budding young 20th Century-Fox star. This girl has all the quality, charm and magnetism of a Leigh or a Lamarr, and what's more important to a career, she's so very young that she will be on the screen a long, long time. Miss Tierney has just appeared in her first picture, "The Return of Frank James," and plays a featured role with Henry Fonda. Originally from the New York stage, Gene is being given a build-up second to none by that master showman, Darryl Zanuck. According to the evidence in her chart, Miss Tierney will let nothing interfere with her career. She will marry, but not before 1943, and like all Scorpio-born, she must choose the marriage partner carefully. She can find happiness in the marriage state if she chooses wisely and carefully. Miss Tierney has a truly brilliant future. If she doesn't make a great success then her stars are wrongly placed. Make a note and we'll check next year.

Hardly in the newcomers' section, but still new to many of you perhaps, is Roy Rogers—another Scorpio lad bound to go places in something other than Westerns. Because the trend seems to be so definitely toward bigger and better Westerns, Roy's stock has risen rapidly in the past year. His ruling star will shine even brighter in 1941, and I predict that Roy Rogers will be in the big league in the coming months. Added to a pleasing Scorpio personality, he possesses a capable singing voice. His chart shows that his present marriage will last indefinitely.

There are two gorgeous Scorpio girls whose careers have felt the restraining influences of Mars in the past year. Some personalities are great enough to surge ahead and succeed despite their afflictions, whereas others seem to struggle harder to attain their goals in life. Such has been the case with Ruth Hussey and Virginia Field. Miss Hussey has been consistently excellent and possesses more than average beauty. She hasn't yet made much of a dent on the public consciousness, but it will take only one good part to make a star of this young lady. Movie producers are hard to change from their set habits, and newcomers still have to struggle and work hard for recognition. Perhaps that's what's wrong with movie attendance lately. It's all very reassuring to witness the weary procession of older stars such as Stanwyck, Crawford, and Shearer, decade after decade, for their art is tried and tested, their personalities and features indelibly etched upon the fibres and sinews of our minds and bodies, and we applaud their endurance as well as unflagging youth and beauty, but it would be a metaphysical triumph to see more young beauties still in their twenties on the screen. Ruth Hussey will get her chance. It's in the stars and even the producers can't dictate to them!

Then what's wrong with beautiful and talented Scorpio-born Virginia Field? This charming young lady has won distinction for her excellent work in "Waterloo Bridge," but she is more noted for the fact that she is Richard Greene's big moment. With careful grooming and more pictures, Miss Field can be built to a star of box office proportions. I see no great happiness for her and Dick together, for their signs are unquestionably wrong for each other. If she marries him, it may end in divorce.

Her chart shows two marriages.

While Scorpio women may seem hard to get, possessing as they do such high voltage allure, the men born in this sign are easily captured and held. Marriage to them is an important, sacred and irreversible step, and they do not divorce easily without great reason.

That's why I was able to predict a permanent alliance when Joel McCrea married Frances D. While the newspapers always bear down on my divorce predictions, it is forecasts of enduring marriages of which I am most proud because, as you well know, the odds are against these in Hollywood. I point with pride to Joel and Frances. I was among the few persons to whom they confided their marriage plans and I urged them to go ahead, that it was safe. Joel McCrea is the steady, reliable type of Scorpio; his career has always been consistent and his work beyond reproach. The coming years bring few changes in his life.

Those of you who were born in this highly interesting and talented sign might like to know what work you are best suited to. If possible, Scorpio-born should follow the artistic professions: writing, music, dancing, acting, designing, astrology, these are the first choice. Second best for Scorpio girls are teaching and secretarial work. The men born in this sign are good in radio, advertising, newspaper work, insurance, aircraft designing, piloting, and law or medicine.

The love life is so important for those born in this sign that it might be wise to give the right and wrong signs in marriage. Right signs are: Cancer, Pisces, Gemini, Aquarius, and Capricorn. Wrong signs: Leo, Aries, Virgo, Libra.

Some things to avoid in love and marriage are the following: Don't be too dominating. Avoid being critical of the one you love. Do not see too much of each other. Live your own lives and avoid "in-laws." Watch your finances and save money, for Scorpio cannot live with poverty. In marriage take marital vacations from each other every so often. The Scorpio personality is driving, energetic, and tiring. Recognize this fact and give the marriage partner a little mental rest.

Those of you who were born in other signs of the Zodiac may check below to find out what planetary forces are at work in YOUR own life this month.

Aries—March 21 to April 20

Favorable vibrations from Jupiter this month. Mickey Rooney demonstrates, on a linen napkin, some notes from the song, "Love's Got Nothing on Me," for which he wrote the music, to Eddy Duchin, who says Mickey's got a hit.

Gilbert Roland and Simone Simon surprised everyone when they arrived at the Grove together, and from their expressions they sure were enjoying that whirl 'round the dance floor.
month incline you to great activity mentally. Good time for dealing with those in public position, or with newspapers, publicity, writing, signing papers, these matters are highly favored and may be present. Finances may seem slightly disturbed but progress is coming slowly. Mars affections are not so numerous and your personal business will be subject more calm. A good month for social activities, meeting members of the opposite sex, and matters concerning the home. Romance should thrive during this time but two weeks, but warnings of quarrels and misunderstandings exist during the last two weeks. The head should rule the heart in this month, and avoid being over-emotional and excitable. Make no hasty decisions and do not break off any romantic advances or finally sever any love affair first. There are warnings about health, accidents, and children on the 5th, 19th, and 26th of this month. The following days are fortunately aspected: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 30th. The other days are neutral for routine matters only.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

A fairly fortunate month for matters concerning the home and finances, but some matters disturbing for romance. The vibrations from Venus bring the temptation to flirt. This may cause a broken romance; by being cautious you may avoid distressing domestic disturbances. The opposition of Saturn may bring about delays in business matters, but any plans you now have should be chug to as they can suddenly materialize. Favor changes over resistance, also seeking a new contact in business. Your talents should be applied to work where you can use your artistic and creative abilities. Messages may come from far-off persons, travel is favored, and any changes that come into your life are for a definite purpose. The health should be guarded this month for Mars may bring danger of inflammation, blood disorders, and cuts, sprains or bruises. The 4th, 8th, 12th and 24th hold warnings regarding finances, legal matters, and losses through deception. The following days are fortunate: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 23rd, 26th, 29th, 30th. Other days are neutral.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Watch the health in the first half of this month. Avoid doing things that might be dangerous. A disturbing aspect of Saturn inclines you to carelessness in regard to danger to your vehicle. The eyes and hands are especially sensitive for your sign, so be cautious while these disturbing aspects dominate the heavens. The investments this month should profit you in the future for Jupiter turns a kinder face in your direction. The second week of this month is especially fortunate for working with the public; favors salesladies, secretaries, beauticians, librarians, musicians, teachers, and nurses. This is a fair month for decisions in love or marriage. If single, an engagement or courtship is highly favored. More than one member of the opposite sex may evoke sudden interest. If married happily it can continue. Those making decisions in love should be prompted by intelligence rather than emotion. Do nothing to break off any romance. There are certain signs are taking the right steps. This sign often attracts those in professions and public work in refereeing. Personal progression is noted this month; study and work along artistic, creative and musical lines. Travel by land, air or water; visit relatives and friends all month. Fortunate days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

Rather critical and antagonistic vibrations from Mars and Saturn may be expected at the beginning of this month for you. By guarding your words and actions you can definitely progress in this cycle. Some person close to you may disappoint you or cause you to change your plans; money matters might prove somewhat disheartening, but if you keep at it you can batter down all opposition and go on to new goals in the coming weeks. Employment matters are highly favored, especially work where you are required to use your initiative and creative talent. If you are anxious to progress in business and finances this month take the necessary steps and seek out those in authority who can assist you. Good month for dealing with large corporations, from investment houses, banking institutions and educational centers. Also favors correspondence, ideas for musical compositions, literary efforts, radio or newspaper work. The affairs of the heart are somewhat uncertain, and the future of your romance may depend on the particular type of person you have attracted. Change is the essence of your life at this time, but if you have attracted a person on your mental plane you can get along nicely. Marriage, the home, and children are highly favored. Fortunate days are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 29th. Other days are apt to be negative; avoid risks; watch the health and pocketbook.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

There are conflicting vibrations for your sign this month; they are apt to change from good to bad without notice, so act with the utmost caution in all your personal and business dealings. The affairs of the heart may be somewhat settled for Venus is not especially afflicted, but business matters may be confused and the emotions may be unsettled and disturbed. This is coming in conjunction of Moon, Sun and Saturn at various times this month. They may cause you to have losses through theft or fire; avoid dangerous or dark places. Be careful of any business dealings with strangers. The home should thrive, children are favored this month, and progress may be shown in affairs of the home. Social activities may engage your attention at this time, and you may meet one or more persons who might influence your future life for the better. The last week of this month holds warnings for the health; avoid over-eating, watch the diet, and be careful that worry and nervousness do not overcome you. There are better vibrations from Uranus and Neptune which promise a let-up on the nervous strain you have long labored under. If possible, you should change your home, or do something to relieve the monotony of your everyday living. A good month to invest in property but not to sell; avoid speculation in stocks. Good days are: 1st, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 8th, 12th, 14th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 28th. The other days are somewhat negative.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

Rather serious matters may occupy your thoughts during this month, for Mercury forms aspects to Jupiter and Venus that cause you to take a serious and introspective view of life. You should concentrate on work, study, and personal progression. The vibrations from Neptune may cause concern about some matter that is in doubt at present. Messages that you expect may be delayed, and finances may not clear up to your liking. Any project that you are working on should be tackled vigorously for even if you do not see instant progress you will gradually attain your goal in life. One or more members of the opposite sex may come into your life this month (if you are single) and your life may be radically influenced by someone with whom you meet. Make no decisions about love or marriage until these changing vibrations, for you must be quite sure when you finally do take the big step. Avoid jealousy, suspicion, quarreling with a loved one. Do not let others lean on you too much, especially family members. The last week of this month favors the health and diet, also favors writing letters, signing papers, or making new friends. Good days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 29th. Other days are neutral, favorable only for routine business matters.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

Some confusion and discord may exist in the first week of this month. Avoid doing anything to add to this confusion. Work out your plans and then tie into them. Mercury and Mars produce nervousness and excitability; your actions should
be temperate and poised. The romantic side of your life may cause the utmost concern, so try and select a person who will assist you in maintaining your balance under these distressing vibrations. If happily in love do nothing to change this state, but if you have been assailed with fears, doubts and worries about your romantic problems this is as good a month as any to seek changes. Venus showers you with charm and brings you new opportunities; some person of prominence or wealth may seek your heart, decide calmly, and with an eye to the future outcome. You have within your power this month to rise in the esteem of fellow workers and to add new laurels in business. A financially sound career you can make a progressive move at this time through the assistance of a superior. Favor sales work, teaching, service, and artistic work, interior decorating, designing, millinery, cosmetology, etc. Watch the diet during the inner heart prompts you may seek changes in love. Do nothing rash or ill-advised in regard to marriage unless you find you have made a sad mistake. Watch the health, avoid accidents and injury, but be with the hands and feet all during the month. Good days are: 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 19th, 26th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 26th, 29th, 30th.

**Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21**

Guard your emotions at this time, for you may be inclined to hasty action in love. If you are truly anxious to make a change choose the second week of this month to break off an old love affair or marriage. One or more persons may suddenly come into your life romantically, and this may be the big change you have long desired. Promote your welfare at this time in business, and distances you and your affections are over. A splendid time for going into a new business.
A Girl With Principles!

Continued from page 34

when Miss Russell was twenty it was determination that forced her on, kept her working steadily. As a matter of fact she had to, to keep herself. Determination to succeed stopped her from using that far too often heard line: "My dear, I wouldn't take that part for anything — what about my prestige?" She took any and every kind of part she could get, and that versatile background has made her today one of the few top-notch stars who aren't "typed." Just think, from a demure English school-mistress in "The Citadel" to a hard New York society dame in "The Women," and who could imagine "Craig's Wife" making such a quick speed reporter in "His Girl Friday" — or an efficient secretary in "Hired Wife." "It's against my principles to try and get to the top by what I call short cuts and angles," says Rosalind. "Anyway, I don't think it can be done. There's only one way to reach the heights and that's through that dreary old thing called 'hard work.'" It doesn't do you a bit of good being nice to a lot of important picture executives, because if they really want you for a part, believe me you'll get it, whether you are friendly with them or not. And if you don't fit the part, or they don't want you in it, no amount of wrangling or short cuts can help you one little bit. Another of my principles which today people are apt to call strange is — not owing a thing to anybody. Even in the old days I'd walk or bus from place to place till the time came when I could buy outright my own automobile.

I happen to know as well that when she was over in Paris, the smartest dress designers fell over each other to try and give Rosalind their clothes, because that grand knock she has of wearing them would be the best advertising in the world. But no, not Rosalind; what she gets she pays for. By accepting those clothes she'd be in constant debt to the designers and that's not in the R. R. make-up. She doesn't want clothes, and if she weren't such a successful actress she could and probably would design and own a dress shop. "It's always been my theory that one or two really good well-made dresses are a far better

that the informer would be fired if she gave away his name. "Why, Mr. Selznick, I don't come down here to buy my meat, and being very tired I just stopped in to rest, and imagine my surprise when my picture was previewed. I suppose when instructions had been given to the box office girl, the theater manager and the ticket attendant not to let Miss Russell have a place on the preview, they only went disguised in gray wig and old lady's black clothes, but when the picture was through stood next to Mr. Louis Mayer and the studio girl. The Buick was hidden up a dark alley. If her mind's made up to see the preview nothing short of an earthquake will stop her from getting there.

When a picture is completed, the stars and directors nearly always exchange presents. Champagne — Scotch of course had so many words per minute, and getting those words out so quickly hardly gave me time to take a breath, I mean it. The monotony of never stopping. I've been in the studio night and morning, of just going home dog tired to have dinner on a tray in bed and look over next day's film for hours. I can, if I want well, it gets you down if you don't get out of town and relax. In pictures you can't have nearly the fun you can on the road. If you have a good company in a show you get to know the crowd so well, whereas in pictures just as you are beginning to know people and hate those funny gags that make the fun, their work is through, and off they go onto another film and you probably don't see them again for six months. Of course my little Hollywood spoiled you and you begin to think you are the most important thing in the world. That's another reason I have to go East and visit the farm. I'll tell you how I look at these so-called small" by my brothers and sisters who talk just as much as I do, about everything but pictures. I just can't get a word in on the phones, of course. It may be that, the gilt off my Hollywood gingerbread, all right.

Of course even of the Russell principle, fall by the wayside. When she came out West first, to make a picture for Universal, she was determined not to buy or own a single thing that wasn't bought right on the Chief with her heading back Eastward. Well, she's going to have a tough time getting that Beverly Hills home half Victorian, half modern, one story. And I'm afraid that the brand new swimming-pool won't be too easy a job, either.

Joan Fontaine, who has fully recovered from her recent illness, visited her husband, Brian Aherne, on the set of "Hired Wife," and posed with him and his co-star, Rosalind Russell. Joan, at right above, is starring in "Buck Street."
AMERICAN TRADITION of Beauty

Before the pearly freshness of the American girl’s face, came an enduring tradition of fastidious care of her person.

Cultivate your skin’s smooth enchantment gladly, frankly, without falter. Give your face at least once daily the authoritative Pond’s ritual, based on the structure and behavior of the skin. Its users are among the fresh-skinned, soignée daughters of America’s foremost families.

**BATH**e your face in an abundance of luscious Pond’s Cold Cream—spreading it all over with creamy-soft slapping fingers. Slap for 5 full minutes—yes, even 5 minutes. This cream has 3 actions. One, cleansing. The other, softening. It achieves these effects by mixing with the dead surface cells, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin.

**WOMBRE-SKIN**

Owes its witchery to that tender touch and feel, so different from a man’s. And women through the ages intuitively have tended and coveted this treasured birthright of theirs, this delicacy of skin which lovers and poets have ever likened to the delicate face of a flower.

**WIPE OFF** with bland and persuasive Pond’s Tissues—and you’ve wiped off the softened debris, helped remove some of the softened tops of blackheads, making it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

**FLOOD and SLAP** a second time with releasing Pond’s Cold Cream. This slapping increases both the cleansing and the softening. As dirt is released, wipe off with gentle Pond’s Tissues. Pores seem finer. In the softened skin, lines are less apparent.

**LUXURIA**e now in the cooling astringence of Pond’s skin Freshener, splashed on with a pad of cotton dripping with it. Then

**COAT** your whole face with the final blessedness of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. Here is a cream whose specific function is to disperse harsh skin particles, little chippings caused by exposure, and leave your skin delightfully smoothed. Wipe off the excess after one full minute. Observe that this cream has laid down a perceptible mat finish. Your rich reward is your skin’s satin touch—its flattering reception of and faithful hold on powder.

This, in full, always before retiring or during the day, A shorter ritual whenever your skin and make-up need freshening. Act now to start your new daily ritual—aid to a fresh, flower-soft skin. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond’s!

**GIVE-AWAY** for the thrifty minded—Frankly to lure you to our larger cream jars, which are actually a better buy, we are handing you FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of our equally authoritative hand lotion, DANY-A, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond’s Cold Cream. Both for the price of the cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

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MRS. VINCENT ASTOR....MRS. PHILIP HARDING (THE FORMER ALICE ASTOR)....MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR.... present leaders of the family which has dominated American society for generations, have for years observed the Pond’s ritual....MRS. VINCENT ASTOR devotes much time to the cause of music, especially the Musicians’ Emergency Fund.
Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep!' — Continued from page 33

“There’s a psychoanalyst, I thought, arrived had dishwater, did P.M. off knew really getting in rare breaking houses, In picked handle. company being strong was Lilly, his wife, kicked me violently under the table. Although I had a vision of my best two-thread chiffon stockings running like mad and my shibonoe being black and blue, I never batted an eye, being petrified he might come to and remember that he was ‘giving.’ So I just went on torrying with my mashed potatoes looking casually interested, and finding out all about Fred MacMurray and sleep.

Apparently there was a period of years when he was capable of enough sleep. He started when he got out of high school. The American Legion Post in Beaver Dam each year gives a medal to the younger with the highest athletic record during the previous four years of high school—and unofficially they see that he gets a job. Fred drew one in the office of a stove manufacturing company—but that was not all. Nights he played in an orchestra, too, which meant a minimum of sleep. The mornings, he said, weren’t so bad—but the zero hour after lunch while he droned over orders that read “1X092354,” meaning one stove handle. Sleep became an invisible Loredi guiding him straight to the rocks.

“I spent most of the time in the washroom, sloshing cold water over my face, but even that didn’t help much,” he said.

“My next job that summer was in a restaurant. I’d always kind of played with the idea of working there. They had the best food you could have and they treated you well. ‘Gee, you could have anything, just think, anything you wanted to eat.’ Well, I got the job—dishwasher—and my shift was 7 A.M. to 11 P.M. The evenings were a novelty of delightful. In the morning, when I arrived on the job, the stack of dirty dishes waiting for me looked like the Empire State Building. You see, the place was open 24 hours, and those dishes, were always from early morning breakfast—eggs and oatmeal. Gosh! did you ever go off with a job like that? But, Fred,” I inquired, “did you get to eat anything you wanted to?”

“Not really,” he regarded me silently. At length he asked, “Can you think of anything you’d want to eat after having washed eggs and oatmeal off dishes from 7 to 11 P.M.? Of course, either, and the morning,” he went on, “when the dishes were done, I had berries to pick and clean. Sometimes I’d play games with myself—to keep awake, you know. I’d play all sorts of bright and phony enthusiasm, you look at the clock and say, ‘see if I can pick a box in two minutes,’ or ‘bet a dime I can cut this whole crate in half an hour,’ or whatever it was. As a dishwasher, though, I really flopped. The proprietor finally had a little heart-to-heart talk with me and told me he didn’t really think I was cut out for the work.”

Fred chucked. I had a vision of that proprietor coming out of a theater and stopping to look at the name MacMurray in lights—perhaps biting off the end of a cigar—and saying modestly to the Mrs.—“Well, I wouldn’t say that I was instrumental in his success, but I did tell that young fellow he was in the wrong line of work!”

Finally fell and Fred went to Car- rod College on a scholarship. But the problem of sleep became less a worry as the Classes in the morning, football in the afternoon, the band at night. Well I figure it on the first bar and there I sat on the edge of my chair, bobbing the horn up and down, frantically trying to ‘pick it up.’ Gosh, it was awful! There was a kind of silence after they finished and the guy over to me asked to play hot. ‘Yeah, that’s it, hot,’ I said, catching at the straw, ‘yeah, I play hot.’

They swung into Dinah. Jeepers, I can even play Dinah! Dinah is a booster for all I’ve improved some—so I can imagine what I did to Dinah—then.”

I kept wishing miserably that he was back in the closet where he learned to play you see, when he got his first sax, he and his mother were living in an apartment and more from embarrassment than consideration of “talking” or making sure to lock himself in the closet with a blanket around the horn to deafen the noise, and with the pats on the face, practice like mad. It sounded better than anything, all mussled like singing in the shower.

Well, whatever Fred thought he sounded like, the leader, not knowing, of course, that a blanket would have improved him, thought it was all right and recommended him to the Benson office and they said that if he couldn’t play, he’d have to fixed up Jim-Dandy—except that he’d short-changed himself on sleep again. Working all day, grabbing a bit of supper and then playing all night, before a jam band at his South Side station in the grey, early morning hours—turning up his coat collar as he hurried down the wind-swept street to see the band—laying the alarm for seven-thirty, reaching for the clock when it went out and setting it again for a quarter of eight. He had it all figured out—the fifteen minutes extra meant going without breakfast, running for the train, thin ice, of course, if a shoelace broke or anything.

There was a chance that I didn’t run bell-boy-for-election to the station to Car’s. If I was two minutes ahead of schedule I tore into a drug store, threw a milkshake down and tore right out again on a dead run.

But those fifteen minutes were worth it to him. In those days they were a vital necessity in order to face the next twenty hours.

Years pass. The fifteen minutes are no longer necessary to pull body and soul together, but the fight to the top still continues, a hang-over from the lean years. So far, nobody has been able to break the spell. His life is a never-ending job, everybody has tried and failed—that is to say, body but Walter. The Battle of vs. The Fifteen Minutes still continues. However, there is a chance that I’ll join and a gen- tleman’s agreement’s scene.

The scene has changed slightly. It is seventeen and Walter enters and re- marks, disapraooring his tone, “It is seven-fifteen, sir, and you have fifteen minutes before seven-thirty.” (In other words, the deadline). Then with great dignity he returns.

That, of course, is the crux of the agreement, that Walter retire and leave Fred in solitary bliss for the next fifteen minutes for silent communion. It was Fred’s idea and he was triumphantly sure it would work. However, somehow after he’s opened his eyes, he can’t make sure of Walter’s vanishing back, and though he settles comfortably down to consider the trout situation or the quilt cover or whatever it is, to tell the truth, he is still conscious of Walter’s footsteps. He listens. No, just imagination; he turns over, a board squeaks in the hall; is Walter standing watch in hand outside his door? What sound? Oh, shucks, the best part of his day has been ruined anyway, he broods bitterly, as he reads:

End of Round Two. Well, what’s your guess? Personally, I’m putting my money on Walter. He looks like the winner.
Lady Esther Face Powder

“Flatters Longer because it Clings Longer!”

Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder clings for four full hours!

Of course any girl with any acceptable shade of face powder can look well for 15 minutes, but you just let a quarter of an hour go by and the real differences in face powder quality begin to be visible!

For, says Lady Esther, my face powder will cling to you lovingly for four full hours! If you put it on after dinner, say at 8 o’clock, it will still be there, a lovely flattering force, when the clock strikes midnight.

Lasting Flattery for your Skin

It will give you the glow of natural loveliness, the radiance of a satin-smooth skin—four long and happy hours. You can forget your powder puff and revel in the knowledge, in the supreme confidence, that you are wearing a powder that guards your glamour all evening and flatters your skin to death!

Money, says Lady Esther, cannot buy a finer face powder, and good taste cannot find a lovelier, more exquisite selection of becoming shades.

Find your Lucky Shade at my expense!

There is magic in your face powder if you know your lucky shade. Ask any stage director what lighting effects and slight changes in color can do to a woman’s skin. The right shade can make her look years younger—but the wrong shade can make her look years older!

So find your right shade ... your lucky shade—in Lady Esther’s long-clinging face powder. Don’t try to choose your most becoming color by the appearance of the powder in the box. Powder shades are always deceiving, unless you try them before your own mirror, on your own skin. Only then can you find the one shade that will make you lovelier!

So send today for all 9 exquisite shades of my face powder, at my expense. See how they look on your own skin. Find out which shade is exactly the one for you.

Try every one—and find out which is the shade that becomes you, flatters you most. Then wear it confidently... certain that it will make your skin look gloriously lovely for four long hours!

9 shades free!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7162 West 66th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME ____________________________

ADDRESS ____________________________

CITY ____________________________ STATE ______

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Screenland 81
Advice to Misfits
Continued from page 31

I was a misfit at home because my mother died when I was eight years old and a motherless child, left on a man's hands, is usually on the spot. Until I was sixteen, I looked like a little drowned rat. I went around with my hair in an old Dutch bob, pants down below my gingham dress, awkward as a leggy call. I never knew what to talk about; I had a horror of boys. Even now, I'm in a room with three or four boys and can manage to say three words without swallowing my

the desire is strong enough, it can come true. No matter where you come from or how you look or what your circumstances, it can come true.

I wanted to be an actress. I haven't an idea where I got the idea. Obviously, out of the nowhere. I must have been born with it. Anyway, that's what I wanted to be and I had about as much chance, you would say, of achieving my desire as—well, I can't find the words for it. I didn't have any chance, let me say.

Do you know the first piece of advice I'd give to any girl who feels she's a misfit? And mind you, I'm only giving advice I gave myself, and that's: It's this: I'd advise her to read the biographies of famous women of all kinds. The life of Madame Curie, for instance. The story of Dorothy

Thompson. The life of Bernhardt. I'd advise her to read the life stories of successful movie actresses. I think you'd find, girls, as I found, that most of these women began by being misfits. Most of them had to make the ill-fitting garment of themselves and slowly, often painfully, cut it over to fit. When you read where some of these girls came from, from what conditions, when you see pictures of the way they looked when they were very young and then when you realize what they have achieved—well, do you wonder...

Then I'd advise girls to copy their type of girl on the screen. I mean if you have any resemblance to Joan Crawford, say, try to imitate Joan Crawford. Or if you resemble Margaret Sullivan, or Bette Davis, or Ginger Rogers, copy the girl you most resemble. Copy her walk, her way of talking, her style of hair-dress and her mannerisms. Copy her clothes to the best of your ability. Of course it isn't a good idea to become a carbon copy of anybody. The object is to be as individual as possible. But in the beginning, if you are unsure of yourself, just like a baby who needs to hold on to something while it's learning to walk and, later, takes off by itself, even the prop of imitation is better than no prop at all.

I do think it's a very good idea for girls to copy the way girls on the screen dress. After all, we girls in movies do have the advice of experts. We are dressed by the Orry Kellys, Adriano, Travis Banton; we should be the last word. I think it's a

Never let it be said that a screen star's life is an easy one. Here's Ann Sheridan trying to be a misfit and at the same time study her lines for a scene in the picture, "City for Conquest," in which she is co-starred with Jimmy Cagney.
smart idea to read the beauty hints given by the stars in the different magazines, too. We learn our beauty secrets from professional beauticians, the best there are. I think it's a good idea to read what the stars have to say about boy friends and dates. They have a lot of experience, most of them; they should know.

High school age is the most painful time, I think, if you are not one of those born belles who just naturally gravitates to the center of everything. I was such a misfit when I went to high school, in San Antonio, Texas! It was then I began reading the life stories of the stars, biographies, the new books. It was then I began going to the movies, taking note of what the stars wore and how they talked and walked and every little thing about them.

At first, I sort of stood back, was seen but not heard, watched other girls; and I noticed right off that two of the most popular girls in my class didn't have looks worth a bean. Yet they were in on everything, got invited to all the best parties, and, at dances, the boys cut in on them like mad. Wherever they were, they 'fit' all right. I finally figured out that it was because they were such friendly girls. They were just as easy and friendly with the boys as with the girls. They gave me my first, most valuable tip. It was this: to remember that a boy is often as self-conscious as a girl. A boy can be a misfit, too, you see. Honestly, if you do remember this, if you earnestly and wholeheartedly try to put a boy at his ease, you'll be at your ease, too. And there won't be any awkward silences or rough edges.

I learned another lesson in high school, too. And even though it may sound like a maxim out of a copy-book, it's the truth. There was one very rich girl in our class. Oil-rich. I'll call her Vera. Vera had a magnificent home, a swimming pool, tennis courts, cars, servants. She could entertain like a Maharani, and did. She was attractive looking, too. And no one paid any attention to her at all! She all but had to bribe the crowd to go to her house. She made us feel inferior, somehow. She was always posing and preening like a bad actress against a gaudy backdrop. And we all preferred being comfortable on Maggie Carter's old back porch than stiff and prickly in Vera's steam-heated swimming pool.

I think there's something comfortable and comforting about that, that's why I'm telling it. So many girls worry because they haven't swell houses to entertain in. Honest to Hannah, you don't have to worry about that. Call me Brenda Bromide if you like, but it IS what you are and not what you have that makes you popular or unpopular. That girl had everything and she was such a misfit, she was a mishap.

I do think you have to develop something individual about yourself when you are in high, something that will make you stand out, make you interesting. I began to develop a pattern when I was in my sophomore year. A very sophisticated pattern—a sort of New Yorkerish—Magazine line, a little sarcastic. It worked, too. It scared 'em. They began to say 'Ardis is a scream,' and that did it. They must have liked it, too, because I was voted the most popular girl in the senior class. Get yourself tagged as something—one girl was 'a wow' at basketball, another was "hot to trot" when she did swing, I was 'a scream.' It's like being a piece of a jig-saw puzzle, you have to have your own little pattern or color to be a part of the whole.

But—when I got to college and started to pull the same stuff, I was a misfit again. I found they didn't go for it at all. It was an adolescent smart-aleckness. In college, I had to shed it and shed it quick. Thing is, we may fit like a hand in a skin-smooth

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FREE! YOUR CHANCE FOR LOVABLE HANDS
glove in one environment and be as misfit as a bargain basement dress in another. It's a pretty constant process of shedding our skins and slipping into new ones, this process of trying to fit into our lives.

I do think it's necessary to be kind of gay with the boys in high school. By 'gay' I don't mean necking, oh, no necking, none at all. But I do mean a gay, come-on manner. I do mean you should promise a lot so as to get all the attention you can, so all the boys will want to dance with you. It's a matter of manner; not morals. It's being a "easier," I suppose, and I guess that's not very moral, either. But it's better for the morose to tease than to slump like a vine-bound wall-flower.

Lows of girls go through simply night-mares from self-consciousness. Well, there's only one way I know to beat that. And that's to force yourself to meet as many people as you can, as often as you can. Even though you know you are going to suffer, force yourself to it over and over. It used to be a nightmare to me to go into a room full of strangers. I'd make myself go into rooms full of people even when I didn't have to. I'd rehearse little things to say just as, later, I learned lines for a part. I'd go in and speak my piece. And after I did it often enough I began to have a little poise. At least I didn't suffer so much. It's wonderful how repetition will soothe the nerves.

I think calling attention to your own faults or defects is a keen way of helping yourself. For instance, one of the biggest stars in Hollywood has freckles, thickly, all over her face. Of course, she goes about bleaching themselves and wearing heavy make-up. Not this girl. She deliberately calls attention to them: she'll say such things as "Oh, don't you just love freckles, they look so healthy!" And now people actually envy her instead of pitting her.

I know another girl, also a big star, who was so awkward they couldn't do anything with her. She could not walk gracefully. She marched into love scenes like a grenadier. She's very tall, with long limbs and a really awkward body. So she's developed a swinging stride which is, now, one of her chief attractions.

I used to be so embarrassed about my hands. I never knew what to do with them. They always fluttered and jittered when I was trying to be most poised. So one day I said, "You know, I always juggle my hands like this, it's the Zaou Pits in me!" And that got a laugh, with me, not at me.

If you're too tall, get the habit of making cracks about Boodicea or the tall Diana—take it away from them, in other words. If you don't dance well, just say to the boy you're to dance with, "I dance like a toad, don't be alarmed to be moved down," or something like that. Then, if you don't follow his lead or step on his foot, there will be a mutual laugh, not a red and painful silence. When you go to a party where everybody is doing cute parlor tricks and you can't do any (as I can't) don't make an excuse to go to the powder room just as your turn is coming up. Just announce right at the beginning that someone dropped you on your head in infancy and if they want to put a dance cap on your head you can wear it with dash and that's all you can do.

You are a misfit, you see, when people laugh at you; never when they laugh with you. The thing is, if you can't top the people you are with, don't try. Take the opposite stand. Be a good listener. A good listener is never a misfit, anywhere. Just give what you have to offer, if it's only your ears.

I think it's a good idea never to be antu—anything—if you want to be a lone wolfess and can take it. Don't be too obviously shocked at anything. For instance, you don't drink but aren't crown that does, don't feel called upon to say, "I never take a drink." Just take one, fool with it, don't drink it and let it pass. Keep your own fundamental sense of your own integrity that have a working premise when you're with a crowd.

Be interested in other people. I don't know of a surer way not to be a misfit than that. Ask them about their jobs, how they are getting along, whether they like the new job better than the old job, and why. Go out of your way, way out of your way to be interested in the other party. It's positively miraculous how interested the other party will become in you.

When I went to New York to go on the stage, I was still so shy when I was alone with a boy, I was tongue-tied and helpless. It was sort of the instinct of protective coloration with me. I recommend it. There's something about being with two or three other couples that takes the edge off for you; you fall into step with the other girls, you don't have to bear the burden of conversation, there are a lot of laughs and under cover, as it were, you begin to find yourself.

When I came back, I slammed right back again, into all my inhibitions and awkwardnesses. I thought everyone out here was so perfect, that perfection nearly drove me mad. Then I started slugging of stockings, even their elbows, not rough like mine but all creamy and smooth! They were all so sure of themselves, I couldn't do anything. I used to keep slipping every minute of the day and night. Then I saw some of the girls going around in old slacks, their hair, well, just hair. I saw one girl really nice and just whispering to her by her friend, even as you and me. I saw another girl have hysterics just before she went into a scene. I realized that I'd be better just with girls who believe when you read Advice to Misfits by me—I got over the idea that I stood alone in thinking the things I thought. I got over the idea that I was the only one who ever felt herself stupid, different, out of things, imperfect, a misfit. I got over it and so must you, all of you.

It's important that you get over that feeling, that you keep at yourselves until you are over it, that you know you are not alone in it. It's important, too, because it's doing a great deal for your self-confidence and for other minor discomforts and embarrassments, it can be responsible for more serious things. It may lead you into trying to escape the wrong way.

"Being the misfit I was is largely responsible for the misfitting of my marriage. I was so ill at ease with younger boys that, when Mr. Cames came along, twelve years my senior, my teacher at Madame Ouspenksaya's School, too, he sort of bridged the gap. But I never felt off with him. I'm not sure how I met him. I'm afraid I didn't know all the cases I met. I must have had the case I felt with him for love. Later, as I matured and found independence, I also found that I could admire a wholesome better and to know that I had a very difficult, very painful 'altering' to make, I made it."

"I still have lots of alterations to make. I'm still shy, too shy to be sensible. I've never been to a Hollywood party, still afraid I won't fit. I still felt tongue-tied and dizzy when I had to make love scenes and I wanted to do that Group of Girls. But it really was too silly about that. First I'd ask to have visitors on the set when Errol and I were making love, thinking that I'd feel less self-conscious, more as if it was just 'acting' if we had an audience. Then, I'd nearly die when we were watched and I asked to have visitors barred from the set so that we could make and so I could, and so can you, wherever you are, whatever you are.
"A youthful spirit is fine if it's mellowed with good judgment," says Irene Rich. Above, in her role of Sadie in "Queen of the Yukon."

Why Actresses Don't Fear Middle Age!

Continued from page 65

of humor. It's the kind that always permits me to see the funny side and always makes me look ahead to better things. And take it from me, there's nothing like a sense of humor to keep a woman young. I know, it's been my salvation.

"But really, I don't see why women are frightened of the years that lie ahead of them. And yet they are, and they usually all make the fatal mistake of trying to stay young. It's dynamite when any woman begins to act younger than she is, for she only advertises her age then. I firmly believe in mellowed maturity and in accepting each added year with grace and understanding of all it involves.

"In line with this, I must confess that I dislike beauty parlors. I've always believed that the less a woman does to her face the better her skin is and the more youthful she appears. I go to a beauty parlor about once every six months. The rest of the year I look after myself and get along all right. Instead of manufactured beauty to keep young, I prefer exercising. I like to play golf and I like to ride horses. In fact, I like any kind of outdoor exercise. I also go to a massage and to a regular body conditioner, for they keep me in shape when I'm working and can't exercise as much as I'd like to."

In other respects, too, Mary keeps herself young. There are her children and the stimulus they provide. "Children can do so much to keep a woman young. At least, I find it so. They are a constant challenge to me. I have to be young to understand my daughter Marilyn's problems, for example. She has a terrific mentality, and I do admit that she keeps me on the go continually. However, I never baby her. I insist upon her developing her own sense of responsibility, and I don't tolerate whining or self-pity. As a result, she feels perfectly free to come to me with any problem, and we talk about it easily and intelligently. Then there's my new baby, What run he gives
me! You know, I'd love to have two more children.

Mary's marriage to Manuel del Campo has proved a happy one. He's a gay and suave young man, full of ambition and spirit. Since Mary is so youthful in everything, and since she has a good time, their marriage has proved ideal for both of them. They are like a couple of kids when they go out together.

"I'm so proud of Mike," Mary confided to me. (Mike is her own nickname for her husband). "He is one of the most ambitious men I have ever known. Of course, he's working as a cutter at M-G-M now, and he's determined to learn all about the motion picture business. He works very long hours, so to keep from missing him, I see him and wait up for him. We always hash over everything that has happened during the day to both of us when he comes home. Mike's kept my life young and exciting in so many ways. He has given me, above all, a renewed ambition and vital interests."

Mary explains people to continue to say, "Mary Astor only thirty-four! ridiculous! I saw her on the screen when I was twelve." But as she says, "When I'm forty, that won't mean anything."

Life has been grand to me, and I welcome each new year. In fact, the older I get, the younger I feel and the more things I appreciate and have to be thankful for. Middle age, old age—it makes no difference. As long as I feel young, I'll be young. Besides, middle age can offer more ground and excitement, as much more realization of all that life implies than youth ever can." Mary was variable—another actress who openly boasts of the fact that age has no terrors for her. And I found Fay Bainter smoothing over the sand on her beach, and eventually the description changed to, "This is my job," she said with pride but with a gleam in her eye. "My so's patio garden. Don't you think I'm accomplished?"

Surely I have no business in your line. If you are going to talk about 'Glamor After Forty,' are you? I hate that subject. Surely I'm only forty. But, oh! what fun it is being forty!"

After I had assured her that glamor wasn't my purpose, she really began to go strong. "I have so much fun living that I never think of age. Inside, I'm as young as my son. In fact, I'm always tempted to buy a gift for him, and then hold it for myself and say, 'Hold on, Bainter, you're a bit too old for that sort of thing.' But I do love gifting. You can feel so foolish in it. Age, they say, is a silly. Instead, I'm sorry for youth. Being forty is a great thrill, and that's no bromide either. Anyway, I'm too busy to stop to think about being over forty. My son keeps me young for one thing. He's always a jump ahead of me. The one time of the day that I enjoy most of all is in the morning, after I get up, when he comes and talks to me while I have my massage. The problems he discusses with me never fail to invigorate me."

"One morning, he was telling me about a boy who had everything he could want—money, advantages, and a future. But that boy was bored. I asked my son what made him bored. 'You'll think it silly when I tell you, mother,' he answered, 'but he's bored with nothing!'

"That surprised me a little and started me thinking. I turned to him and said, 'Father and I bore you?' He took hold of my arm and said, 'Mother, he replied, 'That's silly. How could I be bored with you when you're so much fun and when you amuse me so much?' Was I flattened!"

Fay's son is an integral part of her life. Yet she's not the possessive mother. She realizes that he doesn't want to be around adults all the time, so recently she and her husband left the house to their son while he enjoyed playing host at his first formal dinner party. This is all part of her philosophy, a philosophy that insists she keep young so she won't let him down.

He's also a big help to her when she's worried about a scene in a picture. She'll fuss and fume about it, and he'll start to talk to her, telling her that she can play it right. Soon, Fay will get over the hurdle. Her son will see that the crisis has passed, and then he'll turn to his father and say, "It's all right, Dad, mother's out of the island."

Like Mary Astor, Fay is also lucky to have a husband who enjoys life, a man who is constantly finding something new to be interested in. His husband, Reg, insists on something new to do, of some new way to make our life fuller. It's this constant activity that keeps me alert and active.

"Naturally, my work keeps me young. At times, I've thought I'd like to quit and just be a lady of leisure. But I know—and so do my husband and son—that after a while I'd get dreadfully bored. I'm the type that has to be doing something all the time. There's nothing like hard work to keep a woman young, for it makes her forget minor things that might otherwise snow her under and assume too much importance. Every woman needs some interest to make her forget herself."

"Any woman, no matter what her circumstances are, can keep young if she allows herself varied interests, if she works hard at those interests, and if she is enthusiastic about life itself. If she is bored and listless with life, she's missing somewhere and allowing herself to become old in spirit—which is just about the end.

"I'm not the one to give advice, but since you asked for it, here goes. Life is what you make it. It can be a humdrum affair or it can be a series of new challenges. That doesn't mean that a woman should try to date her daughter's boy friends or try to be the center of attraction in a younger crowd. That's going a bit too far. But she can remember that each new year added on to her life is another crack at something new and invigorating, another chance to make middle age as grand as it really is."

"I wouldn't trade my forty-odd years for anybody's twenties. I feel twice as young now as I did when I was twenty, for now I understand what life can mean to anyone who has the enthusiasm and the alertness to accept its constant newness. Youth, I've found, is too busy groping to know what life really can mean. Middle age gives you that respite, that kaleidoscopic view of all that you've missed and can still take advantage of."

When I went to see Kay Francis over at RKO where she is making "Little Men," I never expected to see her knee-deep in donkeys and playing stooge to Elsie, the crow with "moon吟. Kay greeted me and laughingly remarked, "With all this competition, I’ll have to stand on my head to get any attention."

I was convinced then and there that Kay wasn't aging a bit.

"Yes, I have my philosophy for keeping young," Kay said, "and it all spells animation. That's the key-note. If a woman can find enough interest in those around her and in life to keep her alive, if she can keep a sparkle in her eyes and a lift in her walk, then she's really found the secret of youth..."

"I've always found it stimulating to be with people who are younger than I am. At times, I find their antics, their thoughts, and their deeds hard to take and understand. Then, I try to realize why they act that way, to be tolerant of their views. When we can see eye to eye with the younger generation, and by the younger generation I also include those who are one year or more younger than we are, without losing the things experience has taught us, we're doing all right."

Kay has often seen her life apparently ready to close up on her, to thrust her into a rut. But always, through sheer ambition, she has come through with flying colors and started all over again. Her thoughts, as well as her actions, are constantly alive. "I've always known it to be true that no
woman can expect to understand the interests of those around her, unless she has a real interest in something herself. That’s why I have several hobbies, and why I feel that hobbies should be a part of every woman’s life. And, above all, I firmly believe that no woman should ever be afraid to change, from the way she does her hair to the way she thinks. I know I’ve changed my ideas and actions many times in my work alone, and I’ve never been sorry. For instance, I’d never have thought I’d be in a western, and yet I did ‘When the Daltons Rode’ just for the fun of it. And ‘Little Men’ isn’t exactly my alley, but it’s giving me a lot of new experiences. You bet your life, I’m going to stay young! Why shouldn’t I?

My next call was at Monogram Studio where another perennially young lady of the screen was holding forth as Sadie, the dance hall gal in ‘Queen of the Yukon.’ Introducing Irene Rich—the star who has actually commercialized her age.

There is certainly no busier woman than Irene Rich. She is constantly on the go. In fact, she’s had exactly one week off in seven years. Here’s her program of a few months ago, one that is typical of her continuous activity. She had practically collapsed after a picture she made at Columbia, ‘The Lady in Question,’ for she hadn’t had a real rest in a long, long time. She called her doctor one night, and he insisted that she forget about work for at least a month.

“I assured him I would rest,” Irene said to me. “But the next night I had to go on the Red Cross benefit broadcast. Suddenly, in the midst of my talk, I thought of offering to go to any state in person to get a contribution of $5000. When the offer came from Florida, I left immediately. In ten days I traveled to Nashville, Miami, New York, and Connecticut. I got home on Friday night, did a broadcast with Don Ameche that same evening, and on the following Monday, I started work in ‘Queen of the Yukon,’ still haven’t had the rest, and I feel wonderful.”

It’s a peculiar thing about my work. Often, I have felt dreadfully ill and have been worried about problems, but once I set foot on a sound stage or get ready for a broadcast, I forget all about my troubles. I escape from realism. If I worried about my age, I never could do all I do. But I never think about it. It’s so unimportant to me that I’ve built a new career by advertising how little concern it gives me.”

Irene exactly fits the description of Sadie, as written in the screen play. Sadie is a gal with ‘mellowed allure’ and the way Irene’s eyes sparkled, the way she smiled—so freely, so carelessly—certainly gave her a “mellowed allure.” I never before realized it so much, but Irene Rich honestly defies age.

“Right now, I’m very interested in oil painting,” she continued. “A friend of mine whom I was visiting one night was painting, and when I became intrigued by her work, she said, ‘Here, take this stuff and go to work.’ I started to paint—anything and everything, I became so enthusiastic that when I looked at the clock, it was four o’clock in the morning.

“Now, I begrudge every moment away from my painting. And I’m so grateful that I have this new interest, It’s filled many a vacant spot. My mother has passed away and my daughters are on their own, so I’d be left high and dry and might even begin to feel sorry for myself. As it is, I’m too engrossed in my work.

“Besides, my age has given me a chance to do other things I always wanted to do. When I had children to look after, I was too busy to read or take up new interests. I used to look at my books and say to myself, ‘Some day, I’ll get sick and then I’ll have a chance to read all that I want to.’

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But I never got sick and I didn't have the time. Now I have. My life has entered a new phase, full of opportunities and of the final satisfaction of all I passed up when I was young. And I'm having more fun than I thought possible. "My career, for instance, is finally entering a new stage. For years, I wanted to escape the namby-pamby roles. Now, I've had a chance to do real characters, such as the wife in The Mortal Storm, the crab role in my picture at Columbia, and now Sadie in 'Queen of the Yukon.' So in my career, too, I'm realizing a real ambition."

Irene had told me some time ago about the influence her daughters had on her. She often said that her viewpoints were much younger than theirs, that they thought in more direct lines. Bygade she thought in tangents, another example of her constant interest. And to Irene, her daughters had more wisdom than she, and, therefore, she asked their advice. A peculiar situation that—a mother with ideas younger than her daughter's—a woman to whom age was a reawakening!

No woman can advise other fears on why age should present no fears quite as well as Irene Rich. Here's her advice: "Take age gracefully and relax with each new year. It doesn't do any good to have your face lifted, for example, for you're only fooling yourself. All the make-up won't make any difference either. Simply be yourself and be true to yourself under any conditions. And when your spirit encourages you to do something that sings sense says, 'No' to, that's not a bad idea if it is mellowed with a good judgment. Everyone has seen the "Jones Family" films and knows Mrs. Jones. And everyone adored the modern and understanding wife in "My Love Came Back." In short, everyone knows Spring. Bygade she thought in tangents, another example of her constant interest.

"You know," Spring began gaily, "I've learned that when you get to be forty it's not so different from being twenty. Of course, your ideas may be different, but the process is really pretty much the same. Looking at myself, I've found that I can be young again in middle age by maintaining vitality and dismissing fear. The secret of youth is flexibility, to be fluid, the ability to adapt yourself to changes. Flexibility is also the keynote of youth in middle age. When I was twenty, I used to think everyone knew his way around but me. Now I know that no one really knows his way around. When I was twenty, my opinions were held lightly, but now I have earned the right to my opinions. Above all, I've discovered that failure and success are no more final at forty than they are at twenty. Failure is really the fertilizer of success. As I see it, then, it's the quality of youth to expand. It's also the quality of middle age never to stop expanding.

"Many assume that at forty progress stops. It doesn't unless you allow yourself to get in a rut. As for myself, I'm still progressing because I'm still not sure of myself. I've no more idea where I'm going now than I did at twenty. I just say to myself, 'I hate going nothing,' and dive in! And as far as security is concerned, since it's directly associated with progress, I'm not any more secure today than I was at twenty, for I'm constantly meeting and facing new things in my career and in my life that deny security without exactly knowing what to do about them."

No one doubts that Spring is active. She has more interests than almost anyone that I know. "I've just become a landscape designer and an architect—voluntarily, of course," Spring said to me happily, "I was looking for a house for my daughter and her husband to live in, but instead, I bought five acres with walnut trees for myself. There's even a brook running across the place. It's heaven to me. But since I have to find a spot for the house, I've had to come up with a plan."

"Also intend to take up mathematics because I wasn't very good at it in school and it's bothered me ever since. I get simply furious when people talk about the Einstein theory and I can't even understand simple equations. Another ambition of mine is to take up water colors. So you can see I'm keeping busy—and being busy mentally and physically is a sure antidote for age.

"As for my work, I love it. It's like a sport to me, and there's no distinction between work and sport. They both come under the head of activity. The funny thing is that I'm just realizing that I still have a lot to learn about my job—thank heavens!"

"I want to learn new things. I can never feel satisfied, for I hope I never get to the point where I'll know all. Things would be very dull."

"My formula for keeping young? Simply, be vital within yourself, welcome jobs that you may or may not do, work like a Trojan, never get over-fatigued but always keep a reserve of energy, and don't permit yourself to acknowledge either defeat or fear. Youth is within you. Keep it!"
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Wool Hood Wrap from Korman Wraps
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Cleveland—Halle Bros.
Columbus—The F. & R. Lazarus Co.
Detroit—J. L. Hudson Co.
New York—John Wanamaker
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White Bunny Cape from Korman Wraps
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Wishing Box Lapel Ornament by Lisanda

Baltimore—Hutzler Bros.
Chicago—Mandel Bros.
Hollywood—Broadway-Hollywood
St. Louis—Famous-Barr & Co.

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Chicago—Russeks
Los Angeles—Bullocks-Wilshire
New York—Russeks

African Kidskin Swagger from Saul Salzberg
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Los Angeles—J. W. Robinson Co.
Macon—Burden Smith & Co.
Manchester—Parisian’s, Inc.
Middletown—L. Stern Co.
Newbury—John Schoonmaker & Son
Niagara Falls—Betty Shop
Norfolk—David A. Rault, Inc.
Oklahoma City—D. E. Peyton Co.
Omaha—Goldstein Chapman Co.
Orange, N. J.—M. J. McDonald & Co.
Petersburg—Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
Philadelphia—Gimbel Brothers
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh—Frank E. Soder
Plattsburg—David Merkel
Portland—Charles F. Berg
Rolleigh—Taylor Furnishing Co.
Rochester—B. Forman & Sons
Rochester—E. W. Edwards & Sons
Rutland—Claude Pitcher Co.
Scranton—H. S. Barney Co.
Seattle—Rhodes Dept. Store
Stamford—H. Frankel & Sons
Stamford—Monteall & Martin
Tampa—O. Falk’s Dept. Store
Teledo—Meyer Jonasson’s
Utica—Frank T. Howard Co.
Washington, D. C.—Kaplowitz Bros., Inc.
Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.
Yokoh—W. E. Draper, Inc.

ANNE DEWEY, LOVELY SWEET BRAMR COLLEGE JUNIOR, SAYS:
For that modern natural look

USE THIS FACE POWDER YOU CHOOSE
BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Naturalness! Freshness! The appealing charm of gay, young "collegi-
"enous"! That's the way the men of
of, today want you to look—and you can,
you'll use the thrilling Marvelous
Face Powder, keyed by Richard
 Hudnut to the color of your eyes.
For you choose Marvelous by the
color of your eyes! Eye color, as you
know, is definitely related to the
color of your skin, your hair. It’s the
simplest guide to the powder that gives
you that natural appealing look...
So—whether your eyes are blue,
gray, brown or hazel—it’s easy to
find the shade that’s right for you in
Marvelous, the powder you choose
by the color of your eyes!
You’ll love the way Marvelous
smooths on... the way it clings for
hours... agrees with the most sensi-
tive skin! Try it today! For com-
plete color harmony, use matching
Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick
at drug and department stores—only 55c each. (5c in Canada.)

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 643 Firth Ave., New York City
Please send me a tryout Makeup Kit containing generous
metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick.
I enclose $2.00 to help cover mailing costs.
Check the color of your eyes! Brown [ ] Blue [ ] Hazen [ ] Gray [ ]
Name_____________________________________________________
Street_____________________________________________________
City_______________________________________________________

(Use only in U.S.A. and Canada, except where locally prohibited.)
SU-1160

SCREENLAND 89
everyone else looking like the Dragon's Daughter who had just dipped into a chicken's entrails. Her hair too was as natural as sun and rain. She wore it in a very un-chic manner, in fact people referred to it as Hepburn's "trip." Her freckles didn't seem to disarray her in the least—she made no effort to conceal them, not even with a speck of powder. She looked as if she used soap and water as her face, often. She looked natural, and wholesome. And very un-glamorous.

With all the Glamor Girls driving up to the studio in long slinky limousines with liveried chauffeurs (you should have seen Miss Constance Bennett's car) K. Hepburn chose to drive herself to work every morning in a station wagon. Her Hattie Carnegie fashions were sadly lacking—she was never seen in anything except slacks and pants, and probably rumpled ones at that. Hollywood let out a well-bred gasp. In fact, they still tell over at the studio about the time Hepburn finished a picture and decided to give the crew a party afterwards. "Wait until I dress," she is said to have called them. A few minutes later she returned—the only difference was that her pants were pressed!

She didn't wrap herself in ermine and go to premieres. She didn't go to the Countess di Frasso's parties—or any parties, for that matter. She didn't go with one "wold" after another. Her "private life" she kept to herself. After she was mistreated horribly by some writers, who never should have been writers in the first place, she sank deeper into her shell, and refused to see the press. Some rather putrid pictures were tossed at her and she complained bitterly, just as any other star would have done, but immediately they called her temperamental. What the press didn't call her, that Hattie Carnegie did.

Hollywood has come a long way since 1932. The Big Shots back East who shell out the dough said, "Fun's fun. But play-time is over. Let's go down to work!" Budgets and salaries were slashed and extravagances came to an abrupt end. Hollywood began to grow up. Hollywood began to think, and thinking is always disastrous to anything that's phony. The Glamor Girl with her affectations and artificiality began to look awfully silly. Then in 1939 came the War in Europe. Overnight Hollywood became adult.

It took eight years for Hollywood to catch up with Katharine Hepburn. Her station wagon today doesn't cause the slightest ripple. Practically everybody in Hollywood has a station wagon. It's nothing unusual to see Bette Davis, the Errol Flynn, the Dick Powells, the Gary Cooper's arrive at a night club or a premiere in a station wagon. (And when I think what a beating Hepburn took because she merely drove to a studio in a station wagon!) Today you will find the top-notch movie stars Claudette Colbert, Hedy Lamarr, Joan Crawford, Irene Dunne, Ginger Rogers, Roz Russell, Bette Davis, nearly all of the stars—appearing in slacks, or pants, in public places. Not at premieres, of course, but on shopping trips, sports events, etc., you will see plenty of faces sans make-up, and plenty of hair flying in the breeze.

And, too, Hollywood now thinks it's perfectly all right for a star to stay at home nights if she wants to, and not haunt herself around at parties and night clubs. It doesn't make her "peculiar" now. It's all right too for a star to be frank and honest now. She isn't considered "rude." (And when I think what a beating Hepburn took because she came out with honest answers.)

So I say again, that it's Hollywood that's changed, and not Katharine Hepburn. And now that they have landed on the same plane at last they ought to be very, very happy. And from all I can gather they are.

I had the pleasure of visiting Hepburn on the set of "The Philadelphia Story" one afternoon recently—except it wasn't the set, it was the back lot. It was the scene where Hepburn, John Howard, Virginia Weidler, and Roland Young start out for a jolly canter, and I guess Metro didn't want four horses cluttering up one of their nice air-conditioned stages. Hepburn was riding "White Rose," one of Liz Whitney's horses, and also wearing her riding habit. "Mr. Barry told me that he had Liz Whitney in mind when he wrote "The Philadelphia Story,"" Hepburn told me later. "The girl I play was sort of written around Liz. So you see there is more of her in the picture than just her horse and clothes."

When I first came on the set, or the back lot, I found George Cukor, the director of the picture, stretched out in a studio chair reading one of those very sexy pictorial magazines—or maybe he wasn't reading. I flopped in the chair beside him, and Hepburn, who had been doing still pictures, went over to the studio to the picture, and lay down to rest. She was exactly the right kind of friendly handshake.

"Kate," said Cukor, "I want you to warn you. This is the magazine Liza writes for. Be careful what you say."

"That's fine," said Hepburn, "I've a lot of bathing suit art I can give her to illustrate with."

She threw her leg over the side of the chair, lit a cigarette, and explained to me the inner workings of a movie camera she had with her. It seems she is a fiend for taking moving pictures. Her entire family is. "When my sister married not long ago," she said, "we showed pictures of her taken when she was a child, at the weddings, even. The early color pictures I took are fading. But color is much better now and will last forever." She proceeded to take a few shots of everyone around, including myself (I'm sure she will never be shown at anyone's wedding.)
"Save Me From Myself!"

Continued from page 51

“IN DEFENSE of Glamour

Patriot Red

Jimmy Stewart and Katharine Hepburn in a scene from "The Philadelphia Story."

"We might as well get it over with," I said when she relaxed in her chair again.

"Katharine, have you changed, since you were here two years ago?"

I thought she might be annoyed, but she wasn’t. She let out with the most natural laugh I have heard since Bette Davis left town for her vacation... what that meant to me.

"I don’t feel any change in me," she said, "I haven’t changed so far. I don’t think I ever will change. I wish I could get over being self-conscious, but I can’t. I wish I wasn’t such a secretive type, but I am, and I can’t help it."

"Well, thank goodness," I said, with a sigh of relief. "If you had admitted any change I would have had to write my whole story over. Now I can blame it on Hollywood."

"Don’t blame too much on Hollywood," she said, not having the slightest idea what I was talking about. "Despite all rumors to the contrary I happen to like Hollywood very much. I never go anywhere out here, but then I never go anywhere in any other matter where I am. I wish I could stay in Hollywood longer but as soon as the picture is finished I have to take ‘The Philadelphia Story’ on tour. I am very grateful to ‘The Philadelphia Story’. It gave me a lift when I needed it most."

"Yes, it’s the same Hepburn. Very honest and very natural, and considerably shy, though she tries awfully hard not to show it. I could tell that the crew adores her. In fact people she has worked with on sets since 1922 have always adored her. And I always say show me a star who is liked by her cast and crew and I will show you a good egg."

"We were just getting around to future plans when Cukor called to his star to go back on the horse again. "Come, come, plucky," he said, "don’t go hog-wild for publicity now, simply because you are going to get your name in print," George is her favorite director, and she is his favorite star—and the things they say to each other, well, there’s nothing but they both have a grand sense of humor."

"When I commented on her humor Hepburn said, "Mother has the humor for the family. She’s wonderful. I once attended a lecture she gave in New York on birth control and she kept the audience in stitches. And without any off-color cracks."

A new Katharine Hepburn, my eye!

to decide how a scene could have been handled more efficiently, we worked that footage over inch by inch for so many years that I’m sick to death of the sight of myself, and I have been for a long time. When it got to the point that I couldn’t pass a theater without wincing, I talked it over with Florence, who’s just about the most understanding wife a man could have, and we decided it was time for us to go back to New York and do a play. Wonderful thing about the legitimate stage: you don’t have to sit through your own performances. You don’t have to endure it pre-masticated and pre-digested a couple of months later."

"So what happened?" I prompted.

"Ever hear of a play called ‘Ye Obedient Husband’? Well, that’s what happened to us. But we bailed out, and pulled the rip-cord of a parachute called ‘The American Way’—which saved us. In ‘The American Way’ I wore collars as high as a guardman’s hat, and a coat that buttoned up under the chin—that made me look a little off-trail."

"What’s really behind all this off-trail, change, different business we pursued.

"Boredom, I suppose. Since I get so eternally, everlasting sick of the sameness of myself, I get scared sometimes for fear the people who see my pictures will begin to feel that way about it, too. You see, I want to give an audience a good bargain; I want to give them a new character in each picture, not just thirty or forty carbon copies of that guy McCullough."

"Lighting a cigarette, he squinted through the smoke to continue, “I made up my mind a long time ago that in my bright lexicon there wasn’t going to be any such word as ‘type,’ D’ya know that, consciously or sub-consciously, I study every person I meet? First, I try to catalogue the person as to general characteristics, then I study his mannerisms, analyze them, and memorize them. When I’m handed a new script, I sit down and study this chap. I have to pour into mortal mold; back in memory all sorts of things will begin to stir. I’ll remember some man I’ve seen have a cigarette, or shrugged just as he was going out a door, or laughed from the corner of his mouth. All that helps me to be somebody on the screen that I’m actually not. See what I mean?"

"We thought it over, remembering anecdotes we had heard about what the colorful Mr. March actually was. They tell a story in Hollywood about Fredric having an appointment with a business executive in downtown Los Angeles: so few motion picture people have the occasion to go into the business district that the advent of a celebrity is more attention-compelling than a buzzard in July (advt.). When Fredric entered the reception room, the receptionist all but swooned before she could ask him to be seated.

"I’m sorry," he gasped, "but Mr. Glutz is in conference. He’ll be free in about ten minutes. Do you mind waiting?"

"Not at all," answered the man whose patience is inexhaustible. "I’ll just read a magazine."

Surreptitiously, the switchboard girl summoned every feminine employee in the company, who found a reason to triggle through the reception room, cast an enthralled glance at the man who was reading a magazine, and tred air on the way out.

When Mr. March had finished the ar-
Always carry RUN-R-STOP in your purse. Comes in smart colored vanity. Just one drop of this amazing clear liquid stops runs and snags instantly, permanently — even in the new "nylon" stockings. It’s the only product of its kind — a stocking life-saver. And it leaves no black marks after washing. Get it today at any drug, dept., shoer 10c store — or send coin or stamps to

RUN-R-STOP
49 E. 21st St., N.Y.
Dept.S

Guaranteed as advertised by Good Housekeeping

10c Complete, tube in vanity

BRUSH GRAY HAIR
and look 10 Years Younger

Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint delicate streaks of gray to natural-growing shades — from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownstone and a small brush does it — or your money back. Used for 25 years by thousands of women (men, too) — Brownstone is guaranteed harmless. No time or need for costly coloring agent as pure vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting — does not wash or brush or comb out. Give application imports desired color. Simply replace as new gray appears. Easy to use — gives fast lock of your hair, face or toilet counter on a money-back guarantee. Return your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many suffers 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 units a day. When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pain, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, painness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness, frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

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

Now that Fredric March has purchased a house in the Brentwood section, it means that he’s finally selected the West Coast for his home. For a number of years, he and his wife have been dividing their residence between Hollywood and New York.
DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

Let the famous medicated cream that's aided thousands help clear up your complexion

- Don't let a poor complexion cheat you of a lot of life's fun! Don't go around "covering up" a skin that's thoroughly marked or marred by externally caused blemishes! You may be making those very flaws you wish to hide worse!
- Do as millions of beauty-wise modern women are doing today—let Noxzema, the dainty, snow-white Medicated Skin Cream help restore your natural skin beauty.

Works 24 Hours a Day!

Here's a beauty aid that can work 24 hours of every day to help improve your complexion... It's not only an effective Night Cream—it's a grand Powder Base, too... All during those 24 hours Noxzema is working for your skin—helping reduce enlarged pores with its mildly astringent action...softening skin...soothing irritated skin surface and helping heal up externally caused skin blemishes.

Nurses first discovered how Noxzema helped soften and whiten red, rough hands. Now thousands of women rely on this remarkable cream not only to help their hands but, more important, their complexions to greater beauty. For a limited time you can get the large 75¢ Boudoir Jar of Noz- zema for only 49¢. Get a jar today at your nearest drug or dept. store.

SPECIAL
75¢ Jar only
49¢

HAS HEPBURN CHANGED?

Fire and brimstone...thunder and lightning...and Katharine Hepburn. They all meant excitement and fury in Hollywood a few years ago.

Hepburn had her conventions. She said and did as she pleased, no matter what the consequences. Her temper flared high and often. "Burn" was the sharply accented part of her name.

Has Hepburn changed? Has time mellowed her temperament? How does she behave today?

In an amazingly frank, brilliantly written feature Silver Screen tells what has happened to Hepburn. You'll be thrilled when you read the truth in November's SILVER SCREEN.

Look for "HAS HEPBURN CHANGED?"
In the NEW November SILVER SCREEN

10¢
Now on Sale at your Newsstand

DO WE HAVE TO DIE?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of the Worlds" reveals the story of a remarkable system that often leads to almost a rare condition of thought power of mind, achievement of brilliant business and professional success and new happiness. Many report improvement in health. Others tell of increased bodily strength, magnetic personality, courage and poise.

The man, a well-known explorer and geog- rapher, revealed how he found these strange methods in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. He discloses how the ancient wisdom and long hidden practices, closely guarded for thousands of years by the sages who enabled many to live a longer life were taught by a monk. He maintains that these immense powers are latent in all of us, and that methods for using them are now simplified so that they can be used by almost any person with ordinary intel- ligence.

He maintains that man, instead of being limited by a one-man-power-mind, has within him the mind-power of a thousand thousand as well as the energy-power of the universe which can be used in his daily af- fairs. He states that this sleeping giant of mind-power, when awakened, can make man capable of surprising accomplishments, from the prolonging of youth to success in many fields. To that eternal query, "Do we have to die?" his answer is astounding.

The author states the time has come for this long hidden system to be disclosed to the Western world, and offers to send a free 600-word treatise—received many startling results to sincere readers of this publication, free of cost or obligation. For your free copy, address the Institute of Mentalphysics, 219 South Hobart Blvd., Los Angeles, California. Readers are urged to write promptly, as only a limited number of the free tracts have been printed.

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In Defense of Hollywood Men

Continued from page 25

that; and I have yet to find quote a heck of a ham, a cad, a coward, and a conceited fool unquote. I have found them to be, of all strange things, gentlemen. And I'm not a dead one there. Watching and subduing them, whenever the temperament they are accused of having—well, I have known them at their worst, at the end of a long tiresome day, under hot lights, under conditions when anything wrong or on dreary locations, with flies, ants, sand in the coffee, and a mere 110° in the shade. And if that doesn't bring out the temperament they are accused of having, then I'm upstaged by a leading man I don't know it, and I'm just the type who would know it.

What a lot of people don't seem to realize is that the day of the "actor" as we used to call him, is over. The great, big glamorous sense of the word, is over. John Barrymore is the last of the Great Ones, and so compressed with all it is he defines, I think, as "The Great Profile." No longer does the Hollywood movie male ride around in fantastic dress, and act like a king's_WIDGETS.

The actor of today is a business man. Quiet, conservative, and hard-working. He is just like thousands of other working men in America. No better, but certainly no worse. The studio is his office, and he works in longer hours than the average man. He is better off than the average man, of course, but remember, his job doesn't last nearly so long.

When the insurance agent sells a fifty thousand dollar policy, he wants a sample of his customer's size so that he can determine whether or not the insured man is worth $50,000. The insurance agent doesn't want the agent of the studio to get $50,000. He wants the studio to get $50,000. And the studio gets $50,000, because it is the average working man who pays for the insurance. It is the average working man who is the insurance company's customer, and not the studio. The average working man who pays for the insurance.

When an advertising man puts over a deal and tells you how much better he is than his competitors you say, "Isn't he conceited?" Well, I think the insurance policy is better than the average working man, and I think the average working man is conceited. It hardly seems fair, does it? The great, big glamorous sense of the word, is over. And the insurance agent is called a "ham," and the insurance agent is called a "huckster.

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If you think for one instance that Clark and Spencer aren’t he-men just wish you could have seen them do that fight scene in “Boom Town.” On the screen it only used a few minutes, but it went on for 30 on the set, and the boys didn’t pull their punches. You can’t call them softies, I’m sure.

In the Athena sinking sequence in “Arise, My Love” the director suggested that Ray Milland use a double. He couldn’t have stretched himself out in the sun, with a cigarette and an adventure wagon, and I defy anyone to grab the wheel away from him. Spencer drives a very businesslike coupe, and Ray a roadster, far from fast.

If you like the Hollywood leading men, you are probably mistaking. They don’t like to get all done up in white tie or black tie, any more than the average male. And like the average male they do it only to please the little woman.” In the New York sequence of “Boom Town” Clark was told to wear his tails for a scene the following day. (Men always furnish their own wardrobe in pictures, women don’t.) The next morning he appeared on the set smelling to high heaven of moth balls. “Carole looked all night for these clothes,” he said sheepishly. “How, don’t they smell? She finally found them tucked away in a trunk we’d stored in the basement.” Well, that gives you a rough idea of how often Mr. Gable gets “dressed up.”

Ray Milland, Ray’s very attractive wife, once told me that it was easier to move the Rock of Gibraltar than it was to get Ray into dinner clothes. Every time anyone calls up to invite him to dinner May says very hopefully, “We don’t dress, do we?” If the answer comes back, “Please dress,” poor Mal just sighs knowing full well that the chances are only one in a thousand that Ray will take her to that party.

I have heard about actors who comb their hair carefully every opportunity they have, but it has never been my bad luck to meet one. They call Ray “Golden Boy” at the studio because his hair is always disheveled. And as for Clark and Spencer, I don’t think they own a pocket-comb. Hollywood men have often been criticized because they “go with” and usually marry actresses. They are accused of seeking publicity in this manner. It makes much better reading in the columns if the lady covered with Orchids they escorted to a premiere is Marlene Dietrich, and not just little Susie Glutz. Now, of course, some of the movie males do plan their publicity very carefully, but most of them do not. All men want a woman that other men want. It’s as natural as day and night. Hollywood men are no different. With all the world wanting a Carole Lombard, a Barbara Stanwyck, an Annabella, an Olivia de Havilland, and an Ann Sheridan, it’s no wonder indeed that the Hollywood men want them too. And why not? Susie Glutz might be awfully pretty, awfully sweet, and awfully rich—but she couldn’t possibly be as attractive as a Lombard. The men of Hollywood find the most beautiful and charming women in the world right in their own set, so why go out into the highways and byways to pick a bride?

And when the Hollywood man does marry and settle down he becomes just as wonderful a family man, and just as devoted to his wife and children as any white collar worker we know how many Monday mornings I have spent on the set listening to Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda, Ray Milland, and Don Ameche tell me the things they and their offsprings did and said over the week-end. And the baby pictures I have looked at would stretch from here to China. Don’t tell me Hollywood males don’t make proud fathers!

That’s right. I like Hollywood men.

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**Screenland**

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**Indian Love Call Colors**

The bold new “Indian Love Call” colors make you the loveliest Pocahontas ever. These ‘daring red tones in MATCHED Climatized’ Lipsticks and Rouges by Elmo are brilliantly keyed to the exciting new Indian fashion trend. Lipsticks and Rouges are compounded with extra-protective ingredients.
Inside the Stars' Homes
Continued from page 11

According to color, too, and as neatly arranged. No matter what she wants, she knows where to find it.

Rita's husband, who is even more attractive than her house, suggested some food. For the sixth time. Tom, the colored butler, who had been announcing luncheon at intervals served it with a flourish.

"This is one of our favorite menus," said Rita, surveying the casserole before her.

"It's Swedish meatballs and spaghetti and noodles, green vegetable salad, Hollywood bread, and lemon pie.

"Velm, my cook, will give you the recipes. There's nothing new about the salad except the dressing, but we simply adore salads here, so she will let you have a less common recipe, too."

SPAGHETTI SAUCE

3/4 lb. lean beef
3/4 lb. pork
3 heaping tablespoons Crisco
1/2 onion
Large can solid pack tomatoes (Heinz)
Can tomato paste
1 cup water.
Brown the 1/2 onion in the Crisco and then remove the onion. Brown the meat in it and add the large can of tomatoes. Cook for an hour. Add the tomato paste and water and cook for an hour and a half. Then remove the meat.

MEAT BALLS

11/2 lbs. ground round steak
3 eggs
1/2 lb. Kraft grated cheese
1/4 cup pine nuts and raisins
Make into balls and fry them. Take some of the sauce and cook the meat balls in it for half an hour.

SPAGHETTI

Put 11/2 lbs. of Italian spaghetti in fast boiling water for 15 minutes, then drain off the water and put the spaghetti under the cold water faucet to wash out excess starch. Add the remainder of the sauce and heat. Finally add the rest of the sauce with the meat balls and egg noodles, sprinkle with grated cheese and serve.

SAUCE VINAIGRETTE

34 cup Kraft French dressing
1 tablespoon chopped pickles (Heinz)
COFFEE CREAM FILLING

¼ cup ground coffee
½ cup sugar
1½ cups cold water

Cook until it is a heavy syrup or until it reaches 220 degrees F. Strain through double cheesecloth and cool. Then add, a little at a time, using the cutting and folding motion, to 1 large cream beaten stiff. The syrup should be the consistency of molasses.

"I often wish I could cook," said Rita, "as we finished the lemon pie, "but somehow I've never had time to learn. Some day, if things don't pile up too high, I'm going to try my hand at some original dishes.

"In the meantime, I have a new hobby—I think I'll call it!—I plant a set of bulbs for harvest luncheon. The stitch is very easy to do, single for the orange pumpkin, and double for the black eyes, nose and mouth and the general expression, that's strung stiffly and are quite effective. You could do the same sort of thing in other colors and shapes, poinsettias for Christmas, hearts—Valentine's Day, shamrocks—March 17th."

"First Lady" in Movie Debut!

Continued from page 27

above, with the Democratic Convention at Chicago going full blast, with two Roosevelts here in the big barn-like interior of the Fox-Movietone Studio where old movie shorts, trailers, screen tests, fashion subjects for Vvyyan Donner fashion forecasts are made, as oblivious to everything but the problem at hand as if Chicago did not exist. As indeed, because of the famous Eleanor Roosevelt ability to dismiss everything but the problem at hand;—it did not at the moment. Just now her "duty" belonged to the movies—and Chicago would take care of itself. "It has nothing to do with me," she had told an inquiring reporter, dismissing the subject. But she would remember it when the right time came.

Robert E. Sherwood, the Pulitzer Prize playwright, was in a lather, pounding out changes in Mrs. Roosevelt's script on a portable typewriter on a dressing-table. Mr. Morris Wilson, chairman of First National Picture, Ltd., of London, which made "Pastor Hall," walked around cautiously putting a word in here and there where it could be helpful. Reporters, photographers with candid and other cameras, studio workmen thronged the place, if such a spacious place could have been thronged, while Edward Kelly, the assistant studio manager, kept everything under control without seeming to. In the corner the set was prepared with a comfortable chair in front of the camera for the First Lady. The room surrounding it was covered with a network of light cables and cords.

"The primary purpose of the screen is to show good motion pictures," Mrs. Roosevelt was saying to a group of writers who were standing around her. Some one had asked her if she thought films should be used for propaganda as well as entertainment purposes. "It should be open and free to any subject. After all, every picture must have a story.

"The first consideration is the screen treatment of the subject. The criterion for judging whether or not a picture has a right to be shown, is, the picture for what market picture. Does it follow the inner laws of technique that constitute good

SCREENLAND

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I enclose 25c stamp to cover mailing cost. Send me generous sample of Miners' Liquid Make-up FREE!

Name:
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FOR DELICATE SKINS

EXTRA SOFT!

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NO MORE

Betty Lou

POWDER PUFFS

AT ALL 5-AND-10¢ STORES

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out

of Bed in the Morning Karin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not be absorbed. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas builds up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sink, and the world looks pink. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 10¢ and 25¢.

LOVELIER FACES

THANKS TO

MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP

A GRAND POWDER BASE

Came on so easily and smoothly—keeps make-up miraculously fresh for hours. Helps conceal blemishes when non-greasy—won't cake.

OR COMPLETE MAKE-UP

Can be used without powder. If you prefer. Imports smooth, velvety touch to your complexion. End's shiny nose.

"FOR EVENING WEAR" TOO

Indispensable on face, back, neck and arms. Adds glamour to your make-up under artificial lights. 6 glowing shades.

"Try it today!"

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SUCCESSFUL Songwriters make big money. Write faster for free information.

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REMEMBER—FREE INFORMATION

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Pills for all ages. Sold by druggists.

10¢ at all 5- and 10¢ stores.

BETTY LOU

POWDER PUFFS

CONTAINS NO LIME OR SULFUR.
Virginia Field and Cary Grant take things over at the Brown Derby. Do you know that Virginia's fiance, Richard Greene, is in England, fighting for his fatherland, and that Cary Grant donated the entire amount he received for his work in "The Philadelphia Story," $125,000, to the war relief fund?

Leu Weissman

cinema in general, and that apply to it in particular? If a film artistically and sincerely meets these requirements, and is at the same time in accord with a subject in which one believes, there seems to be no reason why it should not be presented."

Call that sympathy for "propaganda" if you like! This is the way I interpret the rather broad and general statements Mrs. Roosevelt made above: "Pastor Hall" is an artistic achievement which meets the rules. It has a heroic theme in which its present champions thoroughly believe. So they're willing to take the risk.

Mr. Morris Miller, the producer, wanted to know if "Pastor Hall" could any more rightly be called a "propaganda" film than "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang." They are both controversial, and bound to stir up emotion he said. But as pictures, they simply, directly and truthfully set forth a certain combination of facts. They might even bring about changes or reform, but that would be incidental to the fact that they are good pictures," he said.

"Pastor Hall" Mrs. Roosevelt pointed out, "illustrates the philosophy of Nazi totalitarianism, its principles which could be applied anywhere, by the cast of the Reverend Niemöcher. As the application of a principle of thinking. Mrs. Roosevelt continued to say that "Pastor Hall" differed from "The Mortal Storm," Phyllis Potter's novel showing Nazi action against Semitism in a specific location and situation in Europe, which is not an American problem. She pointed this out as an example of the difference in treatment of the Nazi theme from the universal exposition of its principles as pictured in "Pastor Hall."

Could this ardent champion of a free and uninhibited screen be the same Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, who eight years before as the wife of the Governor of the State of New York, on the eve of her husband's nomination for the Presidency of the United States, had told me in her first mo-

famous family of wig makers and make-up artists for the Metropolitan Opera House) had been wielded in the very dressing room where Wendell Wilkie had often made up, for an "Information Please" picture several weeks before—and in the very same barber chair, and at the same mirror!

Mrs. Roosevelt and her son entered the studio from the shaking and clanking freight elevator, hand in hand. The First Lady's face blushed becomingly under a covering of suntan powder and light rouge. (She customarily eschews even powder.) Her blue eyes were even larger and more blue, edged with a delicate line of mascara. The lips were curved only and with the greatest care so that the edges of color would not show on the screen as she spoke. And her lovely hair, one of her greatest charms, was not only thick from the good care required by every girl of impeccable aristocratic New York upbringing, was parted at the right side and tied in a chignon.

It was the movies giving the First Lady "the works." It was the eye of the trained make-up artist seeing something in her pleasant, gentle features (had they been called "plain"?) which no one had ever been permitted to see before. "Glamor Girl" came from the male contingent.

She had "knocked them over," as Arthur Leonard, the director, and his partner Ben Greene, the sound man, had said she did when she came to make the "White Lobby" picture. I remembered what they had told me about Mrs. Roosevelt the day she was making the picture for them. She had given them sixty, a little more. They had written her asking her to wear a flowered dress and a big hat, and she came with a plain blue dress and a small hat. She hadn't been home to get a change.

They had liked the way she shook hands with little Joe, the ice man, when he saw her on the set of "Niemoeller." And they were just as glad as the director when she came forward with his hands outstretched saying, "Hello, Mrs. Roosevelt."

You will like her, too, when you see her in Dave Miller's picture. They had been released through Columbia Pictures. And again when you see and hear her earliest plea in behalf of "Pastor Hall." And if you are a lucky enough to see any of the short fims taken when she went out to the Democratic Convention (I told you she would remember it at the right time), you've seen the百分之 for that was designed for her movie career.

Now that it has been found that Eleanor Roosevelt has a charming screen individuality there are a few of us who believe she will be called upon to do. Her voice is of as excellent quality as any male commentator. She can write. She can judge stories—for in addition to her exparte as a mother and grandmother, she has been a member of the editorial board of the Ladies' Home Journal and the Literary Digest and Sidonie M. Grunberg and Helen Ferris for nine years.

And yes—she can direct. I almost forgot that she saw her sister's "Lady's Dressing Room," and that she was given a part in it. It was a Relief picture. Mrs. Roosevelt was very much interested, and told Miss Pickford just where to stand, and which way to look, and how to say things. She has a loving interest of screen's First Lady did just what she was told, and after a while she was so amused that she said, "I don't think I'll do it any more."

"You know more about this than I do," she burst forth.

And the Second Ladies laughed.
Serenely confident of their startling beauty, your fingernails blaze with the gem-like lustre of Dura-Gloss! How welcome each casual chance to highlight all their loveliness! For Dura-Gloss is new, is different! — created deliberately to bring new longer-lasting beauty to your fingernails, to help them be the most beautiful fingernails in the world! Switch now, with millions of other fastidious women, to this exciting new nail polish. It's not a dollar, as you might expect from using it. No, Dura-Gloss costs only a tiny dime! In 20 shades that fashion favors, at cosmetic counters everywhere. Buy, enjoy Dura-Gloss, this very day!

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The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR
Double and redouble your pleasure with the Smoker's Cigarette

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Do you make the Satisfy cigar that cigarists that
MRS. AMECHE TALKS ABOUT DON!
Winning JUDY GARLAND’S Gay Life Story
I Settle For Love!” by MADELEINE CARROLL

READ FICTION STORY
“MARK of ZORRO”
starring
TYRONE POWER,
LINDA DARNELL
IN THIS ISSUE
The story of lovely Phoebe Titus, titan of a woman, and her love for dashing Peter Muncie, Sergeant, U.S.A.! Mighty spectacle! Tempestuous stampedes! War! Lawless raids! Intrepid men and women! At last, in all its wild, brave magnificence, the motion picture drama of Arizona's birth!

Created by a great picture maker...at incalculable cost...with a superb cast of thousands...in especially re-created Old Tucson!
Tired? Half Frozen?

LOOK OUT FOR A COLD!

Gargle LISTERINE when you reach home!

There's nothing like one of those late season stubborn games played in miserable weather to soften you up so that a cold or sore throat may find you easy pickings. Everybody knows that after such games these troubles shoot up.

Amazing Germ Killing Power

The next time you go, remember to get warm as quickly as possible when you reach home and to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic.

This prompt and pleasant precaution may head off an on-coming cold, or help control one that has already started.

Listerine Antiseptic kills by millions certain bacteria on throat surfaces . . . bacteria associated with colds and simple sore throat. Tests showed germ reductions ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

These germs, harmless enough under ordinary circumstances, often invade the throat membranes and set up an infection when body resistance is lowered. And resistance may weaken under the chill, the dampness, the fatigue, the emotion and strain of a football game.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds for Garglers

So we repeat, when you reach home, gargle with Listerine Antiseptic every two hours. It's a sensible precaution to take.

Remember that in tests made during 9 years of research, regular twice-a-day users of Listerine Antiseptic had fewer colds, milder colds, colds of shorter duration than non-users.

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BARGAIN OFFER! TO INTRODUCE

Listerine Throat Light

BENDS HEATLESS LIGHT RAYS AROUND CORNERS - ILLUMINATES MOUTH AND THROAT TO HELP YOU SEE SIGNS OF SORENESS OR INFECTION.

75¢ SIZE LISTERINE
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
$1.50 VALUE

Both for 98¢
No matter who is elected, there is no doubt about the People's Choice.

Perhaps you should know some few facts about your favorite screen candidate. As follows:

In the last 17 annual polls of the nation's critics, M-G-M produced 53 of the 170 best pictures.

Of the 100 leading stars and featured players in the movies, 48 are under contract to M-G-M.

These include—an alphabetical order—Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Joan Crawford, Robert Donat, Nelson Eddy, Clark Gable, Greta Garbo, Judy Garland, Greer Garson, Holy Marr, Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Mark Robson, Robert Montgomery, Eleanor Powell, William Powell, Mickey Rooney, Rosalind Russell, Norma Shearer, Ann Sothern, James Stewart, Robert Taylor, Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner. To mention but a few.

The M-G-M studios in Culver City are the world's largest. They occupy 157 acres and employ 4000 people.

M-G-M pictures are produced on thirty giant sound stages, one of which, 310 by 133 feet, is 40 feet high.

The laboratory annually prints enough film to encircle the earth at the equator with enough left over to reach from Los Angeles to Boston. No one has ever tried to do this however.


For November we announce two outstanding productions, Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy in Noel Coward's "Bitter Sweet", and Judy Garland in George M. Cohan's "Little Nellie Kelly".

When the lion roars on the screen, you're in for a good time.

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures
Of all the musical thrills your singing sweethearts ever gave you, here is the greatest! Ziegfeld’s memorable stage triumph—crowded with romance and melody—becomes in glorious Technicolor a picture you’ll never forget. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proudly presents...

JEANETTE NELSON
MACDONALD • EDDY
in NOEL COWARD’S
Bitter Sweet

Photographed in Technicolor with
GEORGE SANDERS, IAN HUNTER, FELIX BRESSART
Original Play, Music and Lyrics by Noel Coward. Screen Play by Lesser Samuels
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II. Produced by Victor Saville
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

THE John Barrymore-Elaine Barrie upset has everyone speculating as to whether it could possibly be the end. From a source very close to Elaine comes a rumor that it is, at last. This is the first time Elaine hasn't followed her previous pattern of reconciliation. This time she confided to a close friend, "For two years I've been saying, 'I have nothing to say'—now, I'm not even saying that." To take her mind off her troubles she has enrolled in a class to study body control from Maria Ouspenskaya.

Fred Astaire is an enigma to Hollywood in more ways than one. However, his outstanding claim to distinction is the fact that he is the most elegantly refined gentleman in the business. When he announced he couldn't say "ain't" on the screen because it wasn't refined, people laughed outright, but if you'll listen carefully in "Second Chorus" you'll know Fred meant what he said. You'll hear him sing, "I'm NOT Hop To That Step, But I'll Dig It." Everyone else uses "ain't" as it was originally written.

Something to make you open your eyes: Betty Grable indolently chewing a wad of gum while dancing with a titled Italian, Count Cassini, at Ciro's. . . . Did you know that Norma Shearer has been religiously taking lessons to learn how to do a double-quick rumba? No doubt she wants to be able to keep up with George Raft.

The town is chuckling over a gag that Carole Lombard recently pulled on Clark Gable. Clark couldn't see the humor of the prank, they say, and he left the gathering in a huff. He and Carole were entertaining some friends at dinner and afterwards sat down to see some home movies. Instead of the usual color shots of mountain streams and snow-clad peaks there appeared on the screen the first test Clark ever made for M-G-M. He was playing a native lover in nothing but a loin cloth and ahibiscus back of his ear. Gable couldn't take it, but his guests had a hilarious evening running the thing over and over again.
Dear Joan--

Got your note about the difficulties you are having with Bill. That Reno-vation stuff is the bunk. I've a better idea. Take him to the moving pictures! Crazy? Not a bit of it. I've just glimpsed two of the most powerful demonstrations of the power of love even my experienced orbs have ever seen. First, Paramount's amazing new Cecil B. DeMille Technicolor drama of the big open spaces, "North West Mounted Police." The old master has managed to weave into his yarn about the gallant red coats not one but two of the most convincing love stories I've ever seen on the screen. Gary Cooper in his best, and I mean best, role to date and Preston Foster compete for the love of Madeleine Carroll in a romance that'll have Bill dewy-eyed. And Paulette Goddard and Robert Preston unravel a love story that would send an iceberg into thermostatic ecstacies.

If "North West Mounted Police" doesn't succeed in mellowing him, and I'm sure it will, you don't need to worry. Paramount's "Arise, My Love" is just about the answer to the lovelorn's prayer. Claudette Colbert and Ray Milland make this Mitch Leisen combination of the laughter of "Midnight," the heart appeal of "Farewell to Arms," into THE love picture of the decade. It's tender. It's titilating. It's terrific. Bill'll be holding your hand before the end of the first reel...kissing you by the fifth.

But you get the idea...so watch for these two great love pictures...collect Bill...and watch 'em knock Reno foolishness out of both your heads.

Yours helpfully,

Sallie
Long a leading man, Ray Milland marched through regulation rôles with elegant indifference. Always completely charming, always a bit bored. But now—Mitchell Leisen gives him a real and robust rôle to play, that of a dashing, debonair war pilot, in "Arise, My Love," and Milland becomes a Star. Left and right, in scenes with Claudette Colbert.

Screenland Honor Page

Arise, Ray Milland, and take your bow for the best performance you have ever given—in the brilliant new picture, "Arise, My Love"
"I wish
I could say
I was sorry..."

BETTE DAVIS
in WARNER BROS' glowing presentation of
the brilliant novel and stage triumph by
W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

The Letter

with HERBERT MARSHALL
JAMES STEPHENSON
Frieda Inescort* Gale Sondergaard
A WILLIAM WYLER PROD'N
ScreenPlay by Howard Koch
Music by Max Steiner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
TANGEE Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co. Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miss America Make-Up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Hue shades. Also Perma Paint Kits. I enclose the (stamps or coin). Use in Canada.

Check Shade of Powder Desired:
☐ Peach
☐ Light Peach
☐ Pink
☐ Dark Peach
☐ Tan

Name
Street
City State

ACROSS
1. Co-star of "Blow Town"
2. She's Mrs. Joel McCrea
3. To lay in surrounding
4. To meek out
5. Male sheep
6. A hilarious comedy film
7. Junction between two parts
8. Our famous Swedish film star
9. Despatched man
10. The spy in "Foreign Correspondent"
11. To embrace
12. Believe; lighten
13. Curved, as eyebrows
14. College degree
15. Subdivisions of a movie
16. Indefinite period of time
17. Final
18. Principal role in a picture
19. Girl's name
20. She's featured in "Sailor's Lady"
21. Part of the body
22. Olivia de Havilland's role in "Gone With the Wind"
23. Tune
24. Came up
25. "What, The Ugly Duckling turned into"
26. Eastern state (abbrev.)
27. Attempt
28. Full</p>

DOWN
1. A cut
2. On the sheltered side
3. A loud sound, as of a trumpet
4. She co-starred in "They Knew What They Wanted"
5. Lip (Fr.)
6. Slang expression of displeasure
7. They will be safe with you
8. A live, smoldering coal
9. "...I Had My Way," with Bing Crosby
10. Co-star of "Destry Rides Again"
11. Wide
12. Old French coins
13. Extending far downward
14. He co-starred in "I Was An Adventuress"
15. One time
16. Compass point (abbrev.)
17. To strangle
18. Dancing star of "Broadway Melody of 1940"
19. He sings in "The Boys from Syracuse"
20. Star of "Wyoming"
21. A rollcingle tine
22. "...the Deacon," with Bob Burns
23. Co-star of "I Love You Again"
24. Past
25. She's "Anne of Winds" Populists
26. "Frazier -..." with George O'Brien
27. She co-stars in "Til We Meet Again"
28. Small islands

45. Character actor who recently revealed before the Der' Committee
46. An attendant on a passenger liner
47. Famous university for men
48. The Garden of Eden lady
49. To prickle or smooth, as feathers
50. Carole Lombard's husband
51. A dinner course
52. A vessel in which to serve food
53. A persistent pain
54. Noted
55. Capital of Italy
56. To rip
57. To prosecute at law
58. Means of transportation (abbrev.)
59. To achieve

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle:

ACROSS
1. "I Dream of Jeannie"
2. "Show Boat"
3. "The Great Gatsby"
4. "Citizen Kane"
5. "The Ten Commandments"
6. "Gone With the Wind"
7. "The Wizard of Oz"
8. "It's a Wonderful Life"
9. "Casablanca"
10. "Raintree County"
11. "Gigi"
12. "The Sound of Music"
13. "Lawrence of Arabia"
15. "Apocalypse Now"
16. "Braveheart"
17. "The Shawshank Redemption"
18. "The Dark Knight"
19. "The Lord of the Rings"
20. "The Matrix"
21. "The Little Prince"
22. "The Da Vinci Code"
23. "The Shawshank Redemption"
24. "The Godfather"
25. "The Dark Knight"
26. "The Lord of the Rings"
27. "The Matrix"
28. "The Little Prince"
29. "The Da Vinci Code"
30. "The Shawshank Redemption"
31. "The Godfather"
32. "The Dark Knight"
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37. "The Shawshank Redemption"
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96. "The Lord of the Rings"
97. "The Matrix"
98. "The Little Prince"
99. "The Da Vinci Code"
100. "The Shawshank Redemption"
Kay's In a Daze In a Maze of Bad Humor Men!

He's back—in the hit this rage of radio had to make after the sensational success of his first screen show last year. You'll shiver while you swing as Kay plays six haunting new song hits with his band, and the band plays hide-and-seek with a haunted houseful of villains!

KAY KYSER

In A Mystery With Music

"You'll Find Out"

With PETER LORRE • BORIS KARLOFF • BELA LUGOSI
HELEN PARRISH • DENNIS O'KEEFE • ALMA KRUGER

and KAY KYSER'S BAND Featuring GINNY SIMMS

Harry Babbitt • Ish Kabibble • Sully Mason & "The College of Musical Knowledge"

Produced and Directed by DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by James V. Kern

With the Swellest Songs the Old Professor's Ever Taught You: 'I'd Know You Anywhere'—'You've Got Me This Way'—'The Bad Humor Man'—'Like the Fella Once Said'—'I've Got A One-Track Mind'—'Don't Think It Ain't Been Charming.'
Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Knute Rockne—All American—Werner Bros.
Impressive and exciting to all of you who love football—which means a large audience for this stirring film based on the life of the beloved Notre Dame coach. Well-knit story carries Rockne from boyhood through his college days, his life work as football coach, molder of men, and defender of college sports, to the last chapter—an inspiring record of an outstanding American. Pat O'Brien gives a great performance as Rockne.

Brigham Young, Frontiersman—20th Century-Fox
The story told here is about the founding of the Mormon religion, and the Mormons' historic trek from Nauvoo, Ill., to Salt Lake City, Utah, and shows the sufferings they endured. Dean Jagger is great as the Mormon leader, and Tyrone Power is good as the scout. It has many spectacular scenes, some of which are the flights of thousands of men, women, and children; the crickets' invasion and the sea-gulls' miracle. Beautiful photography.

Rangers of Fortune—Paramount
A lively adventure story about three daring and adventurous cavaliers of the plains. Fred MacMurray, Gilbert Roland, and Albert Dekker, who stop in a small southwestern town to aid a little girl, Betty Brewer, and her grandfather fight corrupt government. The boys tarry long enough to clean up the town and romance with Patricia Morison before they're off to new adventures. Entire cast fine. Has humor, plenty of action, fist-fights galore.

No Time for Comedy—Warner Bros.
It's to be expected that any comedy with Jimmy Stewart and Rosalind Russell will be thoroughly enjoyable, and this one's no exception. Jimmy plays a small-town playwright who makes good in the big city and marries the star (Rosalind) of his play. They're happy until he meets Amanda (Genevieve Tobin), wealthy matron with a complex for bringing out the latent talent in writers. It has hilarious situations and sophisticated dialogue.

Christmas in July—Paramount
This story is made appealing by the simple manner in which it is told. It's a light-hearted comedy which you'll find entertaining. Dick Powell gives a sparkling performance as the winner of a $25,000 contest prize, who goes on a spending spree, buys everybody expensive gifts, and then hears he hasn't won the prize. But after the disappointment and some complications, he does win. Ellen Drew is charming as the girl. The slapstick injected could have been eliminated.

I'm Still Alive—RKO-Radio
A romantic comedy-drama about an ace movie stunt man, Kent Taylor, who marries a glamorous film star, Linda Hayes, who makes him give up his dangerous work in favor of being an actor. Because this picture is about stunt men who double for famous stars and risk their lives doing dare-devil feats, it has many thrills. Some of Hollywood's ace stunt men are in it. Story has its weak spots, but if you enjoy dare-devilry, on screen you won't mind.

Dr. Kildare Goes Home—M-G-M
Another good one in the "Kildare" series, and Lionel Barrymore again seems to live the role of old Dr. Gillespie, who is interested in young Dr. Kildare's career. Barrymore speaks his lines, sarcastically humorous most of the time, in that charming manner of his. Lew Ayres once more does a fine job as Kildare; and Nurse Lamon is again well done by Laraine Day. This one's about Dr. Kildare's experiences in establishing a clinic.

Young Bill Hickok—Republic
Here's an exciting Western about a fictional episode in the life of Bill Hickok, whose daring exploits won him the name of "Wild Bill." The action, of which there's plenty, takes place during the Civil War. Roy Rogers, as Bill, stops agents of foreign powers from gaining possession of California's riches by his fast-riding and hard-fighting, and when it's peaceful, finds time to romance and sing. "Gabby" Hayes helps Rogers capture the villains.
A coach hurries through the night, its frightened coachman lashing his horses' lathered flanks. Jeweled fingers touch the curtain of a window. A beautiful face peers into the threatening night.

The gallop of pursuing hoofs. The sound of shots. The iron tyrant's iron men are closer, closer. The crash of wood against wood as the coach of Her Highness Zona smashes against a tall tree... Is her cause lost? Is the cause of romance, of love, again to lose to the mad might of ruthless power...

No... the Son of Monte Cristo... gallant son of a gallant father... leaps from his saddle, takes the lovely lady in his arms... and the fight is on... the spirit, the glory of the grandest story of all... romance lives again.

Edward Small, producer of such thrilling romances as "The Man in the Iron Mask" brings in glowing, thrilling splendor to the screen, the sequel to his famous screenplay, "The Count of Monte Cristo," the even grander romantic adventure...

Edward Small presents

LOUIS
JOAN
HAYWARD • BENNETT
in
"THE SON OF
MONTE CRISTO"

GEORGE SANDERS
FLORENCE BATES
MONTAGU LOVE

Screenplay by George Bruce • Directed by Rowland V. Lee • A Rowland V. Lee Production

SCREENLAND
WHAT A DIFFERENCE
Brilliance makes in your hair

YOU will never know how attractive your hair can look until you rinse those beautiful highlights into it with Nestle Colorinse. As many have discovered, Romance begins with gleaming, lustrous hair. Not a bleach... not an ordinary dye... Nestle Colorinse leaves your hair soft and manageable... tends to keep your curl in longer. Comes in 14 flattering shades. Choose your own color from the Nestle Color Chart at beauty counters. Make your hair look brighter and more entrancing with Nestle Colorinse.

10c for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.

Nestle COLORINSE

By Betty Boone

Inside the Stars' Homes

Something different for your holiday dinner, suggested by the lovely Linda Darnell

If you should be invited to Linda Darnell's for dinner during these coming holidays, you wouldn't get the usual turkey and fixin's. There'd be no cranberry sauce and sweet potatoes, no plum pudding and mince pie.

"Of all the food in the world, Mother's fried chicken tops everything for me," confessed Linda, wistfully, "but at this time of year I think everyone has too much chicken and turkey. They like something new. So this year Caroline—my cook—and I drew up a 'different' menu."

Caroline is something special in the way of cooks and most of the dishes included are her own secret recipes.

MENU:

Fruit cocktail
Olives, celery, radishes, onions
Asparagus salad

14c for package of 2 rinses at 10c stores.

SCREENLAND
Tenderloin of pork larded with prunes
Pan potatoes Succotash
Drop biscuits Hawaiian sherbet
Coffee Mints

For her cocktail, Caroline uses grapefruit sections, seedless grapes, bananas, apples, fresh pineapple and sometimes the juice of an orange, if other fruit juice is not sufficient to cover the cut up fruit. She lets it all stand in the ice-box for eight hours before using, then serves in iced compote dishes with a large grape on top of each compote, frosted in powdered sugar. A sprig of mint is added to each cup, also frosted. The salad is made in star molds, most (Continued on page 94)

Hollywood's most gorgeous starlet, little Linda lives with her family, finds her best fun at home with her mother, sister and little brother — and her father and the two other children will come from Texas to join them for the holidays. Facing page, Linda serves the very special Hawaiian pineapple sherbet, recipe for which is given here. Above, more home views.

VIVACIOUS PEGGY WRIGHT, MT. HOLYOKE COLLEGE SENIOR, SAYS:

Men want You to have that modern natural look!

AND IT'S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

Ask any man, and he'll tell you! There is nothing so lovely as the natural charm of gay young "collegiennes"! And Hudnut brings it to you in Marvelous Face Powder—the powder you choose by the color of your eyes!

Eye color, you see, is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair. It is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that glorify the beauty of your own skin tones... give you that modern natural look that men adore!

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores—only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)

So whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, it's easy now to find the powder that is exactly right for you! Just ask for Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder... the powder that's keyed to the color of your eyes!

See how smoothly this fine-textured powder goes on—how it agrees with even the most sensitive skin! And see how it ends powder-puff dabbing for hours! For complete color harmony, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too.

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City
Please send me tryout Makeup Kit containing generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. Enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
Check the color of your eyes! Brown □ Blue □ Hazel □ Gray □
Name ____________________________
Street ____________________________ City ____________________________

Screenland
ONE POWER

Exciting as never before . . . in the most famous of all screen roles!

THE MARK OF ZORRO

with

LINDA DARNELL
and

BASIL RATHBONE

A masked adventurer . . .
the jagged mark of his sword striking terror into every heart but hers!

Associate Producer RAYMOND GRIFFITH • Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN • Screen Play by John Taintor Foote • Adaptation by Garrett Fort • Based on the story "The Curse of Capistrano" by Johnston McCulley

A TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE
DEAR SOURPUSS:

Take off that mask, we know you. You're no petulant Pan at all, just a spoiled small boy who wants to have his lollypop and suck it too. Yes, you had us fooled at first—but don't forget the movie public knows a phony when it sees one, and while we welcomed you with open arms in your first feature film, "Rhythm on the River," because you were a novelty, you'll have to make good in your next one, "Kiss the Boys Goodbye," on more than mere insolence.

When I saw "Rhythm" at Broadway's Paramount Theatre I noticed it was more your picture than Bing's or Mary Martin's. We the people relished your impertinence and appreciated your clever piantics. So it seemed my editorial duty to send star reporter Ida Zeitlin to interview you. Miss Zeitlin has interviewed H. G. Wells, Louis Bromfield, Clifton Fadiman, F.P.A., John Kieran, Joe Pasternak—a long list of names which won't impress you, I know, because you're not impressed by any name, except your own. But when Miss Z. called you for an appointment, you said: "How long will it take?" "Just a half hour," she said. "Well," hemming and hawing, "I wish I didn't have to do it." "You don't," said Miss Z. "Goodbye."

No—you don't have to be a public character, Mr. Levant. You don't have to write books, appear on "Information, Please," or make movies. But with proper persuasion you can be coaxed to. With proper persuasion, I suppose, you might condescend to give a half hour of your time to further the cause of your own career. But people get tired of tantrums and temperament. They may accept the aloof pose of Garbo but she's prettier than you are. Bing Crosby, whom I believe you admire and respect, doesn't care about publicity either—but then he doesn't need it. You do. Your reputation was founded on publicity. But now it's plain you have to be coaxed and coddled into taking the nasty, horrid stuff. Well, you don't have to take it. And we don't have to take you, either. Goodbye, Mr. Levant.

Delight Evans
"Your wrap, m'love!" handsome Vaughn Paul seems to be saying to the girl of his heart, Deanna Durbin, as the youngsters, together as always, attended preview of Deanna's picture, "Spring Parade." Now that he is an associate producer, we may hear betrothal bells soon.

Don Ameche and his devoted wife, "Honey," have a wonderful time whether they're dining formally at Ciro's, comfortably at home, or informally at the Hollywood Brown Derby as they're doing here. When Don wants to step, Honey steps right along with him—the perfect wife in Hollywood or anywhere else.

Come, come, Alan Curtis! It's no secret and you know it—you and beautiful Ilona Massey are to be married just as soon as Priscilla Lawson Curtis' divorce decree is final. And we're letting you tell our readers all about it in a swell, exclusive story in a future issue. Watch out for this real love story, folks!
It's a grand, gay life and you'll never catch them weakening, these dynamic darlings of the galloping gelatines. Whether at work or at play, they are always having fun.

Photographs by Len Weissman

Herbert Marshall, known to all his British friends in Hollywood as "Bart," certainly took a new lease on life when he took his new wife, the former Lee Russell. Marshall's screen career, too, has stepped up—and so have Lee and her husband, the extremely chic and charming Mrs. Zanuck, both out of the camera's range.

Now don't go jumping at conclusions! Although Merle Oberon is apparently gazing at Producer Darryl Zanuck with flattering attention—on her other side is her husband, Producer Alexander Korda, and on Mr. Z.'s right is the extremely chic and charming Mrs. Zanuck, both out of the camera's range.

Keeping up with Franchot Tone's dates is a full-time job for any photographer. Now that Franchot is back in Hollywood to resume his movie career, he has dated such famous girls as Olivia de Havilland—but this picture shows him with a charming but, to us, unknown beauty.
Cutest picture of the month, above, shows Joel McCrea and wife Frances Dee holding hands at premiere of Joel’s best movie, “Foreign Correspondent”—after all those years of married life, too!

Among Hollywood stars who turned out to see “Ice Follies” was Jane Withers, looking so grown up with gardenias and all. Above, Jane meets the star of the show, Ray Shipstad, at Pan Pacific Auditorium.

Below, star-studded group at the “Ice Follies”: Irene Dunne, in ermine, and hubby Dr. Griffin congratulate skaters Bess Erhardt, Ray Shipstad, and Evelyn Chandler, after one of their spectacular numbers.

Ronald Reagan and Mrs. Reagan—Jane Wyman—whose blessed event is scheduled soon, are great fans of the Shipstad skating show, so are thrilled as kids when the handsome Ray joins them at the rink-side.
Little Judy Garland meets an idol of hers, Margaret Sullavan, at preview at Warners' Hollywood Theatre. Maggie's husband, agent Leland Hayward, engineered Judy's new $2,000-a-week contract with M-G-M.

Mary Martin and her young husband, Richard Holliday, are preview fans, and not only for Mary's pictures. You'll finally hear Miss Martin sing her famous Heart Belongs to Daddy song in her next film.

The luck of the Irish! Pat O'Brien surrounded by pulchritude—his pretty wife, Elaize, right, and their friend Binnie Barnes—at the wedding of Joe E. Brown's son at Beverly Hills Hotel.

Bob Stack holds his nose. Mary Beth Hughes and Claire Windsor point with pride at dance contestants they're judging at the Pirate's Den. Alexander D'Arcy—Arleen Whelan's husband—in center.
THINK First Things are Best Things! Wasn’t it Robert Louis Stevenson who said that first sunsets, first loves, all the things we see for the first time, all the first experiences we have, are always best? Anyway, I think so. I know I’ll always remember, most clearly and deeply and forever, the first things that have happened to me in my first eighteen years. The things that have happened to me in my first (and only) “Past,” you might say, since now that I am eighteen, I think I can be said to have a Past. So, I got to thinking that maybe I’d write my first Life Story my own self, in my own way. My “own way” probably won’t be the Proper Way, at all. The Proper Way to write an Autobiography, I mean. Because I’m just going to sort of talk out loud, or write out loud, to my mother, to my friends, to my fans. I’m just going to go on and on, sort of Revealing to them all the Im-
From babyhood, through early vaudeville days as one of the 3 "Gumm Sisters," to first films with Deanna Durbin, Buddy Ebsen, Mickey Rooney—to today, for right, her 18th birthday with her beloved "Mam" and her boss, Mr. Mayer, helping her celebrate—Judy tells her own story for the first time.

Decorations by Leonard Frank

Important, First Things (important to me, that is) that have made up my Past.

Like, for instance, my first day on this earth, which is certainly the first, First Thing! Well, Mom, as you may remember, my first day on this earth was the day of June 10, 1922—(I seem to remember that movie girls don't give the year of their birth—oh, well!)—and you may also recollect, Mom, that I first opened my eyes in Grand Rapids, Minnesota. You've got it down in my baby book that I weighed eight pounds when I was born and that my eyes were blue at birth and started to turn to brown when I was about five months old. You've also confessed to (Please turn to page 75)
"I Married My Ambition: YOUTH!"

WILLIAM POWELL
MAYBE it was the two frolicsome puppies, Rough and Tumble, frisking in the sunlit patio that gave the whole set-up its youthful spirit—or perhaps it was the blithesome young bride popping out for the moment and then whisking off on a household shopping chore—then again, it may have been sunburned William Powell himself, in open-chested singlet, old slacks and sockless sneakers, enjoying his twelve weeks' vacation like a kid out of school, just William turned Bill for the duration. Kicking free a bare foot, he followed my glance to the pool, green as the garden itself, that somehow recalled the old swimming hole of boyhood days, and nodded his head in agreement with the unspoken thought.

"I can't keep out of it when others go in the pool," he admitted. "Swimming is one form of exercise that I like. That's the way it is with badminton—when a game's on, I find myself joining the players. I kind of like to do things I've had some success at. That's why I don't persevere at golf." Happily, his sense of humor, one of the best in the business, was in holiday mood. All it needed was plenty of fresh air, and that's what it was getting. "Possibly I'm making up for lost time," was his comfortable reflection. "Looking back at my youthful days in New York, I seem to have passed most of my time in the subway. When going to dramatic school I first lived in Mt. Vernon, couldn't afford to live any closer than that to the city. My roommate and I had to manage on twelve dollars a week. If we couldn't make actors of ourselves on that allowance we were sunk. We finally moved to 250th Street, then to 197th Street, and felt truly metropolitan. After months of intensive training, we would have made a couple of good subway guards."

As he drowned his undercover past in tomato juice, it seemed the going must have been hard as it was long. "Not at all," was his cheerful view. "We even made nightly trips downtown. Those were undertaken solely in the interests of art, or so we fondly imagined. They were prompted by our endeavors in the life-study class of the dramatic school. We were supposed to observe life in various aspects, then translate it into dramatic terms. Our own individual points of observation ranged from Reisenweber's on Columbus (Please turn to page 86)
THE California Cockerel they had called him in Spain, the man who rode as if his mount had winged feet, the man who made his sword become a living thing in his hand. And there were none among his comrades in Madrid, be they soldier or gallant, who felt they had won even the pin feathers of glory until they had challenged young Diego Vega to an exchange of swords. He had had that gift with the sword even in his boyhood days in California where Fray Felipe, the priest with the courage of a soldier, had first taught him the art of fencing. But in the mother country he had (Please turn to page 70).
Colorful Fiction Version of Romantic and Adventurous New Film Starring Tyrone Power and Linda Darnell

FICTIONIZED BY
Elizabeth B. Petersen
WONDER how many of us can honestly say what it is we want most out of life! I am sure that if we could only know this, there would be a far greater number of us on the road to true happiness and contentment than there are at present.

In my own case, I can say that this truth has been vividly brought home to me during recent months as never before in my life. I have discovered how easy it is to go on year after year worshipping false gods. Things which I had previously thought were of vital importance, I have found to be superficialities. Above everything else, I have come to learn the true value of a great love. It all depends, of course, on what the word happiness means to each of us individually, but if we women could only cut through the driftwood of false values—I am leaving the men out of this for the moment—if we could look into the mirror and face ourselves squarely, probing the depths of our secret heart, then I venture to say that 90% of all women would settle for love!

I know I will! I thought for years that I knew what I wanted—a successful career, money, the plaudits of others—all the things that are generally accepted as being the rightful ambition of a girl in my position; but all these, important though they might be, I now realize have become secondary in my scheme of things.

Making pictures is a fine job to be done well, and is important in that it provides entertainment and pleasure to millions of people, but it is not in itself a complete satisfaction or fulfillment. Women were meant to be loved first, and everything else—career, great success, or fame—is subordinate to this. There may be many to cast their doubts, I was one who pooh-poohed this once, too, but now I know better!

My world has changed completely since my last two visits to war-torn Europe. One has to witness the indescribable agony and abject misery of some of these people across the water in order to realize the extent to which one’s outlook on life can be changed.

I was aboard the French liner Champlain last fall when war was declared. I found myself among people whose lives were being torn about by tragedy. There was a nineteen-year-old girl aboard the boat who had just left her husband in Vienna. They had been married only a few months. This girl would probably never see her husband again. She was expecting a child and she had de-
cided to come to America so that her child should have a chance. It was the only place where she would be certain of being safe. I don't know what it was about this girl—she was luckier than most, but I listened to her story and for the first time in my life I wanted a baby. It suddenly dawned on me how very hollow and unreal success could be in comparison with the joy that came to this girl's heart, in spite of all her suffering, and how even fame and fortune should not veer us from our true purpose in life.

Only a short time before sailing on the Champlain I had met and become very fond of a young captain in the French air service. But our time together was all too short. He had to return to duty and I had my picture commitments in Hollywood. I promised to return to France as soon as my work would permit. When I did eventually return in May, it was to find my young captain's country in the hands of the enemy.

Although I was willing to suffer any hardship if called upon to do so, I realized that if I stayed in Europe I would be helpless to be of any use to my loved ones, or to any of the teeming thousands of victims of the war-ravaged territory. In America, on the contrary, I had a rare and gifted opportunity to work and earn money to help their suffering. I think that this is something we should all try to realize—that we are the fortunate ones over here in America, so far removed from the threat of death and destruction which is the lot of so many countries, and that we should consider ourselves lucky when we find we can be of any help.

I was no longer able to do any good where I was. The chateau just outside Paris, in which I had been able to take care of two hundred orphaned children, was now in German hands, and I had no means of telling what had become of it or them.

As it was, when war was (Please turn to page 88)
Mrs. Ameche Talks

Her name is Honoré, but Don Ameche calls his wife Honey! All the charm of his warm baritone voice that has won him fame in radio and on the screen, is wrapped around those two syllables. Just hearing Don speak her name reveals a great deal about him. And about their marriage. The Ameces never flaunt their marital happiness, yet it is one of Hollywood's finest examples, and never has a breath of gossip touched it.

One sunny afternoon recently, Mrs. Ameche and I sat on the terrace opening off the play-room of their new home in San Fernando Valley. Before us lay sloping gardens against a back curtain of wooded mountains, and the air was heavy with fragrance. It was an ideal setting for confidences. Though she had just returned from the hospital following the birth of their fourth son, she looked like a schoolgirl in pale blue slacks, her red-
dish-gold hair tied with a perky bow, and relaxing like a kitten in the big chair.

Honey laughed at my questions regarding their marriage, saying, "We have no rules, no formulas, and—we have no problems. We live our own lives and are happy. It isn't anything you can put into words. It's something that just is! To begin with, Don is the most interesting man I ever knew." Then she added, with a laugh, "And I say this after nearly eight years together, for we were married the day after Thanksgiving in 1932.

"He's so vital, so dynamic that he makes even the smallest event important. This comes from an inner enthusiasm, a fire that never seems to lose its glow. Too, he spells excitement—the element of the unexpected. I never know what Don will say, or what he will do when he comes in, and so every entrance (Please turn to page 74)
Y-A-H
Y-A-H!

She's

Teacher's

Pet

Why did ace director Capra pass up Bette Davis and pick Stanwyck for his big new picture? Read just why Barbara is the directors' deligh
RECENTLY Barbara Stanwyck had a birthday. She was working on the set of “Meet John Doe” that day, and all morning long there was considerable giggling among the girls and mysterious whispering among the men, all of which, of course, Barbara pretended not to notice. Along came four o’clock, and along with it came a huge birthday cake with candles. Gary Cooper woke up, everybody shouted, “Aren’t you surprised?” and started singing Happy Birthday to You off-key. Barbara pretended to be ever so surprised, said “How did you know it was my birthday?” (just as if it wasn’t in the morning papers), and cut everybody a slice of cake.

It was all in the quaint tradition of Hollywood birthdays, until Frank Capra, the producer and director of “Meet John Doe,” came over to Barbara and gave her a present. It was a print of “Ladies of Leisure.” Barbara’s hand shook when she accepted it, she sort of choked in her throat, and a couple of big salty tears almost wrecked her make-up. “Ladies of Leisure”—what memories that film must recall for both Barbara and Capra. Directed some nine years ago by Frank Capra it was the picture that established him as one of Hollywood’s leading directors. Before that people had said, “Oh, he’s all right, but he isn’t big time.” It was also the picture that established Barbara Stanwyck as one of Hollywood’s leading dramatic actresses. Well-known on Broadway because of her heart-breaking characterization of the girl in “Burlesque,” Barbara arrived in Hollywood at the time when Hollywood loathed with a beautiful and intense loathing all out. (Please turn to page 79)
Ida was aptly nicknamed "Loopy" when she first came to Hollywood. But now—they're calling her a great actress.

By S. R. Mook

"YOU know," Ida Lupino said to me recently, "there is an old Hollywood saying that an actress is only as good as her last picture. That's a lot of hooey! You'll pardon me if I inform you that an actress is only as good as her box-office rating. Look at all that's happened to me—and I have about as much box-office as an unborn baby. Look at me!" she repeated.

I looked. And, although I liked what I saw, I gasped. This wasn't the Lupino I knew of old—the Lupino of nine or ten years ago. Ida had arrived in Hollywood with a Paramount contract—the result of a test she'd made for "Alice in Wonderland"—a part she never got. "She's beautiful!" I had murmured then to the gent from the publicity department who had proudly shown me Ida. "She's squirrel food," my guide retorted.

Now, there's nothing I like better than a thoroughly nutty person, and when I came to know Ida my fondest hopes were realized. She was Hollywood's prize pecan. Only a grade-A nut could have pulled some of Ida's stunts. Like the time she took exception to something the husband of her closest friend said, rushed into the kitchen, got a butcher knife, chased him out of the house and threatened to kill him if he ever came back. And meant it!

Life in those days was never dull around "Loopy," as she was fittingly called by her friends. Just after her entrance to Hollywood she gave a large party. When the guests arrived there was no sign of her. The party was almost over when Ida was discovered upstairs—asleep. It didn't seem strange to Loopy, and her explanation was quite (Please turn to page 92)
CHEERS FOR CARY GRANT

Once Archie Leach, obscure stage actor, now Cary Grant, most-demand hero in Hollywood! Currently appearing opposite Katharine Hepburn in The Philadelphia Story, film version of Cary's stage success.
Very little "Pat" (Priscilla to you) Lane's no passive in love; she's renounced romance to devote all her time to her career—sad news for hopeful swains, but swell tidings for her small army of faithful fans, who are flocking to see Pat, and her sisters, Rosemary and Lola, in "Four Mothers."
Love: ROMANTIC!

Ann Sheridan and George Brent; sultry in the sublime manner for their first co-starring picture, "Honeymoon for Three"
Love: RIDICULOUS!

Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas teamed for the first time in "Third Finger, Left Hand," a frankly wacky comedy.
LANA
IS GAY
AGAIN

The terrific Turner gal is gay in new plaid, gay in her hopes for her film future. Now that she’s no longer Mrs. Artie Shaw she is concentrating on being a success in her forthcoming film, "Ziegfeld Girl."
GEORGE AND "JOCK"

Like the good Irishman he is, George Murphy is glad to be playing in "Little Nellie Kelly" with Judy Garland; but he's prouder still of the pet you see with him here, his Scotch collie by the name of Jock Maclean.
She's a lovely young lady now, is Deanna, and so she dresses her new grown-up rôle with charm and dignity, and distinc-
tion. Left, her steel-grey velvet afternoon dress, which she
tops with a spiral-crown black felt hat draped in spider-
web veiling. Below, her tailored Persian lamb jacket in nut brown, her matching fur hat with brilliant red feather trim. At lower left, her two-piece suit of sage-green wool, trimmed with mink, has hand-tailored slash pockets. Matching green suede forms her fan-flared pompadour beret and gloves.
At right, a "casual" jacket of nutria is worn in the grand manner by Miss Durbin. Slot pockets, shrug shoulders and suede bow tie are new style notes. Her jaunty bell-hop hat is worn high on the head, low over the eye. Below, her grey-locked wool reefer, with notched lapel collar of grey Persian lamb. Interesting details are the slash pockets, with inverted pleat accent. Lower right, Deanna's pet dinner gown, with delicate leaf tracery of silver threads on blush-pink satin. Designed by Vera West for Deanna Durbin's personal wardrobe.
MARGARET LIN SAY is living down the Patrician title by proving she can be genuine characters, such as her Hunting Woman photographer "Meet the Wilder"
DON'T CALL HIM "COWBOY"!

JOHN WAYNE achieves full stature as an actor of power and persuasion in John Ford's new film, "The Long Voyage Home," adapted from certain short plays by the great Eugene O'Neill.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Henry Fonda in "Chad Hanna"
Gifts that say you care

Evening in Paris Perfume, in purse flacon. With big, matching Eau de Cologne 95¢

Evening in Paris Perfume with atomizer; Eau de Cologne, Talcum, Vanity $4.00

Famous Evening in Paris Perfume, Talcum Powder, Face Powder and Rouge $2.95

Evening in Paris Perfume, in purse flacon, matching Talcum Powder, Face Powder, Lipstick, Vanity $5.00

De Luxe Set: Evening in Paris Perfume; Talcum Powder; Face Powder; Lipstick; Vanity $5.00

Evening in Paris Triple Vanity, others, $1.25 & $2.00

"Twins," Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne Slide-top bottles of matching Talcum $1.25

“Non-spill” loose-powder Vanity, good mirror. Purse-size flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume $1.85

Famous Evening in Paris Perfume, in star-shaped box $1.10

Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne Slide-top bottle of matching Talcum $1.25

Smart "flask-shaped" bottle of Evening in Paris Perfume, for bag or boudoir. Matching Eau de Cologne, fragrant Talcum $1.50

Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, for bag or boudoir. Matching Eau de Cologne; distinctive blue and nickel atomizer $1.75

Generous Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, with atomizer. Matching, slide-top bottle of Talcum Powder $2.15

Evening in Paris Perfume in tasselled flacon for bag or boudoir; matching Eau de Cologne; large Face Powder $2.45

CREATED BY
BOURJOIS
Here's Stirling Hayde, young soldier of fortune and former he-man model, discovered by Director E. H. Griffith and given one of the three parts in "Virginia," with Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray. See our story on facing page for more about the boy.

Hurriedly sketching his plans to the author of "Café Society" and "Honeymoon in Bali," Ned Griffith continued, "We'll make it on location—not on Long Island or at Newport, but in Virginia."

That's how Paramount's "Virginia" was born. Knowing his home State to be in the grip of a second invasion, Director Griffith was determined to do something about it. Avenge it if possible. This invasion, a far cry from Sherman's march to the sea or Europe's strafing from the skies, is by "modern carpetbaggers" from the North. "Virginia" mildly attacks these twentieth-century Yanks who have imported their Southamptons to the Old Dominion.

Unconsciously these defenders of Virginia's culture and natural charm constituted somewhat of a benevolent third invasion when the troupe headed by Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray descended upon Charlottesville, Virginia, for a month's location. Charlottesville, the home of Thomas Jefferson, James Monroe, Patrick Henry, has been accustomed to celebrities for many a long year, but these movie people were an unpredictable type. The conserva- (Please turn to page 51)
"THE WESTERNER"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: EXCITING!

APPEAL: To every red-blooded movie fan.

PLOT: Based on hectic, humorously blood-thirsty career of "Judge" Roy Bean who took the law west of the Pecos in his own hands—until he met his match in an upstanding young Westerner who knew Bill Langtry.

PRODUCTION: Shrewd producer Sam Goldwyn's showman touch evident throughout, with William Wyler's direction lending rare ironic flavor to rather familiar "Western" stuff. Photography is unusually fine, with Madame Nature in her most photogenic mood providing gorgeous backgrounds.

ACTING: It's Walter Brennan's picture for his rich, ribald characterization of the notorious Judge Bean—a particular triumph for this veteran actor, for Gary Cooper has never been better than he is here, pointing up his usual laconic performance with uncustomed humor and gusto. You'll relish and remember their salty scenes together.

Doris Davenport is sincere and sweet. Fred Stone is fine.

"ARISE, MY LOVE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: DIFFERENT!

APPEAL: To sophisticates, intellectuals, romanticists—everybody!

PLOT: Never a dull moment after girl reporter rescues American volunteer pilot from Spanish firing squad. Their reckless adventures, both robust and romantic, account for the excitement, charm, and humor of this unusual film.

PRODUCTION: Superlative, with Mitchell Leisen's deft direction imparting his own special enchantment to the action, from hazardous airplane escape to intimate tête-à-têtes at Maxim's. Nostalgia for the dear dead days of Paris is not allowed to obscure the timely message of this hopeful Americanism.

ACTING: Whether it is Leisen's direction, or the appeal of his role, anyway Ray Milland finally gives that performance we've all been waiting for. He's splendid as the restless American flyboy. Claudette Colbert has poignant moments but over-acts in lighter scenes. Cliff "double-talk" Nazarro will wow you.

"CITY FOR CONQUEST"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: STRONG!

APPEAL: If you're a Cagney fan, and who isn't? P. S. All this, and Sheridan too.

PLOT: It's the turmoil, temptations, and triumphs of Manhattan, as encountered by a boy and a girl together—he's a prizefighter, she's a dancer—from the sidewalks to the neon lights. Melodrama, but laced with humor and compassion.

PRODUCTION: Good, in a tough and tangy fashion, in the stronger scenes which call for down-to-earth dancehalls and prize rings; not so believable when script calls for Carnegie Hall symphony concert—"original" symphony, written for this film, owes something to Gershwin, but not much.

ACTING: Cagney has a chance to soften his usual tough-guy character with tenderness and understanding—blinded in a bout, the big-hearted bantam provides inspiring example of simple courage, while Ann Sheridan, as the girl whose ruthless ambition almost wrecks her, proves herself as a real actress. Elia Kazan, colorful.
"STRIKE UP THE BAND"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: FUN!

APPEAL: For small fry—and give your families a treat and take 'em along.

PLOT: It's "Babes in Arms" again, but bigger and better, with those high-school kids and their swing band putting on a show that's a super-doofer — winning a Paul Whiteman radio contest but never neglecting their duty to home and mother, making it safe and sane entertainment for everybody.

PRODUCTION: Wait until you see the big La Canga number—it's terrific, and it's only one of several big numbers which thanks to Busby Berkeley's smooth direction are more Hollywood than high-school stuff, but who cares? It's all grand entertainment, with a spontaneity which keeps it from offensive soppification.

ACTING: Amazing Mickey Rooney struts, sings, plays the drums and tears your heart out in a touching scene with his screen mother to cinch the proof he's the mast astounding showboy of all time. Judy Garland, growing into a beauty, is more appealing than ever. Larry Nunn best of cast.

M-G-M

"SPRING PARADE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: DISAPPOINTING!

APPEAL: You Durbin devotees will gobbled up this little banban, but others may find it much too sweet.

PLOT: Saccharine stuff about quaint old pre-War Vienna, so dated it's surprising astute producer Pasternak deemed it worthy of star Durbin. She plays country-girl Cinderella who journeys to Vienna where she meets her prince charming and sings for the emperor.

PRODUCTION: Lacks the charm and freshness of previous Durbin vehicles, far which trite story must be blamed, as the music is pleasant if unimportant, and the settings are pretty. However, whale effort must be considered first major mistake in the miraculous management of Durbin's career. She deserves only the best.

ACTING: Deanna saars above her second-rate material with such easy assurance that this is perhaps her greatest screen triumph—for the first time she carries the entire load of a picture upon her own shapely shoulders. Comedian Sikal helps same, Robert Cummings when he can in routine rôle.

M-G-M

"NORTH WEST MOUNTED POLICE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: EPIC!

APPEAL: To all who enjoy a whopping big show in the lavish DeMille manner.

PLOT: Saga of the Canadian red-coated police who get their men again—this time aided by a lanky interloper from Texas, draw and all, who proves that all good man-hunters are not necessarily found north of the border.

PRODUCTION: It's Cecil B. DeMille at his best—all in technical, too—which means you can count on thrills, picturesque backgrounds, plenty of romance and at least one great, big fight. Director DeMille's pictures vary only in locale, never in character; his people are stock company heroes, heroines, and menaces; but never let it be said he fails to give an audience its money's worth.

ACTING: Gary Cooper and Preston Foster share first honors as rivals in the man-and-woman hunt, with Gary getting the man while Preston gets the woman, Madeleine Carroll—so lovely in Technicolor. Pauline Goddard looks exciting but isn't. Real star is scenery.
T WAS nearly "curtains" for him. But the strange part of it, as life seemed about to pull down the shades, had been the terrifying behavior of those curtains in his hospital room. Reading the handwriting on the wall would have been a simple matter compared to getting the hang of those hair-raising drapes at his windows once they started getting in their blood-curdling work.

And Cesar Romero, mind you, hadn't being drinking anything stronger than milk. That had been the trouble—or so the doctor thought—in the upper Californian reaches of Lone Pine, where he had dashed about afoot and ahorse in the romantic adventurings of "The Gay Caballero." When it came to milk, maybe a Hollywood actor couldn't take it. Whatever the case—and this certainly was a bad one—the next thing Cesar of the Romeros knew he was being carted down to Hollywood apparently without the ghost of a show of laying that raging specter known as typhoid.

By now definitely off a milk diet, the gaunt Romero, twenty pounds underweight, plainly showed what he had lived through as he stalked into sight for his first interview since that snatched-from-the-burning-fever interlude and flung himself loosely into a chair. It was only to be wondered what it felt like to be in circulation again. "It's like my second time on earth," he grinned wanly. "And it's good to be back. I've never played a return engagement that I enjoyed so much!"

He lit a cigarette and took a grateful drag on it. It goes without saying he was happy in the thought that a miss is as good as a mile. Yet even darker than his Cuban coloring was the shadow in his eyes, caught perhaps from a close-to view of the Valley of the Unknown.

"You see," he was saying almost apologetically, "I'd never been ill before except for measles, scarlet fever and the like as a kid, so that thing hit me as a surprise. But it was a big lesson to me. I learned, for the first time, that we're apt to take too much for granted. We don't appreciate—anyhow, I didn't—the blessing of good health. But I do now. It makes everything else seem trivial, petty, of no consequence. I finally got that truth through my head."

Presumably he had gone in for a deal of thinking. "Not at first. To begin with, I wasn't fit to think. And afterward, for a time, I didn't care. Nothing mattered. It's funny how you can lose touch with things that once seemed important. Something happens to you inside. Everything changes. Old values turn worthless in a new light. Nothing seemed so precious to me as the ability of other people to walk around. I'd watch the doctor and the nurses with the greatest envy. Being quarantined, I was not allowed, of course, to have friends come to see me. But I did have flocks of other visitors. They came out of the curtains."

"!!!*!!*" What was this, a mystery story? Instead of breaking the astonishing news gently, he'd let me have it full in the midrift. At my bewildered stare he smiled indulgently, then: "Stamped on those curtains were flowers, little ones in colors. At first I paid no attention to them, merely noticed they were there. Then, one day, I saw them move, stir. (Please turn to page 90)
The startling story of Cesar Romero's gallant fight for life—real life, not a motion picture!

By
Charles Darnton

Rides Again!
that LEADING LADY LOOK

Fashions
Margot Maye

YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE ... YOUR GLAMOR GUIDE...

Beauty
Courtenay Marvin
Holiday candle-light gleams softly on the rich folds of black velvet, picks up the sharp white of lace at throat and pockets. Dramatically simple, but smartly appropriate for almost any occasion. Extremely effective but extremely inexpensive; a mere $15.00 or so. Find it at The Smart Shop, Houston.

Lady in black—always fashion's favorite for evening elegance. The gleam and whisper of taffeta underscored by touches of dusky velvet with 1940's new note—jet beading. Amazingly enough, only about $20.00 at Saks Fifth Avenue, Chicago; Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney, St. Louis.
NIGHT-HOODS ARE IN FLOWER!

FIRST, hoods were good on ski suits and heavy-weather sports togs. Next, they got better on dresses and suits. Now, they're best of all, gone sophisticated on evening wraps, in step with the cover-up trend. It looks as though Fashion feels that hood glamor is good glamor!

SOPHISTICATED great-coat of skunk, its hood tied under the chin with vivid velvet, Dramatic over a dinner dress, but wear it equally well for street or sports. About $115.00 at I. J. Fox, New York.

SWEET AND SIMPLE hood wrap in snowy ermine-pelz, luscious-looking fur-fabric that fools your public and boosts your budget beautifully! All you pay is a mere $7.00 at John Wanamaker, N. Y., and Philadelphia.
USUALLY, smart economy is our idea. But as an exception to the rule, please remember that an occasional expensive hat is an investment in true smartness, good for seasons to come. Add some really good-looking jewelry and even with the most unassuming dress, all eyes will okay you. Write for store names on hats. Jewelry by Miriam Haskell at Saks 34th Street, N. Y.

\[
\text{Piquant little cocktail-time toque of felt petals by G. Howard Hodge. Perfect topping a pompadour. $18.50.}
\]

\[
\text{Bracelet of dewglow pearls and filagree, about $4.00.}
\]


Dewglow pearls with gold filagree, jeweled bouquet, in a shower clip, about $3.00.

Inspired by the Peruvian "chulita" headgear. Elliott Dushane's original felt brim flares from a hand-knit headband. About $15.00.

Necklace of maiden-hair filagree in antiqued gold for a sumptuous note. About $4.00.
HOW to get the utmost benefit from beauty aids is just another of volatile Ida Lupino's interests. That ingenious person applies to the simple phases of her toilette some of the originality and imagination that mark her fine acting. In your beauty routine, how you use it is, indeed, as important as what you use.

Above, a little table salt mixed with your cleansing cream gives skin a gentle work-out, to slough off dead cuticle, to arouse a fresh glow and stimulate it, generally. Below, first, slapping briskly along the jawline with the back of the hand encourages a firm, youthful line. Second, follow the use of a cleansing cream with a skin lotion. This removes all cream, gives a fresh, spring-like color and sensation. Third, when you must powder over old make-up, gently blot first with tissue or handkerchief any oily area, such as nose, chin, forehead. Powder then looks fresher and will not “mask.” Last, do try a paste rouge for undertone of color. Touch-up or accent with compact rouge, if there is need. These are a, b, c's of skin beauty!
Yours for Loveliness

This month, beauty more than meets your demands. In fact, it's behind-the-scenes news! Real problems are solved.

A LIQUID lather that is not soap,—this is Rose Laird's latest contribution to cleanliness and beauty. You wash your face with Liquid Lather, a wealth of foam and bubbles, and when you have rinsed it away, you will beam with a sense of freshness and pristine cleanliness. And that muddy look will be gone, and your skin will feel soft and so, so young. Without vigilant rubbing, Liquid Lather seems to capture all surface soil and skin secretion. "Health and cleanliness make a clear, faultless skin," says Miss Laird. A combination of soap, cream and a special cleanser, such as Liquid Lather, will give a balanced skin cleansing routine. In department stores.

FOR shining hair and a scalp that feels healthy,—here is real help in the form of Marie de Medicis original scalp cream. Yes, your scalp, if inclined to the usual ills of irritating dryness, dry dampness, and lice, falling hair, needs a lubricant, just as your dry face skin does. This scalp cream comes in a convenient tube, and you apply it to the scalp by parting the hair and rubbing it in. You have no idea what a difference in comfort and appearance a normally lubricated scalp can mean, if you suffer the usual faults of dryness. Marie de Medicis original brilliantine is another good product for giving hair a nice gloss, a high-light to color. At toilet goods counters, or write me.

A LOVELIER box for a lovely face powder,—that was Lady Esther's problem. Ten thousand women were consulted on many designs. Their overwhelming preference went to the "fan" box, shown. It looks like a piece of rare china, a soft, powdered blue box, scattered with delicate, white, lace fans. A beauty, indeed, surpassed only by the beauty the contents give your skin. My enthusiasm for the face powder is not necessary, because so many of you know it. The new box holds the $.55 size only; others continue as always.

SOMETHING to clear up surface bumps and eruptions, and make skin look finer,—a big order, this, but Aknasol Colloidal Sulphur Lotion seems the answer. This creamy lotion works first on the dry surface troubles, then to bring to the surface those troublesome under-skin bumps and to correct them. Apply at night after cleansing; the next morning, simply wash off. This lotion works effectively on the usual skin ailments of—blackheads, whiteheads and bumps. Drug and department stores, or write me.

A perfect manicure now comes in tubes, miracle by Pledge.

A LIPSTICK that stays on, plus the other fine qualities you want, was Pond's. The result—Pond's "Lips," lipsticks very new and with a high popularity rating. Once on your lips, you'll find these lipsticks do last, far longer than you'd hoped, that the color remains fresh, that the smooth texture makes application easy and that the tones deserve the theme, "Stag-line." Four tones are romantic, dramatic, but there is also a Natural. Department stores have a big, handsome swivel case at a nominal price; chains, a smaller size.

A GLOW on checks without a rougy look,—that desire set Princess Pat to work, and resulted in Cheek Tone. It comes in creamy form to give just that tint created by wind, sun or brisk exercise. It leaves no pools, no edge of color but a faint radiance that is associated with youth and vitality. It gives charming color to the deep lip tones now in vogue. Those who never use rouge—and there are some—we urge you to try Cheek Tone. It is, in fact, a brand new color, very rosy, very pretty, very lovely. It is, indeed, art that conceals art. Department stores. C. M.
When I first met Betty Grable she was a mighty discouraged girl. "I think I'm getting nowhere faster in Hollywood than any other actress," she told me. It was true. Hollywood itself had to reflect in order to remember exactly who she was. Then it was always as Jackie Coogan's wife or the possessor of the second (or maybe it was third) most beautiful legs in town. The latter distinction won her the dubious honor of having more of her photographs plastered on hall-room boys' walls than even the Petry girl, but it didn't console Betty any. She was ambitious.

I carefully examined Betty's chart at that time and found that she was born in the Sign of Sagittarius, November 23 to December 21. A wonderful sign, but at that time going through grievous afflictions from the planet Saturn. I was able to see that in the transit of the planets her troubles would soon end and that in 1940 she would come into her own. I predicted as much for her in Screenland a year ago.

"You were right," Betty said, when I visited her recently. "Everything turned out exactly as you predicted." I was happy to see Betty aglow with her new success and confidence, because Sagittarius persons who are unappreciated or unfulfilled are the saddest souls on earth. They need more success, love and security than persons born under any other sign. This is not due to any poverty of spirit but rather to their extreme sensitiveness.

Because this is true, Sagittarians must choose their mates and associates most carefully. Two-thirds of the signs in the Zodiac are absolutely allergic to Sagittarius. This is no fault on their part, but is due to the fact that they possess such strong, positive and well-defined personalities that they are not easily swayed, changed or moulded. It becomes vitally important for them to ally themselves with those persons who best understand them and overlook their faults. Their most complementary signs are: Leo, July 23 to August 22, and Aries, March 21 to April 20. Aries if they wish to be the inspiration behind their mate's life, and Leo if they wish to be out front themselves.

I warned Miss Grable on this score lest she choose her next husband unwisely. Her chart, however, shows three marriages, so she might as well get the second one over with.

Another Sagittarian who has profited by the emergence of Jupiter is Dennis Morgan. Now you'd think that anyone with the obvious appeal and ability of Mr. Morgan would be snapped up by the studios, if only to save the wear and tear on the overworked Taylor, Graul et al. But Dennis kicked around for years under contract to this studio and that as a sort of glorified extra. Now he is so important that he is giving a command performance for the Empress Ginger Rogers in "Kitty

The saddest souls on earth are those born in the Sign of Sagittarius, and they must choose their mates with care, says Norvell, the noted Hollywood astrologer, whose startling predictions about screen stars have come true
Everything Norvell foretold about Betty Grable in this magazine a year ago turned out just as the noted astrologer predicted, that’s why Betty, below left, listens attentively to his warnings. Dennis Morgan, below center, is happy because Norvell has just told him that his future in pictures is secure; he also advised Dennis to make no change in his present domestic arrangement, and let the world’s women swoon where they may. Right, Susanna Foster’s chart shawes she has all the qualities necessary for stardom. Norvell, lower center, tells Mary Martin her marriage will last because she chose a man born in her most compatible sign. For Dorothy Lamour, Norvell foresees another marriage in 1941.

Foyle.” Morgan’s future in pictures is secure, but he had better watch his marriage as there is some danger in the near future indicated in that department. I told Dennis of this and warned him to hold on to his present domestic arrangement, let the world’s women swoon where they may.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, which had Morgan under contract and let him get away, made the same colossal blunder with Deanna Durbin, who is also a Sagittarian. This is strange because that studio is ruled by Leo, the patron of Sagittarius, and players born under this sign could make as much money for themselves as their Leo pets—Loy, Taylor, Bill Powell, Shearer, etc.

Durbin hasn’t suffered much misunderstanding though. Her life is a success and if she remembers my oft-repeated warning to her not to marry before she is twenty-one, she will be successful in marriage. Sagittarians are so eager for emotional assurance that they are apt to run off with the first devoted admirer, with no thought of permanent compatibility. I hope Deanna spares herself this mistake and eventually finds a nice upstanding Leo or Aries lad.

Deanna’s logical successor as the “where the brook and river meet” girl, is Susanna Foster, who was also born in the Sign of Sagittarius. This child, who made such a hit in the film, “The Great Victor Herbert,” and who’s being featured in her current picture, “There’s Magic In Music,” has all the qualities of stardom in her work and chart. If she can be handled wisely and taught tact and perseverance, she should be able to go to great triumphs in future rôles. Her romantic future is a very complicated one according to her chart, but it is too early to dwell on that.

Sagittarius might well be called the singing sign, so many vocal stars does it produce. In addition to Betty Grable, Deanna Durbin, and Susanna Foster, as well as Dennis Morgan, who has an excellent singing voice, though it hasn’t been featured yet, this sign has also given us: Grace Moore, Gladys Swarthout, Mary Martin and Dorothy Lamour. This sign and Taurus produce more singers than any other signs. (Future mothers—would you like a little singer (Please turn to page 95)
And Here's News—
With a Kick—Intimate
News, Romantic News,
Production News, ALL
the Hollywood News!

By
Weston East
No one ever took more kidding in Hollywood than Cary Grant since he has been courting Barbara Hutton, and the rumors of their eventual marriage persist. Funsters have made particular light of the fact that Cary recently hired a business manager to help him save money and then donated the entire check for his very next picture to charity. With an eye to Barbara's millions of gags are kidding that Cary can now well afford such extravagances.

Did you ever wonder exactly what Garbo eats now that she's under the dietetic eye of Gaylord Hauser? Being vegetarians, her every mouthful of food had the eye of everyone in the room the last time they dined at Pernod. From a vantage spot of the table next to theirs the course looked something like this: First, a salad mostly of cucumber mixed with other greens, then a few number of vegetables one after the other, plain as God made them, only boiled in salted water. Then, hold your hat, no meat, but plate after plate of garlic-scented spaghetti.

Did you know that Rosalind Russell is supposed to be married within a year? Roz is almost convinced of it herself because the last three fortune tellers she has been to tell her she will undoubtedly be in double harness a year from now. Columbia Pictures hopes she does it right away because it would be a big boost for the picture she is making for them titled "This Thing Called Love." To give more weight to the prognostication it was Roz who, among the many guests at her sister's recent wedding, caught the bride's bouquet.

Jack Oakie isn't a politician by a long shot, but he created a nice warm feeling in the hearts of a lot of people the other night at a preview theater. During the newsreel the booping and applause for big name politicians got to such a point that Jack leaped to his feet and shouted, "This is America, let's give them a chance!" The theater quieted down immediately. That small gesture gained Jack more good-will than a dozen routines filled with wise cracks.

Clark Gable is so afraid of even having it suggested that he is a softie that every day on the set of "Comrade X" when tea time rolled around and he was offered tiny cakes and tea he bellowed, "Gimme some food fit for a man to eat!" However, he was kidded out of being too disdainful of tea. The day I visited the set his director arranged a gag. As a total surprise a "sandwich" arrived for Clark at tea time. It was made of a loaf of bread cut in half with a two-inch steak between, and a quart of coffee as a chaser. The funniest part of the whole gag was that Clark couldn't eat it. He was on a diet. Even a he-man in pictures has to watch his waist line.

Did you hear about the tiny five-foot extra girl who demanded and got a $25 stunt check because she was repeatedly called upon in a film scene to plant a kiss smack in the middle of Gary Cooper's forehead? In case you don't know it, Gary is six feet four inches tall... A new description of the Chinese Theater forecourt as "the only spot where an actor doesn't mind putting his foot in it," is very apt.
According to the whispering league, Victor Mature is the mysterious man who for the last month has been calling Ann Sheridan's home hoping to get to talk to her. No one has reported George Brent's reactions—yet.

It isn't worth even 10,000 beautiful dollars a week to Dorothy Lamour to be laced into waist-pinning corsets and to wear a lot of tight-fitting, figure-squeezing clothes. In "Chad Hanna" Dorothy played a dazzling circus belle. When the picture was finished she took her first comfortable breath in weeks. Then came the offer from the famous Ringling Brothers Circus requesting her appearance, as she was in the picture, under their big top. Dorothy handed their staggering salary back to them. She prefers, at least, to wear a sarong for less.

Finding it so much fun to fix a man's tie must mean something—wonder if it can be love, and if pretty Pat Stewart, left, with Wayne, will be the next Mrs. Morris? Oh, oh, and what's this, below, the beginning of a new romance? From hot tone's cutting in on Jimmy Stewart and dating Olivia de Havilland.

Discount all those rumors you've heard about square Bill Powell and Slapsie Maxie coming to blows at Maxie's night spot. It was all gagging on Bill's part. When Maxie made his appearance on the stage Bill's ribbing and heckling made good entertainment until suddenly things went too far and the situation became belligerent. The crowd was plainly anxious when Maxie invited Bill to step out in the alley. When they didn't return everyone thought the worst. But Maxie was whisked into a waiting limousine, practically kidnapped by Bill and Diana Lewis. They sped him across town to the night club where Maxine Lewis, Diana's sister, is singing a very popular engagement. Maxie was forced to hear her—and now, Maxine Lewis is opening an engagement at Maxie's night club.

You'd be surprised to know what actress brushed up the fact that she fell into a swimming pool at a recent party fully clothed, even swathed in a fur cape, because she thought it would hurt her reputation as the screen's most poised and lovely lady.

Left, more proof that there's been a shuffling around of partners, is this shot of Alice Faye and Sandy Cummings, who were among the celebrities at Ciro's, gay night spot, recently.

Rouben Mamoulian is constantly being kidded for being the most conscientious director in town. He wears a whistle dangling from a bracelet at his wrist to call his actors to attention quickly so no time will be lost. . . . The most regretted separation in town is that of Mischa Auer and his wife. They never even lived together in their beautiful home, just completed. No divorce, yet no reconciliation has been announced.

A famous movie personality that you all know has been a steady and sincere worker for the Orthopedic Hospital here, but few people are aware of it. She gives her time and money freely because she is so grateful to orthopedic surgery for saving her life. When a child she was thrown from a horse and she would never have been able to walk again if one doctor had not had faith in her. She has never forgotten it. Her name is Rosalind Russell.
Myrna Loy's hands have the touch of Midas. Most everything she puts her efficient fingers into brings her luck a pretty penny. As a friendly and neighborly gesture she packed some of the choicest of her excellent harvest of limes from her own orchards into fancy boxes, labeled them "Loy's Limes" and gave them to friends and neighbors. Local merchants saw the choice fruit and the sales angle in the coined name. Now the Loy ranch is besieged with merchandising offers. Myrna's four hundred lime trees could make her a lot of money, but she prefers to sell her crop in the old-fashioned way.

It's an outstanding case of deferred payment, especially for Hollywood. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond have just finished building a lavish swimming pool. It will be the first one either of them ever owned.

It isn't like Myrna Loy, right, not to smile for the camera. Is it because of rumors that all is not as it should be with the Arthur Hornblow, Jrs.? The gentleman with her is Joseph Allen, Jr. Below, meet the Lockhart family, Daughter June and Mrs. Lockhart look on while Gene phones from a Brown Derby booth.

No matter what you think about movie personalities because of the unbelievable fickleness there seems to be in Hollywood marriages, engagements and friendships, the town is not without sentiment altogether. You should see Tony Martin and Lana Turner at the Victor Hugo. They will sit at no table but the one next to a miniature waterfall. They figure it's the most romantic spot in the room. It was the scene of one of their first dates. They park there and moon into each other's eyes like two teen-aged sweethearts.

Ann Lehr's Memento Mart is the kind of a shop Hollywood should have had long ago. All proceeds go to help the industry's own needy. For the first time authentic mementos used by stars in pictures are on sale to the public. It's a great idea. On display in the shop right now are some of Lana Turner's own sweaters, the belt Clark Gable wore in "Boom Town," a cigarette case and a pair of Gene Autry's spurs and many other things.

And here meet another nice Hollywood family trio, the Gleasons—Russell, his wife, and Ma (Lucille) Gleason—all but Jimmy—enjoying a midnight snack at the Brown Derby.

In "Chad Hanna" you'll see Linda Darnell's eleven-year-old sister in a bit role. Her name is Monte and she was allowed to work as an extra because she had never before been on a movie set for any length of time. However, she was so ambitious that she soon talked the director into a bit role, and into a much better salary. She was deeply provoked when the company began kidding her about usurping her older sister's spot in the movies in no time. She finally explained her position. The only reason she was working at all, she confided proudly, was "to make enough money to learn to be a lion tamer." None of this silly movie star stuff for Monte.

The wigs Miriam Hopkins will wear in "The Woman with Red Hair," based on the life of Mrs. Leslie Carter, will be exactly the correct shade of auburn. They are being matched with an actual strand of the famous actress' natural hair, which is owned by Max Factor.
CONSTANCE BENNETT has gained such a reputation for being difficult to get along with that new acquaintances and fellow-workers keep a constant chip on their shoulders when first meeting her. Connie went into a love scene with Pat O'Brien in "Passage West" and as the shot warmed to the climax of a kiss Pat heard Connie admonish him out of the off-camera corner of her month. "Don't face the camera, don't face the camera," she hissed. Pat burned to think that she could stoop to such conniving to steal a scene. He broke the clinch, gave the camera his full face, and ruined the scene. Connie had been only trying to let him know that her lipstick had smeared his face from nose to chin.

I am sure you'll all be interested to know that, actually, Orson Welles' dress suit that you'll see him wear in "Citizen Kane," is an eye-opening, amazing bright purple. The wise boys are suggesting that because Spencer Tracy has recently stolen so many pictures, they should put Spencer's finger-prints in the cement in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater.

AS OUTMODED as last year's hat was a once very famous movie star at a recent cocktail party. Her fame melted away into an unnoticed background when a brand new fellow countrywoman of hers got her first introduction to the Hollywood press. At Chasen's, Signe Hasso (pronounced Signay) sparkled at her first reception in this country. Signe, like Ingrid Bergman and Garbo, is a Swede—but she has dark red hair, naughty green eyes, an impertinent nose, and a command of the English language that is unbelievable. Around her neck hung a brilliant, sparkling portable radio, which lent an obligato of lilting waltz music to her interesting conversation. An actress to her finger tips, no question stumped Miss Hasso. She's been on the stage since she was eleven. Unnoticed and unknown among the guests was Anna Q. Nilsson, America's first screen favorite to come from Scandinavia.

LI DAMITA is going around with Errol Flynn's stand-in and trying to let people think it's Flynn himself, but he's much too young to pass for Errol.

Charming little imports to add to Hollywood's galaxy of beautiful stars

Left, Renee Hool, brunette screen "find" who makes her movie bow in "You'll Find Out," Kay Kyser's new picture. Below, Signe Hasso, Swedish film star now in Hollywood, who will soon make her American movie début.
EVERY writer in Hollywood has his dander up again and is accusing Paul Muni of giving him the brush-off. The truth is, however, that Muni is only being his own sweet self. No one knows where he is living because that is the way he wants it. Even his studio doesn't know where he is hiding out. It will surprise many to know where he is. He is living in an out-of-the-way bedraggled little frame house out north of Santa Monica near the ocean. It's a hide-away that no one will ever find. He has rented his palatial estate in Palos Verdes and is living very simply.

PITY poor Marlene Dietrich who's as skinny as a fence post, yet has to keep on dieting. Her sense of humor is the only thing that enables her to go foodless. "I've a good notion to have another steak," she kidded, eating luncheon with her director at the Universal commissary recently. "Another steak?" he asked. "Why, you've only had a glass of fruit juice. You haven't eaten anything else." Marlene giggled. "I know, but I had a notion about the other one all the while you were eating yours."

MAYBE you've never noticed, but you have rarely seen Ann Sothern without earrings. These trinkets are her weakness. Her collection runs the gamut from gaudy and simple pairs from the dime store, to impressive sets of clusters of real pearls and diamonds set in platinum. Garbo's appearance at Mary Pickford's charity soiree had everyone goggle-eyed, and not because the great Swede herself had deigned to accept an invitation, but because of the get-up she appeared in. Her dress, it couldn't be called a gown, could be described only by calling it "serviceable" and certainly designed for long and hard wear. She wore low, heavy black shoes, and for a hat, a plain Chinese cootie affair resembling a cork helmet. To excuse Greta Garbo's sloopy dressing, a big-shot Hollywood fashion expert has just confided most confidentially in a friend that the silent Swede is color blind. Materials, to her, don't mean a thing except by touch. If she likes the feel of a fabric that's all that is necessary. Color combinations as well as styles can go hang.
grown hard to danger and excitement. That was why his father had sent him there to be schooled as an officer so he would not be softened by the ease of California living. So when the letter came summoning him home to Los Angeles he hated to give up the things he had known. This had been living, this recklessness that was a part of Spain. How could he go back to the inertia of that quiet land? Maybe in Monterey or up north in San Francisco it would be different. But the Los Angeles his father governed as Alcade had grown lazy under his gentle rule. There was almost too much happiness and peace in its sunny vineyards and orange groves.

"I give you a toast, señors!" Diego had said at that last dinner in the officers' mess and there had been a rueful bitterness in his smile, a nostalgia even then in his heart for all that he was leaving. "A toast to California, where a man can only marry and raise fat children and watch his vineyards grow!"

The officer at his right had laughed and touched the Californian's sword with his finger. "Then what will you do with this spur of yours, my Coclórell?" he laughed.

"This!" Diego said, and taking it out of its scabbard he had thrown it up to the ceiling where it hung quivering. "Leave it there. When you see it think of me in a land of gentle missions, happy peons, sleepy caballeros and everlasting boredom!"

That was how he had thought it would be. But Los Angeles had changed in the years he had been away. For his father, the kindly Don Alejandro Vega, was no longer Alcade. He had been forced to resign and in his place reigned the brutal Luis and the heavy taxes he imposed on the people took away the plenty there had been before, just as his cruelty had banished all happiness. There was Esteban too, captain of Luis' men who had replaced Alejandro's caballeros. As cruel as his superior, he had a way with the sword that was efficient in collecting taxes and he was handsome in his dark, sardonic way. Luis needed him and so he pretended not to notice when the captain's eyes rested too often upon Inez, Luis' flirtatious young wife.

So Diego came home to a countryside grovelling in fear, to peons who no longer sang as they worked in the fields and to caballeros awake now to a resentful restlessness but who could only grumble at the change that had come with no man strong enough, to lead them against it. But none of these things hurt him quite as much as the change that had come over his father. In the old man's kindly heart there was no room for violence and when Fray Felipe, the priest who had looked on in loathing when he saw his flock terrorized, urged him to lead the caballeros in revolt he only shook his head.

"Lose the best blood in Los Angeles in a hopeless cause? Never!" he said. And Diego was sickened by the fear in his eyes, by the new submissiveness that crept into his voice. His father who had always had the heart of a thousand lions had become a tired old man.

"Even if I thought it would succeed, I'd refuse," Don Alejandro went on slowly. "Because the law is the law, and I have
spent thirty years of my life enforcing it.
Two wrongs never make a right and never will."

"Sometimes one must fight fire with fire!" Diego said, and his words kindled sparks in the old Fray's eyes.

"That's it!" he agreed, and there was the steel in his voice that Alejandro's had lost.

"I am a Vega!" Alejandro drew himself up proudly. "Luis Quintero is corrupt and vile, but because he is I will not become lawless too. Neither will my son!"

Diego looked at him and then suddenly his manner changed. He might have been a fool instead of a solder standing there, looking bored as if the things they were saying was of no interest to him.

"Why become overly excited?" he picked up a fan lying on a table and waved it languidly. "In this heat I miss the scented breezes of Spain. By the way, I took up sleight of hand in Madrid. It's all the rage just now. Watch closely!" And as they stared at him he made a motion with his hand and the fan disappeared. "Ah, here it is!" He laughed as he pretended to take it from behind the Fray's ear and gave it to him with a sweeping bow.

Fray Felipe turned away and now the steel was gone from his voice too and only bitterness remained. "So the boy I helped to raise, the boy I taught to hold a firm wrist behind a true sword, has turned into a pup'!" he muttered.

El escudero sighed as he looked at this son of his, this boy who had promised so much, who he had sent away to become a man. He had not wanted violence but even less than violence he wanted this simpering gallant who spent his days in idleness playing cards with Luis and his officers and flattering the Alcaldé's flighty young wife, Inez, with his attentions.

He had become a laughing stock to everyone. The caballeros ignored him and even the peons stared at him with hostile eyes. At the Alcaldé's home he was looked on as a harmless fool by all but Inez who delighted in his prattling about Madrid, the latest fashions, the little tidbits of gossip and scandal that delighted her frivolous soul. Hungry for his compliments she found that tall slowness of his to her liking and her eyes followed him so often that Estaban felt a quick jealousy rising within him. But he banished the emotion with a laugh. If he could be a soldier, a man, he jealously of this dandy, this fool!

Yet it was from Diego, the dandy, the fool, that Zorro sprang. But of course none of them guessed that. Even his friends must not know lest unwittingly they betray him.

Zorro! The very sound of the name was to bring lost courage back to despairing hearts. For Zorro struck with a sure hand at all that was corrupt and evil and Luis' men no longer lashed at the peons with their whips with the same zest they had shown before, for they were never sure when the masked rider and his sword would appear out of nowhere and strike out at them. Many of them went about now with the Z that was the avenger's signature hardening into ugly scars on their cheeks. Overnight placards denouncing Luis and his evil and signed by the bold scroll, "Zorro," covered the countryside like a mushroom growth, and in the Alcaldé's home the usurers trembled at the sound of the name.

Yet even in that place there was one who thrilled to the thought of him, who dreamed of him at night and whose prayers always held his name. She dared not speak it aloud, the little Lolita, for she was Luis' niece. But when night came she ran to him in her dreams, and awake she wondered if it was young, that face, and eager and laughing, or was it grown old in bitterness? She wished it was young to match the courage in his heart but she loved him whatever his age, whatever his place in the world. And it did not matter that Inez, jealous of her young loveliness, kept her away from the young gallants who came there nightly to dine and to dance. For her there was only one man in the world, Zorro, her uncle's enemy.

And that day when Luis and Inez rode out in their carriage she could have wept for sheer joy when they returned that short half hour later, with the news they had been robbed of their money and Inez' jewels, the gigantic Z slashed in the padded silk that lined their carriage telling of the vengeance that had overtaken them. For Lolita knew those jewels had been bought with the money that belonged to the peons and to the ranchers from whom it had been stolen in taxes, and she hated her uncle's cruelty as much as any of them.

Fray Felipe's heart too knew only gladness when a peon came running to him with the news of what had happened. He went into the church and kneeling before the altar offered his thanks for Zorro's safety and as he rose a rosy smile trembled on his
lip. What had come over him, a son of the church, praying for help to an outlaw! He tensed as he heard rough voices in the mission garden and stood by stately as Esteban and his men pushed their way past him and made a thorough search of the church. There was a frown on Fray Felipe's face as he walked after them into his living quarters and he started as he saw a man sitting in the shadows. But it was only Diego waiting before the chess-board set up for a game, his hand covering his yawn as he looked up.

"It's been frightening dull at home," he said. "I've been waiting for a game with you.

"You've seen or heard nothing?" Esteban demanded. "We're after the bandit, Zorro.

We saw him ride through the Mission gates.

"Of Zorro!" Diego recoiled in horror, and thought, "Thank heaven. My blood chill at the thought!"

Esteban laughed derisively and Fray Felipe could not conceal his distrust. But he waited until the door had closed after the intruders before he spoke.

"When I think what one man, single-handed, has accomplished against these devils and see you, the last of the Vegas, tremble at the mention of his name I could—"

"Ordinarily I'd drink in your words," Diego grinned as he got up. "But just now there are other things to think of."

He stopped in front of the statue of the Virgin and drew a huge canvas bag from behind it. And he laughed as he strode over to the priest and slammed the bag down on the table before him, tossing the necklace that had long aged the white throat of Inez down beside it.

"The gold, the Captain didn't mention that. Can it be Luis and the fair Inez were keeping it as a surprise for me from even my dear friend Esteban, that they have been sending gold to Spain for safekeeping?"

He tapped the orb dramatically with his hand and laughed at the Fray's startled face. "So my old mentor has no more wit than the rest of them. Quick! Hide that plunder! Don't want Captain Spanish come in and fetch that fish. Put it away!"

"Are you trying to make me a receiver for stolen goods?"

The old Fray tried to sound disapproving but he could not deny the tugging of his heart.

"A dispenser, my dear Fray," Diego reassured him. "This has been wrung from the peons. Restore it to them!"

"No, Father is right about that," Diego said soberly. "We'd stand no chance against a garrison of trained soldiers."

"But you must have had Luis at your mercy when you took his gold," the old Fray said. "I would have snuffed him out like a candle, God forgive me for it..."

And Felipe looked at him in apparent surprise, "another like him would take his place. Or a worse one. Esteban maybe."

"Everything, I see everything," the Fray said thoughtfully. "But what can you achieve all alone?"

"I might be able to persuade Luis to return and name my father in his place," Diego said. "Amusing, don't you think?"

Fray Felipe stared at him. "If you live," he said soberly.

"I longer felt safe even in his palace with his strong guard watching the gates. The mark of Zorro had appeared the other evening he was almost certain that the bandit was no more than a demon who except a demon could walk through walls? But the evening the masked face of Zorro was seen in his study and he mandated he resign in favor of Alejandro Vega he could swear that no supernatural being could be so frightening as that tall figure towering over him. In an instant he was gone and Luis sounded the alarm, but though the guard was out instantly there was trace of the intruder.

Torches gleamed in the darkness outside and every room in the house was ablaze with light. But Diego remembered the chapel and stepping inside he found the monk's robe and hood hanging there and sat quietly down in the shadows. In another moment the door to the chapel opened and she saw the girl, Loliita, the lights from the candles on the altar casting a halo over her head.

His heart leaped at that first sight of her, so small she reached scarcely higher than his heart, so lovely with that gentle, flower face of hers.

"Fray Ramon," she said uncertainly and he could see that he had started her. "I didn't see you when I came in."

"I'm not Fray Ramon," Diego said softly. "I'm Fray Pablo from the mission. I've been spending the evening with Fray Ramon."

"I, the girl hesitated and looked at him appealingly, "I was asking the Holy Mother just now to save me from a convent. Is that a sin?"

"The sin, I think, would be in sending you to one," Diego said soberly. "It seems to me you might be more useful outside a convent than in."

"You mean in serving God?" she asked earnestly.

"Well yes, in a way," he said uncertainly. "The church must have sons and daughters if she is to flourish. Strong sons, fine daughters."

"But Aunt Inez wants to send me to a convent," the girl whispered. "Maria, she's my duma, says she's jealous. She says it's because I'm, well, good-looking."

"Maria has excellent eyesight," Diego assured her.

"Thank you, Fray," Lolita couldn't help that pleased little giggle. "No one except Maria ever says I'm pretty."

"Pretty?" Diego forgot himself and the part he was playing. "You're more radiant, more lovely than a morning in June."

"You really think that?" the girl whispered entranced. "I've never heard such words before, they make me lose my breath."

You should hear such words every hour of the day. Diego said and then he knew that he had gone too far, for the girl looked at him startled and as he rose he saw her eyes travel slowly from the cowl he was wearing to the hem of his robe. And too late he saw the end of his scabbard protruding beneath it.

"You—you're wearing a sword," she whispered, and then she tensed as she heard the sound of footsteps and Inez' voice calling her name.

"Where have you been?" she asked as Lolita went to the chapel door. "Zorro just broke into the house and threatened your uncle. She took the girl's arm and started to lead her away. "Lock the doors after we leave, Fray Ramon," she ordered. "The beast may try to rob the altar."

For a moment Diego stood there rigidly, then he saw the girl's eyes, radiant now as they looked at him, and her voice trembled as she bade him a demure good night. He had not known that love could be like this, more thrilling than any adventure, more quiet than any peace. Now he knew that it was for this love his heart had been made and he was impatient to see her again. Yet it seemed easier for Zorro to penetrate the Alcadié's fortress than it was for Diego to meet the girl Inez had ordered kept in the background.

It was Esteban who broke down those barriers between them. "Of course it's obvious this Zorro is the tool of Alejandro," he said when Luis told him of the threats the masked intruder had made. "The fact that he wants to appoint Alejandro in your place proves that. If we form an alliance with Alejandro Vega we can help the situation."

"Impossible!" Luis interrupted testily. "You know Vega's attitude."

"Perfectly," Esteban snarled sardonically. "But what could be stronger than an alliance through marriage? Royal families keep the peace of Europe in bridal beds."

Royal families! Luis liked that phrase.
...and was arrested. 'Are you buying my son?' Isabella protested.

There is always the practical side to consider,' Luis said uncomfortably.

'IT doesn't enter into this,' Alejandro said and walked pointedly toward the door. 'You've come here in broad daylight on a supposedly friendly mission with a company of troops escorting you, Why?'

'No to threaten you. I assure you,' Luis showed his discomfiture as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead. 'It's because of this Zorro fellow.'

'&Zorro is only a symptom,' Alejandro said shortly. 'This district is bleeding raw from your vile administration. I would never appear to condone it by a marriage between our families.'

It was then Diego sauntered into the room and saunt languidly down into a chair. 'What is this fatiguing turmoil about?' he asked.

He tried to maintain that look of boredom when they told him, but his heart turned over at that first mention of her name. 'How flattering,' he smiled as he turned to his mother and father. 'Why should that cause an argument on a warm day?'

His father looked at him appalled. 'You're marrying into the family of this—this—'

'How can I tell until I see her?' Diego toyed with his words as deftly as he had ever parried with his sword. 'After all, I'm not marrying His Excellency.

'But Diego,' his mother protested. 'You should consider your father's wishes in a matter of this sort.'

'Please my mother,' Diego leaned over and patted her hand, 'I had no say in my father's marriage, why should he instruct me in mine?'

'Exactly,' Luis smiled his approval as he rose. 'Could you dine with us tonight, Diego? We'll expect you at six.'

Never had the hands of a clock moved with such exasperating slowness. Diego could not still that wild clashing in his heart. But when he appeared at last in the Alcade's drawing room, it was a languid young man who stood there, toying with the gold chain on which his quizzing glass was hung. And Lolita curtseying before him flushed as he held the glass to his eyes and looked her over as thoroughly as though she were a filly he was buying.

'You'll forgive me for being late, señora,' he turned from Lolita to Inez, who had been watching them with silent fury in her eyes. 'They heated the water for my bath too early. It was positively tepid! By the time more was carried and properly scented—' he shrugged his shoulders. 'Life can be trying, don't you think?'

Lolita was silent as he led her into the dining room and as she sat at the table hardly. She knew he hated all of them, but most of all she hated this man she was to marry. This fool who even at the table was amusing them all with his sleight of hand tricks. Then Esteban turned the conversation to Zorro and the mention of his name was enough to bring Lolita back to life again to send the color to her cheeks and the light to her eyes.

'This Zorro?!' Diego shuddered. 'As I rode here I fancied the cutthroat lurking in every shadow. I was positively unnerved.'

'How distressing!' Lolita imitated Diego's bored drawl and made no attempt to hide the feeling flaring from her eyes.

'You called her hero a cutthroat!' Inez explained laughingly as Diego pretended to look startled.

'Señorita Maria,' he turned to Lolita.

'Have you met the fellow?'

'I've never so much as seen his face.'

Lolita said coldly. 'I happen to admire courage.'

'Oh, my dear,' Diego laughed deprecatingly. 'Dashing about with a cutlass is quite out of fashion. It hasn't been done since the middle ages.'

'He seems to be quite effective.' Lolita said coldly. 'He's like a lion among a lot of frightened sheep.'

Dinner over, Diego asked for the first dance. Then it was incredible but Lolita found her heart like a lump of lead around her. Maybe it was the music, maybe it was that swaying rhythm of their bodies moving as one, maybe it was their hearts a part of that music, a part of that rhythm.

'I never dreamed dancing could be so wonderful!" Lolita whirled into the second.

'My lord,' grudgingly, Diego shrugged as he drew his face handkerchief from his sleeve and mopped his forehead delicately. 'This is a new one. I thought you would find the handkerchief in his hand and when he opened it again the square of lace was gone. All the others applauded but Lolita looked as if it had turned to stone as she watched.

'If you'll excuse me, señor,' she swept her uncle that hurried little curtsey and looked at him appealingly. 'I wish to retire.'

She was gone before he could forbid her to go and she went as she understood and crept into bed. Then she heard the knock on the door leading to her balcony and as she sat up startled she saw the man in the cape and the sombrero standing. Her heart told her it was, even before she saw the mask shielding his eyes, and now there was only that wild singing in her heart which depended on her reaction and ran to open the door.

'I have a confession to make,' he said.

'I can't let this night end without telling you.'

Then he took off the mask and she saw she was Diego.

Her small hands clenched as she faced him, 'I'm pretending to be Zorro. The Zorro you were talking about.

'If you'll excuse me,' she said, as she faced him. 'I don't care to hear anything you have to say!'

'I'm glad you took the advice I gave you in the chapel,' Diego said.

'It's not beauty in the present. For even in a temper, you're more lovely, more radiant than a morning in June.'

'Zorro!' she whispered, and as his arms went about her she felt as if she were asleep and beginning to dream. For it had always been like this in those dreams, his arms holding her and his lips finding hers in the darkness.

'Having you think me a cowardly fop was more than I could bear,' he said. 'Why, I am here. He kissed her then and after he left she pressed her hand against her mouth as if she were trying to hold his kiss there forever.

Diego woke the next morning with the thought of Lolita stirring in his heart and all that day he thought of her so that when he saw her standing there in his mother's sitting room he felt as if it were magic to have brought her out of his dreams. But at Lolita's first words the singing sadness was gone from his heart. For she told him that Esteban had arrested Fray Felipe as Zorro when he found him giving money to the peons and had discovered the plunder hidden in the mission. He must do something, quickly, she begged, for Luis had decreed Felipe should die in the morning.

Luis' face was jubilant when Diego stood before him that short half an hour later. Then he blanched when a servant came in with the news that the wine cellar had been broken into and all the casks slashed with the great Z that told them Zorro was still free. As he stood there trembling Esteban came into the room.

'He wants you to get gold out of the country!' the Captain said, taking that menacing step toward Luis. "I wondered why our special tax fund was shrinking. Then I found the gold bags among the plunder when I arrested Fray Felipe this morning. If you ever again take one peso of mine I'll cut your throat from ear to ear!'"
Diego shrugged delicately. "His Excellency objects to talk of throat-cutting."

"Quiet, poppinjay!" Esteban glowered at him. "I have no reason for letting you live.

"What a pleasant coincidence," Diego laughed. "I have exactly the same feeling about you, Captain.

"His hand went to his sword as Esteban lunged at him and in another moment the room rang to their steel. Over chairs they leaped, over the table that crashed before them. And as Luis watched, his eyes widened in sudden suspicion as he saw Diego's skill. Only one in Los Angeles had been known to hold a sword with that sure ease, and his name was Zorro. He looked at his boots then and saw the stain the mud from the cellar had left on them.

But he held his tongue. It would be to his advantage to have Esteban killed. Not only because of Inez, that was a little matter a man could deal with in his own way. But the Captain had become a danger now as he knew Luis had been stealing from him as well as the peons. So he waited for that last thrust when Esteban sank dying before he called in the senoritas and ordered Diego taken to Fray Felipe's cell.

It was just before dawn that Diego and Felipe heard the shouting outside and the turnkey grunted as he told him that Luis had summoned all of Los Angeles, the peons, the caballeros, to attend the execution. And breaking against the shouting voices was the muffled beat of the drums and the clash of steel as the death guard arrived.

But Diego looked unconcerned as he took the Fray's prayer book and covering it with his handkerchief made it disappear before the turnkey's startled eyes. "That's nothing," Diego said with a shrug. "You should see me turn a copper coin into gold. That's my best trick."

He pretended to be amused when the turnkey asked what change he was going to get. The Zorro centavo he drew out of his pocket into a gold piece, and he smiled languidly as he asked him to give it to him through the bars of the cell.

"Now I take your hand gently, in this fashion," Diego said putting his hand over the turnkey's. Then the man screamed in terror and tried to hurl him as if it were a steel vise, jerking him against the bars with one hand and taking the gun from his holster with the other. With the gun pressed against his side the turnkey was forced to give over his keys, and Diego opening the cell forced the man into it and made him lock the low door.

The shouting was nearer now. Diego looked up to see the procession coming toward him, Luis first with two of his officers, then his father at the head of the caballeros.

"Diego!" his father said in astonishment, turning furiously to Luis. "What idiotic joke is this? Zorro is a man. This is my worthless, trick-playing offspring."

"Have you seen this one, father?" Diego laughed. "An Idiot? Very few of them could do anything but stand there gaping as he opened the door to his cell and yanked Luis into it."

"Zorro!" The caballeros shouted and now that they had a leader, their old spirit came back to them. As one man they fought with Diego.

When it was over Luis was no longer Alcade and in his place stood Alejandro, his eyes glistening with pride as he looked at his father.

And so it was that Luis and Inez left on the ship leaving for Spain that evening. But Diego felt no longing for that distant country. His pride stood with Lolita, California! What better place was there in the world he thought. California, where a man could marry and raise fat children and watch his vineyards grow!

is a surprise. I find myself anticipating his arrival with the keenest interest, and being pliant, I unconsciously swing into his mood immediately, whatever it may be. Perhaps he'll suggest dining up and stepping out to a night spot; or taking a swift drive along the beach; or having guests in, or again, just staying home by ourselves. But whatever we do, we have fun! Maybe that's the reason we are congenial; we never have to prod ourselves into a response. We meet spontaneously, completely, at every point. And we can always laugh together. This, I believe, is a supreme test.

We had no radical adjustments to make when we were married because we had known each other from our early teens. Don was fourteen, I was two years younger, when Father Sheehy, a professor at Columbia College and a great friend of my family, brought him over to our house one evening. There was a crowd of young people around, yet we quickly discovered we liked each other very much. It wasn't particularly sentimental for we were a little young for that, but during the years that followed we developed a remarkable understanding, even though months might pass without our seeing each other. But growing up together, as it were, may have leveled some of the hazards."

It was eight years after their meeting, when Don signed his first radio contract in Chicago, that they called on their friend, Father Sheehy, to marry them, and they eloped down in a tiny suburban apartment. Now Don had never been burning up with an absorbing ambition, neither had he set his heart on fame, or yearned for great wealth. He had an intense desire—and still has it—of living fully, and being happy, today! It is amazing how his entire career seemed to happen accidentally, step by step, without any apparent guidance from him. Now, at thirty, he has won most of the rewards life can bestow.

A midnight phone call, five years ago, asking if he would fly to Hollywood the next day for a role in the picture. "Sins of Man," really changed Don's life. Three hours after his arrival he was facing the cameras at Twentieth Century-Fox Studio, and his screen career was being launched.

"A month later, when he signed a contract," said Honey, "I came out. We had Donnie, two years old, and three-months-old Ronnie, and though we had never lived in the country, we decided that San Fernando Valley, with its space, its equable climate, would be the ideal spot to rear our sons. Now that there are two more, Tommy, a year old, and Lolita, the new baby, we feel we made a wise decision—for here within our five acres they live a wholesome, free life. And we've become ranchers at heart, loving the soil and watching things grow."

"For such a boy, what a glorious achievement!" I exclaimed. And what courage. I thought to myself, for Honey has gone down into the shadow time as they were all Caesarian births.

She laughed easily. "We both approve of large families and are proud of our brood. Before the last one came I think Don secretly hoped it would be a curly-haired little sister to play with the boys, so I told him if it should be another son, we'd wait a while, then adopt two little girls.

"Don has a beautiful disposition," Honey went on. "He's always the same, and always well-balanced no matter what comes up. He's strict with the children, a real disciplinarian, but he's fair, and the boys adore him. I'm inclined to be too lenient, but I never interfere when he's correcting them. Our second son, Ronnie, is his Daddy all over, He's mischievous and has a flair for getting into trouble. And he can always grin himself out of it."

"Don's made twenty-one pictures since coming to Hollywood and most of this time he's carried on his NBC broadcasts, so I've taken over the responsibilities of the home, but I've encountered few difficulties. I employ young people in their early twenties because they take orders more readily, and because they put enthusiasm and imagination into their work. Our cook, who is twenty-three, has been with us five years. She does all the cooking, balancing and ordering, and that's some job in this family, for we never know when dinner will be

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served, nor how many may be here.

"Sunday is our busiest, and our happiest day. Everybody is up early and we all pile into the station wagon to attend the nearby parish church. Then, we have luncheon with the children, the only time during the week this is possible because of Don's irregular hours. The day usually winds up with from twenty to thirty relatives and friends, gathered around an informal supper table.

"We both love having people with us. Don was one of eight children and many of his brothers and sisters live near us, while Father and Mother Ameche have a place just around the corner so the children can visit them every day."

As we roamed over the house, a little later, I discovered the children have their rooms, including a dining room of their own on the first floor. The entire second floor belongs exclusively to Don and Honoré—its own private castle and gives them a freedom seldom attained in family life. In the large bedroom which they share is Honey's one hobby—a collection of Dresden porcelains. Arranged on a quaint Dresden for one cabinet are priceless specimens, while on a table below, is a lamp made out of a Dresden cookie jar—her real prize.

Don's hobby is his extensive wardrobe. Being so busy, he turns his shopping over to his wife and she buys everything for him except his suits. Samples for these are sent to him and he joyously marks them for hours before making a selection. Along with her other talents, Honey does exquisite needlework and Don's dozens and dozens of fine linen handkerchiefs bear an original monogram which she thought up herself, of his initials, D. F. A., embroidered on a musical scale as notes.

"A natural gambler, Don bets on everything," said Honey, "and he plays the races and loves poker. It's the excitement of the game that thrills him, however, and he's as delighted over trivial winnings as the larger ones.

"He's emotional, with all the finest Italian sentiments. You know, his father came from Italy. Don's a real wop, too, in his fondness for red-hot seasoning and garlic on his food. I had to learn all this, just as Mother Ameche did when she married Don's father, but as we both love to cook, we have become experts.

Don's intensely active, bubbling with a nervous energy that's geared to top speed. He can't relax and goes until he is utterly exhausted, then drops into a bed. He can't sit still long enough to read a book and I doubt if he's read one through in the last five years. He'll read a few pages, then band it over to me, asking that I tell him about it. His latest excitement is flying. We are both learning to be pilots and will buy a plane. I believe this will come nearer to satisfying his demand for speed than anything else ever has.

"He loves his work, both radio and screen, and he sincerely believes that good entertainment is necessary to normal living these days. He says he can never become disillusioned as long as he can help build illusions for other people—the shut-ins, and those lonely and unhappy."

It was fun visiting with Honoré. She is wonderfully attractive; sparkling, gay, feminine, and so capable. Little wonder she fills Don's world completely. Success has come early to the Ameches. Yet they are the same unspoiled, friendly, happy people they were when they first started out to face the world together. It's a joy to make a record of this!
Charles Winninger plays Judy Garland’s father in “Little Nellie Kelly,” based on the George M. Cohan musical stage success, and starring Judy. The two have many good comedy and dramatic scenes together in the picture, from which the above scene is taken.

I’ve just heard Mom and Daddy talk about it so often that I think I remember. I do remember that I sang "Jingle Bells" and that I chose that song of my own. I do remember it was Christmas week and I was about three years old, and that I wore a white dress which Mom made for me and that Suzanne and Jinnie (I always called Virginia, Jinnie) pinned sprigs of holly all over it, even where I sat down! And of course I remember, Mom, how you taught us three kids lots of songs. And you’ve told me that I amazed you by my persistence in making trios out of duets (so that I could be included in with my sisters!) and by my quickness in catching onto tricks and phrases. Anyway, so the Family Saga goes, when the curtains parted on this First Appearance on Any Stage of Baby Frances Gumm, there I stood, and when the orchestra gave me my cue, I started to sing, without a moment’s hesitation or the slightest sign of shyness. You insist that I kept perfect pitch, perfect time, and didn’t miss a word!

Well, when the chorus ended, so far as the orchestra was concerned, and it was time for me to bow off gracefully, I did nothing of the kind. I started the song all over again! Again it ended. Again I had other ideas. And after five verses and four choruses, Daddy had to march out on the stage, pick up his infant daughter and carry her into the wings amid quite tumultuous applause and encore! I wanna sing more, but Daddy kept me quiet! He didn’t want me to sing more, didn’t want me to sing at all! And Daddy told me this—"I wanna sing some more," and he said he was sure my voice could be heard out from long long after I’d vanished on his shoulder into the fringe of canvas Christmas trees.

That was amateur night, too, by the way. And whenever the kids who sang "Jingle Bells" with me—"if we want to understand what’s going on in Europe and how it got like this, we should read the book! I never played with dolls, never. I’m told that when I was a mere infant, I’d make horrible faces if anyone just handed me a doll. And I remember myself that my first really nice doll was given me by Mary Pickford when I won the Herald-Express "Better Babies" Contest. I think I was two and a half or something like that, and I don’t remember the contest but I do remember that the Great, Beautiful Doll sat in my playroom along with other, not-so-elegant, dolls and that I thought it was just a piece of bri-a-brac, not something to play with. I think I know why I hated dolls, they reminded me of little, dead people! All cold and still, I liked live, warm, cuddly things. I still do. The first toys I ever really played with, I remember, really used, were a toy piano and a toy xylophone. I never had a piano lesson in my life but I liked to bang on that toy piano. I’m not sure whether I really remember my first Public Appearance or whether...
liked the spotlight, I’m afraid. I’ve always felt at home in it, like sitting in the fireside, cozy. And I remember that my First Punishment was being stood in a corner. I may well admit to you now, Mom, that it was no punishment! In fact, I got a kick out of it. It got so that I’d do something naughty deliberately and then I’d go and stand in a corner under my own steam! Because I liked standing in a corner. Because it was, in a manner of speaking, also standing in the spotlight! Suzanne and Jinnie would be so impressed when they saw me standing there, they’d sort of tip-toe around.

Well, I certainly remember my First Tour! We left Grand Rapids soon after I was three. I can remember hearing Mother and Dad talking about how California would be the healthiest place to bring up three small girls. I remember all the talk about Dad selling his theater in Grand Rapids and his plans for buying a new one in California. Being practical people, and vaudevillians, we decided to make one night stand along the road on the way out. That’s when I began to be The Pest of the Tour. Being the smallest of the three, I always stood on the stage between the girls, with an arm around each sister. And I’d tickle first one and then the other. I broke up the act entirely. They’d just go to pieces but I’d go right on singing! Jinnie thought it was rather funny but Suzanne was so busy chase me all over around back-stage, trying to catch me and spank me.

Sometimes we played jokes on the orchestra, too—and then one night, the orchestra turned the tables on us. We had to stand very near to the footlights, you see, being so little—and this bunch of boys got a very bright idea and they all one carded, and the tunes nearly asphyxiated us! But that was nothing to what our First Audience did to us when we first played in California—it was in a small theater in a small, northern town, I remember, and before we’d half finished our first song, the entire house walked out on us! That was the night Dad decided that the theater was not for us. And that walk-out was my First Introduction to California audiences!

Well, then we settled in Lancaster, California, and quitted our theater nearby. I think the first special thing I remember about Lancaster is when I did my first school play there. I must have been about four and a half, I think. Anyway, I was a dancer and I had pillows stuffed all over me. At the end of our act, I was surprised to see the curtain go down before me. The whole audience left. What kind of a thing was this, I thought?—so I just went right out in front of the curtain and started to bow like mad and I just kept on out there, bowing and bowing, and then I had to crawl in under the curtain to get back again! I should have been mortified but I’m told I was not. Anyway, the role I had in the school play was also in a school play in Lancaster. I forget whether it was given by the dramatic school or attended for a while by the high school but anyway, I was “Mrs. Goldilocks” and I wore a huge monument of a blonde wig. I had to swing back and forth in a rope swing under a spread canvas tree and in my zeal for enthusiasm, I swung so hard that I hit one of the back-drops and knocked my wig off! And there sat “Mrs. Goldilocks” with my brown tights and a slip for a dressing. Also I never gave me a starring role again! Oh, and as if I can ever forget the time I appeared in a school recital in the auditorium of the old school where Suzanne and Jinnie were going! The place was packed. Behind the scenes, my mother held my dresses for me. I can see it to this day, the school was swarming with little girls and pencils were attached to this, that and the other as easy for me to slip into with no motion—well, just as Mom was holding it ready for me to step into, I heard the opening bars of my number and I rushed out onto the stage, stark naked! I must say that I began my professional career as an ill-starred star, like when I was five I became one of The Mecklin Kiddies. And the next Public Appearance I made was in one of their revues in a Los Angeles theater. To us, a Los Angeles theater meant what the Palace did to Broadway. It was the Big Time! And not only was I in several of the ensembles but also, dressed as a Cupid, with bow and arrow and quivers in a silver case, I was to deliver myself of a solo. I Can't Give You Anything But Love. And then, again, Disaster! For I awoke on the eventful morning with a cold sore, a sty in my right eye and the horrible results of my First Permanent almost totally disabling me. I couldn’t see, my eye was practically shut, my mouth was swollen with the cold sore, and my hair looked like Topsy’s after a pillow fight. We spent the day frantically trying first aid remedies and I kept my fingers crossed—well, I can’t wish styes and cold sores away, nor permanent, either, they run their appointed courses. Anyway, Mom says that I showed then, for the first time, that the old “the Show must go on” slogan was in my bones because—a very sorry looking Cupid did the blind staggers onto the stage. I couldn’t even get the quivers out of my case on account of how I couldn’t see to get them out!

But I’ve always said that I was born under a Lucky Star, somewhere Over the Rainbow—because that night Gus Edwards was in the audience and he came back-stage and told my mother that my sisters and I should resume our trio singing—“With her ear,” he said, “nothing musical is beyond her.” I remember his exact words on account of how I thought he mentioned my ear because my ears were the only parts of me that were not disfigured! It was soon after that that The Gumm Sisters got their first professional engagement at the Biltmore Theater in L. A. But we celebrate! We always celebrated every Big, First Occasion at our house. That night we had ice-cream and store cake and lemon pop and candy. We were Big Time! Well, sir, we even had a private dressing room with maid service. I kept asking the maid to go and get me ice-cream soda and chewing gum. I didn’t know what else to ask her for. I still send people out to get me ice-cream soda and chewing gum when I’m working. Well, we were all so happy and elated we didn’t even think to ask what our salaries would be. Mom had bought all three of us new dresses. I remember them so well because they were our first bought dresses. And all our friends came to the theater. Mom and
Dad sat in the front row of the orchestra to get the applause going. And we got a lot of it, too. Lovely waves of it!

"First name ever had a conscious, sort of formed ambition to Be Someone. I never thought of going in movies or acting my life. I mean, I knew what I was going to be a Singer! I did think, I'm going to have lots of pretty clothes some day and a lovely house and a red automobile! They always say "As a man thinks..." well, I say that "As a little girl thinks" because I have them, now, the pretty clothes, my own house, even the red automobile!"

But Pride certainly goeth, at times, before an awful belly-whopper—for that night, when we opened our pay envelopes after the first Pay-Check—FIfty CENTS! And Mom had paid $10.00 each for our dresses. I said "Are we living, then?" and my Mom said "Well, Garland!"

"No, but I guess Woman's Place is In The Home—and in school, for you three!"

Buddy West—well, Mister West, I certainly remember you! You certainly belong among my Important Firsts on account of how you were the first boy I ever noticed, and I hated you! Maybe Dr. Freud and the psychologists would say that I was having an "over-reaction" but I called it just plain hating you—in fact, I hated all boys after you! The ages, well, for months—I remember, how, when Daddy would reminisce, saying "when I was a boy"—I'd say, passionately, "you weren't a boy, you weren't ever a natty little boy!" You gave me my First Black Eye, Mister West, sir, if you care. You threw a stone at me and gave me the piper of a shiner! Mom laughed at me, and I dined out with the black bea- con. She was very wise with me, my Mom, she always laughed off the little, hurtful things that happened to me. So that I wouldn't take misfortune, or myself, too seriously.

But the girls certainly knew how to make my life miserable. Whenever they wanted to tease me, they'd go around yodeling a little ditty they reworted. I can still re- member every horrid word of it. It went like this:

"Frances is mad and I am glad. And I know how to tease her. A bottle of wine to make her shine. And Buddy West to squeeze her!"

Ugh—it can get a cactus spine even now, when you think I got that at Mister West, if you recall. One day we were having a fire drill in school. I had an all-day sucker in my hand. We got in line and you tried to kiss me and I a you in the face with the all-day sucker and it stuck there! Gosh, didn't you look funny!

I really had my First Heartbreak in Lancaster. It was a Hard Heartbreak, really, in many ways. The kind of ways that hurt kids something fierce. When the neigh- bors said that I'd be a "Theatrical Child," none of the children would play with me. Gee, they were mean to me, awful mean. Like I had when I came home with the black bea- con, of course, real stage costumes and lots of times, especially Hallowe'en, they'd all come to my house, so sweet, sugar wouldn't melt in their mouth. I was, they'd be as costum- es from me. And then, when they'd got what they wanted, they'd ditch me, leave me sitting alone in my costume. It almost broke my heart.

I never learned—hopefuly I'd take the kids to Dad's theater after night, for free, since they had a special key and a Shrimp, her little skirt, Ardis Shrimp, Muggsy Ming, Laurana Blankenship (the others you ever hear such names?) and the others—and they'd grab the candy and the tickets back office from the cashier, and stay late!

Then there was the time when I was going to the Professional School—Jennie and I. Frankie Darro was in my class and that morta boy spent every mortal minute whispering to me. One day the teacher grabbed Frankie by the back of his neck, while holding a croquet mallet in her hand. I piped up, "Atta girl!" and she hit him over the head with the mallet! I don't know what she was doing with a croquet mallet and I don't know why she hit me when I was taking up for her! But she did. And Jennie was furious. She took me home right then and there and I never did go back!

Of course, I had gone in Lancaster—home again and then the two Shrimps would come over, or some of the others, and we'd play my favorite game of Kick The Can, in our backyard. I was a tomboy sort of a little girl, I guess, I never much cared how I looked, I was too busy kicking the can and ringing doorbells to care about clothes—we rang doorbells every night, whether it was dark out or not. But just the same, I do remember my first Party Dress. Blue chiffon it was, accordion pleated, with little rosobuds just growing all over it! I ran to tell my Mom when I changed my name, or rather when Mr. George Jessel changed it for me, that was the first real turn of the Wheel of Fortune for me! I believe in happiness more than the wheel of fortune. Judy Garland is right for me—so I date my Beginning As An Actress from my Second Christening. Of course, there were to be a few Grim Detours, but nevertheless, I was On My Way.

Well, it was not so very long after our "financial crisis" at the Bilmore Theater that a theater manager in Chicago offered "The Gumm Sisters" an engagement at the Oriental Theater in Chicago, with, he said, our names in electric lights! That's what got us, especially me! Applause and electric lights—yummy! Daddy didn't want us to go but after lots of coaxing and teas- ing he finally consented; the family ex- chequer yielded new dresses again, and The Gumm Sisters accompanied by their mother set forth to conquer the world!

I remember how I could hardly wait to get to Chicago to see our names in electric lights. That's all we talked about, all the way across the country. On opening night we got to the theater an hour and a half before opening time just so we could stand there and GLOAT! What's more, we took a taxi, lasting that no extravagance was
“Virginia”

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tive town's initial skepticism began to dis-solve, however, when the advance guard arrived in search of suitable Jeffersonian mansions and Blue Ridge Mountain locations, against which their stars could be photographed in Technicolor. When the troupe of 150 grips, technicians and players moved in, the townfolk did an about-face, and did all they could to open sesame to Charlottesville good will. It was the courtesy and "friendliness" of the Paramount group that won the Virginia hearts. In business and social relations the natives found in the film folk the same readiness Director Griffith had discovered long before in Virginians. The company was quartered in the Hotel Monticello, Farmington Country Club, and Piedmont Manor, the latter used exclusively for the press. A taxi fleet was leased as well as a catering service for location lunches.

Whether from tactful respect of private lives or plain timidity, autograph hunters made themselves scarce when stars Carroll and MacMurray visited Main Street. No growling doubts about slipping in public favor haunted the players when they were left alone to shop for antiques and souvenirs.

Although confined to a strict working schedule during the week, Miss Carroll did pretty much what she pleased on Sundays. When word spread that Hollywood's lovely lady could be seen at mass at the Church of the Holy Comforter, attendance increased. Pleased at the sudden piety of his parishioners, the priest sent Miss Carroll a note, thanking her for setting such a good example.

Following her first Sunday at mass, the star found her taxi missing, but three friendly young women offered her a lift to the Farmington Country Club, where she was staying. This became a standing date for the duration of location.

When the British-born star received word of the safety of 200 French orphans quartered at her chateau, she asked the Catholic father to say a prayer of thanks.

Delivery of supplies to these youngsters had been one of the main objectives of a recent trip to the war zones of Europe, which she had by Atlantic Clipper in time to begin work on "Virginia."

It was a happy day for Miss Carroll and the entire location troupe when she received word through diplomatic channels that her French aviator was alive and safe in Morocco. All attempts to locate the young soldier, who some say is Captain Richard de la Rozier, during her European trip failed completely. Frantically she telegraphed him, but only a dead silence greeted her. She returned to America at the last possible moment before the picture went into production—after accomplishing little, only heightening her anxiety. Couldn't that prayer of thanksgiving at the little Church of the Holy Comforter have been for him too?

Early to bed, early to rise being the credo of a star's location trip, the players were forced to regret numerous invitations from local gentry. Dinner at the rectory, however, was one of Miss Carroll's rare social engagements.

Location or no location, she was determined to do her bit for her native land even if it was only appearing for a short talk at a "Bundles for Britain" reception at the Farmington Club. Miss Carroll was the only public appearance was on a CBS Vox Pop program with MacMurray, Stirling Hay- den, Marie Wilson, and Tom Rutherford. All attempts to locate the star were for thesn MacMurray was hard to get unless you followed his moccasin tracks to the river. Carelessly dressed in blue jeans from the studio wardrobe, Fred perched every tree moment on the banks of the James or Rivanna Rivers, angling for catfish. During the first 10 days of location, Fred's stunning missus, Lillian Lamont, kept him company, but anxious to begin cuddling their newly adopted baby, Susan. Mrs. MacMurray took a plane for the coast, leaving Fred to his fish, "Fred can have his fishing," Miss Carroll said when asked about her Sunday afternoon pleasures. "But I have my sun baths on the Farmington roof and sometimes I sneak off for a picnic in the hills."

Piem partner Stirling Hayden, blond six-foot-four-inch Griffith discovery, found Madeleine a sympathetic teacher (she's a former school marm, you know) as well as an entrancing companion. Her only other interest about receiving points from such an experienced actress Stirling remarked, "Madeleine has been swell—goes over the script and helps me work out the more difficult scenes with her. She's grand, really."

This attractive newcomer, sky-scoped to national movie fame overnight, feels as if he needs sound advice on his difficult role of Norman Williams, Yankee invader and MacMurray's rival. But if Paramount's white lie and was mere facing the cameras for the first time, he kept his jitters well under control. Searching for new faces, Griffith had discovered Hayden this spring on the verge of putting to sea. For eight years the ocean had been hiding Hayden from talent scouts and the film public. Well-known in his yachting fra-ternity, Hayden remembers adventures, which would make Errol Flynn pale. His exploits as a sailor, filing six scrapbooks, include the thrill of owning the ex-Kaiser's schooner, Aldebaran, as well as voyages around the world, to Tahiti and fishing off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland.

All that is behind him now, leaving for press agents and newsmen exciting copy money can't buy. Yesterday made the Gloucester, Mass., youth what he is today, but today will make him what he is to-morrow. He isn't wasting daylight, either. Since he signed his contract in June, this unassuming young man has thrown all his energy into trimming his physique down to 190 pounds from 215 and learning something about acting.

Diary and maps, notes and correspondents begging for interviews have so far failed to turn Stirling's head. He tells them acting is easier than working, but who'd believe that? In spite of his boyish sophistication, Stirling hasn't yet mastered a movie hero's small talk, but he doesn't need it. Hayden admitted to this writer he found most inter-viewers interesting people, but sometimes he couldn't always "give"—would rather do his talking after he's had a look at "Vir-ginia," then he can decide for himself whether acting or yachting is the life for him.

Stirling, like MacMurray, has a quality of frankness, making them both tops with hatchet girls, State cops, débütantes and bankers. Hayden's all right—even if he does wear a sarong instead of pajamas.

It was a lucky day for townsmen when they could talk Paramount into giving them location passes. After receiving passes, finding the location was another story. Director Griffith, Bill Flannery, art director, and Dan Keefe, business manager, had combed the countryside for Jeffersonian houses suitable to the script. It was on the dusty road to...
Monticola that location-seekers became confused. Even native sons of Albemarle County marveled at Griffith's exploratory genius—discovering the lost Jeffersonian house, Monticola. In 1825, the year before his death, Jefferson drew the plans for the mountain-top house for one of his daughters. For well over a half a century, Monticola has been the home of white-haired Miss Emily Nolting. In return for a rental of several thousand dollars, Paramount had complete use of the grounds and permission to age the exterior. The latter permission was obtained almost too late, as Miss Nolting, not realizing the script called for a decrepit old place, prettied up the grounds and building before Hollywood came to call! Forthwith, a de-glamorizing process got under way, converting the structure into a run-down Dustersery, which Charlotte Dustersery (Madeleine Carroll) inherits. Aging, easy-peeling paint was daubed on the walls and new shutters, whose slats were broken out. A double stairway of old brick from a nearby ruin was constructed, and weeds planted in the cracked plaster. All in all the house was made to inspire Miss Carroll's script exclamation, "Why, it's a dump when she sees the place for the first time.

Naturally, Monticola was restored to its former dignity after the sequences were shot. Incidentally, Miss Emily insisted that the "old" staircase remain as a memento of Monticola's movie career.

Location at Monticola belongs to annals of filmmond's freak difficulties. The terrific July heat inspired tree locusts, affectionately called jarflies, to begin their July concert. Building their legs against their wings, the insect fiddlers produced grating crescendo, cutting across the dialogue on the sound track. Paramount master-minds clubbed together on ways and means of silencing the expensive melodies of the katydids. It was still no go, after firing shot guns, using high frequency whistles, spraying with insecticides, calling in a dozen-half crack enzymologists, sending boys up trees, ad infinitum. One wiseracpe, noticing that the tree symphony ceased after a shower, hit upon the idea of a fire engine. On the condition that Madeleine Carroll and the entire troupe would drop everything to become fire fighters if his place should burn, neighbor R. A. Van Clef donated his private fire engine to the troupe. Deceived by the illusion of rain, the jarflies allowed the filming to progress.

The oven-like heat was wave after wave, and the gulls, Miss Carroll and Mr. Griffith, Fred MacMurray, floating with the fan every spare moment, remarked ironically, "You know, it's not hot today. It's just the trace of perspiration on Madeleine's upper lip."

The secret to the Carroll-Griffith keep-cool combi was Madeleine's insistence on hot tea every 30 minutes, Willy Balanchine's drinking from the mop bucket, the two of them clacket about this and that while their Rome burned, and none of a "Must" was her tea that special taxis were dispatched from town with refilled thermos of the steaming beвер-age.

The star's admirable self-composure was destroyed for all time when a bee found her left hip a juicy morsel. The company had the last laugh when they heard her shrieking for the nurse. Hills have haunted Madeleine in this picture. Rather an Achilles heel. First it was the right hip vaccinated by the United States Public Health Service, then a tear of the right eye by Cliper from Lisbon; second, affaire bee; and third, the script calls for her to bare her right hip to her old Mammy, played by Louise Beavers, who is searching for an identifying clover-shaped birth mark. (Incidentally those hips are some 10 pounds slimmer since Madeleine's last picture.)

The hurry and flurry—all done in whispers at Monticola fascinated live-alone-and-like-it Miss Emily, who held court daily in a rocking chair. One of the children, Miss Nolting has a family clan which could fill Rhode Island. Knowing of their king's grandson seat, Noltings arrived in droves for their grand visit. The old lady who had lived pretty much alone for the past quarter-century with her oil lamps, was never much of a visitor herself, having only a horse and buggy for transportation, and sometimes a cornstalk as a horse. But, of course when the eighteenth day of the street had not before witnessed such an aggregation of parked vehicles—12 ton generators, wardrobe, dressing room and props—to name a few. Wardrobe assistants Edna Shotwell and Count Harold von Bradow wrestled with clothes racks in the yard. The Carroll wardrobe was not one to make local lasses gape at movie styles. Simplicity is the keynote of Designer Edith Head's creations. On Griffith, the gowns are the off-pink monseline-de-soie wedding gown (photographs white in Technicolor) with hoop skirts, and in the Panoram, frock of a light-airy organdy, magnolia-trimmed evening gown, Edna Shotwell's frantic worry during location was flying the hoop skirts home to Holly-
Eyes bright as stars... Hair brushed to shining...
Cheeks—clean, fresh, sweet as a newly flowered rose...
Attire trim as a uniform, or—a benison of grace and soft enchantment.

Thus stands our American Girl. Eager. Spirited. Swift to serve as today's swift events demand.

That jewel brightness is part of her unchanging tradition of high health and personal beauty.

In her primer of true breeding are five flaming requisites to the care of her face, the treasured edicts long laid down by Pond's:

**BATHE** the face lavishly with luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Spank its fragrantunctuousness into the skin of face and throat. Spank for 3 full minutes—even five. This swift and obedient cream mixes with the dried, dead surface cells, dirt and makeup on your skin, softening and setting them free.

** WIPE OFF** all this softened debris with the caressing absorbency of Pond's Tissues. With it you have removed some of the softened tops of blackheads—rendered it easier for little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

**SPANK** again with fresh fingerfuls of gracious Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with Pond's Tissues. This spanking enhances both the cleansing and the softening. Your skin emerges from it infinitely refreshed. Lines seem softened. Pores seem finer.

**COOL** with the faint, intriguing astringence of Pond's Skin Freshener.

**MASK** your whole face, for one full minute, with a blissful coating of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This delectable cream has as one of its chief missions in life the duty of dispersing remaining harsh particles, chapping, aftermath of exposure. When you wipe it off, it leaves a perceptible mat finish. Then with what enchantment your powder goes on. How surprisingly it holds.

Perform this Pond's ritual in full once daily—before retiring or during the day. And again in abbreviated form as your skin and makeup need freshening. Guard your skin's tender look and feel, as do so many members of America's most distinguished families—with Pond's. Already some thirteen million women in the United States use Pond's.

**GIVE-AWAY** for the thrifty minded—FREE (for a limited period) a tempting supply of Pond's authoritative face lotion, DANYA, with each purchase of the medium-size Pond's Cold Cream. Both for the price of cream! At beauty counters everywhere.

**BOTH FOR THE PRICE OF CREAM**

MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III . . . MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. EUGENE DU PONT, III . . .
MRS. ERNEST DU PONT, JR. . . . members of the brilliant family whose aristocratic heritage, whose vast and varied industries, are almost an American legend. All have for years followed the Pond's ritual.
Mr. Potter, a nouveau riche Yankee, anxious to convert Duttrey into a hunt club. Low comedy dumb parts belong to Marie's strange history now that Mr. Griffith has offered her an amusing role with a figure that made Petry's telephones famous. Speaking slowly as she gazed through those inch-long 'Marie's (the real thing, too) Marie said, 'You know, Mr. Griffith is the first director to realize that a comedienne can have sex appeal.'

Pie-slinging comedy or Eugene O'Neill's tragedy would never obscure that fact about a Virginia lad he marched into battle before the boys in grey carrying the Confederate flag.

When Hollywood came to Virginia, ancestors and kinsfolk worship began in earnest. There were more grandfathers to come when negro character actress Louise Beavers murmured quietly one day, 'I would sure like to visit Ash Lawn, James Monroe's old place. My grandfather and his father were slaves there.'

This was stated since Ash Lawn was only a few minutes from Charlottesville. Jolly Louise removed her middle-aged make-up of Aunt Ophelia and was escorted to the place where her slave forebears had toiled long before movies or Louise were born.

"My grandfather was named James Monroe," she said. "He left here when he was 17, that was 1853, to the west where I was born. His father before him was named James Monroe, but he never left the place."

The popular actress was touched by the coincidence of the homecoming. "You know," she murmured, "I feel as if I had come home at last, particularly when I touched these iron pots and skillets my folks once used."

Miss Beavers is the first member of her family to return to the white frame house where Jefferson Davis designed for the author of the Monroe Doctrine. Her mother, Rosalyn Monroe Beavers, had intended to visit Virginia, but death halted this plan in 1930.

After this visit to her ancestral home, Miss Beavers admitted, "I have been playing Southern mammy roles for a long time, but I believe that Ophelia in 'Virginia' will be the most sympathetic, now that I've been home and seen where I really was born."

Proud of his Virginia ties, soft-spoken Leigh Whipper, cast as the aged slave, Ezekiel, revealed, My wife, Lillian Miles Whipper, is an old Virginia girl. Orange County was about 20 miles from my birthplace."

Lean-faced Whipper, who made his great stage and screen success in "Of Mice and Men," as embittered Crooks, plays the first sympathetic role of this 40-year acting career. Patience and willingness to suffer discomfort were the penalties Whipper paid for this part. Every morning he sat quietly while Wally Westerman or one of his assistants converted him into a 100-year-old man. It took one hour to apply the rubber foundation for what is a braggily ragged, sagging eye-pockets and discolored jaws.

Whipper, the son of an M.D. father and Ph. D. mother, hankered after a physician's degree himself, but was packed off to law school, which he hated. His stage role was that of an oldster in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and since then he has played in "Emperor Jones," "Stevedore," "Porgy and Bess," and "The Green Pastures." In spite of all this, he says, "I still think I would've made a whopping good doctor."

The stand-ins, always in the shadow of the great Humphrey Bogart, rolling came in for their share of well-earned criticism. Virginia ancestry was mentioned. With the exception of Madeleine Carroll's stand-in, these boys and girls were natives. Cynosure for all eyes, even when MacMurray and Hayden were in sight, was Lee McLoughlin, Fred's stand-in, Captain of the Un- ion, and Virginia McLoughlin, son of a Richmond, Va., minister, tips the scales at 210 pounds and stands over six feet. If Hollywood is looking for more native faces, Lee graduated in June, any takers.

When Roland Asher, assistant director, discovered Jeanette Muhlenfield, Carroll's stand-in, he wasn't aware that he was picking a girl who could take four punishments. As a University of Virginia graduate nurse,
Lady Esther says: "You're Invited to a 'COMING-OUT PARTY' for your NEW-BORN-SKIN!"

Your skin is growing, blooming beneath your old surface skin... waiting for the gift of beauty which you can do so much to bring it. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help you endow your new-born skin with its birthright of loveliness.

A NEW-BORN SKIN! Think of all the hope for new beauty that lies in those words. It's Nature's radiant promise to you... and a scientific fact. For right now, as you look in your make-up mirror... every hour of the day and night a new skin is coming to life.

As a flower loses its petals, so your old skin is flaking away in almost unseen particles. But there's danger to your New-Born Skin in these tiny flakes, and in the dirt and impurities that crowd into your pores.

Those dry flakes so often rob you of beauty. They cling in rough patches, keep your powder from looking smooth, and may give a faded appearance to your new-born skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream helps Nature by gently removing these tiny flakes. Only then can your skin be gloriously reborn.

Did you know... says Lady Esther... that you can make your years of beauty longer if you always take care of your New-Born Skin? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help it grow in beauty. It soothes as it gently, surely lifts away the old skin flakes. It softens accumulated impurities—helps Nature refine your pores. Your skin can regain an appearance of youthful freshness!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Only the finest and purest of creams can help your skin to be as beautiful as it can be! Ask your doctor (and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin) about the face cream you are now using.

Ask him, too, if every word Lady Esther says is not true—that her face cream removes the dirt, the impurities and worn-out skin, and helps your budding skin to be more beautiful.

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. See how gently it permeates and lifts the dry skin and dirt—giving you a first glimpse of your beautiful New-Born Skin!
Miss Muhlenfeld, Baltimore native, had nurse's feet. They can take a beating, even when she's been building up exaggerated stories to raise her to Madeleine's five feet five inches.

Dick Morris, University of Virginiaiggins but, stretched himself, himself, and he couldn't reach Hayden's six feet four. Wooden blocks attached to his soles did the trick, however.

Child star Carolyn Lee's playmate during the month's location was her stand-in, Ann Everett Yoe. The five-year-old blonde youngster is the daughter of a University of Virginia professor.

For little Carolyn "Virginia" is just an extension of "Honeymoon in Bali," with Carroll MacMurray, Griffith and Virginia. But there was one new thing for her to learn. A Virginia accent. She and her mother, Mrs. Warren Copp, of Martins Ferry, Ohio, stayed with Carolyn to absorb Virginians' way of speaking. Tables were turned, however. At the end of the week Ann Yoe was speaking with a middle-western accent.

On location at Monticola where the insects were having a field day, mosquito netting was rigged up for the baby star. It was from this little house Carolyn held court for her interviewers. No smart aleck, although she is treated as an equal by her respectful friends, from her lips strike an amusing note. A rare watch the Carolyn refuse a glass of milk was warned by the youngster. "Don't use this short shot, please. I must keep my private life from the public."

In spite of rain, heat, jarrings and noisy trains, Mr. Griffith completed the location sequences of the story of socialite significance only a few days over schedule. Due to his passion for saving time and money, he specified that the director direct five cover sets, as a retreat in rain or cold weather.

Art director Flannery found the Jefferson Theater, closed in summer because of no air-conditioning, in use for private parties. And the Duntrary spring-house and Louise Beavers' cabin. These sets will return to the Jefferson Theater this winter when the picture is shown there for local audiences.

When movie-fan students at St. Anne's school at Charlottesville return for the winter session, geometry, Latin, physics and even the bearings of astrtology will be in the dog-house while the girls visit the gymnasium. They will see nothing there now but the large room marked with basketball court lines. But that different picture that make, since only yesterday the gym was Madeleine Carroll's moving picture bridge.

For some strange reason, which only Hollywood can explain, the star's antique four-poster tester bed was imported from the coast, instead of purchased on arrival from a Virginia antique dealer. That bit of nonsense was forgotten when the decorators borrowed Miss Emily Noltim's baby crib at Monticola and placed it near the big bed.

With the exception of a few properties in the cover sets, almost everything you'll see in "Virginia" will be authentic. The purpose of Hollywood's most extensive and Eastern location trip, was to capture the real thing—Jeffersonian estates, Bremo, Estero and Monticola in their natural setting of the Piedmont hills of Albemarle County.

Western skies are never blue, but fluffy white clouds so dear to the heart of Virginians. The Eastern and Western soil is never red like Virginia's honest clay.

Instead of checking out the second invasion, Ned Griffith's comedy-drama, they set the stage for a batch of Yankees to pocking their million-dollar carsebags. When they arrive in town, the last thing they'd like to do is greet them with open arms or a shotgun. The "they say" he's picking out a permanent location for himself.

Jane Frazees of radio fame has been signed to a new four-picture contract by Republic Pictures because of her work in "Melody and Moonlight," in which Jane sings and dances.

"I Married My Ambition—Youth!"

Circle to the old Haymarket down on Sixth Avenue—yes, quaint spot, the Haymarket, wasn't it? All we had to do in earnest pursuit of our studies was to buy a few glasses of beer and watch less restricted customers.

Out of character momentarily, he again hit the tomato juice. "When the day came for the class to do its stuff under the scrutiny of its keen instructor, I had evolved a dramatic trio. Its divisions were successively and, let us trust, symbolically entitled 'Foam,' 'Oh, it was just a drop,' 'The Flood.' Circumstances, aside from modesty, compelled me to play all the parts, though each little masterpiece of realism had its chief figure. In 'Foam' a tough bartender, with big cigar in one corner of his mouth and towel in hand to wipe the mahogany brushed off a poor old bar-fly begging for a drink, and he there was a look of make-believe, computed the next fifteen minutes. That brave little number was meant to prove I was handy with my dukes. When it came to 'The Flood,' I was, first of all, an old road drinking champagne and oiling women in a gilded café. Presently he became conscious of a girl passing behind his chair and heard, 'Cigars, cigarettes.' Taking the bottle out of his bucket, he wickedly suggested, 'You must be tired, my dear. Please sit down and join me in a restored glass.' 'Thank you, sir,' she sweetly replied. Something strangely familiar in her voice now caused him to turn and glance up. In her, that staring wretch saw the daughter he had turned from his door on the night of the big bliz-
now can be said authoritatively for the first time, William Powell and Jean Har- 
low were to be married when her sudden 
death struck him like a blow. "For a long 
time after what happened I thought I would 
never marry," he said. "I was more con- 
cerned with whether I would be here or 
not. I'd been pretty ill, and three oper- 
ations left me at all optimistic. Then, as I've said, a lot of sit- 
ting around by myself didn't help matters.

That sort of thing doesn't help any man 
accustomed to having a woman in his life.

The rest speaks for itself. This little girl is 
like a ray of sunshine, I find her in- 
fluence on my life very infectious. For one 
thing, in the eight months we've been 
married I have seen more motion pictures 
than in all the rest of my life. In discover- 
ing Diana, I seem to have discovered my- 
self."

As to just how that discovery had been 
made: "One day I went over to M-G-M 
to have lunch with Eddie Mannix. We 
might just as well join them, said that 
executive when we ran into members of a 
joint House and Senate committee who 
had come from Washington to look into 
West Coast defenses and were being enter- 
tained at luncheon. Youngsters of the 
studio had been brought to it. I noticed a 
girl down at the other end of the table.

Getting a good look at her, I rather thought 
I'd like a closer look. So I tried to get to 
her going out, but a Senator buttonholed 
me. Then I made a little investigation 
which, after all the detective parts I'd 
played," he grinned, "promised to lead to 
something. It did. I instigated back-yard 
publicity pictures taken in my swimming-

pool and suggested that Diana Lewis be 
among those present. After that, things 
moved pretty fast."

Rough and Tumble now did likewise, 
jumping down and racing around the patio. 
Meanwhile, having told the beginning of 
his romance, the glowing narrator went 
on: "Diana has good theatrical sense and 
and a very sound professional background.

She comes from an old-line theatrical family. 
Her father, J. C. Lewis, now living in 
Hollywood, originated Cy Plunkett and 
played that character all over the country. 
Diana's mother was leading woman of the 
troupe, and her mother and sister, The sister, Maxine Lewis, is at 
present singing at a night club here in 
Hollywood. Diana was practically born in 
a trunk and actually out in a tray that 
served as her cradle. When she could walk 
she would stand in the wings and watch 
the other members of the family on the stage. 
It wasn't long before she joined 
them in the play. She was five years old 
when her father broke his hip while carry- 
ing her down the fire escape of a theater. 
So, you see, she was brought up in 
the business. And now, from what I've seen 
her do in pictures, she is a good little 
actress.

When I wondered whether they might 
one day appear together in a picture or a 
play, the head of the house said: "I'm not 
looking forward to any Let-Lunt-Fon- 
zero arrangement. I think that professionally I 
should have a more mature leading woman 
than the one in my private life. Individu- 
ally, a romantic attraction is all right, 
but one that has to appeal to the movie 
public is something else again. Diana has 
the same kind of interest in her career 
that I had when I married her a hundred years ago-- 
he smiled and that off--"and I'm interested in 
her making as much out of it as will make 
her happy. As well as knowing how to act, 
she is a dancer and a good little acrobat, 
too. She can do a handstand and walk 
around a room on her hands. And if that 
means anything, it means youth, doesn't 
it?"

To relieve any possible suspense, Rough 
and Tumble instantly barked that it did.

If her Diary could only talk back!

I t would tell her of the 
"ONE NEGLECT" 
that mars many marriages . . .

Let "Lysol" help you avoid this

BEAUTY, brains, charm and good 
cooking should be enough to 
keep any husband captivated—but 
they aren't—as many "perfect" wives 
sorrowfully discover. Carelessness 
about feminine hygiene is something 
that even the most tolerant husbands 
find it hard to overlook. More women 
ought to use "Lysol" in their routine 
of intimate cleanliness. "Lysol" is 
cleansing, deodorizing, germicidal.

6 Special Features of "Lysol"

- Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper 
dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free 
cacid alkali. 2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a 
powerful germicid, active under practical condi-

tions, effective in the presence of organic matter 
(such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). 3—Spreading 
... "Lysol" solutions spread because of low sur-
face tension, and thus virtually wash out germs. 
4—Economy . . . Small bottle of "Lysol" makes 
almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. 
5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" dis- 
ppears after use. 6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its 
full strength no matter how long it is kept—no 
matter how often it is uncorked.
Mr. R—

makes a

Confession

declared last fall, all the servants and caretakers fled, and I had to look after the children myself. It was then that I learned how grateful I was for my own humble beginning, which made it possible for me to carry on and wash, cook, and scrub for them myself. My father had been a professor of very modest means, money was more or less scarce, so this work was nothing new to me. It was thrilling to feel that in all the years that had passed, I had not forgotten the simple things I had learned of necessity in my childhood.

When at last I faced back toward America on the Atlantic Clipper around the middle of July, the plane was full of refugees. People of means, naturally, but refugees, none the less. We whose plan of life had been cruelly torn apart, whose loved ones were somewhere behind in the unknown and could not be rescued. Among these there was a passenger who sat in the seat across from mine, so we talked. I discovered he was an American who had lived abroad for ten years, a cosmopolitan with a perspective more or less such as my own. We talked all through the night. And as we talked we realized that there was only a small portion of the world as we had known it left and we were heading toward that small haven. We both knew and expressed our feelings. We knew we had seen stark, naked reality for the first time back along the borders of Spain; refugees pouring through an endless stream of crushed humanity, with no other possessions in the world beyond what they were able to carry. It would be impossible to imagine a more heartrending sight. I cannot begin to tell you how pathetic was their plight: staggering and some of them dying, under their loads. Civilization had collapsed behind them. But we were leaving a grim reality to enter a dream. The world, our world here in America, is a dream. Even our troubles and our sorrows as well as our happiness is part of a dream world by comparison.

It will be wonderful if we can keep it so. When things in life come to us fairly easily, we are apt to take everything, even love, for granted. Few of us know how much love can really mean until circumstances intervene to make it impossible for us to have our loved ones, and by loved ones I mean our parents, our families, our friends, as well as husbands and sweethearts. We are too much inclined to accept these as a matter of course, and it is only when some great crisis comes along and we find that we have them no more that we find the real appreciation. Real love—and the only love that can face the crisis. Is also one thing we can think of apart from terms of selfishness. Our luxuries can be mental and spiritual ones if we make them so, and only then will they enhance in value throughout our lives, come what may economically.

For years, until I found love, career and success were the be-all and end-all of existence. People now ask why I am absent from the usual Hollywood scene, the parties and the night life. The reason is that with my heart and soul somewhere else. I realize how very insignificant are the things which once seemed so important to me. This does not mean that my career is not just as it ever was; in fact, it may even be more so now in a way, but it is just that I look at it in a different light. The difference is that instead of its being an end in itself, I know now that I am working for something really worth living for. The very thought of life as it used to be brings me up with a start. I can't believe that I once went about to parties and night clubs with no more thought than how much pleasure each moment was giving me. It was just that I never faced life as it should be faced. My recent experiences have changed all that.

We in America owe our thoughts and a great deal of our effort, to protecting our way of life. American women have not had to face the stark horrors such as the women of Europe are facing today. Everyone of us on this side of the water can think of the pampered and spoiled in comparison. We should wake up to this realization now. If you have a love of any kind, be it a child, sweetheart, husband or parent, cherish that love, live for it, protect it! Enjoy every moment of it.

Most of us have been inclined to become too soft. I know that I have. Now that my ideas have changed, I am infinitely happier, and my happiness has nothing to do with my career or with worldly success. I have owned a home in Spain, just outside Barcelona, for four years. I hope some day to live there. So that I wouldn’t have to rely solely on modern invention, as I once would have done, I am having the place fixed over in very primitive style. We shouldn’t all ourselves to be slaves of our inventions—not that we shouldn’t enjoy them when it is possible to do so, but we should also be able to deprive ourselves of many things and still be happy. In this way, we’ll eventually be able to find happiness in the joy of others.
Stores Featuring
Your Glamor Guide Fashions

PAGE 56

Velvet Gown by Topper Formals
Boston—Peter Flynn
Houston—Smart Shop
New York—Arnold Constable
Rocky Mts.—Sweetbriar Shops
Syracuse—Flah & Co.
St. Louis—D. G. Garland Co.

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Taffeta Gown by Junior Formals
Chicago—Chas. A. Stevens
Chicago—Saks Fifth Avenue
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
St. Louis—Famous & Barr
St. Louis—Scruggs Vandervoot & Barney

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Skunk Hoodcoat by I. J. Fox
Write for store names

Ermine-pelz Wrap by Korman Wraps
Cincinnati—The Fair
Kansas City—The Jones

PAGE 59

Tacoma—People’s Store

Petal Toque by G. Howard Hodge
Veiled Brim Hat by Harryson
Felt Halo Hat by Elliott Dushane
Write for store names

Jewelry by Miriam Haskell
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co.
Chicago—Chas. A. Stevens Co.
New York—Saks 34th Street
New York—Saks Fifth Avenue

OTHER RECOMMENDED STORES
Anniston—Berman’s
Baltimore—Kael’s
Baltimore—The Hub
Boston—Chandler & Company
Buffalo—Russell Jay, Inc.
Camden—King’s Dept. Store
Charlestown—Levy’s Fashion Shop
Davenport—Scharff’s
Denver—Daniels & Fisher Store & Co.
Fargo—C. E. Shotwell
Glens Falls—Argersinger’s
Hartford—Sage-Allen & Co.
Hartford—Wise Smith Co.
Hollywood—Harry Cooper
Knoxville—S. H. George & Sons
Liberty—Keller’s Daylight Dept. Store
Lincoln—Magee’s Inc.
Los Angeles—Franklin’s Department Stores
Los Angeles—I. W. Robinson Co.
Macon—Burden Smith & Co.
Manchester—Partridge’s, Inc.
Middleton—L. Stern Co.
Newburgh—John Schoonmaker & Son
Niagara Falls—Betty Shop
Norfolk—David A. Rawls, Inc.
Oklahoma City—D. E. Peyton Co.
Omaha—Goldstein Chapman Co.
Orchard—M. J. McDonald & Co.
Petersburg—Rucker Rosenstock, Inc.
Philadelphia—Gimbel Brothers
Philadelphia—Strawbridge & Clothier
Pittsburgh—Frank E. Seder
Plattsburg—David Merkel
Pomona—Charles F. Berg
Raleigh—Taylor Furnishing Co.
Roanoke—B. Forman & Sons
Rochester—E. W. Edwards & Sons
Rutland—Claude Pitcher Co.
Sarona Lake—W. C. Leonard Co.
Schenevady—H. S. Barney Co.
Seattle—Rhodes Dept. Store
Stamford—I. Frankel & Sons
Stanford—Mantell & Martin
Tampa—O. Falk’s Dept. Store
Toledo—Meyer Jonasson’s
Utica—Frank T. Howard Co.
Washington, D. C.—Kaplowitz Bros., Inc.
Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.
Yakima—W. E. Draper, Inc.

Wherever you go

take flavor with you

The finest flavors...thoroughly mixed with skill
and care are used in Beech-Nut Gum. That is
why you may enjoy each delicious piece of
Beech-Nut Gum for a longer time. Your choice
of 7 delicious kinds.

Full-Flavored Peppermint, Spearmint, Oralgum
4 flavors of BEECHIES (Candy Coated)
Peppermint, Spearmint, Pepsin, Cinnamon

Beech-Nut Gum

One of America’s GOOD habits
a trifle, first one, then another, although the curtains themselves remained still. Non-
sense, I told myself. I shut my eyes. But on opening them again I saw more flowers
growing larger and going into action. I tried to laugh it off, but it was no go. The
next moment I was scared stiff. For, right
before my eyes, those flowers were chang-
ing into faces!

"Was I going nuts? Of course, most of
us have seen what we are pleased to call
a flowerlike face. But these were nothing like
that. They were set, grim, relentless. I held
on to the bed with both hands. Then they
came right out at me! I yelled and pulled
the clothes over my head. 'What is it?'
asked a nurse, rushing into the room. I
didn't have the nerve to tell her. But I shot
a wild glance over her shoulder at those
infernal flowers. They were back where
they belonged and behaving properly. It
struck me as smart of them to keep the
nurse from catching them in the act. But
the moment she was gone they were up to
their old tricks. And day after day, when I
was alone, those faces made straight for me,
their grinaces threatening, and the only
way I could save myself was by ducking.
I'd got to the stage where it didn't seem
possible to hold them off any longer, sure
they were intent upon dragging me to my
doom, when there was a chance for the
better. The faces they now made at me
didn't seem quite so horrible. Then, gra-
dually, they became pleasant, even smiling.
Finally, I woke up one morning to find
they had turned back into flowers and set-
tled down on the curtains again. What had
really happened, of course, was that I was
getting better and coming out of my de-
lirium. But those demon faces certainly
gave me a run for my fever."

Anyway, his ingenious hospital perform-
ers surely had put on a great flower show.
Whatever its lasting effect may have been,

I now noticed that Romero quietly moved
away from a gorgeous blossom swaying in
the breeze just outside of the open window
where he had been sitting. A seeking for further experiences brought
out "What struck me later was that every-
things was going by while I was standing,
or rather lying, still. Life seemed too short
for that sort of thing. I used to sneak the
nurse's thermometer out of a drawer at the
bedside and take my own temperature. It
upset me terribly to find that it was still
'way above normal. I wanted desperately
to get well in time for 'Dancing the
Argentine Way.' They waited for me as long as was
possible, but I couldn't make it. When I
found I'd been put on suspension by the
studio, that didn't help, either. It wasn't
that I'd lose my contract, simply that it
would be made to run five weeks later.
But all the time I'd lie there and think of
myself as an active person with respons-
obilities, as being well again—that's what
counts."

It seemed probable he had thought of
other things. "Plenty. I thought of the
things I'd done and the things I had failed
to do. Marching through my mind, they
were like a long panorama. I don't think
I'd ever been any ball of fire, but some-
how there had happened to be a steady rise
from nothing, and now I realized I'd been
thankful for it. Often I had thought of
giving it all up, but now I was glad I
hadn't. For the first time, many things be-
came clear to me. For example, I saw what
a big part luck had played in all. Luck
was right with me from the start, though I
didn't know it. It began with my learning
to dance when only three or four years old.
Our family had a Porto Rican cook who
taught my sister, a year older, and me
to dance in the kitchen. With her pots and
pans steaming on the stove, she would start
up an old phonograph, and away we'd go

hotfooting it in Spanish dances. I'm not so
good anymore—the old knees creak a bit
—but I'd probably never have been any
good at all, if it hadn't been for that dance-
maid's cook."

Here, then, was disclosed for the first
time the beginning of Cesar Romero's danc-
ing and dashing career in, of all places,
a hospital!

"But my first practical leg-work was
done as a Wall Street messenger for the
National City Bank. I'd be handcuffed to a
bag stuffed with bonds and other securities,
then sent on my rounds. Not so good. I
was glad to get out of it. A friend took me
to John Murray Anderson, who wanted a
dancing partner for Lilibeth Higgins. We
started hooking at the Belmar Country
Club. Then, in 1926, we went into a mu-


Romero Rides Again!

Continued from page 54

Social Register,' 'Spring in Autumn' and
'Dinner at Eight.' Before long, I was lucky
to have dinner at those deb parties where
guys create a bit—though I'd probably never
have been any good at all, if it hadn't been for that
dance-maid's cook."

A hungry look gnawed at his lean face.

"Whenever the nurse at the hospital brought
me something to eat I'd think of the meals
I'd missed in New York. A salad till we
were hungry, and a hotdog whenever we
were not. At night, I'd think of the deb parties of girls I'd known while
living at home. When I saluted forth on those
occasions, my top hat was the envy of the
whole gang at Pallard's. John O'Hara had
a dark back room there, and that's about
all for me, for he had not yet written 'Appointment
in Samara' and I was always
wishing what he
could get for a few squibs. One day he said
he would give me five dollars if I'd lend
him my hat for the evening. One night years
later a regular social cop came over to my table at the Trocadero
in Hollywood and said, 'I owe you five
bucks, O'Hara.' I'm glad I paid him, so
had we. Back in New York we'd go
around in the daytime looking like a couple
of tramps. In the hot summer months the
less we wore the better. At Pallard's it
was stifling. To get a breeze of air, I used
to walk to the Paramount Theater on
Broadway and stand in the shade under
the marquee."

Was it possible Cesar Romero had im-
agined at that time he would one day see
her in the animated picture? "There's only one answer—so. Of course,
like all actors in New York who were out
of work most of the time, I hoped some day
to get into pictures. I didn't have the nec-

cssible security for me. When I think back
to those days, I wonder how I ever got by.
Just the same, I had more fun battling
for what I could get than I could have,
with solid stuff. Dancing, when I started it professionally at
nineteen, was a lot of fun. But I never
recall any particular strikes. Again
I was urged by a friend one night to
attend a party that Cholly Knickerbocker was
giving at the Plaza. When I argued that
I couldn't possibly go, he said, 'That's okay, I'll get you in. Just
that may get you a job. Knickerbocker's look-
ing for someone to dance in a floor show
with a girl he knows.' Arriving, on foot, I

90
“When a woman loves... Hands must be tenderly soft,”
says Arleen Whelan
(Lovely Hollywood Star)

How thousands of Adored Women help prevent unlovely Rough, Chapped HANDS

Adorable soft hands—every girl can keep them all her life! In spite of housework, constant use of water, or outdoor exposure, which cruelly rob your hand skin of its natural softening moisture. It’s so easy to furnish new, beautifying moisture for your skin—with Jergens Lotion.

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FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

The youngest possessor of a Social Security number is Victoria Dawson, above. She was registered through the Social Security program at the age of 6 months and 6 days. The registration was done by the Social Security Administration and welfare workers to accompany her to work; did 20 minutes’ work at 2-hour intervals covering 2 days. When the director wanted Olga Manski Vicky for a cry-scene, they would take her battle away.

Screenland
Lupino! Genius or Screwball?
Continued from page 34

plausible—to herself. "I'd been out late the night before and when I got to bed I couldn't sleep. So I took a sleeping powder. Just before the guests arrived I went upstairs to dress and a most peculiar feeling overcame me. I lay down on the bed and when I awoke there was everyone in the room, looking at me."

There was another time she went for a swim in her pool. After one dip she decided she'd rather sleep. She lay down on the edge of the pool and woke up with third-degree burns. On another occasion, to her rage, she turned up with infantile paralysis. And on still another, when she attempted to eat a raw potato, she came down with measles.

Once, when she was working with Francis Lederer in "One Rainy Afternoon," we fell to talking about Patricia Ellis. "There," I remarked admiringly, "is, without doubt, the craziest dame I have ever met."

"She's no crazier than I am!" Loopy retorted indignantly.

When she worked with Bing Crosby on "Anything Goes" they addressed each other as "Tipper" and "Nipper." When relations occasionally became strained "Miss" and "Mr." were formally added. They frequently had "Quiet" signs hung all over the stage. Visitors thought a scene was being shot and went about on tiptoe. Actually, Tipper and Nipper were practicing golf shots behind the scenes.

Even in those long-gone days Paramount had in her one of the greatest potential stars on the screen. I used to tell all and sundry, rather apprehensively, it would take the studio too long to realize her possibilities. Time takes its toll of all of us. And I was right. Even as I uttered my dire prophecies Loopy's hair faded from titian to a pale gold and her pranks became fewer and farther between. Then, once, I met her and she was all excited. They were going to make "The Light That Failed" and she had practically been promised the part of the little Cockney. Sitting at a table in the crowded commissary, without lights, scenery, make-up or costumes, she acted out a couple of the scenes for me. There was acting! But the picture was never made.

It was shortly after that that Ida asked for, and received, her release from a contract that was paying her $1750 a week. She disappeared almost completely and I never saw her again until recently—until the day she said, "An actress is only as good as her box-office rating. Look at me!"

This woman talking logically about an actress' chances of success wasn't the harum-scaram girl I'd known and the flighty ingenue who's thrown up her contract because she couldn't get the parts she wanted. "It wasn't altogether a question of not getting the parts I wanted," Ida said slowly, "regardless of what you or others may think. When I first came to Hollywood I was barely sixteen. It was the most glamorous place in the world. I was meeting people I'd seen and heard of all my life. There was no place anywhere on the universe where you could feel as I did at that time. I lived on excitement. Naturally, I wanted to be successful because I knew if I wasn't I couldn't belong to the crowd. I'd got in with—but the success, outside of that, seemed unimportant.

"Then the idea of really becoming SOME- BODY got under my skin and that's when I began crying for better parts. I'd been on the screen four or five years and was no farther along than when I started. I knew if something radical wasn't done soon I'd be released by Paramount, overlooked by other studios and forgotten by the public. So I asked for my release and made up my mind not to work at all for one solid year, I was going to learn to act!"

"You sure had a lot of nerve," I remarked. "At least, you were being seen, whereas if you left the screen for a year you took a chance of being completely forgotten and never being able to get a job again. I've seen favorites washed up in less time than that."

"It was a chance I had to take," she rejoined, "It was a cinch I'd be forgotten if I didn't do something—and this way there was a chance for me. Well, instead of staying away for a year, I stayed off the screen for eighteen months—studying, studying, studying.

"I'd known Lou (Louis Hayward, her husband) for years and we had renewed acquaintance in Hollywood. We fell in love and he married me when things were at their lowest ebb for me. If ever there was an angel on earth, it's he! He used to talk to me constructively and try to figure out what I did wrong and what I could do to correct my faults.

"We decided I'd have to change my appearance. I'd got plump, so I went on a diet. I'd been up to 130 pounds. Now, I'm down to 110. I always felt artificial with blonde hair. I let it go brown. My hair,
Nurseries first discovered the unusual qualities of Noxzemal! Now millions of women use it regularly to help keep skin clear and smooth. Give yourself a new beauty experience—try Noxzemal these 5 important ways...

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imagination, designed to keep her scores of admirers at bay.

Sagittarians, because of their dependent natures, make excellent mates. Marriage is more important to them than any other career and if there are children, they seldom divorce.

Fay Bainter, born in this sign also, symbolizes on the screen the parent generation, but she had the most romantic courtship of any movie actress. Her husband, a commanding officer, turned a battleship off its course (in war times, too,) to pursue Miss Bainter on the high seas. At the court martial the secretary of the navy forgave him, saying, "Thank God, romance is not dead in the navy." It would have been a shame, had the stars put an end to such a spectacular love but, fortunately, Miss Bainter's marriage is perfect and will last forever.

When Doug Fairbanks, Jr., a Sagittarian, married Joan Crawford, an Aries, they would have had a chance had either one been less ambitious for the spotlight. The consuming fire of Aries, in this case, completely absorbed the gentle flame of Sagittarius and since Doug has in his horoscope many planets in opposition to那one promising, it was not until he left Miss Crawford that he definitely established himself. His marriage to socialite Mary Hartford more promising.

Sagittarians as a whole have been having a tough time of it the last few years, but now that Saturn has emerged from affliction we can expect great things of them again. If this is YOUR birth sign then you, too, may expect better fortune from your stars. You may have new business ventures that will turn out profitably, or your romantic life will suddenly take a turn for the better, (if it has been in any way unfortunate). Travel may engage your attention, and the home life should prosper.

Now that we have analyzed your screen favorites, what about YOUR own fortune for this month? To find out what the stars promise you in the way of thrills, romance, finances and other departments of your life, check below and find the section dealing with your birthdate.

Aries—March 21 to April 20
Saturn and Mars bring warnings during this month to watch your finances. Avoid entanglements, indebtedness and difficult situations in the home. If married, quarrels should be avoided for some misunderstanding may bring unhappiness. Those seeking new romance may find revived interest in an old flame. Act with confidence and courage at this time for Jupiter brings you expansive vibrations to fight the negative forces at work. Those in public work may be restless, seek other employment. Make no change without seriously thinking it over. Progress may be slow but sure this month. Avoid overeating, and dangerous vehicles. Good days are: 2nd, 4th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 15th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th and the 30th.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20
Financial matters will occupy your attention quite strongly this month. Progressive business affairs will engage your attention. Your executive ability should be used for you will be in a position to go far by following your inner instincts. If engaged in work that is connected with finances, insurance, stocks and bonds or banking, you will be in your own element and should prosper. The month favors all activities that come under the scope of Venus—women's styles, hats, gowns and jewelry, cosmetics, interior decorating, and antique shops. Favoring goes into business for yourself this month. Romantically you should be the master of any situation that arises. As usual, you may be torn between two loves—choose real love not position or money. Marriage contracts this month for this sign should prove fortunate, especially if they are with Virgo, Capricorn, or Pisces. Avoid bad health disturbances on the 4th, 18th and 27th. The diet must be watched carefully, as you are under nervous, high strung vibrations. Good days are: 1st, 2nd, 5th, 6th, 9th, 12th, 15th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 26th, 29th. Other days are neutral for routine affairs.

Gemini—May 21 to June 20
Mercury and Jupiter favor new ventures this month. Avoid confusion and personal involvements with those close to you. Do not travel unless you absolutely have to at this time, for you prosper more by your
present environment rather than by going to distant places. Attend to finances, investments and earning money. Your sign is under favorable aspects for romance but a good deal depends on how you handle the love element in your life. Avoid complications with two or more persons, be sure of the one you love and avoid being fickle. You should avoid engagements or other serious manifestations of love this month, for you may not yet know the one person who should be the future mate. Those who married or unhappy will do well to await more fortunate circumstances in making a decision regarding divorce. This is a month in which caution should be used lest you make decisions that prove unfortunate. The following professions are favored this month: teaching, nursing, art and designing, music, acting and dancing, or singing. If you have a chance to make a change in business you should put it off for a while, the vibrations at this time are not so good for such changes. Good days are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 24th, 27th, 28th, 29th, 30th. Other days are neutral.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

The month opens under progressive rays from the planet of money, Jupiter. Make the most of any opportunities that come your way. Invest in real estate, stocks, or other interests. Do not let your moody nature get the best of you. Avoid involvements in love, for Venus brings some disturbances in heart affairs. You may not feel that true love has found you yet, but give Cupid a chance a little longer, for you are being prepared for some very startling surprises in this department of your life. The home should prosper; take an interest in redecorating, shopping, moving to another location, or anything else that concerns improving your present lot in life. Deal with the public all month, and avoid indebtedness in business matters. Good days this month are: 1st, 3rd, 5th, 8th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 29th.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

Your ruling planet, the Sun, favors almost anything you undertake this month. A business opportunity may seek you out that will profit you financially. A good time to go into business for yourself, or into a profitable partnership. Favor those engaged in clothing, millinery, jewelry or other articles of clothing and adornment. Deal with those in high office, officials of government and public institutions. Health should be somewhat improved at this time. Warnings exist around the end of the month for the nervous system. Rest, relax, and seek solitude at least one hour a day. Under these constructive vibrations the creative faculties are stimulated; favors writing, acting, music, art, and dancing. Good days this month: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 6th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 21st, 22nd, 24th, 27th, 29th, 30th.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

Changes are in order for you, not only in the personal department of your life, but also in business and finances. Your mind will be free from worry and fear; have more confidence in your ability, for you can rise rapidly when you once know your mental powers. Do not be hasty in regard to business relations. If working, you may be tempted to leave suddenly, rather wait until you have another good opportunity for advancement in another position. Those in the home may feel some irritability from Mars. Avoid quarrels and dissension; be cautious lest friends or relatives involve you in some disagreement. Concentrate on building up home interests, a good time to buy real estate, or invest in substantial income property. News may come from friends or relatives, short trips may engage the attention. Good days this month are: 1st, 2nd, 4th, 6th, 7th, 10th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

The romantic side of your life needs special attention. (Is this surprising?) Venus is your ruling star, and it is known as the planet of love, so, naturally, your principal concern will always be about the outcome of a current love affair or marriage. You must watch out lest you have divided love interests, for many times one with your personal appeal attracts two romances at the same time. This month brings you decisions, new opportunities in romances, and some personal problems that
may be difficult to solve. Do not act hastily, for you are apt to be slightly suspicious, jealous and inclined to argue. Money should flow in more rapidly this month, but it doesn't matter how much you make, you will always spend money in proportion to your income. A good month to attend to matters concerning insurance, legacies, wills, and banking. Relatives thrive this month, although some disturbing news may come from afar. Good days this month are: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 17th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 30th.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22
No matter what problems confront you, your stars generally give you the fortitude to see them through to success. This month may present several such problems, for Mars goes on the rampage again. The romantic side of your life, always subject to change, brings you acute discomfort. Be careful that you do not let yourself be swayed by temporary disturbances, for if you hold out long enough, you can find romantic happiness. Mix socially this month, for it will do you good to meet many people; among them may be the one person who can change your romantic life for the better. Try to curb your tendency to criticism and nagging of others. If others treat you coldly, look within yourself for the reason. Have you ever thought that you might be wrong? This introspection is good for you this month and may help you correct whatever is wrong with your personality or life. Do not move or make changes unless you have to, for you prosper more by staying where you are. Watch the health all month, avoid accidents on the 4th and 18th. Be careful of disputes that might lead to legal involvements. There are good vibrations from Jupiter, planet of finances, so your pocketbook should be filled this month. Try to hold on to some of it. Good days: 2nd, 3rd, 5th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 27th, 29th.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21
To what we have already said about your sign, I might add that there are some warnings and danger signs ahead this month. On the 4th, 8th, 13th and 21st, be cautious lest you become financially involved. Good fortune is smiling at you now, for Jupiter brings you better vibrations than you've had for several years, but do not let yourself be overconfident. You may be tempted to splurge, to lend money to friends, to buy everything you want, but remember that there is generally a rainy day ahead of most Sagittarians, and you are no exception. Romantically, I can assure you of better understanding and more compatibility with the one you love, but remember, you are apt to be rather dominating and aggressive. This sometimes drives you to say or do things that cause the loved one great mental distress. Overcome this trait and you will be well on the road to romantic or marital happiness. Try to be on the lookout for a nice Arius or Leo person for marriage, for they generally make the best mates for Sagittarians. This is a good month for signing of contracts, legal agreements relating to property, investments, etc. Also excellent time for dealing with the public, favors, selling, secretarial work, banking, women's wear, millinery, jewelry, and the creative arts. Good days are: 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 6th, 7th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 29th. Other days are neutral.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19
You can have a little more confidence in the outcome of your personal affairs this month. Happiness should be yours, if you handle things right. Do not break off any existing romance or marriage, for your sign is better off this month in your present circumstances rather than by taking chances in love. One or more persons may come into your life who may radically affect your future. Ask favors in business, seek promotion or raise in salary. Try to get into some type of work where you can use your splendid executive ability. You also have ability to sell and meet the public. Travel is not to be encouraged this month, for your sign is better remaining in one place. You are apt to roam too much for your own good. The 1st, 3rd, 19th and 30th are days on which you must watch your health. Avoid accidents carefully of arguments. The good days are: 2nd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 15th, 16th, 18th, 21st, 22nd, 24th 26th 29th.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 18
This famous sign has little to worry about this month. You can sit back confidently, for many of your struggles of the past few years are about over. This doesn't mean that you should make no effort to progress, for that is always necessary, but things should come easier. Some good business opportunities await you this month. Work connected with radio, newspapers, advertising, motion pictures or stage, is most favored for this sign. Anything that is artistic and creative thrives under the stimulating vibrations that your constellation sends earthward this month. Avoid romantic problems, for this sign often has too many marriages. If you have already had unhappiness in love or marriage it is too late to warn you of the past, but you can avoid a repetition of your mistakes in the future. Venus favors a new love affair, even an old sweetheart may come back into your life at this time. Children come under wonderful vibrations in the home this month. The best advice is to be patient, but watch the nervices, get plenty of rest and do not overwork. Good days: 2nd, 4th, 7th, 10th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 27th, 28th, 29th.

Pisces—February 19 to March 20
Your ruling planet brings you under better vibrations for money matters this month. This shows that the ending of a cycle that has caused you great unhappiness. Take advantage of these vibrations and promote your business interests. If you have been considering entering business for yourself, this is a good month for it. Buy or sell real estate, and invest in stocks. The safe verdict is that any aspect of your life may cause confusion, unless you use your head. Do not force yourself into any romantic alliance without being quite sure you are going to be happy. Love means a great deal to you, but there are some dangers to be avoided this month in romance. You are generally most attractive to Capricorns. If you are the opposite sex, your best chance may be to meet the right person, but you must be patient. This month may bring several chances to meet members of the opposite sex, but be reserved, for these friendships may never develop into anything serious. Pisces is one sign that is complete within itself, so do not rush the romantic side of your life. Travel by land is favored this month, also matters connected with the home, children and elderly persons. Good days: 2nd, 4th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 17th, 18th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 25th, 27th, 28th, 30th.

There is a totally different reading for every sign of the Zodiac. To find out your individual fortune consult your own solar horoscope. Your chart covers such important matters as: love, marriage, business, finances, travel and health.
A secret message to a man's heart—that only your flawlessly groomed fingernails, resplendent in the gem-lusted beauty of Dura-Gloss, so gloriously betray! Yes, those beautiful hands, those excitingly pagan fingernails tell him the thrilling story of your fastidious daintiness! Possess—yourself—these spectacular, these vivid fingernails—with Dura-Gloss, the nail polish that's new, that's different! And be surprised, amazed, to discover that Dura-Gloss—that was created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world—doesn't cost a dollar—just a tiny ten cent piece in every fashion-right color, at cosmetic counters everywhere! Switch your affections to Dura-Gloss—this very day! The New and Better Nail Polish by LORR

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Yes, authoritative tests reveal that, for over two years, the nicotine content of Luckies has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands—less than any one of them.*

You see, Luckies analyze tobacco samples before buying—so we can pick our leaf that is ripe and mellow yet mild—low in nicotine.

Only Luckies give you such genuine mildness. Try them for a week. Remember—with men who know tobacco best, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

*NICOTINE CONTENT OF LEADING BRANDS
From January 1938 through June 1940 Lucky Strike has averaged

9.46% less nicotine than Brand A
20.55% less nicotine than Brand B
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For this period Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.01 parts per hundred.

With men who know tobacco best—it's LUCKIES 2 to
"I HATE HOLLYWOOD!" SAYS FRED ALLEN—READ WHY

WHY CAN'T GLAMOR QUEENS HOLD THEIR MEN? See Page 26

w a Mormon Girl (Laraine Day) Conquered Hollywood by Faith!
"I didn't grow up 'til I was thirty-four... and there are countless women like me"

"Up in a dusty attic, beside a hope chest crowded with lovely things and Warren's old love letters about me, I sat facing a truth that no woman likes to admit:

"I was 34. I was lonely, I was single... and rapidly getting further back 'on the shelf.' Through my fingers I had let slip the little pearls of happiness, the warming jewels of love that make life worth living.

"It hadn't always been so. In college I had been popular, and later in business, men had found me interesting. Then, at 27, in the same year that Warren married another girl, romance stopped for me with appalling suddenness.

"Men would ask to call—and rarely come back. I had a feeling that even acquaintances of long standing were avoiding me. I simply couldn't understand it. I was still attractive, yet relentlessly I seemed to be crowded back into this new, drab existence. Out of pity, old school chums would occasionally ask me to their homes for dinner, to meet their husbands, and admire their children. Perhaps, being true friends, they should have told me what my trouble was. But alas, good friends never do tell. I had to learn the bitter truth from my doctor—as blunt and forthright a man as I ever knew. To this day I can't thank him enough... his advice gave me a fresh, new start.

"So at 34 I grew up... grew up with a vengeance too, trying to make up for the lonely years my stupidity had brought me. It has been a sort of second blooming, with gay new friends and attractive men providing the sunshine. One of them is in love with me... so it begins to look as if my hope chest won't be so hopeless after all."

How's Your Breath?

Don't be so foolish as to take it for granted that your breath is always sweet, as countless women do. In fact, you may be offending at this very moment without even realizing it. Remember: "halitosis (bad breath) is one of the most common social offenses—and seldom notifies its victim of its presence. It's a barrier to friendship, success, love.

Why not take the easy and wholly delightful precaution which is the standby of so many popular and fastidious people? Simply rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic, night and morning, and before business or social engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.

Breath is Sweeter

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are caused by fermentation of tiny food particles on tooth, mouth, and gum surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. The breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

For Halitosis (Bad Breath) Use LISTERINE
HIS EYES SAID:

"You're my Dream Come True!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!

Don't risk the charm of your own precious smile. Help keep your gums firm, your teeth sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

IN HIS EYES she saw her hopes come true! And her heart beat fast to read his thoughts..."How lovely, how truly lovely you are"!

Her moment of magic—but then she smiled...and lost! For dull teeth...a lifeless smile...are a poor invitation to love and romance.

YES, IT'S TRAGIC INDEED for a girl to let her beauty be dimmed by a dull and dingy smile! And often so needless! If you would make yours a smile that invites and never repels, heed this expert advice: Give your gums as well as your teeth regular daily care...and never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"!

THAT TINING OF "PINK" may not mean serious trouble...but the minute you see it, see your dentist! He may simply tell you that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have become weak and flabby from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed to aid the gums to health as well as clean teeth thoroughly. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that gum circulation is improving—stimulating gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.

TRY IPANA TOOTH PASTE today. And begin now the faithful, every day use of Ipana and massage. See for yourself how much this sound and sensible dental habit helps make your gums stronger and firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile more radiantly attractive.

Get the new D. D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleansing, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
SCREENLAND
The grand total circulation of this column is 30,936,879. To every one of our readers in the twenty-nine national magazines, the lion roars a Merry Xmas.

The greatest star of the screen!

The Smart Screen Magazine

ELIZABETH WILSON, Western Representative
FRANK J. CARROLL, Art Director

January, 1941
Vol. XLII, No. 3

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V. G. Hein buck, President
Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher
D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer


Cover Print by Eugene Robert Richee.
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH!

Ever since M.G.M gave to the public its memorable production "Hell Divers", this famed studio has sought a drama equally thrilling and romantic, with a spectacular background of America's fighting ships of the air. Here it is, surpassing highest hopes for a successor! It is the story of the "Hell Cats" of the Navy's Armada of the skies... excitingly filmed at Pensacola, San Diego and Pearl Harbor... a romance of air-devils and the beauties who love them... a picture that will electrify America with its breath-taking unfolding!

WITH RUTH HUSSEY * WALTER PIDGEON
PAUL KELLY * SHEPPARD STRUDWICK * NAT PENDLETON
A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip
Directed by Frank Borzage • Produced by J. Walter Ruben
No, the alluring beauty above is not Paulette Goddard—but Margaret Lindsay, who is also pictured in the scene at right from "Magic in Music," in which she is romantically paired with Allan Jones.

from Hollywood

ARY GRANT has a favorite story that he likes to tell at the drop of a hat. It's all about a drunk who had been hearing and reading a lot about carrier pigeons. When he saw a flock in Times Square he cautiously approached on hands and knees and confidentially asked in a whisper, "Any message?" Cary likes to make a long and involved story of this silly tale and he made quite an impression acting the whole thing out at a big party not long ago. A few nights later while he was at dinner at the Victor Hugo with Barbara Hutton a huge silver salver was brought to his table. Cary was amazed and curious. When he lifted the cover there sat a live white pigeon with a large pink bow about its neck. Attached was a card that read, "Confidentially, Cary, no message." All the diners tittered and joined in the fun. If you really want to know, Cary, who gave you that bird, I can tell you.

TO GET it straight once and for all, it is Carl Brisson's son, not his brother, who is Rosalind Russell's constant companion. . . Did you know that all the new swimming pools being built here will be partially financed by the government, if you care for the aid? They then hold the right to commandeer them for anti-aircraft gun emplacements in war time. Government officials insisted on certain specifications for Virginia Bruce's pool. It happens to be in a very advantageous spot overlooking Santa Monica Bay.

INoVATIONS for the desert season this year strictly hark back to the wild west days. You should see Bette Davis out among the cacti on the desert near La Quinta practicing with her shootin' irons. She can make an empty beer can, at twenty paces, jump along the sand with every shot. She's practicing up to take the women's indoor target championship away from scenarist Claude Binyon's wife. A desert week-end these days is monopolized by demonstrating your prowess with firearms down at the local shooting emporiums. At every resort shooting galleries have sprung up. The whole movie colony has gone shootin'-happy—22 caliber. It gives actors a feeling somehow, of reliving the thrill of the real rootin'-tootin' days when heroes shot from the hip. However, I'll bet you can hear more gun-popping up and down the streets of our swanky resorts today than you ever could in the old days when all the shooting took place down at the Last Chance Saloon.

iNSIDERS have been wondering just how long it would be before Sonja Henie's very determined influence would come cropping out in Dan Topping. Now, at last, the moment has arrived and they're viewing the results with a broad smile. Topping's recent agitated jumping about the country following Sonja on tour has them whispering, "I told you so!" When a gal can get a man to do that, she's got him—going!
“BUT, MY DEAR, HAVE YOU HEARD THE LATEST?”

...Paramount has actually got Jack Benny and Fred Allen to appear together on the screen for the first time in Paramount's big holiday show, "Love Thy Neighbor." Yes, and they've finally agreed to bury the hatchet... in each other's necks!

...Paramount has the first picture in which Paulette Goddard dances... and, do you know whom she's dancing with? Fred Astaire! Wait'll you see them do the "Dig It" in Paramount's big New Year's show, "Second Chorus."

...Yes, and did you know these big musicals are coming to your favorite theatre right in time for the Christmas holidays. You sure can do your Christmas movie shopping early!

Paramount presents
JACK BENNY, FRED ALLEN
in
"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"
with MARY MARTIN, VERREE TEASDALE, VIRGINIA DALE, and ROCHESTER
Produced and Directed by MARK SANDRICH

Paramount presents
FRED ASTAIRE, PAULETTE GODDARD
in
"Second Chorus"
with ARTIE SHAW and his Band CHARLES BUTTERWORTH, BURGESS MEREDITH
Produced by Boris Morros Directed by H. C. Potter
In this season of fine screen performances we select for our special tribute to all-round artistry not Chaplin the erratic genius, not Marlene the glamorous, not Tyrone Power the dashing hero — but Thomas Mitchell, for here is AN ACTOR!

Mitchell is magnificent as the rollicking Irish sailor in John Ford's film from plays by Eugene O'Neill, "The Long Voyage Home." He is equally honest and persuasive as the playwright in Ben Hecht's picture, "Angels Over Broadway." Of course he can't disguise that round and grinning face of his — you know it is Thomas Mitchell no matter what the makeup. But he can penetrate the heart and mind of the man he is playing as few other actors can, so that you are seldom conscious of Mitchell the personality, always keenly aware of the character he portrays. Below, a scene from "Angels Over Broadway" with John Qualen, who also gives a splendid performance in both this month's Mitchell pictures. Lower left, Robert Philipp's painting of Thomas Mitchell in role of Driscoll from "The Long Voyage Home."
It's Here!
The thundering story that challenges all filmdom to match its excitement!
"Iron Rails to Kansas . . .
Iron Nerves from there on!"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
ERROL FLYNN
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
in
Santa Fe Trail
A thousand miles of danger with a thousand thrills a mile!

with RAYMOND MASSEY
RONALD REAGAN • ALAN HALE
Wm. Lundigan • Van Heflin • Gene Reynolds
Henry O'Neill • Guinn 'Big Boy' Williams
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ
Ann Sothern is very different from the wisecracking girl you know on the screen, as these exclusive pictures prove. The Georgian furnishings of her Beverly Hills home are enlivened by her humor and originality. Her glassware and favorite painting are pictured here.

There's an 18th century powder room and a gracefully curving stairway; archways on either side lead to living and dining rooms. Floors are carpeted in beige, and drapes in the living room are beige, too, most effective with the clear yellow of the walls. On the white mantel are the eight Chinese immortals, picked up for Ann by Bill Haines, who helped decorate the house.

"Anything Chinese blends beautifully with 18th century furniture," commented Ann. "You see, I have two priceless Meissens—I want the whole set, but all I've found so far are these two, representing Winter and Fall."

Ann has all the fervor of the collector. "The picture above the mantel is my favorite find," she gloated. "The frame is awful—don't notice it—it's to be framed properly soon. It's a Pittman! This is called Quiet Promise."

"There's a flowered love seat on one side of the fireplace, a piecrust table beside it; opposite are two chairs in dull blue, with a Georgian 'library step' between. Underneath an Italian painting is a yellow sofa and near the window are two chairs in watermelon red."

"We're going to enlarge the sunroom," said Ann, displaying a sun-filled space with shining waxed floors and white bear rugs, an old spinet, and 18th century chairs, "so don't look at it. I hope to be as proud of it as I am of my breakfast room."

The breakfast room has white and gold walls, pink and white linoleum and drapes to match the floor covering. Three sides of the room are windows. The furniture is olive green and there are pink geraniums in the window boxes.

The dining room is a stately room with Georgian table and chairs in fine walnut, the blue chair seats matching the figured blue of the drapes. Mirrored screens, one by the butler's pantry and the other opposite, reflect the room and the elaborate crystal chandeliers.

(Please turn to page 75)
Dear White Collar Girls:
Here's the first real honest-to-Pitman picture of you—you fighting for love and a living in a man's world—you in your slip and your hair in curlers, all alone by a telephone that never seems to ring. It's as candid as the Boss when he bawls you out—as true-to-life as the talk in the Ladies' Lounge. It's the big romance you've either had or dreamed about—from the big best-seller of the year.
—Kitty Foyle

GINGER ROGERS
In the First Great Romance of the White Collar Girl
"KITTY FOYLE"
Christopher Morley's Natural History of a Woman
With
DENNIS MORGAN • JAMES CRAIG
Eduardo Ciannelli • Ernest Cossart • Gladys Cooper
Directed by SAM WOOD
Who Made "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"
RKO RADIO PICTURE

Produced by David Hempstead • Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer • Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo and Donald Ogden Stewart

SCREENLAND 11
Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans’ Reviews on Pages 52-53

Angels Over Broadway—Columbia
This film deals with the dramatic re-generation of a crooked gambler’s scout (Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.), a drunken playwright (Thomas Mitchell), a weakling on the verge of suicide (John Qualen), and a café entertainer who’s ready to do anything to further her career (Rita Hayworth). It’s a forceful, plausible tale, with compelling dialogue, taking place between dusk and dawn. Doug and Mitchell give splendid performances.

Tugboat Annie Sails Again—Warner
Those of you who recall the late Marie Dressler’s Tugboat Annie characterizations will want to see this new one in the series which has Marjorie Rambeau as the femme senior captain of a tugboat company who triumphs over competing tugmasters. And you won’t be disappointed because Miss Rambeau does a fine job of recreating the shrewd Annie. Alan Hale, good as a rival skipper. It’s good salty humor affords many laughs.

They Knew What They Wanted—RKO-Radio
Charles Laughton gives a fine interpretation (accent and all) of Tony, middle-aged Italian grape-grower who falls in love at first sight with Amy (Carole Lombard), a waitress, courts her by mail, and sends her a picture of his handsome foreman, Joe, as a photo of himself. Amy falls for Joe (William Gargan). It’s the best role Carole has had in a long time. It’s a warmly human and stirring drama; adult entertainment.

A Dispatch from Reuters—Warner
This film traces the dramatic career of Baron Julius Reuter (Edward G. Robinson), founder of the first international news-gathering service. It tells of Reuter’s struggles to establish the “pigeon post” for transmitting news, and later the sending of news by wire. It’s an interesting picture and has a sweet love story woven through it. Robinson gives another one of his finely etched portrayals. All of cast give top-notch performances.

Down Argentine Way—20th Century-Fox
This gay and tuneful musical is just what the doctor ordered. Its comedy, romance, songs and dances, presented in a joyous spirit, are cures for the doldrums. It’s about horses and horse lovers, but the film’s fine entertaining qualities make the story of secondary importance. Don Ameche, as the son of an Argentine horse-breeder, is at his best; Betty Grable, lavishly costumed, gives the best performance of her screen career. Carmen Miranda, singing in sultry style, an added treat.

Too Many Girls—RKO-Radio
Movie version of Broadway’s smash-hit musical comedy has all the elements necessary to rate it as swell entertainment. With a college-football background, it boasts an imposing cast—Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Desi Arnaz, Ann Miller, Eddie Bracken, Frances Langford. Miss Ball and Carlson, good in romantic leads, Desi makes a pleasing début. It has spectacular dance routines, tuneful songs, bright dialogue. Well worth your time.

Third Finger, Left Hand—M-G-M
Myrna Loy and Melvyn Douglas, paired for the first time in this romantic farce, make an ideal screen team in this zany story about a fashion magazine editor (Myrna), who creates a fictitious husband in order to keep her boss and other admirers away. Complications set in when Douglas, whom she loves, learns about the “husband.” It’s fast-moving and has hilarious scenes, particularly that in which Myrna goes hard-boiled.

One Night in the Tropics—Universal
You’ll have lots of fun at this one, a breezy musical romance which is loaded with laughs. It has Allan Jones, Nancy Kelly, Robert Cummings and Peggy Moran in the cast, plus Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, of radio and stage fame. The story is a bit of nonsense about “love insurance.” Allan Jones and the girls entertain with new lilting melodies by Jerome Kern, and Abbott and Costello furnish some grand and rowdy clowning.
Write us about movies and stars and win a cash prize

This letter department, in which readers may tell about their likes and dislikes, is being revived by popular demand. So many of our readers have written in saying they would like to express their opinions and see them in print and SCREENLAND likes to give its readers what they want so—

Get busy and send in your letters and we’ll not only publish the best ones, but award PRIZES, too—$10.00 for the letter which, in our opinion, is the best one received; $5.00 for the second best; and five awards of $1.00 each for the next five in line. SCREENLAND reserves the right to use gratis the letters (or excerpts from them) submitted. All letters published become SCREENLAND property. Contributions cannot be returned.

What’s your pet movie peeve? Here’s where you can get it off your chest. Write about the movies you are crazy about or tell us of the ones which you rate as "awful." Do the same about the stars’ performances. Your letters may contain constructive criticism or you may just want to register a good-natured howl for or against something or someone. Word limit, 150.

Now HURRY and send in your letters. Address all letters to FANS’ FORUM, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, INC., 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

LAVENDER’S LOVELY!

The lovable fragrance of Yardley English Lavender holds enchantment in its cool, intriguing depths. Light and gay, it is a fragrance so exquisitely fresh that it may be worn for every informal occasion.

Yardley English Lavender Soap holds the same enchanting fragrance. It turns you out of the tub as fresh and sweet as a baby, and radiant from head to toe. The luxury soap of the world, in hard-milled and unbelievably long-lasting tablets, for face and bath.

You may purchase these luxurious Yardley products at any finer drug or department store. Or at Yardley, 620 Fifth Avenue, New York. Lovely Yardley English Lavender is priced from $1 to $8.25. Yardley English Lavender Soap, 35c the single tablet. Box of three, $1.

Yardley ENGLISH LAVENDER
THE MUSICAL OF OUR EXCITING TIMES!
BIG AS ITS STARS! GREAT AS ITS SONGS!

Alice FAYE
Surpassing her "Alexander's Ragtime Band" success!

Betty GRABLE
The "Down Argentine Way" star
... more torchy, more dazzling!

TIN PAN ALLEY

Jack OAKIE
The comic who's just come into his own!

John PAYNE
A new romantic thrill when he makes love to K-K-Katy!

and

Allen Jenkins • Esther Ralston
Nicholas Brothers • Ben Carter

Directed by Walter Lang
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Based on a story by Pamela Harris • Dances staged by Seymour Felix

Tin Pan Alley's Greatest Songs!

New—
"You Say the Sweetest Things (Baby)"
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Old—

Coming soon
From 20th Century-Fox!
HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL
in
"CHAD HANNA"
In Technicolor
PAUL MUNI
in
"HUDSON'S BAY"
with Gene Tierney
DEAR LARRY:

I hope you're not in a Heathcliffe mood today? I'd hate to have those brooding eyes and John L. Lewis eyebrows turned in my direction, I really would. Oh, I know I've no right to call you "Larry"—I don't know you well enough; in fact, I hardly know you at all, having only been frightened by you once, on the set of "Wuthering Heights"—how well I remember. But since then, one Sunday evening, I met what I hope is the real Olivier—the original real, not the Joan Crawford real—on the Charlie McCarthy radio program; and that Olivier, bandying words with the Sublime Splinter with such grace and charm, not to mention dulcet voice, can be called Larry by any perfect stranger without fear of sinister consequences, not even a raised eyebrow.

It worries me about which Olivier you are for the simple reason that people keep asking me, and I don't know what to answer. Is he a sourpuss, they want to know?—is he just Vivien Leigh's shadow?—a stooge for Shakespeare? Is he honestly Heathcliffe or Max de Winter at heart? Any way at all, of course, he's divine, they make that plain; but they do want to know the truth. Trouble is, you're so allergic to interviews nobody can just march up and ask you. You're in hiding from reporters for the rather noble reason that you feel, as an English actor in Hollywood, that it is bad taste to be over-publicized at this time. We can all appreciate your feelings and your lovely wife's—but we wish you'd realize our interest is friendly and inevitable, and that your grand performance on the Bergen air show left us pretty confused. We know that an actor is to be judged by his work and not by the parts he plays; that he should be able to play many roles, none of them himself, if he's a good actor. And you are. But consider our feelings. We're waiting for you and Vivien in "Lady Hamilton" or whatever the Korda film will be called by the time it reaches the screen; and now we're hearing you, meanwhile, revealing yourself via the air waves to be as humorous and ingratiating and human a fellow as we've ever met. Now we know you can unbend and be gay. But then, there are those menacing memories of Heathcliffe and Max—can you blame us for wondering? Or for quoting Shakespeare right back at you: "To thine own self be true?"

Delight Evans
Jack Benny was master of ceremonies at big party in Cocoanut Grove to raise funds for the League of Crippled Children. Best fun was men’s hat-trimming contest, won by Spencer Tracy, shown wearing his own chapeau creation, above. Next was fashion show with Rosalind Russell and other femme stars popping out of huge hat boxes wearing “mad hats” designed by Vicki Lynn. Roz kisses Benny, right above. Below, Herbert Marshall, director Eddie Sutherland and Spencer Tracy struggling with their hat-trimming.

Noted screen stars cut up like kids for sweet charity’s sake
Len Weissman's pictures of month's most hilarious high jinks

Closeup above shows Herbert Marshall in the midst of his hat-trimming. Left above, taking bows with Sutherland and Tracy. Below, Rosalind Russell in big hat box being applauded by her escort, Gene Markey, Mary Martin and her husband, Dick Holliday, among others. Party was great success, with Vicki Lynn's "mad hats" scoring, stars having fun—and most important, funds for a good cause. Interesting sidelight is that Vicki Lynn, "The Mad Hatter" at Hollywood, in private life is wife of our photographer, Len Weissman.
Remember the Wampas Baby Stars? Well, above are four of the prettiest: Anita Louise, Sally Blane (Loretta Young's sister and Norman Foster's wife), Janet Gaynor and Dolores del Rio, at a get-together at Town House.

He's only twenty, she's even younger—so it's nothing to be serious about when Mickey Rooney escorts beautiful Linda Darnell to the lively opening of the new Palm Room at the popular Beverly Hills Hotel.

Two torrid Hollywood couples chat on the dance floor at smart Circa—top, Tony Martin with Lano Turner, Judy Garland with David Rose. Said to be seriously romantic, but we think it's all in fun—so, on with the dance!
Three noted beauties, and best chums, Merle Oberon, Sylvia Fairbanks (widow of Douglas, Sr.) and Norma Shearer chatting while waiting for the curtain to rise at the opening of Jesse Lasky’s play, “Quiet, Please.”

Above, Ronald Colman and his wife, Benita Hume, with Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson, show the strain of their hard work for the British Aid and the Red Cross Relief Fund drives conducted in Hollywood.

Here they are again! Lana Turner isn’t dancing with anybody but Tony Martin these days and they certainly look happy about it. And they’ll be together on the screen, too, in M-G-M’s musical, “Ziegfeld Girl.”
"I've always believed! I've never had any reason to doubt!" Read this inspiring declaration of faith from the screen's most promising young actress

By May Mann

"I've always believed in God," the girl's fresh young voice rang with sincerity. "I've never had any reason to doubt Him. I have faith! Even when I have prayed and things have not been immediately given me—even taken away—there has always been something so much better for me, after disappointment."

The early morning sunshine cascaded a stream of light through the stained glass of the Beverly Hills church window—softening a glow on the girl's fair head, held erect on straight young shoulders. Even before you turned to look at her you knew she was a beautiful girl—there was so much of it in her voice. A voice trained with poise and assurance. Her blue eyes, her clear skin and slender graceful figure conveyed charm of personality. But the voice held strength of character. Quietly she concluded, "Prayer has meant much to me. Amen."—and she sat down.

Another girl arose to give her testimony of faith, visibly shaken, even frightened, but within her a conviction that also sought expression. After the service, the two girls, because they were new in this ritual, were introduced: "Laraine Day, meet May Mann."

So Laraine Day and I met in church. Each Sunday morning we find ourselves together, since we have so many mutual interests—not only the same religion, but Hollywood being our work—and yes, even similar tastes. To our amazement we discovered we drive the same make of cars—coupés, light gray with chrome trimmings and red leather and gray upholstery.

"Some people have the im- (Please turn to page 78)
Mormon Girl, Laraine Day, Conquered Hollywood By Faith!

Laraine Day and May Monroe, top, leave the Mormon Church in Beverly Hills after the Sunday service. At left, Laraine, the actress, shows May, the reporter, her plans for a new play which the starlet will direct for her drama group. At far left, Laraine Day and Lew Ayres in a scene from one of the "Dr. Kildare" pictures.
WHEN Hollywood heard that Charlie Chaplin, following the plush premiere of "The Great Dictator" at the Astor Theatre in New York, had risen from his seat in the orchestra and graciously thanked the audience in behalf of himself and his wife, Hollywood was so completely baffled that it figuratively bit its nails. For years now Hollywood has amused itself at dull dinner parties by speculating on "the Chaplin situation." Paulette's status in the Chaplin menage has peppe up many an otherwise listless story conference at the studio, and given quite a lift to many an otherwise boring afternoon under the dryers at Westmore's.

Some people who claim to be "in the know" are ready to swear on their mother's head that Paulette and Charlie are not married. And other people who equally claim to be "in the know" are ready to swear on their mother's head that Paulette and Charlie are married. Paulette and Charlie have been provokingly silent about the whole thing.

Naturally every reporter on the movie beat would give his next month's pay check to get Paulette to commit herself one way or another. About everything else under the sun the Goddard girl will talk paragraphs, rather brilliant and amusing paragraphs, too, but about her marital status she won't give out with even a simple "yes" or "no." She ducks the question so smoothly, however, (she's an old smoothie, that Paulette) that every newsbound, no matter how vicious, comes away from a Goddard interview completely enslaved. About a year ago I too tried my hand at solving "the Chaplin situation." It was at one of those rare Hollywood parties that go on and on, and from ten one evening until five the next morning, I, subtly I hoped, did my utmost to break
down the Goddard reserve. When a sleepy host finally suggested that his guests go home, I recall that little Miss Paulette had dragged all kinds of trade secrets out of me, but that I hadn't been able to drag a thing out of her. But instead of disliking her intensely the next day, as I fully intended doing, I have been raving about her ever since.

But during the past few weeks in Hollywood the "some people" who swear she isn't married, and the "other people" who swear she is married, have arrived very definitely at the same conclusion. And that is, that no matter what "the Chaplin situation" was before, it isn’t any more. All Hollywood believes that Paulette and Charlie have separated. There have been rifts before, dozens of them, for Paulette can get awfully mad when she doesn’t have her way, and Charlie can be as stubborn as all get-out when he wants to be, but this rift is the real break. Or so Hollywood believes. Hollywood, however, has been all wet before, and can be again. Anyway, it is a known fact that Paulette moved her clothes and her personal belongings out of the Chaplin home in Beverly Hills before she left on her trip to Mexico, and thence to New York City. It is a known fact that she and Charlie stopped in different hotels in New York when they both attended the Broadway opening of "The Great Dictator." It is also a known fact that after finishing "Second Chorus" (a terribly strenuous picture, and Paulette takes her pictures very seriously) Paulette felt the need of relaxation and took (Please turn to page 79)
"I Hate Hollywood!"
says
FRED ALLEN

By
Louis Reid
FRED ALLEN hates Hollywood. He admits it without any beating around a diplomatic bush. It isn't an all-consuming, long-growing hate nursed upon revenge, upon fears and frustrations, the kind that sends people reaching for a stiletto or a bottle of arsenic. Rather, it's a cool, rancor-free, instinctive hate, the kind that causes people to say: "I hate the Midway," or "I hate the Boston Post Road," or "I hate bread pudding."

Fred has been to Hollywood three times to make a picture. He hopes there'll be no fourth. With each visit his dislike of the place has increased until today not even the presence there of Jack Benny and his violin, to say nothing of his barbecue pit, can alter his feeling. His feeling toward the film capital is based upon his sense for the fitness of things. As a fellow who strives continuously to find order in his life and his fun, who likes to know where he's going and what he's going to do when he gets there, Hollywood "just doesn't make sense."

"Life revolves about a camera out there, but Hollywood is out of focus," is the way he puts it. "Take this newest craze, the barbecue pit. People can't be satisfied with a swimming pool or a racing stable. No, they've got to have a barbecue pit in their back yard. And it's always the best and biggest barbecue pit until the next one is built day after tomorrow."

Fred relates that he was invited to a barbecue party in Jack Benny's back yard. He had been seeing Jack Benny all day long at the Paramount studio, had gone over and over and over again some lines, some business in their new co-starring picture, "Love Thy Neighbor." But that wasn't enough. He was supposed to spend an evening, too, with Benny—in the latter's back yard.

"Jack told me there would be about eighty persons present and that it would be formal. I should dress for it, I said, 'You mean I dress formal to horse around in a back yard among smudge pots and steaks and flies and ketchup?' He said, 'Certainly.' I didn't go. You can see how topsy-turvy it all is, how reverse to sensibleness. People used to eat indoors and go out to the back yard for, well, other things. But in Hollywood they eat out in the back yard and go indoors for, well, they have been known to use the telephone, too."

One of his pet aversions to Hollywood is "the appalling lack of opportunity at night for diversified entertainment." There's no place to go but a preview or a restaurant. "So what do you do? You go to a preview or to Ciro's and look at the same people you looked at the night before. There's only one word for it—monotonous. At least, that's the word that comes to me. Out there, they go in for the superlatives. Enthusiasm is a commodity, and last night's preview is always the biggest preview Hollywood has ever had. Hollywood is always steamed up. It talks always in press agent terms."

He explained that he and Portland Hoffa—Mrs. Allen—were criticized because they stayed home. They didn't keep a car and they seldom went out to eat. They would have gone out to plays and concerts had there been any to go out to.

"A preview is Hollywood's nightly institution," he said, "Hardly would I get settled down for the night to see what the headlines were about when I'd be distracted by the beams of powerful searchlights crossing in the sky. Usually it (Please turn to page 82)
WHEN Hedy Lamarr herself admitted, right out in court, that she couldn't keep Gene Markey home nights, that tied it! I don't know what your reaction was, girls, but me, I decided to enter a nunnery.

When I heard that Lana Turner and Artie Shaw had rifted; that Myrna Loy, the "Perfect Wife," was rumored having marital difficulties (even though the difficulties were firmly and consistently denied)—well, I thought, now we've really heard everything! Now no woman can boast a year's lease on a man. For, let's face it, if a Hedy Lamarr can't hold her man, nor a Lana Turner; if the marriage of a Perfect Wife may have its imperfections—what hope is there for the less luscious rest of us? Or is there?

Before I go any further, before I draw such fire from the Glamor Girls that they tear me limb from limb, let me pause here to remark that the phrase "can't hold their men" is, in most cases, purely rhetorical. I mean, there are many of the girls, of course, who don't want to hold their men; who wouldn't raise their little fingers with the star sapphires on them, to keep the boys in the patio. Can you imagine Hedy taking a strangle-hold on Gene to keep him within her arms and heart and home? Don't be ridiculous! Can you visualize Lana Turner hoisting Artie on his own clarinet lest he wander from the new-made fold? Certainly not. But what does astonish me, what I constantly marvel at is the way the men don't seem to care, particularly, whether they are "held" or not. They seem able to take or leave the Lovelies with the greatest of ease.

No man, so far as I know, has ever done a "Dying, Egypt, dying," over any one of our stars. True, it was said that an Austrian officer committed suicide for love of Hedy Lamarr. A similar story was circulated about Ilona Massey. But Hedy denied it, in her case. Maybe Hedy is too honest. Maybe the sticky, slippery, slutbery Glamor Girls are all nice and folksy and human inside—and who wants a siren to be human, let alone honest?

So, why can't the Hollywood Glamor Girls hold their men? Or why do the men take their dismissals so blithely, so gaily, really, so shruggingly? WHY? Because, whether the G. Gs. can hold their men, or not, the fact remains that they don't. And Hedy is not the excep-
Girls! Ask yourselves: what have YOU got that THEY haven't got? THEY are Hollywood's fabulously famous and beautiful women who have the world at their feet—when they'd rather have—a Man!

By Gladys Hall

...Nor is Lana. Let’s get right down to cases, lots of cases, and when I recall to you how many there are who have lost or shed their husbands and their boy friends, you’ll perceive that the question I’m posing yammers for an answer:

It was the Strange Case of Hedy Lamarr Losing a Husband that raised the question in my mind, granted. But once it was raised, the many that came to my mind to keep Hedy company were legion and rather appalling.

Lana and Artie, as I’ve mentioned. The question mark that still hovers, in Hollywood, around the marriage of Myrna and Arthur Hornblow. They deny, emphatically, there is any truth in the rumor of a rift. The chances are good that there is no truth to it. But is nothing sacred? And while I must repeat that the term “can’t hold” is an expedient one, while in many instances the girls have not held their men because any such wish was farthest from their hearts, the fact remains that, for one reason or another, by one means or another, they have NOT held their men—but let’s get down to the cases:

Carole Landis, “Ping” and (Please turn to page 74)
Proudly we present this stirring fiction story of the season's most powerful new film, which with rare courage depicts the tragedy of today's oppression in the lives of innocent people. Starring Fredric March, Margaret Sullavan, Frances Dee

Starkly dramatic is "Flotsam," as it records the struggles of the refugees to escape the tyranny of dictatorship. These scenes show star Fredric March, Frances Dee who plays his wife, newcomer Glenn Ford with star Margaret Sullavan, and the menace, Erich von Stroheim, in highlights from the powerful picture.

David Loew and Albert Lewin present "Flotsam," from story by Erich Maria Remarque, adapted for the screen by Talbot Jennings, directed by John Cromwell, released through United Artists. See page 64 for complete cast.
This waiting was worse than the escape from the prison camp at Dachau had been. Then there had been things to do. Danger had been a vital, living thing, not this slow torture of doing nothing, caged in a dark attic room. Only thinking, in this quiet desperation of the things that had been, the things that were and the things that might have been.

Once, it would not have seemed too much to ask for those things that might have been. Only Marie and the two of them together, growing old as they had been

young in safety and love and laughter. Now only the love was left, tearing at Joseph Steiner's heart as he waited.

For four days he had waited like this hoping against hope that his friends who had given him shelter would be able to deliver his letter to Marie. But she had been so closely watched they had not dared. The Gestapo—which discovered all things knew about that love Marie and Joseph shared and they felt that one day it would draw him back to her. And then there would be Dachau again.

Now even the hope of seeing her was to be taken away from him. There had been inquiries drawing nearer and nearer to the friends who had risked so much for him. So there were the clothes waiting for him, the rough, laborer's clothes to disguise the trim lines of his figure, and the (Please turn to page 64)
She has what it takes to keep 'em fascinated, both at the movie box offices and in her private life. Lomour, below, as she lures Robert Preston and Preston Foster in a scene from her latest picture, "Moon Over Burma." At right below, with steady beau Greg Bautzer, an one of her evenings at fun.
"CAN you imagine what he sees in her?" is one of earth's oldest questions.

Well, you never saw a girl with a nice silhouette who lacked romances, and certainly I never did.

"Men like lovely lines," admitted Dorothy Lamour, owner of the best ones in Hollywood, "but they also like to think they're natural. 'She's perfection—she was born that way—she doesn't do anything about it' is the way they want to feel about a girl. The first boy who ever dated me taught me that. I was terribly young and I had on my first lipstick and rouge. I was so thrilled over them that I kept looking in my make-up mirror to see if they were still there. At length the boy friend said: 'Dotty, I thought you were real!' Romance faded!

"Men hate to watch a girl repair her face, comb her hair or draw attention to any imperfection. They want to be proud of her. It disillusion any man to discover that his girl has to work hard to keep slim. If you must exercise or diet or take massage or wear a special foundation to get that streamlined look, for goodness' sake don't tell him! Let him think you play tennis or softball because you adore them, you drink fruit juice instead of milk because you prefer it, you're too busy talking or dancing to finish what's on your plate—but never, never hint that you are less than marvelous and something should be done about it—I mean, if it's incipient romance.

"A definite end to a budding romance came under my eye last week. I know the two quite well. The man is a sophisticated screen star who takes great pride in his ability to order a perfect dinner. The girl is rather new, under studio contract and probably axed by studio rules. He ordered the dinner, and it was really something with unusual dishes made from special recipes and wines that are spoken of by number and date. The girl kept refusing courses or merely sipping or nibbling, worrying about her diet and how much she weighed. When the meal began, he was prepared to think of her as the future Mrs. Star. When it ended, he didn't care if he never saw her again.

"You need a technique! A man may expect a girl to eat his selected dinners and then have a fit because she begins to bulge here and there. No matter whose fault it is, losing that alluring outline is death to romance."

Dorothy is five feet, five inches, weighs 118 pounds, and a complaint has yet to be entered about her silhouette. "I don't go on diets—I eat as I please. I don't go in for sports—I'm not athletic. (Please turn to page 68)
PART II
"MY PAST—and PRESENT!"

WELL, as I said in Part 1 of MY LIFE, you may imagine my embarrassment, me answering Mickey’s love note, my first love note, too, with words copied right out of a movie heroine’s mouth! I guess that was the first time in my life, speaking of firsts, I was ever acutely embarrassed, so embarrassed.
I wanted to die. And, of course, being young, I thought I would, most any moment. But Mickey is a very understanding boy, as boys go. After about two days, he didn't hold it against me any more.

As a matter of fact, Mickey was the first boy I ever let kiss me without slapping him down. It was a birthday party kiss, only a kind of a kid kiss, but still—gosh, though, when I remember how we used to talk at Lawlor's Professional School, about how we'd be big stars on the stage someday and about how rich and famous and glamorous we would be—well, that's what's so amazing that we wound up together like this! Anyway, Mickey is my best pal. He always was, even when he teased me, he always will be, even if I do have to listen to him rave about other girls.

Right about now, along comes my first big break! Both my sisters got married, as girls will, and although I worked hard at school, was on the baseball, volleyball and basketball teams, had a lot of friends now, who didn't snoot me, still and all, I was lonely. I missed the girls. I missed the days when we were all in the theater together, so warm and cozy. Daddy sensed the way I felt. So he sent Mother and me to Lake Tahoe for a little vacation. I really do owe my break to Daddy. Because if he hadn't been thoughtful, if he hadn't sent us on that vacation—when I think—!

Well, so one night we were sitting around the campfire and I sang for the bunch. As Fate would have it, a talent scout was among the guests. He told Mother he wanted to take me to the M-G-M Studios. He said I should be in the movies. Well, (Please turn to page 69)
The DICE are Rolling for Dennis Morgan

Six feet two, eyes of blue, curly hair—and he can sing, too! But don't push, girls, he's married

By S. R. Mook

In a town where paradoxes are the rule rather than the exception, Dennis Morgan stands out. Six feet, two inches tall, weighing 190 pounds, with curly brown hair and blue eyes, he looks like a babe in the woods, grooping his way through life. But looking like one is about as far as it goes.

I can recall when I was little, every time we would hear a bit of gossip about some boy who looked as though butter wouldn't melt in his mouth but whose breath smelled of gin rather than butter, my old negro mammy would say, "Doan' go stickin' yo' fingah in his mouf." When pressed for an explanation, she would say, "Waal, he look lak a baby but he done cut his wisdom teet."

That's Dennis. He looks like a baby—but there's a baby who's been around. He's not only been places, he's done things—all kinds of things. He looks like a college sophomore whose only interest in life is girls and dances. Actually, he's married, has a half-grown son and another not so grown, and instead of girls and dances he's interested in everything else under the sun.

He's been kicked around from pillar to post—and laughs as he tells about it. The only time I have ever heard him rail against Fate was when I mentioned "The Great Ziegfeld." He'd been in Hollywood, under contract to M-G-M, for almost two years, looking as persistently optimistic and cheerful as only an unrecognized stock player at a small salary can look, and feeling as discouraged as only an unrecognized stock player, sure of his ability to deliver the goods if given the opportunity (as yet unforthcoming) can feel, when M-G-M produced that epic.

The most pretentious number in that pretentious picture was A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody. Dennis had been signed by them because of his singing voice, but nothing had ever been done (Please turn to page 72)
Swing It, Sisters!

Alice Faye and Betty Grable do a sister-act in big new musical movie, "Tin Pan Alley."
Fred Astaire has a sprightly new dancing partner, Paulette Goddard, (right) in “Second Chorus.”

Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr (below) make a torrid team in new romantic comedy, “Comrade X.”
For romantic appeal we recommend the forthcoming Olivier-Leigh co-starring film — for it offers Olivier his strongest rôle since "Wuthering Heights," and affords the lovely Mrs. O. another opportunity to show how gorgeous she can be in costume drama. Her beauty is seen undimmed in the Lady Hamilton part, but Olivier grows old before your eyes as Lord Nelson, indomitable hero of the Battle of Trafalgar.
Great Lovers of History—and Hollywood!

Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier portray Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson in Korda's big, colorful new movie.
Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas, on facing page, make an interesting team in "This Thing Called Love".

Pat O'Brien and Constance Bennett offer a piquant conflict of stellar personalities in new film, "Escape to Glory".
“What fur?” the Hollywood girls are asking—and deciding the answer for themselves: any fur so long as it’s spotted! Mary Martin, above, and Lillian Cornell, at right, are eye-catching in leopard. You’re seeing Mary with Jack Benny and Fred Allen—together on screen for the first time—in “Love Thy Neighbor”; while you’ll find Lillian in the Orrin Tucker-Bonnie Baker comedy “You’re the One.”
Since Virginia Bruce bravely accepted the title rôle in "The Invisible Woman" with John Barrymore, she has assembled her most dashing screen wardrobe—for in this film she's visible only when completely—ahem!—clothed. So you'll see her in such striking costumes as the ensemble she wears above: combining ocelot fur shawl and pompadour hat with suede frock. At left, Mary Martin in ocelot.

Eugene Robert Riches
Dietrich does her glamor-act again in the new film, "Seven Sinners," with Broderick Crawford, at left, supplying the masculine menace. Bing Crosby and George Brent have never appeared with Marlene on, or off, the screen — but that doesn't mean they mightn't be willin'!
OLD-FASHIONED BRIDE

All the wistful charm of an old family portrait is expressed by Martha Scott in her wedding gown for "Cheers for Miss Bishop," Miss Scott's third film, and certain to interest those audiences who applauded her in "Our Town" and "The Howards of Virginia."
CIRCUS QUEEN

All the glitter and gaiety of that great American institution, the circus, is illustrated here by Linda Darnell, who has the prize rôle of her short but brilliant screen career in picturization of Walter Edmonds' "Chad Hanna," opposite Henry Fonda.
He's sailed the seven seas; has been a steeplejack, pearl hunter, and all-round soldier of fortune. Now John Carroll has a movie contract to keep him in Hollywood—for a while.
It happened on the night of Friday, the thirteenth. Out of the old Warner Brothers Studio on Sunset Boulevard in Hollywood fluttered some twenty girls who had just gone through dancing tests for an Earl Carroll show at his eat-and-see place. Beside a glossy limousine at the curb stood a fittingly sleek man. His appraising eye ran expertly over the emerging group to fix upon a crashing blonde. With practiced step in her direction, he raised his hat above patent-leather hair and said, “Good evening.” In return, the fair object of his attention gave him nothing but a startled glance, then quickened her pace. She had heard about these Hollywood men—they were up to no good. “Just a moment, honey!” He was striding after her. She eased into a sprint. He leapt towards her, She broke into a run. No match for her, the discomfited stranger muttered impatiently, swung about, and hurriedly backtracked to his car.

In a two-room apartment a mile away a disheartened woman was down on her knees packing a trunk. For six months or more her daughter had been in Hollywood trying her luck—there wasn’t any. This Carroll try was sure to be the same old story over again. That would settle it. Tomorrow would see them leaving for home. They couldn’t afford to wait any longer. There was just enough money left to take them back to St. Louis. Well, that was Hollywood!

Of a sudden the door burst open. Flinging up her head, the woman on the floor saw the breathless girl who had scarcely stopped running since legging it from Sunset. “A man in a car chased me all the way and . . .”

The bell rang. The woman got up from the floor. “Don’t answer it!” warned the girl. Her mother stood silent, irresolute. Again the bell was heard. “Please!” was the daughter’s whispered plea. For the third time the insistent bell sounded. On the maternal side there was a thoughtful moment, then the cryptic question, “What day of the month is this?” “The thirteenth,” she was told. “I’ll let him in,” decided the mother, going to the door.

That door opened upon an unexpected career for Mary Beth Hughes. The man who came through it was the one who had come a cropper on distant Sunset. He was not a “chaser” in the slang sense of the word. Once over the threshold, he lost no time in identifying himself as an actors’ agent. He gave studio references, then proceeded to talk business. Both mother and daughter listened as with a single ear. Next day Mary Beth—let’s forget the Hughes part—was taken over to M-G-M for an interview. The result was a place in its stock company, really a studio school of acting. During the nine months she was there, (Please turn to page 52)
"THE GREAT DICTATOR"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: UNIQUE!

APPEAL: You can’t miss it! PLOT: By now you all know this is the long-awaited Chaplin tirade against the dictators, produced, written, directed by the great man himself, starring himself in dual rôle of little Jewish barber and archdictator Hynkel.

PRODUCTION: Chaplin, that’s all—same in 1940-41 as in 1924 except for sound, but you won’t miss modern improvements in technique for your intense interest in controversial subject. You may not find it enormously funny, but somehow you’ll be glad that he made it at all, and how you’ll enjoy arguing over that final speech.

ACTING: The beloved little man with baggy pants, derby hat, big shoes is back again—but in too few scenes does he approach his remembered greatness. As dictator Hynkel Chaplin has some inspired moments. Jack Oakie is hilarious if obvious as the “other” dictator. For once a woman plays important part in a Chaplin film—and Paulette Goddard makes most of it.

"SEVEN SINNERS"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ENTERTAINING!

APPEAL: If you’re a Dietrich fan—and even if you aren’t you will be, after this.

PLOT: Amorous adventures of one Bijou, siren of the South Sea Islands and sailors’ pet, as she roam from café to café crooning torch songs and causing riots—and how this little number ever slipped past the Hays office I don’t know.

PRODUCTION: It’s a Pasternak piece with all the slick sophistication and glitter, combined with robust humor, that you’ve come to expect of this ace producer. Tay Garnett’s racy direction, Dietrich’s incredible gowns, realistic “atmosphere” make a grand, gay show—for adults.

ACTING: Marlene Dietrich is a young, streamlined Mae West here, tossing off quips and kisses with rare abandon and always looking beautiful even when she’s being funny—try it some time. John Wayne surprises with a dynamic performance as the lad she loves and leaves. Broderick Crawford, Albert Dekker, Mischa Auer, Billy Gilbert—grand.

"ESCAPE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: POWERFUL!

APPEAL: To every adult movie fan.

PLOT: From famous novel by Ethel Vance about the plight of a famous actress who returns to Germany and is ensnared in Nazi toils until her son, aided by a charming Countess, effects her escape to freedom—intensely dramatic and exciting all the way.

PRODUCTION: Brilliant, with fine script by Arch Oboler, noted radio dramatist, and Marguerite Roberts; expert direction by Mervyn LeRoy; good taste and quiet conviction in every department—it’s what the trade calls “class” but with plenty of appeal for the “mass.”

ACTING: Superb! Robert Taylor gives a fine, restrained performance—always trying to submerge Taylor in his rôle and doing a creditable job. Nazimova as his mother has most exacting rôle, which she performs nobly. Norma Shearer is a poised and decorative Countess—but she is overshadowed by the supporting cast, particularly Philip Dorn.
to the Best Current Pictures

Delight Evans

"The Mark of Zorro"

One-word Guide: Exciting!

Appeal: If you're not above indulging in a bit of swashbuckling—with Tyrone Power.

Plot: Same old "Mark of Zorro" with expensive new wardrobe—and, girls, how becoming! He's still Robin Hood in old California, but there's more romantic action than oldsters will remember in original Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., version of 20 years ago.

Production: Laid on with lavish hand, but Rouben Mamoulian's Class-A direction keeps things moving so fast you haven't much time to concentrate on the scenery. You'll enjoy the swordplay and the byplay, both in the good old romantic manner, with not a trace of satire, but that's as it should be.

Acting: Don't think Tyrone Power tries to do a Fairbanks, for he's very much himself here, though handsomer than usual in his dashing costumes. He's more than equal to the gymnastics required by the plot, but the important thing is the true romantic mood which he sustains admirably. Linda Darnell is exquisite.

"The Long Voyage Home"

One-word Guide: Terrific!

Appeal: To those who believe that motion pictures can be art.

Plot: From four short plays by Eugene O'Neill, Dudley Nichols has fashioned a fine, tempestuous screen story of the men who go down to the sea in ships, their escapades on shore, their heroisms and their hangovers. It's strong and salty, but it's the stuff of life.

Production: By John Ford, meaning great and uncompromising direction, with few concessions to so-called popular appeal. In only one scene, the long-drawn-out death scene, does he seem to descend to pathos—but even here, he saves the scene in time. Sea stuff is thrilling.

Acting: Extraordinary, with Thomas Mitchell in rare form, John Qualen and Barry Fitzgerald unforgettable good, John Wayne as the "Baby" of the crew completely in character, Ward Bond and Ian Hunter fine, Mildred Natwick excellent.

"The Thief of Bagdad"

One-word Guide: Enchanting!

Appeal: To the young in heart no matter what your age.

Plot: Glorified Arabian Nights adventure complete with beautiful princess, wicked grand vizier, silly sultan, handsome prince, djinni, and little thief himself—not to mention a pink elephant—against a gorgeous background of oriental splendor.

Production: A feast for the eye, with fancifully lovely or fantastically weird scenes in Technicolor; amazing camera tricks which will keep you wide-eyed with wonder; deft direction which never for an instant loses the fairy tale touch—it's a triumph technically and artistically.

Acting: Perfection, with the engaging young Sabu just right in the title role; Conrad Veidt a properly sinister grand vizier; June Duprez a very lovely princess; John Justin her manly lover, Rex Ingram a joy as djinni—each playing with the grace and dignity of a Dalcroze drawing.

Korda-United Artists
Have A Merrier Christmas!

Symbols of the season for glitter and for glamor. For where to buy, see list, Page 76

By Courtenay Marvin

Above: Wear a cascade of jewels worthy of Salome. Gold-finished with simulated pearls and nuggets of jade. By Nat Levy-Urie Mandle. The necklace is $3; bracelet is $2.

Left: After "Rhythm on the River" and "Love Thy Neighbor," Mary Martin and Jerry wonder what more a girl could possibly ask. But pages of lovely ideas follow!

Below: Set a simple frock aglitter with the Monte Cristo jewelry, worn by Joan Bennett, in dull gold-finish with rhinestones. By Silson & Co. Pin, $3; bracelet, $5; earrings, $2.
Above: Trot out to admire your Christmas tree in corduroy sluffs by Kleinert. The mother-and-daughter combination is timely, but you may buy them separately. They come in red or royal blue with white trimming. Most stores have monogramming facilities at a slight additional charge. They're cunning and so cozy and comfortable. Adult sizes, $2; juniors, $1.65.

Right: Look winsome in Miss Swank pajamas. Wonderful for the nonehance of lounging time. They're made of Ma Chere pebble rayon crepe. New yoke treatment on that shirt to go in or out. Beige with brown; porcelain blue with royal or fuchsia, or all pink with blue trimming. And most pleasingly priced at $3.95. A school girl or business girl "special."

Center right: Own a bag wardrobe for the usual price of one. Leading Lady handbags are nicely done for $1 each. A soft, canoe shaped bag in suede fabric is roomy for day use. For sports and casual wear, a corduroy envelope zips on three sides, and for more formal occasions, choose that faille with handsome clasp.

Lower right: Play up the flair for glitter and gleam with jeweled gloves. Shown, are Queen Elizabeth from the Smart Set collection, four button, in Arabian mocha with lavish jewel embroidery, resembling bracelets. Just the accent with a simple gown for afternoon or dinner. These have the fine details of the "made in America" gloves, and are priced at about $3.50.

Below: Dance in glass step-ins! Actually, they're Vinylite, transparent, reminiscent of the Cinderella fable. Beautiful, light, this high-riding step-in remains snug and sure for your rumba. Tiny perforations all over and combined with gold or silver kid. They come in a clear Vinylite or may be dyed. By Ansonia, at about $5.98.
Pamper Her with Perfume

Below: Joan Leslie smiles happily over Lucien Long's dramatic perfume, Impromptu, which she would adore for herself, but is wrapping for another. Virtually swimming in a sea of shimmering paper, ribbon and the flora of Christmas, Joan is having a wonderful time. Give and give this Christmas!

1. Stocking-fillers from Helena Rubinstein. The column of Apple Blossoms talcum gets a head of Apple Blossoms soap, with garland and collar thrown in. A perfume bell holds two of any of Madame Rubinstein's perfumes, while little bottles of Town and Country, each, meet more formal or casual needs.

2. "The Jewel of Perfumes"—Suivez Moi (follow me), by Varva. The large pearl is actually the bottle, resting in a mammoth ring set with baguettes. Lift the pearl, and its stopper is at the bottom. The ring setting remains a base for the bottle. This is a perfume conversation-piece, new and exciting.

3. Christmas love letter sachets by Elizabeth Arden. A collection of pastel envelopes containing Blue Grass, packaged in holiday spirit. For the very fastidious, for the hard-to-please and for the girl who has everything, these sweet, imaginative sachets incorporate the elements of surprise, delight and infallible taste.

4. Twin dressing-table set of cologne atomizer and perfume dropper bottle by DeVilbiss. These are but typical of the many "perfume savers" perfected by this famous name, to make that precious fragrance last, do double duty, to protect clothing. From schoolgirl to grandmother, these sets truly will be cherished.

5. Lentheric's Family Album of perfume was inspired by that old beau-catcher, the family album. The little perfume masterpiece is fashioned in fuchsia with a blue bow and gold lettering. It holds Little Tweed, Baby A Bientot and Baby Confetti, three of Lentheric's loveliest, and will cause much happy comment.
For All Fragrance Fans

6. “The perfume not only of the immediate moment, but of all throbbing, complete moments”—the cup of life full to the brim—that's Madame Suzanne's new Tout de Suite perfume. Brilliant, with the thrills of the motion and emotion of life, a memorable scent.

7. “Say it with flowers” is the Cheramy way of offering muguet, carnation, violet and gardenia all under one roof. To help indulge whims—to build up a mood from glamor to the pensive, here are four flowers to aid this very worthy feminine cause.

8. Stars of April Showers will rain down on some fortunate who like to coordinate their perfumes. This nice, big one holds April Showers perfume, perfume applicator, eau de toilette and face powder. For an April lift in December, concentrate on this star.

9. This winged bird is the famous Orloff eagle, and it holds a good quantity of cologne in a variety of distinctive odeurs. It will make someone feel elegant and important, of being able, practically, to bathe in a sea of cologne. Effective for dressing table décor.

10. The “Cavalier’s Gift.” Les Plumes by Lucien Lelong, is extravagantly beautiful to the senses but very kind to the pocketbook. In crystal plumes, with gold-finished stoppers, are Tailspin, mysterious Indiscret, and Whisper—a perfume trilogy!

11. Mais Oui (but yes), by Bourjois, is thrillingly disturbing. It’s so gay, so provocative and frankly flirtations that it seems an intimate part of Christmas. It calls for a pretty face, a glamorous gown, and plenty of male attention, too. It usually works!

12. Inspired by Pan-America, L’Orle conceived beautiful containers for scents redundant of the tropics. The large pastel cameo bottle holds spirits of perfume, heavier than a cologne, lighter than a perfume. The bud vase bottles are charming decorations when contents are gone. They are only two of a group of rare floral combinations, each designated by the vase color. The spur bottle is for him—a he-man fragrance, done in man fashion with a smart cord finish.
Dedicated to the Young in Heart

1. Scottie Kit by Primrose House is aptly named. It took a good Scotch sense to assemble so much make-up and basic beauty in clan plaids at a mere song. In the historic MacGregor, MacPher-son, Cameron and Prince Charles Edward plaids.

2. For the explorer at heart, give this Early American Friendship’s Garden treasure box. Exploration uncovers dew-drenched blossoms in toilet soap, toilet water, talcum and compact sachet. The packaging is quaint and precious.

3. If gifts for the girl friends trouble you, then settle the matter with Revlon’s Knapsack. It goes handsomely American, with our Eagle or Liberty Bell print holding essentials for a luxurious manucure. Later, use the zippered case.

4. Dura-Gloss got the Christmas spirit in a very new and trim little case in a variety of simulated leathers and colors for any taste. It’s cute; it’s complete and a blessing to any budget. And the contents get a good, big bouquet from us.

5. If she yearns for something from Elizabeth Arden, then this compact and matching lipstick, by all means. The sunburst compact brightens the Christmas horizon with its golden rays, and its smart companion lipstick is of sculptured lucite.

6. Radiant Rita Hayworth holds the beauty secret of many a Hollywood complexion in her hands—Max Factor’s Pan-Cake Make-Up, in holiday box. The girls swear by it; it’s a glamor thought for those Christmas parties.

2. Tres chic, this Mais Oui make-up in transparent trinket box, beribboned. This jewel is from Bourjois.

3. Eastman’s new Twin-Lens Brownie Reflex, at a price to please the amateurs, and with many good features.

4. Deanna Durbin in two-strand La Tausca pearls. Other styles; bracelets; with beautifully wrought clasps.

5. Dorothy Gray’s “Soft Week-End Kit” holds a wealth of beauty aids.


7. Exquisite “Remember Me” dusting powder and cologne in Safari, by Tussy, glorified aperitifs for bathers.

8. A gay Coty “Coast-to-Coast” kit holds the wonderful new Coty preparations, plus glamour make-up.

9. We nominate for the deanship of Christmas givers, Anita Louise!

10. Above, Myosotis, bath luxury by Elmo. 10°, Yardley’s beloved quintet of fragrant joys for bathers.
IDA LUPINO and I were having lunch together in the
gaily decorated commissary at 20th Century-Fox stu-
dios. She had just returned from Darryl Zanuck’s
sanctum sanctorum, and her eyes were ablaze with sup-
pressed excitement. “Norvell, your stars were right!”
she exclaimed. “In addition to my Warner contract I’ve
just signed to do extra pictures for Fox. Remember how
last year you told me Capricorn was in affliction—if I
just held out I’d be on my way to the top?”

There was good reason for Ida Lupino’s excite-
ment. Long known as one of Hollywood’s most capable
actresses, Ida’s stars had been under a pall of obscurity
that threatened her promising career with complete ex-
tinction. Born on January 2, in the talented Sign of
Capricorn, Ida had asked me to do her horoscope last
year when she was doing a picture at Paramount. After
looking at the brilliant chart she possessed I said, “Just
wait a little while longer; your big chance will come in
1940 and you will become one of the screen’s brightest
stars.” Ida was doubtful at that time, but it was written
in her stars that she would have to suffer a while longer
and then suddenly her stars would surround her in a
blaze of glory. Now, under the masterful genius of
Darryl Zanuck, I predict that Ida Lupino will become
one of Hollywood’s truly great stars.

For all those born between December 22 and January
19, in the Sign of Capricorn, I would like to give Miss
Lupino’s formula for success: “While I was waiting
eternally for my big chance, I didn’t sit back and just
wait. I had implicit faith in astrology, but I knew that I
must help my stars along. You know that famous quota-
tion from Shakespeare: ‘The fault is not in our stars, but
in ourselves, that we are underlings.’ Well, I felt there
must be something wrong with me, that I wasn’t ready
for success, so I set to work in every possible way to
improve myself. I worked on my diction, I studied dance-
ing, singing, walking—everything possible to perfect my-
self for the day I knew would come when I could use
those things. When my planetary afflictions were the
worst I kept up my mind, my courage by reading good
books, studying social and political conditions, so that I
could portray modern characters with realism, sympathy,
and sincerity.”

How typical is this spirit of all that Capricorn repre-
sents! The next time you discouraged Capricorns see
Miss Lupino on the screen, remember that she worked
for her success—refused to be licked by life—and, what’s
most important, the same thing applies to YOU! You
can use the magic of your stars to climb the high road
to success and happiness. When things seem darkest,
never give up!

This month we will consider the destiny of not only
those born under Capricorn’s rays, (December 22 to
January 19) but also the Aquarius-born, (January 20
to February 19) so as to make way for our annual New
Year’s predictions which will be featured in next month’s
issue of SCREENLAND. As you now know, the clouds of
affliction have rolled away for those born in Capricorn,
and so we find reflected in their lives nothing but the
most promising and brightest events. If you check last
January’s SCREENLAND, you will note that I predicted
marriage for Anita Louise and for Loretta Young, both
Capricorn-born. These have taken place as scheduled in
their horoscopes and they are fortunately the permanent
kind of marriages. No divorces for these two. A child is
shown in Anita Louise’s chart in the latter part of 1941
or the first of 1942. As for Loretta Young, she will make
the most of a brilliant five-year cycle shown in her chart
and do some splendid work on the screen.

Judy Garland is one of my favorite Capricorn subjects
in Hollywood. (Indeed, according to box-office figures
she is America’s favorite Capricorn as well!) Judy came
into her greatest cycle of good fortune this year, I see
no warnings ahead for her in 1941, as her chart is well-
pected. She will continue in her popularity for years to
come. I caution her not to marry for at least three years,
however, as her chart is not so favorable in the houses
ruling love and marriage. Her career must be set above
even love until 1944. That is given as the year of romantic fulfillment in her chart. Yes, a happy marriage is shown for the Garland lassie, but let's hope she can still find time for her career after she's wed.

At this point I'd like to introduce to you another little girl: one I consider the most promising Capricorn ever to reach the screen. Meet Betty Brewer! Remember her in 'Rangers of Fortune,' with Fred MacMurray? So clearcut is this child's destiny written in the stars that she accomplished the almost legendary feat of being taken out of the most wretched poverty into the studio. She will bear watching in the coming years. In fact you'll have to watch her, as she is going to do some brilliant work in the future.

Humphrey Bogart achieved stardom during 1940. The stars are with him now, for being a Capricorn, Humphrey has what it takes to succeed. What with a charming wife who will stick, I don't know what more he could ask of the stars.

Kay Francis will hold the position she has regained for several years, before she marries and retires from the screen. Although her stars show marriage in 1941, she will not give up her career that early. Needless to say, Kay is a Capricorn also.

Ann Sothern is another Capricorn girl who has had an inspiring new lease on life in 1940. She's had talent and beauty aplenty, but it did her little good when she was under affliction. Now she has scored again as Dusey; her career will continue, and I am even confident that she can avoid the divorce shown in her chart.

Marlene Dietrich, heaven's gift to the escorts, kept her professional head above water and all those emeralds out of the pawnshop during her afflicted Capricorn cycle. I predict another marriage for her by the end of 1942, and further success in her career.

The options of three Capricorn gentlemen have all been taken up this year! Cary Grant, Ray Milland and Tom Brown. If these men (Please turn to page 76)

YOUR HOROSCOPE SENT FREE!

If you are puzzled about your life, or if you feel that there must be something in your future that you should know about, consult Norvell just as the screen stars do about their romantic and professional problems. Norvell, who forecasts for the Hollywood stars, will send you your own birthdate reading FREE. Fill coupon below and send it to NORVELL, Box 589, Dept. O, Hollywood, Calif., with a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Please send me NORVELL'S Horoscope. I enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

MY NAME IS ........................................

MY ADDRESS IS ......................................

CITY ....................................................

MY BIRTHDATE IS .................................
Wreathed in smiles, cute little Gloria Jean and her pet wire-haired terrier reflect the Hollywood holiday spirit. "A Little Bit of Heaven" is Gloria's latest picture.

**UNLESS** all you girls want to find yourselves tripping about in hobble skirts before you can say Jack Robinson, you better make your protests to studio designers, because they seem determined to bring back the hobble skirts. Adrian is fitting Hedy Lamarr out in these monstrosities to movement in "Come Live with Me." Alice Faye wore several in "Tin Pan Alley" and became so attached to them they are now in her personal wardrobe. I should think that would look like the handwriting on the wall for all you girls who wouldn't go for this style.

**THE most beautiful pair of book ends I ever saw hold a few of Clark Gable's favorite books on a night stand beside his bed. They represent a pair of exquisitely molded bronze hands. They are really the hands of Carole Lombard. From a plaster of Paris impression Carole had the arresting bronzes cast so she could feel she was always, personally, holding Clark's books ready for him to choose.**

**ONE of the very funniest reasons being snickered over here for Hedy Lamarr's divorce is the result of a facetious statement she made just after she was married. It's being bandied about that Hedy gave Gene the gate because he wouldn't, or couldn't, raise a sweeping, handlebar-type of mustache. That was one of Hedy's requisites for a happy marriage. It was the only request, besides undying love, that she quipped about to reporters on her honeymoon. Now that statement comes back to hit her right between the eyes.**
WITH millions of people far and wide still not convinced that Hedy Lamarr is an actress, her studio, M-G-M, has just given her, and her fans, more cause for rejoicing than has been their good fortune since Hedy first made her screen appearance. The bosses have sold out, last, on her worth. Known to few people is the fact that her contract has just been sewed up without options for months to come, and Hedy will get a chance at stories until now denied her. And more important, Hedy will go along at the salary stipulated in her original contract. She doesn’t get the money she was after, but at last the Viennese orchid has the assurance that her studio is ready to get back of her and push.

The other day at the West Side Tennis Club a covey of idle society girls made themselves the laughing stock of all the onlookers who happened to be lunching on the terrace. George Murphy was there, looking very tall and sleek, and he was, it seems, very upsetting to the emotional equilibrium of the group of debs. Their brazen, combined play for him finally got to be in very bad taste. George amusingly threw a wet blanket on the whole mob’s yearnings. He was in tennis togs and one girl went so far as to send over a note saying they all hoped he would play tennis later sous a shirt (a la Errol Flynn) so they could get a gander at his muscles. That was the means of a swell comeback for George. When he did step out on the tennis court he stripped off his shirt to reveal the most fantastic conglomerate of tattooing ever seen. The debs were horrified. The fancy scroll work was all a fake for George’s rôle in “Three Girls and a Gob,” and was easily removable with soap and water.

YOU can count Bob Taylor’s very striking appearance in his flying togs as the reason for his brand new glamour rating among his feminine fans. When Bob stepped out of the Derby the other night, looking like an overly handsome composite of a virile flying ace and a matinée idol, he was mobbed by a bunch of high school girls. They hustled him off the street and into a near-by alley and, there, around those sleek-fitting togs got a going over. The girls couldn’t keep their hands off him. Bob grimly barred his way out of the alley with autographs right and left. He was more than disdained by the time he fought his way to his car. I’ll bet Barbara Stanwyck puts a stop to those quick snacks at the Derby before night-flying lessons unless the women let Bob alone.

YOU probably didn’t know that the only reason that two of Will Rogers’ pictures will have revival showings is because of the fact that Mrs. Will Rogers, herself, has given her permission. At the time of Will’s death, the studio signed a solemn order never to reissue or show his pictures again. Now, 20th Century-Fox leave to tear up that restraining order. There’s method behind this important news, too. It just happens that right now butchers’ widely read biography of her famous husband is on everybody’s tongue. Will Rogers interest is again at a new high. The Rogers estate should glean a pretty penny from this well-timed co-operation.

The coyest confession of the month comes from dignified Paul Muni who shuly but eagerly confides that he is a rubber band enthusiast, and because of his concern over this idiosyncrasy his wife, Bela, has dubbed him “Rubber Bandit”... Rememb-

er John Trent, the T. W. A. pilot, who got into the movies and became the favorite of thousands of kids as “Tailspin Tommy”? Right now he’s quit pictures cold and is flying bombers to Canada.

IT ALWAYS happens when pictures are previewed. Now Mrs. Rogers, The undergraduates from U. C. L. A. pack the theater to the rafters and a producer never fails to get an audience reaction—sometimes not too flattering but always widely read. And that is warming to any executive’s heart. Came the scene in “The Philadelphia Story” where Jimmy Stewart asks Hepburn to marry him. The audience knows she’s in love with Cary Grant. A carried-away co-ed frantically begged in a pleading stage whisper for all to tear her away. “Hepburn finally does decline. The relieved fan heaved a sigh that sent the entire audience into howls of laughter. Jimmy’s sheepish grin on leaving the theater was, for once, completely in keeping with the situation.

Below, from left, Vincent Price and Virginia Field in costume for a scene from Paul Muni’s new starring picture about for trappers, “Hud- son’s Bay.” Boaty senior and Eddie Albert in a scene from “The Wagons Roll At Night,” exciting film about circus life which brings Sylvio back to the screen; Van, “Buddy” Rogers, husband of Mary Pickford, also re- turns to the screen after a long absence in “Golden Hoofs,” Jane Withers’ starring picture.

A SIGHT to see is Marlene Dietrich in pants again. At the Beverly Derby she sat cross-legged at the bar in a sleek pair of warm tan slacks, with the rest of her outfit to match, and a new diamond brooch at her throat that dazzled the eye. . . . The pants of a very prominent producer went a little too far and, for a gag, they planted a flimsy pair of feminine scanties in his car. The rumblings of a divorce that was never caused just by that. . . . This is the absolute truth! A starlet, who has recently been touted solely because of her beauty and definitely not because of her brains, was asked to give her party affiliation when she registered to vote, glibly an- swered, “20th Century-Fox” . . . Now that the Charles Laughtons have decided to settle here, they have bought one of the most pretentious estates to be owned by a film couple. It was formerly owned by a mining magnate.

IN ALL probability it won’t be long now before we’re all asking, “Have you smelled that new picture down at the Strand?” Once again there is something brand new under the cinema sun and Hollywood, as always, is experimenting with a novel, slap-happy innovation to the art of motion pictures. The accompaniment of music, electromagnetically produced, will be the next addition to movie reality. The experiment is beyond the curiosity stage and soon, on the screen, we’ll be smelling as well as seeing fresh-cut roses, sizzling steaks, fields of new-mown hay, perking coffee, or the tang of smoke from a camp fire. The possible application of a strange and totally preconceived invention is yet to be seen. But some of the pictures I’ve seen have managed to have a date with reality, without the aid of any new invention.

NOW it’s Ida Lupino who is being a good girl and doing just as her bosses tell her, no matter how thoroughly she may disagree. Despite the fact that Ida is envied by every young actress in Hollywood for being in a most advantageous spot, Ida, herself, thinks all the recent ballyhoo as a dramatic actress has been overdone. Her rôles haven’t kept up as high a level as all the praise warranted. But Ida played any and all parts that were handed her and never kicked, and all because she knew a most coveted rôle was sure to come her way if she didn’t go temperamental. Warner’s promised to loan her to Fox for “How Green Was My Valley,” and that rôle, to Ida, was worth wading through a lot of assignments that she hadn’t her heart in.
Continued from page 29

military hearing any fool and certainly the Gestapo would know belonged to an officer. And it was Captain Steiner, hero of the war, they were looking for.

He had planned to make his escape to Austria at once but at the end he could not go without seeing her. Every day at almost the same hour she went to the market place and he went there now, in his borrowed clothes carrying a workman's box of tools, bending a little as he walked as if his back were fired from leaning over a carpenter's bench.

It was two years since he had seen her but he knew her immediately even though she was on her way to cover her face. She could not see his face. There was the little hollow in the back of her neck that he had kissed so often, there was the proud set to her thin shoulders and that light, rhythmic walk of hers. He quickened his step until he was so close behind her she could hear his whisper. "Don't look around. Go on walking!" And as his cheek had lain against her and she threw back her head, it was as if her whole being were concentrated on his voice. "I'm going to make my way to the border. You must divorce me!"

Her feet faltered and her whole body sagged as if age had come upon her with her words. "Go on, you must divorce me," he whispered urgently. "You must divorce me right now and say that you want to divorce me because of my political views. You must say you had not realized before what they were."

She held herself erect, as if she had reached down into her heart for the courage to throw her head up in that gallant, defiant gesture.

"It's only to make you safe," he explained, his thrust aching with his pride in her to drive his message clearly home to anything you do, I love you, Marie, more than anything in the world, I won't leave until you promise. I'll give myself up if you don't."

First she faltered. Then there was that almost imperceptible nod of her head and his voice quickened in his relief. "I'm going to turn left now along the walk between the butchers' booths. You turn right and come around to meet me. I just want to see you—once. Then I'll go. If you hear nothing it will mean I got across safely."

There was his heart beating then, sounding louder to him than all the market sounds, as his voice notes high-pitched as they hopped, the thin of the butcher's cleavers on their wooden blocks, the shrill calls of the hawkers. Then suddenly there was no sound, no market. Only Marie and her small heart-shaped face, her eyes the color of the heart-case that grew in country meadow, her delicately carved checkboard lips. The voice had been so soft, so tender, trembling now. She stood there and the wind pulled at her cloak and pressed them against her body, revealing the revealing line of her slim figure. And as he looked at her she fitted her hands and pressed them against her body, holding herself toward him in an agonized, empty embrace. Then she turned and walked quickly away and his heart whispered the name his lips dared not speak. Marie, Marie, Marie—over and over again so it became a litany to worship her with.

Vienna...1937. Vienna still proud and free, offering of her laughter and plenty and gaiety to every man to enjoy them. Vienna generous and hospitable to all who had passports and the right to live.

But what of those who had no passports? What of Joseph Steiner? What of the hundreds like him escaped from the Reich with no papers to allow them the right to peace and work and life? What of Ludwig Brenner, his brother in arms, with the hunted dark eyes and the haggard face; the boy of gentle birth who had once hoped to become a surgeon? They met in the prison where they were serving the fourteen days' detention imposed on all those who had entered Austria illegally. In the prison ward, the border, and another attempt to live again.

"Why are you here, anyway?" Ludwig asked as the steel door of their cell closed behind them. "You're one hundred percent Aryan."

Steiner nodded. "And you?"

"Fifty percent," the boy said bitterly. "I was wondering why you—"

"I'm simply an ex-soldier who hates the gang that rules Germany," Steiner explained. "I naturally they don't like me, either. He locked up as the keeper came back unlocking the cell gate and beckoning him to follow. Steiner's hands clenched as he walked. He had been expecting this ever since he saw Brenner leaning nonchalantly against the wall of the court room when he had been sentenced that morning. Steiner had served under Steiner as lieutenant in the war was a German street agent.

Brenner threw down his cigarette when Steiner came in to the visitors' room.

"Well, Captain, so we meet again!" His voice was almost cordial and a smile lingered on his thin, brutal lips. But there was no warmth in the small smile even though he walked. "May I congratulate you on your escape? It was more daring than any of your exploits at the front. I would have sworn it couldn't be done, getting by those machine guns and through that high voltage wire without help from friends outside."

"What do you want, Brenner?" Steiner demanded.

"The names of those friends," Brenner said. "We are willing to pay for the information."

"I'll send him a note of my own, and if he has anything to say, I'll send it out of his pocket and held it out temptingly.

A passport? Steiner asked incredulously.

"Precisely," Brenner smiled. "You may go wherever you please." His voice sharpened as Steiner shook his head. "Don't be a fool, Captain, no one will ever know where the information came from. After all, the necessity of the State is above the code of the individual."

"Not mine," Steiner said.

"Then I advise you to change it. Compare our situations. I'm hopeless. You're a living ghost, a man without a country or a legal right to live. Mine on the other hand is secure and comfortable, a pleasant little life. And all that stands between us is this passport."

"There's a great deal more than a passport between us, Brenner," Steiner said.

"Very well," Steiner said, abruptly. "For the moment we can't arrest you here in Austria. But the situation may change at any day and when it does, you'll be glad to give us that information and on our own terms!"

It was the boy, Ludwig, who kept Steiner from making his own agonizing thoughts that night. He dared to try to stroll his sobs against his pillow.

"Homeland, baby?" Steiner asked Ludwig.

"She's dead," the boy said bitterly. "She died in exile. My father's in Prague, I think. But how can I really know? How can I be sure of anything? There are people who can have their families deported, who can work, have dinner, drink a glass of wine and then go home to bed. But for us, we must sleep or starve or be forcibly returned and must sleep in prison or stumble through the woods in darkness, strangeness, alone, longing for company but afraid of everything."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, Mr. Brenner, I'm sure."

It's like an abyss between us and them, a something called a passport, a scrap of paper."

It was no good for the boy to think that. Only madness lay at the end of it. Steiner forced himself to speak brusquely. "When we get out of here I'll put you over the border to Prague."

"I'm not going further."

"If you don't, we have to look out for yourself. Get handy with cards, with your fists, get tough."

That was how their friendship began, there in the prison in Vienna. So that when they shook hands in the Czech woods after their dash past the customs barrier Ludwig felt he was losing his family a second time. The first time when he was going back to Vienna, the only place in the world he might get news of Marie.

Later, when Brenner Steiner left in his hand and shook his head.

"Go ahead, take it!" Steiner laughed. "I still have enough for myself. My luck at cards is good."

"No, baby, but it might be worse. I've got a wife and you've got a father. They still care what happens to us. As long as we've got one person who does care, just one, it's all right. But don't look for favors, So long, baby."

He was gone then and Ludwig was alone again. And the aloneness grew in him on that hard road to Prague. He bought a peddler's pack and a supply of cheap beer and with the money Steiner had given him and so much more of what he had got from to door to door, the fear of hostile glances, the sleeping in the woods at night. Then he went on. He had seen his father again to give him new courage even though that visit to the house which had been his father's last address he had given him some time ago. A slatternly-looking woman had only given him evasive answers but there was something in her manner that made Ludwig know she was right. He left his address with her and went back to his own lodging house. There at least there were others like him to turn to in hopeless conditions. And the man Marrill, whose bitter humor and philosophy were like a hand held out to him in the darkness. And it was then in that
shoddy place he met the girl Ruth, who liked himself was half Aryan and an exile but whose position was not quite so precarious as his since she had a permit to give her a temporary legal standing.

Even at that first sight of her Ludwig felt his loneliness lifting. This girl, with her sad eyes, the luminous gray of a rain-swept sky, this girl with her hair the color of the wild honey he used to gather in his father’s garden, this girl whose sweetly husky voice made music of her most casual words, this girl needed him. And because of that need Ludwig began finding in himself the strength she could lean on, the gaiety to bring the laughter back to her hurt eyes.

Baby: I’m taking a chance by way of General Delivery to say I’ve got a job with the Potzloch Amusements in the Vienna Prater. I’m a matter magician, watchman, and dishwasher. If you ever get back to Vienna, drop in and I’ll read your mind.

Yours for cleaner and fewer dishes,
J. Huber,

Steiner grinned as he signed his new name for the first time. Johann Huber! That would be his name now for the year the passport remained in force, the passport he had bought with the lucky money he won at poker. The gods had smiled at him again and so he could buy life from a dead man, for even the dead could give life when they had passports to leave after them, passports that could be sold in turn to the living dead. Maybe the dead were kinder than the living, giving their names, their right to work to derelicts like himself. But they couldn’t give love or happiness. They couldn’t give forgetfulness. And so there was always the memory of Marie to stand between him and the peace he could not find.

“Let me forget her, God,” he prayed.

Here are more scenes from the grim drama showing Joseph Steiner (Fredric March) as a prisoner of the Gestapo; Marie (Frances Dee) doing her kitchen chores; Joseph kneeling at Marie’s bedside holding her hand; and another bedside scene with the suspicious nurse who deliberately informs the German secret police about Joseph's presence.

Editor's Note: Although the title of this picture remains "Flotsam" as we go to press, it may be changed before it reaches the screen. We will announce any change of title in the next issue.
once in his agony. "Marie, Marie—I've got to forget you, tear you out of my mind and eyes and blood, I've got to forget, forget!"

Ludwig had forgotten there could be such happiness in the world. It was only a week since he had met Ruth and yet that

hundred of days had become his life. Once, and what an excursion this had been, he had spent all his day's earnings to take

her to the movies. Then there were the museums, the aquarium, the band concerts in the park and all of them to be had for

the taking.

But now it was all going to be taken away from him again. Ruth was going to Vienna. Ludwig had asked Marie to

"Listen!" she had exclaimed, "I've been offered a place in a chemistry laboratory with an old professor of mine. It means a chance

to go on studying."

"Maybe after I find my father, I'll be able to go back to Vienna." Ludwig tried to busy himself up, "We might be able to see each other there."

He had thought of Vienna ever since Steiner's letter had come. For just as Ruth had come to mean all women and all love to him so had Steiner become all men and all friendship. Maybe soon they could all be together. Just thinking of it lessened some of his sadness that last evening with Ruth. He had wanted it to be so perfect, that farewell dinner of theirs, but now after they were to know he was not have enough to buy dessert. And Ruth was like a child in her fondness for sweets.

Then he remembered his peddler's stock of perfume. He always carried a bottle with him and his fingers closed on it now as he went over to the desk. "Would you let me have two apple strudel for this?" he asked holding it out to the proprietor.

"There's just one prescription for you. The police!"

Ludwig saw Ruth's agnotes eyes looking

at the man getting up from the table next to her. There was no mistaking that man. He looked so typically German he could have been a caricature, swaggering toward Ludwig in that erect military walk, the drolling scar on his cheek white against his

florid skin.

"You're a German exile, aren't you?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" Ludwig asked stiffly.

"I'll take the perfume and give you the coffee and cake," The man ignored the hatred in the boy's eyes. "I know you're suspicious. Let me explain. I live in Berlin and I have to go back there, but I hate what's going on in Germany today and I'm ashamed of what they're doing to helpless people, I'd like to help you if you'd let me. It would make me feel better."

The boy hesitated only a minute. Then his hand went out to meet the other's. "I'm sorry. I thought something quite dif-

ferent about you," he said.

There was that memory then to help him after Ruth was gone, the kindness, the warmth, the heaped-up plate of pastry and the good hot coffee the man had sent over to them, the champagne he sent too and the improvised party hats they made for a grand occasion like this, the singing, the laughter, and underneath them all the tears that had lain there so close all evening.

For he had needed memories like that, of warmth like that when he found his father again. He was waiting for him at the lodging house that night Ludwig came back after seeing Ruth to the train and at first the boy did not recognize him, so old had he become, so tired and defeated. It didn't take long to tell what he had to say, that the slatternly woman who had greeted Ludwig so eavishly was his wife.

"But why, father?" Ludwig faltered, re-

membering that gracious woman who had been his mother, the woman his father had admitted as his wife.

"She—she nursed me, Ludwig," the broken old voice pleaded. "I couldn't stand it, living in the woods, the parks, being frightened all the time. If I married her they couldn't deport me and so—so—"

For a moment the boy couldn't speak, then he took that quick step toward him and his arms went around him. "I under-

stand, father," he said.

There was nothing now to hold him in Prague and so that night Ludwig was on the road again. But it was weeks before he could make his secret way to Vienna again and Ruth was gone when he got there. Her old professor told him she had gone to friends in Switzerland and Ludwig waited only long enough to see Steiner and to celebrate their reunion in a cafe on the carnival grounds before he was on his way to Ruth again.

He thought he had remembered her, every changing color of her eyes, every cadence of her voice, but when he stood before her again he saw that she was even lovelier than he had remembered. "Why didn't you write to me?" he asked.

"I was afraid," she said slowly. "People like us have no right to anything. We've no business falling in love or getting mar-

ried or having children or anything. So I thought I ought to get along by myself, alone, with books and study as though we were in a laboratory, as remote and in-

personal as science, not caring about any other human being. That's what I thought Ludwig."

You shouldn't keep on fighting so har against being happy," he whispered, draw-

ing her into his arms.

For a little time they were gay again. Their friends. Ruth was visiting were away and she brought out her host's evening sur-

insisting Ludwig should wear it even though it wrapped around him like a tent. And when she came toward him dressed in the

evening gown that belonged to her girl hood friend he found himself trembling at the shining wonder of her beauty. It was

almost as if it all belonged to them, in the moment, the room and the warm happiness the love holding them in that safe little secret world of their own. Ludwig lifted his brandy glass. "To you, Ruth," he said and then a longing for all the things that were gone came over him. "Do you think we'll ever have anything like this?" he asked.

"A home and the right to work and to stay in the same place?"

"I don't know," Ruth whispered. "I can't even imagine it."

"Well, you wait," he said then, and he was amazed at the confidence in his own voice. It sounded as if he believed it himself. "In five or ten years you'll be wearing dresses like this every evening and I'll be a famous surgeon in a frock coat with certification of honorary citizenship in every pocket," he added. He looked at her host's evening sur-

insisting going to Paris, he said. "Remember Marel in Prague? He's there. He said it was quite easy to get a permit to stay in France and find work."

"I'm going with you," the girl insisted breathlessly. "Now don't object! I've been an embarrassment to my friends long enough."

"All right, then." Ludwig smiled down at her. "From now on I'll look after you."

And so the road again, but it was easier now that Ruth was with him. Sometimes they went hungry when no one would buy from the pack slung over Ludwig's shoulder but there were the other times too, the happy, tender times. Warm fragrant nights sleeping under the stars, rainy nights in bars near the road and the sweetness of dried hay and the sound of the rain and their own voices singing and always the peace that came in just being together.

But it was over so soon, that peace. Lud-

wig was frightened that night he came back to the sheep fold where he had left her and found her shivering through the night was warm. It was not so hard when there

BRENNER (Erich von Stroehme), secret agent was leaning against the court room wall while Joseph (March) was being sentenced.

Laden with flowers for his beloved wife, Marie (Frances Dee), Joseph waited at the reception room desk while he was announced.
were still things to do, running for the doctor in the neighboring town, bundling her few pitiful belongings. But when and later one day in the summer, she brought her to her car with the urgency of her condition keeping him from thinking of himself. After the hospital door had closed behind her, the aloneness closed heavily on him again.

He had told her he would come to the hospital every night at nine and wait beside her bed until she woke. That night she was looking up at the empty glass panes, wondering what was happening now in that dimly lighted room where her little lambkin, whom she was without her, was waiting. He’d been trying to fight down his fears as he waited. Then one evening there was her face at the window staring down into the stairwell. He could see the pain against the pane as she peered between them in that vain effort to see him. He lit a match and held it before him and then let it go, seeing her with his heart, with hope once more, up to her as she stood there.

It was that night the Nazi troops invaded France, and so when all the waiting was over and they made their way to Paris at last, Steiner was already there in Marill’s miserable quarters on the Left Bank. He had worked in Paris after all. For France overrun with the new exiles from Austria was issuing only a few permits and Ludwig was unable to get one. But they pulled together all of them, sharing with each other whenever a few chance francs came their way. And Ludwig, who had never married Marill that a young Frenchman wanted to marry Ruth.

The boy urged her to do it. Through marriage, he said, would become a citizen of France, she would have a home, a husband who adored her.

"My poor darling," Ruth only said, "What crazy things go on in your head! I love you, you idiot!" And then she was laughing that tender, husky little laugh of hers and sitting on his knee. "You won’t marry me, Nino?" she demanded.

Steiner coming into the room felt the hot tears press against his eyelids. So it had been with them since their first interview. She longed for her to be happy. And now it could never be there for him again for a refugee friend he had met that day had given him his long looked for passport to Marill. She was dying in a hospital in Berlin.

He left telling only Marrill that he was going back to her, looking to that bought Aunt who had never married and then gone to jail. The voracious nature of the law made it too dangerous to go to Ludwig and Ruth if he did not come back at a certain date. And so had been the arrest for illegal entrance into France struck the little group with a new anxiety.

Marie looked to still lying there on the bed in the hospital room, then saw Joseph bessing beside her and his thin hand on the pulse that touched his cheek.

"I want to feel you’re really here," she whispered. "I’ve so often thought I’ve seen you, and then—"

when the two were together again, and his tears came with her nearness. The nurse looked at him with sharp questioning eyes before she went out clearing the room. The last word he spoke was: "Goodbye, Mr. Darnell." He was not prepared for the shock when he went out of the room at last and found Breuer and two storm in the town. The room behind him.

"I’m afraid we’re planning a long stay," the old enemy swept him a mocking bow. "We have a new pleasure resort in Duncan, every conceivable, modest fellow, and hence I am sure it will be pleasant for you."

This time Steiner held back his bitterness for Brenner questioned him at the General officers kept the file. Steiner knew how, no pride left in him. Only the desire that Marie should have peace in that little time left to her. He begged that some way of him, he arrest be kept from him that he could be with her until she died. It would not be, a day, two days at the most, "I won’t escape," he said despairing in his head, and be the door well guarded with the reliable nurse to listen to everything that’s said.

"Will you help me?" his friends if make it possible for you to visit your wife for two days?" Brenner asked. "Will you give me two names today and the rest of the day after tomorrow?"

"I will tell you all the names the day after tomorrow," Steiner promised.

It was on the second day the Marie looked up at him as he sat beside her bed. "Now, just when I am happy, when I could be with you, I must go," she whispered. He bowed over and kissed her and he felt her lips, her heart, and the thin arms holding him suddenly relaxed. "We will go together," he promised. But she had not heard. The tears glinted on their half closed eyes, that tenderness in her eyes when the nurse looked at her startled and drew the sheet over her head.

"Breuer," she whispered but Steiner did not speak as he walked beside him, the two storm troopers following a few paces away. Now that it had come he knew he was dying happy, that it was that had never known such exaltation since the day long ago he had stood beside Marie at the altar. It took less than a second, that quick movement, that catching Brenner under the chin and throwing him over the stairwell, and then himself jumping and his body meeting that stunning zig-zag before it landed beside the other on the stone floor those seven flights below.

Marrill looked up as Ruth came into the room. For days she had kept her up fight to free Ludwig and her hope had given hope to all of them. Now there was one thing she did not want to happen, "I’ve talked to a lawyer," she said wearily. "He could help Ludwig get a temporary permit but it will cost money, a lot more money."

"We might have," Steiner said. Each word from her to the calendar hanging on the wall. "You’ll have enough," he said slowly, "Steiner asked me to give you this.

And so it was the dead who gave life to the living.

Ludwig stared down at the permit Ruth brought to him in the visitor’s room in the prison. But for the moment it could not bring him happiness, only that agonized sense of loss.

"He saved the money for us," Ruth whispered. "He said he wanted to help us together."

The boy looked at her and suddenly no longer at the days of the past he had been fighting to desperately. "Steiner wasn’t afraid to hate evil," he said slowly. "He wasn’t afraid to love and he wasn’t afraid to die. That’s all one has the right to ask for. I’ll never run away again, even when this permit is through. God gave us the right to live, not a piece of paper. And now we can have to be inside me, Ruth." He held her face between his hands and looked deep into her eyes, "We’ll get married now, with Ruth who have the right. Let’s get married! We won’t have a home but we’ll be together. We’ll always be together.

"That’s home enough, darling," she whispered. He took his arm then and they walked through the prison door into the free, brave world outside.

"Continued from page 51"

the throbbing novitiate did two bits. In "The Women" she politely remarked, "Goodbye, Mrs. Haines; I wish you weren’t going." In "Dancing Co-Le" she is "a little girl who sticker baby," and made the thrillingly dramatic response, "Uib-uh-huh.

Especially the casting director of Twenty-First Century-Fox had never seen a lot more than uh-uh-huh in her, and in two shakes of a lambkin’s contract whisked her from Cuber City. All and still play her this far more than justified her vibrant Czech wife in "Four Sons." Then she was put to work—although as John Barrymore’s leading woman in "The Great Profile." One of these days she is to be made the star of "Christabel." Her swift progress, like her tearing beauty, is enough to take your breath away.

If, by some strange magic of the spirit were to return as one, their single lovely embodiment might well believably assume the shining blondeness of Mary Beth. Her hair was auburn, her eyes so blue, so big, his hit her with the fullness of her face, just as it hit me across the table where we were having tea (alas, she drinks nothing stronger!) together.

"I was wild as a hog with red hair," Mary Beth was saying, "but at five it turned white, then at seven I was a platinum blonde, and at eight, when I had married to" and I have since it has worked out from there."

This was all so kaleidoscopic that there seemed to be a catch in it somewhere at best point. "Oh, that? My head was shaved on the wrong side for a maestoso operation, then on the right side, and afterwards the hair on both sides was white. You can see the scar." She bent her head and pulled back a creamy ear. But I saw no scar—wouldn’t have admitted it in any case, even though the dental left a scar upon my truthful soul.

"People think of a blonde as a heavy, oh yes, they do," she enlightened me, "and that’s why I can’t care anything about playing a sweet part, because I can’t feel a scene I’m doing. Being blue, my friends say, it is the secret and that helps a lot, gives them more expression. I’ve always wanted to play meanies. Guess it’s because that’s the opposite of what I am. For I’ve never had a temper spell in my life. But on the screen I want people to hate me."

As a subtle gesture, I passed the sugar. But Mary Beth deliberately mixed the bitter with the sweet. "At the premiere of ‘Star Dust,’ a woman did never even seen before turned to me and said, ‘I don’t like you.’ I beg your pardon," I replied, stiffening at the nerve of her. ‘No,’ she went on without turning a hair. ‘You surely were nasty to Lindy Darnell, and I don’t like you at all.’"

It was useless to protest that at premieres you never know who is next to you—no double meaning intended—but she now was doing was to say: "On the night of the opening of ‘Four Sons’ at the Chinese Theatre my mother made a holy show of herself. The car in which Don Angelo is in the barn with the soldiers come in to shoot him and I’m about to tell them where he is hiding, mother jumped up and yelled, ‘Keep your mouth shut, don’t tell!’"

Evidently strong emotion ran through the family, and with it, possibly, Jack. ‘Yes,’ agreed Mary Beth. ‘I’ve told you how
it stay was believe played the can’t have ever makes begin ate whis- might was the dinner. script church ate little she was nice cigarette. rule, forget did need

Newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Mike Frankovitch (she’s Binnie Barnes, you know) are pictured dancing at New York’s Stork Club.

his popular night club at a nice salary."

In view of her whirlwind screen success, this thirteen-girl certainly qualified as Hollywood’s brightest. "When I played with John Barrymore in my first pictures, I was running true to form," she pointed out, "for his name has thirteen letters. Surprising as it may seem, I sort of saw this coming. You see, my grandmother, who was an actress by the name of Flora Frockie on the stage and in grand opera, was in a play with Ethel Barry- more, and at that time she said to me, 'All I want is to have you in a picture with John.' Already I have learned more about acting from him than I’ve learned all the rest of my life, and pictures, he’s very gentle with me in this respect. No, he doesn’t put me across his knee and spank me, no. Because it’s copy- righted in the play you’re, he hasn’t told me yet."

Among other things, Jack takes me aside and talks to me before I do what he calls a "third of the pictures" or how it makes you feel," he tells me, "then he’ll give me a camera will catch your thought and put it over.' Thanks to him, I’ve found this method not only successful but easy.

As to the hardest thing she had done in picture work, Mary Beth said surprisingly: "It was smoking a cigarette. I’d never smoked before making my first picture. I didn’t even know how to do it, I just puffed. The director said I was clouding the view, so I had to inhale. I drew in a lot of smoke, but the strange part of it was that it never came out. So far as I know, that smoke’s still inside me somewhere.

Gravely studying this potential human volcano, I was solicitous as to the possible effects on her inner screen smoke upon her health. "Oh, grandmother," I protested, "you don’t have to do is to keep going. I’m up at 6:30 whether working or not. And even when I was in the studio, I never had neither breakfast nor lunch—just dinner once in a while."

When at the Holy Cross Academy in Washington—though I’m not a Catholic—I’d have to get up very early morning. The other girls called me Prunella."

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Mary Beth smiled at something in her mind. It looked a little like the look that was in her eyes when the camera was grinning, I espri- panted a word or two of his part to John Barrymore. Coming out of a scene one day, he said, ‘My dear little girl, do you know what a great help you have been to the poor nut sometimes faintly flattering referred to as my head? But don’t think for a moment that I never lose mine. Not long ago, I went completely haywire. For half an hour after getting the part of Anna in ‘Four Sons,’ I was hen and cried. My two dogs felt even worse than I did. But, poor spankies! When I got through throwing a fit my eyes, like mine, were wet from crying. But though I forgot myself, I never forget my lucky thirteen."

A daily dozen would bore me to death. If I had to do so many one-two-three-kicks, so many rolls, so many strangling. This is for my hips, this is for my thighs, and this will slim my torsi, it would slay me," she declared. She then passed a plate of Canadian bacon, scrambled eggs and toasted muffin.

"Do what I enjoy doing, eat what I please," she elaborately said to me: ‘Do this and it’ll do you good,’ three-fourths of the benefit is gone for me. I don’t want to do things that will do me good!"

"In a way I’m lucky, because I’m not fond of sweet things and I don’t like breakfast. I begin every morning with a glass of hot water, and then I whiz the clean taste. If it happens to clear my complexion (as someone’s just told me) that’s okay. Then I have a cup of tea and that’s it. No matter whether I’m working or on vacation, I can’t eat first thing in the mornings."

When I’m working schedule is strenuous, Dorothy may drink a glass of milk with two egg yolks beaten up in it during the morning, or she may have a glass of fruit juice, prune, orange or grapefruit. But as a rule, she eats breakfast dishes at noon, as she did today.

"I’ll have fruit compote after my bacon and eggs, too. Sometimes I have a yen for waffles and eat them. Sometimes it’s just a big salad. Oh, I have days when I think I’d like something rich and sweet, and when that happens I believe if you eat the food you like and enjoy it, it can’t hurt you. Of course, you must be reasonable. You can’t hope to stuff yourself three times a day and not gain weight. You must keep a rein on your appetite.

That’s where technique comes in. When Dorothy goes dancing at night, she seldom eats her dinner or even a little. She may swallow an hors-d’oeuvre before a dance and manage a single course between dances or two if she has such vitality and enjoys dancing so much."

"Sometimes at parties a hostess presses special dinners on their guests. When I’m not working and don’t socialize, I may attempt a luncheon, a tea, a couple of cocktail parties, a dinner and a round of nightclub[s] in one day. If I ate much at each affair, I might have to worry about one of these things in my scripts, so I’ve formed the habit of taking just a little food and making it last a long time.

"If you tell your hostess: ‘I can’t pos- sibly eat that. I wouldn’t dare!’ she is offended, no matter how much she knows about Hollywood and how anxiously she eyes her own scales. The thing to do is to exclaim with rapture about each dish and tell her that you wouldn’t miss her mar- velous creations for the world, and believe—she may even feel that you’ve thrown her a compliment.

We’re a nervous people, according to Dorothy, and one result of nerves is that someone or other offers you and asks you to eat so fast when we’re excited or nervous that we find ourselves sitting before an empty plate while the rest of the party is eating. Then we take more food so as not
Brown Derby luncheon—12:30 P.M.
and so on with conferences, cocktail parties, dinner. I was always late, always nervous, overtired and tied in a knot inside. The first appointment might be all right, but I wouldn’t be on time for the second because I hadn’t left room to get there, and I’d be trying to catch up, and maybe I’d be late. I always had a doughnut in my car or a hot dog or a coke. Then I’d stay up late and find I couldn’t sleep for thinking of things I hadn’t done.

"My friend talked to me quite seriously one day and told me I couldn’t last in Hollywood as a star. He was right. For me, sunbathing is the great relaxing agent. I can stand as much as four hours of it without harm. Some people can’t even stand one hour with your doctor on this. At night, if I need relaxing, I drink hot milk and take a hot bath, but as I can stand, some people find a long walk at night induces sleep, but not me. It makes me up. The night is so beautiful and I’m so stimulated by it that I can’t let down afterward.

"It’s up to you, dear. Perhaps the only rule for figures that I ever follow is never to sit down after a meal. Somewhere in my childhood I heard that people who sit around after eating get fat, and it must have made a deep impression on me because I have the habit still of leaping up and doing something. Then I finish a meal. That’s easy. I’m working, and it’s easy to get up and dance in a nightclub. When I’m home, I usually take my Scottie for a run and we go from eight to twelve, or I get his ball and throw it for him and we play together. Sometimes my mother and I play croquet. We have a set on the lawn and we’re rather keen on it. No one can call it a strenuous game, but it keeps us from sitting down. Now and then I play a game of darts, which is also set up at home. I even play these games for exercise, I play for fun.

Dorothy recommends learning dances to records. She keeps dance records at home and in her studio dressing room and when she has a spare moment, she practices steps.

"I learned the hula in Hawaii, and I try to do it correctly and not just whirl around. I learned a few other hula dances, mostly for professional entertainment, but dancing gives me pleasure and tones me up."

Sleep is a good weight barometer. If you’re losing weight, sleep longer hours. If you’re gaining, be an early riser. Dorothy sleeps from six to nine or ten the night, according to how strenuous is her day.

"If I’m tired or upset, I don’t eat," confided the star. "I wait till I’ve calmed down. I know violent emotion turns food into poison."

But Dorothy’s most important tip, she says, is to do all your figure sculpturing in secret and never, never, never the big romance know you aren’t perfection!

And why not? For the call came. My first studio call! It just so happened that Mother wasn’t home, so Daddy took me to the studio. It was the first time he’d ever been touring in a picture with the girls. He’d always left bookings and interviews and such to Mother. I’m glad, now, that he did go with me. I like to feel I am making my way.

Well, we got to the studio and went into the casting office and there they stopped me, and I said, "Don’t call me Miss Babies Tod!" I told them I was Judy Garland (they looked blank). I told them, I hadn’t been sent for (they let me in). I was on for half an hour and finally I was sent to Mr. Mayer’s office. I sang everything I knew for him, every song I’d ever heard in my life. Like always, I couldn’t make a hit. But on the third day he had exhausted my repertoire, and myself, and Mr. Mayer, he asked me if I could sing Elia, Elia. I said yes, and proceeded to sing my Crawford. When I got all through, Mr. Mayer didn’t say one word, good or bad. He didn’t smile or he didn’t frown or anything. He just said, "Thank you very much." And I walked out. And I thought, another false alarm!

When I got home and told Mom where I had been, she said, "Didn’t they give you any screen test and, said, "You didn’t go to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer looking like THAT?" I said and I think she would have fainted she was so surprised. But three days later, the phone rang. I was told to come to Metro and sign my contract. I was just thirteen then. And it was the biggest day in our lives. I read it that evening, Mom and Daddy and I just stayed home. I don’t think we’ve had one of our usual celebrations. When I’ve needed ice cream and strawberries to make that evening a party! We were too happy to celebrate. I’m glad we were like that, that night, and I don’t think it would have been a party if it was to be the three of us, much longer.

Of course I went around in a daze, thinking, what will my first day be like? Will I have enough love scenes? Who is the boy? Who will I meet? Will everyone realize I’m a movie star? Where will I go first? Guess where I did go first, for Pete’s sake! To school! Much to my rage and disgust and amazement (I’ve always just detested school) that’s where I went! It helped a lot to have Mickey the next day for that was the first day I met him. And they greeted each other. And Deanna Durbin was there, Gene Reynolds, Terry Kilburn, quite a few of the kids. But especially, I was glad to talk with Mickey again. I remember how, that first day, he took me on a tour of the studio lot.

On our tour we saw Myrna Loy, Joan Crawford, Bob Young— and Clark Gable! Mickey practically had to support my tottering footsteps after I saw Mr. Gable. I don’t know how, but I did. I told him I was awfully silly "just because I acted up over Mr. Gable, as who wouldn’t?"

But to jump ahead a little (I told you I could be able writer (for proper autobiography) my first real beau was Jackie Cooper. My first real crush. The first time I ever counted ditzies (you know, ditzies) and sang sad songs with a "meaningful" look in my eyes was over Jackie Cooper. I had to maneuver ways to get to see him. And I did. Just right. His name was Dick Rice, when I was very young. Like I found out that Jackie was going to a party at Edith Fellows’ house. Now I you know how much or talk about parties. But I soon fixed that! I called her on the phone and was just too chummy for words. And I talked and I talked, and I talked, and I just have to hang up. I’d think of something else I just had to tell her. I talked until I am sure she invited me to her party just to shut me up! Well, Jackie took me home from the
I thought it happened, asked. Isn't well, am wore perfect was appreciate was anything chauffeur-driven said, sang "To pleasure. started wore I ever series learned had girl saw had certainly say, soon had could was but private ter, element" lots and studio things but my course, went makes for now was Mike on Manhattan's grief was know, they didn't know it. Before I go, didn't know him, if it had happened to my family, they didn't think of what to do. I had thought I had broken many times before that. Now I know what heartbreak really feels like. It makes everything that thing like that, a loss that's deep and forever.

I did my first broadcast the night Daddy went to the hospital. We didn't know, of course, anything like that before he was. It was on KKH, Big Brother Ken's Program, and I recited "Boots" and sang "Aires of the Strings of My Heart." I didn't have any mistake right and I never have any fright, mike or camera or stage. Anything like that's embarrassing, anything like that's something that makes me work right at home.

Well, my first screen experience, as I am afraid some people will recall, was a short called "Every Sunday Afternoon," which was an old-fashioned opera. I sang swing. We both like to forget that sorry little—But as I am putting down all the first things on my list, the things not that I should like to. Then I made my first, fall-length picture, "Picture Parade." I should add, also, to have amnesia when I recall that! I was 20 years old, Fox for that picture and it was in that I saw myself, for the first time, on the screen. I don't recall it at all, but I was so聘ited I nearly bellowed out loud. I'd imagine the screen would sort of "magic" me. Well, I never got over it, I hated it so badly! I'd expected to see Glamor Girl, and there I was, freckled, fat, with a stub nose, just like my book, the Baby Giggle. And I tried so hard, I acted so forced—ohhh, it was revolting! It didn't help a bit that Mom and the director and lots of people said I was good.

But I got over it pretty quickly. Someone once told me I have a "voltage element" in me, whatever that means. Anyway, I started to work very hard. The studio, you see, was all I knew, how to walk, how to carry myself better, I got to know the other players on the lot. And I began to work with Mrs. Rose Carter, who was engaged by the studio as my private tutor.

For the first time in my life, schoolwork became a pleasure. For instance, I had never been able to do geometry, it was like plain nightmare to me. Well, Mrs. Carter found out how I love art, drawing and all. And she explained that geometry is not but a series of drawings worked out in figures instead of colors. I soon discovered I could do angles, no matter how intricate. Then, she helped me to learn to appreciate Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Verdi. Now I have a collection of 2500 records, including the classics and swing. It was Mrs. Carter who put me wise to the fact that modern fiction is pale stuff compared with history. She encouraged me not only to love art but to do something about it, to sketch and paint and draw. That first year, on Mother's Day, my gift to Mr. Stewart was a box of chocolates and a bejeweled candy-cigar cover that I made from an old tiara.

It's skipping way ahead to tell you about my graduation—anyway, last June, right after I was eighteen. I went into my dressing room (which was also my schoolroom) one day and there was Mrs. Carter, packing away books and portfolios and things, like mad.

"What are you doing, Rose?" I asked.

"Doing!" said Rose, "why, I'm getting rid of those pesky school-books! Isn't this a sight your eyes have been so hungry to see? Don't you realize you are through with them, forever?" And then, of all things, I began to cry! If anyone had ever told me I'd cry at the sight of vanishing school-books I'd have committed them to the loony-bin. But that's different; for Pete's sake, if I had and—but, well, if I have to be through, I want to graduate with a— with a class. I want to be other like girls my age, at my graduation.

So, I did graduate with other girls, like other girls. On June 26th, 1940, I was a graduate of University High School. And I wasn't one speck different from any of the other 249 girls! I wore a plain blue organdy dress, and I carried a bouquet of gardenias and sweethearts roses, just like the others. The flowers were provided by the school and I've got one of them pressed in my scrapbook. I almost missed my place in line, too, because Mother sent me a lovely corsage of mystery gardenias and Mickey sent me a cluster of orchids and I had to dash into the audience and explain to Mother that they forced the corsages but I just couldn't wear them. "I can't be different from the other girls, Mom," I said, "please don't I have to, but that's how it is." Mom understood, like always. I wouldn't even let Mickey come to my graduation, I certainly wouldn't let Mickey. And I don't think I would have any cameramen there, or anything—and it was all wonderful.

But now I have to go back three years, just a little hop, to the last of things that happened to begin that happened to my graduation. Then the first time I met Mr. Grover. One afternoon, the way it happened. I was the Roger Eden's office one day (Roger is a musical coach at the studio) and I begged him to let me sing Drums In My Heart which he had arranged for Ethel Merman. He told me I was too young and uninitiated to understand a song like that. Now, I have a quick, flirty temper. You know how a girl hates to be told she is "unsophisticated," not to mention "young," myself? So I went home and then cooled off, right off, like always, and came meekly back again. And Roger suggested that we compose a song just for me. He said, "You would you like to sing about?" And I said, quick-like, "Mr. Gable!" And Roger looked as if I were trying to get too tough and so then we made up the song, Drums In My Heart.

Well, it was Mr. Gable's birthday, the first day I met him. Roger took me on the set, "Paradise Toddler." I didn't like to forget but I have to just mention it, and I sang Dr Mr. Gable to him—and he cried! Imagine making Clark Gable cry! Imagine when always to! And then he came up to me and he put his arms around me and he said, "You are the sweetest little girl I ever saw in my life!" And then I cried and it was a movie. The director and who.

Just a few days after this, came my first pieces of real jewelry—my charm bracelets. There was a little silver box, with a big, gold, musical instruments, a tiny piper, flutes, violin and so on—and the other charm is a tensen box which opens and there's Mr. Gable's autograph. There's an inscription which says: "To Judy, from her fan, Clark Gable." As long as I live and no matter how many jewels life may bring me, I always keep the little diamond around my neck that came me on my last birthday before he died, and I always keep the little dime which was from Mother.

My first premiere came along about this time, too. It was "Cavaliers" and that was the first time I went with Mickey! I wore my first long dress and my first fur coat, a gray squirrel which I wore for days and evenings. Too. When I was seventeen, Mom gave me a ruby fox which I was only allowed to wear on special occasions and when I was eighteen she gave me my wonderful, white fox, cape and all! I got my first car on my seventeenth birthday, too, a red job, like I'd dreamed.

I was talking about my first premiere. Mickey sent me a message on the phone of just a commonplace corsage. Pikachu is like small, white oriches, only with a heavy

When Chopin came to New York for the premiere of "The Great Dictator," he man
gaged to visit some of Manhattan's gay night
spots. Charlie is pictured at the Stork Club
with cafe society's Nancy Moe Woodbury.

That's what I mean. If you are fifteen or sixteen, you shouldn't go out looking as though you had just graduated from kindergarten, of that sort. I met many people like a Senior in the Glamor Girl School. If you are wearing your first long dress, or your new cap and gown, you will idea to try it on several evenings before your date, just to sort of get acquainted with it. So that you can practice being "unsophisticated." So that you can when you go into a theater or restaurant. And I don't think First-Daters should overdo the make-up stuff, either. I know I uninitiated it a little at first, but a little of rouge because the excitement made me look like the ghost of my grandmother. And a very light dash of lipstick. And NO VARA! And when you're feeling very your eyes or laugh until the tears come, your face gets all smudged up. Most of all, it's a temptation not to be. I know. I had my moments when I thought I'd try
One also must have fun with the ‘tennis player’ and I wonder if you have seen the new movie “Ladies of Leisure” and “At the Circus”. Mickey, my name-sake, has a new-look and I admire it. I have not been to the movies for a very long time. My Sunday afternoons were spent reading the paper and now I wonder if I will ever go back to movie-going. Mickey and I have not written to each other for a long time and I wonder if he remembers me.

My dear old friend, you are in my thoughts all the time and I hope that you are well. I am always thinking about the old days and the fun we had together. I hope that you have not forgotten me. I have been very busy lately and have not had much time to write. I hope that you will write to me soon. I am always thinking about you and the good times we had together.

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]

P.S. I hope that you will visit me soon and that we can have a good time together. I have not been to the movies for a very long time and I am anxious to see the new movies. I hope that you will visit me soon and that we can have a good time together.
The Dice Are Rolling for Dennis Morgan

Continued from page 34

about it. Suddenly he was cast in the picture given to sing. Here was his chance to show the studio and the world at large that Nelson Eddy and Allan Jones hadn't the only voices in pictures. He was as good as they were really get up to.

When the picture was released, only long-shots of him were shown—and the voice that came from the microphone was Allan Jones!' "I still don't know what happens," he says. "I made a good recording of the number and they never used it—never told me why, too. I never heard it before and I don't think I'm one more critical of his voice than Dennis—no one quicker to admit when he's not in good voice." Dick, he finished earnestly, "let's not talk about it. That's the one period of my life I want to forget. No one can imagine what a nightmare I lived through."

He said he had been signed because of his voice. He'd been singing around Chicago in churches and on the radio when Mary Garden heard him and signed him to appear with her in "Carmen." He knows little French but learned the score and text in three weeks—learned it sufficiently well that he was able to sing the role of Don Jose. France and speaks French like a native, complimented him on his French accent. For some reason she never gave the opera business a chance to exploiting him. He0 engaged here as a talent scout she got Dennis a contract.

To date, with the exception of two songs in the unimportant "State Cop," he has never sung on the screen. I have heard him sing in private and the reports of his voice are no press agent's idle boast. I have heard that singing of him I'm reminded of that old story of the man who couldn't decide between the beautiful girl and the opera singer. He finally married both. The next morning he awakened, glanced at his bride, saw the ugly face and stringy hair and, thinking of the beauty he might have had, woke her and yelled, "For God's sake, S/N/C!"

And that's how I feel about Dennis. So much has been written of his voice I want to write of his person.

Dennis seems singularly uninterested about singing on the screen. "I don't care much for opera," he admitted. "I like to listen to the radio. I'm not a professional, of course, and acting are so blamed passé. Once in a while I like to sing one and really ham it up. The part I'd like most to do—and have never done—is a cowboy. I would love to talk constantly of reviving 'The Desert Song' and casting me in it but even that seems a little dated. The operetta I'd really like to do is 'The Student Prince.' I don't believe a more beautiful light opera score has ever been written."

A cursory glance at him would lead you to believe he was a good-looking, self-centered kid. Actually, he thinks less of his looks than almost any man I know and, inside him, he is as sentimental as a romanticist, a true romanticist over her first corsetage. That's another paradox!—his ancestors were Scandinavian, Scottish, Dutch—and whoever heard of any of those races being cursed with an overdose of sentiment?

Born in Prentice, Wisconsin, on Dec. 20, 1910, to Grant and Grace Morgan (the former a lumberman and bank clerk), his childhood was fairly uneventful. It was not until he entered Carroll College and started playing football that he really began to live. Summers, to keep in condition, he worked in his father's lumber camps, fell-binding logs on the booms where the logs are unbundled. On my way down a ramp into the water, driving mule teams, etc.

"Oh, a mule-skinner, eh?" I jeered.

Dennis Morgan and Ginger Rogers in a tender love scene from "Kitty Foyle," film version of Christopher Morley's novel.

"Well, we used horses," he temporized, "but I guess it's the same difference."

During his college career he was soloist on the college's opera club. "In order to get my degree," he explains proudly, "I gave the entire 'Cynro de Bergerac,' reading all parts. I had done some dramatics but I got no degree in that."

As soon as he finished college he married Lillian Vodder with whom he had gone to high school. It was just after this, when he was wondering what to do next, that his singing teacher, Alexus Baas, gave him a letter of introduction to the casting agent of the Chautauqua Circuit. Dennis was engaged and went out in a tabloid sion of "Faust." He thought, "I don't believe, my company was probably the last that ever tapped that circuit. There were five principals, a pianist and no chorus in the troupe. Each principal sang two or three parts, I had to lead, but that wasn't all. We called the shows and take regular sceney—that's, etc.—so we used drop curtains. It was also my job to hang them, as the local talent in the houses we played never seemed to catch on with the hanging drops, particularly not for the first performance."

When the tour was ended he walked into one of the broadcasting stations in Milwaukee and asked to see the manager. They had several numbers. He remained with that station on a "sustaining program" (a program that fills in time which has no sponsor, the pay being necessarily small on account of it) for a year and a half. "I not only sang," he elaborates, "but I also ran one of those horrid programs where the man not only accompanies himself on the piano or organ, but recites poetry as well. You know, 'Let me live in a house by the side of the road.'"

Finally he got a job singing at the old Palmer House in Chicago. The Palmer House is a sedate old hotel with a "name" and class patentage. Their Empire Room had never been open later than 9:30 (for the dinner trade) but one New Year's Eve they turned it into a night club and put on a floor show that Dennis omits must have cost four or five thousand a week, with himself as featured soloist.

"One act after another came on and died on the vine," he chuckled. "Every one was hilarious and no one was paying any attention to the entertainment. Finally it was my turn. I came out and wondered what the deuce I should do. No one even noticed me so I got sore and thought, 'I'm not going to wreck my lungs and vocal chords singing to this bunch, so I just mouthed the words of my song, gesturing as I went. A couple in front of me stopped dancing to watch. They saw my lips moving but they couldn't hear a word. I decided that the last of the song I hit a high note, hit it true and held it. By that time a lot of other couples had stopped and were looking, too. I guess it was finally helps. But realizing they weren't as far gone as they believed that did the trick, but they cut loose with applause as I have seldom heard."

I sang seven numbers and that got me off the stage and you could have heard a pin drop during any one of them. The manager told me the greatest piece of showmanship he had ever seen. I had in mind was that I was sore and wouldn't ruin my voice trying to drown out that noise!"

It was a year and it was during that time I met Mary Garden.

"Another funny thing happened to me since I caugth on. I gave you one. Every year you know, there is a charity baseball game between the comedians of the screen on one team and the leading men on the other. Last year after we played the game we went to San Francisco. It's always been one of my secret ambitions to play big time base ball. We played the game at AT and T— I was at bat. Bob Hope was pitching. Bob's baseball balls are not as fast as his wise-cracks and by the time the ball got to the plate it was going slow so slow I thought it was hand- thrown. I caught it right on the nose and slammed it into the center field bleachers for a homer. Next time I was at bat some ex-baseball player from San Diego was pitching. He struck me out one, two, three but it was a gag game, anyhow, so I yelled, 'Come on, give me another.' He did and darned if I didn't knock it out of the ball park. Babe Ruth was never more leisurely than I, trotting around those bases. Of course, playing ball on a professional diamond was a kick but some reports writer has discovered DiMagio wrote it up and addressed an open letter to the managers of the big leagues, now I recommend Morgan!"

Dennis used to read omnivorously—novels, biographies, poetry, anything. But he says he has read his last book—five hundred to a thousand pages when they could be advantageously condensed to half their length, get him down and he hasn't read a book in years. Of course, he shoots golf in the seventies, plays a swell game of tennis, swims, rides, fishes and hunts. Unfortunately, there never seems room for anything else, so he plays tennis only at a time. He used to prefer tennis to golf but shot a good round of golf once and gave up tennis. A couple of months ago someone inveigled him into a tennis game and now he's given up golf.

He likes to dance and goes to the Cocoa- nut Grove constantly, putting up the more fashionable Ciro's, Wally's and Hugo's. Because, he says, people who go to the Grove go there because they want to dance, whereas those people who go to other places go because they want to be seen.

One of his closest friends is Big Boy Williams and he waxes vehement on the subject because he thinks "Big" is a swell actor who's never given a decent chance and because he thinks Big is not only a sophisticate but "a fine fellow who isn't appreciated."

At the moment of our interview he was all hot and bothered because he was "up" for the lead opposite Ginger Rogers in "Kitty Foyle." "Are we going to break!" he exulted, and then sobered up: "I hope I get it but whether I do or don't isn't important. The fact that I'm even being considered for it is what counts. It shows the dice are rolling for me."

P. S.—He got the job.
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SCREENLAND
all, lost her bridgegroom after a few weeks of marriage. Dottie Lamour lost Herb Kaye and, later, Bob Preston. Friscilla Lane and Oren Haglund have  

imperfect. "I'm liable to you that the old Dottie Davis, later 3000 miles apart. Bette Davis and George Brent welcomed back, married, and, since they are briefly, a man who she cared or not, didn't hold her first husband. Do- 

lores del Rio and Cedric Gibbons are dividing the books. Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres have gone far distant ways. Lola Lane and Lew Ayres were briefs. And if you want to go farther back into mystical history, you will recall that Gloria Swans- 

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Inside the Stars’ Homes

Continued from page 10

"Glass fascinates me," observed Ann. "See, the wall lamps all have crystal pendants to match the chandeliers. And this is my new glassware—modern American glassware. Did you know they used to make glass in this country, but about forty years ago the craft died out, and it wasn’t until Central Europe got itself into this present mess that the old glass furnaces here began to produce? I’m enchanted with mine. Each piece is hand-blown. "My favorite food is stuffed cabbage. My cook will tell you how to make it."

STUFFED CABBAGE

2¼ lbs. ground beef 1 cup uncooked rice
2 well-beaten eggs

Burnett’s pepper; Salt

Pour boiling water over cabbage and let stand 5 minutes.

Add 3 large onions, chopped and browned; mix together and fill cabbage leaves, fold and fasten with toothpicks.

In bottom of greased pan lay 2 lbs. point brisket cut in small pieces; add 8 onions cut not too small. Lay the cabbage rolls on top.

Artichoke and onions. Add 2 cups water; cook 2 hours; then add sauce made with

1 cup sugar
¾ cup Heinz vinegar
Juice of 2 lemons
2 small cans Del Monte tomato sauce
Cook ¾ hour.

Ann’s menu for a formal luncheon is:

Royal bouillon
Shrimp goulash
Green salad
Cooked pears in hard sauce
Petit fours

ROYAL BOUILLON

To make 3 pints of rich bouillon, take 2½ pounds of lean beef, finely chopped, and cover with 2½ qts. cold water. Let stand for 1 hour; then cover and place on moderate fire, just simmering for 3 hrs.; add 1 small onion, 1 carrot, a sprig of parsley, 1 bay leaf, 2 cloves, 4 peppercorns and 2 stalks of celery, all cut into dice, and simmer until vegetables are tender.

Strain into earthenware bowl and let cool without covering. When ready to serve, remove any grease and place in a grapefruit saucer with the white of 1 there. Let it cool, then add sugar a little at a time until it boils; then strain again.

SHRIMP GOUgLASH

(Cooked in roasting pan in oven 2½ hrs.)

1 lb. Beech-Nut bacon
3 lbs. shrimps
6 onions, medium size
1 lb. each mushrooms, bean sprouts, wild rice
1½ qts. hot water
1 ¼ can solid pack tomatoes (Heinz)
2 small stalks celery
2 teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon cayenne pepper
⅓ cup A-1 sauce
1 cup strips of bacon in 3 pieces and fry.

Over off half of bacon fat. Chop onions and fry in bacon fat remaining. Saué shrimps with remaining bacon fat until they are well done. Place the mushrooms and bean sprouts in the pan, After cooking completely, add the wild rice which has been half cooked. Add celery, bean sprouts and tomatoes. Mix. Just before removing from oven, add sauce made of 3 tablespoons celery, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, ⅓ cup of A-1 sauce.

For an informal winter luncheon, I sometimes serve a cooked vegetable salad with a tomato-French dressing," said Ann. "With that I have sultana rolls and a baked prune pudding that Roger adores."

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BUDDY ROGERS in 20th Century-Fox hit, "Golden Hoods". Your hands, too, can have soft charm, if you use Jergens.

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advises

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SCREENLAND 75
Gemini—May 21 to June 20

Some slight disturbances are noted in your chart at this time. They may be concerned mostly with financial and business matters. Your love life is always, of course, under some doubt, and some change is due. You will be inclined to spend beyond your means at this time, to contract unnecessary debts, and to mortgage your future. Travel, change the home, even go into some business venture, if you choose, for Mercury favors progress, change, and moving. Things connected with writing, radio, newspapers, etc., are favored.

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

A fortunate month for general business activities. Not a month for risks or speculation, however, but one in which your usual conservative nature should dominate. Avoid rushing into a business change, or into partnership, for you may be influenced negatively. Your immediate concern is to keep close to your own ideas. Money matters may be slow, in advance, in business may hinge on your own initiative. Seek favors from those in high positions, and promote your own interests by being more aggressive than you usually are. The love interest in your life is due to change radically. Don't hold on too long to old love. You feel that you should make a change, for progress can come in your life only by change. Surprises from distant places may reach you through letters or by telephone; relatives may visit you or you may take short trips. The month brings caution in matters of diet, watch the stomach, avoid overeating and overeating.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

A month of warnings in regard to business and personal relationships. Rashness may take you into a business venture that ends disastrously. A month in which you should avoid changes. Even if dissatisfied stay where you are until better planetary aspects arrive. Avoid investing in wild-cat schemes. Good for inventing, the following professions: medicine, law, banking, insurance, and the artistic professions. Avoid engagements with friends or relatives this month, there may be some friction in the home. Keep your temper and watch your tongue. The month ends on a favorable note, with progress in a quiet way. The love interest of your life should be protected—keep away from gossips for others may carry unpleasant tales to someone you love.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

A good deal depends on you this month. You are ready for real progress now, but you must take the initiative and put yourself into a position where you can use the wonderful talents you possess. You are an aggressive person, also favors the following professions: medicine, law, banking, insurance, and the artistic professions. Avoid engagements with friends or relatives this month; there may be some friction in the home. Keep your temper and watch your tongue. The month ends on a favorable note, with progress in a quiet way. The love interest of your life should be protected—keep away from gossips for others may carry unpleasant tales to someone you love.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

You emerge from semi-obscurity this month. Look for new and interesting developments in your projects you have recently undertaken. Money may not pour in, but you will be making enough to meet your needs. The future month for you will be quite extensive and comprehensive. Associate yourself with large corporations dealing in bonds, insurance, brokerage, engineering, automotive trades, and cosmetics, if you wish to rise in business. Romantic changes may cause you concern this month. Choose between two persons in love with you; avoid fickleness and insincerity. Be cautious of your tongue, for you are apt to use it sharply and cause a loved one mental suffering. Make a sudden decision to marry. Choose someone born in Gemini, Aquarius, Virgo, or Aries. These signs are good for Libra-born. Avoid losses of personal property at this time. Be careful in dark places.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

Slightly better vibrations govern this month than last. Your mind will be calmer, you will be ready to take advantage of any business opportunities that may come your way. Get into business for yourself, if possible. You would be good in operating a dress shop, millinery shop, beauty parlor, tea room or restaurant. Work connected with travel is also favored. Mars, your ruling star, has brought war to the earth in the past year. It may also cause your own life to reflect some unpleasant incidents, especially in the love department. Use tact and diplomacy rather than force. You can win out in love if you try. Those married and unhappy are better off by breaking up such a disadvantage. For love happiness is the sum total of living for those born in Scorpio. Do not spend too much time alone this month, avoid moodiness and depression; if you are on the road to better things.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

Your stars shine bright this month. Jupiter and Saturn affect you less than formerly, and so real progress should be made in your work and finances. Your talents are more numerous now and recognize

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S C R E E N L A N D
How a Mormon Girl, Laraine Day, Conquered Hollywood by Faith!

Continued from page 20

precession that just because a girl's religious views can't be regular—can't fun have," said Laraine when I went over to her house for a Sunday afternoon. "But God gives me faith in myself and my ability—helps me get what I want most out of life.

Faith is the motivating force and power of all religion. But to Laraine and me and all the younger generation of Mormons, it has been strongly instilled and exemplified by the example of their homes and properties, as shown in the picture, 'Brigham Young,' to seek a new refuge in the west. Perhaps that's why Laraine is exercised so much of it. It was born.

We often discuss the picture which portrays the Mormon pioneers braving the heat of the desert and the blizzards of winter—even starvation and death—because of their faith. We were both conditioned by the film and Dean Jagger as Brigham Young. It was remarkably like our grandparents had told us.

Both Laraine and I have visited Brigham Young's home. He had rooms sectioned off into apartments for each of his twenty-seven wives and their children. But polygamy, which was adopted in the early history of the church to protect and care for the widows of the members killed in early day mob violence, resulting in a surplus of women—members—and later to increase the work of those Mormon groups who settled in a comparative wilderness—served its need and was abolished by the church about thirty years before Laraine and I were born. The Mormon way, we understand, stand it and how it has been explained to us. Although our grandparents had plural wives, it is not something for Mormons to have more than one wife.

Rather today Mormon people and their religion differ little from any other section—unless it be the practice of sending full-time missionaries out into the world to make converts; our word of wisdom, which is a health measure and forbids the use of tea, coffee, tobacco or intoxicants; and our obligation to pay one-tenth of all our earnings to the church as a tithing.

"And when you take ten percent of your say checks to the church, it takes far more in taxes," Laraine says. Laraine's check is growing into the proportions of four figures—but she's still firm in her conception of duty. "To be perfectly frank, I've just never had a reason not to believe. When I was six years old, I made up my mind to become an actress. I just knew I'd be one, I never doubted it. I'd been brought up that way," Laraine continued. "When I took back now I realize that faith in God, prayer, and in myself—and faith in that maxim Mother taught me—first of all, taught me to walk and talk, 'Faith Without Works Is Dead'—are completely responsible for my being what I am.

"I was born in a little town of 3000 population, Roosevelt, in the northeastern section of Utah. We had one movie a week—and I remember I was so impressed with Billee Dove. It is natural that when I'd first heard of it, I wanted to be an actress like Billee Dove. But they'd be skeptical, even amused. For what chance had I without the remotest contact with the theatre? There was no opportunity for dramatic training? No one in my family was ever theatrical, either.

"But I had one valuable asset—faith in prayer. One morning I was very ill. So ill that only my older brothers and sisters were allowed to enter the bedroom to see her. My twin brother Lamar and I, being the youngest, were sent to pray for Mother. We were told that if we'd pray hard enough—she'd get well enough so we could see her. Mother recovered—and I immediately realized that if faith would work one way it would another. I began secretly applying it to my chosen ambition—to become a great actress someday.

"I learned to dance and sing—and I'd spend hours a day playing and going through a self-arrangement of expression and pantomime. By the time I was ten I was giving readings in churches and clubs in the community. Then we moved to California.

"My first really big public appearance was on the stage. I was a small girl, at the dedication of the Mormon Temple grounds in Westwood. I was twelve—and thrilled and awed beyond words. I wanted it. I was ten—remained to this day. I remember it. I worked feverishly over the words and lines for three weeks. I prayed and toiled to do it right.

"All I can say is that it was the most inspired thing I've ever done. For into it I poured all my hopes, my aspirations, all my ambitions and longings and ambitions. When you're twelve it means everything!

"At least I was. Everything has to be perfect—or you think it's the end of the world. So I was worshipping the clouds—or buried in deep dark despair.

"My brothers and sisters found their vocations and interests. Some of them married. My twin brother took an interest in the printing business. My dramatic yearnings were solely my own. We lived in Long Beach when we first came to California and then joined the Long Beach Players' Guild. Every minute away from rehearsals I was at the Guild house—watching rehearsals, hoping that they'd take me in as a member of the company.

"One day they needed a fourteen-year-old—and because there was no one so young in the company the part fell to me. I hadn't dreamed of being on the stage, with graceful gowns, speaking lovely lines. But my first role was that of a bratty, smart-alecky kid sister. Instead of curls and makeup, I had braids and freckles. That part won me a membership in the company.

"I played everything—all sorts of roles from then on—keeping up with my dancing all the time. I also sang with the orchestra. But I never lost the sense that God was with me. I knew I had his inspiration, and I knew he wouldn't let me fail. The faith I learned from Laraine enabled me to carry on. I don't have a college education, but I've learned all the things I've needed. If a song or a speech is difficult for me, I just pray and when I open my mouth and say it, I feel like I'm singing and speaking. I just have faith in my singing voice, I just didn't have that kind of throat!

"A booking agent saw one of our Guild plays and suggested I write for the movies. That was my first really professional experience. I shall never forget it when it was 'City,' then in Utah. Even though I only had a tiny bit part—of 'Local Girl Makes Good.' There was no name up in marquee lights. But it wasn't a drama. It was a musical. The audience all came back and settled down to our Long Beach audiences.

"Between plays I practiced dance routines with a boy member of the Guild. For four years we formed a dancing team. We danced anywhere, everywhere, and for anyone who
would ask us. Sometimes we'd dream about being a famous dance team, dancing at the Grove or the Astor Hotel. Even for me. New York had been East of the Rockies—but we could picture it.

"From time to time movie agents would see our Guild play. I got a signed contract to represent me for motion pictures. I was as thrilled as though I'd already signed a studio contract. I danced on stage with my married brothers and sisters and had a family dinner by way of celebration. Since I am the baby, the family liked to humor me.

"My first role in a picture was a tiny one in "Scandal Sheet." I'll have to admit I didn't set the screen alight but Laurence Darrin remembered, "It was then I met Lew Ayres. I thought he was perfectly terrible—not as an actor—but he wouldn't cost too much and I could use three of the scenes. He'd do was get up before the camera—say his lines—and go away and hide in a corner. I didn't realize it at the time, but he was having all of his separation troubles with Ginger Rogers, which naturally made him quiet and morose. He was so unhappy! I never dreamed that I'd ever see him one day in a whole series of pictures like the 'Dr. Kildare' series. Today, he's just about the finest person I know. Lew's happy and helpful— and we have a lot of laughs together.

"After one more picture, my option was not taken up by anyone and I returned to stage work. After a series of plays a Hollywood talent scout invited me to make a screen test at Universal. First thing I did was give a lead with O'Brien in "Bordertown," then 'The Painted Desert' and "The Arizona Legion.

"Billy Gordon, the assistant casting director, told me to come in and glory be, I was signed to a contract! My first picture was the leading lady in a Wallace Beery film, "Second Chances." I came to a good role in "I Take This Woman" and the beginning of the 'Dr. Kildare' series.

"Aside from the studio, I kept up with my drama activities at church—putting on church plays and drama skits. My dancing partner, who was also a church member, but not very close, had more time to show how much faith in everything I did. So we began discussing religion. I told him, 'You're entitled to believe it. Religion is not forced on anyone. But if you believe and have a duty to perform—something to uphold and think about—it makes everything easier. I don't even exist in church but he became more interested in religion than continuing with a dancing career. He went on to make a career for the church. Since right now I have to spend every cent of my time working I offered to do my share by sending him.'

"That's the true story of Laraine and me. She made her first trip to New York City this fall, this missionary boy was given permission to call on her. The press wrote a beautiful love story about them, but the story is not true," Laraine said, "We are friends, naturally, but we're not in the least bit romantically interested. After the newspaper stories, friends of mine and friends of hers complained that maybe they were just 'fill-ins' after all. We all but quarreled over the whole thing." Laraine laughed.

"New York City's Bellevue, and Laraine's picture study "My Son, My Son" was playing on Broadway with the Day girl's name up in the Neons—a distinct thrill for her, or any girl, I suppose.

"That picture was a faith-promoting example for me," said Laraine. "I was told that I'd be given the lead with Elvira. In Florida, I was given three books to read for background material. I studied the script for weeks. It was naturally the biggest thing that could happen to me. Then, without explanation, I was not allowed to do it! Bob Taylor was replaced by Bob Young and the feminine lead was given to another girl. I went home so angry and turned a corner by myself. In fact, I shed bitter tears. I wondered if God does remember after all. But like the Bible says, 'God Moves in a Mysterious Way His Wonders to Perform.'"

"The very next morning I was called and given Frances Dee's role in "My Son, My Son"—and loaned to a different studio. Miss Dee had suddenly taken ill. That picture did more for me than any other to date—unless it's 'Foreign Correspondent,'" with Joel McCrea.

"There is nothing so effective as an ideal in action. But there's another side of Laraine Day too. As she said, "Just because you're religious doesn't mean that you can't be regular and have fun!"

"As drama director of her vicinity, Laraine is very active. She'd been rehearsing a group for a skit called "Goldilocks and the Three Bears"—done to swing time. And can Laraine dance and rumble! We have regular sessions at her house—roll up the rugs and turn on the graph.

"Because Laraine's a Mormon she observes the Mormon word of wisdom, there's neither drinking nor smoking in our house. Some young men might think her parties would be dull. But on the contrary there's never a dull moment. "Sardines" is a favorite game we play. One night there— the lights are turned off—everyone hides—and one person is selected to start it out by finding the others. As soon as someone discovers the others are secretly packed away in the nursery—until everyone's jumbled in "sardines." Laraine enjoys action games, and gay music—and there's lots of good home cooking. For instance, her mother makes all fall she and Sidney Gularoff (he's the Hollywood hair stylist) and several others have been making a 10 mm. colored movie for this film for this month. Laraine and Sidney, who's her most frequent escort, have the leads. The scenario was written by Laraine.

"If it should ever happen that I should have to choose between a career and marriage and a home of my own, I'd take the latter and a husband—very much. I think I'd ever have to take that decision," Laraine says. "For you can have both if you believe firmly enough in both."

Charlie + Paulette = Movie Mystery Number One!

Continued from page 23

a whirl at Hollywood's night club life—Larsen Charlie. With scandal at a very low ebb in Hollywood these days, it's more than I can tell the gossip writers welcomed Paulette's Ciro whirl like manna from heaven. Before she left for Mexico with a gay party to film she let the cameras become the most talked about star West of the Rockies. Hardly a dinner party was given but what Paulette was dished up right along with the punch. It's a matter of fact.

Her fellow Glamor Girls, naturally, were the ones most eager to put Paulette on the pan. Ever since the shoot at 'Ciro,' when all of my boys and girls were there, the Ciro was played up right along with the punch. It's a matter of fact.

Her fellow Glamor Girls, naturally, were the ones most eager to put Paulette on the pan. Ever since the shoot at 'Ciro,' when all of my boys and girls were there, the Ciro was played up right along with the punch. It's a matter of fact. This, of course, irks the other stars. But while they are in the process of being irked they should remember that it is like pulling eye-teeth.
to bring them into the gallery to make stills and portrait settings—but Paulette loves being a little lady and willingly poses by the hour for the publicity cameras. She's number one pet with the lens boys.

Charlie and his friends, and they are legion, were the next to take a crack at Paulette. They said that Paulette had deliberately "auditioned" Charlie by throwing sparsely feathered her nest with jewelry (Paulette has a great passion for beautiful jewels), and now that she had become a star in her own right, Charlie was more interested. No more, she was ready to walk out on him.

They pointed out that Paulette now has a collection of jewelry insured for $400,000—$250,000 being the last important piece to come to this country from Cartier's in Paris. It is 150 carats of blue and yellow sapphires made into a necklace. One of Paulette's favorite gags is, "My mother told me when I was very young that it was bad luck to buy jewelry for oneself. So I never did. And look at how lucky I have been!"

Charlie's friends, loyal to their hero, sat around Chasen's night after night eating dinner and comparing Charlie's impersonation, marveling at how great he had become. They decided Charlie was definitely impersonating a symphony. Eventually, Charlie sang several baritone numbers including the famous Largo Al Factotum from the "Barber of Seville" and The Volga Boatman. He sang in foreign languages he simply makes up the words, but he does it so cleverly that you'd never catch on, unless you are a wisty fool for opera. Having exhausted Chaplin's eccentricities, he next decided to do John McCormack. He stuck his stomach out, and his chin in, consulted his lips, and sang an Irish and black man number, and sang Mother Machree and When Irish Eyes Are Smiling in as good an Irish tenor as you can find in Hollywood.

Heitzelt, giving a concert at the Hollywood Bowl, next came in for a gentle rib. Charlie assumed the Heitzelt deadpan, grabbed a billiard cue for his bow, walked three times around the billboard table to show that he was in the Bowl, and after much bowing to his imaginary audience, pretended to play a Bach prelude.

To do his impersonation of pianist Paderewski he asked for two grapefruit. There were no grapefruit in the house but the audience was invited and Charlie did as neat a trick as I have ever seen done on the piano. Simply by rolling the oranges over the black keys of the piano in quick succession Charlie played a miraculously perfect piano concerto. "Anybody can do it," said Charlie, pleased with our applause. "But it's better with grapefruit."

Stokowski next—and naturally for "Stokie" Charlie went into quite a to-do over his hands. Then with Harry playing "Poet's Nightmare," he pretended to play a Bach concerto.

After Heitzelt's performance, Charlie pretended to conduct a symphony orchestra, and having quite a time of it with his first violinist. His "Stokie" was a great success and Fred Astaire, in his hysteral laughter he suddenly grabbed a scarf and with the greatest abandon treated us to a dance to Mendelssohn's Spring Song.

Charlie was a little tired by then, so while he sat down to catch his second wind, Harry started playing old songs of some twenty years ago. Charlie knew the words, and perfectly, of nearly all the songs. Among his favorites seemed to be When the West, Poor Butterfly, Margie, An I Bill, and songs that haven't been revived in years. These old songs seemed to mollify Charlie who became so giddy he wasn't quite so gay. "They don't write songs now as beautiful as those old songs," he said wistfully. Then as he started on a Jerome Kern cycle of songs he turned to me and said, "Isn't it wonderful that we can sing and forget Hitler?"

"And Paulette?" I wanted to add, but didn't.

From songs Charlie turned to poetry, reciting reams of it. I simply don't know how he can recite so much. One of his favorite poems is Oscar Wilde's The Ballad of Reading Gaol, which he thinks is the most beautiful poem ever written, especially those lines:

I never saw a man who looked
With such a wistful eye
Upon that little tent of blue
Which prisoners call the sky,

And,

Yet each man kills the thing he loves,
By each let this be heard,
Some with a violentrio,
Some with a flattering word,
The coward does it with a kiss.
The brave man with a sword!

The Ballad of Reading Gaol recalled a poem he had written at the age of seven, called The Autopsy, which he recounted to have included a description of his father's voice of his. A sort of sadness had injected itself into our little group by then, and the next time Charlie said that the reason he had left the scene and gone into pictures was because every time he had to face an audience he died down inside. This time he is so shy that he will drive for blocks and blocks out of his way rather than stop and ask someone for a direction. I believe he has met only one really real person in my life—and that is Charlie Chaplin. And I believe I have met only one really great genius in my life—and that too is Charlie Chaplin.

We dropped the little man, who simply exudes sweetness, (imagine, he thanked us for being so patient and listening to him all evening) to a little bungalow in Beverly Hills, and he suddenly seemed awfully lonely. Not one word about Paul- ette had he mentioned all evening.

Is that too much to ask?

At the request of Paramount, Paulette appeared at a broadcast in Chicago, when Charlie was in North Western Montana. "Thatenville," to be exact, is a place in which she "sizzles" in a layoff with Robert Preston) and casually announced to the Press that she was returning to Hollywood, but would not return to Charlie. Of course, of course, would join her soon, and together they would entertain for H. G. Wells who was expected in Hollywood that evening. (No two people in the world ever got as big a kick out of having celebrities as house guests as Paulette and Charlie.)

Following the broadcast she returned to Hollywood, but not to the Chaplin home. Instead she rented the Monterey Selznick home, which she moved her clothes and her jewelry. Hollywood (and other nights, too) she had dinner at Chasen's with millionaire Jock Ward who is the law agent and Mr. Selznick, while Charlie's friends went "tut tut!" in very definite disapproval.

There are those who think (those "people" again) that the Chaplin-Goddard "divorce" is only a matter of a few weeks now; that as soon as Charlie returns from the East things will happen, and happen fast. I don't think it is so. The fact is that Charlie was at the New York premiere of "The Great Dictator" simply to make the divorce easier. They say that Charlie this time really has a heart.

But those "other people," the sentimentalists of Hollywood, and I'm afraid that includes me, think that Paulette and Charlie will patch it up, as they always have, this time, just as they have done before. Previous to Paulette, Charlie's loneliness was famous in Hollywood—he wandered around alone like a lost soul, Paulette is gay and alive. She loves fun. She has brought about a great change in Charlie. It is only a year since she met him. But that peaceful Holloway life. To us, perhaps, Paulette is a fine example of the head ruling the heart, but to Charlie, the dreamer, the shy genius, the child of the literature, she probably choke in his voice when he reads The Ballad of Reading Gaol, she is youth, laughter, and love.

So, what next with the Chaplins? Together again, or divorce?

Charlie, with his good friend Tim Drake, is busy in the "Great Dictator" in the key cities. Paulette is in Hollywood busy preparing for her next picture to be produced by Jimmy Robinson, called "Dancing Lady," for which it is reported Paulette will receive $30,000 for five weeks, which is $600 a week, which is indeed a lot of gold for Pauline. Hollywood families, all agog! H. G. Wells, the house guest, has not been heard from to date.
SCREEnLAND'S Crossword Puzzle By Alma Talley

Across
2. "The Romance of the -", with Emil Flynn
3. "The Great Dicsoover"
4. "The Man Behind the -"
5. "Dancing - A Dime, with Grace McDonald"
6. "To dare"
7. "Right (abbrev.)"
8. "Harrises; obstructs"
9. "A man; also a card -"
10. "One and one"
11. "The mother "Maryland"
12. "Dreaming - Loud, a Lun and Auer film"
13. "Andy - - - - , otherwise"

1. The hero of "Rangers of还不如"
2. The prime Minister of "Romance"
3. "Stop of "Third Finger, Left Hand"
4. One of the Great Lakes
5. You sometimes do this at a ball game
6. Ireland
7. "Soldiers' meals"
8. Conditions (of a contract)
9. Movie background

DOWN
1. Her new one is "The Pan Alley"
2. Uproar
3. A substance extracted from another
4. A copy room or study
5. "Printed notice (abbrev.)"
6. Truck, tidy
7. "Peristalsis"
8. "John Barrymore's"
9. Army officer (abbrev.)
10. "Cook of "My Little Chickadee"
11. Part of a church
12. Allow
13. Golf rounds
14. "The other woman in "My Favorite Wife"
15. "The voice of Charlie McCarthy"
16. "To cut"
17. "He plays Tex in "The Quarterback"
18. "A kind of tree"
19. "Ever (contraction)"
20. "Our famous Swedish film star"
21. "Constellation"
22. "A vegetable"
23. "Star of "Brigham Young"
24. "Vigilante"
25. "Cocuettish"
26. "To amuse"
27. "Fish eye"
28. "Star of "Rhythm on the River"

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

1. Mickey Rooney
2. A charge for service rendered
3. "Star of "Third Finger, Left Hand"
4. One of the Great Lakes
5. You sometimes do this at a ball game
6. Ireland
7. "Soldiers' meals"
8. Conditions (of a contract)
9. Movie background

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"I Hate Hollywood!" says Fred Allen
Continued from page 25

was just another picture that was being shown to the trade which meant that tourists were clustering upon cinecope. Fred said to gape at the visiting stars who, in turn, were gaping at one another and explaining. Sensational into microphones placed advantageously in the lobby.

"But all the previews are not of movies. Hollywood's enthusiasm is limited to movies. It stages previews of new drug stores, new butcher shops, even new undertaking parlors. It's always exerting itself frenziedly to achieve some unintelli- gent end. After six months there you're ready for a cave and some pebbles and some concentrated mumbling to yourself. Everybody there is pressed high to sell you something. Newsboys almost knock you down trying to sell you a newspaper. Cult founders swoop down on you. Spiritualists, real estate salesmen, faith healers, touch manufacturers all press in upon you.

One night, Fred explained, he was sitting in an automobile when suddenly a huge Neon sign loomed up on a spacious lawn with the inscription, "God Wants to See You. Come Right In." Outside an undertaking establishment he observed another brightly lighted sign. It read: "Free Music With Every Funeral."

"I don't know what good free music is to a corpse, but I hope for the latter's sake it isn't Jack Benny and his violin giving out Bury Me Not on the Lane Prairie. There are so many weird sights in Hollywood that you get goggly taking them in. Near the NBC studios a colored fellow has a showshoe stand and while he shins your shoe he turns on some swing music and beats time with his polishing fingers on your instep. By the time one shoe is one-quarter finished a crowd has gathered, and you are on exhibition. Close by is a drug store with a sign over the soda fountain: 'You're Horoscope. With a Lucky Sundae—Both for 15 cents.'"

Curiously, Fred heard no exclamations of superlatives about his forthcoming picture. Instead, the comment was singularly restrained, just a few "It looks like a good picture." "It's okay." "I think we've got something." The very absence of adjectives makes him believe that maybe Paramount has got something in "Love Thy Neighbor." If the time and labor Fred put in on the picture mean anything it should prove a comic masterpiece. He wrote all the dialogue, all the scenes in which he appears. Of course, he carries on his phonny head with Benny. People have come to look for a spirited wrangle between them, he says, and I'm not for letting 'em down.

The feud almost took on a real aspect over the barbecue affair, but their better natures prevailed. As Fred explains: "Jack turned on his heel when I said I wouldn't come, and I turned on mine. No knives were drawn. The next morning at the studio life was as pleasant as it's possible for Hollywood to make it."

The film studios' determination to shoot the works, regardless of the expense, fasci- nates the comedian. Here are some very fine craftsmen in the film industry. He adds: "They insist upon their ideas no matter what the cost. In one sequence of our picture I had to wear a snug coat of a special pattern and texture. There was nothing in Hollywood available. The studio called New York, explained what was needed, emphasized the urgency of the matter, and in a couple of days the mater- ial arrived by airplane."

At the same time he is equally struck by the surprisingly careful attention put on detail. He still cannot get over the fact that he would arrive on the set at 8 in the morning with a gag which he thought was pretty funny but which after an hour's rehearsal seemed to him and all his associates the dreariest piece of busi- ness ever.

"The worst of it is I would still be rehearsing the same five minute piece of business at 5 p.m. You can imagine how I felt. I even thought of throwing in a crooked me. You work all day and at the end you've accomplished but five minutes of film and sound track. Talk about a tread- mill! Those old dog acts at the Palace had nothing on me this summer."

He found, too, that the screen limited his freedom of action. He would conceive of a scene in which he proceeds literally to make a bum out of Benny by tearing up his clothes, leaving Jack, as he 'should, of course, be left, with but a tattered rag, a tousled wig, and an old shirt.' He had to go over that scene for hours, he said, in order that the tearing business might be brought within range of the camera."

"I couldn't tear the clothes, naturally, as I would on the stage, ripping them outward horizontally as far as my arms could reach. I had to tear them separately, with something of the gesture that you use in dealing cards. It had me homesick for the stage. It had me homesick for New York. It even had me homesick for cards."

Homesickness, incidentally, is another of Hollywood's commodities, according to Fred Allen. Even the tourists are home- sick. It's because, he explains, they be- come disillusioned quickly. They arrive in Hollywood expecting to see Dorothy Lamour parading around in a sarong or Bing Crosby parading in a suit. They are disillusioned. When these spectacles don't materialize, "They fall back upon the synthetic sights of the boulevards, with their bizarre buildings, signs-inspiring-and other buildings, their gaudy motor charlots, their many-headed slacks which other tourists are wearing, together with dark glasses, in the hope of being mistaken for movie stars," Fred explains.

The longer they stay, says Fred, the more bewildered they become by the color, the jargon, the artificiality of the scene, of this Bagdad in Technicolor.

The longer they stay the quicker they get an appreciation of the stars distinguished from cast, really means. They begin to see what star is who and how much, and if they remain long enough are members of one group. There is caste among the extras.

While dozing around the Paramount lot the tourist's plight bothered me no end. I wondered what the tourist was going to tell the folks back home. I won- dered if Hollywood wasn't just a jumble to him, an incoherence of neon and stucco, of palm trees and arc lights, marked by endless waiting out- -previews and lunches and restaurants for the in- vitalable autograph.

Fred had his own technique for the autograph seeker during his sojourn in Hollywood. "When anybody fell at my at my fruit salad and asked me to autograph a postcard or the back of a letter I said, 'I'll do it if you'll tell me what your kids used to do in the house.'"

"'Why,' the man would say, 'why, I . . . I'll keep it.' "

"I asked them all the same thing. They couldn't answer it. I wanted an autograph and they really didn't know what they would do with it after they got it."

There isn't any phase of Hollywood life that isn't incomprehensible, that isn't fan- tastic to Fred Allen. Even in its most normal activities Hollywood, he found, unlike any other place in the land.

"Hollywood has the most Roman holiday of a football game. It takes football as seriously as Washington takes politics. As for swimming, it's a much more serious business than that of a movie star by the size of his or her swimming pool. The stars rarely use their pools for swimming, but they have found them very helpful in magazine publicity.

"The latest sports rage is softball—played by girls. There are any number of girl softball teams in and around Holly- wood, and the populace goes crazy for and at them. You'd think that old debbil sex appeal would be the inspiration for the crooked scenes in which they're in. I can't figure out but it just isn't. It's another of the mystifying things about Hollywood. People actually crowd into these games to see what they don't want to see."

"There's no doubt about it. Hollywood is a strange place to Fred Allen. He doesn't really enjoy himself there even when he's working. He's only there by whom he means a Broadway actor whom he wasn't taken up back in 1926. He doesn't really enjoy himself there no matter how much he may say he does."

"If this photographic device for giving an actor a big head in pictures were used in every foot of every film in which I appear," he said, "I still wouldn't like Hollywood!"
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We still believe in the old adage that "the quickest way to a man's heart is through his stomach." That's where COOKBOOKLETS shine! They're brim full of sparkling ideas for tempting a husband . . . or a family! No matter what your budgeting plan may be, no matter how carefully you've had to trim it, COOKBOOKLETS provide fresh, novel dishes at amazingly low cost! Besides the clever adventures in food planning, you'll find hundreds of photographs to show you special, tantalizing ways of serving—all as new and different and smart as tomorrow!

And, can you believe it, the cost of these invaluable books is only 25c each. Use the coupon below and select from 8 fascinating titles—as many as you wish! For all-round excellence in recipes, for carefully planned economy in preparation and for out and out taste-tempting—COOKBOOKLETS are indispensable to the modern woman in the home!

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There's a greater demand than ever for Chesterfields. Smokers who have tried them are asking for them again and again, and for the best of reasons... Chesterfields are cooler, better-tasting and definitely milder. Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself... so tune in now for your 1941 smoking pleasure.

They Satisfy
The Smart Screen Magazine

OU MODERN GIRLS LACK ROMANCE!" BY HEDY LAMARR
Real Truth about ROBERT PRESTON’S Surprise Marriage

What Does 1941 Hold for You? Read Norvell’s Predictions!

LIFE and LOVES of BETTY GRABLE!
YOU have probably known several cases like that, the medical records report lots of them. And they all lead up to this warning:

Don’t take a cold lightly. Don’t neglect it. Take care of it at once.

HELP NATURE EARLY

If you feel a cold coming on, or your throat feels irritated, go to bed. Keep warm. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly. Gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic every two hours.

All of these simple measures are aimed to help Nature to abort a cold quickly. Rest and warmth build up reserve. Juices and water aid elimination. Food restores strength. And Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces... the very types of germs that many authorities claim are the cause of many of the distressing aspects of a cold. Tests showed germ reductions on tissue surfaces ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

9 YEARS OF RESEARCH

And in tests conducted during 9 years of research, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. This success we ascribe to Listerine's germ-killing action on the mouth and throat surfaces.

We wish we could say that Listerine Antiseptic so used would always head off a cold, but we cannot. We do say that as a first aid it is deserving of your most serious consideration.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Take no chances with “Pink Tooth Brush”—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM her beauty was flawless—almost unreal in its perfection of form and color. He thought, above the swift pounding of his heart, “Why, she’s the loveliest—the most exciting thing I’ve ever seen in my life! I must meet her at once!”

And when he did, his eyes held hers and whispered, “You're loveliness itself!” But then—right at that breathless moment—she smiled. And in just that instant his eagerness faded.

POOR TEETH—DINGY GUMS ARE A TRAGEDY. A ruined smile is a tragedy to anyone. But it is a particularly tragic handicap to a woman. So don’t YOU be as foolish as this poor girl, and ignore the warning of “pink tooth brush”! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

NEVER IGNORE “PINK TOOTH BRUSH.” When you see “pink” on your tooth brush—see your dentist and see him promptly. It may not mean serious trouble ahead. It may simply mean that today’s soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of work, left them tender, sensitive, weak. And, often, your dentist’s advice will simply be more work and exercise for those lazy gums—“the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is especially designed not only to clean the teeth but to aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Feel that delightful tang—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It flashes the news that gum circulation is improving—strengthening gum tissues—helping to make gums healthier. So get an economical tube of Ipana today. Join the charming women who have found Ipana and massage one way to a more attractive smile.

WHEN YOU BUY IPANA, ask your druggist for the new D. D. tooth brush. Designed with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, the D. D. brush is more effective for gum massage, more thorough cleansing.
Once upon a cockeyed time...

there was a ravishing redhead who was very, very elegant and fancied herself as a kind of goddess. (Imagine!) ... And she was all set to marry a truly stuffy guy ... when her ex-husband showed up. Now he was a regular fellow with many human frailties such as and and you-know-what. This time he brought with him a handsome reporter with candid camera and candid girl friend by means of which he hoped to snare many snappy morsels for his Scandal sheet. So-o-o-o things got hotly mixed up. There was a midnight bathing party for two ... and a fight ... and a wedding ... and how it all comes out makes THE PHILADELPHIA STORY the funniest film in years ... which should cause you to roll in the aisles with laughter.

Cary GRANT
Katharine HEPBURN
James STEWART

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

with RUTH HUSSEY

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER
Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry
Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

There's more about "The Philadelphia Story" in the Lion's Roar column on Page 5.
February, 1941
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Cover Portrait of BETTY GRABLE by Gene Kornman

Paraphrasing the well-known poem, only God can make a trio like that.

"The Philadelphia Story" (shh!) is directed by the incomparable George Cukor. M-G-M's own Joseph Mankiewicz is the producer.

Now there are many plus values—think of adding to Grant, Hepburn and Stewart—in the cast.

For example—in fact, for six examples—Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halliday, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler.

Endowed with a script by Donald Ogden Stewart from the well-known Broadway hit by Philip Barry, M-G-M proudly, buoyantly, happily presents...

"The Philadelphia Story"...
Fred's Best Yet...!
'Cause He's
Got Paulette!

Fred ASTAIRE • PAULETTE GODDARD
“SECOND CHORUS”
with Artie Shaw and His Band
Charles Butterworth • Burgess Meredith
Produced by BORIS MORROS • Directed by H. C. Potter

THE PARAMOUNT SEAL IS YOUR SEAL OF ENTERTAINMENT THIS WINTER

YOU CAN TELL A PARAMOUNT PICTURE BY THE APPLAUSE!
FREDRIC MARCH • BETTY FIELD
in Joseph Conrad's
"VICTORY"
An Island Tale
with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
and Jerome Cowan • Sig Ruman
Directed by John Cromwell

MADELEINE CARROLL • MACMURRAY
in "VIRGINIA"
(in Technicolor) with
Stirling Hayden • Helen Broderick
• Marie Wilson • Carolyn Lee
Produced and Directed by Edward H. Griffith

"I WANTED WINGS"
starring
RAY MILLAND • WILLIAM HOLDEN
WAYNE MORRIS • BRIAN DONLEVY
with Constance Moore • Veronica Lake
Hedda Hopper • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

Conrad's Great South Seas Love Thriller!
The Year's Most Beautiful and Exciting Picture!

Director Mitch ('Arise, My Love') Leisen Brings You First Drama of America's New Air Defense Forces!
To Walt Disney for his superb daring in producing "Fantasia," movie marriage of great music and imaginative cartoons.

Hollywood's one authentic genius—Disney—has surpassed himself with this new and most amazing achievement.

Scene from "Fantasia" inspired by Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony," created by Walt Disney and his staff of fine artists.

To Beethoven's music, played by the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Stokowski, charming centaurettes are seen cavorting.

Weird prehistoric monsters fill the motion picture screen as the weird music of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" is played.

The Disney version of Panchielli's familiar "Dance of the Hours" is a gentle satire on classic ballet. "Ballerinas" shown above.
**This is the most exciting story I know!**

says Newspaperdom's ace story-teller

**MARK HELLINGER**

**HIGH SIERRA**

by

W. R. BURNETT

Author of 'Little Caesar'

They call him 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good. Yet his dreams are every man's dreams: a fireside on a friendly farm, and the arms of the woman he loves... Then there's Marie, deep down just another woman with a hungry heart—but to the world a hard-boiled taxi dancer and Killer's companion... Now her man is trapped alone, still fearless and defiant, on the highest peak of the terrifying High Sierras. He hasn't bowed to any law on earth. He's trapped only because Man can climb no higher... Is this the end for the most dangerous criminal since Dillinger—or is it only the beginning? It's all blazingly told in the new film success, 'High Sierra', bailed far and wide as 'the peak of screen excitement'...

**HIGH SIERRA** is the sensational new success produced by WARNER BROS... For both their brilliant performances it soars to the topmost star ranks

**IDA LUPINO**
The star whose startling performance in 'They Drive by Night' made her an overnight sensation! Here's the big role she earned!

**HUMPHREY BOGART**

**RAOUL WALSH**, **DIRECTOR**

No characterization within memory has packed the power of this, the greatest performance in the career of Humphrey Bogart!

**MARK HELLINGER**'s high tribute to 'High Sierra' is a rare one, and mighty well-deserved!

with ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE • HENRY HULL • HENRY TRavers

Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett
A HOLLYWOOD wag, after witnessing some torrid love scenes between Clark Gable and Hedy Lamarr (that never got to the screen in "Comrade X") suggested flippantly that the title be changed to "Comrade Sex"... In case it should interest you, a "must have" on Orson Welles breakfast menu everyday, without fail, is piping hot orange juice... Philip Dorn is, without a doubt, the town's most serious and same newcomer. He lives in a tiny frame cottage with a pet dog and doesn't know the meaning of the word pretense... The real reason Rudy Vallee cut short his engagement at the Victor Hugo was because of the insistent protests of the stockholders of the "Pirate's Den." Rudy is president of the "Den" and was drawing too much of the glitter trade into a rival night club.

THE most incessant and amused buzzing about town concerns Betty Grable's attempted ultimatum to the big bosses out at 20th Century-Fox. "Legs" Grable makes it known that she is sick and tired of showing those shapely limbs of hers, and demands that she be given a vehicle that will uncover not a mite of her 100 proof allure—but only give her dramatic ability a showing. As you can guess, there were quick questions of which dramatic ability, and rightly so. It is much too early in Betty's career to try to disregard those legs. As you remember, they got her into pictures in the first place, were responsible for her New York success, and actually made her a star at 20th Century-Fox right now. Betty might try dramatics when her legs have become less of a national institution. I warn you, Miss Grable, you cover up those beautiful gams and try to go dramatic and every college man, tired business man, in fact, every man, will drop you quicker than an accidentally picked up Saturday night check at Ciro's.

THE TOWN is really touched at the reconciliation and friendly overtures between the brothers of the most glamorous theatrical family of stage or screen—the Barrymores. Now that John's matrimonial high jinks are less prominently highlighted, and he is virtually a recluse from insistent feminine interference, the two great actors have been seen frequently together. None of the most dramatic moments in either of their acting careers was as touching as a small scene they played together in real life one night not long ago. It was back stage at the Embassy Auditorium. Lionel's beautiful and interesting orchestra suite, "Tableaux Russe," had just been played by a full concert orchestra, his first musical opus ever to have a public rendition. Visibly deeply touched, John came back to congratulate his older brother. Without a word he walked over to him and the two exchanged an awkward male embrace, then they shook hands simply. An unmistakable glitter welled up into Lionel's eyes. It was a most gratifying scene.

WHETHER it is Garbo or not who is rumored to be taking those awful spills on a practice ski run here (pipe needles are used in place of snow) she is definitely taking up the sport. She will, however, not ski at the fashionable resorts. The only spot she's tried so far is a tree-filled slope in an unfrequented snow field which is one of the very closest to Hollywood.

FRIENDS who should know, insist that the reason Errol Flynn backed out and wouldn't accept that fancy, high-powered motor car in trade for the privilege of using his name in an ad, was because he found that a society Beau Brummell here was to get a similar model, for a similar trade. Errol's fussy about his automobiles and horses. He owns an exclusive job or none at all... There is a lot of conjecture, undercover tittering and taking of sides over the talk of who turned down who in the picture that was to have had Bette Davis and Joan Crawford vie for acting honors. Their respective studios gave out statements that other commitments made the deal impossible, but it was the girls themselves, both of them, who furiously shouted "No!" the quickest and the loudest.
WHY DOESN'T that big name actress use the box-office entrance instead of sneaking in the back door of a Wilshire Boulevard theater when she arrives to sit out almost an entire day watching "The Letter" unfold over and over again? ... A sight to make you shiver, these chilly mornings is to see Barbara Allen {Vera Vague} slip into the ocean off the rocky coast at Portuguese Bend with a sharpened tire tool in each hand and emerge, momentarily, with a hulking abalone. Actually she's an expert at prying these determined shellfish from their homes. ... All over town the tongues are clicking in admiration and awe at Shirley Temple's mama's determination not to be left out in the cold. Her separate and much argued deal with M-G-M, it is rumored, will return her a pretty personal penny.

MICKEY ROONEY has never known anything but kindness from his audiences. No matter how loud and ridiculous his antics, he has always gotten a tremendous flattering and encouraging hand. At the "Pirates' Den" the other night I think Mickey, for the first time in his life, saw how cruel and how fickle crowds can be. There was never a more deeply puzzled, hurt, and dismayed person than he was when he was loudly booed after being called to the microphone amid friendly cheers. Mickey let his audience down, undoubtedly for the first time in his life, because he refused to play the piano with the band. No one, of course, remembered the thousands of times that he has given himself, and his talents, unselfishly.

THE LATEST laugh at Garbo's expense again comes because of her strange taste in clothes. It is rumored that for the first time known to anyone, Garbo fell madly in love with a frivolous gown of lavish, rich material. It was at a party {she's appeared at a few lately, to everyone's surprise}. The gown so affected her that she was moved to ask if she might have it copied. The lucky owner was only too flattered. When the pattern for the dress, done in heavy tailor's working cloth, arrived at Garbo's home, she took one look at it and reverted to type. "I like this," she said—"better." And she kept the working model for her wardrobe.

Vivien Leigh attended the second premiere of "Gone With the Wind," in Atlanta, Georgia, held recently to start the picture on its popular-priced engagement. The admission prices have been cut—not the film, can't prevent risk of underarm odor. But Mum's effectiveness lasts. Winter or summer, Mum is the word for charm.

For CONVENIENCE! Smooth Mum on in 30 seconds and you're fresh for hours.

For SAFETY! Is your skin sensitive? Mum won't irritate even after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

For CHARM! You're dainty always, when you make Mum a daily habit. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Long after your bath has faded, Mum goes on guarding your charm.

It's always August underneath your arms!

Underarms perspire in Winter as in Summer.
Use Mum daily to guard your charm!

OUTDOORS, winter may blister. But outdoors or indoors, it's always August, always 98 degrees, under your coat and dress, underneath your arms. So don't let winter fool you. Remember, even when you see no moisture, odor can and does form, and winter clothes especially are apt to carry tales about any lack of daintiness.

That's why Mum is so important to you right now. Just smooth Mum on and you're safe from odor, sure of your popularity, for a full day or evening.

Use Mum daily, for even daily baths WINTER AND SUMMER...MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS Mum needs Mum, too. For this important purpose, thousands of women use Mum because it is always so gentle, so dependable.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

S C R E E N L A N D 11
Goldilocks said: “all porridge is bad for bears”

Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you’ve never seen three madder bears.

But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said “Anyway, porridge won’t make your teeth shine.”

“But it’s nice porridge,” wailed the big bear.

“And not chewy enough,” said Goldilocks. “Now Dentyne has an extra firmness that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some.”

“M-M-M,” said the little bear. “It’s delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good.”

“Right-O,” laughed Goldilocks, “and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne.”

Moral: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a flavo-rite package today.

February can be a festive month what with Valentine’s Day and Washington’s Birthday, if you follow Olympe Bradna’s suggestions for gay parties with grand food and colorful decorations.

By Betty Boone

Lovely Olympe takes special pleasure in celebrating a great American’s birthday this year because she and her parents are about to become citizens of the country fathered by Washington. The sweet little French-American girl is pictured at left and below arranging her table decorations.

OLYMPE BRADNA, who used to be a sweet round butterball of a girl, is slimmer than a windlily, lighter than a cream puff, now. She darts about like a humming-bird, seeming to skim the ground rather than walk.
When I saw her last, her studio had just ordered a strenuous diet to take off child-
ishes and Olympe was raving: "I'll starve! I'll starve! Say goodbye now, be-
cause soon I shall not live to see you!" as she waved a cookie in one hand and a
sandwich in the other, taking the con-
demned girl's last full meal.

But today—"See my nice slim figure! No hips, see? No stomach. No bulges. My
face is not so round as it was." This last
hopefully, as though she couldn't quite be-
lieve it. She swirled around to prove her
assertions, her black-and-white print dress
showing all the good points she boasted.
Her new pompadour, she was certain,
made her look more sophisticated.

"Do you know something?" she prodded
me, "some of the girls have their wisdom
teeth and the rest of the wisdom
teeth extracted so they can have hollow
cheeks like Marlene and Carol? But I
do not."

This isn't going to be a story: for people
on diets, however. Food in the Bradna
home is luscious as ever, as cosmopolitan
and as appetizing. Olympe's mother, who
apparently never gave a thought to hiplines or hollow cheeks and is all the better
for it, is in charge of menus.

"My father would not eat any food if
my mother did not cook it," Olympe as-
sured me. "He thinks nobody else can cook
—and nobody else can, either! She is
WONDERFUL. Mommy—oh Mommy!—
tell Betty about your goulash. Tonight
we are having meat loaf for the party,
goulash is the dish we served last time,
and all the boys were mad about it." Olympe of the elfin figure eats both
goulash and meat loaf and all the grand
things that go with them. "Diet are not
so bad," she confided. "If I worry about
what I don't eat. I look in the mirror and
I don't care any more."

Who would care, if she could eat this?

GOU LASH

¾ lb. pork
¼ lb. beef
¼ lb. veal
2 large onion
2 tablespoons chili sauce
Red pepper, paprika, marjoram, salt,
pickle, garlic and a little flour
Of mushrooms

Fry the onion in lard or Crisco and add
the meat, pepper, paprika, marjoram and
salt. Stir in the chili sauce and a tiny
pound of garlic. Cover lightly with rice
and cook over a slow fire for two hours.
When it starts to brown, add a little water
for gravy and cut a dill pickle very fine
and add that with a cup of mushrooms. Let
it cook fifteen minutes more.

Serve with macaroni or rice.

"With goulash, we like nyokie as a
carnish," suggested Mrs. Bradna.
Olympe looked so sad that I gather
nyokie is against the diet. However, you
and I aren't on diets.

NYOKIE

2 eggs
½ cup milk
1½ cups of flour
Piece of butter the size of a walnut
Salt

Mix thoroughly in Mix-master into a
thick paste. Have boiling water ready and
very a teaspoon before dipping into the
paste to fill it and drop the contents into
the boiling water. When the tiny nyokies
are done, they will rise to the surface of
the boiling water.

The meat loaf, which will be the main
dish at Olympe's Washington Birthday
Buffet, is a concoction of the Bradnas and
famous throughout that ancient clan.

(Continued on page 76)
The Lady With Red Hair—Warners

This is the biographical screen story of Mrs. Leslie Carter. It tells of the famous divorce trial and Mrs. Carter’s determination to become a great actress in order to regain the custody of her child, and her rise to success under David Belasco’s guidance. Miriam Hopkins, cast as the great actress, gives a good account of herself in a difficult role. Claude Rains, capable as Belasco, Helen Westley, excellent as a theatrical boarding-house keeper.

Little Men—RKO-Radio

Louisa May Alcott’s famous novel is brought to the screen with Kay Francis, George Bancroft and Jack Oakie in the featured roles. It’s a sentiment-movie and tells of the regeneration of a confidence man who adopts an orphan and sends him to a boarding school conducted by understanding teachers. Jimmy Lydon is good as the boy who finds it hard to adjust himself to boarding school life. Has grand comedy scenes with Oakie.

Blackout—United Artists

This timely romance has the present-day London as its dramatic background and takes place during twelve hours of a London blackout. It tells of the exciting adventures of a neutral ship’s captain, a role expertly handled by Conrad Veidt, and his encounter with international spies. Among them is Valerie Hobson, a British espionage agent. Despite blackouts and spies, there’s a sweet love story woven through it and it has good suspense.
SCREENLAND'S
Crossword Puzzle
By Alma Talley

ACROSS
1. His new one is "Comrade X" (9)
5. Verbial; spoken (9)
10. Co-star of "My Little Chickadee" (11)
14. Indian weapon (9)
15. Her new one is "Pin Pan Alley" (8)
16. At any time (10)
17. Military attacks (8)
18. Silencing star of "Second Chorus" (9)
21. Part of to be (10)
22. A sudden sharp pain (9)
23. Top of the head (7)
24. A raja's wife (7)
25. High male voice (7)
26. Scarls of flowers (7)
31. Exist (6)
32. David Belasco in "The Lady with Red Hair" (5)
35. Revivalist fear (9)
36. Before noon (abbrev.) (6)
38. Silk worm (5)
40. To scowl (7)
41. A number (6)
42. Sources (3)
43. Cover (6)
47. He's married to Ida and has five daughters (15)
48. Joan Crawford's ex-husband (15)
49. Acknowledges (11)
51. Someone cool (5)
52. Swedish janitor in "Gallant" (11)
53. Paris meaning three (9)
55. He plays Judge Hardy (10)
57. Like (8)
58. Wishes: burns (9)
60. To choose by vote (9)
62. Star of "Chad Hanna" (8)
63. Ocean's rise and fall (9)
65. He's in "Sailor's Lady" (9)
70. Prefix meaning eggs (9)
71. Parts of the head (8)
72. He plays Andy Hardy (10)
74. Orange seeds (7)
76. She played Mrs. Kane DeRouch (11)
78. Royal (9)
80. Otherwise (8)
81. Watched or observed narrowly (10)

DOWN
1. To breathe convulsively (8)
2. Operatic solo (7)
3. Coat of "South of Suzo" (7)
4. Lumberman (7)
5. Female singer (6)
6. "The Mark - Zoro", a movie (8)
7. Co-star of "They Drive By Night" (6)
8. He plays Dr. Kildare (11)
9. Star of "Millionaires in Prison" (6)
10. "The Ramparts... Watch", a patriotic film (9)
11. The editor of this magazine (8)
12. Witness (7)
13. One of the slim girls in "Girls Under Twenty-one" (10)
14. To mur: decay (7)
15. Co-star of "Texas Rangers Ride Again" (11)
16. He's featured in "Meet John Doe" (9)
17. To revise (8)
18. Peppers (7)
19. Viscous liquid (7)
20. Her new one is "The Letter" (9)
21. Star of "The Santa Fe Trail" (7)
22. Moves through water (6)
23. She's featured in "Glamor for Sale" (9)
24. Encounters (7)
25. He's featured in "The Long Voyage Home" (10)
26. Prepared for publication (9)
27. "She's featured in "High Sierra" (9)
28. One of the bad men in "You'll Find Out" (8)
29. A hirpling: serif (9)
30. Atmosphere (9)
31. He plays Charlie Chan (8)
32. Wide-mouthed comedienne ("The Boys from Syracuse") (11)
33. Resounded (10)
34. Breaks suddenly (8)
35. To wander (11)
36. An Argentinian dancer (10)
37. Star of "The Road to Singapore" (10)
38. Bad (8)
39. Island (poetical) (6)
40. Shakespearean king (6)
41. Film actor now appearing on New York stage (6)
42. "That Certain... " with Deanna Durbin (7)
43. Anglo-Saxon money of account (5)
44. Comman point (abbrev.) (8)
45. Man's nickname (10)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle

1. His new one is "Comrade X" (9)
2. Verbial; spoken (9)
3. Co-star of "My Little Chickadee" (11)
4. Indian weapon (9)
5. Her new one is "Pin Pan Alley" (8)
6. At any time (10)
7. Military attacks (8)
8. Silencing star of "Second Chorus" (9)
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38. Parts of the head (8)
39. He plays Andy Hardy (10)
40. Orange seeds (7)
41. She played Mrs. Kane DeRouch (11)
42. Royal (9)

Free Zonitors

IF YOU HAVE
GRAY HAIR
and DON'T LIKE a
MESSY MIXTURE... then write today for my FREE TRIAL BOTTLE
As a Hair Color Specialist with forty years' European American experience, I am proud of my Color Imposer for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully COVERS for the scalp andand it can't leave stains. As you use it, the gray hair becomes a darker, more youthful color. I want to convince you by sending my free trial bottle and booklet telling ALL ABOUT GRAY HAIR. ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, BROS., 1720 LOWELL, MASS.

You'll Always Be Constipated Unless-

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely every day into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure gentle yet thorough bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal and muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being purely vegetable, are wonderful! Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15c, 25c and 60c.

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FEMININE HYGIENE
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RICHARD BRO'S., 20 Words Building, Chicago, Ill.
TWO GREAT HITS HERALDING YOUR GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT YEAR!

GLORIOUS ROMANCE IN GLORIOUS Technicolor!
HENRY FONDA DOROTHY LAMOUR LINDA DARNELL

CHAD HANNA
by Walter D. Edmonds

featuring
Guy Kibbee • Jane Darwell
John Carradine • Ted North
Roscoe Ates • Ben Carter

Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer and Screen Play
Nunnally Johnson

Printed in
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
as "Red Wheels Rolling"

PAUL MUNI
in a role unlike any he's ever had!

HUDSON'S BAY

with
GENE TIERNEY LAIRD CREGAR • JOHN SUTTON • VIRGINIA FIELD VINCENT PRICE • NIGEL BRUCE

Directed by Irving Pichel
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trotti

Adventure! Action! Drama! Emotion!
ENTERTAINMENT!

From 20th CENTURY-FOX...the hit-makers who've already begun to make it a very happy 1941 for you!
DEAR SCENE-STEALER:

It's about time somebody slapped you down. For years now we've watched you cutting your fellow thespians' throats—men, women, children, Chaplin—and between belly laughs we've decided to start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Other Actors by Jack Oakie. Something has to be done, they can't defend themselves against you, you great, big merciless mugger, you ham in sheep's clothing. Shame!

The latest examples of your unbridled egomania occur in "Tin Pan Alley," where you almost push Alice Faye, Betty Grable, John Payne and Allen Jenkins right out of the picture; and in "Little Men," where you absent-mindedly give a few of their own scenes back to the little men and their "mother," Kay Francis, but the next minute are up to your usual low tricks. Why, you don't even need a watch-chain to play with. Yes, you should certainly be slapped down. But I can't do it. I'm laughing too hard. I'm right with the Roxy audiences who, though you may not be so billed, plainly considered you the star of "Tin Pan Alley" and gave you their undivided attention—and on the way home were chuckling, "That Oakie, he kills me." You do it to everybody.

I know you're a good audience yourself, though, I happened to sit near you at Al Jolson's Broadway hit, "Hold On To Your Hats," and you were giving Al the same flattering attention you get yourself. And afterwards I was surprised to see that, though surrounded by fans, you were very quiet and well-behaved. At least you weren't trying to steal that show. Can it be there's a heart of gold beating beneath the brass?

An Open Letter to Jack Oakie

Below, Jack Oakie up to his usual tricks stealing a scene in "Little Men." At left below, Allen Jenkins' expression indicates his opinion of Oakie's art in "Tin Pan Alley."
Naughty, naughty little movie boys and girls making faces at the nice cameraman! Alex D'Arcy, his beautiful red-headed wife Arleen Whelan, pretty blonde Mary Beth Hughes and her current beau Robert Stack, are at the Pirates' Den to see and to be seen. The D'Arcys recently completed a most successful personal appearance tour.

All the acting isn't done in the movie studios! The stars enjoy making faces for our party photographer even if they don't get paid for it.

Ray Rogers, Republic Pictures' cowboy star, and his wife, left, at big Barn Dance given in Ray's honor in the Cocanut Grove. Bales of hay, wagon wheels, checkered tablecloths, ten gallon hats, and everything. Below, is it a headache, or is Bette Davis descending a highly emotional scene to sympathetic Roz Russell, at Edgar Bergen party?
At last the long-rumored, oft-denied Deanna Durbin engagement has been officially announced by Deanna's parents, and so there's a good reason for the broad grin on Vaughn Paul's boyish face. He's an associate producer now and may one day be Deanna's boss at the studio as well as at home. Sophisticated couple are Dietrich and Remarque.

**WHIRL**

It's Len Weissman's pleasant job to trail the cinema pets, and he always gets his pictures, whether they like it or not. (They like it!)

Now you see them—together—and now you don't! We wish Jimmy Stewart, or Olivia de Havilland, or both of them, would make up their minds about romance. Franchot Tone and Buzz Meredith have been other recent escorts for the fair Livvy. At right, puppy love at its cutest: Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, in costume for the Roy Rogers shindig.
AND so he married the girl!—which sounds like the end of a story instead of the beginning.

Perhaps none of Bob Preston's friends was more flabbergasted than I to read of his surprise elopement to Las Vegas with Kay (Feltus) Craig. For just two nights before, I'd been with Bob over to see his new house, meet his mother and go dancing. Then he'd said, and I'd known, that he was very much in love with Kay—had recently given her a ring and hoped to marry her one day. But he didn't say the very next day!

For four years Bob and Kay have been "going together"—notwithstanding his dates with Alice Faye and Dorothy Lamour. Bob told me all about her—and explained: "When I can convince her that marriage will not hurt my career—maybe she'll marry me. I've been ready to get married for over a year. Would have liked to, in fact, when I first met her. But then I was having a tough time supporting myself—let alone a wife. And things weren't too easy for Kay either.

"I was in stock at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. Kay was, too. Kay had come out from Indiana and was learning to be an actress. She was modeling on the side to pay her apartment rent which she shared with another girl from the midwest, Kay Stewart, who came from Iowa. "Kay's such a very attractive girl, I was hesitant in asking for much of her time. For a girl like that could have dates with fellows who could take her to the Grove or the Trocadero. Most of the time, all I could do was take her for a walk in the park. I didn't have a car—and several of us fellows at the playhouse shared a bachelor light-housekeeping room together. Some of us had odd
jobs. We pooled our funds to buy food and took turns cooking. You can see I was hardly in a position to court a girl.

"But Kay was cute about it and very clever. She'd invite me over to her apartment for dinner and we'd spend long hours listening to the radio and reading plays aloud to each other. I told her then that if the day ever came when I got a break I'd take her to places like Ciro's every night in the week if she'd go. She'd just laugh.

"Then when I did get a break and was signed by Paramount, Kay was in San Francisco with a stock company. Every time I stepped out to have a sandwich with a girl it would be in the columns. It used to worry me. I was scared stiff I'd lose her. For a girl has to have a lot of understanding to understand that sort of thing."

"Like your headline romance with Dorothy Lamour," I mentioned. (Please turn to page 84)
By Jack Holland

The surprising thing about Betty Grable today is not that she has finally conquered Hollywood and begun her first real career. Nor is it that she is able to slap Hollywood back for the slaps it gave her. The surprising thing is that Betty has found Life for the first time! She has just started to live.

Such a statement is, on the face of it, a bit perplexing, for past stories of Betty Grable have usually pictured her as a girl who always had pretty much what she wanted, a girl who went out and fought for what she has gained. But Betty has not lived a life of ease and comfort. It has been a life of discontent, of loneliness. And she has never fought for what she has gained — until now.

Betty was born, it is true, into a firmly established security. Guarded carefully by her mother, she lived in almost complete seclusion. Her friends were few, because she had few occasions to meet any. From the time she was old enough to go to school, tutors and private schools were her lot. And to this day, she has never gone to a public educational institution.

When her mother and father separated, more than ever her life became a guarded thing. The one redeeming feature of her existence was that she was brought so close to the one woman who has made Betty Grable what she is today — her mother.

I was talking to Betty in her lovely, rambling home in Brentwood recently. She was dressed carelessly and comfortably in slacks and contentment and peace seemed to surround her. An unusual contrast to the girl who left Hollywood broken in spirit and in finances just a year ago, a girl who thought she wasn't needed and wanted to get away from memories.

"For the first time in my life," Betty told me, "I'm able to live as I always wanted to. When I left private school and started to work on my career, mother and I lived in apartments and hotels continually. And how I hated them! They were so cold, so desolate. Always I would dream of the day when I would have my own home. Then three years ago, mother and I bought this place. It's been sort of a symbol to me, for it has been my security when everything seemed lost. It's like the answer to a dream."

Three years ago, Betty and her mother decided that what fortunes that were theirs lay in Hollywood. Tired of roaming, they made up their mind to buy a home. For days they looked for just the right place. Then, across from Henry Fonda's spacious home, they found it. Life began in earnest for Betty Grable.

Betty's life for the last few months has consisted of rushing to the studio and rushing back home to go to bed.

She has packed a lifetime of thrills into a few years, yet Betty Grable's emotions are no more muscle-bound than her noted legs.

---

Betty, at right, with "the finest gentleman I've ever met": Alexis Thompson, social-registerite who has been Miss Grable's devoted escort. Across the page, with Jackie Coogan when they were kid sweethearts, before their ill-fated marriage. For right, top, Betty in a scene from "Tin Pan Alley," with Jack Oakie and Alice Faye.
Her social activities have, as a result, been definitely curtailed. But that doesn’t bother her any. She still has a home that is hers.

Before her marriage to Jackie Coogan, Betty was on the go all of the time. She and Jackie never spent an evening at home more than once or twice in a month. Even though she was living in the same house then, it didn’t mean very much to her. Her interests were centered only in Jackie—and in having a good time. She wasn’t working very steadily, and the more she stayed home the more she thought about her life as it was. Besides, she was in love.

It’s only been since she returned to Hollywood from her hit performance in New York in “Du Barry Was a Lady” that she has begun to live the life she has always wanted. She takes great pride in everything about her home now. Her mother can’t even get her to go out for dinner any night, for Betty insists upon getting home-cooked food. That might sound rather corny if one didn’t consider how many times she and her mother ate in restaurants in the unsettled days.

Betty, of course, does entertain a little now. But not in any big way. She’s no Elsa Maxwell. On Sunday evenings, she usually has her few friends over for a buffet supper and then for a card game. At all of her parties, her closest friend, Anne Shirley, is the efficient manager, the one who keeps things going. If the guests are bored with bridge, charades come in for play during the evening. You know, the game that asks you to act out advertising slogans and the like. Well, Betty and her gang play this by the hour, such parties often going on until the wee sma’ hours. Betty’s mother, you see, has never set a time limit on the parties, not even when Betty was younger. She feels that her daughter has enough good sense to know the reasonable time to quit. And she knows and trusts Betty’s friends. So the kids do what they like and stay as long as they like. This isn’t as alarming as it sounds since Betty is (Please turn to page 88)
Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

The bombers flew over Los Angeles that night as they had flown over Madrid and Helsinki and Rotterdam and Paris and London. "There go the blackout sirens now!" the radio warned. "Turn your lights out! Pull down your blinds! Automobiles please switch off your headlights! Stand by your radios for further instructions!" Entire sections blacked out as if they had been catapulted into darkness by a single master switch. The attacking bombers were so close now that the drone of their engines sounded overhead like a lullaby of death. Searchlights streamed across the sky like gigantic ribbons catching the planes in their shifting light. There was fear in the sky that night as there had been fear in those other skies too.

Pursuit planes came soaring over the city and still in formation began their attack. A falling bomb fell on the railroad tracks and another on the city gas tank silhouetted starkly against the falling bombs and the moving searchlights. Then almost as suddenly as it had begun, it was over. (Please turn to page 66)

For The Love Of One Man!

Every American must read and thrill to this stirring story based on Paramount's fine film dedicated to the officers and men of the United States Army Air Corps. Starring Ray Milland with cast including William Holden, Brian Donlevy, Wayne Morris

For complete cast and credits please turn to page 67.
Only from another woman—one as lovely as Hedy Lamarr—would you girls take this sizzling advice, and like it! Ask yourselves: is it true what Hedy says, that we've sold our feminine birthright for a pay check and a time-clock?

Please, don't think that I am so conceited that I consider myself an authority on romance, a sort of glorified Emily Post of L'amour. Heaven forbid. And please, don't think that I feel all smug and superior, and am peering down through a lorgnette as I hand out advice to you modern girls. Or dish it out, I believe, is the American expression, and I like American expressions. Personally, I loathe advice-givers. They always seem such affected fuddy-duddies. And whatever I am—no, no, don't tell me—I am neither affected nor a fuddy-duddy.

So when I say "You modern girls lack romance" I am not saying it with a superior smirk. Nor am I saying it just to the Betty Grables of Hollywood, the Brenda Fraziers of the Stork Club, and the Susie Glutzes all over the country. (When I first came to Hollywood I kept reading in fan magazines and newspaper columns about Susie Glutz. She seemed far more interesting than the glamor girls, and I longed to meet her. Since then I have met dozens of Susie Glutzes—in department stores, in buses, in offices, and in restaurants—and still think she's more interesting than the glamor girls, even though her make-up is nearly always wrong.) No, I am saying “You modern girls lack romance” to myself, just as much as I am to anyone else. And if I give myself advice, along with the other mod-
ern girls, you can't call me conceited, can you? Please don't.

After my lucky break in "Algiers" I received a great number of letters from fans raving about my glamor and mystery (they should have raved to the cameraman, not to me) and what with writers writing lovely, enchanting stories about me I was well on my way to being sort of an embodiment of romance. Two-thirds of my mail came from men proposing marriage. I was fast becoming as romantic as orange blossoms and foamy veils, as moonlight nights on tropical South Sea islands, when what did I do but ruin it all. And with something as horribly human as an appetite. I should have wrapped myself up in an aura of mystery and tucked myself away high on a Hollywood hilltop, and have people say, "She's so beautiful and mysterious (again thanks to my cameraman) she must be the very quintessence of romance. Ah, dreamy Ah." Then I could have run down the hill every few months, disguised in dark glasses of course, and given out advice on romance with all the savoir faire of an Authority. But I don't know—maybe I am inherently honest, maybe I am just lazy, or maybe I am what the boys on the set call a dope. Anyway, I got hungry and I ate. It completely spoiled my romantic atmosphere. Writers who had formerly written of me as something (Please turn to page 91)
DEAR GLADYS:

I should have answered your letter long before this. I haven’t because (a) I have been so busy; (b) have thought, momentarily, that I might be coming back to Hollywood and now I AM coming back to play in “Maisie Was A Lady”; and (c) I have felt almost in a new world up here, so quiet, strange as it seems, so far away from any talk of the war, so far away from radios. Strange, as I say, because, although the war is so close up here, there is no talk of it. Only hope and pride and courage which seem to need no words. So it has been a period of readjustment for me and one doesn’t seem to write many letters during periods of readjustment! But I’ll try to make up for my long silence by referring to your letter as I write and answering every question you asked in some sort of chronological order, in detail and in my own rambling way.

You know all about John’s coming to Ottawa, I think. You know that he left some few months before we did, the baby and I. Of course he gave up a great deal to go. His contract at RKO and a way of life he loves—John does love Hollywood, you know, as I do. He loves the climate, loves pictures, loves the people and always will. But he went to Ottawa because, simply, he wanted to go more than he wanted anything else. And I wanted him to go. I don’t feel I could love a man who didn’t feel that way. (Please turn to page 95)
...TO THE GRIM REALITY OF WAR!

TO OUR READERS:
WE ARE PROUD TO PRESENT THIS VITAL HUMAN DOCUMENT OF A MOVIE ACTRESS BRAVE ENOUGH TO PUT LOVE OF COUNTRY AND FAMILY ABOVE HER CAREER!
Tyrone Power, below, must avoid interference in his marriage, and Alice Faye should wait before contemplating marriage again, says Norvell. Far right, Eddie Albert's chart reveals he may be married.

This year the snappy comeback to New Year's greetings will probably be: "Well what's happy about it?" As your astrologer, I want to assure you that such pessimism is unwarranted. It is true, as even those of you who only study the international situation in the newspapers must know, that all is not well with the world. As long ago as 1933, I predicted the present European crisis because I knew that in 1939 Mars would go into severe affliction with far-reaching results, but I am happy to report that 1941 will see the beginning of the end of the war and that a period of long peace is due.

How will the world's changing drama affect you and your life? For this gala opening of the New Year I would like to turn the stellar spotlight on you and your life's drama. Will the future bring you the fulfillment of your innermost ambitions or are there warnings and pitfalls that you should know about? Will romantic happiness come to you in 1941? Are your finances going to improve or get steadily worse? To find out this information I have set up an individually different horoscope for every sign in the Zodiac. This chart covers your life and activities for 1941, and is as thorough and complete as those I do for Hollywood's stars.

Remember that our lives are individual dramas which we must perform "each in his separate star," as Kipling says. World events are just the backdrop of those dramas and just incidental to them. You must find your own happiness, love and success, regardless of the rise and fall of nations, and you will never forgive yourself if you do not explore the full possibilities of your own life in 1941, because history was being made on such a large scale and you were frightened or depressed by it.

Read your horoscope over carefully below and use it as a guide during 1941. I have also prepared predictions for your favorite stars which you will find below in the signs in which they were born.

**Aries—March 21 to April 20**

This should be one of the most outstanding years of your life. A year in which you may expect change,
Hold For You?

Will the world’s changing drama affect you? Will romantic happiness come to you in 1941? Are your finances going to improve? Norvell, the noted Hollywood astrologer, turns the stel- lar spotlight on YOU and answers these questions in his biggest feature of the year.

Turbulence, and moments of great happiness. Mars, planet of war, brings you some upsets in love and marriage. Being born in a sign that often has two marriages you must be especially cautious of broken promises in 1941. If still single the great opportunity of your life may come early in the Spring. Marriage is vitally important to your future happiness and if you make the decision this year try to choose someone born in Leo, Sagittarius, or even in Taurus. The month of February brings a new love affair, and a decision you may have to make about someone in your life at present. The months of May and June are excellent for travel, business changes, or moving to another city or state. Watch the health in March, June, September and November of 1941, for aspects of Saturn and Mars might bring dangers from colds, accidents, or stomach disturbances. Use the creative ability that comes to you in July and August, and if you have an interest in music, acting, writing, art, or dancing by no means give up for this year brings rare opportunities in those fields. All during 1941 finances may be slow in shaping themselves, but you will have new goals to reach and your personal happiness will not depend so much on money as on love happiness. The year ends on an optimistic note and brings you inner riches and mental peace.

Our Hollywood Aries friends share the good fortune due this sign in 1941. Congenital Academy Award winners, they have not been up to par in 1940, but this year will bring the gifted Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy back into their rightful places on top of the heap. Marriage is indicated for Davis this year, and if she marries someone born in Sagittarius or Leo she will know the happiest cycle of her life. Bill Holden will marry, too, not to escape the draft but for love of Brenda Marshall. Bill’s career will be most brilliant this year. Joan Crawford has delayed marriage plans indefinitely it seems, and her mind is still vacillating between the charms of former hubby Franchot Tone and (Please turn to page 77)

A 1941 Horoscope Free!

Let Norvell, the man who guides the destinies of the film great, tell you what to expect in 1941. Perhaps his guidance will prove as inspiring and helpful to you in your problems as it has to many of Hollywood’s glamorous screen stars. In order to obtain your own FREE birthdate reading merely fill out coupon below and send it to NORVELL, Box 1989, Dept. X, Hollywood, Calif. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for an immediate reply.

Please send me NORVELL’S Horoscope. I enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.
MY NAME IS..............................................................
MY ADDRESS IS..........................................................
CITY...........................................................................
MY BIRTHDATE IS.........................................................
Mary Martin's

She's still Hollywood's gayest bride—even though her wild adventures while furnishing the Halliday dove-cote did almost land her in the divorce courts! Here's a story to make you laugh and warm your heart.

F A sense of humor, not to mention a mutual taste for fun, is a sign of a good marriage, the union of Mary Martin and Richard Halliday will be as stable as the pyramids, as unchanging as Cecil B. DeMille. The easy-going, laughter-loving Richard Hallidays refuse to take themselves and their careers seriously, which makes them practically unique in a town full of dull, disagreeable people bowed down with an Atlas complex.

I'm willing to bet my last dollar that Mary and Richard will be celebrating wedding anniversaries (much to the annoyance of their poor friends who have to shell out presents—"Honey," I can hear Mary say, "it's exactly what I wanted. What is it?") long after Hollywood's most publicized divinely happy wives have taken up residence at Reno. Unless—Mary decides to furnish another home. In that event all bets are off! I won't answer for the gruesome consequences. Furnishing her honeymoon home almost landed Mary right smack in the divorce courts. Her muchly cherished sense of humor got dismally tangled up in a mess of fringe.

Some young wives simply can't cope with in-laws (Mary loves hers) and some young wives simply can't cope with grocery bills (Mary doesn't even have to bother to get the pennies back on the milk bottles). With Mary it's furnishing a home. She simply can't cope with Queen Anne, Louis Quatorze, piecrust tables and nice young men from the Edison Company. They do her in.

"Wouldn't you just know," she says with a frankness that's a pure joy, "wouldn't you just know that I'd marry a man who had cut his teeth on Duncan Phyfe, and done his homework on Chippendale! And I don't even know Duncan Phyfe and Chippendale from Barker Brothers! But I'm learning. Sometimes I think I must have started that old vaudeville gag; remember: You say, 'I have a chair that goes back to Louis Quatorze.' And then I say, 'Well, I have a chair that goes back to Macy's, tomorrow.'"

Mary isn't exactly what you might call a home body. Now I certainly don't mean to imply that she isn't feminine. She's as feminine as French perfume and curtains of ecru voile. And pretty too, with reddish-blondish hair, big brown eyes, and legs that were made for bathing suit art. When she used to sing My Heart Belongs to Daddy in the New York stage show "Leave It To Me" there was no holding the9 folk, they even tried to climb over the footlights. Yes, Mary is feminine all right, but all she knows about a home, as Richard found out, is how to arrange flowers. And you can't go about arranging flowers week after week when you haven't a stick of furniture to place them on.

Whether she liked it or not, (Please turn to page 72)
Honeymoon Home

By Elizabeth Wilson
HOLLYWOOD hostesses hate me!" said Broderick Crawford—and grinned. "The minute they see me crossing the threshold, they become panicky. The minute I walk into a room, they age ten years. They forget their own manners as they make a mad dash to where their treasured Sévres vases are standing and fix themselves there with a vigilant and defiant air. Then as their eyes sweep across the room, first to the Wedgwood bowl on the piano and then to a Tang ginger jar on the mantelpiece, I can see a fresh worried look sweeping over their faces."

There wasn't the slightest hint of embarrassment or apology in Brod's voice. For a brief instant, he shifted in his chair. Then crossing his long legs and lighting a fresh cigarette from the stub of the one that lay smoldering in the ash tray, he went on with his explanation. "You know all about the bull in the china shop. Well, that's what Hollywood thinks of me. But remember. A few years ago some enterprising and disbelieving guy decided to see for himself. He must have been from Missouri. After hearing a lot of talk about bulls in china shops all his life, he still had his doubts. Then one fine morning, he decided to do something about it. He went out and got the biggest, clumsiest bull he could find. He led the animal down the most exclusive street in New York and into one of the swankiest china shops. He was fully prepared to pay for every cent of the damage done. And what happened? That massive, hulking bull looked around at the glittering, fragile objets d'art. He blinked his bovine eyes in utter boredom. And then with a look of disgust on his face, he wearily trudged back to the door and out into the fresh air. Not a single vase, not one fragile finger-bowl, not even a small teacup was touched. Well—that's me!"

That's only one of the three reputations Broderick Crawford had to live down since coming to Hollywood. "Everyone thinks I'm destructive. They think I go around smashing things just for the fun of it. Maybe it's because I'm so big and bulking."

The movie colony is first beginning to realize that Brod's bark may be far worse than his bite. They still have to understand that he derives no sadistic pleasure from going around breaking material things.

"Sure," he admitted, "I am destructive. I want to break a lot of things. But not Wedgwood bowls or Sévres vases. What I want to destroy are all the stupid and superficial shams that keep people from enjoying life!"

The blue eyes abandoned their mischievous twinkle. Deep furrows traced them—(Please turn to page 71)
Ann Sothern, pretty victim of Hollywood's "type casting," has the change of pace she craves in "Dulcy"—but now she's doing another in her popular series: "Maisie Was A Lady"
Your lovely teachers are Paulette Goddard, representing the sultry sirens, and Marie Wilson, for buoyant blondes. Paulette, femme appeal of "Second Chorus," chooses a chartreuse and silver lamé dinner gown to bring out her brunette beauty; while Miss Wilson, of E. H. Griffith's "Virginia," suggests scarlet for the golden-haired charmers.
New Girls In Town!

Hollywood's latest crop of lovelies includes these newcomers, picked by Warner's alert talent scouts. 1: Mary Brodel. 2: Lucia Carroll. 3: Alexis Smith. 4: Peggy Diggins. 5 and 6: Maris Wrixon.

Photographs by Elmer Fryer, Schuyler Crail, Hurrell
COLLECTORS' ITEMS!

Two more signed portraits for your movie star album: Gary Cooper, now in "Meet John Doe," and Carole Lombard, appearing with Robert Montgomery in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"
Anna Neagle, graceful singing and dancing star of "No, No, Nanette"
and SHADOW

Errol Flynn, in modern dress for new melodrama, "Footsteps in the Dark"
Cobra skin, says Bette Davis, is smart and new. Above, her boxed coat for evening, in rich brown. Below, why not a coachman coat? Of natural camel's hair, it is double-breasted and accented with large gold disc buttons.

For informal Sunday nights in the semi-tropics, or an advance suggestion for Spring, try patio pajamas with striped trousers, topped with tailored white blouse and broad-shouldered bolero.

A Fashion "Letter"
Blue fox for brief shoulder cape and muff, worn with a pencil-slim black dress, suggested by the star for girls with flair. Below, slim, slim gown of ice-blue satin with soft folds across the bosom and graceful draped skirt.

Picture gown for the picturesque girl who can look like her own portrait when she wears it: black net with fitted bodice, bouffant skirt, long, tight sleeves. She wears a jewelled rose.

From Bette Davis
A Mansion
the Movies Built

Glorious view of the hills is reason the Browns do most of their dining and entertain-
ing in the Spanish patio, above. The valuable antique griffins and vases contribute
to the decorative motif, with a huge awning which softens the glare of the sun by
day and pulls back on fine evenings to permit a grand panorama of sky and stars.

Above, another fine view through
the portals of the porch, with
one of several fountains of old
Spanish rule in the foreground.

Above, most streamlined room in the house
Clarence Brown's bedroom, with austere but simple mo-
er furniture and plain plaster walls. At left, a vi-
er of one of the guest rooms, of French inspire-

...
First pictures of Clarence Brown’s magnificent estate at Calabasas, California, where the famed director and his wife, the silent screen star Alice Joyce, entertain in the grand manner. “Come Live with Me,” co-starring Hedy Lamarr and James Stewart, is Brown’s latest picture.

The Brown’s collection of old Spanish furniture is one of the most complete in the country. Above, the large living room provides a setting for some of their finest pieces.

The picturesque building above is the stables which houses Clarence Brown’s horses. The big trees on the estate are among the oldest in San Fernando Valley.

Above and at right, two views of the beautiful white mansion, part of the old Gillette estate, which is now the Brown home. Here Clarence and Alice cultivate their land, ride horseback in the surrounding hills, entertain their friends at barbecues. A model of Menlo Park, the home of Thomas Edison, was set up on Brown’s estate, where most of the Spencer Tracy film, “Edison the Man,” was made.

Photographs by Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M
The call of the wide open spaces is answered in current cinema, "Western Union," with Randolph Scott and Virginia Gilmore (right). Other players in cast: Dean Jagger, Robert Young. Yep—an epic!
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

Virginia Weidler, Ann Rutherford, and John Shelton
in "Keeping Company"
"My job's a picnic..."

All I do is remind you... there's a vital difference that makes you want Philip Morris.

Yes... a vital difference in manufacture... brings to you a vital difference, of smoking enjoyment without smoking penalties. For, as a group of distinguished doctors found*—when smokers changed to Philip Morris, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—cleared completely, or definitely improved.

*Reported in authoritative medical journals.

Call for Philip Morris

America's Finest Cigarette

Creators of famous cigarettes for 92 years. Always under the Philip Morris name.

Screenland Salutes The Camera Artists!

A long-deserved and well-earned tribute to Hollywood's least publicized artists, the portrait and "still" photographers. Men of creative imagination and technical skill, they should receive the same attention from motion picture audiences as the stars and the directors. Give them your applause!

Our preceding pages represent Hollywood's finest photographers at their best. Nowhere else in the world will you find so many highly expert, sensitive artists of the "still" cameras as in the screen capital. They do not receive star billing on theater marquees; their names are never flashed upon the screens—yet it is their fine work which serves to interpret the scenes and the stellar personalities of American movies to you of the audience. No one art section in any publication can hope to include all the excellent photographers of the Hollywood scenes. In our sixteen pages this month we feel they are exceptionally well represented, from the first glamour- pose of Ann Sothern by M-G-M's clever Carpenter, to "The Most Beautiful Still of the Month" by the same studio's noted Clarence Sinclair Bull.

Among the other camera artists represented you will find the famous Elmer Fryer of Warner Bros., pioneer in his field and still and ever one of the finest. Longworth, also of Warners, outstanding for versatility. Eugene Robert Richee, Paramount's imaginative artist, noted for his original backgrounds for feminine beauty, as is Hal McAlpin, also of Paramount. Gaston Longet of RKO-Radio is unusually effective in outdoor scenes. The unsung artist of 20th Century-Fox who made the stunning scene captioned "The Movies Move Outdoors" deserves credit. Others (not represented this month) include Universal's Ray Jones; Columbia's A. L. Whitey Shafer; Warners' Scotty Welbourne; Milton Gold whose outdoor scenes have special excellence—to all of them, our thanks and appreciation!

Screenland
"SECOND CHORUS"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: GAY!

APPEAL: Strictly for entertainment, and why not?
PLOT: Adventures of two perennial college boys, trying to make the musical big-time and the same girl at the same time with grand musical interludes of Artie Shaw's clarinet and Fred Astaire's stepping—and Charles Butterworth's guitar-playing of all things!

PRODUCTION: Slick and swift and swell—real stuff for the jitterbugs, sophisticated by-play for those who can't tell a trombone from a shinbone. Just the right spontaneous spirit in every department, good to the last prop.

CRITICISM: You might say it's too light and frothy, but you'd better not say it too loud.

ACTING: Sheer, sparkling fun, every performance! Fred Astaire is his old debonair self, dancing better than ever. Burgess Meredith will surprise you as a deft and delightful comedian, with that zany quality only he has. Paulette Goddard is another surprise in her fast dance with Astaire. Charles Butterworth, priceless.

"THE LETTER"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: GRIPPING!

APPEAL: To connoisseurs of adult drama.
PLOT: From W. Somerset Maugham's 13-year-old stage play of faithless wife, murdered lover, unsuspecting husband, smart, unsophisticated attorney—scrambled destinies in exotic Malay setting.

PRODUCTION: Elaborate, authentic, though often too meticulously detailed for high dramatic effect. William Wyler's careful, dignified direction concentrates on suspense which sometimes wears thin.

CRITICISM: Let-down in the "big" scene where wife tells husband: "I still love the man I killed"—well-bred admission which should have been dramatic dynamite.

ACTING: Bette Davis superb in the repressed style which she chose to employ—but you may wish she had let her hair down just once. Herbert Marshall is wooden as the husband—but James Stephenson as the lawyer plays with such charm, conviction, and technical skill that he steals the picture, assisted by clever Oriental Sen Yung.

"THE PHILADELPHIA STORY"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: SMART!

APPEAL: For sophisticates only—be sure the kiddies don't sneak along.

PLOT: Philip Barry's Theatre Guild play which insured Katharine Hepburn's big stage comeback, now adapted to the screen by Donald Ogden Stewart, concerns the escapades of snooty suburban set, their amours and epigrams.

PRODUCTION: Very, very glamorous in a broad-A way, with George Cukor's silken direction, absolutely right settings, and an Adrian wardrobe for the star giving you an eyeful, with the racy dialogue giving you even more of an earful.

CRITICISM: A little too smart, a bit too brittle, too far removed from reality—but if you want bright escapist stuff, here it is done up in dynamic package.

ACTING: It is Hepburn's show, and she plays the girl with all her might, right down to the last moué. If you like her, you'll love it. Cary Grant is chief male in the case, good as always. But it is little Virginia Weidler who'll appeal to you.
to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"ARIZONA"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: BIG!

APPEAL: To everybody who ever wore a cowboy (or girl) suit, with or without a pony.
PLOT: It's Ride 'Em, Cowgirl, this time—with the woman wearing the pants and winning her spurs from the bad man at old Tucson.
PRODUCTION: It's super, with something like two million dollars and two years' work going into the making of it, and showing right through all the dust, too. Wesley Ruggles directed with a keen eye to dramatic as well as scenic values.
CRITICISM: Too long, too much plot, and too much of it too unbelievable to play it as "straight" as Ruggles directed. 2 hours and 8 minutes is a lot of picture, mister.
ACTING: Jean Arthur is cute as a button as the hard-ridin', straight-shootin' lady terror of Tucson, and she really rides and really shoots. No doubles. Give the little girl a hand, folks. William Holden has the thankless rôle of the lad she loves and bosses and he plays it as manfully as any guy could, but it's still the toughest assignment of the month.

Columbia

"TIN PAN ALLEY"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ENTERTAINING!

APPEAL: Remember Sheik of Araby and K-K-Katies? If you do, this is for you.
PLOT: The songs, soubrettes, and funny sayings of Broadway and environs in the days before and during the last War, with marching men and dancing girls to delude you that those were the happy days—but with comic complications to keep you amused.
PRODUCTION: Just about as lavish as it could be and keep it all on one screen. The song numbers are stunningly staged, the "atmosphere" will give you a good old case of nostalgia.
CRITICISM: Much as you may enjoy looking at Alice Faye, this is one film in which her lovely chin quivers once too often as she says adieu to her sweetheart. Sing, Alice, sing!
ACTING: For prodigal emotion and melody it is Miss Faye's show, and she never looked lovelier. Otherwise it's all Jack Oakie and Betty Grable: Jack for hilarious "business," Betty for pert beauty and leg appeal. She can dance, too. John Payne is almost lost in the shuffle of more vivid talents.

20th Century-Fox

"FANTASIA"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: AMAZING!

APPEAL: To all music-lovers and addicts of Disney cartoons.
PLOT: Great music interpreted by Leopold Stokowski and his orchestra, and Walt Disney and his staff of artists. You'll hear Bach, Beethoven, Dukas, Stravinsky, Tschaikowsky, Moussorgsky—you'll see the quaint, comic, lovely, or terrifying images evoked by the music.
PRODUCTION: Distinct advance in sound technique, to be shown in a limited number of theaters equipped with Fanta-sound. All the vast resources of Disney's wonderful studio were called upon to create the incomparable cartoons.
CRITICISM: If you don't like the music there are the marvellous cartoons. If you don't like Disney, it's your own fault.
ACTING: Lucky audiences who have seen first showings have fallen in love with Mickey Mouse in "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" all over again, with the Sugar Plum Fairies of "The Nutcracker Suite," with the centaurette of "The Pastoral Symphony"; they are shuddering still over the monsters of "The Rite of Spring."
Gilbert & Sullivan used to sing of “The flowers that bloom in the spring, tra-la” but your Mr. Mook (being a cynic) shortens over “the raspberries that drop in the fall, tra-la” with, of course, a few medals tossed in here and there so people can’t say he’s the kind of guy who pinches wings off flies.

The editor says, “Don’t be always giving people medals for the same thing.” Well, the editor is right, except when you start rooting for a girl before anyone else (almost) ever heard of her, and when she justifies your faith by making the grade, and when, after ten or eleven years she’s still the most glamorous figure on the screen, and when, after five or six years, she’s still every male’s ideal wife, you can’t change horses in midstream and give her a medal for her figure, can you? So the first flowers of the season go to Myrna Loy. In fact, Minnie (I guess if your friends can call you that I can, too) take the whole hothouse. As far as I’m concerned, compared to you, the others are just “also rans.”

The first medal of the season is a three-decker affair to be split between William Holden, Dennis Morgan and John Shelton because they show more promise than any juveniles who’ve come along in many a year. Every picture Bill is in is something for your “Must see” list. And Dennis gets an extra citation because he’s been kicking...
Claudette Colbert. She's always gracious to fans and photographers.

James Cagney. He gets a medal, so he can smile now.

Joel McCrea. He is friendly and the "typical American boy."

Rosalind Russell. A dame with a sense of business.

Richard Arlen. He can take a bow for admitting mistakes.

Ida Lupino. Not just a pretty ingénue, but an actress.

Priscilla Lane. It's a birdie for pretty Pat, too.

among Hollywood for years without a break and now that he's finally getting one he is not only delivering the goods but he is a "sweller" fellow than he was when he was unknown—and that's as rare as gold in these heath hills.

Oh, say, Miss Loy, you're so well-established I'm sure you won't miss the bed of carnations if I give them to Linda Darnell because, although she may not be the best actress on the screen—yet—she is certainly the most opulent eyeball.

The next medal goes to Mickey Rooney because, although he may be as fresh and cocky as some people say he is, it's the cockiness of youth and he's never smart aleck. And he's never gotten "too big for his britches"—except when the script called for it.

Listen, Myrna. I'm sure you're going to be a good sport about this but I guess maybe I went overboard a little, remembering you in "Third Finger, Left Hand" and "I Love You Again" but, after all, there are a couple of other girls on the screen who can't be ignored and, since they're friends of yours, you won't care if I give the American Beauty roses to Carole Lombard because she's one of the few twists on the screen who can play comedy or drama with equal facility and equally convincingly. She can dress like (Please turn to page 74)
Our startling story tells you what the Hawaiian Islanders really think of such visiting movie stars as Irene Dunne, Shirley Temple, Bette Davis—shown on this page.

PLAYGROUND OF THE STARS

Five days away from Hollywood, movie stars feel that in Hawaii they can let go their inhibitions; that they can live and let live, love and let love, without attracting attention. They are so wrong! Read the truth here.

Down where the trade winds blow, ever so gently, you will find the tropical island of Oahu, the most important of the Hawaiian Islands. On the island of Oahu is the City of Honolulu, population 150,000, probably the most publicized city in the world. Everyone has heard of Waikiki Beach, where the surf rolls and the beach boys ride the surfboards; of Diamond Head, once a volcano, but now the island home of the millionaires. To Big Business, Honolulu means Sugar and Pineapple, the two major industries; to Uncle Sam, Honolulu means Pearl Harbor, the United States seventy-million-dollar naval base; but to you and me and the movie stars Honolulu just means a grand place to Get Away From It All. What with a war-torn Europe crumbling into tragic ruins Aloha-Land, with its tropical moonlight nights, its
colorful and fragrant flowers, and its charming old Polynesian traditions, has become the last stand of Romance. Just as the followers of Ponce de Leon once so desperately sought the fountain of youth, so now people from all over the world seek romance and forgetfulness in this lovely paradise of the Pacific. No wonder Honolulu has become the mecca of escape-loving tourists, no wonder it has become the favorite playground of Hollywood's movie stars.

Five days away from Hollywood and all its snooping (Please turn to page 92)
SEVERAL years ago a midget made front page copy by sitting on the lap of the great J. P. Morgan, making him smile. It was a great feat. The financier, who is stern of face in the palmiest of financial days, was in no mood to smile that depression afternoon when a tiny bit of femininity crawled on his knee and produced a grin which was caught by a news photographer and subsequently placed on the front pages of newspapers all over the country.

Smile-producer and lap-sitter de luxe of today's headlines is another tiny miss, just three-foot-high Carolyn Lee, who has brought grins to those war-harried and therefore financially worried gentlemen, the movie makers of Hollywood. After Carolyn's first picture, "Honeymoon in Bali," in which she stole the show from the always popular stars Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, the smiles of the movie brass hats widened to Happy Hooligan proportions, for they found that they had not only a top ranking money-making picture, but a top money-making star in the person of a little Ohio girl whom they had discovered playing on the sidewalks of the small Ohio town of Martins Ferry. Here was a child who could make the public forget their war worries, and the fifty centses clinked through movie turnstiles as a consequence. Now the new hope of Hollywood is working in a very expensive vehicle indeed, the all-technicolor picture called "Virginia," and it is not so unofficially rumored that she is by far the highest paid young newcomer to the glitter city.

"What I like best is eating onions and sitting on good laps," says brown-eyed, dark-haired Carolyn. The lap-sitting episode that started her on her career was the time she decided that a Paramount theater man, a friend of the family who owned and managed a string of theaters throughout Ohio and West Virginia, had a good lap. The man, Tracy Barham, stopped in Martins Ferry one afternoon, to renew acquaintance with his old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Warren Copp. He hadn't seen them in several years and hadn't any idea that the brown-eyed baby playing on the sidewalk in front of the Copp home, was theirs, Carolyn followed him in, crawled on his lap, admired his pretty tie. That was enough to make him send a picture of the charming lap-sitter to Paramount studios in Hollywood. Mr. Barham was in no way a talent scout, but after his discovery of the money-making baby the Paramount organization has dubbed him "talent scout extraordinary No. 1." Also, business man Barham finds himself a real talent scout, whether he likes it or not. "I can't go into a restaurant," he moans, "without half a dozen mothers parading their children before me." He explains that these are in addition to hundreds of photographs, letters and telegrams which he receives weekly from ambitious mothers all over the country.

The next lap-sitting victim of the delectable Carolyn was Y. Frank Freeman, Vice-president of Paramount Pictures, Inc. On receiving Carolyn's photograph, Mr. Freeman had arranged to have a personal interview with the child while on a business trip to the East. The two met in Chicago; Carolyn sat on his lap; and within a
week the baby and her mother were aboard an airplane Hollywood bound for movie tests with all expenses paid. The next man to fall for her charms was comedian Bob Hope, who became so interested in the newcomer that he was in there pitching from the moment she took her first test to the time they signed her on the dotted line at a salary fabulous to baby stars.

Next to fall was Edward H. Griffith, the director-producer, who, was so enchanted that he asked to direct her first picture and was instrumental in making her the white hope that she is today. Mr. Griffith is also the director-producer of “Virginia,” the Madeleine Carroll-Fred MacMurray picture, in which Carolyn is now being featured. Latest reports from Hollywood indicate that Jack Benny is the most recent to succumb. What will be the outcome of this only time and Carolyn can tell.

We think of friendliness as a trait of childhood. But is it? Our own hopefuls stick out their tongues or hide their heads in a corner, when persons we would like best to impress appear.

“She has always played up to people,” laughs Mrs. Copp. (The Lee was chosen for professional purposes.) “Sometimes it has looked as though we put her up to it, for instance once we were at a gathering in which my husband’s employer was present, Carolyn walked over to him and said ‘You’re Mr. — aren’t you? I want to sit on your lap.’ The most embarrassing part of it was that before she climbed down she had talked him into an extra vacation for her father!”

Like Orson Welles, Carolyn has always had a phobia against childhood. Perhaps this may be laid to her rearing. Instead of being a baby she has been trained to be the adult offspring of a charming Southern girl and a quick-witted salesman husband, a Northerner.

“We couldn’t have a baby—in the usual sense,” says Carolyn’s mother, who was born Miss Evelyn Landers of the deep South. “My husband was on the road for the Wheeling Steel Corporation. I traveled with him. She simply had to be grown up right from the first. We decided that before she was born.”

At two weeks of (Please turn to p. 80)
The Future Holds A Change For You

A redesigned coiffure can work magic. Here is how you can see yourself as you might look now.

If Eddie Senz were to redesign your hair in person, you might find yourself in the same situation as starlet Grace McDonald. But now there is the new picture way-

ON THE top shelf of your closet, there is probably a hat box. And in that hat box, there may be a little spring number, vintage of 1940. When you put it there, it was in good condition and you had loved it so. You had so many compliments when you wore that hat. But that was last year! At this moment, you may be mentally designing your spring wardrobe. And you hope—you hope—that pearl of yesterday will somehow offer another hat change with the reefer or suit you have in mind.

But it won't! You will be surprised and chagrined when you try it on. This is the story on all saved-over hats, except the classic felts that are dateless. All, all is, indeed, change. And that applies to your physical attributes as well as your wardrobe.

Many of us cling to the same old hair-do through
thick and thin, and for no reason, except that we don’t know what else to do. You ought to change your hairdo as frequently as you change styles in hats. You ought to keep up with the times on your coiffure and not let it date you. But you ought to keep up-to-date in the right direction. But what is the right direction? If your nose is too prominent, what then? If you have a gaunt type of face? If your face is too broad? You can look and look in your mirror for the solution, but unless you are one of those rare souls, gifted with the all-seeing eye, you won’t get the answer. Here is truly where you need the viewpoint of another who can see you from all angles, not just from the front. Of course, you know that if you could have the Hollywood benefit of studio make-up and coiffure experts, a very different face would look at you from that mirror. You can recall before-and-after pictures of the most beautiful and glamorous faces that look at you from the screen today. I remember Joan Crawford in a kind of marcelled affair, as harsh and rigid as the steel girders of a building. I remember Ida Lupino with a blonde powder puff of hair. I can recall many candidates for the hair gallery of horrors both from unattractive arrangement and the fact that hair bore no more affinity to the face than salt to coffee.

While the techniques of the permanent wave and setting have, in themselves, been pretty nearly perfected, many of us still do strange and unbecoming things with our topknots. And we can forgive you for being out-of-date if you still look lovely. But when you mar good facial contours, conceal perfect ears, or accent your very worst features because of your hair, that is a horse of another color.

How to create the individual coiffure for you and show it to you on your own face, without actually undergoing the process, has puzzled many bright heads. But now we have the answer—in fact, your answer. And it came about through a commingling of Hollywood and New York talent. After having restyled thousands of women’s hair, Eddie Senz, hair design creator and make-up director of many Hollywood studios, discovered that there are six basic hair color groups, three on the blonde side, three on the brunette. Within this color group, there are enough classifications in face types to make you dizzy, and they range from the sculptured to the courageous. Actually, there are about forty-eight in all, and still some unusual types that cannot be classified.

“The ideal face,” says Mr. Senz, “is a pure oval, perfectly proportioned and balanced. This is the face that haunts men’s dreams, but, like most ideals, is seldom realized in actuality.” While I have no wish to encourage an epidemic of insomnia for the gentlemen, to attempt to approximate this face ideal through optical illusion means a distinct addition to your beauty and appeal. So much for Mr. Senz’ contribution.

It took the ingenuity of Joan Clair, a hair authority in her own rights, to discover a method of presenting your own coiffure to you—to (Please turn to page 87)
YOU CAN put your finger on the pulse of Hollywood’s feuds and love affairs by dropping in at Ciro’s on a popular night. When a film couple coo and cuddle at a night spot, Hollywood immediately takes them close into its heart and makes their love a basis for mutual public concern and entertainment. Lana Turner and Tony Martin certainly make no bones about how they feel about each other in public, or otherwise. The other night Arthur and Tony’s dance was so wildly in demand that all quarters, they put on a scorching exhibition rumba. The gawky crowd went very loud and enthusiastic over such spontaneous entertainment. The only person not entirely at ease was George Raft. He hurriedly picked out a beautiful girl to do him the honor, and before the applause from Lana’s and Tony’s dance died, he was on the floor doing his stuff. For some strange reason he was suddenly lost in the crowd and his fancy steps were completely ignored.

THERE is much more to the teaming of Jimmy Cagney and Rita Hayworth in “Strawberry Blonde” than meets the eye. In fact, practically no one knows that these two are old-time friends, and that almost ten years ago they used to do a tap dance routine together. Don’t misunderstand me, they didn’t work on the stage, Rita was too young for that. But at the old “Cansino Dancing School,” which is still in business, now on La Brea Boulevard, Jimmy used to keep his dancing up to snuff by taking weekly lessons. He was still leery, then, of his newly acclaimed dramatic ability on the screen and still too close to his chorus boy days to let his dancing go by the boards. So, occasionally, Papa Cansino, Rita’s father, would call out his eleven-year-old daughter to give Jimmy a partner for his routines. Little did any of them dream that one day he would have the say-so to choose Rita to play a dramatic rôle opposite him on the screen.

THE most stinging slap that Myrna Loy has had to take, in the face of her divorce from Arthur Hornblow, Jr., whom she married on June 27, 1936, is the rebuke that she has failed to live up to her screen reputation as the perfect wife. Hornblow was as near the kind of sophisticated husband that Myrna has had on the screen, as was possible to find in real life. He made a fetish of the rites of gracious living. Wines were served at only their most flattering temperatures. His home had to be at all times the essence of charm and perfect gentility. Some dissenters argue that it is a case of criminal negligence that Myrna couldn’t make a go of marriage with that kind of co-operation. Others insist that the brilliant code of sophisticated give-and-take that she made so popular on the screen is basically all wet and no longer as enviable as it was. No matter which way you look at it Myrna must face the fact that her divorce may shock some of those fans who have insisted that her marriage was “perfect.”

At last Alice Faye's studio has come to the point of chastizing her because she won't co-operate on publicity. You see fewer portraits of Alice Faye than you do of most other stars, because she has slipped into that I-don’t-care attitude on art and interviews. To goad her into caring, a Machiavellian-minded executive has issued strict orders that a graphic chart showing monthly publicity coverage of Fox actresses be sent to Alice regularly. The chart shows the flattering sea of space garnered by Betty Grable, Linda Darnell and other favorites. The last chart sent to Alice showed how startlingly even newcomer Gene Tierney topped her in nation-wide publicity. Alice, to date, has simply turned a jaundiced eye on the whole thing. These days she is far more content to take herself to the desert and relax completely. A sight to make you open your eyes is to see “Payzie,” in blue denim pants, perched on a rail fence at a popular resort ranch, chewing on a piece of straw and lost to this world in a stupor of sunshine.

Here’s Hollywood

James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland, above, as they appear in "Strawberry Blonde," a big new film set against a picturesque background of New York in the Gay Nineties. Left, Rita Hayworth as the pretty siren of the title. Watch for complete fictionalization of this exciting story in the March issue of SCREENLAND.
COMMUNIQUES FROM THE FILM FRONT

BY WESTON EAST

Bringing the Latest News Flashes About the Stars and New Pictures

FOR THE first and only time on record Southland society girls are one up on the whole tribe of Hollywood's flashy motion picture sirens. Young Jack Kennedy, son of the ambassador, Joe P., during his stay in California has ignored the run-of-the-mill filmland debutantes in favor of the real gilt-edged variety. . . . No one can figure out the reason why it has loomed so fantastically amusing, but Lew Ayres has endured more belittling pranks and degrading gags than is sporting because he has seriously announced that he has become a vegetarian. . . . Maxie Rosenbloom has started noising it about that he is instituting a protective measure for actors' careers. He is going to demand that actors get a test of their director's ability before starting a picture. It might be a good idea at that! . . . The most pleasant surprise of the month was to see Tyrone Power (not looking at all like a stepfather) having a quiet dinner with Annabella and her daughter in an "out-of-the-way" corner of the dining room at the Town House.

IT happened in a crowded bus that runs through Beverly Hills' busy shopping district and, on occasion, carries some of the most glamorous people in the world as passengers. Freddie Bartholomew struggled aboard laden with packages from a shopping orgy and walked right into a little drama that might have come from the pen of adolescent-wise Booth Tarkington. The minute Freddie squeezed into the crowded vehicle, the light in the eyes of a smart little high school girl who sat there, quickly changed from the most frivolous unconcern to the deepest admiration. Freddie became just a little nervous under that worshipping stare. And then came probably the most embarrassing moment of his life. The smitten young lady, as in a trance, slowly rose and offered him, almost sacreligious, her chair. Freddie completely flustered, burned crimson and stammered his refusal. . . . The mirrors that Hedy Lamarr is supposed to be demanding in the new car she's designed for herself make it look like a boudoir on wheels.

Look out below—here they come! These scenes from "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," show Carole Lombard and Gene Raymond being dropped in a parachute for a hilarious moment from the film. Carole screeched her way down. Gene, resigned to his fate, started out holding his hot and wound up holding his chin.
George Brent has a spry turn on him for a rain scene in "South of Suez"-murder mystery and romantic drama about South African diamond miners. Right, Brent in a scene with Lee Patric, Brenda Marshall.

There never was a more emphatic flouncing out of Hollywood than Sylvia Sidney's annoyed and unceremonious departure. On her recent return, Sylvia was welcomed back with warm and friendly gestures all around. There was great praise shouted for the "new" understanding person that she had become. However, after a few weeks, the sultry-eyed Miss Sidney reverted to type and the Warner lot saw temper tantrum and temper it won't soon forget. Sylvia fell into a desperate relapse of her old headstrong ways. She rewrote her lines; she acted at direction, and she demanded rewriting of the script that she had already once okayed. Finally she stamped her foot and screamed, "It's worse than it ever was"—meaning Hollywood, of course—and made a move to get out of town in a hurry. There were no well-wishers at the station to see her off, there were no entreaties to hurry back, and there were no tears.

Please, Olivia de Havilland, take heed! It's straight from the heart of one of your most steadfast admirers. Won't you make an effort to stop wearing those strange hats when you're out for an evening? ... You can believe what you please but I insist that it was a bee that caused that recent powerfully swelled black eye of Tony Martin's. It happened at the Hillcrest golf course on the fourth tee ... Oh-oh, I'll bet there'll be fireworks such as there have never been before. It is a fact that Sonja Henie has offered to begin to teach Dan Topping's son the rudiments of ice-skating. And there is strong talk going about hinting that Arline Judge, who young Dan calls mamma, won't see eye to eye on the proposal.

In this scene, right, from "That Uncertain Feeling," a Gary film romance, Larry Baker (Melvyn Douglas) is using all his persuasive powers in asking his wife, Jills (Melita Oberon), to cook a Hungarian dinner to entertain a group of business prospects. She looks none too pleased.

A LITTLE, morbid and hardly fitting the surrounding indifference, is the new Memory Wall of portraits at the Vine Street Derby. With your lunch at this famous spot you are now confronted with an entire wall of an over-guy and frivolous group of once loved movie stars. You are made startlingly aware of John Gilbert's too brilliant smile, the never equalled vivacity of Jean Harlow's face, the homely yet beloved countenance of Marie Dressler, the restless verve of Douglas Fairbanks' eyes. And suddenly you realize that these fabulous, dramatic people, who many times lunched in this selfsame room, are no longer with us. The result gives you the creeps and is an unsavory accompaniment for a luncheon table.

A BIRDS-EYE view of Palm Springs these days gives you a three-ring version of how vigorously movie stars relax. At Lone Palm there is no missing Errol Flynn's tireless and spectacular feat of dunking that heroic body in and out of the dazzling pool. Down the main street of Palm Springs Diana and Bill Powell tear headlong through the dust in a bicycle race. A peek into the patio at the Desert Inn finds Rosalind Russell, in sun suit and dark glasses, vigorously knitting, and at the same time talking at such a terrific speed that, in compression, a trip-hammer has a lullaby beat. Lana Turner's attempt at badminton at The Racquet Club is the only approach to lackadaisical boredom you are apt to see. The El Mirador pool is churned to a fury with John Sheldon, Bob Taylor and a group of their cronies' abortive and exhausting attempt at water polo. Gracie Allen's plea to her children, in the shallow end of the pool, to play in the "nice" water is lost in the splash and yelling. Dancing is incessant on every dance floor in the desert. Merle Oberon and Alexander Korda guggle themselves weak knocking out an old-fashioned square dance dressed in hiking clothes and boots. The desert, for stars exhausted by camera strain, evokes a most strenuous kind of "rest," it seems.

It was an interesting study watching Gary Cooper's and Lupe Velez' lack of recognition or reaction of any kind when, with their respective partners, they sat at dinner at a fashionable dining spot with their tables practically touching. The Cooper and Velez affair once kept Hollywood pop-eyed ... Everyone is wondering why Cesar Romero does most of his bicycling up and down the back alleys instead of out on the main streets.
REAMS of publicity continue to be written about Linda Darnell’s pet rooster which lives right in the house with the rest of the family. “Weedy,” the favored fowl, has the run of the house, and woe to the unwary person whose manner might have even the slightest tinge of distaste or criticism. Someone asked Mickey Rooney, after being a guest at the Darnell home, how he liked dining at a table that accommodated a pet rooster which darted about picking up stray crumbs. Mickey, with an ecstatic beam spreading over his face, mooned, “I’d accept a dinner invitation at Linda’s any time, even if I had to sit down at the dinner table with a snail!”

A GROUP of actors on the Warner lot, including George Brent, Jimmy Cagney, and others, were all chatting idly over their luncheon in the Green Room. Of course, as is inevitable in Hollywood, they got talking about fellow actors. They fell into serious discussion of the habit of the Warner publicity department’s pinning tag names on their players. They talked of the merits and the drawbacks of Ann Sheridan’s “Oomph” title, Brenda Marshall’s being made the Honey Girl by America’s bee-keepers, and even of new little Joan Leslie’s title of The Sunshine Girl. Slowly, in their prearranged gag they fell heartily in accord with the title that the head of the praise department had, they hinted, just chosen for Eddie Albert. In awe, Eddie demanded to know what it was. Very seriously George Brent confided, “Why, don’t you know, Eddie, that they are starting a nation-wide campaign to put you over as the Whoo Boy?” Eddie never said a word, but he flew out of the room in a fury headed straight in the direction of the front office.

Jackie Cooper, left, looking over so grown-up with mustache a Clark Gable, and Bonita Granville, appearing very strenous, for the comical high school play episode for “Gal- lant Sons,” dramatic story of the ‘teen age, in which a group of school young-sters help cap-ture a murderer.

Richard Nichols, child actor in “All This, and Heaven Too,” will be seen in “Invitation to Murder.” Above, left, in scenes with Jeffrey Lynn, Geraldine Fitzgerald.

THEY say that the strapping, handsome young man Mae West has constantly in tow lately is a one-time athlete whom Mae has taken as a protege. He is not to be an actor, however, but will go into the potato chips business. . . . The rowdy bunch of urchins that gather every Saturday morning on Sunset Boulevard near the Claphin studio have a weekly rendezvous with Fannie Brice. When her limousine pulls up at a near-by florist’s shop it’s the kids’ signal for a weekly treat of ice cream and candy at a shop down the street.

NELSON EDDY still lives a charmed existence in motion pictures. For some reason, in his fans’ eyes, he can do no wrong. And for some reason Nelson Eddy of the screen and concert stage is a wash-out compared with Nelson Eddy in real life. I wonder what would happen if his fans could know him as he really is, a friendly, easy-to-know, spontaneous person. Not even without a little fire at times. However, always a very well-banked, gentle-mannered fire. His followers have gathered their impressions of him only from seeing him on the screen, and from hearing his cool dignified concerts, each one always executed in a technically perfect voice. Many music lovers agree, however, that he is far from satisfactory in warmth and feeling. But Nelson Eddy doesn’t have to answer his critics—that’s been proved once again. A columnist whom you all know tried recently, to take another pot-shot at Eddy, and again Nelson’s fans rallied to the cause and threatened the columnist’s very job. The scribe has completely reversed his opinions, that is, at least in print. Histrionically, Nelson may be as cold as a clam to many people, but he has fallen into a charmed spot on the screen that only a fool would try to despoil.

NO ONE can think up as devastating an outfit for sunning as Marlene Dietrich. She cornered all attention at the Arroyo-Head Springs pool-side during a recent holiday weekend when she threatened to actually get into the water. However, she didn’t do any swimming. She drunk one toe and decided not to risk it. The outfit she flashed as she approached the pool consisted of a pair of shorts of candy-striped silk and a flaming vermilion blouse loaded with diamond clips. Those beautiful jewels would have carried her to the bottom of that pool like a stone if someone would have, perhaps, just given her a tiny little push. I’ll admit I would have liked to have witnessed that myself—just to see how high the ensuing fury would have mounted.

INTIMATE Hollywood eyeful: Marlene Dietrich quickly apologizing to an attendent at a smart night club when she left off babbling in French to Erich Remarque for a moment and addressed a question to the flunkey in the same language, and the poor fellow just gave her an open-mouthed stare. . . . Anne Shirley smiling complacently, and a little on the wife-being-tolerant side, when John Payne, after a gourmet’s dinner at a popular restaurant, pulled out a huge, well-seasoned pipe and disappeared in a dense cloud of smoke. MacDonald, fretting and very annoyed with doing recordings in an unfamiliar language, focuses a freezing stare in the direction of a technician when he gives an untranscribable intonation to the two simple words, “Prima donna!” . . . People are beginning to coin amusing and yet annoying jingles about Rosemary Lane and Buddy Westmore simply because they have been constant companions for over two years and can’t make up their minds to become engaged.
More interesting scenes from "I Wanted Wings," film dedicated to the United States Army Air Corps, on opposite page. The blonde girl standing in the plane's doorway is Veronica Lake.

Close-up view from big new film, below, shows Constance Moore and Ray Milland. You'll recognize Wayne Morris, Brian Donlevy and William Holden in other scenes on this and opposite pages.

Birthplace of man's wings, America today watches her skies with grave concern. For in these skies of peace the nation is building the upper battlements of its defense. To the officers and men of the United States Army Air Corps who climb on strong wings to man these high ramparts, and to the young men of America who will take them, this motion picture is dedicated.

Lights crept back into the city again, slowly at first, then whole sections leapt into life once more, and overhead there was a moon and stars tranquil in a sky that had been filled with death only short space ago. "The raid is over!" the radio announced. "Once more Los Angeles takes on the tempo of normal life. No homes have been shattered. No fires sweep the gutted streets of a murdered city. No terror or sorrow fills the upturned eyes of helpless civilians. For the United States is at peace! But these realistic army maneuvers are a convincing guarantee that Americans, soldier and citizen alike, intend to be prepared. We are returning you now to the studio where ..." Suddenly his voice tensed. "One moment please! We have just received a bulletin. An Army flying fortress bomber en route back from the maneuvers is reported to have crashed in the hills north of March Field. Several members of the crew are believed to have bailed out safely. The fate of the rest of the crew is not yet known and officials refuse to comment on the unconfirmed report that a woman was found dead in the wrecked plane!"

So even though there was peace and the bombers were those of the United States Birthplace of man's wings, America today watches her skies with grave concern. For in these skies of peace the nation is building the upper battlements of its defense. To the officers and men of the United States Army Air Corps who climb on strong wings to man these high ramparts, and to the young men of America who will take them, this motion picture is dedicated.
Army, even though it was magnesium flares that were dropped over the city that night and not bombs, a life was lost. And it was because of that woman, dead now, that woman who had stretched out her hands so eagerly to life that Jeff Young, second lieutenant in the United States Air Corps, was being court martialed at March Field.

He stood before the military board, his eyes fixed on the table where the saber, the pair of officer's gloves and the dress cap lay in mute evidence of the trial going on. Near him sat two of the men who had flown with him on the maneuvers that night: Captain Hunter, his superior, leaning forward in his seat, his hands holding tensely to his crutches as he listened; and the corporal, Al Ludlow, his head still
swathed in bandages, his eyes never leaving Jeff's face as he listened to the charge against him. It was a serious charge, permitting an unauthorized woman passenger on board a flying fortress airplane, with the result that the plane had crashed and the woman was killed.

"How does the accused plead?" the judge asked quietly.

"Guilty," said Jeff. "I was on his feet then, unmindful of Hunter's restraining hand, "That's not true, sir!" he cried. "He's kicking his job away for me. I'm saving the works."

He stood there, holding his ground as he heard Jeff's voice raised in protest, as he heard the beat of the gavel, the other voices raised. But if he was ever going to hold his head up among other men again, if there was ever going to be any kind of life for him from now on, he would have to talk. He could have told them how it was, he would have to go back to the beginning, back to that first day at Randolph Field. . . .

I knew Jeff the minute I saw him. He was just like his pictures. You could hardly look at a roto section or a picture magazine these days and not see him in polo togs or swimming duds or Florida, one of the stags at a deb shindig. If they had glamour boys the way they had glamour girls I wonder what you'd call Jeff. His mouth looked as if laughing came for it, and his eyes looked that way too, and he had such an easy way with everybody you'd never think he'd been born with a golden spoon in his mouth.

At first I couldn't believe he was one of us new cadets come to report for our first day at the hangar. To see him driving up in his year-after-next convertible roadster, dragging out his golf clubs and a load of fancy luggage, made you think he was heading for some instead of flying training field. But when the Senior Cadet Captain lined us all up I saw he was standing right next to me.

"Down here at Randolph they don't care who you are and where you come from," the Captain said. "The Army's only interested in two things: Can you fly? Will you make an officer? And they'll find out. We upper classmen will try to help you learn what we learned in the last four months. Now before you report to the Flight Surgeon's office for physical, take a look at the man on either side of you."

I'd seen Jeff, so I looked at the man on my right. But I didn't know him till I had a chance to take a good look at him.

He was Tom Cassidy, All-American halfback of the year, one of the most popular football idols the country has ever known. He was a great husky blond kid with a nice smile, and I liked him.

"Go ahead, take a good look," the Captain said. "Just to show you how grinning at each other. "In four months one out of every three of you won't be here. Dismissed!"

Jeff was the quickest one of us on the draw. "You two should toss a coin to find out which one he's talking about," he said.

I'd never known what it was to be sick a day in my life but I felt I was catching every new disease there was as we walked into the medical examiner's office. That's how I got to get into the service.

Jeff was the first to be examined.

"Well, sir, you seem to be a rather normal specimen," the Flight Surgeon smiled. "What makes you think you're going to join the Air Corps, Mr. Jefferson Young, the third?"

"Well, sir," Jeff grinned right back at him, "I guess it's that 'third' stuff. Junior's out of the picture, I don't know who's the trigger. You wonder if you're a man or a memorial."

"Fed up knocking that polo ball around? Trying to find something your father's money can't buy, that's it?" the doctor went on and then as Jeff nodded, "What makes you think it's the Air Corps?"

"I hear it's tough," Jeff said.

"Are you?" The doctor looked at him closely.

"That's what I want to find out," Jeff said. "I've just left the doctor nodded he stepped aside and Tom took his place.

"What made you join up, Mr. Cassidy?" he asked as he put his stethoscope down.

"All-American half-back wants the game to go on—that it?"

"—I—never thought about it, sir," Tom said reddening under his tan. "But—yes, sir, guess it must be the training like that, "Well," the doctor said dryly, "Randolph hasn't any grandstands."

It was my turn then, trying not to show how nervous I felt as he gave me the physical check. But it was all right.

"What did you do before you entered the Air Corps, Lindlow?" he asked then.


"What'd you get your two years college equivalent? Night school?"

"I couldn't help grinning at that. "No, sir; I never stayed long enough in one place," I told him, giving a satchel full of diplomas from correspondence schools.

"What made you join the Air Corps?" he said then.

I couldn't answer that right out. I couldn't tell him about Sally or the way I felt even now thinking about her as if my heart had taken a nose dive down into my shoes. So I only told him part of it. It was the truth, even if it was only a part of it. "I want to fly, sir," I said.

"Good enough," he said and smiled, and so I knew I was all right as I went out to the others.

"Gee, I'm in!" Tom said as if he still couldn't believe it as we walked over to our quarters.

"That's just a reprieve," Jeff said, "You'll be out before the end of the year, All-American."

"Listen to that big, rough pony boy," Tom snorted. "He won the international cream puff last year."

"No, no, it was... it was just being defensive. It was getting to my troubles rooming with a couple of celebrities. It's gonna be awful noisy sleeping in the Hall of Fame," I cracked.

But the thing I found was easiest for me I'd never been used to anything before. There's something to be said about knocking around and not having things made too smooth for you at that, for you get hardened to almost anything.

So the drilling and the disciplining and the going without things came easy for me. But flying was different. Jeff and Tom took to it as if they'd been born with wings. Lieutenant Hunter was our flying instructor and I think I saw it sort of coming in me.

But he was a real guy, Hunter. He had the sort of face a man has when plenty has happened to him but he had the kind of way and the way that a man can take those things, too. And it didn't make any difference that Jeff was who he was and Tom was almost a national hero and I was the son of a dumb mechanic for all that he wanted to couldn't fly worth a plugged nickel.

"Well," he said once when he was flying with the others and grabbed the stick out of my hand otherwise we'd have banged right into another plane. "You keep making the same mistakes, you'll lose it."

It was that same afternoon Jeff made his first solo flight. I could see by the smile on Hunter's face how well he was doing as he signalled him but the only thing I could do was to wish, way, dodos! Jeff grinned as he came up to us.

"I feel better now," Tom said. "If you can solo, anybody can!"

Jeff didn't say anything for as we were passing a grounded plane we saw a girl coming through a door with a gavel in her hands knocking on her glasses against the sun. I wish I could describe that girl, how pretty she was with her wide blue eyes and her hair that looked so lifelike she seemed to be in the fall with the sun shining on them.

Jeff looked as if he'd never stop staring at her and she laughed. "What's the matter, Jeff? I dared you didn't you ever seen an airplane before?"

"Never with a landing gear like that!" Jeff said. "You're pretty far with that canopy round your hat, aren't you, my boy?"

"You know what? I think you're a spy! And you know what happens to spies? They shot them at sunrise!"

"Look! I'm trying to make a series of pictures for a national magazine with the full permission and cooperation of the United States government and a pretty girl looked at him coolly. "I hear it costs nearly sixty-five thousand dollars to make a pilot, Don't you think you've wasted enough of the taxpayers' money?"

"I know who you are now," Jeff said laughing. "Carolyn Bartlett, photography's dynamic symmetry girl. Kansas corn silos, steam turbines, the private life of a blast furnace."

"Yes," she said coolly, and "I must say I find them more interesting than junior bible stories. She smiled and smiled as if she didn't mean him. But she couldn't fool me even though she did Jeff. I knew it was Jeff she liked even then. A girl as even a nice try to make a guy burn unless she's interested in him. And when a couple of days later she was going to take a short trip with the logical Randolph cadet and they picked Jeff and the model and she sent word back she thought Tom was more the type I was sure than ever was Jeff. She liked, even if it was Tom who took her places when he was off duty."

Jeff pretended to kid about it but he was probably burned and would have a few cracks at each other. But I had other things to think of. If signs meant anything it certainly looked like I was going to be washed out this man made the Air Corps not even a guy. Hunter said to me one afternoon when we'd been up together. And then after we'd walked a bit down the field he looked me square in the eyes. "Why am I losing a man who's got everything it takes to make to
Bob Hope dressed as an old-time cop, and Jules Stein went to the party as an organ-grinder with a monkey (if it's Bob's hat).
It was over in a minute, I heard the crash and I saw it was Tom's plane lying there crumpled on the ground. Jeff and I landed and I ran over to him. But he didn't need help. His neck was broken.

Jeff tried to take some of the blame even though I'd asked him not to. I was the one really tried and I felt the one dished the service. I was leaving the day Jeff and the other boys were getting their wings.

I couldn't say goodbye to Jeff. I told Carolyn that when she came running after me. But she understood and kissed me telling me it was from both of them. And then I heard the car horn behind us and when I looked around there was Sally jamming on the brakes hard.

It was Jeff's car. I didn't know until after that he'd given it to her before we left Randolph. And Carolyn looked as if someone had slapped her in the face. She didn't understand Sally having the car either.

Sally had worked herself up into one of her rages and I wish I could have kept Carolyn from hearing the things she was saying, that she was going to have a baby and that Jeff would have to marry her now. So I had to stand there and see Carolyn walk away as if she didn't have a thing left in the world to live for.

Afterwards when I quieted her down Sally was like a little girl again. That's the thing most people couldn't understand, how she changes and gets sorry about things, the way she gets almost gentle after she's had one of her wild spells.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she said suddenly and then she was crying against my shoulder. "I don't want to hurt you. Honest I don't, but always hurting me and then something happens, I guess it's because everybody always kicked me around. Except you, Al. You were the only one I miss you sometimes. Would you believe it?"

I put my arms around her and then I took something out of my pocket. A wedding ring. I don't know why but I'd always kept it. "We almost used it once," I told her. "Let's get married. Don't laugh, it might work out fine."

"I wish that Jeff Young, wouldn't it?" she said. Then her voice sounded as if she were going to cry. "I'll make you a good wife, Al, I swear I will. Oh, I'm tired, Al, tired and lonely and lost. I don't know where I'm going." "Neither do I," I said. "So let's go together."

But it didn't work out. I guess it was just a dream I had thinking maybe the ring would make a difference. It didn't, though. Sally tried hard those first few months, but I didn't have a job and she wanted things. You can't blame her. She was so pretty and there were men calling her up who wanted to give them to her.

And the night that Tony Vanessi called her up when I was there that the blow-up happened. We got to saying things to each other the way we always did and then Sally laughed and told me she didn't have to stay; that there wasn't going to be a baby, that she'd just made it up, trying to get Jeff. I'd heard it right along and it hadn't made any difference to me. And now nothing made any difference, I guess. I was just too tired to feel anything at all when she started packing her things to get out.

The radio had been going all the time and after she went I felt too tired even to turn it off. The Reds thing music was off and I heard somebody announce the President of the United States.

You know how his voice sounds, warm and friendly like he's someone you know? Well, that's the way it sounded then. You probably heard that speech too, all about the United States needing planes and men to fly them.

"To cope with the present dangers we must be strong in heart and hand," he was saying, "strong in our faith, in our way of life."

That speech did something to me. Before, when I'd thought of flying, it was always the thrill and excitement of it that got me. But now it went deeper. Flying got important now the way the United States of America is important. If planes were going to help America I was going to help too. I knew I couldn't fly them any more. But I could do my bit for the men who were going to fly them.

That's how I got to be a mechanic again. Only, this time it was the Army I was working for. I enlisted the next morning and now that I really had something to work for I was getting ahead. In a few months I was made boss mechanic and was on my way to March Field.

Hunter was there, I knew that, but I hadn't expected to see Jeff coming towards me that first day I got there. And it was the way it always was with him being glad to see me even if he did have stripes on his sleeve and I was only a mechanic. They were the best friends I ever had, Jeff and Hunter, and between them they were trying to find a way to get my commission restored to me.

Jeff had changed, I guess it was losing Carolyn that made him seem so much older and more responsible. She broke off with him that day Sally saw her.

It was Jeff who saw to it that I was to fly with him and his crew in the flying fortress bomber that night in the war games. I can't tell you what it did to me knowing I was going to fly again, knowing that I was going to have a part in Uncle Sam's preparedness.

Then just before we were getting ready to take off Sally came back again. I didn't recognize her at first. She didn't look like Sally with her hair all mussed as if she hadn't fixed it for weeks and her clothes torn and bedraggled. Even her face didn't look the same with her eyes scared like that.

She'd killed a man, and the police were after her. She'd gone away with Tony Vanessi and now she'd killed him. Looking at her then I knew what I'd never admitted before, that Sally with her temper and her self-indulgence and her vanity had been born to kill somebody. But it didn't make any difference. I had to help her. And when I saw the police coming I told her to hide in the hangar until they went and gave her all the money I had with me.

Everything happened quickly after that. We got our orders and we piled into the bomber and began heading for Los Angeles. We flew over it dropping our flares and it wasn't until we were on our way back again I found Sally crouched in the tail compartment of the plane.

She was sick with fear. Fear of the police that she'd crawled into the plane to hide from, fear of the noise of the flares and of me too, I guess, for I was so mad when I saw her I couldn't hold it back. She grabbed wildly at my arm and as she did her hand struck the arming wire of the flare and she gripped it to steady herself.

So that was how the flare was set off and that's how we crashed on the hills north of March Field. And that's how Sally died.

Yeah, I loved her, I couldn't help it.

* * * * *

"That's how it was." The room was quiet as Al finished his story, his gray eyes looking directly at the board of officers sitting in front of him. "Jeff said the court would never believe I didn't know my wife was on the ship. He said he knew he had to, but there was no sense in both of us taking it.

The room was cleared then while the court deliberated the verdict. Neither Jeff nor Al spoke as they made their way slowly outside. Then suddenly Jeff stopped as he saw Carolyn coming slowly toward him.

So her hand was in his when they came back into the room again and they heard the verdict that cleared him. And her hand was again in his that day a month later when they came over to the plane Al was waiting to fly.

Hunter was already there and they smiled when they saw the long envelope from the War Department in Al's hand. "I don't know how to thank you," Al said.

"Don't thank me," Hunter smiled. "We need you. We need thousands like you."

Jeff gave him a push toward the plane. "After," he laughed, the way men will when they are covering up emotion, "you wanted wings! Go get them."

Al couldn't speak and so his answer was the plane taxiing down the field and then soaring up into the skies, carrying to a new destiny the boy who wanted wings.
He’s No. 1 Crawford
Now!
Continued from page 34

selves in the broad brow and a sombre, serious expression settled on the face that is ordinarily lit up with a good-natured smile. “Life is far too valuable to be wasted,” Brod continued. “It’s a shame that most people take it so lightly. We only have it for a short time. And it’s such a valuable thing. Why don’t you think of the full advantage of it? Why shouldn’t we try to get the best out of it? You certainly can’t live life to the fullest if you’re going to worry about what people think of you or whether you’re always doing the right thing.”

After hearing Broderick Crawford expounding the reasons for his strange be-

The Chester Morris newlyweds are pictured at their ringside table in the Grove in gay spirits. Chester’s doing tricks for his lovely bride, the former Lillian Kenton.

havior, it suddenly dawns upon you that perhaps he is radical. Not the kind that goes around waving red flags or inciting to riot. Not the kind who gets himself tangled up in a lot of foolish, foreign issues. But radical in the sense that he believes people should be themselves and do what they please—as long as they don’t hurt anyone else. His own method of living may be frowned upon by the snobbish, social set of Hollywood. But Brod doesn’t care. He refuses to conform to all the “musts” that the film colony dictates to the players. He doesn’t attend previews. He doesn’t spend his nights at Ciro’s. He refuses to go in for formal and elaborate entertaining. He still lives in Hollywood and not in Brentwood or Bel-Air. And if he feels like going away for a vacation, he gets up and leaves without having it ballyhooed in all the papers. Where he goes and what he does is purely his own business. That’s why Hollywood calls him a rebel!

“Maybe my being born was all a big mistake,” he laughed. “Think of all the wear and tear it would save the Hollywood hostesses. But I’m here and nothing can be done about it. Even if I didn’t turn out to be a perfect and proper gentleman, it shouldn’t matter. Hollywood is too full of that type anyway. I happen to be one of those guys who wasn’t brought up on Emily. But the most of the common people. Is there anything wrong in that?” It’s only after being in Brod’s presence

for a while that it suddenly dawns upon you that everything he says makes sense. Good common sense. Then, and only then, do you realize that in spite of his slightly screwy mode of living, he’s really one of the smartest people in the world. Occasionally he does things that give Hollywood a dis- torred impression of him. The other night, for example, he took his bride, the former Kay Griffith, out driving. The moon hung like a huge orange balloon over the valley. A warm breeze was blowing inland from the Pacific. There were love and romances in the air. Only the rumbling of the tires on the asphalt roads was audible. But suddenly something happened to Brod. This did not affect him just right. He felt there was something lacking. Without a word, he turned the car around and sped back to town. And before a tiny, flower-studded house, he jammed on the brakes. In a single leap he was out of the car and half-way up the walk. In three minutes he was back near the car, with a short, dark man.

Once out on the open road again, the short, dark man drew a violin from under his coat. He started to play a Strauss waltz. He played another and another. For hours, he sat there in the rear seat whipping up magic music that melted soothingly in the night air. Kay was enchanted! Brod was happy! But the following day all Holly-

wood thought he was screwy!

“You can’t blame people for thinking there’s something wrong with me,” I said

explained sheepishly. “I didn’t look exactly like the romantic type. At least not the kind of a guy whom you’d expect to go out and hire a troubadour to serenade his best girl. But there’s romance in my soul. Why should I want to stifle it?”

Before he was able to achieve recognition on the stage and screen, Brod had still another reputation to live down. “Being the son of Helen Broderick, certainly didn’t ease things along for me,” he said. “As a kid I didn’t worry about the innumerable other handicaps—father, mother and the whole family. He graduated from high school. A few years later he entered Dean Academy in Franklin, Massa-

chusetts. It was a nice enough place. But he didn’t last very long. They expelled me for not bothering to run through the exercises in a particular way. I was perfectly satisfied. Without saying a word to the folks, I got myself a job touring with a vaudeville troupe as a combination stagehand, actor and general handyman. But mother soon caught up with me. Back I went to the Academy and this time I stayed until I was gradu-

ated. But after that came Harvard. I was there. Not for long. Twenty minutes, to be exact. I simply walked up to the administra-
tion building, took a good look at the place, turned around and went straight back to the railroad station where I spent part of my tuition money on a ticket back to New York.

“Harvard looked so serious and sober to me, I knew I wouldn’t enjoy myself there. I tried hard to make myself believe that I might turn out to be a good business man. But the sight of those old buildings and the memory of all the great men who came out of those doors left me cold. I couldn’t see myself spending there for long years. I decided to let someone else take care of the business end of the world. I wanted to live. I wanted to have fun. I wanted adventure!”

During the next few years, adventure came fast and furiously to Broderick Craw-

ford. He was in the bad graces of his parents and kept clear of them. But aside from this petty unpleasantness, he managed to lead a colorful and exciting existence. Relating his experiences even today, brings a trifle red color to his cheeks and blinks to his eyes. His breathing becomes fast and irregular and you know he is reliving those glorious adventures even when he tells you about them.

“I shipped on an oil tanker to Venezuela. And if you know what oil tankers are, you’ll be able to do it. And when you’re working on a oiler, that’s no excuse. When the man whom I was supposed to relieve came down to my bunk to see why I wasn’t at the pumps, I turned around and said, ‘I didn’t matter. The job didn’t matter. Noth-
ing mattered. Nothing, except that I was sure I was dying. But having already arranged with them to get me to stay in my bunk. He hauled off and swung at me. That brought me back to consciousness. And when the man pointed and said, ‘You’re not back yet,’ I said, ‘The result. But it was a sure enough cure for seasickness. Not that I recommend it too heartily. But one I won’t ever be afraid to forget.”

Lean years followed. Crawford did everything from shoveling snow to shipping on tramp steamers to Europe. But I don’t remember from New York to Hollywood to try the stage again. He did manage to pick up a few small acting jobs—in shows that never seemed to last a week. Then one day he sent the family wire home for money. The answer came back: “Hundreds of dollars in sympathy coming.
Warned you not to be an actor. When you quit trying and go into business will send you money. Love.

"For a time, it looked like my acting ambitions were washed up," Brod continued. "For a while, I lived on a diet of peanuts. And then later on while Buzz Meredith and I were starving, before we acquired a room at the Hotel Astoria, we managed to get our food through a carefully devised plan. We’d get up early in the morning, buy milk from a friend for its daily round. In a little while we’d collect enough milk and rolls to keep our stomachs full the rest of the day. But when I found another girl, we didn’t have a part in the song ‘Woman Chases Man’ and had to leave for Hollywood, I owed several months back rent on the apartment. This time, I managed to sneak back upstairs with a bag of bed clothes. I felt like an awfully cheap fellow. But I knew it was the only way. However, I paid back every cent of the money. I had a standing invitation to come back and live at that apartment house whenever I want."

On the completion of Brod’s assignment in Hollywood, he got another telegram from his mother saying: “For the sake of the family name, please, please go into business.”

But Brod was stubborn. He hung grimly and desperately around Hollywood for the next six months. He starved some more. Many of the same people who today are kowtowing for his favor ignored him. He was another unsuccessful actor. There were hundreds like him. Finally, fed up with the monotony of doing nothing, Crawford bought a ticket to New York. He wanted to take another crack at the stage.

"When I got to Chicago," Brod explained, "I had two hours between train time. I saw a copy of 'Of Mice and Men' on one of the newstands. I bought it and started reading it just to kill time. I knew that there was some talk of producing it in the theater and that George Kaufman who was in California was going to direct. In less than an hour, I finished the book. A strange vision flashed through my mind. So without weighing the pros and cons, I caught the next train to Hollywood. The first thing I did on arriving was to make a beeline for the Tropicadero. I found Kaufman there. For two solid hours, I talked to him. And when I walked out of the Tropicadero that night, I was signed for the role of Lennie in his new stage production."

"For the next six months, I lived, breathed, and slept the part. I was Lennie in everything I did and said. And the night the play finally opened in New York, I knew that I had lived down the second reputation. I knew I had overcome the obstacles of the morning. When Brod’s son. And when I got another wire that night, I was convinced. For the telegram from mother read: ‘Welcome home, son. Business men are a dime a dozen. I’m proud of you—even as an actor.’"

“But at the same time, I had unconsciously built up a third reputation. Everywhere I went, people started calling me Lennie. Everyone expected me to act like a half-wit. They took it for granted that I had more of a morning of it. Well, it took months and months to live down that reputation. Maybe that’s the reason the hostesses out here are still afraid of me. Maybe they think I’m still a little on the moronic side."

Now that Broderick Crawford is definitely in line to become one of the outstanding stars of the screen picture age, Hollywood is slowly changing its attitude toward him. Now, those very people who once snubbed him are trying to become friends. But Brod bears them all, to make sure that he bears them all with a smile. He simply ignores them—all has nothing to do with them. Invitations keep pouring in, but he turns them all down. He has a few friends but they are the ones whom he can count on in adversity, circumstances. Although having done some fine work in ‘When the Daltons Came’, Brod is perfecting his ability with each successive picture.

Being a stormy petrel in Hollywood has its consequences. And it has taken quite some time before Brod could show the public that he too is gifted with enough ‘male oomph’ to incite the attention of the ladies. But it wasn’t until his famous fight with Marlene Dietrich in ‘Seven Sinners’ that the feminine eyes saw in him what they see in Clark Gable and Gary Cooper. After that every gal in Hollywood is ready to swoon in his presence. And even the starry-eyed little waitress who served us became a bit shaky around the knees when Brod looked up at her with his schoolboy stare and asked for another cup of coffee.

When I asked Brod what factor most contributed to his success, he took a deep breath and said, "I just got a break. That’s all. And that’s all every successful actor and actress here has to thank for his or her success. Don’t believe all the stories you hear about working hard and taking art seriously. Everyone here in Hollywood wouldn’t have gotten to first base if the right break hadn’t come along. Everything in life depends on breaks."

Mary Martin’s Honeymoon Home

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Above, Mary Martin arranging camellias from her garden for the luncheon table. The table is 18th century Venetian walnut finish. Permanent chairs for the dining room have not been acquired yet and, in the meantime, they’re using these French side chairs. Top, notice the black and white scenic etchings empannelled in the wall section over the mantel.
through tricks of the architect. The house is two stories high, of white brick and frame, with a gabled, shingled roof, which looks as if it belonged on a grassy knoll in Connecticut. Surrounding it are the most beautiful trees imaginable, birches, pines, and sycamores, giving quite a New England atmosphere. Richard, who hails from Old Family back East, likes nothing better than to prune trees, so he could hardly wait to get in there with his ladder and pruning knife. "We were both simply mad about it," said Mary, "I agreed with Richard that we ought to move in at once. It never dawned upon me until several days later that we'd have to furnish it."

Accompanied by a piano and a bed the Hallidays moved in—and for quite some time that was all the furniture they had. Entertaining was out, completely, but they didn't worry about that, for after all they were on their honeymoon. But even two people in love could do with a dining table and an occasional chair, so Richard said one day we really ought to do something about furnishing this house, and Mary said yes darling we really ought to do something about furnishing this house, what are you going to do?

"I," said Richard, "Why, I'm terribly busy. I haven't any time to look for furni-

Here's another view of Mary's bedroom showing the old General Grant dresser which they found in the attic. They removed the carvings and replaced its wooden handles with French provincial brass ones. Top, the raised alcove in the quiet room has the back wall covered with the same picturesque tile that makes the bed spreads and curtains.

this building a career Mary didn't have much time to become home-broken. When she moved into a bungalow court, or a penthouse, the furniture was there, and she just didn't think much about it one way or another. She had a vague idea where drapes came from, but she wasn't exactly certain. Which brings us up to the sudden elopement a few months ago of handsome Richard Halliday, former Paramount story editor, and beautiful Mary Martin, Paramount star.

Mary was just starting "Rhythm on the River" and a radio program when she became Mrs. Halliday, and was so busy she hardly knew the time of day. But when Richard said we must buy a home at once, she said oh yes darling we must buy a home at once. So on Sunday they went house-hunting and after several disappointments they found, on a hiltop in Bel-Air, just exactly what they had visioned their home to be. The house looks old, but isn't. Nothing in Hollywood has mellowed save

ure. Anyway, that's what you're supposed to do. You ought to select the drapes right away. Things will look a lot better with drapes.

"With my program and my picture," re-

monstrated Mary, "I haven't got time to select anything. And besides I don't know where you get drapes. You didn't marry me to be a housewife."

"Well, at least," said Dick with hauteur, "I did select you to know something about a home."

As luck would have it Mary's lawyer and good friend from New York arrived just at the moment to take them to dinner. "The poor man," Mary told me with a giggle, "simply couldn't figure things out. A few hours before I had told him over the phone that I was the happiest woman in the world and had married the most divine man who ever lived. All through dinner he kept trying to say something sweet and sticky about the bride and groom, but there Richard and I sat glaring at each other in frigid silence. He probably went back to the hotel and started drawing up divorce papers."

By the next day Mary and Richard had regained their sense of humor, were laughing like Gees over the lawyer's dilemma, and had compromised on an interior decor-

ator.

The decorator popped in that night and smiling down at Richard and Mary on the floor said, "Now let's play dentists."

"Huh," said Mary and Richard.

"Druthers," said the young man, "Had you druther see beige on the walls, or a delicia rose?"

A few nights later Richard announced to Mary that he'd be darned if he'd play any more "druthers"—and the decorating came to an abrupt standstill.

Along came July, a very hot July, and Richard suggested to Mary that she'd bet-
ter give the drapes and furniture another look. He'd been watching her next picture "Love Thy Neighbor" with Jack Benny and Fred Allen, which was bound to have a long schedule. So Mary, feeling like an early Christian martyr, put on her coolest dress, called up a decorator, another one, and drove way down to the wholesale section of Los Angeles. You must have fringes," said the salesman. "But I don't like fringes," said Mary, but the next thing she knew she had a covery of samples of fringe. "I'd like Mr. Grant to see these samples," she said to the dec-
orator, "We'll pick him up at the studio and drive over to the Somerset House for lunch. How can you say it's only 110, it's at least 150!"

Richard was very busy and could only spare forty-five minutes for lunch, but was so pleased to see that his little baby was "taking an interest" that he thought he had better encourage her. They pilled out in front of the Somerset House but the doorman told them that the restaurant was not serving lunch as it was too hot. So then they drove several blocks away to the Tail of the Cock. "Sorry, folks," said the busker attendant, "no luck. It's being served today, it's too hot." Mary spied a frame building across the street which said in big black letters, "Texas Chili Place."

"We can at least get a salad and an ice tea there," said Mary trying like hell to be cheerful, "and you can select what samples I like, darling."

A few minutes after they had placed their order with a perspiring waitress she came back to announce that the lettuce was still being gathered, so they couldn't have any salads. "All right, just bring us some ice tea then," said Mary, "we're nearly parched."

Five minutes later girl came back with a "Sorry, the ice has melted."

Well, that started the fireworks. Any other day Richard wouldn't have minded missing one, or his lunch but he made a big fuss about it. And Mary got mad because she was "taking an interest" and nobody appreciated it. Richard did look at samples, and she wouldn't talk to him.

That night she called his mother up over long distance.

"Darling," she said, "if you don't come out here and help me with this house I'm going to leave your son."

"Why, of course," said Richard's mother, "I'll bet you all those lovely old pieces packed and shipped out to you immediately."

"Will you fly?" asked Mary. "If you love me, and want me to stay married to your son, I think you'd better fly."

She flew.

The third important piece of furniture to be moved in the Halliday's was a specially built divan for the living room. Mary and Richard sat across from each other on the floor, with their toes not quite
touching, and the man from the shop measured them. The idea is to have a couch they can both stretch out on and read at the same time. The night the couch was delivered Mary was entertaining six old friends from Texas, and of course they all piled on it to try it out. In the midst of the excitement the doorbell rang and the butler ushered in a very pleasant-looking young man, and Mary promptly invited him to come over and try out the new couch. Richard returned from the kitchen soon afterwards where he had been mixing a few Scotch-and-sodas, and of course offered the young man a drink. And then it was that Mary and Richard did their own version of Noel Coward's "Hands Across the Sea."

"Who's your friend?" whispered Richard.

"He's not my friend," Mary whispered back, "I thought he was your friend."

An hour or so later when the Texas people left the young man also rose to go. "Really you have been so nice," he smiled sweetly at Mr. and Mrs. Hallday. "I don't know when I have spent such a charming evening. I came to check on the electricity."

With the arrival of Richard's mother the house-furnishing tension eased up considerably. They looked through all the things, an 18th century Venetian pierce table, a Chippendale table, and a chest of drawers that the Halldays had cherished ever since the Maxwell Peck had died. Mary suddenly decided that being a housewife wasn't so bad after all, and even started planning meals for herself and Richard. She thought, "We should get up at six every morning to make those early "calls" for "New York Town."

As soon as I had six dining room chairs to choose from, Mary, "I invited Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier and Jean Arthur and Frank Ross to dinner, I was so pleased over having a place for them to sit that I forgot all about preparing cocktails for them. My butler's from Texas (so's my cook. I have to get my servants from Texas because they are the only colored people who can understand the way I talk) and the only cocktail he knows how to make is an old-fashioned. "Would you like an old-fashioned? I asked my butler, hoping that there was something to the power of suggestion. But it seems they wanted a martini. The martinis arrived—made of gin, vermouth, a cherry, and a cheese. I saw Larry do a very polite double-take. I rushed down to a bookshop and bought my butler's book on how to mix cocktails. So he's learning. And so am I. When you ask me about my pierce table now, I don't go in the kitchen to look for it."

A grand, honest, down-to-earth girl, that's Mary Martin. With a sense of humor that's so refreshing that you get all pepped up just being near her, Mary, says, "She has only one fault. She will insist upon saying that my one priceless asset looks as if it belonged at a carnival. And when I think of all the francs I pay for it in France! But do you know, the more I look at it the more I believe she's right. It does look as if it came out of a carnival!"

EDITOR'S NOTE

The title for the fictionization of the season's stirring new film, which we published in last month's issue under the title of "Platinum," has been changed. It will be shown at your neighborhood theaters as "So Ends Our Night."

Medals and Birds

Continued from page 55

A gutter rat and make you believe she is one and then, put on the glad rags and just as effortlessly make you believe she was to the manor born."

In addition, as far as I can recall, there are no scenes written by the Puritans from the days when she was a Mack Sennett Bathing Beauty (16 years old), wearing slicky black dresses and ropes of pearls (in private life) to impress herself and the natives with her sophistication. And there is no one who laughs louder than myself at the sight of today over the Carole of yesteryear.

The other girl is Claudette Colbert because, like Carole, she doesn't change, because she's been at the top longer than either of you and still holds her place, because her pictures are always interesting and because I have seldom seen anyone more gracious than she was to fans and photographers alike at the preview of "Spring Parade," so we'll give her the peanuts.

Shucks. What's the use of fooling around? All this sweetness and light isn't Mook. Mook is really just a chubby little bundle of verbal vitriol and it's time dere set in by letting some of the vitriol escape.

The first bird of the year goes to Mr. Charles Boyer because, although he was "too depressed" over the fall of Paris and said "hello" to the thousands of fans gathered at the premiere of "All This, and Heaven Too," he wasn't too depressed to attend the opening or to attend a big party at Ciro's afterwards, and because he is one of the most ungracious and uncooperative men I have ever seen. When he finished the picture mentioned he never so much as said "Thank you" to the crew and make-up and wardrobe people who had worked tirelessly with Mr. Boyer and his toupee.

The next bird of the year goes to Priscilla Lane because, although she's had all the breaks, she takes no interest in her work, doesn't try to improve herself, because with nothing more than looks to recede the studio what parts she'll play and, lastly, because when she realized she had made a mistake in her marriage, instead of coming out and saying so (as she finally had to do when she got her divorce), she tried to make fools of the press by telling them she wasn't married."

Ricardo Cortez gets a bird for returning to acting, although as long as he confines his activities to B pictures, which I don't have to see, it's all right—in a remote sort of way.

And one to Susanna Foster because, for a little girl, she is so brave and forward. Everything has come too easy for her and she should learn that children should be seen and not heard.

So much for that. The next medal goes to James Cagney because, although he has never won an Academy Award, he is, I think, one of the—if not the—finest actors on the screen. He speaks out, and otherwise every characterization is "different" and thoughtfully worked out.

Myrna, my little chickadee, there are so many flowers in that hothouse, you'd never miss the narcissus if we split them between Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin. They ought to have something because one sings hot and one sings sweet and both of them have shown surprising development as actresses and both of them are as unspoiled as they were the day they got their first break.

We can shorten the ceremonies at this point by calling up seven gentlemen at once for citations: Nelson Eddy, the Ritz Brothers and the Marx Brothers each get a medal because their screen appearances are mercifully becoming fewer and farther between.

Wait, Minnie, I was big enough to admit I went a little haywire in the first column (not that I didn't mean everything I said), but I've no reason to eat) so you be big and bear with me. What say we give the tiger lilies to Ida Lupino because she fooled everyone (including me) and I've known her slices but not landed in Hollywood. We all thought she was just another pretty ingenue but she turns out to be an ACTRESS and scots at the idea that she has looks.

Spencer Tracy rates a medal because when you see his name over a picture you know you're going to get your money's worth and, because with all his awards and superlatives, you have never read of his scrapping with his studio either over parts or salary.

Min, this is getting just a wee bit embarrassing, but we can't ignore Bette Davis (and don't want to, do we?). Every time I think of her I remember the vitriolic critic once wrote of Nazimova: "A tigeress on the leash of Art." Not only is Bette such a marvelous actress but she is such a good sport along with it and so colorful, my dear. Let's give her the forget-me-nots. You don't need them anyhow because no one would ever forget you. You are like Spearmint Gum—"the flavor lasts."

A medal to Dick Arlen because he left Paramount of his own utilities at the height of his career, to look for bigger
and better parts. When they failed to mathe-
rationalize he was man enough to admit his
mistake and to sign a contract with Uni-
versal to make B pictures which have
turned out to be among the big money
makers of the year.

Myrna, you know you don't want
the gardenias because when anyone thinks of
them they think of Joan Crawford so let's
get rid of them. The gardenias is
till one of the glamor girls of the screen. She
is the last of the old-line stars—who
die up to all the traditions of stardom.
She is one of the most colorful figures
screenland has ever known and any time a
writer comes away from an interview
with her without a story it's his own fault.
Alan Curtis should have a medal not only
because, in my humble opinion, he is the
handsomest man on the screen, but because
if anything he should have worked with him
he would also be one of his best actors.

Quick, Cedric, the needle! I feel
the venom mounting in my veins. But before
the sedative takes effect, "sedation" he
banged and let the birds fall where they
may.

Miriam Hopkins and Katharine Hep-
burn are the third rivalry between them (and
don't think there won't be wrangling over
which gets the wish-bone) because they
just won't quit, and because there never
will be two experimenting or unappreci-
cative dames in pictures. There used to
be an old saying. "See Paris and die." I
say, "See either one and die—of course.
John Barrymore certainly rates a bird
cause, although he has no stamender
admirer than I, the way he has dissipated
his talents and made a laughing stock of
the most famous theatrical name in the
country is enough to make the angels
weep.

And of the juiciest of Marlene Dietrich
because when she was cast in a
sure-fire box-office hit, she calmly appro-
prated all the credit. I only wish she had
actually sung in one of those old Western
mining towns. She's had found that in-
stead of applaud they'd have preferred
hearing someone else sing "Miss Dietrich
Regrets" or "We Got Along Without You
Very Well."

Cedric, you rascal, I fear instead of
a sedative you've given me one of optical
opiates. Suddenly, there's a rosé
glow over everything and Myrna seems
to be standing beside me with countless arms-
ful flowers which she thrusts into my
hands, exhorting me to be lavish with
them—but that's Myrna for you.

All right, my sweet, we'll give the
heater to Ethel and Fatty Hussy because that's
what she reminded me of in "Susan and
God" and because, I think, if she ever got
a chance she'd show that she can act.

And let's give the lilies-of-the-valley to
Virginia Grey because she is not only one
of the real beauties of the screen but be-
cause she is also one of its greatest pot-
ential stars. All she needs is a fat part and
no one would ever be able to say,"G-M has
devoted a new star in its
years."

Here's a medal for Cary Grant because
he has such a swell sense of humor
—didn't even get sore years ago when I
told him he wasn't a particularly good
actor. Just turned around and made
a bald-faced liar of me by becoming one
of the finest light comedians the screen has
ever known.

While you're in such a lavish mood,
Myrna, let's give the merrygold (or
marigolds) to Rosalind Russell because
there is a definite sense of business.

And the meat market ham sells for 60c
a pound but she gets around $200 a pound
for it.

Medals for Clark Gable and Robert Tay-
lor because there are two boys whom suc-
cess hasn't changed an iota. Gable started
out with sex appeal and Taylor with looks
and both of them, from those rather slender
beginnings, have developed into darning
fine actors and two friendlier and more
denominative guys never trod the face of
the earth.

And, gosh, yes! the shiniest medal in
the case for Gary Cooper because actors
come and actors go but, as far as Mock
is concerned, "Coop" goes on forever. He's
in a class by himself.

Whaddaya say, Toots, (it must be this
Scotch—or else the opium, makes me get
so familiar) we give the zinnias to Norma
Shearer for her supreme aplomb. There's
one who would exchange anything from Little
Eva to Casuelle and be firmly convinced
(in her own mind) that no one could do
quite as fine a job of either as she.

And the lilies to the rosemary for
Rosemary Lane because, as indifferent to every-
things as Priscilla is, that's how appreci-
atively Rosemary is. She studies constantly
and tirelessly in the hope that, some day,
a good part will come her way and when
it does she wants to be ready. And be-
cause as long as she's in pictures nothing
means anything to her except her work.

A medal, by all means, for Lew Ayres
because I can never forget the performance
he turned in in "All Quiet On the West-
ern Front" and I'm certain since
he toppings but Lew only says he mustn't
remember—that he must only set his face
ahead and be and although
throughout the course of his career he is capable of finer things than
Dr. Kildare, he goes on playing those
parts without a murmur.

How's about it, Myrna—aw, don't be
like that. You know nobody else runs
one, two, three with me—let's give the
popcorn to Lucille Ball because, although
she's been almost nonexistent on screen
she's been a regular on the air with her
radio shows. The Gable-Johnson romance
as seen in "We're Not Married" in fact,
daughter, and in "You're Never Too Young"
and "The Great Gatsby" as well—though
no one says that Mary is in pictures and
because she proved she is not a "one-part"
actress by her performances in "A Girl
Who Got a Job" and "The Bitter Truth.

I guess that about winds up the Ten
Annual Award of Medals and Birds.
There's not a flower left in the hothouse
and the ice-box is empty of all my broken heart which I've put in cold
storage. What's that? Two lonely little
tiny left hanging in that dark cupboard. Well,
they won't keep until next year so drag
em out.

One is for Errol Flynn for his practical
jokes which spare no one's feelings so long
as they get for themselves.

And the other is for Maureen O'Hara
for being too sure of herself. She was
good in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame"
and in "Gentleman's Agreement" but in
"Garden of the Girls" and "Give Me a Smile"
she had no summer and two per-
formances don't make an actress.

She could use a little.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

MEAT LOAF
1/2 lb. chopped beef
1/2 lb. chopped pork
2 rolls and a little milk
1 tablespoon Marjoram

Soak the rolls in the milk and then press out the milk and put the rolls with the meat; season with salt, pepper and a little onion. Add the egg and marjoram and mix together.

Sprinkle bread crumbs on a wooden platter and roll the mixture in them. Cover with Beech-Nut bacon strips, and bake one hour.

"I must tell you how to fix peas the way Olympe likes them," said Olympe's mother. "You cut your bacon in strips and fry little pearl onions in the bacon until they look golden. Add your fresh garden peas, a little salt and pepper, a little nutmeg and 2 lamps of sugar. Then add 1 tablespoon of water and cook them over a very slow fire for half an hour. When the peas are nearly cooked, you put flour like snow over the top and cover with romanette lettuce and cook for another hour."

Olympe's choice of salads for buffet suppers are Italian salad and cucumber with sour cream.

CUCUMBER WITH SOUR CREAM
Cut cucumbers, sprinkle them with salt; let stand for three hours. Press water out. Mix the volk of a hard-boiled egg with a tablespoon of Heinz vinegar until it is like mayonnaise. Add two or three tablespoons sour cream and put in chopped parsley or chives. Add cucumbers, chills and serve.

ITALIAN SALAD
2 eggs
1 lemon
2 tablespoons olive oil
1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
Romaine lettuce
Salt and pepper

Beat the eggs two minutes. Mix the juice of the lemon, add the olive oil, sauce, salt and pepper. Put in lettuce and cover with grated Parmesan cheese (Blue Moon). Stir it all up and add a taste of garlic.

"I had another salad when I was in Tia Juana," cried Olympe, remembering. "I call it my Tia Juana salad and it's delicious! You take the hard part of French bread and rub with garlic. Then you put in sliced hard-boiled eggs, romaine lettuce and a French dressing made of oil and vinegar. You squeeze lemon all over and it is good!"

Since Olympe received her diet, the Bradnases seldom serve desserts except for guests.

"My father and mother don't care for desserts and I never eat them now that I am so nice and thin," confided Olympe. "But we do like orange sherbet. We scoop out the peel of the oranges and serve the sherbet in the halves—sometimes we make it pretty with half orange and half mint."

One dessert well liked for buffet suppers is chocolate eclairs.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS
Place in a small saucepan 1/2 cup butter and 1 cup sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, then remove from the fire and stir in at all once: 1 cup of sifted Swansdown flour

with a 1/4 teaspoon salt and beat hard for four minutes. Add 4 eggs, 1 egg at a time, and beat well after the addition of each egg. Shake the mixture on a buttered baking sheet in eclairs, four inches long and one inch wide, four inches apart. Bake in a hot oven thirty minutes.

Place in the top of a double boiler 1 tablespoon sugar mixed with 4 tablespoons flour, 1/4 teaspoon salt and 3 level tablespoons Baker's ground chocolate, stirring in 1 cup milk and stir and cook until thick and smooth. Add 1 well-beaten egg and stir and cook one minute. Cool and add 1/4 cup butter beaten to a cream, 1 cup of powdered sugar, until stiff and add 1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla.

Cut a slit in the side of each eclair, fill with chocolate filling and spread over the tops a mixture of 3 tablespoons boiling water, 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla and a few grains of salt.

Color is a keen delight to all the Bradnases, Melody Cottage, as Olympe has christened the California bungalow, sits on a steep hill in San Fernando Valley, hedged with green and framed in flowers. It's a white house with blue shutters and yellow pottery on its flower boxes; red brick steps ascend the hill to the red brick porch, and there are red and white oleanders marching up the street.

Olympe has a party because of the chance to use vivid colors—crimson for Valentine's Day, red-and-white and blue for Washington's Birthday. The Bradnases are taking special notice of the latter this year because all three are about to become citizens of the country Washington fathered.

"I've crocheted table mats for luncheons on patriotic days," Mrs. Bradna told me, proudly, "but tonight we use red-white-and-blue cloth, the flags and Olympe's little George and Martha. The tiny figures were carefully set up over the array of cold cuts, cheeses, cakes and fruits already set out for the buffet.

Melody Cottage is a spreading, comfortable, delightful place, built and furnished for living. "No white rugs, no delicate pastels," Olympe pointed out. "They are lovely, but if you have them no dogs can come in with muddy paws without causing disaster. Our dogs, Bob and Butch, are welcome any time. We don't stick to period styles in furniture, either, because we have lived all over the world and we like to keep our souvenirs with us. They wouldn't fit into a decorator's paradise. Here in the living room, for example, we have a miniature of my aunt's circus dressing room, complete with a tiny doll to represent her, her table, chair and dressing-table. I chose the circus picture above to complete that corner. We have always been circus people, you know. Then over here is my collection of dolls from foreign lands—from Switzerland, Denmark, Holland, France, Scotland, Russia and Canada. And here are the bound scripts of all my pictures up to date. 'South of Pago-Pago' is my latest."

Olympe is at her romantic age, and her bedroom reflects romance, with its flowers and drapes and its picture of a good-looking blond youth dominating the dresser. He's a mystery, although she admits he's her "heart."

Above the dresser is a French painting of a girl in a white ball dress. "I wanted one just like it," said Olympe, "but Mommy thinks it's too old for me!"

There's another picture of a girl in a cloak stepping from her door on the arm of a cavalier and looking back over her shoulder.

"I tell myself stories about her," confided my hostess. "Are they eloping, do you think? Or is it that she remembers something she has forgotten and dares not go back?"

They are all colorful, comfortable, lived-in-looking rooms in this house on the hill, but best of all is what used to be the panes now enclosed and celled in blue but still flagstoned.

"The winds are so strong in the valley that we had to close ourselves in here," explained Olympe. "It's a marvelous place. We eat here sometimes, my father reads, my mother sews, and I study. Also we have fun. Right outside is our barbecue in a brick shed enclosure. That's where I love to give parties, I like informal things best, the girls wearing gingham, the boys blue jeans, and everybody helping. Steaks are best, our barbecue broils them beautifully. Did you ever eat a broiled steak with a fried egg on top? That is how we serve them. Broil the steak and fry the egg separately and at the last moment pop the egg on the steak. Try it?"

A garden rises steeply from this barbecue court. On one level is a wishing well. "Everyone who comes throws a penny, a nickel or a dime in my well when making a wish," Olympe's dark eyes shone with excitement, as she showed me. "I say to them: 'I give you back your money if your wish does not come true.' And I never have to give back one penny! All the wishes come true!"
What Does 1941 Hold For You?

Continued from page 31

happy but astrologically unfeasible relationship is to last out the year. Alice Faye should be careful in romance lest she let herself in for a lot of needless disturbance. Having missed the bus with Tony Martin, she had better wait awhile until the demands of her career are less, before contemplating marriage again. This will be a splendid year for Margaret Sullivan. Let us hope she finally finds a story worthy of her genius. If that happens she will be the Academy Award winner of 1941. I am glad to report clear sailing ahead for Gary Cooper. He must watch his health in 1941, but marriage and career are safe. Henry Fonda will continue indestructibly in his chosen field. Our Taurusian, you will notice, are a settled crew, indulging in none of the aberrations so dear to the hearts of the fan writers. Eddie Albert's horoscope, according to Novell, reveals that he may be married, but Eddie and the Warners publicity office insist it is not.

Taurus—April 21 to May 20

Most Taureans have been commiserating in the past few months about their disturbing cycle of bad luck, but this was due to very definite planetary afflictions. Jupiter, Saturn and Uranus conspired to bring them unfortunate events, but 1941 holds out the promise of improvements along all lines. Financially you may look forward to new profits in business. If you are typical of this sign, material things mean much to you. You may seek means of improving your financial standing, and your year will take on new meaning in 1941. Those in positions dealing with the public are especially favored. Beauticians, salesladies, nurses, teachers and secretaries come under the beneficent rays of Venus and Jupiter in 1941. The months of January and February are steady in finances and chaotic in love. March brings an excellent opportunity for meeting members of the opposite sex. Take the most of the vibrations in April and May and decide on someone definitely in love, for your nature is inclined to be fickle and you may vacillate in your affections. Those married may find confusion in August and November of 1941, for Mars may produce irritability in the home, but make your decision in regard to a divorce without giving it serious thought first. June and July are good months for the home, business, finances, and romance. Warnings during the last two weeks of July regarding health and accidents. The vacation period beginning with June and up to September brings you in contact with someone romantically that may change your entire future life. Octo-

Cancer—June 21 to July 22

1941 brings you relief from the varied afflictions of 1940. Your ruling planet, the Moon, always causes your life's fortunes to vacillate. You are either up in the clouds or down in the depths, and the New Year promises you some changes for the better but nothing of a revolutionary nature. January and February bring you interesting romantic episodes. Two persons may be in love with you, and you should try to eliminate one from your heart. This is difficult, for Cancer is fickle emotionally. The home and surrounding interests should go well, but it's difficult to achieve peace and harmony from your financial difficulties. Avoid divorce, even if you seem unhappy, for men and women are all pretty much the same. You might stand a better chance if there is worse than the one you now have. The months of March, April and May are good financially. June and July bring you short trips, interests of social activities, and good period for investments. August and September urge caution in diet and health. October, November and December hold out promises of new romantic interests and important decisions in business.

For the Cancer-born movie favorites, the stars hold out some good promises for 1941. Protèges of the Moon, these persons are more interested in their romances than in their careers, and curiously it is the latter which they find most successful. This is probably because the strong lunar influence in their charts makes them fickle. Barbara Stanwyck, a leading lady on movie screen faces some grievous difficulties in her home life. It will take great skill and effort to keep her marriage intact. Annabella, a queen of the other leading men, faces the same difficulty. Olivia de Havilland should certainly marry in 1941 at the latest. Jimmy Stewart and Bob Hope may meet some difficulties, and Irene Dunne and Jimmy Cagney, because of their extraordinary IQ's do not yield to persuasion of the inconstant

May, June, and September. Try to choose someone born in Libra, Aquarius, or Pisces for real lasting happiness. Avoid Leo, Sagittarius or Aries. Avoid accidents and bad health in July and August. October and November are especially good for love and marriage, and December offers little to worry about during the Summer and Fall months. Mars brings secret enemies and broken friendships in 1941, so be cautious. Leone, Leo, and Horse will enjoy your tongue and temper in October and December. Travel is favored all year, for your restless nature may tempt you to make a long voyage. Whether you choose to stay at home or move, your health prospers more in the South and West. Be careful of the hands, knees, chest and lung regions during the months of October and November.
Moon, and their marriages, of course, face no hazards. This will be a splendid year for Iona Massey. Not only will she marry the fascinating Alan Curtis, but her work will attract a great deal of attention.

Leo—July 23 to August 22

This unconquerable sign may have its cycles of affliction but it always rises again and marches triumphantly onward. This has been true of your life during the past few years—you have been the victim of a planetary conspiracy, it seems, and illnesses, losses, and general unhappiness may have been your lot in the past three or four years. 1941 brings a new and more inspiring cycle into being. Make the most of this good luck from the stars in January and February, and he does promise a financial good luck this year. March and April bring romantic fulfillment if still single, and if married, you should try to retain your hold on reality rather than listen to your idealistic promptings. This sign often marries two or three times. May and June may bring you some Sun spot activity, so watch your health. July, August and September should be red letter months in all affairs. October, November and December should be marked by the year to a successful close. Investments in real estate are favored, avoid speculation and risk.

The lucky Leo on the screen may not have a year of success due to Sun spot activity during part of the year. Norma Shearer faces some danger to her career during the latter part of 1941, but if she rides her time and does not play in unsuitable pictures, this danger will pass. Marriage is favored for her this year, but to be successful it should be with an Aries or Sagittarius subject. Divorce is scheduled for William Powell. It is highly doubtful if his marriage can survive 1941. And as you already know, Myrna Loy is in a difficult situation. What I said about Jeanette MacDonald's marriage, naturally, also applies to Leo-born George Raft and Raymond. And for Bob Taylor's fate this year, see above. I am sorry to report all this gloom concerning Leo, but there is one consolation. Equipped with the highest spirits, no Leo ever defeated by a temporary lull in his good fortune.

Virgo—August 23 to September 22

A fairly well-balanced year is noted for you in 1941. It may open rather slowly, but the moonlight, Carole Lombard, will bring splendid results in February and March. A new business opportunity will occupy your attention. Finances will be solved for the entire year. You may experience romantic reversals during April and May, for Venus brings vaccination in love. Watch the diet and nerves during June and July. Travel during the first half of the year; attend to legal matters, legacies, investments in real estate, or moving to another location. By August and September you should be in better control and see the fulfillment of your romantic ambitions. Marriage is highly favored all during 1941: choose someone born in Taurus, Cancer, or Libra, for October, November and December will be favorable for marriage. Signorous for health and accidents. Concentrate on home problems during these months.

All Virgo-born face a good year, and its brightest star, Greta Garbo, will shine with her accustomed brilliance in 1941. Don't believe the usual marriage story about Garbo, though. Like that other great Virgo star, Jean Harlow, Greta doesn't marry the boys who pay her court; her job is too important to her.

The married Virgo stars will stay that way without even a rumor in Winchell's column to upset the communal bliss. These include: Charles Boyer, Joan Blondell, Fredric March and Fred MacMurray. For those of you who are worried over Richard Greene, let me offer the reassuring word that a careful examination of his horoscope shows no danger to his life. He will return to us, more popular than before, with a long career ahead of him.

Libra—September 23 to October 22

The year shows good fortune on Libra-born. Venus, planet of love, is your ruler and, as usual, you will be floundering in some romantic problem. Do not take this too seriously and make an issue of it for during January and February several romantic temptations exist. Social activities should be numerous, travel may bring one—rather too seriously and make an issue of it for during January and February several romantic temptations exist. Social activities should be numerous, travel may bring one—rather serious problem. The best months for serious love or marriage are: June, July, September, or November. Those who have serious problems in the home and who may be seeking an opportunity for divorce might consider such action in the months of March, April, or May of 1941. Finances should be good until August, and then some business change is promised. The home and its problems may concern you in October and November, for the Moon brings temporary disturbances. Letters and communications in general are favored during November and December. The artistic talents you possess may seek expression this year with some success. The year is well-balanced, exciting, and should shower you with personal happiness and good health.

Children of Venus, the Libra subjects of the screen, had better control their emotions in 1941. Mickey (the deb's despair) Rooney should especially beware of parked roadsters in the moonlight. Raymond Masaryk, of Loew's, and Myrna Loy is happily married, but be wise and pay her court. Miss Gable, with nothing to beware in that department, but she must concentrate on her career, remembering that a sense of humor is an excellent thing, but that options do come up. Miriam Hopkins and Jean Arthur face a good year professionally if they can disguise their contempt for publicity press. George Raft will receive unusual honors and will not skip any serious romantic attachment. Gene Autry will continue his gallop to𬘬ing success. Linda Darnell should under August. Enlarge your horoscope and consider a serious romance at this time. With your horoscope, Linda, you can afford to wait.

Scorpio—October 23 to November 22

The first two months of 1941 are fairly good for finances, but you must be especially careful during March and April of this year. You have the favorite conjunction of Jupiter and Mars to contend with and if you use your talents constructively, you will be on the high road to success and happiness. Money means much to this sign so you will have several chances to get your share of it this year, if you can only learn how to hold on to it. May and June bring changes in work, chances to travel and visit relatives, or interesting developments in romance. Hold off marriage until September and October. Try for a Cancer, Pisces, or Gemini for love or marriage. July and August bring some disturbing event from Saturn, so avoid doing those things that are foreign to your life. Watch the health, avoid vehicles and dark places, also sharp knives, guns, etc. October and November may be red letter months of the year with unusual developments. If interested in music, acting, or literature, the months of October, November and December will bring no maturity to your talents. The year ends on a happy note, with your fortune etched fairly clearly.

Our Scorpio stars will be happy in 1941 because Jupiter will be in Cancer, and consequently their bank balances will be good. Hedy Lamarr will probably even get that raise she has been clamoring for. She will more than likely marry again in 1941. Vivien Leigh will justify her building-up and give us something worthy of her popularity. Her marriage to Olivier will last at least this year out. Dick Powell will continue to regain lost ground and will again become entrenched in the hearts of the American people. Pat O'Brien's career faces no obscurity. In November theLMers can't afford him, someone else will. The gal who has made the adjective glamorous, glamorous, glamorous, Miss Judy Canova, will become a public favorite in 1941. All the other stars born in this sign will renew their power this year. It's a great year for Scorpio.

Sagittarius—November 23 to December 21

The year opens under favorable vibrations for business and finances. Make the most of any business deals that come your way. You may have to be more aggressive than formerly to take advantage of these splendid opportunities. Mars might bring some disillusion in love during January and February, but you will have some tendencies to hold on to your love if you use caution. Your chances of finding love happiness are excellent in 1941. March and April are good months for marriage. Choose someone born in Aries, Leo, or Virgo for love happiness. Travel, invest, correspond during the months of May and June, avoid courtship during July. Seek social activities during July and August. Good months for vacation pursuits. Be cautious of legal difficulties and health. Your horoscope indicates that November and October make the most of creative talents. Someone may enter your life who means much to you in November, and during December you should be financially

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self-supporting. Avoid morbidity and moodiness in this last month of the year.

The problem children of the Zodiac will have peace and quietness this year. Sagittarius is indeed rising. Dennis Morgan will take his place alongside Taylor and Power as a big league glamour boy this year, making the same demands as before. Betty Grable will become a star after languishing in obscurity for nearly a decade. The second of her marriages will take place this year. Deanna Durbin will make some excellent pictures but should strive to miss bridal bouquets as this is a bad year for romance. Some day she will find the altar. Dorothy Lamour will probably marry again in 1941. Careful, Dottie, to make that choice among the Artes, Leo or Scorpio. This sign is incomparably well, completely aware of Mary Martin. All in all a very happy New Year for Sagittarians.

Capricorn—December 22 to January 19

Of all the signs in the Zodiac, yours needs the most encouragement and consideration. You have known a seven-year cycle of famine, frustration and futility worse than the Biblical seven-year plague. 1941 sees you emerge (what's left of you) from this distressing cycle, and you are mighty afraid of its repetition. Begin this month to make that come true. It's true you may still be somewhat fearful that everything you touch will fall to pieces, but this year, you will take and hold this year. January, February and March are excellent for business affairs. Avoid trusting strangers, be cautious of your own sign, and that wise old Saturnian, make no decisions without consulting two attorneys. April and May bring you the proverbial Spring ronnitnces—and you can take them or leave them. I'd advise concentrating on business this year, and wait for next year to lend romantic fulfillments. The year ends on a fortunate note with the promise of success shown for Capricorn stars. They need it, too, for the past several years have been disturbing. The two stars to take the most advice from this book so far have been Ida Lupino and Ray Milland, who went from B to A in nothing flat. I look to see all the other Capricornians distinguish themselves this year. These include Judy Garland, Loretta Young, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sothern, Marlene Dietrich and Lew Ayres. The sign of the ram is shown for any of these people for 1941. Anita Louise and Loretta Young married last year, as 'I had predicted they would, and their happiness is due to the fact that these Capricorn subjects will have professional success in 1941 and their press notices will probably be continued to excellent reviews.

Aquarius—January 22 to February 19

This sign of good fortune has brought you some bitter and disillusioning experiences in the past two years. This cycle is now drawing to a close and new experiences are in the stars for 1941, and if you make the most of the good periods your life will reflect brightness for a change. Under rare and powerful influences, changes are shown in your horoscope. Any work where you can use your personality, meet the public, and elicit confidence is good for you. March, April and May are three months that you may count as being fortuus. You will find that you may take place that startle you. You have floundered in uncertainty, if you are typical of your sign, and have wondered how your love affairs would end. This cycle during these three months, you can definitely have love happiness. This is a happy New Year for Aquarius and you will be always happy. June and July bring financial situations that might be felt in health or the home. August and September are good months for travel and short trips, especially with those in distant places, or travelling to other cities. Avoid dangers during October, November and December, and you will be able to finish the year. The year is progressive, and marks the turning point of a cycle. Make the most of it.

Most gifted sign in the Zodiac, yet strangely the most afflicted, Aquarius stars also face some upsets during 1941. I advise our Wood and moon friends born in this sign to watch for hidden dangers and beware of scandal, secret enemies and adverse publicity. I see no particular danger in the love affairs of Aquarius. This sign enters a strange period. Success and disaster may walk hand in hand. I advise Clark Gable to attend to his career and marry a smart girl. These two can both last indefinitely. I shall issue no further warning to John Barrymore. Let him have his fun, I say. Wayne Morris I predict will make some sudden and slumbery move in 1941. I predict that Ronald Reagan's he will be a boy and that his career will fall. I advise Laurence Layman to remember that you cannot live like a café society débutante and be an actress, too, and warn her that she must choose one or the other. This is not the way for Aquarius. I also see a male heel looming over the horizon for Aquarius-born Tim Holt.

Pisces—February 20 to March 20

Your sign is deserving of some good breaks in 1941, and according to your solar horoscope you should get many of the things you have long wanted. Although some of this love fortune is shown for this sign, it is not the most important thing in the world. Success in business may mean much to you in 1941, for you like the better things in life and you are not deprived of them. January, February and March can be red letter months, for the powerful Sun, Jupiter and Mercury combine to bring you good fortune in business and finances. Money you may have spent and thought lost may come back to you, a good period in which to invest in real estate, also to go into business for yourself. April, May, and June bring you culminating to some outstanding romance. Choose those born in Cancer, Scorpio, or Taurus for real love happiness. If you marry let it be well toward the end of 1941. During July and August avoid going on dates and love affairs would be better. In September you can travel or move your place of residence. October and November hold warnings about your health. Also, be cautious of fires, In the month of December brings you a sum of money unexpectedly, a business opportunity, and surprises in romance. Those married and un-married, both men and women, will find love happiness. Take action in any of the following months: March, July, or October, to get the maximum results. Take care of your department of love, The New Year is generally agreeable and offers you more than 1940.

A Pisces person being his own worst enemy, I find this sign did not realized for themselves the full blessing of their stellar breaks in 1940. I must warn John Garfield particularly that he had better concentrate on his career this year if he does not wish to lose the public's favor. I think he realizes this, too. I suggest that if she does get the raise she split it with Bob Talplinger who coined the phrase that made her famous. Look to your laurels in 1941, Claire Lorn, because there is plenty ahead. Madeleine Carroll, lovely-est lady born in Pisces, has had more than her share of hard knocks lately in keeping with the variations, but there are better things ahead for her in 1941, however, and by the end of the year she will find the one person who can give her the love and peace she so badly needs.

Look At Me! I'm Carolyn Lee

Continued from page 59

age, Carolyn emerged from White Cross Hospital, Columbus, Ohio, ready to start her training as an adult. The birth had not been an easy one. It took two more weeks for the baby named Carolyn (the real name) and her mother to feel fit for their first trip with husband and father, Warren Copp. The weather was fine. Carolyn had been born in June. Sing as a bug in a rug was the baby as she rode in her wicker basket placed on the ledge of the window at the back of the family coupe. When she was three months old, she made her first football game. She drove over a hundred miles with her mother and father to see the Michigan team (her father) play Michigan at the huge stadium in Columbus... At the age of nine months she had won the right to wear white ruffled panties. And at one year she could have been seen in hotel dining rooms sitting upright, eating with knife, fork and spoon. Any mother can tell you that the average baby is happy before he is 16 or 18 months, and then his only utensil is a baby-spoon. It is no wonder that year-old Carolyn, using a knife and fork from the first, dined out on the visits of her friends from nearby diners. And like Orson Welles, the worst form of rebuke you can give Carolyn is to tell her she is not behaving like a grown-up... A recent series of magazine articles on the young Orson Welles mentioned his acute hearing. Carolyn's parents had to close one ear when they discovered that Carolyn slept not a wink until the last guest had departed. The Copp home in Martins Ferry is a one-floor-plan apartment. Carolyn's room is at the end of the hall, at least four doors from the living room. Her bedroom door is always closed. Yet the next morning it was not unusual to have a sleepy Carolyn mumble over her orange juice about the conversations of the night before. Often her complaint was, not the noise, but "your friends didn't say one interesting thing."

In print, these adult traits sound objectionable, but to know the child is to love her. There is nothing in the smiting of creatures. She is far from perfectly behaved, but after she has been bad it is remedial in the extreme. Like the little girl who visited the movie theater and was a movie critic of the Columbus Citizen, following her first trip to Hollywood. As Mr. Gauchogallo reported it, "Carolyn perched on his desk while he asked questions." The interview began beautifully enough. "How
Now YOU can give your skin screen star care—right in your own home

Lovely Loretta Young shows you just how screen stars protect million-dollar complexions. Now you can give your skin regular beauty facials just as they do. You'll find Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly—help you keep skin smooth!

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9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness.

I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL. IT'S A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! FIRST PAT THE LATHER IN...

RINSE WITH WARM WATER THEN A DASH OF COOL

PAT THE FACE LIGHTLY TO DRY. NOW IT FEELS SMOOTHER SOFTER!

LOVELY SKIN'S IMPORTANT TO ROMANCE. YOU'LL FIND THIS LUX SOAP CARE REALLY WORKS!

Screenland 81
do you like Hollywood?" Bill asked.

"Oh, but not so good," said Carolyn.

"Why didn't you like it?" the drama critic pursued.

"They make me work too hard," she replied with a heart-warming directness that startled the critic, and "who is this?" she had picked up a movie photo from his desk.

"That's Virginia Bruce."

"I don't like it," and the picture went sailing on the floor.

"This working business," interjected Mr. Cunningham. "How long do you have to work?"

Her eyes got big. "Ten hours a day."

"Not ten?"

"No, twelve—how many hours are there in a day?" She had held of Bill's necktie by this time and was rolling the nightly jerks which nearly made his eyes bug out. So she showed her a publicity photo of herself.

"I don't want to see my pictures," she said. "Let me see those others."

They looked at photos. One was of Madeleine Carroll. "I liked Miss Carroll a lot," she said.

"Did you like Mr. MacMurray?"

"Yes, but I liked Miss Carroll better."

Meanwhile according to the account of Mr. Cunningham she had discovered a rival for Mr. Cunningham's attention, and was alternating between poking it in the general direction of his eyes and patting it on his arms. "In fact, we were getting along famously," remembers Mr. Cunningham. "Next Miss Lee thought of a new game," he continues. "She scooped up several piles of photos and threw them at me. In a desperate attempt to preserve what I laughingly call a semblance of order on my desk, I asked her to stop tossing the pictures around before they became hopelessly mixed. But Carolyn only laughed and another batch went sailing through the air. So," remembers Mr. Cunningham, "I thought of a master-stroke. Granted I know nothing of child psychology, I decided I knew the weaknesses of movie stars, "if you get those all mixed up," I exclaimed, "I won't be able to find your photo and put it in the paper when your picture comes to town." That I thought smugly was pure genius. But I had mistrusted the amazing Miss Lee. 'I don't care,' she said with the flat finiteness of one who means just that. So whipped but delighted I succumbed to one girl who has been exposed to Hollywood and escaped unscathed. She has self-confidence and a will of her own, this Lee child. Lots of it. And poise. And a warm and winning smile. She's natural. She hasn't the cold artificiality that too many children of the screen acquire or their temperamental tantrums or their too polite polish. She's just a youngster who's full of life and curiosity, and, mentally, logically, is delighted that so many people seem to pay attention to her," concludes this critic.

Bill wrote a woody of a story about this interview. He didn't miss a thing. He didn't spare her. Her parents thought it was the best story that had ever been written about her and they gave him first place in the scrap book which they will present to her daughter after she is grown up.

But Carolyn saw nothing amusing about her behavior. Months afterward when working on the "Virginia" she met another reporter from the Columbus Citizen and told him how he didn't hold it once," she confessed, her brown eyes deeply serious. "There is a man called Bill there. He wrote a story about me once, and I acted bad and he didn't know enough but to put it in the paper." Pursuing the subject, she asked if the reporter could take dictation and would write a letter for her to Mr. Cunningham.

Here is the letter: "Dear Mr. Cunningham, I am sorry I acted like that the last time I was with you. I was just a little girl then. Now I am a great big girl. You would enjoy having me around now because I wouldn't try to poke your eyes out or throw anything on the floor. Love, Carolyn." She really meant it, and was overjoyed to learn later that Mr. Cunningham accepted her apology. Carolyn knows the value of money. "She's practically a miser," her mother explains, "yet she's generous on occasion. I always allow her to spend 10 cents when we are in the dime store. One day I knew she had a dime of her own in her pocket, so I told her to just use it. She didn't even risk a look at the toys. She marched to the front of the store and bought a candy bar to complete my purchases. She said not a word but I noticed her dime was still clutched safely in her hand as we went out. Recently her grandfather died and she asked me to send a letter immediately to her grandmother, stating that she was to make an extra picture each year and send every penny to him."

One day during the making of her first picture, "Honeymoon in Bali," Carolyn stopped in the middle of work and informed her mother that she was through with the picture business and that she was going home to Martins Ferry. "I found out something," she said. "Did you know that every actor in this picture is making money but me?"

Mrs. Copp tried to explain that she was making money but that she just couldn't see it. "I get a nickel a day or I go home," said Carolyn.

Carolyn would not be satisfied with nickels from her mother. That Mrs. Copp knew. So she tipped off Mr. Griffith, the director, that an interview on financial matters with Carolyn was in order. "Charlie McCarthy gets 75¢ a week," Carolyn informed Mr. Griffith. "I know I'm not as big as Charlie McCarthy, but I think I deserve five cents a day."

The director, appreciating the situation, told Carolyn that she must see Mr. Freeman, the Vice President of Paramount about a raise. "I just direct you," said Mr. Griffith. "Mr. Freeman decides about salaries."

Mr. Freeman was so overwhelmed at his visit from the very serious youngster that he offered her 10¢ a day. "No," said Carolyn. "Five cents a day looks too small. When I think I'm worth more I'll tell you for more." At the end of each day during the making of "Honeymoon in Bali" she called at the cashier's office for her day's salary.

Before agreeing to sign up for "Virginia," she demanded and received a salary of 100 cents a day. "You can't get a nickel," she said to Mr. Griffith. "If I was a banker I'd make 60."

But it is now six. She never forgets her lines and knows those of every other actor on the set as well as her own. She has to be reminded that she is to remember them. When she was four and a half she was tested by Boston psychiatrists who stopped testing her after she had passed the tests for children twice her age. The stop may have been made by her parents who dislike having her labeled a prodigy. A famous Albany physician declared recently that Carolyn had the finest bone structure, the straightest arms and back that he had ever seen in a youngster of her age.

Besides regular eating and sleeping habits her mother gives credit for her bone development to onions (many baby doctors warn against these), potato soup, eating 10 cents worth of soup when she was several months old, and the marrow of soup bones. Mrs. Copp gets soup bones at least three times a day, and cooks them till the marrow through a sieve. A generous portion of the marrow is added to various kinds of soup. This soup forms a part of Carolyn's lunch each day. "She will eat four or five bites of meat, and I have to bribe her to eat that," says Mrs. Copp. Here is a day's diet for Carolyn:

8:30: Whole grain toast or egg (usually scrambled) and toast and milk. (She has one egg at some time every day.)
12:30: Luncheon. Consommé or vegetable soup, a sandwich (Mrs. Copp keeps the marrow in ice-box added). Bread (she prefers white) and plenty of butter. Milk (sometimes green). If her weight is down a bit, cream is added to the milk. Chocolate ice cream or pudding usually. Other favorite deserts are, cup cake, under which she says, "graham cracker pie and gelatine.
5:30 Diner is practically vegetarian, due to Carolyn herself. She likes fish and cheese dishes. She eats lettuce and loves French dressing. Her favorite hot food are her favorite, with hot mashed potato salad running a close second. Milk—some-
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SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

Screenland 83
Mrs. T. handles a Difficult Case

The Real Truth About Robert Preston's Surprise Marriage!

Continued from page 21

Bob nodded his head. "I knew her friends were telling her that, now I had a break, I'd be like a lot of these Hollywood guys—forget the girl who stuck by me when I was broke, go out only with the big names. Every time a story would break in the papers about the 'newest Preston romance' I'd wire Kay an explanation.

"Recently when I was in New York I ran into Kay Stewart at the Stork Club. Naturally, she being my Kay's best friend, I took her out. And boom—! Winchell said we were engaged.

"'My Kay wired: Better say it isn't so, Bob!' I saw Winchell and asked him how about fixing it up for me—and he said, 'Your name was in the column. What more do you want, The rest is up to you!' He was thinking I should be grateful for the publicity. I was thinking about my girl's feelings—and what her friends were saying.

"A fellow in pictures doesn't have a chance to really propose or win a girl decently. There's too much opportunity for misunderstandings over things that are not your own doing. That's why, all this year, I've been trying to marry Kay—before something more serious comes along and breaks us up. Besides, the public doesn't care if an actor's married or not more. Look at Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and Bob Taylor. And look at Fred MacMurray and Ray Milland at my own studio. They married the girls they knew before they got a break and the following they've got. When I can convince Kay, we'll probably dash for Yuma on the spur of the moment.

"On the spur of the moment it was! Bob had been back four days from his personal appearance tour with Cecil DeMille for 'North West Mounted Police.' Kay was out of town the first two days of his return (explaining how I merited his attention) but when she came back to town Bob met her and helped her into his car—and kept right on to Yuma.

"I made up both of our minds," he told me on the telephone when I called to congratulate them. "Yes, they're mooning at home the first few days in the new house Bob had just recently bought and furnished in Beverly Hills.

"Kay's signed a contract for pictures at Paramount," Bob reported over the wire. "Funny thing, she was signed just a couple of days before the Yuma-a-nation! She'll be in New York or something. But I hope she'll be just Mrs. Preston at home.

"I didn't know myself until the last minute," he replied when I asked him why he hadn't told me he was going to be married.

I think Kay Stewart's marriage the month before to William Langdon Proctor, the Pasadena socialite and polo player, might have influenced both Kay and Bob. The two girls having lived together for three years, were very close friends. When Kay and Bob had broken off Kay and Bill were, they said to themselves, "Let's."

Being probably the last girl in Bob Preston's life, I asked the Gable's latest creation to become my lot to chronicle his last words and testament as a bachelor. I first knew Bob three years ago, when we were both on location at City, Utah. I'd always said, that just because Bob Preston is potentially another Clark Gable, being the rough-daring-reckless-gut-em-by shear masculinity type—was clearly no rea-
son for my failing for him—sixteen steps worth on first sight! But that's what I did—right at his feet!"

"Young woman, are you broken or permanently injured?" he'd inquired, reaching down a steel-muscled bare brown arm—delving about my entanglement of multi-

nous pioneer lady skirts—to find a band or an arm in an effort to upright me.

I'd been running up and down sixteen steps all day from the Indians—when I was a bit-pioneer girl in "Union Pacific"—and Bob the hero. He'd come dashing to the rescue of Barbara Stanwyck, but in my direction. I'd taken one look, and promptly tripped myself on my swirling voluminous skirts, and—well, he'd had to rescue me instead.

Bob said I looked absolutely scared to death when I saw Mr. DeMille's face and realized I'd ruined a scene. Bob's devil-may-care attitude didn't help any either.

It was his first big picture. Yet he'd whispered, "Don't be scared. DeMille won't bite!" Mr. DeMille had said, "If the young lady can keep on her feet long enough, we'll try and get the picture finished."

I perched in the mailing room at Paramount the day Bob returned from the premiere of "North West Mounted Police." He was milling through stacks of fan mail.

A majority were left over from last year and contained proposals and such from feminine suitors who'd used their Leap Year prerogative. Bob, who intended being a prizefighter until a dramatic coach in-

sisted his profile, while still intact, would look better on the stage or on the screen, received three-fourths of the L.Y. misses—be he then being one of the very, very few and painfully scarce bachelor actors—scared by his never being married once, twice or thrice; who still had his youthful illusions (Bob being 23) and dreams of finding the "one girl for a permanent life partner."

"You have a single date with a girl when you're in a picture—and boom! You're engaged," Bob had said.

"Then you were never really engaged to Dorothy Lamour?"

"No," said Bob. "That got completely out of hand with too much publicity. Besides, I was seeing Kay right along. Some-

one dreamed up a story that we were about to marry—someone else made matters worse by saying I said we weren't. Dottie was plenty burned up. She was one little girl when, right in the middle of it all, I had love scenes with her in 'Moon Over Burma.' Someone else gave out a retaliation story in her name which hit me harder than the other two combined. Sudden-

ly we realized we'd both been taken for a grand ride on a press merry-go-

round. We got off feeling dizzy, but we patched up what was left of our friendship. That's the last time I ever engage in any romance that has any publicity angles.

Some of those kids who read they're freshly engaged in some column say well, why not? Off to Yuma they hop," Bob continued. "But not Preston. I'm taking my time in choosing Mrs. Bob. In fact, I'll confess I've already picked her out.

"She's the sort of girl who likes funny things—like driving all over creation and loving horses and me! When the right time comes, I'm going to sweep her right off her feet and convince her I am the one and only man in her life—and that I can do nothing better than devoting myself to me!"

"Then why don't you?" I encouraged.

"Because," she thinks but, "I won't hurt my career, I will," he said. "One day I will."

Little did either of us suspect the day would be the very next!

"Would you like to drive out and see my new house?" Bob asked. He seemed in a lonely mood. Kay was out of town. "I've

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your HANDS must be silken-soft,"

says Brenda Joyce

(Romantic Hollywood Star)

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to Lovable HANDS

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just moved in. All bought and paid for. Lock, stock and barrel. Here we are talking about marriage! You come along and see how I fit into the picture of domestic bliss. I've got a swell collection of rumba records—and we can dance and talk where it is comfortable."

I had to be difficult to convince.

"I'd make some girl a swell husband," Bob said with super-confidence after we'd left the studio in his green sports convertible. "You'll see."

"It hasn't been very long ago that I was cooking for a livelihood. My father and I were out of jobs so we went out to demonstrate. I went to the exhibit where you put the roast and vegetables and even the dessert all under one lid—and in an hour you serve a complete seven course dinner. I moved in with a neighbor who wasFormerer than me at neighborhood demonstrations. Nothing burned or even scorched, and every bite tasted good.

"I've done lots of things. Up until about now my life's been a hard scramble, but it's been good and healthy. I was raised and educated on the wrong side of the tracks. My father and mother came out here from Massachusetts with my brother and me—both of us under two years of age. My mother was Irish, my father, Scotch, where you pay the rent cheapest over in East Los Angeles. My kid brother and I were the only two white kids in our schoolroom in the third grade. The rest of the boys were Mexicans. Dad worked in a dry goods store. Mother sold records in a music store. It was my young dream to make enough money so my mother wouldn't have to work. She worked right up until a year ago.

"It was plenty tough in our neighborhood, kid. But I had to learn to quickly punctuate my words with his fist—to get any attention or respect. I went in for professional prize-fighting. Thought maybe I'd be a champion someday.

"My high school teacher persuaded me to take part in a high school play. I became interested and signed for the dramatic art course. When I drew a lead, I needed a new suit to wear badly. I'd gotten along with trousers and sweaters—but as a leading man I needed a new lay-out."

"You can use young men, can't ya, kid?" one of the gym trainers had said. That was one way to get quick money. I let myself be picked out of a fighting class for a character called "Chocolate Soldier" for fifty bucks. He left me with two black eyes and a busted chin which took all of the fifty getting myself into another doctor's office.

"The school drama coach suggested that being a champ was being a plain chump—and there were less painful ways of earning suits. One was acting."

"When I was sixteen I got a job on the cleaning crew at Santa Anita Park," Bob continued as we drove from Hollywood to Beverly Hills. "I worked for DeMille and Gary Cooper and Dorothy Lamour at the races, I never thought that in a few months I'd be in pictures with them."

"I had a lot of experience in school. One day I barged up to Mr. DeMille when he was parking his car and asked him for a job. I'll never forget his words. "If you're any good at all, you'll get a crack at something."

"DeMille was kind enough to suggest that I should form a stock company and go over to the Pasadena Community Playhouse for experience. I didn't have a car and couldn't pay the transportation back and forth—so the only thing to do was to move over there.

"Seven of us boys, who were trying to become actors, gathered together in one room, sharing food and fortune. One of the boys got me into the stock company directed by Ty Power's mother, I played Julius Caesar in Shakespeare's immortal epic—Bob recalled, tracing his career from its inception to now, "and my voice was changing. I worried constantly that it would crack right in the middle of the death scene. It would soar up from a deep level to a high-pitched treble squawk. I almost gave up in disgust. In the most tragic scene, I shall never forget, I turned comedian and made the audience laugh with my intended solemn vows of 'Et tu, Brute.'"

"For two years Bob played leads, heavies, and everything they offered him at the Community Playhouse. His voice finally became his best asset. Discovery came when a lawyer of the Paramount legal staff saw Bob in a play and asked a producer--""

"Anyone you like," said Bob, "except me."

Bob suddenly swung the car off Sunset up toward the hills of fashionable Beverly. "I hurt my back in a rumba from a side place. "How about you? Or are you one of those dieting girls? Girls who can't eat this and can't eat that drive a lonesome horns. One thing about Kay, she eats anything."

"But what about the people who have to diet for pictures?" I introduced.

"Anyone who lives sensibly won't need to," Bob replied. "I'd hate to think I had to lose eight or ten pounds. I've seen some of the fellows in the gym having their flesh pounded red and their jaws taped for the camera. If they'd get in the ring once in a while like I do with Ray Milland and my kid brother, they wouldn't need to."

Bob turned the car up the drive of a pretty Spanish California house with a sweep of lawn and an enclosed patio. We stepped on the porch arched in old California mission style. A massive carved oak door swung open and there was Bob's mother, Mrs. DeMerville, a plumpish little woman with a young face, who welcomed us.

After taking my coat, Bob showed me through the house. There's a lovely entrance hall with a floor of colored tile with steps leading down to the living room with its high beamed ceiling and huge fireplace and divan. There's a balcony with an iron grill on the stairway—sort of "Romeo and Juliet" as Bob calls it. On a small table in state is a small wooden figure—Bob's good luck piece, sent him by an admirer on the day he signed his Paramount contract.

"It was the study with the radio and book shelves and Bob's collection of miniatures of china and ivory. Then a dressing room—a powder room for lady guests." Bob smiled. "Frederick and I moved into a garden. We passed through the dining room done in oak and wine tones of red—with a huge bowl of chrysanthemums on the table. We got a galley kitchen and pantry into the kitchen. There we raided the refrigerator for milk and sandwiches.

"You know I like to go out to the bright lights, to the French Quarter, to get a little like home, too," Bob said. "I like comfortable clothes and lounging about. Incidentally, I loathe neckties. Never wear 'em unless I have to. They always get on my nerves and they should be hanged by one of 'em!"

"If and when I get married I expect to spend lots of time in this house," he mused.

"One thing—my wife must be active and not spend two-thirds of her time sleeping, like some wives do—at least so their husbands say."

"That means you'll expect Mrs. Bob Preston to arise with you for breakfast—a fast-disappearing American custom," I ventured.

"She'll get up with me for breakfast or else!" said Bob with a threatening grin.

"I eat a whale of a breakfast, fruit juice, two or three glasses of it, and eggs and bacon and sausage."

"This may sound old-fashioned, but I admire domesticity and virtue in a girl. I can honestly say I have seen very few actresses in cook shops for maybe. Two at the very most. They're too busy and self-centered on making a success of themselves to have time for a feast."

"I seem to remember your headline romance with Alice Faye," I remarked.

"That was publicity," he replied. "Alice and I shared a tabloid for a while. We got together after a radio show—and the columnists were hailing us as a hot romance."

"Perhaps because he was lonesome or to make an occasion of the day, Bob suggested that we dress and go stepping forth to Ciro's for a bit of dancing. Arriving there we found it was Monday night and there were no tables. We went outside and did our rumba-ing to the phonograph with Bob's mother as audience.

Discussing boys and girls and dates, Bob told me that he and Dorothy Lamour were campus queen of Northwestern University to the College Prom Ball when he was on his vacation appearance tour in Chicago recently. When the papers published the news the frat boys were plenty disgruntled. Why should a phony movie hero steal their show? One senior, within hearing of a press reporter, 'If he gets here to grab off my girl I'll knock off his block."

The story was published and Bob was in a pretty spot. What did he do but forge over to the campus and call at the very fraternity house, asking to meet his would-be date. Bob was afraid to use his fist. The fraternity men discovered they liked him. The disgruntled suitor, who after all had given his frat pin to the campus queen, decided to be as good a sport as Bob had proven himself to be. An armistice was effected. Bob called up Mary Brian, who was appearing at a local theater, and invited her to be his date for making a foursome. Which made Mr. John College and Miss Betty Coed very happy.

The name of Kay Craig interspersed his conversation. Perhaps it was Kay's lips, he said, or Kay's thoughts. She has red hair, green eyes, is five-feet-five and just the right kind of a girl for him. He said he'd marry when he could convince her. The next night he didn't—

Robert Preston and his lovely bride, who's signed a film contract with Paramount, the company that has Bob under contract, too.
show you exactly how you would look before you touched one precious lock. To the situation was brought the magic of modern photography. And it is magic and much, much work. You submit a reasonably clear photograph of yourself. This photograph goes through much analysis, you having first furnished a few details as to hair color, age, height, etc. Your photograph is photographed with the perfect coiffure for you. The result is amazing. You see yourself as you can be. Your hair is smart and beautiful; the shape of your face is modified or accentuated according to your need; your personality is pointed up by this new coiffure. To see it all, true to life, is amazing. I spent a whole morning, utterly transfixed by the changes I saw in faces—faces of young girls, young matrons and older women. The face, of course, was the same, but what a difference change of hair did make!

You will find these coiffure creations by Mr. Senz and Miss Clair very wearable and adjustable. They represent the hair fashion focus of the moment but there is nothing tricky or bizarre about them. If your fingers are very clever, your hair very adaptable, you may be able to do the new style yourself. But the better course is to make an appointment with your hairdresser, go with your photograph in hand and say: "This is it!" Most hairdressers are very obliging and will gladly show you how to comb the new affair, how to put it to bed at night and how to reset it yourself, if you must. And the coiffure that you can take care of yourself, is the wearable one.

Every really good hair arrangement should have a double life. It should have its own special life for evening wear and for day wear. High, dramatic pompadours should be reserved for evening, the more modified ones reserved for day. Ginny Simms, for example, brush her hair high and handsome for evening, but when she turns up next morning at the studio for a recording, her hair is brushed into a simple, smooth roll. Patricia Morison has a famous hairline—it grows beautifully from her face. She reminds you that for this hairline a pursé comes in very handy. Carry it and use it when you remove your hat to keep that hair that goes away from the face as smooth and silky looking as a ribbon. You can realize more beauty from this hair directly about the face than from any other area, except the back. Or better even than the comb mentioned, is a tiny brush to carry in your purse, which is a great primer for the curl that also needs smoothing.

For evening, every clear sweep of hair needs a little make-up. Brilliantine or some such product does this for you. But like a face make-up preparation, the hair make-up should also be used sparingly. Too much of even the finest product will give you a seal-slick, patent leather gloss, very, very on the wrong side.

Jewels on combs or pins, fresh flowers, tiny ostrich plumes and ribbon all help to put your hair in a party mood. But never over-do. When in doubt, don't. But do buy that new spring bonnet to go with your hair. Meanwhile, if you had your hair restyled, as outlined in this story, you can be sure that your hair fits your face. Then if that new hat fits your hair-do, I think you will have a brilliant triple alliance. That first spring hat is a

The Future Holds a Change For You

Continued from page 61
Yours for Loveliness

Six good solutions for those personal puzzles—what to try! Some new, some old, they do a job

Halo for an angel

If anything can get a girl down, it’s the knowledge that she needs a shampoo. This lowers morale, inverts a smile. The solution to equip yourself with a bottle of Halo Shampoo, and get right to work. Halo deserves its name for it gives your hair a heavenly gloss and cleanliness. It dramatizes its highlights and makes its color clear and lovely, because it truly cleans every strand. You are silvery-sweet and manageable when you finish, too. Further, it leaves hair freshly fragrant, and you can use it in hard water with no after-rinse. Halo ends the good shampoo quest!

From the ancient Chinese

Chen Yu, the new chip-proof nail lacquer, has a reputation for lasting in perfect condition that makes you marvel! A modern secret borrowed from the art of making that Chinese lacquer that you see in museums, some of it thousands of years old. Tests seem to prove that Chen Yu at your fingertips means that they can take a great deal and still look beautiful. It’s that enduring. There are fourteen beautiful tones, and a baby bottle accompanies the big bottle for purse or guest-room use. Chen Yu lasts, readers, it lasts and lasts! So now your cue is to try Chen Yu’s!

Woooons wail for Mum

This is a warning paragraph, a siren in the fog, a red light on the avenue! It’s that important! Because—you’re perspiring now, just as you did in July, but because your skin isn’t damp, you may forget all about it. And your pastel sweater and your woolen frock are practically crying out, “Please use Mum. If perspiration odor gets in woolies, it’s too bad.” Perspiration clings to woolens. They need Mum, that sweet cream that keeps you sweet for hours. It neutralizes perspiration. School girls please note! You “activ’es” need it.

“The Simple Life”

COTY recently dedicated some exquisite skin aids to “the simple life” in beauty care. High-lighter, are two important creams, a cleanser and a cream for night use. The cleanser for dry, or oily or normal skin, looks like a strawberry mousse, good enough to eat. Your skin will love it! The cream is great for use in magic at night, reviving you for the next day. Then there is a delightful skin freshener and a foundation lotion. True to their purpose quoted above, they are so easy to use, so quickly and so surely effective. C. M.

Life and Loves of Betty Grable

Continued from page 23

older now and is going with an older crowd. At other times, she and her friends take in the concessions at the beach and have themselves a time. Dignity is abandoned on these merry eves, pictures are forgotten. They become kids who are out to enjoy themselves.

At Hollywood parties, you’ll usually find more boys than you will girls, for she has never been one to be chummy and “darling” or and darling that” with her own sex. This trait may be because she has never known many girls and because her work has usually thrown her in contact with men mostly with the young gals. Whatever is the reason, Anne Shirley can tell you what it means to be the close friend of a girl who is choosy about her companions. There is no one more devoted to her friends than Betty Grable.

So Betty is enjoying the privileges of comfort and security because she has become a hit in the work she was not interested in. Yes, I know, everyone has said she has been so ambitious. But such is not the case. I asked Betty candidly about her great ambition. She smiled and looked at her mother who was sitting near-by. “I am afraid mother’s been my ambition,” Betty said to me. “Frankly, I took whatever was doing as a matter of course. I can’t remember ever saying to myself, ‘I must get that part, I must be a success.’ When mother noticed that I had a certain amount of talent, she thought it was good enough to develop. So she became what you might call the stage-struck mother. She began to get engagements for me. It was then that I met the right people. Not so I could earn money for her, please understand, but because she saw a future for me that I couldn’t even visualize. “Many times I would have thrown it all away for a life of ease and no responsibilities. I disliked so many things about my career. But mother would always keep my spirits up, encourage me. When I thought that Hollywood was through with me a year ago, I knew I wouldn’t have been much to tell mother, ‘I’m through with a career. I’m not the success you thought I was.’ But after, somehow, the confidence that she had in me made it impossible. I couldn’t let her down. So I plugged on, buried my pride and played stooge to Jack Haley. “I gave new personal appearance to me in San Francisco, all because mother believed in me so strongly. Well, that personal appearance tour, the event that I considered
the lowest ebb in my life, brought me to New York and back to Hollywood.

"I can truthfully say that this is the first time in my life when I ever had any real ambition, when I thought I had a chance in the theatrical world. My work has become terribly important to me now. My life is, in reality, the studio and my home. I don't have time to think of or even care much for pleasures.

The most amazing part of Betty's life today is that finally the careful guidance and help of her mother is being rewarded. What would seem to many as possessiveness, a devotion that would destroy independence and a sense of values has, in fact, been the factor that has moulded Betty Grable into the sensible young lady that she is today. The belief of her mother in everything she did not weaken Betty; it has strengthened her.

Her mother is a quiet, unassuming person. Few people know much about her. To listen to her, you would not believe that she had a thing to do with Betty's success. She doesn't speak of her daughter with compelling adjectives. There is no hysterical note of "See what I've done for her" in her voice. She is a woman who has done her job as well as she knew how, who has not only managed a career but has moulded responsibility and common sense into a young girl who very easily might have been just a bored, disinterested lass with nothing to think about because she had everything.

Yet, in times of a crisis, Betty's mother has not interfered. When Betty was going with Jackie, for instance, her mother said nothing. Once when she was asked for an opinion, she merely said, "It's your life, Betty. You must live it as you see fit. You know what is right, and I believe you can take care of yourself." Yet, in her heart, she knew the marriage wouldn't last. She hoped against hope that it would not take place. But since her policy has been one of non-interference with Betty's problems, she kept still.

Betty recognized her mother's wish to remain aloof from her marital problems, so when she and Jackie were having difficulties, she didn't come to her mother with her woes. She knew she had to work everything out by herself. She had praise one minute for staying with Jackie during his court fight, and she had criticism the next for leaving him. Yet she fought her own battle. And all during this trouble, her mother knew nothing except that Betty and Jackie were having financial difficulties. She didn't know a thing about the imminent divorce until a few days before the news broke in the papers. Such is the peculiar paradox between a mother and her daughter—a mother who devoted her life to making a future for her daughter, even against the daughter's own ideas, and a girl who depended on her mother so much that she became independent of everyone and the judge of her own actions. Everything in Betty's life today and yesterday, then, has been directly related to her mother. The two were never separated a single night until Betty married Jackie. They are together again now and life has assumed an even course, at last, for them both.

Perhaps Betty's mother devoted so much attention to her because Betty's sister was so independent from the very beginning. Yes, I was surprised, too, to hear that there was another daughter, for so many reports have come out that Betty was the only child. Betty's sister, Marjorie Reynolds, lives in Kansas City and is the mother of a five-year-old son. They were never very close to each other, although there was a real love between them. Marjorie had a definite goal in mind whereas Betty didn't. Marjorie wanted the love of a husband, the security of a family and made up her mind that such was to be her

**A girl's private life—**

*I WANT TO BE ALONE!* There are special times when even the best of us have felt that way.

But if you moan and feel sorry for yourself just because of "difficult days", you need a few easy lessons so you won't miss out on fun!

Perhaps you got off to a bad start. Tried being too good a sport... romped around a tennis court or hockey field when you should have been taking it easy.

Or maybe you never realized that comfort is more than half the battle! Meaning the kind of comfort Kotex gives. Because Kotex sanitary napkins start soft, stay soft... help take your mind off your troubles!

**What to do and not to do...**

YES, you can go to dances! But sit out one now and then.

To look at the stars... or hear a life story.

You'll have fun and you needn't be self-conscious, because the flat, pressed Kotex ends never give your secret away.

You can be confident of comfort... because Kotex stays soft... doesn't bulk, bunch or chafe.

*Put sleigh-rides on your okay list!* Just bundle up extra warm and don't tumble in the snow. Instead, lead the singing and cheering... or perch up front and help drive the horses.

You'll forget about you!

In fact, you won't have a moment's worry because the new Safety-Shield in Kotex provides added absorption. And with Junior, Regular, and Super Kotex, there's a right size for each day's needs.

**"Tain't in Test Books!"**

*Where's a girl to learn all about her "problem"? Where's she to get those little intimate hints she needs to know? The new book: "As One Girl To Another" gives you the answers. It's FREE. Address: Post Office Box 3813a, Dept. S-2, Chicago, Illinois.*

**Feel its new softness...**

**Prove its new safety... Compare its new flatter ends**
future. Betty wanted a family, too—she still does—but it wasn’t all-important to her as it was to Marjorie.

One day, Marjorie was talking to her mother about her plans. She had been watching Betty do various things along the lines of a career and was proud of her sister. Her mother asked her if she didn’t have any dramatic ambition. “I’m not in the least interested in acting,” Marjorie said to her mother. “But I do know where I’m heading. As soon as I’m through college, I’m going to get married. That’s my life. You and Betty can have the glamorous!”

And as soon as she graduated, Marjorie did get married. Her mother knew then that her job was with Betty, for Marjorie had never relied on her family to any extent, anyway. Boys interested her only to a small degree. In fact, she never went with a single boy until she was seventeen. And so began the love life of Betty Grable! When Betty started to go out with boys, her mother created no set rules for her. Of course, she was suggested to be in at a certain time, but if the deadline couldn’t be adhered to, her mother was quite tolerant in extending the time, provided Betty called to let her know she would be late. Considering the unsettled life that Betty had to lead in her work, the varied contacts she made, it is remarkable that her mother has never had any battles with young love. The truth of the matter is that Betty was simply too busy to have any time for romance.

Her first date was with a young man in Ted Fio-Rito’s orchestra. Betty was singing with the band at the time. So, approximately enough, at seventeen she had her first love affair. It was an adolescent romance, sincere and yet not vitally important. For over a year, Betty went out only with this chap, for she always believed that she would never go with more than one boy at a time, a belief that she somehow managed to stick to until recently.

That first romance ended when she met Jackie Coogan. Suddenly, Betty entered a new phase. For three years and a half she went out only with him. She was practically the belle of the night clubs, for Jackie loved to go out. Betty didn’t know what she wanted, except that whatever he liked was all right with her. When she married him, she took every precaution to make it last. She joined the Church to prove that she wanted to make it a success. And in that marriage came the turning point in Betty Grable’s life.

I asked her about him and she frankly replied, “It was one of those things that couldn’t be helped. Jackie’s career was over. He had never had a chance to play when he was young, and life was just play to him. I was still trying to prove to myself that I had a place in pictures, and, as I recall, it was more of a pain in the neck than in playing. Still,” she added quietly, “I did what I could to make it go. I managed our home, did all of the ordering, and I even got my husband’s mother to supervise the housekeeping. It really took my duties seriously. I couldn’t do as much as I wanted to because I was working a great deal of the time. I’d leave for the studio in the morning and I would still be in bed. When I’d come home at night, I’d be dead tired and he’d want to go out. We couldn’t get together.”

“I stuck with him even when I wasn’t in love with him any more, because I wanted to help. I didn’t want to do anything that would jeopardize his chances in his court fight. I left him when it was all settled and not because I got any money out of the battle. I thought that everybody assumed that I did, but if that had been the case, I wouldn’t have had to go on that personal appearance tour to get it.”

Betty hit her lowest ebb after her divorce from Jackie, for everything seemed lost to her. She wanted a happy marriage so much and she had her brief one. Naturally, the break-up was a blow to her and her preconceived ideas about the beauties of romance. Yet she had the stamina to keep from letting it throw her.

“I wasn’t embittered about marriage. And Jackie and I aren’t snarling at each other now. I just came over to my home for dinner several times a month, just to get her out of my head. Naturally, the break-up was a blow to her and her preconceived ideas about the beauties of romance. Yet she had the stamina to keep from letting it throw her.”

Betty began to take in the New York night life seriously. Her mother said nothing because she felt, instinctively, that they wouldn’t be in the Big City for long and that Betty needed a complete change. So, to begin with, Betty began going out with Ethel Merman and other members of the cast. Then, one night, she received a big bouquet of orchids from a gentleman who signed himself “Alexis Thompson.” The orchids arrived every night. Betty was unimpressed, for she has never been the kind to enjoy getting flowers. About two weeks after the first bouquet arrived, they met. A romance began that got full coverage in the New York and Hollywood papers. It was based on a gentle, wealthy young man, but a chap who believed in working for his living. He was a pharmacist. Betty had a very lucrative drug and chemical company. The marriage record made no notice because it was reported that he and his socialite wife were planning to get a divorce.

When Betty began to go with him, her life took on staccato aspects. He’d pick her up at the hotel and take her to dinner. After he’d meet her in one of the night clubs where they dined for hours. Betty hardly ever got in before three or four in the morning. She’d sleep, then,
You Modern Girls
Lack Romance!

Continued from page 27

"breathlessly beautiful out of this world" now wrote of my appetite. The number of ice cream cones and coffee cakes I could consume in an afternoon, I should have chagrined, I suppose, but I wasn't. The two best "romantic" stories about me that are going the rounds of Hollywood are, I might as well admit it, true. One concerns the time I was sitting on "The Lure of the Tropics" set and looking pretty exciting (this time thanks to Adrian) in an Oriental temple dancer costume. A young man, visiting the set, who had evidently read my romantic publicity, sat down in the chair beside me and started giving me the big flattery. I have a strong aversion to people who are overly nice to me at a meeting, and I wasn't paying much attention to him. Finally, he decided he was wasting his compliments on me, and not getting any place fast, so he rose and said, "Well, goodbye, Miss Lamarr. I guess I'll have to desert you now."

I am still stupid about English, though I have worked awfully hard to master it. "Desserts!" I said, showing animation for the first time. "I think I'll walk over there and get a dish of ice cream." Good old romantic Hedy.

The other story concerns the day I had a toothache on the "Come Live With Me" set. Director Clarence Brown, a perfect dear, was on a reducing diet and he watched me enviously while I ate a huge piece of coffee cake. He said, "I don't see how a girl with your beautiful figure can eat so much."

And it seems that I answered. "It's very bad to have a toothache, it is also a toothache too. But it's not so bad to have a full stomach and a toothache."

Jimmy Stewart, Director Brown, and the boys on the set immediately started a theory and get a dish of ice cream."

As—so practically the number one lacker of romance in Hollywood I think I can talk about us modern girls without anyone thinking I'm being snug and superior.

In these depressed times, with bloodshed and horror ever in the mind, I suppose it is only natural that girls should yearn for romance more than they have done in years. I'm part of an escapist. Whereas they used to be content to run down to the City Hall and marry the nice young man in the filing department during the noon hour, with a wedding luncheon consisting of a chocolate malted and a peanut butter sandwich at the Owl drug store, the girls of 1941 dream of luxury and romance, and have teased me about it ever since.

So—as practically the number one lacker of romance in Hollywood I think I can talk about us modern girls without anyone thinking I'm being snug and superior.
of their peculiar gymnastics and succumbing to the beauty and grace of the waltz. So, too, with the modern girl's renewal of interest in Romance and the winter's fashions in evening clothes. That severely tailored evening gown that girls used to wear in the twenties has been thrown over the back, and now the modern girl looks as if they were sitting at their desks about to take a letter, has been discarded in favor of something filmy and sily with a shawl that doesn't really drape. Girls are definitely dressing this year to catch the eyes of the men. Even the most efficient of them, after eight o'clock, want to look flittering, becoming, and feminine. It's no wonder girls are wearing slacks, even at resorts. I used to adore slacks, but a year ago I decided that they were far too feminine. I suppose we have to choose between terrifying war for one thing: at least it's making us perk up and take an interest in romance again.

The way I see it the modern girl lacks romance chiefly because she lost her mystery. Men are very intrigued by mystery. The woman who sees two bits of information, of course, every fan writer in town would give his eye-teeth to have an interview with — and no, I don't mean Claudette Colbert, not Jeanette MacDonald, not Hedy Lamarr — Greta Garbo, Bette, Claude, Claudette, Hedy can be lunched with, talked to, and get the truth at any old time, But not Garbo. So when she sits down to his typewriter he gives his beautiful five dollars words to Garbo, woman's hour the words are good enough for nice palsy Bette, Claudette, Jeanette, and Hedy. I bet this moment she took a poll of the men of America and read this: "What do you really want to do to Garbo?" I'm pretty sure they'd all say, "We'd like to take dinner on Feb- ruary the 14th," I bet that Garbo would write back, "Ah, that mystery, it gets 'em every time."

Sweet mystery of romance.

We have to blame our mothers and grandmothers. They were the mystery, they were the mystery. When they won equal rights for women, and women were allowed to leave their piano stools, their needle-point, and their tulp beds, and invade business offices, man's holy of holies, they certainly destroyed romance. But I must say the daughters of the granddaughters haven't helped matters any. The modern girl wants nothing to do with everything the modern boy does. She drives a car, pilots a plane, and runs an office, too. Her efficiency is so depressing to the male type that he takes one look at him and runs out of ten he rushes out of his office, or his classroom, and marries the first girl of the six classes. The modern girl can't stand to work, she will sulk down and make everything look quite so fast as cool efficiency.

And while the modern girl has been working up in the office, the men have been turned to from training lions to prizefighting she has been becoming more and more feminine. It's the most comfort I'll say. The men who are in love with the modern girl are girdles, bustles, petticoats, and almost gone are stockings. Even a strip tease a few weeks ago wouldn't take off quite as much as a modern girl takes off when she relaxes on the beaches at Santa Monica. Flo Ziegfeld would never have approved of that.

The modern girl lacks romance because she has become much too independent. Girls of today often make a larger salary than their boy friends. Therefore when they go out with their boy friends they insist upon paying half the check. Which makes it very nice indeed for the young man with the bobbed husband, and of a certain male protectiveness, or perhaps superiority, which he has enjoyed for years. He can't stand a girl that tonight we'll do this and so when they go out with her they come across with a five dollar bill. That definitely puts a crimp in his style. Men were never much on the White Collar girls insisted upon paying for their part of the evening's entertainment, but now I am afraid they sort of accept it as a matter of course. A man is so used to it quite so much until a recent evening I spent at Ciro's. Upon her invitation my escort decided he was a very wealthy girl I know from the East. She was with a young woman who had been on lay-off for quite some time. During the evening other people noticed the table, and finally when the check was presented, to open the check for the too, the young man paid it. As we were leaving, a young man who had just dropped by for a minute said, "You know, no real evening and ordered dinner besides, said to me, "Hasn't she got a lot of nerve, letting her escort pay the check?"

Well, now the modern girl doesn't expect the man to wait on her any more, and so naturally she doesn't want the old-fashioned-miss with her constant, "Darling, take my arm, I'm a shawl," and, "Darling, please close the window," and "Darling, get me a glass of water," much of physical pain the neck, but from what I can gather the men-simply ate it up. They were being big and masculine. They were looking after the poor helpless girl and think only they bring a shawl through a lengthy courtship, but also through a lengthy marriage, and loved it. But the modern girl doesn't ask for a good dinner and she sits in the kitchen for her own glass of water. I have noticed lately the table, and even the very few girls sit in a car and wait for the man to open the check for them. I spoke to a friend about it just the other day, "Why do you always jump out of the car to open the door for me?" I asked. "Henry will open the door for you if you'll only give him a chance," She gave me a merry laugh. "You don't know Henry," she said, "Henry's a peach. I sit demurely in the car waiting for him to help me out. The car was parked on a hillside, the brakes weren't tight, and the car started to roll down the hill with me in it—and with Henry oblivious to everything standing at my door waiting to come up the walk. I'm perfectly capable of opening car doors, and from now on I open them, fast."

Romance is something that can't be hurried. It's like the waltzes and the babies, of filmy chiffon I spoke of before. The modern girl wants to do everything in a hurry. It's sort of a keynote of the times: "Don't get in the way, put on her make-up, on, not bothering to see that her lipstick and nail polish match, she hurries into the movies with her boy friend, she hurries home so she can get a few hours sleep before she has to hurry to her office, or studio, or classroom. Modern girls and boys live in the breathing places that they have completely forgotten how to live a casual, leisurely life. Beauty and simplicity are practically as obsolete as the tuxedo. Men and women are breathlessly. Naturally, you can't be very romantic with one eye on your wrist-watch.

Every girl's birthright is romance. A man, in his turn, has his birthright for a mess of pottage. I'm afraid the modern girl has sold hers for a pay check and a time-clock.
write much better than their fellow reporters back on the mainland. And I talked with the playboys and heroines of Diamond Head. And I have arrived at the conclusion that there is much to be said on both sides. The Islanders themselves do not agree about movie stars. The newspaper boys and girls adored So-and-So because he was a good sport; but the old families couldn’t hear him because he drank too much. The Pan Pacific Press couldn’t tolerate So-and-So because she was rude and disagreeable; but the Diamond Head bunch thought her one of the nicest stars—ever to come from Hollywood. The Islanders as a unit were in perfect accord on only one movie star who has visited there during the last two years—Bette Davis. Which didn’t surprise me in the least. Bette has that knack of being able to get along with all types of people. Wholesome and friendly, fun-loving and sophisticated, Bette was liked by every group. Some day in my travels I am going to find somebody who doesn’t like Bette Davis—and that will be new.

Pro the Islanders (majority rules): There is no doubt but what certain movie stars, usually very well-behaved in Hollywood where they work, have gone completely “papule” in Honolulu when on vacation, and “pupule” means crazy. They have thrown all discretion to the winds and acted like characters in those cheap, phony stories that are being continually written about Hollywood. Naturally the Islanders, and especially the descendants of the missionaries, don’t approve of this. They raise their eyebrows in holy horror, and sneer, “That’s Hollywood for you.” Other stars, whose manners are impeccable in Hollywood where they live, have become suitably rude, and cold as frigidaires in Honolulu, refusing to participate in any of the charming old Polynesian customs, thereby hurting feelings right and left. Yes, the Islanders have plenty of cause for complaint.

Pro the Hollywood stars (majority rules): The Islanders have been a little too eager to take offense at things that were not intended to offend. That old chip on the shoulder, you know. Movie stars, worn and weary, after months of production in nerve-wracking studios, do not want to be bothered, but the Islanders want to make a fuss. If we make public spectacles of ourselves, the movie stars contend, the Islanders call us wild. If we don’t make public spectacles of ourselves they call us rude. You can’t win. So—don’t blame the movie stars too much, and don’t blame the Islanders too much. Every story has two sides. Let’s take the case of Ginger Rogers.

Case of Ginger Rogers. Ginger, a seriously-minded girl, who takes herself much too seriously, went to Honolulu to rest. Popped out after a heavy picture schedule she just wanted to rest, that’s all. She put on a dark-colored wig to disguise herself, and left the boat in Honolulu Harbor by the cabin gangplank. Ginger today, is the most hated movie star in Honolulu. Business at one of the theaters where her latest picture was being shown fell off fifty percent the day following her arrival. No photographer in Honolulu will ever take a picture of her again. The Islanders simply couldn’t wait to tell me how they hated Ginger Rogers.

“All right,” I said, “I happen to like her. What did she do? Murder somebody?” Boiled down, it seems that Ginger would not come out of her stateroom on the boat to meet the Press, and the photographers, and the professional greeters who, as a part of the Honolulu hospitality committee, meet all the boats and drape beautiful and fragrant leis around the necks of the malahinis. Ginger would not accept a lei, nor would she say “Aloha,” and in that way she insulted a fine old Hawaiian tradition. Personally, I think Ginger should have entered into the spirit of the thing, especially on her arrival—it’s a nice friendly custom. But she wanted rest. And rest, according to the Islanders, was exactly what she got as no one would come within a ten-foot pole of her. When an Islander gets his feelings hurt, he gets his feelings hurt good, and his memory somewhat resembles that of the elephant. According to the Press, when Ginger had had enough rest, and caught a boat to take her back to Hollywood, instead of being covered with leis, as is the custom, she was Alaka-ed
with a ripe papaya, hurled by a native just as she ran up the gangplank.

Case of Robert Burns: When Bob Burns arrived in Honolulu the Islanders thought he would be like the characters he plays in his pictures, whole, friendly, and Will Rogers-ish. But, according to the talk on the Islands, Bob wasn't giving out with homespun philosophy the morning of his arrival. When several Islanders knocked at his stateroom and tried to put a lei around his neck, he said, and none too pleasantly, "Don't put that thing around my neck. What do you think I am—a horse?" And Mrs. Burns is said to have brushed off Hawaiian hospitality with a brusque, "Go away. My husband and I don't want to buy anything."

Case of Shirley Temple. The Islanders, with few exceptions, were crazy about little Miss Temple. The photographers had a slight bee—it seems that Shirley was in a playful mood and would stick her tongue out just in time to ruin their best shots. But, they added, better a playful star than a pouting one. The Islanders took Shirley right to their hearts, and didn't even resent it when she leveled a barbed crack at Joseph B. Foltz, Jr., Governor of the Territory of Hawaii. "Are you the Governor, really?" she inquired following the official introduction. "I look smart enough to be a Governor." Even though they liked Shirley the Islanders did not like Mrs. Temple at all.

Case of Dorothy Lamour. There isn't an actress in Hollywood who is more cooperative than Dorothy Lamour. And Dorothy in Honolulu was just as obliging as she could be—"I think I am a horse!" And would tell her to do, Dorothy would do it, without a complaint. She was cordial, she was pally, she entered into all the fun, and the more leis and Alohas the better. A publicity guy thought it would be a good idea to have Dorothy kiss the Army, which Dorothy not wanting to be a Problem Child, did. That was too much for certain of the Islanders, especially the old family groups, "Why does she make such a spectacle of herself?" they asked. "Must she go around kissing everybody? Well, that's Hollywood for you." Poor Dottie, she was just trying to be a good sport. If she had refused to kiss the Army they doubtless would have called her rude and unirrespective. Dorothy, quite innocently, gave the Island a juicy tidbit while she was there, and months afterwards I found that they were still rolling it around on their tongues. I had lunch with Dorothy at the Beverly Brown Derby, shortly after her visit to Honolulu, and she told me of the "most embarrassing moment in my life" that had caught up with her on the beach of Waikiki. She quickly mastered the art of riding a surfboard, so one afternoon she was rolling around on her board trying to get an even tan before she had to leave. Pretty far off the beach, she untied her bra so that her back would tan without leaving any white stripes. A few went well until suddenly a big wave rose from nowhere, and knocked her off the board right into the ocean. When she got the water out of her mouth and eyes she saw a gruesome sight—her bra was sailing with alarming speed right out to sea. Dorothy had to leap across the beach, without benefit of bra. Well, I don't have to tell you that the Islanders made the most of that. When it was told to the New York wire service, they had a different story. He, they said, was flown out to sea.

Case of Irene Dunne. When Irene Dunne arrived in Honolulu she did everything right. Irene was the one nice people who put leis around her neck, that's part of the Hawaiian tradition, she shook hands cordially with Duke Kahanamoku, the official greeter of the Islands, and posed with him for innumerable pictures. She admired the leis, so beautifully and artistically made, and asked to meet some of the lei makers. The women were mad over Irene, and pried her down with their leis, and she was just as friendly and cordial as could be. "Oh, boy," said a lot of the Islanders, "here's a grand person, a real lady and at the same time a good sport. We must see more of her." And they did have her famous disappearing act. Reporters, photographers, and people who wanted to invite her to dinner couldn't find her high or low. "So, they sneered when she didn't answer her phone, "Snooty, eh!"

Irene, like Ginger, went to Honolulu for a rest again. Several months later in Honolulu, she was playing golf at the famous Waialae Golf Club and in the annual tournament she participated in while there was the first Honolulu "blackout." Honolulu, in case you are a dreamer, is all prepared for war. Irene had the spine-tingling thrill of witnessing her first "blackout" from the roof of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel.

Irene, as you can well imagine, went over big with the descendants of the womanizers who pronounced her a lady of perfect taste and breeding. But other Islanders pronounced her one of the most stand-offish stars ever to visit Honolulu. See—you can't win.

Case of Lana Turner. After her erratic divorce following her erratic marriage Lana Turner visited Honolulu and continued to be, shall we say, erratic. Lana took to the famous Waikiki sports like a duck to water, and under the tutelage of a beach boy she quickly learned how to ride a surfboard and how to manage an outrigger canoe going at sixty miles an hour. Young, pert, and extremely athletic, Lana was adored by the beach boys who

by a nurse

It would be silly for a nurse not to keep up with modern ideas. I've used internal sanitary protection even though it cost me a lot more. But when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon at only 20¢ a box of ten—I decided to try them. And am I glad I did! Meds are the best tampons I've ever used. And they're the only tampons in individual applicators that are so reasonable.

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Maureen O'Sullivan

Writes a Letter from Canada

Continued from page 28

I was born and brought up in the Army, so to speak. My Dad is a Major, you know, in the Connacht Rangers; my uncles have all served in the Rangers; my brothers are in Egypt, now, with the English Army. And as a child in Dublin, I lived through the whole of the Rising for the first time, and I remember it perfectly," if you know what I mean. So that when John told me he would have to go, I knew that he would have to go, that's all.

He left for Hollywood, as I have said, five months before we did, the baby and I. He was on convoy patrol at first—yes, of course, not worry when your husband is halfway to sea, in days and seas like these! He was going out of Halifax on convoy patrol and I began, then, to learn the lesson of comparative things. I mean, before we were married, whenever we were apart, I can remember thinking I would sure die if the postman didn't bring me a letter from John; on the days I expected letters, it would be more than I could bear, I'd think, if I didn't get one. And then I had to learn to wait to get a few lines from John saying that he was back in port, was safe as of that day, and I learned that if I didn't get those lines, I wouldn't die, I'd keep right on living. Do you see what I mean? There's iron in steel as well as steel, and some of that iron enters women, too.

Well, after a few months I wrote him that he had to be reenlisted in Ottawa for a time. He was off the convoy patrol and had been made Comptroller of Naval In-


corporation, so that he controls censorship—everything that happens, ships coming in and going out, casualties, everything pertaining to naval matters must go through him. And when the war will be started in Ottawa, he didn't know then and doesn't know now, but instantly he wrote that he was there, however temporarily, he got busy.

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$50.00 Check Each Month for Six Months
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Here is an amazing offer—one that should tax the imagination of every individual. You have the unusual opportunity to win a big cash prize and receive a $50.00 check regularly each month for the first six months of 1941. We want an easy-to-remember name, therefore, we are passing on to the readers of this magazine an opportunity to submit a new name for coffee and win a cash prize for their efforts. There is a list of good names before you. And if you have chosen any—Sunshine, Eight O’Clock, Red Wing, and many others. We want a new name for coffee. For the 24 names selected by the judges, we will award $250 in cash prizes plus $250.00 check each month for the first six months of 1941 as an extra cash prize.

**The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner**

Think of the many names that are now being used and send us a new name for coffee, one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be as one, or two, or three words, separate or combined. Only one name for coffee will be accepted from an individual. This offer is open to anyone living within the 48 states. It costs nothing to send in a name for coffee. You may win one of the following:

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**SCREENLAND** 95
I'd had all sorts and kinds of visions that I might not have again for a long time. So I went to work to get to him. I sold the house. I packed up the baby and the dog and the couple who took care of us and we held our hands and said good-bye to John.

This will amuse you, Gladys—we had an awful trip and somewhere between Los Angeles and Ottawa, the baby came through with three feet! But we got to Ottawa, in the Province of Quebec.

You ask how I felt about selling our house—you say "the way you loved it didn't break you all up?" It's hard of course it was! It was the house we planned and built when we were first married, thinking it would be our home through the years to come. I like the feeling of permanency. I never have been one to redecorate and refurbish our house every six months or so. I like the feeling of self-satisfaction that comes with mellowing, in the same garden. But conditions tear up roots, you know—world conditions make short shift of little, individual things, like house dressing or mending our clothes, and even our bodies.

We had traveled to the house which we had bought in Ottawa, the school we had attended, and our home all through his school days, his college days, until he left it for a home of his own—for the three of us, it was our first home.

But it was such an infinitesimal sacrifice, Gladys, compared to what other people are giving up and losing and suffering—the camps! The War! The War! It is raging up here in Canada! You have to live here to have any idea. They are giving their men and women and their time and their courage, and you can't give more. And no dramatics about it! "my husband is at War" ... "I had a letter from my son this morning—where he is, of course, where he is" ... such remarks as these are staple parts of the daily fare up here in Canada, words that must come out of the hearts of the homes, and yet are said as casually as some remark about marketing or the weather. That's why I don't want to sound dramatic, or self-pityed; I'm doing it, in a letter.

It would be a poor thing to swoon with self-pity over the loss of a house and a few pieces of furniture, wouldn't it, when there are more important things.

In Montreal, Gladys, I saw one of the refugee ships come in. I saw the children... sometimes there aren't any words at all to mention. I went up to Halifax and was there for the turning over of the American destroyers to the English—and apropos of Hal-ifax, I've been thinking it is almost a sin to leave England when it is continuing her trade. There were about a hundred merchant ships in the harbor—more ships than were there three years ago. There is something sad about that— the town was full of English soldiers, 4500 of them, and you see the classics, "Always Be an England." We dined aboard The Churchill which, before it sailed, at some unknown hour of the dawn, had been named for my friend, the newspaper editor. There was no mess, and all the members of the American crew, and when the toast was given "To the future!" I was not at all sure what distant ports and into what distant waters their ship would sail. My throat was tight all that day, as tight as the drums that played. I really couldn't feel it mattered very much, Gladys, the little I'd sacrificed; I say I've got my doubts, my moments of homesickness. I don't want to sound too noble. I wouldn't be human, well, I wouldn't be, anyway, if I hadn't. I've had and will always have my moments of homesickness. I have discovered there are certain things you love, just like people, perhaps because you have used them or shared them. I've learned that; the things I have discovered are some sort of my own, because they have been parts of moments deeply lived.

I've been my teacher very much, for example, my old yellow canvas, my very own lace things, my Irish lace; I miss my Irish linen sheets with the little shamrocks embroidered on them. Then I miss the way the old pepper tree moved in the room with the wide windows in the morning, like green lace arms. I also miss my paintings and my pieces of silk and the fireplace in my bedroom in front of which John and I would sit, and after dinner, together. When I come to Hollywood, I am going to have a field day—I am going to get all my little things out of storage and spread them all around me in my room at the Beverly Hills Hotel where we shall stay; I'm going to polish my silver and set out my two little elephants, and then I'm going to ask one of the prop men at the studio to make me a trunk and I'll carry my things back to Ottawa with me. I'll put them all on the three children wherever I go. The only things I took with me when we left were Michael's toys— children, I feel, must take their little roots with them so they can't stand transplanting that comes later.

But on the whole, I saw my house go with surprisingly little pain. My eagerness to be with John again was so great that I might have felt it. And I figured if John is away ten months, years, for however long, well, I couldn't figure my sitting here alone, so I packed up and went. I didn't want to be saddled with things. Gladys, things I'd have to keep up. I didn't want to be saddled with these things. I couldn't afford. Because we can't, of course afford a lot of things now. John has given up all his picture money, you see, and doesn't know when he will have it again. And I am the only one in the family earning now. We are doing without any help at all, except for Michael's nurse. I haven't even asked for help around the house. It has never been extravagant about clothes but I am, if possible, less so than ever now.

Then, too, if John is ordered elsewhere, I might be going with him. I asked him about that, Gladys, about whether I would go with John wherever he might be sent. If I had only myself to consider, yes, I would go anywhere with him. But he should be ordered somewhere unsafe for Michael or if we should add to his responsibility if we were with him, then, of course, I would stay here. I don't have all the children who are leaving England, it wouldn't do for me to take a child into England.

You asked me how I felt about leaving Hollywood, about leaving my 'career', being away from the studio and all. I didn't mind a little bit at all when I first came to Ottawa. Only I'm something of a matter of fact, made up my mind whether I'd ever go back to Hollywood again, even if Michael, as a sailor, I told myself, was only as good as my own opinion. And because I didn't marry my career "with bell and book," I married John. But when I got to the hotel and saw "Mesie Was a Lady," I was surprised to find how much I liked it. My nostrils actually dilated at the anticipated smell of greasepaint, wardrobe and pomades. I felt I might react just as an actress is supposed to, in books! I loved my part, too, and John felt I should do it. It's the first time I've
Instead of Another Black Crépe—

"So red the rose" must have inspired the fabric makers this season. For you are beginning to see Hollywood emerging in all variety of rose prints. At right, are roses and more roses in predominantly fuchsia and violet tones. A neckline that is a foil for pearls; sleeves meant to be worn with bracelets. The bodice is moulded and the skirt is circular. Wear this frock to lunch in, to dance in, and for a generally devastating effect upon the males. They will like everything about it, and they say, flowers never fail!

By courtesy of Fashion Frocks, Inc.

Left: Demure white daffodils pepper a crêpe of dusty-rose, and put you in a springtime mood. The puffed, shirred sleeves are matched in the shirred cone pockets, and the skirt has double inverted pleats. This frock has that interesting, new two-piece look because of the wide tie fabric belt, but is really an all-in-oner with a slide fastener. It's pretty; it's practical, and a good standby for many an occasion.

Right: You've heard much talk of yokes and you've heard much talk of spring colors. Here you have both. Aqua and grey zigzag stripes are used for a semi-shirrtmaker model, the kind of frock that goes everywhere and seems right for almost everything. The trim belt has a metal frame, and you can depend upon the fitted blouse and smooth hipband to do very nice things for your figure. A modish color splash under that sombre coat.

You will find a winsome print a welcome late-winter tonic! And if you choose these types, you will have an edge on spring. They go with coats, without coats, and are good all-timers.
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**IPANA TOOTH PASTE**

_Screenland_
...and be my love," says gorgeous Hedy Lamarr to handsome James Stewart. Does he? We'll say he does! And she pays him $17.60 a week in the bargain!...You can't believe it? Wait 'til you see it!

**Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents**

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Not even in the much-talked-about "Philadelphia Story" was he so romantic!

She wears fifteen dream-gowns by famed Adrian—and how she wears 'em!

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**Come Live With Me**

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IAN HUNTER - VERREE TEASDALE - DONALD MEEK

Screen Play by Patterson McNutt - A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Directed by **CLARENCE BROWN**
Vol. XLII, No. 5

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MYRNA LOY took all the slurs and deprecating cracks about her marriage break-up without losing one iota of her inscrutable poise. In fact, Myrna always does a swell job of queenin it just a trifle under any circumstance. That stand-offish glint in those cool green eyes of hers never melts away completely. I saw it come as near to disappearing as it ever has. I think, when out of a clear sky in a little out of the way, desert drugstore a youngster recognized her as she sipped a cooling drink at the fountain. The child's abject admiration was so disarming that Myrna was soon putty in his hands. He dragged her out to the street where he introduced her all around to an amazed and admiring group of his pals and for the first time in my life I saw the studied serenity of Miss Loy just go hang. When the whole gang lined up at the fountain for a treat, Myrna was the giddiest one present.

OH, WHAT a revenge it will be when Errol Flynn finally has the opportunity of getting even with John Barrymore. The Great Profile, a little more biting than usual but in rare verbal facility, gave Flynn a delirious drubbing at the Florentine Gardens the other night. They matched wits to the amused benefit of a good many cats at nearby tables. Barrymore had Flynn's face red even though Errol is no slouch at slinging slurs himself. However, he was at a disadvantage because, unlike John, there are some words at his command that he won't blurt out in public.

"You're the One!!" is the comedy in which Bonnie Baker and Orin Tucker, below, make their film bow, and "you're the one for me" is what Lillian Cornell, curvacious harem gal is telling Orin, who is sitting pretty above, and wearing a sultan's turban for the occasion.

THERE'S always a story behind the story of an outstanding success in Hollywood. There is an altogether unknown angle to the great personal triumph of Thomas Mitchell in the dramatic "Flight from Destiny." All of Mitchell's acclaim for the creation of this outstanding role came about quite by accident. In fact, it was only a wrong telephone number that popped him into this chance at another Academy Award. He was mulling two pictures at the time and was slightly in favor of going over to M-G-M rather than to Warners because they offered a better deal. He asked his secretary to get his agent on the telephone so he could settle the choice with him. It happened the secretary also had the Warner casting office on the wire and the calls were mixed. The Warner casting head, quite by accident, got to talk to Mitchell before he talked with his agent, and the die was cast. On such small things hang outstanding successes in Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD is literally tearing its hair out in mirth over Joan Crawford's latest silly experience. A very large and intriguing trunk arrived all correctly directed to be rushed to J. Crawford. Oh what an ingrateous denouncement was precipitated when it was pried open and proved to be so obviously missing. It was crammed full of the worn-out and dilapidated personal effects, from old squash rackets to discarded long undies, of one of Joan's former spouses.
How you'll cheer "OH, JOHNIE" BONNIE and ORRIN as they sing and play!

Paramount presents

BONNIE BAKER * ORRIN TUCKER

AND HIS ORCHESTRA

in

"YOU'RE THE ONE"

with

Jerry Colonna • Edward Everett Horton • Albert Dekker

Lillian Cornell
Teddy Hart

It's more than just a song when Bonnie sings to Orrin "I Could Kiss You for That"!

Written and Produced by Gene Markey • A Paramount Picture • Directed by Ralph Murphy
IT WAS like a scene from a superb sophisticated screen comedy with a touch of George Cukor's impeccable direction. Jimmy Stewart had parked his car on a steep incline in front of the house of one of his very best girls to pick her up for an evening of fun. Before he returned with his be-jeweled and be-gowned date on his arm his car had edged away from the curb and was smoothly travelling down the street. They both gave chase, evening clothes or no, and breathed a prayer each time the car missed another shiny vehicle parked along the curb. Finally the runaway car smacked into a tired looking old jellöy and turned that car over completely. The impact halted the offending machine in its tracks. It was quite a predicament, but Jimmy soon fixed that. He simply turned to the very young owner of the damaged car, and pointing to his own machine said, "If it's all right with you, I'd like to have you take my car in trade for the one I damaged." He offered the keys and the stranger jumped at the exchange. Then Jimmy and his charming companion clicked their heels in a curt little salute to each other and, absolutely machineless, tripped on down the street. Before they could find a taxi, a horn tooted, a car halted at the curb and offered a lift. It was the owner of the new acquaintance生产 along with them in their sophisticated game. They gladly accepted his hospitality and soon, with the mawy gracious nonchalance and charming camaraderie, all three rode off gaily in search of a taxi.

THERE is just no limit to the ends that practical jokers won’t go these days. It seems that the biggest names in the business have been taking the brunt of the really crackheaded pranks lately. Our foremost exponent of fatal feminine enchantment gave the champagne and caviar set a big giggle the other night. This sensuous siren of the screen, swathed in the richest furs and the falsest eyelashes imaginable, languorously attitudinized all over our swankiest night club. Her phony shenigans finally got the goat of one of our town’s more imaginative wits. Undoubtedly fortified with giggle water, he resurrected from somewhere a most amusing sign printed in a manner to insinuate most amusing consequences, and pinned it to our femme fatale’s luxurious white fox cape. Utterly unconscious of the gag, our languorous lady flew into a hysterical fit when the management advised her she would either have to stop advertising with signs or leave the establishment.

She may be looney, but she’s lovely! Barbara Allen, who recently appeared in Gene Autry’s "Melody Ranch," is radio’s sassy Vera Vague. It won’t be long before she will be given glamor girl roles.

CARY GRANT is one of the softest touches in town and Rosalind Russell knows it. Even after he had a fellow thrown bodily off the set for trying to get money from him under false pretenses, Roz knew the finesse of an effective approach. Her sad story of the assistant director on her picture who hadn’t worked in a year, and his struggling wife and children, melted Cary in a minute. Soon Roz walked away with a neat little roll of folding money and a very amused twinkle in her eye. In due time, from the stage where Roz’s picture was finishing up that day, came sounds of very gay revelry and Cary sauntered over to get in on the fun. He did. He got a bigger kick out of it than anyone when he found that Roz, as a joke, had wheedled that money out of him to give all the crew of her picture a party.

Constance Moore, Phil Regan, Virginia Dale, Tommy Dorsey, and Lillian Cornell in "Las Vegas Nights," a crazy comedy of the troubles of some vaudevilleans who’re stranded in wide-open Las Vegas.
"HIGH SIERRA is an excitement-loaded yarn if ever I knew one! On film it's a world-beater!"
Newspaperdom's acknowledged No. 1 Story-Teller
MARK HELLINGER

"HIGH SIERRA is the most thrilling and unusual picture I have directed since 'What Price Glory'?"
Director of a hundred Hits, RAOUl WALSH

"My story to top 'Little Caesar' is HIGH SIERRA!"
Famed Author, W. R. BURNETT

WARNER BROS., Producers of 'Little Caesar' and 'Angels with Dirty Faces', now present the drama that towers mightily beside both . . .

HIGH SIERRA
A NEW PEAK FOR SCREEN EXCITEMENT!

It's the picture that skyrockets them to top star ranks!
IDA LUPINO
As Marie, the taxi dancer and killer's companion—deep down just another woman whose hungry heart yearned for one man.

HUMPHREY BOGART
As 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good, defiant of every law on earth—except the High Sierras!

With ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE
HENRY HULL • HENRY TRATERS

Screen P - John Huston and W. R. Burnett - From a Novel by W. R. Burnett
Hair all "SET" for Glamour

Soft, natural-looking waves, tiny curls and ringlets that keep their beguiling beauty... every glamour girl knows they are essential requirements for real loveliness. Nestle Superset will glamourize your hair with curls and waves that are soft and lustrous...that are so easy to manage... that stay in place days longer. You'll enjoy using Nestle Superset. It's so simple to apply, dries so rapidly and never leaves embarrassing white flakes to mar the beauty of your dark clothes or furs. Nestle Superset comes in two different types. The regular (green) and the new Number 2 which is transparent and extra fast drying. Both Supersets have received Good Housekeeping's Seal of Approval.

BETTE DAVIS has appeared at some of the town's most brilliant parties lately and always with the flattering effect of putting a good many of the town's "beauties" in the shade with her overwhelming personality. Bette is certainly not the unsocial, mousy girl she was when she first arrived in Hollywood. Now she is surrounded like a magnet by the town's big names when she spouts her over-loud but very brilliant party chit-chat. "There goes the man who nearly blighted my life," bellowed Bette at a recent white tie and tails soirée. The object of her jibe shunted his conversation companions and his social small talk to join Bette in a hearty laugh. It is an established joke between Bette and William Wyler. He's the man whose remarkable direction brought her an Academy Award in "Jezebel," and who directed her recently in "The Letter." However, once Wyler and Bette couldn't laugh so gaily about their enviable artistic association. Nearly ten years ago when she was unknown, Bette was a complete wash-out to him. Out at the old Universal Studios he flatly turned her down and picked another actress for an important role.

When good fellows get together they can always find something to laugh about. Judging from picture below, Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland had a merry time returning from the "Santa Fe Trail" première.

YOU can see Ann Sheridan a mile away in that very, very green hat that is a most flattering contrast to her hair, which seems to be becoming very, very red.... The latest example of mop-top preciosity in the movie colony comes from the lips of Joan Blondell's sonny boy, Norman. When asked what he thought of his first session of going to church, he seemed to favor the custom, but was puzzled. "There's one thing I don't think is fair. The man who talked and did all the work got gipped in the end. Another man who didn't do anything came around and got all the money!"

SINCE the honor has been bestowed on Errol Flynn I've been wondering if he, or the other Hollywood stars who have received similar distinction, have ever thought about the fact that it is really unlawful for anyone to sell them liquor. It is a crime since these people have had the singular honor of being made full-fledged members of an Indian tribe.... For all of Eddie Albert's recent scruffy publicity antics and his decidedly far from sane slant on life in general, he is not without a pretty good business head. Eddie's whole family is comfortably ensconced in a new apartment house he bought. His mother manages the establishment, and the arrangement brings Mr. Albert quite a nice little penny.
David L. Loew - Albert Lewin present

"SO ENDS OUR NIGHT"

starring Fredric March • Margaret Sullavan • Frances Dee

with Glenn Ford • Anna Sten • Erich Von Stroheim

Two thrilling Romances in a story of high Adventure!

Unforgettable Performances by the Year's Greatest Cast!
Prom the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---

Mauled two important sales today.
Had no pep — just couldn't get going! Wonder if I hadn't better take a laxative — been putting it off too long.

Harry said I ought to try Ex-Lax. Took some before I went to bed. Say, this Ex-Lax taste is a new one on me — just like chocolate!

Felt like a million when I got up this morning. Ex-Lax worked fine — didn't upset me a bit. Just watch me go after those birds today!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

By Betty Boone

INSIDE the STARS' HOMES

Yes, Hollywood has home girls, too! Here's pretty Maureen O'Hara, who gives you her family's favorite recipes for wholesome meals.

Maureen O'Hara took the house because of the swimming pool! It's not the usual Hollywood pool; it crowns a steep hill back of the Spanish house of O'Hara choice which itself is set on one of Hollywood's highest hills. You must mount a flight of green stone steps that turns and twists up the slope to reach it, but once here the pool lies cradled in a dip at the top, protected by a windbreak of trees, yet with an amazing view of Hollywood and Beverly Hills stretching to the sea.

Maureen is not an excitable person. She's as poised as a woman of thirty, as calm as a summer night, but she grew quite heated about that pool. "I couldn't give it up," she assured me. "It's like being on top of the world there. You feel above storms."

The house has its charm, too, but to Maureen it isn't the red-tiled roof, the archways and tiled halls, the completely modern kitchen and up-to-the-minute breakfast room, or the gloriously furnished bedrooms.
If she can’t take a tip—she’ll surely lose her job

Why risk offending? Use Mum every day. Be sure underarms are always fresh!

Nancy couldn’t believe her eyes! Yet there, plain as day, was the note that told what her fellow workers thought. Carelessness of this sort... the merest hint of underarm odor... can pull you down so quickly! That’s why smart girls make a daily habit of Mum.

For Mum makes your daintiness sure. Just smooth it on and you’re safe from underarm odor for a full day or evening. Never forget Mum for a single day, for even daily baths can’t prevent risk of offending. Underarms always need Mum’s sure protection.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant because:

**MUM IS SPEEDY!** Thirty seconds is all it takes to apply a touch of Mum.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor all day long.

**MUM IS SAFE!** Can’t irritate your skin...can’t harm clothes. Mum has the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist’s today. Use it every day... be sure you’re always sweet.

SMART GIRLS MAKE A HABIT OF MUM!

**TIME COUNTS WHEN I DRESS FOR THE OFFICE, AND MUM TAKES ONLY 30 SECONDS!**

**TO HERSELF: STEPPING OUT AGAIN WITH HARRY! I’M GETTING A ROOM... SINCE I LEARNED ABOUT MUM**

For Sanitary Napkins

More and more women who want no worries about daintiness are using Mum for this important purpose. And Mum is so gentle, so safe.

**MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

Maureen admits her mother is the real cook of the family, but herself enjoys putting around the kitchen and trying new recipes.

It’s the view at night from the living room’s studio windows. There are two large windows, each its own panorama (one including Catalina on a sunny day), but it’s the lights at night that get you, says Maureen. “I like to lie on my couch facing the windows after dark and watch them. Some are the ropes of white diamonds that are streets and some are the rubies and sapphires and emeralds and topazes that are signs, and then there are the ones that flash on and off and look as if someone had shaken a lapful of jewels so that they roll around.”

A house has so far proved a slippery possession to the young Irish star. When she graduated from Trinity College in London, she expected to appear on the London stage, so she leased a house in London for three years. Then came the movie contract and almost before they knew what was happening, Maureen’s mother were on the high seas headed for Hollywood.

“No more leases, we told each other,” said Maureen. “Maybe I wouldn’t last! So we rented one place after another until one day we found this house on the hill. Mother was fascinated by the house and I by the pool, so we took it—and I hadn’t been in it three days before they sent me out on a personal appearance tour! Now I’m home, but I don’t dare count on it!”

Her long bob of red curls made a vivid spot against the cream of her living room wall, the blue-green of her eyes were like the blue-green of the rugs. Rust and green in drapes and furniture set off the Irish beauty. Her mother, who has the fire that Maureen scorned, came in with the Irish terrier, Finn McCool. “Pronounced Finn McCool,” elucidated Maureen, paying no attention to Finn’s rubber bone, which he hopefully offered.

“You’ll be wanting to know about Irish dishes,” said Mrs. O’Hara, beaming. Maureen can eat, but she knows nothing about cooking. How she loves to eat that child! When she was a little girl, she was no plump and fat, she might have been a butterball. She’d eat and eat, and then (Continued on page 82)

SCREENLAND 13
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

My pet movie peave is the "sound effects" which accompany movies and which are supplied by several over-talented (?) members of the audience.

Example No. 1: The heroine was gracefully gliding across a lawn. Of course, some dope crunched the hoofs of horses' hoofs and wouldn't give up until half of the audience thought it was a Royal Mounted raid.

Example No. 2: A love scene was taking place. Gently the hero placed his lips upon the lips of the fair maiden. Just at this "touching" moment, some dim homo sapiens puckered up his bubble-gum and slowly drew his breath through it, thus transforming the love scene into a toss-up between a leaky tire and a toothless individual symphonying musk.

Now, which shall I do: Take up basket-weaving, or wear ear-muffs to movies and use my imagination? Sound-effect creators, remember, "I paid too!"

Lorraine Nelson, Cathay, No. Dak.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Give me unreality and illusion in my pictures! I'm a sucker for that sort of hokum in movies. I drive on it and can take it in large doses. Of course, the more sugar-coated it is, the better I like it. The person today who is energetic enough to keep himself headed upstream gets his bloomin' fill of reality and disillusion in his every-day life. Maybe that's why I like unreality, etc., in my picture fare. I get so fed up with the hard knocks I have to take that I enjoy seeing life as I wish it were but which I know it is not.

Yes, I like pictures of unreality and illusion—"magic carpet" pictures. I don't care if I do know they are mostly hokum. They give me a chance to spend an hour or two away from life as it really is, and I need that kind of a vacation as often as I can afford to take it—at the movies.


FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each

Motion pictures could be the greatest form of entertainment known to man if producers would only wake up. I am referring to the double features. The average movie-goer is fairly intelligent. To see a good picture why must we sit through an hour and a half of hokum? Why must we ruin our eyesight and disposition on an anaemic little love story or a so-called murder mystery that a child of ten would find impossible?

The American movie fan wants to see a good story enacted by a splendid cast and is willing to pay more for excellent entertainment, as witnessed by the great success of "Gone With the Wind."

Reserve the horse operas and amateurish mysteries for the children's matinées where they belong and give the adults adult entertainment. Then watch the lines form at the box offices.

Barbara Briggs, New Bedford, Mass.

"Fred Allen has been to Hollywood three times. He hopes there will be no fourth." This tid-bit is from the January issue of SCREENLAND. To Fred's fervent hope that there will be no fourth trip I would like to add mine.

How that man must have suffered! Will Hays should investigate the brutal producers who kidnapped this comedian and forced a fairly talentless star on him to keep him in Hollywood. How else could Fred Sopru-pass have been brought to this abominable town? Certainly not of his own free will! There must have been a terrific struggle.

I should thank Allen for one thing. He made picture work sound so strenuous that I'm glad I drive a truck for a living. But now I must be off to see Jack Benny in "Love Thy Neighbor."


I just had one grand evening at the Albee Theatre. The picture was "Tin Pan Alley." I go to many pictures and always go with my husband, who, during most of the picture, sleeps like a log. Well, it wasn't like that during the showing of "Tin Pan Alley." No sir—he sang and laughed with all the rest of the crowd. Jack Oakie is simply adorable in it and perhaps I shouldn't say it, but he was the show. Every word Betty Grable spoke could be understood. The entire cast was very good and do you know what, although I'm not telling the family I'm seeing it again tomorrow at a suburban theatre.

Mrs. W. E. Leob, Cincinnati, O.

I don't like to see a movie fan "take up" something he may have heard about a star's personal life, and then hate his pictures and refuse to see them. Perhaps what he has heard is not true, or has been enlarged upon; hence it is unfair to judge a person's acting ability by what he may have heard.

Persons of the stage, screen and radio earn their living by their ability to entertain in some manner or another, and should have due credit for what is coming to them.

Hollywood life differs greatly from the average American family life in other parts of the country; hence they are not understood, and their ability to earn their bread and butter is all the more reason for entering into it. I ignore their personal life—they go to see their pictures for the sheer joy and relaxation they give me after a day's work—which is on the average of three times a week.

More power to these actors and actresses who help me while away many an hour.

Eltie Dick, Beverly Hills, Calif.

I don't yearn to meet the President Or watch the Brooklyn Dodgers—but, gosh, how I fell for a handsome gent by the name of Roy Rogers.

In my opinion, this youthful singing cowboy is the most charming and irresistible personality to greet the movie fans in ages. And judging from his record since the release of "Under Western Stars," a host of other fans must share a similar opinion. Norvell recently predicted that Rogers will soon join the big league stars and I heartily second the prediction. It doesn't take an astrologer to foresee big things for Roy.

Lena M. Northam, Bemettsville, S. C.

HONORABLE MENTION

I'm a regular reader of SCREENLAND and am glad to write to your new forum. I have no pet peeves—no criticism. I only want to shout to the world my appreciation of the movies just as they are, as they have been a life-saver to me.

I've been confined to a wheelchair for almost a year due to an automobile accident. Friends called for a while but their interest soon slackened. I don't like to make my family feel I have to stay home every afternoon to keep me company. So they wheel me across the street to our neighborhood theatre. For the last two hours I forget all about my condition while absorbed in a thrilling picture. Then a courteous usher wheels me across the street and the maid rolls me in the house.

SCREENLAND wishes to thank its readers for the prompt and amazing way in which they responded to this Forum's call for letters, and asks those who did not win a prize this time not to be discouraged, but to try again. Write a letter of constructive criticism or start some controversy, and WIN A CASH PRIZE. We offer, monthly, prizes of $10.00, $5.00, and five awards of $1.00 each. Closing date for letters is the 25th of the month.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S Fans' Forum, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Thank God for the movies—all of them.

Evelyn Miller, Charlotte, N. C.

What say we get a question settled? Are Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin married? Is he ashamed of her, or vice versa? Is she using this as a blind? You know, after all, it doesn’t add anything good to her reputation. I think it is just plain silly. That guessing game is okey for a while, but two years of it is a little more than necessary. So let’s have the truth.

Mrs. E. F. Leatherman, Oak Creek, Colo.

An Oomph Cow! Of all the silly things! Giving a cow the same title as a beautiful movie actress, I am Ann Sheridan’s most ardent fan and I think the world of her.

To me it is sort of like comparing Miss Sheridan with a cow. The person who gave Elsie, the Cow, that title probably didn’t mean it that way, but I’m sticking up for Ann Sheridan.

Grace Pritzial, La Mesa, Calif.

In this letter I am going to tear down three motion pictures. They are the only three that have ever bored me stiff!

No. 1: “Sweethearts.” I thought the story was awful, and Nelson Eddy worse! Another awful, mushy story. Did Joan Crawford have to go without make-up? She looked positively repulsive. Such a gruesome tale.

No. 2: “Strange Cargo.” Another awful, mushy story. Did Joan Crawford have to go without make-up? She looked positively repulsive. Such a gruesome tale.

No. 3: “New Moon.” Why is Nelson Eddy? I cannot stand the man. The story and plot weren’t so hot either. The music was good, Jeanette MacDonald was good, too, but oh, that Eddy!

Now just to show you I like some shows, some of my favorites will always be: “Last of the Mohicans,” “Mr. Smith Goes to Washington,” “Gunga Din,” “Three Comrades,” “The Mortal Story,” and “All This, and Heaven Too.”

By the way, when is Margaret Sullivan going to win an Oscar?

Henry Steinhoff, Chicago, Ill.

I was all for going in to see “I Want A Divorce” from the beginning but Bill wanted to eat first. We ate, but he admitted afterwards that the picture might have been better if we’d seen it from A to Z, instead of from M to Z and A to L.

Very politely I said no, the other features and newsreel helped me endure it’s “mcler-drammer.” I’d wanted to laugh but the “kick comedy of the season” left me with every emotion squeezed out of me and several wet handkericks.

I’m not kicking about the acting which was excellent. Joan Blondell is a grand little comedian—if she has a story worthy of her talents. It’s poor stories that kill stars. So let’s give Joan better stories.

Mrs. Beissie Tolls, Denver, Colo.

Haven’t they enough heroes running around loose in Hollywood without wasting the magnetic evil of George Sanders in “Sorry” roles?

He is one of the best villains on the screen. He leers and sneers his way off with every scene in which he appears, and even the heroes seem pale into insignificance before the strength of his cold, cultured knavery.

He can mesmerize people into sitting through his pictures twice (I saw “Rebecca” three times) and there aren’t many “bad boys” who can do that.

So, why in the name of big box office do they want him to “go straight”? He isn’t nearly as effective, in spite of his ability. It is his sinister individualism that has made him what he is. In his case—Crane Does Pay.

Ruth King, Crawford, N. J.

With “Arizona” under my belt, I figure that I have just about half completed my cinematic Cook’s tour of these United States, what with “Kentucky,” “Maryland,” etc. How about Maine or Vermont for the twenty-one million or so Republicans?

All joking aside, “Arizona” took me back to my kid days, where every Saturday afternoon meant cowboys, Indians, and plenty of shooting and riding. “Arizona” beats any Western I have ever seen for riding and gunplay, and Jean Arthur is just about perfect as Phoebe. The dialogue was about as corny as any I’ve ever heard, but who cares about dialogue when Redkins are biting the dust?

Marine Baxter, Norwood, O.

If I had my way, Humphrey Bogart would receive an Academy Award for being consistently good in “bad” roles. He’s swell, no matter what part he plays. He usually portrays the meanest gangster in town, loaded down with guns, and talking out of the side of his mouth. Or, he can be a not too tough truck driver as in “They Drive By Night.” (Didn’t he make a wonderful husband?) Whatever his characterization, he has what it takes to make the audience cheer him.

I don’t ask that he not be typed, for he already is, as the most likeable “bad man” in Hollywood.

Miss Miriam Arnold, Macon, Ga.

SEE! PRETTY WOOLS STAY SOFT WITH AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW! 3-SECOND SUDS IN COOL WATER!

Easy now to give sweaters safe care!

No more worry about hot-water shrinking!

A GREAT BIG CHEER for the new Ivory Snow! It’s a wonderful cool-water soap that’s safe for the downy softness of sweaters—safe for every woolen washable—a girl ever loved! This new Ivory Snow suds in 3 seconds—in safe cool water! No need for hot water and hard rubbing that shrink woolens. Just squeeze your pretty sweaters gently through cool, pure sud of Ivory Snow and watch ‘em come out soft and fleecy! You’ll thank your stars for this new cool-water form of pure Ivory Soap! Try Ivory Snow today!

HAPPY DAYS FOR SWEATERS!

No fear of hot-water shrinking for woolens, with cool-water Ivory Snow! Cool sud helps sweaters stay fleecy!

NEW FORM OF IVORY SOAP 99 3/4% PURE

LITTLE TOTS’ WOOLENS thrive on Ivory Snow’s safe care! It’s the new cool-water form of baby’s own pure Ivory Soap!

SPECIAL OFFER TO UNCLE SAM! WRITE FOR MILITARY CASH PRICE. Ivory Snow Soap Company, Inc.
To the Beautiful Woman, the Great Actor, the Fine Writers, and the Imaginative Director who have made "Flight from Destiny" the Picture of the Month!

"Flight from Destiny" will get you! We predict it will be the most talked-about picture of the season. It's that "different" movie you've been looking for: a daring and original drama of a man with only six months to live—and what he does with the time left to him. Call it a melodrama, call it a murder mystery, call it a chance for Thomas Mitchell to prove again that he is a great actor, call it a triumph for alluring Mona Maris in the siren's rôle—but see it!
**SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle**
By Alma Talley

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**ACROSS**

1. Star of "North West Mounted Police" - Walt Disney's Mickey
2. "If I . . . My Way," a Bing Crosby film
3. Northwestern state (abbrev.)
4. Mickey Rooney's most famous film
5. To onee; leak slowly
6. Close at hand
7. "That Certain . . . .," a Deanna Durbin film
8. She stars in "The Letter"
9. The Grand Duchess Suwana in "Ninotchka"
10. He featured in "Trail of the Vigilantes"
11. Explanation of woe
12. Famous movie baby - ("... - Gers Hom Man")
13. To sing jingly
14. Germans were called this in the "Hate for Hate" film
15. "... West," a Marx Brothers film
16. A pointed steel instrument
17. Star of "Wyoming"
18. "... , My Love," with Claudette Colbert
19. He's grown up now and no longer plays the role of a brat
20. Woolly

**DOWN**

1. To free, as from a burden or annoyance; banish
2. She co-stars in "The Howards of Virginia"
3. Co-star in "He Stayed for Breakfast"
4. "... . Town," with Colbert and Gable
5. Latter in time
6. Operatic solo
7. Sales; solitary
8. He's featured in "The Long Voyage Home"
9. The back

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**GABLE ORAL WEST ARROW PAYE EVED SIEGES FRED ARE PANG PATERAN TENOR STEMS BE RAINS AWE AM ERIGLLOWE NINE TRAPS LID EDDIE TONE ADMIRITS BATE STONE AS SEARS ELECT HENRY TIDE HALL OVA EARS ROONEY PIPS GAL REGAL ELSE EYED ADORE**

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**Answer to Last Month's Puzzle**

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**ON all sides, women are turning to an amazing safe way in feminine hygiene. A way that is not only dainty and safe—but gives continuous medication for hours without use of poison. And actually kills germs at contact. Called Zonitors—these dainty, snow-white suppositories spread a graceless, protective coating. To kill germs, bacteria on contact. To cleanse antiseptically. To disinfect—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odor.

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

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**SCREENLAND**

17
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Ask any man! He'll tell you irresistible lips are soft lips, smooth lips, dewy-fresh! Glamorous women know this and choose a softer, creamier lipstick like IRRESISTIBLE. Easy to apply, non-drying, stays on smoothly for hours because it's WHIP-TEXT through a secret new process. Thrilling range of fashion-right colors includes such favorites as: RUBY RED, FLASH RED, CANDY STRIPE RED, FUCHSIA PLUM with matching rouge, face powder and powder foundation.

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10c AT ALL

S & 10c STORES

DOES HE LOVE YOU?

New! Irresistible Valentine Perfume holders spins and tells all! Wear this enchanting IRRESISTIBLE fragrance on your next date. Then spin the heart! Our guess: He loves you.

IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10c

Tagging the Talkies

Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

Flight Command—M-G-M

This picture brings the U. S. Navy Air Service to the screen and gives a look-in on this vital branch of Uncle Sam's fighting forces. Robert Taylor, as the cadet who joins a group of daring flyers, and whose friendship for his flight commander's wife is misunderstood until he saves the commander's life, gives a flawless performance. Walter Pidgeon, Ruth Hussey, also good. Squadron flights and takeoffs from carrier ships are film's highlights.

No, No, Nanette—RKO-Radio

Anna Neagle is charming as the star of this musical comedy which revolves around Nanette's attempt to rescue her uncle (Roland Young) from the clutches of goldiggers, with the complications almost wrecking her own romance. Young has some swell comedy scenes. Richard Carlson and Victor Mature play Nanette's rival suitors. The film lacks the pep necessary to a musical, but it's pleasing, thanks to Anna's dancing and its catchy tunes.

This Thing Called Love—Columbia

Rosalind Russell and Melvyn Douglas are co-starred in this highly entertaining comedy. They're newlyweds, married with the understanding (it's her idea) that their union is not to be consummated for ninety days, but Melvyn tries to change her mind by the power of suggestion and his masculine charms. After many hilarious complications, Rosalind sees her error. It's sophisticated, and a bit risqué—strictly adult entertainment. Binnie Barnes in cast.

Road Show—Hal Roach—U. A.

This gay comedy has enough gags, funny situations and slapstick for two films, so whether or not you'll enjoy it depends on how much of the stuff you can take. D rogue (John Hubbard) and Colonel Carraway (Adolphe Menjou) escape from a sanatorium and join Penguin Moore's carnival. Drogo, introduced as a lion-tamer, bluff's his way through an act to please Penguin. Charles Butterworth, Patsy Kelly, George E. Stone, very funny.

Santa Fe Trail—Warner's

Here's a stirring historical film epic of pre-Civil War days in which Raymond Massey gives a fiery, forceful characterization of John Brown, fanatical anti-slavery leader, that is a masterpiece. Errol Flynn, as Job Stuart, Confederate hero, is convincing, and Olivia de Havilland is good as the girl he wins from his friend, "Last Stand" Custer (Ronald Reagan), but Massey's work overshines their portrayals and all those by the fine supporting cast. Lots of riding and shooting.
The Invisible Woman—Universal

This is not a horror film so don't let the title keep you from seeing it. It's a swell comedy with John Barrymore as the eccentric professor whose invention makes persons invisible, and Virginia Bruce as the pretty model on whom he tries out his invention. John Howard portrays the professor's backer who falls in love with the model. What happens when the model is made invisible, by excellent trick photography, affords many laughs.

Go West—M-G-M

The crazy Marxes heed Horace Greeley's advice and Go West. They become involved in a land deal because of a deed which they received as a loan security. It's the goofiest picture we've seen in a long time. Its good gags and amusing dialogue. The train episode with everybody on board trying to get to New York to sell the property to the railroad is a scream. If you're a Marx fan you'll love this one. Diana Lewis, John Carroll are the romancers.

Little Nellie Kelly—M-G-M

Judy Garland plays a dual rôle of mother and daughter in this romantic musical comedy, filled with old-fashioned sentiment and Irish wit. Also fine in dual portrayals are George Murphy, as Nellie's husband, and later aging convincingly as the father, and Charles Winninger, the shiftless father and later as grandfather. The delightful voices of Judy and Douglas McPhail are heard in tuneful Irish ballads, and Murphy dances a waltz with Judy.

You've got plenty on your mind besides musty old history dates and what x plus y equals!

Your stockings are all shot. So's your budget. You're simply mad for a new "formal". Slippers, too! And you be awake nights plotting how to wangle a permanent. (Just to mention a few of your problems.)

Frivolous—? No! They all add up to being attractive. And being attractive helps achieve success and happiness. So more power to you!

Only do remember this: To have friends, beaux, and good times (or hold a job and get ahead in the world) you must be attractive and poised . . . regardless of what day of the month it is!

But that's not as difficult as it sounds. Being comfortable is half the battle. And Kotex sanitary napkins can help you be comfortable and carefree . . . just as they help millions of other girls.

Yes—millions!

For it's an actual fact, more women use Kotex than all other brands put together! And you won't be a bit surprised when you try it!

You'll find Kotex more comfortable, because it's less bulky.

(Girls declare you scarcely know you're wearing it!)

Then—Kotex has flat, pressed ends to prevent embarrassing, telltale bulges. And a moisture-resistant "safety shield" to give you extra protection . . .

Another thing—you can get Kotex in three different sizes:

Super— Regular— Junior —and all three sizes sell for the same low price!

So—considering these advantages—is it any wonder that Kotex is the most popular napkin made?

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Screenland
When you get chilled. Sudden changes of temperature may shock the system . . . reduce its resistance to germs . . . allow them to get the upper hand. Help overcome intensified germ activity on mouth and throat surfaces by gargling Listerine.

AFTER SUCH EXPOSURES

LISTERINE—QUICK!

TO FIGHT Colds AND Sore Throat!

Often this prompt precaution may help Old Mother Nature to head off a cold or relieve the inflammation of sore throat.

Listerine quickly attacks germs that invade the mouth and throat surfaces when body resistance has been lowered.

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that many authorities say are largely responsible for the symptoms of a cold . . . and make it more troublesome.

Tests Showed Fewer Colds

Tests showed Listerine Antiseptic's amazing effectiveness. They actually revealed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%, even 15 minutes after the Listerine gargle, up to 80% one hour later. (See chart below and to left.)

Careful clinical studies during 9 years of research showed that Listerine was amazingly effective in fighting colds and simple sore throat. Those who gargled Listerine twice a day had fewer colds and fewer sore throats than those who did not gargle with it.

Moreover, when Listerine Antiseptic users did develop colds, they were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.

Get in the habit of gargling Listerine night and morning during cold weather. If you notice the slightest indication that a cold is getting started, repeat the gargle several times during the day.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE REDUCED GERMS!

The two drawings above 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%.

LamBERT PhARmACAL CoMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.
An Open Letter to CHAPLIN

For many years Charlie has been the mighty little man of the movies, cheering world audiences with his inimitable comedy. A man of the people himself, he seemed to understand the problems of "the little fellow" and to champion his cause. His greatest quality was always true humility. In declining an award as "best actor of 1940" by New York film critics, he noted Chaplin turned as pompous as those stopstick policemen he used to kick in the pants.

DEAR MR. CHAPLIN:

We can't call you Charlie any more.

By "we" I mean all of us who have known and loved for years the wistful little man with the mustache, the baggy pants, the big shoes; the little man who somehow seemed the soul of all the other humble, hopeful little men in the world. We loved that little man because we knew him; we laughed with him rather than at him; we applauded until our palms were red when he kicked sham and pretension in the pants. He was, in a word, one of us.

That was in the days of "Shoulder Arms"; later of "The Gold Rush," and "The Circus," and "City Lights." Some of us can remember as far back as the two-reelers—indeed, even today's children know that little man from the home-movie editions of his early comedies. But—where is he now?

There's an interesting motion picture called "The Great Dictator" playing on some screens, starring Charles Chaplin. According to most critical standards it may not be a great picture. But the star gives a brilliant performance in a difficult dual rôle—and so the New York Film Critics' Circle, composed of the metropolitan newspaper reviewers, honored the star with their award for "best performance of an actor in 1940." "The Grapes of Wrath" was voted the best picture, John Ford the best director, and Katharine Hepburn the best actress for "The Philadelphia Story." All the winners gratefully acknowledged their honor—the hitherto indifferent Miss Hepburn, in fact, expressed herself as "hysterically happy" over hers.

But you, Mr. Chaplin, declined, in the following words among others: "In justice to myself and my fellow actors, I cannot accept your award, for in so doing I feel I would be acknowledging the fact that actors are competing with each other. And such an approach to one's work is not very inspiring...

Somehow that phrase, "actors competing with each other," seems to contain more than a trace of the bombast at which you used to thumb your nose. Aren't you an actor, Mr. Chaplin, a great actor—and proud of it? True, you are a producer, a tycoon, a social lion, too—but is all that so important? Can it be that you aren't Charlie any longer, but a Genius above all evaluation? If that's so, then goodbye to the great little man who has done so much to make millions happier. We'll miss you!

Delight Evans

The art of the actor reaches a new high in Charlie's scene with Paulette Goddard, below, from his newest film, "The Great Dictator."
Family circle! Cutest picture we ever published of real American parents and their lovely children—Mr. and Mrs. Dick Powell (Joan Blondell) with son Norman and daughter Ellen.

And here's the merry playboy of the amusement world—right, Rudy Vallee celebrating New Year's Eve at the Grove with pretty, pompadoured Rosemary Coleman.

Below, "Bad Man" Wally Beery has a heck of a good time dining at the Brown Derby with a pretty visitor from New York—Rosalie Graybar—not, unfortunately, in the movies.

Catch up with your picture pets at play!
Most sought-after eligible man in Hollywood when he visits it: John May "Jack" Whitney, the millionaire sportsman, camera-dodging as he dines with ever-lovely Norma Shearer.

Regular visitor these evenings at Ciro's, smart night spot, is John Barrymore, presenting, at left, his best profile for the benefit of cute Sally Allen and our photographer.

Seldom seen in Hollywood night spots: popular cowboy star Bill Boyd, below, and charming wife Grace Bradley, in from their ranch home for a decorously festive dinner party.

Bette Davis is telling Mary Astor about her surprise marriage to Arthur Farnsworth, New England executive who won the Screen's First Actress over all expert Hollywood competition. He's camera-shy!
Advice to the Funlorn from the grand fellow who practices what he preaches on the screen, on the air, and in private life! A laugh tonic for these tired times

As told to Gladys Hall

You want to know who Yehudi really is? You want a scoop? You want me to crack it wide open and tell you what no mortal ears have ever heard before? All right, Yehudi is the Little Man we all should have in our hearts, if not in our homes. Yehudi is the laugh-maker. Yehudi is the Little Man who makes us laugh when we feel like bawling; who makes us wise-crack when we're jobless and hungry; who gives us what it takes to behave like zanies in a world with such a pain in its neck that it's twisted like a corkscrew. If that isn't Yehudi, that's who he ought to be!
"I'm serious," said Bob Hope in a tone of voice one seldom hears from him. "I'm damn serious," he said, over his fresh fruit compote in the Paramount commissary. Concentrating on what he was saying, too, was the Hope. Likewise a seldom occurrence. Because the one complaint ever made about Bob is that you can't pin him down, his mind is as active as his activities. He sort of wanders—but now he was concentrating. "I really believe that if I have a Message to give the world," he was saying, "it's this: HAVE FUN. Have fun at whatever you're doing, however you're feeling, whether there's any reason to have fun or whether there's a hell of a good reason to cry 'Wolf!' because the beast is at the door and you might as well speak to him.

"Now, it would be tiresome to be funny all the time unless it was spontaneous. I don't press. I don't press—like when reporters come up to me and look at their wrist-watches and crack, 'Say something funny'—I can only answer 'I'm about human.'

"No, what I mean is, people are given to making Big Productions out of everything that happens to them, out of everything they do. And out of nothing. They are given, especially, to making Big Productions out of the unhappy or unpleasant or boring things that happen to them. We can always kick the good times around, a cinch. But we get club feet when it comes to kicking the bad times around. So we don't. We let them kick us.

"That's not for me! Relax, I say, relax. Bing often says to me, 'Bob,' he says, 'how the hell do you do so many things and manage to brush them off?'—and Bing is no mean things-doer himself—" (three pictures a year, a radio show a week, rehearsals there-for benefits and golf, that is the Hope schedule)—"I tell him I relax and have a lot of fun, that's how. For it's being tense and taut that kills you, I mean it. All my work is relaxed, even when I do five and six shows a day, I figure out Easiest Ways and take them. I always write, 'Thanks for the Memory' for an autograph, saves me from giving my best—well, I can just hear folks saying right about now, that's just dandy, he's sure a sweetie-pie to be telling us to take it easy, great to know he can throw it away and all that. But HOW, HOW does he do it? How would the 'learned counsel' suggest that we do it?'" Bob's highly polished brown eyes twinkled—"if I don't tell 'em," he said, "I better keep my big mouth shut!

"So, all right; so let's begin (Please turn to page 90)"
FIVE years ago a girl of fourteen entered Joe Pasternak's office. She wore a pink cambric dress and her hair in bangs. She looked well scrubbed and probably was, for she'd been playing baseball in the school yard when the summons came. Her air of composure might have fooled you, except that her eyes were scared. She'd recently been fired by Metro and hired by Universal. She had yet to prove herself. Pasternak and his friend, Henry Koster, were in the same boat. The studio was saying in effect to all three: "Show us." The two men were mulling over a story, still vague in their heads, for which they needed a child. Instructions had been issued by the front office. "There's this kid we've just signed. Deanna Durbin. Take her."

"Hello, Deanna," said Pasternak. When Pasternak says hello and grins, tight nerves relax. He asked her questions about herself. He told her as much of the story as he knew. He liked the intelligence with which she listened and responded. He liked her simplicity and good manners. She sat quietly, making no effort to create an impression, her mounting excitement apparent only in the mounting color of her cheeks which soon matched her dress. All she said when she left was, "Thank you, Mr. Pasternak." But her eyes, that had been scared, sparkled.

That was the inception of the triple threat—Pasternak, Koster and Durbin—which saved Universal from the Indians. To Deanna, "Mr. Pasternak" became Uncle Joe and finally Joe, without the uncle. To him she was more than the child he had groomed to stardom. He grew to love her, as everyone loved her who knew her well.

Now she's engaged. Pasternak watched her romance from the sidelines. Deanna could tell it more fully than
And here she is with Vaughn Poul, her fiancé. They’ll be married in June, at a formal church wedding. Below, Deanna with Franchot Tone, who’s her leading man in “Nice Girl.”

By Ida Zeitlin

He, only she won’t. No one could tell it more sympathetically. He told it to us in the same office where, five years earlier, he’d told her the story of “Three Smart Girls.” He told it with humor, with tenderness, with obvious relish and from various points of the room. He’s a man whose energy doesn’t permit him to sit long. He gets up, strides about, looks out the window, comes back and leans across the desk, mobile features alight.

“Why not? Why shouldn’t I be pleased? Why shouldn’t anybody be pleased in this world of nightmare when right under your nose a fairy-tale happens—a happy-ever-after! No—I’m not a fortune-teller and I’m not a fairy tale writer, but if those two kids don’t live happy ever after, then I’ll be a Russian wolf and howl.”

His eyes went to the wall where Deanna’s picture hangs, affectionately inscribed to him. “You understand, she didn’t make me her confessor. She’s not a girl who spills her feelings on your shoulder. And what’s near her heart, she keeps right there where it belongs—inside her heart. I can only tell you what I saw with my own eyes. Well, then, it started in ‘Mad About Music’ You must excuse me if I mention pictures. It’s when I see Deanna most—when we make our pictures. So if the names come in, it’s not for publicity. Right? Right. It started in ‘Mad About Music.’ Yes—so long ago. But gently. That’s the nice part about it. It started gently and it grew up slowly, so it had time to become a solid thing. No this-boy-today-and-tomorrow-another. No flying to Yuma before we change our mind. Not for Deanna. She’s a one-man girl, deep in her feelings, serious-minded for the future. Some don’t look even once before they leap. She looks four times—north, south, east and west. All in (Continued on page 94)
Warmly human, richly American romantic comedy, beautifully told from the Warner Bros. film starring James Cagney, Olivia de Havilland, Rita Hayworth

It happened on a Sunday afternoon, back in the days of America's age of innocence—when the drugstore boys lined up to watch the Strawberry Blonde go by. In our scene stills from the picture you'll see Rita Hayworth in the title rôle, Olivia de Havilland as her sweet "rival" for the affections of Jimmy Cagney. Big cast includes Alan Hale, Jack Carson.
THE street was the way it always was on Sunday afternoons, quiet and sort of tired-looking as if it were resting up after all the din and bustle of the week. Biff Grimes hadn't realized how noisy it was weekdays when he moved there, what with the horse cars clanging and with bicycle bells warning people out of the way and the constant thud of horses' hoofs on the cobblestone street. Gosh, it was enough to make a man wonder what the world was coming to, all that traffic, not to speak of all the newfangled things people were inventing. The telephone and electric lights and everything! What wouldn't they think up next!

Over the door hung Biff's sign. It looked so dignified with its inscription, "B. L. Grimes, Dentist." Real fancy too with the big plaster tooth gilded over so it looked like gold, dangling down from it. Biff was real proud of that tooth. He'd certainly worked hard enough to have the right to hang it there. All those years of correspondence school lessons before he got his diploma.

Once Sunday afternoon had been the nicest day in the week for Biff. Now he didn't think so much of it. When a man was married walking in the park lost its spice and there wasn't anything to do except hang around the house and smell the Sunday dinner being cooked—and think. Biff didn't like to think these days. It scared him when he thought how badly things were going. This was the third time he had moved since he began his practice but it hadn't helped. Biff wouldn't have known what to do with himself if it weren't for Nick coming over and playing horseshoes with him in the back yard. Nick was the only one of the old crowd he saw these days.

"Sundays are a pain in the back teeth to me," Biff said suddenly glaring at the crowd of young people across the way who were laughing so gayly over their game of croquet and singing in chorus to the street band playing (Please turn to page 66)
Most camera-shy of all the noted producers, Alexander "Thief of Bagdad" Korda finally consented to pose for us with his wife, Merle Oberon, in their beautiful new home. Above, a friendly game of gin-rummy. Right and opposite, Merle in her drawing room and dressing room. From top of facing page: the Korda home from the garden; views of the drawing room, Mrs. Korda's bedroom, and the sun porch. Read fascinating complete descriptions of all these pictures on page 70.

WHEN Merle Oberon first spoke to Alexander Korda she was so scared she forgot her name. It was in 1931 and Merle, very shy and very young, was lunching in the studio restaurant of British Independent Pictures. She was so fussed over speaking to England's number one producer that she splashed potato soup on the front of her new green dress, Selfridge's basement, fifteen and sixpence. Merle was wearing green, a color she detested, because a girl friend who believed in the influence of color, had told her that green was the color she should wear. "That is your color," the girl had insisted, "Wear it, and something will happen." Something did. Merle was eating potato soup because it was the cheapest thing on the menu. Which gives you an interesting slant on how things were with Miss O.

"What's your name?" asked Mr. Korda, stopping by her table. All through luncheon he had been watching her, attracted by her unusual face.
For the first time, the doors of Hollywood's most exclusive new home swing open, to SCREENLAND readers only, giving you this charming, intimate close-up of a famous movie producer and his lovely actress-wife, Merle Oberon

By Elizabeth Wilson

"Mu-Mu-Merle," Merle stuttered, so completely dumbfounded that she gawked most unattractively.

"That's nice," said Mr. Korda with a kindly smile.

"Anything else?"

Not being in the least bit psychic, and certainly not susceptible to vibrations, Mr. Korda hadn't the faintest suspicion that the answer to his "anything else?" would one day be "Korda." And of course if any such thought had popped into Merle's completely confused mind at the time she would have undoubtedly swooned dead away in the potato soup.

But today the "anything else?" is most definitely Korda. It is Mrs. Korda, not Miss Oberon, who is "in", or "out", as the case may be, when you phone, or ring the doorbell. It is Mrs. Korda, not Miss Oberon, who entertains at dinner on Saturday nights, who appears smartly gowned at Hollywood's first nights and premières, who calls the butcher about a much inflated meat bill, who helps organize numerous benefits for British War Relief. Ever since their most romantic marriage (both of them have a decided flair for romance) in Vieux Antibes, June 3, 1939, Merle, who used to rejoice blatantly in her hard won independence, with practically the fervency of an early suffragette, has become so wife-minded that you (Please turn to page 71)
When you ask a specialist like Basil Rathbone or Boris (Boo!) Karloff how he feels about chilling people and killing people in picture after picture, he smiles, shrugs complacently, and replies “It’s a living.”

The average cinema meanie is pretty tough about it, and not at all concerned about immediate reform. Even George Raft, that immaculate make-believe hoodlum, agreed to return to crime provided he was not required to break anybody’s wooden leg or sock any ladies. It’s all in the day’s script, somebody has to do it, and the film heavies look upon their chores philosophically.

But Brian Donlevy is different. Brian Donlevy is the guy with the fancy vest who always owns the saloon, sets ‘em up on the house, wishes he could kiss the beautiful dance-hall belle who sings in his joint, and winds up behind the eight ball nursing his jaw, which has been slugged by some righteous hero. And Brian doesn’t like it a bit. Even on pay day. (He says!) When you go out of the theater reviling his evil ways and cursing his black heart, you worry Donlevy. On the level.

“It may sound slap-happy, but I mean it,” he told me earnestly. “I don’t mind playing a good gutsy heavy once in a while, if they would only give me that old change of pace. Mix up the goodies and the baddies, you know. Couple of weeks ago I was sitting in the tap-room at the Brown Palace in Denver, drinking with a few friends. After half an hour a tall, distinguished looking guy left a table near ours, came over, shook his finger at me and said, ‘I hate your face, I’ll never forget it after “Beau Geste.”’ Then he walked out. Everybody laughed, but I was hurt. I didn’t like it a bit. And I don’t like it when kids yell at me on the street.”

Donlevy has a barrel chest, grey-blue eyes that glint well behind a .44, and a small moustache that points up his regular features. To give you an idea how regular, he was one of the original Arrow Collar models. When he arrived in New York to try the stage, only to find that the stage wouldn’t try him, (Continued on page 84)

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

“I HATE YOUR FACE!”

That’s what fans used to tell Brian Donlevy, and he didn’t like it. But now that he’s a reformed movie villain, hisses have turned to cheers
"DISCOVERY" of the SEASON!

Be among the first to spot the new film find, Virginia Gilmore—a sprightly and piquant personality who can—honestly—ACT! After her poignant performance in "Jennie," she is seen with Cesar Romero (left) in "Tall, Dark and Handsome."
Number One — Mickey Rooney — and Number Two — Spencer Tracy — box office stars of the nation, as indicated in the annual poll of movie theater exhibitors, appear together again in "Men of Boys Town," sequel to that first stirring film dramatizing Father Flanagan's gallant fight to aid homeless and unwanted boys. Once more Tracy portrays the humanitarian priest, the characterization which won him the Academy Award, while Mickey enacts the salty rôle of Whitey Marsh, Mayor of Boys Town. Will these two win again?
The alluring lady on facing page is newcomer MARY BRODELL, soon to be seen in Errol Flynn's new film, "Footsteps in the Dark." Something tells us we're going to see more of Miss Brodell in the movies.

On this page, the charming "discovery," with the odd but intriguing name of ALEXIS SMITH. A former model, she makes her screen debut in a small part in Flynn's "Santa Fe Trail." Lucky Errol!
It takes more than mere beauty to make a movie star in modern Hollywood. Here is Brenda Marshall, whose screen success is founded more firmly on acting ability than on her classic features.
The unforgettable Eliza Doolittle of "Pygmalion" is back again in Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara," filmed by Gabriel Pascal in western England. We give you that great actress, Wendy Hiller.
FOR THE SUN!"

That's one movie title we hope they won't change! Seeing how happy Joel McCrea and Ellen Drew look on location for the film, makes us long to do a little sun-reaching with 'em. Want to come along?

Teamed for the first time: Miss Drew, who has played opposite such stars as Ronald Colman, Bing Crosby, George Raft, Ray Milland, and Jack Benny; and Joel McCrea, who has been leading man for Barbara Stanwyck, Ginger Rogers, Laraine Day, and Frances Dee.
Lovely Laraine is looking forward to another important rôle such as she had in "My Son, My Son" and "Foreign Correspondent." To be sure, she enjoys playing in the "Dr. Kildare" films, but she also wants to take another forward step toward that inevitable Academy Award.
MAN TO WATCH!

He's Hollywood's man of the moment since his striking performance with Bette Davis in "The Letter." There's talk of stardom for James Stephenson in the not too distant future, for more than any other "undiscovered" actor he has caught and held the attention of discriminating movie audiences.
Hello yourself, answers Carolyn Lee, newest child sensation of Hollywood. You remember her as the hit of "Honeymoon in Bali." Now you're seeing her steal "Virginia" from Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray.
Here's Virginia Weidler, cleverest actress of all the many gifted children in the movies, as you'll probably agree if you saw her in "The Women" and more recently in "The Philadelphia Story." Soon she'll be a star.

Give us boys a chance, says Bobs Watson, back as the beloved Peewee in sequel to "Boys Town." Of course you can't forget Bobs' fine performance in "On Borrowed Time." With him below is a newcomer called Bohunk, his pal in "Men of Boys Town."
Latest, luckiest lovely to be tapped for future fame and fortune in Hollywood is Jane Russell, selected by millionaire producer, Howard Hughes, for the lead in "The Outlaw"
Outstanding young American Howard Hughes, who's become an almost legendary figure because of his movie and aviation exploits, returns to the film field after eight years with a colorful, lavish new picturization of the life of Billy the Kid. Hughes "discovered" two unknowns: 19-year-old beauty Jane Russell, and 21-year-old Jack Beutel, for the youthful romancers in his film, with veteran Walter Huston to bolster up the acting department. Don't be surprised if Jane and Jack turn into full-fledged screen stars—for remember, it was Hughes who first starred Jean Harlow in "Hell's Angels," and gave Paul Muni and George Raft their great roles in "Scarface."

At right, Walter Huston as he appears in his role of frontier sharpshooter in "The Outlaw." Below, the two thrilled kids, Jack Beutel, former receptionist in a doctor's office, and Jane Russell, Van Nuys High School graduate, who make their first screen appearances in the same picture. For the record, Jane is five feet, seven inches tall, has brown hair and eyes, and—oh, look and see for yourself!
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH

FROM

“HUDSON'S BAY”

Against gorgeous scenic backgrounds, the screen story of the birth of the Hudson’s Bay Co. in the heart of Canada unrolls with Paul Muni starring as Pierre Radisson. Right, Muni with two supporting players—John Sutton and Laird Cregar, gigantic character actor who almost steals the picture. Left, Gene Tierney and Sutton.
There's one weak spot in the Kyser armor, students. Ask him about lovely Ginny Simms and he evades the issue with a scoopful of swing.

DANCE bandleader, in this age of propaganda, must be something more than a toothy gent with an irresistible rhythm. It is all very well for him to excite his listeners into temporary forgetfulness of a crazy world, but once the music has stopped he knows he is in danger of losing his public unless he has developed a good line of gab. And it isn't what he says that counts, either; it's how he says it.

Who, students, is the most successful dance bandleader now serenading Americans both above and below the Rio Grande? Who, of course, your old professor, Kay Kyser, late of Navth Carolina, suh. Why? Because he just keeps chattering along, keeping up a slap-happy fire of questions and comment on the music of—well, mostly of love.

It has been said in the ivory towers where the heavy thinkers congregate that the Machine (that ol' devil Machine) has left man with too much time on his hands, too much time in which he has nothing to do but TALK. If that is the case the Professor is a lot cannier than the heavy thinkers would be apt to believe of a mere bandleader unless they happened accidentally to get a load of the fellow. Getting a load, they would see that he improves his time away from his particular rhythmic machine by spilling more words to the minute than a filibustering Senator or a football announcer watching the agile Mr. Harmon. Glibness is the word for Kyser.

Yet there's a weak spot in the Kyser armor, students. He gives out on every subject but one. Let the talk veer around to the opulent Ginny Simms, or rather to his particular interest in that lady, and he becomes startlingly reticent. He reaches quickly for the baton, the mortar board, the academic gown. In short, he evades the issue with a scoopful of swing that would shake the condescension right out of a (Please turn to page 86)
"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: FUN!
APPEAL: For Jack Benny fans, for Fred Allen fans, for Mary Martin fans—oh, heck, for everybody!
PLOT: Famous radio feud of Benny and Allen fictionalized to provide farcical film plot—with both boys playing themselves, more or less, against a hectic background of Broadway and Miami, and pretty Mary Martin, playing fighting Fred's niece and battling Benny's dream-girl, as radiant referee. Winner? Rochester!
PRODUCTION: Glittering and expansive as Rochester's smile, gaudy in the sort of gay good taste that only Paramount musicals ever achieve. Smart sets, gorgeous gowns for the gals, dazzling dance numbers—and a wild speed-boat chase for a whirlwind finish.
CRITICISM: Fred Allen's face, and Mary Martin's too-discreet rendition of her famous song, My Heart Belongs to Daddy—but don't blame them; blame unfair photography and censorship.
ACTING: Man-about-town Benny at his suave best; Mr. Allen a treat for the ear if not

"COMRADE X"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: GRAND!
APPEAL: If you enjoy a good comedy—PLUS Clark Gable, PLUS Hedy Lamarr—hey, stop shoving!
PLOT: Broad burlesque of Soviet Russia where an ardent (stet) girl-Communist meets a fast-working American newspaper man with resultant fireworks—let the scoops fall where they may. Brisk dialogue, some with double or triple-meaning, enlivens the proceedings so it's all great fun even though completely crazy and incredible. Who cares? Final scene has the Slavic siren rooting for the Brooklyn Dodgers.
PRODUCTION: King Vidor's smooth direction, M-G-M's customary chic in all departments from atmosphere to Adrian—latter's robe de nuit for Hedy Lamarr is the last gasp in gossamer gorgeousness, and Hedy wears it through half the picture—now wait a minute; she tosses on a trench coat in the nick of time. The chase of the army tanks provides the funniest finish in any picture in months—it may be slapstick and it may be corny, but it's a howl.

"NIGHT TRAIN"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: THRILLING!
APPEAL: Like spy stuff? Crave exciting mysteries? Here's your dish of drama. PLOT: Most ingenious of all recent spy stories, replete with refugees from concentration camps, resourceful British secret agent aiding their escape, machinations of the Gestapo—all leavened with humor and the very special, off-hand, British brand of good taste.
PRODUCTION: Produced in England but with no trace of tension, with a particularly able all-British cast, several of whom are known to you: lovely Margaret Lockwood, clever Rex Harrison, and those two unforgettable absent-minded Englishmen who made such a hit in Alfred Hitchcock's "The Lady Vanishes." Just as expertly produced as the best Hollywood drama, with the added attraction of plausibility characteristic of the first-rate English films.
CRITICISM: Perhaps not so technically expert as our own pictures, but we prefer sound entertainment to sound effects.
ACTING: Every actor an artist might well be the battle-cry of

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment
(All Reviews Continued on Page 84)
“KITTY FOYLE”

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
FINE!

APPEAL: If you’re interested in “The Natural History of a Woman”—no coaching, please.
PLOT: Of course you read Christopher Morley’s book—about the white-collar girl who loved not wisely but too well? It’s still the same poor working girl and the same rich boy—though the censors have caught up with them and provided a preacher. Nevertheless it’s still the same old human nature at work.

PRODUCTION: Sam Wood, one of the better directors, has done right by our Kitty—he has treated her with sympathetic understanding, surrounded her with believable props and players, and seen to it that she suffers under the most dignified auspices.

Mr. Wood, or the scenario writer, or somebody has also given her the most touching and tender love scene you have seen in many a long month of picture-going. You’ll know the one when you see it.

CRITICISM: Not a criticism of the picture itself but of the fact that poor Hollywood is

RED-Radio

“CHAD HANNA”

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
POIGNANT!

APPEAL: Do you like the circus?
PLOT: From Walter D. Edmonds’ best-selling novel of early 19th century Americana—of “Red Wheels Rolling” in the picturesque old Mohawk Valley—of the Erie Canal boy who joins the small circus as a roustabout; of Albany, the bareback rider whom he admires; of the little runaway, Caroline; of—but you probably read the book.

PRODUCTION: There’s a nostalgic quality about it which you may like if you still are that way about the circus. Henry King evidently is—for he has directed in a fond, leisurely fashion, for charm and feeling rather than for excitement. If you crave action you may be bored; otherwise you will appreciate the care and affection lavished upon the least detail.

CRITICISM: Yes, it’s slow in spots, and several scenes bring titters instead of intended tears, and it “dates”—but oh, those old circus days.

ACTING: It is Henry Fonda’s picture, for his portrayal of the title rôle. He seems to be

“FLIGHT FROM DESTINY”

ONE-WORD GUIDE:
UNUSUAL!

APPEAL: To those who have been looking for that “different” picture—luck at last!
PLOT: What would you do if you had only six months to live? The question in this case is posed by a 60-year-old professor of philosophy who decides that the murder of an evil woman is the answer. It isn’t—and you’ll be fascinated by the dramatic aftermath of the curious crime.

PRODUCTION: Vincent Sherman, hitherto obscure director, comes into his own with a brilliant treatment of his unusual theme—here is no formula-follower but a vigorous, uninhibited imagination unleashed on the screen, with powerful results providing you with keen entertainment. From a college campus to a smart art gallery to a hospital to a district attorney’s office to prison—that’s the ground covered, and all with authority and conviction in every department.

CRITICISM: Too talky, too episodic, too “tricky” a theme—you may think so, but we’ll welcome it for its integrity.
Don't leave home to be

That ride 'em, write 'em, draw 'em cowboy, Will James, gives great advice out of his own colorful career. With famed author-artist's own illustrations

By Charles Darnton
S

TUCCOED high up in the Hollywood hills was a mighty interesting man. And he was there to do a mighty interesting job, as only he could do it. But what in the world do you suppose he was doing when I came chugging along to his white-fronted “spread”? Well, that ride ‘em, write ‘em, draw ‘em cowboy, Will James, wasn’t doing anything wilder, if you please, than trying to round up the neighborhood ice-cream outfit, which same was wearing a belt like an educated cow. “I sure would like some of that cold bait for dinner,” he drawled regretfully, “but the damn’ thing goes by so fast I’ve missed it three times runnin’.”

You could have knocked me down with a drugstore cone. To make sure I’d met up with the right hombre, I took another squint at him. Leaning down from the edge of the sun-porch and with his jet-black hair blowing over one eye like a horse’s mane in a high wind, he looked to be a plain everyday citizen who paid taxes and no attention at all to those wild things of the desert, the range and the prairie that were as much a part of him as his picturesque fame. All I could see was the top-half of him, coatless and with a white linen shirt open at the throat. Even after making the grade and getting him into full focus, I never would have guessed this mild quiet fellow to be the most remarkable cowboy of his time, if not of all time, a genius in his own unaided right. His thoughtful, sensitive face suggested only an intellectual pallor, until suddenly it was cut through with the gleam of an eye keen as a bowie-knife. Then I noticed that his Mexican serge fitted snugly over high boots. He was Will James, all right, Will James, cowboy, author and illustrator all rolled into one, a lean and hard original—just a “natural.”

My next discovery was that, properly enough, he rolled his own. “Have a cigarette?” he remarked, as we eased into porch-chairs. Seeing none, I offered him one of mine. “Don’t use tailor-mades,” he grinned. Then he brought out a tobacco bag and wisp of paper, deftly fashioned his home-made smoke, flicked it into shape, and snicked a match on his thumb-nail. On a near-by table were evidences of the work he was doing, pencil and paper. (Yes, Will James writes all his stories in long-hand, heaven save him from writer’s cramp! The only kind he ever got was rider’s cramp, with a rope.) Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer had wrangled him down from his Montana ranch to write the story of the real American cowboy that will be made into a big authentic motion picture. That being the case, I couldn’t help wondering what he thought of Hollywood westerns.

“They’ve been very amusing to the public,” was his discreet response. “But the real cowboy has never been depicted, and that’s what I’m doing now—I should say, perhaps, that’s what I’m working... (Please turn to page 97)
Six days before Christmas, a Christmas that would not mean peace and good will to all the world, I dropped by a quiet, unassuming little house on Cedarbrook Road to say goodbye to Vivien and Larry Olivier. They were going home, home to their England. "We haven't any message," Vivien had said over the phone that morning. "We just want to see you before we leave. We are leaving Sunday. But please don't tell anyone. We want to slip away quietly, without any fuss." How like Vivien and Larry. Quietly, without any fuss. Unlike so many of their fellow countrymen in Hollywood, they have never made publicity hay out of their England's tragedy. They have never waved the Union Jack while the photographers clicked their cameras. They love their flag too much for that. The Oliviers are simple, honest, courageous people.

Vivien and I (Larry was pay-
Vivien Leigh and her husband, Laurence Olivier, return to their beloved England, leaving Hollywood fame and fortune behind without even a backward glance! Here's the most heartbreaking, yet thrilling story we have ever given you — their last American interview

By Liza

ing a farewell visit to his dentist sat by a blazing log fire in the living room. A comfortable, livable room with the most cheerful wall-paper, numerous books and magazines scattered in a tidy confusion, and the most wonderful old furniture that might have come right out of Queen Mary's sitting room in Windsor Castle. On the piano was a little green Christmas tree, very old-fashioned with balls and tinsel and the Star of Bethlehem. Old Tom, a huge alley cat who had moved in with the Oliviers sans invitation, complained bitterly about the rain outside, but after a few swishes of his tail curled up possessively on Vivien's right foot and purred with contentment. Outside the rain came down in torrents, but inside we were as cozy (Please turn to page 80)

Their last Hollywood motion picture is Korda's dramatic picturization of those memorable lovers of history, Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton. The large portraits show Leigh and Olivier in these roles. Below, Vivien cuts a cake at tea on set.
OLD GLORY started it. Then the dress designers and the make-up artists caught on, and what was a glorious wave of color last Spring promises to break in crescendo strength on us this Spring. This wave brought red into the spotlight as never before. Red had too long been a maligned color. You were supposed to be able to wear it if . . . you were a Latin type of brunette, if you were very young, if you wanted to express outwardly a little more of the voluptuous qualities that were normally expected of a nice girl. White always passed the censors. You could practically be born in it, get married in it and say your fond farewell to this old world in it. Blue, too, was always a good color. So much for red, white and blue.

What is new and news—is that practically the feminine—and in some instances the male—world has come to realize that these three, red, white and blue, are universally becoming colors, together or separately. Contrary to those famous words of Benjamin Franklin, these three will hang and very well, together or separately.

So, you will see and (Please turn to page 76)
If you like dressmaker touches, choose the frock at left, with its new throat-line, below-elbow sleeves and yoke treatment. If you like a debonair casual, then the frock at right, with saddle stitching, front closure and plethora of pockets. Both are in soft, sheer Lorraine Fabric (50% wool, 50% rayon), lightweight, wrinkle resistant. The frocks come in beige, a fashion favorite, aqua and blue, and are priced about $7.95.

High notes are beige, yokes, necklines, and the smart simplicity of American designers. For where to buy, see Page 93.
Kerry Cricket junior sportswear, in line and fabric, is designed for freedom-loving young America. At right, is a wool jersey shirt and skirt with distinctive back and front shirt yoke, a catch-all pocket on the sleeve, unpressed pleats in skirt and a snappy belt. This is "Mojave," in beige, chamois, blue or pink, priced, about $12.

The "Gentlemen Prefer" suit comes in a herringbone wool, in beige, blue or pink, with a white silk shirt. It is handsome; it is casual; it is super-smart and action-free. Its tailoring is meticulous, with a definitely utilitarian mood. You can virtually live in it. Ensemble, about $27.

Below, you see the finely tailored shirt in detail. White or in color, shirts with simple skirts are fast becoming the young fashion uniform of America. Smart, matter-of-fact styling, with simulated pearl cuff links, like a man's.
Pat Perkins Carefree Capsule are those wonderfully comfortable, simple but smart, all-timers. This young designer believes in the full fly front, bloused hucks, and generous pleats. At left, is "Wings," planes on a rayon crepe that comes in a variety of smart colors, at $4.

Below, a classic knit by Lampl. All-wool chenille with a luxurious hand-knit look. Another fly front, yoke effect and a quartet of pockets. In brilliant or pastel tones, at about $17. A year-round addition to your wardrobe.

Any fashions shown will be smartly accented by Lady Bacmo gloves. Here is the new single seam design, assuring beautiful fit. Thumb, back and palm are all one, with no side seams. This gives true hand flattering. Shown are fashion's favorites, white pig-skin, at $4. Claré kid or doe skins are $3.50, and beauties, "Made in America" gloves!
THERE is no experience more vastly diverting or stimulating than being invited to take luncheon with Carmen Miranda. Dressed in yellow suède from top to toe, with a sleek fitting turban and accessories in hush, vivid green (her national colors) Carmen seemed a vivacious college girl. Full of energy and charm, she took it upon herself to regularly hush up those of her friends and countrymen present whose gesticulating and fiery Portuguese lingo got too violent, "Calma, calma," she commanded in her native tongue, "they'll think we're a bunch of those temperamental Latins,"—then with a knowing wink in my direction she flashed a most devastating smile. Miss Miranda's hearty appetite took her right through every course, and dessert. She pined for a whopping dish of fezao (a national Brazilian potpourri of black beans, sausages, rice and what not.) Carmen's young mother, who is forever at her side, beamed approval of all goings on until Miss Miranda, in her animated scoring of a gentleman whom she didn't like, let loose a string of scorching scarlet words that sent your correspondent's nose deep into his coffee cup, and brought her mother bounding to her feet in wild-eyed disapproval. Please forget all about the embarrassing situation, Carmen. How could you have guessed that I understood the lingo?

Oh come now, Charlie, it's time to change that deadpan expression! Butterworth has played the droll, sad-faced comic so long he hardly knows how to act when Marion Martin, above, puckers up her lips in "Fools Rush In." Right, Carmen Miranda, the Brazilian Bombshell, and Don Ameche in a scene from the new Latin-American musical, "The Road to Rio," and directly opposite, another scene showing Ameche with co-star Alice Faye. Top opposite page, Barbara Stanwyck may be a modern Eve, but she's still using the old apple method to lure Henry Fonda in this scene from "The Lady Eve," comedy of romantic episodes and hilarious situations.
And here's another side of Hollywood—a modern Eve using the same old method to tempt her late-model Adam.

INTIMATE Hollywood eyefuls: Barbara Stanwyck, crossing Sunset Boulevard at Sunset Square Plaza, glaring at a whiz-by driver and yelling out a not too ladylike yell when the machine unexpectedly breezed so close to her that it fluttered the lapels of her modish steel blue tailleur... George Brent, in a consuming rage, escorting Ann Sheridan out of the Bamba Club in double quick time. An inebriate on the sidelines kept snorting most insinuating jibes each time they circled by doing their snappy rhumba... Bill Lundigan, the picture of blissful patience as Margaret Lindsay, hopelessly fascinated by the maze of brilliant bottles at a lavish perfume counter, sniffs one new scent after the other, and can't tear herself away.

By Weston East

I WAS always convinced that Carole Lombard did all that fancy shooting with her specially built small bore shot guns because she truly loved the sport itself. Now, I'm beginning to wonder if Carole isn't only just a woman after all. Now that she has Clark all nicely bagged and convinced of her shooting ability, I wonder if the eternal feminine in her isn't asserting itself. You know as well as I that Carole never was a slouch at dressing. The smooth Lombard flair has always lent chic even to a pair of her dungarees. Heretofore, she has hunted in any men's hunting togs that she could manage to cut down to fit her. Now, she knows full well that she won't frighten her lord and master by going completely feminine in the field as she would have before she had proved herself with a musket. Under ordinary conditions no man wants a smartly bedecked hunting companion beside him in the rough. So Carole's new stalking outfits, whipped up by Irene, no less, will really amaze you. She has been taking notes all these years during her skeet, duck and deer shooting. The results of her experiences and observations were presented to Irene with Carole's own suggestions on design. The results are, without a doubt, the most stunning, yet the most practical hunting togs ever designed for a woman. Clark can't help but like them. No mere man could.
WHO says two actresses can’t possibly be genuinely good friends? Mary Astor had never met Bette Davis until they worked together in “Her Great Lie.” Now they’re as thick as thieves. They met on the set as two professionals vying with each other, woman against woman. By every Hollywood token each should have developed, then and there, a cynical and unconscious distrust of the other. But before they had finished their first day at work such a warm affinity had been cemented between them that they were busy exchanging recipes and gladly sharing tricky knitting stitches. Knitting was the first mutual interest that they discovered in each other. Now they have found that they are similar in more ways than any other person either of them has ever known. They think very much alike. They find they run to the same choice of reading material and their favorite colors are the same. They talk very much alike, and to cinch it, they almost always wear the same scent in their perfumes.

JACK OAKIE is chuckling louder than anyone over his amazing spurt back to popularity, particularly after a duo of oh-so-boring producers at an oh-so-average studio had pessimistically decreed the skies that they felt were ushering Jack out of pictures—and fast. Before Oakie’s career took the decided up-swing after the success of “The Great Dictator” and “Tin Pan Alley,” he had made an average little flickeroo at this average little cinema plant and with Jack’s popularity not being up to what it once had been, the producers kicked him down another rung by practically cutting him out of the picture altogether. Now you should see the animated maneuvering that’s going on to resurrect some of those scenes and get them slipped back into that picture.

MAY ROBSON’s years of collecting bizarre and antique jewelry always got the polite but questioning forbearance of all her family and friends. Now May’s collection is so varied and complete that her rental of authentic pieces to the studios has many times over paid for the entire lot . . . You should see the sedate business men, out for a constitutional along Beverly Hill’s parkways, stop and stare, and turn and stare again, when Laraine Day bicycles past in a form-fitting dusty pink sweater and glistening white short shorts.

ANYONE would swear it was a most cleverly contrived publicity quip, if it couldn’t be proved that it is the bare and startling truth. All through the rehearsals and shooting of The Letter,” James M. Stephenson had a strange feeling that the setting and actual rooms of the plantation bungalow seemed strangely familiar to him. He had lived in the Malay States and finally he laid the association to the fact that it was seeing things so authentically reproduced that brought about the strong feeling of familiarity. Then, suddenly, in a casual conversation with a friend of the author, Somerset Maugham, Stephenson happened to bring to light that he had once lived at a certain address in Upper Gayland Road in Singapore. Then—how extraordinary—it was the very house Maugham had once lived in himself, and which he had actually described in his original story.

I WONDER what happened to so amny Jean Arthur the other day in one of the very smartest dress shops in town. As you know, Jean is the most democratic and yet the most hot headed actress in Hollywood, and something really serious must have gone awry to put her in such a pet. She stormed out of that gilded maison de coiffure onto the crowded street yanking her furs behind her. She stood impatiently tapping her irate toes at the curb waiting for the doorman to order around her car. She drew herself to her full height of haughty disdain, but the tiniest flick of amusement came into her eyes when she realized her tempestuous flourish wasn’t ending in cortisol. Instead of a sleek, long black limousine with a natty chauffeur drawing around, the attendant whipped up in a tiny, modest combination station wagon and general utility car. With the broadest of gestures the fellow swung open the door and ushered her in. She slipped under the wheel and drove it off herself.

YOU can’t get Bill Lundigan out on the third floor to join the square dances that the town’s young bloods are getting hysterical over lately at the Cocanut Grove. He stands on the sidelines and claps out a spirited accompaniment, but he won’t get up and strut. Jackie Cooper is just the opposite. When they start calling out the dos-a-dos you can’t keep him from swinging out . . . Artie Shaw is still the most intense baggie-wogie music maestro in town. Artie can get into such a heap of knots and emotions from playing an engagement that he finds it just impossible to sleep. Any of these early morning hours peck in at any of our fancier bowling alleys and there you are very apt to see Artie. He often rolls ‘em until 6 a.m. . . . Attached to the present that Bob Taylor handed Barbara Stanwyck just before she made her first airplane flight with him (Mrs. Taylor insisted on another pilot going along, just in case) was the following note: “It don’t mean a thing if you don’t pull that string.” The present turned out to be a parachute.

THOSE pranksters who can be found on any movie set in town, who bring hilarious moments to gag-happy Hollywood, and sometimes, instead, a great loss of time and patience, have found themselves a brand new laugh-getter. The days of the electrically wired chairs now have a new “hot” variation. “Hot foot” and “hot chair” have now given way to “hot pockets” and the gag really reached an amusing and shattering climax when someone dared to dent the unscruffled dignity of our one and only “Mr.” Muni. At a completely unsuspected moment a demon dropped a new-fangled hair curler into the great actor’s pockets as he stepped before the camera. When the chemical action started to generate heat, they say the straight faced squirming grotations of completely baffled Mr. Muni, had some of the loonier nitwits positively limp in doubled over laughter.
LOCAL know-it-alls have been harping over the fact that the low squawks from out 20th Century-Fox way are coming directly from the argument that's going on between Alice Faye and her studio. You'd easily gather from the inside gossipers that "Fazie" is seriously butting with her bosses and that she is not at all satisfied with her roles, her salary, or her treatment, which is far from the truth. You can dismiss the rumors you've been hearing about this pitched battle. The only argument Alice has had with her employers concerns her getting permission to make her own radio dialogs, when and with whom she please. She has turned all airway offers until now because her studio, with its contract for her exclusive services, had control over any deal she might make, and Alice's other offers have been far too lucrative to turn over into someone else's hands. As soon as you hear "Fazie" on the air you'll know that she has talked her bosses into a much more favorable deal on the money angle.

TALK about having something to remind you of less fortunate moments so you can appreciate your present superior fortune! Jimmy Ellison can give Hollywood a very large dose of what it must be to remember something like that. He can barely turn around in Hollywood without coming face to face with some spot that used to furnish him employment when he was hanging on for his break. There isn't a good golf course in town that he can play these days without remembering when he caddied there. He can't pass the Y.M. C.A. without recalling his days of part-time physical instructor there in payment for his room. When he plays handball at the Hollywood Athletic Club his memory brings him back to when he was forced to take the job of locker-room boy there. He doesn't live very far from the U.C.L.A. campus right now where he did janitor work to put himself through school. Then there's the big department store where he used to clerk on Saturdays. Jimmy can't believe any remembrance—and then thank his lucky stars. Jimmy will next be seen in the new Latin-American musical for RKO, "They Met In Argentina."

JUST because Bing Crosby is firm enough to stand up for the right to keep some of his private and personal life completely to himself, a few piqued big-time gossipers are beginning to hint that after all these years they've just found out that Bing isn't really a perfect gentleman. You've no idea how brutally blunt Bing can be to over zealous, curiosity filled female reporters when they avidly try to force an inquisitive nose into his life. Consequently the veiled threats and slams you've been reading about Bing by big-time tattlers can be divided in half, then quartered, then dismissed altogether. A good lot of grumbling has been going on about Crosby even going so far as to hold up production with his unthinking, selfish obstinacy. That is not the truth, and it has all arisen because of the fact that, written into Bing's contract, is the stipulation that he is to have one specified day of the week to himself, and he is firm enough when that day comes, to quit the studio cold.

But because "Back Street" one of the greatest love stories ever written, takes place between 1898 and 1929, in early scenes, Miss Sullivan wears the bus-ties and ruffles of 'the good old days.'
Continued from page 31

on the corner. They knew the words to all
the songs, even the new ones like Take
me to St. Louis, St. Louis, Take me to the
fair. "I think I'm gonna give up this place.
I been here eight months now and I've got
two patients and I'm still trying to collect
from one of them. Do you think maybe
they know I'm a jailbird? They found out
in the other two neighborhoods.

"Naw, how'd they know?" Nick said
soothingly. He always tried to calm Biff
down when he was in one of his moods.
"Could be you just moved in a neighbor-
hood with good teeth."

The band swung into another number
and Biff felt as if someone had knocked
him over the head. What did they have
to play that song for? It was just like
wiping ten years away and bringing him
right back to the old heartache, the way
it felt when it was still new and raw. And
the Band Played On, that was the
song, and it was funny how songs could
get under a man's skin and make things
feel as if they were happening all over
again.

Nick hadn't forgotten either. "Remem-
ber Schultz's three-piece band in the
neighborhood park?" he sighed. "That
song, that's all they ever played.

"We'll never have those good times
again, will we, Nick?" Biff kicked the
horseshoe out of the way. "That two-by-
four park, all those girls."

"She sure was a beautiful girl," Nick
said in a hushed voice.

"Who?" Biff demanded belligerently,
knowing only too well who Nick meant.
"Virginia," Nick said softly. "You wa-
stuck on her, ain't you?"

"Me? Naw!" Biff's contemptuous laugh
rang false even to his own ears. "Of cos-
true I liked her, in a nice way,

"I liked her, too," Nick said. "I forgo-
which way. And to think of all the won-
derful boys in the neighborhood, includ-
ing me. Hugo Barnstead has to get Virginia!

"What made you bring up Hugo?" Biff
fists clenched. "If I ever get my hand
on that slimy so-and-so! Doggone! I wa-
just beginning to forget the whole thing
then that tin-horn band has to come along
and you have to open your trap. How low
they gonna keep playing that piece? Hey
you guys, shut up! I take no guff from
nobody. That's the way I'm constituted."

Nick braced himself for the inevitab-
il, as Biff started toward the band. Another
fight was coming, he knew it. Sometimes
I seemed as if knowing Biff was the same
as having a permanent ringside seat. He
never knew a guy who could get into so
many fights.

Then there was Biff's wife coming out
on the back porch calling him, and Nick
relaxed. "You're right. In here, my instan-
time, Biff," she said. "You're wanted
on the telephone."

Nick went in with him to the little office
in front of the house. Hugo shook his head
warningly as Biff began bellowing into it.

What a guy that Biff was, complaining
about business and now refusing to pull
somebody's tooth because a band had
played a song he didn't want to remember.

"I don't care who your friend is," Biff
was saying. "I don't feel like on Sunday.
I got principles. Try a hot water bag,
Say..." His face changed as he listened.

"Do you mean he's Barnstead, the Alder-
man? Hugo Barnstead? Oh, he is. Well,
tell him to come right over. It'll be a
pleasure."

Nick had never seen anyone look the
way Biff did when he slammed down the
receiver, laughing and wild-eyed as if he
had suddenly gone crazy. "It's poetic jus-
tice, Nick, that's what it is," he said ex-
ultantly. "He doesn't know I'm a dentist
now, I guess he doesn't even know I'm out
of jail. He can't, or he wouldn't be coming
to me. And to think I was even con-
siderin' goin' lookin' for him hit a gun
—and he walks right into my parlor.
If I know Hugo Barnstead he'll want
gas. All right, I'll give him gas!

"Now, Biff?" Nick said warningly.
"Don't do nothing you'll be sorry for,"

CAST
"Strawberry Blonde"

Biff Grimes............James Cagney
Amy Lind..............Olivia de Havilland
Hugo Barnstead...........Jack Carson
Virginia Brush............Rita Hayworth
Nicholas Pappalas........George Tobias
Old Man Grimes.............Alan Hale
Harold..................George Reeves
Harold's Girl Friend.Lucille Fairbanks

"Strawberry Blonde"
"What's the matter?" Biff asked with elaborate sarcasm as he began getting the gas apparatus ready. "You don't want me to tear out the teeth with my bare hands, do you? Of course I'll give him gas! An accident can happen, can't it? Who are we to know?" Suddenly he went to the window and flung it open so the music came right into the room. "Keep on playing that song," he shouted. "It helps remind me! I want to remember!"

Remembering! As if he'd ever forgotten! Why, just standing there listening to that song, it was beginning all over again. There was that boy he used to be, that world he used to know.

Take a good look at it, Biff, that world you knew ten years ago. You were young then, Biff, and that world was yours, all of it. You were so cocksure of yourself then, remember? You were going places once you finished that correspondence course and could give up all the jobs you were supporting yourself with meanwhile. Remember the time you were hired as bouncer at the corner saloon and your first job was thoroughly your own father out of the place because he was too free with the lunch counter and didn't have the money for a glass of beer?

Biff couldn't have done it without Pop's help. Why, Pop was his old man. Let him throw out some other bums, he told the proprietor, but not Pop. And all the time Pop was blustering around and holding the saloon spellbound with that high-class lingo of his. Pop was a great guy even if he was a bum.

"Why, even if you wanted to you couldn't throw me out," Pop laughed when Biff said right out and out that he wouldn't do it. "I've licked you at all ages and stages of your life. I've whipped you with a strap and with a broom and with my bare fist. And right now, spotting you thirty-two years, a beer belly and the delicate condition of my teeth, with one hand behind my back, one foot in the air and whislin' Annie Laurie, I could throw you through that plate glass window without causing as much as a crack in the pane. Come on boys, give me room!"

Pop got in the first blow rushing Biff to the far end of the room and crashing down on him. "Go to it, Biff," he whispered hoarsely so the others wouldn't hear. "Muss me up. I'll co-operate."

Here, on these pages, are more exciting scenes from Warners' new romantic comedy, "Strawberry Blonde," starring James Cagney and Olivia de Havilland, and featuring Rita Hayworth and Jack Carson.

"I can't do it," Biff protested. "You're my old man, I brought you up!"

"Never mind that," Pop said pretending to struggle. "Throw me out. I'll make it look good. I'll even bounce a couple of times.

So Biff had thrown him out and then he'd been so mad he had wheeled on the proprietor and mopped up the place with him. And of course he lost the job anyway so Pop's sacrifice was wasted.

Pop, seen through the haze of years, was different. You don't really know a person taken they're alive and with you, do you, Biff? It's after they're gone and you've felt that sense of loss that you begin to understand them. So now you've forgotten the trouble you had with him,
the irritation, the way he could never hold a job, the times you had to try to explain to the husbands in the neighborhood that Pop really didn't mean anything when he flirted with their wives. He just couldn't help it. Virginia Long was beautiful, but even of them was as beautiful as Lily Langtry.

And instead you remember how tender he was with you when you were just a kid. "Fifi," he called you. And then there were only the two of you, even if it was you who had to make the money to keep things going. You remember that Irish way he had of saying beautiful, but hiding words hiding the failure and fear under them. He knew all the words there were for it.

"What's the matter?" said Virginia. "Say, don't tell me you smoke, too!" he scowled.

"Only when I'm bored," Amy said, hiding an elaborate yawning with her hand.

"Your mother a bloomer girl, you a nicotine fiend!" Biff looked at her appalled.

"Say, are there any more at home like you?"

"I have an aunt who's an actress," Amy said in the amused way of an older person talking to a child.

That completes the picture!" Biff was outraged. He stopped as he saw a girl and boy scurrying toward them stop suddenly and kiss each other. "I guess they're engaged," he said.

"You know she was being exasperatingly amused and superior. "Because he let her kiss him? What's a little kiss?"

Biff tried a new approach with this exasperating girl, a fatherly, reproving one. "Wouldn't you like some day for a nice fellow to marry you?" he asked.

"Not particularly," Amy shrugged. "Marriage is an unsolved, silly convention started by the caveman and encouraged by the florists and the jewelers. After all, what is it? Just a few words mumbled over you."

"Say," Biff gave her a long, hard look. "Don't you want a home and kids?"

"Certainly I do," Amy said calmly. "But that doesn't mean one has to go through all the—"

"You mean—" Biff began, and then he found he couldn't finish the sentence.

"Exactly!" she smiled.

Biff made up his mind then and there that he would never see Amy again, but on him leaving him with her while he went off with Virginia. Suddenly she stiffened as he heard a giggle from the bushes in back of them. He could have sworn it was Virginia—only of course he knew it wasn't. Virginia wasn't that sort. But his hand trembled as he took out a cigarette and lit it.

"May I have one too?" Amy asked, and without thinking he gave her one and she put it in her mouth. Suddenly to his horror, Biff realized he had actually given a girl a cigarette, and snatched it away again.

"Don't tell me you smoke, too!" he scowled.

Edward Arnold and
Robert Montgomery greeting each other while Gene Lockhart looks on at the Players Club dinner at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Gosh, but Biff felt sorry for Virginia, a nice girl like that being enmeshed in the snares of friendship with a fast little minx like Amy! He knew he wasn't going to like her from the very beginning, and when they drove away up to the country to Har- lem and the other two decided to take a walk he knew he was stuck. The misleading way she walked, the way she talked! Biff had never known she could be so shocked.

"My mother was one of the original bloomer girls," she said suddenly, steering the conversation back from the conventional weather reports to which Biff had led it.

"They had bats in the belfry!" Biff wittingly.

"They did not!" Amy said indignantly.

"They were foresighted, courageous, intelligent women. The tyranny of man over woman, the stupid convention that says a woman shall wear such and such! The outmoded—"

"All right, all right!" Biff broke in impatiently. The girl was even bolder than he had thought. She probably was a suffra-gette or worse. Hugo had pulled a fast one.
less than a week later there she was down at the Battery with Virginia and Hugo waiting for him to join them on the char- 
ity boat ride. Only this time things worked out differently. For just as Biff and Virginia were about to follow Hugo and Amy 
up the gang plank the boat inspector stopped them. Hugo had sold too many 
tickets and the boat was already loaded to its full capacity.

For once Hugo's chicaneries did Biff a good turn. He could have laughed when he 
saw Hugo's face as the boat pulled out leaving them standing on the pier with the 
girl's picnic lunch. And he thought Amy looked 
disappointed too.

"We can get a hansom and drive 
around," Virginia said, "rallying from her 
national holiday. Especially that song. It'll 
always be our song, won't it, Virginia? We 
ought to do this more often, huh? Of 
course, maybe not so elaborately."

"I'd love to," Virginia said vaguely, but 
when he pressed her it seemed she didn't 
have a single free evening until three 
weeks later. Biff had to content himself 
with that, wondering how he would ever 
get through all that waiting time before he 
saw her again. But she must like him, he 
ought, hadn't she kissed him? Virginia 
wasn't the sort of girl to kiss a man unless 
she—well, almost loved him, anyway. Or 
was she? Suddenly he was afraid. "Vi-
rinia," he asked anxiously, "when you 
kissed me at the dance was it just one of 
I mean, did it mean something to you? Or 
was it just one of those—"

"Now, Biff," she whispered, and he could 
see how he had hurt her with her voice 
trembling like that. "Do you think I'm the 
kind of a girl who just goes around 
kissing boys?"

You remember those three weeks while 
you waited to see her again, don't you, 
Biff? You remember how long every day 
seemed, how you thought they could never 
end? That was the time Hugo started his 
business supplies and contracting company 
out of the money he made on the charity 
drive. But that didn't seem important then. 
Only Virginia was important, and the four 
dollars you borrowed from Nick and which 
she gave you so grudgingly because he was 
jealous of Virginia herself."

But it was over at last, and there Biff 
was in the park and the feller jumping 
when he saw the girl waiting on one of 
the benches and rising as he came over to 
her. Only it wasn't Virginia. It was Amy. 
"Mind if I sit down?" Amy asked after 
he had given her only that curt nod and 
walked right past her and sat down on the 
bench."

"It's a free country, Amy," Biff said, 
making room for her. "But I wish you'd 
tie a can to yourself and beat it. I don't 
want you hanging around. I've got a date."

"I know," she said slowly. "Virginia told 
me. Biff, are you in love with her?"

"It's not that I'm in love with her. I just 
ought her... didn't want to see how he 
couldn't be, not with the music 
coming from the beer garden and the 
band playing Virginia's song."

"Otherwise I'd never tell you. I guess 
you may be a little too crazy about her. She's 
very pretty. She would make an ideal, somebody that he cares for, and 
when he cares for that somebody, nothing 
else matters. It's sort of an ingrained 
way."

But Biff thought that was true. It was 
funny the way she looked at him, as if 
she knew how he felt and as if she 
weren't sorry for him and as if she wasn't 
sorry for herself. That was what Virginia 
thought when she saw Biff the night 
afterwards. It was true in Niagara Falls. That 
was what Virginia had tried to tell him. He 
smiled at her as he looked at Amy and 
saw her eyes soft with pity for him.

Do you remember how you felt, Biff, as 
if someone had punched you over the 
heart? Remember how you pretended you 
weren't surprised, that you'd known it 
along and that it was Virginia you had 
the date with? And remember how Amy 
helped you out too, how she forgot her own 
pride in sacrificing yours and her heart in 
the bargain on every point? Only when Nick 
and his girl left something happened that you'd 
rather forget, didn't it? Biff? The way you 
took her hurt out on Amy? The way you 
turned her to so savagely.

"You hit the nail on the head, Amy," 
Biff said. "Marriage is a lot of malarkey. 
You treat a girl respectable, watch your 
language and she runs off with somebody 
else. You were right, Amy. What's mar-
riage? When a feller meets a girl and 
they sort of like each other, there's no 
reason why they should marry. Amy looked at 
him terrified. But that didn't stop him. He 
took bold of her and held her in his arms and 
told her the whole filthy story of the 
girl he respects. Amy fought him, hitting 
him with her small desperate hands, 
and at last Biff let her go."

"And your aunt," Biff looked at her 
with dawning suspicion. "I bet she was 
ever even on the stage. I bet you're a 
fake all around. I bet you never even 
saw a cigarette stuck in his mouth."

"I—I put them in my mouth sometimes," 
she protested. "But I never lit them. And 
your aunt was so on the stage. In a church 
play, you know.

"I knew it!" Biff looked at her scorn-
fully. "A genuine, one hundred percent all-
around fake. Just that same way a 
cigarette always makes the most noise. Aw, 
will you stop bawling? But Amy couldn't 
stop crying, and so what could Biff do but 
comfort her. Felt about Virginia com-
forting Amy he comforted himself a little too.

And so it was Amy you married, wasn't 
it, Biff? It was only next best. wasn't it? 
Biff, don't you know how it is? Oh, it 
wasn't exciting the way it would 
have been with Virginia, but the 
years have a way of making a man forget, 
haven't they? And Amy was gentle and
so tender. There wasn't anything she wouldn't do for you, was there? Maybe in the end it would have been different if Virginia hadn't come back and you hadn't seen her on the street that day sitting in her own carriage, looking lovelier than any woman has a right to look in that embrodered dress and the hat with the flowers on it, smiling at you from under her frilly parasol.

The night they were invited to dinner at Hugo's and Virginia's fine new mansion Biff almost wished he had never seen her again. There he was, still studying for his diploma and practising on Pop's teeth and supporting the three of them on his milkman's wages. And there was Hugo, a rich man now, giving Virginia everything in the world she wanted. He was almost glad when the electric lights went out, for Hugo had been bragging about how gas wasn't good enough for him any more and it was funny after that to sit around in the dark until the butter brought in candles.

But something had happened while the room was dark for he had felt a woman's soft arms go around him and a woman's lips found his in the darkness. And it wasn't Amy! He knew that.

Maybe it was a punishment, Biff, the things that happened afterwards. You knew a married man shouldn't have felt that wild surge of joy when another man's wife kissed him. And maybe you shouldn't have taken that job Hugo offered you either, feeling all the time as you did that it was Virginia who had made him ask you to be vice-president, and it was a sin to take the money knowing nothing about what was going on and just sitting there singing things all day and not knowing what you were saying.

But it wasn't just for yourself, was it? You wanted Amy to have things too, didn't you, Amy who never complained about having only one best dress. You got a job for Pop too as foreman on one of the jobs, But your punishment came fast, didn't it, Biff, that day the walls crashed because of the inferior materials and Pop was killed.

Amy was so wonderful then, remember, standing with you beside Pop's bed in the hospital that day he died. And the day when the police came to arrest you, she was wonderful then, too, understanding even though you tried to pretend they were there to talk about a clambake the department was having at Coney Island.

They couldn't get Hugo, could they, Biff, for he hadn't signed anything, and so it was you they sent up the river. And you don't want to remember those next five years, do you, Biff?

It was spring that day Biff came home again. He had asked Amy not to meet him, but he had to walk through the park to get home and Amy knew that, and so he wasn't surprised to see her sitting there on the bench waiting for him. Strange the way it was at first with that new slowness between them; as if they felt they had to be casual with each other, as if they were afraid of that quickening emotion pulling them together. Then slowly, the halting, stilted words were gone and they looked at each other and weren't afraid to show how close they were to tears, how much this meeting meant.

"Guess we'll have to let this neighborhood go by, Amy," Biff said then, "O. K. with you?"

"Wherever you go Biff, I'll go," Amy said quietly.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Korda are standing next to the hearth in their living room. The painting over the mantel is Merle in life-size, painted in London by Gerald Brockhurst, R. A., in 1937. On each end of the mantel are antique Regency garniture vases on pedestal bases, of white alabaster decorated with knobs, handles and medallions of gilt ormolu and wired for illumination. The clock is also Regency in white alabaster, pillar shaped on a platform base with cupid figure in gilt ormolu crest. Picture on opposite page shows Merle reading on a custom made, English divan with arched back, rolled rests, removable down cushions, covered in metal tone acanthus figured damask, and fringed base. To her right, is an antique French directoire writing table in Circassian dark walnut with single drawer and lyre shaped supports. On the writing table are a Regency clock and music box, two of her prized possessions. The still life is by Gaugain, the landscape is a Matisse.
Mr. and Mrs. Korda
At Home

Continued from page 33

might almost call her the homely type. Almost. Not quite.

No little bride, with the first instument paid on her dining room set, ever watched for spots on the carpet more circumspectly. (Poor Merle! If a guest inadvertently turns over a glass of wine, or dribbles gravy, Mr. Korda's sweet, tolerant, under-standing and always the perfect host, turns over two glasses of wine, or dribbles gravy and a mushroom—while Mrs. Korda looks as if she had suddenly seen the headless horseman of Sleepy Hollow.) Ah me, no little wife ever waited more eagerly for her lord and master's phone call. In fact, Merle even had a second phone installed in the bedroom of her new home so that if the servants are using the main telephone Mr. Korda's frequent calls to her from the studio will not be delayed one second.

Several months ago Merle, with tremendous homely-enthusiasm, bought an already built house and then proceeded to rebuild and furnish it. A charming, gracious looking home of Georgian architecture, white, with greenish shingled roof, situated on a grassy knoll in beautiful Bel-Air. (Mr. Korda was in England at the time, but on his return agreed that it was the most heavenly place he had ever seen, and that his bride was a wise when it came to decorating.)

The sun porch is an L-shaped glassed-in room. It is very large and cheery and this is where the Kordas spend most of their time. The rest of the house is furnished with the furniture that Merle had sent over from her home in England, but the sun porch, which was done by Tom Douglas, interior decorator, is all new. The pictures in the room are costume designs by Oliver Messel, who did the sketches for "The Scarlet Pimpernel," which was made in England several years ago. Only two of the sketches can be seen in the picture, but they are hung all around the room. The carpet is looped weave in gray tone. The drapes are dusty pink chiffon, olive green and ivory too floral figured. The built-in made divan is covered overall in rose tone

were, Hugo, looking twenty years older than when he had last seen him, and Virginia, looking as if she never could have been Virginia at all. Biff looked at her and saw what years of unhappiness and bickering and hating and selfishness can do to a woman's face. And he laughed as he saw the fear in Hugo's face when he motioned him to the chair.

Biff took the apparatus as if it weren't in the office at all. Why had he ever thought of giving Hugo gas? He'd pull that tooth without giving him anything. He wouldn't be human if he didn't take some revenge, would he? And he grinned as Hugo bellowed and tried to get out of the chair.

"You let him off easy at that," Nick said when Hugo had stormed out of the place and Virginia had followed laughing at him as if she really enjoyed seeing him in pain.

"I'm the one who was let off easy," Biff said. "I might have been the one married to Virginia. Funny thing, Nick, about Hugo and me. All my life he stepped all over me. I'm the dope, he's the wise guy.

He's got everything, I got nothin'. But it comes to me now. I'm a happy man and he's not. Remember what we learned in Sunday School? 'Vengeance is mine saith the Lord.'"

"You think he takes a personal interest in Hugo?" Nick asked dubiously.

"Well, whoever's doing it is doing a darn good job, better than I could do," Biff said. He turned then for the door was opening, and there was Amy looking so sweet in her Sunday dress and her little bonnet even if they were a couple of years old. And he felt so happy he just had to draw Amy closer and kiss her as they walked down the steps. "Biff, right out in the street!" she protested.

"When I want to kiss my wife I'll do it any place, any time," Biff said. "That's the way I'm constituted!"

And suddenly he knew Sunday afternoon was the most exciting day in the week when you could walk in the park with a girl like Amy and the musicians across the street were still playing masked song was, and he liked it.
embossed cotton fabric. The chaise longue on which Merle is sitting is covered in green embossed cotton fabric. The tables are custom pieces in modern Louis XV style, with tapered legs, finished in gray lacquer. The table lamps are custom made, and consist of large blocks of crude glass for bases which are mounted on painted tole pans, marble finished, and containing growing plants. The shades are of woven straw. Through the glass doors of the sun porch you can see the swimming pool. To the right in the rear view of the Korda home, taken from the terraced garden in back of the house, may be seen the bathhouse which is situated next to the swimming pool.

The dog shown with Merle in the bedroom is a chow named Luke. He's Merle's dog and was bought by her in Palm Springs when he was a puppy. The custom made English extra sized bed with covered frame, arched back panel, and draped with orchid tone silk, is mounted with candelabras in gilt bronze, and the whole base is covered in cut velvet matching the window valances. The window drapes are in metal tone satin with draw cord valances in embossed silk cut velour, with leaf and flower festoon on ivory tone background. The bed, with its embroidered coverlet and valances, is a copy of the Marie Antoinette bed at Fontainebleau. The embroidery was done by a very old and famous establishment in Paris. They did the original bed for Marie Antoinette, so Merle looked them up in Paris while on a visit there, and found them still in business after all those years, and she had them copy the bed for her.

The night stands are in the directoire style, and are finished in gilt with ivory tone trim. At her bedside, Merle keeps water, telephones, address book, newest fiction, a radio, and two volumes of her favorite poems.

The picture of Merle in her dressing room shows her wearing a white woolen hostess gown embroidered with gold beads. At her throat is a gold and diamond flower pin which Korda gave her in London. She is wearing a bracelet and ring to match the pin, which she bought for herself from Van Cleef. The dressing room has solid mirrored walls with built-in dressing table. The dressing table bench is antique Louis XV, finished in gilt, and the top is covered in cut satin velour, with matching valances. The drapes and valances are the same as those in the bedroom. On the dressing table are French style candelabras, a nineteen-piece toilet set and numerous bottles of perfume.

The living room has many interesting pieces, most of which can be seen in the picture. The table in the alcove is antique English directoire in mahogany and rosewood veneer. On the table are Ming period Chinese statuette pieces with teakwood bases and an old Chinese praying figure which Merle had made into a lamp. Also on the table is Merle's fine collection of old English silver snuff boxes. In the corner is an early 19th century Sheraton cabinet in mahogany with satinwood inlaid borders and medallions. The carpet is high pile chenille in mauve tone with hand tied fringe all around the edge. The drapes are green poplin with matched valances in pastel green satin, fringed. The two fireplaces are striped rayon. On either side of the fireplace are small tables of mahogany and rosewood veneer with platform bases and lyre shaped supports. On the tables are Roman style urn vases in green, with classic figures around bowls, mounted on gilt lamp bases. The hearth screen is Louis XV style with carved frame and rests finished in ivory lacquer. The lounge chairs are covered with metal tone lacquered figured satinwood. The sofas are covered in French old gold threaded brocade damask—red—with floral decoration in Persian manner.

The Korda's living room has a view of the terraced garden through the windows. The chandelier hanging over the dining table is of antique English crystal. The dining table, a large French Hepplewhite in mahogany, with fluted legs and bronze paw rests, is a museum piece. Near the window is a small Sheraton style extension table in walnut. The buffet is Hepplewhite in mahogany finish, and is also a museum piece. On the buffet are antique French Poitiers white marble urn vases, mounted as table lamps, which have bell-shaped shades of fringed ivory satin. Also on the buffet is a Viennese Franz Joseph mantel clock in decorated and sculptured porcelain, with applied flowers and robed female wearing a wreath of flowers, the whole thing mounted on a platform base. The English plate wall of mother of pearl and tone and the drapes are metal tone satin damask. The chairs are Louis XV style, finished in ivory lacquer, oval framed backs and fluted turned legs. On the buffet are two very old French soup tureens. On the dining table are silver Georgian candlesticks and silver bowls filled with small potted fuchsias.

Recently the Kordas, still on that honey-moon begun in Vieux Antibes, moved into their new home—the first home they have owned in California. A little, with its own little parlor and a little well-earned private life. Friends, as usual, are proving a nuisance. Wouldn't you know it.

Whatever you do, don't barge in on the Kordas on Sunday. No, they won't have the butler slam the door in your face, or the chauffeur throw you out on your ear. They won't call the police, or complain to the Hays Office. They won't even send down word that they are "not in." They also have too pure an object in view. Why is it, and I hope I'm not going to be called un-American, but movie stars and producers born in Europe are a thousand times more posh than those across the water. There are exceptions which I will name with the greatest of pleasure than those who come from Brooklyn and points west. And after years of barking in I ought to know. The Kordas will receive you with the utmost graciousness. Of course Merle will probably receive you with a scowl or so while she slips into something, but in the meantime Mr. Korda will whip you up a mint julep (Colonel Korda, the ole mean son of a gun), and make you feel welcome.

But don't barge in on the Kordas on Sunday. I did, a few Sundays back, and I felt like the meanest dame alive. I even took a photographer. They were as sweet and gracious as always, and Mr. Korda, when I insisted, posed for a few pictures, a thing he never does, because when he gets into costume he is the other Jack. Never, he comes as shy as a schoolboy. Imagine, one of the most important producers in Hollywood! But when the camera focussed on him his forehead beamed, and in his droves of perspiration and he became as dumpy self-conscious as an actor taking his first scene. No, Mr. Korda, you'll never see him. "Alex," said Merle, pretending to be severe, after Mr. Korda had ruined three pictures by moving, "you must stand still. I shall have to inform Mr. Lubitsch.
BEAUTY OVER THE AMERICAS

FROM Alaska to Cape Horn, from the Aleutian Islands to Parahiba, easternmost tip of Brazil—throughout these wide Americas lovely women have learned the same romantic beauty lesson.

The ritual of skin care prized in all these American countries is the same we in the United States likewise treasure—the simple, effective principles long laid down by Pond's:

CLOAK your face and neck lavishly with the sleek, fragrant smoothness of Pond's Cold Cream. Smack your skin briskly with cream-wrapped fingertips for three full minutes—even five. Pond's has two distinct missions to perform for you. One cleansing. The other softening. It mixes with the dust, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE AWAY all this freed and softened debris with the gentle competence of Pond's Tissues—create tenderly soft and absorbent for this express purpose.

SMACK ON briskly a second coating of Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. This second creamy smacking enhances both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Note how the pores seem finer, lines less apparent in your glowing, softened skin.

SPLASH ON now the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Freshener.

Then MASK this spic-and-span face of yours with a smooth layer of a very different type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream—light as a cloud, innocent of greasiness. This cream's specific duty is to help disperse remaining particles, little chapping caused by exposure. Wait one full minute before you wipe it off. Then see how it leaves a perceptible mat finish on your skin—a petal-softness that receives and holds your powder smooth and captive for hours.

Perform this brief Pond's ritual in full always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin or make-up need freshening.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG . . . SENORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO
SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX . . . SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAJOR . . . names that hold the magic and dual connotation of great wealth and great beauty in five great American countries. Each one observes the Pond's Ritual.
that you have been wasting his money."

When I left I had the feeling that I had robbed them of something, something very precious. Not Merle's prized Gaugin, not the Regency music box she picked up in a Paris antique shop, not the beautiful diamond necklace that Mr. Korda gave her on their first anniversary, but something far more valuable to them—Their Sunday. I couldn't have felt meaner if I had suddenly snatched a candy bar from a hungry kid.

"We look forward to Sundays," Merle told me, with even more eagerness than children look forward to Christmas. With both of us working (Merle is starring in Ernst Lubitsch's "That Uncertain Feeling" and Mr. Korda is directing Vivien Leigh and Larry Olivier in "That Hamilton Woman") it is the only day during the week that we can be together. So Sundays are very special with us. They aren't what you'd call exciting, we don't go dancing around madly from one place to another. We stay at home. But we have so much fun that hardly is Sunday over before we start planning the next. Mrs. Roosevelt has My Day, but Alex and I have Our Day—and it's Sunday.

What do two people, two very much in love people, do on their day off? "We always sleep late on Sunday morning," Merle continued. "It's such a luxury, after having to get up at six every morning. And then around noon we have a breakfast-luncheon that is simply out of this world—and would probably put you right out of this world if you ate it. Alex never eats lunch and I rarely eat breakfast but on Sundays we have a breakfast-luncheon of everything we like best. I always have kedgeree (an English dish that is made with rice and eggs and either salmon or haddock), lots of corn on cob, pancakes and syrup, and several different kinds of salads. Alex likes sausages, any kind of sausages, so he always has sausages with pancakes and syrup, roast beef and Yorkshire pudding, and all kinds of fruits. It's all disgustingly un-glamorous, isn't it? But good, and we do for hours. And as you can well imagine we don't eat again for the rest of the day." How does she keep that figure?

In the afternoons they take long walks and when those English gals walk, they walk, as I once discovered to my horror in the beautiful Bel-Air hills. They hold hands as they walk, and in an effort to escape for a few hours from a war-weary world they take turns reciting their favorite poems. Merle is especially partial to Shelley. Home again, Merle has a cup of tea, and a Sunday and Merle Korda experiments with a new rum cocktail. Next to his mint juleps he is proud of his rum concoctions, and the way to win favor with him immediately is to go into ocdsases over his blends. He is particularly proud of a little number which he called Tropical Passion, and which he bet upon one day quite by accident. It is made of pomegranate juice, passion fruit juice, lemon, and six different kinds of rum. It was the Tropical Passion that caused the only serious quarrel the Kordas have had. Merle doesn't drink cocktails, but Mr. Korda was so pleased with his Tropical Passion that he could hardly wait until she came down one Sunday morning to make her one. "You know I don't drink cocktails," said Merle, reaching for the orange juice. "You'll like this," said Mr. Korda, "it's pomegranite juice."

"Um-mm," said Merle, "it is good. Do you think we could plant a pomegranate tree?"

In less than five minutes she was in a deep sleep and didn't wake up until evening.

"I was curious," said Merle, "I missed my kedgeree and my corn on the cob and my perfectly beautiful Sunday that I had been looking forward to all week. Alex is such a tease. But he promised he wouldn't do that any more so I had to forgive him."

Sweet-tempered, easy-going, fun-loving Mr. Korda simply can't resist teasing his wife occasionally, and Merle is not about to use him to it by now. Sweet-tempered, easy-going, and fun-loving herself Merle rarely gets upset and simply takes the Korda teasing with a smile—except when pomegranate juice is involved. It started on the set of "The Private Life of Henry VIII," the picture in which Merle played the ill-fated Anne Boleyn, and under Mr. Korda's superb direction became a star overnight, so one day Mr. Korda told her to take her place on the set and start crying. He had all the lights turned on. For fifteen minutes or more Merle gave out with her very best histrionics. She began to notice that the stage was unusually quiet, but immediately assumed that it was because everyone was so impressed with her acting. But gradually she got suspicious, and peering out from behind the lights she discovered that everyone, including Director Korda, had gone to lunch. Today Mr. Korda teases her about her new home. "It's very pleasant, and I think you will like it, and has every reason to be."

"Don't bother to sit down," Mr. Korda will say to each guest as she arrives, "Mrs. Korda's personal sitting room has been furnished and immediately. Be sure and admire everything."

And of course the first day Mr. Korda's brother Zoltan Korda dropped by for tea ("And really let himself in for a change, Zoltan. Zoltan had been to the barber for a scalp treatment and the barber had rubbed vaseline into his hair. As soon as he had kissed his pretty sister-in-law he screamed and curled up comfortably on the new couch on the sun porch. Merle immediately bristled and because of the practical joke he had just made she took her head off that couch," she said. She won't be allowed to forget that any time soon.

Merle has the beautiful chairs herself. Merle says, "Alex just adores teasing me about them. They are copies of chairs in the Palais de Compagne. I saw them one day before we were married, and it immediately fell in love with them. But they were five hundred pounds a piece. I thought he might like to give them to me, but he didn't. I want a chair!" he said, "and you want six of them? I think it would be just as well to make six kitchen chairs, and put a five hundred pound note on each of them."

It would be much more impressive—and comfortable.

"And we bought the chairs herself. She loves beautiful furniture and in her new home you will find many museum pieces. Secretly, Mr. Korda is very proud of his rare and valuable collection, and he wouldn't admit it because then it wouldn't be any fun teasing her.

But to return to the Kordas' Sunday. After tea and cocktails they usually settle down to a snappy game of gin-rummy, a game they are both fairly marabout. They play it very seriously, both eager to win. Merle always keeps the score and Mr. Korda claims that's the reason she wins so often. But Merle denies it strenuously. "Alex is only trying to alibi himself," she says, "because I have been winning lately."

The table is always set for a game of gin-rummy on the sun porch. This end of the sun porch has a door to the left leading into the garden, one to the right leading into the living room, and the door shown here leads into a small study. The books are sets of Voltaire, Kipling, Wells, and Korda. Both Merle and Korda collect first editions. The card table chairs are Philippine rattan, finished in gray tone lacquer.

But they became such gin-rummy fiends Mr. Korda went in for word games. And take my advice and don't ever get involved in a word game with Mr. Korda. He can quote you words that you never dreamed existed.

After the ten o'clock news broadcast it is time to think about that horrible six o'clock news broadcast. I think Mr. Korda will say, "that I shall be a gardener. I like pottering around with flowers, and then I wouldn't have to go to the studio,"

"And I think," Merle will say, "that I'll just be a lazy wife and stay in bed every day until noon." And of course both of them know darned well that they'll be doing just as much work as before but they'll be doing it in their pajamas."

"It probably sounds like a dreadfully dull Sunday to you," Merle said as I departed. "But it isn't dull to the Kordas. We love it."
Lovely Barbara Stanwyck with a charm hint for YOU

Lux Soap makes a wonderful beauty bath! Its active lather makes you sure of daintiness.

This gentle, white soap has such a delightful fragrance—leaves skin sweet!

Star of Paramount's "The Lady Eve"

Clever girls take Hollywood's tip—win out with skin that's sweet!

"Men love to be near the girl who's sweet," this famous beauty says. And tells you how screen stars protect the daintiness important to charm. Lux Soap's active lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it!

You will find screen stars are right! A daily luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath makes you sure of daintiness, of skin that's sweet, appealing.
**Yours for Loveliness**

How to look like April while the calendar still says late Winter, plus two thoughts on perfume

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**Fascinating Eyes**

**EYES** and mouth are the strong points of interest in every face. And what lipstick does for your mouth, the correct use of mascara can do for your eyes—shape them, accent the color and size and expression. For darker and longer curling lashes form a frame against which color and mood have stronger play. The name Maybelline has long been associated with this artistic eye makeup. Maybelline mascara, both the cake and the cream in a tube. These mascaras are harmless, darken and curl lashes, are tear-proof and will not smudge. They work magic with lashes. A touch of mascara for the grey or white-haired woman is charming, also.

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**Stormy Weather**

HERE is a scoop! For a time, Richard Hudnut's DuBarry Winter Complexion Duo, consisting of DuBarry Foundation Lotion and DuBarry Face Powder, charmingly boxed as shown, may be had for the usual price of the powder alone. If ever your face needs protection against stormy weather, it is this season. The splendid lotion will keep skin dewy moist in dry indoor heat and outdoor cold, and the powder needs no praise from me. It is the quintessence of all you could wish in a face powder. The two offer true complexion insurance against the elements and make your skin look lovely at the same time. The box makes a good casual gift or prize and the generous sizes last a long time.

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**Unforgotten Girl**

A DROP of precious perfume does a neat job in immortalizing you in His memory. It's love's oldest lure. And there are two little gems that come to the rescue when the budget is low. They are the Blue Waltz and Irresistible, in small containers, yes, but how lovely and how entrancing are the spells they will weave. If love charms do come in bottles and bottles, here are two answers. For Valentine's Day, they come in cunningly conceived special packaging, but January, the lovely scents, delicate, provocative, mysterious, work their unfailing wonders with the man of your heart. They cost but a song in five-and-tens.

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**What Goes On, Should Come Off**

IT SHOULD come off your face, at least, and to simplify the coming-off process, try Miner's new Make-Up Removing Cream. It does a whizz of a job. It's smooth, light and fluffy as whipped cream. It takes off a stubborn makeup without rubbing and pulling. It goes for that hard-to-remove eye make-up, that indelible lipstick. It won't smudge if it accidentally gets in your eyes, and leaves your skin so soft and smooth. By these signs, you can guess how very clean it leaves you, too. Pick up a nice, generous jar when next shopping. At ten-cent counters, Business girls, keep a jar in your desk.

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**Sugar and Spice**

IF YOU'RE mad about those Early American concoctions of intimate scents by Shulton, then the newest, Early American Old Spice Post Box, is for you. Quality boxed, you find toilet water, soap, talcum and a motto sachet, with which gently and persuasively to perfume your misses to your soldier friends in camp. It's a good, old ruse, known to our grandmothers. Keep the sachet with your note paper; use the other contents on you, and see if life doesn't hold some sweet surprises. An assortment of small treasures makes you feel affluent and important, and you get precious ones in this unique post box. It's inexpensive; makes an unusual remembrance.

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**They Still Prefer Blondes**

MEN are that way. A recent check-up in Hollywood, it is reported, proves there are still more blondes than any other one shade. Appeal and photographic effect! So for girls born to be blonde but whom time has darkened, and for dark-haired girls who prefer to be blonde, try Nestle Life, which will lighten hair to the degree you want. It is a safe and simple preparation for home use. It is to be applied to the head after a wash, and lotions of your hair in advance, you can be sure of the desired results. The preparation contains oil, is gentle on the hair and altogether seems the answer for home use. Results are truly gratifying. C. M.

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**Red, White and Blue—and New**

Continued from page 58

probably wear plenty of nay. It is a pair of Spring and goes well throughout the warm months ahead. White and more white. Prelude to the popularity, the dash, and the general becomeliness of white began in the Winter with the standing habit worn with dark furs or wool. And red pique popping up everywhere, in accents, in complete garments, and on the loveliest faces. The Spring reds are vibrant reds, set with a slightly yellowish cast, echoes o the Pan-American theme, many with just: faint blue. If you can match 9 divinely in a lipstick.

The moral of this is that you get yourself a new Spring lipstick. And you must not to for her lipstick. Lipstick are versatile in their new and lovely colors. Perhaps you can find just the one that goes with everything you will be wearing. Lucky girl! But do be careful when you wear red, yellow, beige or the new tan nish colors, popularly known as sable. This group of colors, if the beige is of the warmer rather than the grayish group, will take the warm red lipsticks or perhaps some of the dark, exotic tones with definite brown in them. I refer you to the salesgirl when you go for your purchase. Salesgirls are well trained in make-up harmony, and you can learn much by asking their advice. You may be introduced to a new color, to a combination for yourself that you have never thought of before, and a little in quiry here is often productive of important facts.

And speaking of color, the first page o this story shows a face, Linda Darnell that is a wonderful foil for color. With her clear skin, brown hair and defined beautiful eyes, Linda should actually look lovely in any color, with consideration for our lipsticks. For da wear, Linda likes red, blue, rose and ye low. For evening, she prefers black, white pastel blue and pink.

So far we have not had much consideration for the pastels, and I believe you will see much blue and pink. These are a perennial Spring as the robin and the crocus. To keep your make-up among these, there are lovely, muted ros tones, perfect complements. Do not use vivid red with these colors, with the ex cepion of a very light, greenish blue, which the deliberate red is beautiful, either on your lips, your fingers or in a costume coat.

Shown with this story, is also Brenda Marshall, because Brenda is a kind of navy girl. You sense that in the outfit she is wearing and, what is more, even that streamliner perfume she is holding has a red, white and blue container, a sophisticated coker chip affair. Yes, patriot is not only in our blood but in our beauty. A thousand and one gadgets for your lapel the tiny cording on your new white gloves on compacts, on lipsticks, all seeming to sing, "I am an American."

This combination of colors is spirited and so are many others, of course. It seems to me that for this Spring, you might forsake black as much as possible, although the one good black crêpe is an est during classic and should be there. But it is well to remember to me that many of us do not use color as extensively as we should. We do a good job on our faces, but we get into a rut on other colors. And so your friends grow able to anticipate.
KEEP YOUR ACCENT ON YOUTH!

"Win New Loveliness . . . New Youthfulness in your NEW-BORN-SKIN!" says Lady Esther

Yes! It's really true . . . You are getting a beautiful New-Born Skin. Yes, under your present skin a Brand New Skin is coming to life. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help your New-Born Skin to keep its promise of appealing freshness and youth.

It seems a miracle too wonderful to believe, but at this very moment, under your present skin . . . a New-Born Skin is flowering . . . growing, gradually replacing your worn-out surface skin which flakes away in tiny little particles.

Will your New-Born Skin really flatter you? Will it help you look younger? The answer is "Yes!", says Lady Esther. "Yes . . . if you will care for it properly with my 4-Purpose Face Cream."

Don't let the dry flakes of your old surface skin imprison the beauty of your New-Born Skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently permeates those drab flakes . . . the surface impurities and dirt. It helps you whisk them away . . . so your New-Born Skin may appear at its clearest and at its best. And to do this . . . all you need is one cream. Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Does he suggest that you feed your skin from the outside? Will he recommend astringents, or skin foods, or tissue creams? Lady Esther believes he will not . . . for it stands to reason that any cream that can fill the pores can be harmful to the skin. But ask him if my cream doesn't help your skin because it loosens the dry little flakes and surface impurities . . . really cleanses your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word that Lady Esther says isn't true!

So try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let my cream give you complete beauty care. Let your New-Born Skin come to light in all its glory. Use my cream particularly before you powder, for, after wiping away Lady Esther cream, your skin is in perfect condition to receive powder. Use just enough powder to protect your skin from dust—and see if your skin doesn't appear lovelier and more opalescent—smoother, more radiant—with a look that really spells beauty!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin
Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—always crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

Lady Esther,
7162 West 63th St., Chicago, Ill. 

Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name________________________
Address______________________
City__________________________
State__________________________

(Sample tube cannot be sent to Canada.)(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
just about what you will have this Spring
even better than you, before you get it.
Surprise them. Give them a pleasant jolt.
It is good for them, better for you. It keeps
you from being typed. Experimenting will
expand your personality, funny as that
may seem. Wear something you've never
worn before, and see if you don't feel
rather new and interesting to yourself.
When you do that, never worry about your
impression on others. It will more than
make the grade.

As to the colors you do choose, skin tone
above all should be your guide. Regardless
of hair and eye color, if your skin is clear
and fresh, you can truly wear almost any
color if you will harmonize your trace of
rouge and your much lipstick to the cos-
tume. For example, don't try a brown
frock with a pink lipstick, and don't wear
a soft rosy lipstick with a flamboyantly red
frock. But back to skin again. For Spring,
you can freely wear a more radiant
shade of powder and perhaps a slightly
lighter shade than you have worn in Win-
ter. You need this new look of freshness,
and it is surprising what even the faintest
difference in powder tone can work on your
face. I have always leaned toward the
powders with a faint touch of "alive"
color, usually of a pinkish or peachy cast.
They will add more life and vivaciousness
than the dead tones, make you look young-
er, if you need this, make you look health-
ier and far more alive.

Anna Neagle, now to be seen in "No,
No, Nanette," says, "Variety is the first
principle of American design, the reason
why American clothes always look young
colorful, gay." So follow this "variety",
thought in all your personal adornment and
toss old inhibitions overboard. Miss Neagle
further elaborates on the girls with a pas-
sion for some particular style, but still
urges imagination and variety in whatever
this happens to be. She, for instance, feels
a particular love for boleros, and so she
gets three in "No, No, Nanette," as you
will see.

I think we might carry the "variety"
theme also to our hair, as well as hat.
Everyone is still talking pompadours, but
you could fill a room full of pompadours
and have everyone different. Just see the
own has one different twist or cup
somewhere to distinguish it from the her
This is exactly what makes style—the
small points that are different with the
whole adhering to the big outline of
fashion, like skirt lengths and shoulder
widths, and so on.

So this Spring, wake up and find your-
self in a new color. Decide upon a them
for your outfit, the red, white and blue
the Pan-American way, a sophisticated
Paris in the Spring effect, or whatever
seems to be in good fashion, but don't be
nondescript. You should, in this case, hang
together. Give your whole person careful
consideration, your face, your clothes, your
nail lacquer and your perfume. Coordinate
them as best you can. It really takes more
thought than money, but it can be done—and
done in style and spirit!
Neglected wives are often guilty of ONE NEGLECT that may destroy romance...
"LYSOL" helps prevent this risk!

Table for one

It was to have been a very special occasion. She wore her prettiest frock—chose his favorite dishes—and then came his familiar phone call, "detained at the office". And so she dined alone—and unhappy—as she does so often these days.

Once he was the most gallant and attentive of husbands. Can it be that he simply doesn’t care for her any more? Friends applaud her beauty, grace and charm. Her home and children testify to her success as a housewife and mother. What’s wrong?

When a husband’s love cools, the cause, say some doctors and psychiatrists, is often the wife’s carelessness about feminine hygiene. The intelligent, modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness.

You ought to use "Lysol" in your routine of intimate hygiene. Probably no other product is so widely used for feminine hygiene... for these important reasons:

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

PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD
What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
Lehn & Fink Products Corp.,
Dept. S-341, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "War Against Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name___________________________

Street__________________________

City___________________________ State___________________________

Copyright, 1941, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Screenland 79
Date with Destiny

Continued from page 57

and snug as a bug in a rug. "On a day like this," said Vivien, "we certainly need a little sherry." As Leonard opened the butler's pantry door, in answer to Vivien's ring, I got a heavenly whiff of chocolate. I didn't think Vivien would ever get enough chocolate.

It was the Christmas tree that got me down. When I saw the Star of Bethlehem I suddenly wanted to cry. How could these two young people be so terribly much in love, and right at the peak of their careers, bear to leave the safety and comfort of this fireside for a future that could hold so much danger and despair? But I thought I could sob over Vivien Leigh I could just help myself to another thought. You don't sob over Vivien and Larry. They aren't that kind. They do not dramatize their souls.

Before I could let the floodgates down Vivien hastily showed me an exquisite friendship ring that George Cukor and Garson Kanin had given her. And a little china nest of mice that Katharine Hepburn had sent her. I believe of all the people Vivien has met in Hollywood she likes George and Gar and Katharine best.

"We are going back to England because we want to go back to England," Vivien said. There was quite a lot of confusion while Jupiter, a frisky sheepdog that simply worships Larry, joined the fireside group, to Tom's disgust. "It's as simple as that. We've been wanting to go for a long time."

I did not have to ask why, if they wanted to go, they had not gone before. I knew. Vivien and Larry are not wealthy. Vivien has never been in what is called "big money." Practically everyone connected with "Gene With the Wind" made more out of it than she did. Since his sensational success as the dour Heathcliff in "Wuthering Heights" Larry has been able to command a big salary, but big or little, it is all the same to Mr. Olivier when the theater is concerned. He's just slap-happy when it comes to the theater. Twice in England he put every shilling he could get his hands on into the production of "The Ringmaster" and "Golden Arrow," two worthy, intelligent plays, but flops. So when he decided to produce, direct, and act in "Romeo and Juliet" last summer, a goodly bit of the Olivier bank account went into the production. Shakespeare, unfortunately, rarely pays off.

Now, both Larry and Vivien have family responsibilities. Besides, they have assumed the upkeep of several war orphans, little refugees in Canada. And they have spent thousands and thousands of dollars in England. When he decided that it was his duty to return to England to fight for his country Larry was especially concerned over his young son, Simon, who is now with his mother, the first Mrs. Olivier, in New York. "After his lavish production of "Romeo and Juliet" Larry was pretty well strapped," a close friend of his told me. "He wanted his son to be well provided for, and he knew that once he joined the army there would be no more income. So, although he wanted to go to England early last fall, he and Vivien decided to come back to Hollywood and make another picture. No matter what happens to Larry now, his child will have a start in life."

Larry is a sentimentalist, but only to himself. He would never have told me this, never in a million years. "We will take either the Clipper or a boat from some eastern port, depending on what reservations we can get," Vivien continued, as she soothed Tom's ruffled feelings. "When we reach England Larry will join the Royal Air Force, if they will have him. He has been spending all his spare time for months flying lessons and he has a hundred and fifty hours in the air—but naturally he is not an experienced pilot and the R.A.F. may not want him. In that case he will join any branch of the service he is permitted to join. I hope to get a part in a play," Vivien continued, "and tour all the towns in England—the way I did before I started in pictures. Of course I shall want to be near Larry whenever possible."
my eyes became more misty than the windshield. Now that I was away from Vivien and Larry I might be permitted just one little sob. What a couple of honest, courageous kids they really are! Now, right at the top of their profession, and with their matrimonial problems settled, they should be the happiest people in captivity. Every producer in Hollywood has been trying to make them sign contracts calling for fabulous sums of money—why, they could stay where and work hard and in a few years become two of the richest people on the West Coast! Already Larry’s fan mail has exceeded that of Cary Grant. And since the success of “Waterloo Bridge” Metro would give Leo’s eye-teeth to get Vivien back for another picture. It is easy enough to go away from nothing. But the Olibers are going away from everything they have worked hard to obtain. Theirs is a real sacrifice.

And it isn’t that Larry had to go. No one is forcing him to go back to England, no one is embarrassing him into going. The late Lord Lothian, the British Ambassador at Washington, is said to have informed the British actors in Hollywood that their money is more to be desired than their persons. But Larry has an idea that a man should fight for the country he loves. He loves England, he was born there, it is his home. He feels that it is his duty to fight for England. And when Larry gets an idea about his duty he becomes as hardheaded and stubborn as John Bull himself, and nothing can change him, come hell and high-water. Never once have I heard him criticise other British actors who lie stretched out in the sunshine by the side of their swimming pools listening to the latest war news from Britain. Whether they are right, or wrong, in staying safely in America during their country’s travail, but sending money of course, is not of the least concern to Laurence Olivier. His only concern is his own conscience. And his conscience tells him that it is his duty to fight for the land that gave him birth. Trying to talk him out of it is just like trying to blow up the Rock of Gibraltar with a firecracker.

And for that matter no one is forcing Vivien Leigh to return to England, either. She too could stay safely in Hollywood, knit helmets, and, like the other British actresses, send generous checks every month to the British Relief. But Vivien will go where Larry goes. With her, love is like that.

They aren’t afraid of Nazi bombs, those two. When they arrive in London they will not run for shelter when they hear that banshee wail of an air raid siren. Vivien and Larry are fatalists. Just like thousands of English already in London No, they are not afraid of Hitler himself in a bomber—but what they fear more than anything else in the world is that newspaper writers and fan magazine writers like me will write sob stories about them.

This scene from Alexander Korda’s new film, “That Hamilton Woman!” shows how the beautiful Lady Hamilton (Vivien Leigh) has changed into a pathetic crone of the streets, and Heather Angel as the street harpy who tries to help her.
Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 13

say: 'Please excuse me!' and go for a run in the garden and come back for more.

"She is always thrilled when she's finished a picture now, because that means she can eat again. 'Oh, Mommy,' she'll say; 'WHY don't they like fat people? How I HATE diets! But diet she must before every picture. No sweets—and how she loves them!

"But I love apples too, Mommy," objected Maureen, "and little as I know about cooking, I can make Apple Custard. It's delicious. You core your apples and fill the hole with sugar, then cover the whole apple with thick custard and bake until the apple is yummy. Mommy likes to fix her apples with butter and brown sugar and a clove stuck in each, with a drop of water in the dish to make a syrup."

Mrs. O'Hara laughed, a lifting Irish laugh. "The children—I have six children—had a nurse, Mary, at home in Ireland, and she began every morning with the question: 'What shall I feed those young-uns today?' Then she'd make up something-the-other and give it a fancy name:—gooseberry-de-tool, if she was using gooseberries, or apple-O'Hara, or anything that occurred to her. She was the experimenting type."

"Mommy herself cooks by guess and by golly," put in Maureen, demurely. "She hasn't done much cooking before we came to this country, but no one here seems to know what I mean about home dishes, so when she's particularly pleased with me, she takes a hand at the stove. Her Irish stew is my favorite meal. Tell Betty about that."

Mrs. O'Hara complied: "You take a breast of mutton. At home we call it 'lap of mutton,' and when I asked for it nobody here knew what I could be meaning. So I went back of the counter and showed the butcher and he told me you call it 'breast of mutton' or 'breast of lamb.' Whatever the name is, you cut it up.

"You take an iron kettle and line it with sliced potatoes; then comes a layer of sliced onions; then a layer of mutton, salt and pepper. Then potatoes, onions, and mutton in layers until the kettle is girt, well filled. Add water to about three quarters full and let it simmer on the stove for a long time, stirring occasionally. When the potatoes go all messy, or pulpy it's about done. It's cold at home and a good hot dish like this is needed, but Maureen's friends here like it as much as we do. That's why she's serving it tonight. We'll be having fruit cocktail first and then this shamrock salad." Maureen insisted on my seeing the table, set for her Irish party with green candlesticks and shamrock salad.

"You can't make a truly pretty salad unless you get large full green peppers with deep indentations," Maureen informed me. "The peppers are sliced across, making a shamrock of green, after they have been stuffed with cottage cheese, then a pecan is set in the middle of each salad.

"I Shan't be able to eat desserts until my picture is finished," she sighed, "and I simply can't bear to hear Mommy talk about her grand rich food. So let me put on the records of my picture 'They Me in Argentina' while you listen to her."

The Irish beauty drifted back to the living room and presently the music came to us, a baritone voice singing:

"I'm never sure of you—"

"Another good cold weather dish is Stuffed Hearts," went on Mrs. O'Hara. "Come into the kitchen while I stir up my sponge cake, and I'll tell you about it. You buy those tiny lamb hearts and have the butcher squeeze them out. Wash them well and stuff your dressing into the small holes, stitching them up with needles and thread. I make my dressing of potatoes—whatever you have on hand from the

Above, Maureen O'Hara performing one of her favorite chores—fishing out the leaves from the swimming pool. Maureen admits she likes doing this better than cooking.
Grace Lenard has been dividing her time between stage and screen, but we’ve been hoping the movie producers would soon find enough roles worthy of her beauty and talent to keep her in Hollywood permanently.

day before—bread crumbs, onion, butter, an egg, pepper and salt. You roll the hearts in buttered paper and put them in a pan; bake them for an hour, then take off the paper, raise the oven fire and brown them. The sponge cake turned out to be as light as down. Here’s the recipe.

**SPONGE CAKE**

1 1/2 cup sugar  
1/4 lb. butter  
2 cups Swansdown flour  
1 teaspoon Royal baking powder  
3 eggs  
Cream butter and sugar, then alternately add sifted flour, to which the baking powder has been added, and beaten eggs.

“I’ll be serving the cake with the top lifted off, a filling of vanilla ice cream, then the top put back and a covering of chocolate sauce,” she explained.

**CHOCOLATE SAUCE**

Melt in the top of a double boiler 1 cup sugar, 3 squares of Baker’s chocolate (grated), 1 tablespoon cornstarch, salt, 1 cup water. Stir and cook until thick and add 1 teaspoon vanilla.

“Americans don’t seem to go in for milk puddings, but at home we have them all the time,” observed Mrs. O’Hara. “What’s more delicious than a rice pudding? I use the large rice in a deep pie dish, cover it with nuts of butter, add my sugar and add the dish with milk, dashing nutmeg over the top. Then I let it bake.

“All my children are fond of milk puddings, but Custard Bread is their favorite.”

**CUSTARD BREAD**

Take three pie pans. In one place sweet milk mixed with 1 teaspoon of powdered sugar; in the second 4 well-beaten eggs; in the third sifted brown sugar. Cut 12 slices of stale bread, dip first in the milk, then on the beaten eggs, roll in the brown sugar and try a nice brown in butter. Sprinkle with powdered sugar, serve with orange sauce.

**ORANGE SAUCE**

Mix 2 teaspoons Kingsford’s cornstarch with 1 cup sugar; place in a saucepan, add 2 cups boiling water and stir in the grated rind and juice of 1 orange and 1 1/2 tablespoons butter. Serve hot.
"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"
the eye with his sly comedy; Miss Martin vocally and visually alluring—but as usual, it's Eddie Anderson as Rochester, world's foremost valet, who ambles away with most of the acting honors. High spot is the clever dusky entertainer's chat with his "conscience," though all his scenes are hilarious. Credit to Benny for his Columbus act in discovering and developing Rochester until he steals Benny's pictures.

"COMRADE X"
CRITICISM: Practically none at all, once you accept the fact that here is an out-and-out belly-laugh show—not to be taken seriously, and who wants to?

ACTING: Surprise is Hedy Lamarr in her first comedy rôle, and she's sensational. Beautiful but no longer dumb, Hedy is entirely captivating as the naively idealistic little heroine, and she'll win more fans in one swoop with this film than ever before. Gable is especially good—but it is fine character actor Felix Bressart, as Hedy's wacky father, who will delight you most. Sokoloff, also, is excellent.

"NIGHT TRAIN"
The British film studios. Here are no "stars," here are fine, intelligent players more concerned with characterizations than closeups—thanks either to their own intelligence or their director's, but we suspect a bit of both. From the leads, Miss Lockwood and Mr. Harrison, down to the most obscure extra, they are superb, and if there were space we'd like to list every one of them.

"Kitty Foyle"
still not permitted to face the hard facts of life though the stage, the radio, and the public libraries have long since learned 'em.

ACTING: Ginger Rogers is wonderful as Kitty—when are people going to wake up and give this actress the stage which she deserves—say an Oscar or two? Just because she was once a dancing girl doesn't mean she can't be the screen's little Duse today. For our money, she is. Dennis Morgan is excellent as the irresistible Wyn Stratford, that weak but totally charming character.

"Chad Hanna"
Chad without half-try, but you'll find him sympathetic and appealing, in a part he was born to play. Linda Darnell does her most believable acting job to date in a rôle which does not, for a wonder, encourage her to look her most beautiful in every scene. Sometimes she can't help it, though. Dorothy Lamour plays second fiddle but manages to smoulder some. Jane Darwell, Guy Kibbee, good.

"Flight from Destiny"
ACTING: Thomas Mitchell again! Last month or so a lusty sailor; here a kindly professor; what next? Well, he can play anything, and still be the screen's finest all-round actor, Mona Maris as the unscrupulous woman he wipes out is not only alluring but arresting—hers is a very clever performance. Jeffrey Lynn, Geraldine Fitzgerald and James Stephenson are good, but Mitchell and Maris share the show.

"I Hate Your Face!"
Continued from page 34

be went to New Rochelle to pose for Leyendecker. He was not only a collar man, he also posed as Cleopatra and Santa Claus, appropriately upholstered in each case.

For the record, Donlevy can give Errol Flynn a run for his title of Soldier of Fortune. True, Mr. Flynn has sailed the seven seas, as well as marrying Lili Damita, which stacks up romantically, but let us look into the less ballyhooed Irishman from Paramount. At fourteen he was a stowaway member of General Pershing's punitive expedition into Mexico. At fifteen he enlisted in the famous Lafayette Escadrille, voting his age to get by. At sixteen he was a student flyer in France, but he sneaked in a little combat work on the side. At seventeen he was a sergeant pilot, spending two years doing patrol duty and pursuit work, wounded twice, once in the head, once in the leg. He doesn't like to
talk about his war record: 'I think he should worry, nearing forty, is hard to determine, with Herbert Marshall, Bill Powell and Ronald Colman all in their pitching woos, birthdays or no.'

After the war he won an assignment to Annapolis, but when he learned that he would have to devote four years to sea duty before being eligible for the flying branch of the service, he bailed out. He was at the Naval Academy long enough to get interested in theatricals. When he gave up the brass button career he headed for Manhattan to crash the stage. The stage would have none of him, which leads us to the Leyendecker studio in New Rochelle, approximately where we came in.

Mrs. Donlevy was a charming redheaded intermediary at our meeting, moving softly about with first aid beverages and light banter, answering the phone, warding off persistent guests, and adding details when Brian became forgetful or cautious. "He really isn't a bad guy," she claims. "He is easy to handle, not at all temperamental except when he's starting a picture with a strange director—that always worries him. He's a quick study, eats anything that's placed before him, sleeps nine hours a day, and likes horses."

As Marjorie Lane (no relation to those sisters) Mrs. Donlevy decorated the M-G-M roster for two years without so much as batting a masked eyelash in a Fitzpatrick travel-talk. No one paid any attention to her; said she looked too much like Bette Davis and Anne Shirley. "But I was in good company while I was ignored," she says. "Deanna Durbin and Fred Astaire were idle at M-G-M with me."

The Donlevys live simply, but not simply like most actors. They really live simply. A single maid serves as cook and general factotum. A station wagon and a Packard constitute their world on wheels. "I drive the Packard," confides Mrs. D.

The road to Hollywood was just as pebbly for Brian as it is for most people. He did a handful of shows on Broadway, usually with prizefight backgrounds—things like "Ringside," "Milky Way," and "Three-Cornered Moon." But when he was waiting for his chance in New York he came as close to starving as he ever expects. "I didn't eat for two days. Doesn't sound bad, but try it. A friend let me have his room in the Village while he was away, and staked me to food. Then Louis Wohlman wangled a bit for me in 'What Price Glory' and I was started."

He scored in his first picture, "Barbary Coast," and went on running saloons indefinitely. The only chance he had to go straight was in a string of B's for Twentieth Century-Fox until "The Great McGinty" gave him his big chance. Now he's a "goody" in "I Wanted Wings."

Donlevy has had his share of bad luck in pictures. Not the B's. He knows you can't make big-budget features all the time. His bad luck has taken the form of physical injury. He has been a delight to press agents, being stabbed, battered, blinded and gouged during the progress of four different pictures. In "In Old Chicago" he was hit by a falling swinging lamp in one of the brawl scenes; in a minor airplane melodrama called "Crackup" Peter Lorre was supposed to throw acid in his eyes, but the property man missed the cue and tossed some high-powered makeup in his eyes before he could close them. Result: Donlevy was blind for two days.

His worst casualty occurred during the filming of "Beau Geste," his favorite picture. He was stabbed by an over-enthusiastic extra with the business end of a bayonet.

"As I went down I thought of Marge and the insurance and how sorry I was to leave this world. It was bad. We were out

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CAMILLE

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This scene from the screen version of George Bernard Shaw's "Major Barbara" shows Wendy Miller, who plays a Salvation Army lass, and Re Hardison, who plays the whimsical philosophic professor who adopts the Salvation Army creed in order to be near her.

Canny Kysers

Continued from page 51

Waldorf waiter. Corner him in an unguarded moment and ask him not too bluntly if he is married to Ginny and he will reply in the negative. Pause for an elaboration of his simple declarative and you might hear him add: "But I wouldn't be interested in marrying anyone else."

No one, not even the chief operatives of the gossip columnists, has ever seen Kay the least bit endearing toward the girl. No one has ever flashed the news over the wires to anxious editorial copy desks that Kay and Ginny have been caught holding hands. Yet there is a telltale sign of his affection for her, if you're observant. You will note that his eyes follow her, and the expression in them is not one of a boss checking up on an employee.

Some of the boys who make a good business wrapping gossip up in type insist Kay and Ginny have long been Mr. and Mrs. Others insist it isn't so. To this day the Broadway historians don't know whether to headline their guesses: "That's Right, You're Wrong" or "That's Wrong, You're Right." Buzzing along on the theme of the Professor's cinematic life, the eager of them play safe by subheading the whole business: "You'll Find Out."

Yes, he's a canny one, is Kay. That's really why he's riding the top wave of popularity in this new year of our Franklin. Talk plenty, talk differently, if possible, but keep mum on the special things the public is panting to know.

Kay has a disarming way of talking about his own romantic predilections or purposes, if any. You know what he says—without a trace of self-pity? Self-pity? He undoubtedly has his tongue placed squarely in his cheek. Anyway, you know what he says? Listen: "No one wants to see a guy like me making love to anybody. I haven't
When someone's eyes are judging you, can you be sure it's Safe to Smile?

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Screenland 87

Lucky Lynn Bari's next picture is "Chartop Pilot," romantic adventure thriller in which she shares leading honors with Lloyd Nolan.

the face or figure for it. I'd be a sorry spectacle.
Such a remark has the stamp of self-depreciation. But don't let it fool you. There are plenty of men in Hollywood who, possessing neither face nor figure, are doing all right. With his five-feet nine, his 130 pounds, his plant, his ash-blonde hair (he doesn't mention his nice baldleader teeth, his friendliness of manner, his energy) it is Kay's happy boast that no one ever mistakes him for a glamorous boy. It is true that when he alights at La Guardia Field with the beaming people look right beyond—him to her. At the same time, however, they are not forgetful that the fellow with Ginny continues to be the most pro-perous academician of high-hep.

While Kay dishes up the rhythmic lessons, Ginny ladles out the feminine appeal. She was the feminine appeal with the band in its two pictures, though she has not the rapt enthusiasm for the screen that is Kay's. She is content, it would seem, to sing simple sentimental songs in a low, soothing voice, dressed in striking costumes, embellished with ornaments from grandmother's treasure box. The girl, my dear Schiaparelli, has a fine flair for arresting dress.

It was the old Professor who shortened Miss Simms' name from Virginia to Ginny after he had engaged her for the band. Southerners often contract Virginia to Ginny. But it was more a sense of showmanship than an old Southern custom that caused Kay to shorten her name—the same sense of showmanship that urged him to drop his full name of James K. Kyser and become first K. and then Kay Kyser. "Ginny," like "Kay," has a box-office click. "Virginia Simms" would sound fussy, cramped. But "Ginny"—that's a name that suggests glamorous Dixie.

Kay, despite his present rank as the golden boy of jazzola, is consistent in his sparring of a romantic halo. Is it really because he has achieved a reputation as a comedian? Probably. He says he prefers to amuse people rather than make them sigh. Again his cautiousness. He has seen every picture, he says, in which a band has appeared and he's convinced that the romantic appeal of Gable or Olivier is not endangered by any man who brandishes a baton for a living. It depends who is doing the brandishing. Now take Leopold Stokowski! He—well, that's another story.

To Kay Kyser, omph is something that comes out of the large end of a horn in an Elks parade. Its biological, or Hollywood, aspect is something about which he professes to know a great deal of nothing.
Not for all the tobacco in North Carolina would he change his story. He's as sure he's right as a man can be. His conviction is based upon the cold, merciless revelation of the camera. He has looked, he says, and found it wanting. Great Lovers among band-leaders.

"They may be romantic. They may even look romantic when the lights are dimmed and they're turning the heat up a bit on Grieg and Rimsky-Korsakoff, and the disillusioning waiter with the check is a good two hours away. But they can't act romantic. They're merely the instruments, the gods out of the machine through which their listeners act romantic.

"If a bandleader could act romantic he wouldn't be a bandleader. He'd be an actor. He can't act romantic because he is too familiar with the tricks, the agents that create a magic spell. He can turn on a magic spell merely by coaxing the Moonlight Sonata through the clarinets. He can turn it off just as quickly by a serving of boogie-woogie. How can a man act romantic who turns a music rack from Moonlight Sonata to Beat Me, Daddy, Eight to the Bar!"

The bandleader who is still known to his mother as James, though the whole wide world calls him Kay, is in pictures up to his eye-glasses in spite of the lack, for him, of romantic opportunity. He's in them for the fun and the money. He can also be himself, even though he's surrounded by Karloff and Lugosi and Lorre on the one hand, and eye-filling heroes on the other. Being himself, he is sticking to his big horns to get his oomph.

The Professor has some decided notions upon his particular niche in movieland. For one thing, there will never be a rags-to-riches theme for him and the boys. They will not start out in a broken-down flivver and by some lucky stroke (it almost came out 'strike') suddenly become famous over night.

"There's nothing worse," says Kay, "than putting a band into a picture unless there's some logical reason for it. I consented to go to Hollywood only upon the condition that there would be a legitimate excuse for the band's appearance and that the cast be a good one. I was not disappointed. A good excuse was provided for the band, and I was honored to know that my scared-rabbit manner noticed the contrast of not one screen horror man, but three."

He was never so close before to personified menace, but he looks back upon the experience with considerable relish. He found the Messrs. Karloff, Lugosi and Lorre amiable, cultured, mild-mannered men—off the set. Men who raise not hell but petals, who romp not with wolves but with children, who drink not rum and vodka but bovril and tea. On the set he found them uniquely helpful.

It is difficult to believe, but Kay Kyser learned much about the art of timing from the gooselfish trio. For years he has practiced the art. He had come to believe he was a master of it, whether he was pointing for a laugh or a song or the tense accents of a radio announcer. Yet it took Karloff, Lugosi and Lorre (and by the way, why isn't there a song called Karloff, Lugosi and Lorre?) to show him how deftly men can manage fractions of seconds. Kyser was more impressed by the uncanny sense of timing of the horror men than by anything else save the homey, carpet-slippered scene he invariably met up with at night.

Wherever he went he always found people sitting around in carpet slippers discussing current affairs. He couldn't have gone to the right places. Or maybe the people he saw wanted to make him feel at home. Hollywood, you know, can be so hospitable, so adaptable.

There's a homespun friendliness about Kyser that has persisted with him ever since his Rocky Mount, N. C., days, despite his sojourns in the sophisticated centers of the land. Kay found Hollywood not unlike Rocky Mount—folksy rather than servile. Gone was any indication that the hour was eternally six o'clock. More important to the unconventional maestro was the absence of the old brush-off.

The attitude was a change from what he observed when he first hit Hollywood. When he and his crew made their first picture the movie colony looked down its nose and said: "Oh, well, just another lapudlethead!" But then Hollywood had seen plenty of orchestra leaders come in swinging time and go out in a dirge. He made his picture. There was the inevitable preview. Some persons liked the film and some didn't. It went out to the theaters and set up quite a noise on the cash registers. The echo was heard in Hollywood, and when Kay arrived for his second picture he found, if not the red velvet laid for him, at least cordiality.

"I know I can't rest on any past laurels. So I just proceeded to put the band

by a secretary

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through her paces and act properly scared. In fact, I just played myself! I didn't have to make love. No gasping, no panting, none of the old hie and-hoo. I'd be ridiculous if I tried it. Just as Tyrone Power would be ridiculous if he came up to the bandstand and led the boys as if he'd been leading a band all his life. I want to keep on winning as long as I can. I'm sure I can't do so if I become a phony in the movies. In the movies I'm still Kay Kyser, the old Professor of Musical Knowledge.

He has capitalized on the college professor business, of course, in a big way. His radio hour is rated No. 1 in popularity in dance orchestra programs. His clashes in the entertainment world place him definitely in the multiple-threat class. In "You'll Find Out," he's the star, director of the band and musical sequences, a singer of sorts, collaborator on the script, arranger and gag-man. In addition, he dictates his entire radio show weekly, acts as master of ceremonies, plays engagements in various hotels, restaurants and theaters throughout the country, and makes more than 1,000 phonograph recordings annually.

Gradually he has developed a name as a comedian. At the start he was pretty much of a bust as a funny man. When he stood before the microphone, a hesitant, youthful Caspar Milquetoast in his early twenties, leading a skinny, corny jazz band—unteeling cynics of the prohibition era laughed at him mercilessly. But now, successors of those early crowds laugh with and for him. Yet for the life of him he can't tell you how he bridged the gap to arrive at his present glory-be.

"As for music, it's hardly a part of my act, but rather a background for the capers. Outside of the growth of the band from six to fourteen musicians, and from staid jazz to modern swing, my musical motif has remained the same. Naturally, the popularizing of songs is a part of any successful screen and radio appearance. This is the popular song era of all history. But I have an idea it's the down-to-earth horse-play in my act which keeps my followers following.

He kept to his dance band routine on the screen. Now back to the podium again, he finds he is holding himself within the narrow confines dictated by the camera.

Whomever and wherever Eddie Cantor and Ben Bernie meet, even if it happens to be in a night club, as above, they always talk shop and about old times in this here show business.

"I keep watching for camera angles. I hope it isn't long before I'm watching for them again in reality. Maybe, next summer. I'm a confirmed screen actor, even though the women will never swoon over me."

He seems determined that romance isn't his line. Well, maybe it isn't. But—there's Ginny. Despite all his protestations, Kay, we have an idea, dreams of Ginny with the light brown hair.

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with the Little Things In Life which, the motto writers tell us, are the Important Things—like dieting, for example. I've seen more pouches go sour over the diet thing than enough. Women, men, too, read their calories lists like they were chanting a dirge. Women look like they're digging their graves with their teeth when they pass up a French pastry for a jigger of old celery juice.

"Now, then, it's a pleasing sight to see Bob Hope on the Paramount lot these days, attired in tight tights, riding back and forth between the commissary and the set of "Road To Zanzibar" (advis.) riding from his home to the studio and back again, on his bicycle built for one. And for why does Hope bike it? Takes the pot down. For I was getting a pot, my pretties, but I could have some fun degrading myself, couldn't I? I could, and did. I rode a bike instead of flogging in a car. I ate only with people who were also slightly potty. Hence, I didn't see what I was missing, thus didn't miss it... (Bob, by the way, and come to think of it, rather forcibly suggested that I try a mixed green salad with old-fashioned French dressing; he was slamming on clear chicken broth and a fresh fruit compote).

"Then, at home," he said, "I have a pool-table in my living room. In fact, our living room is a combination living room, pool room and game room. When I'm disgusted with things, I get up and shoot a game of pool. Play more games, is what I mean. But, more importantly, don't keep your games segregated. I mean, don't have the things you do for fun put into a concentration camp so that you have to get up and go off into some special room, or even away from home, in order to play. Have your fun right where you live, have it in your living room or in your bedroom, if you like. So if you're having an argument with your wife you can get right up from where you're sitting, can get up right in the middle of a sentence and shoot some pool.

"Then, take business. I may, often do, go and talk over my business deals on the golf course. And this is a true note I'm giving you, this is a concrete piece of advice to the Funlorn if I ever mixed concrete: DO mix business with pleasure! If you haven't a golf course handy, go to an amusement park, discuss your deal in a Fun House, on a roller-coaster, go down to the beach, get out on a tennis court, do some flagpole sitting, go anywhere you like—but take it away from those four walls, a dictaphone, and a frustrated secretary.

"Me, I built my house, English farm-house style for those who care how their humble entertainers are housed, right next door to the Lakeview Golf Course. To those of the Funlorn who possibly can, I do strongly recommend building a home adjoining a golf course. The minute I get out of a broadcasting studio or off a set, I tear home and hop over the back fence and streak across that golf course. I relax there more than anywhere in the world. Just to get that sun and air is almost enough, without Crosby and the game.

"Have lots of people around all the time, is another peerless panacea for the aching. You can't be crabby in a crowd. Well, anyway, nowhere so near so crabby as you can feel alone. I love to have a mob of people around me. And always do. On the set, in the commissary, in my dressing room, at home. Comes of being one of six brothers, no doubt. You get it thrown at you all the time when you're one of a sextette. Anyway, wife Dolores and I have an informal, congenial crowd around the house ALL the time. No formality, you know. No stiff shirts, No set hours for meals. Formality is rigor mortis on the body of fun. The kind of folks we have around, the Crosbys, the Fred MacMurray's and dozens of others, are the kind that don't care, don't even notice if I run in, grab something to eat, run right out again. And no explanations necessary. And no harm done.

"Why, I can remember only one night in the whole seven years we've been married, when we sat at home alone, Dolores and I, read the papers, listened to the radio and went to bed. We couldn't sleep.

"Play with kids, that's another pink pill for the Funlorn. Play with kids, your own, if you have any, your neighbors' if you haven't. I have a lot of fun playing with our sixteen-months-old daughter, Linda. Thing is, when you play with kids you have to be kind of silly, you have to fall apart. Nothing better for you than to fall apart, in a nice way. I read fairy stories to Linda now, too. Sometimes I act them out for her. Only part I won't play is that of the Bad Fairy. I want to be a good fairy or nothing!"

"The kid angle is really for me—we've got something there—so I'm not running out of ideas when I repeat myself and say that if you haven't any of your own, by all means go out and adopt a couple, if you can afford it and if you can't afford it, borrow a few from the neighbors for an hour or two every day. I'll admit that it was Dolores' idea for us to adopt a baby. I'll admit that, at first, I was against it. It didn't interest me, didn't appeal to me. 'That's not for me,' I said. I went to the Cradle with Dolores, under duress vile, so to speak. I'd look at the characters, I said, but I'd stay on the nether side of the plate glass and I'd come out as empty-handed as went in.

"Well," said Bob, with a smile that twisted a little in the middle, "well, all I can say is that I went out and got the second baby myself. Dolores didn't even go with me, didn't even know I was going. The first kid they showed me, I took one look at him, barely born he was, and he was all nose, nostrils sticking out like he was about to take off—the kid absolutely looks like me. 'This is for me.' I said. The matron said, 'But how do you know Mrs. Hope will like this baby?' I said 'I'll okay
is! That’s how we got Tony. He’s five months old now. And more like his old man every day. Dolores says if you stuck a bottle in my mouth and put a rattle in my hand, no one could tell us apart!

"Speaking of Dolores leads me, by natural stages, to speak of Love. Now, there’s a thing the Funlorn need some pep talks about! You know, as well as I do, the Thing most people make of love. The way they act doesn’t do, doesn’t do, handy handy, the way they act like mourning doves! (Myself, I give the lark to love. A bright bird, beautiful, sure, but winged and brilliant.) The way they act can’t eat, can’t sleep, can’t make sense..."

"Now, my advice to the Funlorn is: Don’t be lovelorn! That’s more than I could bear. Don’t be lovelorn, even if you get the gate, even if your path of true love is about as smooth as a nutmeg grater. Remember the Hope signature, ‘but gee, it was fun while it lasted—fun while it lasted,’ commit that to memory, take that to heart, not all the philosophies of all the pedants can top that one—for it doesn’t have to be fun. ALL the time, not the same kind of fun, anyway, to make it good. It’s because people expect the good things in life to be ‘in perpetuity’ that most of the grief comes.

"I practise what I preach, too. I met Dolores, having fun. I was playing in ‘Roberta’ in New York, at the time, with George Murphy. We were at the Lambs Club one night, stirring the fat with time on our hands. George suggested we go over to the Vogue Club and get a load of the girl who was singing there. We went over and I got a load of wife for myself. I was hooked slowly, a slow fight. And a laugh a minute was our signature, and has been ever since, a lot of laughs, a lot of fun, and a lot of song—a lovely thing.

George Murphy, who was in the "Singapore" film with Hopp, above, and Crosby, is with them again in "Road to Zanzibar." In this one the boys kid darkest Africa while Dotty does her jungle-strutting clad becomingly in three leaves from a handy tree—not a swag.

Dorothy Lamour, who was in the "Singapore" film with Hopp, above, and Crosby, is with them again in "Road to Zanzibar." In this one the boys kid darkest Africa while Dotty does her jungle-strutting clad becomingly in three leaves from a handy tree—not a swag.

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SINGING. Sing all the time, whether you can sing or not. I sing all the time around the house. Sure, in the shower, at the table. All the time. Dolores sings all the time, too. Linda gurgles. Tony gargles. The servants whistle while they work. Ever try to sing and beet at one and the same time? Can’t he done!

“I’m not speaking whatsoever I know not, you know. I’ve had fun if I was broke. I know because I DID have fun when I was broke. I’ve always kidded. That’s what got me into this business. I had to have a job where I could kid because kidding is my natural element and a man has to be in his natural element or he gags and makes fish-mouths—like when I had been working for two days for the Chandler Motor Company (I was in the Parts Service Department) I formed a quartette. We sang into a dictaphone. Next day the boss plugged in to play back a letter he’d written and got the stale song—I went out, but it was fun while it lasted.

“Now, I don’t say you can manufacture this attitude overnight. If fun doesn’t come natural to you, it doesn’t to everybody, note’s the problem to think of some angles to have fun. Buy the Fun Encyclopedia. Buy books on Parlor Games, if necessary (but only if necessary!). Just to get into the way of it. After a while, you won’t need crib.

“Too much talk is bad stuff. There’s a lot more action than talk in the Hope family, let me tell you. Talk has a way of running into those deep, serious channels. Stay away from it! Don’t read too much, either, if you’re the unfunny type. Be like me. I read the papers, that’s all. I digest the papers. And the Readers’ Digest, I love that.

“No plot-or-plan is another prescription I offer. I have no plot or plan in my life. I’m not telling you to do anything I don’t do. I’m getting a lot of happiness out of my present routine and I’m not making graphs and charts about the next steps till I come to them. I just worry lightly about the Future, if at all. I am That-actor-that-wants-to-be-a-director who’s met so often. I’d like to make three pictures a year, then play golf the rest of the time. Think I can arrange that, too, one of these days.

“Don’t knock your brains out worrying about money is the salt of mirth—yah, yah. I hear you jeering, it would take more than Yehudi to root out that worry-devil—well, go ahead and worry, then, you've got me stopped. I guess. Only thing I'd like to say is this: all right, suppose you do get the dough and you get bad health. Or you get the dough and the things the dough can buy and you don't want them. Then, and only then if you're pretty bright, does it dawn on you that it's the getting that's the fun, not the 'got.' Who wants to play another game of solitaire once they've got all the aces out?

“I'm not foolish about my money, don’t get me wrong. I know what it feels like to have a belly like the flap of a thin tissue envelope. I'm not foolish, I say, but in that department we really live, at our house. We have a budget. Once in a while, we budget-break and spread out a little. Say every six months or so. I won’t say that I'm ever recklessly extravagant with money but it gets around quite a bit, in spurs. I sort of like a little quartette just to diversify my thoughts and reactions. Then, there's always someone around giving you a light tap and you have to respond—a little lighter. But after one of these orgies, we have a Small Talk, Dolores and I, and then we're right back in the bottom of the budget. It's easy that way. It keeps you reminded that you can't have everything you want, just when you happen to want it.

“Good advisers are good lots, too. I really have advisers. And Mrs. Hope's Bob is that rare specimen, a man who really listens to advice and takes it. By good advi-
ers, I don't mean a Business Manager. No, I still sign my own checks, check my own bills and dole myself out my own pocket money. But I do go to people who know better than I where to invest, how to invest, where to shop, what make of car is tops, and so on. Just as I have or five or six writers who supply my material for the air for me—but they tell me, Bob sees the stuff, brightens it up, edits it, as no other performer does, or can do)—"I turn over to specialists the jobs in which they, not I, specialize.

"Fear is, I'd say, the greatest single contributing factor to being Falstaff. To be afraid of anything would de-fun Falstaff. Only thing in this world I'm afraid of is losing my health. Give me my health and I'll start over again, anywhere, anytime. My health is the only thing I watch. And that's one thing I DO watch. I watch my food, keep my stomach in very good condition, smoke very moderately, drink very
little (can't remember when I was blind), breathe from the waist up and get a lot of sleep. You can't have fun if you need to be alkalized with—you know what I mean—preach. They're not MY sponsors, I should plug! "Here a lot of things to do, that's one of the very best ways I know to keep that kick-out-of-life a chronic condition. Show me the man, woman, or child with a dozen or more vital interests, and you show me a character who doesn't need advice from any man. Not even a doctor.

"Here, too, I practise what I preach. Pictures and radio, I major in them, of course. But if they were the only interests I had, my nose would be pointing like a bird's instead of going off in several directions. I'm wildly interested in golf, you know, I'm crazy about football. I'm nuts about going to the movies, especially the newstrels. I'm keen about photography. I kind of like to take care of the garden. I collect wood carvings, knick-knacks. I have my dogs, a Great Dane and a Cocker. I like to go fiddling with those characters. I never have time enough for the things I want to do. Why, we have movie films at home, films we made, Dolores and I, when we were in England a year ago. And we haven't even looked at them. Haven't had time. And can't wait. We have records we want to play and haven't played. We're always planning an evening by ourselves, a date, tête-à-tête. But it's all to the good—because, look, if you have a dozen things you want to do, you haven't got time to sit down and gloat about the things you don't want to do. Adds up, doesn't it? "I'd say the fewer hours you have, the happier you are—hates breathe out carbon monoxide gas or something, they suffocate you—I have a few of them but I can shrug them off: like I hate people who call down waiters and waitresses in public; I can't stand women who talk baby talk; I can't stand fat women in slacks. (Look like two pigs trying to fight their way out of a sack!) I hate these posy-patches women wear on their heads in the good, old name of hate; I hate people who can't, or won't, use their hands.

"Well, that's about it! I hope I've struck a few true notes. I mean every word I've said. To sum up: go through life behaving like you're in the loony-bin and you'll have fun. And what is, I think, more important, you'll hand out a few laughs, too. And no hand-out, I like to think, is more filling. "And thank you, so much!"

Meet Stanley "Stoch" Clements, 12-year-old newcomer who makes his screen debut in "Toll, Dark and Hondsone." They say the angelic-faced Stanley's "dese, dem and done" accent makes the "Dead End" biker potter sound like a Sunday School recitation.

Store Directory

Fashions, featured on Pages 59, 60, and 61 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

Frocks, page 60, by Peerless Dress Company, 1375 Broadway, New York

Hutzler Bros. Co., Baltimore, Md.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
Highbee Co. Dept. Store, Cleveland, O.
Lord & Taylor, New York
Sibley, Lindsay & Curt, Inc., Rochester, N. Y.
D. J. Stewart & Co. Rockford, Ill.
Woodward & Lothrop, Inc., Washington, D. C.

Fashions, page 61, by Kerry Cricket, 1111 Washington Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Wm. Filenes Sons Co., Boston, Mass.
Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mandel Bros., Chicago, Ill.
John Shilhillio Co., Cincinnati, O.
F. & R. Lazarus & Co., Columbus, O.
Dayton Company, Minneapolis, Minn.
Kline's, Inc., St. Louis, Mo.

Pot Perkins Frock by Sunnyvale, Inc., 1350 Broadway, New York

The Fair, Inc., Chicago, Ill.
Burdine's, Inc., Miami, Fla.
Capwell Sullivan & Furtth, Ltd., Oakland, Cal.
Meyer Bros., Paterson, N. J.

Knitted Frock by Lampl Knitwear Co., Cleveland, O.
H. & S. Pogue Co., Cincinnati, O.
Highbee Co. Dept. Store, Cleveland, O.
J. L. Hudson Co., Detroit, Mich.
Saks 5th Street, New York
Rosenbaum Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Gloves by Bacmo-Postman Co., 1 Park Avenue, New York

Hutzler Bros. Co., Baltimore, Md.
Carson, Pirie, Scott, Chicago, Ill.
Highbee Co. Dept. Store, Cleveland, O.
Himenloeh Bros., Detroit, Mich.
Wm., H. Bloch Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
Gimbels Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Famous & Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.
Frank R. Jelleff, Inc., Washington, D. C.
What Deanna's Boss Thinks of Her Big Romance
Continued from page 29

good time Deanna and Vaughn announce their engagement. They have an engagement party. The marriage is set for six months ahead. They'll be married in church —flowers, veils, Lohengrin—everything a young girl dreams when she dreams about love. Deanna will have all the sweetness of such a romance just the same as if she didn't know what a studio looks like.

We drew him back to "Mad About Music." Gently, "It started so gently"—he took a pinch of air between his fingers—it was almost nothing. Anyway, as near to nothing as you can come and still have something. If you remember, we used in that picture a bunch of beautiful kids—twenty-four little girls of fifteen or sixteen —just about the age when their little hearts start to beat for the boys. And here comes Vaughn Paul, second assistant director, the handsomest boy on the set, including the leading men. And I notice they start to giggle, these twenty-four, and they whisper and get quiet and look at him sideways and push their heads together and giggle again. Pretty soon he received every morning a poem from these kids, and little notes. Then they run competitions—you know?—they vote. Mr. Taurog is the nicest. Mr. Pasternak is the busiest. Mr. Paul is the handsomest, and again they look sideways—not at me or Taurog, only at Mr. Paul. Of course the poor boy is embarrassed. Everybody ribs him. He's twenty, and they're fifteen. To him they're a bunch of babies.

"And Deanna? Deanna stays back. Deanna doesn't write notes and poems. Deanna doesn't giggle and Deanna doesn't whisper. Maybe she votes, but she won't show it around. When the rest jitterbug between takes and would like Vaughn to jitterbug with them, only he's busy, Deanna sits and knits and smiles like a mother whose children are having fun. Still, I happen to know she's just as interested in boys and just as anxious to have fun as anybody else. Mrs. Durbin told me a couple of times that she likes boys. But she's mature for fifteen, and boys the same age that she meets are too young for her. So after a while I begin to wonder why she looks so hard away from Mr. Paul. If she didn't like him, why should she bother where she looks? And once when he handed her something, she seemed confused. With somebody else you wouldn't notice. But this is the first time I see Deanna confused. Aha, I thought, her little heart starts to beat too—as one thinks it of a child. Later I wondered if she didn't make up her mind right then, without really knowing it. 'This is the man.' "Then came 'That Certain Age.' What happened outside is their business. But knowing Deanna as I do—or think I do, because who knows women?—I saw that something happened. It was almost like when you have a daughter yourself and you realize she comes home at ten instead of nine, and in her eye there's a certain sparkle. She was always fussy about dresses, but now she was anxious for high heels and manicures and all those things that start to make her look like a young lady.

"Also a word drops here and there about her and Vaughn. But only when we made 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up'—only then did I know for sure that she was going through the beginning of a romance. And even then, I tell you truthfully, I didn't know it was already so strongly developed as it was. A couple of times she asked me: 'Do you think we'll work late on Thursday four weeks from now?' Four weeks from
now!" His hands went out in a comical gesture. I can't tell. I'm not sure. I never wanted to tell her in so many words, 'I'll see that you're free.' It would make me feel like an elephant stepping on flowers. But I managed so that the date would be open.

"Then . . . No, let me tell you first something about the boy. I took a liking to him even before Deanna. He has charm—outside and inside. But most of all, I liked his backbone. There is seldom a boy, with looks and personality like his, so devoted to his work. We thought, Koster and I, to make an actor of him. We said, 'Will you do a test?' He said, 'If you like.' But he didn't push it, He wasn't sold on it. He would do it because we asked him, but he liked his own work better. Well, by the time we were ready to make this test, the romance had begun, so we dropped it. Why? For two reasons. Our idea had been he should play with her in 'First Love.' We would have been severely criticized—and rightfully—for capitalizing on their feelings. But entirely apart from this, we felt they were entitled to keep their first love to themselves.

"Anyway, as much or as they could. After 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up,' the newspapers began to break it. And two days after the first stories appeared, there came to my office a long distance call from Boston. I wasn't in. This man, whose name I didn't know, called three times. It was very important, he said. So I called him back. He said: 'We have here an office where they break up romances.' 'You do what?' 'We break up romances. You're Deanna Durbin's producer. You don't want her to get married, For a certain sum of money we'll break it up.' I laughed. I couldn't help it. It was nasty, but it was also funny. I said: 'Thank you. I'm very much, I'm not interested,' and I hung up.

"I told this story to Deanna. I noticed how happy she was with my answer to that man. There was something in her face, don't ask me what, some kind of light—and that was the moment when I became convinced—when I knew this thing was serious and would end with marriage.

"I was happy about it. Contrary to all rumors that the studio is disappointed, we're all happy about it. Deanna's talents are sold to us, not her private emotions. About those she's her own boss. We never voiced an opinion. We weren't asked. But we were in silent agreement with her. First, you don't interfere with a girl like Deanna who knows her own mind. Second, no matter what all the cynics might say, she's still more important to me as a human being than as a property. If the boy wasn't as nice as he is, I might have looked for some way to make her understand. Yet even to say so much is foolish. Because Deanna, with her right instincts, wouldn't like another kind of boy. Her choice is a wise choice and a good one. I think she's lucky, I think he's lucky too. I don't know which is luckier and, anyway, who cares?

"After the papers broke it, I teased her a little. Not much. Only so much as is permitted an uncle. She knew I liked Vaughn. I gave him his first job as assistant director on 'The Underpup.' When I talked about him, a little smile came on her lips. That's all. They never made a show of their feelings. Every day, if they could manage it, they had lunch together but not on the lot. They got in his car and went out to eat at some drive-in.

"I remember one Sunday afternoon we had to work on 'The Underpup'—to lay out plans for Monday. It was the kind of day when the youngsters all go to the beach, I came to the studio at one and passed a small car. It was the boy's car. Inside was Deanna Durbin, reading the funnies. She could have waited for him at the beach or, anyway, some place that would be more comfortable than the inside of a little car. She could have come on the set, but that would be pushing herself where she thought she didn't belong. So till 4:30 she waited without a squawk. I bet she knew the funnies backward and inside out. I was curious, I admit it, to see what happened. Will she be cross? Will she pout, as girls do, for the fun of making up again? No. She folds up the funnies, she smiles, he gets in the car, they kiss and they're off. I must say I admired Deanna's patience and manner.
**RUMBA WHIRL**

Designed for the Fast Pace of a Rumba. The Crown and Back are brushed as Mary Martin did—met. The Hair is rolled under loosely at the neck and at the side to frame the face ingeniously. All kept cleverly in place with.

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**DeLong Bob Pins**

*went slip out*

*All Bob Pins Are NOT Alike*

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**Did "Diamond Jim" Have Stomach or Ulcer Pains?**

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Maureen O'Sullivan, having finished "Maisie Was a Lady," has temporarily deserted the screen and gone to Canada with her baby, to be near her husband, John Farrow, stationed in Ottawa doing war service for England. She will not appear in "Billy, the Kid," as she said she might in her "Letter from Canada" published in last month's SCREENLAND. Before leaving Hollywood, Maureen took advantage of the fine California weather and spent as much time as possible outdoors with her darling two-year-old son, Michael Damien.
You Kids! Don't Leave Home to be Cowboys

Continued from page 55

ing on. Maybe cowboys have felt pretty disguised sometimes at what they saw in the movies. Anyhow, they're critical, especially them thoroughly experienced ones who have lived the life. They spot anything that's wrong the minute they set their eyes on it. But no cowboy has ever criti-
cized anything I wrote or drew, and that's been a heap of satisfaction to me. One old cowman in Arizona once put it this way: 'There's somethin' wrong with Bill's books—I can't find anything wrong with 'em.' Of course, there are more or less changes with the times. Older cowboys didn't know anything about towns, only going to one about once a year. They're still like that. But some of the younger ones hit out to see the sights oftener, and the closer they get the more they're spoiled by 'em. What does it is tailor-made cigarettes, painted ladies, and stuff like that."

Not that Will James was moralizing. "Hell, no! And there's really nothing to worry about. Main trouble is there's been too much hell-raising in the movies. Cow-
boys are quiet, not whooping it up every time they cut loose, although they still wear guns in some parts. And if it's a little 'em get the chance to drink once a year they're lucky. There's damn little of that goes on. As for mexitin' with painted ladies in dance-halls overmuch, cowboys as a rule are too shy to be good hands at it. They're alone so much they just don't know what to say to a girl. They may feel sentimental about girls, fact is they do feel plenty that way. I'm putting love interest in the story I'm doing for the movies, because the cowboy is strong on it—and now! But some-
how he just can't get conversational. Sing?" A slow smile lumbered across his face. "Well, I never knew a singing cowboy. That's a movie invention. Take, for example, sing-
ing cows to sleep. Why, if a cowboy ever tried anything like that on the range he'd probably spook up the cattle so bad that he'd start a stampede. In all the outlaws I've rode for none of us could sing a peep. And we had no mandolin, no guitar. All the boys ever had was a mouth-organ and a jew's-harp, and I wasn't so hot on either of 'em. I couldn't carry a tune in a gunny-sack. No, there's nothing to that musical
cowboy thing. That's one of the things we cowboys never got to do or learn."

His innate modesty was characteristic of Will James. It made him likable, as well as believable. And here was a writer who knew what he was writing, knew it so thoroughly and so actually as to establish him as an authority on his subject. But I had to press him a bit to get him to tell how his story would differ from others of the West shown on the screen. Planting his elbows on his knees, he pondered a moment, then: "It will differ very much. It's about something never brought up before. What it really means is the upbringing of a race. For that's what the American cowboy really represents. It is his race that has made the great cow country what it is today. He has fought for it against rivers, against floods, against cold, against blitz-

Zaks, against Indians, against sheepmen, and he's still fighting for it. At no time has the cowman got any protection from the government. Instead of being helped along, he has been crowded back. Out of the fine thing he has done, and is doing, has sprung a fine race. That's my story. The people of that race are going to live for ever—and I'm one of them." In his strong words, the strength of Will James himself came vigorously to life. There was no mistaking the mettle of the man behind those words. Something more seemed implicit in their earnestness, some-
thing of the youth of today in his relation to the cowboy of the present and the cow-
boy of the future. At this suggestion, the cowboy of all cowboys fell into a thought-
ful silence, only to raise his head with: "You don't make a cowboy in one day. If a young fellow's got the guts, he shouldn't take over five years. But even then he wouldn't have the understanding or the skill of the former cowboy. That's a mat-
ter of upbringing, something that's in the blood. Now, mind you, there's a lot of true blood to be found both in the West and in the East. And if a fellow with that strain in him has also got the guts he can ride

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FRANCINE ADAMS

2127 California St. N.W.
Washington, D. C.
In the story on Broderick Crawford which we ran last month we told you about his bride, Kay Griffith, but this picture of the two taken on their wedding day did not arrive in time to illustrate the story, so we're running it now to show you how pretty she is.

from Little Big Horn to Green River, hit the Grand Canyon and swing down to Sonora without ever hitting a fence. Boys of that kind take hold and make something out of it, but most boys think that being a cowboy is a picnic, which it ain't. Big outfitters that hired them would have to have four cowboys to watch 'em, otherwise they'd get lost or twist the herd all up. A boy of that kind would only be a damned nuisance, not knowing how to take care of himself or his horse. Aside from that, there are all the other chances he'd be taking. A cowboy's life is not at all easy, and it sure isn't a safe one. Now, kids have been very fine to me, and I want to be honest with them. So my advice to them would be: Don't leave home to be a cowboy!"

"That was getting it straight from a straight-shooter. To glorify himself, Will James wasn't going to glorify a life full of hardship and peril. He was just being his honest self. "I became a cowboy," he was frank to say, "not because I wanted to, but because I had to. It was all I knew—it's all I know yet. I was born a cowboy, like my father before me and his father before him. That's what the matter with me," he added with a twisted smile, "I was born on the sod. By this I mean I was born where my father made camp at Judith Gap, Montana. With my mother, Dad was on his way to Canada with a bunch of cattle, but he never got there because he had to stop and wait for me to come into the world. I'm always getting in the way of people, anyhow."

"My mother died when I was a year old. Then, when I was four, Dad was killed in the corral—a longhorn went through him." His right hand brushed his side to sketch a cow country tragedy. "A French-Canadian trapper, who adopted me, gave me all the schooling I ever had. The only time I was ever in a little red schoolhouse was when I went there to a shindig. To me words have been photographic from the time I first got them out of old newspapers and year-back-number magazines one winter in the trapper's cabin up in the Canadian Northwest. They was good company for me, and so was my drawing, when old Boy would be away for days at a time along his trap line. I was no good at figgers—not even female figgers!" Again the ingratiating grin.

"As early as I can remember, I made my first drawing on the rough boards of the ranch porch with a piece of brand-fire charcoal. I'm telling you these things only so that boys will understand the difference between their life and mine. I don't want them to get any false notions from me. Suppose a poor kid of sixteen found himself stuck out in the Utah Desert and said to himself, 'Well, Bill James said it would be all right.' No, sir, I don't want any boy saying anything like that!"

"He shook his head so violently that the black mink cap slid over his eyes. "I had to know where to be at the right time and how to do the right thing. Not that I didn't get busted up now and then. But it might easily go worse with a kid who didn't know anything about the game. And most of them probably picture the West as nice fenced-in ranches. But the truth is there's a big scope of country, about two thousand miles of it, that isn't fenced. You really have to know that country. There's a lot of it that's mighty lonely, if you're used to the city. You ride for days without seeing anything move, without hearing a sound, even the flapping of a buzzard or the rattle of a snake. Now a boy who's used to things around him is going to miss them there. And he might get so hungry that he'd be eating the nails out of his shoes—if he had any shoes on. I've gone two or three days without anything but the snow I scooped up in my hand. That was all right with me, because I was used to it. In a case of that kind, there's no riding back for grub. Anything, that isn't all of it, not by a long shot.

"A good many of the cowboys freeze to death, with cattle and horses froze in their tracks. This means that it's part of our teachin'. Our religion is this: 'Never quit the herd,' regardless. Whether it's a norther or a blizzard, you follow the herd and stay with it till you can turn it and bring it back to the main herd. If you can't, that's just your hard luck, and you're no cowboy."

His hand turned like the flip of a card.

"That's one of the things I want to tell you about in the story I'm doing so that the screen can show it. I want to tell, too, about the women of the cow country. They're a brave lot, and they're sure appreciated. You can take anything from a cowman who has sheep—that's not stealing—but you never can take anything from a widow, though you might take the widow herself! But this saying has another meaning. What it really means is that nothing should ever be taken from the helpless, from anyone who can't handle his stuff. If you do, you don't live long, that's all. So far as age goes, people in New York City, even if they are short on air and light, live longer than folks in the cow country. If you see a cowman who is seventy, you see an old one. He's a real curiosity, a sort of museum piece, and I don't mean dime museum. The only one I know that's as old as that is Juniper Jim. Old Juniper is such a surprise show everybody that boys from other ranches ride over and feel his joints just to see how he's holding out. He's still hunkydory, and all he ever says on the subject of health is, How be you? But if a cowboy is riding broncs and quits at thirty, he's through. It's like prize-fighting, only worse. There's nothing padded about a horse's hoof. I know, because a bronc once split my head open." He pushed back the hair and showed the scar. "After that for awhile I was blind. And when I quit hard riding I nearly died from sudden stop of action. Went from 160 to 40 pounds, and that's where I am now. All I do at my place on the Yellowstone in Montana is write and draw. How many books have I written? Let's see...Since 1926 I've done twenty-two books. And I haven't started yet."

Which reminded me it was time to get going. That amazing cowboy with words photographed in his mind and pictures leaving out of his fingers kindly swung down in the road and gave me advice.

"Bobby Sandy's mind should be on modeling this cute blue and white nautical dress, but she's only interested in the shadows which her cute figure and little fingers make on the wall."

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Eyes Glow with Enchantment

WHEN LASHES ARE DARKENED TO LONG SWEEPING LOVELINESS

Bewitching eyes—who can resist their spell? How well Hollywood Beauties realize that eye make-up is all-important... that the effect must be soft and lovely... and that Maybelline is always flattering—never obvious!

Rita Hayworth subtly accents her exotic brunette charm. She knows that even the duskiest eyelashes fade out lighter at the ends... so they need Mascara that goes on divinely and doesn't smudge off. As she darkens her lashes to the very tips, she sweeps them upward with the Mascara brush—to make them look longer, lovelier, more luxuriant. Her expressive brows are tapered gracefully with the famous smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Her eyelids shimmer with a touch of exquisite Eye Shadow.

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FROM A HOLLYWOOD STAR! Enter Our Contest— See Page 26
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GENE TIERNEY • WILLIAM TRACY and Dana
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Grant Mitchell • Zeffie Tilbury • Screen Play by
Nunnally Johnson • Directed by JOHN FORD
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Even if you were born Plain Jane...

TAKE HOPE...If your Smile is Lovely!

"A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!"

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

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman's most precious asset. They went on to say that "Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling."

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HOPE—plain girl! Look in your mirror—and smile! There's your chance for beauty. For if you keep your teeth sparkling, gums firmer, you, too, have a loveliness to turn the eyes of men.

But truly, how is your smile? Bright and radiant—or dull, dingy? Help make your smile sparkle, make it the real, attractive YOU. Start today with Ipana and massage. Remember, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist right away. He may say your gums only need more work—natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the extra stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to sturdier, more resistant firmness. So be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Start with Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile winning and attractive.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREENLAND
"Daddy, do you remember "The Ziegfeld Follies"?" said Little Cub, looking up at us with large shining eyes.

And, reaching back into the haunted wings of the New Amsterdam Theatre, we were launched on the bedtime story of three nights of stars provided by the memorable Flo.

Soon we worked our way to the chapter wherein M-G-M immortalized "The Great Ziegfeld", and we drifted naturally into the glamour story of 1941:

THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

For many moons Robert Z. Leonard, the director, and Pandro Berman, the producer, have been studying the stars in a cluster designed to give the Aurora Borealis second billing.

As Tony Martin softly sings "You Stepped Out of A Dream", which is Public Melody No. 1, you will step into a dream of glorified girls—of Hedy Lamarr and Lana Turner.

Romance, in a beaming web, is spun around the personal problems of a guy played by James Stewart, the last three letters of whose name typify his work. Give up?

And Judy Garland! Words fail us.

Lush, plush and splendidly, this Eyeful Tower gives us a hall of fame for a cast.

For in addition to Garland, Stewart, Lamarr, Turner and Martin, there are (to name but a few) Charlie Winninger, Jackie Cooper, Ian Hunter, Edward Everett Horton, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Holden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls.

Settings by Gibbons, Gowns by Adrian.

Magnificent! Glamorous! Mighty!

THE ZIEGFELD GIRL

Glorifying the American lion.

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER presents the picture the world has awaited to follow the never-to-be-forgotten wonders of "The Great Ziegfeld." Bigger in cast, bigger in spectacle, it dramatizes the behind-the-scenes lives of the world's most glorified girls...against a thrilling tapestry of dazzling screen magnificence with scores of song hits, (for instance: "You Stepped Out of A Dream", "Too Beautiful to Last", "Minnie From Trinidad"). Plus ravishing show-beauties and the greatest assemblage of personalities you've ever seen in one giant show!

with TONY MARTIN, CHARLES WINNINGER, JACKIE COOPER, IAN HUNTER, EDWARD EVERETT HORTON, Philip Dorn, Felix Bressart, Eve Arden, Rose Hobart, Al Shean, Dan Dailey, Jr., Paul Kelly, Mae Busch, Fay Hulden, Ed McNamara and Girls, Girls, Girls. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD • Produced by PANDRO S. BERNAN

$1,000 IN CASH PRIZES! Artists Write today "Ziegfeld Girl Art Contest", M-G-M, 1540 B'way, N. Y. C. for details. Contest closes March 17th, 1941

SCREENLAND
B ARBARA HUTTON, floating into the drawing room on Cary Grant's arm at a recent glittering Hollywood get-together, looked so ethereal that it seemed as if a pop of a toy balloon would bury her deep in the voluminous train of HerbsHoppen's startling gown. But with diamonds in her hair, at her ears, and glistening about her, they sat against a blue gown that made you look, and look again, she seemed to taste (and the $$) to appear as from another world . . . Greer Garbo, without a doubt, is the most alive of any British actress in her stately display of her heart's loyalty to England. These days you invariably see her in plain, chic black with a huge vivid British crest worn above her heart. . . . It's never touted or bragged about, but did you know that Irene Dunne has been happily married to Dr. Griffin for fifteen years? . . . Hollywood doesn't know whether to giggle at or sympathize with that well-known young Hollywood doctor who got such a case of fright and the jitters when he found Mae West hiding time in his waiting room that his partner had to take his place for the consultation with Mac.

J EANETTE MACDONALD, they say, is giving Hollywood an immutably and I-don't-careish nose-thumbing such as it never got before. She has failed to make the list of the first top ten box-office stars. But on her concert tour she has broken all her previous records.

T HE underground, by which this sort of rumor gets around, has it that Cesar Romero is at present in a deep pocket with his studio. It's hinted that Cesar is thoroughly fed up with the "Cisco Kid" series, and that his present port is occasioned by the fact that he has just been told by his bosses that he will go right on creating those outdoor epics like clockwork. The fly in the ointment as far as Cesar's wishes go, is that he wants, more often, to get a crack at a slick sophisticated role. His heart has always been on doing white tie and tail stuff, with a lot of that sultry, menacing eye business (his specialty) that magically leads women straight into a swoon. It goes without saying, too, that once in a while Cesar would like to strut that Romero rumble on the screen with the adornment of a glittering New York background. It's whispered that, quite by accident, Cesar's studio has just discovered that his fan mail is second only to Tyrone Power's, and that the Cisco Kid, from what it costs to put him on the screen, makes a nice comfortable pot of money. In spite of Cesar's city slicker yearnings he'll go on being outdoorish whether he likes it or not.

A LL that untrue talk hinting that Mary Astor's marriage was headed for the rocks was started by a dead-wrong guess of a too officious columnist . . . How would you like it? This was the year, 1941, in which Johnny Weissmuller planned all along to get a haircut—and now his studio says no . . . It's like a living picture, showing proof that movie sophistication is only skin deep. Watching Deanna Durbin on the set of her current film is like seeing a slight hint of hand that you can't believe. From playing a sophisticated scene with Franchot Tone, actually with a glass of movie-set champagne in her hand, she finishes her action and goes back to nibbling a shiny apple and crunching handfuls of fluffy white popcorn . . . Quite the most amusing chuckle in town to a certain group who dare, is their lying in wait for the opportunity to use the uncontrolled broach cheer they have in store for the mama of that so-famous mother and daughter combination—the next time she insists on entertaining with her singing.

O F COURSE, ever since Garbo and Gaylord Hauser returned from their trek around the country which was made partly by motor, those perennial rumors of a Garbo marriage have started to pop again. There is some talk of Greta and Gaylord having picked a spot in Brentwood that will be the site of their future home, and there are even hints of their being already secretly married. It seems that when Garbo actually gets to the point of motoring about the country with her gentlemen acquaintances, it is sufficient cause for the Hollywood press to leap to a conclusion of marriage. It is also a fact that soon after such a prediction all the camaraderie of each of Garbo's friendly associations has flown out the window. Such was the identical sequence in the case of Mamoulian, Stokowski, Brent, et al. Cynics are gloomily predicting a Hauser-Garbo smash, and romantics, just as eagerly, are palpitating with the possibility that this time it really might end with Garbo becoming a bride.

(Please turn to page 17)
He put the roar in the roaring 20's...now he's the bad boy of the naughty 90's!

oh lady, can you picture this!

Jimmy as a gent in the days when a mug was something a fellow shaved out of!...and a racket was strictly for tennis!

Warner Bros. pictured it—and it's the show you've really got to see!

JAMES CAGNEY
OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND
SHE'S A HONEY...AND SO'S THE PICTURE!

Strawberry Blonde

RITA HAYWORTH
ALAN HALE • JACK CARSON
GEORGE TOBIAS

Directed by RAOUl WALSH
Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein
From a Play by James Warner
A Warner Bros.-First National Picture
Delight Evans' Reviews on Pages 52-53

**IRRESISTIBLE Charm**

A new season! A new personality and IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick to give you glamour! Fashion leader in the spring parade is the smart woman who chooses her lipstick as part of her costume. Flash red for pastel candy stripes as far that patriotic accent to your navy and white! Pure red for sophisticated black! Use a new and creamy, non-drying IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick. Matching Rouge, Face Powder and Powder Foundation.

**YOURS WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK**

**Come Live With Me—M-G-M**

This romantic comedy is the story of a refugee (Hedy Lamarr) who marries a struggling young writer (James Stewart) so she won't be deported. After he sells a story—"their story"—they find they're really in love. Hedy, who has the opportunity to combine glamour, comedy and drama, while wearing a style-setting collection of Adrian gowns, does her best screen work. Jimmy's fine as the farm boy whose writing brings him to the big city.

**Western Union—20th Century-Fox**

A frontier epic which has the expansion Westward of the telegraph across perilous country as its background. Randolph Scott, the ex-outlaw, Robert Young, who rides and shoots in true Western style, and Dean Jagger as the engineer, give splendid performances. It's a fine outdoor drama, with plenty of action and beautiful Technicolor. Its tense moments are relieved by some comedy and a romance involving Scott, Young, Virginia Gilmore.

**Buck Privates—Universal**

If you saw these inimitable radio comics, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, in their first film venture, "One Night in the Tropics," and had a barrel of fun, all you need do now is multiply that by ten and you'll get an idea of the good time you're in for in this comedy. It's the first feature film dealing with the new draft army and shows Bud and Lou as two of the doughboys. The Andrews Sisters, Lee Bowman and Alan Curtis are in it too.

**Tall, Dark and Handsome—20th Century-Fox**

Cesar Romero plays the suave ronin of the rackets referred to in the title of this clever gangland satire and gives a swell performance as the killer who's actually a softie. It's fast-paced and exciting, with hilarious comedy twists, such as the gang leader attending his own funeral. Virginia Gilmore is fine as the romantic interest, Stanley Clements, who is adopted by Romero, steals a few scenes with his desdem-dose talk. Milton Berle's in it.

**Play Girl—RKO-Radio**

A sophisticated light comedy drama about a gold-digger (Kay Francis)—they call them play girls now—who, finding it growing difficult to tap bankrolls of gullible males because of her years, trains a younger girl (Millred Coles) to continue in her footsteps. Everything's fine until the protege learns that the boy she loves (James Ellison) is to be her next victim. Kay is capable as the fading gold-digger, and Miss Coles, a newcomer, proves her ability as Kay's understudy.

**IT'S Whip-Test**

**LASTS LONGER SMOOTHER**

10¢ AT ALL 5 & 10¢ STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME
Famous HAROLD LLOYD turns producer to bring you more of the kind of laughs that convulsed the country in his scores of celebrated comedies. Don't miss his personally planned story of a goofy gob who gave his girl a bridegroom for a wedding present!
FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

Ever since James Cagney squirted grapefruit in his best girl's eye, we've been deluged with femme fights and mixed free-for-alls. When we wearedied of the hero and heroines striking each other, we were given sensational gal fights, such as the glammer-ous Marlene Dietrich gave in her bar-room brawl in "Destry Rides Again." We got another in "Seven Sinners," and in "North West Mounted Police," and Hedy Lamarr gave us a fight scene in her "Comrade X." I hear there's to be a honey in "The Great Lie."

Rough action may be all right for the feminine stars once in a while, but please, let's have more ladies before we doubt that there are any left!

S. K. Parkhurst, Seattle, Wash.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Well, whaddaya know, I'm right down in the heart of Hollywood. I don't know how it happened, but it did, so here I am.

Since I'm here, I am going to do the thing I've wanted to do for years. Take a stroll along Hollywood Boulevard. That's where I'm sure to meet my favorite stars. Why, at this very minute, look who's coming toward me. None other than Judy Garland. Now there's a girl with personality plus. Her latest picture, "Little Nellie Kelly," was simply marvelous. My, but that girl across the way looks familiar. Of course, it's Deanna Durbin, the golden-voiced star of "Spring Parade." Oh, oh, look who's trying to dodge his fans. Tyrone Power. Come on, girls, let's rush him. But wait a minute. His wife is with him.

You know, that charming personality, Annabella. So hold on there. Oh, well, we'll get his autograph anyway. All right, all right, don't push, there's plenty of time. Oh, but that isn't someone pushing me. No, that's just Mom telling me that I had better get up, because I will be late for school. Well, imagine that. Stepping from Hollywood Boulevard into Latin Class. And on a Monday morning at that.


FIVE PRIZE LETTERS
$1.00 Each

"Santa Fe Trail" is the straw that fractures this long-suffering camel's vertebrate.

How long must we be tormented by seeing Errol Flynn cast as a swashbuckling, devil-may-care, two-fisted embodiment of the late lamented Fairbanks?

There Flynn is as convincing as a negro lawyer before a Southern jury. When he attempts to register audaciousness — it's awful! As a soldier of fortune he's a sad caricature! Gentile Olivia de Havilland shows more iron in her makeup in one scene than Flynn could in a century's pictures.

The first time one sees him in one of these roles, one is apt to treat him with contempt. The second offense frequently produces convulsions, and thereafter it's a case of avoiding Flynn at any cost.

Please stop casting Flynn as a bold, dashling cavalier. Put that bon-bon sixth from the right in the fourth row of the chorus — where he belongs!


After seeing the most wonderful picture of the year, I want to shout that I'm in favor of more Mountie stories. "North West Mounted Police" was different and something worth remembering after the show. It was a "perfect dream!" The handsome Mounties in their red coats, dotting the woodlands like poppies in a field, were a treat.

And that Paulette Goddard made a pretty dangerous bit of dynamite as Robert Preston's half-breed soul-searing sweetie. The bluest of the lovely wench's eyes actually spilt fire!

Paulette's a great little actress. She puts her roles over convincingly. It was a wise old owl, with keen old optics, who selected her for this part. She's wonderful! Miss Goddard lives and eats her roles up. Not a crumb is wasted. There are a few actresses who could stand a bit of coaching from this little genius, and I'm not fooling!

Mrs. Ann Nickolins, Cincinnati, Ohio.

I just had a good cry, I saw "Little Nellie Kelly" and I didn't have a handkerchief either. I thought that Judy Garland was stepping out of her class when I heard that she was falling in love and having a baby in the movie.

I really wasn't expecting anything like I saw in "Little Nellie Kelly." George Murphy was swell! I thought of him as more or less of a dancer and Judy Garland as a swingy singer. Charlie Winninger was, well, maybe a little too stubborn, but he more than made up for that by being such a grand little old man.

Here's hoping for many more just like "Little Nellie Kelly."

Marilyn Rebun, La Crosse, Wis.

An Open Letter to Marjorie Main:
Dear Marjorie Main:
I've been wanting to tell you for a long
time how much we fans appreciate the laughs you've given us in "The Women," "Turnabout," "Susan and God," and all the rest, and how your small parts stood out like Neon signs.

But it's "Wyoming" which made us realize there was indeed, gold in them thar hills and section boss stride of yours. As the blacksmith who was rough and tough, but who had a heart of gold and a yen for Romance, you were more than a match for the swaggering, roistering Wallace Beery. Even at the risk of being accused of disloyalty to Marie Dressler, I'd say that you are as good a foil as she for Wally. Nothing can beat that Ned Sparks dead pan of yours, you know.

It's true that Wally had his Big Love Moments in "Tugboat Annie" and "Min and Bill," but in this "Wyoming," his woo pitching with you is unbeatable. In your own way you have as much oomph as Sheridan, Lomard and all the other glamour gals. Not every girl can take a harmonica serenade and haystack proposal like you can. And that's something in these days of competition.

And I bet that you and Wally can squeeze out lots of tears and pathos if you had to.

So here's hoping that you'll keep on Juliet-ing to Wally's Romeo-ing. You're a swell team.

Kay Matthews, Seattle, Wash.

From now on Ginger Rogers will be Kay Francis' to me. Never, since "Gone With the Wind," have I seen a fictional heroine brought to life with more accuracy and vividness than in Miss Rogers' fine portrayal of the white collar heroine. True, she was hampered by the changes made in the filming of the novel due to the fact that it was necessary to play ball with Will Hays, but in spite of such hindrances, Ginger made of her part a real, living character. She can safely put away her dancing shoes now and take her place as one of the screen's fine dramatic actresses.

Maxine Barzer, Norwood, Ohio.

HONORABLE MENTION
Ham and eggs belong together. We expect cheese with an apple pie and we want Ginger Rogers with Fred Astaire. No two have danced so well together on the screen.
Ginger has proven to herself and us that she can play dramatic parts to the hilt—but—we want her to laugh and sing and dance with Fred. The dancing of these two terpsichoreans in "Roberta" is unforgettable but "Roberta" was a long time ago.
Come on, you two, we know what we want.

Ethel Morris, Kansas City, Mo.

Frowns can speak volumes—but they can't say "Mum"!

Even a hint of underarm odor ruins charm.
Every day use quick, safe Mum.

WHAT'S happened to make two hearts chill that earlier in the evening beat as one? Lovely Peggy doesn't know—but her frowning escort could tell her. Only being a gentleman he never will. A girl who offends with underarm odor seldom knows she's guilty and no one is likely to tell.

Lovely Peggy's sole offense was trusting her bath alone. And no bath deserves that perfect trust. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—Mum makes that bath-freshness last. One quick touch of Mum under each arm—30 seconds after your bath or just before you dress—and charm is safe all day or all evening long.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on...in 30 seconds you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum won't irritate your skin. It won't injure fine fabrics. Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor hours on end. Get Mum from your druggist. Use it every day!

WHY MUM IS AMERICA'S FIRST CHOICE

For Sanitary Napkins
Thousands of women use Mum this way because it is gentle, dependable...a deodorant that prevents embarrassment.

For Deodorant

1. QUICK, SAFE, FINE FABRIC PROTECTION

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
Mrs. W——-
Solves the Case
of Betty

Bonita Granville, herself the spirit of Spring, gives you her youthful ideas on the subject of how to tempt April appetites with good food and plenty of fun.

"Have some?" says our starlet as she samples her own yumm "Bonita Fudge," her one culinary triumph. Lovely leader of Hollywood's cutest "younger set," she lives with her mother in the new home her movie "jack" built.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

Bonita Granville and her mother planned their house in Toluca Lake together. They used to get down on the floor with paper and pencil and draw plans and make lists of everything they could think of that they ever wanted in a home.

"Then we’d have enough to take care of half a dozen good-sized places, so we’d spend more hours deciding what was really important, what we couldn’t possibly do without, and what was our dearest heart’s desire," explained Bonita, as she showed me through the entirely satisfactory result.

"Ever since I can remember, I have wanted a bedroom with a pink tufted satin bed—and now I have it! Another thing I wanted was a playroom in scarlet and silver. Mother had her pet ideas, too—plenty of windows, sheltered patio, and arrangements in the kitchen. Sometimes we had to compromise, sometimes we could have exactly what we liked. It has all been so exciting!"

The house is a modern French Colonial, of stone, stucco and timber, white with pale blue shutters, the living room, bedrooms and playroom forming three sides to shelter the flagstoned patio, which is complete with barbecue. pale blue furniture, huge fireplace and even tiers of whitewashed shelves to hold books, magazines and vases of flowers.

"Just beyond that white picket fence is the end of Ann Sheridan’s grounds," said Bonita. "This is an all-new settlement, you know, and every house in it is different. That’s one fascination it has for us. Mother and I always said we’d have a house that our friends could enjoy with us. We wouldn’t make it just a show place where everyone would be afraid to put anything down and we’d be worrying every time it rained for fear a little mud would ruin the
residence. So we have the living room furniture upholstered in corduroy, the rug’s green and the colors are chocolate brown and beige. Doesn’t sound nearly so pretty as it is!

The chocolate and beige scheme is reversed in individual pieces—a dark couch with light fringe, light chairs with chocolate trim, sometimes dark cushions in a lighter chair, and so on. The color scheme has the advantage of being a grand background for almost any flower arrangement.

Above, closeup of a young movie star making her own special fudge: First checking her ingredients; next, measuring sugar; third, testing her invention at the “soft ball” stage. You should see best broa Jackie Cooper and the “gang” gobbling up the delicious results!

There’s a white mantel and many French doors leading to patio or terrace. The playroom is actually a continuation of the dining room, except that both rooms are room-sized, and there’s a partition between the ceilings, so that the playroom ceiling is scarlet and white. There’s a pantry-sized bar off the playroom, where soft drinks are served suitable to the teen ages. There’s plenty of room for Bonita’s “gang” to play games here, too.

“But somehow we don’t play games much,” she observed. “In summer we have a ping-pong table in the patio and maybe a dart game set up, but here we usually put on late records and listen to them and talk.”

(Continued on page 93)

“MEN CAN’T RESIST THAT MODERN NATURAL LOOK!”

Says

Lovely Jane Goodrich

Sweet Briar '40

AND IT’S YOURS WITH THIS FACE POWDER

YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

1. You can catch the man of your heart . . . if you have that sparkling, youthful look — the natural allure men can’t resist. And now it can be yours with the new Richard Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder that you choose by the color of your eyes. You see, eye color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair . . .

2. Authorities agree it is the sure way to find the powder that best suits your complexion . . . to give you natural loveliness. So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray, or hazel . . . at last you can get the powder most flattering to you. Simply ask for Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder . . . the new powder that’s keyed to the color of your eyes . . .

3. You’ll be delighted how this pure, gossamer-fine powder goes on . . . clings for hours . . . agrees with even the most sensitive skin. You’ll love its exquisite smoothness . . . the way it “foils” on your skin! And you’ll be truly thrilled to see how it enhances your natural beauty. And don’t forget—for perfect color harmony, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too!

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick

at drug and department stores—only $5 each (65¢ in Canada.)

CLIP VALUABLE COUPON NOW

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send me try-out Makeup Kit containing generous sized metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick. I enclose $1 to help cover mailing costs.

Check the color of your eyes: Brown [] Blue [] Hazel [] Gray []

Name ________________________________

Street ________________________________

City ________________________________

(Taxed only in U.S.A., except where specially noted.)
To Stirling Hayden, tomorrow's Gary Cooper, who in his first film, "Virginia," becomes the new screen sensation.

Six feet four, crinkly hair and blue eyes, at 22 Stirling Hayden might register merely as the handsomest and tallest lad to hit Hollywood in many seasons. But the remarkable thing about the boy is not so much his magnetic good looks as his keen, quiet, intelligence. From Gloucester, Mass., he might have posed for that town's heroic statue symbolic of They who go down to the sea in ships—Hayden himself ran away to sea at 15. But he is more than a personality; he gives promise of being a good actor, as you will see in Edward H. Griffith's new all-Technicolor picture, "Virginia."
Hot from Hollywood
Continued from page 6

From the title of the newest Hardy film, "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," we gather that a new "dictator" is born. In the scene above, Mickey gets down to business and does some of his own style of dictating to that cute newcomer, Kathryn Grayson.

SOCIALLY, busybodies have been getting their heads together lately and turning out reams of idle gossip about what an un-social cold shoulder the Charles Laughtons have been giving Hollywood during these many months. There has been deep offense taken at their peculiar brand of British stand-off-ishness and a positively consuming curiosity to see the inside of the pretentious mansion they have been living in. If you ask me, there is the crux of the annoyance that has been sticking in the crop of Hollywood's big-time party-goers—they haven't been asked to a glittering get-together at the Laughtons', and they haven't been able actually to put their finger on just how grand a scale these Britishers have been living. As the story goes, one particularly nosey individual forced his way into the Laughtons' estate on some pretense or other and now the rumors are going about that these two flamboyant Britishers are far more eccentric than Hollywood ever thought them. It is gossiped about that they are living only in a shell of a mansion. They have never spent the money to furnish their extensive house and live only in partly furnished rooms. As strange as it may seem, it is true, and the Laughtons don't give a fig for how eccentric anyone may think them. The whole truth, however, makes things far more clear. Every penny of the money that would ordinarily have been spent on their new home has gone to British war relief.

THERE is no sight in town that makes our bumper crop of winter tourists open their eyes wider than to see Mickey Rooney, as flashy as you please, skim along Sunset Boulevard in the long, shiny, low-slung Lincoln Continental that is a very special gift to him from none other than Henry Ford... I don't know how many people will care, or even notice, but Bob Taylor makes "Billy the Kid," in his version, a left-handed gun toter. Taylor is, himself, more apt with his portside mitt than his right, you know.

THE Hays office censors who hold time watches on movie kisses, have been wobbling back and forth on a big decision. Unless they change their minds again, we're all in for an exceptional treat. In "Blood And Sand," Linda Darnell gives Tyrone Power one of the longest smacks to be put on film in more than a decade. Get ready to hold your breath for ten whole seconds... It's only a natural human aspiration to want to see one's own name tonted, no matter in how trifling a way. Movie studios usually use their employees' names, with written permission and release, for signboards and name-plates in pictures. There was a flustered scurry of cancellations and retractions at a studio recently when the girls heard their names were to be used on make-believe tombstones.

Reginald Owen and Ruth Hussey in a scene from "Free and Easy," a comedy romance of high society and impoverished aristocrats.

The loveliest thing in make-up

Chiffon Face Powder...

Chiffon is so unbelievably fine it clings to your skin less like a powder than like the flattening, soft light of rendezvous candles.

Specially processed, Chiffon Face Powder is then sifted through the finest silk, to remove every tiny particle of shine, to be cake-proof, streak-proof, longer-lasting.

Its unique Chiffon bouquet is exquisitely feminine.

In seven high fashion shades: Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose, Petal, Rose Beige.

Chiffon Lipstick—soft, more kissable contents: Chiffon Red, True Red, Medium and Raspberry.

Chiffon All-Purpose Cream—the only cream you need to cleanse, help clarify and soften your skin.

Stop at your 5 and 10 for all three... 10c each

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Screenland
New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration.

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Women use more Arrid than any other deodorant.

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

Be an ARTIST!
TRAIN AT HOME IN YOUR SPARE TIME.

Tropical Arts are capable of turning the student into an illustrator and cartooning artist in one.
ILLUSTRATING and CARTOONING ALL in one course. No previous training necessary. Write for FREE CATALOG. Write for Free Book, "Art for Professionals and Amateurs," by Robert H. Onderdonk, Author of "Modern Cartooning." The STRATO-SCHOOL OF ART, 1110-12th St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

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

HOLLYWOOD night clubs are still getting more bizarre, more elegant and more unbelievable. Among our newest crop, the lush, intimate Mocambo has the tourists oohing and ahhing. The decorations are out of a fantastic dream. The motif, as everything in Hollywood these days because of the trade drumming angle, is Pan American.
The muralled walls are vivid and fantastic, with red-trunked trees bearing both fruit and grapes, all against a blue background. The Mocambo is so unusual and touted as so exclusive that there is always a sprinkling of brilliant society names dropping in to see this elegant den of movie frivolity. Some people say they come to see the beautiful glass encaged tropical birds that add a startle to the place. They too doubt are as amazed as they'd hoped they'd be if they got to see, as I did, in the midst of all this dim-lighted elegance, none other than that good-looking Rudy Vallee, as big as life—wearing sport tweeds.

BOB TAYLOR knows nothing about it, and if he did, he'd put his foot down even more emphatically. His clever wife has been very cunningly kept from him. He has forbidden Barbara Stanwyck ever to go about the streets of downtown Los Angeles unaccompanied, but independent Miss S. has her own ideas about whether she can take care of herself or not. The thief who robbed her the other day by snatching her purse, of course, never knew what a famous purse it was. Barbara was wearing dark glasses and a nonchalant pair of slacks and he didn't recognize her. There was no way for her to notify the police or attempt to get back her valuables without an almost certain possibility of Bob finding out she had again gone against his wishes. Barbara didn't mind any of the inconvenience of suddenly finding herself without any of her keys, which were in the stolen bag. She was determined to get around all that annoyance without anyone being the wiser. Everything panned out very happily for the conniving Mrs. Taylor, but she still has her most serious moment to face. Sooner or later, she knows, Bob is going to ask why she never uses the charming, intricately emaile compact she seemed to like so well when he gave it to her. When that moment comes Barbara is going to have to do some plain and fancy pretending. That treasured gift of Bob's was also in the stolen purse.
IT'S another one of those cases of long standing years of admiration which finally lead to a happy and unbelievable climax. You're seeing the once idolized Jack Mulhall in a small rôle in "Buck Privates" today because he once was a movie hero to a stage-struck high school boy back in Paterson, New Jersey. Jack Mulhall hailed from near-by Passaic and young Lou Costello felt that that made a particularly logical tie between them, and Lou got the movie bug very, very badly although he had never met Mulhall. In all the years of his struggle to gain recognition as an entertainer he never met the actor he admired above all others. It wasn't until a very few days before "Buck Privates" was to go into production that he was introduced to Mulhall amid the bustle and rush of an executive's office at his studio. Lou let his bosses know immediately that it had always been his boyhood dream to appear in a picture with Jack. That is the reason you're seeing this one-time idol as the doctor in "Buck Privates."

HOLLYWOOD has been quite beside itself lately in rehearsing over and over again all the stories of the clashes of temperament that went on all through the making of "The Flame of New Orleans." The inside gossipers insist that Dietrich, from the outset, was not satisfied with her boss' choice of a leading man. Consequently, there was not only dissension on the set but also in the front office. Marlene's very own group of personal cronies are still moaning about town that Dietrich got a dirty deal when she was handed Bruce Cabot as a vis-a-vis. Marlene, now, hasn't a word to say in the choice of who's to emote opposite her. Comparing the present success and popularity of Cabot with some of our momentarily red hot, over-worked leading men, he doesn't stack up very well. But the desperate cry is, and has always been, for men, men, and more leading men to eke out the shortage. Mr. Pasternak was simply showing his good business head by trying to boost an already established name into front line popularity—none other being available. Cabot was only too pleased to get the wonderful crack at a chance to prove himself. As the gossips hint, the temperament was all on one side.

"Remember the tune they were singing... the night we fell in love?"

This "Penny Serenade" Is The Kind Of Music A Man Plays On A Woman's Heart-String.

Irene Dunne and Cary Grant in George Stevens' "Penny Serenade"

*The love story you've always wanted for these thrilling stars!

*Excitingly Reunited

IRENE DUNNE CARY GRANT

George Stevens' PENNY SERENADE

BEULAH BONDI - EDGAR BUCHANAN - ANN DORAN

Based on the McCall's Magazine novel by Martha Cheaunen. Screen play by Morrie Ryskind. Directed by George Stevens.

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

* Watch for it at your local theatre!
"There she goes . . .

**AND**

**GOOD RIDDANCE!**

_Before_ trying to get her into the club, you'd think Agatha would have told her . . .

"A delicate subject, my dear—and any woman her age who _has to be told_ deserves what she gets."

So it was "thumbs down" on the newcomer trying to make a place for herself and her family in the community that was to be their home. She had yet to learn the importance of first meetings, when the sizing up can be so critical . . . had failed to realize that one can't be too careful in guarding against halitosis (unpleasant breath).

One little "slip" that you may never live down, is that of offending with unpleasant breath. And the insidious thing about this condition is that you yourself may not realize when you have it.

Why not take the delightful breath-sweetening precaution that so many use—Listerine Antiseptic!

Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But most, declare some leading authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that cling to tooth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember, when you want to put your best foot forward, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It may pay you rich dividends in friendship and popularity.

**Before all engagements use Listerine to combat Halitosis (unpleasant breath)**
An Open Letter to Gene Raymond

DEAR EX-GLAMOR BOY:
Never say die—say dye.
You've done both and it's worked. Here's a cheer for your courage and your magnificent come-back—and your new dark hair.

If at first you don't succeed as a platinum blond, dye, dye again and keep on grinning—and let that be an object lesson to other players whose careers have been checked by bad rôles and general indifference. When your handsome shining head of hair, your regular features, and your all-around ability apparently failed you, what did you do but darken your hair and dare to accept a rôle in which your big scene is one of—to put it mildly—advanced inebriation. Horrors! Here's Gene Raymond, hitherto the irreproachable, imbibing not wisely but too well and thereby, under the genial direction of Alfred Hitchcock, practically stealing the picture, "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," right out from under Robert Montgomery and Carole Lombard.

I'm telling the folks your stagger-scene is the funniest to be found on any screen this season. Your other scenes in the film aren't so bad, either—in fact, it's a grand performance you're giving, and those of us who have been for you ever since your first hit in films years ago are applauding until our little palms are red—and your face likewise.

Seems to me a good sport like you, who never seemed to mind when frenzied fans would greet you as "Mr. Jeanette MacDonald," but went on about your business of composing tunes and continuing to love your more famous wife and hoping to find a good part to play, deserves recognition on your own from now on. I wouldn't be surprised to find you a star again before very long. Or to hear the fans call Jeanette "Mrs. Gene Raymond" any day now.

Delight Evans

Above, Gene with his own genuine platinum blond hair, his trademark—up till now. At left, with his new dark tresses which turn him into a new personality in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," his new film which he "steals" from those well-established stars, Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery.
Greater love hath no husband—Buddy Rogers gave up his orchestra-leading career to come back to Hollywood and Mary Pickford. Here they are on their way to dinner.

Junoesque Patricia Morison is one of the authentic belles of Hollywood’s younger crowd. In a daring striped gown, she’s pictured dancing with George Gagi, at the Cocoanut Grove.

Cute Martha Scott is still new enough to the way of movieland’s fresh lensmen to make a face while being camera-caught. With Martha is husband Carleton Alsop, radio-exec.

No, Randy Scott isn’t trying to hold Gracie Allen’s hand, as they dine with a party in the Palm Room of Beverly Hills Hotel—just admiring her jewels, gift of hubby George Burns.
All work and no play might make Hollywood's Jacks and Jills very dull boys and girls—but they'd never let that happen! Here's pictorial proof.

This coyness expressed above by Anita Louise may be one of the reasons the blonde beauty hasn't screen-clicked in a bigger way. Anita's a big girl now—and Mrs. Buddy Adler.

The Chamber of Commerce banquet at the Beverly Hills Hotel brought out many of the top-flight screen stars—including the Ronald Colmans—she's former Benita Hume.

Is Virginia Field shoeing away our photographer so he can't snap her first dinner-date with millionaire sportsman Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt? Setting, swank new cafe, the Mocambo.

We like the zest exhibited above by the beauteous Betty Grable, shown dancing with John Carroll. She is enjoying her date at Mocambo and doesn't care who knows it.
T WAS at one of those Hollywood parties where the wives, in their newest Irenes, settled down for a little cut-throat gin rummy, while their husbands, mostly producers, gathered over cigars and brandies in the playroom for a bit of trade talk. (The men in Hollywood are much better gossips than the women, believe me.) When I joined this professional gab-fest, having been sufficiently “schneidered” for one evening, they were trying to decide among themselves which feminine star drove the hardest bargain—which Glamor Girl was the hardest to put anything over on.

Three names, and only three, I noted, were suggested: Constance Bennett, Sonja Henie, and Paulette Goddard. whereas, she can detect even the most inconspicuous legal devices detrimental to her business—the business of being a movie star.

A business woman in New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco, who attends strictly to business and makes a success of it earns the admiration of her fellow citizens who point to her with sort of a pride. But not in Hollywood. A business woman in Hollywood earns for herself the reputation of being hard. Well, Paulette is hard—but it is a hardness that has many fine points of merit. It’s a hardness based on good common sense. It’s a hardness

"Connie’s not making pictures now," someone said. "Or she’d win in a walk." And someone else said, "Oh no, tightfisted Sonja makes Connie look like Baby Sandy. But Sonja’s on a skating tour so I guess she doesn’t count." With Connie and Sonja ruled out, Paulette Goddard won the dubious distinction of being named the best business woman in Hollywood today.

Those who have worked with Paulette, and especially those who have tried to take advantage of her in a deal, wouldn’t hesitate a moment in endorsing this opinion. Many a studio Big Shot has tried to get an extra day’s work out of Paulette without pay, and many an executive has tried to slip a sly clause in her contracts—but every time they’ve been outsmarted by pretty Miss Goddard. There is a saying around town that Paulette’s eagle eyes can spot a harmful contract at twenty paces. Out of a welter of lawyers’ ifs, ands, and
based on the knowledge, long established in this neck of the woods, that a star must concentrate on making his or her money in five years. It's no secret in Hollywood that a movie star's career rarely lasts over five years. If a woman wishes to become a writer, a teacher, a singer, a pianist, she can last with the years, improving^supposedly, the longer she works. But if she chooses the career of a movie star she's got to make hay while she can. In five years she has to make enough money to last her twenty-five years, or even longer. There'll be no monetary humiliations in Paulette's life when her screen career is over.

But this hardness carries tremendous penalties with it. Producers, who may admire business instinct in a man, seem to resent this quality in a woman. To them a pretty girl is like a melody, really. They just can't get used to the fact that someone with great big beautiful blue eyes and legs

worthy of immortality should also have a brain. For some reason or other they have decided that a woman who fights for every dollar that is rightfully hers is temperamental and hard to handle.

There are many instances of this shrewdness of Paulette's. The story is told of a publicity trip she made to Mexico with a photographer for one of the national pictorial magazines. Expenses were paid by the publication —transportation, meals, hotels, and incidentals. It was quite a large sum, and perhaps the first known instance where a magazine had paid the expenses of a star for an exclusive lay-out of pictures. On her return from the jaunt she calmly put in a bill for some hundreds of dollars to her studio. "The studio is a large corporation," she explained, "and wasn't being hurt by my relatively small expense account. Anyway, I was doing them a great service in promoting one of their pictures." (The photographer who went on the trip was quite pleased and flattered because Paulette asked him to be her luncheon guest several times. Little did he know that practical Miss Goddard was putting it on the studio expense account.)

And then there is the story of how she charged a Chicago theater the sum of $900 for (Continued on page 68)
FIRST HAND ADVICE!

WANT MORE ROMANCE IN YOUR LIFE? LET DOROTHY LAMOUR HELP YOU!

UNDECIDED ABOUT YOUR CAREER? THEN CONSULT JEANETTE MACDONALD!

Something new and different and exciting in star contests! Glamor galore, yet practical and down-to-earth in its appeal to every girl, every woman reader! Read details on following pages, then fill out coupon.

I enclose herewith my entry in your 6-Star Contest.
My name is ____________________________
My address is ____________________________
City ____________________________ State ____________________________

Lamour for Romance! Left above, Dot-tie with devoted escort Greg Bautzer.
MacDonald the Career Girl! Above, just one of her many arduous rehearsals.
Connie Bennett for Clothes! At right, wearing her most gracious gown.

NEED EXPERT ADVICE ABOUT CLOTHES? LISTEN TO CONNIE BENNETT!
WIN A PERSONAL GIFT!

HOW TO MAKE MOST OF MOTHERHOOD? JOAN BENNETT ADVISES YOU!

IS YOUR CHARM APPEAL FADING? BE GUIDED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Joan Bennett famous actress-mother, with her family, right above.
Charm and Claudette, synonymous! Above, she charms leading-man Milland.
Lovely Hostess Irene Dunne, left, in her beautiful, hospitable home.

PUZZLED BY YOUR HOME PROBLEMS? HERE IS HELPFUL IRENE DUNNE!

NOW TURN THE PAGE AND SEE THE PRIZES!

GRAND new, brand new contest which you won't want to miss, offering not only first hand advice from each of these six movie stars, but also a personal gift, selected by the star herself! Just bring your own most pressing personal problem to your favorite star by entering SCREENLAND's big new contest—in a letter not to exceed 200 words in length, consult the star of your choice on one of the following problems: Romance, Career, Clothes, Home, Charm, Motherhood. Make your selection after careful study of your own problems, and checking the stars on these two pages. Only these six stars are to be consulted. Example: Dorothy Lamour for Romantic problems; Claudette Colbert for Advice on Charm. These stars are glad to give their time and help—with this reservation: don't ask technical questions, and observe the rules of good taste. You may write to one star only. Each will answer on the subject in which they are most expert, in a feature article to appear in this magazine, in the form of a letter to YOU! Each article will interest not only the particular winner to whom it is addressed but every other woman as well, since the six subjects to be covered are paramount in the life of every girl. Only one personal gift from each star will be awarded. So—pick your most pressing problem; then select the particular star, one of the six on these two pages, from whom you wish advice. Remember—sincerity of purpose, conciseness, and originality, rather than elaborate presentation, will govern the selection of the six winners! Judges will be the stars themselves, the Editor of SCREENLAND, Delight Evans, and Elizabeth Wilson, Hollywood representative and personal friend of the stars. No entries will be returned. Upon receipt of entries, judges will start selecting winning letters; but SCREENLAND reserves the right to start the series of six articles with whichever star it may select. The others will follow in consecutive issues. Contest closes at midnight, April 10, 1941. Mail entries to: Star Contest, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.
Gorgeous gifts, personally selected by these six famous stars, as pictured here, are the prizes for which you will compete!

Jeanette MacDonald, in the midst of her most successful concert tour, interrupted her busy schedule to select her gift, which she is wearing above: handsome double costume clip in flower design, of sparkling rhinestones and brilliant blue stones. The gift includes matching bracelet.

Claudette Colbert personally picked out the smart lapel ornament she is shown wearing below (see also closeup, right below). A gold-color pin to which swings a watch in the shape of a bell. The watch has a gold rim with crystal on both sides. It's as chic as Claudette herself.

Joan Bennett, noted for her taste, selected for her personal contest gift a big and "important" clip which is wearable with sports or dressy clothes. Three Easter lilies sparkling with rhinestones have stems tied with rhinestone bow.
CONTEST!

Because they appreciate your interest and your applause, these celebrities join us in the greatest of all star contests!

Irene Dunne is shown above holding her personal gift, a compact watch—square case of mother-of-pearl with large powder puff and sifter. In the watch compartment, back of the mirror, is a space where a picture of Irene is inserted. The compact is engraved with Irene Dunne's name.

Constance Bennett contributes a smart black handbag fitted with gold-plated compact, lipstick, cigarette case, lighter, and comb—as well as a large case of her own cosmetics, pictured at left below, containing complete set of Constance Bennett beauty preparations.

Gay, glamourous, and modern as Lamour herself is Dorothy's gift, unusual lapel watch whose clip is like an antique circular frame with a concave mirror with an eagle perched on top. The frame is dotted with rhinestones.

Len Weissman
SCENE: The Parrish bungalow out in the valley. The front door opens. Helen is home from the studio for lunch. "Reesie," she calls to her mother in the kitchen, "I got a run in my stocking!" (Mrs. Parrish's maiden name was Laura Reese, and the children picked Reesie up from her adult friends).

"I bought you some more this morning, honey. They're on your bed. You've got time to change before lunch. I burned the chili beans, so I'm scrambling some eggs."

Which altogether unremarkable exchange between mother and daughter sets the tone of the Parrish household. If unremarkable, why make a song and dance about it? Well, let's qualify the statement. What would be unremarkable in Kansas City or the Bronx becomes worthy of note in Hollywood. In Hollywood it's normal for a starched butler or maid to open the door of a movie player's home. It's normal to be ushered into a correct living room. It's normal for the player to descend after an interval, and to break the ice with a murmured howdyado. If there's a mother around, it's normal for her to remain gentry withdrawn. It's normal for you, safe out on the doorstep again, to draw a long breath of "Thank God, that's over."

At Helen's house, her mother, sweet-faced and bustling, opens the door. She welcomes you in with matter-of-fact friendliness. She explains why the beans were burned. She sits you down in the sunny dinette, so she can talk to you in the kitchen. Helen and Bob, her brother—a cutter at Universal Studio—are home for lunch. But six places are laid. You never can tell which of the children's cronies may drop in. "This is what I have," Mrs. Parrish tells them. "If you don't like it, there's a restaurant at the corner where they serve a balanced meal for thirty-five cents."

Helen and Bob and their mother make a lively trio. With a nice appreciation of one another's foibles, table conversation runs to banter and gibe. Affection is too solidly present to need demonstration. Five minutes with them, and you know they're crazy about each other. You bask in an atmosphere of warmth and laughter, and close the door behind you with regret that you can't go back and bask some more.

The house is more comfortable than elegant. Mrs. Parrish wanted a place "where the boys could put their feet up." Until Gordon, the elder brother, was married last summer, he and Bob roomed together. The room had been papered originally for a six-year-old. "Never mind," Mrs. Parrish comforted her younger son, "you've got all your friends to keep you company." Her hand rested pointedly on a jackass, featured among other juvenilia by the patterned wallpaper. Helen's room adjoins her mother's, and the door between is more often open than shut. Especially at night, "Mummy, don't you want
What would be unremarkable in Kansas City or the Bronx becomes worthy of note in Hollywood. That's why Helen Parrish's home life is heart-warming news

By Ida Zeitlin

to sleep with me?" comes the frequent call. "Just as I'm slipping off," Mrs. Parrish sighs. "But I always say, 'Sure. Nothing would please me more.' I know when she cuddles up to me in the dark, it's confidence time."

She calls her own somewhat cluttered room "the old ladies' home." "It's the dumping-ground for anything anyone doesn't want. Some day when I'm old and cranky and everybody hates me, I'll shut myself in here with Frosty and get the mending done."

Frosty's the white Eskimo Spitz, and Mrs. Parrish's sidekick. He sleeps on her bed. She acquired him with reluctance and wouldn't part with him for his weight in gold. "You know how it is with pets—the children want 'em and we take care of 'em. I was out shopping with Helen one day, and here was this man standing at the shop door, with Frosty for sale. Nothing would do but Helen had to have him. We were living in a smaller place at the time, and I wasn't ready for a dog. So I said we'd see, and I cheated, (Please turn to page 70)
Beginning ROMANTIC

By Ida Zeitlin

ANTICIPATION?

Closeup of gallant Milland; home study with his lovely wife, Mildred; and in a love scene with Constance Moore from "I Wanted Wings"
Dark, rash and handsome—that's Milland!
And that's why his life story is more fascinating than fiction. Begin it here!

PART ONE:

The fairy godmother who bent over the Welsh crib of new-born Ray Milland must have whispered in his ear: "Leap before you look." He's been doing that ever since, with glittering results which give the lie to copybooks. This points no moral unless it be that you get yourself born in Wales, grow up dark, rash and handsome, and turn into Ray Milland.

His impulses have been curbed, not by life but by a business manager. He's as quick to go overboard now as he ever was. He doesn't even damn the consequences, they don't exist. But since he could afford the luxury of a financial watchdog who keeps him on an allowance, his style has been cramped. Given a loophole, though, he's through it. As an amateur woodworker, with a passion for power tools, he's turned out some handy pieces of furniture that grace his home. Heady with success, he and Bobby—his fourteen-year-old brother-in-law, collaborator and admirer-in-chief—decided to build a boat. Ray hoarded his allowance for the wood and necessary implements. It then became apparent that their workshop hadn't been planned for marine architecture, and that they'd have to build a shed to build the boat in. At which point Information Please stepped in. They invited Milland to appear on a program, and paid him enough to buy a boat. This was velvet. His manager couldn't lay hands on it. He dragged his protesting wife down to Long Beach, where he'd spotted (Please turn to page 84)
A Veteran’s Advice to Young Americans

Boys, listen to Walter Brennan! His advice to you is as salty and shrewd as his popular prize-winning screen characterizations

By Richard A. Chace

"LIKE it or not, the draft is here and my advice is to take it and make the most of it!" Walter Brennan looked across at me very earnestly as he spoke. His long, lean frame, his back East accent, his dry wit, even those shrewd blue eyes of his, proclaimed the New Englander and I remembered that New England had been settled by Pilgrims. He would not be flippant about what a year in the Army might mean to those of us called up in the next few months.

"Army life will do something to every man that goes into it. And mostly what it will do is good, if you make up your mind that it’s an opportunity to serve your country—and yourself. But if you should take it fighting every step of the way, resisting the discipline, the physical toughening up, counting the months and the days until it will all be over, you won’t be getting much good out of it. The Army makes gentlemen out of bums, but it can also make bums out of gentlemen. It’s all up to the man. Anybody else who’s ever been in the Army will tell you the same thing."

I had come to Walter as a veteran of the last war, as one who had served nineteen months in France, nine of them right up at the front, and now he repeated my question reflectively. "What would I have to say to a young man about to go to camp? Well, I’d tell him to let Uncle Sam have everything he’s got for this one year. I could talk a lot about patriotism and serving democracy, but I won’t. Nor will those who get called. But it will be there in the back of their minds just the same, doing something to the way they take it."

He stopped to light a cigarette before going on. Then, "However you look at it," he said, "national defense is here. It’s going to offer many young men a chance to show what they can do, and it’s the first chance a lot of them have ever had. I’ve come to a firm belief in the ‘Fuller Brush man technique.’ Almost before you’ve opened the door, he’s whipping out those brushes. Talking won’t do the trick, but seeing the brushes in action helps a lot. How do you (Please turn to page 82)
3 Little "Ziegfeld Girls" are We!

Luscious starring trio of M-G-M’s big new musical movie are Lana Turner, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr. Which one is your very special "Ziegfeld Girl"?
Judy and Jackie

Youthful romance in "Ziegfeld Girl" is conducted by gay Miss Garland and the good-looking Mister Coope.
Lana and Jimmy

Piquant new team of torrid la Turner and lanky James Stewart provide more sophisticated type of amour
Don Ameche has his most dashing rôle to date in the gay new Pan-American musical movie, "That Night in Rio," which is guaranteed to give new impetus to the good-neighbor movement.
Carmen Miranda, rightly referred to as "The Brazilian Bombshell," promises to be our newest screen sensation as she sings and sways seductively in her first big film rôle.
Looks Like Love!
NO MORE "PLAIN JANE"

Jane Withers is growing into a very pretty girl, as you'll agree when you see her in "A Very Young Lady" with John Sutton as leading man.
Hollywood's new style sensation concerns your coiffure! Perc Westmore, famous makeup artist to the glamorous screen stars, suggests exciting hair-styles to offset your favorite clips.

Every girl can't afford the gorgeous jewelry enjoyed by some of the more successful movie actresses—but every girl can take advantage of Perc Westmore's superbly designed coiffure suggestions shown on these pages. Above, Margaret Lindsay, for whom Mr. Westmore created her smart new coiffure to offset her lovely ruby clips. The hair is parted on the left side and brushed up into reverse rolls that are higher in front and taper to two chignon curls in back. A sceptre clip is fastened onto the roll in front and twin clips are used to hold the chignon curls in place in back.
For Anita Louise, Percy Westmore designed the formal headress shown at left, combining reverse curls in front and a soft wave in back. A rope of pearls is twisted in Anita’s hair and set off with a flower-spray pin of baroque pearls. Below, Mr. Westmore creating a special coiffure for Geraldine Fitzgerald—the new “Halo Roll” as an offset for her lovely sapphire clip. The hair is brushed up into a reverse roll which is continued around the head—a flattering frame for the face and as background for Geraldine’s sapphire and diamond ensemble.
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
Gene Tierney in "Tobacco Road"
ALTHOUGH she coughed her lungs out as Camille, she can bawl out a man till he's dumb with terror; notwithstanding her foot slipped in "As You Like It," she now has it under such complete control she can kick a guy in the climax; in spite of breaking her fist on a heavy's jaw in "Grand Canary," she can knock out any bird who gets tough with her—and so on this last count alone, Marjorie Rambeau may justly lay claim to the title of the woman with a wallop.

Not that she's given to making claims of any kind. With all her continent-wide fame as a stage star before she went into pictures, Miss Rambeau isn't the When-I-type of actress indulging in a parade of past grandeurs and extravagant use of the personal pronoun. Far from it, she's as modern as cellophane, and doesn't mind in the least letting you see right through her by means of her wide-open sense of humor. And when it comes to lusty acting, she's got what it takes to give it the works. This is why she is so invigorating. This is why she is going full-steam-ahead as Tugboat Annie. This is why she will make "Tugboat Annie in Dry Dock"—and then some. The Navy may get her yet!

But don't imagine for a moment that Marjorie Rambeau is all brawn. Add brain. Likewise talent. Plus experience. Plenty. She has played everything from melodrama to the classics. Her dramatic power is even greater than her physical strength. Nor does she look like Sandow's sister. Possibly Sandow was a bit before her time. So was Samson. When Miss Rambeau tells you she has been an actress for thirty-five years, you promptly conclude she was born one. Her face backs up your judgment without any need of a certified accountant. It is the generous face, prodigally lighted by blue-gray smiling eyes, of a generous woman. For that matter, there's nothing stingy about any part of her. But it's all as solid as the voting South. And it's tempered with an artistic fineness. Indeed, this fine quality so outmatches her (Please turn to page 74)
"THE LADY EVE"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: ENCHANTING!

APPEAL: To all of you who enjoy sparkling, sophisticated entertainment.

PLOT: What happens when a pretty girl-cardsharp makes a sober young millionaire scientist fall in love with her—and much to her surprise falls in love with him right back. The complications are hectic and howlingly funny.

PRODUCTION: All Preston Sturges, who seems to be the combination O. Henry-Noel Coward of Hollywood. Remember "The Great McGinty"? Well, this new one is nothing like it—except in its gaiety and originality. It's stunningly staged and costumed, wittily written and directed by Sturges himself—a joy from start to finish.

ACTING: Henry Fonda will amaze and amuse you as the young man who is always falling—literally—for Barbara Stanwyck. He is no hayseed here, but handsome and whimsical—a "new" Fonda for sure. As for Stanwyck, she discards her dramatic personality and emerges as a gay and glamorous charmer-comedienne.

PARAMOUNT

"MR. AND MRS. SMITH"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: AMUSING!

APPEAL: If you prefer style to substance, giggles to guffaws.

PLOT: Another comedy cream puff of marital misadventure, this time more involved because Mister and Missus, after seven years, discover they're not really married because of a technicality.

PRODUCTION: Maestro of movie melodrama, Alfred Hitchcock, turns to farce with satisfactory if not important results. His celebrated technique carries off inconsequential scenes with a certain dash and there are few dull moments in which to worry about wasted artistry. Smart settings, of course, for the gay young moderns to cavort in.

ACTING: It's good to see Robert Montgomery in a light role again, and his sly humor and poise have full play here. Carole Lombard is decorative and clever as the wife but before the film's finished her brittle charm wears a little thin. You'll find Gene Raymond's portrayal of a deadpan "other man" the surprise howl of the picture. He's grand!

RKO-Radio

"VIRGINIA"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: CHARMING!

APPEAL: To almost anyone who can whistle Dixie—but mostly to those who live there.

PLOT: Beautiful girl, broke, returns to the old plantation because she has no place else to go—but she stays because she loves it—and Fred MacMurray. The story oozes sentimentality, and some of the flowery dialogue may send a die-hard Yankee or two storming out of the theater; but if you can take it, you'll love it.

PRODUCTION: It's E. H. Griffith's, from original story idea to the loving care lavished upon the lowliest prop. Mostly photographed in Albemarle County, Virginia, and in Technicolor, it is scenically gorgeous, filled with lovely pictures. It's the real thing.

ACTING: Madeleine Carroll, screen's most beautiful woman in natural color, is charming as the repatriated Virginienne. Fred MacMurray is badly miscast as a son of the Southern soil but toils manfully. It is baby Carolyn Lee and her precocious wisecracks, and newcomer Stirling Hayden (see Honor Page) who triumph.

PARAMOUNT
to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"SO ENDS OUR NIGHT"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: POWERFUL!

APPEAL: To every adult fan, unless you always insist upon "escape" movies.

PLOT: "Flotsam," Erich Maria Remarque's novel, has been brought to the screen practically intact, with the tragic plight of the war refugees without passports, escaped from Hitlerism only to be hounded over Europe, even more poignant than in the book.

PRODUCTION: John Cromwell has directed with deep sympathy and moral indignation which make his complicated story curiously moving and convincing, despite the intricacies of a plot which presents two pairs of lovers against a changing background. Necessarily episodic, still it holds your interest throughout.

ACTING: A come-back for fine actor Fredric March, giving him a part he can get his teeth into, and which he plays with a lack of theatrics good to see. Margaret Sullavan and Frances Dee are both splendid—but next to March it is Glenn Ford, a comparative new-comer, whom you'll remember.

Rowland-United Artists

"HIGH SIERRA"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: EXCITING!

APPEAL: For those who liked "Little Caesar" and other strong stuff.

PLOT: From the book by Burnett who also wrote "Little Caesar," it's the story of a "mad dog" with a soft streak that eventually causes his downfall. Because he befriends a girl and a dog, the law catches up with him and he comes to the inevitable bad end. Powerful adult drama, not family fare.

PRODUCTION: Warner Bros., past masters of gangster melodrama, have done one of their best jobs with this film. It moves fast and always in one direction—toward the doom that awaits the mad man when, trapped on a mountain top, he defies the world. Raoul Walsh has directed with a wallop, with the suspense terrific as the law closes in after a breathless chase.

ACTING: Humphrey Bogart is superb as the outlaw, giving probably the most consistent and least mannered of his many fine performances. It's a sound, hard portrayal, minus gestures. Ida Lupino is excellent in a rather repressed rôle.

Warner Bros.

"CHEERS FOR MISS BISHOP"

ONE-WORD GUIDE: POIGNANT!

APPEAL: Mostly to women with plenty of handkerchiefs—you'll need 'em.

PLOT: Picturization of Bess Streeter Aldrich's biography of a mid-western school teacher from her first class to her retirement 50 years later. The romances in her life are frustrated, but her interest in the pupils is the inspiration of her years of service.

PRODUCTION: Veteran producer R. R. Rowland—responsible for the filming of "The Four Horsemen" so many years ago—makes a triumphant come-back with this picture, which is sure to appeal to women who enjoy a good cry at the movies now and then. Covering a period of 50 years is no small task but the technicians have done a good, convincing job.

ACTING: It's Martha Scott's picture just as "Goodbye Mr. Chips" was Robert Donat's. Miss Scott must convey the transition from a girl in her late teens to an old lady of 70, and she rises nobly to the occasion. William Gargan, good.

Rowland-United Artists
How George gets 'em!

By Liza

With ex-flame and current co-star of "The Great Lie" — Bette Davis.

THAT MAN BRENT

With very best girlfriend Ann Sheridan, in "Honeymoon for Three."
SEVERAL weeks ago, in one of those "I must get away from it all before I scream" moods, I drove down to a desert hide-out, some twenty miles past Palm Springs. So there I was one bright noontime, sweating away like mad, and pretending to enjoy the privileges of the upper brackets—the sun, the flies, the ants, and a green salad that looked far too healthy to be good. I'd a thousand times rather have had a tuna fish on white with a chocolate malted, and I guess my face must have said as much as the waiter, hoping to build up an interest in my dismal luncheon, blandly announced, "Miss Garbo had a green salad today. So did Mr. Brent."

"Well," I said, coming to life with a jolt, I hadn't found their names on the register, "how very interesting. And did Miss Sheridan have a green salad too?" (Once a fan writer, always a fan writer.)

The poor waiter was so pleased at having awakened a spark of enthusiasm in a guest who up to then had seemed hopelessly dead on her feet fell right into the trap, "Miss Sheridan," he said, "is expected tonight."

"Ah, ha," I said, cattily, to a bona fide member of the privileged classes who was dabbing herself with goo at ten bucks a bottle, "if we only had Bette Davis and Olivia de Havilland here things could be quite intriguing. Quite."

"Miss Davis," said the waiter helpfully, "arrives tomorrow."

That did it. I landed on my feet with a bang, completely upsetting Miss Garbo's favorite mess of vitamins. "That man Brent," I exclaimed, "Wowie!" Not even Superman could assemble three of Hollywood's biggest stars for a week-end in the desert!

Now it so happened that the waiter hit it fifty-fifty, which is better than most commentators. Miss Sheridan, pretty as a picture, did arrive that evening, bag and baggage—and hardly had she washed the dust of San Bernardino from her face before Mr. Brent was rapping at the screen door of her bungalow. But Miss Davis, instead of taking herself to the California desert for a rest, as reported by an overzealous studio publicity man, took herself to the Arizona desert where she casually got herself married. Well, anyway, this just gives you a rough idea of the extraordinary popularity of that man Brent. He certainly has a way with women. He certainly has.

Though he has never made the Big Ten, along with the Gables and Cagney's, George Brent is one of the most outstanding actors in Hollywood today. He is also one of the few remaining eligible actors, and eligible actors, as many a poor gal in Hollywood has discovered to her horror, are just about as rare as a gold award in a slot machine. His salary runs into four figures a week, and has for a number of years, so George has plenty of "moola" tucked away. Tall, slender, with "interesting" hazel eyes, and black hair slightly greying over the temples, he is physically very attractive. Charm he has by the gallon, that fatal Irish charm which he inherited from generations of Irish ancestors, and which all women find irresistible. Casually indifferent, rather handsome, intelligent, reserved, and always the gentleman—that's Brent. No wonder the Glamor Girls fall for him like a ton of bricks.

The girls started falling way back in 1932, soon after he signed a Warner Brothers contract and became an important Hollywood leading man. He and Loretta Young played together in a picture called "Week-end Marriage," and after the preview of the picture it was decided that George and Loretta should be sent to New York to make personal appearances at the Strand in connection with the film. No one suspected that there was a romance between the stars (then, as now, George liked to keep his romances secret) and the public probably would have been deprived (Continued on page 78)
This is FOR YOU! All you girls who may think you're too plain, or unexciting, ever to win your heart's desire—listen to the life story of one Ugly Duckling who became a famous woman, and learn just how she did it.

Today, at 53, Maria Ouspenskaya is acclaimed as a great actress, a colorful and fascinating personality. Yet when she was a little girl her mother said to her: "You are an Ugly Duckling. The happiness that comes to others easily may not be yours. Men will not seek you out. Therefore you must—"

But read the rest in our truly inspiring story.

By Jerry Asher

"ALL through my life I have been stubborn about my dreams! Nothing could ever stop me from dreaming. If there is determination—if the wish is strong and built on a foundation of joy—in one way or another a dream will come true!"

As Maria Ouspenskaya finished speaking, she leaned over the balustrade and flipped a forgotten cigarette out into space. Musingly she watched its progress until it landed on the winding roadway below. We were perched high on the upstairs balcony of her rambling hillside home. Tea and
three kinds of sandwiches had long since been served. Hollywood spread out before us like a great glistening carpet. The twilight hour had come.

There was a fierce sort of honesty in the way Ouspenskaya spoke those words. Those amazing young-old eyes gleamed with intensity. What was the secret behind that fabulous face? What mysterious power had guided this life—made it successful and inspiring despite obvious handicaps? What sort of magic transformed a plain middle-aged woman (she was fifty-three last July) into a colorful, fascinating figure? Literally hundreds of seeking souls have written to Ouspenskaya asking these same questions. Wouldn't you like to know?

"Advice is a dangerous thing to give," Ouspenskaya continued. "But knowledge based on personal experience can always be shared. The world today is filled with floundering people. Even in normal times there are those of us who have had great obstacles to overcome. Now when these same problems continue to exist, plus the sadness and horror of wartime conditions, human beings need all the encouragement they can possibly get.

"I have received hundreds of letters from those who find themselves lost in this chaotic world of today. There are those, too, who have never found the place where they belong. I am deeply touched by these letters. They are written by young men and women who are intelligent and fine. So many are lonely and frustrated. They are doing work that is unsuited to their talents. Some have no work at all. But the saddest letters of all come from those who have suffered an entire lifetime because of some obvious or imagined physical handicap. Even at a distance, I have a great feeling for others. I worry about them. I should like to help all. I wish God had given me the power to spare them.

"If it were possible for me to give advice—to each and every person I would say—ARM YOURSELF FOR LIFE. Just as nations arm themselves for protection against the enemy, so should human beings have foresight and prepare. It is never too late to start. In my own particular case, I was fortunate in having a mother who was proud. And very intelligent. I was a little girl when she took me aside. We had a long talk. She knew she was hurting me. But she also knew she did not want me to be a fool.

"You are an Ugly Duckling," she told me. "The happiness that comes to others easily may not be yours. You will not have great beauty to open up avenues of escape. Men will not seek you out. Your salvation lies in developing your intelligence. Fill your life in such a way that even if there are great unfulfilled vacancies, there will still be great compensations. Make yourself interesting. Be interested in all the things that interest others!"

Ouspenskaya says to all disheartened struggling: "Arm yourself for life! Just as nations arm themselves for protection against the enemy, so should human beings prepare. It is never too late to start!"

Decorations by Leonard Frank

"Even at that early age I recognized the truth. After all, wasn't it my beautiful sister who filled our home with dashing young army men? It wasn't easy, this enforced interest in the things that interest others. I had my own strong likes and dislikes. But I knew I must keep trying. Perhaps the importance I give to dreams does not seem practical. But they helped to see me through. I've got to have my dreams to help me plan, to inspire my ambitions. What would tomorrow be without them? Sometimes dreams can have rude awakenings, too!

"I shall never forget an experience I had during a year of famine in Russia. It was four degrees below zero in our home. At the Moscow Art Theatre the central heating system was out of order. So we took ice sponge baths to make our blood circulate faster. Two girl friends dropped by our dressing room to see me. Their noses were red and swollen. Their eyes puffed from the cold. One girl was almost frozen. They were crying and making themselves twice as miserable over a situation beyond all human control. I just sat there and listened to their complaining. Then I finally had to say: 'I am going abroad. I am going to have a warm house and warm clothes. I am going to have money. I'm even going to have an automobile of my own!' They looked at me in horror. 'You imbecile,' cried the frozen one. 'I cannot stand crazy people. You must be out of your mind to think that way!' Then she raised her hand, struck me, and slammed the door in my face. Two years later I bought my first Ford in America!"

Ouspenskaya chuckled at the memory—and made no mistake, she has an amazing sense of humor despite the Russian tradition. A searchlight below began sweeping the heavens. Preview night at Grauman's Chinese! Ouspenskaya thoughtfully placed a (Please turn to page 50)
"Rage in Heaven"

Most unusual screen story of the season, based on the novel by JAMES HILTON, with Robert Montgomery, Ingrid Bergman, and George Sanders in their strongest rôles. Romance, murder, mystery—with an astounding solution!

Fictionized by
Elizabeth B. Petersen

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THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE!
ROBERT MONTGOMERY, INGRID BERGMAN,
GEORGE SANDERS:
THE HUSBAND—THE WIFE—
THE OTHER MAN

In "Rage in Heaven," from James Hilton's novel, there is a situation strange even in fiction as the suspenseful plot reveals the minds and hearts of these three oddly-assorted characters. Our pictures reflect the high spots of the screenplay.
T WAS the kitten that gave Stella her first suspicion of Philip's madness. Only that morning she had felt suddenly, unaccountably afraid when he had looked at it as she picked it up and held it in her arms. She remembered the small weight of that soft, furry body against her shoulder, its round green eyes looking at her with almost human adoration, the ecstatic rhythm of its purr. It had been such a darling and she had loved it so much!

Philip had made a movement to embrace her and Stella had drawn away, shielding the little thing with her hand. "Careful, darling," she warned him laughingly. "He's so tiny! You'll hurt him."

Philip had looked at her so strangely, that curious smile on his lips. "It wouldn't hurt Ward's kitten," he said then.

Stella looked at him startled. She had never been able to understand why Philip was always bringing Ward Andrews' name into his conversation. Now for the first time she wondered if he were jealous of him. It seemed inconceivable to her, knowing that Philip admired Ward more than any other man he had ever known. She felt frightened even then, before anything had really happened at all. Frightened of Philip's smile and his voice and his eyes. Silly of him to feel this way because Ward had given her the kitten that day he had found it straying half-starved in the woods. Her love for the kitten had nothing to do with Ward. Of course she liked Ward. Everyone did. There was a charm about him, a strength, a dependability that she had admired. But there was no reason for Philip to be jealous of him. It was Philip she had married even though she had guessed Ward was going to ask her too, that day he went back to London, the last day she had seen him.

Now for the first time she wondered why she had really married Philip. It wasn't only gratitude for all that his mother had done for her, it wasn't only his mother urging her, afraid to leave Philip entirely alone when the doctors had insisted he go to Africa for his health. Stella had liked Philip for himself, for his own unpredictable charm, for his laughter that came after his brooding silences and quick rages, for his tenderness. But she had loved him for his need of her. Yes, that was the reason, the real reason she knew now, why she had married him. Ward was strong. (Please turn to page 93)
The camera caught Norma Shearer, recently of "Escape," in this natural, rear pose, an acid test for any figure. Young, lithe and lovely are her lines, though Miss Shearer is no longer a young girl.
Re-Design Your Figure

You have four aids, diet, exercise, posture and dress. To these, add judgment and good sense.

By Courtenay Marvin

LANGUIDLY, Dorothy Lamou of sarong saga, arches against a palm tree in some South Sea island romance. Lightly, lovely, Ginger Rogers’ little feet weave a pattern of dance design, like wind tossing a flower garden. Blithely, lithely, Betty Grable wafts into a scene and out, to the delight of males from grandfather to Bob in prep school. And the sisterhood of just ordinary figures looks and longs for figures like these.

Well, darlings, we just can’t have them! Not, that is, unless some of us happen to be born along exactly the same proportions. But—you may be able to go these dream girls one better. It just may be that you and you and you have an asset that even the screen beauties lack. For figure beauty is, indeed, a matter of proportion, and this you either inherit, and were born with the proverbial silver spoon figuratively speaking, or you work like a horse to get it, and are actually luckier in the end because you can’t work, concentrate and deny yourself without building something very important and lasting within you as well as a lovely figure.

There are four ingredients in the recipe for a lovely figure, with a sauce tossed on it in the way of your own good judgment and sense about yourself. The first is diet. Upon diet you may depend for reducing, building-up, energy and the good old joie de vivre. Because you are what you eat. And perhaps you know that you can eat and eat and still be undernourished, and you can also eat rather lightly and be very well nourished. This depends upon what you eat. Diet is really a plan for food; it does not necessarily mean starvation, though that has been somewhat its meaning (Please turn to page 92).
Fashion Salutes the Army and the Navy

One of the brighter aspects of a warring world is the influence on fashions. Attention—our country’s clarion colors, emblems, eagles, gold braid and buttons. For where to buy, see Page 89
Army and Navy Day!

If you like the military and nautical notes—and they are tops for the young—across the page are three smart ideas, all interchangeable. The ensemble begins with a light-weight Lorraine wool coat with metal buttons and sleeve emblem, lined with a self-colored rayon taffeta. Beneath the coat is a simple frock in a tiny star print, with alternating stripes of red and white on the blouse. The ensemble comes in navy only, at about $15. "Anchors Aweigh," a Sacsen frock of navy spun rayon crepe, would be good with that coat. Military buttons march down the front, sleeve has an eagle, and a crisp white gilet says, "Spring!" About $6.50. That alert navy felt breton with a gold eagle is by Leighton, at about $5.98. A huge Frilo felt bag, with Fouragire braid handle, reminiscent of officers' dress uniforms, comes in black, brown, navy and red in envelope style for about $5.

Bouquets to April!

Here is a page of flattery. A figure-flatterer, first, in dressmaker type ensemble. The Lorraine wool coat has trapunto embroidery, the new throatline and tie belt. It is lined with the frock fabric. Beneath, the print dress is smart and simple, to be worn with or without the coat later on. This ensemble comes in beige, grey, powder blue, almond green, rose, navy and black, about $15. For a change-about, a smart suggestion comes from Sacsen in rayon jersey. The shallow square yoke has flaps simulating pockets. Small white circles appear on green, rose or blue—and only $1. Leighton has done a face-flatterer in that large felt, the weight you wear the year-around, with a wide contrasting corduroy band about a shallow crown. It comes in a wide variety of colors, about $7.95. There is an art in assembling ensembles, in coordinating your costume types and colors.
AFTER all the incessant rumors that Alice Faye was going into the restaurant business to show our town a thing or two about how eateries should be run, the truth of all the talk turns out to be far from what has been gossiped around. Alice is not going into the eatery business herself. She is simply playing the part of an angel (what an angel!) to an ambitious organization which will open a chain of new-fangled cafés to be known as “Club Cars Incorporated.” The first “Club Car” will open in Hollywood, and, I have it on good authority, the check-room girls will be rigged out exactly like train hostesses. Each will wear an embroidered star’s signature somewhere about them to intrigue our townpeople. The cafés will be furnished to look exactly like one of the new club cars on our new crack trains. The waiters, as you’ve guessed, will be the exact replicas of porters. All these novel and artistic ideas come under the direct supervision of Merrill Pye (yes, Eleanor Powell’s b. f.). He’s the official decorator for the entire chain. Miss Faye will be on hand to give this first chop house its hang-up send-off, and that, you’ll agree, is a good business gesture as long as it’s her money that’s giving the thing wings.

DID you know that Margaret Sullivan can’t ride in a car with anyone but herself driving? If she does, she says she gets car-sick... If Lana Turner and her studio think that that altercation Miss T. had with a bunch of our town’s tip-top photographers is settled, and the boys feel just as they did before, they’re mistaken.

THEY’RE still talking about Brenda Joyce’s wedding gown. The stories are getting more exaggerated and funny. Because Brenda’s gown, very unusually, had her name, her groom’s name, and coveys of winging doves scattered all over it in embroidery, wits are now kidding that surely it must have been an oversight that the name of her last picture was omitted.

INTIMATE Hollywood eyefuls: Dolores del Rio, rolling down the rear window of her limousine and, over the roar of traffic at Sunset and La Brea, squealing to let a newsy know she wanted an evening paper. The street urchin stood thrilled and speechless as the car swept away and left him holding a dollar bill in his hand... With all the concern of a high-school boy sticking down a stubborn cowlick, George Murphy, before entering a rehearsal stage at the NBC broadcasting studios, whipped out a pocket comb, and using the reflection of a glass doorway as a mirror, combed and re-combed his hair. Such concern, in an actor, is not considered vanity, only a good business gesture... It was a very, very bored-with-each-other duet of Hollywood’s young social register names dining at the Vine Street Derby. Cobina Wright, Jr., carelessly modish in warm cinnamon-brown furs, kept her nose deep in a popular novel, and her companion, Bob Stack, in outdoorish expensive tweeds, callously fingered through the telephone numbers in his bulging address book, while they both, inattentively, nibbled at their respective dinners.

“New York Town,” the picture co-starring Mary Martin and Fred MacMurray, above, promises to portray the real New York. The newest of the Hardy Family series, “Andy Hardy’s Private Secretary,” finds Aver (Mickey Rooney) graduating from high school, and Aver and Judges Hassay (Lewis Stone), below, find they have many problems to talk over—man-to-man—you know, as young Aver puts it.
THE woman who shattered the brilliant atmosphere of the new Mocambo and startled the sophisticated with a shrill scream the other night, was none other than Patricia Morison. She had to be practically carried from the dance floor when someone doing a too-enthusiastic Samba pranced on her foot and nearly broke the bones.

THERE is something new under the Hollywood sun. Joan Crawford has changed—yes, once again. Her sojourn in the East has brought her back home with all sorts of new ideas on how to live. Joan carries on now on a mental plane easily three notches higher than ever before. Consequently, the now dated Crawford homestead cut on Bristol Avenue has once more gotten an artistic going-over. The meticulous William Haines once again did the revamping. When Joan changes the period or the mood of her home, Hollywood knows, as if it were blazed in Neon, that she again is off on a newly acquired tangent of her bountiful philosophy. The Crawford digs have always lent themselves very flexibly to their mistress' every whim and fancy. They're bolted through architectural changes from gaudy, flamboyant Spanish, to the now rigid lines of classic simplicity. The mansion always reflects the ever-changing perceptions of its one-time showgirl mistress who is determined to be a lady. The new Georgian elegance is a fitting background for Joan's brand new, grand and impressive aspect on things mental. Our town buzzes with the new intellectual trend of Miss Crawford's Saturday night salons.

Gary Cooper, right, who is scheduled to play the lead in the film version of "For Whom the Bell Tolls," plays host to Ernest Hemingway, story's author, at a studio luncheon given in Hemingway's honor. After the festivities, Mrs. Gary Cooper, wearing fur cape, Claudette Colbert, arms folded, and Roy Milland took Mrs. Hemingway (Martha Gellhorn) on a tour of the lot.

Here's where our Hollywood reporter tells you what goes on—at the night spots, at social gatherings, on the set—all over town.

By Weston East

THE very newest annoyance to movie stars is the habit of a lot of young hounds have gotten into here. They hide out at a spot a star frequents and when their favorite drives away they follow in their own machine. They keep close to the star's car through the thick and thin of traffic, begging all the way for an autograph, and causing, meanwhile, every kind of traffic hazard. They usually keep pursuing their quarry until the movie player stops his car, signs autographs all around, and finally is rid of them. After three carloads of young high-school blades had followed Hedy Lamarr around a good part of a day, Hedy gave in and signed her name to their shirts, hats, socks, and what not. The boys didn't play fair, however, and kept annoying her. Every time she'd park they'd hem her in by parking all around her. They kept her in an open drive-in stand for more than an hour. The employees of the stand weren't much help in trying to spirit her away when they found out who their famous customer was. Finally she did escape, but the young villains still pursued her. Hedy drove out Santa Monica Boulevard with the rootin'-tootin' gang right along, until, upon a sudden inspiration, she quickly turned into the Beverly Hills police station. Magically, her pee-wee pursuers scattered to the four winds like a flock of hens in a rain storm.

Believe it or not, he wasn't recognized by a soul. The other day Bill Powell hid out the entire afternoon in a quiet corner of the Ambassador Hotel lobby. He was lost to this world hour after hour—in a dime detective pulp.

One of the saddest sights in town these nights is to see wireless Gene Markey and Arthur Hornblow, Jr., unsuccessfully trying to cheer each other up on their circle tours of our most brilliant night clubs.

No Hollywood personality has ever stood up more admirably under circumstances more trying than both Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine! Both girls have been looked upon with a great deal of misunderstanding in the face of their father's attempts to force himself back into their lives once more. Family trouble between big Hollywood stars and parents who have grown quite away from their children until their offspring became famous and rich has existed ever since the flickers first made people world renowned. No matter how misunderstood the situation has been, or will become, neither Olivia nor Joan have broken their silence by one word of explanation of why their father is not in their full favor, and you can be sure that there will be no explanation from them, ever. The sisters have taken no steps to correct intimated gossip that they are at fault. They think that would be most undignified. Their thousands of fans and even their friends will have to make their own decisions as to where the fault lies.

There will be no campaign to win public favor from either actress. Everyone in Hollywood knows both girls as charming, level-headed, intelligent young women. They must have a well-founded, legitimate reason for their actions, and besides, that part of their private lives should be of no one's concern but their own.
Alley-oop!

Joe E. Brown and Jack Oakie, left, clown for one of the Sunday Nite impromptu shows featuring film favorites, at the Grove.

O H, HOW some of our favored stars have at one time fared so much less favorably! Now that Glenn Ford’s name is on everyone’s tongue, and a good many producers here wish in the darndest way that they had that selfsame name on a contract of theirs, it’s time to tell of some of Glenn’s less fortunate moments. When a big advertising executive recently was introduced to Glenn he asked curiously, “Haven’t I seen you somewhere before?” Ford admitted it laughingly. “Yes,” he answered, “I once did some parachute jumping for you, and what welcome jumps they were!”

Two years ago Glenn needed money badly to help him carry on his bent for acting. He knew a commercial photographer who had a commitment to photograph the agonized face of an aviator bailing out of a plane. There was fifty dollars a jump in it for the fellow who was willing to take the job. Glenn took the job and the chance, and his face was used to nationally advertise one of his sponsor’s products. Those jumps gave him a new lease on a career.

F GOOD fellow Bill Gargan has ever asked you to his home and entertained you out in his very comfortable bar, you’ll know what I’m talking about. He has probably the most famous and valuable bit of paneling in that room that exists anywhere in Hollywood. It was over his wife’s bitter protest that the present, unique decoration first started to take on its aura of supereminence. One night, a number of years ago, a big shot movie hero whom you all know very well on the screen, was celebrating in his very broadest convivial style. Before he left Bill’s home that night, he had scratched his famous stellar name boldly and deeply into the satin patina of the handiest spot on the wall with an ice
Above, Charles Laughton, Joe E. Brown, Adolphe Menjou, Alan Mowbray [rear], John Dock, Robert Armstrong were on hand to honor John Barrymore [center] at a dinner tendered him by the Masquer's, for "what he's done to the American theater."

Right, Doug Fairbanks chatting with Connie Bennett and Mrs. Fairbanks at a British War Relief benefit held at Bruce Pine's home.

Shirley Temple, with her mother and father, attended a recent premiere looking adorable in her long party gown and short ermine coat.

In deep annoyance, Mrs. Gargan was about to have the damage repaired the next day by having the whole panel removed and another put in its place, but Bill begged to have the famous name stay where it was. In practically no time other famous cronies of Bill's, in succeeding convivial moments, wanted to perpetuate their names the same way—and did. Now the Gargans' bar room boasts the most novel and unmatched decoration motif in town. A number of important business men friends from the East, who like it to be known that they are on quite intimate terms with famous personages of stage and screen, have offered Bill huge sums for just a panel or two of that famous wall, but Bill won't sell any part of it.

If you've ever stuck your foot in it and got in on the wrong side of the fence in any kind of a misunderstanding with Jean Arthur (and who in Hollywood hasn't?)—now's the time to start regretting it! The whole town is chuckling because it's being snickered about that Jean's real adversaries are leaving Hollywood in droves. Petulant Miss A., they say, has taken up fencing. She has taken to the sport with such ardor, that the movie colony wits insist she is getting into practice with those mean saber swings to do bodily damage to a lot of scribblers who have been taking pot shots at her lately in print. She is studying under one Ralph Faulkner, who has taught Errol Flynn a few flashy tricks with a sword. The jibes about the consequences of Miss Arthur's off-with-their-heads attitude isn't limited only to writers. The biggest giggle of all comes from surmising that if Miss A. really should get on the war path with a cutlass, the first one to start running and keep on legging it right out of town, is a certain producer over at Columbia.
Hate Me? Love Me?

Continued from page 25

a personal appearance. Everyone in Chicago, except Paulette, thought she was doing it gratis. And then there was the time she did a portrait sitting for one of the studios, and volunteered to help glamor along by wearing her own ermine evening wrap. Then she proceeded to send the coat to the cleaners and present the studio with the bill.

All the publicity men at the studios know better than to ask Paulette to do a tie-up for them free, for they know she'll ask immediately, "What's in it for me?" When she poses for bathing suit art, and some studio is always asking her to pose for bathing suit art, the reason being obvious, she quite casually walks off with all the bathing suits, shorts, and accessories sent over by Magnin's, Bullock's-Wilshire, and other shops.

It would seem then that Paulette has no compunctions about extracting every cent of the value she places on herself for services rendered. True, she may take everything she can from large corporations, but there her seeming niggardliness ends on a sound note of helpfulness to others in less fortunate positions. During the making of "Pot O' Gold," Miss Goddard was asked to pose with and endorse a nationally distributed radio.

"For free, no," said Paulette. "For a radio, yes!"

Well, there was a bit of mumbling at the radio headquarters over the fact that a star who must have dozens of radios should demand another radio. But when they delivered the radio to her on the set she instructed the truck driver to take it over to the home of the hairdresser. "She's furnishing a new home," Paulette explained, "and she needs a new radio for it."

I visited Paulette on the "Pot O' Gold" set recently and found Mr. James Roosevelt's star, and Hollywood's little business woman, sewing away like mad on a beauti-

But the balance sheet, you may be sure, is always in her favor. The first few days of production a mysterious gold monkey, with a two-carat diamond in its paws, came to her by express. It was something to startle the eyes. No, card came with it, or so Paulette says. A few days later an even more startling piece of jewelry came by a messenger—a three-carat diamond solitaire. According to Paulette, that too came without a card. There is much surmising going on at the studio, naturally, but Paulette is one star who knows how to keep her mouth shut. One thing the studio knows, however, and that is that she didn't get them on a tie-up.

Unfortunately, the producers are not the only ones who have named Paulette the best business woman in the film city and who resent the quality of hardness in her. Hollywood resents it too. Hollywood is made up of impractical people—that's quite evident—and impractical people have never liked practical people since the world began. Paulette, of course, is practical. Hollywood, vague, dreamy, bungling along with no thought of the future, just can't understand why Paulette should want to make a business of a pleasant career. Just because she shows good common sense they distrust her.
"Pot O'Gold," for which Paulette Goddard and Don Ackerman are practicing the graceful rumba steps they're doing in the pictures on the screen, is a comedy with music, starring Paulette, James Stewart and Haracee Neil.

and call Paulette a very shrewed woman. Not long ago Paulette had need of Hollywood, but Hollywood did not come to her defense. A vile rumor was started against Paulette. In far faster time than it takes to write this the cruel story spread from Hollywood to the farthest corners of the country. Hollywood knew by direct knowledge that these rumors were libelous but for several weeks no one took up the cudgels in her defense. Probably they thought that a woman able to take care of herself in business deals was also able to defend herself against whispered innuendos and scandal—however unfounded and cruel these whisperings were.

But Paulette said nothing. She could well remember that the price a star pays for being successful is this same whispered campaign of lies. Pola Negri was the first to feel the sting. Clara Bow was hounded for years; so, in turn, Gloria Swanson, Greer Garbo, Katharine Hepburn, Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard. (There was even a whispering campaign once against Shirley Temple. People said that she was a midget. Well, I wish the people who said that could see Shirley now.)

Each of these women was the dominant, colorful star of a period, hence the most susceptible to slander. It must be remembered that every prominent woman, and her position in the film industry, is automatically envied by thousands of people in lesser positions. So naturally Paulette, as one of the most dominant personalities on the screen today, had it coming to her. What it is that makes Hollywood root for a player's success one minute and then tear her from that pedestal the next is one of Hollywood's most frightening incongruities.

Perhaps if Paulette hadn't been so smart in business, thereby causing Hollywood's resentment, this scandalous bit of idle gossip would never have gotten further than Vine Street. Hollywood just doesn't come to the defense of business women. The Connie Bennetts, the Sonja Henies, and the Paulette Goddards have to fend for themselves.

Yours for Loveliness

Color note: Lips go more brilliant and nails go darker and deeper. Other beauty hews to the line

"Brass Band"

SPRING is with us in a flood of Old Glory—red, white and blue. Dominating the color tone is made with its wondrous shrine, now with an environment of soft, warm hues. In the Spring we probably have anything but! To the rescue comes Smooth Skin Oil by Primrose House. It is pleasant to use an oil, and it gives especially good results, I think, because you may apply it warmed to your roughened, dried areas. Face, neck, scalp before a shampoo, arms, hands and legs are perfect targets for this smoothie. It is an economical buy because you may use it with splendid benefit for so many purposes. The consistency makes it so easy to apply and use, so easy to remove. Dry skin welcomes it; in fact, it seems to drink it in. Smooth Skin Oil is delicately scented, a vegetable oil creation.

The Gardenia Has It—So Has the Rose

THAT soft, velvety texture that makes you marvel when you look closely at these flowers. While the texture of your face, what with the farewell kiss of Spring will probably have anything but! To the rescue comes Smooth Skin Oil by Primrose House. It is pleasant to use an oil, and it gives especially good results, I think, because you may apply it warmed to your roughened, dried areas. Face, neck, scalp before a shampoo, arms, hands and legs are perfect targets for this smoothie. It is an economical buy because you may use it with splendid benefit for so many purposes. The consistency makes it so easy to apply and use, so easy to remove. Dry skin welcomes it; in fact, it seems to drink it in. Smooth Skin Oil is delicately scented, a vegetable oil creation.

The Fragrance Lingers On

JT LINGERS right on you, growing more mellow and sweeter with the hours, when you apply perfume by "The Staff of Loveliness" method. This is perfume essence in solid form, resembling a lipstick. It is dry and greaseless, quick and easy to use behind your ears, on your neck, your hands, wrists and handkerchief, or where you please. Maggy Nye has just brought it to this country from France. The unique stick form means no waste from evaporation, no waste from spilling. It is as easy to carry in your handbag as your lipstick. The scents are entrancing and distinctive—Dian, Wisp and Faun. It's Spring, perfume time, indeed!

"Strawberry Blonde"

THIS is the new, luscious tone for a lipstick that the House of Westmore suggests for the Spring map. It is brilliant; it is very beautiful; it is fresh, young and full of zip. It comes in a pretty case, large or smaller size, and it has just about a perfect texture. It seems to slide right onto your lips; you don’t have to press or draw with this lipstick, and it is at this moment adorning plenty of the most exciting lips of Hollywood. In fact, so important is "Strawberry Blonde" as a lipstick that it is an inspiring some cunning fashion ideas, like velvet bows for the hair and belts. When Hollywood approves a lipstick, then we don’t have to guess. We know it is good.

Your Hands and Your Face

JORDEAU is offering a twin package of Jordeau hand cream and Mint Julep face mask that you should know about. Two giant jars, packed together, come for the usual price of one, and for both products this department has praise. The hand cream whitens and softens the skin, and you can use it on any roughened area, like arms, neck and ankles, as well. You will find it a good powder base, too. The mask is one of those face-savers. After your usual cleansing, apply this zippy mask, redolent of fresh mint. It feels fresh and cool on skin. Relax with the mask on, remove, and you will look and feel like a grand new girl. Wonderful for "face fatigue."

To End Another Quiz

THE package of your beauty product is very important. It should make the selection and application of color as simple as possible, and be attractive, at the same time. In trend with this line of thinking, Cutex presents its polishes in brand new bottles. Sketch is the little gem, with a stunning white top, drawing in three color panels the exact shade of polish. No longer need you guess. This definitely simplifies selection. Brand new, too, is Black Royale, a sophisticated jet-color red. It is a tone deeper than Burgundy, if you can recall that, one of the most popular Cutex shades. Nails are going definitely darker for Spring, and this means for Summer, also. And they are dramatic!
1 Girl's Family

Continued from page 31

twelve-year-old Helen would gallop to answer.
It was bound to be one of Bob's friends.
"Ask Bob what time he's going to the beach."
"Oh, we'll be ready in a few minutes."
"Whaddya mean, we'll be ready! Who asked you?"
"Don't you know we boys always go to the beach together?"
If they grumbled occasionally—and they did—Bob would brush it off. If the kid didn't go to the beach with them, she wouldn't go at all. And why shouldn't she go?
Under their noses, she grew from a nuisance to be tolerated into a most desirable date. But Bob remained her favorite escort, she his favorite girl.
"Can't you get a girl?" she taunted him.
"Nope, they don't like the way I do my eyebrows."
"All right, if you'll buy me a flower, I'll go.
Pressed for the why of his unorthodox behavior, he'll grin: "She was always there." Pressed further, he'll look painted, but may go so far as to murmur: "Well, she's pretty sweet, don't you think?"
Their inner gang includes Joe Hartman, Vernon Harbin, and Charley Lang. Girls flit in and out of the circle, but Helen remains the only feminine fixture. Joe's in pictures, training to be a singer. He's called Ashley, "because he's so sweet to the girls—forever telling them about their shell-pink ears."
An unwritten law is that no one shall be allowed to get away with murder. So when Joe brings a new girl to a party, they greet her with, "Has he talked to you yet about your shell-pink ears?" Vernon—better known as Verm—"is invariably introduced as a junior executive at RKO. He is a junior executive at RKO, but there are times when his friends make him wish he were a stretcher bearer. Charley's Smoky Stover and his pet name for Helen is Stupid. She seems to like it. They pop in and out of the house at all hours. "Helen's not home," Mrs. Parrish says over the phone. "Well, do you care if I come up and talk to you?"
"Courting the cow to get the calf!—Come along. I've got cake pans for you to lick—And don't blame me, "admits that they're not young enough to lick 'em!"

Charley's Helen's special friend. They're definitely not engaged, and they definitely only date each other. As a friend of Bob's, Charley was invited to Gordon's wedding. Helen went out with him for the first time that night. "So when Dorothy and Gordon had their six-months anniversary, we had one too—at the Coconut Grove."
Ordinarily, they go to a movie. Or stay in and read Noel Coward's plays aloud, to improve their technique. They felt pretty silly about it at first, Helen says, but now that they've done two pictures together—"Where Did You Get That Girl?" and "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga"—they take Mr. Coward in their stride.

Whether Helen or Bob gets a bigger kick out of Charley, it's hard to say. They go on about him at length, capping each other.
"He's this kind of guy," chuckles Bob.
"When Universal sent for him to come out, he ambles down to Columbus Circle, buys a car at noon, starts out at twelve fifteen, gets to Tennessee before he breaks down, buys another car, and so on across the continent." "The way I buy newspapers, that's how he buys a car. I was sitting in the beauty parlor one day, and along comes Charley. Mother told him where I was. Outside stands a big brown Buick with the top down. He'd bought it. Just walked in and bought it. We got in, and it started to rain. I said, 'Put the top up.' Well, the top wouldn't go up. He'd never even tried it. 'That's all right,' says Charley. 'It's sissy to put the top up for a little sprinkle—""
"Outdoors man, that's Charley. Likes to think he's fighting the elements when he goes down Hollywood Boulevard for a carton of cigarettes. He won't buy gas. It's mealy-mouthed to buy gas. 'I'm in a hurry,' he says, 'we can make it.' So we don't make it. 'All right,' says Charley, 'someone'll come along and push us!"
"He and Joe live together. When they first moved in, the hostess of North Hollywood called. They have hostesses here—to sort of get newcomers acquainted with the town and the tradespeople. She asked it Mr. Joe Hartman was in. 'No,' said Charley, 'Is Mr. Hartman in? I'm Mrs. Hartman.' Now they get mail from the shops addressed Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hartman."

Helen Parrish and her boy friend, Charles Lang, think staying at home and playing backgammon is a pleasant change from attending movie premières and dancing at night clubs.
How to become Some Man's Dream Girl

Lesson #1 - Launching your Campaign

You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that here is a situation worth Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and hold it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:

**DON'T**

1. At the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!

2. Line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a complexion of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!

**DO**

3. Have a skin that looks and feels so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips of little roughnesses like—that!

4. Try to dazzle him with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no nothing!—so sad and ridiculous as a shiny-nosed girl trying to be a charmer.

**DON'T**

5. Sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.

6. Let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.

7. Stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch that with a brisk daily 3-minute paring-in of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!

8. Send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another she may be luring him on this very minute!

POND'S, Dept. 75-CVD,
Clinton, Conn.

I want to launch my dream-girl campaign right! Please send me—pronto!
—Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Tissues, Pond's Skin Freshener and Pond's Vanishing Cream. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name __________________________
Address ________________________
Edward Arnold bestows a kiss upon the lips of Mrs. Arnold at their anniversary party which was celebrated at the Coconut Grove.

"And Joe says, 'Excuse the house being dirty. My wife's a lazy bum'-"

"They think it's sissy to keep the house clean. They don't like dogs for three weeks. Then some fine Sunday morning, they'll flash Bob an S.O.S. and the three of 'em start cleaning up. Then Charley says: 'Time. Now we can get it dirty again'—"

"He was terribly, terribly hurt, though, when a man with a pup to sell took one look at mothe's bright car. 'Not one of my dogs,' he said. 'Not in that house'—"

"He gets up at six or seven times a week, and goes out looking for a dog—"

"Never buys one. Just looks—"

"Mother talks him out of it. Tells him he can't take care of it properly—"

"He could always turn it over to you, Reese—"

"That's what I'm afraid of!" Reese sighs.

On Sunday mornings they pile into a car and go to the beach. Or they play baseball in Mr. and Mrs. Joe Hartman's front yard. Evening finds them back in the big Parrish living room. Gordon and Dorothy are generally there. As a family, they don't care for the tag "in-law." Dorothy is Mrs. Parrish's daughter, Helen's sister.

When some of the boys bring girls, they dance. Just now, Viennese waltzes are the rage. They tune in on their favorite radio programs — American Album, Sherlock Holmes, Jack Benny, Charles Boyer. What they like best is to sit on the floor round the fire and sing and gab and play games. There are few planned parties because the boys don't like them. "Why fuss?" scolds Bob. "Just the other day poor Charley had to put on his shoes for dinner." Mrs. Parrish joins them by invitation. She says they're very sweet about it and don't make her feel they're asking her for politeness' sake. But I try not to wear out my welcome. I've been young myself, and remember how I felt about having older people forever underfoot. Besides, I'm an independent person. I like my own company and I've got plenty to do."

Helen and Charley fooled her one night. She thought she was fooling them, but it turned out to be a very fine trick. Life's too short not to take happiness where you find it."

For Helen I want happiness, as every mother wants it for her children. It is the pictures to make her happy, O.K. If the right man came along, and she wanted to drop work for husband, home and children, that would be fine too. Life's too short not to take happiness where you find it."

Helen's a lucky girl. She's beautiful. She's headed to Universal for stardom. If she were neither—with a family like hers, she'd still be a lucky girl.
WORLD'S MOST POPULAR NAIL POLISH NOW IN

World's Most Beautiful Bottle

50% BIGGER

ACTUAL SHADE ON THE CAP

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TRIPLE GOOD NEWS for glamour experts! An exquisite new "dressing-table" bottle! 50% more of the wonderful porous Cutex Polish! And a new cap that has the actual shade you're buying painted right on it. The loveliest, biggest bottle in Cutex history. Try the newest shade—thrilling, startling BLACK RED! All Cutex Polish now on sale is Porous—and as long wearing as ever! Get a bottle today—only 10¢.

CUTEX POLISH
is Porous
The combination playroom-sitting room in the home of Marjorie Rambeau, who'll soon make another "Tugboat Annie" film, is the room she likes better than any other in the house.

**Woman with a Wallop**

Continued from page 51

physical side that I wondered if she could really throw a punch.

"Maybe I don't know my own strength," she modestly reflected. "Also, they dread-ful thing once happened. Even thinking of it now makes me think of going to the dentist's. We were making a picture at Fox's called 'Grand Canary.' I had a great time as the canary. But George Regis had a terrible time. What made it worse was that he had gone to a lot of expense getting ready for the picture. He'd had his front teeth capped so he'd look nice when he smiled in the close-ups. You know how actors do it." She pulled a set grin. "Well, in one scene I had to hit George. Usually they count before a blow is struck—one, two, three—so that everything's timed and no damage is done. But for once they forgot to count. I swung on George—wham! Suddenly the air was filled with flying teeth. Poor George! All his beautiful den-tistry work was gone with the big blow. My fist was bleeding, and so was my heart. But to console me, when the picture was finished, the crew on it presented me with a gold bracelet in the shape of a boxing glove and the inscription on it read: 'To Kid Rambeau.'"

Caustically moving out of range, I inquired as to whether Miss Rambeau now was doing much slugging. "Just enough to keep my hand in," she sweetly replied. "We don't want Tugboat Annie—she's really a dear kind soul—to be too physical. But there's a fight in every picture, and how she does enjoy it!"

It was pleasant to hear this good news, bringing as it did its assurance of knock-down-and-drag-out vigor, together with the joy of youthful zest. "Out here in pic-tures," came the enlightening information, "when you are over fifteen you're an old hag. They expect you to sit around and talk of the good old days like an old ham. Still, it has its compensations. They gave me a chair to sit on evidently to make sure I won't fall down. You're sure of having your innings if you want long enough here, though at one time I thought I'd never have mine. But it's all right, now that I'm a mother. Yes," she spoke with deep feeling, "I believe I am safe in saying that I'm the only mother who ever gave birth to a tunnel."

When I inquired for air she was calmly explaining: "That unique experience re-sulted from my being in 'Under Pressure.' Indeed, in that tunnel picture I was under pressure all the time. It was a fight for my life. It's far more fun fighting now, for as Tugboat Annie I can do it with a twinkle in my eye. That's natural, as I'm part Irish. The other part's French. Do you wonder I'm crazy? You don't have to be crazy in pictures, but it helps."

Was this also true of the stage? Miss Rambeau answered: "Sometimes the stage is enough to drive you crazy. That's because you may find yourself relying on things that aren't there. For example, while playing Rosebud in New York—you remember—I put my foot on what I thought was a real log only to find it was a painted one. When my foot slipped I nearly fell on my stomach. And you can't be a ro-mantic heroine, even in the Forest of Arden, when you're flat on your Vitamin-A container. It's different in pictures. Everything you touch is real. If you want the Liberty Bell from Philadelphia, they go and get it for you. The only thing you can't get in pictures is fat. Not if you want to stay in them. I'd been in them, on and off, for ten years when my husband took me out of them. Then I took to needle-point. Also poucading. When I decided to go back to pictures the first thing in my mind was, 'I must get thin.' I lost fifty-two pounds in eleven weeks. I looked all right from the back, but from the front I looked like an abandoned folding-bed. To get into shape for Tugboat Annie, perhaps ship-shape is the word, I had to put on twenty-two pounds. Annie needed 'em to give her a wallop.'"

What about the streamlined girl? Did she need the same thing for the same pur-pose? Miss Rambeau came right back with another question: "How can the stream-lined girl have a wallop when she looks like a plate of milk? You can't beat nature. If the present feminine attempt to do it keeps up we'll soon have a generation of weak, flat-chested, spindle-legged girls. In a way, the screen's to blame. Of course, the camera does increase a person's size to a degree and therefore demands a certain reduction. But this can be carried too far. Surely, it doesn't attract men; it's done for women. These thin young things, you see on the screen are bound to come to the realization that if they're to put over some-thing fine and strong they must have more than a stalk of celery under their chest. And this goes for similar physical types off the screen. If one of the sturdy pioneer women of America could see the deliber-ately skinny specimens of the present day she would probably turn in her covered wagon. And if reducing keeps on going the way it is now we'll soon be eating one another. That's why I'm getting some meat on my bones—I want to be good picking!"

Through the humorous twists given her opinions it could readily be seen Miss Rambeau was in deadly earnest. Her forthright-ness stamped her as Hollywood's four-square actress. "It's all well enough to be streamlined, but we're surfeited with down-right skinminess. As one result we've al-ready had too long an era of the masculine type of woman, the woman who looks, dresses, talks and behaves like a man. First of all, girls and women, if they value their charm, should have the sense and the cour-sage not to diet themselves to the point of emaciation. See what it's doing to our actresses. From the looks of a lot of them, what they need most of all is a square meal. Heaven knows I needed to be thin when I started, for I was a leading woman at twelve in Portland, Oregon, and at that time played Camille, who can't look chunky and get away with it in anything but grand opera."

As I marvelled at the early beginning of Miss Rambeau's brilliant career, she smiled and related: "Yet one Hollywood executive once asked me if I'd had any stage experience. At learning I'd been on the stage for thirty-five years, he exclaimed, 'Why, then you're famous!' After all that time, I told him, 'I must be either famous or notorious.' Here's the pay-off: "Oh, Miss Rambeau!" he intersectioned, 'I know you are a good woman! Well, in this busi-ness you have to take the bad with the the
"Almost a Miracle!"

says Lady Esther

A BRAND-NEW SKIN will soon arrive to enchant you with its Beauty!

Just beneath your present skin is a younger, lovelier brand-new skin. As day by day it unfolds, as it comes to life...with every tick of the clock—it is replacing your older surface skin and bringing you a hope of new beauty in the future.

Will you be proud to show this brand-new skin? Will it make you look younger? Will it have new-born beauty when it appears...as your surface skin slowly departs in tiny dry little flakes? That depends, says Lady Esther, on the care you give it, on the wisdom with which you choose your face cream!

Your New-Born Skin can emerge in beauty...but only if you will help Nature remove the dull drab flakes of old dry skin... If you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help free your skin of these be-clouding flakes...help to whisk them away...revealing the enviable loveliness of your New-Born Skin.

Use my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Use it liberally. Try to leave it on twice as long as usual so that it can, right from the start, begin to loosen the dry flakes of outer skin. Let it completely loosen the surface impurities and the dirt, let it clean the apertures of your pores...helping Nature to refine them, and to bring a clarity—an opalescent loveliness—to your New-Born Skin.

Ask Your Doctor
About Your Face Cream

Ask him if you should attempt to feed your skin from the outside! Ask him if he recommends astringents, or skin foods or tissue creams!

I believe he will say that a cream which can fill your pore openings may enlarge them.

But ask him if Lady Esther cream doesn't help protect the beauty of your skin because it loosens surface impurities and dry skin flakes... really cleanses... yes, helps to refresh and soften your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word Lady Esther says isn't true!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let it help Nature refine your pores. Let it soften and soothe your skin, ending the need for a powder base. For, with my face cream, your face powder goes on perfectly—flattering you with its clarity and smoothness...making you appear the proud possessor of a beautiful New-Born Skin.

Sample Tube at My Expense

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther, 7102 West 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, free and postpaid. (66)

Name

Address

City State

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)
You remember Aladdin? The poor tailor's son who found the magic lamp, and every time he rubbed it a Genie appeared and granted Aladdin's every wish.

One day at lunch... presto! Genie appeared. "Hey," said Aladdin, "why are you here? I didn't rub the lamp."

"I know it," replied Genie, "but it rubs me the wrong way to see you eating all that food. Take this Dentyne and chew some often. Its extra chewiness gives your teeth needed exercise and helps protect them from tartar and decay. And that richly satisfying taste is real flavor magic."

"That's nice!" said Aladdin.

"Don't forget," answered Genie. "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile!"

"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."

Moral: You too should take the Genie's advice. Try Dentyne for distinctive flavor and to help brighten your teeth... And don't overlook its handy, flat, flavorful package—so easy to share.

Good. That's what goes to make up experience. I'm writing for a local girls' paper today because they haven't had the great experience that has been such a great help to me. And one trouble with them is that they won't listen to advice. They know it all. Perhaps this isn't their fault. Things have been too easy for them. You don't wonder at their attitude when you stop to think that today an unknown is made a star after one picture. Why, when I came to Hollywood I saw so many stars that I thought the whole set-up must be an astronomical proposition. Picture producers just rush up into the air and pull down stars. In the Vendome one day I heard a group at the next table discussing the need of a certain type of actor for a part. 'Leo Dritichstein would be just the man for it,' said one of the bunch. 'Get him!' promptly ordered a dynamic manager. 'If you can do it,' I remarked, leaning over, 'you'll be performing a miracle.' 'Watch me,' I was tauntingly advised. He didn't know that Dritichstein had been dead for years, probably didn't know he'd ever been alive.

Miss Rambeau drenched her smile in a cup of coffee. 'All that some girls need to become picture stars today is to be alive. But girls generally, no matter what their walk in life, have a great advantage in living in this grand day of realism. Reality develops a greater sincerity and a finer tolerance. We're not quibbling with facts these times, we're meeting them. When I was a kid, girls were hypocritical. They knew about things, all right, but they pretended not to know and would blush being at what they heard. Nowadays girls won't be annoyed with such silly pretense. It isn't worth the bother, doesn't mean anything. Yet, strangely enough, the screen apparently feels constrained to hide far less intimate things than those openly displayed in the drugstore windows. To me, this seems to be hypocrisy for which there is no valid excuse. What's more, it undermines the honesty of the screen. But pictures now are giving me the right, I'm grateful to say, to use my own brain in developing a characterization. And, aside from any professional view of the situation, the era of the middle-aged woman is coming in strong. You go into a dress shop and find it is showing 35's and 40's among its models because of a general consciousness that the middle-aged woman of today is not as extinct as the dodo. Then, too, there are women who, by wearing slacks, assume to be broad-minded, though perhaps you may have noticed with a possible eye to the rounding out of detail that sometimes the implication is not essentially material. Yes, we women are rapidly broadening out, but we've still got a long way to go—and I don't mean sideways!

So far, Miss Rambeau had seemed to cover the matter by a large, as it were, yet it remained for her to say in particular: "Both in life and in pictures the glamor girl has got to be bolstered up by the middle-aged woman who has intestinal fortitude—in other words, guts. She needs this sustaining aid to help her over the rough spots of existence as well as the tough ones in a film play. The screen has long since passed the point of just making faces, glamorous or otherwise. It has reached the stage where it must express emotions and, more and more, inner emotions. To do this requires something more than mere glamour, calls for the understanding, the sympathy, the feeling that can come only out of experience. Movie audiences now sense this emotional quality, look for it, recognize it when it is there. They don't want to be flat, that means the real thing. This all comes down to the matter of thought transference. For this reason the best actor or the best actress today is the one who underplays, rather than overplays, a part, so that the underlying thought goes straight home to those people out in front. The male mind, I think, catches that thought more quickly than the female mind because it lets nothing get in the way. A lot of things clutter up the female mind and become obstacles blocking that thought. For one thing, a woman may look around to see how Mrs. Jones is taking the idea. If she sees that Mrs. Jones is for it, she's for it, too. But by this time her male neighbor is 'way ahead of her. He already has got that idea into his mind and is ready for another to come along. Mental acting, accordingly, is the kind that can project a thought and make it stick. This makes it more effective, more lasting, than physical acting. However, in the same way, I'm afraid, I'm not so that of Tugboat Annie. It is what she thinks, not what she does, that comes first with me. Her strength of character means more to me than her physical strength. At the same time, of course, I realize she's a woman with a wallop. After all, I'm really a Dempsey at heart!"
NOW—RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME—Hollywood Beauty Care!

Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS are quick, easy and they WORK!

This lovely Hollywood star shows you just how she uses Lux Toilet Soap to guard her priceless complexion. This gentle care removes every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Try Active-Lather Facials for 30 days! See what they can do for you!

Here’s all you do to take a Lux Soap ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL: Pat the lather lightly into your skin.

Rinse with warm water, then cool.

Pat lightly to dry. Skin feels softer, smoother, and lovely skin’s important!

Milder! Costly Perfume! Pure! ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to protect loveliness

Olivia de Havilland

Star of Warner Bros. “Strawberry Blonde”
That Man Brent
Continued from page 55

of this delicious bit of news if it hadn't been for an expense account. Before going New York, George submitted his expense account to a Warner Brothers publicity man, who in turn glanced at it and discovered to his amazement "$20 for breakfast."

"George," said the guy over the phone, "I'm not checking on you. I'm simply curious as hell. How in the world could you spend twenty dollars for breakfast?"

Well, it came out gradually that only two dollars had gone for toast and coffee—the rest was for orchids for Miss Young. So, said the publicity man to himself, a romance, eh? And it didn't take him long to spell it to Wineburtle Never again has George put his girl friends on his expense accounts.

Though she was the first, Loretta was by no means the last of the movie stars to go falling for good-looking Brent. There must have been about a dozen of them, including Ruth Chatterton, Greta Garbo, Merle Oberon, Olivia de Havilland, Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan. No wonder people became quite confused. But the most confused person in Hollywood was Tibby, Bette's very small and very intelligent black Scottie. Tibby's complete confusion happened in the Green Room on the Warner's lot in January, 1940. (George Brent was finishing up "Till We Meet Again," Bette Davis was starting "All This, and Heaven Too," and Ann Sheridan was making tests for "Torrid Zone." And I don't recall what I was doing.) Tibby and Bette had been away in New England for several months, and it was Tibby's first day at the studio since their return. He frisked into the restaurant, expecting to find Bette at her customary table with George Brent, and sure enough there was Brent—so Tibby started emitting little grunts of delight and jumping at his leg. But imagine his surprise when his old pal George gave him the brush-off, and imagine his surprise when he looked up appealingly at the chair where Bette had always sat and found Ann Sheridan!

"Tibby," he barked Bette's voice across the room. "Tibby, you come here at once?"

He went, completely mystified. Why was George Brent, who had always been good for a romp, so cold, and why was Ann Sheridan sitting in Bette's chair? Much too confusing for a little dog.

George's longest romance has been with Ann Sheridan, as you probably know already if you keep up with Mr. B., but his shortest "romance" will really surprise you. It was with Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara and George first met in 1932 when they were working together in "So Big." But Barbara was very much married to Frank Fay at the time, and outside of a casual "Good morning" and "Good night" on the set they rarely spoke. Several years later, after her divorce from Fay, Barbara and George met again at a radio station where they were to do a broadcast of "So Big."] Several nights later Barbara was having a lonely dinner when the doorbell rang and her butler informed her that Mr. Brent's chauffer was at the door and Mr. Brent would like to have her phone number.

"If Mr. Brent's in the car tell him to come in," Barbara said. Mr. Brent was in the car, and he did come in. The next morning he sent a huge box of gorgeous yellow roses, which he did not put on his expense account.

That was the beginning and the end of the Stanwyck-Brent romance. "I guess I wasn't his type," Barbara said modestly. But the truth of it was that a few days later George read in all the gossip columns that a certain Robert Taylor had discovered," and how, a certain Barbara Stanwyck.

It was Ruth Chatterton who gave George his first real "break" in Hollywood—and then proceeded to fall in love with him. It was early in 1932, and it was Ruth Chatterton, and not Norma Shearer, who was called "The First Lady of Hollywood" at that time. In those days, Hollywood producers were making and grooming over the lack of leading men, and doing practically nothing about it. Ruth's new picture, "The Rich Are Always With Us," was ready to go into production, but the studio couldn't find a leading man for her. She spent two solid days in the projection room looking at screen tests, and was just about to go into a total collapse when suddenly George Brent walked on the screen. That man Brent sure gets 'em. As soon as he had finished saying his little say, Ruth demanded, "Where has this thing been all my life?"

When a $7500 a week star spoke like that, in those days (in these days there are no $7500 a week stars) action was called for. George Brent, that broke, found himself with a Warner Brothers contract—and has been at the studio ever since.

In fact, Bette Davis, one of the famous Westmores who introduced George Brent to Ruth Chatterton in the Green Room at the studio, "Chatty," says Bette, "seemed quite pleased."

A few months after "The Rich Are Always With Us" (future girl friend Bette Davis was also in the picture) was released, George made a small picture with Ruth Chatterton, called "The Crash." After the completion of this picture the star and her leading man were married in August 1932.

A year and eight months later they were separated, and she divorced him in 1935. Quite the nicest thing that George seems to have grown out of his second marriage (his first marriage, in which he was married to a woman in his stock company back East and lasted only a month) was his great friendship with Ralph Forbes. After they had divorced Ralph Forbes a short time before she married George Brent, as ex-husbands of Ruth Chatterton they hit it off beautifully, and became the best of friends. George sailed for his beloved Honolulu last year when he took Ralph (now the husband of Heather Angel) with him.

Most of George's romances appear to have started on movie sets, which is about the best place in Hollywood to start a romance. There's something about propinquity. It was on the set of "The White Veil," on a loan-out to Metro, that George started his famous romance with Greta Garbo. George was in the set of "Gold Is Where You Find It" just before George and Olivia de Havilland discovered each other, and followed through with a romance that was not publicized of all Hollywood romances. It was on the set of "Jezebel" that George and Bette, who had known each other since their old Universal days, suddenly decided they weren't just casual acquaintances. And it was on the set of "It All Came True" that the George Brent-Ann Sheridan romance got going. George wasn't in that picture, he was in "The Fighting Irish" at the time, and Jimi Cagney and the boys told him that that gal, and Bette, had done a strip tease on the set of "Chatty," and was doing a strip tease over on the "It All Came True" set and why not come and take a look at it. Well, the strip tease turned out to be a very good set routine, and George Harrison, Bette Davis and Tibby were in New Hampshire.

Unlike most of the other big shot movie stars in Hollywood George Brent is the kind of gentleman who still has not the roving eye. Nor the unexpected pinch. His leading ladies know that they can sit on any chair at any time without having it collapse under them, but they know that on his sets they will not be subjected to rude and embarrassing things. He is not the teasing type. George is on the set in very reserved, very young man, extremely serious about his acting, and very considerate of his leading ladies. No one teases him or makes advances to him. He has a way of telling them that they are much too good for their parts—which is the most flattering thing you can say to an actress—and if they want to talk about life they find him a very amiable, sympathetic listener. George becomes very
moody at times (it's the "Black Irish" in him) and acts like a modern male Cassan-
dra—another quality that his leading ladies
find most attractive, until they fall out of
love. For instance, when the Nazis started
their invasion of France last year, fol-
lowed by the beginning of the Battle of
Britain, George would keep his radio going
on the set every possible moment, and
dozens of times a day would say, "It won't
be long now before we'll all be dead." And
when Bette Davis ran into him in the
Green Room, a few days before the start
of "The Great Lie" (their last picture
together, and soon to be released) he said,
"You don't have to tell me, George. I
know it isn't a good picture for me. You
can squawk all you want to and I'll agree
with you."

Though I wasn't hiding behind any
chairs on the set, I am pretty certain that
the Garbo-Brent romance got off to a beau-
tiful start on the subject of health. Both
Greta and George are very health-con-
scious. At the end of a picture George usu-
ally hides out in a sanitarium for five days
where he catches up on his rest and gets
back into perfect physical condition. George
is very careful of his diet (Ann used to
tease him about it in the early days of their
romance) and so is Garbo. Greta, who
thinks there is no exercise to equal walk-
ing, nearly walked his legs off while they
were romancing, so George introduced her
to the punching bag—much to the amuse-
ment of the neighbors who discovered that
if they climbed out on their roofs they
could see over the Brent fence.

It was probably his great consideration
and gentlemanly manners that first at-
tracted Olivia de Havilland to him on the
"Gold Is Where You Find It" set. Olivia,
the idealist, had just finished several pic-
tures with Errol Flynn, and Errol, who
practically ceased the daylight out of her.

Now Olivia is a very serious-minded young
person, and intensely interested in acting,
and when George came along and gave her
the dignity and respect due an actress,
naturally she fell for it, and hard. The
two of them spent hours upon hours talk-
ing about Life.

Although she had known him for years,
Bette Davis didn't really become interested
in George Brent until they met on the set
of "Jezebel." It was George's great sym-
pathy and understanding that first attracted
her. Bette had just been sued for divorce
by her husband, Ham Nelson, and she was
feeling pretty broken up by the whole
thing, and wanted, very badly, a shoulder
to cry on. George saw to it that his shoul-
der was very convenient. Well there's
nothing like a new romance to restore a
woman's confidence in herself. And espe-
cially when the new romance is a very
handsome, attractive guy.

Ann Sheridan was attracted to George
Brent because, deep down, she loved,
George was the kind of man she had al-
ways admired. Ann isn't the gay, loud-
mouthed, stay-up-all-night-and-dance-at-
night-club gal that you might be led to
believe she is. Remember Ann Sheridan
is publicity-minded. Well, we haven't
time to go into the "real Ann Sheridan" now
—suffice to say that she and Brent are
kindred souls, despite all rumors to the
contrary. If gifts can be an indication of
love Ann has definitely risen to the top-
most point in George's affection during the
past year. Ann's birthday is February 21,
and last year she celebrated it without
George—he was in Honolulu at the time.
It appeared in all the gossip columns that
George had sent Ann a beautiful and ex-
pensive bracelet. When a friend asked to
see the bracelet Ann said, "Those publicity
boys dreamed that up. That so-and-so
didn't even send me a post card."

But close friends of Ann's and George's
will tell you that this past fall and winter
he has lavished all kinds of expensive
jewelry upon her, and that her birthday
present this year will make up consider-
ably for last year. In fact close friends of
Ann's and George's will have you believe
that there is a marriage in the offing. That
man Brent, they say, is really in love this
time. Well, it'll be one less eligible man

Jane Wyman recently presented her husband,
Ronald Reagan, with this sweet baby daugh-
ter, whom they have named Maureen Elizabeth.
Jean Parker gave our camera man this lovely smile when he caught her twirling around the dance floor with Doug Dawson, to whom she may be married by the time you read this.

Lea Weissenberg

How Ugly Ducklings Can Find Happiness!

Continued from page 57

protective canvas covering over her cages of sleeping love birds. In her favorite wicker chair a pet monkey was stretching. Quickly she turned the chair to shield him from the glare.

With little effort Ouspenskaya squeezed her tiny linen-slacked figure (size ten) into the same chair with the monkey. As she stroked his head gently, Hindu bracelets jingled gaily from her wrist. One foot, encased in a wooden-soled sandal (the uppers of bright colored string woven by her own hands), she tucked beneath her. Lighting a fresh cigarette, she adjusted the blue hand-drawn cattle carelessly crossed her head and settled back for more conversation.

"Of course it is true," Ouspenskaya continued, "that there are many who have little opportunity to learn things. There are those who are very poor. Those who have responsibilities and must work every second to meet them. At some time or other, these people have either said or written to me: 'It is easier for you. An actress' life is more colorful. There is greater opportunity to find other interests. This might be true—note—in a small degree. But there wasn't always color and opportunity. So, to me, that is a poor excuse. I can sympathize with others but—each time when the war was the hardest, I'd invent something! Anyone can do this if the desire is strong enough.

"I do not like to speak of tragedy. We all have our share. But I want to point out that my early life in Russia, in the Moscow Art Theatre, was a hard, bitter struggle. We lived through revolutions, famines, typhoid plagues. During one period I never saw my bed for twenty-two days while I nursed friends and family. I saw horses trample civilians to death. Trucks piled high with the corpses of innocent children. Hoodlums attacking women on the streets.

"In the face of those conditions—of conditions today—we must invent things to give us courage. To build our morale. It was during that same year of famine when a troupe of ballet dancers and a grand opera company came to our city. They wanted to bring a little joy to our suffering people. I wanted to help them keep their own spirits soaring. I wanted to give them a party but I had practically no money. But I did own just one party dress—celestial blue silk appliqued with roses. I took it and sold it.

"With the additional money I bought a little alcohol. We made our own cherry vodka. I bought pastry filled with meat and rice, sardines and herrings. Milk was scarce and expensive. So I mashed almonds and kept adding water until I had almond milk for our coffee. At this party I invented, we played guitars. We danced and sang. Our troubles were forgotten. Our gay spirits gave us new hope. It was the most wonderful party I have ever known!"

A nostalgic note in her voice gave warning that her memories were moving her. She seemed completely thrown back, in thought, when genial Elizabeth (who would make four ebony Ouspenskayas) announced she was wanted on the phone. (Ouspenskaya usually insists on answering it herself.) She bounded to her feet and excused herself. In a few seconds she was back. "It was Eddie Albert," she said. (By the way she smiled, one knew she was fond of Eddie.) "He's taking Jean Cagney and me to the opening of 'Sky Lark.' Now I can wear my new white hat—with veils! I have been saving it for a special party.

"'Please do not make me sound too pos-
tive in this story,' she picked up her trend of thought again. "I would be very unhappy if I sounded like I thought my life was perfect. Believe me, it is not."

"That's why I became an actress. I took my emotions and put them into the parts I played. There is not the same satisfaction we put into real life—but by bringing all these emotion I dreamed of having in my own real life, my parts have gained. I believe anyone can apply this same principle, regardless of the nature of the material."

"I definitely believe that somehow, someway, all that I haven't expressed in my own life will help me to help others find what I've lost."

When you heard Ouspenskaya play Plaisir d'Amour in that never-to-be-forgotten piano scene in "Love Affair"—she really played it. At the time she wasn't a permanent resident in Hollywood. But she crowed a rented piano into her tiny apartment and learned the piece. She's been studying since, using this same principle."

"When I did that, and returned to Russia, I had three children. She lived the sea. But she heard the club members discouraged women visitors. They were too fussy, too helpless.

"If you made up my mind they were going to accept me," she went on. "To gain confidence I studied until I knew the names of every rope, every sail, every nautical term. I was determined to be a good, useful sailor. Finally, I managed to pay the club my first visit. I made them give me an examination. The only thing I failed in was—the swearing! After that, each time I learned something new it became a hobby. Every person in this world should have a hobby besides the sick. It's the way to escape occasionally from himself!"

Not one hobby, but dozens became Ouspenskaya's to command. Someday she knew she would make every person she met learn a language. She studied English and French. (Right now she's trying to conquer Spanish because she hears that Hollywood may send some people her way—"from America"). When she eventually left Russia for Paris, she heard about something new called jazz dancing. Her first night in Paris she went to see it. She turned around and went. Three years ago in New York City, every-

one was doing the tango. Ouspenskaya took lessons. One night at the Maisonette Russe, with her partner she stopped them all. She is trying to figure out a way to learn to jitterbug! She never expects to do it in public. But many things she does. And enjoy it. She wants to know why.

"I am never satisfied just seeing others do things," Ouspenskaya sighed—as if she were simply complaining about something in me, maybe terrific curiosity. I must do them, too! I have to think twice before attempting some new task, am I of an age where dignity is especially—necessary. But I find a way to try everything new—if I want to badly enough. I've been swimming all my life, but I could not swim in the swimming pool, and bowl, too. I can even sing cowboy songs—and I did for the cowboys on the ranch where I visited in Victorville. Yes—they were impressed.

"In 1923 when I visited America with the Moscow Art Repertory company, I decided to come back. In 1924 I returned. So many plays in my repertory had been removed by the Russian Government. So I again became an instructor in the Laboratory
Whenever you see Betty Groble, she's always with a handsome escort—this time it's Bob Stock, but don't think it's serious just because they've reached the hand-holding stage.

Len Welisann

Theatre along with the late Richard Bolemslavski. We produced plays for a small public. One was 'Big Lake' by the well-known playwright, Lynn Riggs. That's when I learned the cowboy songs. I never thought I would use them again. But I learned them anyway.

Once again Elizabeth the 'great' made her appearance. She handed Ouspenskaya a note. With quick, eager hands she tore it open and scanned the contents. Now those amazing eyes of hers were dancing.

"It is from George Brent," she announced, with the air of a high school girl who had landed a choice date. "He is very sweet. We have been friends since we made 'The Rains Came.'" And then, just to prove she had picked up some good American slang, "I have quite a crush on him!"

We talked for a few minutes more. Ouspenskaya went on to tell how desperately she was trying to conquer her fear of driving on winding mountain roads. Of looking down from high places. She admitted she was an extremist—her worst bad habit being that she is never satisfied to stop singing, dancing, almost anything when once she starts. Wisely too she explained it was her nature—one side longing for pleasure, the other longing for perfection. And speaking of perfection, she said, "Human beings are so rich! But some people who lose one thing in life lose life with it. Because they once had something, they believe everything is lost. I don't believe it! Yesterday you had one thing. Today, find something else. As long as hands work—as long as there is curiosity and determination—don't wait. If hands are cut off, work with toes. But don't wait—use toes while hands are still working. I can't abide slow-walking, slow-thinking plodders—those who lack enthusiasm and energy. I would rather forgive energetic people who do wrong than slow saints! We couldn't fulfill in three lifetimes all there is to do."

We were now at the door. Soon she would be on her way to the Hollywood Bowl to hear Alec Templeton, the blind pianist. She always walks up Highland Avenue to the Bowl. She likes to watch the people. She likes to eavesdrop on their conversations. Where but in Hollywood could you find such an extraordinary personality? What other business could produce such a resourceful woman? From her first salary of $75 a week—to a reputed $500 a day! Not bad for an ugly duckling!

On the table near the doorway was a copy of John Steinbeck's 'Of Men and Men.' Was that one of Ouspenskaya's favorite books? She picked it up. As she did so, her face broke into a wide grin. She was debating whether to express the thought that seemed to be amusing her. Now she was looking for all the world like a strange little pixie.

"I will tell you," she chuckled. "I try to learn at least ten new English words a day. But until I read Mr. Steinbeck's book I didn't know that a fox was something else besides a little cookie!"

BETWEEN TAKES THEY TAKE TO

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A Veteran's Advice to Young Americans

Continued from page 34

think I got my first part? Not by telling the casting director how good I was. I tried that first. I'd sort of made a specialty of playing old men, I don't know why, back in my pre-dental days. So that was the 'experience' I talked up. But no one would believe me. I guess I looked too young and they never gave me a chance.

To do this I had one of my bright ideas and made the rounds in make-up. I was an old man, shuffling gait, stooped shoulders, toothless look. It worked. I got my first job in pictures that day.

"It's not always going to be easy for us who remember 1917 to watch the boys go off for a year in camp—I've got two young fellows of my own and I know—but, after all, it's not to war and it should be the best thing in the world for most of them. Of course, it's not their fault, it's nobody's fault, but look around you today. The kids don't know what to do with themselves. There aren't enough jobs to go around somehow and so there's a lot of idleness when, at their age, there ought to be ambition and hard work.

"Discipline, that's what they need more than anything else and that's what they're going to be getting. Discipline and work. A year of that'll toughen their minds and bodies. If it takes their senses, too, make them keener, more alive. But most important of all for the day when their stretch is over, they will be coming out with an improvised experience they've never had before and it'll be a heck of a lot easier for them to find jobs when they have to start looking around again. You'll see, they'll be braver, and a lot, it's important in their ability to do a good day's work.

"It won't come so easy, perhaps, to those who are already pretty well set in careers of their own, but even they will find something in this free association of all kinds and conditions, living, working, playing to- gether, sharing the daily ups and downs, Shouldering their common responsibilities, they couldn't possibly be finding at home. It'll be a new kind of job, granted, but it'll be worth it. Hard, fit, a few of the rough edges rubbed off, they should be ready to take whatever they have to run up against and just use, one of this draft business I think you'll be finding things a whole of a lot different the next ten years, or so.

"It's all the case of swimming with the stream. If you try to swim against it, you may find yourself just where you were—or a little further down stream—and all worn out at the end of the day. It's an opportunity. Take it and make the most of it.

"Few people associate acting with the Army, but it's where a lot of my experience came from. I'd been given parts in some of the school plays at KingsTech back in Cambridge and later had appeared some in small-time vaudeville and musical comedy before I joined up. When they found out, they gave me a chance to appear in some of the company and regi- mental shows. So you see, it was a lot of being in the Army besides toting a rifle, and almost anybody can find something along his line.

The day after war was declared, Walter Brennan promptly joined up in Boston as a buck private in the 101st Regiment of Field Artillery, and in the old 26th Division of the A.E.F. During the next two years he spent nineteen months in France, nine of which were right up there in the front line trenches, bearing the brunt of one heavy attack after another. Among the battles in which he saw action were Chateau Thierry, St. Mihiel and the Argonne Forest. As a result he was hospitalized several times and at one time he was fed such a steady dose of the poison that he lost all his teeth and so he has to wear a rack. He has since found a real help in playing old men. By the time he was mustered out at the end of his duties, he had risen to the rank of corporal. "They'd kid me when the other corporals by then," is the way he puts it, "so it was my turn."

All this incessant action, the rough discipline, the neglect at the front, living so long in the very thick of danger, did something to the restless young man from Swampscott, Mass., who had joined up as a lark. I promised myself solemnly that if ever I was lucky enough to get out of that war in one hunk, I'd lead a quiet, re- spective life and be in bed by 8 P.M. every night.

And he did. Directly on receiving his discharge he set down for just that—writing for a financial paper in Boston. He got his first break with Wells from nearby Salem. She's still his wife after twenty-one years, a living reflec- tion of the Hollywood legend. They have three children, two boys still living on a ranch large enough for his oldest son, "Mike," to belong to the 4-H Club. Walter didn't come and fight from the financial journal in Boston to the top character parts in Hollywood. There were a couple of years of raising pineapples in Guatemala, a film and real estate boom in Los Angeles and, then, when that col- lapsed so abruptly in 1923, a long spell of haunting the movie studio gates for extra work.

It was during that spell that he met up with another young fellow named Gary Cooper, and the discouraging experiences they shared for the next few months formed the basis for a friendship that has ripened through the years and helps ex- plain Walter's prominence in the cast of so many of Gary Cooper pictures you've been seeing.

It was his playing, incidentally, in one of those earlier Cooper pictures—"The Winning Night"—that got him up and out of the ranks of the extras. Audiences and Sam Goldwyn discovered him simultaneously and he was signed to a long-term contract that is still in force. The only supporting player to do it, he's won the Oscar twice, the first time in 1926 for his work in "The Winning Night," the second two years later in "Kentucky," and he is justly proud of these honors Hollywood awards own.

The true actor, a man whose arts are in constant motion as he talks and expressions come and go across the mobile face that has lent itself to so many characteriza- tions. Bits out of his past kept cropping up in the conversation and he rambled on from one little anecdote to another. Those first tenderfoot days in the Army, his hopes dashed, his young energy spent, his body with the restrictions of military lan- guage, always a puzzle to him, his later efforts to curb a restless temperament to the mundane demands of financial re- porting—when the respectable side extra came in, now, for its reminiscent chuckle or two. Always it was the droll, the humorous, that he brought out from that past varied of his. Nothing had made him bitter. He had a way of pointing up the most unlikely experience so that it
took on an entertaining slant all its own.

It became increasingly obvious, however, that outside of his family, acting was the one serious concern with him. He had a way of coming right back to that. And so I questioned him on how he went about getting certain effects of—well, call it "character in action" for want of any better name.

"The camera doesn't miss a thing," he told me, "it gets everything from the ears up. You've got to think your part through and then live it out under the lights. You have to forget yourself and what you had for breakfast. You have to forget everything but the man you're supposed to be, and every day, until the picture is finished and put on the shelf, you've got to remain that same man, not his brother, not yourself, but that one particular man you're giving life to on the film."

"A week before a picture begins," he went on, "I'll take my script home and go over it thoroughly, page by page, scene by scene, getting closer and closer to the new character until I gradually feel that man is myself. Each character is different from all the others. He has different ways of thinking, of dressing, of carrying himself, and his own way of reacting to certain situations. I try to make that man's personality mine and see things as he would until I've found just the way he, and he alone, would express himself in action."

In "Maryland" it came out in the walk, somehow. In "The Westerner" there was something about the sharp eyes, even the eyebrows, that made you see and feel what had made the killer Judge the kind of man he was.

Perhaps it's this sympathy and understanding for others that enables him to make friends so easily. Or it may be the other way around. But Walter Brennan does have a way of hanging on to his friends. He told me of a young doctor in Presque Isle, Maine, who operated on him back in 1916. He never saw the man again, but they've exchanged Christmas cards every year since, even during those years he was abroad with his mind, presumably on grimmer things. And, incidentally, there are scores of friends from those old Army days he still hears from every now and then.

"The Army sure was a lot of fun," he resumed, as the talk jumped all the way back to our original topic. "Some of the boys are due for a big surprise when their turn comes and they find out what it's really like. Hard? Heck, yes! Plenty demanding, too. But so is anything else that's any good. But if they'll be like those Fuller Brush salesmen I was just telling you about, a lot of them are going to find right there in camp the chance they've been looking for, that chance to show what they've got. They're going to discover, a lot of them, unexpected skill for things they'd never have tried out back home. And some of the boys, more than you might think, are going to like it so well that they'll just hang around after their stretch is over and join up again for more of the same. There's something about the life that's apt to get you, maybe it's the friends you make, the new ideas about life you're picking up all the time. And a lot of the others are going to get their start, are going to be given some real training they never had before, and those boys will have something new to offer when they get out. After all, a year's not so long when a fellow's young." He grinned across at me, blue eyes very warm and friendly, as he added, "Yes, sir. It'll be worth watching for, the difference, in the next few years."

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Mary Martin, who attended one of the recent film openings with her husband, Richard Holliday, above, smiles at the fans who were on hand to catch a glimpse of the stars.

SCREENLAND 83
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Ray Milland’s hobby is woodwork and he has turned out many fine pieces, most of which are in use in his home. All right, Milland is shown working on a lathe in the shop in his Beverly Hills home.

Beginning Ray Milland's Romantic Life Story
Continued from page 33

...a jewel in the making. She reminded him that he’d always been seasick on boats. Oh, not on this boat he wouldn’t. This boat was different. Besides, think of all the fresh air they'd get!

He rushed the job through. Life was arid till he could step foot on his own craft. The builders were hearings the day it was launched, having worked through a forty-eight-hour stretch. The Millands went off on a weekend cruise. What with taxis dodging in and out of the harbor, the buoy breaking loose, and other complications unforeseen by the captain, he was up all night. Next day he showed at the shipyards, “I want you to sell my boat.” He shrugged off the answering clamor with a scowl. “I just don’t like fighting!”

It’s the incurable romantic in Milland that precipitates these moves. A boat conjures up an image of poetry on water, and the obstacles between him and achievement of that image fade out. By the same token, a pair of ice-skates in a showcase will bring a vision of himself skimming over ice. So he’ll buy them, though he doesn’t skate.

There was the time when money was scarce and Ray came home, bearing a gem-studded accordion, price $325, which had taken his eye in a shop window. Fifteen dollars down, a contract signed, and the treasure was his. “What are you going to do with it?” asked his wife. “Learn to play it.” Two days later he sneaked back to the shop, left the accordion on the counter, and skipped. He never found out why they didn’t dàn him.

There was also the time when Mrs. Milland opened the door to a man who said, "Where shall I put the horse?"

"What horse?"

"Mr. Milland ordered a horse."

"Just take it away quietly," she whispered. "And later, "Did you order a horse, Jack?"

"Oh, not exactly. Just said I thought I might be able to use one.”

Incidentally, he does know what to do with a horse. He could probably give points to a circus- rider. But their living quarters had been fashioned to accommodate nothing more ambitious in four feet than a Scottie.

He knows what to do with an airplane too. Mrs. Milland found herself seated beside Ruth Elder one day at a country club luncheon. "Your husband was out looking at my plane," said Miss Elder pleasantly. Mal turned hot and cold, "He seems bent on buying it, though it's not a very good plane."

"I’ll tell him you said so,” Mal interposed hastily.

"Oh, I’ve told him that, but he seems to think it’s a bargain."

Mal rests her hopes in the difficulty of buying a plane out of a limited spending allowance for extras.

Mal is short for Murid. Hollywood pays her the highest compliment within its gift by saying "there’s nothing Hollywood about her." She has a lovely face, framed in prematurely gray hair, and a lovelier smile. Her eyes have the candor of a child’s, and her voice is a throaty contralto, easy on the ears. People who know her well say she belongs on top of a Christmas tree. Ray says he never wanted or expected to marry until he met her. He calls him Jack, because he was christened Reginald, which sissy name he so loathed from childhood that, when he could, he’d pass himself off as Jack. She thinks it’s a wife’s first job to make her husband happy and sees nothing revolutionary in the idea, even in Hollywood. On the contrary, she calls it enlightened selfishness. Unless he’s happy, she’s not.

He’s a fellow of quirks, unpredictably sunny or morose. X finds him charming, Y finds him churlish, the difference generally lying in the difference he finds between X and Y. He likes whom he likes, and whom he doesn’t he turns his back on, a rare enough kind of honesty in the movie colony. He’s been called anti-social which, in Hollywoodese, means that you don’t want to be entirely surrounded by people. He says that a lot of them around all the time give him claustrophobia.

This has caused Mal her awkward moments, but through the years she’s adjusted herself. He’ll come home from the studio to a dinner party of six arranged weeks before, and demand in an aggrieved roar why she always wants to fill the house with people. Or due at a dinner party
themselves, she'll find herself obliged to phone excuses at the last moment. This no longer bothers her. Their intimates know and understand Jack, and the rest don't matter. A rabid reader, he'll sit among a roomful of talkers with his nose in a book, or retire at ten with a jovial, "Glad I don't have to go out into the cold like you fellows." "He means it, too," says Mal, softly, "Don't think for a minute he's being funny." On the other hand, they'll go to a party with Ray sternly insisting before they set out on leaving early. It will then happen that his wife can't drag him away till cockcrow.

He's the original "far-fields-are-green-est" kid. He started running away at seven, not from anything, but toward some imagined enchantment. His childhood was befuddled by an itch to find out what was at the end of the street or round the other side of the mountain. In Neath, his birthplace, church kept three times on Sundays. The first morning he was sent alone, he headed for the seashore, where a policeman found him at sunset and carried him home. He took his family for granted. His only brother died at the age of five. His three younger sisters were useful to wheedle coppers out of, but otherwise non-existent. He was too wrapped up in himself, he'll tell you, to bother about anyone else. His mother spelled protection, his father discipline. He continued to run away regularly on Sundays and go supperless to bed, which hurt his mother more than it did him. With her it was a system. The moment he appeared in the policeman's tow, she'd make a great stir about packing him off to bed, "and no supper, mind you." This was so the world could bear witness, when father came home, that Reg had been punished, thus averting more severe and rigorous measures at the paternal hand.

Came the time when father caught up with his son. Tired of running away on two feet and getting nowhere, he and a friend laid plans to depart on a boat. They took food, but no water, and crawled into hiding at five one evening. As they heard the masts creak and felt the ship bob and sway, their young hearts swelled to adventure. At dawn they peered out. The bobbing and swaying had been caused by outgoing tides. They were still fast to the

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Ona Munson, who's appearing in "Lady from New Orleans," gets ready to pour a glass of her favorite and refreshing soft drink.

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SCREENLAND

Wharf. Food gone, throatcs parched, life a husk, they crept home. Ray really got it that time—with a smoking-fork four feet long, the first thing his father could lay hands on. Next day he was gazing into the window of a shipping agency, wondering how long it would take him to coax enough pennies from his sisters for passage to Canada at seventeen pounds ten. Canada and Texas were his Meccas. He read all the Westerns he could lay hands on, and cried his heart out one night because the cowboys in his current opus didn’t wear guns.

His taste for travel was gratified in a minor way when his father, an industrial engineer, moved the family to Cardiff for business reasons. School absorbed him for a while. Adventures of the mind compensated for the lack of physical adventure. A brilliant student, he was entered for Kings College at twelve and a hall, with other advanced students too young to go to the university. Presently he was fifteen, still too young for Cambridge, and with feet thatitched all the more for their long immaturity. His uncle owned a small shipping line that traded in the Mediterranean. He coaxed his father to let him go as a cabin boy. It wasn’t the sea that lured him, but the sound of faraway places and the smell of strange ports. Indeed, he soon got his fill of sailing. The Mediterranean venture was followed by a cruise to Australia with his mother, on the understanding that he would ship back from Port Lincoln as member of the crew of a five-master. The privations and terrors of that trip round dreaded Cape Horn, with two boys washed overboard—one under his horrified eyes—gave him an appreciation of commonplace earth that he’d lacked before.

Milland the elder, pleased that his scheme had worked, beamed approval as the returned rover took his exams, passed them and entered Cambridge. He stayed exactly six months, having reached the considered conclusion that four years was an awful jump out of a man’s life and that precious little learning was done at Cambridge anyway. His long-suffering parent was understandably outraged. “Well, what in the name of God do you want to do?”

“I’d like to try the army.”

The next several years proved completely satisfying. After eight months In the Cheshire Yeomanry, he was accepted for the Household Cavalry, the King’s personal bodyguard on state occasions. As a member of that traditionally romantic organization, he was in social demand—a demand which his personal dash did nothing to weaken. He wore eye-filling uniforms, as becoming to him as hell was to them. He went to riding school and became an expert horseman. He went to Eton and became a connoisseur of wine, women and song. His father, relieved to have got his chiseling child settled, supplemented his pay with an allowance. He had a whole whale of a time, but the battle crash hit his father. Among other luxuries, one cavalrwoman had to be dropped from the budget. At twenty-one, without money, job or profession, Ray was catapulted from glamour into reality.

One evening the phone rang in the flat of Estelle Brody, an English actress now married in Hollywood. A friend was asking if he could bring a young man around, said young man being on her uppers, untrained as a lover, so the only thing left was the stage. The friend was prayerful and persistent. Ray arrived, accompanied by something resplendent in tails and a dark male attractiveness. “Is this what needs a job?” gasped Miss Brody. Presumed at length that the tails represented a last faint glimmer of glory, she told him to meet her at the studio next morning.

Bette Davis and Arthur Parnsworth are pictured cutting the wedding cake following their surprise marriage. Watch for our next month’s fictionization of Bette’s new film, “The Bride Came C. O. D.”, which co-stars Jimmy Cagney.

He was engaged for the day as atmosphere. “Where’s your makeup?” bellowed who fixed a sixpence to the linen. It was therefore custom-tailored for him. He managed to get himself a spot with a small provincial company, where they taught him to walk across the stage instead of running like hell for the nearest exit. Returned to Canada, he talked an agent into handling him.

“I can’t get you another sharpshooter,” he heard the agent saying over the phone one day. “What do you want me to do? Pick one off a telegraph post?”

“Who wants a sharpshooter?” asked Ray. The agent named a director who was making a picture called “The Intruder.” The German sharpshooter he’d hired was down with pneumonia. “I’m going after that job,” said Ray.

“Hey, they want a real sharpshooter,” the agent yelled after him.

“I’m pretty good,” Ray yelled back.

The director asked for his credentials. “What do you mean, credentials? I was British Army champion for three years.”

“You’re not a professional?”

“Your don’t have to be a professional to be good.”

They escorted him to a set forty feet long. They decorated it with long hair, aquariums, tropical fish, etc. He was given an automatic rifle, which had fourteen shots in it. Ray took one shot. The direction was perfect he elevation low. He adjusted his arm and shot the other thirteen into one and the same hole. The effect was spectacular. They thought he was William Tell. He was given to his job. However, he didn’t have to. He was given the job at eleven dollars a day.
One morning he was standing on a parallel fixed outside the set, ready to initiate a machine gun shooting through the window. From below a voice asked what he was doing. "Just standing around." "When do you break for lunch?" "About an hour." "Put on some dirty makeup and a muffler round your throat, and come over to the other set, I want to make a test."

On the other set they gave him no lines. "Just act tough," they said. He used all the language he'd learned in barracks and stables, and it was apparently quite adequate.

"The leading man broke his leg," they told him. "Report at three." Characteristically, only then did he remember that he had another job. Characteristically, he expected the other director to be thrown into transports of joy by his good fortune. He was honestly amazed at the storm that broke over his head. Eventually it was settled. He was to do all the necessary shooting during his lunch hour. For fourteen weeks he ate no lunch.

The picture completed, he was signed to a six months' contract, drew his pay and did nothing. (Hollywood has no monopoly on that trick.) He improved his time by taking tap lessons. One afternoon he was tapping alone at the studio, feeling none too bright, for his contract was up next day. A couple of men walked in, stood around, walked out. He paid them no heed, intent on his feet and his troubles. The manager presently appeared. "You've got an audition tomorrow. Be here promptly at eleven."

"With whom? Mickey Mouse?"

"Didn't you talk to Mr. Charlot?"

Ray's feet came to rest. Give it to me again, and give it to me gently, brother."

"Charlot was in here, fathead, and wants you at the Hippodrome tomorrow."

At nine thirty he phoned the studio. They regretted, etc.—his option would not be renewed. At eleven he entered the Hippodrome—best suit, brand new tap shoes, under his arm a ditty called Lucky Me! Lovable You. The place swarmed with professionals, Milland's name was called. He handed his dinky roll to the pianist, "Lucky me, lovable you," he warbled, his voice rising to heights beyond his control.

He stopped the slaughter himself. "Let's go into the dance."

Brenda Joyce is another Hollywood girl who recently took the moral step. This picture of Brenda and her good-looking husband, Owen Ward, was taken shortly after their marriage.

"Jane Russell and Jack Bueci
in Howard Hughes' "The Outlaw." For romantic hands, use Jergens Lotion.

Screenland
Deep Sea

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"Back?" inquired the obliging pianist. Ray didn't know what back meant. He started a soft shoe. His rhythm was all right, the pianist's was too, but they had no meeting ground. "Hell, I quit," snarled Ray and walked off.

A soft voice in an iron glove called him back. Mr. Charlot addressed him from the pit. "Where are your manners, young man? In this profession, you do as you're told. If you're not good enough, you're not good enough, and it's for me to say. Dance, please."

The pianist played it differently. Ray danced and began to enjoy it. Charlot signed him for three revues. He'd been rehearsing a week for the first one, when lightning struck again. An American, lunching like himself at the Carlton, kept eying him and finally came over. "Are you an actor? Pictures? How many?"

"Just one," said Ray and named it.

Early the following morning the phone rang. J. Robert Rubin of Metro was calling. Could Mr. Milland stop in to see him at ten?

Mr. Rubin said, "I ran that picture of yours yesterday afternoon. I think you have possibilities. Here's a five-year contract, starting at one fifty and going up to eighty fifty. You'll have to sail for the States next Wednesday."

Undeterred by the spectre of Mr. Charlot and his contract, Ray signed, then paused for reflection. "Wait a minute. I've got a contract. Never mind." He grinned his most brilliant and patted Mr. Rubin's shocked shoulder. "I'll get out of it."

Mr. Charlot was very pleasant and equally firm. He had no intention of re-leasing Mr. Milland. On that note the interview began and ended. All the blandishments, hitherto so effective, proved sterile here. To another man, it would have been apparent that he'd struck rock. Ray dashed up and down London, routing out friends who loved him and knew Mr. Charlot. A day or two later he was summoned to the presence, who spoke in the measured tones of wrath controlled, "Young man, you've set all London storming at my doors. In self-defense, I shall tear up your contract, providing you pay fifty pounds to the Actors' Orphanage."

He had to borrow eleven to make up the fifty. That night he phoned Estelle Brody. "Come out and have some champagne with me."

"At this hour?"

"It's to celebrate. I'm going to Hollywood."

"When?"

"Next Wednesday on the Majestic."

"I don't believe it. Have you got your quota number?"

"What's a quota number? I'll get it tomorrow if I must. Tonight's for champagne."

Next morning he presented himself at the consulate. "I'm going to America and I want a quota number." The girl at the desk handed him an interminable form to fill in. This he regarded as a nuisance, but obliged. He was told to report to the doctor for a physical examination. "All right. Now look, I'm leaving next Wednesday on the Majestic—"

She lifted tranquil eyes. "No, you're not, sonny. You won't get your quota number for six months."

That stopped sonny but not for long. He leaned his elbow on the desk, his cheek on his elbow, and went to work on the girl. That night an actor took her out dancing—wait'll I tell you, girls—and didn't get home till four A.M. But when the Majestic sailed the following Wednesday, he was on it.

What happened to our hero in Hollywood?

Read the second instalment of "Ray Milland's Romantic Life Story" in the next issue of SCREENLAND.
Store Directory

Fashions featured on Pages 62 and 63 will be found in the following stores and in others in principal cities throughout the country.

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Why Arthur Murray Dance Teachers Prefer Odorono Cream

WHEN you teach dancing for a living, you can’t take chances with daintiness! That’s why these glamorous girls who teach dancing in Arthur Murray’s famous Studios are so crazy about the new Odorono Cream. They can put it on and dance without fear of underarm odor or dampness!

Non-irritating, you can use Odorono Cream right after shaving. Non-gritty, it’s smooth as satin. Non-greasy, it’s harmless to fabrics. Yet one quick application checks underarm perspiration safely 1 to 3 days! Get a jar of Odorono Cream today! The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

Screenland 89
Inside the Stars' Home

Continued from page 15

You see, Jackie Cooper has his own band, so when we go there couples usually break out and dance in his playroom, but it's a big place. When I'm entertaining any great number, I take them to Lakeside Golf Club, where we can swim or play golf or something. Here we seem to talk a lot. Or maybe we're just at the talking age!

Bonita is certain that her mother is the clearest person in the whole world and just as sure that she will be exactly like her mother! She exclaimed: "We simply must have a bathroom for every bedroom. If we only had three bedrooms, we'd have three bathrooms, too, we used to say, when we were drawing up plans. Now everybody laughs at my bathroom, so it's enormous that it's a chore to keep it immaculate. But I'm mad about it. It's pale blue with silver fish swimming around on the walls, a sunken tub, shower and whatnot. Then, another bathroom is dark red and white, rather stunning, we think."

The pink tufted satin bed is in a Louis XV room of delicate pastels. It looks just as you'd expect Bonita's room to look—a perfect background for a blonde.

The "gang" is composed of most of the young players who worked in "Gallant Sons" and includes also members of Jackie Cooper's band, Judy Garland and other young Hollywoodians. They like to come by twos, threes, fours and sometimes more, to talk over pictures, to talk over the world, to talk about "life." They usually make candy, stir up a favorite dessert, or just rob the ice-box.

"The gang's most favorite food is charcoal broiled steak," related Bonita. "But we also broil chickens on charcoal, and you've never tasted anything until you've had a charcoal broiled chicken! I can't cook—except fudge—and when we're together, the boys usually do the broiling. It's enough to drive any cook crazy to hear the kids' orders. 'I want my steak nice and brown on the outside but real red on the inside, Yet not raw.' somebody will say, and the next one wants a fine buttery crust on his, and another wants it well-done with the juice running out. Oh, we have lots of fun!"

A member of the gang, duly entertained, provided the recipe for charcoal broiled chicken:

**CHARCOAL BROILED CHICKEN**

Have broiler split in two and back-bone and breast taken out. Make broiler seasoning of salt, pepper and paprika and Wessons oil. Rub the chicken well and put it on the broiler away from charcoal so it does not burn. Brown well, both sides, cook about 20 minutes.

"With the steak or chicken we have French fried potatoes, green string beans, green salads and dessert. Of course, if I'm entertaining more than half a dozen, we serve buffet style, with cold meats, a hot dish that is sometimes just a hot vegetable, salads, several kinds, and ice cream and cake."

"I know a dish the kids are crazy about! Fish Puffs, we call it, and we serve them for buffet supper, Sunday morning breakfast, luncheon, or whatever."

**FISH PUDDS**

1 cup celery (chopped fine)
1 small green pepper, chopped
1 cup buttered dry bread crumbs
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter
1 cup Carnation evaporated milk
Arrange corn, celery, pepper and crumbs in layers in a buttered baking dish. Scald milk, add butter and milk and pour over vegetables. Cover with crumbs and bake 30 to 40 minutes at 325°. Eight servings.

Bonita Granville loves to have fresh flowers around the house and here she's arranging some for the living room. Members of the "gang" like to take turns playing the piano while all the others gather around and sing.
"Mother thinks every girl should learn how to run a home and how to do everything in it before she marries," she confided. "And Mother and I think alike about most things. I am sure that the reason Mother gets on so well with housekeepers and maids is because they respect her. They know that she can do everything she asks them to do, and she can show them how to do what she asks, if they can't do it. I want to be like that. At the moment, my one cooking triumph is a special kind of fudge. I'll make some for you now. Jackie thinks it's because I put baking powder in more than it's extra-special. But anyway, this is it."

**BONITA FUDGE**

1 cup brown sugar  
1 cup white sugar  
1/4 cup milk  
1 piece butter  
1 teaspoon vanilla (Burnett's)  
2 squares Baker's chocolate  
1 teaspoon baking powder (Royal)  
Nuts

Shave the chocolate into the sugar, cream butter and sugar, add milk. When on the fire, stir as little as possible. Remove from fire when it forms a soft ball in water. Beat fluffy, then add baking powder and vanilla after the candy is cooked, while beating. Pour over nuts in a buttered pan.

Bonita put on a fluffly apron to make the fudge in her yellow-and-white kitchen. Over the making, she decided not to marry for three or four years yet, because a girl of twenty-one or two might change her mind on the subject of men. "But if I still feel the same next year, I'd know I wouldn't change," she added, somewhat vaguely, with a bright blush.

If you want to please a young crowd, you should specialize in really yummy candy, according to Bonita. Here are some of the Granville candies that are welcomed by Bonita's gang.

**LEMON CIRCLES**

Stir together 2 cups sugar, 1/4 cup water and 4 tablespoons lemon juice. Boil without stirring to the firm ball stage. Chill and beat until the mixture begins to have a cloudy appearance. Add yellow coloring. Drop in circles on waxed paper.

**PRALINES**

1 pound brown sugar  
1 cup pecans  
1 teaspoon butter  
1/2 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla  
1/2 cup water

Boil water and sugar together until it forms a soft ball in water (238 degrees). Remove from fire and add vanilla and butter. Beat until it thickens somewhat, then add nuts and heat vigorously until the mixture begins to form a ball. Quickly drop by spoonfuls onto thick waxed paper. Distribute the nuts well when dropping the mixture. Makes 12 pralines.

**CARAMEL APPLES**

2 cups white sugar  
1 cup brown sugar  
1/4 cup Karo white corn syrup  
1/4 cup butter  
1 teaspoon salt  
1/2 cup water or top milk  
2 teaspoons Burnett's vanilla

Combine all ingredients except vanilla in heavy saucepan and place over low heat and cook slowly to 240 degrees F. until a firm ball is formed when a little of the mixture is dropped into cold water. Stir almost constantly to prevent scorching. An asbestos mat under the pan will also help to keep it from scorching.

Remove the mixture from the heat, add vanilla, and cool until it thickens somewhat. Have the apples washed and well-chopped topieces, and also have a stout wooden spoon inserted into the stem end of each apple to form a handle.

Quickly dip each apple into the caramel mixture and place until the apple is evenly covered. Drain on waxed paper.

This will make enough caramel mixture to cover 6 to 9 apples, depending on the size.

"There's a candy-cake-bar that we all like a lot, called Dream Bars," added my hostess. "Do try it. We're all mad about it!"

**DREAM BARS**

1/2 cup butter  
1/2 cup sugar (brown)  
1 cup flour

Mix together till it's a crumbly mass and put into a large flat pan covering the bottom. Bake in a moderate oven 375 degrees for 10 minutes. Set aside to cool.

2 eggs  
1 teaspoon Burnett's vanilla  
1 1/2 cups coconut  
1 cup chopped nuts  
1 cup brown sugar  
1 teaspoon Royal Baking powder  
2 tablespoons flour

Beat eggs, vanilla and sugar together. Mix flour, salt and baking powder; sift over coconut and nuts. When add to egg mixture and pour onto the baked crust, spreading evenly, and bake 375 degrees for 20 minutes. Cool and cut in bars.

**SCREENLAND**

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**SILVER SCREEN**

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Now on sale at your newsstand
in the past. Exclusion was its significance then; inclusion is its significance today. Be sure to eat what you need in your diet, but not what you don't need.

The second ingredient is exercise. Exercise is the boon that enables you to eat it off here and put it on there, or to take it off and throw it away. You can work on a part of you, your hips, for example, your arms, your legs, or wherever you are a little overdone, and you needn't disturb the good parts, if you know what you are doing. Exercise is also a wonderfully stimulating. It is an eye-opener, and even the perfect girl should know a few good toning up movements to keep her bright-eyed and alert and to assure her good lines remaining as they are.

The third step of the recipe is posture, because you can instantly do many wonderful and interesting things, such as replacing a too prominent rear with a gently curved line, raising a chest so that you have a clear-cut, sculptured effect, instead of a snug little mufflough effect. In fact, you can make yourself look taller and lither, even when you are not, and add all kinds of fascinating facets to your personality.

With correct choice of clothes, you can create good optical illusions. This is particularly important when your figure difficulty is one that simply cannot be remedied, like a large-boned frame, lack of height, too much height, etc. Line, design and color help you out here.

Good sense about yourself will do wonders. It will enable you to rejoice when you improve even a little; to console you when you realize you simply can't do anything about the hips from the front view, because bones, not flesh, give them that width. It will enable you to take what you have and make the best of it, and enjoy doing the best you can.

If you can, by all means join a class or group for figure improvement. "Schools" for this purpose have sprung up like mushrooms all over the country in larger cities, and have been very successful because there was a crying need for them. The advantage of these organized groups is that you get individual analysis and advice and instruction. You do what is right for you, without giving a hang what your neighbor does. This puts the problem of your figure may be entirely different from your own.

Another's keen, trained eyes sees you as you should, but is, rather than your own, probably pretty bilged and biased about yourself. Then, there is the incentive of fair competition. And do we like this? Remember school when you could do something better than anybody else and made no bones about it? Then, too, group work is fun. You don't mind that first bit of body suffering over the humbling exercise if the others are suffering, too. In fact, it's funny. In fact, it's funnier than you think if you could stand at the sidelines and look on. But seriously, even a short regimen of this sort can work wonders. It can teach you exactly how to do for yourself. The results I have witnessed have been truly inspiring, and I say this practically all I know who have gone in for this work have continued in the straight and narrow, literally, long after the drill work was over. Fees for such classes vary, but are well within the reach of working girls as well as leisure girls.

If you can't join a class, look first to your diet, fat, lean or middling. Because diet becomes your health, beauty and energy. A book can hardly cover the subject fully, so at best let me give you a sample of a sane reducing diet, and with imagination and a little knowledge, I hope you can fill in from here on. No starvation, remember, in fact, probably more food value than you've been receiving, but also less fat building and storing food. Begin with a breakfast of a medium glass of fruit or vegetable juice, or melon in season.

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**MUSIC COMPOSED TO POEMS**

Send poem for consideration. Rhyming pattern is free. Phonograph transcription $7.00 from your word and music manuscript. Any subject considered, Love, Home, Sacred, Swing.

KEENAN'S MUSIC SERVICE

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**Did "Diamond Jim" Have Stomach or Ulcer Pains?**

It is hardly likely that Diamond Jim Brady could have eaten so voraciously if he suffered after-eating pains. Sufferers who have to pay the penalty of stomach or ulcer pains, indigestion, gas pains, heartburn, burning sensation, belch and other conditions caused by excess acid should try a 25c box of Udga Tablets. They must help or money refunded. At drug stores everywhere.

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**Screenland**

Continued from page 61

**YOU'LL LIKE IT, BABY-ONEIDA'S ON THE BACK**

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**Re-Design Your Figure**

Go on to perhaps a boiled or scrambled egg, whole wheat toast with a little butter (you must have some, about half a pat), and end with black coffee. Vary this menu with a slice of bacon, instead of the egg, or dry cereal with fruit over it, in place of the bacon, egg and toast, and so on. A typical luncheon might consist of vegetable soup, a Swiss cheese and ham sandwich on whole wheat or rye toast, a glass of skimmed milk or tea with little sugar. Sometimes, you may want just a big fresh fruit or vegetable salad, with a glass of milk or tea. For dressing, use the usual French dressing recipe, substituting mineral oil for olive oil.

A good dinner might well be any roast meat, with the fat removed such as beef, lamb, chicken, etc., or broiled fish, with two green vegetables, a small hard roll or whole wheat bread with a little butter, a light dessert like fresh fruit, ice cream, etc., and a demi-tasse for a filip. Eat potatoes, say twice a week, but not too large a serving. Include a light salad, if you wish, and very moderate servings of your favorite desserts if not too rich just now and then. These will make you feel better emotionally, by not too much denial. Perhaps from these sketchy outlines, you can further embroider the diet pattern. And now for work—exercise. First, be
Rage in Heaven

Continued from page 59

He didn't seem to need anyone but himself. Philip had been away travelling on the continent when she had first come to the big house in Chasingford as secretary and companion to Mrs. Monrell, the widowed lady of the house, which dominated the town. Mrs. Monrell lived only for her son, but after the girl had been with her only a few days she had seemed to take Steel very heart too, almost as if she were her daughter.

Stella had felt she had come to know Philip then even before she met him through a chance to know how much he was of his own ability, how deeply his sense of inferiority was rooted in him. "Ever since my husband died, my son has relived on me, on my will, absolutely," Mrs. Monrell told her once. "A boy like Philip is only half a man when he has no woman to lean on. Life has taught me one thing, Stella—women should care for the men who need them. At heart we women are all mothers. Don't you agree with me?"

Something in the urgency of her voice, her agitation, perhaps the conversation, went much deeper than its usual implications. She knew then Mrs. Monrell wanted her to marry Philip, and the knowledge disturbed her a little. "When the naughty boy comes back, and do you know, Stellas, I haven't heard from him for weeks, I'm going to have him take over the steel works. He has no interest in work at all. But I've borne the responsibility long enough. It's time he settled down into being a man."

There was nothing of Philip's indecision in Mrs. Monrell. Before she left for Africa Philip had taken his reluctant place as the head of the mills and he had married Stella. But there had been nothing reluctant about his marriage. He had been eager, almost too eager. Sometimes his impetuous lovemaking, his ardor almost frightened her. But most of the time he was so warm and grateful for his love.

Stella tried to throw off her feeling of uneasiness but after a day or two the idea of the office had stuck in her mind. She couldn't find the kitten any place something almost like panic tore through her. She went through the house like a demented fanatic, she searched, opened cupboards, closets, any door which might have been inadvertently closed on it. The kitten had never been out of doors before but she made a thorough search of the garden after she had looked in vain in the attic and cellar. Then when it had all proved futile and she came into the house again, Philip called her and she tried to hold back her agitation as she told him about it. Philip hated anyone else to be excited.

"That's terrible," he had said. And was she imagining it, or was there a new confidence in his voice, something that sounded almost hopeful? "Satisfaction. "Don't you say, darling. I'm sure he'll come back. I know how much you love him."

But the kitten was still missing when she left to call for Philip at the mills. She had caught a glimpse of Philip sitting at his desk as she was walking down the corridor leading to his office. Suddenly his manner became cold and short as he turned the office telephone, ordering the office manager and the chief engineer to come to him at once. Stella smiled tenderly, realizing he had been so absorbed in his sudden outburst of executive officiousness had been assumed to impress her. Dear Philip! Didn't he know there was no need to impress her?

But when he began talking to the men...
"RAGE IN HEAVEN"

[A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture]

Produced by Gottfried Reinhardt. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Screen play by Christopher Isherwood and Robert Thoeren. Based on the novel by James Hilton.

Philip Morell...Robert Montgomery
Stelle Bergen.........Ingrid Bergman
Ward Anderson.........George Sanders
Mrs. Morell..........Lucille Watson
Dr. Rameau............Osar Homolka
Mr. Higgins............Philip Merivale
Rahmoohan........Matthew Boulton
Clark..................Aubrey Mather

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This Old Treatment Often
Brings Happy Relief

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“Philip, I love you,” she said slowly, and for the first time she knew she was saying it truly about herself. She had so often said it to convince him.

“We’ve been all alone here,” Philip said looking at her with strange, speculative eyes. “You’ve often said that, hasn’t she?” he asked, and when he said it, you’ve had no one else but me. But suppose Ward were to come here, suppose—”

Suddenly Stella felt as if she couldn’t stand the thought of Ward! Ward! Ward! Always Ward! Her words came wildly, “If you can’t rid yourself of that idea, you’ll—” She stopped, horrified of what she had been going to say, knowing that in that moment she had really thought it, but Philip kept looking at her with that quiet smile on his lips.

“I’ll go mad,” she said simply, “Is that what you wanted to say?”

“Very well,” Stella felt as if she had reached the end of her endurance. Her words came recklessly and without thinking, “I’ll tell you something. When I first met Ward I thought he was charming—and perhaps he was interested in me, I’m not sure. But I married you, didn’t I?”

“So he was interested in you!” Philip said almost exultantly. “I knew it all the time!”

“Philip!” Stella said sharply, “I want you to promise me one thing. Don’t ever mention Ward’s name again!”

“I promise.” He was still smiling as he took her in his arms, as his lips pressed against her eyelids, her forehead, her cheek. “Tell me again,” he said.

“I love you,” Stella said in a small toneless voice, and she closed her eyes against his eyes, burning now with his love for her, against his lips seeking hers so frantically.

She had been unable to sleep that night, torn between her grief and her fears, but in the morning when she found Philip his old, amusing self she felt that her distress about the kitten had unnerved her. It was silly of her to have felt that way about Philip, she decided, and when he called her to tell her he was bringing a guest home for dinner she put on her prettiest evening dress to please him. It wasn’t until she saw him that she realized that Philip’s guest was—Ward!

“Are you pleased with my surprise, Stella?” Philip demanded enthusiastically.

“Of course I am,” she forced herself to be casual as if nothing had happened as if she didn’t see Philip watching her in that wary, suspicious way. “How do you do, Mr. Andrews.”

“Why all this formality?” Philip laughed. “Surely you haven’t forgotten his Christian name. I’ve never really given you the chance to, hasn’t he?” Stella tried to smile as she met Ward’s eyes. “Philip reminded me of you from time to time.”

Her uncertainty mounted as they went into the dining room and Philip made the flimsy excuse to leave them. It was ridiculous of him insisting on getting the wine that way. He had never shown such interest in what they had to drink before. “Clark doesn’t know where I’ve hidden the best stuff,” he said. “Or is it dangerous to leave you two together?”

“Very,” Ward grinned, his eyes lighting as he looked at Stella.

“I’m willing to try it,” Philip laughed as if it were a joke they were all sharing, but as he closed the door carefully behind him he felt swept over Stella again so that her fingers felt as if they had frozen into icicles. It was awful being afraid of Philip, this way of being afraid of herself too, and this new feeling that was sweeping over her as she looked at Ward. She had always liked him, but this was different. It was almost as if Philip in his jealousy had pointed out to her the way she really felt about this laughing, attractive man sitting across the table from her.

She plunged into conversation, dragging out little disjointed fragments to cover her confusion and that sense that Philip was standing outside the door spying on her. She talked about the gardens, about her day’s activities. Ward was talking, asking her questions about it, although engineering was as puzzling to her as a conversation in Chinese would have been. Then the door opened again and Philip was standing there, the wine bottle in his hand, and Stella looking at him knew she had been right when she had felt he was listening there behind the door.

“Did I miss something good?” he demanded.

“I was telling Stella about my work,” Ward grinned. “And how now and then I wish I had more time to myself for experimenting.”

“Suppose you were offered a better job?” Philip said. “With three times as much pay, shorter hours, and frequent invitations to dinner at the Morrells? What would you say?”

Stella looked up apprehensively, but Ward laughed. “I’d roll over in bed and say, ‘let me dream a little longer.’”

“I’m perfectly serious, Ward,” Philip said. “That’s why I asked you to come here tonight. I’ve decided to let our chief engineer go. I’m offering you the position and you’d like having Ward near us too, wouldn’t you, Stella?”

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She felt as if she had been caught in a nightmare, a nightmare so monstrous that she couldn't believe it was true. It wasn't true, she told herself, it couldn't be true. But she had to force herself to speak. "Of course I would," she said.

"All right, I accept," Ward cried. "Why, it's like winning a winner in the 'I'll Sweep.'" He held his hand out impulsively.

"Thanks awfully, old man." 

Philip seemed beside himself in his laughter, and poured more wine into the rest of his wine glass in a toast. "May we still be together ten years from now, just as we are tonight, Stella, Ward!" He touched his glass to theirs. "To us. To the three of us!" he said.

Stella's fears mounted after that. There wasn't anyone around but herself was a succession of little things holding her in that trance of horror, Philip writing in that diary of his, writing feverishly as if he were possessed. It was a privilege of that diary, locking the book itself and then almost furiously, it seemed to her, locking it again in the drawer of his desk. Philip looking at her as if his eyes could reach into her brain itself, so that he could see what she was thinking as well as what she was doing. And it was uncanny the way Philip concealed his true self from her, her most trivial doings of the day to her.

So when he announced that he was going to London on a business trip and laughingly asked her if she would send him off at the station she felt a singing relief. A relief she was ashamed of the next moment when Philip was gone. Stella wouldn't send him off, and asked Ward to take care of her in the week he would be gone. Philip, seemed himself again, the indulgent adoring husband looking out for her.

She felt ashamed then of all the things she had been thinking and when Ward brought up his name anxiously telling her there was a little bet between them because Philip had vetoed the housing project, she forgot her own disappointment in the way he had acted.

"I'd rather not discuss Philip behind his back," she said, her temper flaring to her husband's defense. "And I'm not helping anything against Philip.

"That's utter nonsense," Ward said sharply. "You know I'm Philip's friend, probably the only real friend he has. He's in for trouble unless you can make him see reason. Apparenly you won't even try. Well, there's nothing more for me to say. Goodnight." And he had helped Stella into her car and stood there stiffly as she rode off.

Strange, how fear came back to her the moment she stepped into the house, strange the way it seemed to work against her fears, but when twilight came, she knew she couldn't spend another evening alone, knowing that she was going into her car she drove to the hills. Ward was still there working over his plans for a new turbine.

"I— I know I oughtn't to have come," she said shyly, "but I had to see you. I want to apologize for the way I acted yesterday. There are a lot of things you don't know, I'm not going to try to persuade Philip about the housing project, but he won't yield an inch.

"But he must, Stella," Ward said urgently. "It's getting too late. I want to talk to him again, both of us. Tell me," he seemed embarrassed as he asked the question, "is anything wrong between you and Philip? You look different, so nervous, so almost frightened."

"It's that big house," Stella said, knowing she was telling only a half-truth. "I'm so alone. Sometimes I feel afraid."

WARD looked almost relieved at this simple explanation. "But of course you do," he said, "What a fool I've been! I never thought that you and Philip have been separated. You needed a good dinner and some of my witty conversation."

Then as she hesitated he took his hand and said, "If you have told me to take care of you. You don't want me to disobey your employer, do you?"

So against her better judgment she had gone, and there she was, sitting in the dining room of the hotel she had relaxed and felt gay—until suddenly she heard Philip's voice behind her. "You didn't expect me, did you?" he said suavely. "You see I finished in London much quicker than I expected, and somehow I guessed you didn't want to see me, sensible of you, darling, not to sit at home laughing not then."

"We've been talking about you, Philip," Stella laughed, trying to cover her nervousness and not enough to see the gayety, knowing it was no accident that had brought him back so soon.

"What a depressing subject," Philip said, and a smile twitched at the corners of his lips.

Even the lightness of his voice couldn't cover the implication. Ward flushed as he looked at him, and said, "I mean it seriously. It was about the housing project. I know it's hard for a man in your position to reverse a decision. But if you don't, then men will respect you for it. We all shall."

Would you respect me, Stella?" Philip asked, his smile twitching and the heavy sarcasm in his voice underscoring the words.

"Darling, you know I would," Stella said eagerly.

"Well," Philip looked at her coldly, "as it happens I don't want your respect, I want obedience, do you understand? Obedience! I can't imagine that you might get angry." He turned to Ward who was picking up the bill with spiteful eyes and angry. "You needn't worry about the bill. Philip will have to pay his own. He's sick of the whole thing, and Philip's eyes darkened and the supercilious sarcastic smile was wiped off his lips. Philip had left for the office the next morning without seeing her and Stella was walking restlessly around the house trying to come to some sort of union about Philip, about herself and their life together, when the word came that there was a riot at the mills. She got there just in time to see him. A horde of angry men broke into his office, to see Ward take the whole situation in hand, first striking down the man who would have killed Philip if he had gotten to him and then assuring the others it was all a mistake, that Philip approved of the new houses for them and their children.

Stella saw Philip's eyes naked of everything but their hate as he looked at Ward, hating him for being the victor while he was standing next to him, and she had to tell him how strong while he was the weakening, hating him because he was everything Philip wanted to be and couldn't. Even when Philip pretended to be不来, and she would have signalized to Ward not to accept his invitation for dinner if Philip hadn't been watching her so closely. She had left them for one moment when she heard Philip's furious voice almost shouting her name and Ward's voice, at first pleading, then ringing against the wall, too.

The fear mounted in her heart as she ran back to them. "Ward—Philip—what on earth's the matter?" she whispered.

"Nothing, Stella," Ward said, and she could see the effort he made to control his
voice as he turned to her. It's all my fault. I'm going away. Believe me, Stella, this concern only Philip and myself.

"That's not true, Stella," Philip broke in quickly. "Ward's just told me he's in love with you. It took some doing to make him admit it, but he did, finally."

"Is that true, Ward?" Stella asked softly, and in spite of her fear her heart leapt at the knowledge.

"Yes, Stella," Ward said simply. "I should have left here long ago.

"Well, you heard him," Philip said. "He's only waiting for you to say the word. To go with him. Please don't consider my feelings."

There was that moment of wild happiness, of almost incredible relief at the thought she could leave this house and her fears forever. Then she saw Philip's face, the terror of losing her in his eyes. She remembered his mother, and all that she had done for her when she had needed help herself, and she knew she could not go. "Goodbye, Ward," she said quietly before she could change her mind.

Maybe, she promised herself, that night tossing on her bed, maybe now that Ward was gone things would be different and Philip would be himself again. Maybe she could even find her way back to that tender, maternal love she had felt for him once. But the days went by and Philip was lost more and more in those brooding silences, writing like a madman in that inextricable diary of his. Yet it was three weeks later before she could compel herself to go to him, to beg him to bring the thing that was troubling him into the open.

"We're so unhappy, darling, aren't we?" Philip said, "All three of us. You because you love Ward and have to stay with me. Ward because he loves you and can't have you. And I because nobody loves me. For when Ward went away you went with him, Stella, not actually of course, but you might as well have left me too. Let's put an end to it. Stella. We two together. Then I'll have you all to myself—at last." He went to her, putting his hands first on her shoulders, then raising them so that they touched her throat. "Don't be frightened, darling," he whispered exultantly. "It's so easy, and you know I wouldn't hurt you."

"No!" Stella screamed. "No! No!"

Somehow she found the strength to tear herself loose from him, to rush headlong up the stairs and barricade herself in her room.

She was free now, morally free she told herself, free of gratitude and obligation both, free of those vows she had made when she became Philip's wife. She waited until the house was still, until she knew Philip was asleep, and then those steps that always came after his attacks, his fits of madness as she knew they were now, and crept out of the house. She had to wait to the station and it was morning before she caught the first train to London.

Then Ward again, being with him, even laughing again now that she knew they were both safe. It was the first moment of real happiness she had ever known, and she was like a child as she sat at luncheon with him in his hotel. "And thank heaven you didn't come six hours later," Ward said. "I have to go to Dublin this evening about a job. A man has ever heard of called me this morning and made the appointment. Fancy, darling, what an important man I am!"

Then the boy coming through the dining room, pacing Ward telling him it was a long distance from Chassington and Stella following him to the telephone booth in the lobby, with the fear back again crowding out her transient happiness.

"Yes, she's here, Philip," she heard Ward say. "No, she's not coming back to you. Not even if she wanted to. I wouldn't let her." There was a silence as he listened, then his voice speaking again. "Yes, I'll see you, no. I can't today. I have to be in Dublin tomorrow." Another pause and then, "Well, that does simplify it, doesn't it? All right, you can expect me.

"Don't go," Stella whispered. "Don't trust him?"

"You're tired and upset," Ward put his arm around her. "After all, it's quite reasonable that Philip should want to see me. We'll have to discuss your divorce, other things. And he was quite understanding. He even pointed out I could take your car afterwards and drive to Holyhead to catch the boat.

But in spite of Ward's reassurance Stella was afraid, and the next morning she knew she had been right when she looked at the paper on her breakfast tray and saw the headlines:
HOURLY MURDER IN CHASSINGFORD

She almost fainted looking at it, then after a moment when she could read on she saw it was Philip who had been murdered. He had been found in the library stabbed, and the room had shown the evidence of a terrific struggle.

Stella had grown used to prying eyes, to fingers pointing at her in the horrible weeks that followed. The woman in the case, that was what she had become, the notorious Mrs. Monrell whose lover had killed her husband. But the hardest criticism of all had been when Philip's mother, who had hurried home, had shrunken from her at the trial.

The evidence, circumstantial though it was, had all been against Ward. The most damaging of all had been that the man he was to have seen in Dublin did not even exist, so the prosecution pointed out that the trip to Ireland had been an attempt to escape. Then there was the fact that he had used one of Philip's cars in his haste to get away, that his fingerprints had been on the knife lying a few feet from the body, and the way the room looked as if there had been a fight to corroborate the butler's testimony that he heard Philip and Ward quarrelling when he returned from an errand on which Philip had sent him.

There were no other witnesses, as the other servants had been given the day off.

And through it all there was the motive, Ward's love for Stella and their meeting in London to take any sympathy there might have been for Ward away from him. So in the end, no one, not even Stella, was surprised when he was sentenced to death.

"Oh darling, don't give up hope," she had pleaded the only time she had been allowed to see him. "We're going to fight, to appeal. I've been talking to your counsel. He's sure we've got a good chance if you'll only plead self-defense."

"I see," Ward had smiled so sadly. "At last I'm to admit what everyone believes. You believe it too, don't you, Stella?"

"No! No!" she whispered. "Ward, I love you."

"Don't say any more darling," Ward said. "Philip's got us where he wanted us at last!"

That was the last time she had seen him and tomorrow he would be hung. Stella walked desperately around her hotel room that morning, around and around and around in the futile pacing of a trapped animal.

Her nerves leapt painfully as she heard the knocking at the door. Another prying reporter, another curious face looking at her—she felt she couldn't stand any more, and yet an inner compulsion made her fling open the door. But the man standing there was different, his eyes were gentle, and his smile pitying her not despising at all, "My poor child, I am Dr. Rameau," he said. "Maybe I can help you save an innocent man. You see, I knew Philip. He was a patient of mine in Paris."

Breathlessly she listened to the doctor's story of Philip's attempted suicide during his last stay in Paris, of his imprisonment in the insane asylum the doctor directed, and his subsequent escape. And now all the fears she had had about Philip were justified as the doctor pronounced him a hopeless paranoid.

"I am certain Philip was murdered by his own worst enemy—himself," the doctor said. "And somewhere a message from him must exist. You see, to poor, sick brains like his nothing means anything unless it is recognized, talked about. If he had murdered he would long to confess, if he committed suicide he would leave a lengthy explanation. And I am convinced he did all of these things, that he was a suicide and would-be murderer, and that somewhere a message from him telling everything is in existence. But where would that message be? Think hard, child, think hard!"

Desperately Stella threw her thoughts back to Philip, trying to recapture the impression she had ever had of him. Suddenly she remembered the diary, the madness in Philip's eyes as he wrote in it. Almost incoherent in her hopes she urged the doctor to go with her to the house she had lived in with Philip, and now even Mrs. Monrell's scorn could not stop the young girl from demanding she was allowed to go into the library.

The drawer in the desk where Philip had always locked the diary was forced open. But the drawer was empty. Half-sobbing now in her despair, Stella ran to the bookcase and looked where Philip's other diaries were kept. They were all there except the one that had kept the record of this last fateful year! She took one and opened it at random, and then she saw the bookbinder's label inside the cover. It was the same firm in Paris that bound all of Philip's books.

Then after she had questioned Clark, the butler, and learned he had posted a package to Paris on the day of his supposed murder, she was certain the clue was in his hands at last.

But there was so little time, so desperately little time. She moved like an automaton now, calling the air line, chartering a plane for Paris, and then sitting tensely in the plane with the doctor beside her.

Strange how afterwards it was the trip she remembered, those hours of futile, aimless doing nothing, for everything else whirled around her like a kaleidoscope: the obscure bookbinding shop, the diary that had been left there to be bound with mistakes that it be delivered to her in another month, the book in her hands at last and seeing it.

Then the proof of Philip's madness, there in his own handwriting. He had left out nothing. There was the episode of the kitten that had killed him, his love for Stella and his pathological jealousy of Ward. There were the plans of his final revenge, the minute details of the planned suicide that would follow.

He hadn't even overlooked the effect on a jury of Ward's supposed attempt at escape for the telephone call from Dublin, from the man who had had business there, a man who had been instigated by Philip himself.

Then on the last page his letter to her: "Dearest Stella, I was too weak to hold you, too weak to bear losing you. This book will come to you on the anniversary of our wedding day. By the time you get it I shall have been dead a long time and Ward will have been hanged for my murder. Forgive me. I love you."

Forgive him—she could forgive him anything if he would only say that Ward was not guilty. Almost as if she were moving in a trance she put in the long distance call to the prison and when she was connected with the warden's office at last her voice came urgent, yet calm too as she told of the discovery she and her daughter had made. She waited while they consulted there at the other end of the wire, waited while time stopped, while the world stood still.

Then they had the official voice speaking on the other end of the wire: "We have decided to delay the execution until we can examine the documents."

Stella sat down, studied her hands and 15 minutes later, as she felt herself slowly beginning to live again and the tears that had refused to come before, came now in the inexcusable ecstasy of her happiness.
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