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Movie MIRROR

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JANUARY



ROSALIND RUSSELL
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

BOY LOSES GIRL!

"The funny thing was that we fell for each other before we even met! It was a Saturday night at the country club, and she was dancing with some other guy when I first saw her. She happened to look up, just at that instant, straight into my eyes. And . . . right like that! . . . my heart was doing a loop.

"From the minute we were introduced, all the rest of the evening, neither of us danced with anyone else. It must have been hours later . . . heaven knows *how* long we had been dancing! . . . that we finally slipped away from the crowd, out to a corner of the terrace.

"It was dark, we were alone, and there was a moon. So I took her in my arms. She came close to me, lifted her lips to mine, and then, suddenly—turned her head away.

"I couldn't imagine what had changed her so quickly, so completely. I asked her . . . pleaded with her . . . to tell me. But she said she couldn't—possibly.

"That was four years ago, now.

"She came close to me, lifted her lips to mine, and then, suddenly—turned her head away."

And I never have discovered the secret of that night. She was the loveliest girl I've ever known. We had clicked, instantly . . . oh, I started as a wonder! But I sure finished as a washout."

Poor guy, he never understood. Yet almost any woman would realize what may have happened . . . would understand how fatal halitosis (bad breath) can be to romance.

It's a condition which is, perhaps, even worse for a woman than for a man. For so much of a woman's attraction depends on sweetness, allure. And the insidious thing is that you yourself may not know when your breath is tainted.

Why not get the habit of taking this pleasant precaution which so many popular, successful people use—rinsing the mouth, night and morning, with Listerine Antiseptic.

Listerine halts the fermentation of tiny food particles on the mouth surfaces—a frequent cause of breath odors . . . then quickly overcomes the odors themselves. (Of course, in those cases in which bad breath is the result of *systemic* causes, the advice of a physician should be sought.)

Guard against this fermentation—put yourself on the safe side by putting your breath on the agreeable side. Start using Listerine Antiseptic . . . especially before all important engagements. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS

(BAD BREATH)

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 TINGE 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 in-

vigorating "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

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

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.



As a pre-holiday treat we present you with one of those dashing affairs with Clark Gable doing most of the dashing.

And Hedy Lamarr is something to dash after.

"Comrade X"—that's Clark—is a mysterious correspondent who attempts to smuggle news past the censor and Hedy Lamarr past the immigration.

He is caught smuggling Hedy.

The film is a confection of suspense, speed and merriment. The screen play, written by Ben Hecht and Charles Lederer, has a pace that is hectic.

Our studio spies send us a warning that "Comrade X" is a most dangerous picture. People laugh themselves sick and the laughter is contagious.



An epidemic of laughter isn't a bad idea.

Knee-bends to those great characterizations (in addition to Gable and Lamarr) by Oscar Homolka, Felix Bressart and Eve Arden.

King Vidor, who, edirection is direct, has not missed on this one. Long live King!

If it's a treat job, M-G-M. More "Comrade X'es, say we all of us.

In fact, there'll be a movement afoot to rename the merry season.

They're thinking of calling it

Comrade Xmas

—Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

JANUARY, 1941

VOL. 18, NO. 2

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COVER: Rosalind Russell, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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With the
Gratefully Acknowledged
Cooperation of the

★ UNITED STATES NAVY ★
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

presents

ROBERT TAYLOR IN FLIGHT COMMAND

THE FASTEST THING ON FILM!



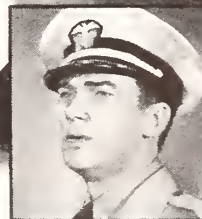
THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH!

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



WALTER PIDGEON
as the Commander
and...

RUTH HUSSEY
as the girl who made
the "Hell Cats" purr!





Ian Hunter and Thomas Mitchell in "The Long Voyage Home": You forget about its being acting



BY RUTH WATERBURY

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

THIS weird and wonderful town of Hollywood recently threw off a week more terrifically terrific than any which its most veteran old-timers could remember . . . for it was a week in which every element of Hollywood life was manifest . . . two of its pioneers died . . . Tom Mix, suddenly, on the side of an Arizona desert road where a too swiftly driven car had hurled him . . . generous, colorful, lusty Tom, dying with his diamond-studded belt on and his still handsome face buried in the great white sombrero he had always worn . . . and tired, saddened Berton Churchill, dying in a New York hospital, a day or so before he hoped "to come back" on the Broadway stage . . .

It was the week in which Shirley Temple signed to carry on her career with M-G-M . . . it was the week in which love flamed more hotly for those newest romancers, Lana Turner and Tony Martin (with everyone wondering if it would be flaming the same way for those two the following week) . . . it was the week that Mickey Rooney got back from his fantastically successful personal-appearance tour and started playing golf to "reduce," believe it or not . . . it was the week that Lucile Fairbanks got married in the garden at Pickfair with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers giving the wedding party with Sylvia (Lady Ashley) Fairbanks in attendance . . . It wouldn't have been a true Hollywood week without a "big" divorce . . . This week there was Mrs. Hal Roach's suit for separate maintenance, after a marriage of twenty-four years . . .

And . . . and most important, it was the week in which nine pictures were previewed . . . starting with "The Long Voyage Home" one Monday afternoon and ending with "The Great Dictator" the following Monday evening, and in between showing "Dancing on a Dime,"

"They Knew What They Wanted," "Third Finger, Left Hand," "A Little Bit of Heaven," "The Thief of Bagdad," "Moon Over Burma" and "The Hit Parade of 1941" . . .

I say those nine previews were most important events of that week . . . because never, do I believe, has any one week shown so clearly the new and true magnitude of Hollywood's product, and Hollywood's growth, and Hollywood's average, and even Hollywood's past . . . so clearly as those nine films revealed it . . .

Let me start with "The Long Voyage Home" . . . I hope I do not sound as though I feel superior when I say that I was more deeply moved and stirred and disturbed by "The Long Voyage Home" than by any film I have seen since "The Informer" . . . and while saying that, say in the same sentence that I do not think it will be a "smash hit" . . . that, in other words, I think only a few thousands in all the movie-going millions will react to its truly beautiful art . . .

Just as in "The Informer," Director John Ford and scenarist Dudley Nichols had a great original drama to work from . . . in this case of "The Long Voyage Home" they had the four original plays by Eugene O'Neill . . . from them these two Hollywood men have fashioned so compassionate, so lyric, so true a story of men against the sea that your heart is both saddened and exalted by the ageless beauty of it . . . "The Long Voyage Home" is magnificently photographed, too, by Gregg Toland and exquisitely played by Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, John Qualen, Barry Fitzgerald . . . in fact, by every member of its cast . . . so exquisitely played that you forget about its being acting, or its being a movie . . .

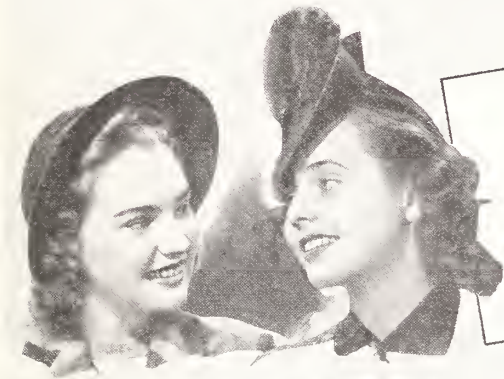
Now it has always been a puzzle to me why, when Hollywood deliberately attempts to get a spiritual quality on the

screen, it so seldom achieves it . . . in the old, silent days De Mille tried it both in "The King of Kings" and "The Sign of the Cross" . . . and, in my opinion, did not achieve it . . . and in this week of which I am writing, Garson Kanin tried to convey it, through the performances of both Frank Fay and Charles Laughton in "They Knew What They Wanted" . . . and again, in my opinion, this further attempt failed . . .

There is no more promising or personally charming young director in all Hollywood than Garson Kanin . . . a few months ago when I wrote in "Close Ups and Long Shots" that I wondered why he wanted to remake that "creaky" old "They Knew What They Wanted," Gar wrote me an amusing and ribbing letter, saying that it was the first time a picture of his had been criticized even before it was made . . . he pointed out to me that "They Knew What They Wanted" had been written by Sidney Howard, a playwright who had won the Pulitzer Prize, whereupon I retorted that if it had been written by W. Shakespeare and John Lee Mahin in collaboration (those are the boys, you remember, who wrote "Romeo and Juliet" and "Boom Town," though not in collaboration) I still wouldn't want to see it again . . . nevertheless, all the king's horses couldn't have kept me away from the Kanin preview of this remake . . .

Watching it unreel, you can fairly see the love that Kanin has lavished upon it . . . you can almost touch the intensity Carole Lombard had brought to the dreary role of Amy . . . you can see the love . . . and the vast amounts of scenerv-chewing Charles Laughton has brought, along with his false mustache, to the role of Tony . . . there is an effort, almost painful, about Frank Fay's portrayal of a priest . . . but there isn't any entertainment . . . and there isn't any art . . . and there is no (Continued on page 74)

"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**
 The Merry Macs · 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

Inside Stuff

All the Hollywood news you never read in the newspapers, reported to you firsthand—

BY
CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

WOMEN IN HOLLYWOOD'S SPOT-LIGHT: Hedy Lamarr, who has completely forgotten her nervous jitters and the family troubles that tore at her heart, has become a fun-loving, chattering, prank-playing imp on the "Comrade X" set. And all because that irresistible Gable has kidded Hedy out of those self-conscious blues into being a real and natural human being. It's a new Lamarr, take our word for it.

Ann Sothern, who can be such fun at home and abroad, can be the most domestic soul alive. Annie has just purchased a new sewing machine and is taking lessons like mad. Need anything special run up, girls?

A Star Looks at Hollywood: "To see ourselves as others see us" has been the experience of certain Hollywood ladies lately—with that baseball celebrity, Joe DiMaggio, doing the seeing. The result—we leave it to your imagination.

Joe claims Hollywood women all look alike to him and, what's more, he thinks they all dress alike. Why, Joey, how could you! However, he did make several exceptions and we hereby present DiMaggio's preferred list—

Mrs. Gary Cooper—because she is different.

Ann Sothern—because of her wit.

Deanna Durbin—because she is so beautiful.

Claudette Colbert—because of her taste in clothes.

How about it, fans? Do you agree with Joe or should he stick to baseball in the future?

No Doubts Allowed: If there is any question of true love between Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, it was settled for all time by those who glimpsed the pair together at a recent preview. Deanna, looking smart in brown trimmed with leopard, had eyes only for Paul; and Paul, need we say, had eyes only for Deanna.

Repeat Performance: Diners at the Brown Derby sat up and took notice when Artie Shaw and a brunette walked in and stood waiting for a table. Instinctively, every eye turned toward the booth where Lana Turner sat gazing into Victor Mature's eyes. Steaks grew cold

as diners watched Lana's exit. She could have chosen the Vine Street door and thus avoided Shaw altogether. But she didn't. She marched past him, into the Bamboo Room, with eyes straight ahead. The temperature dropped to zero. Artie laughed.

Last week Lana sat in the same booth gazing into Tony Martin's brown eyes, as Victor Mature and a blonde walked in and stood waiting for a table. Lana could have avoided him on the way out, but she didn't. The nod she gave him was barely noticeable. Victor sighed.

Hollywood is patiently waiting for the third act. We'll let you know later who plays the leading man.

Sophistication? Arline Judge's two young sons are visiting their respective fathers, Wesley Ruggles and Dan Topping, at the moment. Wesley married Frenchwoman Marcel Rogez and Dan is now married to Sonja Henie.

"I hope everything will be all right,"

You can hear
your Hollywood correspondent
CAL YORK
who now emcees
the radio program,

"I WANT A DIVORCE"

... with charming Joan Blondell and a host of companion stars of today and tomorrow.

Cal, who for years has been Hollywood's most famous news shadow, has now taken on a voice. Meet him vocally any Friday night at 9:30, E.S.T., over your nearest Mutual Broadcasting System station.

Arline sighed. "But if Wesley Jr. comes home speaking French and Dan Jr. returns on a pair of ice skates, I'll know all is lost."

Inside Information: Hollywood could not have been more concerned over the printed report of Myrna Loy's separation from her producer husband Arthur Hornblow. Mr. Hornblow protested so vigorously printed denials were immediately forthcoming.

But according to that little bird there was some fire to the smoke and we hear it all came about when the well-liked couple had one of those everyday misunderstandings that all married couples have, sooner or later, and the news became exaggerated.

So it isn't true, we're told, and that's that. Myrna looked mighty smart at the preview of "Third Finger, Left Hand," all done up in brown tailored suit and brown turban that exactly matched her freckles and set off her sunburned nose in fine fashion.

Party News: Leave it to Hollywood to think up ways and means of having fun at parties. The newest is the musical instrument gag that develops into an amateur orchestra with big-name guests furnishing the music, if such it can be called. Going on the assumption that everyone *thinks* he can play some instrument whether he can or not (Cal is sure he could outshine Krupa at the drums) the Jack Bennys, at a recent shindig, rented an assortment of musical noisemakers and bade the guests go to it. Clark Gable and Bob Taylor each grabbed a saxophone, Gracie Allen a flute, Barbara Stanwyck a trombone, Jack Benny a bass viol, while Mary Livingston snatched the drums. After due rehearsals (and the night shall be filled with music, did you say?) the amateur orchestra delivered, "I'll Never Smile Again," with variations.

George Burns declared he, for one, never would smile again.

Cupid Predictions: Those in-the-know vow that Bette Davis will one day rewed Harmon Nelson, her ex-husband.

"There never has been, and I'm sure there never will be, another man in
(Continued on page 8)



Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul: Their behavior at a preview settled all doubts



Why the Fox roster looks rosy: Betty Grable returns after her Broadway hit

Gable takes Lamarr in hand: On the set of "Comrade X" Hedy turns prank-playing imp



High-hat contingent is led by Marlene Dietrich in a sky's-the-limit turban



First nighters: The Ameches take a public bow on the birth of their fourth son



Cal York's Inside Stuff

Pickfair fete for China Relief: Chairmen: Rosalind Russell, Mary Pickford. Models: Pat Morison, Mary Healy, Dorothy Lamour, Gertrude Niesen and Mary Beth Hughes



Aviatrix inspires actresses: Lee Ya-ching, Miss Russell, Jane Withers and Mary Pickford

Two celebrities in the curio exhibit: Rosalind Russell points out fine points to John Garfield



HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

GRADUATE yourself ten points for every one you guess right. If you get 70 or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is 80, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of 100, you know as much as we do. Check up on page 62.

1. This suave English actor once earned his living by selling life insurance:

Herbert Marshall Leslie Howard
Basil Rathbone Ronald Colman

2. And this English actor once sold neckties:

Richard Greene Alan Mowbray
Cary Grant Brian Aherne

3. Can you name two fathers of four sons?

4. A broken ankle ended her dancing career, so she turned to the drama with great success:

Miriam Hopkins Joan Crawford
Marlene Dietrich Claudette Colbert

5. Name the former feature player whose smash success in a Broadway musical brought her back to Hollywood a star.

6. He was once mascot of the New York Yankees baseball team:

Mickey Rooney Jack Benny
Paul Muni George Raft

7. The last name of what actor, spelled backwards, is the first name of another actor?

8. An ex-oil field worker, his most recent starring picture deals with oil:

John Garfield Clark Gable
Pat O'Brien George Brent

9. The divorced husband of a playwright, of a former star now inactive in pictures is seriously dating another star who was recently widowed. Can you name all three parties?

10. Two of these actors have played the role of the Cisco Kid on the screen:

John Wayne Gary Cooper
Warner Baxter Cesar Romero

(Continued from page 6)

Bette's heart," a close friend of Bette's told us. From the report that reached Hollywood concerning the beauing about of Bette by Ham in New York, we're inclined to believe it.

What's more, we hear Ham wears a new assurance these days now that he's made a name for himself as a writer on the Fred Allen show.

So watch this carefully and be among the "I told you so-ers."

Sweet Charity: Hollywood folk are all a fever these days with the war relief, Chinese relief, Red Cross, indigent actors' relief, Community Chest, British relief and heaven knows what, until certain neglected husbands and beaux are screaming for relief against the reliefs. Roz Russell, who is heart and soul for the starving Chinese, threw a mighty classy party up at Pickfair recently, with all the stars contributing gifts to be raffled off. Roz was all over the place, making everyone feel at home on Mary Pickford's spacious grounds. Anna May Wong was resplendent in native costume. The only casualty was June Preisser, who sustained calluses on her thumb from tying cords on the gift rug she made by hand.

The "Cads," those illustrious boys who paraded in "Charlot's Review" (for the British Red Cross), are still the talk of the town, with Henry Fonda, Chester Morris, George Sanders, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and others appearing nightly in bathrobes and slippers to tell a screaming audience just how caddish they really were—especially with the women. If some producer could transfer this Cad Chorus to celluloid, what a riot it would create.

The "Bundles For Britain" group (more B relief) including Loretta

Young, Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Merle Oberon and others, are racing all over town in armored cars to pick up donated jewels to be auctioned off. Mary Pickford donated sapphire studs and cufflinks that belonged to Doug Fairbanks Sr. and one star (who must be nameless) offered three slightly used wedding rings.

Janie Withers will trek all the way to Montreal, Canada, for a personal appearance in behalf of British relief and Bob Hope turned down \$20,000 (whewie) for a week's turn at the Paramount Theater in Los Angeles to join "Charlot's Review" for one week at a salary equaling exactly zero.

You can be sure, wherever you find a gathering for the British relief in Hollywood, you'll find Freddie Bartholomew, ready to give of his talents, his smiles and his well-earned dollar bills, or all three. In fact, Freddie is rapidly becoming the best liked young man around the town's relief parties and certainly proved an asset to Esther Ralston's charity fete

Production Notes: Shirley Temple will join the M-G-M forces and Leo the Lion couldn't be happier. Fans hope there will be plenty of room for little Shirley in this studio of youth, for certainly Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland and June Preisser keep the writers down there pretty busy.

Handsome John Howard has signed with Universal. And, incidentally, Hedy Lamarr denies any romance with John as reported. "I dined only once with Mr. Howard," says Hedy and adds, "He's a very fine person."

(Continued on page 61)

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

DEHAVILLAND

in

Santa Fe Trail

A thousand miles of danger with a thousand thrills a mile!

Original Screen Play
by Robert Buckner
Music by Max Steiner

with **RAYMOND MASSEY**
RONALD REAGAN • ALAN HALE

Wm. Lundigan • Van Heflin • Gene Reynolds
Henry O'Neill • Guinn 'Big Boy' Williams

DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

WATCH!

The big hit right after
'Santa Fe Trail' will be
'FOUR MOTHERS'
It's the wonderful new
Warner Bros. picture
starring the 'Four
Daughters'!

When Betty Brewer starts to sing, the public applauds her, but it's a different story with her dog Mike

GUEST EDITOR

BETTY BREWER



DEAR JUNIORS:

It's still almost unbelievable to me that I'm really in the movies. It all happened so quickly and we had such a hard time of it for so long, and now everything's turned out all right, and I feel like Cinderella about the whole thing. "Rangers of Fortune" was my first picture and I loved every minute of it. Fred MacMurray and Pat Morison were the leads and everyone was so wonderful that I was excited all the way through. Here's how it all happened:

Three years ago when I was 10 years old, my family decided to leave Joplin, Missouri, and come to Sacramento, where Dad thought he could find work. My sister, Ilene, who's 12 now, and my brother, Monte, who's 8, and I had been singing together ever since we were kids, so we figured that things would be easier for us if we managed to get a job. We went to the Chamber of Commerce in Sacramento and told them we could sing and asked them to let us sing at banquets and places like that.

Well, they said we could start right off by singing at a banquet for the Governor. We were going to go on right after his speech. We thought he'd give a long speech and we'd have plenty of time to wait for our turn, but all he said was that he was glad to be there and first thing we knew there we were, ready to sing. Our songs were "A Tisket, A Tasket" and "Rancho Grande"—and were we excited about singing in public like that!

A funny thing about that banquet was that the waiters kept taking our plates away before we were finished with them, so finally we went out to the kitchen and sang for the cook and had our dinner there.

Then, after quite a while, when we had been trying every place to get a job, we finally landed on radio station KGO and sang there for a time. Then the station sent us down to San Francisco to enter an amateur contest that was called the "Homestead Amateur Hour" and we won the contest, which was certainly a good break. They organized a vaudeville unit that played in small towns all over northern California and we went along with that. We played all over, from one town to another.

We had all decided that maybe things would be better in Hollywood and perhaps we could find jobs down here, so we started saving our money. During that time we pinched every penny we could get our hands on and did without everything possible and finally in June, 1939, we moved to Hollywood.

We got a job singing on a radio station here for practically peanuts, but anyway it was money coming in. That was fine for a while, but after eight weeks we got fired and times got pretty hard. Dad couldn't find work, even though he spent

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

every day trying to get something and we were pretty desperate.

Ilene and Monte and I sang at benefits and every possible place to earn some money and we got a break by singing in a short for Warner Brothers studio and then in a picture at Republic.

After that we couldn't get anything else to do, so we started to sing in the street in front of the Beachcomber's in Hollywood. It's a very popular cafe and the people coming in and out would stop and listen to us and give us some money. We usually made enough each week for the rent and groceries. After about three months, we decided we'd been there long enough so we went over to the Brown Derby in Hollywood. One day Mr. Sam Wood came out of the Derby and listened to us for a while. He directed "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" and many other famous pictures and it turned out that he had been searching for a girl to play in "Rangers of Fortune." He told us who he was and after he talked to us for a long time he asked me to come to the studio the next day.

At the studio I sang several times for lots of people and then they gave me a script to read and I took a screen test with Mr. Albert Dekker.

Then nothing happened. A month went by without my hearing another word from anyone. Then they called me up one day and I came down to the studio again and they signed me for the part. Was that a break! I still can't get over it. While I was working in "Rangers of Fortune," Mr. Harry Sherman, the producer, saw the rushes and said that he wanted me to go into "The Roundup" with Richard Dix and Preston Foster and Patricia Morison next, so everything's just swell.

The studio hired Ilene to be my stand-in and we both go to school on the lot, which is really fun. I'm in the 9B. Monte goes to a regular public school.

Susan Hayward gave me a little Scotty which I named Mike and he has gotten simply crazy about Monte. He won't sleep unless he can lie on Monte's shoes; and he can't stand to hear us sing. The minute we start, he begins to cry; and it's gotten so we can hardly open our mouths to sing at home, he objects so strongly.

The only one in my family that's ever been in show business in any way is my Uncle Doc. He runs a tent show that's called "The Silver Star Players" and it travels all over the Southwest. I've never met him yet, but I'm looking forward to it.

I'm crazy about everyone I've met at the studio. They've all been swell to me and I feel like they're part of my family. Robert Preston's my favorite actor, though. He's even better looking off the screen; and he's a grand person.

Thanks for reading this letter; I enjoyed writing to you and it would make me very happy to have you write to me too.

Sincerely,

BETTY BREWER.

P.S.—I'd like to know who your favorite actor is, too, so if you'll write and tell me who he is and why. I'll give ten autographed photographs to the ten boys or girls writing in the most interesting letters. Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them and please write me in care of Movie Mirror, Junior, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, but please be sure to mail your letters before December 25th, 1940.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly, we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

We are glad to announce the following winners in the Movie Mirror Junior-Joan Carroll contest:

Dolores Brown, 711 N. Congress St., Jackson, Miss.; Pat Lundie, Box 193, Red Deer, Alberta, Canada; Shirley Keen, 201 W. Lincoln, Streator, Ill.; Amanda Hancock, Route 2, Box 98B, Alachua, Fla.; Miyoko Kuramoto, 2514 3rd Ave., Seattle, Wash.; Emma Carol Gandy, Society Hill, S. C.; Mary Wurzer, 1114 W. 101 St., Los Angeles, Cal.; Ann Nettleship, 205 South Franklin St., Sidney, O.; Elaine Lander, 502-30th Ave., Seattle, Wash.; Elsie Minor, Route 2, Petersburg, Va.

THE GLORIOUS SEQUEL TO "LITTLE WOMEN" BECOMES
THE GRANDEST COMEDY-ROMANCE OF THE YEAR!

Only Louisa May Alcott, author of "Little Women," the picture millions will always remember, could write this sequel you will never forget. More laughs . . . more romance . . . more downright enjoyment than you've had since you can remember!



Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Gene Towne and Graham Baker • Screen Play by Mark Kelly and Arthur Caesar

POLL OF THE YEAR

An "at a glance" summary of the consensus of readers' opinions in 1940 with typical excerpts from letters to Movie Mirror and Photoplay

Favorite Actress Favorite Actor Most Popular Film Newest "Dark Horse" Pet Peeve



BETTE DAVIS



SPENCER TRACY



"GONE WITH THE WIND"



GEORGE SANDERS



GINGER ROGERS

"The whole world acclaims Bette Davis as the outstanding actress in filmdom."

E. A. Heaton,
Monterey Park,
Cal.

"Spencer Tracy . . . is the finest actor of the screen."

Hottie Cullivon
Paris, Tenn.

(Over 250 letters extolling this film were received from readers)

"He is one of the most accomplished actors; he is one of the most neglected; he is definitely appealing."

Florence Harner
Clarksburg,
W. Va.

"What has she ever done to hairdressers and designers to make them treat her the way they do?"

Florence Porteous
Prout's Neck,
Maine

Speak FOR YOURSELF

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

\$10.00 PRIZE

No Rehearsal

I WAS sitting quietly in a pew in a quaint church in the Mexican quarter of Los Angeles. Someone tapped me on the shoulder and asked me to move over.

It was Tyrone Power, so much younger and handsomer than he appears on the screen. With him was Annabella, very tiny, very blonde and very beautifully dressed all in pale green.

When it came time for the offertory the sexton came and asked Mr. Power to pass the collection basket. Evidently it was the first time he had ever been asked to assist. He was so awkward and he became more and more embarrassed as people stared at him. His wife watching him shook with silent laughter. When he returned to the pew, mopping his face with a large blue silk handkerchief, Annabella patted his hand.

The priest shook hands with us as we left the church and, laughing, said—"This was one morning when the collection basket was not ignored!"

GRACE M. HULST, R. N.
Santa Monica, Cal.

\$5.00 PRIZE

Horse of o Romantic Color

CLARK GABLE is a very natural, homespun sort of actor that never seems to go high-hat or stale. I like him. All his pictures, including the much-criticized "Parnell," have been good in my estimation.

The nicest, most pleasant things I've ever read in Photoplay or any other motion-picture magazine in regard to any actor are the things written about the Gable farm. Not that I feel Clark could enjoy ploughing through the fields of mud and slop I've witnessed in the country . . . but with his money, the up-to-date paraphernalia and what-not, his farm is a wonderland and it is credit to his wisdom to live that clean, wholesome, sane life.

Confidentially, as things are now, I wouldn't much mind being a horse on the Gable farm.

Not that I'd expect Carole to waste a bedtime story upon me . . . but it looks like the Gables are just that swell!

SYBIL LEACH
St. Joseph, Mo.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Apple of o Monly Eye

HAVE just finished reading "Confessions of a Shy Girl" in November Movie Mirror. That article confirms what I have always thought: "Olivia de Havilland is a darned nice gal!"

Though I am somewhat mature, to put it mildly, and a bit cynical, to express it conservatively, I must confess that her appearance on screen or on magazine page causes me to feel a throb, due northwest from my left side, which I am positive is not indigestion.

While I can detect a glimmer from the glamour of the exotic ones on the screen and do not find it the hardest of duties to gaze upon the cuties of the films, Olivia de Havilland with her beauty, talent and good breeding is the apple of my aged eye.

If the Honorable James Stewart, whom I also greatly respect, does not soon stand waiting for this grand girl to come down a church aisle, while his best man wonders where in heck he put that ring, I will be greatly disappointed in him.

FRED B. MANN
Danville, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Oh me, Oh my,
Oh, what a Day!
Alarming and charming
And here to stay
Oh, lovely, lovable,
Laraine Day.

WHO is the "find of the year"? This is a very difficult question to answer, for never has the screen offered a larger

or more promising field than that of this year. Take a pencil and paper and see how many names you can list that could be considered for this honor. The number of names will surprise you.

Of course, every movie fan has his own choice, but I think they all will agree that Laraine Day will be one of the best bets.

Miss Day is a fine actress, having made her small parts outstanding, and has proven that she is by her wonderful performance in "Foreign Correspondent." Few actresses have worked harder and none more willingly in order to become a great star.

Having followed her closely in her climb to stardom—from the Westerns, through "Sergeant Madden," the *Dr. Kildare* pictures, her outstanding performance in "My Son, My Son," up to the present day, I feel certain she will not disappoint me or any other person who has untiringly watched her rise to be the "find" of the year. Laraine Day, one of the great stars in the future!

W. F. MCGUIRE, JR.
Little Rock, Arkansas

\$1.00 PRIZE

National Defense Plan

AUTHORS, director, producer and actors presenting "Foreign Correspondent" all rate a big hand for this stirring revelation of modern political intrigue.

While you are breathlessly watching this exciting story develop, there is a sense of seeing the real madness of the world. Your heart pounds and nerves grow tense with the picturization of that will to dominate all nations, inspired by mad "love for country" and mad indifference to human life.

The quick action, realistic drama, supported by sincere, capable acting, is excellent educational propaganda, sure to arouse patriotism and love for liberty. In the present crucial period, "Foreign Correspondent" should be available immediately, free, to all students in our

high schools, colleges and universities, and to industrial groups, as part of our national defense plan. This vivid two-hour screen portrayal of ruthless ambition and greed for power is worth millions of words.

Those blessed with the rights of freedom in our great republic can see what treachery and cruelty exist where the "lights have gone out."

May they understand that love, friendship, trust and honor will continue to exist here, only if we keep the "lights burning in America."

EDITH L. KOERNER
Patchogue, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Limelight Line-up

WITH the football season officially opened and "Knute Rockne—All American" on the horizon, I deemed it to be very appropriate time for someone to select the Hollywood All-Stars Football Team. With this thought in mind, I sat down, and after much deliberation, completed the following line-up.

Position	Player
Left End.....	Wayne Morris
Remarks:	Aeronautics expert
Left Tackle.....	Edw. G. Robinson
Remarks:	Even without a tommy-gun
Left Guard.....	Vic McLaglen
Remarks:	Just a bruiser at heart
Center.....	Brian Donlevy
Remarks:	Tough as any
Right Guard.....	Guinn Williams
Remarks:	"Big Boy," isn't he?
Right Tackle.....	Humphrey Bogart
Remarks:	Booooo!
Right End.....	Ronald Reagan
Remarks:	Catch as catch can

Quarterback.....	Jimmy Cagney
Remarks:	T.N.T. (Terror's Nasty Tot)
Right Half.....	Jimmy Stewart
Remarks:	Feet, do your stuff!
Left Half.....	Cary Grant
Remarks:	The fighting clown
Fullback.....	Clark Gable
Remarks:	Triple threat anywhere
Coach.....	Pat O'Brien
Remarks:	Who else???
Trainer.....	W. C. Fields
Remarks:	Spike the water-buckets
Substitute.....	Charlie McCarthy
Remarks:	He'll give the bench splinters.

JOHN HAMMETT
Washington, D. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Thought for the Day

NOTHING makes me any madder than to read in a newspaper or hear over the radio that a certain Hollywood couple is getting a divorce. Here where I live a man and a woman get married and stay married "until death do us part," but out in Hollywood a man or woman gets married and then after a few months or sometimes a few years the novelty begins to wear off and they get a divorce, but they still "are the best of friends." Don't they take their marriage vows seriously? Are they trying to be Brigham Youngs and accumulate quite a number of ex-wives and ex-husbands? If they have a child, that doesn't make any difference either—it is usually passed from one parent to another for a certain number of months, but it really doesn't have a home. In conclusion—you Hollywood people stay married and your public will like you a lot more.

MILDRED ANN FAGG,
Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

HONORABLE MENTION

DO not think that men should be forced to fight for their country. They should be soundly motivated to fight. The dashing young ladies of Hollywood should furnish this motivation. I think that every young man in the Army, Navy, Marines and Coast Guard is entitled to a kiss from any movie star he chooses to kiss. If the glamour girls of Hollywood were free enough with their kisses there would be no use in Congress passing conscription. Now if Ann Sheridan would let me embrace her I would gladly join the Army.

CHARLES SHEPARD,
Bellville, Ga.

THIS is just a note, however, I would like to request a full display of that lovely Warner Brothers actress . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald. I have been a steady reader of Photoplay for many years and have noticed several times you've made me very happy and pleased with articles and pictures of my favorite actress, Geraldine Fitzgerald!

I'm sure there will be many fans who will be very appreciative of this.

BETTE DOLL,
Branch Hill, O.

AFTER viewing "We Who Are Young," I almost felt it a duty to write this fan letter. All of you M-G-M gentlemen better look to your laurels, that's all I have to say. Here is certainly a young man to watch and predicting not too distant stardom for him is not fantastic in my humble estimation. Lots and lots of success, John Shelton!

L. STANTON,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Lovely Brides Thrilled by this Great New Improvement in Beauty Soaps!



● "When I tell you that Camay is even more wonderful than ever, that means something!" writes Mrs. R. C. Hughes, Yeadon, Pennsylvania. "I wouldn't ask for a milder soap."

NO WONDER women everywhere are talking about this wonderful new Camay—for tests against 6 of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time.

If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive, try new Camay. See for yourself how much its extra mildness . . . its more gentle cleansing . . . can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



Dream world of magic: John Justin, June Duprez and Sabu in "The Thief of Bagdad"



Neither tragedy nor comedy: Jack Oakie and Charles Chaplin in "The Great Dictator"

✓✓ The Thief of Bagdad
(Alexander Korda)

You'll See: Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, John Justin, Rex Ingram, Miles Malleon, Morton Selten.
It's About: Arabian Nights story of how a young thief helps a king to find his love.

FANTASY in the most spectacular manner, this charming fable is so lavishly dressed in gorgeous color and amazing technical effects that it takes you into a dream world where pure beauty, black villainy, true love and magic hold sway. Sabu is utterly delightful as the youthful thief of Bagdad who gives up his own dreams of adventure to help the king overcome the villainy of Conrad Veidt in order to rescue the lovely princess June Duprez.

Veidt, by the power of his dreadful magic, blinds the king and transforms Sabu into a dog in his attempts to secure Miss Duprez for himself. But when Sabu liberates the powerful Genie of the Bottle and steals the All-Seeing Eye, the fantastic adventure becomes even more exciting.

John Justin is excellent as the deposed king and Conrad Veidt is superbly sinister as the cunning prime minister. June Duprez is a beautiful princess, seeking always to return to her love. Rex Ingram gives a fine portrayal of the fantastic genie who grants three wishes to Sabu.

The picture is pure charm and delight, with thrilling incidents and high lights photographed in exquisite Technicolor.

Your Reviewer Says: See it by all means

✓ The Great Dictator
(Chaplin-U. A.)

You'll See: Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, Billy Gilbert, Grace Hayle.
It's About: A barber who is mistaken for a dictator.

THE great preview night with "The Great Dictator" has come and gone, with Hollywood looking about a bit bewilderedly for some place to check the laughs and chuckles they had stored up for months and failed to emit at the picture. There are so few places for laughter.

Something, somewhere, went wrong, we're afraid, for the laugh-provoking episodes, peculiar to Chaplin's pictures, are missing except in rare spots. Maybe dictators are nothing to laugh at, or it may be Chaplin became so engrossed in a "cause" he forgot a "because."

His pantomime moments are his best. The shaving scene to the accompaniment of Brahms' symphony, his dance with a balloon world, his double-talk orations are the high lights. But still it remains a picture one doesn't forget, a picture too near tragedy to be comic and too near comedy to be tragic. It is neither.

Chaplin talks, of course, for the first time and the final scene is a plea for brotherly love that also seems to miss its mark. Jack Oakie is, as someone said, still an old Oakie bucket and not a Mussolini by the wildest stretch of imagination. Paulette Goddard is fair.

But still—at the risk of your accusing us of fence-straddling—we urge you to see it. It's worth it and, in a satire of this sort, one must make up his own mind.

Your Reviewer Says: So different.

✓ Honeymoon For Three
(Warners)

You'll See: Ann Sheridan, George Brent, Charles Ruggles, Osa Massen, William T. Orr, Lee Patrick, Jane Wyman, Johnny Downs.
It's About: An author, the women who mob him, and his secretary.

THIS gay, frothy comedy is so fast paced and has so many funny characterizations that it will amuse you wholeheartedly and you'll be surprised at the true flair for comedy that the luscious Ann Sheridan displays.

George Brent, handsome and fan-plagued author, is engaged to his secretary, Ann, whose business it is to keep the adulatory females out of his hair. She does fine at this until they arrive in Cleveland on a lecture tour and Osa Massen, an old college flame of George's, tries to renew their old romance. Osa's husband, Charles Ruggles, doesn't object to this, but Jane Wyman and Bill Orr do, since they're afraid of a scandal. When George and Osa disappear together, Ruggles finally gets furious and slaps an alienation of affections suit on George and names him as corespondent in his divorce suit. This at long last is too much for Ann so she quits her job, although George is depending on her.

You'll roar at the eager young attorneys who share a suite of offices but don't have any clients and also at the mother determined to have George christen her baby. All the performers are well cast and very funny, but Ann steals all the honors.

Your Reviewer Says: Fast and funny.
(Continued on page 86)

See Pictures in the Cutting Room on Page 88. For Complete Casts, See Page 92

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 ro-
mance 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

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

... the unbelievable street where songs are born!

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 —

"K-K-K-Katy", "When You Wore A Tulip And I Wore A Big Red Rose", "Moonlight Bay", "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France", "The Sheik of Araby", "America I Love You!"



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



Judith Garland



Bob Hope



Alice Faye

Appearing in 20th Century-Fox's "Tin Pan Alley"



James Stewart

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Two Great Magazines for the Price of One

THIS month we present to you the first issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, and in all frankness we have tried to make it the biggest money's worth on the newsstands today.

There are so many fine movie magazines available that the task we set for ourselves was not an easy one. Whether we have succeeded, by linking the facilities and spirit of the two great magazines, PHOTOPLAY and MOVIE MIRROR, in giving you the sort of magazine you would want to buy before you buy any other, only you can decide.

For many years PHOTOPLAY has been on the market as a twenty-five-cent publication. By combining its huge subscription and newsstand following and its staff and writers with those of MOVIE MIRROR, the publisher proposes to give you a quarter's worth for ten cents.

MOVIE MIRROR readers will recognize in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR the same format, the same spirit, the same writers as they've had in their own magazine, in addition to those who have graced the pages of PHOTOPLAY.

Those readers will find also the new color portrait section which ends on the opposite page. I know how difficult it is for readers to get good color portraits of their favorite stars for framing and for albums. I hope I am right in assuming that they fill a need. If I am right, wouldn't you like to suggest stars for these pages? All the movie companies take beautiful Kodachrome pictures which we can reproduce on these pages and PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR has under exclusive contract Hyman Fink, who is able to take portraits, candid and formal, of all the stars. You will find some two-color reproductions of his candid snapshots on another page.

In the succeeding pages there are features we of the editorial board believe to be the most provocative in this type of magazine today. "Don't Be a Draft Bride!" by

Bette Davis is based on the assumption that little has been done about advising the women of America on the difficult personal problems arising from the draft. I am exceedingly proud to be able to offer Miss Bette Davis' daring and provocative article on this subject.

YOU and your friends will hear much of "Fearless" in the coming months because "Fearless" is a writer who disproves the suspicion, which I have often heard, that motion-picture magazines don't really print the truth about Hollywood. This is a slander. On the one hand, it is true that we who love Hollywood don't want to look at it from the worst side or to make its undoubted glamour look like something shoddy and cynical. On the other, we know that Hollywood has its unpleasant sides, and when it is for the good of Hollywood itself as well as for the readers of this magazine, I would not hesitate to expose them. No, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR is not afraid to publish the truth about Hollywood and, if there are foibles and failings in the Hollywood picture, "Fearless" will unhesitatingly analyze and explain them to you on these pages. "Hollywood's Super Headaches" is the first of these relentlessly honest stories.

On the daring side also is Hedda Hopper's "Resolutions The Stars Should Make." She by no means expresses the opinions of this publication or its editors. Her comments express her own personal view and should be read as such. Many of the people she mentions are friends of this magazine, but I know that they all can "take it."

Won't you tell me which story you liked most and which story you liked least? Address me at 122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. And if we have succeeded in making PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR the kind of magazine you want, won't you tell your friends about it?

Ernest V. Heyn

Hi gang!

Can you take it? Here's
a good chance to find out
—at a Withers jamboree

IMAGINE being 14 and earning approximately \$2,000 a week!

Imagine being 14, a mere sub-deb, and having a home of your exclusive own, with a drawing room complete with grand piano and open fireplace; a playroom complete with soda bar and fully equipped kitchen; a beauty parlor complete with hair dryers, vibrators, manicure table, shampoo, washstand and mirrors; your very own bedroom, all done up in 500 yards of palest pink chiffon (because you are young enough to think pink chiffon is the keenest thing!), with a seven-foot-long, six-foot-wide bed set imperially on a dais; a giant bath, with tub and shower and every conceivable variety of soap and bath salts; a huge mirror-walled dressing room, a vast closet as big as many a bedroom with your clothes concealed behind mirror doors that open with a secret spring (zowie!) and nothing showing on the outside but row upon



Good beginning—8 a.m. bike ride. Bad end—a spill. Joe Brown, Elyse Knox and Jane

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Come over to Janie's!

BY RUTH WATERBURY

Photographs by HYMAN FINK

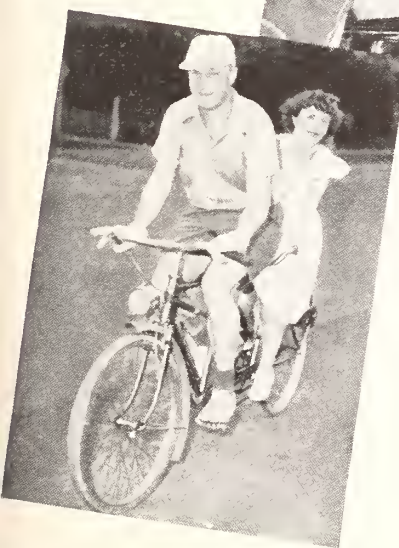
The Withers' pace: Archery with Joe Brown is sandwiched in between Ping-pong and a wild bit of badminton



Short pause for long sodas with Jane behind the bar. Three sodas is considered par



Sample of what you're in for: Rand Brooks and Elyse Knox in the gang's pet badminton act



Safety first: The author gangs up with expert Ohrt on the early morning bicycle trek

Refueling is done buffet fashion. Left to right: Tommy Kelly, Linda Ware, Joe Brown, Jane and Rand Brooks



row of bottled perfumes stretching from floor to ceiling.

Having imagined that, imagine having an adoring mother and father and being permitted to entertain your own gang of pals, some sixteen strong, every Sunday in your own gardens around your own swimming pool, with hot and cold drinks on the playhouse porch and delicious food spread out and waiting on tables under the trees.

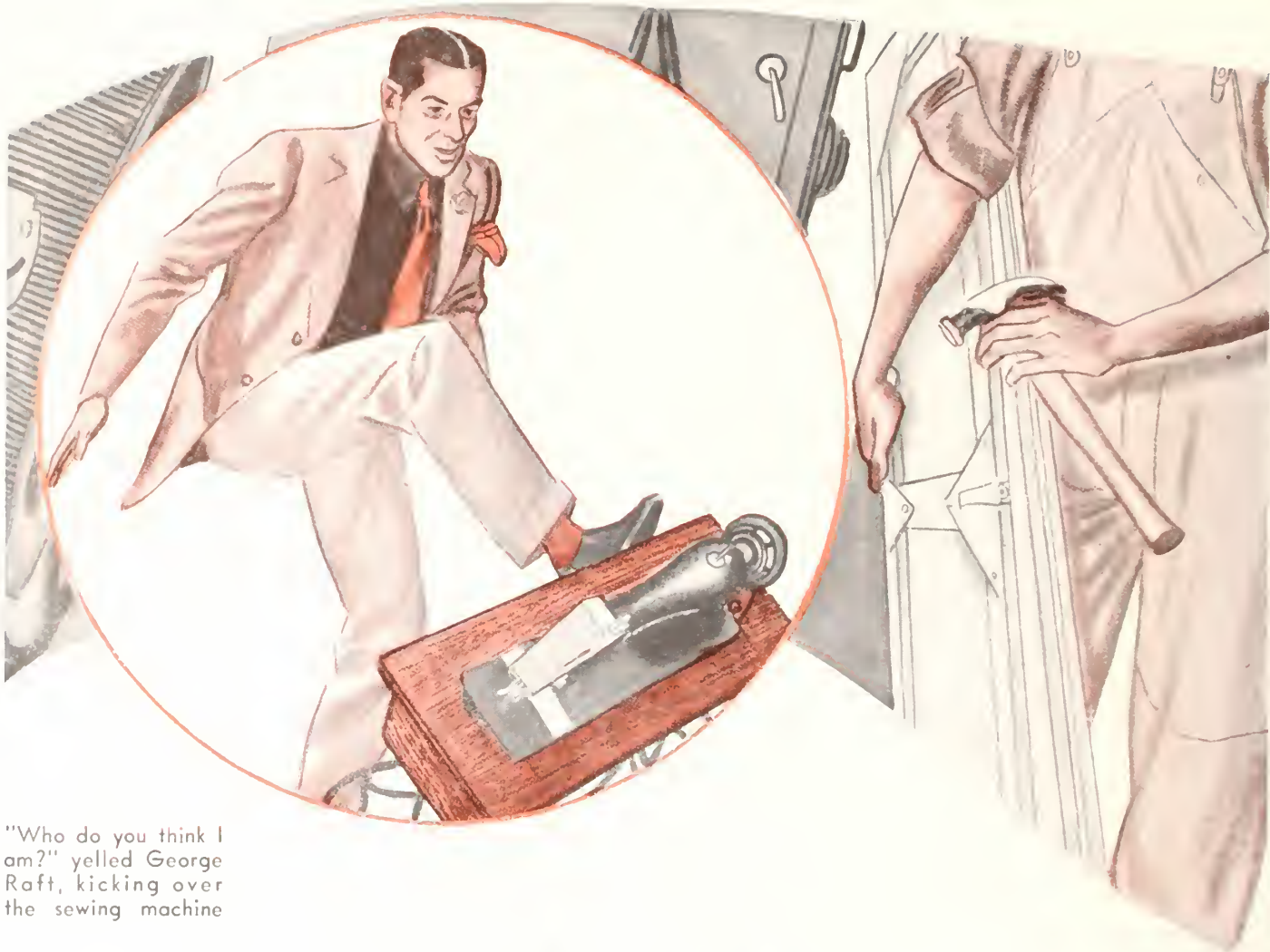
Don't you think all that would turn your head? We know it would ours. But it hasn't turned Jane Withers'.

Jane, you see, is the 14-year-old

described above. What's more, she has earned all this, even including the adoration of her unbelievably sensible parents, by her own talents. Because of the sum of it, she is fast becoming the best young hostess in Hollywood.

Three years ago, Jane discovered on the outskirts of Hollywood a brand-new, rambling white farmhouse that she thought was just the home she wanted to live in. Her parents bought it for her. It was a fine house for an 11-year-old, but, with the passing of each season in which Jane gained inches and friends, the With-

ers soon saw she was outgrowing her self-selected homestead. Also "Pop" and "Mom" ("Pop" keeps right on with his job with an oil-heating concern—he being a sturdy, contented, pleasantly independent soul who will never be tabbed "Jane's manager" no matter how high his daughter soars) saw that Jane was about to emerge into young womanhood with all its attendant trials and temptations, plus Jane's additional complexities of being a celebrity. It didn't seem too wise to have her go out into the world and mingle (Continued on page 64)



"Who do you think I am?" yelled George Raft, kicking over the sewing machine

HOLLYWOOD'S Super Headaches

LIGHTS! Camera! Action! Loretta Young, Tyrone Power and Adolphe Menjou start to play an important scene for a motion picture titled "Cafe Metropole." The set is the lobby of a luxurious hotel. Miss Young and Power are seated on a lounge in the foreground, talking earnestly. In the background, leaning against a pillar, Adolphe Menjou is puffing on a cigaret.

Engrossed with the dialogue between Miss Young and Power, Director Edward Griffith is not watching Menjou, who has no dialogue in the scene. With nothing else to do, Menjou calmly starts

to blow some smoke rings.

They are beautiful, symmetrical smoke rings which rise gracefully towards the ceiling. Inhaling deep from his cigaret, Menjou continues to blow

the rings until there is a group of assorted sizes drifting above his head.

Loretta Young and Tyrone Power continue their dialogue under Director Griffith's concentrated gaze, but no one else on the set is either listening to or looking at Miss Young or Power. They are watching, instead, Adolphe Menjou's smoke rings.

Sound men, carpenters, grips, electricians, wardrobe and make-up men and assorted flunkies are gazing, fascinated, at the wreaths of smoke. Director Griffith suddenly becomes aware of what

HOLLYWOOD UNDER THE LID

There is a side of the citadels of glamour which rarely comes to view; a side which is jammed down into the box and covered with a tightly fitted lid. If you see this human side of your idols, will you love them less for their flesh and blood? We think not. And so in this new series we propose to blow the lid off Hollywood—in a very nice way!



by "FEARLESS"

is happening and, gnashing his teeth, stops the camera so suddenly a couple of words are frozen between Miss Young's lips.

"Please, please, Mr. Menjou," says Director Griffith, pulling his hat down over his ears and glaring at the actor. "Those are beautiful smoke rings—elegant smoke rings. They're probably more entertaining than the dialogue. But we are telling a story here and we do not want audiences to forget it because of your ability to blow smoke rings."

Adolphe Menjou, caught red-handed, grins shamefacedly and promises to re-

frain from such unethical tactics.

Such a scene-stealing trick as smoke rings is only one of the many things which, all added up, give Hollywood motion-picture directors headaches—

WHO IS "FEARLESS"?

You'll be asking this question after you've read the stimulating and intriguing revelations of what goes on behind the shutters of cameraland. And you'll be even more curious after you read the stories by "Fearless" in later issues of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. We are purposely keeping him—or should we say her—anonymous to give him (her) the widest latitude in telling you about Hollywood Under The Lid

Claudette Colbert won't have her right profile photographed. On one set there was no other way for her to be shot. She fumed; they rebuilt the set

the most supercolossal headaches in the world. No wonder the film capital consumes more headache tablets than any other city in the world. And it's a good guess that film directors use most of them.

Directing a motion picture is a job which requires the nerve of a New York steel worker, the fortitude of a six-day bicycle racer, the showmanship of a circus ringmaster, the shrewdness of a financier, the knowledge of a college president, the mind of a psychologist, the deduction powers of a *Sherlock Holmes* and the cunning of a big-time (Continued on page 75)

Resolutions

THE STARS SHOULD MAKE



By Hedda Hopper

A famous Hollywood columnist, movie and radio star in her own right, takes the starlined traffic for an amusing ride

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The opinions expressed by Miss Hopper in this article are entirely her own and not necessarily those of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR—E.V.H.*

It may be a little impertinent on my part to suggest resolutions for our stars, but what's a little bit of cheek between friends? And heaven only knows nobody needs a crystal ball to follow some of these resolutions which should be made and I hope will be kept. Therefore, calmly and without any spleen, here goes.

Clark Gable's first resolution for 1941 should be to give us a Junior . . . Greta Garbo should forget dieticians, music maestros, and concentrate on new clothes, leaving turtle-neck sweaters to Lana Turner . . . Judy Garland, for every picture a song like "Dear Mr. Gable"—and for my money, Judy deserves co-starring with Mr. Gable. How about it, fans? . . . That Greer Garson's every picture be made in color. You haven't really seen that girl yet . . . Katharine Hepburn should sign the book to keep her nose out of politics and stick to acting. She'll last longer. Or, as the Chinese say, "Tread softer and go farther!"

Billie Burke should definitely make up her mind to acquire another *Topper* cycle and make the American mother look like Billie Burke . . .

Nelson Eddy can skip the resolution and simply forget his story about women throughout the country stampeding him. It's beginning to sound like wishful thinking! And for Hedy Lamarr, a much, much longer courting period before another mating season comes around. Give yourself a chance as well as the guy.

Myrna Loy should dress up a bit more for company—and interviewers. Even they like their stars glamorous . . . Jeanette MacDonald should keep her resolution to sing the Wedding March loud and long and ignore the puling lyrics of the whispering chorus . . . George Murphy should not only resolve, but work like the very devil to get another picture with Judy Garland like "Little Nelly Kelly" . . . Walter Pidgeon should resolutely decide to have Metro give him a decent role or let him go to another studio where they will.

Mickey Rooney should make up his mind that he's gotten this far in his own inimitable way and forget the extra height he craves . . . Eleanor Powell should forego starring parts, give the world, or what's left of it, her all in one or two dance numbers to a picture . . . Ann Southern should give *Maisie* back to the studio and settle for a part worthy of her talents. Let's keep 1941 exciting!

Jimmy Stewart really ought to marry Olivia de Havilland—the reso-

lution's been before the public long enough. Then we can relax—maybe she can, too . . . Bob Taylor should gracefully, or disgracefully, resolve himself another "Camille," giving all men an excuse to work up a lather of hate and making women more envious of Barbara . . . For a full year let Spencer Tracy determine to ignore biographies and be himself. Most people think that's enough.

If there was some way of injecting sex appeal into Bob Young, he'd make 1941 seem like ten years instead of one . . . John Carroll should take the diapers off his mentality and put it in long trousers and, for heaven's sake, stop being coy about his singing. It's swell.

Resolution for Harpo Marx: To represent our local Jewish charities and promote his race to the high plane it merits; to take the crown away from that other comic, Eddie Cantor.

Shirley Temple should turn into a good little fairy and donate the star-making services of her mother to Virginia Weidler. Virginia'd be a star before you could say "Who's Yehudi?" . . . It shouldn't even be a resolution, but a law that Fred Allen do no more pictures, but one debate a year with Jack Benny in the Coliseum for the benefit of the Old Actors' Home . . . and Deanna Durbin might (Continued on page 80)



LORD
and
Lady

Coburn

British tradition with a Hollywood touch: Laurence Olivier and wife Vivien Leigh, who made her sensational American debut in the famed "Gone With the Wind," are now teamed up in great-lover style for Korda's filming of the life of Lord Nelson and his famous "Lady Hamilton"

Doing Anything Tonight?



Cary Grant

Lee Bowman

Jeffrey Lynn

James Stewart

Eddie Norris

George Brent

Eddie Albert

Harry Crocker

You're not? Well, here's where you'll go and what you'll do if you date one of Hollywood's "best ten"

If you were to visit Hollywood and could "step out" with, say, any ten of filmdom's "eligible bachelors," whom would you choose? Would it be Cesar Romero, gallant, smiling, with Irish blarney thick on his tongue for all the Latin blood in his veins? Would it be Jimmy Stewart, awkward, shy, but completely engaging? Handsome, dignified Jeffrey Lynn? Lively Cary Grant? Who? And after you had made your choice and were actually stepping out, would any or all of them come up to your expectations?

Well, those are questions which, on first thought, might seem unanswerable, but we know a girl who can put you pretty straight on them, nevertheless. She's one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood and for the past two or three years, she has had a wonderful time "playing the field." This chap one night, that chap the next. Meaning Margaret Lindsay. Maggie should be able to answer any question about Hollywood bachelors that you might like to ask. She dated most of 'em herself and those she

hasn't, she knows a lot about. For your edification, therefore, we persuaded her to pick the ten best dates in Hollywood. And here they are—and here's why. But from now on, we shall let her do the talking. . . .

ONE of the best dates in Hollywood is, I think, Cesar Romero. Pretending that you are about to "step out" with him, would you like to know what kind of an evening you'd have? Well, it will be something like this: When Cesar calls for you, he will ask you what you would like to do. But if you say you will leave it to him, you will quite probably enjoy an evening of dancing—dancing with, I might add, the very best dancer in Hollywood! You will no doubt go first to a little place in downtown Los Angeles called "La Bomba," where they have a wonderful Cuban band. On the way down, driving his convertible two-seater, probably with the top down, Cesar will tell you all about the place, because he's crazy about it. Incidentally, he is a very casual driver, likely



Cesar Romero



William Lundignon



BY

MARGARET LINDSAY

As told to Marian Rhea

to turn and smile at you, showing those white teeth of his, even though the traffic behind you is honking madly for you to get on.

When you arrive at "La Bomba," the manager will rush up, welcoming Cesar like a long-lost brother and the two of them will initiate you to that favorite Mexican drink, *tequila*, terrible tasting stuff that you are supposed to take "neat" with a pinch of salt and a bit of lemon juice afterward, but which you probably will decline with thanks.

Then, Cesar having told the manager what rhumba he'd like the orchestra to play, you'll dance. It won't make any difference whether, heretofore, you've been a good dancer or not. You will be when you are dancing with Cesar. He'll turn you into a sort of second Ginger Rogers and you'll love it! Cesar won't talk when he dances. He won't hold you very tightly, either. But he will lead you perfectly.

After a while at "La Bomba," you'll go over to Olvera Street, Los Angeles' famous "bit of Old Mexico," for

Margaret Lindsay: She knows—she's been out with them all!



Woman's touch: Maggie Lindsay goes to market with Bill Lundigan. He selects; she rejects

dinner at "La Golondrina," a wonderful little Mexican cafe. You'll sit at a little candlelit table covered with a checkered cloth and eat Mexican food—tortillas, enchiladas, chile con carne. Cesar, ordering your dinner, will speak Spanish to the pretty waitress in the full skirt and mantilla. Between courses you will dance to real Mexican music, more melodious, not so "hot" as "La Bomba's" Cuban band, but just as beguiling. Or you'll listen to "La Golondrina's" own entertainers, all of whom Cesar knows.

THEN, around midnight or thereafter, he'll drive you home out Beverly Boulevard way, singing with you some of the music you've heard and laughing gently at your own pronunciation of some of the Spanish words. "Carrrrrrramba!" he'll say. "You foreigners talk so queerly!" Then he'll smile down at you, probably while traffic again honks behind you and tell you you're very nice, anyway.

When he delivers you to your door, he won't even ask to come in if it is very late and he won't make any attempt to kiss you good night, either.

Cesar may look like the proverbial "smoldering Latin," but he is not one to make passes.

Next on my list of "best dates" is Cary Grant and this, likely, is the kind of date you would have with him.

Almost certainly, he won't phone you until half an hour before he wants you to go somewhere with him, but he'll be so blissfully unaware that this isn't on the up-and-up that you won't have the heart to call him on it. Besides, it isn't that he's inconsiderate; he just isn't one to plan ahead.

Say, then, that he wants you to go to the races. Well, after phoning you about noon, he will dash up about twelve-thirty and rage around in the living room like a caged bear if you aren't ready. But when you do appear, he'll grin at you and say, "Hello, beautiful. Well, you're worth waiting for," or something like that. So you'll sail out to his car, a long, racy sort of bus. (Cary's cars are always that kind.) Cary drives like mad, tooting his horn at pedestrians and yelling jovial insults to traffic officers, all of whom seem to know

him (no wonder, the way he drives).

Once there, you'll of course go into a huddle over this or that horse, Cary throwing up his hands at your choice of, say, "White Bread" because you are of a domestic turn yourself, but sheepishly admitting he put down a bet on said horse—if it wins. Between races, you rush out to the paddock and look over the nags, with Cary very knowing about "points" and "past performances" and all that. During the afternoon, too, he will probably lose something—hat, gloves, parking ticket, but it won't bother him. Meanwhile, when you aren't discussing horses, you'll be in the midst of some argument—politics, international affairs, pictures, what-have-you.

After the races are over, you'll rip back to town and drop in on some friends of Cary's, say the Jon Halls, where you will probably stay, settling world affairs, until way past the dinner hour. Whereupon, Cary will make a telephone call and pretty soon there will arrive a marvelous steak dinner from the Brown Derby. So you will continue to sit in the patio or by the fire, depending on the season, airing your views while you eat. All the while, Cary will be very attentive to you. He will see that you are not left out of any discussion. When you have something to say, he'll not only listen to you carefully, but see that the others do, too.

Finally, and with that characteristic abruptness of his, he will decide it is time for the two of you to leave, and you will—all in about two minutes. On the way home, you'll probably stop in some informal place for a cup of coffee. If there's dancing, he'll dance with you, too. Cary is a very good dancer, although he seldom likes to spend an entire evening at it.

LEE BOWMAN is another whom any girl would enjoy on a date. He is a graduate of Princeton and the kind of person who uses his education to be amusing but not pedantic. Like most Hollywood men, being too busy to play in the daytime, he will invite you to dinner and will no doubt ask you not to dress. You will be mighty glad if you've worn your newest and smartest street outfit, though, for he is a very discerning and critical young man when it comes to women's clothes. You'll go somewhere for dinner where the music is good, but where there is no dancing. Lee doesn't like to dance, but he is crazy about music. For that reason, he may choose a place called "The Bar of Music" where they have those two pianos which are so famous in Hollywood. Lee will order a perfect dinner with the right kind of wine and everything and you'll have an awfully good time. (Continued on page 70)

Dennis Morgan of "Kitty Foyle": He has an Irish name, a Nordic ancestry and everything that makes for mastery on the motion-picture screen

Welbourne



and YOUR PROBLEMS— Hollywood's best



It was a worried little letter. And it was similar to hundreds of others like it. The girl was a University sophomore very much attracted to a boy on the same campus. "I'd like to have him as a permanent boy friend," she wrote. "But is heavy necking the only way you can hold a man? Some of the girls say it is. They say it's the only way you can get a man in the first place. Is that true? Naturally I want dates, but I'm at my wit's end to know what to do."

She isn't alone in that. Thousands of girls are puzzling over the same problems. How to get a boy friend. . . . How to keep him. . . . How far to let him go. . . . Frankly, those are important questions, questions that

need more than a little mulling over.

To get Hollywood's best answer to them we chose a board of four stars. On it you'll find Joel McCrea and Frances Dee—because they so clearly represent the well-adjusted young man and woman, straightforward, sincere.

You'll find May Robson, that grand old lady of the screen with her long years of experience. And Linda Darnell—because she is up against those very problems herself now.

And so the board convenes. . . .

Joel McCrea squinted down the length of his pipe as he started talking. It wasn't so long ago that he was Hollywood's most popular bachelor, just as his wife, Frances, was one of

the town's most popular girls. He said a surprising thing now. He said, "When you make a picture, it's a success only if it has a story with a purpose to it. A girl ought to be a story with a purpose. She ought to have definite viewpoints and be a definite character—not an imitation of somebody else. Men are always attracted to that type of girl; the kind with a personality to explore.

"Of course," he mused, "a story should be entertaining, too, and well gotten up! But most of all it should be an original."

According to Joel and Frances—and their opinions coincide on every point—there is one big reason why most girls fail to hold a man. They shop

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

answer



BY
JANE LEIGHTON

EDITORIAL NOTE: She was a young girl on a modern campus and her letter was worried . . . "Is that the only way you can hold a man?" she asked. Her question is answered here in a new and modern way inaugurated by Photoplay-Movie Mirror—an open discussion by four stars, varied in personality, age, viewpoint: Joel McCrea, Frances Dee, Linda Darnell and May Robson. Their conclusions may give you an answer to your own problems. So draw up a chair and join us

around too much. They try to see how many boys they can get, then wonder why they wind up with nothing! "Perhaps it's a matter of being unselfish," said Joel, "but if you really want to keep a man, show interest in him."

"Without," amended Frances, "ever making him feel tied down!"

As they spoke, I was remembering an incident that occurred shortly before their marriage. There was an elaborate movieland ball being given on a Saturday night which Frances wanted terribly to attend. But that same Saturday there was a big cattle roundup near Santa Maria which Joel had planned to attend. It was important to him because certain

fancy steers would be for sale "You'd better go—they might be the very ones you want for your stock," Frances said. And the way she said it you'd have thought nothing else existed except Joel and that ranch of his. But as an afterthought she added, "I can go to the ball with the Cooper party."

Joel said easily that he thought he'd be back in time to take her—just as if a two-hundred-mile ride were a mere nothing!

But to me it was a case in point. Frances has always made Joel feel Top Man without ever losing her own bright independence of character.

I wish my young university sophomore friend could have been sitting

there with us to hear Joel's answer to her next problem. "I don't," he said thoughtfully, "think that any girl has to 'neck' to be popular. Necking is a compromise that leads to eventualities, usually dangerous eventualities."




But naturally a girl can't be dull. If she's going to sit down and think, "I know he kisses Marie and he won't take me out again if I don't pet," she is stymied right there. As much as if she were the prim I-just-won't-kiss type. So what to do?

"Be exciting in other ways. If," says Joel, "a girl is a good sport, a swell dancer, plays amusing games, she won't have time to sit around and smoke. (Continued on page 82)

HOW TO GET A JOB

FASHION QUIZ BY MARIAN H. QUINN

This is definitely the case where clothes make the chosen woman. Here's the result of our research on how to get by the receptionist and into the front office. Incidentally, it also serves another purpose—if you're already in the army of the employed you can see whether your clothes fit your job well enough to merit a cash-in on the raise funds. The quiz part is purely personal—just decide what job you want, then turn the page to the side and let us do the rest.

The Field	First impression should be:	We suggest a dress:	Pièce de résistance:	Watch out for:	Play up:
Nursing 	Neatness	Tailored wool two-piece with a peplum the only break in its clean-cut silhouette	Small wool tunic with same bright eye-catching feathers tucked in at the side	Too high heels that make you look fragile. Try a man's type oxford instead	Your hair. Keep it soft and shining; show it off with a pampadour beret (page 39)
Selling 	Smart but simple	Jumper dress in wool—you can wear a score of different blouses as over-the-counter fillips	Trick bracelet with a practical six-year calendar as a tag charm	Collars that wilt in the noon-day rush. Use a new double necklace of gold ropes instead	Unusual earrings—i.e., "yes and no" pair; one red, one green
Applied Arts (fashion designing, commercial art)	Imagination in your clothes	A jewel-toned velveteen, striking bait for clients.	A navel Portuguese fisherman's cap (the instructions for this are on page 51)	Dark "strictly business" dresses. Wear bright colors instead	Your gloves. Let them be individual—leather, with a bright cowboy fringe trim
Book Work (librarian, school-teacher)	Conservative intelligence	Wool dress trimmed with tailored wool fringe	Basic suede pumps with a raft of easily changed bow trims to match your outfits	Sweaters and skirts that look too school-schoolly for a woman of affairs	Your hands. Keep them well-groomed; decorate them with unusual rings
Office Work 	Quiet competence	Gray and chocolate striped wool.	Indian-influence belt of metal studded with stones	Clinking or dangling jewelry that takes men's minds off their work	Your hats. Try a red suede with an upshooting quill, only bright spot in an otherwise conservative outfit

Five for fascination



"P.M."

Styles for the season ahead are five with new charm. We chose Barbara Stanwyck of Warners' "Meet John Doe" to model the New Year fashion parade. First Barbara wears a chic cape ensemble—a beige wool dress topped by a cape of Mouton lined with the dress fabric. Triple tucking detail and a gold flower pin accent the frock. The brown felt toque with a beige crown has an ornament of gold and brilliants. I. Magnin, Los Angeles

BY
GWENN WALTERS



Welbourne



"P.M."



THE TUNIC FROCK—Barbara shows this high fashion favorite here in supple black jersey with a softly gathered tunic and a knife-pleated skirt. A lime green jersey turban offers lively color contrast; the gold earrings, bow-knot pin and matching bracelets are shining complements. From the May Company Oval Room, Los Angeles



"P.M."



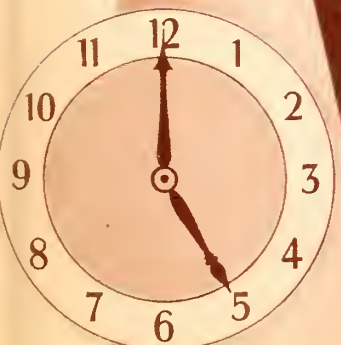
THE PEPLUM FROCK—Barbara chooses this popular style in black jersey too. The bib front and peplum are bordered in black velvet, the fabric that fashions the belt. Barbara's pompadour hat is of black felt and her bow-topped purse of black ante-elope. The accent is gold jewelry. I. Magnin, Los Angeles

Don't make a practice of this
wee-hour business—but it is a
potentiality of this long eve-
ning coat. Exquisitely designed
in oyster white broadcloth, it
is a perfect complement for any
color. The buttons and buckle
are set with aquamarines. P.S.:
Watch the Edith Head cruise
clothes that Barbara wears in
Paramount's new "Lady Eve"



"A.M."

Long-sleeved formals are fashion's newest evening whim. The picturesque dress Barbara wears here is of imported black net. It is styled with voluminous skirt and sleeves and a tightly fitted bodice smartly encrusted with electric blue, pastel green and black bugle beads and sparkling sequins. The original model is from Marie Miller, Hollywood



"A.M."

KITTY FOYLE

Fiction Version by
NORTON RUSSELL

An RKO-Radio picture based on the best-selling novel by the distinguished American author, Christopher Morley (book published by J. P. Lippincott & Company)

Those two honeymoon days were just about perfect. But that was before we went back to Philadelphia to face Wyn's family



The bride wore bittersweet in her heart — the bitter of the man she loved; the sweet of the man who loved her — a hard choice even for Kitty

The Cast

Kitty . . . *Ginger Rogers*
Wyn . . . *Dennis Morgan*
Pap *Ernest Cossart*
Giona . . *Eduardo Ciannelli*
Mark *James Craig*
Delphine . . *Odette Myrtil*

The Story Thus Far:

Eleven-fifteen, the clock says. Forty-five more minutes before I have to decide what road I'm going to travel for the rest of my life.

At midnight Wyn will be waiting for me at Pier 48. And Mark will be waiting at Grand Central. Wyn offers me a love that I had once—so briefly—and then lost. Mark offers me the one thing Wyn can't—marriage.

It's not a simple thing, making up my mind. I sit here, in my room at the Dolly Madison Hotel for Women, and watch the second hand of the electric clock glide around, never stopping for an instant—and I don't know. I just don't know.

I thought I was all over loving Wyn. For five years, until tonight, I hadn't seen him, hadn't talked to him. He was something in my life that was over, finished, done for. If I hadn't believed that, I would never have told Mark Eisen that I'd go with him to Greenwich and be married.

But, not fifteen minutes after I left

Mark, promising to meet him at midnight, I walked into my room and found Wyn there, waiting. And all the old enchantment came back with a rush. It was Wyn, Wyn again, just as if the five years of being apart from him had never happened. I couldn't think of Mark's gentle surgeon's hands any more, or of the little home we would have together, or the children. I couldn't think of anything except Wyn and the feel of his arms around me, holding me tight; his lips pressed against mine.

"Don't you remember all we had together?" Wyn asked. And I remembered. I remembered it all. The old happy days in Philadelphia, when I worked on Wyn's poor little magazine that he tried so hard to make a go of because he was too sweet to be a banker like his father and grandfather and great-grandfather. Our first trip to New York together. And the night, here in New York, six years ago, when we went to our own private Philadelphia Assembly Ball.

An RKO-Radio picture. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Dalton Trumbo. Produced by Darryl F. Zanuck. Directed by Sam Wood.

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Wyn's mother came to greet us. At least I knew her—and that was more than I could say for myself when it came to the collection of relatives in the drawing room

Now Go On With The Story:

We danced, that night, until everyone else had gone home and the hotel ballroom wouldn't let us dance any more.

Then we took the violinist and the drummer with us, and went to Giono's old speak-easy. Seven o'clock in the morning, with Giono serving champagne and scrambled eggs, the violinist and the drummer yawning as they played. . . . It was heaven, that's all.

Wyn was fumbling in his pocket, and in a minute he brought out a little jeweler's box. "See this?"

It was a silver ring in the shape of a snake swallowing its tail. "My great-grandmother's," he said.

"Better put it away, then, if it's family stuff," I said.

"Boys," he called to the musicians. "Can you play 'Tales From the Vienna Woods'?"

"But feebly," the violinist said, and started in.

"I don't know why I should need all this (Continued on page 83)



When I left Mark, I had promised to marry him, to meet him at midnight. But I didn't know then what Wyn's return would do to me




At seven in the morning Wyn and I were still in Giono's speak-easy, the musicians yawning as they played . . . it was heaven, that's all

THE


Camera Speaks

Born in N.Y., she's still a New Yorker at heart. Left: She starts out as Gladys Greene, daughter of Hubert and Johanna Nelson Greene; descendant of Vermont farmers; a prodigy—in roses and tulle—of a painter's family

At 22 she has an annulled marriage with Julian Ancker behind her. Before her—a revealing parade up to the front ranks in "modernistic" evening dresses



At 14 she has a crush on Mary Pickford, a deep desire to be a schoolteacher; ends up as a commercial model, which brings her at 17 (left) to . . .



. . . Hollywood. Taking her professional name from two boys she knew, she poses calmly in 1928 esthetic style. "I've never been self-conscious about acting," she says



... and tells the pictorial story of a frail girl with a husky voice who became a romantic comedienne only after many false starts

ABOUT

Jean

ARTHUR



Even a pose as the Benda mask girl can't save her. She leaves filmdom a failure; comes back a success (right) from Broadway

Unobtrusively sure of herself today, she works hard in "Arizona," concentrates on books, music and husband producer Frank Ross; ends up before the camera . . . in roses and tulle



In 1929 the publicity drums are still booming about her. She co-operates wholeheartedly in a ballet skirt and a blonde wig, keeps concealed her innate dislike for noise, glitter, Hollywood crowds

CUTIE-PUSS

THE Story So Far: Even if a girl is only 18, when she has a record of ten years behind her as the child prodigy of Hollywood, she doesn't give up easily . . . not even when Hollywood doesn't want her any more.

So Bunny Stanwood had pulled a few tricks, had sent her stand-in, Natalie Irwin, to the school in the East where her father and mother had thought she'd go into quiet retirement and then, unknown to them, had pulled out for New York to find herself a job as an actress. But New York didn't seem to want her, either, and Bunny was stranded. That is, she was until she walked into the beanery in the theatrical district and met young Johnny Morrison, who had just written a play, and Gilbert Gilroy, who wanted to act in it.

The two had plans, big plans, and Bunny, known to them only as plain Joan Brown, minus her madcap curls,

false eyelashes and lisp, was to be part of those plans. For she had sold herself to Johnny as an actress and had gotten a role in his play by offering to supply the money to put on the play up in McIntyre's unused theater in Danville, Mass.

But her plea to her father for money—sent through Natalie at school, of course—brought back only a straight no—her father couldn't understand why a schoolgirl would want that amount of money. The cast, laboring there in the darkened theater in the small town, took the news like trouper; they'd go on rehearsing Johnny's "High Olympus" anyway. But Bunny was out; she knew they all despised her—from Johnny and Gil and Mac, who owned the theater, right down to her rival, actress Cissy Bolingsbroke; and her part had been taken from her.

Well, she wouldn't let them freeze

her out; they might not know it, but she was Bunny Stanwood, the star, whose name was even now blazoned in lights at the little movie house across the street. She'd show them. show Johnny, who had said to her during rehearsal, "I don't think you're an actress at all!" She'd go into that theater and see herself as the public saw her. Then she'd tell them off.

She went into the theater with a burst of self-confidence and came out sobbing to herself.

Why hadn't someone told her that she couldn't act, that she was only a cute lispng figurehead?

She walked blindly past the parking lot and she didn't even notice the man until he spoke to her. Why—it was Johnny, Johnny Morrison in rubber boots, hosing a car. She forgot that they had quarreled; that she hated him worse than all the rest . . . she looked at him and began to cry.

Bunny was crying it out on Johnny's rubber apron. "For Pete's sake," he said, "whatever has happened to you?"



He taught her a lot of things about acting. But

it took Bunny to teach him a few things about love

BY ALBERT TREYNOR

JOHNNY could see only the top of Bunny's head. Her face was buried under his arm. She was crying it out on the rubber apron.

He held her so and backed to the hose bib. A cautious movement did it. He turned off the water and dropped the nozzle. Then he gripped her shoulders and pushed her off.

To Bunny any emotional outburst was a natural piece of business, requiring no apology or concealment. She lifted her tear-streaked face. "I don't know how to act!"—and that started her gulping again.

"For Pete's sake!" he marveled. "What happened to you?"

"I saw Bunny Stanwood in 'Boystruck,'" she told him.

"I wouldn't bawl about it," he said. "I never thought she was quite that bad."

"I remind myself of her!" Bunny sobbed.

"Me too!" he agreed.

She gave him a startled glance, fearing she had given herself away.

But Johnny went on, "I figured that out this afternoon. You're one of our Stanwood imitators."

"Yes," said Bunny, with a woe-begone face, "I've always tried to be like her."

"The worst of it is," he said, "there are hundreds like you. Because she's big box-office, you think she's a great actress."

"After the things you told me about acting," she despaired, "I went and checked. And it hit me all in one jolt—I was wrong! And when I think of the way I behaved—when you tried to steer me right! Oh—"

"I'll give you another steer," he volunteered. "I never liked Stanwood. But she must hold something. Whatever it is, you haven't got it."

She shot him a funny look, but he didn't notice. He went on telling her.

"You're still fairly young and perhaps it isn't too late. Why not try being yourself for a change?"

"Johnny—" She was humble about it. "If you'll help me a little," she breathed. "If—oh, Johnny! There isn't anything I wouldn't do!"

He looked at her sharply. "Yeah, I know. Nothing you wouldn't do! That's the one thing I don't like about you. Little rat tricks—"

"I was desperate!" she defended herself.

"Let's have the truth," he said. "You never did play leading roles in Pasadena."

"I—" she swallowed it and tried again. "No. No, I didn't."

"Where'd you get the notices?"

Her eyes beseeched him to understand. "A job printer in New York made 'em up for me."

"Have you ever had any actual professional experience?"

"Well, uh—" Bunny hesitated only an instant. "I've worked in pictures, on and off."

"So that's it!" he said scathingly. "And with nothing more than that behind you, you cheated us into thinking you were somebody. And claimed you had money."

"I thought I could get it!" she told him. "Honestly!"

"You couldn't have been any too sure," he checked her up. "And you didn't care what happened to a few other people, did you?"

"I guess I just didn't stop to think."

"You see what I mean?" He frowned thoughtfully. "My mother was an actress," he told her. "And my grandmother. Good ones. My great-grandfather, a great tragedian. It goes a long way back. And I'm afraid I'm marked with whatever it takes to make you love the smells backstage. As a kid I tried to write plays. I read everything on the theater I could lay hands on, went to town on technique. I wanted to be a great writer and director. But my father had different ideas." Johnny shook his head ruefully. "When I graduated from Harvard Law last year, Dad expected me to go into the firm with him."

"But you wouldn't give in?" It was all a thrilling coincidence to Bunny. "Why, Johnny, you're just like me!"

"All right, Cutie-Puss." He gave a short laugh. "I'm just like you. Look!" he said suddenly. "Do you want to do something with me?"

"Yes," she said.

"Shake hands on it?"

She eagerly put her hand in his.

"Joan Brown and Johnny Morrison," he declared in deep intona-

tions, "hereby agree to go forward in their chosen profession by legitimate means, even if they have to start at the bottom and work their way up, and they solemnly swear off on all little rat tricks, forever."

"You mean," asked Bunny a bit dubiously, "we can't do anything underhanded or dishonorable any more?"

"That's it!" he said sternly.

"Oh, well—" She nodded and tightened her grip. "I swear I never will again!"

His smile warmed to her. "How'd you like to come back in the company?" he asked.

She said it breathlessly: "You want me back?"

"Mac has a scheme about finances," he told her. "We're going to get the play on. There's a small part we intended to double—a little tramp from off the streets. I'll help you with it. Want it?"

"Yes," said Bunny.

And so the miracle had happened.

"WE'VE got to have a contract," she told him, proud of her business acumen.

"What for?" he asked.

"What for? Why, because from now on you're going to work with me. You're going to teach me everything you know. You're going to be my manager-director."

"Who said that?" he demanded.

"Will you, Johnny?" she asked, straightforward and dignified.

"Okay," he agreed.

"All right then," she said. "You're going to do everything to promote my career. But I can't expect you to do it for love."

He slanted his brows at her. "Love?"

"You know what I mean." She went faintly pink. "I may be a valuable property someday. Wouldn't you want to have me on a contract then?"

"Boy!" He grinned at her. "Let's not waste any time!"

As night attendant of a parking lot, Johnny's job, luckily, didn't interfere with afternoon rehearsals. Nor did it prevent his giving Bunny some of his expert attention while he hosed and polished.

He recalled (Continued on page 71)

Hollywood at Home



"Just a place to live in"—Bob and Vivi in the living room of the one-story farmhouse

HOW ROBERT CUMMINGS LIVES

A unique "living" story that brings you the intimate personal details of a star's everyday

ON Saint Valentine's Day, February 14, 1940, a messenger entered the garden gate at 14111 Sherman Way, North Hollywood, bearing a large red box. As he approached the little white house he was greeted by the innocuous growls of a German police dog who sniffed the box curiously.

The messenger rang the bell and asked for Mrs. Robert Cummings. The attractive young Nordie blonde said, "I am Mrs. Cummings." She signed the receipt while the dog rubbed his moist nose against the box and made strange sounds that might have meant, "Well, I'll be muzzled! What is this?"

The messenger departed and Mrs.

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

Cummings opened the attached envelope. She read:

"Dear Mrs. Cummings:

"Mr. Cummings wanted to buy you a red heart full of candy for Valentine Day, but I persuaded him to let me steal into your heart instead. I'm very rare and very funny-looking and I come from the jungles of Brazil. I'll eat practically anything you will. And please love me, Miss Vivi, as much as I love you

Sincerely,

SUZIE Q."

When Mrs. Cummings opened the box she looked into a pair of large brown eyes so brown that they were almost black. A Brazilian woolly monkey cocked its head and gazed whimsically at its new mistress. The conquest was complete.

Thus the Robert Cummingses passed another Valentine's Day and thus is characterized most typically their lighthearted attitude toward one another and toward their daily lives. For Bob and Vivi Cummings live seriously but not too seriously, nurturing a sense of humor all too vital these hectic days.

Six years of married life find this

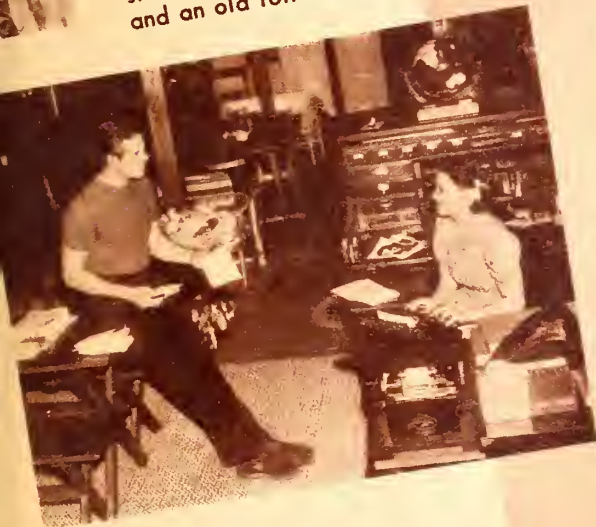


← Most inviting spot is the sunporch with its view of the garden

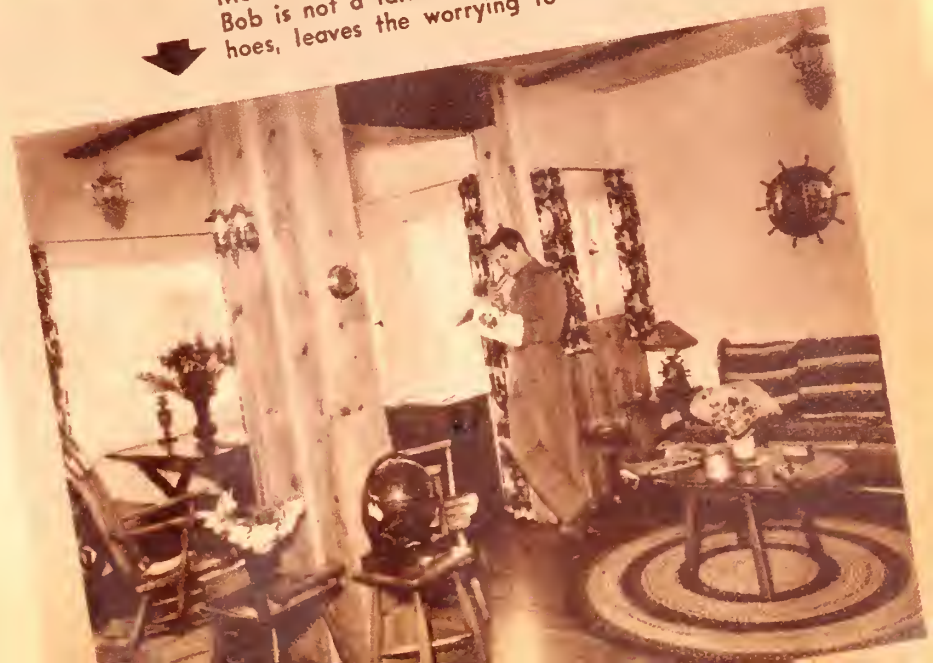
Addenda: A police dog, a stone deer and the monkey Bob gave to Vivi



Fanmail department in the barn-playhouse consists of tables, shelves and an old roll-top desk



← Master of a fruit and vegetable garden, Bob is not a farmer, hates puttering with hoes, leaves the worrying to a caretaker



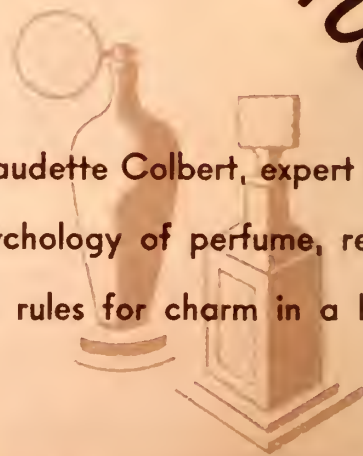
young couple still remembering Valentine Day and trying to give it special meaning by giving special thought to its remembrances.

Last year, unknown to Bob, Vivi sent to Switzerland for a chime watch and presented it to him on Valentine Day. Bob reacted like a kid with his first bike. A hundred times a day he wanted to know the hour, a hundred times he displayed it to his associates.

"I was never so proud in my life," said Bob. "I thought it was awful swell of Vivi to think of it. Then I got the topper—two weeks later she handed me the bill. Five hundred dollars. That (Continued on page 68)

She chooses enchantment

Claudette Colbert, expert in the psychology of perfume, reveals her rules for charm in a bottle



BY
FRANCES
DEANER

PERFUME, from the beginning of time, has been a challenge to the eternal mystery of woman. And, in that beginning, we are told that "God planted a garden eastward in Eden" and in the garden were rosemary and sweet-smelling flowers, myrrh and sandalwood, besides many other fragrant shrubs. In Exodus XXX, if you are interested, you will find the world's first recipe for making perfume.

All of the old-time glamour girls knew the lure of subtle fragrance. Cleopatra was lavish in her use of scents, even to the extent of drench-

ing her river barge with them.

Men have always felt the fascination of perfume and it was those two heroes of Rome's luxury period, Caesar and Mark Anthony, who established a precedent in the use of scents. When they staged their banquets they had perfume sprayed from the ceiling, wafting softly down upon their guests.

But it was left to the French to make an intensive study of perfumes and perfumery and they soon learned the medicinal, emotional and mental values of scents. So we thought of Claudette Colbert, the lovely French girl who grew so proficient as an

American actress that she became an Academy Award winner, to tell us the dos and don'ts of perfumery.

"I have loved perfumes all my life. They are a part of me," said Claudette. "My very earliest memories are all interwoven with my mother, of course, and the sweet fragrance that enveloped her—like the faint odor of a garden bouquet. I loved to crawl up into her lap and inhale that aura of perfume. It had a soothing effect and a kind of protective influence. We were poor in those old days in France and New York. But somehow Mother always (Continued on page 66)



Left: The Portuguese Fisherman's cap designed by Adrian

It'll do things for you—the right things. Exclusive couturières are selling it; we tell you how you can make it yourself
BY
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER



Here's Your Hat!

SORCERER Adrian has done it again! This time it's a Portuguese Fisherman's cap with which he creates glamour. Katharine Hepburn wears it in "The Philadelphia Story" and everyone on the Metro lot is agreed it makes her more provocative than ever before.

Adrian's Portuguese Fisherman's cap is one of those casual little numbers that do things for a girl—the right things. In fact, a famous New York couturière who saw Katharine Hepburn wearing this cap while she was a visitor in the studios copied it immediately for her exclusive clientele.

We're not suggesting you look up this couturière and pay the fancy price she's asking for this cap. We're suggesting instead that you make this cap for yourself—from the directions we offer here through the courtesy of Madame Marthe of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer wardrobe department.

Instructions for Making Hepburn's Portuguese Fisherman's Cap

Designed by Adrian

Handknit by Madame Morthé

1½ bolls of white boucle, 4 balls of blue boucle, 4 No. 3 knitting needles.

This cap is knit on four needles.

1. Cast on 120 stitches (40 on each of three needles), using the blue boucle, and knit for one inch.

2. *On the next row, cast off 2 stitches, one of each end of needle. Then knit plain for one inch. Continue from * (casting off 1 stitch of each end of needle every inch) until work measures 13 inches.

3. Using the white boucle, * on the next row, cast off 4 stitches—two on each side of the needle—then knit plain for a half-inch. Continue from * until work measures 16 inches.

4. Now cast off 2 stitches, one of each end of the needle, on every other row until work measures 20 inches, thus bringing cap to a point.

5. Attoch a four-inch blue tassel. You make the tassel thus: Decide upon how long you wish it—lay strand of yarn back and forth, tie it at one end, leaving a "head" on it, then cut strands at other end.

This makes a cap that is approximately twenty inches in head size but will stretch to fit a twenty-three inch size. It is worn with the seam on the side of the head and the "stocking" of the cap lying flat and hanging almost to the shoulders.

Note

Photoplay-Movie Mirror assumes no responsibility for any romantic adventures which may result from wearing this cap.

Sketch of the cap as worn by Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story." Below: She makes Jim Stewart sit up and take notice





Word - Tosses

Melvyn Douglas of "That Uncertain Age": Hollywood rarity by reason of his big-word vocabulary and his earnest eloquence in behalf of the underdog

Join now —

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Dancing School

ENTRANCE TEST: When the gourds begin to rattle and the music begins to play "One Two Three Kick" and all the bright boys and girls begin to La Conga, do you know what to do, too? If not, enroll immediately! We're going to run a dancing school, so you'll never have to refuse a date or sit out a single note when your heels are itching to cut down on that rug. Every month we're going to have a current popular dance demonstrated by the stars. This month it's La Conga, but before we go into our dance, we're going to throw in a couple of quizzes—one for the girls, one for the boys—to let you see if you know the most important rules of dancing in general. Sure, you do, but try it just for fun. When you check the answers on page 74, maybe you'll be surprised. . . .



Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

FOR GIRLS

1. Should you applaud at the end of a tune?
2. What are the four points to remember about posture when dancing?
3. If you dance best in high heels, should you wear them anyway if your escort is short?
4. When another man asks you to dance, should you ask permission of your escort first?
5. For ordinary dancing form, where should a girl hold her head—turned to parallel her partner's face, or over his right shoulder?

FOR BOYS

1. Where, on a girl's back, should you place your right hand for the best results in leading?
2. What is the correct position of the left arm?
3. What can you do about your lead hand when the dance gets hot and your palm moist with perspiration?
4. If you suddenly discover your girl is wearing an extremely backless dress, do you keep your lead hand on the bare flesh or not?
5. Should you practice new steps on the floor, or try them at home first?



Drawings by Gregori

THE Conga was originated by a nearly naked entertainer in a jungle nightspot somewhere far up the Amazon. She danced to drums played by the local Gene Krupa who had a stop complex on a certain beat. It went, boom boom-boom boom, BOOM. The dance became the sensation of all South America.

The epidemic spread rapidly north. Chic supper crowds in Manhattan were soon doing a football snake dance to La Conga songs before "Strike Up The Band" and "Too Many Girls," with their terrific Conga sequences, could be released.

The trouble is that only one out of five hundred knows how to La Conga properly.

How To Do The Conga

Begin at home, not in a public place, since a busy time is in store for you. Buy some La Conga records and put them on the phonograph. Don't try to do the Conga to a Rhumba or Tango. Use the "Fast-Slow" attachment and slow the thing down so you can be leisurely at first. Note the rhythm of the drums, gourds, etc.

Bob Stack and Mary Beth Hughes, two of the best young Conga dancers

in Hollywood, lend themselves to us for illustration purposes this month. The scene is Bob's brand-new bamboo room, near the swimming pool at his house. Bob had a small dark man named Pacifico in attendance with a stack of towels; afterwards, Pacifico weighed the towels and Bob had lost three pounds. Mary Beth was merely in a gentle glow, but that's the superior endurance of women for you.

Anyway, to La Conga. Take your favorite man, preferably tall, athletic and of Latin ancestry—or, if you're a fellow, the girl with the best figure in town—and—turn the page!

HERE WE GO!

For the basic step of La Conga-

Boy starts here →



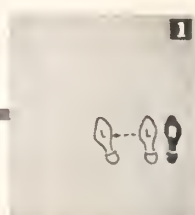
Count 4. In Hollywood you add a "bump" toward the left, consisting of pulling right hip up quickly, balancing with right toe, which pulls right foot back slightly, leaving weight on left foot. For official La Conga, swing or kick your right foot in front of your left. (See picture at the left, with Bob "bumping" to the left, right foot released)



Count 3: Step left with left foot, shifting weight to it, still moving left



Count 2. Cross your right foot over, in front of the left, moving leftward again



Count 1. Step left on your left foot, shifting the weight to it, moving leftward (Note: We aren't dancing yet. This is just to show the foot movement)



Count 5. Now we're going to repeat pattern to right. At end of Count 4 weight was on left foot. So step right on right foot for Count 5, shifting weight to it, moving to the right



Count 6. Cross left foot over in front of right, moving to right



Count 7. Step right with right foot again, still moving to right



Count 8. "Bump" or kick with left foot in front of right. (See picture, right, with Bob "bumping" to right, his left foot released)



forward from hips up and the leg holding weight on the "bump" is rather straight. It is the "bump" or kick, together with the quick shoulder movement on counts 4 and 8, that form the outstanding characteristic of the Conga.

We're ready now to start dancing. The man takes his partner in a loose hold and leads her for several of the basic steps (repeating 1 to 8 several times) until they both have caught the rhythm and are moving smoothly together.

Then both drop arms and, still facing each other, start to do the basic step in opposite directions. The general movement after you are into this next step will be to the right for the girl and to the left for the boy. In order to do this, the boy must shift his weight, since after he finishes 1 to 8 counts his weight is on the right foot. He accomplishes this shift step by

stepping left as in the basic step to count 1, but instead of crossing over with right, he merely swings his right foot across, retaining weight on the left for count 2, steps right on right foot for count 3 and "bumps" or kicks with left on count 4. You'll note this holds man on place while girl is dancing to right, leaving them apart at end of first 4 counts. They cross each other on counts 5 to 8, still ending up apart. (Note: When the boy wants to dance again in unison with his partner, he does his shift step by stepping right on 1, swinging left across on 2 but holding weight on right, stepping left on 3, and "bumping" left on 4, which leaves right foot free to start to his right with the girl who moves with him to her left.)

Go back and forth with this step as many times as desired. A pleasant variation is to catch left hands on the "bump" right and right hands on the "bump" left.

The girl does the same pattern, but begins by stepping right with right foot, crossing left foot over and in front of right, moving right, stepping again on right and "bumping" or kicking with left. Then she repeats the pattern to the left, thus covering the 8 counts.

So much for the foot movement of the basic step. Now's the time to put some swing into it. Legs move easily with not too much bend at the knees. Shoulders are carried level during 1-2-3, 5-6-7 counts. On 4 and 8, the "bumps," the shoulders do a quick horizontal swing—left shoulder moves slightly forward and back as the right shoulder comes forward in almost a jerk. The body is slightly



A twosome variation: Mary Beth and Bob make their own arch. They start facing, La Conga for two or three steps . . .



. . . then the man turns to the left, the girl to the right, still holding hands until they are half-way around. Then . . .



. . . he takes his right hand back again and they come out of it facing, go right on with the regular steps of dance

A further variation is for each partner to make a complete turn on the 1-2-3, 5-6-7 counts while moving from side to side. I.e., step right with right foot on 1; put enough steam behind your next step left on count 2 to carry you halfway around a circle which you'll be completing to the right; finish circle on right foot count 3 and "bump" on count 4. Repeat, going to the left.

In the Conga line everyone on the floor gets in a queue and follows the leader, until the leader and his partner form an arch with their arms; whereupon every one dances under the arch and comes out in a circle, from which individual couples step out and shine. The picture below shows the way you look in the queue. Don't let the arch bother you—at home or on a casual

floor you can do a twosome variation by making your own arch and skinning the cat under it.

A. Stand facing each other, hands meeting clasped in front of you, the way Bob and Mary Beth do it above. La Conga in this position for two or three steps, then

B. The man turns to the left and the girl to the right, still holding hands until

C. You get halfway around. Then he should take his right hand back again. If he doesn't you'll both end the step with a sprained back.

D. Come out of it facing each other and go right on with your dancing.

We might add that when you wish to progress around the room, the girl crosses her foot over in back instead of in front, when doing basic step.

This is the way you'll look in the Conga line when you're scrunching along, following the leader



WE sort of like this Boopsie-Doodle step.

Stand side by side, as you did up there in the beginning, but instead of both walking to the left, the girl should take that direction and the man should go to the right. At the fourth step, kick in toward each other, the girl with her right foot, the boy with his left. When you start back, turn as you step so that when you do your little "bump" and kick on the fourth step, you do indeed bump into each other, right there on the derriere. It's silly, but it's lots of fun!

The Boopsie-Doodle step: You end up by "bumping" each other. See directions at the left





The announcement for which Hollywood had waited six years came at "The Great Dictator" premiere: Chaplin introduced Paulette Goddard as "my wife"

But by that time there was another mystery: It centered around Director Anatole Litvak with whom Paulette has been seen frequently during the past months

With the first public acknowledgment of "my wife" the "great dictator" created a new enigma



The New Mystery of MR. and MRS. CHAPLIN

Of all the muddled marital mix-ups of Hollywood's history, there has never been any that surpassed in excitement and mystery the one that is currently intriguing the town, the one in which Charlie Chaplin, Paulette Goddard and Anatole Litvak are the principal players.

The battles and the reconciliations of the fighting Flynns are kindergarten stuff compared to this. The Caliban and Ariel duet of John and Elaine Barry Barrymore is ten-cent fireworks; the Wayne Morris-Bubbles Schinas tragedy is only a sad little saga, the heart trail of Lana Turner from Bautzer to Shaw to Mature to Martin is child's play when considered in the light of the major-league maneuvers of a great clown, a glamour girl and a charming, unattached director.

For, after all, in each of the above cases you know to a certainty exactly

BY RITA WILSON

what the marital status was. Lili and Errol, despite their partings, stay united. You always knew when John and Elaine were in marriages or in between them. You knew when the Morrisses were in the courts and out of them. A dozen candid cameras an evening could constantly tell you right where Lana was and with whom. But Chaplin and Goddard and Litvak! Compared to them, Finnegan, the lad famed for being out again, in again, was as set in his ways as Queen Victoria.

If you had asked anybody in Hollywood's inner circles two weeks before "The Great Dictator" was released, they would have told you that Chaplin and Goddard were all "through." But all through what?

That was the question.

While no less an authority than

Randolph Churchill, son of Britain's Prime Minister, Winston Churchill, has announced to the world that he knew definitely that Paulette and Charlie were married, no busy reporter—and how busy they have been on this trail—has ever been able to find a record of the marriage having been performed.

Hollywood generally believe that Paulette and Charlie were married. The most accepted date when the marriage is believed to have been performed was the morning of Paulette's birthday in June, 1934, and the place, supposedly, Charlie's palatial yacht. A wedding at sea does not have to be registered on land. Another report had them married in Canton, China.

One thing at least was positive. From the day of their first meeting in 1932 until well into the spring of 1940 Charlie and Paulette were never

seen apart from one another. But come 1940 and things began to change. First, close on the heels of a rift rumor, Paulette went on a long vacation alone in Mexico. Secondly, she became a star in her own right in "The Ghost Breakers" and "North West Mounted Police." Thirdly, by late summer, she was constantly seen in clubs and at private parties in the company of Anatole Litvak, he who is the ex-husband of Miriam Hopkins and the ex-escort of such belles as Ann Sheridan, Olivia de Havilland and almost any beautiful girl about Hollywood that you can mention.

Things got so constant with Paulette and Tola, actually, that when Chaplin headed for New York for the Eastern debut of "The Great Dictator," the harassed press representatives of Warner Brothers, to whom Litvak is under contract, Paramount, to whom Paulette is under contract, and United Artists, who were releasing "The Great Dictator" were all in a desperate huddle trying to discover Paulette's whereabouts. Frantic phone calls went back and forth from studio

to studio and from coast to coast. Frantic cables went back and forth from the mainland to a ship sailing toward Mexico, a ship on which Paulette was supposed to be and on which it was whispered Litvak was also present. For weeks before this crisis, the Hollywood press had run sly little items which said, "It looks as though Charlie Chaplin has released his long-awaited picture and Paulette Goddard simultaneously" . . . such veiled cracks, and that was only the half of it.

The other half was whispers that pointed out that something strange always happened to the careers of Chaplin's leading ladies after they were once a hit in his pictures. Mildred Harris and Lita Grey, both very young girls whom Charlie starred, married and by whom he was divorced (and these divorce costs to him were reported as \$300,000 to Mildred Harris and \$850,000 to Lita Grey); Edna Purviance, his first leading lady when he was a producer of his own films and could dictate all terms; Georgia Hale; Virginia Cherrill—all these girls had been raised

from obscurity to fame by Chaplin and after appearing with him one or two times had oddly and immediately disappeared from things cinematic.

Thus it was that after her flash in Chaplin's "Modern Times" the movie colony asked, "Will Paulette Goddard disappear, too?"

Paulette said nothing. She said nothing when the first stories about Charlie's tiring of her were hissed. She said nothing when asked

whether or not she was his wife. She most distinctly said nothing when she began appearing with Litvak. But she had already broken the Chaplin leading lady tradition by quietly appearing in "The Young in Heart" which she followed with five solid successes, ending up with the main feminine role in "The Great Dictator."

THE pert Miss Goddard, who is made of cleverer stuff than the other Chaplin wives and leading ladies, has what amounts to a genius for saying nothing and for getting ahead. When she and Charlie first met in 1932 she was only a New York chorus girl who had gotten a divorce from a boy millionaire and who drove to her Hollywood work as a bit player in an imported car that cost thousands. At that time Charlie said he had met in her the only woman who could equal him in talent and intelligence. His friends laughed then, but now they realize that he was a true prophet. The way Paulette has developed in talent, intelligence, beauty and acting ability is amazing and inspiring.

Therefore, it is not at all impossible that, hearing the tales of the other lost leading ladies, clever Paulette may have determined that if there was to be any leaving done, she would be the one who did it. Or it may have been only a quarrel between her and Charlie that led her to listen to the delightful language of Anatole Litvak. Or it may have been only a girl growing up, in her life and her art, and wanting to discuss it with fellow artists. Or it may have been the sum of all these things.

At any rate, there could be no doubt of the attraction there was between her and Litvak. Their dining and their (Continued on page 81)



"Modern Times" started the cycle: Paulette, Chaplin's leading lady, came to the premiere with him . . .

. . . was thereafter his constant companion, the hostess for the intimate parties at the Chaplin home



Ann Miller: She tap-danced her way into the limelight



The man who did the damage in "City For Conquest": Tony Quinn



ROUND UP OF
Race Setters

BY SARA HAMILTON

You know the faces, but how about the facts? Here's a chance to find out all about five promising kids

Believe It or Not But:

PPOINT 1. Ann Miller is the girl Hollywood producers begged to consume four hot fudge sundaes a day. 2. She's the up-and-coming star who had the effrontery to turn down the star lead in four big Broadway shows with no definite movie job in sight. 3. Last, but not least, Ann is the girl whom Gene Autry first kisses on the screen. (Note the technicality, girls.)

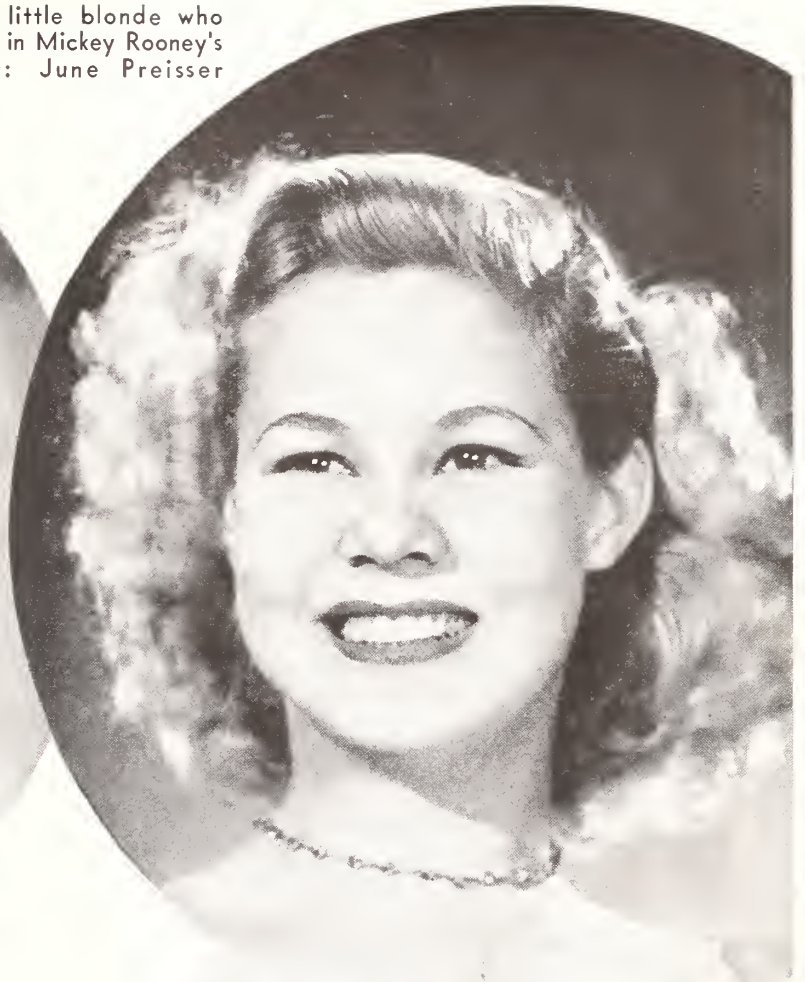
When you see her in her latest movies, "Too Many Girls," "Hit Parade of 1941" and "Melody Ranch," you'll understand why so many pleasantly unexpected things happen to Ann. They simply couldn't miss happening to anyone so darkly beautiful: for with Ann's jet black hair, arresting slender height (she's a five-foot-sixer) and creamy skin, for all the world like a 1940 Snow White who knows her way around, how could events pass her by!

The fudge sundae episode happened when Frank Capra chose Ann for the role of the dancer in "You Can't Take It With You" and producers decided she was much too slender to look the part of a home-grown would-be dancer. So Ann raced across to a drive-in four times a day and ate herself up to 135 pounds. When they finally took a look at Ann they "viewed with alarm" their handiwork. So Ann shot down to 125 pounds and everyone in the cock-

The little blonde who gets in Mickey Rooney's hair: June Preisser



He looks like Walter Pidgeon: Phillip Dorn, an import from Holland

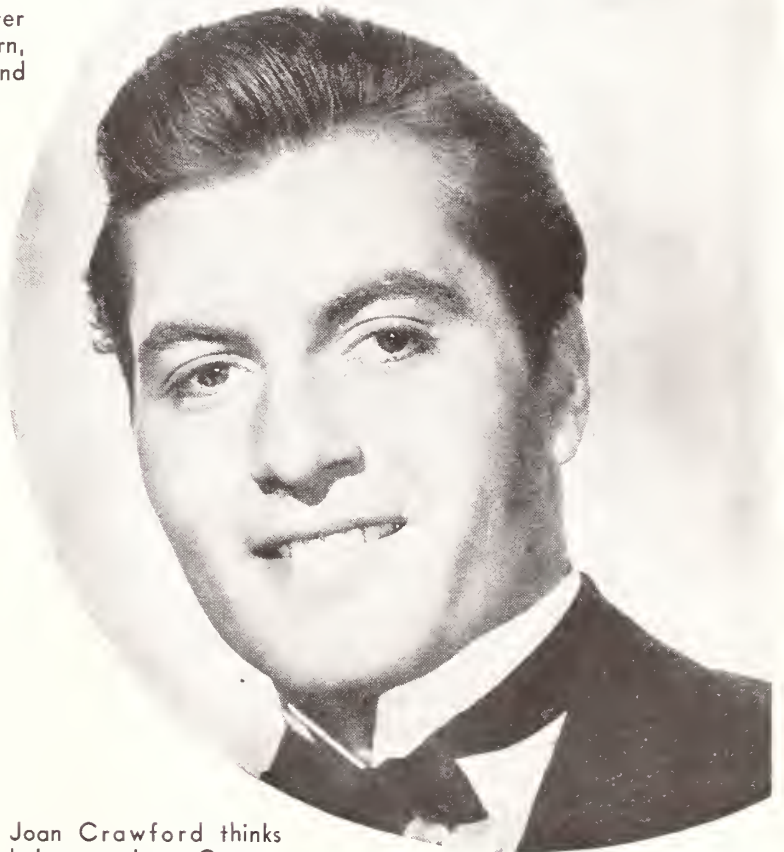


eyed West Coast business was completely happy.

She comes from down Texas way, Ann does, from the little town of Chireno, where her father practiced law. She'd always gone to dancing school, so after her mother and she came to California, she went right on to dancing school. When they were broke—and they were most of the time—dancing teachers gave their services gratis, so sure they were that one day Annie-pannie would click.

Her first grasp on the professional bubble occurred when Ann, who was then about 15, noted the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles was about to put on a guest night show. She worked out a clever routine on her own and went on. They liked her so well she stayed for two weeks, ingeniously changing her routine each week. Then came a dancing job in a Hollywood night club with Ann and her mother hoping against hope some talent scout would spot her. None did. With the greatest reluctance she then accepted a dancing job in San Francisco with the result that Hollywood, this time, in the form of comedian Benny Rubin, came, saw, was conquered, and Ann signed with RKO where she clicked in "New Faces of 1937," "Radio City Revels," "Stage Door" and then the Capra picture.

Personal appearances then brought her to the attention of George White and in his 1939 edition of the "Scandals" Ann tap-danced the Conga



Joan Crawford thinks he's marvelous: George Montgomery of "Jennie"

right into star limelight. Publicity, write-ups, advertising posters and smart ballyhoo brought her back to Hollywood and her last three pictures. When Broadway and its four shows beckoned again, Ann, with no definite assignment in view, turned them down. She's here to stay—and are we glad!

From nothing, and we mean down to bedrock where sometimes "bed-rock" was all a person had to eat, she's boosted herself the long hard way to a four-figure salary, to a new cream-colored car, a new house for her and her mother, smart clothes and calm assurance. She's used her head, allowed no emotional excitement to sweep her off her feet.

If only she could resist bakery shops now, she'd be a wonder. Incidentally, if you know Ann, or even if you don't, never wish her good luck before a performance. She's sure to fall flat on her face or something, if you do. So, as you watch her climb up that ladder to fame, as she's sure to do, breathe softly under your breath, "Good luck, Ann."

She's earned it and deserves it.

Phillip Dorn

WE have a little bet to make with you, dear readers, and here it is. After you've witnessed the picture "Escape" you'll either ask or wonder about that fascinating foreigner who played *Dr. Ditten*. Because we're here not only to give facts but to anticipate

your desire for information, let us tell you about him that you may be first to know.

Phillip Dorn is a Dutchman, born in the little seacoast village of Scheveningen in Holland. His father was a small shipbuilder and manufacturer and Phillip, growing up among these seafaring villagers, had but one desire—to go to sea.

A Red Cross show given during the first World War changed his mind. Never did that noble organization perform a finer deed, for that same very young man rose to be the greatest stage star of Holland, revered and loved by his whole country.

His own family was against it, of course. "Be an artist or a musician, if you must give beauty," his mother urged. "An actor can give nothing."

The pleasure he has given in Holland, in the Dutch East Indies, in Africa and in the Dutch New World possessions can not be measured with material yardsticks.

He was a star almost from the beginning. One week after he left the Academy of Fine Arts and Architecture to join a small provincial production company, the leading man left. Dorn stepped into his place and has remained a star ever since. They were years breaking him down to the point where he'd leave the stage for pictures. Then he capitulated only because the folklore of a Dutch seaport village, similar to his own, was to be preserved in the film "Good Hope."

Before the outburst of hate in Europe broke into active warfare, Director Henry Koster, who had directed the actor in Europe, sent for him to come to America. He could speak no English and therefore hesitated. But after seven weeks in England, where he witnessed 200 motion pictures and thirty plays, good and bad, he discovered he could understand English, even if he couldn't speak it. Encouraged, he sailed for America and had only settled down to an intensive study of English when his own beloved Holland fell before the Nazi onslaught. Distraught, he stormed the Dutch Consulate in Los Angeles in an attempt to get back home. It was over before he could complete arrangements. His aunt and his cousin were both slaughtered in the Nazi raid over Rotterdam that occurred after the Dutch treaty of peace had been signed. For months he haunted cable offices, trying to reach his mother.

Four months of agony and suspense went by before he heard she was safe. But eighty percent of those tall, handsome young men, his friends who served with him in the Queen's Guard, were killed.

It is good for us Americans to know these things, the better to understand and help these strangers, bewildered in our midst. It is good for us to know how gallantly they discard names that are known the world around to accept others that American producers think best. (Continued on page 72)

Two times blest is Christopher Quinn, son of famous Anthony, grandson of Cecil B. De Mille



The girl who makes a big hit of Republic's "Hit Parade of 1941"—dance star Ann Miller



This is the way she looks when she's not before the cameras: M-G-M's little imp, June Preisser



Cal York's Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 8)

Fans who have screamed for Bob Stack in another Deanna Durbin picture may now relax. Bob will be the handsome hero in "Nice Girl," Deanna's next.

Franchot Tone, a refugee from New York's Stork Club, becomes a routin'-tootin' Western cowboy in Universal's "Trail of the Vigilantes." Is that Gene Autry over there, shaking in his boots?

Profests: Many written protests poured into Twentieth Century-Fox studios when Tyrone Power was cast in the Douglas Fairbanks Sr. role of "Mark of Zorro." But now that Twentieth has announced Ty for the Valentino role in "Blood and Sand," you should hear the screaming, via mails, that is reaching that studio, mostly from middle-aged women, all rabid Valentino fans, who say they'll boycott Tyrone forever.

No wonder stars wear that slightly worried look so much of the time.

Poor Ginger: Fred Astaire, who always refused to kiss Ginger Rogers in their co-starring pictures, will bestow a little kiss upon Paulette Goddard in "Second Chorus."

Judy Garland and Dave Rose: This duet is making M-G-M hold its breath



Return: All Hollywood is cheering loudly for Gene Raymond, who suffered in silence during his two long years' absence from the screen. Those of us who saw him in his little music room built in a corner of the garden know how he tried so bravely to hide his disappointment in the creation of music.

Then Gene gave up and went back to the screen in "Cross Country Romance," the very type picture he had tried to avoid. His reward? A grand role in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" with Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery. Word comes that Gene is the choice of Jean

Arthur for the lead in her next picture, "The Devil and Miss Jones." Does Gene mind going to the devil for such a role?

Wifey Jeanette MacDonald, who never lost faith in her husband, couldn't be happier.

Gable and Lombard—At It Again:

When bigger and better pranks are played in Hollywood, you can be sure of one thing—Gable and Lombard will play 'em. When Lombard's birthday rolled around, Gable had made an enormous cake carefully iced on top—"To Ma—on



Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers: She gave a party for a Fairbanks wedding



Forrest Tucker and his bride: That smile disappeared pretty quickly

her 75th Birthday." When Carole cut the cake, imagine her surprise to hear coming from the cake's innards a conversation between Clark and a friend.

"Now Clark, the gag is for you to sing 'Happy birthday' to Carole."

"What? Me sing? Nothing doing," said Gable's voice. "Next thing you know the studio will have me in singing films."

"Well," came back the friend's voice, "you could do worse. Remember 'Parnell.'"

Whereupon Clark sang Happy Birthday to Carole, who was so touched she offered to get him a job with Western Union, if he wanted it.

Of course it was a concealed record playing inside. Carole is keeping the record.

Talk of the Town: M-G-M is quivering in its glamorous boots these days. They had sighed with relief when Judy Garland had decided to be beamed by other young men around town, Dan Dailey Jr., among them. But now Judy admits there is no one in her life but Dave Rose, Martha Raye's ex-husband, and the studio is afraid their youthful star may follow Lana Turner's example and take the plunge.

Incidentally, Judy and Dave spend every afternoon at a famous dancing school learning to rhumba. It must be love, for after that La Conga of Judy's in "Strike Up The Band," we're sure it's Dave and not Judy who needs the

lessons, with Judy going along to encourage him.

Last-Minute News: Two hours after Mischa Auer's dinner date with Pat Oakley, Mischa was seated with his estranged wife in a Valley cafe talking it over. Hollywood is keeping its fingers crossed.

Forrest Tucker and his new bride smiled for photographer Hymie Fink just a few minutes before Helen Parrish (Forrest's former heartbeat) and a swain walked in. The smiles died a sudden death, especially Mrs. Tucker's.

Despite rumors to the contrary, Bob Stack and Mary Beth Hughes are still an important twosome. Both were glimpsed at the "Little Bit of Heaven" preview.

The romance between Maggie Lindsay and Bill Lundigan has reached the stage where Maggie helps Bill with his shopping. Maggie evidently doesn't think much of Bill's tastes in shirts. (See page 32 for visual proof.)

The Woman Pays: Popularity has its price—and does Lana Turner know it! When Lana was chosen the favorite star of Uncle Sam's Navy, she was so pleased she instantly invited fifty of the boys for—er—tea. Used to liquid, the boys made several hundred glasses of beverage disappear in the twinkling of an eye—no, it wasn't tea, either.

Lana had to forego the new fur coat in order to pay the price.

(Continued on page 62)

Cal York's Inside Stuff



He looks: Alan Curtis concentrates on Ilona Massey. Wedding will occur soon



He thinks: Says student pilot Bob Taylor: "As long as there is a chance of my being drafted to fight, I'm going to learn all I can about this fighting business"



He forgets: Wayne Morris gets over a broken marriage with Bubbles Schinasi, dates Pat Stewart with the full approval of Hollywood. Here: The new combine at the theater

(Continued from page 61)

Grown-Up Babies of Hollywood: Those Wampus baby stars are back again! Chosen each year by a group of publicity men in the days gone by, they were supposedly the likeliest candidates for stardom among movies' younger players. Among some of those struggling hopefuls thus chosen were Janet Gaynor, Sally Eilers, Mary Astor, Dolores Del Rio, Mary Brian, June Collyer (Mrs. Stu Erwin), Anita Louise. Now these girls, who justified their choice, have come forth to cheer on these newest hopefuls, Lois Ransome, Sheila Ryan, Gay Parkes, Tanya Widrin, Peggy Diggins, Joan Leslie, Irene Colman, Nan Grey, Jan Holm, Jane Hazzard, Jacqueline Dalya, Pat Van Cleve Lake.

Why not jot down this list of new baby stars and one year from now check on their popularity. Who knows? There may be another Gaynor on that list.

Big News: Laird Cregar, the mountainous actor (309 pounds and only 27 years old) in Twentieth's picture, "Hudson's Bay," has the town a'twitter with his description of a perfect woman. Laird, who is handsome despite his bulk (it's well scattered, girls), claims he has no preference so far as a woman goes *except she be very bad-tempered, wear vividly vulgar nail polish and bright red hair. He prefers she dress conspicuously, too.* "What man likes to be seen with a mouse?" he asks.

For that matter, Laird (do you mind if we call you Laird?), what mouse likes to be courted by an elephant?

Younger Set: The telephone rang in M-G-M's publicity office where Cal was interviewing June Preisser, that blonde

vamp of "Strike Up The Band."

"Yes. I'll be glad to, Jackie. What time? Well, I'll call tomorrow for particulars. What's your telephone number?" June kept saying.

Our interest was aroused, of course, by this one-sided conversation and especially when June confided it was Jackie Cooper wanting her to join a gang of kids for publicity stunts.

Just when we were all set to sniff out a new romance, June spoiled it. "I'll have to hide this paper with Jackie's number,"

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

After you check these correct answers with the ones you gave on page 8 you may discover you know just as much as we do

1. Basil Rathbone
2. Cory Grant
3. Don Ameche Bing Crosby
4. Miriam Hopkins
5. Betty Grable
6. George Raft
7. Peter Lorre Errol Flynn
8. Clark Gable
9. Clifford Odets, divorced from Luise Rainer, is doting Foy Wray.
10. Warner Baxter, Cesar Romero

she grinned, "or someone may get jealous."

So then we knew. Jackie is still Bonita Granville's best beau and June only the friend.

Cupidites: Wayne Morris has forgotten ex-wife Bubbles Schinasi, it seems, in the smiles of pretty Pat Stewart. Reggie Gardiner has eyes only for Mary Parker, both of "Charlot's Revue". The town's torch bearers, they claim, are Lana Turner for Greg Bautzer and Alice Faye for Tony Martin. Pretty Ann Miller and tall dark 'n' handsome John Carroll have discovered each other. It began when John told Ann he didn't like actresses and Ann declared she was allergic to actors. They've been inseparable ever since. Friends are asking whether the Jimmy Stewart-Olivia de Havilland romance has cooled. Or didn't they really mean it in the first place? Why doesn't Roz Russell marry, you fans write. Listen to what Cary Grant has to say about Rosalind and maybe you'll guess the answer:

"Roz is the swellest pal I know. She never stops talking a minute."

Memories: That box of text books that Bob Taylor left at Pomona, his old alma mater some five years ago, kept creeping up in his mind. He'd think of them at the oddest moments and the oddest times. Finally, one day, between a morning of golf and a late afternoon flying lesson, Bob decided to drive down to Pomona College and inquire about them. He didn't need to, however, for there they were in the cupboard, just where he'd left them. On the box in big letters was still the name S. Arlington Brugh.

As someone said, "Alas, the water that

has passed under Waterloo Bridge since the day Bob nailed up that box."

He has 'em in his library now, still in the box marked Brugh.

That Hat: Marjorie Rambeau, whose sense of humor is second to nobody's, has just suffered a setback to her vanity. Succumbing to the lure of one of the new off-the-face pompadour hats, Marjorie first tried it on for the inspection of her colored cook.

The cook viewed it from all angles and finally said, "Well, Miss Marjorie, it sure

This will be copied a million times: Myrna Loy (with husband Arthur Hornblow) wears the new Java boy's cap



makes your face public."

The cook is now wearing the hat.

Word from Dick Greene: Word that Richard Greene, who is now in England fighting for his country, had been injured by a bomb sent practically all of Hollywood to Virginia Field's front door. But Virginia, Dick's fiancée, had just had a letter from the young Englishman which told of his arriving in London in the midst of their fiercest air raid and of being rushed to an air shelter instead of a hotel. He also told how he'd felt a load roll off him the moment he put on his uniform. Hollywood will certainly give Dick a welcome home when it's all over at last.

Mr. Alias: Pardon me, but have you ever seen Falcon Brough on the screen? Oh, but yes you have. Only his full name is Herbert Falcon Brough Marshall. It's only recently Herbert could claim his two middle names, for once over in England he bestowed those names on a fellow actor who was trying to escape a process server and needed a new name. "Take mine," Herbert urged and subsequently Falcon Brough became known as an actor all over England, Scotland and Ireland. But in a recent letter the

actor returned the names to their rightful owner, saying he'd retired from the stage and no longer needed them.

So, how do you do, Herbert Falcon Brough Marshall.

From Over the Sea: A fan letter received by Deanna Durbin from a gallant British soldier has brought a lump to the throat of everyone who has read it. In it the lad tells something of that now historical retreat from Dunkirk and adds that all he managed to save besides his own life was an autographed photograph of Deanna, sent him just before the start of hostilities. It's the brave cheeriness of the letter that wrings the heart.

"Underpuppy" Love: The cutest couple in Hollywood were Gloria Jean and Tommy Bond, when they appeared together at the Pantages Theater for the preview of their picture, "A Little Bit of Heaven." You should have heard the "ah's" and "oh's" from the grandstanders.

This won't be copied once: Sabu, with Shirley Temple at "The Thief of Bagdad," sports his inimitable turban



Afterwards, Gloria's entire family met at the Brown Derby to have supper. Tommy insisted on remaining out of the picture while Hymie snapped. There couldn't have been more excited people than Daddy and Mother Schoonover (Gloria Jean's last name) and sisters Sallie, Bonnie and Lois—unless it was Tommy, who had goose pimples over his first date.

Hollywood Cocktail: If you're tired or let down from too much study or too many Junior proms, why not try the newest Hollywood pick-me-up that all the stars are raving about? Only it's consumed in the morning, remember.

Take twenty raisins and soak overnight in lemon juice. In the morning eat the raisins and drink the lemon juice. See if you aren't ready then for anything the day may bring forth. By the way, if you can think of a clever name for this cocktail, write it in to Cal and we'll pass it on to the stars.

Lady with a great heritage: Susan Ann Gilbert, daughter of the "Great Lover" John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, with her maternal grandmother, Mrs. Earl Briggs



Okay for Sound: Paramount leads off with "Dancing On A Dime" which has four toe-tapping numbers. Two of them have emerged from the wax studios. Sammy Kaye swings and sways his way happily through "Dancing On A Dime" and "I Hear Music" (Varsity). For the record client who likes a heavier beat with an occasional riff, try Gene Krupa's version of "I Hear Music." He backs it up with the smart "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square" (Okeh).

The Moon Comes Over Lamour: Second on Paramount's list is "Moon Over Burma," the Dorothy Lamour starrer. The sarongish, Oriental flavor of the title song is disced up by Drumming Gene Krupa again (Okeh). The song, too, undergoes faintly syrupy treatment at the hands of Shep Fields. For a partner, Shep selected "Down Argentine Way" which comes, of course, direct from 20th Century-Fox's cutting room (Bluebird).

"Down Argentine Way", cont.: And Bob Crosby provides sturdy, rhythmic interpretations of Don Ameche's and Betty Grable's two "Down A. W." specials. The title tune and "Two Dreams Met." Bonnie King does both (Decca).

"Young People" Sticks Around: Shirley Temple's "Young People" is now a forgotten issue. But not so the song she sang. Her "I Wouldn't Take A Million" has had another transfusion. Both Tommy Dorsey and Glenn Miller have added to its number of recordings. Tommy uses the elegant "Looking For Yesterday" as its traveling companion (Victor). And Glenn picks "Fifth Avenue," also from "Young People," as his (Bluebird).

Langford Sings: You can always count on lushly smooth singing from Frances Langford. Being a loyal RKO subject, she sings "Dreaming Out Loud" from her picture with that tag and adds "You're Nearer" from "Too Many Girls" (Decca).

Hi Gang! Come over to Janie's!

(Continued from page 23)

with kids of her own age—but it did make a lot of sense to bring the world in to her.

Accordingly, a second story was added this spring to the one-story Withers house and an additional lot was bought to add to the garden at the back, so that a swimming pool and badminton court could be built. The entire story is Jane's own, privately, exclusively, and it's decorated exactly as she wanted it. Not even her parents go calling up there unless Jane invites them. Jane is on her own and so are the youngsters who visit her. If they mess about the kitchen preparing hot dogs and hamburgers, then they also have to clean up. If they make sodas, they must wash the glasses. If the girls dress their hair, they must leave the beauty parlor neat and tidy. The playroom has linoleum on the floor as immunity against jitterbugging and food dropping, but the drawing room has completely carpeted floors and no rough stuff goes there.

NOW all these facts "Mom" and Jane had excitedly told me at various times, while the new floor was being added, but in order to see it all in operation, I delightedly accepted a Sunday party date at Jane's. My muscles will never be the same again.

The gang that gathers around Jane has been, whether they are aware of it or not, carefully weeded out by "Mom" and "Pop," just as any careful "Mom" and "Pop" anywhere watch the group around a growing daughter.

Only about half the Withers' bunch are movie kids. The other half are just nice youngsters Jane knows in school and whom she admires.

The gang's party pace is very swift. The day I joined (and were those kids kind and considerate with me. They were so thoughtful I felt as venerable as Martha Washington!) we started out with a bike ride down the Beverly Hills bridle path at eight in the morning. Beverly Hills won't care to admit it, but it was a cold drizzling morning. Yet there were all those kids bright as new dimes and as fast to get away from you. The principal movie youngsters were Tommy Kelly, George Ernest, Elyse Knox, Robert Shaw, Rand Brooks (who is supposed to be "that way" about Elyse, just as Bob Shaw is supposed to be that way about Linda Darnell, who usually attends all Jane's parties, but couldn't this Sunday because of Red Cross benefit-playing) Linda Ware, Susanna Foster, Joe Brown Jr (no relationship to Joe E. Brown but a co-worker of Jane's), Freddie Knox, Elyse's brother, and Toni Carrillo, Leo Carrillo's daughter

We took off from the shop of Hans Ohrt, who's a bike expert, so that he could also instruct the kids in proper riding, no one, young or old, in movies being permitted to do anything indifferently for long. Not a thing but sheer fun happened, as we pedaled along for some four miles, until the hostess took a spill straight over her handlebars and lay face—and tongue—downwards in the dust with her chin bleeding profusely.

Now a movie face bleeding is no joke! Ohrt was off his bike and toward Jane in a flash. Mrs. Withers, riding the main road in a station wagon, was out of her car before it had time to stop. The kids swarmed up. But quick as they all were, Jane was quicker. Her face, her tongue, her playsuit covered with muck couldn't keep her from laughing. Bleeding, but plucky, she finally confessed she did want to go home, not because she was hurt so much as because she wanted to clean up.

So we all stacked the bikes, got our cars and adjourned to the Withers' garden. The instant Janie reappeared in a striped pajama outfit with a snug little visored cap to keep her hair in place, a Ping-pong tournament broke out with Jane and Linda Ware beating George Ernest and Rand Brooks for the final honors. That was followed up with an archery contest in which Toni Carrillo was an easy winner, scoring a bull's-eye every time she drew her bow. Then came a badminton tournament with the whole party being divided into teams of four, with Bob Shaw and Tommy Heffernan beating Jeanne Howlette and Elyse Knox and Tommy Kelly and Fred Knox beating Eleanor Lawson and Anna Gance. This mixed up the acting youngsters with the non-pros very nicely and the general merriment was turned into sheer hilarity when Elyse Knox on Rand's strong shoulders and Janie on Joe Brown's decided to play "doubles" in that goofy fashion. The whole gang, incidentally, belongs to a badminton club and gets together every Wednesday evening with a different member giving the party each time. They have a "pro" instructing them on badminton, too.

BY the time the kids had romped and I had limped through this activity it was past noon and the reluctant sun had come vividly out. Lunch was announced and in order to keep any cliques from gathering, lots were drawn for who was to sit with whom. You got your own food, buffet fashion, and it was no meal for sissies. We had fruit cocktail, Southern fried chicken, potatoes O'Brien, creamed peas, mixed green salad and

cake pudding. The kids had milk and we elders had coffee. There wasn't so much as a smell of hard liquor around the place. There never is, so don't ask.

Immediately after eating, the kids wanted to bounce right up again, but Mrs. Withers was prepared for that. Actually, the smooth running of the whole party was due to her skillful maneuvering, but I doubt that even her own daughter realized that. Mom proposed a turtle race. Turtles move a mite slowly as you doubtless are fully aware; to watch such an event the youngsters had to sit still and digestions could work.

There were eight turtles and you could wager a dime on any one you wanted, they being labeled with movie titles in honor of the guests, one special slow-mover being named "Florian" to tease Rand Brooks, who has never got over being cut entirely out of that film. Freddie Knox won the first pool on "Arizona Wildcat." Linda Ware won the second with Tommy Kelly's honor-turtle, "Tom Sawyer," Jane the third with "La Conga Nights" named for Joe Brown.

The next jamboree was a block race. Three squares of wood about four inches high and the size of an average foot were put down. The idea was to step on two of them and pick up the third, put that down and move forward, but never to touch the ground with either hands or feet. Of course, everybody tumbled eventually.

By this time it was four o'clock and getting chilly. Moving indoors, the boys dressed in slacks, the girls in simple sports dresses and made as one person for the playroom and soda bar. Janie officiated and to have three sodas was simply considered par. Linda Ware then said she wanted to sing, so after cleaning up the bar and the glasses, everybody clattered into the drawing room and "Community swing," as George Ernest called it, started around the piano.

At seven the party began breaking up. The more mature of the group, handsome Bob Shaw, pretty Elyse Knox and gay Rand Brooks, had other dates. The younger crowd were due in bed soon. The young hostess admitted she had an eight A. M. call for "Golden Hoofs" at the studio next morning.

A good time had been had by all and probably not one of those teensters realize that through the careful upbringing of one young girl, who happened to be a movie star, they were all, in an afternoon's play, being taught, not only how to make friends and influence people when they grew up, but also how to have for themselves a basis of permanent happiness.

Block race: Elyse Knox, George Ernest, Jane Withers step on blocks

Just for fun: Elyse and George

Just for a figure: Elyse poses

The end: The blocks come to woe; George and Jane have wonderful time



MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former
FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)



THE COUNTESS OF WINGHILSEA
(granddaughter of the late
CORNELIUS VANDERBILT)



MRS. VANDERBILT PHELPS



BEAUTY PRIMER...de luxe

If A stands for American and B stands for Beauty, then C stands for *Cleanliness!*

American Beauty, no matter how luxuriously nurtured, is always touched with the white wand of a puritan, almost bannex daintiness! Hair is shining. Skin is visibly cared for, sweet and clean—like fruit blossoms after a shower.

In many of America's leading families, the rites with which this exquisite flower freshness of skin is wooed are the simple and adequate ones of Pond's beauty primer de luxe:—

BURY your face under sleek layers of Pond's Cold Cream—and *smack* your skin all over briskly with your cream-coated fingers. Do this for 3 full minutes. This cream serves two needs—it cleanses and softens, by mixing with the dead surface cells, dust and make-up on your skin.

CLEAN OFF all this softened debris with the absorbent purity of Pond's Tissues. Wiped off, too, are the softened tops of some of the blackheads, rendering it easier for the little plugs of hardened sebum to push their way to the surface.

CHARMING CHRISTMAS BEAUTY BOXES

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She Chooses Enchantment

(Continued from page 50)

managed to express her individuality in toilet waters. For that reason I have always felt a girl does not have to have a lot of money to enjoy the potent magic of perfume.

"The use of scents is a personal art, I believe, and its cultivation is a matter for the individual girl to look into on her own initiative," she continued. "I would never think of buying a perfume without first having tried it out on my skin. In the bottle the odor is often quite different from the scent it gives out from the skin, and, too, various perfumes react differently on different skins. So you cannot be too careful in making your choice.

"In most of the shops you can try out a perfume on your skin before making your purchase. Drop a bit on your wrist or the back of your hand, let it remain there a moment and you will find the true essence which your instinct will tell you is your own personality fragrance, or not. In many of the larger cities now you will find perfume bars in the shops where they extend courtesies and even in the five-and-ten-cent stores all over the country you can try out fine perfumes."

CLAUDETTE prefers to use one scent and make it distinctly hers. She uses a chosen scent for a year, or a bit longer if she is particularly fond of it. Then she goes shopping for a new fragrance and selects one that will accent her personality.

"And that reminds me," she said, "never use a scent just because a favorite friend or someone you greatly admire uses it. Don't let anyone tell you which one is your perfume. You must feel it. You will know it instinctively and then it will become one with your charm and individuality. It will signify you in another form, caught up and floated out in fragrance."

"Do you believe one perfume is sufficient to express one girl's cycle of moods?" we queried.

"Perhaps not for the majority of women," Claudette replied, thoughtfully. "Some women are a veritable rainbow of moods. I know several girls who like a variety of perfumes, the same as they have gowns for certain moods. Two or three good perfumes might meet such a need and, for variety, there is always the scented bath. Some girls prefer a scented bath, followed by spraying the skin with toilet water or cologne. This is especially nice for the girl who goes to business for it gives out an almost imperceptible fragrance. Then, there are the girls who use a lighter fragrance for the daytime and a heavier scent for evening. Oh, I tell you, to be perfectly perfumed is a subtle art and not to be achieved by dumping perfume on your handkerchief."

Claudette suggests it is better to purchase one's perfume in the smaller bottles. Scents evaporate and it is better and more economical to have a fresh supply often than to keep a large quantity so long that it changes character. In keeping with this idea she said:

"The new tendency to supply the very best fragrances in tiny and inexpensive bottles is a godsend to those who love perfumes and who could not afford them, otherwise. Those cube bath salts, too, done up in their bright papers, can be bought inexpensively. You can find the small bottles at practically all of the perfume counters, now, and those pretty little flacons, too. The dime stores make

a specialty of them. They fit nicely into handbags and vanities and fill a need, believe me, that every girl has felt since Helen of Troy went to her first dance!"

"Should perfume be applied to the clothing?" we ask.

"No; definitely no. In the first place, after it has been on clothing for any length of time it gives forth a stale odor. That in itself should be a warning not to drop it on your clothes. A girl's perfume reveals her, whether she realizes it or not. Here is my way of applying perfume and it may be of some help to the girls. I hope so, if any of them have found it a problem. With the tip of a finger at the mouth of the bottle, I moisten the finger-tip with the essence, then I begin, renewing the moistening process when necessary. First I touch the lobes of my ears, or, sometimes, just behind the ears; next I touch the temples, then along the back of my neck and whiff my hand up over my hair. After that I touch my wrists and that's all. When dressed for formal evening affairs, I do the same but also touch the inside of my elbow and across the tips of my fingers. And, for evening, just a tiny bit on my handkerchief."

"How about the business girl and perfume?"

"THE way I look at it, and you know, of course, that I was a business girl in the first part of my career," Claudette replied, "women who work in business offices and such environments should never wear perfumes in the daytime. Perfume does not belong there in the workaday world. It belongs to hours of leisure, and, as I've said, to romance. But there are other ways of achieving a winsome fragrance that will complement a girl's personality and not overshadow it. I've already mentioned the perfumed bath, followed by the toilet-water spray; or, you can wear a sachet pinned to your slip, or tucked in your hat lining, or the cuff of your coat.

"There is a girl I know who always keeps her hair brush in a box where she has a sachet of her favorite perfume. You can also place a drop of your essence on your brush before you do those hundred strokes every night.

"Toilet waters are in better taste for sports, too, for the spectators as well as the players. There are many captivating waters such as violet, lavender, verben, heliotrope and jasmine. Toilet water is always refreshing, but especially so at night after a brisk scrub. It seems to induce relaxation and beneficial sleep. Men seem to prefer the flower scents and, with the return of the old-fashioned type of dresses, they are in great favor. Atomizers are used almost exclusively now for applying toilet waters and cologne, for you can depend upon an even distribution of the smallest amount from the spray. Atomizers are economical and even at the dime stores, now, you can get them with closure features which prevent evaporation.

"No matter what else you do," cautioned Claudette, "be sure to tell the girls not to use too much perfume in one spot! A perfume should drift, rather than cling. Haven't you noticed how some girls seem to float in a cloud of fragrance? So much depends upon the manner in which a scent is applied. Use just a little and distribute it in such a manner that you will be enveloped in it and others will not be conscious of your perfume until they are close to you. In other words, please do not be conspicuous by your perfume."

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Don't Be a Draft Bride

(Continued from page 27)

Unfortunately, or perhaps I should say fortunately, no one can answer that question but the girl herself. Every woman is provided with a set of instincts which, if allowed to operate free of prejudice or wishful thinking, will tell her unerringly. It will be to her lifelong happiness to search diligently for the true answer. You can draft marriage but you can't conscript love. The union to which you might become a party, with whatever good intentions, would surely live to be a curse to both of you, if it were not based on mutual affection.

Closely allied is the case of the girl who is not attractive to men, or rather, I should say, who has not learned the tricks of making men see her attractiveness. To this girl 1940 and '41 can be meccas far beyond the potentialities of 1939, despite the latter's leap-year status. With the marriage bug in the air, the moment will almost surely come when she could reach out and have a husband for the taking. Flaming love might be absent from the arrangement but in its place she'd have the comforting glow of parading her man before her friends. In the end, however, she would have to face the same problem as the girl whose marriage was not based on deep affection.

Of course, we'd be making a grave mistake if we assumed that there are no instances of good old-fashioned love in these draft days. One of those which I have seen most frequently is the case of a couple who have been engaged for several years. They just haven't got around to getting married until now. Why now? Well, they held off their marriage because they felt they hadn't yet acquired enough economic security to set up a home together. Then the draft comes along with its ever-present implication of war. Suddenly they ask themselves what security there could be in a future under the shadow of Hitler. So what are they waiting for—a miserable little bank balance?

Wedding announcements go out and heads begin to wag. Engaged for three years and now getting married right on the crest of the conscription wave! A word is whispered on knowing lips. The word is slacker and no girl wants any part of it. This, then, becomes her problem: Is she willing to brave the accusation behind cynical smiles? I say yes, a thousand times, yes! Real love is something no woman should pass up if she can have it on a legitimate basis. With that in the picture the rest will work itself out.

And so we come to the final case: Two young people to whom love is not an old story but a very, very new one, carried away by their feeling for each other; where the girl is oblivious to economic security, or suspicion of her sweetheart's all too evident devotion. Her problem is: Should she deny herself marriage because of a patriotism-versus-dependence angle? Or is there some way to salvage her happiness and still release her man for defense duty?

Most assuredly there is. Let her hang on to her own job, or get one, if she isn't working—there'll be increasingly more openings for women. Thus in no sense of the word can she be classed as a dependent. Let them be married. Such inspired unions are priceless assets to any nation. Then let him go forth to his job in democracy's citizen army while she keeps industry moving at home!

In that way she will not be a draft bride, but a defense bride, which is a proud thing to be!

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Hollywood at Home

(Continued from page 49)

was certainly bighearted of Vivi!"

Vivi smiled quizzically: "It was worth every penny of it. For years I've heard tall stories about a chime watch his father carried when Bob was a boy. Well—the bill put an end to that. Bob's never mentioned his father's wonderful watch again."

The Cummings' ménage is in the heart of San Fernando Valley, a little town called North Hollywood.

Twelve million years ago, according to geologists, this valley was under the sea. Twenty years ago it was a barren, sun-baked expanse of sand and alkali dust. Today it is rapidly becoming a garden spot, bungalowed and mansioned from the airports of Glendale to the distant ranches of make-believe movie towns at Calabasas.

Here, eight miles from Universal studio (or ten minutes the way Bob drives), Bob and Vivi Cummings bought their home, a one-story New England farmhouse on a four-acre tract. Frame in construction and modest in design it is one of the first houses built in the Valley. Its four acres was for years the only solid green patch in an arid wasteland and, consequently, the shade trees are tall, the fruit trees lush, the flowers profuse.

"We went for it without any argument," said Bob. "It was completely furnished, comfortably and substantially. Nothing Hollywood about it. Just a place to live in."

"You'll find no Picassos hanging on the walls," Vivi added. "No modernistic furniture—no crystal chandeliers. . . ."

"Proof that this is a real, unadulterated farmhouse," said Bob, with a straight face, "is that it has three bedrooms and only one bath. That's going back to the soil with a vengeance. The first major operation around here will be another bathroom."

Only recently they bought this property, paying a third down and the balance on an FHA loan. It consists of the aforementioned bedrooms and bath, plus a glassed-in sun porch, dining room and living room—six rooms in all. The exterior is white (what is not covered by ivy and purple bougainvillea), the walls papered in early-American patterns.

THE living room has a fireplace at one end and Chinese rugs on the floor—the nearest deference to ostentation in the whole establishment. The Cummingses are well fortified against the notoriously scorching Valley summers by an air-conditioning system that works.

Despite the comfortable aspects of the living room, Bob and Vivi invariably gravitate to the sun porch, easily the most inviting spot in the house with its view of garden and patio. Weather permitting, much of their leisure hours are spent in the patio in the shade of a vine-covered pergola.

It is from this patio that one gets the best feel of the true suburban character of the place. Shielded by a phalanx of tall cypresses from the two streets fronting the corner property, it seems a day's journey from the nearest autograph hunter. The crickets chirp, the frogs croak and Suzie Q emits squeaks like a Paris taxicab. Near by, in graceful immobility, stand two deer cast in concrete—a doe and its fawn unperturbed these many years by the steady encroachment of Hollywood.

"I like those fellows," says Bob, referring to the deer. "I wouldn't have had the nerve to buy a thing like that and

yet I'm glad they're here. When things don't seem to be going quite so smoothly they have a calming, sedative effect on me. They're so peaceful. Nothing bothers 'em."

As for the police dog—they inherited him with the house, the former landlord feeling that the creature required the big open spaces. That's how the Cummingses came to possess a German police dog, a sad-eyed monkey and two concrete deer. A curious family, all living in harmony.

Four acres is a lot of ground for city folk, but this fragment of erstwhile desert is arranged for practical purposes in this manner: More than an acre of fruit trees; almost an acre of flowers and garden; an acre of vegetables and berries; and the balance occupied by a three-car garage, chicken coops (but no chickens as yet), the caretaker's house with bedroom and bath, a good-sized toolhouse and a barn transformed into a playhouse.

A genial young Negro named Jim Smith, to whom Bob refers as "the Captain," serves as a general handy man. On occasion "the Captain" performs as valet, errand boy, janitor, or nursemaid to Suzie Q.

The monkey has a cage which Bob connived out of wire chicken coops and so built that Suzie Q. may cling to its sides and shake it to her heart's content. The dog has a fenced-in yard and roomy doghouse, but the outstanding feature of this canine domain is the luxury of a sturdy poplar all to himself.

The Cummingses' fruit trees run the botanical gamut: Walnut, nectarine, orange, peach, lemon, plum, grapefruit, apricot and a rare species of Japanese plum. Also, there are grapes, rhubarb, boysenberries, artichokes, blackberries, raspberries. And for more aesthetic needs there are roses and gardenias.

Thus it appears that Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings are prepared for any eventualities. Come what may they'll have enough to eat. "Provided I get the house paid for," says Bob. And he crosses his fingers. That ole devil FHA is always lurking in the background. But in the present are bright hopes for Bob Cummings who takes another definite leap ahead with the new "One Night in the Tropics."

For all the fruit trees and vegetables and flowers Bob has no taste for being a



Big things in the Cummingses' life: Spinach II in which Bob and Vivi fly here, there and everywhere

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

gentleman farmer. He likes to look at it and be a part of it, but he hates putting around with rakes and hoes and his agricultural knowledge could be hidden in a mustard seed. The farm-worrying is left to the caretaker and Bob is content to play the proud young landlord, pointing out the budding fruit and telling you that someday it will all be his.

All new tenants have an irrepressible itch to make alterations and Bob and Vivi Cummings are not exceptions. One of these days they're going to do things to the barn-playhouse. This clapboard structure—60 x 22 feet—has been painted green inside and out and furnished neatly into a combination office-dining-room-kitchen-rumpus-room. Eventually to be partitioned, this huge room currently houses the Cummingses' fanmail department consisting of tables, shelves and an old-fashioned roll-top desk left by Bob's father; a dining-room suite with a large refrigerator near by in which cold cuts and watermelons are kept; two Ping-pong tables and a variety of other odds and ends. Bob takes his fanmail seriously and one or two evenings a week he and Vivi work in the fanmail department in the barn-playhouse.

FATE conspires in inexplicable ways to order our lives. When Billie Burke decided to produce in 1933 an edition of the Ziegfeld Follies in memoriam to her deceased husband she unwittingly determined an important event in the lives of Robert Cummings, stage juvenile, and Vivian Janis, dancing comedienne. It was in this show that they first met and, later, when their itinerary took them to Akron, Ohio, they married.

Then Bob came to Hollywood and hoaxed it into discovering one of its most talented young actors. (The hoax has since become a classic: Paramount casting about for a juvenile with a native Southern accent fell hard for Bob's conveniently acquired Texas drawl and conveniently concocted story of his Southern background. He gave a memorable performance in "So Red the Rose" before the hoax was revealed and he was forgiven all.)

Admiring his wife's exceptional talent for mimicry and mindful of her fine record on Broadway, Bob has been disappointed that Hollywood has overlooked Vivian Janis, but Vivi now and then satisfies her own desire for self-expression by doing things at the Pasadena Playhouse under the name of Vivi Lind. She adopted the new surname because she is of Swedish descent and Jenny Lind is one of her idols.

The daily life of the Cummingses is marked by complete accord in temperament, taste and inclinations. They derive genuine enjoyment from playing with each other at parcheesi, backgammon, pick up sticks and even tiddlywinks; they spend hours together swimming, at which they're both expert.

They are in complete agreement on political and philosophical viewpoints; both are vegetarians in principle and both adhere to the Unitarian Church. They don't like night clubs, golf or tennis, or big parties. They subscribe to no daily papers (getting their news from the radio and weekly Christian Science Monitor) and both are rabid flying enthusiasts.

Of course, there are differences between Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, but they are minor ones: He is constantly irritated by her incurable habit of always being fifteen minutes late and she is forever admonishing him not to drink huge amounts of water with his meals. When they attend a sad movie she is annoyed by his strictly professional apathy.

The Cummingses' circle of intimates in-

cludes the Jimmy Hogans (he's the Paramount director), the Billy Gilberts (the rotund sneezing comedian) and Oscar Cummins, prominent attorney and Bob's personal manager. Jointly with Billy Gilbert Bob has a full-sized wood-working shop at the former's Valley place, where they spend hours making both useful and useless gadgets.

Every Friday night Bob has an inflexible standing date with Gilbert to attend the Hollywood Legion boxing matches. Their favorite fighter, for whom they root fervidly, is one George Latka, in private life a professor of psychology whose ring career is owned by George Raft.

Born in Joplin, Missouri, of Scotch-English parentage, Bob received his public schooling there and later graduated in engineering at Carnegie Tech. Amateur and scholastic theatricals impregnated him with the footlight virus. Suddenly deciding on an acting career he was offered little resistance by his parents, Dr. Charles and Ruth Kraft Cummings. Several years ago his father died and when Bob was established in Hollywood his mother came out and settled in Los Angeles.

His mother does not live with him because of her conviction that in-laws are of no help to the marital bliss of their children. Besides, she has her own world and her own interests. This tall, handsome and matronly woman is an ordained minister of the Unitarian Church and as the Right Reverend Ruth K. Cummings she presides over the Earnest Holmes Institute of Religious Science at 6th and New Hampshire streets, Los Angeles. Bob and Vivi, you see, come naturally by their spiritual leanings.

Three years ago Bob was invited to reign as Orange King at the annual Orange Festival at Lindsay, California. He portrayed the symbolic monarch so well that ever since the invitation has been repeated. Finally it was decided that it might as well be a permanent reign. To cinch it the Lindsay air field was officially designated Bob Cummings Airport.

And that brings us to Spinach II.

Ten years ago Bob learned to fly. He took to it like a fledgling and a few years later, as soon as he accumulated enough money, bought himself his first plane. Being prejudiced in the manner of vegetables he painted the plane green and dubbed it Spinach I. Soon he met Vivi, married her, and got Spinach II. He taught Vivi how to fly; now they spend their free days roaming the skies. They fly on the slightest pretext, at nights, on Sundays, to San Diego for lunch, to Texas to visit friends, anywhere and for any reason.

Bob, acknowledged one of Hollywood's most skillful flyers, has the unique distinction of being the only private pilot in the country with an instructor's license. The U. S. Army has commissioned him in the Air Corps Reserves.

Hanging on the wall of the barn-playhouse are three airplanes in miniature—models of the first Spinach, the second, and the third, which will shortly be delivered to him.

There you have the Cummingses—Bob and Vivi. In this narration of how they live there are no swimming pools, no night clubs or Elsa Maxwellian parties, no champagne or liveried chauffeurs—no "going Hollywood."

Instead, there are four quiet acres in San Fernando Valley, a flexible vegetarian diet, a wistful-eyed monkey, tranquil evenings in a shaded patio with a few good friends, two concrete deer and hours in the sky wondering what all the fuss is about down below. A farrago of interests, sensibly approached, quietly pursued, zestfully enjoyed.

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Doing Anything Tonight?

(Cont. nued from page 32)

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MOVIE MIRROR

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Lee is one man who is not at all interested in talking about himself. He will ask you about yourself and listen to what you say with flattering interest. No, he won't say many "sweet nothings." There is too much dignity about him for that. But he will manage to give you the impression you are something pretty special.

After dinner, you'll probably go to a movie (Lee likes pictures—good pictures) and then for a drive if it's a nice night. Lee's car, too, usually has the top down and if the wind threatens to eliminate your hat, you'll find he has a scarf tucked away somewhere to tie around your hair. You'll probably drive to the beach to watch the moon on the ocean, while the radio plays.

When you get home, he won't end the evening with a cursory, "It's been nice seeing you," but will, if he likes you, make a definite date for another evening in the future. If he doesn't you'll be pretty disappointed because, for all his quietness, Lee Bowman is a young man the ladies like to please.

THE most glamorous date to be had in Hollywood is, probably, one with Jeffrey Lynn. Jeffrey definitely has elegant tastes and likes to do things with an elegant touch. When he telephones to ask you out, he will almost surely say, "Let's dress." So, all flutter, because Jeffrey is very handsome, you'll spend a good deal of effort making yourself look a credit to him. He is crazy about perfume—that is, for women—and if you want to impress him immediately, use your best and quite a lot of it. Also, you might try wearing white if it is becoming to you.

Jeffrey will drive you himself, of course, but the top of his car won't be down. Every item of his apparel will be super-plus-perfect and he'll be so handsome it'll positively take your breath away. He will no doubt take you to Ciro's, this being the smartest place in town. There will be special flowers on the table (oh, yes! I forgot; he'll send you flowers to wear, too) and the head waiter will hover around obsequiously, Jeffrey's liking for tip-top service being well known.

You'll dance a lot. Jeffrey is a marvelous dancer and can do all the latest and most intricate steps. He seems quiet and dignified, usually, but when he gets on a dance floor, he changes into a different being—much more buoyant and boyish and dynamic.

You will meet people who know him, of course, but he won't invite them to join you. He will seem to want to keep you to himself and you'll love it. No, on a first date, he won't try to make love to you. Jeffrey isn't like that at all. But he probably will look at you very thrillingly across the table and sometimes reach over and pat your hand. Yes, you should find Jeffrey a grand date!

Ditto Jimmy Stewart, although a typical evening with Jimmy will be quite different from one with Jeffrey. In the first place, he will probably call up and say something like this: "Want to have dinner at my house with Hank and Frances Fonda and me? Oke. Be over after you."

So then he'll come around in his car and take you to his house out in Brentwood. The Fondas will already be there and Jimmy will introduce you quite ceremoniously, blushing, maybe, and will fuss around then mixing drinks, being ever

so careful to fix yours just exactly the way you like it. He'll also make a good many visits to the kitchen to see about dinner. Jimmy is a good cook himself and is never quite trustful that anyone else can do as well.

Dinner will be good—simple and plentiful—with Jimmy serving at the head of the table. Later on, you'll go into the playroom and play Ping-pong. Jimmy is simply a whiz at Ping-pong and a fiend for it, too. Even after the rest of you are exhausted, he'll be raring for more.

After that, you may play some card game (not bridge, though; Jimmy doesn't like it), or sit around and talk, usually about pictures or about flying. When the Fondas leave, you'll leave, too, and, driving you home, Jimmy may apologize for the "dull sort of evening" he thinks you've had. "Should have taken you dancing," he'll mutter. But you'll mean it when you say, "Nothing of the sort! I loved every minute of it!" Because there is something so appealing and so genuine about Jimmy that it's fun just to be around him.

Eddie Norris is a lot of fun on a date, too. For one thing—and any girl likes this—he spends a lot of money on you. Eddie, you know, was "born to the purple," as it were, and it keeps coming out in the way he simply assumes that the best is none too good for himself and whomever he is with. He hates ostentatious swank, though, and if he invites you to dinner will just as likely take you to "Oscar's Eats" on the wrong side of the tracks (if the food is good) as to Ciro's. He is a great one to notice what you have on and to compliment you for it. He loves a girl to look beautiful and glamorous and to be perfectly groomed. He is certain to telephone and ask you what you are wearing and to send flowers in perfect taste for your costume. Your evening with him will probably include cocktails at some favorite bar of his, maybe a "joint," but a good one if you get what I mean; dinner at another "joint" (but an expensive one) and then a flight in his plane to San Diego or somewhere. He is simply crazy about flying and I am certain he wouldn't take a girl out twice who wasn't willing to sail off into the clouds whenever he said the word.

Eddie will also remember to telephone you the next day to mention how happy he was to have had the privilege of taking you out. Courtesies like that are instinctive with him.

GEORGE BRENT is another interesting date. George is a conversationalist. He is extremely well posted on everything. He has a wonderful education and an Irishman's flair for humor. George likes to drive a car and drives extremely well. A date with him may very well be for dinner in Santa Barbara (100 miles from Hollywood), or some place like that. So he will probably call for you around five-thirty and you will start north along the coast just as the sun is rolling down into the sea. As you spin along, George will probably think of some poetry to describe the sunset before you. He loves poetry and has a prodigious memory for it.

He will drive very fast—about seventy miles an hour—but you won't notice the speed because he is such a good driver. It won't be long dark before you arrive at your destination, the Santa Barbara Biltmore, probably, where you will dine on the terrace with a magnificent view

stretching away before you. George knows how to order a meal, too, and the right kind of wine and liqueurs. There will be music. He likes music with his meals, but he doesn't care for dancing. Later, as you drive back to Hollywood, George, a wonderful raconteur, will probably get to telling you stories about picture-making and you'll find you are back in Hollywood before you know it. A date with George is not particularly personal. He doesn't have the "you and I" manner. But you'll enjoy him just as much as though he did. He is—well, interesting is still the best word. He is also entertaining and amusing.

ANOTHER date you'll enjoy will be one with Eddie Albert. Eddie will probably ask you for an all-day Sunday outing aboard his yawl, the "Moilie," with another couple. He will probably be a little late calling for you—I've never heard of him being otherwise—and you'll drive down to the harbor at breakneck speed. Once on board, Eddie will show you the entire boat, reciting all sorts of nautical terms as glibly as you can say "cat." Then you'll settle down to some deep-sea fishing. Eddie will let you use his own special tackle and if you land anything will probably be more excited about it than you are. He's crazy about fishing and is quite likely to forget entirely the important matter of lunch if you don't watch out. But when he's reminded, he'll repair to the galley and fix up as tasty a meal as you ever ate. Nor will he let you help with cleaning up afterward. He's as quick and deft as a woman.

After lunch, you'll fish some more or maybe just sit around on deck and talk or listen to Eddie's phonograph. If you and Eddie have any time by yourselves, you'll probably find him a little shy, especially at first. Gradually, though, he'll loosen up, particularly if you talk about music or books. Eddie, too, is not one given to murmuring sweet nothings, but if and when he pays you one of his cautious compliments, you can bank on it that he means it.

Next on my list would be, I think, Harry Crocker, who writes a syndicated Hollywood column. Harry knows everyone in pictures and is one of the most entertaining men I ever met. A member of California's famous Crocker family, his social position is unassailable. A date with him will more than likely take you to some place like Ciro's, or the Victor Hugo, for dinner. You will, of course, dress and if you ever looked beautiful and glamorous now would be a good time for it, because Harry is a connoisseur of women's clothes and also feminine beauty. You won't have a thing to say about your dinner. He will have it all ordered in advance, with wonderful wines and all the other trimmings. I forgot to say that of course he will have telephoned to see what you are wearing and will have sent an appropriate corsage—not ordinary flowers, but something very exotic. Dining with Harry, you'll probably meet dozens of movie celebrities. He knows everybody and is very popular. He is also a wonderful dancer—almost as good as the marvelous Romero.

I'd better warn you, though—a date with Harry Crocker will keep you out late! After Ciro's or the Victor Hugo,

you'll visit two or three other places at least, probably the homes of some of his pals like the Millands or the Gary Coopers or the Colmans. Likely as not you'll wind up with a plane ride over the city to see the sun rise. But whatever you do, you'll have a wonderful time. After all, movie stars aren't the only good dates in Hollywood!

Last but not least on my date list is Bill Lundigan. (As you know, Margaret and Bill think a lot of each other. There are those who say it's wedding bells any time now. So no wonder she blushed as she mentioned him.) One date with Bill is never the same as another. He likes to do a lot of things. But a typical one will be something like this:

You'll start out fairly early and go somewhere for an appetizer first, perhaps the Beachcomber's or one of the Derbies. Then (and you'd better not be wearing anything very "dressy") he'll suggest that you drive out to that place in the Valley where you catch your own fish and have them fried right there for your dinner. He drives an expensive car and the top most certainly will be down unless it is raining, so you'd better wear the right kind of hat.

YOU won't have very much trouble catching your fish; they rush at every fly that's cast, but it will be exciting, anyway, and you'll work up a ravenous appetite. While your dinner is frying, you will be arguing like mad over something or other. There is something challenging about Bill. He is on his toes mentally and puts you on yours. You'll settle or what is more likely—reach an impasse concerning half a dozen subjects even before your trout arrive and you'll keep it up through dinner. Once in a while Bill will stop and say with a wicked little twinkle in his eye, "You look very pretty when you're mad," and you'll have to laugh, "het up" though you may be. Besides, he has respect for other people's ideas and that keeps arguments with him from getting too hot. But you can't change his mind about anything, after he's made it up, so you might as well not try.

After dinner, you'll shoot back through Cahuenga Pass into Hollywood and no doubt go bowling. Bill is very good at it and even though you may be an amateur, his enthusiasm is such that you're certain to enjoy it, too. Of course, he'll keep you at it—if you let him—until the wee sma' hours. But on the other hand, if you even hint that you're tired, he'll be so instantly contrite that you'll hasten to reassure him that you feel wonderful.

When you finally do get home, if you live alone he'll insist on coming in and seeing if there are any strange men lurking in your closets and that the back door is securely locked. Then he'll give you a casual pat on the cheek, tell you to "be good" and beat it. There is about him an old-fashioned protectiveness toward women which is rather unusual in a chap so modern and sophisticated.

So—there you have my choice of the ten best dates in Hollywood! With any one of them you couldn't go wrong and not because they are celebrities, either, but because each has in his own right that certain something which "puts him across" with a girl. And I mean any girl.

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Round Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 60)

Thus Fritz Van Dorn became Phillip Dorn, the actor you noticed in "Ski Patrol," the one you'll applaud in "Escape."

"When friends shout, 'Hey, Phil,' I can't yet connect the name with me," he laughs.

Slender of build and six foot two, with something of the looks of Walter Pidgeon and all of his charm, Dorn promises to be another movie idol. It will never faze him. Some actors we know should be compelled to sit at this man's feet and listen to him, quietly exploding egos in all directions. He holds most actors are actors because they're both lazy and curious to see behind the limelight. The first four years are given to showing off. After that, if they have true talent, they get down to work.

He's married to a Dutch girl and lives on a tiny chicken ranch. His English is almost perfect, except he says, "I'm crazy with it," instead of "crazy over it."

Where Dorn's concerned, we're both. So there.

June Preisser

JUNE PREISSER, that little bundle of blonde venom that's forever getting in Mickey Rooney's hair on the screen, is actually a honey-lamb of a child from down in old New Orleans. June, just 19, has been dancing for seventeen years. It happened when she followed sister Cherry to dancing school when she, June, was just 2 and refused to leave without a lesson. If you saw June in "Babes In Arms," "Dancing Co-Ed," "Judge Hardy And Son" and her latest, "Strike Up The Band," you know she's done considerably well for her little blonde self, even if she is always cast as that vampish "other woman."

Off screen June is one of Mickey's best friends and a pal to Jackie Cooper and the other lads. When she's in Hollywood, that is. Out of town, however, there's a certain Yale man, a young doctor down home, who keeps June's heart all a-dither. When June isn't making a movie, she and her mother usually head for New Orleans to see her four brothers whom she adores. Of course, there's the touch football team that June plays on as a receiver. June, her four brothers (all grown) and sister play six neighbor kids, also grown, and no punches are pulled, believe you me.

She began her theatrical career all because she got lost one day during a shopping tour, down in New Orleans when she was just 9 years old. Her mother and older sister Cherry were waiting in the car for June to find them when she appeared hand in hand with Al Trahan, the famous comedian. He'd found June turning amazing handsprings on a near-by vacant lot.

"That's nothing," she grinned. "You should see my sister Cherry."

Mr. Trahan talked a solid hour before Mrs. Preisser agreed to let the girls appear at the Orpheum Theater. They were terrific hits and later toured the country with their mother. After a fling on Broadway came Paris and England with more success. They were dancing in Paris when word came they were commanded to appear before the Duke and Duchess of York (now the King and Queen of England) at the King's Jubilee. But English customs officers refused to permit them to land, pointing out they had no visa.

"Very well," said Mrs. Preisser. "You'll

explain, of course, why my daughters cannot dance before Royalty tonight as commanded."

That settled it. Luggage flew every which way as the Preissers were escorted to their hotel, the only Americans to enter England without a visa.

They were thrilled, of course, when both the Duke and Duchess rose to applaud and the entire audience rose, too. Maybe the fact they refused to obey instructions as to ignoring the royal presence and instead threw kisses all through the act had something to do with it.

But Queen Maud of Norway was so delighted with the pair she requested their song be sung again. "It is so American," she said.

The song was, "Lookie, Lookie, Lookie, Here Comes Cookie."

So American. Are we blushing.

In New York the girls joined the Follies on Broadway. While the show was in Chicago, Cherry met and married David Hopkins, son of Secretary of Commerce Harry L. Hopkins, so June went back to Broadway for "You Never Know" with Lupe Velez, Libby Holman and Clifton Webb and then came Hollywood and M-G-M movies.

It thrills June to think Cherry has named her new baby June after her. She's proud of brother Frederick, who was a star footballer at Tulane and brother Thomas Jr., who has sold his first play in New York. Her other brothers are in business in New Orleans.

Her saddest experience came from "showing off" when she thought Clark Gable was in the audience. Poor June fell flat on her head. Luckily, he didn't come until the following night, when she was a subdued and chastened but grand little dancer.

Naturally, she knows a lot about good food, coming from New Orleans, and can cook shrimp Creole till it's too bad.

For all her theatrical career, she's homey and home-loving, natural and sweet. And, oh yes, they pronounce the name Pricer.

Cowboy with Charm

DOWN from the hills and plains of Montana came young George Montgomery Letz to see his older brother, Michael, off to his engineering job in South America. Down from the knotty-pine offices of a local studio came a talent scout for a bit of evening's relaxation. He didn't get it, however, for no sooner was the scout seated in a night spot than in walked George Montgomery Letz and his older brother, out for a bit of celebration before sailing time, and the night was instantly filled with talk of tests, contracts, jobs and what not. So, next morning after his brother's boat sailed, George trotted off for his test and subsequently wired his enormous family. "I won't be home. I'm going into movies." Even coyotes howled with excitement. Georgie, of all people, in the movies. Yippeee!

He made Westerns out at Republic before Fox got a look at the handsome, six-foot-three, 23-year-old giant with that outdoor complexion and indoor blue eyes. He dropped the Letz from his name and went from one picture to another, his recent ones being, "Charter Pilot" and "Jennie."

George is the youngest of fifteen children, thirteen of whom are living, all with children of their own plus innumerable cousins, aunts and uncles.

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

George himself is a great-uncle and when the family, including Father and Mother, decided to visit George en masse in Hollywood, the excited youngster had to rush out and rent three houses in Santa Monica to house the lot of them.

He's a bachelor and the nearest he ever came to being serious over a girl was when he was seized with a terrific crush on Nancy Kelly. Sometimes, when her best beau is out of town, George will escort Brenda Joyce to a preview. But, by golly, he won't take any girl out just for publicity purposes and anyway, he says, why spend in one night in one night spot, money that would buy a thoroughbred heifer for that 1,440 acre ranch he's bought for himself (on the installment plan) up in Montana. George reasons movies may not always want him, so at least he'll have his ranch to turn to.

George himself was born on a ranch near Brady, Montana, on August 29, 1916, and spent practically all his life on it. He attended grade school and high school over at Great Falls and took a whirl at the University of Montana for one semester, but a combination of hard times and love for open spaces drove him back to the ranch, where he worked for his father. He might have been there yet, if that engineering job of Mike's hadn't brought him south.

Between pictures, however, he goes back to Montana again, looking after the winter wheat crop on his own ranch, or off wild goose hunting (of all things) or packing into the mountains with a brother or two after big game.

George is shy, for all his virility. Older women, we'll say along about thirtyish, instantly want to mother him (while wishing they were a bit younger). Younger women look at his extreme handsomeness and wish they were older.

At the preview of his first Twentieth picture, "The Cisco Kid and the Lady," he was so nervous he slipped out the side door and when Cesar Romero finally found him George liked to die, for Joan Crawford, who was with Cesar, thought he was marvelous and said so.

From then on, George worked even harder, beginning to make all the tests with newcomers, a job all actors avoid, because in that way he hopes to learn more and more of screen technique.

Like a real ranch-hand, he can twang a mean guitar. He dabbles a bit in painting, too. If he'll keep right on dabbling in movies, we'll be satisfied, for to our notion George is the handsomest lad to hit town since Bob Taylor drove up from Pomona in a friend's jalopy.

And for that one you're welcome, Montana George.

Anthony Quinn

TAKE a dash of hot Irish temper, a helping of Spanish romance, stir in a generous portion of restless Americanism and you have Tony Quinn, that dark 'n' handsome lad who created so much darned damage in "City For Conquest" as Ann Sheridan's dance partner and who will soon emerge in Paramount's picture "Texas Rangers Ride Again."

Anthony Quinn was born in Chihuahua, Mexico (only it sounds like a hiccough when Tony pronounces it), and brought to the United States when a very young

baby at the express invitation of Pancho Villa, who liked Frank Quinn, Tony's father, and offered him escape rather than death. It seems the big, genial Irishman (who had drifted to Mexico and married a beautiful senorita) failed to co-operate one hundred percent with Pancho. As a result, Tony grew up an American (he has his papers), became a movie actor and son-in-law of Director Cecil B. De Mille. Little did Villa surmise the consequences of his generous gesture!

The combination of Irish and Spanish blood is almost too much, at times, for the 25-year-old Tony who beneath that Latin exterior is a seething dynamo of emotions. When seized with a restless urge, he'll hop in his car and drive furiously, all alone. Maybe he'll land in Long Beach at the "Spit and Argue" club out on the pier, or maybe he'll land in Texas, as he did recently, and calmly telephone Mrs. Quinn he's driven a bit farther than he'd realized. Fortunately, the former Katherine De Mille is a woman of wisdom who understands her Tony.

He loves to sleep daytimes and prowls at night where people, not picture folk, but people of every race and creed, gather. On Main Street, for instance, in Los Angeles. Without realizing it, he's gathering together the feeling of men and women that will be translated to written pages when Tony can no longer resist his urge to tell a story.

He worships the memory of his father who was himself an adventurer and who died so young. Thomas A. Wolfe the late writer, who also died in early manhood, is another idol, with Tony gathering every little scrap of information he can collect on his writing favorite. He reads constantly, loves poetry, collects records of beautiful music (but is too bashful to admit it), eats steaks, huge thick ones, three times a day to restore the fuel burned by his intensity. He loves nothing better, in fact, than a monstrous steak around two A.M.!

He left school for good at 14 to work at any job that came his way. Finally, one day, he heard an actor was needed to do a take-off on John Barrymore at a Little Theater production of "Clean Beds." Tony asked for a reading, got the part, Barrymore himself complimenting him upon his performance. Soon he was seen by a Universal talent scout, given a test and was on his way.

He was working for De Mille himself when he met Katherine. He had no idea who she was, but, after a short conversation, he grew interested, asked her to lunch, later discovered she was the director's daughter and nearly died of fright. But it was too late. Tony was in love.

Once, before he'd met Katherine, he'd turned down a De Mille contract with only twenty cents in his pocket. Today Tony is Warners' shining light.

He's had exhibitions of both his work as a sculptor and painter, work he does and loves, in memory of a father who died too young to complete his dreams.

He's never seen his wife on the screen. His young son Christopher Anthony is his pride and joy. And, oh yes, those eyelashes that shade those Mexican orbs are the envy of every girl in town. Tony doesn't know he has 'em.



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Now that you've almost finished reading this issue, are you ready to do what we asked you to do on page 21?

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Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

spiritual power . . . at least not for my money . . . and if Mr. Kanin wants to shoot me for this, he knows where he can find me . . . and me so fond of him, too, and without a single bullet-proof vest to my name. . . .

The other pictures, all save "The Great Dictator" and "The Thief of Bagdad" aren't remotely in this class . . . but they are fun . . . "Dancing on a Dime" is a cute, unimportant, gay little musical . . . "Third Finger, Left Hand" is Myrna Loy being her warmest, most engaging self mixed up in one of those little love plots that gets by the Hays Office by its principals' pretending to be married and then, goodness me, what a scene when they have to explain that they are not . . . "A Little Bit of Heaven" is a little bit of Gloria Jean and a lot of Billy Gilbert and Buteh and Buddy, and all quite harmless . . . "Moon Over Burma" is a romantic moon hanging over Dottie Lamour and Robert Preston, all hokum and dream stuff that is really most enjoyable . . . "Hit Parade of 1941" is an excellent musical with Ann Miller scoring in a whirlwind tapping rhumba and Frances Langford singing sultry songs sweetly . . . they are all of them, each in their standardized, individual ways worth the price of a moderate admission. . . .

As for the "The Thief of Bagdad," it is the most imaginative, most entrancing, most colorful film since "Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs" and I can't imagine anything more wonderful than to be a child seeing it. . . .

Which brings me to "The Great Dictator" . . . the great disappointment . . . yet a disappointment that reveals how very far movies have advanced . . . "The

Great Dictator" is, as you certainly must know, Charles Chaplin's attempt to make the world laugh at Hitler . . . it is, also, Charlie Chaplin's attempt to make the world laugh once more at Charlie Chaplin, laugh at and with him . . . it doesn't succeed in either mission . . . even the serious speech that Charlie makes close to the end has been better written and delivered in every anti-Nazi film so far produced . . . the physical loveliness and the definite allure of Paulette Goddard have been completely blurred . . . the whole thing is as muddled as the original Chaplin idea that Hitler is a man who can be laughed out of existence . . . the tragedy of it is that if Chaplin had not kept himself aloof from the general Hollywood scene he would have known, he with his sensitive and fine intelligence, how the film world has advanced . . . he would have known those things and have been equal to them. . . .

Thus ended only one Hollywood week . . . one typical week with its romances, its divorce, its marriage, its standard product, its failure and its several triumphs and its one clear expression of art . . . nine pictures, all dedicated to our happiness . . . nine pictures, each expressing in their individual ways the creative minds and dreams and achievements of scores of free men, working toward a common goal, the pleasure of people. . . .

I ask you if ever in the world's history there was one town that in one week could have revealed half so much . . . you know and I know the answer . . . there never was . . . and yet the wonderful and exciting fact about it all is that this is still, as far as Hollywood is concerned, only the beginning. . . .

JOIN NOW—PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR DANCING SCHOOL

First step is to work the quiz on page 53 then
check your answers with these correct ones:

GIRLS

1. Emily Past says no, but there are times when it's the gracious thing to do. If your escort looks fagged and isn't applauding, don't.
2. Think of your head as a round object suspended from a string; keep your shoulders square and your back straight; don't allow your derriere to stick out; don't hang on your partner's neck or arm.
3. Yes, unless the man is supersensitive about the difference in height.
4. The accepted formula requires the other man to ask you for the dance, then immediately ask the escort if he minds. The escort and you can then make the decision, in turn.
5. Over his right shoulder.

BOYS

1. In the center, just above the small of her back.
2. Crooked at about a thirty degree angle and definitely out, so that the elbow points away from you.
3. Hold your pocket handkerchief between your hand and the girl's dress, or guide her far a while with the edge of your hand until it dries.
4. If you can find a piece of dress at any place from which you can lead adequately, put your hand there. Otherwise you'll just have to clutch the flesh and it's her own fault if it gets uncomfortable. Using a handkerchief in this case would make you look as if you were too modest to touch her and also draw attention to her nudity.
5. Depending on how well you and your partner work out new steps, try them if you like on a floor so long as you won't be making a spectacle of yourselves or getting in other people's way.

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HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Hollywood's Super Headaches

(Continued from page 25)

politician. For film directors deal in temperament.

There are more temperamental whims of actors, actresses, writers and producers than silver fox capes and drive-in sandwich stands in the Hollywoods and the directors are the official wailing walls of the sound stages.

Paul Muni's passion for the retaking of the same scene time after time even after the director has laryngitis from saying, "Okay" probably had something to do with Warner Brothers' not renewing the actor's contract. A pain in the neck for detail, Mr. Muni will not approve one of his scenes until he's absolutely, positively, certain, confident and assured it is of Academy Award quality—even if it takes half the summer.

You'll have to admit that Muni turns in some mighty fine acting performances. But he does it the hard way. And after eighteen "takes" of the same scene, someone is bound to crack up—and it's usually the director.

Claudette Colbert hits the ceiling whenever a director tries to photograph the right side of her face. The right of her face does not photograph well, she says, and she insists upon showing only the left.

This little whim of Miss Colbert's was forgotten once by a director when he approved construction of a set for one of her pictures. When she reported for work it became apparent there was no possible way she could enter the room, as the script demanded, without showing the right side of her face.

The actress fumed and fussed and the director did everything including getting down on his hands and knees in an attempt to change her mind. But there was nothing he could do. Miss Colbert would be photographed from the left side, or not at all. They dismantled and rebuilt the set.

WHENEVER Clark Gable portrays a film role it eventually develops into a battle over his virility, with sometimes exasperating results for directors. Gable revels in his title as the screen's No. 1 he-man and will not say or do anything before a movie camera that might even temporarily jeopardize this reputation. Metro executives and Director Clarence Brown spent hours arguing with Gable before he was convinced that his dancing scenes in "Idiot's Delight" would do him no harm, which they did not.

During filming of "Gone With the Wind," Gable pondered many hours over important sequences, especially the love scenes with Vivien Leigh. Release by George Cukor of the film's directorial reins to Victor Fleming after several weeks of production undoubtedly was caused by Clark Gable. Cukor has a reputation for directing women, Fleming for directing robust films featuring men.

Another actor who worries himself and his directors into a lather about the quality of his scenes is Spencer Tracy.

Tracy's chief worry is whether a scene he has just completed is "hammy." If he has the slightest suspicion that it is, he insists upon a retake.

"We'll do it again—without the ham," he says.

Spencer Tracy takes very seriously his reputation as one of the finest actors in Hollywood and he doesn't want pork mixed up with good acting.

Even easygoing Bing Crosby pouts now and then. He once complained to a director that he did not want to wear a high silk hat in a film scene. He said the

hat made his face look grotesque.

The director, viewing the matter as such a trivial one, thought Crosby was only kidding and immediately forgot about it. But the crooner absolutely refused to wear the high silk hat in the picture.

Although he will portray film bad men only if they display a fair amount of goodness somewhere before the finish of the picture, George Raft, like Gable, worries about his virility.

I remember the time at Paramount when he almost tore down all the sound stages with his bare hands and threatened all sorts of dire things when the script of "The Lady's From Kentucky" demanded that he operate a sewing machine for an important scene.

"Who do you think I am—Old Mother Hubbard?" yelled Raft as he pounded out an ear-shattering protest on a studio executive's walnut desk.

The argument waxed hot and eloquent for several days. The director of the picture couldn't understand why Raft would not play the scene. But he didn't know Raft. In the end, they eliminated the sewing-machine scene from the picture and Raft emerged triumphant again in his battle to preserve his he-man reputation.

ON more occasions than one the Ritz Brothers and film directors have been at each other's throats. The comedians insist they know more about their own particular brand of comedy than anyone else and resent a director who tries to change their minds even for their own good.

Sometimes the comedians are right. And sometimes they are wrong.

The brothers, Al, Jimmy and Harry, went down for the count of ten in an encounter with veteran director Allan Dwan. As spokesman for the comedy team, Harry Ritz complained to Dwan that a certain sequence in one of their films was not funny. Harry Ritz said:

"We know what is funny and what is not funny. And we don't think this is funny."

"All right," replied Dwan. "How many pages in the script don't you like?"

Harry thumbed through the script and said there were four.

"Okay," said Dwan, tearing out the four pages, to Harry Ritz' amazement and chagrin. "We'll just forget about them."

The comedians protested, saying they might have been wrong and perhaps they acted too hastily anyway. But Dwan refused to change his decision. "You don't like one of your best scenes in the picture," Dwan said, "so it will not be filmed." And it wasn't.

Among the foremost scene-stealers, Akin Tamiroff and Jack Oakie are a combination which would drive any director to the solace of a strait jacket.

Akim Tamiroff's scene-stealing tricks are a constant source of irritation. In fact, Tamiroff once made the mistake of stealing a scene from himself. The scene was of the actor sitting at a desk smoking a cigar in "Disputed Passage." One of his tricks is to use his hands to divert attention away from other players. In this particular scene, Tamiroff forgot he was alone in front of the camera and diverted attention away from himself to his cigar, which he manipulated about in his fingers at arm's length.

Playing in so many football pictures probably gave Jack Oakie the habit of shoving people around in front of the camera to steal scenes and give direc-



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tors permanent cases of the jitters. But Oakie finally met his mettle recently while working in a scene with 975-pound Elsie, "oomph" cow imported from the New York World's Fair for an important role in "Little Men."

"When you shove Elsie," cracked Oakie, "she just stands there." Victor McLaglen and Eddie Lowe considerably increased Hollywood's headache tablet consumption by trying to upstage each other when they were being co-starred in those *Quirk-Flagg* comedies.

On one occasion, so the story goes, Lowe walked out of the camera's range, off the set and was halfway to the studio commissary before anyone could stop him.

DIRECTORS assigned to Charles Laughton's pictures continually are faced with the problem of trying to blend the actor's infernal rhetoric into the motion-picture medium.

Laughton loves rhetoric and no one who has ever seen him hold an audience spellbound could wonder why. But no matter how sonorous and powerful a speech, Laughton is willing—albeit regretfully—to cut it short if he can be shown that it is going to slow up the action. But he has to be shown and that takes some pretty good salesmanship on the part of the director.

Charles Laughton also likes to steal scenes whenever he can. During filming of "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," Laughton persisted in stomping his feet while Thomas Mitchell was reading some important dialogue. In defense and desperation, Mitchell finally started to twirl a rifle above his own head. Laughton immediately complained, saying:

"Mitchell is stealing the scene with that rifle. Somebody stop him."

"It's easier than that," replied Mitchell. "Just stop stomping your feet and the picture can continue."

A thoroughly embarrassed Charles Laughton stopped stomping his feet.

Al Jolson's aversion to drafts (not the kind you are reading about in the headlines these days) and his ability to detect them, have been the source of a raging fever to directors ever since his film debut way back in 1928. Let Jolson smell a draft on a motion-picture set and he'll turn the set, and the studio, upside down if necessary finding out where it is coming from and eliminating it. More than once I have walked onto a sound stage where Jolson was working and found padded-up newspapers stuffed into cracks around doors, or Jolson in the act of stuffing rags into air vents near his dressing room. You can imagine how a director feels when Jolson goes around tracking down drafts instead of studying his script.

Norma Shearer and her directors have their moments, too. During the production of and after the completion of a picture, Miss Shearer goes alone to a studio projection room and watches her-

self act. She has the film run several times and makes voluminous notes of scenes she does not like and changes that should be made. Her secretary types these out and sends them to the director. Everything Norma Shearer demands she gets because during her marriage to Irving Thalberg, she learned more about box-office values than any other star in Hollywood.

Miss Shearer also demands, and gets, extra bright lighting of herself on the set—a frequent source of irritation to fellow players and directors. Because of this overbright lighting, other members of the cast of "The Women" appeared always to be standing in the shadows. Someone remarked: "This picture should be retitled 'Norma Shearer and Her Ethiopians.'"

Directors assigned to films starring Marlene Dietrich or Loretta Young secretly gnash their teeth because the stars spend so much time in front of mirrors.

Up until a second before the director calls for action, you can always find Miss Dietrich or Miss Young primping before mirrors. In fact, Miss Young has a special, full-length mirror built on wheels which always is kept just outside of camera range. Even while working in a scene, she steals glances at herself in the mirror.

BOTH stars fret the most over their hair. Miss Young worries about its arrangement, Miss Dietrich whether it contains the correct amount of gold dust. She wears the dust in her hair to glamorize it and too much or too little seems to make a great deal of difference. All of which is pretty trying at times to directors pledged to studio front offices to bring pictures in on schedule.

The ad lib kings of Hollywood—John Barrymore and W. C. Fields—alternately arc pains in the neck and fair-haired boys to film directors. When a comedy sequence needs a little "oomph" to put it over with the audience, the Barrymore and Fields type of ad lib wins congratulatory back slaps for the directors.

But when the action of the film turns serious and ad libs are substituted for important story-device dialogue, the director winds up in the doghouse.

The toughest assignment for any Hollywood director is to wake up some morning and find himself directing the Marx Brothers. It's a job absolutely guaranteed to leave any sober man with a perpetual hangover. Although their comedies are the tops, the Marx Brothers are as dependable as nine-day-old puppies. They arrive on the set whenever they please, wander off when they please and go home when they please.

They are always either rewriting the script or rewriting what they have rewritten. After rewriting what they have rewritten, they forget all of it and ab-lib entire scenes.

Maybe that's why their comedies are the tops. But they leave directors spinning like tops.

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PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR DANCING SCHOOL

Cutie-Puss

(Continued from page 47)

the lines of the part he was letting her play and gave them to her verbally. She was a quick study. In ten minutes she was letter perfect. He crouched over a bucket and fed her her cues.

Bunny tried to give him the reading with intelligence and aplomb, but right in the middle of it she lost her voice and stared at him in consternation. For a strange and unbelievable thing was taking place. Bunny Stanwood was having stage fright.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I don't know—I—" She swallowed and steadied herself. "Let's start again."

They got through it this time and Bunny looked at him doubtfully.

"Wooden," he said.

They went through it once more and this time her efforts were rewarded by an ironic smile. "It's hard to keep the business out. You'd better work on that for a while."

He drove the limousine off the washing floor and brought a sedan and polished it up, then tackled a coupe. Between times he labored with Bunny. He taught her dozens of things about acting which she had never heard before—such trivial things it was a wonder anybody ever bothered to think them up. But he said they were frightfully important. He had her playing the part for comedy, for heartbreak, with the head thrown back, or the shoulders bowed, in slowed-down tempos, or fast and mad.

"Just feeling around," he explained. "The part itself doesn't matter much. But you do, my dear. I'll tell you something. Back there, just once, something almost sparkled."

Her eyes got bigger and brighter. "Shall we try again?"

Then she gave him a queer look, groped toward him and started to waltz on the concrete floor.

She caught herself before he reached her, stiffened her shoulders. "I—felt funny—for a minute—"

"Do you know how long you've been hammering at me?" he complained. "Hours! And I can't take it like I used to."

"But, Johnny—"

"Look," he said. "You're going to bed."

He took her back under the shed, where a big, polished sedan was parked. He hurled a heavy, warm auto robe at her, slammed the door and left her.

And the next thing she knew it was gray outside and somebody was smiling at her through the open car door.

She fussed with her hair and smiled the sleep out of her eyes. "Good morning, Johnny," she said. . . .

The lunch wagon by the railway station was the only place in town that catered to early birds. Johnny and Bunny camped on a pair of high stools, amid sizzling sounds and hot steamy smells, and soaked it in. He gave their order, "two javas and stacks," and she didn't care what it meant as long as it was breakfast.

He staked out the lunch wagon's morning newspaper and ignored her. And she waited meekly. Her cakes came and she smeared them with oleomargarine and thick molasses and mopped up the plate. She gulped down the stone mug of so-called coffee and felt relaxed and friendly.

Johnny rolled a cigarette and went back to his newspaper.

"Johnny!"

"Huh?" he grunted and kept his nose buried.

She batted the newspaper out of his hand. "What are you going to do about that contract?"

With that he grinned and reached for the checks.

They walked up the street and peeked in the inn. The night clerk was corked off in an easy chair and no sign of the proprietor. They risked it and slipped through to the writing room.

Bunny's father had always made her read her contracts and Johnny was a law graduate. Between them they had more than a smattering of legal-theatrical terminology. They drew up the contract on Danville Inn letterheads and made it as airtight as most big agreements usually are.

With the legal details attended to, they went back to the theater. Nobody was stirring at that hour. They went down a flight of iron steps and rummaged in the property room. Here they found an old mattress and dug out a pair of heavy velour drapes. They lugged it all to an empty basement dressing room and made a bed on the floor.

"Finish out your sleep," he ordered. "You've got a big day ahead."

Bunny smiled. "Johnny, you're sweet!"

"Baloney!" he said and stalked out of the room.

IT sounded as though somebody were rolling hot cannon balls down winding iron staircases. And it needed something like that to wake Bunny up. She batted her eyes and got her bearings. Then she left her lonely pallet and put on the only clothes she had. She dabbed her face in a chilly wash basin, then she rushed upstairs.

The stage was full of people, about half of them strangers. It couldn't be a rehearsal. Bunny halted in the wings and stared. It looked more like a jam session. Or a jim-jam session.

Little white-moustached Pop Carstairs had backed a grand piano against the stage and was whamming the keyboard, giving out hot Smythe-Crewes and Della Dale and a guy with a silver trumpet had gone into a huddle, hitting treble-alto arpeggios and B-flat riffs, while a goatlike gentleman in overalls and a buxom blonde rocked the chorus and got off a knock-about, chair-leaping, breakdown dance.

Downstage a couple of men mountains were hurling fifty-pound dumbbells at each other, yelling, "Hi!"

As Bunny looked anxiously around, Cissy Bolingsbroke came staggering out of one of the stage-level dressing rooms and set a huge steaming kettle on the prompt table.

"Oh!" she said and tossed Bunny a brittle smile. "I heard you were back."

Bunny felt so lonesome and out of things, she forgot to bear grudges. "What is it?" she asked.

"It smells like an oldtime goulash."

"I mean the mob scene," said Bunny.

"They're angels doubling for you."

Cissy was at her silkiest. "Since you turned out to be such common clay."

"This time we got the whole heavenly choir." Joe Brandsdell, the light comic, barged up with a three-gallon pot of coffee.

"But who are they?" persisted Bunny.

"Old-time, out-of-work vaudeville stars," said Joe. "They live around here so's to be near Mac."

"The strong men run the town's bill-posting business," said Cissy. "The guy in overalls is the janitor over at the Bijou."

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"The lady on the piano keeps a chicken farm," said Joe. "You ought to have seen her pull up at the stage door this morning, with the rear end of her truck crowing and cackling."

"Most of 'em are in business and have savings socked away," Cissy explained. "When they heard Mac was in a financial jam, they rallied. In other words, they're putting up the money you welched on."

She handed Bunny a couple of soup plates ladeled full of goulash. "Pass 'em around, dear."

"Take your thumbs out of them mulligans!" somebody yelled in Bunny's ear.

It was the Bijou Theater janitor. He snatched the plates, shoved one at his big blonde dancing partner, gave the other to the trumpet player. Then he grabbed Bunny around the waist and started stepping again.

She stiffened and tried to hold back, but the guy wouldn't let her. He had a middle-aged face and a schoolboy's body. And he could dance. Taps, buck-and-swing, eccentric stuff—Bunny was suddenly caught up in the throb of sound and movement. She began to follow, to cut loose a little.

"We were the best song and dance team in the business, Marty and Mabel," Bunny's partner introduced himself. "Remember?" But before she could answer, he was yelling with excitement. "Mabel—look at the kid!"

He was doing some intricate weaving and Bunny was with him by now, catching the spirit, laughing, sticking in some fancy footwork of her own.

Cissy Bolingsbroke butted in and broke up the new dance team. "Here, give these to the boys in the stage box."

Bunny looked across the theater and saw Johnny and Gil and MacIntyre sprawled in the plush seats.

She fetched mulligans for Mac and Gil and then brought two more for Johnny and herself.

AN impassioned discussion was under way and none of the three even looked at Bunny. Johnny seemed terribly upset over something and Gil appeared to be in actual physical anguish.

"But how can we?" Gil almost had to shout to make himself heard above the racket. "It's a serious drama!"

"Son," said Mac, "there's nothing so serious it can't be fixed."

"But hoofers—dumb acts—low comies!" Johnny was expostulating. "How could we possibly cue them in?"

"They've been laying off ever since vaudeville folded up," Mac looked as though he were about to break down sobbing, "just eating their hearts out—poor little devils."

"I know how they feel!" said Bunny warmly.

Johnny and Gil stared at her sharply, but she went on polishing her plate.

"But we couldn't cast 'em!" Gil exploded. "Good heavens! How can we?"

"They have faith in your play, boys," Mac munched his cigar and looked reproachful. "That's why they all want to be in it."

"Yes and they're risking their savings!" said Bunny.

"Will you keep out of this?" asked Johnny.

She watched the horseplay on the stage and it choked her up, just seeing everybody so happy after they had been so unhappy all these years. She felt a sudden fellowship for all of them—a professional kinship of like for like.

"Look!" she said suddenly. "You're always talking about slabs of life." She pointed with her soup spoon. "They've been eating their hearts out and—well, look at 'em now!"

THE harried look on Johnny's face gave way to a distorted grin. "All right, Cutie-Puss! And as an ambitious young artiste maybe you'd like to work with a couple of strong men."

"Why not?" said Bunny

Mac reached over to pat Bunny's knee. "Didn't I tell you? The kid's an actress."

"A handkerchief tosser for a couple of dummies!" sneered Gil. "If you call that an actress."

Mac was beaming. "A handkerchief tosser—sure. Just what we need to dress up the boys' routine—a shapely dame like my sweetheart here, in her little pink tights."

He turned to yell at the strong men. "Banty—Mouse—"

The two athletes came over, ponderously.

"Meet your new partner." Mac had his arm around Bunny.

The men-mountains ducked their heads and shook hands, taking turns bear-trapping Bunny's paw.

"I got one!" said Johnny caustically.

"Pleased to meet yuh," said Banty and Mouse.

A number of people had just come in from the stage door. Mostly girls. They were tiny things, all with matching, honey-colored hair, all of them carrying shabby suitcases.

"Hello," said Mac. Then he caught sight of the squat-built, gnomelike man who appeared to be the escort. "If it isn't—" Mac rubbed his eyes. "Why, Charlie Hix—you son-of-a-gun!"

Mr. Hix waddled over to pump Mac's hand. "We were hooked in one of your Danville roadhouses. An' what do you think? A clean little tease act and the mayor won't let us. He says there's an ordinance in this town—"

"I know," said Mac. "It's a non-strip town. You can't take 'em off here."

"We heard you were putting on a show and we thought maybe—"

"Can they hoof?" asked Mac.

"Can they—?" Mr. Hix simply didn't

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have the words. "He asks me, can they hoof?"

"All right," said Mac. "We can use 'em in our chorus."

"Chorus!" echoed Gil Gilroy and stumbled drunkenly out of the stage box. "What chorus are you talking about?"

Nobody paid any attention to him. "What's their name?" Mac asked.

"Seven Little Striplings," said Mr. Hix. "Come on in, girls!" Mac seemed more like a clucking old hen today. He had room for everybody under his sheltering wing.

The seven striplings hung back, shy-eyed, pathetically young, as wary as quail.

"Don't be scared, kids," Mac welcomed them. "We're little schoolhouses together—" He was suddenly popping off with inspiration. "That ordinance says you can't take 'em off in Danville. But it doesn't say you can't put 'em on. So when the drop tears loose, we discover seven bashful, frightened striplings, with their little stockings and shoes and what-sies scattered in front of our woodland set. Maybe they've been swimming . . . and they put on their 'put-'em-on tease.' How's that for a twist?"

"Gee!" said Bunny.

It was thrilling to be associated with a showman who combusted spontaneously the way Mac did. And the others, too—they were so funny and friendly and happy-go-lucky, it would take a pretty hardhearted person to deliberately disappoint them or hurt their feelings. She glanced at Johnny to see if he weren't beginning to look at it that way, too.

But he just sat there, slumped in his seat.

"You want me to say something?" she asked.

"No," he said. "No!"
"If I were you and Gil, I'd write a few more characters into 'High Olympus,'" said Bunny, "so we'll all have work."

MAYBE Johnny and Gil weren't so hardhearted after all. Anyhow, they succumbed in the end and tried to re-write.

That evening Gil came to the parking lot and while Johnny washed cars the collaborators put their dazed heads together.

Bunny was there, too. Johnny gave her a sponge and a chamois and she was supposed to polish windshields and windows. He promised her seventy-five cents for helping and while it was by no means the first money she ever earned, she felt as proud as though it were. She also would have been glad to collaborate on the play, but they froze her out.

This was Tuesday. The boys toyed with the idea of a flood in New Jersey and a barnstorming theatrical troupe stormbound in the Pennsylvania Station, but it didn't click.

On Wednesday morning Bunny spent her hard-earned six bits for a suit of blue jumpers and a red bandana to wind around her head.

That evening the boys changed their locale to a Long Island summer colony and tried to fit a crowd of paid entertainers into a swanky lawn party without losing the flavor of "High Olympus"—but decided it was pretty tripey.

Thursday morning Bunny asked for an advance on her wages and bought a pair of boy-size, flat-heeled brogues, for knocking around in.

Friday night came around and Johnny and Gil had got so desperate they actually thought of writing in a carnival company at a state fair . . . This was before Gil started to scream.

"I can't go on! It's mad! It's stupid!

I'm going nuts!"

Bunny dropped her sponge. "You want me to say something?" she asked.

"If you say anything more tonight," said Johnny, "I'll stick your head in that bucket!"

"If I were you and Gil," she said, "I'd boil the play down to fifteen minutes and let Mac go hog-wild with the rest of the show."

"I'm warning you!" said Johnny.

"Mac told me yesterday," she quoted the great authority, "that some of the finest theatrical productions the world ever saw were fifteen-minute vaudeville sketches. You've got to work fast—"

Johnny was soaking the mud off an automobile wheel, without using the nozzle. He simply turned the hose and let Bunny have it in the face.

She staggered backwards as the stream hit and splashed. It went under her bib and down the front of her shirt. It sputtered in her mouth and soaked her bandana.

"Why—you—!" She coughed out a mouthful of water and glared. Then she picked up the bucket of water to souse him right back.

But he was a little too quick for her. He dropped the hose, caught her wrist, wrenched the pail out of her hand. The water spilled and Bunny got the icy bucketful down the front of her overalls. She let out a shivering gasp and then—well, sir, she didn't know quite how it all came about and she was sure that Johnny didn't either—they were in each other's arms, Bunny clinging tighter and tighter, all sopping wet and bursting with happiness, while Johnny sort of crooned over her.

"Cutie-Puss—you darling—you stoop—you darned little idiot—"

WHY don't you save it for the last-act curtain?" asked Gil from the side lines.

The cynical note seemed to jar Johnny back to normal. He broke out of the clutch and furiously began giving Bunny her orders. "Get back to the theater—you get out of those clothes!"

"But Johnny—" She gave herself back to him, fully prepared for an encore, but there was nothing more doing.

"Do you want to get down sick?" Johnny demanded. "You want me to take care of you?"

"Yes!" Bunny dimpled.

"And take that pout off your puss!" Johnny reached for the hose.

Bunny gave him a brisk little salute and trotted away in her squadding shoes.

She went back to the theater, walking high, as though to music. If Gil hadn't been there, Johnny would have kissed her. She knew it. Everything inside her told her that. Johnny Morrison, he would have kissed her. . . .

She hurried across the stage, downstairs to her dressing room. Thank goodness she had a room to herself. It wasn't much, but it was still hers. She lighted the light and stepped back abruptly. Somebody was rolled up in draperies, sleeping on Bunny's mattress.

It was a girl—a golden head. Bunny stared for an instant and then let out a couple of frozen sounds. "Nat! What the—Natalie Irwin!"

Bunny has met a lot of crises since she left Hollywood, but the situation brought on by Nat's sudden arrival is the hardest one yet. How can she possibly avoid detection now that her "front" at school has left? You'll never believe that such a trick as Bunny thinks up can be carried through until you read your February Photoplay combined with MOVIE MIRROR.



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Resolutions The Stars Should Make

(Continued from page 28)

remember that Canada was her birthplace and help out at some of the British Red Cross benefit shows, also Community Chest programs. Both countries have been most generous—or isn't it cricket to mention it?

Edgar Bergen should let Charlie star alone in a comedy-mystery picture. Animate the little fellow, make him articulate. In other words, be heard but not seen, Edgar . . . Charlie Chaplin should let the dictators be tragedians if they must. Let him revive his original formula. The cacophony of bursting bombs and crying children of the newsreel drowns out too many laughs in his latest picture!

Marlene Dietrich should see what the boys in the back room will have, and give it to them.

Reginald Gardiner should swear never to m.c. a show as replete with actors trying to be amateurs as the Revue we had foisted upon us in the name of charity. Weed 'em out, Reggie. If they can't hoof, don't let 'em. Where was your British sense of fairness?

Donald Meek should hammer down Warners' gates until they let him do "Dear Brutus," the Barrie play they own. A natural for him!

Frederick Bartholomew should pray to heaven and Aunt Cissie never to do anything like he did in Charlot's Revue again. But try, Freddie, to make "Young Woodley" this year.

Fred Astaire should resolve with Ginger Rogers to be teamed again in the type of stuff that made them famous. And speaking of teams, keep Lucille Ball and Director Dorothy Arzner together. They struck oil in 1940 . . . So be it!—that Madeleine Carroll's resolution be accepted unanimously and that she be sent home to personally look after her orphans and her flyer, which she's been anguishing to do

LET Claudette Colbert refuse loan-outs to other studios and remain on her own lot where they do right by her! . . . I omit even a hint to Paulette Goddard—she can take care of herself any time—anywhere.

Bill Holden should fight for Mamoulian

to direct him in another picture, no foolin' . . . Bob Hope's No. 1 determination should be to hold on to Mack Millar, his exploitation man, who's guided him around some pretty deep pitfalls.

Bing Crosby, since he begat his own "Barbershop Quartette," should put 'em all in a picture and allow the world to see and hear them sing. What a "family affair" that would be—wow! And would the *Hardys* and *Aldriches* be furious!

Definitely make up your mind, Ronnie Colman, to give us two pictures a year from now on . . . Irene Dunne should stick to those soft hair-dos and insist on leading men the age of her hands . . . Resolve, Bill Gargan, to hitch your station wagon to a star part and don't let anyone shake you loose from that idea . . . Cary Grant should remain single and never be allowed to ham up another historic drama.

Charles Laughton should give us another English king . . . And listen, Carole Lombard, the gods smiled when they made you—why do you want to glare back? Shake off your tears and calico and dive back into chifon and comedy where you belong. The world needs more laughter . . . Raymond Massey, you'd better make up your mind to deflate your ego on January first. It will be less painful than having others do it. They won't always be diplomatic about your Abraham Lincoln, you know.

I digress a snip, but Cecil B. De Mille was once a star and he should make a resolution to give just one salute to the real director of the Lux Radio Theater, and do it.

STOP underestimating that sarong, Dottie. Remember, dearie, it may have kept you cool, but it kept your public hot! . . . Let Oscar Levant set this one to music—that he never take a lesson in acting, keep his feet firmly on the ground, his head up and his mouth open . . . Dick Powell ought to remember that his voice put him where he is today and stop yowling to the moon about not singing, but accept any good part he can grab, whether it be singing or acting.

Ginger Rogers should remember that



Personal appearance: Bernarr Macfadden, the Publisher of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, on an "Americanism" lecture tour from coast to coast, is met at Burbank by the Mayor of Los Angeles, Fletcher Bowron

she got top price as a blonde and resolve to let Hedy and Joan lead the brunette field. Also by now she should have acquired a sufficient patina of poise to accept constructive criticism as well as compliments in her stride. The pen is mightier than the sword, Ginger, and can dig more dirt than a shovel! . . . Orson Welles should build up a fund for his own future instead of making all the supporting members of his cast independently rich. Yes, it's more blessed to give than to receive, but even Orson can grow old.

Humphrey Bogart might decide to become a member of the FBI. He's had training enough in the pictures to give him a good start toward eligibility . . . Let Gary Cooper determine to get into a Frank Capra picture every year. There's an alchemy between them that gilds even the lily. Anent this guy Capra—he didn't have to be reminded that Jimmy Gleason is a fine actor.

This is a supplication, not a resolution. Please, oh, Lord, let Olivia de Havilland forget that she ever played *Melanie* and cure her of the attack of "cutes" it brought on.

SUGGEST Ida Lupino take up the study of the guillotine and use it, if she gets anything less than a gutty role . . . I could advise lots of people to try to live up to their publicity, or have their publicity scaled down to their living, but let it go for Ann Sheridan . . . Won't Herbert Marshall pledge allegiance to our flag, so he'll be with us always? . . . And for Wayne Morris, I wish he'd definitely forget the Bubbles episode and look for real happiness. But take your time, Wayne.

Resolved to put Paul Muni on the same plane with Freddie March for "their Broadway," leaving a good part available for Bob Montgomery and perhaps a whiz-bang radio show for Frank Morgan . . . And speaking of good pictures, get busy, Pat O'Brien, and howl until you get another "Front Page." I'll howl with you, if it will do any good.

George Raft should keep teaming with Cagney. They work well in double-

harness, but he should forget romantic parts . . . Marjorie Rambeau should thank the Lord that our producers have again "discovered" she's a fine actress and never let them forget it . . . Rosalind Russell should be given a chance at romantic roles. She should definitely stop kicking and scratching in every picture, or she'll be rubber-stamped without a kick left in her—and she's too good to be wasted. Go on—kick back, Roz, but not on the screen!

And John Barrymore, make them give you a part worthy of you. It will be less tiring than playing the jackass most of the time. But the bread you cast upon the waters will return to you angel food cake with pink icing, if you're given a good part . . . Linda Darnell should insist upon being groomed slowly—aged in the wood, so to speak. A sure comer, if treated gently!

We could take another "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and so could Alice Faye, after her "Lillian Russell"—so resolve, Alice, resolve! . . . Joint decision for Betty Grable and Charlotte Greenwood: Now they've got their second wind, let them make it a hurricane . . . Dean Jagger, defy Hollywood to take from us the Christ-like spirit you've brought to the screen. Get them to give you "Passing of the Third Floor Back," the play Sir Forbes Robertson made famous. Its philosophy is badly needed today. No more "Brigham Youngs"—without the wives.

Now about Ty Power, he'd better insist on younger parts—for which he's fitted. If he persists in playing old men, we may take him at his studio's evaluation.

And Wally Beery, who's already proved his love for children by adopting two, should make a resolution to foster his own orphanage. What a privilege it would be to see the happiness his millions would bring in his declining years by providing shelter and love for little children! It is to them, remember, that we must look for the restoration of Peace on Earth, Good Will Toward Men, so open your hearts to them and give—and you'll have a Happy New Year!

The New Mystery of Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin

(Continued from page 57)

dancing together were watched by hundreds of eager eyes in several night clubs. Their absorbed interest in one another's conversation was observed in this secluded corner and that. And the fact that Charlie, who is something of a hermit now, came out of his secluded estate and appeared at a few night clubs, without Paulette, was also noted.

There matters stood in late October when "The Great Dictator" was set to open both in New York and Hollywood and when Paulette did her disappearing act. She was neither in New York nor Hollywood. (Charlie was in New York, having left Hollywood.) Litvak was out of town, too.

This confirmed the whole situation for both sets of rumor reporters. Charlie had dropped Paulette and Paulette had dropped Charlie and the opening of "The Great Dictator" would be a frost because of it.

That was when the press agents of Warners and United Artists and Paramount all got busy. That was when the wires buzzed and the cables sang and the newspaper press stood waiting for headlines.

So what happened? On the opening night of "The Great Dictator," on Broadway, Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin

stepped out to acknowledge the crowd's applause. With him he brought a beautiful girl, Miss Paulette Goddard, his co-star. He presented her to the audience.

"This is my wife," said Mr. Chaplin. Paulette said nothing, as usual. She smiled that warm and siren smile of hers, as usual. But it was noted when she started back a day or two later to the Coast—without "the great dictator"—that she wore a large and resplendent new diamond solitaire, a reward, it was whispered, for her New York trek. Charlie was to follow her shortly, but presently the plan changed and he was detained in the East.

When the news got back to Hollywood, several of the town's leading ladies chewed off their long fingernails in sheer aggravation. It was exactly like reading an installment of a serial in a magazine only to have it say "continued next week" just as one got into the most exciting chapter.

For, of course, this does mark the close of another chapter in the mystery mix-up of Paulette and Charlie. And it does mean that the story will be continued. You know perfectly well that with such a dynamic beautiful heroine, a genius hero and a debonair, unattached "other man," it is bound to be.

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TRIMAL

(Continued from page 35)

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness 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 Donn's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Donn's Pills.

probably drink, then neck. When I was at college, the girl I enjoyed most was a wonder at swimming and tennis. If you ever thought of her romantically it was in terms of marriage."

That is about the highest compliment a woman can receive and she doesn't get it by putting a cheap value on herself

MAY ROBSON had just come from speaking at a sorority luncheon. She had on a corsage of gardenias and a sassy blue hat to match a spanking new winter outfit.

"Funny, those girls asked me questions about the same things we're talking about now. And I told 'em the fundamental female tricks of getting and holding a man hadn't changed much in sixty years!

"You can't beat being warm and friendly and sincere to capture a man's attention. I watched a young thing put on an act the other night for a man she'd just met and I could have told her her technique was all wrong. She was being very Bright and Gay; the old business of showing him how popular she was. He walked away. Another girl tried the 'Iceberg Annie' act, an aloof, weary woman of the world. He wasn't at all impressed. But the girl he took into supper—and later took home—was a friendly little redhead who was as interested in trout fishing as he was. (Or at least you'd have thought she was!)

"It's our fate, our message in life if you like, but we women have to be interested in what our husbands and sweethearts are. If he's musical, talk music. Read up on it like mad. My husband happened to be a doctor. For thirty-three years I was just as much interested in his cases as he was in my roles. Besides that we had a lot of interests together. I mean like collecting a library and raising some fool cocker spaniel pups that were the cutest things you ever saw."

To hold a man May Robson says: *Keep tidy, keep nice.*

"You'll find that where a couple have been married happily for years the wife may not be beautiful, but she is sweet and cleanly and tidy. A girl like that gets a man much more quickly than one who rhumbas every night!"

If you want to attract more interesting men you have to build up your own resources, May points out. Nobody gets far sitting in a corner and exuding appeal. They dance well or talk well and you know they've taken the trouble to be informed on a good many subjects. "Why," said May, "the girl who is good in three specialties, like bridge and entertaining and badminton, has three times the chance of making more friends! And she'll certainly have a lot more men to choose from."

At the sorority luncheon she'd attended, May was speaking about the chaperones of her day. One of the girls, with a sly twinkle, said, "Maybe you needed it in those days!"

May chuckled in recalling the incident. "She was right! Maybe we did. But it simplified things considerably. A man knew you couldn't very well go in for petting with an eagle-eyed dowager parked beside you! Girls today have the bigger problem."

There was a young woman in May's company once who handled the situation with marked finesse. She kept a man amused, made him laugh, played his game, but kept her kisses as something special. If he was lucky enough to get one, he knew it really meant something.

"The kiss in company never hurts," said May. "It's the furtive private kissing that does. It excites emotions that should not be excited. If the boy insists on it, look around for other dates! Hurt his feelings. Have some spunk! In fact, if you have a fierce young pride you are much more likely to intrigue men! A man may think he wants a girl who goes in for promiscuous petting, but he tires of her and is searching for greener pastures before the next moon."

LINDA DARNELL is 18. She's facing an 18-year-old's problems, which are exactly the same in Hollywood as they are anywhere else in the world. Says Linda, "I'm not a prude, but I have never kissed a boy off the screen. I don't intend to until I'm in love."

It reminded me of a remark I heard one of Hollywood's most eligible males make about Linda the other day. "Somehow," he said, "that girl arouses all a man's gallantry. You want to protect her, see that she's safe, cared for . . ." And this, mind you, from a man who is known for his sophistication!

As Linda says, men usually treat a girl as she expects them to treat her. And that goes from their first meeting on. "If," declared Linda, "you don't have any of the ordinary chances to meet the boy you like, surely one of your girl friends knows him. Go into a huddle with her, have her invite him to a party at her house. There, under the best possible circumstances, you will be introduced quite casually. But make it casual! I mean, let the boy think that you're his discovery."

In other words, the chasing-after-him system is out. Linda and her crowd say a girl's cue today is to be as genuine as real silk—and as smooth. No cattiness, no airs.

To make him stick around harder than glue in winter two things are absolutely essential. "Learn how to fall in with his likes and dislikes . . . with the things he enjoys . . . the places he likes to go," advised Linda. "And the next step is to go into a conference with your mother. Try to make your home a spot that he loves to come to. Back home in Texas and even here in Hollywood, Mother always has a platter of fried chicken and a fresh chocolate cake ready on Sunday night for anybody I want to entertain. And if you don't think that helps! Any night I'm not working we can roll up the rugs and dance to the radio. Or we play backgammon. Twosome games are a lot of fun. If you let your parents in on what you want to do, they're pretty good sports about making the boy welcome.

"But I don't believe in so-called 'necking' at all. To me, kisses are a part of real love and real love is a part of being engaged and married. So, until that time comes, I'm reserving the kisses!"

"To the girl who thinks she's in danger of losing her boy friend unless she necks I can only say this: Any boy who insists on it isn't worth having! If he's more interested in kissing some girl than he is in waiting for you, then I'd just let him go. I've heard plenty of boys talk on this subject—some of them without knowing that I was listening—and I've found them making a game of their conquests in the art of petting. They made it quite plain that the girl who kisse them the first time they ask leaves only one impression: That she would have kissed any boy who happened along.

"Maybe my ideas on kissing are the

result of my views on marriage. I want to be able to go to the man I love and let him know that I've been saving myself for him . . . It seems to me that every girl, once she finds true love, would like to be able to capture the real thrill of kissing a man for the first time.

"I realize that many girls my age, and some even younger, are going to laugh at my reactions to the subject. They are liable to say that I'm being terribly prissy on a subject that isn't serious at all. But that viewpoint merely proves that they have already dulled the edge of romance by letting too many boys kiss them. And I think those same girls will wish someday that they had looked upon kissing as a part of love and not part of just-a-date."

Are you interested in this modern-type discussion? If you are—and have something on your mind, just write in to Your Problem Dept., Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City. Your particular problem may be of such universal appeal that it will be the subject for discussion in the near future by a board of Hollywood favorites.

Kitty Foyle

(Continued from page 43)

background," Wyn remarked, taking my hand, "but . . . Kitty, will you marry me?"

Remember, I thought, those were the words you expected him to say once before? But instead, he'd only offered to give you money until you got a job.

I shook my head.

"No, dear," I said.

"Don't you love me?"

"Yes. Very much."

"But you won't marry me?"

"Nope. Look dear, we're happy now, this minute, aren't we? Can you tell me why?"

"Because we love each other. Because we're together—"

"No," I told him. "That's not it. It's because we aren't in Philadelphia. In New York we're happy," I said. But not in Philadelphia. Everywhere else we're just two people in love. But in Philadelphia you're the Main Line and I'm Griscom Street. Griscom Street could stand it, but—not the Main Line."

I felt as if I were Pop talking. But Pop was right. He knew.

"And is that all?" Wyn asked.

"Well, we're the same color, if that's what you mean."

He turned back to the musicians. "Boys. Enough of that 'Vienna Woods' music. Play 'The Sidewalks of New York.'" And when they'd started he nodded complacently. "It's all fixed, Kitty. That's our theme song now. We're New Yorkers—both of us."

"Are you kidding, Wyn?"

"No, darling," he said softly. "I mean it. I wish you weren't so right about—about all that in Philadelphia—but you are. So that's the end of it. This is where we live—in New York, where we'll be happy."

"I'm happy already," I said. "So happy I can't tell you how much."

AND so we were married. Mr. and Mrs. Wynnewood Strafford, the Sixth. I read it over and over on the register of the little hotel where we went in Gretna Green. There's no use denying it, those two days were just about perfect. But then we went back to Philadelphia to meet Wyn's family and tell them Wyn was going to live in New York. With me.

I'd met Mrs. Strafford, Wyn's mother, when I was working with him on the

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True Story

magazine. She was lovely—tall and graceful, with white hair like the kind you see in advertisements and a manner so sweet it scared you to death. But at least I knew her, which was more than I could say for myself when it came to the collection of relatives who were in the drawing room of the Strafford mansion when we arrived—Aunt Jessica, an older edition of Mrs. Strafford, Uncle Edgar, fat and comfortable Grandmother Wynnewood, about 90, and Uncle Kennett, who was an old Quaker banker and knew, Wyn said, only three words, "thee," "thou" and "no."

Mrs. Strafford came over and took my hand and said, "It's so nice to see you again, Miss Foyle."

Wyn got up his courage and said: "The fact is, Mother, the name isn't Foyle any more. It's—it's Strafford. Kitty and I are married."

COULDN'T tell whether Mrs. Strafford was going to faint or fight. Kennett's paper fell to his lap and he coughed. Grandmother Wynnewood simply stared at us as if she'd never in all her life heard anything so scandalous.

They all recovered, though, and for a while I thought things were going off very well. Then Grandmother Wynnewood said in a loud clear voice:

"But I thought you were going to send her to school first!"

"Mother!" Mrs. Strafford said reprovingly. Then, to me, "Wyn had already told us how much he loves you and we couldn't have been happier, for his sake."

"They could have the Darby Mill cottage," Aunt Jessica said. "It's just been redecorated."

Grandmother Wynnewood refused to be quieted. "I thought he was going to wait a year!" she trumpeted.

"You understand, of course, that above everything else we want you and Wyn to be happy," Mrs. Strafford said. "That's first and foremost in all our thoughts . . . isn't it?" she asked the others.

I'd had about enough of this backing and filling. "I don't want to seem rude," I said, "but would somebody mind telling me what you're all driving at?"

Wyn found his tongue again. "You see, honey, I promised that I wouldn't marry you for a year. Mother was going to—well, prepare you."

"Prepare me for what?"

"Oh—some school, some good finishing school—"

"School!" I said. "Are you kidding me?"

"It needn't be school," Mrs. Strafford said. "It can still be done. And later, when we have had an opportunity to acquaint you with our friends, we can have a proper wedding."

"And what do you call what we've just done?" I asked. "A rehearsal?" I knew, with a sort of sickish feeling, that Wyn wasn't going to tell them what we'd decided to do and I'd have to. "School is out—definitely," I said. "I'm a big girl now. Wyn and I are not going to live in

Philadelphia. You're not the only ones that want us to be happy and we wouldn't be happy here. I'm Griscom Street and he's the Main Line. In Philadelphia that's fatal—anywhere else in the world it doesn't make a nickel's worth of difference. And so that's where we're going to live—anywhere else in the world." I turned to Wyn. "Isn't that right, Wyn?" I asked.

"Of course it is, dear," he said uncomfortably, "but maybe we'd better talk things—"

"But Miss Foyle," Uncle Kennett broke in, "thou must realize that such a thing is impossible. The Strafford money is a trust fund, established by family wills. They provide that Wyn, when he takes unto himself a wife, shall reside in Darby Mill and shall assume his duties as an officer of the family bank. Those terms are irrevocable."

"And if Wyn refuses?" I demanded.

"In that case, his inheritance would pass into the family trust."

"So what?" I said. "So Wyn isn't rich any more. What is that to me? I didn't marry him for his money. I don't care if he hasn't a penny."

"But Miss Foyle, thou art not being quite reasonable about this," Uncle Kennett rumbled.

I exploded. "Says thou!"

"Miss Foyle! Thy temper!"

"Mr. Kennett," I said wildly, "thy foot! Let's get a few things straight. I didn't ask to marry the Straffords—a Strafford man asked to marry me! And I married a man, not an institution, or a trust fund! Oh, I've got a fine picture of your family conference here—trying to figure out how to take the curse off Kitty Foyle! Buy the girl a phony education and polish off the rough edges and make a Main Line doll out of her! You'd ought to know better! It takes six generations to make a bunch of people like you—and by Judas Priest I haven't got that much time!"

COULDN'T stand any more, so I turned around and ran out of the room. I was just getting my hat and coat from the hall when Wyn came after me and edged me into the library—a room as big as Delphine Detaille's showroom, with oil paintings of stiff old Straffords hung on the walls.

"It's no good, Wyn." I was crying by this time. "They've got you under contract."

"I know, Kitty. But I'm going to keep my promise," Wyn said. "We're going to New York and live our own lives just as we planned."

"That means you'll lose your inheritance."

"Yes. But you don't care about money, do you?" he said.

"Not me. I've never had any. But Wyn, you don't know anything about not having it."

"I can learn," he said grimly. "Wait for me, Kitty. I'm going to go tell them and then I'll be right back."

But I didn't think Wyn could learn. I

HOLLYWOOD, BEWARE IN 1941!

See your February PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for the sensational article in which—

the woman who predicted in 1939 that Tyrone Power would marry a girl he already knew (Annabella!); that Robert Taylor's period of public criticism was almost over and that his career would be bigger than ever ("Waterloo Bridge!"); that Alice Faye would have a marital upset (her divorce!)—now courageously foretells the good and the bad that 1941 holds for Hollywood's top stars!

didn't think he knew what it was like, living in a one-room apartment with a pull-down bed, eating in drugstores, going to movies once a week, trying to save a dollar or two on the side against the time he wouldn't have a job. After he left me I wandered around the room, looking at the pictures. Those people in the oil painting—they were Straffords and they didn't have any truck with Foyles.

"Take care of yourself, Wyn," I whispered to the room. "I can't do it any more."

And I got out of the room, out of the house, out of Philadelphia, before Wyn could find me and make me change my mind.

AFTER that, I went through the motions, but I really wasn't living at all. It isn't living when every time you hear a knock on the door you hope it's somebody you know isn't going to be there. When every time you walk down the street, you see a face in the crowd and for that funny little minute you think it might be the one you want to see. But it never is.

Delphine Detaille was pretty swell, I'll say that for her. She gave me my old job back, selling paint and powder to women they wouldn't do any good to; and in her French way she was kind and sympathetic. Mark Eisen came back, too. In fact, I found him outside the store, waiting for me, on the same day I got my divorce decree. (You'd be surprised how easily a divorce can be arranged when all the Straffords are in there fighting.)

Mark didn't hold it against me that I hadn't kept our date together—the date we'd made for the night I was married. I'd forgotten all about it when I saw Wyn.

He said, "You don't have to explain, Kitty. The girls in the apartment where you live told me how it was."

Then he let me know quietly that he loved me and hoped that someday I'd forget Wyn and be ready to love him.

It should have been a comfort to know he was standing by, ready to help me. But I was too dazed and unhappy just then to appreciate his goodness.

A few days later I didn't feel very well and I went to see a doctor—not Mark, another doctor, because I had a suspicion what was the matter. And I was right.

I couldn't believe it. I walked from the doctor's office to the store and hardly knew what I was saying when I apologized to Delphine for being late. She brought me back to earth, though, by saying:

"That's all right. But there's a long-distance call for you from Philadelphia."

It was Wyn, of course—Wyn, asking me if I could meet him at Giono's at five-thirty for a little talk. I thought there must be something to this thought-transference business, because naturally Wyn couldn't know what the doctor had just told me—but it almost seemed as if he must have known, because otherwise why would he call me up, want to see me?

Wyn and me and—and something to really fight for!

I was at Giono's a little early, sitting in our old booth, waiting for Wyn. I was perfectly happy. I knew everything was going to be all right. A baby was exactly what Wyn needed to make him stand up on his own two feet and tell those Straffords where to go. I hummed a little tune to myself . . . and then I happened to see an item in the paper that Giono had left on the table.

" . . . announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Veronica Gladwyn, to Mr. Wynnewood Strafford VI," was all of the

item I could see. But it was enough.

So that was what Wyn had wanted to see me about. To tell me.

Giono came toward the booth just as I stood up. I stammered something about having to leave.

"But what I tell Mr. Strafford? He called to say he's-a come. What I tell him?"

"Tell him—tell him I hope the first one's a boy," I said.

I couldn't let him know about the baby—his baby. Not now. I didn't want things that way. He'd have felt gallant and conscientious and as if he had to marry me again and I knew there wouldn't be any happiness for either of us in a marriage like that.

I'd have that baby, I resolved fiercely—and his name wouldn't be Strafford, either, it'd be Foyle. Tom Foyle, like my Pop. He'd grow up to be proud of his name and of his mother. Tom Foyle—the toughest kid in the block!

Only—my little Tom never got very far. He died a few minutes after he was born. He didn't even get a chance to fight. And I don't know what he looked like, because I never saw him.

Well, I got out of the hospital and time kept on doing business at the same old stand. Five years of it. Delphine gave me some raises and I moved out of the apartment I shared with the other two girls and took this room by myself in the Dolly Madison and I could afford better clothes and Delphine said I was a smart little girl. Mark and I got to know each other better and on the nights he could spare from being a rising young surgeon at the hospital, we'd go to movies or shows together.

BUT nothing really happened. Not until a month ago, when Delphine sent me to Philadelphia to open a branch for her in a department store there. I was afraid to go, afraid of all the things being there might bring back. But nothing happened, until the afternoon of my last day there.

A woman about my own age—a beautiful, blonde, rich-looking woman—came in. She had a little boy about four years old with her and a nurse to take care of him. She wanted something rather special in the way of make-up, because she was going to the Assembly that night.

While we were talking a telephone call came in for her. I heard her say, "Hello—oh, hello, Wyn. Oh, you don't have to go to New York again, do you?"

Then I knew. This was Wyn's wife; this little boy, only a few months younger than my Tom would have been, was his son.

I got over the shock in time to hear Wyn's wife saying pleadingly, "But Wyn—in the five years we've been married, we've never gone to the Assembly together!"

I could have told her why.

She was a thoroughbred, all right. She hung up and apologized because something had happened and she would not need the special make-up after all.

"Are we going home now, Mommy?" the little boy asked. He looked like Wyn. The same tilt of the head, the same chin, the same . . . But what's the good of that? He looked like her, too.

"Yes, darling," she said.

"But you told me I could buy Daddy a birthday present!"

"We'll get it tomorrow."

They went out, but a minute later the little boy came running back. He'd forgotten his teddy bear.

I leaned down to him. "I'll bet I know your name," I said.

"Bet you don't!"

"It's Wynnewood Strafford—Wynne-

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wood Strafford the Seventh!"

That impressed him, all right, and he was ready to listen when I said, "Do you want a birthday present for your Daddy very badly?"

He nodded. "Oh, yes! He always gives me one!"

"Have you got a purse?" I asked, like a conspirator, and he showed me one on his belt. I opened it and slipped Wyn's ring—the one with a snake swallowing its tail—off my finger.

"Here's something you can give him," I said, putting it in the purse. "But it's got to be a secret. A secret just for you and your Daddy!"

He nodded solemnly. "I won't tell anybody else!" he promised and ran out of the room after his mother.

I stood there and watched him go, feeling lost and alone. And the place on my finger where the ring had been was all naked, but that ring had been my last link with Wyn and now it was gone, too. I was glad to have it gone. I felt free again.

It must have been that feeling of freedom that made me able to tell Mark tonight I'd marry him. He called for me after work at the store and took me with him to one of his maternity cases in a poor part of the city and I held the baby after it arrived. He saw me with it and said, "You have no idea how right you look with a baby in your arms."

"I know how right I feel," I said. It was true, too. This, I was thinking, is what women really want. Not men—not really. There's something down inside of women that's the future.

Then was when Mark dragged out a

diamond ring, right there in the kitchen of the tenement, and asked me to marry him. And—after all, a man *must* love you to go on wanting to marry you for six years without any encouragement. So I told him I would. He had to go back to the hospital for a while, but we arranged to meet at Grand Central at midnight and go on to Greenwich.

"You're all over that—that fellow from Philadelphia?" Mark asked.

"All over," I said. And meant it—until I came home two hours ago and found Wyn waiting for me.

WERE no good apart, Kitty," Wyn said. "I know that now. And I'm going away. I'm leaving my wife. I'm sailing at midnight alone, unless you'll go with me."

"You—you're going to be divorced?" I asked him.

"No," he said after a pause. "I've tried. I'm afraid I can't even promise you that. But whatever you decide, I'm sailing anyway. I'm only hoping, I'm asking, that we'll go together and be together, always."

Be together, always.

Forgetting Mark, thinking only how much the mere sight of Wyn could bring back all my love for him, I told him I'd be at Pier 48 at midnight.

(It's fifteen minutes to twelve, Kitty Foyle. You can't stall any longer. No matter where you're going, to Wyn or to Mark, you'll have to start out.)

I've packed my bags, I've called a porter, I've done everything except decide. A great deal of love—but no marriage—with Wyn. Marriage—and some

love, too, there's no use denying that—with Mark

All right. I know what it's got to be. Oh, Wyn darling, please understand. It's just as you said. What we've had together is something I can never forget. I love you, in a very special way, and I'll always love you. But I'm—me, Kitty Foyle! Not something for you to leave and come back to and leave and come back to again whenever you feel like it.

Mark can be part of that person named Kitty Foyle. Mark and the home and the children—the bits of the future—we can have together, that you and I could never have. You'd never be part of me, Wyn. I'd only be part of you . . . your hanger-on, your—girl friend. It's not good enough for me. It's not good enough for you.

So good-bye, Wyn. I don't think you and I will ever see each other again. Mrs. Mark Eisen won't have much to do with the Philadelphia Main Line Straffords—because, of course, you'll go back there someday, Wyn. I said once they had you under contract and it's still true, no matter how hard you try to break away. That little boy—he has you under contract, too.

And Wyn—don't worry about me. Don't fret about whether or not I'll be happy. I will be. Maybe I love Mark in a very special way, too. And anyway—maybe nobody knows what happiness is. Until after they've had it, that is. Maybe it's just something you're always looking for and never quite finding—until you stop looking.

I've stopped looking, Wyn.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 14)

✓✓ Escape (M-G-M)

It's About: *The rescue of an imprisoned woman in Germany by her son.*

SUSPENSE and drama pack the thrilling story of "Escape" that faithfully follows the story by Ethel Vance. Every scene and every line of dialogue lead to the dramatic and stirring climax that keeps the audience breathless as the drama unfolds. Norma Shearer as the Countess and Robert Taylor as the American score heavily. Taylor seems to have caught the nervous emotional pitch of the lad who leaves his home in America to find his mother imprisoned in Germany. Phillip Dorn as the Doctor is the newest star to emerge in Hollywood—mark that down in your memory book. Conrad Veidt as the General is detestably compelling. Nazimova as the mother is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Thrill-packed.

✓✓ A Little Bit of Heaven (Universal)

It's About: *A family who rides high on a little girl's success.*

THAT producer Joe Pasternak, who has guided Deanna Durbin through all her successes, has taken little Gloria Jean under his wing and brought her right back to "The Underpup" fame. Gloria couldn't be sweeter, the story cozier or the cast more competent and when you put that all together, what does it spell? S-u-c-c-e-s-s? You're right.

Yes, this is a success. It's charming, sweet, appealing and entertaining and, what's more, it has Gloria being boosted for the radio by a pair of radio announce-

ers, Robert Stack and Stuart Erwin. The only catch is *Grandpa*, C. Aubrey Smith, objects and *Grandpa* is boss. Pop Hugh Herbert and sister Nan Grey are for it and so is Gloria. In due time *Grandpa* is won over, Gloria becomes a star, the family becomes high-hat and everyone is miserable until—but that's telling. Anyway, Gloria sings gloriously. Billy Gilbert is a beeg lamb. It's nice seeing so many stars of silent days.

Your Reviewer Says: Bright, appealing.

✓✓ They Knew What They Wanted (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *Romance by correspondence.*

THIS, to our notion, is a great picture. We think it a great picture for the magnificent performance given by Charles Laughton as Tony, the Italian fruitgrower in the Napa valley of California. We deem it great for the inspired direction of youthful Garson Kanin, the work of Carole Lombard and the fiercely etched performance of Bill Gargan as Joe, the hired man.

We like the feeling of suppression throughout, the gripping hopelessness that melts under Tony's Christian kindness into a promise of something better to come in some future day.

It is almost inconceivable to believe an Englishman could become so perfect an Italian as Laughton. Yet Laughton really is Tony, the Italian, who falls in love with waitress Carole Lombard and begs Joe to write her of his, Tony's love, and who finally substitutes Joe's picture for his, thus reaping a reward of heartache. We tell you again, Laughton is marvelous

and we urge all adults who enjoy intelligent, beautifully directed entertainment to see this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: An exquisite gem.

✓✓ The Long Voyage Home (Argosy-Wanger-U.A.)

It's About: *Seamen who are always striving for a journey home.*

THERE'S a tragic moody depth to "The Long Voyage Home" that shouts the artistry of Director John Ford to the housetops. Not since his "Informer" has this master of art in movies turned in such a triumph. Yet we doubt if it will appeal to those movie fans who like their stories cut and dried, hewing to the line and toeing the mark. Box-office appeal it may not have, but if the producer is content with food for the soul he has given us a banquet indeed.

Ian Hunter, the wandering drunken Englishman, is one of the sailors on a munition-laden ship homeward bound for England at the outbreak of the war. On the tedious homeward trip the men become inflamed with the idea that Hunter is a Fifth Columnist and he almost loses his life before the mistake is discovered. German planes dropping hell from the skies add to the thickening, engulfing peril. Thomas Mitchell, Hunter, John Wayne and John Qualen—all turn in stirring performances.

But for once we believe it's the mood and "feel" of a picture that steals it from the east. If you catch that mood you'll be carried along with it.

Your Reviewer Says: An artistic triumph. (Continued on page 88)

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 86)

✓✓ Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)

It's About: Biographical story of the great football coach.

PATIENTLY Hollywood actors await, year after year, for that one perfect role. Pat O'Brien has found his as Knute Rockne, the understanding and kindly man who grew to be one of the greatest figures in the sports world. As football coach at Notre Dame, as father to the famed Four Horsemen of football who played for him, as husband and All American, no better man has ever emerged into the limelight than Knute Rockne. Pat O'Brien plays him that way. All the tenderness, strength, humanness of the man come to life through Pat's interpretation.

The cast, long and impressive, fit into their special roles with ease and perfection. Ronald Reagan plays the late George Gipp, one of football's greatest stars. Gale Page is Knute's wife. But it's Pat's picture and his heart is in it. That's why, my friends, it's a fine film.

Your Reviewer Says: A task beautifully done.

✓✓ Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M)

It's About: A businesswoman who creates an imaginary husband.

IT'S hilarious. What's more, it has a basis of sorts for its fun and never lets down a moment, with Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas and Lee Bowman trying to get married and unmarried throughout the whole evening.

Myrna is a smart New York magazine editor who invents a husband to keep the undesirable males (especially the boss) from cluttering up her desk with propositions of one sort and another. It all works too beautifully until Myrna meets Melvyn who sees through the farce and decides to become this misplaced husband. Of course, Myrna's father, Raymond Walburn, and her sister, Bonita Granville, welcome him with open arms. But not Myrna. And not Lee Bowman, who wants to be Myrna's husband himself.

We suppose it could happen. But anyway, who cares, with everyone, including you and me, having such fun. Wait until you see Myrna's version of a Tenth Avenue moll. Why Miss Loy!

Your Reviewer Says: Naughty and very nice.

✓ Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)

It's About: A television station and the people connected with it.

LIGHTHEARTED entertainment guaranteed to make you forget your troubles is the basis of this merry little picture with practically no plot but a great deal

of humor and melody.

Frances Langford and Kenny Baker provide the romance as well as the musical numbers and Ann Miller's dancing is delightful. The sketchy plot hinges upon Hugh Herbert, who is very funny as the bewildered businessman who takes over a television station. Mary Boland, as a wealthy sponsor, Franklin Pangborn and Patsy Kelly contribute their own brands of specialized comedy.

The music and dances are delightful and you'll go away whistling a specially melodious number, "Who Am I?"

Your Reviewer Says: Gay and amusing

✓ Angels Over Broadway (Columbia)

It's About: Four drifters who meet for one night

BEN HECHT has been permitted, thank heavens, to express himself on the screen and the result, while not box-office in appeal, is a rare bit of entertainment that haunts the memory like a musical refrain. Or did Irving Berlin say that?

From Mr. Hecht's gold-studded imagination emerge four characters—a weakling, John Qualen, bent on suicide; a young man, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., suffering from wrong values (a not uncommon disease); a young girl, Rita Hayworth, ready to give her soul for success; and Thomas Mitchell, a failure of a playwright.

Incongruously they meet, merge in an exchange of thought and ideas, then separate, each strangely helped.

Flashes of bright dialogue pierce the air like skyrocket. It's all Hecht in writing, production and directing, but it takes those four marvelous performers to give life and reality to his dreams. To our notion every member of the cast outdoes himself.

Your Reviewer Says: Only for the imaginative.

✓ Too Many Girls (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A young heiress and her four (count 'em) bodyguards at college

WELL, for goodness sake, everything is still whirling around and those black spots before our eyes must be Lucille Ball, Ann Miller and Frances Langford. And those bigger spots are bound to be Desi Arnaz (Desi has us dizzy), Hal LeRoy and Richard Carlson. Such singing, dancing, romping and goings-on. It's wonderful.

The story? Oh, why be finicky? It's something about Lucille Ball's going to college with four bodyguards or no—wait—does that sound right?

Anyway, the stage show, complete with music, is riotous fun and if you're young and gay, you'll love it. The Conga is terrific.

Your Reviewer Says: A pinwheel of music, motion, beauty.

Diamond Frontier (Universal)

It's About: The escape from a jungle prison of an innocent prisoner.

(Continued on page 90)

PICTURES IN THE CUTTING ROOM

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

■ **FLIGHT COMMAND:** In this timely naval aviation picture, Robert Taylor is the young cadet who joins a fighting squadron. Walter Pidgeon is the squadron's commander and Ruth Hussey his wife. With Paul Kelly, Shepperd Strudwick and some thrilling air maneuvers.

PARAMOUNT

■ **LOVE THY NEIGHBOR:** Jock Benny and Fred Allen bring their famous air feud to the screen at last and fight it out for comedy honors. Mory Martin, Eddie Anderson, Veree Teasdale, Theresa Harris add to the laughs.

■ **SECOND CHORUS:** Fred Astaire and Burgess Meredith, orchestra players, vie with each other for feminine adulation until they discover Paulette Goddard, secretary of Artie Shaw's band in this tuneful, dancing comedy of the backstage lives of a popular swing orchestra.

RKO

■ **LET'S MAKE MUSIC:** Elizabeth Risdon, small-town schoolteacher, writes a song that becomes a national hit through Bob Crosby and his band's playing it, so she and her niece Jean Rogers come to New York, with amusing results.

■ **NO, NO, NANETTE:** When Anna Neagle tries to keep her uncle, Roland Young, out of trouble because of his rash promises to girls, she finds herself playing the lead in Victor Moture's musical show. With Richard Carlson as an artist, Helen Broderick and Zasu Pitts.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

■ **TIN PAN ALLEY:** Alice Faye and Betty Grable are a singing sister act who join forces with song writers John Payne and Jack Oakie in this tuneful picture of the period just before the last war. With Allen Jenkins, Esther Ralston and the Nicholas Brothers.

■ **HUDSON'S BAY:** Paul Muni and Laird Gregar are French Canadian fur trappers who, along with John Sutton, form a company to barter for pelts from the Indians. With Gene Tierney, Virginia Field, Vincent Price and Nigel Bruce.

UNIVERSAL

■ **STREETS OF CAIRO:** Mystery and intrigue in Egypt, with Ralph Byrd and Eddie Quillon as archeologists who discover fabulous jewels which a band of cutthroats plan to steal in order to sell to Sigrid Gurie and Lloyd Corrigan. With Rod LaRocque and Katherine De Mille.

■ **GIVE US WINGS:** Billy Halop, Huntz Hall, Bernard Punsly, Gabriel Dell and Bobby Jordan are youthful mechanics who accept an offer to work as pilots for Victor Jory's aerial crop-dusting company, although Wallace Ford, his foreman, knows the planes are unsafe.

WARNER BROTHERS

■ **SOUTH OF SUEZ:** In this exciting picture of the African diamond mines, adventurer George Brent becomes the foreman of ruthless George Tobias, whose wife, Lee Patrick, is in love with Brent but later has him accused of murder. With Brenda Marshall, Miles Mander and Eric Blore.

■ **HIGH SIERRA:** When Humphrey Bogart, gangster, leaves prison, he becomes head of a mob planning to hold up a resort in Southern California. With Ido Lupino as his loyal moll, Alan Curtis and Arthur Kennedy as his partners in the robbery attempt, Joan Leslie and Henry Hull.

Christmas Thoughts

for a lady with loveliness on her mind

ONE of the nicest worlds to live in is the world of Christmas with its scents of spicy balsam, cloves and mince, fragrant yule logs burning. To a lady is given the capability of best enjoying these scents, for love of fragrance is to her a most particular, intimate attribute. This quality is instinctive with her; she shows it by her reaction to perfume, her quick appreciation of any strange new scent that comes to her, the confidence, the poise, the air of the loveliest woman in the world that is hers when she is wearing it.

Providing that she is clever, she realizes that there is nothing logical about perfume; she is therefore never logical about choosing it. She will never, never choose a scent because she liked it on another woman. Rather, she lets scents go

straight to her head, selects the one that is most like what she secretly wants to be, for sometimes what a shy woman cannot say openly her perfume says for her.



Deanna Durbin on perfume: "I generally get the flower scents"

After having followed her heart in her choice, she will follow her head in using her perfume. Never will she daub herself indiscriminately from any bottle on her dressing table; she will never apply perfume to her clothes, but will place it instead in the hollow of her throat, behind her earlobes and sometimes—a subtle trick—on the tops of her stockings. If she's a business woman she will forego perfumes in the morning, use instead a light cologne that makes her effectively feminine but that will not be too sirenish in an active business air.

She will keep the bottles on her dressing table away from the strong light. She'll never go economical with her bottles of perfume; if she does, she may be rewarded by finding them reduced to a state of pure alcoholism, fit only for the trash basket—beauty gone to utter waste. She will buy at least one huge bottle of perfume or cologne, just for the indispensable feeling of utter feminine luxury that it gives her.

If she is young, fresh, unsophisticated, she will remember most of all the words of Deanna Durbin: "I like lots of perfume. Oh, I don't mean I use a lot at

one time. I don't because I like that 'Now you get it, now you don't' effect and you have to put it on carefully for that . . . mostly with an atomizer. And I don't like to smell a lovely perfume and look up and see someone about to blow her nose and attracting attention to it because her perfume is all doused on the handkerchief. When I said I like lots of perfume, I meant I like different kinds, though I find I generally get the flower scents and clovers and some of the eau de colognes. I like a fresh, stimulating perfume."

BUT if she is the sophisticate, the glamorous enigma, she will think of what Marlene Dietrich says: "Perfumes? But of course. Beauty must make its appeal in all ways. A lovely woman needs that subtle aura to complete the remembered vision of her personality. The use of perfumes is as old as man . . . and woman. I am most accustomed to apply it with an atomizer to my shoulders, and then always you must touch a real drop of the essence to the skin itself in certain spots: the tips of the ears and a whisper under the chin, at the wrists, and never forgetting a little on the skin in front where your deepest décolleté begins, for it will vaporize rapidly here from the warmth of the body and for another reason. Perfume used like this will take on an individual character, alter

Something new on the Christmas counter: perfume encased in a miniature Liberty Bell

just a little as it blends with the chemistry of the body, become utterly yours."

Most of all, this lady with her mind on loveliness will not let herself be downed by the Christmas rush. She will make out her Christmas list from these suggestions here, will then have herself a time buying them at the festive cosmetic counters.

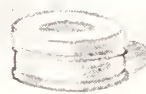
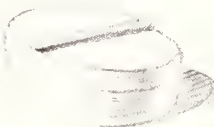
For instance, for her friends who are singing "I Love America" lustily, she can buy a patriotic trumpet that is filled with cologne, a clever new creation that is literally a call to arms, prettily boxed in red, white and blue. Or there is a small bottle of scent especially encased in a

tiny reproduction of the Liberty bell, a delight for miniature collectors; or a smart travel manicure set, equipped with a patriotic shade of nail enamel. If she would like her gifts of loveliness encased in something that will be useful ever after, she can find a little wooden box with a velvet pincushion on top, with toilet water, soap, talcum and bath salts inside. After its contents are used, the box turns into a little sewing container to hold pins, needles, buttons.

For tricky containers, too, she can have her cosmetic combinations done up trickily—dusting powder in a tiny ribbon-top hat box; cosmetics in a handkerchief case, or a special case that has a real jeweled hair ornament on its cover. For her modernistic friends, there is a plastic manicure set that holds its own smartly on any modern dressing table. For her utilitarian list, a manicure set that looks like a purse; or a beautifully tailored compact manicure case that is especially designed for schoolgirls; or a traveling kit that holds all the beauty musts with a special compartment reserved for overnight wardrobe essentials; or a combination of three lipsticks on a chain that will hold all elusive keys, dangling from a metal disc, one side of which is a mirror.

FOR the man in her life, she can buy shaving soap put up in a special wooden bowl that delights the feminine eye, pleases the masculine "no funny business" sense. If she's a true woman, she will succumb to clever boxing—perhaps to those cosmetics that are put up in devastating pink boxes with scattered pastel bows. Or she will buy cologne in a quaint flacon, a green bottle with a rose stopper, or in a flacon that is an exact copy of an antique waterford glass decanter jug. If she's artistic, her eye will be caught by those individual pale pink, amethyst and rose boxes of powder, with bottled productions in matching opalescent colors.

If her mind is still in the right place, she will give or see that she herself is given some sachets, that indispensable first cousin of perfume. There is one special high light this season—sachets that can be worn as boutonnieres on coats or as hair decorations, and twice as effective as ordinary gardenias are they. Or she can buy her sachet in any one of a million clever shapes—as little stockings and Victorian corsets to be slipped among silks and satins, in the



Marlene Dietrich: "A lovely woman needs the subtle aura of perfume"

shape of an airmail envelop, as special little individual containers that can be snapped on her hangers.

Most of all, though, through the Yuletide season—and even after it is over—the lady will remember loveliness, will keep the credo that perfume is her intrinsic heritage, will promise that she will not deny herself the charm, the loveliness that comes from using it.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ANGELS OVER BROADWAY"—COLUMBIA.—Written, directed and produced by Ben Hecht. Cast: *Pull O'Brien*, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; *Aina Barona*, Rita Hayworth; *Gene Gibbons*, Thomas Mitchell; *Charles Fernald*, John Qualen; *Hopper*, George Waits; *Dutch Unruh*, Ralph Theodore; *Tonia Arino*, Eddie Foster; *Idell Burns*, Jack Roper; *Suzette Mahe*, Constance Worth.

"ARISE MY LOVE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. Based on a story by Benjamin Glazer and John S. Tully. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Cast: *Annieta Nash*, Claudette Colbert; *Tom Martin*, Ray Milland; *Phil Lips*, Walter Abel; *Georgio*, George Zucco; *Fabio Jacinto*, Frank Puglia; *Pyson Guard*, Jesus Tipton; *Shep*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Pink*, Dick Purcell; *B. T. Albers*, Cliff Nazarro.

"BLONDIE PLAYS CUPID"—COLUMBIA.—Screen play by Richard Floumoy and Karen DeWalt. Original story by Karen DeWalt and Charles M. Brown. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. Cast: *Blondie*, Penny Singleton; *Dogwood*, Arthur Lake; *Baby Plumling*, Larry Simms; *Daisy*, Him Self; *J. C. Dithers*, Jonathan Hale; *Alan Fuddle*, Danny Mummert; *Madman*, Irving Bacon; *Charlie*, Glenn Ford; *Millic*, Luana Walters; *Tucker*, Will Wright; *Clelie Abner*, Spencer Charters; *Aunt Hannah*, Leona Roberts.

"DANCING ON A DIME"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Maurice Ruff. Anne Morrison Chapman and Allen Rivkin. Based on a story by Jean Lusting and Max Kolpe. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: *Ted Brooks*, Robert Paige; *Loric Penton*, Grace McDonald; *Dandy Tashen*, Peter Hayes; *Danny Mummert*; *Madman*, Irving Bacon; *Charlie*, Glenn Ford; *Millic*, Luana Walters; *Tucker*, Will Wright; *Clelie Abner*, Spencer Charters; *Aunt Hannah*, Leona Roberts.

"DIAMOND FRONTIER"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Edmund L. Hartman and Stanley Rubin. Directed by Harold Schuster. Cast: *Terran C. Ryan*, Victor McLaglen; *Charles Clayton*, John Leder; *Jean Kirkcaldy*, Ann Nagel; *Jan DeWinter*, Phillip Dorn; *Naah*, Cecil Kellaway; *Derek Bluge*, Francis Ford; *Matt Campbell*, J. Anthony Hughes; *Paul Willem*, Ferris Taylor; *Barton Gilbert*, La Rocque; *Sigfried Arno*; *Piet Hoom*, Lionel Belmore; *Travers*, Hugh Sothern.

"ESCAPE"—MGM.—Screen play by Arch Oboler and Marguerite Roberts. Based on the novel "Escape" by Ethel Vance. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Cast: *Countess Von Teuck*, Norma Shearer; *Mack Prevost*, Robert Taylor; *General Kurt Von Kolb*, Conrad Veidt; *Lenny Ritter*, Nazimova; *Fritz Keller*, Felix Bressart; *Dr. Arthur Henzima*, Albert Basserman; *Dr. Dutton*, Philip Dorn; *Ursula*, Bonita Granville; *Commissioner*, Edgar Barrier; *Mrs. Henzima*, Elsa Gersamer; *Nurse*, Blanche Yurka; *Anna*, Lisa Lasser.

"GREAT DICTATOR, THE"—CHARLES CHAPLIN, Jr.—Original screen play by Charles Chaplin. Directed by Charles Chaplin. Cast: *People of the Palace*, *Hanks*, *Dictator of Tomania*, Charles Chaplin; *Napal*, *Dictator of Bacteria*, Jack Oakie; *S. Tulte*, Reginald Gardner; *Garbitsch*, Henry Daniell; *Hevonia*, Billy Gilbert; *Madame Napal*, Grace Hayle; *Bacterian Ambassador*, Carter de Haven; *People of the Ghetto*, *Joseph Lauber*, Charles Chaplin; *Hannah*, Paulette Goddard; *Dr. Jaackel*, Maurice Moscovitch; *Mrs. Jaackel*, Emma Dunn; *Dr. Mann*, Bernard Gorey; *Dr. Auer*, Paul Wengel; and *Chester Conklin*, *Esther Michelson*, *Harck Mann*, *Florence Wright*, *Eddie Gribbon*, *Robert O. Davis*, *Eddie Dunn*, *Peter Lynn*, *Nata Pike*.

"HIT PARADE OF 1933"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by Bradford Ropes, F. Hugh Herbert and Maurice Lee. Directed by John H. Auer. Cast: *Patricia Farraday*, Keris Baker; *Pat Abbott*, Fanny Farraday; *Ferdinand Farraday*, Hugh Herbert; *Tommy Farraday*, Mary Boland; *Annabelle Patton*, Ann Miller; *Pat Abbott*, Patsy Kelly; *Charlie*, *Mary Phil Sellers*, *Sada Clark*, *Sterling Holloway*, *Harvey E. Denard*, *MacBride*, *Dr. Paxley*, *Barnett Parker*, *Carole*, *Franklin Pangborn*, *Thelma S. Hays*, and *Miss*, and *Beriah Min* catch and lose the number 13.

"HONEYMOON FOR THREE"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Paul Rado. Directed by Philip G. Epstein. From the play by Alan Scott and George Haight. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Cast: *South West*, *George Brent*, *Ina Reiner*, *Ann Sheridan*, *George E. Stone*, *Charles Ruggles*, *Ann R. Brown*, *O. M. Wood*, *Elizabeth C. Crosby*, *Tommy R. Lane*, *William L. Orr*, *W. L. Lester*, *Edith K. Carter*, *Franklin Pangborn*, *Thelma S. Hays*, and *Miss*, and *Beriah Min* catch and lose the number 13.

"HULLABLOO"—MGM.—Screen play by Nat Perrin. Based on a story by Brent R. Rogers and A. R. B. Directed by Edwin T. Mott. Cast: *Patricia Farraday*, Keris Baker; *Pat Abbott*, Fanny Farraday; *Ferdinand Farraday*, Hugh Herbert; *Tommy Farraday*, Mary Boland; *Annabelle Patton*, Ann Miller; *Pat Abbott*, Patsy Kelly; *Charlie*, *Mary Phil Sellers*, *Sada Clark*, *Sterling Holloway*, *Harvey E. Denard*, *MacBride*, *Dr. Paxley*, *Barnett Parker*, *Carole*, *Franklin Pangborn*, *Thelma S. Hays*, and *Miss*, and *Beriah Min* catch and lose the number 13.

"KNUTE ROCKNE—ALL AMERICAN"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Robert Buckner. Based upon the private papers of Mrs. Rockne and the reports of Rockne's intimate associates and friends. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Knute Rockne*, Pat O'Brien; *Bonnie Skiles Rockne*, Gale Page; *Father Callahan*, Donald Crisp; *George Gipp*, Ronald Reagan; *Father McKeel*, Albert Basserman; *Lars Knutson Rockne*, John Qualen; *Martha Rockne*, Dorothy Tree; *Knute* (at the age of 7), John Sheffield; *Knute* (at age 4), Bill Sheffield; *Tom Dorais*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *James Crowley*, Bob Byrne; *Finley Layden*, Kane Richmond; *Harry Stuhldreher*, Nick Lukats; *Don Miller*, Wm. Marshall; *Mrs. Gipp*, Ruth Robinson; *Postoffice Clerk*, Cliff Clark; *Student*, Richard Clayton; *Student*, George Hayward; *Football Player*, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; *Football Player*, Peter Ashley; *Football Player*, Michael Harvey; *Football Player*, Gaylord Pendleton; *Professor*, George Irving.

"LET GEORGE DO IT"—Film Alliance of the U. S., Inc.—British production. Original screen play by Angus MacPhail, John Dighton, Basil Dearden, Austin Melford. Directed by Marcel Pagnol. Cast: *George*, George Formby; *Mary*, Phyllis Calvert; *Mendez*, Garry Marsh; *Slim Romney*, Brent; *Neilson*, Bernard Lee; *Iris*, Coral Browne; *Mrs. Neilson*, Helena Pickard; *Schwartz*, Percy Walsh; *Greta*, Diana Beaumont; *U-Boat Commander*, Torin Thatcher.

"LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN, A"—UNIVERSAL.—Original story by Grover Jones. Screen play by Grover Jones, Daniel Taradash and Harold Gold. Directed by Andrew Marton. Cast: *Midge*, Gloria Jean; *Bob*, Robert Stack; *Pop*, Hugh Herbert; *Grandpa*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Janet*, Nan Grey; *Tony's Kids*, *Butch* & *Buddy*; *Herrington*, Eugene Pallette; *Tony*, Billy Gilbert; *Cotton*, Stuart Erwin; *Mom*, Nina Bayant; *Uncle Dan*, Frank Jenks; *Jerry*, Tommy Bond.

"LONG VOYAGE HOME, THE"—ARGOSY.—WALTER WASSER, U.S.A.—"The Long Voyage Home" by Eugene O'Neill. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Directed by John Ford. Cast: *Ole Olson*, John Wayne; *Driscoll*, Thomas Mitchell; *Smitty*, Ian Hunter; *Cook*, Barry Fitzgerald; *Captain*, Wilfrid Lawson; *Freda*, Mildred Natwick; *Axel*, John Qualen; *Yank*, Ward Bond; *Donkey Man*, Arthur Shields; *Doris*, Joseph Sawyer; *Limehouse Crimp*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Tropical Woman*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Bumboat Girl*, Carmen Morales; *Bumboat Girl*, Carmen D'Antonio; *Scotty*, David Hughes; *Joe Billy Bevan*; *First Mate*, Cyril McLaglen; *Second Mate*, Douglas Walton; *Frank*, Constantine Romanoff; *Cook*, Edgar "Blue" Washington; *Mr. Clifton*, Lionel Pape; *Kate*, Jane Crowley.

"SEVEN SINNERS"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by John Meehan. Original story by Harry Tugend, Ladislav Fodor, Liszto Vadnai. Directed by Ray Garnett. Cast: *Bison*, Marlene Dietrich; *Li*, Bruce H. Whitney; *John Wayne*; *Little Ned*, Broderick Crawford; *Sasha*, Mischa Auer; *Dr. Martin*, Albert Dekker; *Tony*, Billy Gilbert; *Dorothy Henderson*, Anne Lee; *Anti*, Oscar Romofka; *Gov.*, Henderson, Samuel S. Hinds.

"THEY KNEW WHAT THEY WANTED"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Robert Ardrey. From the play by Sidney Howard. Directed by Garson

Kamm. Cast: *Amy*, Carole Lombard; *Tony*, Charles Langton; *Joe*, William Gargan; *The Doctor*, Harry Carey; *Father McKee*, Frank Fay; *The R. F. D.*, Joe Bernard; *Mildred*, Janet Fox; *Ab Gee*, Lee Tung-foo; *Red*, Karl Malden; *The Photographer*, Victor Kilian.

"THIEF OF BAGDAD, THE"—ALEXANDER KORDA, U.S.A.—Screen play by Miles Malesson. Directed by Ludwig Berger and Michael P. Well. Cast: *Joffar*, Conrad Veidt; *Abu*, S. J. B.; *Princess*, June Duprez; *Ahmed*, John Justin; *Djinn*, Rex Ingram; *Sultan*, Miles Malesson; *The Old King*, Morton Selten; *Hahma*, Mary Morris; *The Merchant*, Bruce Winston; *Astronomer*, Hay Petric; *Singer*, Adelaide Hall; *Jailer*, Ray Emerton.

"THIRD FINGER LEFT HAND"—M.G.M.—Original screen play by Lionel Houser. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: *Margot*, *Sherwood Merrick*, Myrna Loy; *Jeff Thompson*, Melvyn Douglas; *Mr. Sherwood*, Raymond Walburn; *Philp Booth*, Lee Bowman; *Picks Sherwood*, Bonita Granville; *Anast Hinkel*, Felix Bressart; *Mr. Haldin*, Donald Meek; *Beth Hampshire*, Ann Morriss.

"TOO MANY GIRLS"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by John Twist. From the musical play "Too Many Girls" Directed by George Abbott. Cast: *Connie Casey*, Lucille Ball; *Clint Kelly*, Richard Carlson; *Pepe*, Ann Miller; *Jojo Jordan*, Eddie Bracken; *Eileen Eilers*, Frances Langford; *Manueto*, Desi Arnaz; *Al Terwilliger*, Hal LeRoy; *Talulah Lou*, Libby Bennett; *Mr. Casey*, Harry Shannon; *Mr. Haverly*, Douglas Walton; *Lister*, Chester Clute; *Midge Martin*, Tiny Penney; *Mrs. Teeksbury*, Ivy Scott; *Sheriff Andalus*, Byron Shores.

"TUGBOAT ANNIE SAILS AGAIN"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Walter DeLeon. Based upon characters created by Norman Reilly Raine. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: *Tugboat Annie*, Marjorie Rameau; *Capt. Bulwinkle*, Alar Hale; *Peppy Armstrong*, Jane Wyman; *Iddie Kent*, Ronald Reagan; *J. B. Armstrong*, Clarence Kubb; *Alec Severn*, Charles Halton; *Pete*, Paul Hurst; *Sam*, Victor Krumm; *Shiftless*, Chill Wills; *Captain Mahoney*, Harry Shannon; *Captain Brad*, John Hamilton; *Limpy*, Sidney Bracy; *Johnson*, Jack Mower; *Rosie*, Dana Dale.

"WAGON TRAIN"—RKO-RADIO.—Story by Bernard McConville. Screen play by Morton Grant. Directed by Edward Kelly. Cast: *Zack Sibley*, Tim Holt; *Ned*, Ray Whitley; *Whopper*, Emmett Lynn; *Heleen*, Martha O'Driscoll; *Coc Gardner*, Malcolm McTaggart; *Matt Gardner*, Cliff Clark; *Amothly*, Ellen Lowe; *O'Fallard*, Wade Crosby; *Hays*, Ethan Laidlaw; *Kurt*, Monte Monte; *Wicks*, Carl Stockdale; *McKenzie*, Bruce Dane; *Driver*, Glenn Strange.

"WHO KILLED AUNT MAGGIE?"—REPUBLIC.—Screen play by Stuart Palmer. Based on the novel by Medora Field. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Kirk Pierce*, John Hubbard; *Sally Ambler*, Wendy Barrie; *Sheriff Gregory*, Edgar Kennedy; *Aunt Maggie*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Bob Dunbar*, Onslow Stevens; *Cynthia Lou*, Joyce Compton; *Dr. George Benedict*, Walter Abel; *Eve Benedict*, M. A. Barrie; *Andrew*, Willie Best; *Bessie*, Daisy Lee Mathershed; *Mr. Lloyd*, Milton Parsons; *Trooper Leroy*, Tom Dugan; *Trooper Curtis*, William Haade; *Coroner Dodson*, Joel Friedkin.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, OF MOVIE MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1940

State of New York }
County of New York } 55

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heyn, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Editor of the MOVIE MIRROR, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Editor, Ernest V. Heyn, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address, must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Owner, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City. Stockholders in Macfadden Publications, Inc. Bernard Macfadden Foundation, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York City; Bernard Macfadden, Miami Beach, Florida.

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4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, in any instance not only the last of stockholders and security holders, as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom said title is acting is given; also, that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the ownership and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and that affiant has no reason to believe that any other persons, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, in and for the United States during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required on a daily basis only.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of September, 1940.

Ernest V. Heyn
(PRINTED)

Signed, ERNEST V. HEYN
Notary Public, Westchester County
Certificate filed in N. Y. Co. No. 439
N. Y. T. Registrar, No. R 29
Commission expires March 30, 1941.

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HERE'S a wonderful offer that every ambitious woman should read—then act upon. If you can spare a few hours daily or weekly from your regular duties, this offer gives you the opportunity to add many dollars to your family's earnings. Or, if you can devote all your time, you can make up to \$23.00 weekly—and even more. Either way, you can earn a substantial regular income and in addition get all your own dresses without a penny of cost. Many women in all parts of the country are now enjoying this pleasant, easy and dignified way to make extra money. So can you. Just mail coupon below and complete particulars will be sent you free by return mail.

Write for Complete Portfolio of Smart New Advanced 1941 SPRING DRESSES many as low as \$3.98

—and in addition get all YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE! in this new kind of work for Married Women

NO EXPERIENCE • NO INVESTMENT

No special experience, no regular canvassing necessary, and not a penny is required now, or any time. Accept this amazing offer. Become the direct factory representative for the glorious Fashion Frocks in your locality. Show the glamorous styles. Wear the stunning dresses furnished you free. Your friends and neighbors—in fact, all women—will be delighted to see these gorgeous dresses, and will gladly give you their orders. You not only show them the newest and most stunning dresses, but allow them to buy direct from the factory and save them money besides.

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Wear and show the latest Fashion Frocks as worn in Hollywood by many of the most prominent screen stars.

APPROVED 1941, AUTHENTIC STYLES

The Fashion Frock advanced styles for Spring and Summer, 1941, are the smartest and most beautiful in all our 33 years of dress manufacturing history. They are the last-minute approved styles from famed fashion centers, where our stylists rush the newest style trends to us to be made into Fashion Frocks.

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Many prominent screen actresses wear Fashion Frocks. Some of the first of the new 1941 Spring Styles are shown here as worn by Binnie Barnes, Astrid Allwyn, Adrienne Ames, and June Storey. This Hollywood acceptance puts the stamp of approval on the styles, fabrics and colors of Fashion Frocks.

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Fashion Frocks are extensively advertised, are endorsed and approved by fashion editors of leading magazines. This superior line of gorgeous dresses is known to women everywhere who are eager to see the new spring Fashion Frocks. As they are never sold in stores but by direct factory representatives only, the demand for them is growing so fast we need more women to help us take care of it, so this glorious opportunity is open to you. You can make up to \$23.00 weekly—and in addition get all your own dresses free. It costs you nothing. No money is required now or any time. Just mail coupon for free particulars. Or write a letter—a postal will do. There is no obligation.

FASHION FROCKS, Inc., Dept. AA-120, Cincinnati, O.

JUST MAIL COUPON for Free Details!

FASHION FROCKS, INC., Dept. AA-120, Cincinnati, Ohio

• I am interested in your offer. You may send me, without cost or obligation, the details of how I can make up to \$23 weekly and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.

Name.....
 Address.....
 City..... State.....
 Age..... Dress Size.....



Binnie Barnes
Looks adorable in this fitted, checked-and-monotone suit with turban to match!
Style 829

Astrid Allwyn
Her beauty is enhanced by the exquisite embroidery on the collar and cone pockets.
Style 819

Adrienne Ames
Wears this beautifully-tailored frock, featuring novelty wooden buttons, classic neckline, and simulated pockets
Style 861

June Storey
Is breath-taking in this checked-and-monotone frock, punctuated by smart pockets, with matching turban.
Style 862

Free!
This amazing offer is open to ambitious women everywhere, and is absolutely free in every respect. There is nothing to pay now or of any time.



OUR 33rd YEAR IN BUSINESS

**THE
BEADLESTON
SISTERS**

of Turk Avenue and Southampton

PEGGY SAYS:

"WE BOTH SMOKE CAMELS—
THEY'RE SO MUCH MILDER"

AND NANCY ADDS:

"THEY HAVE MORE FLAVOR, TOO!"

"The 'extras' are the very things
we like best about Camels!"
And here are a few of the many
other distinguished women
who prefer Camel cigarettes:

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In recent laboratory tests, Camels
burned 25% slower than the average
of the 15 other of the largest-
selling brands tested—slower than
any of them. That means, on the
average, a smoking plus equal to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**



Peggy and Nancy are the daughters of
Mrs. C. Perry Beadleston of New York and
Long Island. Among their family forbears
are a Territorial Governor, a Secretary of
the Treasury, a World War general...

**Noted for their glowing
blonde beauty**

Good companions, the lovely Beadleston
sisters are usually seen together at débu-
tante parties, the theatre, polo matches.
Serious-eyed Peggy reads a great deal,

would like to be a writer...Nancy (*seated
on arm of the sofa*) is fun-loving, figure-
skates beautifully, composes swing music.
"Camels... our favorite cigarette"

They agree that: "There's something spe-
cial about a Camel. It always tastes just
right. Milder and cooler and full of flavor!
Camel cigarettes are gentle to the throat,
too—not a bit harsh." As Nancy says:
"Well, you'd have to *smoke* Camels to
know how grand they really are!"

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

The Cigarette of Castles Tobacco

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movie

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only
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FEBRUARY



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TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

Eyes Glow with Enchantment

WHEN LASHES ARE
DARKENED TO
LONG SWEEPING
LOVELINESS



Rita Hayworth
Columbia
Motion Picture Star

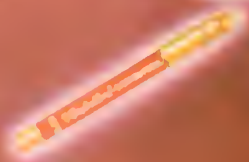
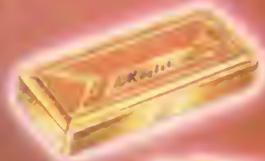
Beaumont—who can resist their spell? How well Hollywood Beauties realize that eye make-up is all-important . . . that the effect must be soft and lovely . . . and that Maybelline is always fluttering—never obnoxious!

Rita Hayworth subtly accent her exotic feminine charm. She knows that even the darkest eyelashes fade out lighter at the ends . . . so they need Mascara that goes on lightly 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.

You can glorify *your* eyes just as easily this very day with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—and be sure you get genuine MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids. At Drug and Department Stores everywhere.

APPROXIMATELY \$1.00 PER UNIT AT ALL THE CLERK COUNTERS



Maybelline

WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

HE THOUGHT:

“YOU'RE LOVELINESS ITSELF!”

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!



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



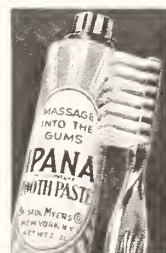
of “pink tooth brush”! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

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.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

Good morning! We hope you've had a Happy New Year.

We bring you a recipe to start 1941 off right.

It's "The Philadelphia Story". Let us tell you about it.

Once upon a time (are you sitting comfortably on my knee?) there was a girl who was good in the Three R's.

She was Rich, Rare and Racy. *The 3R's*

She also was a Ravishing Redhead.

She was claimed by three men. They were the Three H's. Hero, He-man, and Heel.

They were all Handsome. *The 3H's*

The Three H's loved the Ravishing Redhead. They wooed her on horseback, in swimming pools and at champagne parties.

They Fought for her, Flew to her and Framed her. It all happened in Philadelphia. *The 3F's*

Now that's just a hint of the most delightful New Year's gift you or your friends or your family ever got.

We cannot open the book further on "The Philadelphia Story". You must see it, not hear about it. You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.



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"

—Leo

Another Metro-Goldwyn Mayer advertisement for "The Philadelphia Story" appears on page 4

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

FEBRUARY, 1941
VOL. 18, NO. 3

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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 2



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!



Conrad's Great South
Seas Love Thriller!

FREDRIC MARCH • BETTY FIELD
in Joseph Conrad's
"VICTORY"
An Island Tale
with **SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE**
and **Jerome Cowan • Sig Rumann**
Directed by **John Cromwell**



The Year's Most
Beautiful and
Exciting Picture!

MADELEINE CARROLL • FRED MacMURRAY
in
"VIRGINIA"
(in Technicolor) with
Stirling Hayden • Helen Broderick
Marie Wilson • Carolyn Lee
Produced and Directed by **Edward H. Griffith**

Director Mitch ('Arise,
My Love') Leisen Brings
You First Drama of
America's New Air
Defense Forces!



"I WANTED WINGS"
starring
RAY MILLAND • WILLIAM HOLDEN
WAYNE MORRIS • BRIAN DONLEVY
with **Constance Moore • Veronica Lake**
Hedda Hopper • Directed by Mitchell Leisen



Paramount's
Glamorous New
Star Discovery
VERONICA LAKE



Arizona turns out for "Arizona," premiere of Columbia's classic

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

A VERY happy thing is taking place in Hollywood's increasing discovery of America . . . and in America's increasing acquaintanceship with Hollywood and its people . . .

In September, 1939, when France and England declared war on Germany . . . that act was practically a declaration of failure for Hollywood . . . the previous years' steady influx of English, German, French, Italian personalities in our films, not only as stars but as producers, writers, directors and the like . . . had not alone been because these personalities were talented and could bring great gifts to the screen . . . their advent in Hollywood was also for the purpose of holding the so-called "foreign market" and many a film was given a definite English or Continental slant under the assumption that it would go in America, anyhow, and that its foreign sale would bring in the velvet . . . the war declaration knocked out that prop to the profits. . . .

It made the end of 1939 and the beginning of 1940 the hardest season Hollywood has ever endured . . . months in which some of Hollywood's shrewdest thinkers prophesied that pictures could never survive . . . "Gone With the Wind," the most expensive film ever produced was released during that period . . . it was generally conceded in movieland that Selznick might have got his money back if it hadn't been for the loss of



BY RUTH WATERBURY

the European market but that now it was obviously impossible. . . .

You know, of course, what did happen to "Gone With the Wind" . . . how today, before it has even once played at popular prices, it has made well over \$25,000,000 . . . or, in other words, how it is even today, when the end of its earnings are still nowhere in sight, the most successful picture financially that has ever been created . . . it is not at all impossible that it may eventually make \$50,000,000. . . .

THE money that "Wind" made, however, is not what I'm thinking about here . . . there is another side to the story of that film's success . . . there is the visible benefit that its premiere at Atlanta, Georgia—with its miles of attendant publicity—had in stimulating that success . . . a premiere which was much benefited, I believe, by the fact that the Metro press boys had learned greatly from watching a similar debut that the Warner praise factory had created for "Dodge City" in

the Kansas city of that name. . . .

Since that time Warners have had "Virginia City" in the ghost village up in the old gold rush land . . . they have had, too, "Knut Rockne, All American," at South Bend, Indiana . . . Twentieth Century-Fox has had "Brigham Young, Frontiersman" at Salt Lake City . . . and now even little Columbia has had "Arizona" at Tucson, Arizona, where the film was made . . . and as a result of all these, every chamber of commerce in the United States is crying for some film to preview . . . and stars and directors are finding out about the customers who are being quickened into a new interest in movie players by seeing them face to face and by talking to them, man to man. . . .

I went, for instance, on the "Arizona" trek . . . went along with the stars and the writers Columbia transported some six hundred miles away from Hollywood for that dazzling occasion . . . and never, I assure you, did I feel that I got more benefit or knowledge or excitement or zest out of two days than I did out of those crowded, noisy, hilarious, exhilarating days in this glowing city of our great West. . . .

I was among those who went out by chartered plane from the Burbank airport late one Thursday afternoon . . . (we had our choice between a three-hour plane trip or a twelve-hour railroad (Continued on page 85)

"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—to the world a hard-boiled taxi dancer and Killer's companion... (Now her man is trapped on the highest peak in the High Sierras, but he hasn't bowed to any law. 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', hailed 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 skyrockets to the top-most 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

No characterization within memory has poked the power of this, the greatest performance in the career of Humphrey Bogart!



RAOUL WALSH,

DIRECTOR

Of all his screen successes, from 'What Price Glory' to 'They Drive by Night', this film stands supreme!



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

Dust at Ciro's: Clark Gable and Carole Lombard. She's taking steps in the right marital direction



Encore at Ciro's: Jimmy Stewart and Olivia de Havilland. She told one story; Cal heard a different version

Inside Stuff

THE Brave "In Heart": The life of a Hollywood producer is one of worry, worry, worry, where the younger set is concerned. No two ways about it, these boys and girls have minds of their own and, alas, hearts as well. To the confusion of the bosses, the call of the heart is much louder than the bawl of the studio these days. No longer do these youngsters listen obediently to what Papa Hollywood says concerning love, marriage and wrecked careers. They go

right on with their romantic plans, unconcerned and unafraid.

For instance, M-G-M has gone to great pains to put over Judy Garland as a blushing baby starlet. Long after she'd outgrown them, Judy had to wear heelless slippers and stand child-like on the sides of her feet. Her dresses hit too plump knees and those hats—well, no kindergartener would have been caught dead in those hats.

Judy suddenly grew tired of the whole masquerade. So overnight she

grew up, got herself glamoured like other girls her age, made no bones of her love for Dave Rose, the ex-husband of Martha Raye—and that was that.

Even then her studio didn't give up without a struggle. When Judy was cast opposite George Murphy in "Little Nellie Kelly" and received her first screen kiss (excepting the Mickey Rooney pecks) the studio quoted Judy as opening wide her eyes and exclaiming, "Is that all there is to a

Wedding-bell business: Judy Garland and Dave Rose. His ex-wife Martha Raye spoke plainly



Apron-string tie-ups: Joe Brown Jr. takes Jane Withers (top) to a premiere; Mrs. Withers goes along too. Right: Mickey Rooney squires Linda Darnell at Beverly Hills Hotel; Mother Darnell sets 11 p.m. deadline



What you do know about Hollywood doesn't matter. It's what you don't know that counts. Here it is in intimate items

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

kiss?" Whether Judy or Hollywood groaned the louder is problematical.

Now the star has begged to be allowed to wear clothes befitting her age in "Ziegfeld Girl." "They just won't or can't seem to grasp the idea I'm growing up," she says.

Now comes Martha Raye's announcement from New York to the effect that Dave and Judy have been in love a long, long time and will marry when Martha's divorce is final. Despite all studio protests, friends

maintain that Judy will do just that.

Deanna Durbin, now 19, has been engaged to Vaughn Paul for a year and neither Universal nor a career will deter her when she gets ready to marry Paul in the spring.

"It's the trend of the times," a prominent director explained. "The world moves awfully fast these days and the younger generation is keeping pace with it. It's only we older folk who are out of step."

No amount of frowning can keep Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville from a "steady company" duo. No Hollywood producer can keep Linda Darnell silent about her real heart, Jaime Jorba. At 22, Anne Shirley has been a wife three years and is now a mother and Anne wouldn't trade that happiness for all the careers in the world.

Yes, in the game of hearts it's the babes in arms who display courage and conviction in Love. They leave

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Chief activity of Charlie McCarthy at Edgar Bergen's Lakeside Golf Club party was running a stand. Sign reads "Lemonade, 1c— with lemon, 3c" Guests came costumed according to their childhood aspirations. Above: Edward G. Robinson with street-car conductor George Burns, French maid Gracie Allen and pierrette Ida Koverman



Left: Host Edgar Bergen always wanted to be a magician, an aspiration echoed by protégé McCarthy. Bette Davis' costume revealed all her ballerina hopes

the quibbling to the Olivia de Havillands, the Roz Russells, the Jimmy Stewarts and the Cesar Romeros. . . .

There's a moral in all this somewhere. But we'll let you figure that out for yourselves.

Chaplin's Bad Boy: Two darkly handsome boys walked down the canopied walk to the Carthay Circle Theater to see their famous dad perform in "The Great Dictator." The boys, Sydney and Charles Chaplin Jr., smiled proudly as the grandstanders called their names. But, of course, the fans don't really know much about these two boys, except the fact they both resemble their Spanish mother, Lita Grey, and both attend Black Foxe Military Academy.

But Cal happens to know Charles Jr. is his father's favorite. He is a quiet, sensitive boy who loves books and music and is preparing for a musical career. Sydney is the imp and cut-up that keeps his father in a constant state of disapproval. Some time ago, after one particularly upsetting event, father Chaplin stated Sydney could not come home the next week end but must remain at school as punishment. But stepmother Paullette Goddard, whom the boys adore, could not endure the punishment and begged to be allowed to bring Sydney home

Chaplin melted and Sydney, all promises for good behavior, was allowed to come home.

The next morning the youngster was discovered selling Charlie's finest champagne down on a near-by corner for 25c a bottle. Sydney went back to the Academy in a hurry and only emerged in time for the premiere.

Cupid Plays a Return Engagement: "Reggie Gardiner and Hedy Lamarr appeared together at the Hollywood premiere of 'The Great Dictator.'"

Behind those quoted lines lies a story.

Before her marriage to Gene Markey and practically up to its very surprising eve, Hedy Lamarr and Reggie Gardiner were inseparable. At that time, no one knew Reggie for what he was. As a matter of fact, no one really paid much heed either to Reggie or Hedy.

Then came "Algiers" and the world knew about Hedy. Reggie remained in the background, simply the favored escort of Miss Lamarr.

It was no secret in Hollywood that Hedy's marriage was a blow to Reggie. Rumor had him admitting life seemed hopeless without her. But unhappiness brought him the success that had been denied before, for suddenly he was in demand at parties, at benefits, shows and for pictures. He became



Rocking-chair dream of Dick Powell was to be a motorman. Above: With Gracie Allen, Joan Blondell as a Tahitian attraction and George Burns

the most sought-after man in town, a popular guest, a suave master of ceremonies.

Then came Hedy's deep unhappiness; it was her turn to suffer. Now, suddenly, here they are again together, with so much behind . . . and who knows what ahead.

Those Warner Romances: Georgie and Annie: George Brent turned the color of Ann Sheridan's red hair during a scene with Ann for "Honeymoon For Three." According to the script, George should have said, in
(Continued on page 12)

Joe!...in the HOSPITAL?...

why, he only had the sniffles when we went dancing Saturday!



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 tis-

suc 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.

At the first symptom of a Cold or Sore Throat
LISTERINE . . . QUICK!



Offer good only in Continental U. S. A.

Bargain Offer! TO INTRODUCE
LISTERINE THROAT-LIGHT
DUPONT LUCITE ILLUMINATOR

75¢ SIZE LISTERINE AND
75¢ LISTERINE THROAT-LIGHT
\$1.50 VALUE

BOTH FOR 98¢

LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC
Throat, Deodorant, Germicide

At all Drug Counters, now!

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

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 flavor-tite package today.

6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE... MOUTH HEALTHY



Star-studded sideshow at a Relief fete: Joan Fontaine in cahoots with the strong man and the clown. The gay male gallery: Brian Aherne, Basil Rathbone, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Reginald Gardiner

(Continued from page 10)

dictating a letter to his secretary (played by Ann). "Due to the fact I have a fever of 102 I will be unable to be present at your bookstore this afternoon."

Instead George said, "Due to the fact I have a temperature of 201."

After the same mistake three times in a row, Director Lloyd Bacon suggested, "Try looking at me instead of Ann and maybe that fever won't be so high!"

Grand Mix-up: Imagine the surprise of Mrs. Preston Foster when she picked up her morning paper and discovered her handsome actor husband had married another woman. But, like a modern and civilized wife, Mrs. Foster dispatched a telegram to her husband, who had departed for the studio not one hour before.

The wire read: "Congratulations, dear, but I do think you should have told me."

Of course the whole town joshed Mr. Foster all day long even though they knew the paper had meant Robert Preston, who had married Kay Feltus, and not Preston Foster. But leave it to our Hymie to get these four grand people together in the picture on page 13, and insist Foster stand beside the bride, Mrs. Preston, and Preston beside Mrs. Foster.

Hollywood Horseplay: The charm of Hollywood is its ability to laugh in the midst of its deepest emotion. From the sidelines of "The Letter" set we watched a little incident that proved our point. The scene called for Bette Davis to walk over silently to Gale Sondergaard, regal and exotic in Chinese robes, and then to kneel and pick up a piece of paper Gale had dropped disdainfully at her feet.

We were told it was the key scene of the picture.

We watched carefully as Bette knelt silently. Dropping her head, she gazed at the piece of paper. Then she grinned. Then she laughed out loud.

The piece of paper she held in her hand was one of her own laundry bills snatched from Bette's dressing room. Across it Gale had scrawled in imitation Chinese lettering.

"Long time no see. You pay up now mebbe. No tickee, no washee. No money, no panties."

My Sainted Aunt! Cal is beet-red to his hairline. We've just discovered our nicest glamour girls are wearing their nightgowns to Ciro's. No kidding, mind you, they are dancing in their—er—sleeping thingamabobs and Cal never knew it until he happened to compliment a sweet young thing on her beautiful froek.

"It isn't a frock," she smiled. "It's a nightie. It was given me as a gift and I decided it was much too beautiful to sleep in. Don't look so shocked," she laughed. "All the girls wear their nice nighties as dancing frocks."

Shades of grandma's pantaloons and bustles. What is this world coming to? But we must say our little friend looked even more covered than several young ladies who wore formal dresses. So, thinking it over, why wouldn't it be a good idea, girls, to wear the nighties in public and sleep in those strapless affairs.

Old Cal wouldn't suffer so much from high blood pressure at that.

Fads and Fancies: Now that conscription and soldiers have become the topic of the day, Marlene Dietrich is appearing right in public in a feminine edition of a marine's uniform—and does she look snappy!

That ermine bow sewed to the full black velvet skirt worn by Deanna Durbin in "Spring Parade" has really started something. There isn't a glamour girl in town that hasn't showed up at Ciro's with an ermine-bowed skirt.



Marital mix-up: Similarity of names in this quartette has Hollywood holding its head. Seen at Ciro's: Robert Preston, Mrs. Preston Foster, the new Mrs. Preston and Preston Foster

Cal Wonders: If Alice Faye's sudden desire to co-operate with studio departments is because Betty Grable is suddenly getting all the breaks . . .

If Joan Crawford meant it when she said she was no longer vitally interested in her screen career, and what HIS name can be . . .

If Loretta Young will finally persuade sister Georgiana to forget her screen ambitions because she, Loretta, knows the reward isn't worth it . . .

Salute To Love! Surely there has never been such a pair of lovers, on or off the screen, as English Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. They have
(Continued on page 64)

It's always August underneath your arms!



Underarms perspire in Winter as in Summer. Use Mum daily to guard your charm!

OUTDOORS, winter may bluster. 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

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.

WINTER AND SUMMER...MUM'S THE WORD FOR CHARM!



For Sanitary Napkins
Napkins need 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

THE SHADOW STAGE



Magnificent in scope, epic in theme: Jean Arthur and William Holden in "Arizona"



Smart-set comedy: Cary Grant, Kate Hepburn, James Stewart in "The Philadelphia Story"

✓✓ Arizona (Columbia)

It's About: The settling in Arizona of the first American woman.

MAGNIFICENT in its breadth and scope, epic in theme and stirring in its historical authenticity, "Arizona" emerges not just another super-duper Western, but a symbol of today's great screen advancement; a picture that combines history and drama with sacrifice to neither. A gripping hellcat of a story is this movie telling of the coming to Arizona of Phoebe Titus, the first American woman to settle in the territory, of her struggles throughout the Civil War, Indian uprisings and outlaw riders to maintain a semblance of order and provide a place for future pioneers to live and work and make their lives. Jean Arthur as Phoebe surpasses anything she has yet done and proves herself one of the top actresses of the screen. William Holden is mighty good as the young hero and can now take his place among the finest young actors in Hollywood.

But it's the story itself, with its terrific emotional grip, rising into a thundering climax of stampeding cattle, that remains the star. To producer and director, Wesley Ruggles, we give the laurel wreath of praise.

Your Reviewer Soys: Terrific.

✓✓ The Philadelphia Story (M-G-M)

It's About: A society divorcee who almost marries the wrong man.

MY word, how clever! How very voguish are everything and everything in this star-littered story of a "smott" society divorcee (Katharine Hepburn), who admits to no human frailties and will tolerate none in others. Don't you just loathe her?

Katharine (who brings her New York

stage hit to the screen) is about to marry John Howard, a big-league coal miner. But at the pre-wedding party Katie drinks too much champagne, goes swimming at dawn with reporter Jimmy Stewart, gets spurned by Howard for her misconduct (he thinks the worst—tch! tch!) and is grabbed off by the eagerly waiting Mr. Cary Grant. More thrilling people keep springing out of the plot like that. It's too wonderful.

Ruth Hussey, Virginia Weidler and Roland Young are there, too, to listen to Katie's final admission of her many faults. Don't you just love her?

Your Reviewer Soys: A perfect honey of a picture.

✓✓ Trail of The Vigilantes (Universal)

It's About: Murder in the old West.

YOU'LL be surprised to find suave Franchot Tone whooping it up in this exciting super Western, but he does all right for himself with the able assistance of Broderick Crawford, Andy Devine and Mischa Auer who provide most of the laughs in this riotous film. Tone, a newspaper reporter, is sent out west to investigate the killing of another reporter. Arriving there he gets into a fight with cowboys Crawford and Devine, but they get him a job as cowhand for Charles Trowbridge. Trowbridge's daughter is boy-crazy Peggy Moran who makes a violent play for Tone.

Franchot gets in a fight with Warren William; rustlers steal cattle, there are violent brawls plus stage holdups; and the whole thing is very exciting indeed. Mischa Auer is very funny as a cowhand who is alternately a medicine-show Indian and a Mexican matador; Crawford and Devine contribute greatly as Tone's pals. Peggy Moran is very cute.

Your Reviewer Soys: Riotous action out west.

✓✓ The Letter (Warner Brothers)

It's About: A neurotic wife who kills her lover.

IN a long succession of triumphs for Bette Davis, chalk up still another victory, for in this suspense-packed story of a woman who kills her lover Bette is superb; unbeatable in her repressed fire and amazing in her ability to project her very thoughts into the minds of those watching her. Beholding Bette is a fascinating event, you'll agree.

The assignment, to those who remember the performance of the late Jeanne Eagels in the role, is a difficult one. Comparisons are inevitable, but Bette need have no fear. Her performance is in every way the equal of Miss Eagels'. Furthermore, it's one that lingers on in the memory long after the screen has gone dark.

James Stephenson, a newcomer, is news in neon type. As the sympathetic lawyer, Mr. Stephenson almost, not quite, but almost, steals several scenes from Pop-Eye the Magnificent, as Hollywood fondly terms Bette.

Herbert Marshall, who played the same role (that of the husband) in the silent film, is excellent. It's grownup, dramatic, sophisticated fare and the screen at its best.

Your Reviewer Soys: Drama, haunting and magnificent.

✓ Second Chorus (Paramount)

It's About: Two perennial college lads who try to go professional.

THE dancing of Fred Astaire is, of course, tops. The music is lilting and the performances swell, but—and this must be a great big "but"—the story is wrong from the beginning and definitely gets weaker as the yarn progresses. Nobody believes Fred Astaire and Burgess Meredith flunk college year after year in

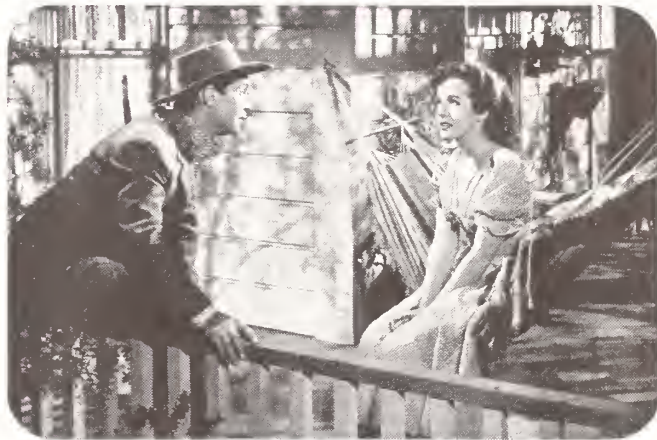
See Pictures In The Cutting Room on Page 103. For Complete Casts, See Page 104

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



Tops in taps: Fred Astaire, Paulette Goddard and Artie Shaw in "Second Chorus"



Super Western excitement: Franchot Tone, Peggy Moran in "Trail of the Vigilantes"

order to play in the school orchestra. Nor would they believe the two lads could keep up a feud that constantly ruins their chance with Paulette Goddard and Artie Shaw's band. Wouldn't they catch on sometime, for goodness sake? At any rate, the film has bright moments. Shaw's music is "Shawfull" catchy, Paulette is beautiful, Fred and Burgess amusing. Outside of that, one chorus would have been sufficient.

Your Reviewer Says: Nonsense in tap-dance rhythm.

✓ Lady With Red Hair (Warner Brothers)

It's About: *The life story of Mrs. Leslie Carter.*

TWO beautiful performances by Miriam Hopkins and Claude Rains and one outstanding directorial achievement by Kurt Bernhardt lift this biographical story of a woman famous in the nineties into the category of fine motion pictures.

No happier choice could have been made than Miss Hopkins to portray the fiery-tempered, highly emotional Mrs. Carter who lost custody of her son through the divorce court and who embarked on a stage career in order to get money to fight for her child. Running parallel with the story of this woman is that of the man who helped her to fame—David Belasco. Claude Rains plays the great theatrical impresario with the touch of true genius.

What the story lacks in dramatic climaxes, it makes up in smoothly flowing continuity. Helen Westley as the board-house keeper is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: An "arty" gem.

✓✓ Tin Pan Alley (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The love story of a young song publisher and a vaudeville lass.*

RIGHT into the socko class of film fare leaps "Tin Pan Alley," laden with

melodies of nostalgic memories and packed with events that stir the heart, tying together yesterday and today into one grand package of entertainment.

Back to the days when song publishing was at its glorious height goes this story, weaving into the tale the grand songs of yesterday, "America I Love You," "Good-bye Broadway, Hello France," "Moonlight Bay" and "The Sheik of Araby."

John Payne and Jack Oakie are an ambitious pair of songwriters who become famous publishers and then lose out—to march overseas as doughboys. Alice Faye and Betty Grable are sisters, struggling along in vaudeville, until Alice, losing her heart to Payne, becomes a song plugger for the boys and then leaves them when her heart has been double-crossed. Betty, in the meantime, goes on to stardom.

Alice and Betty are outstanding as a team, believe me. John Payne becomes an important leading man and Oakie walks off with one of the best musicals of the year.

Your Reviewer Says: A hit.

✓ Escape To Glory (Columbia)

It's About: *A British freighter carrying Americans home in the early days of the war.*

DANGER from submarine attack provides the drama aboard an English freighter crowded with passengers going to America when war is declared in Europe. When the freighter is crippled by a submarine, the true natures of the assorted passengers assert themselves in the face of imminent death.

Pat O'Brien is an adventurer; Constance Bennett, the secretary of corrupt district attorney John Halliday; Alan Baxter, a gangster; Marjorie Gateson, a society woman. How they all meet danger provides a well-rounded, exciting drama.

Melville Cooper, Erwin Kalser and the rest of the cast also lend credibility to their roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Tense and dramatic.

✓✓ Fantasia (Walt Disney Productions)

It's About: *Music and its pictorial interpretation by the Disney studios.*

PEOPLE who take their music very seriously are shocked by the idea of mixing any other art with it.

Walt Disney and Leopold Stokowski, the great conductor, have joined hands to challenge the purists. You are offered a concert of eight classic masterpieces, each one interpreted musically by Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra and the new multiplane recording device; interpreted graphically by Walt Disney and his superb, if erratic, group of artists. Deems Taylor appears as commentator.

At first, in the Bach "Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor," the pictorial illustrations are pure design without any story. Here you come as close to the emotions of taking an anesthetic as you'll ever find in the theater. The interpretation of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" will remind you of that first marvelous Silly Symphony which introduced Disney's real genius to us.

Most shocking is Disney's interpretation of Mount Olympus which illustrates Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." Although the characters of Bacchus, the centaurs and the centaurettes are amusing, they are far from appropriate to the superb music of the deaf musician.

The origin of the earth is the subject of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" and it is appropriately horrifying. So also is the morbid charade illustrating Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain."

Our old friend Mickey Mouse is the central character of a delightful fantasy telling the story of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," who puts on his master's cap and teaches the brooms to carry water.

You must see this because it is one of the most important pictures ever made. You must be prepared to be bored by some of it, shocked by some of it and delighted by much of it. But don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: Important.

(Continued on page 99)

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!

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Girl on the cover

SHE sells magazines. I don't mean that she actually stands on the street corner selling our wares, but it amounts to that. Here's why: Many people ask why an editor of a motion-picture magazine puts a star on a cover. Is it friendship? A desire to give a promising girl a break? The influence of the producing company? No, it is none of these. Box-office appeal is what matters, just as it does on a marquee. And Bette Davis on the cover of a motion-picture magazine means that that issue will sell more than if any other girl were on the cover.

Although that is true, I am fortunate to be one of Bette's friends. We met first in her platinum blonde days when she got her first break with George Arliss in "The Man Who Played God." I remember that she, Herb Crooker (then with Warner Brothers, now one of the important executives of this company) and I scurried through the rain to sit for hours in our favorite speak-easy and talk of many things. Today Bette is no different, unless perhaps more mature, more understanding.

She has that characteristic of great actresses: Intense preoccupation with her own work. And yet there is this difference: She always has time for yours; always makes it as much her problem as your own. When we planned to merge PHOTOPLAY and MOVIE MIRROR, she wanted to talk about it; she wanted to be helpful—and in one long recent discussion we had was very helpful. She was the first to wire me when the first merged issue arrived. She said, "Just previewed the copy you sent and enjoyed every page of it." While under ordinary circumstances I might



suspect such a wire, since Bette sent it I believe every word of it.

ALTHOUGH in my opinion she is America's greatest movie actress, this is not her chief pride. On the contrary, she has said about one job: "This is the only thing I've ever done I'd like my grandchildren to know about." She was referring to her performance on the radio of the little Arch Oboler masterpiece, "Alter Ego."

The newest gossip rumor is that Bette will reconcile with her former husband, Harmon Nelson. I have never asked Bette about this, and I don't believe I need to. Every action of hers all her life contradicts the rumor. She and Harmon Nelson as intelligent people are good, close friends who see each other whenever they have an opportunity. I don't believe they will go back together because thus far Bette Davis has never gone back—she always goes forward. This is to me the secret of her greatness.

And wherever she pioneers it is always with an intensity and a sincerity that get results. Perhaps it is the raising of funds to buy a Seeing Eye dog for an unfortunate blind person; perhaps it is the slow, painful process of helping a young protegee find success; perhaps it is a game of charades—and I have seen her perform her part with all the spirit of a Big Scene. Always these things are done by Bette Davis with a whole heart.

I have admitted that she is on the cover of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR because "she sells magazines," but besides all that I am proud to have her there because I consider her the first lady of Hollywood.

Ernest V. Heyn



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CARL MUELLER

City of

"I accuse!" says "Fearless." The crime—loneliness; the victims—ten thousand girls serving time in the glittering prisons of glamour; the guilty—Hollywood men

MORE girls pay off in loneliness here in the capital of glamour than in any other city in the world. There are those who say that Hollywood is no worse than any other town, human behavior running fairly true to form wherever it is. But "Fearless" begs to differ. I can name several specific reasons why our town isn't like a lot of other "our towns" throughout the country and even more specific reasons why our men aren't the same as those of other communities. Most of these add up to the fact that they're spoiled.

To begin with, there's the over-supply of women, beautiful women, gorgeous women! You might almost say that Hollywood's like a mining camp in reverse. It's human nature for the men to become a little spoiled in the face of so much demand for them.

Furthermore, the picture industry is based of necessity upon personal recognition, from cameraman to star to studio head. Often the rivalry becomes intense. I well recall the classic example of an important wo-

man star who was delighted at being given a popular leading man for her current picture, figuring the chances for the film's success were thereby strengthened. The man was no fool. He made it his business to play up to the lady and matters were trembling on the verge of a romance when she suddenly discovered that while he was carrying on a delightful courtship to

her face, behind her back he was waging a fierce battle with the front office to have his name billed before hers. And he won—that is, the billing. However, the critics evened matters up by lauding her and ignoring him.

The economic equality of the sexes, you see, acts as a boomerang. A woman star makes just as much money as a man star; an extra girl, just as much as an extra boy—or just as little, if you want to put it that way. Thus the men lose their sense of protectiveness. It's every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Of a sobering nature, because of its potential dangers, is the case of Mildred (for obvious reasons that isn't her real name), who came to Hollywood as clean and fresh as the wind-swept prairies of her native state. Oh, yes, she had won the inevitable beauty contest and learned how very bored Hollywood is by such proceedings. But just before the flurry of photographers, floral offerings and Chamber of Commerce luncheons was over she



She loaned—and he lied



Lonely Girls

BY "FEARLESS"

was lucky enough—or unlucky enough—to bag a part in a picture featuring a beauty contest. Hers wasn't a big role, but it was plenty to make the girl decide she'd cash in her return ticket and try for a career.

All too soon the picture was over. Weeks dragged into months, but still no more parts. Of course, she didn't know how to play the Hollywood game and had no one to advise her, no one even to talk to her. The beauty-contest affiliates made no bones about their boredom at her plight. This was an old and dull story to them. Desperately she walked up and down Sunset Boulevard, fighting with her pride which wouldn't let her go home a failure. But it was no use. From the sharp-eyed man with the three balls on his calling card she obtained enough money on her wrist watch to buy her return ticket.

Headed for the station, she ran into a boy with whom she had worked in her one and only picture. He was an attractive lad, clean and fresh-looking. They'd had a lot of laughs together

at the studio. It was so good to have someone to talk to that she found herself pouring her heart out to him; how the flight to glory was over—she couldn't even pay her room rent any longer.

He hesitated a moment, then said casually, "Well, if that's all that's worrying you, why don't you cash in your ticket again and come up and

stay at my place for a while?"

"Oh, that's awfully ni—" Mildred began and stopped suddenly. "You mean spend the night there?"

"Sure. Spend a lot of nights there. That's what you're looking for, isn't it? A roof over your head and something to eat?"

"Oh, but I couldn't!" she gasped, adding hastily, "I mean, I don't want you to think I'm a prude. It's just that I'd be such a millstone around your neck."

"A very pretty millstone," he laughed easily, his eyes remaining for a fraction of a second on the curve of her neck. "But don't worry about that. I'll carry you while you're out of a job and probably a month from now you'll be carrying me. A lot of the girls and boys around here pool their expenses like that. You might call it—economics!"

We'll draw the curtain there with just this comment: I think we're all agreed it's a mighty dangerous theory of economics.

Another (Continued on page 94)



They danced—on her money!

Ma Hardy

MA knows best. During the last two years I have had many opportunities to learn this.

When I first became ill I was terribly lonely and a little afraid. Many times I longed for the mother who had been taken away from me in my childhood.

Then Fate intervened. Ma Hardy (Fay Holden), hearing I was ill, came to see me. Since then, she has done the million and one thoughtful things for me that only a mother would think of. Her regular phone calls at six o'clock each evening are the bright spot of my day.

On many occasions, we have discussed the perplexities that have been brought to her by young girls either in person or by letter. The tact and wisdom with which she has handled these problems impressed me so that I asked her if I might record some of her advice for the readers of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. She graciously agreed.

On this particular day as we sat talking, Ma industriously crocheted a white shawl for the heir of Cecilia Parker (*Marian*, her screen daughter). I knew Ma had been Cissy's adviser through her exciting romance and subsequent happy marriage to Dick Baldwin, so I asked her what advice she had given Cissy. She told me that, fundamentally, she had given her the same advice any mother would

Pictured at the left is one big reason why so many promising dates end up very disastrously



Advises

give her daughter: That marriage concerns only two people—the two people involved. Each one must try to understand the other and never expect too much. Each should try to adjust himself to the other's point of view. It is a relationship where little things can become so valuable—and this goes for all marriages, in every walk of life.

"For instance, two friends of mine who are picture stars recently moved from their ranch home to a house in Beverly Hills. The day they moved, the husband unexpectedly started work on a new picture. The house was topsy-turvy—new furniture and interior decorators all over the place. All in all, it was hardly a peaceful place for the husband to return to after a hard day's work before the cameras. But the wife, being a kind and thoughtful person, immediately disregarded all else and gave all her attention to her husband's room. That night when he returned from work he had a peaceful place to rest in, despite the fact that the rest of the house was in complete disorder. If the situation had been reversed, the husband, I am sure, would have done the same thing for his wife. It is things like this that go into the making of a happy marriage."

Cissy's romance isn't the only one in which Ma has had her finger on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. There

was a young stock player who was quite smitten with a certain young man, but he paid little attention to her. Then, one day, the girl came to Ma with breath-taking news: The boy had asked her for a date! That very evening they were going to dinner and a movie. The date, however, turned out very disastrously, for the boy never asked her again. The girl was heartbroken.

Ma, anxious to help, made her tell about the evening. She thought over the girl's recording of events but failed to find a reason for the unfortunate situation. Then, by chance, she discovered that the girl had worn a new light angora sweater and the boy a dark suit. Well, you know how those angora sweaters shed! Ma said she couldn't help laughing at the mental picture she had of the boy furiously trying to brush the hairs off his suit. However, the girl's unhappiness was more than Ma could bear, so she invited both of them over to her house to play badminton and made sure that the girl did not wear angora. Result: Another romance.

"I think that little incident," Ma continued, "should prove the value of dressing with consideration for the male species. I believe implicitly that every girl should strive to be well-groomed, because first impressions are extremely important under all circumstances. (Continued on page 97)



Fay Holden in a typical "Ma Hardy" act: She cheers up the invalid author, Miss Cosby

Said a man-about-town after reading this article, "If girls know all these things, a guy won't stand a chance!"


BY
VIVIAN COSBY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARRONE

Asked by a conservative friend to meet his mother, this girl pulled a trick that cured the romance forever

People rushed this girl, then made hasty exits. Ma sums her trouble up thus: "Who wants to make wisecracks at a wienie roast?"





This is about a smart girl who knew how to get places fast, one Rita Hayworth. The technique is yours for the reading

BY
HELEN HOVER

THE 1941 brand of Cinderella buys her own glass slipper. She's impatient and practical. Waiting for the prince too often pays off in nothing but a pair of flat feet.

That's the way Rita Hayworth figures it. That's why Rita, an unknown Cinderella extra girl five years ago, today is glamorous "may-I-have-your-autograph-Miss-Hayworth" movie celebrity today. No flesh-and-blood prince effected the transition. The prince was her own horse sense.

Rita was no wide-eyed yokel when she started work as an extra at the Fox studios five years ago. She knew and felt her ignominy intensely. One of three hundred on a night-club set, she watched Loretta Young, the star, come on the set accompanied by her maid and a hairdresser. Saw her sink into a luxurious limousine at the end of the day.

The little Cansino girl—for that was Rita's pre-picture name—saw her as a rival, not an idol. She realized that so long as there were beautiful women in Hollywood, gorgeously gowned, her own natural assets would mean nothing. She knew she had ability that, given a chance, could be of value to a studio. But in her franker moments, she knew also that she was only one of hundreds of extra girls who felt the same way.

Something else Rita knew. Her family had been in show business for three generations. The Dancing Can-



Today she is the photographers' darling, with her face on six magazine covers in one month

Yesterday she was Rita Cansino, little nobody no one ever looked at on the Fox lot

You could do it, too!

sinos, the family troupe had been called and they created a sensation wherever they went. They wore breath-taking costumes, red velvet boleros, gold sashes, and their tambourines were powdered with rhinestones. Papa Cansino used to explain it to his wife and Rita heard it often. "Showmanship," he would say. "That is what the public likes. Showmanship sells. And it pays off, too."

Rita remembered Papa Cansino's words five years ago when she started her campaign to get out of the extra ranks. Today, she is well on her way to be a top-ranking star, one of the few extras ever to have done it.

The reason is a simple, matter-of-fact business principle. You have to spend money to make money.

"My bank account looks sick compared to the money I've earned," explained Rita, face suntanned, wearing an elegant white slack suit as though it were an evening dress. Most of my money has gone into

Hayworth smartness: She sends photographs like this to men; reserves tailored-suit poses for her female followers



my campaign to become a star. I never once let up on it.

"I tried to be honest with myself when I worked as an extra. No use kidding myself. I looked around at the hundreds of other girls like myself, living from day to day on the fringe of the movie industry, with only one chance in a million of becoming a star. We all looked alike, we dressed alike, we talked alike.

"I took stock of myself and realized that I was pretty much in demand as an extra because I could dance and I had some dancing costumes. That meant I made about \$11 a day and my weekly earnings were sometimes over \$50.

"I figured things out and decided that if I was to get anywhere I needed two things immediately: Training and clothes. My earnings couldn't accommodate both, so I thought some more and decided that getting the clothes first would be putting the cart before the horse. First, self-improvement. Second, self-display.

"I went over myself critically. My voice was thin and singsong, didn't have enough resonance. My diction was forced and unrhythmic. My acting, of course, needed the works since I had had so little experience. Because I was self-conscious, I didn't know how to walk.

"I enrolled with the best teachers in Hollywood. My diction and voice lessons were \$10 a session. Dramatic lessons were even more. I took as many lessons as I could possibly afford. I made a few Western pictures at \$200 a picture. I took more lessons with the extra bonanza. As I earned more, I spent more. At one time I was taking diction and voice lessons four times a week and dramatic lessons five times a week. It came to \$90 a week! And I was earning \$100.

"I had to put new clothes out of my mind because I just couldn't afford them. But I didn't make the mistake of being seen around town looking as I did. If I couldn't be seen at my very best, I wouldn't be seen at all.

"Columbia Pictures was looking for a dark, Latin-appearing girl who could speak Spanish to appear in some of their 'C' pictures. I got the job. The salary was \$200 a week, which was good and steady. Now I could afford to graduate to Step No. 2—to wit, the clothes. Of course, I was still keeping up the dramatic and voice lessons and I didn't have very much left over for clothes, but I decided to save until I could sink a good sum into a knockout outfit.

"The first clothes splurge took the breath out of me! I could hardly believe I had done it. It was a gray caracul coat, form-fitted, pinching my waist in snugly and flaring from the

thighs down. The dress was a dream. Three shades of grey, and it fit like silver fluid poured over my body. The hat was one of those tall startling things that was meant to be carried on a head held high. I paid \$500 for the outfit and I had a few uncomfortable moments thinking of my extravagance. Not a cent in the bank—and \$500 for one outfit. But when I saw myself in the mirror, I felt reassured. I had never looked like that before.

"THE first evening I wore it I went to the Trocadero. That was no accident. It was done deliberately. At that time the Troc was the hangout of the stars and the star-makers. It was the beauty-jaded moguls of Hollywood I was trying to reach. It was up to me, and my \$500 investment, to make them aware of me. So aware that they would say, 'There goes a girl the public will enjoy looking at because I enjoy looking at her.'

"When I walked in, I felt eyes turning towards me. Marlene Dietrich was at one table, Norma Shearer at another. The most glamorous, most highly paid stars in Hollywood there, and people looked at me!

"I noticed Howard Hawks, the producer, and Harry Cohn, the president of Columbia Pictures, at a ringside table. I tried to be nonchalant and not stare at them. Toward the end of the evening Mr. Hawks came to my table and introduced himself with a charming compliment I shall always remember.

"I noticed you as you came in and you look lovely in that outfit. You seem to stand out from the others. I'd like to talk to you about a part in my new picture. Will you please get in touch with me in the morning?"

"Well!!! I learned later that this had happened: Hawks and Harry Cohn were going to put their combined talents into the film 'Only Angels Have Wings' and they were both at the Trocadero to get their minds off shop. When I walked in Hawks looked at me and asked, 'Who is that girl? I can use her in our picture.'

"Mr. Cohn stared at me, then nearly exploded. 'That girl! Why she's on my lot. Never noticed her before, though.' And then it happened."

Rita was screen-tested and got the part. It was that role of the sultry wife of Richard Barthelmess and ex-flame of Cary Grant that made Hollywood notice her.

"Now that I had my first big chance, I had to go on with my campaign even more than ever," continued Rita, lighting a cigarette with long flame-tipped fingers. "I was encouraged. My clothes investment had attracted the attention of the Big Producer, my investment in dramatic lessons had cinched the screen test. But I had to

keep my name, my face before the producers and the public. I had to make them know me and want me.

"That all took money. It takes money to buy evening dresses that won't be seen on every Thomasina, Dixie and Harriet. It takes money to buy furs and cars so that people will turn around and say, 'Who is that?' It takes money to make people remember you if you are a nobody. It takes money, and some shrewd thinking."

First, Rita hired a press agent, one of the best, at \$75 a week.

"Because he is an expert in his business, I followed his orders and asked no questions. Only once did I balk at a publicity assignment. A national picture magazine wanted me to pose in a series showing college girls how not to behave on a date. I wouldn't let myself be photographed looking drunk or disheveled. I didn't think it was wise."

AN example of the Hayworth tact in dealing with the public is the type of photographs she sends to her fans. There are two stacks of pictures reserved for this occasion. One is Rita in a bathing suit, bursting with smiles, legs and S.A. This goes to the men. The female fans receive a picture of Rita in a smart sport outfit walking her dog. This is what the French call "finesse."

Her wholehearted willingness to co-operate with photographers and the press has paid unmistakable dividends. She has a scrapbook that bulges with 3800 separate stories, her photos have been reproduced more than 12,000 times, she was the face on six magazine covers in one month and 36 magazines have devoted entire pages to her wardrobe, her career and her beauty. When you consider that she has appeared in only four big pictures and has played (Continued on page 86)

Frame for Fame

GINGER ROGERS

as

KITTY FOYLE

Another in our series of full-color star portraits, appearing exclusively in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR



Angel Rogers





Madeleine Carroll



Hedy Lamarr

Appearing in M.G.M.'s "Comrade X" and "Come Live With Me"



Tyrone Power

...Century-Fox's "The Mark of Zorro" and "Bl..."

But Ruth Hussey, the girl from Rhode Island, believes success is not an accident but a plan

By

HELEN LOUISE

WALKER



ACT OF PROVIDENCE

RUTH HUSSEY gave a party not so long ago. Maybe that doesn't sound to you like a particularly breath-taking bit of news. But it was a breathless occasion for Ruth. It marked several milestones for her, some beginnings and some endings. They were thrilling and important milestones in her life and her career.

In the first place, it was her very first party of her own in Hollywood. The day before it happened she was suffering from far worse stage fright than she had for her first picture test, her first radio audition or her first tryout for a stage role—and she didn't mind saying so.

"It's a test of something, this party," she said. "You see, I know now that I want to be a part of Hollywood. I want the people to like me and I want to fit in. This party is so—important. I feel, somehow, that if I can pull this off, I can pull all the rest of my Plan off!

"The Plan? Oh—well, it's a sort of method of getting a perspective on myself. I have to draw up a campaign. Have to think about marriage and children and work and how to fit them together. It's taken me all these years to find out exactly what I want. Now that I know, I've got to figure out how to get it!"

Ruth, you see, is a New England gal who believes in the good old New England tradition of taking inventory at least once a year, knowing exactly how you stand and proceeding accordingly. Since most of her assets at this point seem to be contained within herself (and a very pretty package, too!) this bookkeeping involves a great deal of introspection.

She had a modest patrimony so she felt that she could take her time about thinking things out. She knew it would take time because she realized that by nature she was a vigorous

person who has always been torn between conflicting emotions and enthusiasms and ambitions.

Sometime during her teens, for instance, she was caught up in some sort of mental whirlwind which tossed her from school to school, from the beginning of an acting career (in preparatory school) to the beginning of a career in art (a year or so later). Then suddenly, without any warning, she took a degree as Bachelor of Philosophy, which sounds awfully impressive. But that only led to her studying diligently the arts of shorthand and typewriting. Right afterwards she began designing frocks in Providence, Rhode Island, and then, with the same lack of logic, came a job acting in a summer stock company in Michigan.

Right at this point, though, things began to jell. She got a job as fashion commentator on a radio show and contrived to (Continued on page 69)

1939-40

Robert Taylor

Alice Faye

George Brent

Deanna Durbin

Ty Power



HOLLYWOOD BEWARE IN 1941!

HOLLYWOOD Beware! That is what I called my previous article which warned the stars of what would befall them during 1939 and for several years to come. Just for fun, before I draw aside the curtain to give you a glimpse into 1941, let's cut back to 1939 and see how many of the earlier warnings have come to pass.

I quote from *MOVIE MIRROR*, May, 1939:

Clark Gable: "For Clark Gable comes a change in home conditions."

At the time the article was written he was still married to Ria Gable. There followed the divorce and later on his marriage to Carole Lombard, of which I will tell you more when we come to the predictions for 1941.

Bette Davis: "Within the year Bette Davis will have a hectic love affair, but if she marries this man it will only mean a second divorce."

Her love affair with George Brent received world-wide publicity and did not end in marriage.

Tyrone Power: "For Tyrone there is an outstanding love affair which will probably end in marriage. He has already met the girl and there is much gossip about them . . . He will make a definite change in his home conditions if he has not already done so when you read this."

Tyrone's marriage to Annabella, which everyone, including Tyrone, insisted would not take place.

John Garfield: "John Garfield streaks across the cinema sky like a

comet and next year finds him among the top-ranking players . . . This acclaim will continue for four years, at which time, according to an abrupt slump in his fate line, his career hits a snag and his downfall will be as spectacular as his rise to fame."

He streaked across the sky all right. For a time everyone was Garfield-conscious, but unless he gives a remarkable performance in some picture soon it looks as though I had either been given the wrong age or slipped up on the time I allotted him for great popularity.

Robert Taylor: "Robert Taylor's period of unfortunate criticism is over. I believe that he will marry within two years."

Married Barbara Stanwyck and you



James Stewart



Claudette Colbert

— AND 1941



Cary Grant



Shirley Temple



Errol Flynn



Myrna Loy

The astrologer whose astounding 1939-40 predictions appeared in these pages offers startling warnings that every star and his admirer will want to read

**BY
MATILDA TROTTER**

all know how much speculation there was as to whether this marriage would come off.

Olivia de Havilland: "Olivia de Havilland will soon meet a man who sweeps her completely off her feet. When he comes into her life, the sensible Olivia will not pause to analyze or quibble as to the merits or the outcome of their love . . . She will be just as thrilled as any other young girl in love and will marry him and surprise everyone in Hollywood, including herself."

How about Jimmy Stewart? More about these two later.

Janet Gaynor: "Janet Gaynor will marry within two years. She has met the great love of her life, but if she marries him (Continued on page 72)



Hollywood: Jeffrey
Lynn, model romanti
lead at Warner Broth

LIFE OF LYNN



Worcester, Mass.: A fire-side hero with his family. Left to right: Jeff, Mr. Lind, Edith, Margaret, Lind Benson and Judith

Light business: He requires Dona Dale to a white tie and tails premiere

BY
JOHN R.
FRANCHEY

It happens even in the best American families: A boy starts out to be President and ends up a movie idol. A "nothing sacred" story about Jeffrey Lynn

ASK Jeffrey Lynn how come he's the Warner Brothers' four-star meteor (male model) not to mention the object of general feminine sighing and swooning and he shrugs his shoulders. He might even ask you in that merry, crisp voice of his what you think of skirts cut on a bias, or, maybe, Chinese poetry.

He doesn't know.

He never toddled out at the age of 6 before a Sunday-school audience to recite Robert Louis Stevenson's "I Have A Little Shadow."

He never used to harass his family and neighbors by staging tent shows during his adolescence.

He emphatically was no parishioner of the Drama when he was a high-school man of affairs.

The plain truth is that he started out to be a lawyer and wound up a movie idol, in spite of himself.

By all odds Jeffrey Lynn—Ragnar Lind's his real name, although he doesn't like it—should have reached journey's end as a top-flight lawyer.

His background is in the great-lawyer tradition or perhaps that of a U. S. senator, but definitely not that of a cinema sensation.

He was born on a small farm in Auburn, Massachusetts, the second eldest in a brood of eight, the son of a Swedish immigrant who ended up in Massachusetts, found it fair, married a true New Englander and settled down to wrest a living from the soil.

The second-born of the Linds burgeoned into a bright-eyed lad who romped through the grades like nothing and was ready for high school at 13.

"It was quite a ritual," he'll tell you today, "this business of enrolling for higher education. I had never been to Worcester, the county seat, and my older brother was commissioned to go along to see that no ill befell me. The metropolis was dazzling. I used to lie awake nights thinking of it."

Every morning he walked a couple

of miles—books and lunch under his arm—to the streetcar which whizzed him into Worcester. It took four hours out of every day, this commuting, but Master Jeffrey didn't mind it. As he walked home afternoons he doped it all out. He'd make a distinguished lawyer out of himself. Then he'd annex the Presidency.

He was ready for college at 16. There was a quiet powwow between his parents. Lind père had an affection for Harvard. Mrs. Lind scotched that entry in short order. Hadn't she read in the papers that Harvard boys were hellions?

It was finally decided that young Jeffrey would go to Bates College pending the arrival of an A.B. degree. After that, once he had reached maturity, he could go on to Harvard and enter the law school.

He remembers his first descent on his alma mater with more than nostalgia. That September morning when he arrived at Lewiston, Maine, the trees were (Continued on page 81)

Dancing School

Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

You supply the partner and we do the rest—
i.e., give you some simplified, easy direc-
tions for the Rhumba. Desi Arnaz and
Lucille Ball get you into the swing of things

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Basic step: Count 1—Boy
steps left on left foot.
Girl steps right on right

If you've ever seen the Dance of the Seven Veils done by a side-show Fatima or by a Maharajah's houri, you'll remember one thing especially: The feet didn't move very much at all. It was what the girl did with the rest of her that made it a dance.

Bearing that in mind—with, of course, proper modifications for a public American dance floor—mix it with a variation of the old waltz step, serve with a Latin-American inflection—and you have the Rhumba. Or rather, you have the *Sohn*.

"The *Sohn*," Desi Arnaz pronounced it that afternoon when we took the pictures.

We had asked him if he would pose for Rhumba illustrations with Lucille Ball, and he'd said he would be delighted. But the extremely lively routine he embarked upon looked anything but familiar. When we demurred, Desi laughed, "Oh, you mean the way the Americans do it! That's the *Sohn*."

So all right, here's how you do the *Sohn*. It may not be the Cuban Rhumba, but if you tried the McCoy in public the way Desi did it, you'd summarily be given treat-

ment for St. Vitus dance, if not something worse.

To do the *Sohn*, alias the *Rhumba de Los Estados Unidos*:

Play a record of "The Peanut Vendor," because it's the greatest Rhumba ever written. Stand in starting position and wait until you hear the rhythm of the music. It goes BOOM, two, three, four—BOOM, two, three, four.

Only the first three counts are actually walking steps. The fourth is a pause in which the free foot is brought up to the foot holding the weight—simply brought up, without stepping on it. On the Pause, or "at ease" beat, if you are pausing on your right foot, you simultaneously give a little shrug with your right shoulder. When it's the left foot, it's the left shoulder.

No matter what you do—whether you pause for a few beats or whirl or do

variations—you must always hear those three counts and the pause that is for your "at ease" movement and shoulder shrug. Count under your breath, if you have to.

(In interpreting the accompanying ground plan for

If you're the boy, Desi says:

Do—

Relax your knees. You dance with your shoulders, torso, hips and knees—especially when you rhumba. Keep your heels on the floor. Hold your left hand high, even if it looks affected. Keep your girl at arm's length.

Don't—

Slump. No matter how relaxed you get, your posture nevertheless is "At Attention."

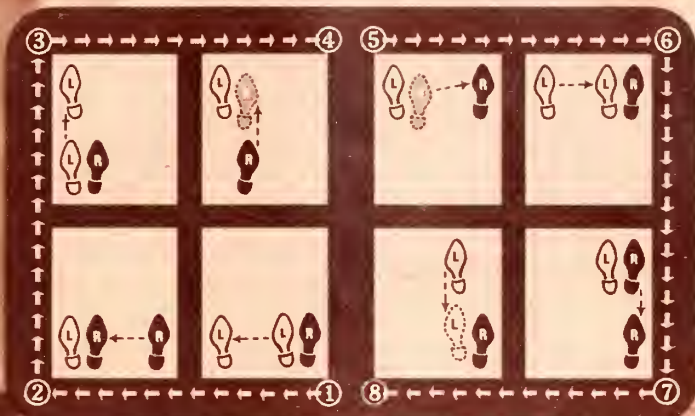
Don't dead-pan. The Rhumba isn't a funeral march—it's supposed to be fun.

Don't mince your steps, or dance stiff-legged.

Don't for one minute forget the Rhumba beat: Boom, two, three, four.



For the basic step of the Rhumba



Above is the ground plan of the Rhumba, as described in the text and pictured here. Girl does the opposite of the boy



Count 2: Boy brings right foot to left, placing weight on right. Girl does opposite

Count 3: Boy steps forward with left foot; girl steps backward with right

the feet, note the outline of the square is the true waltz pattern, not the two-step waltz.)

Rhumba dancers do not throw their hips around. The hip movement is a secondary movement only, resulting from the action of the knees.) The knees, relaxed to a slightly bent position and held close together, operate in a sort of rotary motion, following the steps taken by the feet. The feet move close to the floor, virtually flat-footed, and the steps taken are very short, allowing just room enough to bring up the other foot to the spot vacated by the preceding foot. The top of the body is bent slightly forward from the waist, shoulders back, chest high, stomach drawn in, hips thrown forward so that there is no protrusion from the rear. Balance is maintained by the slightly bent knees.

Count 1—Boy steps left on left foot.

Count 2—Brings right foot to left, placing weight on right.

Count 3—Steps forward with left foot.

Count 4—Brings right foot up to left *without* placing weight on right. This is the pause, or "at ease" step.

Count 5—Boy steps right on right foot.

Count 6—Brings left foot to right, placing weight on left.

Count 7—Steps back with right foot.

Count 8—Brings left foot back to right *without* placing weight on left.

The girl does just the opposite. In other words, she substitutes right for left and left for right, back for front and front for back.

The body position for both the girl and the boy during this step—and, in fact, throughout the Rhumba—is as follows: The legs, which carry the characteristic movement of the dance, are relaxed *below* the hips. (Smooth

If you're the girl, Lucille says:

Do—

Let yourself go. Flirt with shoulders, hips and eyes. Keep your mind on what you're doing. Since you're at arm's length from your partner, the lead is not so strong as it usually is.

Wear clothes that swirl attractively.

The Rhumba is a teasing, heavy-lidded, come-hither-but-not-too-far dance. Remember this while you're dancing.

Don't—

Collapse on your partner. Keep your distance.

Don't dance with your feet far apart. They must be together.

Never swing your feet or legs.

Don't give up if at first you don't get the step. Keep counting and suddenly you will find yourself doing it. That's what happened to me—and I'm still surprised!

elbow to carry the hand almost directly up and in front of his left shoulder. The girl matches her right arm to his left. For her left arm, here's a little trick of which Lucille might have taken advantage. If the girl, instead of

High lights of special routine described in text: The boy rhumbas in place and the girl dances in a circle around him, passing to her left



The circle she makes (left) is very wide. The boy holds her right hand with his right as she passes around him until . . .



. . . they reach this position (right). Then he puts left hand back to catch her right. Thus they finish rest of the circle



Directly below: As they look at the three-quarter point



letting her hand lie aimlessly on her partner's right shoulder, will place it squarely in the hollow just in front of the boy's right shoulder, she'll give him a far better brace with which to lead her. *It must be remembered that in the Rhumba you do not dance close together.* The top of the girl's body must offer a definite, though mild, resistance to her partner. Through that resistance he puts her through the paces like a marionette. As Lucille says, "Stand up and keep your distance." We might add, "And make him keep his." It's that subtle push between the two which adds to the provocativeness of the dance.

So there you have the basic step. If you want variety, do not sidestep, but continue forward (girl going backward), allowing feet to pass one another. This is called the running step. If you want to turn, simply follow around as you would in an ordinary fox-trot step, always remembering that on the fourth beat you must pause.

If you never do any more than just this, you will be doing the Rhumba.

The "kick out": On the fourth count, the boy kicks out with his right, the girl with her left, giving a very small hop at the same time on the other foot



But we kept Desi and Lucille in RKO's hot still gallery for another hour that afternoon, working out a simple but awfully impressive-looking routine that any good dancer can learn. Here it is, step by step:

A. Desi has started turning to his left, backward, with Lucille following him, doing the running step 1-2-3-pause, etc. He has executed about 16 counts and is about to come out of it.

B. On the fourth pause count they are standing side by side at a slight distance from each other, holding hands.

C. While (Continued on page 93)

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Girl who's making a name for herself: Constance Moore of Paramount's new "I Wanted Wings"

Engstead Higgins

Romance of the Rio Grande



Intrigue: The Cisco Kid makes love to the beautiful Rosita (Pat Morison)



EVENING was coming to the Arizona hills. The descending sun, in a last desperate fight against darkness, filled the skies with dazzling reds and golds and purples, forcing the scrub cedar, whose fragrance filled the freshening air, to cast swollen shadows on the high slopes.

In a canyon above the stagecoach road, a canyon so hidden that only one who knew of its existence could find it, two riders halted their horses, dismounted and threw themselves gratefully onto the springy cedar needles, stretching to relieve muscles cramped by long hours in the saddle. They were unlike in every respect; one was long and lean and bronzed, his brown eyes which could in turn be as tender as a saint's or as smiling and fearless as a devil's hinting at the blood of Spanish conquistadors which ran in his veins. His eyes were laughing now as he watched the antics of his shorter companion.

"What do you do, Gordito mio?" he asked. "You are a baby, that you leap about to catch the lizard?"

Gordito held up a small wriggling pink creature. "See?" he exclaimed in delight. "Now we have the luck. Mama Lopez she tell me, 'Catch the pink lizard and you have the luck.'"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR


The Cisco Kid, he galloped in
 To steal two hearts and right a wrong.
 The Cisco Kid, he rode away
 And left a caballero's song

THE CAST

Cisco Kid	Cesar Romero
Rosito	Patricia Morison
Morio	Lynne Roberts
Ricordo	Ricardo Cortez
Gordito	Chris-Pin Martin
Carlos Hernandez	Joseph McDonald
Don Fernando	Pedro de Cordoba
Moma Lopez	Inez Palange
Corver	Raphael Bennett
Monuel	Trevor Bardette

Fiction version by
 Lee Pennington

Story version of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Romance of the Rio Grande." Screen play by Harold Buchman and Samuel G. Engel. Based on the novel "Conquistador" by Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Copyright 1940 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation



Enchantment: He meets the gentle Mario (Lynne Roberts)

"So," the tall one teased, "a minute—two minutes—ago we are the Cisco Kid and Gordito, with marshals and sheriffs on our trail. Now you have caught the pink lizard and—pronto—we are grandes señores with many pesos, good wine to drink and beautiful señoritas to love us. Better you let the lizard go, Gordito, before we spend the pesos, drink up the wine and the señoritas find other hombres to love."

He was interrupted by the sound of a shot, then another and another, until the air was filled with thunder. Wordless, because words were not needed between them, the two men sprang into their saddles and dashed down the mountain trail. Where the road curved around the foot of Razorback Mountain they came upon the stage-coach now nearly at the end of its daily run between the small settlements which marked the beginning and the end of the great plains. It was swaying dangerously behind the horses which, riderless, were frantically racing to destruction. With their own steeds at a gallop, the Cisco Kid and Gordito caught the frightened creatures and brought the coach to a stop. Two motionless figures were the only occupants.

"This one, this driver, he is dead," the Cisco Kid indicated the first figure. "What about the other one, Gordito? Turn him over."

Gordito did as he was told, then, at sight of the face he had revealed, he stepped back in fear. "Madre Dios," he muttered, crossing himself.

"What's-a matter you?" the Cisco Kid asked. "You afraid of dead man?"

"This man—he is no dead, Cisco," Gordito stammered. "This man—he is—*you!*"

"You crazy, Gordito?" Cisco demanded. "That man is not me. I am me!" He bent down to look at the man, then said in awe, "Dios, Gordito, you are right!" Line for line the face of the unconscious man and the face of the Cisco Kid were identical. Cisco studied the replica of his own features for a moment, then he snapped, "What you wait for, Gordito? Get him on your horse."

Gordito hung back. "Leave him here, Cisco," he implored. "This man who look so much like you make Gordito afraid."

Cisco shook his head. "I can't leave him to die," he explained. "He look so much like me that if he die, I die too, inside. We take him to Mama Lopez. The rest," he indicated the

coach with its dead driver and the now subdued horses, "we leave for the sheriff. Since the bandits have got away, sheriff will say the Cisco Kid is the robber—so why should we help him?"

MILES away across the plateau, evening found the Rancho Santa Margarita, the hacienda of Don Fernando Davega, in a fever of activity. Soft-eyed, swift-footed servants sped from room to room, making everything ready to do honor to the guests who were expected. In the kitchens a giant feast was in preparation; many bottles of wine lay cooling in the wine cellars and from the patio came the soft pulsating music of guitars. It was to be a gala night, for it would see the arrival of Don Carlos Hernandez to the home of his ancestors and the traveler was awaited eagerly by Don Fernando, the grandfather he had never seen.

Don Fernando observed critically the scene about him. Everything was as it should be and he sighed with contentment. He was an old man, Don Fernando, though he carried his years with distinction and it was good to know that he would soon turn the affairs of the rancho over to his

grandson. He had been troubled about the rancho lately; raids against his cattle, his vaqueros in danger of their lives from the thieves—such things might bring ruin, though the Davega fortunes still were vast. He was troubled about his nephew, Ricardo, too; Ricardo had hinted more than once that the old man was growing soft, that Ricardo himself should take over the management of the rancho, that he should even take the law into his own hands and track down the Cisco Kid who, Ricardo believed, was the thief of their cattle. Yes, it would be good to leave everything in Don Carlos' hands, the old man thought. He might even live to see the day when Carlos and Rosita, Don Fernando's ward, would marry and raise children. He sighed again as he thought of Rosita. If only she were more like Maria, his gentle little goddaughter who had made her home on the rancho since her father, Don Fernando's old friend, had died. Rosita, he told himself, was too bold, her eyes too full of invitation, and he did not like the sly, significant glances she so frequently exchanged with Ricardo. Well, marriage would stop all that. . . .

Even as he thought about them Rosita and Ricardo were whispering together in a dark corner of the patio.

"Are you sure everything will be all right?" the girl asked anxiously.

"Quite sure," Ricardo replied. His voice was soft, assured, but it held overtones of desire, desire for this tantalizing girl who stood so close to him but who, when he would have drawn her into his arms, eluded him.

"What is it, Rosita?" he demanded. "You are so changed. Not once today have I felt your arms about me, your lips on mine."

"You're imagining things, Ricardo," she answered lightly. "It's only that I'm worried. Suppose something should go wrong?"

"Nothing can go wrong, my dear one. An hour ago Manuel rode away from the rancho. By now he has joined Carver where the stagecoach road curves at the foot of Razorback



"Tomorrow Don Carlos will be dead," said Ricardo, "and the rancho and you, my Rosita, will belong to me!"

Mountain and where the good saints have placed a clump of trees behind which they may conceal themselves. And in an hour—all our worries will be over, my Rosita." His arms reached hungrily for her again, and this time she did not elude them.

To the tiny Cantina Lopez tucked away in the mountains the Cisco Kid and Gordito brought the wounded man. Fat, kindly Mama Lopez put him to bed and made him as comfortable as she could. "Ver' sick," she answered Cisco's inquiry. "Maybe not wake up for two—three days—maybe not at all."

Cisco scarcely heard her. He was examining the stranger's bags which he had brought with him from the stage coach. "Eh, Gordito," he said, "this man who look like Ciseo is important hombre—with much gold and silver. Look," flinging a handful of coins onto the table. "And he have papers," Ciseo waved them in the air, "which say he is Don Carlos Hernandez, grandson of Don Fernando Da-

vega. Don Carlos' mama was Don Fernando's daughter. She marry Señor Hernandez and live in Spain and Don Fernando never forgive her. But now she is dead and he is sorry, so he have sent for this man, his grandson."

"All this you get from the papers?" Gordito asked. Ciseo nodded. "Then, please, we take him away from here," Gordito urged. "To have his grandson here make Don Fernando very angry—make us much trouble. We take him away," he repeated, "but first we take his gold and silver, no?"

"No!" Ciseo was emphatic. "Gordito, you are fool. This money is nothing. But Don Fernando have much money—and his grandson will have much money, too. No, we not take Don Carlos away. We leave him here, safe with Mama Lopez. And we go away. To Don Fernando. And Ciseo, with these papers, will be Don Fernando's

grandson!"

That was the beginning of new adventures for the Cisco Kid. Dressed in Don Carlos' clothes, carrying Don Carlos' papers, he went to Don Fernando's rancho, the Rancho Santa Margarita, followed by the dubious but faithful Gordito. Don Fernando, dazed by the report that his long-awaited grandson had been killed in the holdup, was overjoyed at beholding him and accepted his masquerade without question.

PROUDLY the old man introduced his supposed grandson to the other members of his household and Ciseo, whose adventurous life had given him the power to judge men—and women—at sight, took the measure of each one. Rosita, with her flashing eyes and midnight hair, was tantalizing; with a little finesse she might be a conquest. Ricardo—that one was not to be trusted. He was obviously infatuated with Rosita, but more than jealousy for her favors would make him Ciseo's enemy. Then there was Maria. Sweet and gentle on the outside but slumbering fires within. A man, Ciseo mused, would find it easy to love Maria (Continued on page 77)

February Fashion Fiesta

BY GWENN WALTERS

Glamour starlet Linda Darnell of 20th Century-Fox's "Chad Hanna" chooses some exciting clothes for girls under twenty. Her rule is: "Choose flattering colors, include contrast styles and, above all, don't try for too much sophistication." She starts off with a top-coat of amber-colored tweed plaided in brown and bright blue. Designed reefer style in the front, it has a swinging bias-cut back that is held in by a half-belt, and bias-cut pockets to match. Linda wears it over a blue angora wool frock. Her hat and accessories are brown






Linda proves a point: A contrast between a softly feminine evening effect and daytime casual classics is achieved by this natural kasha sport frock. The dress has a bloused top and box pleats at the front and back of the skirt. There are two flap pockets and a detachable brown and white silk shirt.

If it's a "don't dress" date, Linda suggests this gay young frock of pomegranate red crepe that's good for teas and luncheons, too. Tiny ruffles edge the shaped neckline and the shirred pockets. Linda adds a coronet of shaded red flowers set on a skullcap of red straw. Fashion addenda are brown accessories and an ultra-ultra baum marten scarf





Lush contrast for dark beauty is this pale pink damask taffeta. The lines of the dress are extremely simple because of the richness of the fabric, but note the heart-shaped neckline that rolls forward in a cuff effect. All the clothes pictured here from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills, Calif.

Destined to make a man propose is this white tulle with its silver trim. The long bodice scalloped in silver joins a bouffant skirt spotted with an embroidered and paillette-studded spray of silver grapes. The taffeta slip beneath the dress subtly whispers the right things



Answer to a Gentleman's prayer

We quiz the gentlemen this month and find out what it is about women's clothes that bothers them most. Here are the complaints—and the quick cures!



SAYS ROBERT STACK:

1. When I take a girl on an outdoor date, I hate to see her all bundled up like a shapeless sack.
2. The thing that makes me mad is to be with a girl who's always dropping her gloves, or losing one, and then moaning about it all evening.
3. When I take a girl dancing, I like to have her look sort of soft and pretty—thumbs down on that sleek sophisticated stuff.

Our Cures:

1. A lamb's wool coat, perfect for outdoor sports. Keeps its shape and you keep yours. Get it in white with bands of red and green.
2. A special clasp that snaps your gloves onto pocketbook or belt.
3. ?

SAYS JEFFREY LYNN:

1. I wish women wouldn't get all togged up before they know where they're going. I hate to have a girl look overdressed.
2. There's a nice blight on the evening for me if I see wisps of hair streeling down a woman's neck.
3. Instead of those tailored coveralls that some women go for, I like a girl to wear an evening dress that shows her shoulders a bit.

Our Cures:

1. A silk velvet suit, perhaps in bright red, perfectly tailored. It goes anywhere with calm assurance.
2. A lace mantilla, pinned at the back of your curls and hanging seductively down over the wisps.
3. Out of sight, out of mind.



SAYS JOHN CARROLL:

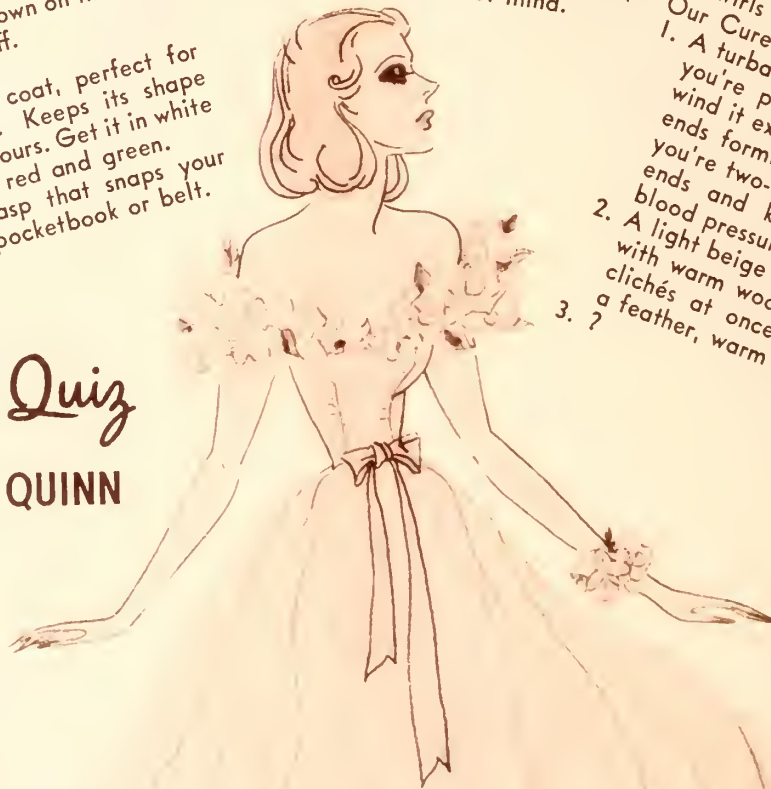
1. I don't like those silly hats—que shapes with whatnots on them.
2. When I take a girl out and her ruin turns bad I hate to have what she has on.
3. When we go dancing, I like the girl to wear a graceful dress that swirls around the floor.

Our Cures:

1. A turban with fringed ends. When you're playing solitaire, you can wind it exotically with the fringed ends forming a side drape; when you're two-ing you can tuck in the ends and keep the gentleman's blood pressure down.
2. A light beige corduroy coat, lined with warm wool. You can be two clichés at once in this: Light as a feather, warm as toast.
3. ?

Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



You may have noticed we no answer to question 3. reason is that we found dress that answered the clective prayers. It is worn Judy Garland in "Little Nell Kelly." In case you'd like to be mobbed on the dance floor, we give you directions for making it on page 84

He is Ray Milland, most unpredictable man in Hollywood. He works for Paramount in "I Wanted Wings," sails boats and makes furniture on his day off. He is the father of 10-months-old Daniel David, the husband of Mal, a "swell person." He defines ideal wives as "good wives" and, what's more, believes the world is full of them



The Girl who learned

An invaluable manual on style offered by one of Hollywood's best-dressed women, Carole Lombard. Follow it and you'll wear clothes that will turn people's heads

BY JERRY LANE



CAROLE LOMBARD was on her knees shaving Robert Montgomery. Doing it expertly in devastating black satin pajamas with white coin dots, neatly topped with a black velvet robe.

She was talking about their marriage. Bob didn't talk at all—not with that razor slithering around so close to his throat! Then Director Alfred Hitchcock called "Cut"—and another scene for "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" was in the bag.

Now this film marks a special event for Lombard: It is the first time in three years that she has worn modern clothes in a picture. The cameraman nearly fainted when Hitchcock told him they would not need to make the customary dress tests. "Miss Lombard," explained the director, "knows clothes too well. She is one of the most skillfully dressed women in the world."

He didn't, of course, know the story of Carole and her clothes (r)evolution.

He had never heard the story of The Hat.

"It was that hat which taught me my first big lesson," said Carole. "I

Five years ago (below): Exaggerated splendor. Today the Lombard clothes credo is simplicity



"You have to be casual and easy in clothes to have them look well," says Lombard. "A few years ago (right), I was too formal in my outfits"

how to dress

thought it was such a beautiful hat."

She was Jane Peters then, just starting out on her career, and for weeks she had saved and skimped to buy a particular hat. Very carefully she brought it home and tried it on. Then came the climax: Away from the store it was so obviously the wrong hat. That was when Lombard learned Lesson Number One. You save and work for your clothes, but the real trick is to make *them* work for you. It's up to them to point up your personality, emphasize your coloring, high-light your best features. The job of a wardrobe is to help you to success.

The dress campaign Jane Peters began that day was a big item in making the star Carole Lombard. It's a campaign that every woman can plan for herself. Said Jane to Carole, "You're going to study colors and lines, my girl. You're going to experiment like mad." Because even if you're born with a flair for clothes, there are certain things you can learn only through experimenting.

Jane Peters, for instance, wore bright colors. Carole Lombard does not. She wears subtle off-tones in-

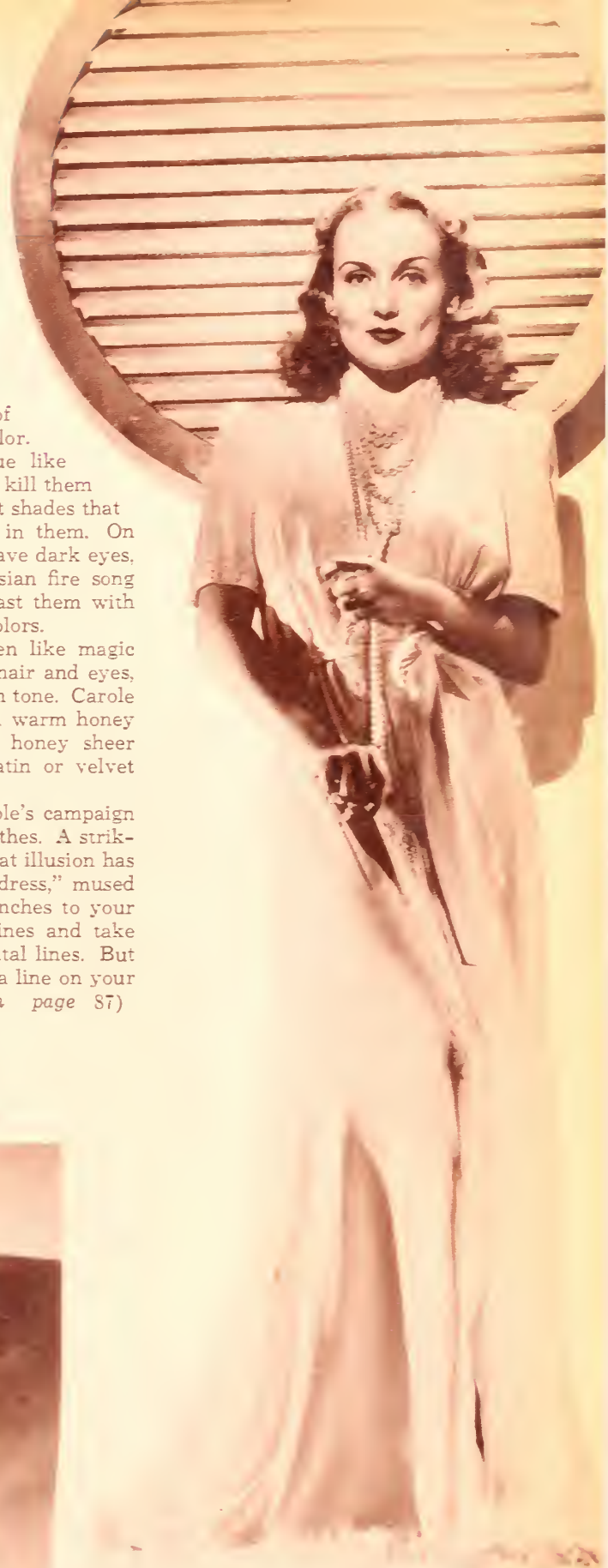
stead. Blue-grays, wine, Rembrandt green, coral, lots of black and white. She has discovered the secret of dressing the face, of dramatizing it with color.

If your eyes are blue like hers, for example, never kill them with high color. Use soft shades that will make pastel lights in them. On the other hand, if you have dark eyes, just remember the Russian fire song of that name and contrast them with brilliant colors, flame colors.

If you want to deepen like magic the shade of both your hair and eyes, wear a dress in your skin tone. Carole does that. Her skin is a warm honey tone. Often she wears honey sheer wools by day, honey satin or velvet by night.

The next step in Carole's campaign was getting a line on clothes. A striking line. "I found out that illusion has a lot to do with smart dress," mused Carole. "You can add inches to your height with sweeping lines and take them away with horizontal lines. But the main thing is to get a line on your outfit (Continued on page 87)

Black slipper satin is Mrs. Gable's choice for evening, with no vivid color contrasts, since that destroys the subtlety for a blonde. Distinction comes from an artfully draped black lace shawl



Further accent on simplicity: A coral hostess gown, untrimmed except for a hand-embroidered scroll. She gives it a fillip with heavy pearls



CUTIE-PUSS

When a girl wants something badly, she'd give the coat off her back to get it. Bunny did—literally

BY

ALBERT TREYNOR

THE Story So Far: She'd amazed the world at 8 as the child prodigy of Hollywood; she'd sailed through ten years of success and public adulation; and she ended up at 18 with no job, an "old" child star with nowhere to go. It would have broken any other girl, but Bunny Stanwood was not the type who gave in easily. That was why she'd determined to have a life of her own and thus had sent her stand-in, Natalie Irwin, in her place to a girls' school in the East in which her family had enrolled her.

She herself—unknown to her mother and father, of course—had gone East, too, to Broadway, to find herself a job. She'd had little success at that, until she'd met Johnny Morrison and Gilbert Gilroy, two young playwrights and, as plain Joan Brown, had gotten herself the leading part in their play by offering to be their "angel."

But she hadn't been able to turn the trick. Her desperate wire for \$5,000 to her father, sent through Natalie at school, had brought back nothing but an admonishing letter. She hated to face Johnny, for the cast of "High Olympus" was even then rehearsing in McIntyre's unused theater in a little Massachusetts town. But he had to know that there was no money forthcoming, even at the expense of her

own role in the play. And that was just what happened. When Bunny broke the news, she was out—her role was taken from her and her rival, Cissy Bolingsbroke, stepped into the lead.

Bunny was happy, though, to play a small role in Johnny's play, especially when that meant that Johnny himself took time off from his extra job washing cars to coach her. What was better yet—the play was still to go on. A group of old-time vaudeville actors, old friends of Mac's, rallied around and produced their lifetime savings to help him out of his pinch. The only trick was that parts would have to be written into the play for them—and Johnny and Gil shook their heads in despair at the thought.

It was then that Bunny took a hand. "If I were you and Gil," she said to Johnny, "I'd boil the play down to fifteen minutes and let Mac go hog-wild with the rest of the show!"

Johnny was soaking the mud off an automobile with a hose. He simply turned and, half in fun, half seriously, let Bunny have it full in the face.

Then—she didn't know how it happened, nor did he—they were in each other's arms and Johnny was croon-

ing over her, "Cutie-Puss, you little idiot, you little darling."

When she got back to the theater she was walking on air, Johnny had held her in his arms . . . would have kissed her if Gil hadn't come in right then. She hurried down to her dressing room, lighted the light. Then she stepped back abruptly. Somebody was rolled up in draperies, sleeping on Bunny's mattress.

It was a girl—a golden head. Bunny stared for an instant and then let out a couple of frozen sounds. "Nat! What the—Natalie Irwin!"

NOW Go On With The Story: The head of nuggetlike curls came up from the pillow and a pair of disapproving blue eyes blinked back at Bunny. "Well—if you call this being discovered by pictures—"

"What do you want?" Bunny gasped. "What are you doing here? Why aren't you in school?"

"I got kicked out of school." Natalie looked a little sullen about it, a little defiant. "They've wired your parents to take the brat home!"

Bunny had dropped in a lump on the mattress. "But—but Nat—how could you—when everything was so beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" Nat gaped around the cellar dressing room, at the cracked

Bunny rose from her seat and gave a wild glance at the microphone. She didn't dare wait—she had to do it right now

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK DOBIAS



mirror, the rust-stained basin, the scrofulous walls.

"Dad—he'll find out about everything now! And he'll—and Mother, she'll—Oh, Nat, how could you?"

Nat seemed to think Bunny was making a lot of fuss over nothing. "I guess maybe I got too fresh with the dean, or whatever they call that bossy dame. So I beat it and saw New York for a couple of days, and then—well, here I am!"

Bunny stumbled from her mattress, twisting her hands, pacing the floor. "Just when I was getting somewhere—and—and Johnny—" She caught herself, turned wildly on Nat. "Nobody's going to

stop me! Not you, or Dad, or Mother."

"Stop you what?" asked Nat.

"Come on!" said Bunny. "Get up! Get out of that!"

"But, Bunny—"

"Don't you call me that! I'm Joan—see? And you're my cousin—see?"

"Yes, but—"

"Get dressed, will you? I want to lie to Johnny about you and get it over with!"

"Ho!" said Nat, and looked askance at the strange little water-soaked figure that had come down from ermine to overalls. "So there's a Johnny, is there?"

Bunny smiled dreamily. Then she turned into a minor whirlwind. "Get 'em on!" She snatched up a handful of silken underthings, threw them at Nat and hauled her out of the covers.

Johnny wasn't at the parking lot—

maybe he was at the lunch wagon at the railroad station. She peeked in at the lunch counter, saw no one and then turned back down the station platform.

The place was deserted. There was a bundle of newspapers that evidently had been kicked off one of the owl trains from New York. As Bunny walked under the lighted shed, she glanced idly at the bale of newsprint—and stopped dead in her tracks.

It was smeared across the front page of a roped-up paper in the blackest of type—her own name. It whammed her between the eyes: Bunny Stanwood Disappears.

Bunny went limp. She dropped to her knees and tore the top newspaper out of the bundle. In a panic her eyes leaped down the double-leaded column. She (Continued on page 66)



Why the



Perfect Wife's Marriage Failed

These are the things Myrna Loy might have told you about her breakup with Arthur Hornblow Jr. They are things that make you wonder if romance is, after all, the right basis for marriage

BY ELIZABETH OWENS

WHEN it was announced a few weeks ago that Myrna Loy was to go to court and file her action for divorce against Arthur Hornblow Jr., even Hollywood, bitterly accustomed to separations and partings, was hurt in its secret heart. The marriages of Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Carole Landis—this year's crop of swift unions and swift dissolves—were all obviously madcap from start to fierce finish. Hollywood positively hoped that the Norma Shearer-George Raft romance would not last—and it didn't. Everybody knew, almost from the moment of the wedding, that Crawford and Tone would eventually part. But Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow Jr.! That was really a marriage, not just a flaming romance that had been solemnized with a ceremony.

Myrna announced that she would get the divorce because of incompatibility of temperament.

She let it go at that and, perforce, Hollywood had to let it go at that, too, for incompatibility is the cause of every divorce, if you want to put a fine point on it, and constitutes legal grounds in the state of California.

There were, however, a lot of things that Myrna might have told if she were not the kind of person she is. They were things that would have stirred people's hearts with tender sympathy. They were the things that make you wonder, sometimes, if romance is the right basis for marriage after all; that make you consider if perhaps it isn't smarter to base a marriage on practical reasons and to more or less count love out of it.

For Myrna could have told a story of a woman's love, if she had been willing to.

She could, for instance, have started back on the exciting, sun-drenched, exquisite day four years ago when she and Arthur Hornblow were wed. She could have told how they were so giddy and happy about the whole event that they completely

forgot about ordering her a bouquet.

They had gone just across the Mexican border to Tia Juana for the ceremony and in the moment before the binding words were to be read by a sleepy Mexican justice, Arthur climbed over the fence into a field of wild flowers they saw growing there and gathered Myrna a colorful bunch of them.

The gesture delighted Myrna. That wild, sweetly foolish bouquet was like a symbol of the marriage she wanted for herself and Arthur. She wanted their entire life together to be like that, uncalculated, never stuffy, always charming.

THE start of their romance had not been too happy. Arthur had been married then, married to Julie Hornblow, though long estranged from her. Juliette Crosby Hornblow had been an actress, too.

Myrna could have told that Arthur wasn't the first man she had loved, but that he was so surely, so wonderfully, the first man she had wanted to marry and to live with forever after. Almost from the moment of their introduction, she was in love with him, stimulated by his colorful intelligence, fascinated by his ambitions, touched by his loneliness. She wavered, in fact, between ecstasy and anguish for a couple of years, the ecstasy of her love and the anguished fear that he might never attain his freedom.

So it was not alone because of her love but also because he had already known one marriage, and that an unhappy one, that made her determine on that day in Mexico, when he was finally free and they were able to wed, that she would be a perfect wife. She would create a perfect marriage. She and Arthur, she swore, would be no average man and wife. They would be sweethearts forever, playmates and

partners in love forever. Theirs would be a romance that would never be allowed to die.

That, of course, would have been a wonderful start on Myrna Loy's love story. She could have made the story most thrilling if she had gone into how she and Arthur built their dream of a house. Its setting was a hollow hidden in the hills, an untamed spot that Myrna had discovered when she first arrived from Billings, Montana, and which she had loved ever since. The house they built was a white, rambling country affair. They put plain wire fences around it and surrounded themselves not with swimming pools and tennis courts and such show-off things but with the permanent natural things, fruit trees and massed flowers and tangled wild-woods where birds could safely sing.

It would have been sweet to have heard, too, about their first three years when they lived in that honeymoon house. They were rich, of course, rich with their combined salaries, rich in friendships, rich enough in every way to go in for a lot of things which are definitely chichi, but which are equally colorful and fun; wines at the right room temperature, exotic imported foods, flowers chosen to match the colors of Myrna's gowns and guests picked to match the mood of the host.

ARTHUR glowed over being lord of the manor and Myrna glowed over him in that role. Arthur was always a magnificent host and their parties were always correctly done, in terms of menu, wines and the like. They never gave big jamborees; they weren't apt to be formal, either, in the sense of everyone's dressing for dinner and all that. But the Hornblow parties were perfect in the aesthetic and gustatory sense.

As a result, about a year ago, Myrna was distinctly overweight. The studio murmured about it. Myrna smiled about (*Continued on page 71*)

REDHEADED

Rebel



As she is: Greer Garson, half wild Irish, half sedate Scotch, with a devil mixed up in the middle



As she was: The only early picture of Greer ever taken, now worn in a locket on her mother's neck

When a woman admits that she once proposed to a man you know she'll tell you a lot of other things. Greer Garson does

BY RUTH WATERBURY

SHE came into this world howling like a banshee, this Greer Garson who first stole the hearts of movie-goers with her gentle *Mrs. Chips* only to recapture them in her recent "Pride And Prejudice"; she who is now the distinctive star chosen by M-G-M to realize their higher hopes.

She came into this world in Ireland's County Down on the twenty-ninth day of September in that blessed lull just before the World War when even in Ireland all people believed that peace and permanent prosperity were guaranteed.

She made her debut into life resting grandly upon an excessively pink satin pillow, a ceremonial pillow that had been in the Garson family for generations for just such occasions. In her case she was supposed to be starting a new line of Garsons, a line of four at least, but instead of being an angel child about this honor she lay there howling, too long of figure and equally scarlet of face and hair. She made, in fact, such an unholy sight, clashing against that poisonous pink that her very young mother, sitting up on a trembling elbow, took one look at her, gasped, "Why, she has red hair," and then flopped down in bitter discouragement, her anguished face turned against the wall.

Today she swears that remark conveyed itself to her hour-old consciousness: for as she grew up a busy, serious and lonely little girl among the hedgerows of Ireland, she loathed her hair and automatically hated anybody who nicknamed her "Ginger," as every stranger was wont to do.

The family searched violently back into both lines of ancestry to justify her coloring. They couldn't reach a final conclusion as to which line of forebears that hair could be traced: to Eric the Red on her father, George Garson's side, or to the brigand Rob Roy McGregor (Roy means "red" in Scottish) on her mother's.

Either way, she came from fighters from way back, and a good thing that was, too, or she would not have survived at all. Because she was, as fate had it, to be the only Garson child, her father dying suddenly when she was less than four months old and

Unromantic childhood recollections of M-G-M's romantic star: "Every winter was a nightmare of long woolen underwear, colds, bronchitis and cod-liver oil"

she and her girl mother left with a tiny income of a very few pounds a year and a big gloomy house a few miles outside of London.

There was also a string of small, all-alike houses in a dull and dreary district near by, a half-forgotten investment that now presented an obvious economy. So into one of these they moved. Although they made the little house gay and charming inside, the locale was unlovely and uncongenial. "We had some kind neighbors," Greer says, "but we lived very much to ourselves and longed for the summer months when we escaped back to Ireland for heavenly long visits to my grandparents' home in the sweet green countryside.

"Ours was not a dramatic poverty," she confesses today as she sits in her charming Beverly Hills home, her beautiful mother close beside her, a punctilious butler serving tea from an exquisite silver tea service, the candlelight from crystal sconces flickering down upon bowls of fat red roses scattered everywhere. "Ours was that niggardly, cramping poverty of budget books gone over every week, of one pair of shoes supplementing one dress, of one pair of concert tickets weighed against paying the doctor's bill. We always had enough to eat, Mother and I, and we always were warm and housed, but there always was fear, too, fear that we wouldn't be able to make our money go quite around."

Her childhood, on the whole, was not a very happy one. She was always frail. "Every winter was a nightmare of long woolen underwear and colds, bronchitis and cod-liver oil," Greer confesses. "I was ill regularly, six weeks every autumn, six weeks every spring, ill enough to be put to bed for those intervals."

"People said I'd never raise her," her mother adds. "I thought, 'She'll never live to be 21.' By the time she was 15 she had had enough illness to fill most lifetimes."

At school, she was naturally good at hockey and tennis but not strong enough to play them and her weaknesses, combined with the blight of her red hair and the fact that she grew tall inches and inches beyond her small schoolmates, caused her agonies of (Continued on page 89)





Value of the Harold Lloyd house (living room, right) is so great the Lloyds can scarcely afford living there



On the way up, Marie Dressler loved cottages. Once a star, she built a mansion



Left: Claudette Colbert never expected to spend more than \$65,000 for her house. The final cost was a quarter of a million



The old snob tradition of an expensive home is on the way out. Example: The Gables, who live simply on a Valley ranch

THIS is the season of the year when Hollywood, having made, digested and spit out their New Year's resolutions, becomes social and class-conscious.

In bygone years, there was only one class of people in Hollywood—the working class. Everybody knew everybody else. If you weren't invited to a party and you happened to pass a house lit up like a gambling ship, you just parked your car and went in, because you knew you hadn't been intentionally overlooked; the hostess had simply been too busy to invite you. And you were received with open arms. That was in the good old days which, unfortunately, are gone forever.

Not until lately did a lot of Hollywood people know that there was a Los Angeles Blue Book, because there were so few motion-picture names in it. Among the favored few to break into the sacred pages were the Harold Lloyds, the Alan Mowbrays, the Eddie Robinsons, the John Boles, the Irving S. Cobbs and Bob Stack.

But this year, having Babs Hutton (the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow), Thelma Morgan (the former Lady Furness), Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt, Lady Mendl and seeds of others among our permanent inhabitants, the Los Angeles Blue Book has begun to mean something to Hollywood, especially since in the 1941 edition a num-

WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY

A famous columnist and radio gossip exposes members of the caste in Hollywood to tell who hob-snobs with whom

By Hedda Hopper

ber of movie names are being added.

However, the Hollywood film colony society, which is separate and distinct from Los Angeles society, is still ruled only by the pay check, no matter how it is earned. From that standpoint, Hollywood is one of the most class-conscious places on this earth. You've never heard of a producer's marrying an extra girl, or a feminine star's marrying a stand-in. Some have married B actors and lived happily only long enough to fool the public, so the divorce wouldn't be too obvious.

People have torn their hair and cried "Shame!" over the cruelty of the caste system of Mother India, but it would take a wiser man than Mahatma Gandhi to bridge the chasm between a \$200 a week actor and the one who earns \$5,000.

In Hollywood, which is the last lap of free gold—and I don't mean the kind dug from the earth with pick and shovel—phonies and racketeers are considered gentlemen if they happen to be running with the right crowd and are not only invited to the best houses but are also asked to take the wives out dancing when the higher-ups are too busy to go themselves. They can get away with everything short of murder—and several have even tried to do that—simply because they know the right people in the right places and at some time or other in their lives were useful to them.

There are lots of things besides acting ability that determine your salary in this town. The first requisite is to find a successful agent. Agents cast almost as many pictures as producers and are among the only people here that producers fear. Also, it's never been known to hurt a star's standing to marry a producer. That immediately puts her right up in the aristocracy class. Being only human, after all, our salary aristocrats enjoy depositing the largest checks written anywhere—and who wouldn't? I'm sure I would, if I could get one.

However, this lasts only until a smart lawyer comes into the picture, for they never will realize that the bigger the check, the bigger the income tax. A few wise girls here are actually working for \$50,000 less per picture than they could get, thereby working more for themselves and less for Washington. Then, too, their success will last much longer, because the public won't grow so tired of their faces.

THE salary caste imposes many burdens. First of all, according to our snob tradition, the star must have an expensive home. Claudette Colbert told me when she started building her home she never expected to spend more than \$65,000 for it, but it cost her a quarter of a million, not because she wanted it that way, but because there are so many willing salesmen who

shove you into things you don't want, just because you're too busy or too tired to argue. It's so much easier just to say, "All right, go ahead—I'll take it." But the headache comes after you've paid the bill and it's a headache that lingers on.

There's the story of the Harold Lloyds. When they first moved into their Beverly Hills home (which at that time was way out in the country) it was so large, so imposing they felt lost in it and kept riding up and down in the elevator because it was the only cozy place they could find. Now they're trying to have their taxes lowered due to the fact that the house has grown so in value they can scarcely afford to live there.

Why have such expensive places when most of the guests rarely get beyond the swimming pool, tennis courts and dining room anyway? And the upkeep of these palaces equals that of a young hotel. Many of our former stars have landed at the bottom simply because of their foolish efforts to maintain the homes they believed their positions demanded.

Even with all Marie Dressler's greatness, she had the same complex. As you know, she arrived here broke and the first time she visited me in my little home, she said, "If I could only have a place like this to call my own!"

Time marched on, as it has a habit of doing, and (Continued on page 96)

Gin Rummy's —the Rage!

It rates ace-high at Hollywood parties: Below: Arline Judge, Jack Oakie, Louella Parsons and husband Dr. Martin. The Martins are Gin Rummy champs



They play it at home in bed: Anne Shirley and Constance Moore

They play it tête-à-tête at the Brown Derby: Mary Beth Hughes and Bob Stack



Everybody's playing it in Hollywood. It starts twosomes, makes marriages and keeps the divorce wolf away from the door

The Gin Rummy instructions given here are Constance Moore's Photographs by Hyman Fink

GIN RUMMY is played with an ordinary deck of cards. Only two may play.

Basically, this game is the same as ordinary rummy with only a few variations. Each player is dealt ten cards. The remainder of the pack is placed face down in the center of the table with one card turned up.

If the player opposite the dealer wants the card he picks it up. If he doesn't, the dealer may take it if he desires and the play begins from *him*, in that case.

Each player tries to get as many sequences, and three or four of a kind in his hand as he possibly can. One card at a time is picked up and one is automatically discarded.

This is important to remember:

Each player tries to get as many low-score cards in his hand as possible—thus aces, counting only as one, are at a premium, with twos, threes, fours, etc., very gratifying to have. Picture cards, of course, are persona non grata, if you are caught at the end without having them in sequence or in a bundle of three or four of a kind.

Here's where the real action begins: Regardless of whether or not a player has filled all the sequences and threes or fours of a kind, he may "lay down" his hand at any time he believes he has a lower score in his hand than his opponent has.

Thus a player may lay down: Three of a kind; a sequence of four, such as eight, nine, ten, jack of spades; and have an ace, a three and a four left over. In that case, only these eight points count against him.

But his worthy opponent, on this showdown play, may actually have

fewer points in *his* hand than the person who lays down the hand. For instance, this individual may have three fours, three nines, a six and seven of spades and an ace.

He is accorded the privilege of playing on the cards laid down by the first person. Thus No. 2 may play his six and seven of spades on No. 1's run of spades. Then, with only an ace left from his hand counting one point against him, No. 2 is seven points to the good over No. 1.

The most dramatic play of the game is "The Blitzkrieg," in which one player lays down a hand that has been entirely completed. In this case he gets not only all the points caught in his opponent's hand, but an additional bonus of ten points for "The Blitzkrieg" play.

Game is one hundred points. Cards are counted for their face value. Picture cards are counted ten apiece.

MRS. JOHN JACOR ASTOR



MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR.
(FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEHR)



MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT



MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY
(the former MRS. JOHN HAY WHITNEY)



MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE (the former MRS. ANGIER BIDDLE DUKE)



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III



AMERICAN PASSPORT

WHAT stamps you an American girl? Proclaims it in remotest corners of the globe?

That aura of bright, pervasive freshness. The conscious perfection of groomed hair, groomed nails, chic dress—*twice*-clean skin.

That cool freshness of petal-smooth skin is your American passport to Beauty. Cultivate it, as do so many members of leading American families—by devoted observance of the Pond's ritual:—

SMOOTH ON your face and neck clouds of tender, caressing Pond's Cold Cream. Then *slap* your cream-coated skin smartly for 3 full minutes. This deliciously slippery cream cleanses and softens. It mixes with dirt and make-up, the dried, dead cells on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE OFF all this softened debris with deft Pond's Tissues.

AGAIN SLAP with cream-laden fingers. And again clean off with caressing Pond's Tissues. These creamy spankings

enhance both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Lines seem less apparent, pores seem diminished.

FOLLOW with the COOL, WET FRAGRANCE of Pond's Skin Freshener.

COAT this freshened, dewy face with a layer of a distinctly other type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's distinguishing duty is to *disperse* remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, and leave your skin silky-smooth—pliant! Wait one full minute before wiping it off. Then see how it has left an indubitable mat finish on your skin. How competently it both receives and holds your powder!

Perform this ritual in full at least once, night or daytime. And in briefer form again whenever your skin and your make-up demand freshening. Keep your face ever cool, clean, sweet as a flower—as do millions of lovely American girls—with Pond's.

Send for Trial Case. Fill in and forward coupon below. Pond's, Dept. 8MM-CVE, Clinton, Conn.

So I may start my Pond's ritual at once, please send my trial kit of basic preparations I need, including the 3 famous Pond's Creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____



MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. . .
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELY DU PONT . . . MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE . . .
MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY . . . MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III
names which represent six great American families of culture, wealth and distinction. Each follows the Pond's ritual

GUEST EDITOR
TOMMY BOND

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

Tommy Bond, Hollywood correspondent. Arithmetic gets him down—way down

DEAR JUNIORS:

I've been reading MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR for years now, so it's quite a change to be writing it myself; and I'm awfully glad that now I have the chance to write you a letter, too, and maybe have you write to me.

The last picture I played in was "A Little Bit of Heaven" and I was Gloria Jean's boy friend in it. I think I enjoyed that picture more than any other because Gloria is one of my favorite actresses as well as being a simply swell girl, and Butch and Buddy are a lot of fun, too.

I came out to Hollywood six years ago when I was 7, to play in the Our Gang comedies. You see, we lived in Dallas, Texas, and my sister Jane, who's four years older than I, was going to dancing school there. They were planning to put on a play at the school and asked if I'd sing something, although I wasn't connected with the school. So I sang "Now's The Time To Fall In Love" and luckily a talent scout from Hal Roach studios was in the audience, so he told my family to bring me out to Hollywood.

My grandmother came out with me and then the rest of the family followed about three or four months later. She took me right to the Hal Roach studio and Mr. Roach put me right in the "Our Gang" comedies and there I was in pictures.

After two years of that, they thought I was getting too big to continue in the comedies. Gus Edwards was having an audition over at KFVB for his "Schooldays of the Air" over the radio, so I tried out for it and got on the program as master of ceremonies. It ran for thirty-six weeks.

Then I got the part of mascot on Nelson Eddy's team in "Rosalie." Mr. Eddy is a swell person to work with and that picture was fun.

After that I went into "Hideaway" with Fred Stone and then Columbia signed me up to play *Joey* in the "Five Little Peppers" series with Edith Fellows. That was swell and we all had a lot of fun. Charles Barton was the director and he was wonderful to us.



I'm in the 8A grade and go to school in Encino near where I live. We live on a ranch in Tarzana which is about ten miles away from Hollywood. We've got an acre of ground, with walnut trees and peach, plum, lime and other fruit trees, and two cocker spaniels. Jane has a white horse which she calls April, and Rocky is my horse. He's a cow horse and jet black.

It's swell going to public school. But the arithmetic we have to do gets me down. I'd like to go to college if I could manage it without having to drop out of pictures. When I'm working, I have to go to school on the lot, of course, but I'm on the Encino volley ball team and the football team; so they get a substitute for me when I'm at the studio.

Before we moved out to the ranch, we lived in Brentwood, in one of the canyons. But after the rains flooded us out back in 1937 we decided to get to a little more level ground. It was very exciting and pretty dangerous, too. It rained for several days and the water just poured down the canyon and finally it came up to the house and started coming in through the door, at which time we got scared and rushed out to the car. The water was almost up to the wheels and it wouldn't start, so we had to get out

again and wade up to a big house higher on the hill. All the lights had gone out, but the people there took us in until finally much later a taxi was able to get through so we could go to a hotel. When it stopped raining we went back home again. The house wasn't damaged much, but mud had piled up three feet in the yard and all around the house. It was certainly an awful feeling, struggling through the water to get some place where it was dry. It was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me.

Writing you this letter makes me feel as though I knew all you Juniors very well. Thanks for reading it.

Your friend,

TOMMY BOND.

P.S.—How about writing to me, too? If you'll write and tell me what's the most exciting thing that's ever happened to you, I'll give ten autographed photos to the ten boys or girls writing in the most interesting letters. Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them, so please write to me in care of MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, but be sure to mail your letters before January 25th, 1941.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly, we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

MOVIE MIRROR announces the following winners in the Movie Mirror Junior-Dickie Jones contest:

Louise Thacker, Kissimmee, Fla.; Lela Peel, 1616 Des Moines Ave., Portsmouth, Va.; Angelina Mojodo, San Xavier Sanatorium, Tucson, Ariz.; Don Mullin, Alice Manor No. 12, Vincennes, Ind.; Danny Luongo, 5 Webster St., Newark, N. J.; Gladys Fuchs, 5946 Madison St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Dollie Nelson, Omar, W. Va.; Jeannette Garner, General Delivery, Norvell, Mich.; Mary Cobery, 10 Chauncey Ave., Lowell, Mass.; Helen Lea Stock, Box 282, 307 Tarpley St., Burlington, N. C.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Can your Beauty really be Re-Born?

“Yes!” says *Lady Esther*

“In your **NEW-BORN-SKIN!**”



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!

Just under your present surface skin . . . a New-Born Skin is coming to life. Will it have a New-Born beauty? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help to make it smoother, lovelier . . . so your New-Born Skin may make you younger looking when it comes to view.

WOMEN eagerly ask . . . “Is it true? . . . Will I have a New-Born Skin?” Yes . . . sooner than you know, the skin you see and touch today, will be gone, flaked away. For underneath this surface skin, new beauty is awakening in the young skin which is growing to life, and preparing to replace your older and worn-out skin of today.

Will this New-Born Skin flatter you . . . will it be lovelier . . . will it make you look younger?

Your New-Born Skin can bring a revelation of beauty to your face, if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help nature gently remove the flakes of old skin . . . soothingly to clear and cleanse away surface impurities. Only then can your New-Born Skin emerge in all its beauty and all its glory!

These dry flakes are the villains that can rob your New-Born Skin of beauty. They keep your face powder from looking smooth. They can and do make you look older.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream permeates these flakes of old skin. Dirt and impurities are loosened so they can be gently whisked away. Rough spots caused by dryness seem to vanish. You can prove this if you will use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream at least twice every day, and above all, just before you powder. How soft your skin will feel! How smooth your powder will look! For Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream makes your skin look smooth and helps you to keep your *accent on youth!*

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

See if he doesn't agree that only the finest, purest face cream can help your New-Born Skin to be as beautiful as it can be! See if he doesn't tell you that *every word* Lady Esther says is true . . . that her cream removes the dirt, the impurities and drab, dry skin particles. That it refreshes your skin and helps Nature to refine your pores.

Try my Cream *at my expense*. Let it reveal a first glimpse of the future loveliness that may be yours.



SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 63th St., Chicago, Ill. (64)
Please send me your generous sample tube of
Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of
Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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

\$10.00 PRIZE

Personal Note of Thanks

THANKS for making that swell picture "Knut Rockne—All American." Warner Brothers. You see—"Rock" has always been my hero. Yeah—ever since I made my first touchdown scrimmaging with the fellows down on the corner lot. Soon as I could I started reading all about him and Notre Dame's fighting Irish. A boy never forgets his childhood hero—especially when it's a great guy like Rockne.

Some of us fellows on the Varsity squad went to see your movie last week when it hit the little college town where I am lucky enough to be. It was just a few days before our toughest conference game.

We've got a swell coach here. He's got lots of pep and he's always back of us—greatest guy I've ever met, in fact. However, I feel that it was Rockne himself who coached this last game for us. I don't know about the rest of the fellows, but the enthusiasm and determination that I got from seeing that picture was better than any pep talk given between halves. We won the game, 7-6. It was a tough battle, too—take it from a guy who got a broken nose out of the deal.

Thanks again for introducing me to Rockne on the screen. It makes him seem so real to me now—just as if I had really known him. I'd like personally to give Pat O'Brien a slap on the back for his remarkable performance in this role. I'm sure there are lots of other college men who feel the same way about it, Pat.

L. A. WILLIAMS,
Macomb, Illinois

\$5.00 PRIZE

Encore For a Favorite

RECENTLY I went to a concert given by Jeanette MacDonald at Little Rock, Arkansas.

Weeks before she was scheduled to appear I began hearing rumors about her which were very uncomplimentary. I was on the verge of calling off my trip but when I did finally decide to go, my expectations were far from good.

After I had waited for an hour in my seat, third row from the front, the



Worth five dollars is a personal note about a personal appearance of Jeanette MacDonald

Speak FOR YOURSELF

go about meeting up with these picture stars? And is that mostly paint that makes her so purty?

I want to know before I go and get involved.

CY SAUM,
Yankton, South Dakota

\$1.00 PRIZE

An Open Letter To Tyrone Power

DEAR TYRONE,

You recently paused at the Nashville Municipal Airport long enough to make a phone call and visit the restaurant. You were immediately recognized and pursued by enthusiastic boys and girls. Your unexpected presence so added them that they could do nothing more than grin from ear to ear and thrust pieces of paper at you for autographs. Suddenly you wheeled around and burst forth, telling your young admirers to "stop bothering" you. Those grins faded away to expressions of bewilderment and those pieces of paper fluttered to the floor as they backed away.

Now, I understand that at this time you had important things on your mind—such as the problem of transporting Annabella's parents from bullet-ridden France to a safer place, but you are supposed to be a great actor. Couldn't you have put on a little act for those few minutes at the airport restaurant?

We fans are responsible for your popularity—and we hope you aren't letting us down.

Those Nashville kids think their hero is a big disappointment. I know, for I was one of them.

ANNA CLAIRE,
Nashville, Tennessee
(Continued on page 91)

lights in the auditorium were dimmed and I saw Jeanette MacDonald walk onto the stage. The audience was breathless, spellbound for a moment, then it burst into wild applause. Miss MacDonald was absolutely exquisite. Her gown was gorgeous—blue-gray net over pink—her complexion was flawless, her teeth perfect, her hair unbelievably beautiful, her voice as always—unsurpassable, her charm and grace and poise—I can find no words to describe them. I defy anyone to say that Jeanette MacDonald is not even more lovely in real life than she is on the screen.

She was called back again and again; her personality reached every heart in the entire audience. I was thrilled beyond words to see my favorite motion-picture actress come through with such an outstanding triumph.

I shall never again believe the ugly rumors I hear about actors and actresses in the motion-picture business. Jeanette MacDonald has given me faith in her and her kind and I hope to see her remain at the top as long as she herself wishes to do so.

CLEMMIE LOU WRIGHT,
Conway, Arkansas

\$1.00 PRIZE

Two Winners

SINCE corn and porks are gone up and I get a chance on a set of dishes along with the double feature, I been seeing quite a spell of movies for myself.

That Hedy Lamarr has got more 'oink' than my prize pig that got plastered with blue ribbons at the fair this fall. There's nothing like her in this country. How does a bachelor

IT'S BEAUTY NEWS FROM HOLLYWOOD!

LORETTA YOUNG




I NEVER NEGLECT MY DAILY LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIAL. IT'S A WONDERFUL BEAUTY CARE! FIRST PAT THE LATHER IN...

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!*



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!**



LUX
TOILET SOAP

Milder!
Costly Perfume!
Pure!
ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 13)

Scene: The Jack O'Lantern Ball, given by the League for Crippled Children at the Coconut Grove, Ambassador Hotel. Act I: The Fashion Show. The models were rolled out in huge hat boxes. Below is Rosalind Russell



caught the imagination of all Hollywood, these two people who would not permit careers, gossip, world havoc, to interfere with their love.

Now we learn, upon the completion of their co-starring film, "Lady Hamilton," they will quietly board the Clipper for home where Laurence will join the Royal Air Force and his wife will aid her country in war work, just to be near his side.

All Hollywood salutes their bravery and wishes them "happy landings."

Director Lombard: It was the last day of shooting on "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," so a festive air pervaded the set when we dropped in at the RKO ranch out Encino way. Just for a lark, it had been decided that Carole should turn director and put Alfred Hitchcock and Robert Montgomery through a scene. Director Hitchcock, looking very much like one of those round-bottomed dolls that you can't push over, stood around waiting to be directed, while Carole created vast amount of noise and confusion getting the cameras lined up. It was a simple scene: Robert Montgomery was to walk briskly by while Hitchy played the part of a panhandler, asking for a



Act II: Artistes Herbert Marshall, Howard McKay, Eddie Sutherland, Harold Brix and Spencer Tracy were given an assortment of hat materials, allowed three minutes to whip up a hat. Left: The assorted results. Mr. Tracy pinned his feather on backwards

Act III: The victors get the spoils. Master of ceremonies Jack Benny gives Tracy second prize, a hat decorated with champagne. Harold Brix wins first—a hat ordered for his wife from Vicki Lynn, the "Mad Hatter" of Beverly Hills, who put on the fashion show, donated materials



dime for a eup of coffee. Hitchy wanted to do it in the Hollywood manner and ask for a dollar. Lombard refused. Hitchy pouted. "Good!" cried Carole. "After Bob turns you down, you pout. And put pathos into it. Ready, camera? Well, what are we waiting for?"

This last brought a howl, because Hitchcock is always plaintively asking, "What are we waiting for?" It was a lot of fun and we tell it just to show what goes on out here, where making movies is supposed to be very, very hard work.

Cal's Tattle Tales: Jimmy Stewart stayed away from the airport the day Olivia de Havilland made her first solo flight. It was Jimmy who got Olivia interested in aviation. She made a six-minute flight alone and a perfect landing.

"Jimmy was afraid he'd make me nervous," Olivia explained. Sorry, Livvie, we heard it was the other way around.

Smart Girl: More and more it's becoming apparent in Hollywood that one movie career and one only in a family is the rule for happy marriage. With this so apparent, one smart girl, who loves her husband above all else, is taking steps in the right direction.

Yes, Carole Lombard, who loves her husband Clark Gable so devotedly, has announced in the future she'll make only one picture a year.

"At the very most, I'll make three in two years," Carole said. "I want to be free to join Clark in his 'between picture' vacations."

Maybe Carole has in mind that vacation Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have been trying to take together for several years. But either Bob is free while Barbara works or it's the other way around.

At any rate, the two-career marriages have only a 50-50 chance, it seems, and Carole Lombard is taking no chances with hers.

OKAY FOR SOUND

A column of disc data
on the new movie music

By JERRY MASON

YES Dance: Kay Kyser has been tilting the ticket receipts of local movie emporiums with his second RKO effort, "You'll Find Out." Among other things, four of the most recorded tunes of the year have emerged from that filimusal. Kay has done well by "The Bad Humor Man," "I'd Know You Anywhere," "You've Got Me This Way" and "I've Got A One Track Mind" (Columbia).

From there on, the field is practically wide open: Almost every batoneer who batons is booming the worthy "You'll Find Out" compositions. *Okay For Sound* says the best of the bunch is Jimmy Dorsey's "The Bad Humor Man" with "You've Got Me This Way" backing it up (Decca).

Calling Gramercy 5---- Artie Shaw's small swing group, called the Gramercy Five, has turned out "Summit Ridge Drive" and "Cross Your Heart." Swell jazz. For a sample of what Artie's big band does with soft strings and swing, try "Love Of My Life" and "A Handful of Stars" (Victor). The latter is from M-G-M's "Hullabaloo" and for further variations on it listen to Glenn Miller (Bluebird) and Jimmy Dorsey (Decca).

South American Way: One of the best gestures in months toward Pan-American friendship is made by honey-toned Dinah Shore, who sings the title song from Fox's "Down Argentine Way." "Yes, My Darling Daughter" is the companion piece. (Bluebird).

"Love Thy Neighbor": In those lulls when Fred Allen and Jack Benny aren't commercializing their feud before Paramount's cameras in "Love Thy Neighbor," Mary Martin is able to sneak in a few songs. You'll be hearing a lot of them, too. Bob Crosby on Decca and Tommy Dorsey, Victor, have both discsed up "Do You Know Why" and "Isn't That Just Like Love."

Two Bits Of Heaven: Universal has cornered the market on junior sopranos. First there was Deanna Durbin and then Gloria Jean. Deanna sings, liltingly, "When April Sings" and "Waltzing In the Clouds" (Decca). They come by way of Universal's "Spring Parade." Not so good was Gloria Jean's third starrer, "A Little Bit of Heaven." But the songs and Gloria Jean's talent were there: "After Ev'ry Rainstorm" and "A Little Bit of Heaven" (Decca).

Tough with Dirt...



Golden Bar or Golden Chips, Fels-Naptha Soap goes after dirt in a determined way that no pale, weak-kneed soap can hope to equal. For reaching under-the-surface dirt, for loosening ground-in grime, there's nothing like golden soap *plus* naptha, the thorough, persistent, gentle cleaner. GOLDEN soap *plus* naptha—Fels-Naptha!!

Gentle with Clothes

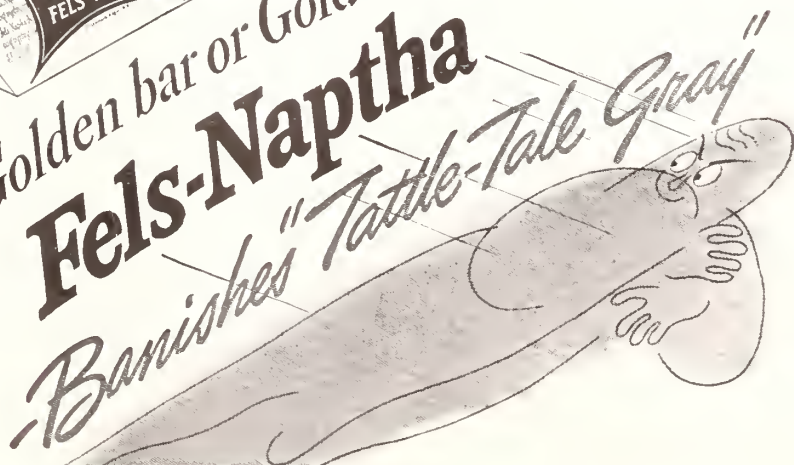


Fels-Naptha Soap is more than just an able dirt remover. This richer, *golden* soap literally 'floats away' the clinging dirt particles that only soap and naptha working together can really loosen. So it's plain common sense to wash your sheerest washable things the Fels-Naptha way. The *strenuous* rubbing that ruins delicate fabrics is unnecessary when Golden Soap and Gentle Naptha go to work. And Fels-Naptha is specially kind to hands, too.

It's worth knowing that Fels-Naptha Soap works well in any kind of water, hot or cool, hard or soft—that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips are actually 'non-snceze'. They were the very first to eliminate powdery dust that irritates your nose. Whether you're buying bar-soap or box-soap, tell your grocer you want FELS-NAPTHA. For free introductory bar of Fels-Naptha Soap, write Fels & Co., Dept. 9-B, Phila., Pa.



Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha



"—just to touch
your dear soft HANDS"



Cutie-Puss

(Continued from page 51)

caught it in black, stabbing flashes. . . . Bunny Stanwood vanishes from young ladies' college. Father admits she was enrolled under fictitious name. Her clothes and baggage left in dormitory room. Window found open. Golden girl decamps in the night. No word to her parents, no trace of her. Mr. Stanwood appeals to police and all governmental agencies to scour Atlantic seaboard for missing young woman. Mother on verge of a breakdown. . . .

BUNNY stumbled to her feet in consternation. A big story was building. The press was blowing it up.

"Nat!" Bunny moaned. "Why'd you do it?"

"Why wouldn't I?" asked Nat. "The dean ordered me to stick around the dormitory. Your father was sending Cornelius by plane. You think I want to face Cornelius—or your father?"

"Oh, gee!" said Bunny. "You've messed things up!"

"I think you're the one to explain to Cornelius," said Nat. "Not me."

"But—but what can I—what am I to do?"

"I figured you could send a telegram and tell your father it wasn't my fault—that you made me do something I didn't want to—"

"And have 'em find me? Dad'd jerk me out of here! He'd yank me home! And I'd never—I'd never again see—" Bunny's eyes brimmed with despair and she turned heavily and started back down the street. "If I don't get word to Mother somehow, she'll be having fits. She's got to know I'm all right!"

"Well, phone her, why don't you?" It all seemed quite simple to Nat.

But Bunny shook her head violently. "A phone booth'd be more dangerous than a telegraph office."

She turned sharply to Nat. "Say—what day is it?"

"Saturday. And if you want my advice—"

"Be quiet! Wait a minute! Hey—isn't Saturday one of Danny Davenport's nights?"

"Danny Davenport never liked you very much," Natalie recalled, with just a trace of complacency.

"Why—why, he'll be broadcasting tonight from New York. He has fifteen minutes on the Tilbury Coffee hour. Remember? Gosh—and Dad always listens in!"

"Remember what he said about you in 'Lady Flyaway'?" asked Nat.

"I got it!" Bunny was kindling with a new kind of excitement. "Look! You know the microphones they hang over the audiences in the broadcast studios, so you can hear 'em applaud and guffaw. They have 'em in New York, the same as Hollywood. If I could get in there tonight and holler into one of those audience mikes!"

She turned impetuously to Nat. "How much money you got left?"

"Huh?"

"We've got to have railroad fares to Radio City and back."

"About thirty bucks," said Nat. "And if I were you—"

They caught the 10:40 New York local.

THE invited audience was queuing up at Radio City for the Tilbury Coffee hour. Bunny was well aware that duets for almost any kind of a free show would be at a premium. Of course she asked for a pair, but the man only laughed.

Oh, well! She prowled among the line

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Why Most Girls' Hand Skin Needs Special Care

NATURE scamped a bit on your hand skin—made it less oily; easily cheated of its natural softening moisture.

All the more reason to use Jergens Lotion regularly! It's the easy way to furnish your skin with new skin-softening moisture.

Two ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help dry, rough skin to adorable smoothness. No stickiness! More girls use Jergens now than any other Lotion. Such a simple way to cultivate heart-winning soft hands! Regular use helps prevent mortifying roughness and chapping. Start now to use Jergens Lotion. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00.



FREE! . . . PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 3520 Alfred Street
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Let me see how soon Jergens Lotion helps me have
beable, soft hands! Send purse-size bottle, free.

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**JERGENS
LOTION**

FOR SOFT,
ADORABLE HANDS

of waiting ticketholders, to see what were chances. Up near the head of the queue she picked out a couple of women who she hoped might be open to reason. "I'd give anything," said Bunny, "to get in there and hear Danny Davenport." "Us too!" spoke up the younger of the women. "I betcha he dishes the dirt on Bunny!" "How do you like my coat?" Bunny inquired. "Baby lamb. Isn't it elegant? It's worth five hundred bucks. Look!" She opened the buttons to exhibit the lowered satin lining. "Trade you for your tickets and your coat to boot." The girl was as small as Bunny. Her coat was a kind of a curly frieze. She latched it tighter around her and stared. "Look!" Bunny pivoted and gave a great job of modeling. "Maw!" gasped the girl. "It's just made for a svelte figure like hers!" said Bunny. "Honey, let's see how it fits." It fitted all right. Maw saw to that. She walked around the coat, felt its lamby softness, peered under the armpits, maybe for moths. "Humph!" she said. And the next thing Bunny knew, she had two tickets in her hand and the frieze wrapped around her, while Maw and daughter got away from there so fast you'd have thought the cops were after them. Bunny grabbed Nat and hauled her into the coffee-show line-up.

AT the quarter-hour stroke in the big radio center building the doors of one of the soundproof grottoes opened up and the crowd surged in. Bunny and Fatalie were in the forefront. A quick glance around, and Bunny spotted the nearest audience mike. She steered Nat to the seats directly underneath.

The place filled up, was sealed up. The orchestra went on the air. They got the commercial out of the way. Then came Danny Davenport.

Mr. Davenport wore his evening clothes for the benefit of those in the hall. He was quizzical and bald and for his size had voice out of all proportion. Having accepted his introduction he opened his script and went to work.

Bunny sat tight and gripped the arms of her chair.

To Mr. Davenport a microphone was a big gloating ear into which you hoarsely spilled your confidences all over the United States.

"Friends!" he said—"I'll bet you're expecting a Davenport exclusive on the girl-of-the-hour. Yes? O.K. Don't tell mybody—but— Bunny Stanwood never attended the women's college where she was supposed to be enrolled! She planted a stand-in! Friends, it was the plant who disappeared from that dormitory room! Bunny herself vanished from the public eye many weeks ago, after a blazing row with her boss Jake Flanders!"

Bunny rose from her seat and cast a wild glance at the microphone above her head. Maybe they had shut it off and just left the stage mike for the commentator. Or if they hadn't, they might any minute. She didn't dare wait. If Dad were listening in—she'd better let him have it fast. . . .

"Friends—I don't know the rest of the answers!" Mr. Davenport confessed. "Where is Bunny today? Do her parents know? Does Meteor-Argus know? Is it a hush-hush conspiracy to cheat the newshounds of some juicy morsel? Or is it merely a frame-up in the name of sweet publicity—?"

That was where Bunny took her fate in her hands. She drew a quivering

"—one kiss on your
satin-smooth FACE"



New "ONE-JAR" Beauty Treatment soon helps your
Complexion to Inviting Smoothness, helps against dull, Dry Skin

CLEAR, fine skin, smooth as satin! So easy for you to cultivate now, with this new Jergens Face Cream!

All-purpose cream—so "right" for every type of skin, it's endorsed by Alix, famous creator of lovely fashions.

Use this one new Jergens Face Cream every day: (1) for expert cleansing; (2) to help soften your skin; (3) for a smooth finish for powder; and (4) as a lovely Smooth-Skin night cream to help against dry skin. You know, very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early and so look old too soon.

You owe this delightful new cream to Jergens skin scientists, who make the popular Jergens Lotion for your soft hands. Have "kissable" skin; use this simple

new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, \$1.00 a jar at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today, sure!

Endorsed by *Alix of Paris*
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USERS PRAISE IT!

Walter Winchell introduced Jergens Face Cream on the air. Thousands tried this new cream.

"Smooths dry skin amazingly," writes Mrs. Betty Gordon, New York City. "My skin looks fresh and clear. I heartily praise Jergens Face Cream."

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The Andrew Jergens Company, 1604 Alfred Street Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario) Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

Mrs. T----- handles a Difficult Case



Billy raised an awful fuss today when I tried to give him a laxative. I even promised him new skates - but he just wouldn't take the stuff.



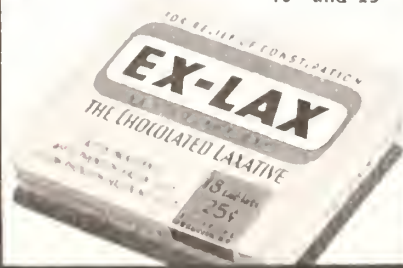
Mother had a bright idea. Told me to try giving Billy some Ex-Lax. He balked at first, but one bite and he was all smiles! Simply loved that chocolate taste!



Billy slept quietly all night. This morning Ex-Lax worked fine - didn't upset him a bit. I'll never have to bribe him to take a laxative again!

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¢



breath and yelled. "Hello, I'm fine! Dad--"

It was as far as she got. A scandalized gasp swept through the audience. Mr. Davenport dropped his script and wheeled in stupefaction. And three ushers ganged up on Bunny, clamped hands over her face and mouth, tied her up, stopped her cold.

It all happened fast. But the guy in the control room probably was a split second faster. The studio audience almost could feel the vast wall of silence blanking them off from the rest of America. Maybe Bunny's desperate cry had got out, and maybe it hadn't.

Bunny was being marched up the aisle, with Natalie discreetly following, while people gaped and gasped. She didn't try to hold back or hide her face. That would be silly. Let 'em look her over if they wanted to. In her disfiguring, trade-in coat, her hair uncombed since morning, without a vestige of make-up, she couldn't be much of a treat. What's more, she didn't look like Bunny Stanwood!

NIGHT court was something new to Bunny. It seemed a stuffy place, not dramatic or even frightening. She had gathered vague ideas somewhere that policemen always got tough with their prisoners. But her cops were different.

One of them was whispering to the judge and then Bunny heard her name called—or anyway, the one she was using at the moment.

"Jenny Brown."

She stood up and looked around uncertainly. The bailiff beckoned to her. A trifle weak-kneed, she got over to the bench and stood.

The court favored her with a trifle more than his routine scrutiny.

"I wonder," the judge asked at length, "if you appreciate the general public usefulness of our broadcasting systems?"

"Yes, sir," said Bunny.

"Don't interrupt!" he frowned. "When an individual sets his personal interests contrary to the public interest, he becomes a nuisance."

Bunny didn't dare answer. She just nodded.

"Why did you yell into that microphone?" demanded the court.

"I only wanted to say hello to Paw and Maw," Bunny faced him, the soul of frankness, of gawky innocence.

"Where do you live?"

"New Orleans," said Bunny.

"I don't think you were actuated by any such dutiful impulse," the court took issue. "I think you yelled into that mike just for the fun of it."

She opened her mouth, but he checked her sharply.

"Young woman, the court sympathizes. All of us have irrational impulses to holler out in meeting, but most of us have the self-control to resist our wanton promptings. Those who haven't should be glad to pay for their fun. . . . The fine is ten dollars. Next case, please."

ALL the way back to Danville Bunny dozed in the seat corner of a clanking day coach and ignored the pessimisms of Natalie. But the instant the brakeman called out the familiar station name, she was awake and alert, eagerly breathing the brisk morning air of New England.

As the girls climbed off the owl train, a bundle of newspapers came bouncing out of the baggage coach and rolled across the station platform. Even before the train pulled out, Bunny was down on her hands and knees, scanning the morning headlines.

And yes, it was all there in screaming banners:

"BUNNY BREAKS IN ON BROADCAST

Little princess flashes word to father. Stanwood identifies voice of runaway daughter. Crazy attempt to relieve mother's fears succeeds. World-familiar face unrecognized by noted movie commentator. Fabled youngster arrested for mad escapade. Pays fine and flees. Stanwood's phone call from Bel Air to Radio City relayed to Judge Hibbard's court just a few seconds too late. Bunny disappears again."

The melodramatic story turned the front page. There were probably columns more of it. Bunny, however, didn't bother to untie the rope. She could imagine the rest. But a two-column, page-one box caught her attention. A terse statement from Dad. Bunny's freakish communication probably had saved Mother from a mental collapse. Stanwood at least thanked his daughter for that. As for the rest—he sounded like a very angry parent indeed. No effort was being spared to track the truant down. And the search had narrowed considerably. A stage-struck girl, stubbornly refusing to give up her profession—she apparently was in New York, foolishly trying to start a new career.

Bunny's hands tightened. "Nat it isn't fair! I've made my own way all my life. Why should they stop me now? Because I'm not big any more! As if that made any difference. But I'm going to be big again. Not that that part matters either. All that matters is I'm doing the things that belong to me—things that are mine by every right—don't you understand?"

"No, I don't!" said Nat.

"All right," said Bunny. "I guess nobody understands except me and Johnny and Mac and a few more like us." She smiled mistily. "I guess I'd better go square myself for not washing those windshields last night."

SHE left Nat at the theater and went across to the parking lot to look for Johnny. He was nowhere in sight. She hunted through the washing shed, hoping she'd find him asleep in one of the cars.

But he wasn't asleep. He sat hunched in somebody's coupe, with the radio turned on low, just sitting quiet. He didn't even turn his head as Bunny came up.

"Johnny—?"

She was so happy, so glad to be back—all set to carry things off with female highhandedness.

But something in Johnny's look quenched the joy in her eyes. He spoke to her, but his voice had a withdrawn, unwelcoming sound.

"I heard the news story on the radio, around midnight!" he informed her abruptly. "Your bulletin got through to Bel Air! Your father knew your voice."

"My father—" Her throat contracted. Her hands fell limp.

"He was listening in on the Tilbury Coffee Hour," Johnny stated. "And so was I. I got your voice in a minute!"

"You—Johnny!" He had her gasping. "What are you talking about?"

"Your mad career—whatever that's supposed to be!" he told her. "All right—as far as I'm mixed up in it, it's finished. Let it go, will you, Miss Stanwood?"

She swallowed hard and tried to steady herself.

Then she raised her chin with a jerk. "All right then! I'm Bunny Stanwood! So what?"

For Bunny, everything depends on how Johnny treats her now. A word from him—and all her plans are destroyed. Watch for "Cute-Puss" in your March PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Act of Providence

(Continued from page 29)

include what she called "a brief, dramatic sketch" at the end of each discussion of feminine pretties. She discovered she liked to read lines. So she hid herself to New York, where she succeeded in acquiring a succession of not very impressive stage roles. The best of these was the part of *Kay* in the road show of "Dead End," which brought her to Los Angeles and a screen test.

When the test was approved and she had secured an agent and was given a contract to read, she developed a serious case of jitters. She still didn't know exactly what she wanted to do with her life. And here was a plan, written out in black and white, which might decide everything for her—for better or for worse.

"I didn't know anything about pictures," she says. "I didn't know whether I'd like them or not. That piece of paper seemed to suggest that if they liked me they could keep me for seven of the best years of my life. If they didn't like me, they could throw me overboard at the end of any old six months. I had to think it over."

Natural ambition, native caution and feminine instincts all combined to confuse her. So she stalled. She wrote down a lot of questions which she told her agents she wanted to have answered before she signed. One or two of these will tell you a good deal about what kind of person she is.

The first one was, "May I marry at any time I want to—and have as many children as I want after that?" She chewed her pencil a while after she wrote this down and then added, "No punches pulled on the answer to this one, please!" The second question was, "Shall I be asked to pose for a lot of pictures in bathing suits or something? M-G-M may as well know now that I'm not the type!" She wasn't fretting about the amount of the salary offered or how much work she would be required to do. She was trying, in her inexperienced way, to safeguard her rights as a person, an individual.

THE questions were answered to her liking so, feeling rather important and even a bit pampered, she signed on the dotted line . . . and found herself at once in one of the most thorough dissecting rooms in the world. The studio was anxious to know just what it had acquired in this new property. She set herself to study this new job as she had never studied for her Bachelor of Philosophy degree. One of the first things, aside from the usual routine grooming of a potential star, was the art of getting along with people.

"I found out that it wasn't any use trying to remember whether you'd met a person before you spoke," she says. "The thing to do is say, in the breeziest possible manner, 'Hi-yah!' or 'There you are!' You see, they don't know whether they've met you, either."

She had enough good hard common sense to try to learn from anyone who was willing to teach her.

There was the important director who became interested in her after she had been in pictures only a short while. Said he, "Now, Ruth, you'll have to develop some special quality. Some definite, individual thing which sets you apart from other people. It isn't enough just to be able to wear clothes and speak lines. You have to have something special."

"I'm a businesswoman, I hope," she says. "And I wanted to get along in this business, now that I seemed to be stuck

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One of the rarest and loveliest reds of them all, Tangee RED-RED is the happy result of eight years' research... a true red that accents the loveliness of your lips and the whiteness of your teeth.

Apply it... and notice the difference! Tangee RED-RED is held captive in a cream base. It goes on smoothly, stays smooth for hours... and helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling. Wear Tangee RED-RED, with its companion cosmetics: the matching rouge and your own shade of Tangee's famous face powder.

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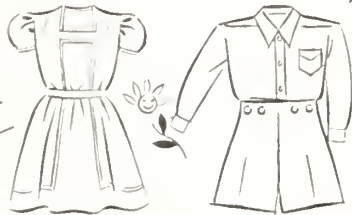
Another Tangee lipstick—THEATRICAL RED... a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.

Droopy and Sad



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Perky and Glad



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IDEAL PORTRAIT CO.
P. O. Box 748 B.P., Church St. Annex, New York

with it. So I said, "What do you suggest?"

The director, she recalls, studied her at some length, while she squirmed. "For one thing," he concluded at last, "you'll have to be more feminine, have more glamour. Let your nails grow. Wear a lot of perfume. Do something to your hair or your eyebrows. Get some new hats. Do SOMETHING!" The last remark was a shout and gave Ruth a really rather nasty start. "Gracious!" she thought. "Is it that bad?"

BUT she thought it all over in her canny New England fashion. "My nails, of course, won't grow. Lack of calcium or something. So that's out. My eyebrows seem all right. . . . I suppose I could buy a lot of perfume, but that won't show on the screen!" And she added, "I have a new hat!" So she concluded that the director must have sensed some lack in her that he couldn't quite put his finger on. She'd better find out what it was.

She started out with clothes. She decided that if she couldn't be fluttery she would be chic. She designed slim things for herself which combined a lot of black with splashes of vivid color to set off her dark hair and red mouth.

By the time the studio asked her to pose in a bathing suit she had learned to be good-natured. "It was a raw February day and the suit they had sent up from the wardrobe was too tight. I turned blue all over and I couldn't even stand up straight, let alone loll gracefully on the prop beach they had rigged up in the gallery. But I tried, s'help me! The publicity department took one look at the results of my afternoon's posing and destroyed all the negatives. 'No more leg art on Hussey,' they said. 'She's not the type.' So that argument was settled without ever being argued."

She shopped for a place to live and finally found a small cottage in a "court" which made her feel at home. A Cape Cod cottage, of all things in California, with a superfluous but pretty picket fence. Inside there was a real fireplace, a wing chair, a red rug and a lot of chintz. She bought a piano, engaged a twice-a-week cleaning woman named Ethel and began to wonder where she could buy a goldfish for company.

At last she was invited for a week end at someone's mountain cabin. But her shyness got the better of her again and she spent the week end sketching houses she'd like to live in. People decided that

she was moody and queer.

The only thing she liked about Hollywood in those early days was her actual work on the set. That interested and stimulated her almost as much as it bewildered her. Off the set she was bitterly lonely. Her surface poise made her seem self-sufficient and she didn't come in for the easy sympathy and encouragement that picture people offer the newcomer who looks helpless.

While all this was going on she played in a number of not very distinguished roles in B pictures. But somehow the critics nosed her out, sat up and cried, "What have we here?" She found herself with a good role in "Susan and God." Simultaneously, of course, she found her name in the gossip columns. This eligible bachelor was courting her—or that one was carrying a torch. She was invited to go places, gay places, and it was then that she decided that she had at last found her place—she wanted to be a part of Hollywood.

So that's how the party not so long ago came about. Ruth plucked up her courage and invited all the people who had been nice to her on the lot. Then she discovered that there were some other people she wanted to invite. The number grew and grew. "I hadn't any idea that there were so many people in Hollywood whom I liked and wanted to entertain," she said helplessly. "The list simply sprouted." She was delighted—but scared.

CAME the great evening. Came the morning after—and Ruth was glowing. It had all been perfect. "I had such a good time that I forgot it was my party," she confided. "The food didn't give out and the fireplace didn't smoke and people laughed and a real Hollywood thing happened. Someone gave me a clipping to read—all about how I had broken up someone's romance. While I was reading it the two people mentioned arrived. And we all three laughed. Now, that's really belonging in Hollywood—isn't it?"

She's going up fast—with "The Philadelphia Story" and "Flight Command" making her a top-ranker. She is forming friendships; she is beginning to "belong."

But there's still that clause in her contract about marriage and children. . . . "No one has asked me yet," she says. "But now that I'm getting acquainted—I guess there's still a chance. You can be interested in those things and good at them, even if you work and even if you don't look well in frills!"



Devoted twosome becomes a threesome just for a picture at Ciro's: George Raft joins Ruth Hussey and her most frequent escort, Raphael Hakim, one of the famous Hakim brothers, French producers

Why the Perfect Wife's Marriage Failed

(Continued from page 53)

it. Certainly she would never have told what one of her friends did. Her friend explained, "If Arthur wants Myrna to eat and drink, she'll eat and drink. If those are some of the things that make him happy and they get in the way of her career, then it's too bad for the career. Myrna is a wife, first and foremost, and an actress long afterwards."

All Myrna's friends knew, too, how her interest in Arthur's productions quite outweighed her interest in her own. They knew, for example, how she carelessly let herself be manoeuvred, because of studio politics, out of the leading feminine role in "Boom Town" and into the very much less important "Third Finger, Left Hand."

If she'd been more aggressive about her own interests, she could undoubtedly have prevented that, but all that time she was fiercely studying every ad in every publication that came out, not looking for clothes or bargains that she could buy for herself, but looking instead at the pretty girl models who posed in them. This was because she was aware of Arthur's hunt for an unknown girl to go into one of his productions.

THOSE were some of the things Myrna Loy could have told.

But she had never told, and probably she never will tell, what it must have meant to her in terms of tears and sleeplessness, when she came to the realization that her romance was fading.

Perhaps Myrna will never tell any of those things because it looks as though even up until three months ago she would not admit the death of her marriage, even to herself. Three months ago, the whispers first started flying in Hollywood.

Three months ago, the whispers first began concerning Arthur's interest in still another actress. There were whispers and no more and there was no confirming the truth of them. It is highly possible that they were entirely compounded of imagination and fabrication; but there they were. A man as important, attractive and desirable as Arthur is always subject to such gossip.

Arthur was home ill when the whispers first began and all Hollywood knew how faithfully Myrna nursed him through that sickness. After he recovered, Myrna herself fell sick, badly enough for her doctor to insist upon hospitalization. It was "merely flu"—but any victim of that sly disease knows how weak and wretched it can leave you. It is at a time like that that a wife needs a husband around to protect and comfort her, but it was right after returning home from the hospital bout that Myrna finally confirmed those rumors.

Yes, she said, there would be a divorce. The grounds, she said, would be incompatibility of temperament.

That is all she said, this girl who had had a dream of being a perfect wife; this girl who had portrayed the perfect wife so charmingly, so truly, on the screen that a million wives and husbands had been inspired by that portrait to make their marriages more lasting and beautiful.

So salute her, this wife, who even at the end is still behaving perfectly. It will work out for her. It must work out for her if dignity and love and fineness mean anything in this life of ours.

BLONDES! these 3 questions settle a vital problem



MRS. HUNTINGTON ASTOR, the former Mrs. Vincent Astor, who devotes much time to the cause of the Musicians' Emergency Fund, is a lovely ash blonde. She chooses Pond's Light Natural because it matches her complexion perfectly.



When trying to choose the right powder shade for yourself, you need ask yourself only three questions.

1. Shall I make my skin fairer?
2. Shall I keep it the same shade?
3. Shall I deepen its color?

The matter comes down to this:

Do you look your most attractive when your skin has delicate baby-pink tones?

Are you lovelier when your skin has creamy shades that contrast with the dark lights in your eyes?

Does a warmer, rosier shade make your face bewitching against your honey-pale hair?

You will answer "yes" to one of these questions—and Pond's 3 superlative blonde shades will provide you with the right shade for your effect.

A delicate pink shade—Light Natural—our lightest shade. It matches the transparent skin of

ash blondes. Pure blondes love it because it lightens their skin.

A light powder, but creamier, with less pink—Rose Cream (Natural). The most popular of the blonde shades because it tones in so perfectly with the average blonde skin. Many, very many, darker blondes use it to add delicacy and lightness to their coloring. Red blondes who want to tone down their color use it to add a needed creamy glow to their skin.

A warm sunny shade with a rosy glow over it—Sunlight. Girls who are not quite sure whether they are blondes or brunettes find it matches their skin. Other blondes use it because it gives warmth. Sophisticated blondes are particularly fond of the exotic depth it gives their skin.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face. They keep away shine for hours without giving that powdered look.

Blondes will find their 3 shades grouped together on the counter. And Brunettes will find their 4 brunette shades.



Free Write to Pond's, Dept. 8MM-PB, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.

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(Continued from page 31)



YOU'RE REAL "COMPETITION"

when hair gains highlights men admire

PERHAPS you have never seen the full-blown radiance of your hair, just because habit has enslaved you to old-style soap shampoos.

Then let one shampoo with Halo reveal amazing improvement in your appearance. Because Halo contains no soap, it cannot leave dulling film to hide the natural luster and color of your hair. Halo removes accumulations of dulling soap-curd from each tiny hair shaft, leaves your head radiant with color and brilliance. What's more, with Halo you don't need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

See how Halo Shampoo leaves your hair sparkling, silky-soft, easy to curl. How it gives "eye appeal" to mousey hair. How it gently cleanses your scalp, leaves it fragrantly clean. And Halo, because of its new-type sudsing ingredient, makes oceans of lather, in hardest water.

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stronger! As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made only from pure cellulose.

more absorbent! They drink in moisture. Ideal for beauty care. Useful everywhere.



before 1940 I won't answer for the consequences. She will be much wiser to wait until 1941."

Janet Gaynor married Adrian before 1940 and, so far as I know, the marriage is a happy one and I hope it continues to be.

Deanno Durbin: "For Deanna Durbin this will be a particularly thrilling year because she will have her first real-life romance."

That particular romance—with Vaughn Paul—which had not even begun when the forecast was written, is still going on and has been written about extensively. You will meet Deanna again before I close.

Alice Faye: "For Alice Faye this is the most critical year of her entire career and upon her actions and reactions this year hangs her future . . . She will be accused of going Hollywood. Her marital affairs will be upset and, in spite of success, Alice will be a very unhappy girl."

She was and still is accused of going Hollywood. She filed suit for divorce from Tony Martin which I told her she would do but did not print because she asked me not to. And I don't think it is any secret that, in spite of tremendous success and of everything any girl could wish for, Alice is not happy.

Richard Greene: "His rise to fame will be as sudden as that of Robert Taylor. Women will write to him and follow him and flatter him. . . ."

I'll bet a great many of you have helped to make that prophecy come true. And right here I want to tell you that, according to Dick's hands the last time I read them (fall of 1938), he will come through the war safely if he is in active combat.

George Brent: "Within two years George Brent will fall in love and will marry the woman if she is free." (I believe he has met her now.) "His life line shows a break which means a sudden serious illness or a narrow escape within the year." (You all must have read in the papers of his serious illness and his narrow escape from death almost exactly one year from the time the article was written.) "Due to a particularly sympathetic part in a good picture, his career will take a sudden upward spurt and he will hit a new high in world-wide popularity." (The picture was "Dark Victory" and it brought George Brent back with a bang.)

Loretta Young: "In love again. If this marriage takes place it will not end happily." (Fortunately the marriage did not take place. The love affair ended tragically.) "Next year (1940) brings Loretta into the best period she is ever to have. At this time she will marry and her marriage will endure."

Loretta's recent marriage to Tom Lewis has every chance of being a successful and a lasting marriage. Her box-office appeal is rising steadily.

John Barrymore: "Elaine Barrymore will be the last woman in John Barrymore's life."

Just before, or soon after the magazine containing this enlightening bit of news went to press, John and his Elaine separated with fireworks and much publicity. However, even though my face was red, I still stuck to my guns and insisted that they would be back together again and the reconciliation took place in the usual bombastic fashion in a New York night club. Separated once more! So what? They will be reconciled once more, too!

Marie Wilson: "I predict a great future for Marie if she is properly handled in her formative years."

I see that Marie is appearing in Paramount's top flight "Virginia" in a new and more sympathetic type of role. So perhaps the people who are responsible for her career are awakening to the fact that they have a real actress in this lovely sensitive girl.

Fred Astaire: "And last but not least," I said in closing, "old man stork flutters over the Fred Astaire home."

Well, old man stork must have had a long flutter, for to date no news of a bundle from heaven has come from the Astaire home. My advice to Mr. Stork is to light and relax, for it looks as though I will have to give myself a black mark on that one.

SO much for 1939.

This year, instead of making my predictions from a careful study and analysis of the hands of the stars, I am making an astrological forecast from their birthdays and, as you know, in order to do this with any degree of accuracy, I must have the correct date, year and place of birth for each star whose chart has been made up and delineated. Therefore, while I am not attempting to excuse myself in case of any minor inaccuracies in the predictions, I do want to state that any glaring discrepancy must be attributed to my having been given the wrong birth date.

Now for 1941.

The tempestuous Katharine Hepburn appears to come out from under the bad aspects which have been dogging her for some time. During most of 1941 she is under good vibrations so far as her public and her career are concerned.

From July 9th to the 15th, August 1st to the 20th and October 4th to the 10th, 1941, due to the transiting Mars afflicting her birth chart, she must watch out for accidents and scandal. At these times she will be inclined to be particularly reckless and headstrong and to incur public displeasure through some rash act or statement. Marriage is indicated for her in the spring of 1941. April is the most favorable month for this marriage to take place.

No wonder everyone loves Myrna Loy, for she has the Sun and the Moon both in Leo, the sign of the heart, which makes her gracious, kindly, warmhearted and a thoroughly sincere and lovable person.

Professionally Myrna is under fine aspects for 1941 and for 1942 also. Her private life, however, is something else again, for ever since March, 1940, she has been afflicted by Saturn, which has caused gossip and unpleasant speculation about her marriage. This condition was even more strongly accented during July and August by Mars in Leo, the house which governs the home. The position of her stars show tension, conflict and serious misunderstandings in the home. (Editor's Note: After this article was written, Miss Loy announced that she and husband Arthur Hornblow Jr. would separate. See page 52.)

What is going to happen to Shirley Temple, that wonder-child who apparently has not been able to survive the ungainly gap between childhood and girlhood?

My analysis of the matter is that though Shirley is every bit as talented and as charming as she ever was, Saturn in Taurus in bad aspect to her other planets puts her under a temporary eclipse for the next few years and, no matter what she does in a professional way or how well she does it, she will meet with adverse criticism and unpop-

ularity. It would be far wiser for Shirley to retire to private life until midsummer, fall or winter, 1943. At this time she will have all the appeal of a new and delightful personality.

Clark Gable's chart proves him to be a sincere and real person whose popularity and box-office appeal will last not only through 1941 but for many years to come.

His marriage to Carole Lombard should last, for it is based not only on love and emotional accord but on the far more solid and concrete basis of congenial tastes. If any children are born to Carole and Clark they will be brilliant and have genius of some sort, though it need not necessarily be acting ability.

From July, 1941, to August 1st, Carole must take good care of her health, for her chart warns of a health condition. Again around October 25th through all of November, she must look out for overwork and nervous excitement. During this period, she will be under bad aspects, due to Mars' transiting through her sixth house, which governs servants, all employment and pets. Therefore, she must guard against men and women who seek to obtain money through extortion, dishonest servants or employees, and an injury from one of her pets.

TO beautiful Linda Darnell the stars bring achievement this year, to be crowned by even greater success in 1942. Linda should be cast in emotional parts and be groomed for tragedy rather than comedy, even though she is so very young.

Her chart shows remarkable acting ability and after June 1st, 1941, her prestige will increase due to a part adapted especially to her talents.

However, the path will not be all roses. Linda, you will find a number of thorns along the way and some of the worst of them will be jealous and catty women. Keep your confidences to yourself and be very, very sure you know exactly who your true friends are, for from April 16th to May 1st, 1941, there is danger of someone's trying to cause trouble for you.

At this time, you may be called upon to pay out a large sum of money or sustain a bad loss. Be careful of entanglements with the law and be sure that all papers you sign are airtight so far as protecting your rights go. Watch out for extravagance all this year. Nineteen forty-one may find Linda entering into a secret marriage.

Nineteen forty-one is a good career year for Ginger Rogers. Ginger is a very talented young lady and can rise to any heights she desires if she will pause to consider that, without her public, she would be right back where she was in the old days of vaudeville. It will behoove Ginger to be extra alert about offending people, for Uranus, in her seventh house, which also governs partnerships, is in opposition to her Sun and to Neptune. This indicates bad advice as to business and love affairs and brings her sudden gusts of good and bad luck in both business and love.

Add to this the fact that Mars and Saturn are in midheaven in the house governing profession, honors and ambitions, causing Ginger herself to have bad judgment when it comes to dealing with the public, and you can scarcely wonder that this girl has come in for adverse criticism.

During all of 1941 Ginger will be under good aspects for a musical picture or play. She should take this into consideration, for this particular year Ginger and music seem to walk hand in hand. Under this influence she may even com-

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er if she can get away at this time. You wouldn't think Bette Davis could have any more honors heaped upon her, but she will. It looks as though some entirely new award, something very special, will be given Bette this year, for she appears to achieve some new distinction in July and again in December, 1941.

July is a very good period for her, though throughout the latter part of the year Bette must guard against nervous tension and overwork. Mars in Aries warns her that airplane travel will be dangerous during the latter part of the year. Incidentally, her stars point to marriage during 1941. If she takes this step it won't last, but if take it she must, the best time to do so is from April 21st to June 21st.

ERROL FLYNN will find himself under stirring vibrations for the entire year, some pleasant, others unpleasant, all of them exciting. In 1941 Destiny picks Errol up and flings him about with the same reckless abandon that he displays in some of the characters he portrays on the screen.

If Errol is not very careful he is liable to come out of his encounter too much-drunk to get on his feet again, much less stay on them. This year he is under such powerful vibrations from Mars that he will be inclined to be even more impulsive, reckless and devil-may-care than usual. So beware, Errol. Look out for trouble through the opposite sex, accidents, blackmail and divorce. Especially be on your guard from July, 1941, to January, 1942. If you get through that period without any grey hairs or unfavorable publicity you can draw a long breath and relax for a bit.

As for Errol's career—unless he jeopardizes it by his Martian (meaning under the influence of Mars) activities, the year brings him additional popularity. The very recklessness and ardor which may get him into trouble will be sensed by his screen public and will make him even more exciting and fascinating to them. Added to this, splendid parts adapted to his own particular talents will be thrown his way. Plenty of money for him, too, but here also he must be careful that it does not disappear via extortion, extravagance and carelessness. December, 1940, until June, 1941, is the best time for him to enter into business contacts, forge ahead in his career and prepare himself to be as inactive as possible during the dangerous period to follow.

ANN SHERIDAN has Venus in Capricorn which indicates that though she is emotional and romantic her head will rule her heart. She may marry for love, but she will want this marriage to endure. She is discriminating and a man must measure up to her very high standard to suit Ann.

Her planets are in a wonderful configuration for work in the movies or with the public. She will always benefit through friends, for she inspires loyalty. But she must beware of jealous women who resent her beauty and utter naturalness.

There is every indication of a secret and unusual romance, which may lead to an elopement by airplane in February or March. There is a possibility that this marriage may be kept secret or there may be some legal difficulty, for the stars dictate that from March 10th to April 1st Ann may come in for some unpleasant gossip. From April 17th to May 1st she must be on her guard against accidents. At this time she will be in danger from fire, automobiles, airplanes and explosions.

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But such a man was Leopold Aul, and as explained in his own words: "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how fagged out I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?' he asked. 'They did wonders for me.'"

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Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

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Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail this coupon and receive, absolutely FREE, your copy of "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment.



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"I am now 77 years young, have owned a Cascade for over thirty years. When I first started using the J.B.L. Cascade I was a victim of constipation and at my wife's end as to what to do about it. I tried most everything that was recommended and prescribed for me for years without results. I now feel that Internal Bathing was responsible for bringing back my health and for keeping it ever since. I use the Cascade occasionally now, but I would not part with it for \$1,000. Have sincerely recommended it to everyone suffering from the ill effects of constipation."

Leopold Aul
1505 Bushwick Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

I would like to thank you kindly for your letter of Dec. 7th and the interest which you showed in my case.

I have used the Cascade for a little over a month now and feel like a different person. My husband has also received great benefit from it. I do regret that I did not hear of the Cascade many years ago.

Mrs. Oliver Roylance
R.D. No. 1, Waterford, N. Y.

Upon receiving my Cascade I followed directions closely. I have used it for a little over a month and have already found it to be very helpful. I wish every person who is being troubled with constipation could afford to own a Cascade. To me it is a big asset. It is helping me and I know it would help them.

Mr. Edward G. Turnau
215 Irving Street, Toledo, Ohio

I would not take ten times the price for it. Don't see how I ever got along without a J.B.L. Cascade. My health is much better and still improving. I was terribly constipated, nervous, bloated, etc. I can truthfully say that the Cascade has helped me from the very first. I thoroughly enjoy it now and am enjoying my meals—everything tastes so good.

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Nineteen forty-one brings bewildering waves of good fortune, but it also brings unexpected waves of adversity. However, the two seem to balance each other. She will always have to work hard for what recognition she gets but her efforts will bring her what she desires. August 1st begins a new and exciting cycle for her professionally. At this time the public will suddenly realize that Ann is not merely an "oomph girl" but an actress.

I WANT to warn Deanna Durbin that in February she will be under aspects which may cause her to be unpopular with her heretofore faithful public. This may have to do with a picture which does not measure up to her other pictures, or it may concern her personal life. Deanna is growing up. Mentally she is far older and wiser than she gets credit for being and undoubtedly it is difficult for her picture public to accept her in a grown-up role, or to forgive her for acting in a grownup manner in real life.

Look out for February, Deanna, and remember that whatever happens it will be only temporary, for 1944 and 1945 see you achieve far greater success than you have had so far. You have excellent judgment; be sure you use it to your advantage.

Laraine Day has a keen mind. She is alert, intellectual and full of daring and verve. She must not be typed but should be put into a variety of character parts such as those which brought fame to Bette Davis and are doing so much for Ida Lupino today.

The position of Jupiter in Laraine's chart indicates sudden financial gains after June, 1941. These may come to her through her career, an inheritance or through marriage to a wealthy man.

From September 26th to October 10th, 1941, and again during the Christmas holidays, she must guard her health, being careful to avoid too much excitement combined with overwork, or illness will follow.

As for her career—Laraine comes into her own the latter part of 1943.

It would be impossible to do a forecast for 1941 without attempting to turn some light upon the mysteriously beautiful Hedy Lamarr.

First of all, Hedy is extremely emotional, but has learned to keep her emotions under control to such a degree that it is difficult for her to release them. The position of her Moon in relaxation to Venus, the Sun and Mars gives her an uncanny insight into the real natures of men and women. She knows them and comprehends their motives. Let me assure you that her Mona Lisa smile is not merely a stage prop. Her intuition is so keen as to be a second sight.

The latter part of 1940 and the early part of 1941 she must take care of her health, be careful not to get overtired or neglect the slightest cold. If she does, it may have serious consequences.

During the entire year she must be on her guard against theft and disloyalty and each person taken into her employ should be thoroughly investigated.

She should stay out of airplanes and beware of danger on the water all her life.

November 9th, 1941, begins a new cycle favorable for publicity and finances and this period seems to bring her into very beneficial contact with writers or publishers.

As for love—January 1st to the 4th sees the beginning of a new love affair or the revival of an old one. Hedy's Venus is in a dual sign indicating many marriages which bring her material benefits and love as long as she lives.

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Romance of the Rio Grande

(Continued from page 40)

but, having won her love, would find it impossible to leave her.

"Tell us what happened, my boy," the old man's voice broke in on his meditations. "Are you sure you were not injured during the holdup?"

Cisco shook his head. "Not a scratch, Grandfather," he answered easily. "Only stunned. When the robbers had fled, after killing the driver and leaving me for dead, this kind man," indicating Gordito, "found me and took me to his home, where I recovered. Then he brought me to you."

"But if you were shot," Ricardo began insolently.

"I was not shot," Cisco said coolly. "Only this was shot." He drew a small religious medal from around his neck. "See where the bullet have twisted it?" In truth the tiny medallion was scarred by a bullet—a bullet which Cisco, in careful preparation for his masquerade, had fired into it before reaching the rancho to lend credence to his story of a bullet which had sped toward his heart but had not harmed him.

Don Fernando and Maria bent over the medal, exclaiming that anything so small could save a man's life. Intent as they were, they did not see the glances which Ricardo and Rosita exchanged; only Cisco caught the look of fury and frustration on Ricardo's face. He wondered what undercurrents of evil and unrest ran through the hacienda.

With Cisco, to ponder about a situation was to try to learn more about it. So when the household retired, he walked with Rosita to her door.

"You are charming, señorita," he told her, "fascinating." Smiling, he bent his head as though to kiss her, but with a demure "Buenos noches" which was more invitation than farewell she slipped through the door and closed it gently behind her.

Whistling softly, Cisco turned away. Ricardo was standing a little way down the corridor, his fists clenched in impotent fury. "Buenos noches, Cousin Ricardo," Cisco called politely, then he strolled down the stairs again and out into the patio.

THE moon was out in all its glory, filling the patio with brilliant light and deepening the shadows in the corners. In one corner Cisco found Maria, huddled on a bench and singing a plaintive little song beneath her breath.

She started with alarm when Cisco approached but he said reassuringly, "Do not be afraid, my little one. Your song—it was so beautiful—I had to come to tell you so."

"Gracias, Don Carlos," the girl answered. Cisco seated himself beside her. "Do you like Rancho Santa Margarita?" she asked then.

"Very much. I am very lucky to be here—and very happy." He moved along the bench toward her and Maria timidly edged away.

"Please, señorita," Cisco said pleadingly, "do not draw away from me. I have been watching you all evening—with my heart beating faster and faster." He paused, then, "You like Don Carlos, too, a little bit?"

"I—I hoped to," she replied, then added angrily, "but if you are the kind of man who wastes time in pretty speeches while bandits are stealing our cattle—even killing our men—"

"But this I did not know," Cisco said gently. "Who are these bandits?"

"Ricardo thinks their leader is the Cisco Kid."

"No! Not the Cisco Kid!"

"What do you know of the Cisco Kid?" Maria asked. "Surely you didn't hear of him in Spain."

"I—he—the stagecoach driver talk of this Cisco Kid," he stammered. "But he say he never kill, never steal, only," he smiled at his secret joke, "only that he is very brave man who like adventure, excitement."

"But Ricardo is so sure it's the Cisco Kid," Maria insisted. "Once during a cattle raid, he shot at him but he got away."

"So," Cisco said slowly, "perhaps I better talk to Ricardo. Perhaps, together, we can capture this bandit."

"Oh, Don Carlos," Maria breathed. "I hoped you would say that. Don Fernando has been so worried. He's such a good man, but he's so old and frail—oh, I am so glad you are here to take care of everything!" She stopped, embarrassed, then said, softly. "I must go in now. Buenos noches, Don Carlos."

She turned away, but Cisco stepped in front of her. "Not yet," he smiled. "Not without the good night kiss," and he caught her in his arms. For a brief moment he felt the pressure of her lips, then she pulled herself away and sped across the patio and into the hacienda.

A MOMENT later Gordito joined Cisco in the patio. "You told me to listen and find out things," he said, "so I have listen, Cisco, and I find out many things. This Ricardo who is Don Fernando's nephew always hope the ranch will be his someday. So when he hear that the grandson is coming he hire two men, the servant Manuel and a Señor Carver, to hold up the stagecoach and kill the grandson. Now he is ver' angry with them because they have not kill him and have told him that they must kill him again—only this time he will be you."

"Ricardo, Manuel and Carver," Cisco repeated. "Well, we have to stop them from killing this make-believe grandson who is me."

"Why," Gordito urged, "not just take money and jewels from rancho and go?"

"No," Cisco said. "No, Gordito, we stay here. Tomorrow you go to Mama Lopez, tell her to make Don Carlos well so he can come back to his grandfather."

"But Cisco, you say if we come here we have much wealth."

"Don Fernando is fine man," Cisco said slowly. "I make mistake to come here. All my life I want adventure, excitement—but not to be cheap thief—liar. No, Gordito, we will bring Don Carlos to his grandfather—then we go away again."

But Don Fernando was never to see his grandson. That night, as Cisco was preparing for bed, a shot was fired at him. It missed him and the intruder made his escape. But Don Fernando, aroused by the noise, tried to stop the bandit only to be thrown to the floor and injured so severely that he died a few hours later. His dying words were that the rancho should go to Don Carlos. Should Don Carlos die, the property would then become Ricardo's. Furthermore, the old man asked that Don Carlos make Rosita his wife and that he care for Maria as her godfather had done.

After the old man had been laid to rest in the little cemetery which for five generations had received the Davegas, Cisco was strolling in the patio with Maria. At the spot farthest from the



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CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance, reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed material or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 50,000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Write on one side of paper only. Do not use thin issue paper.

Send material flat. Do not roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HAND-WRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

PUT FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE THEREON. OTHERWISE MANUSCRIPTS WILL BE REFUSED OR MAY NOT REACH US.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as rejected, irrespective of closing date of contest. BUT ONLY IF FULL FIRST CLASS POSTAGE OR EXPRESSAGE HAS BEEN ENCLOSED WITH SUBMITTAL. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We do not hold ourselves responsible for any losses and we advise contestants to retain a copy of stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded to any individual in this contest.

Within a month after receipt of each manuscript, a report or rejection notice will be mailed. No corrections can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be entered into concerning manuscripts submitted or rejected.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize, a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

Manuscripts submitted are considered for all of our magazines and we reserve the right to publish accepted material where best adapted to our needs.

This contest ends Monday, March 31, 1941. Address your manuscripts for this contest to Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 41C, Box 333, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

COUPON

M.M. 241

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house they were halted by the sound of angry words coming from the opposite side of the tall hedge.

"I had to see you, Rosita," Ricardo was saying. "You've been avoiding me all day and I think I know the reason. You're planning to marry Don Carlos. Is that it?" There was no answer and his tone became more menacing. "Well, you will never marry him, Rosita. You belong to me and I would kill you rather than see you go to someone else."

"What nonsense you talk, Ricardo," Rosita said. "Of course I'll marry Don Carlos if I want to."

"So that's it. You are determined to marry the master of the rancho no matter who he may be. I hope that's it," he exulted, "because tomorrow I will be the master!"

"Oh, Don Carlos," Maria cried, but Cisco motioned her to silence and drew her away. "That means," Maria continued when they were out of earshot, "that he plans to kill you."

Cisco nodded. "Maybe," he said, "I kill him first!"

THAT night Gordito followed the servant Manuel to a spot far from the hacienda where Ricardo and Carver met him. Out of sight but within hearing distance, Gordito listened to the plot against Cisco's life. Ricardo was to invite Cisco and Gordito to ride with him next day on an inspection trip of the rancho. Manuel would accompany them. Cisco and Gordito would have the positions of honor, riding ahead of the other two. At a narrow pass Carver would be concealed with orders to kill the first two horsemen.

Next day the party started out according to schedule with every evidence of a pleasant time to be had by all. What was not according to schedule was Cisco's abrupt move as they approached the pass. Suddenly he wheeled around and at the point of a gun forced Ricardo and Manuel forward to take the front positions vacated by himself and Gordito. As they entered the steep defile a shot rang out and Manuel pitched forward, mortally wounded. In the uproar which followed Ricardo and the hidden Carver succeeded in escaping. After a fruitless search for them Cisco and Gordito returned to the rancho, there to await Ricardo's return, capture him and, as they thought, confront him with the real Don Carlos and the dead Manuel.

But matters were still not going according to plan, for Mama Lopez appeared at the rancho, trembling with fear. "Don Ricardo and Señor Carver—they have found Don Carlos," she cried. She was incoherent, but Cisco finally managed to piece her story together. After the gun battle at the pass that afternoon Ricardo and Carver had met at her cantina and had ordered refreshments. While she was in the kitchen carrying out their orders Don Carlos had aroused from the coma which had held him for many days and had staggered into the bar where the two men sat. Confused, not knowing where he was or how long he had been ill, he introduced himself to the pair. At the mention of his name Ricardo had sprung to life. If this were the real Don Carlos then the other must be an impostor. Must be—the Cisco Kid! For only the Cisco Kid, Ricardo and Carver agreed, would dare to attempt such a masquerade.

Ricardo thereupon had introduced himself as Don Carlos' cousin and had expressed delight at his safety. Then, leaving Carver on guard, he had ridden in search of the sheriff, to whom he would denounce the Cisco Kid as an impostor, the kidnaper of Don Carlos and the mur-

derer of Manuel. Mama Lopez, pretending to be busy in the kitchen, had managed to crawl through a window, mount Carver's horse and ride to the rancho to warn Cisco.

"That Ricardo, he know you will never let the sheriff take you alive," Mama Lopez concluded. "And when you are dead—then they will kill Don Carlos, too! Listen," she added. "I hear men—and horses. Oh, Madre Dios, it is the sheriff and his posse! Ride, Cisco, ride quickly!"

THEY did ride quickly, Cisco and Gordito, as swiftly as their horses could travel, with the sheriff's men in pursuit. Mile after mile they sped, but the posse could not overtake them, could not even get close enough for their bullets to take effect. At last Cisco pulled his horse to a stop. There was no sign of the pursuers, so they wheeled their horses about and rode again, this time toward Mama Lopez's cantina.

In the cantina they found Carver still guarding the bewildered Don Carlos. Forcing Carver to give up his gun, Cisco handed him over to Gordito. Then he turned to Don Carlos, who was staring at him in amazement.

"Who are you?" Don Carlos demanded. "I feel as though I were gazing into a mirror!"

"Yes, we are much alike," Cisco agreed. "Don Carlos might be the twin of the Cisco Kid. And it is because of this strange resemblance that you are here. Listen."

Quickly, then, Cisco outlined the strange story to Don Carlos, telling everything that had happened since the stage-coach holdup, everything he knew and suspected of Ricardo's villainy. His own deception he admitted frankly. "But when I meet Don Fernando I know he is good man," he explained. "I cannot take from him what he think he is giving to his grandson. At his grave I promise that his grandson will have the rancho and when the Cisco Kid make a promise he keep that promise! And now we must hurry. There is much for us to do at the rancho.

"Oh, I nearly forget. At the rancho there is a señorita—beautiful and gentle. I do not know," Cisco was smiling and his eyes were focused on the wall above Don Carlos' head, "I do not know—but I think she would like to be loved—like this—" and throwing his arms wide, he brought them together in imitation of a passionate embrace. "You will remember that, Don Carlos?"

Amazed at the extravagant gesture, Don Carlos answered, "Yes, I will remember that."

At the rancho Cisco asked Don Carlos to remain outside the hacienda instead of announcing his presence. "For just a little while," Cisco explained. "There is still one small thing that I must do—then the rancho is yours forever." Don Carlos nodded and Cisco hurried into the house and up the wide stairway until he came to Rosita's door. With his ear pressed to the door he listened intently to the words that came from within.

"Only until tomorrow," Ricardo was saying exultantly. "Tomorrow Don Carlos will be dead and the rancho—and you, my Rosita—will belong to me!"

Cisco smiled in the darkness as he knocked at the door. There was silence within the room, then whispering, then silence again. At last Rosita opened the door. She was alone in the room, but the curtain hung across the door to the balcony moved as though in rhythm with a man's breathing.

Cisco supported himself against the

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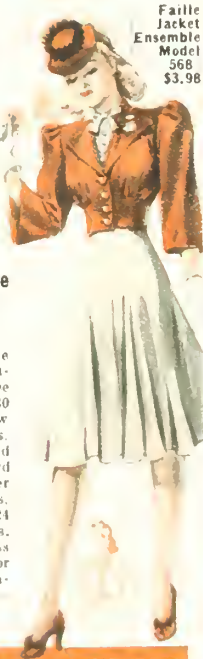
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door as might a man who had been through a serious illness. "Pardon, señorita," he said. "I am Carlos Hernandez, the grandson of Don Fernando. I have just reach the hacienda. I crave you will forgive me for this intrusion, but I have ask the servant the way to your room for I feel that I must lose no time in carrying out the last wish of my grandfather. Señorita," he raised his voice, "I beg that you will do me the honor to become my wife."

Rosita glanced fearfully toward the balcony, then turned demurely to Cisco. "I, too, have but one thought," she said, "to do the bidding of the good Don Fernando. I—" she hesitated, "I accept your offer," she said, holding out her hand.

Cisco bowed low and kissed the extended hand. "You have made me happier than you will ever know, señorita," he said. "And now—buenos noches."

AS soon as Cisco left the room Ricardo stormed in from the balcony. "So," he raged, "it was the mistress of the rancho you wanted to be—not the wife of Ricardo!"

"No, Ricardo," Rosita cried. "You don't understand—"

"I understand this," Ricardo shouted, advancing toward her. "I have said that no other man would ever have you—and no one ever will!" His hands were about her throat now, forcing her back over a small table which stood in the center of the room. As if by instinct her hand opened one of the table drawers, felt blindly for something hidden in it and pulled out—a small revolver.

Ricardo spied the weapon and tried to wrest it from her but just as he gained possession of it there was a deafening explosion and he fell, grasping at his chest. Rosita, terrified, sped toward the door. She had nearly reached it, and the safety of the hall beyond, when Ricardo pulled himself upright and with the revolver clutched in a shaking hand, aimed at her.

"Oh, don't, Ricardo—Ricardo!" But her scream was unheard above the sound of the gun.

The Cisco Kid moved softly down the stairs and ran to Don Carlos. "Welcome to Rancho Santa Margarita," he cried.

It was a somber little train that wound its way to the family burial ground behind the richly covered bodies of Ricardo and Rosita. There in the quiet shadow of the great Arizona rocks the simple

rites were performed which returned these two to the arms of their great ancestors.

Back at the hacienda the Cisco Kid prepared to leave.

"But not for long, Cisco," Don Carlos urged. "You are my friend and you will return often."

"Yes, please, Cisco," Maria echoed.

Cisco nodded, smiling gaily. "Always we shall return to visit the friends," he promised, then he swung into the saddle and went flashing down the wide tree-bordered driveway, Gordito at his heels.

"They're good friends, Gordito," Cisco said. "We are very lucky—eh, maybe your little pink lizard bring us the luck after all!"

When the riders were out of sight Maria turned to Don Carlos. "Cisco is a good man, Don Carlos," she said. "A brave man. He has done much for you—for the rancho—for—" She stopped in confusion, recalling the Cisco Kid's kiss. No one would ever know what he had done for her—that he had awakened in her the meaning of love but had gallantly refrained from asking her for the love which she might have given him.

But Don Carlos' thoughts were no longer on Cisco. They were only for the girl at his side; for Maria, who had enchanted him the moment he entered the hacienda.

"Maria," he said softly, "many things will I do because my grandfather wished it. But this I will do not only for him, but because my heart wishes it—my heart, which is trembling now, hoping that you will be—my wife."

Maria lifted her eyes shyly. "I have hoped—" she began, but her words were cut short by a cry which echoed across the hills. Looking up, they saw, silhouetted on a precipice a full half-mile away, the figure of the Cisco Kid.

"Don Carlos," he shouted. "Don't forget—" He threw his arms wide apart, then brought them together again in a pantomime embrace.

Don Carlos laughed in memory and flung his own arms out, but when they came together Maria was inside them and her lips were on his. For a long moment they stood together, then drew apart to gaze toward the precipice.

The Cisco Kid was no longer there, but the breeze brought back a song such as a gallant gentleman whistles when he has left one adventure behind and is riding in search of another.



First impressions of a first issue: James Cagney, Rita Hayworth and Director Raoul Walsh preview Phatoplay-Movie Mirror on the set of Warners' "Strawberry Blonde"

Life of Lynn

(Continued from page 33)

ablaze with color and the air tingled as though inhabited by spirits.

He took to Bates right from the start, admiring its atmosphere of quiet charm. Mostly it was filled with New Englanders anxious to get something out of college, a good portion of whom worked after classes so's to make both ends meet.

Jeffrey Lynn was like them, only more so. In fact, he worked so hard that freshman year, riding his bike back and forth to his chores, that he didn't have a single date.

For all that, he managed to make his presence felt at Bates. As poor as he was and as skimpy as was his wardrobe he was always ending up at the class polls as the Lucius Beebe of Bates, the college's best-dressed man.

Besides that, he was elected a class officer, editor of the college paper and member of the student-faculty committee. He went out for track and became the slick-est half-miler in school.

At the suggestion of a campus delovely, who assured him it was nothing short of criminal for him not to offer his services to the college dramatic society, the Bates 4-A Players, what with a current shortage of male talent, he decided to enlist as a walk-on. But when the director caught a glimpse of the college's Beau Brummel, slender, earnest and definitely pictorial, he decided, almost on the spot, that here was a leading man, not a spear-holder.

JEFFREY LYNN played everything from Shakespeare to Shaw before he got his diploma. Not until he sat there in his dressing room, wiping the make-up from his face, still sporting the Roman toga in which he had just cavorted as *Marc Antony* in the senior play, his last, did it dawn on him that he was in love with the stage.

"It's the ham creeping out, Jeff old boy," he told himself.

En route home, Jeffrey Lynn, A.B., considered the future, reflected wistfully about his earlier plans to study law at Harvard (the royal road to the Presidency) pondered the sad world which lay gasping for breath thanks to the stock market collapse the previous fall and wondered who on earth would be chump enough to give him a job.

That summer he sold magazine subscriptions, a house-to-house proposition that took him all over New England. Come fall and he figured things out. He'd work a year, save up enough money to pay his tuition at Harvard and would proceed to dazzle the law school pundits out of a scholarship.

The New England Bell Telephone Co. was kind enough to give him a job. He was stationed in Brockton, right outside of Boston.

He didn't much like the work. As an antidote for his job he looked around for a hobby, remembered his mummaging at Bates and decided to take up amateur dramatics. Brockton was no metropolis and the best thing open was the Y.M.C.A. Players.

"We were a pretty, lot indeed. We may not have been slick as satin, but we were picturesque. We never set any drama connoisseurs a-swooning, but I doubt if we ever bored anyone." All this in retrospect from Mr. Lynn.

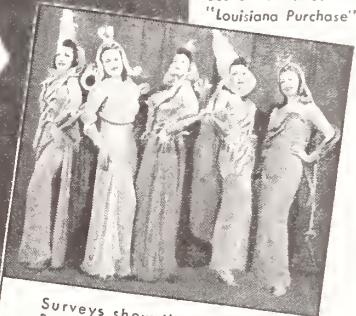
In a modest way actor Lynn began to be noticed. A man named Vaughan Tashjian dropped around and asked how come he didn't tie up with his troupe over in Boston called the Ford Hall

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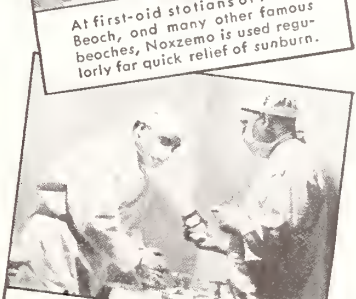
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L.B. HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

Forum Players. Lynn retorted that no one had asked him thus far. Mr. Tashjian remedied that and in a week Master Jeffrey Lynn was commuting nights in a rickety Ford from Brockton to Boston.

As a member of the F. H. F. P. the best he could do was to land the role of a soulful, misunderstood boy scout in a performance designed to swell a relief fund. According to Boston papers there were numerous old ladies who wept.

Came summer and he discovered that he was woefully distant from Harvard's \$400 tuition, not to mention board and room money for the first semester. He was pondering Fate's ironies when he received a letter from a Dr. Edwin M. Wright, head of the English department at Bates. What Dr. Wright had on his chest was this: Why didn't his star scholar return to Bates for a couple of summer courses, take over a high-school English department in the fall and work toward a professorship. Certainly Bates was his oyster after he had picked up another degree.

HE took the prescribed courses in the teaching of adolescents and when fall came he accepted the offer of the school board of Lisbon, Maine, to head the English department of the local high school.

All that year he struggled trying to whip up an interest in Caesar's military headaches, Juliet's romantic difficulties and Silas Marner's financial worries. By Christmas he got an inspiration: He announced that from that date on anyone interested in joining a new dramatic club he was organizing needed only to do competent work in English.

The very first day he got enough applicants to re-enact the De Mille production of "Ben Hur." He signed them all up, put them to work making lights out of tin cans, constructing scenery out of discarded wooden cases. And he worked patiently with them as they whipped a script into a thing of motion and life.

After that he noticed a new interest in his classes. The lackadaisical scholars had discovered that he was a "regular guy."

The only trouble with all this extra-curricular coaching of the drama was that the doctor himself succumbed to the curc-all. By the time June came around he began to wonder if he hadn't made a mistake in dedicating himself to school-teaching.

That summer, so's to give himself the solitude to figure it all out, he took a job as counselor in a boys' camp. By the middle of August when camp broke up he had made up his mind: He would leave teaching forever.

He came home only to learn that a semiprofessional acting company had been launched in Worcester that summer. He hastened to join the group. In tryouts he showed up so well that they let him do the leads in "Outward Bound" and "Counselor-at-Law." The critics were so encouraging that he began to flirt with the idea of giving Broadway a try. He talked it over with the director, who observed, "You'll never starve on Broadway. If you've got guts you'll succeed."

Even at that he never would have made the try, in all probability, if it were not for a woman named Margaret Parsons, happily married and serving as the Book Editor of the Worcester Telegram-Gazette.

Well, when she wasn't telling harried authors what was wrong with their books, she was serving as adviser to the director of the Auburn Tennis Club, which went in, of all things, for more dramatics than tennis.

This same Miss Parsons (her professional name) was walking off the tennis courts one day in August when she ran smack into Master Lynn, looking for all the world like a weary charm boy. It dawned on her that he'd make a nifty lead for the Tennis Club's next show—the season opener, in fact—called "The Temporary Husband." He played the part to shrieks of delight from the ladies, booming salvos from the menfolk.

Miss Parsons came over to congratulate him afterwards.

"Why the dickens don't you try New York? If you're turned down by Broadway, you can always come back to what you've left."

He departed from town that very week, fired by the confidence his booster had instilled in him.

His first days in New York were dismal. Not a single producer gave him the slightest encouragement. Everyone wanted to know what he had done on Broadway. In desperation, when his money ran out, he took the first job that came his way. He became a barker for the Embassy Newsreel Theater, wore a 20-pound uniform and city-slicked the pedestrians into pausing to glimpse the latest happenings as seen by the camera's eye.

"What galled me," he says today with a curious wistfulness, "is that across the street was the magical Broadway I had come to New York to conquer. And me touting a newsreel!"

All that winter he toiled as a barker. At night he used to take coaching at a drama school run by Theodora Ervine, who once taught Clark Gable and Alice Brady.

"Wait until spring," he used to tell his classmates. "I'll be in the real theater for sure."

WHEN spring came he was still with the Embassy. But when summer came he received a visit from an agent who had caught his workshop performance of Hamlet. He offered Lynn an opening in the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia.

All excitement, he kissed his job goodbye and trekked down South where he "worked like a son-of-a-gun doing everything but acting, including driving a truck, serving as assistant stage manager and acting as general liaison man with the townsmen."

He was back in the fall, dripping with disillusionment. He trucked over to the Embassy but hadn't been on the job more than three hours when a telegram arrived for him offering him a chance in "A Slight Case of Murder" as second assistant stage manager and understudy to the juvenile. But the play folded like an accordion, so Jeffrey called around at Macy's department store and got a Christmas-rush post in the sporting goods department.

The yuletide over, Walter Hampden hired him for his seasonal expedition into the provinces. Came summer and he was back in New York and got himself a job tearing down the Italian embassy. He loved the work. It kept him in trim.

He was pondering giving up the stage and returning to pedagogy when he heard that George Abbott, the producer, was casting a road company of "Brother Rat." He read for Abbott who liked his manner and his soft voice and gave him the part of the prissy senior-cadet who's such a nifty heel.

In time the "Brother Rat" company arrived on the coast. And it was only natural that the movie scouts should "catch" the show, especially after the word had gone the rounds that "this guy Lynn's got something different." M-G-M got the first crack at him but let the

option lapse. Then Warners perked up interest—egged on by a one-man selling campaign engineered by Bette Davis who had seen his test for M-G-M—only to discover that Lynn and the show had departed for Chicago. He was there when the wire came, reported immediately, as per instructions, as soon as he had gotten an okay from George Abbott.

When he arrived, the studio blew cold, put him to work in short subjects, a second-rate feature and promotional pieces and seemed content to let the matter rock along.

There was less than a month to go on his contract when Errol Flynn got lost in the Caribbean and the brothers Warner began getting panicky about "Four Daughters." Some cool head suggested, "Why not use someone else?"

Lynn arranged for a test. Priscilla Lane got up at five to help him put it over. When Curtiz saw the rushes he said, "Not bad. Run it over again." As he walked out he tapped Lynn on the shoulder. "I like your work," he said. "Good luck."

"Four Daughters" made Jeffrey Lynn. "There's poetry in the acting of Jeffrey Lynn, a deftness and honesty mingled with a sensitive charm and an appeal that goes beyond the purely animalic," a reviewer on a Dallas paper enthused.

"FOUR Daughters" was two seasons ago and this year of grace finds our hero gambling atop this unpredictable world, blowing smoke rings heavenward. He has nine pictures behind him, "It All Came True" and "All This And Heaven Too" in the near past. With "Four Mothers" and "Trial and Error" coming up, Jeffrey Lynn is in an enviable spot.

When he came to New York recently he encountered a group of "nothing-sacred" interviewers.

Said one of them point-blank, "Mr. Lynn, isn't it true that you're engaged?"

He laughed, that do-re-mi-fa-sol laugh of his. Then he said:

"No. I'm not engaged to anyone. For the time being I'm playing the field."

That was, of course, quite a few moons back, quite some time before he bumped into a pert little brunette who had come to a party sporting a beanie. He had kidded her and had come out second best. She left him licking his wounds and said, "Ta-ta!"

Her name is Dana Dale and currently she's the most important part of his non-professional life. Nights when he isn't struggling with a script, he's driving his shining roadster down the winding road of Coldwater Canyon to an apartment house on North Rossmore Avenue where Dana is making her home, so's to be real close to Paramount Studio for whom she is doing a cowgirl picture this very moment, vis-a-vis to Bill Boyd's *Hop-along Cassidy*.

Being the girl friend—or chum—of Warners' ranking Sir Galahad has its drawbacks for Miss Dale. Interviewers are always wanting to know what sort of a romancer is this Mr. Lynn.

One curious laddie even called her up and inquired: "Is he nice?"

"Not too nice!" the Dale lady is supposed to have volleyed.



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 mope 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.

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How to do the

SLOW LINDY HOP

A move-by-move account in the March issue



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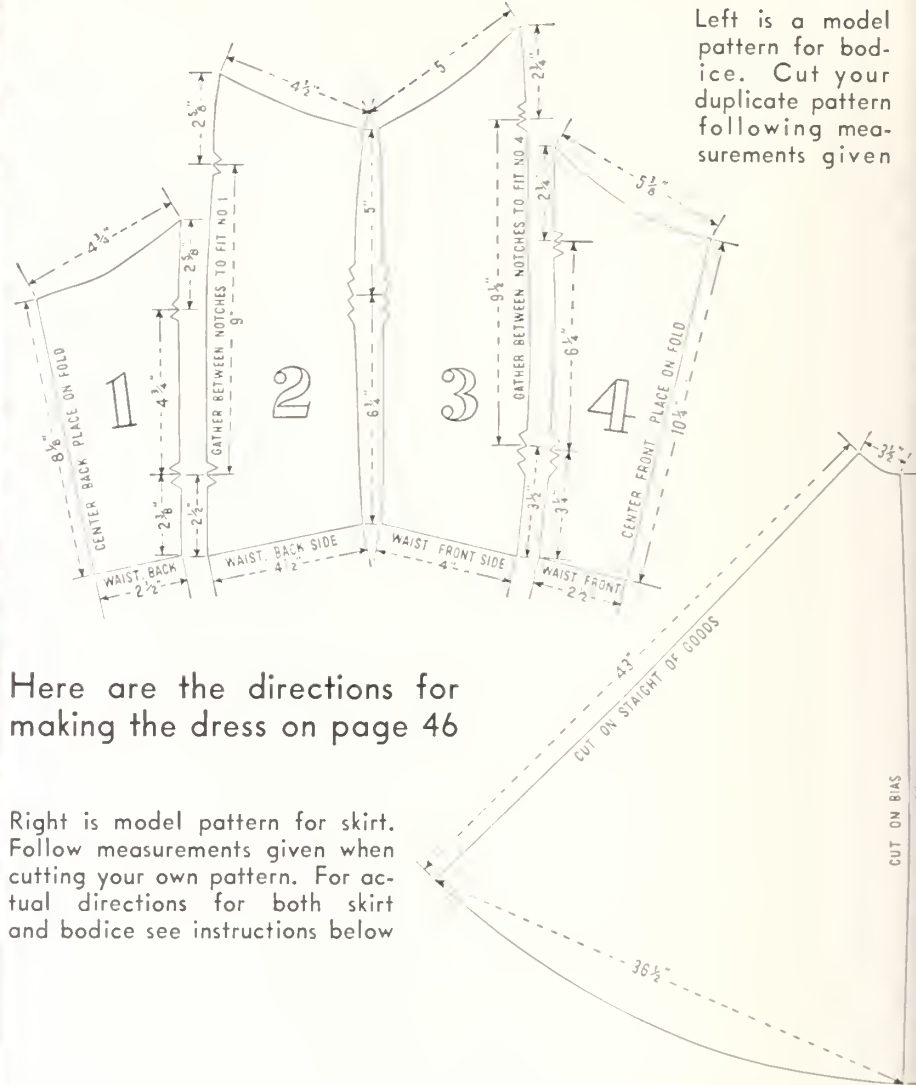
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ANSWER TO A GENTLEMAN'S PRAYER

Left is a model pattern for bodice. Cut your duplicate pattern following measurements given

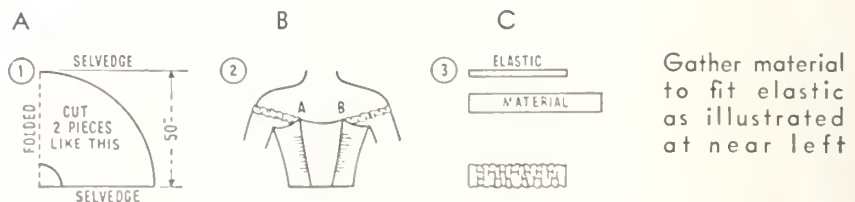


Here are the directions for making the dress on page 46

Right is model pattern for skirt. Follow measurements given when cutting your own pattern. For actual directions for both skirt and bodice see instructions below

Materials Suggested: Net, tulle, chiffon; velvet ribbon belt and bow.
Material required: Sizes 14, 16: Bust, 35; Waist 26, Hips, 36 (approximate measurements). 5 3/4 yards of 50" material. (Skirt is 9 yards around when finished)

Skirt is a complete circle. Place pattern on the full width of material, folded. (See Illustration A)



Gather material to fit elastic as illustrated at near left

Sew sides together. Stitch on machine at the top to keep it from stretching. Bodice is princess style. Sides are cut longer than front and back panels and are gathered. By fitting bodice snugly to figure, it will stay in place. (See Illustration B)

Sew elastic both front and back—from A to B. Face under arms. Gather material on elastic for shoulder straps and tack on at A and B for flowers for shoulders. (See Illustration C)

By having elastic for the shoulder straps and the elastic at front and back a smooth and sure strapless decolletage will be maintained. Zipper for side opening, if needed, after joining skirt to bodice. Tack flowers in place along elastic.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 6)

trip and to me that is a choice that I don't have to ponder for two seconds) . . . on our plane besides our bunch of writers and news photographers there were Charlie Ruggles, Johnny Mack Brown, Hedda Hopper, Mary Carlisle and Melvyn Douglas. . . .

We got our first taste of the enthusiasm that was in store for us when we attempted to get off the plane at the Tucson airport . . . some ten thousand howling fans were there, with automobile headlights blazing, horns tooting and hands waving . . . even we mere writers were caught up in the mob as they rushed the stars. . . .

THE festivities started at the first moment of Friday . . . or exactly one minute after midnight of Thursday . . . when the hands of a gigantic clock in the main square of the town were turned back from 1940 to 1860 . . . Jean Arthur officiated at this . . . while all the other stars took bows . . . and a throng of some fifty thousand people stood in that clear, sharp, exhilarating air of Arizona and cheered them. . . .

The next event was a menuda party for the whole city . . . if you've never heard of menuda, I can tell you now but couldn't possibly have told you a week ago . . . that this is an ancient Mexican dish made of tripe, calves knuckles and hominy in the form of soup . . . it's good, too . . . but colorful as was the ceremony of eating in a public square before vast open bonfires, as charming as it was to dance in the streets to Mexican bands, the most interesting thing to those of us from Hollywood was watching the noisy glee or the shy adoration that followed the appearance of each star who entered the throngs. . . .

For other stars besides those who had come on the plane with us were beginning to arrive by later planes and trains . . . there were Guy Kibbee, Rita Hayworth, Warren William, Fay Wray, Porter Hall, Regis Toomey, William Holden, Jack Holt . . . and when they would appear in the crowds, those crowds would rush them with autograph books of very shape and description. . . .

The menuda party went on till dawn with the whole town, saloons and restaurants and taxi stands and dance halls running wide open . . . we tottered into our hotels to grab two hours' sleep before they were due to open an Indian Village . . . one of the principal streets and later to crown a 17-year-old high-school girl queen of the fiesta. . . .

It was well past noon on Friday when that was over and we were due out at the Arizona Historical Society . . . to hear speeches . . . and have lunch . . . and see Jean Arthur presented again . . . and after that there was Kate Smith's broadcast . . . and after that there was Hedda Hopper's broadcast . . . and somewhere in the middle there was a monster street parade . . . and somewhere and somehow there was Governor "Bob" Jones proudly introducing the star of Arizona . . . "Miss Jean Autry," he said! . . .

By midnight . . . after we had gone to press dinner which Harry Cohn gave . . . had rushed by the five theaters that were simultaneously showing "Arizona" . . . all five of them the visiting stars took bows . . . and had danced at a monster, see-for-all dance at the Hotel Santa Anita . . . a few of us went out, not to see the town or to see an event . . . but

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to look at the people themselves... these wonderful, small-city people of America...

This Tucson is a really Western city... a Western melting pot... so we saw the lean, white pioneer faces... those bronzed skins and those sun-wrinkled eyes...

We saw Mexicans and Indians and Negroes... and about each and every one of them you could observe some Hollywood influence... it was there in the clear, clean way the girls wore their hair... it was there in every woman's make-up... it was there, too, in the sense of showmanship the whole city had so overwhelmingly displayed... in the slim girl drum majors... in the saucy costumes one band of tiny Negro children had worn...

There they were, the American public, white and black and red people, from different races and different strains... from different traditions... and different histories... but blessedly, Americans all... and here was the visible evidence that we all wanted the same

thing... laughter and color and movement and the impress of strong personalities and something to believe in...

We are apt to forget that in Hollywood when we live here steadily and become subtle... when we start to talk about "montages" and "psychological values" and "synchronization" and "options" and "oomph girls"... but Arizona the state, and "Arizona" the film, with its restatement of pioneer principles... and mingling with simple, deeply human people, got our thoughts out of their gilded grooves...

Dawn was approaching as a few of us from Hollywood walked down one street after the other... around this square and that... and even as we walked and looked and listened... the dark blue of the sky began glimmering with the rising sun... and then the round disc of the sun appeared... to face the full moon which was still shining... it was one of those unbelievable moments... when you realize afresh that, come what may, there are some values that remain forever untouched and incorruptible...

You Could Do It, Too!

(Continued from page 24)

supporting roles at that, that's some buildup! As a result, the fans mob her for her autograph and they write persistent letters to studios clamoring for more Hayworth.

She had only one day off between "The Lady In Question" and "Angels Over Broadway," but she satisfied the demands of photographers by giving up her Sundays to them.

The camera boys respond to her kindness like a bud to water and they would give their last flashbulb for la Hayworth. They're in a position to do favors, too. One night at Ciro's, Arthur Hornblow was giving a party. Across the room sat Rita, who was up at the time for a role in his new picture "I Wanted Wings." Hymie Fink, Jack Albin, Art Carter and several other camera clickers gathered around Rita and popped so many flashbulbs that Hornblow couldn't help but notice all the attention being given her. Hornblow later offered Rita the role, but her own studio bosses turned it down.

riff which revealed two inches of Hayworth in the raw and an exaggerated hobble skirt with a slit up the front set her back \$350. But it was worth it. She wore it at Ciro's and the photographers scamped in her direction. Payoff: Two magazine covers and innumerable picture layouts in other publications.

EVEN her social evenings have a practical value! Not a gadabout or playgirl—in fact, a reserved type of girl—nevertheless she makes it her business to go out once a week. When she does she dresses in formal clothes only and goes to the right places—Ciro's or the formal premieres or play openings. Her businessman husband is behind Rita in her campaign and guides her on every step of the way. He is the silent partner, however. When the photographers approach, he ducks. When he can't get out of it, he will pose smiling rather than offend the camera boys.

Rita is not a top-salary star, but she

RITA unceasingly keeps up her campaign to dress her way to fame. Every cent is an expenditure which must bring back a return.

"For that reason I don't buy diamonds and other costly jewelry. I mean, a diamond bracelet is a very nice thing to have, you understand, but it doesn't do as much as a striking dress. For the price of one bracelet, I could buy four or five gorgeous evening dresses that will really command attention."

She spends between \$12,000 and \$150,000 a year on clothes and has received a million dollars worth of publicity in return. "I couldn't do it if I had to live on my salary," she admits. Rita's husband, Edward Judson, takes care of butcher, baker and silver candlestick maker.

Her wardrobe is selected with an eye toward the photographer. Her evening dresses are all designed to accentuate her womanliness. They are all as figure-molding as a satin bathing suit—no swishy bouffants which conceal the curvaceous hip line for Rita!—and they all reveal a provocative bit of flesh.

Her dresses cost from \$150 to \$250 apiece and she inspects the design a half-dozen times before it is actually run up. One evening dress of bright red crepe with a bra-top, an exposed mid-



He takes care of the butcher and baker; she pays the bills for her clothes: Rita Hayworth with her husband Edward Judson at Ciro's

looks it. That means a lot in the salary-snobbish movie colony. Astutely, she economizes on those things which are hidden from the public. Her home, for instance, is a modest cottage in Brentwood. Significantly, in the year she has had the home she hasn't bought any furniture for it outside of the beds and a few chairs for the den. The rest of the house is bare. "You can't," says Rita, "carry your house on your back."

Dollar for dollar, she has planned her stardom campaign as a businessman plans a sales campaign. Is it successful?

Well, during the past six months she has made four pictures and embarked upon her fifth with Jimmy Cagney, "Strawberry Blonde," which is five times as many as the number she made the previous six months. Her studio considers her their up-and-coming star and is banking on her as their White Hope. She has already justified that trust by her work in "Angels Over Broadway."

More than that, her name is becoming synonymous with stark, lush glamour—the sort of glamour that Gloria Swanson and Billie Dove had. An apartment house owner in Hollywood recently tried to capitalize on it. His building is on Hayworth Ave. and he named it "The Rita Hayworth Apartments." As though that weren't enough, he had a huge sign hung outside which sways dreamily in the balmy Hollywood breeze:

The Rita Hayworth Apartments
Every Room as Beautiful as the
Movie Star

Rita's \$75 a week press agent swears up and down that he had nothing to do with it!

The Girl Who Learned How to Dress

(Continued from page 49)

hat makes it truly distinctive."

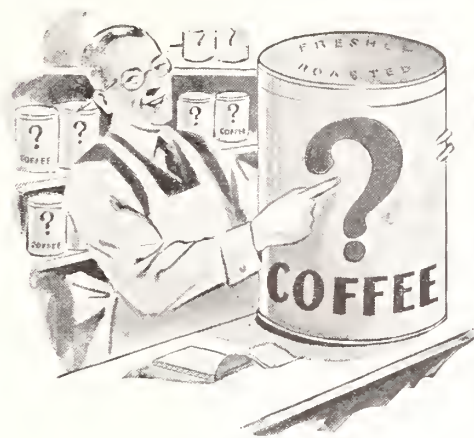
This is easier than it sounds. To illustrate, one of Carole's favorite suits from her own wardrobe is a lightweight wool in black. Now there are five million black suits walking around the country this season, but what makes this one different is the line of the collar. It's a big white one that is absolutely Puritan in cut.

Then there's the black slipper-satin formal, so simple in design with its heart-shaped bodice and wide-spreading skirt. But to give it that distinctive line Carole draped a black lace shawl over one shoulder—and presto, she had drama.

"Every woman goes through a sort of evolution in learning about style," she asserted. "There was a time when I was always trying to do something fancy with my hair, with bows and so on. Five or six years ago I might have gone in for exaggerated, too formal lines in a costume. You have to be casual and easy in your clothes to make them look well. This is an age where anyone can dress well by simplifying her wardrobe and getting a continuity to it."

HAT has become the keynote of Carole's clothes, simplicity. Take her formal hostess gown. Not one iota of trimming on it except the hand-embroidered scroll running down the front and around the short sleeves. She gives it fillip with a heavy strand of pearls.

"You spend only half as much—and look twice as smart," said Carole, "if you get continuity to your clothes." That was another lesson learned early in the campaign. Every girl knows what it is to have a wardrobe of "misfits" in which



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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 are a lot of good names being used now such as Morning Glory, 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 \$250.00 in cash prizes plus a \$50.00 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 of one, 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

24 Cash Prizes Totaling \$250.00

Write your coffee name on a penny post card or a sheet of paper. Sign your own name and address. Mail within three days from the day you read this advertisement—it always pays to be prompt. Your name for coffee must be mailed before April 15, 1941. 24 cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected by the judges as the first prize winner, you will receive \$100.00 in cash, and as an extra promptness prize a \$50.00 check regularly each month for the first six months of 1941; second prize will be \$25.00; third prize, \$15.00; fourth prize, \$10.00; and 20 additional prizes of \$5.00 each. The 24 cash prizes are in addition to the extra prize of \$50.00 a month for the first six months of 1941 which will be awarded to the first prize winner. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie. A victory list will be published as soon as the judges have selected the prize winning names. Right now you may be thinking of just the name we are looking for—a name that will win first prize. Sometimes the first name you think of is the best name to mail in. Send only one coffee name—your favorite—to

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In *How to Gain Weight*, Bernarr Macfadden gives full information on what to eat and how to exercise to add those flattering pounds. If you really wish to put on healthful flesh—send for *How to Gain Weight* today. Only 50c postpaid.

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nothing quite matches. To avoid all that, Miss Lombard worked out a system. She began by selecting a basic color—blue it was that first time. Because it was winter, she built her daytime wardrobe around a furless blue woolen coat. (Unless you're going to buy several coats, don't get one that is furred, Carole suggests. It's much better to put your money into a good fur piece.)

A slim skirt of the same material went with the coat and Carole chose arresting little scarves, chic little blouses to go with it.

A velvet ascot and chinchilla cloth beret did noble duty for business. For afternoons or "dressy" occasions she wore the coat with a demure gray frock, gray accessories and a cross-fox fur.

But where Carole's ingenuity really came into play was with the sleek black formal dress she bought. You know how evening clothes can bulge the budget to the bursting point? The secret is to make one formal serve a triple purpose. Carole's black dress went to dinner with a smart overblouse of matching material. It went dancing with a dusky pink chiffon scarf. Carole simply draped the scarf across the front and over the shoulders, held it in at the waistline with a clip, then let the chiffon panels foam clear down to the floor. It went dining out in restaurants with a tight-fitting lamé jacket that had a surplice cut.

EVEN today Carole plans her wardrobe along the same principles. She goes into a huddle with the famous designer Irene. They plot out line . . . color . . . "She never comes in here two days before a party," Irene told me once, "and says she wants something terrific to wear at it. She buys the clothes she needs once or twice a year—and every costume is planned in advance down to the last detail. There's a certain symmetry and blending in her wardrobe that makes it outstanding and she probably has started more vogues than any two women in the world."

For instance, months ago Carole tired of short jackets. "Let's do something different with them. Let's make them three-quarters," she said. Thus the high fashion in three-quarter length coats was born. She wears at least two of them in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

It was Carole, too, who brought back the old-fashioned gold settings for jewelry, who reintroduced beaded dresses, who created one of the most popular styles that ever swept the country, the shirtwaist dinner dress.

This latter creation came about because of a pair of sapphire cuff links. They were a present to her and she didn't know what to wear with them. They were too beautiful for a mere shirtwaist. "They ought to go on a tailored dinner dress," thought Carole. Whereupon she and her studio designer created the shirtwaist formal and six months later every girl in America was clamoring for one.

If it is becoming, it's good for you: That is Carole Lombard's style slogan. Take the new Lombard hats. Are they the dizzy, daffy mode of the present? They are not! They're on the crushed-turban effect and they pull down over the eye in a way that's flattering as a frame.

"Headgear has gotten to the point where it's idiotic," declared Carole. So she is designing her own.

No dominant prints in her wardrobe. No bold plaids. No bulky materials like heavy wool. They've been as taboo on her dress program as clothes that fit too tightly. "If girls only knew how much better they appear in a dress that fits

easily," she said.

Carole previews every new costume at home, even to purse and gloves, for a one-man audience—her husband, Mr. Gable. And Mr. G., who didn't know gingham from velvet in days gone by, is an appreciative spectator.

One of the most interesting style secrets that Carole discovered was how to "spotlight" a costume. "A touch of color or trimming should be used much as you would use a spotlight," she explained. "But you can't 'spotlight' too many things or you divide the attention. That's why, if your neckline has special interest, elaborate gloves should never be worn. If your hat is particularly good-looking, don't wear fancy shoes. Only one color or jewelry note should be played up on a costume."

For example, on Carole's black crepe dinner dress with the bloused tunic and long sleeves, the "spotlight" is held entirely by the lovely clips and matching bracelets.

On her formal of floating white mouseline, a corsage of gay carnations at the waist—with clips just below the shoulder straps repeating the color note—is the attention-riveter. (See the picture below.)

If you have ever watched Carole try on a new dress, you realize there are more tricks in doing it than meet the eye! She doesn't just stand in front of the mirror; she does exactly what she's apt to do in that dress. She walks, strides, sits down—twirls, if it's a dancing frock. The thing is to see what the dress will do for you in action!

"A candid-camera shot is the acid test of the well-dressed woman," said Carole. "If your clothes look right in that snapshot the family took when you were not looking, then you've passed a hundred percent!"

It's a long step, sartorially speaking, between the girl who was Jane Peters and Carole Lombard. But it's a step that every woman can learn to take. . . .



Operating on the Lombard costume credo, Carole wears white with a splash of red carnations and the famous Lombard clips in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith"

Redheaded Rebel

(Continued from page 55)

embarrassment. She did what sensitive childhood usually does under those circumstances. She escaped into dreams and books. She read constantly, devouring every word she came upon. She read everything from the Book of Common Prayer to the recipes on the baking powder tins, from the novels of Sir Walter Scott to the poems of Oscar Wilde. Her mother insists that she knew her letters before she was 3, but Greer recalls only that she was continually endangering their lives by crazily tipped oil lamps when they were in London and by candles hidden under the bed sheets when they were in Ireland, as she read far into the nights when she was supposed to be asleep.

She grew up, entirely surrounded by her elders, her grandparents on both sides of her house, her uncles and her aunts. They were elders, quite literally: On the Garson side, Presbyterian elders (Greer is simply an Irish contraction of the Scotch "McGregor" and her being named thus equally for her mother and her father is like her character, half wild Irish, half sedate Scotch and a devil mixed up in the middle of it); on the Greer side, Protestant Irish and, as any son of Eire will tell there, there's nothing in life so severe as a Protestant Irishman. She met few children, either in her ailing winters in England, or in her care-free summers in Ireland. Naturally, when she did meet other children, she did not care for them greatly and they returned the lack of feeling, for she was little Miss Prim, overspoiled in one way and overdisciplined in another, and older than she will ever be in her life again.

"I get consistently younger," Greer laughs now. "I am so much younger today than when I was 12 that I fully expect by the time I am 40 I'll be young enough to play ingenues!"

She can remember no time when she did not dream of being an actress and she was acting every moment of her waking life. Her favorite parlor trick as a very little girl was portraying a quarrel between the big fat policeman and the long thin man. She did both roles and she still can bring those two to life for you so plainly that you can see them in any room. And also, though she isn't aware of this, you can see that lonely little girl, running away by means of her two make-believe characters from the unpleasant facts of her own existence.

THESE dreams and her reading took up all her hours and the reading began to make its influence felt in her schooling. Afternoons when the rest of the class was out on the playing fields, she was glued to a microscope in the botany lab, or forging eagerly through the Aeneid, and she zoomed ahead of the other children in her lessons just as fast as she was going ahead of them in height.

So by the time she was 9 she had won her first scholarship and by the time she was 15, she had won her second. A miraculous scholarship, this one, that gave her the right to enter either the University of London or the sacred, austere precincts of the hallowed Oxford or Cambridge if she so chose.

She wavered on Oxford, that "city of dreaming spires," as she now describes it. The scholastic life appealed to her as

safe and comfortable. The money the scholarship brought her was a blessing to herself and her mother. But the more she considered Oxford, the more her keen mind realized that it was a retreat from life, not an entrance into it. And suddenly, there at 15, she was eager for life and sick of dreams.

SHE wanted to know people and things. She wanted to see, not pictures and old books and good furniture and gentle hills, the things to which she had been accustomed always, but stores and crowded streets and slums and office buildings. She had known always that she would have her own living to earn and that whatever she got out of life she must wrest for herself. With the money from her scholarship, she saw the path to this. So she turned down Oxford in favor of London University, where she could not live on a campus but must live in a boardinghouse out in the city itself; where she would not be sheltered, but must survive or be lost in the shuffle.

The family's idea was that she was to become a teacher and she saw no way, for all her dreams, of escaping that. The summer before she was 16, while waiting to enter the University, she taught at a girls' school. She had her mop of hair pinned high on her head and she was so excessively dignified that her charges did not remotely guess that she was only two years their senior. She went back to London in the fall and got her first chance at amateur theatricals—Shakespeare, of course, as you would guess from her highbrow atmosphere.

"I wish you could have seen my *Shy-*

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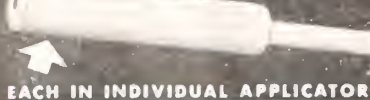
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by a nurse

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lock," she grins now. "What a beard and what a deep voice. I sounded like a breaking heart in a cellar." The company was all feminine. Her life was so set up that she met few boys and the fact that the few she met fluttered about her like agonized moths did not register to her at all until she was 17 and she met The One.

She is too well-bred to tell you his name or much about him, but when she speaks of him at all, it is impossible for her, try as she will, to hide the memory of the emotion he stirred in her.

He was her first love, her complete love and she was mad to marry him. He came of a family a little better than hers, but in equally modest circumstances, and she was all for their eloping and trying out love in a cottage, but he was too realistic. She put herself through the awful humiliation of letting him know of such a dream and somehow she lived through having him tell her that love without money was just no good at all and since it seemed inevitable that she would never have any money, he really could not consider marrying her.

Now she is grateful to him for the cruelty that kept her from drifting into that uncertain domestic backwater and being undoubtedly very unhappy, since he obviously had so little capacity for love. But at 17 her love agony was almost unendurable. She had exposed her secret thoughts to another, she had revealed her dreams and she had had those dreams rejected as romantic and foolish.

She resolved then to be dead to emotion, this emotion that had betrayed her. If it was money that he wanted, she'd show him. She would go into business and be a startling success.

OVER the family protests, she began to take a secretarial course along with her French and her English literature. She began prowling London, from Limehouse to Hyde Park and from Bloomsbury to the Tower until she knew its streets and its people as well as she knew her mother's house and until she learned, vicariously, a great deal about life.

Thus it was that when she was graduated from the University, full of honors and long, leggy young beauty, she made a sufficient impression upon the head of an international advertising agency when she went to apply for a job that she got it, even though she was not a qualified librarian, which was the thing she was supposed to be if she held the job at all.

She was an immediate hit in business and an immediate hit with every man in the place. She did work in the library but not, she says, "at the dim top of ladders in a continual atmosphere of dust and cobwebs" but rather at the brisk and busy information desk which suddenly blossomed under a weight of roses, gardenias and even orchids which the men of the staff were always leaving there.

Presently she was making ten pounds a week, which is fifty American dollars,

and a vast salary for a girl not yet 20 in London. Life would have been quite perfect if she still hadn't wanted to act more than anything else in the world.

In her lunch hours and her few holidays, she kept on trying to get into the acting world and kept on failing to make a single dent on it. She called on managers and met their office boys. She wrote managers and heard negatively from their secretaries. She gave "Shakespearean recitals" unavailingly.

Then, one unbelievable day, she discovered that the austere head of the advertising agency had a sister who was a real actress in the commercial theater and that that sister was coming to see her brother at the office.

GREER met her. Later the actress was to tell her that she was as frightened at meeting a successful young business woman as the successful young business woman was at meeting her. All Greer knew at the time was that here was her chance to meet somebody who might give her a chance to meet somebody who would give her a chance to get into an acting company. And that was what did happen. Through that meeting, she did succeed in eventually getting into the Birmingham Repertory Theater. It meant giving up her job and her ten pounds weekly in exchange for uncertainty and four pounds weekly. It meant turning from being an important young somebody in London to being an abused, unimportant young nobody in Birmingham.

But, for once, Miss Greer Garson was not thinking. She threw her cap over the moon, sure of her complete happiness and her absolute success.

She was completely forgetting that one persistent boy who had kept on writing to her from his Cambridge days onward and who kept sending her thin volumes of poetry; kept on saying, despite her vigorous denials, that she would someday marry him. She said, loudly, she never would. She said, even more loudly, that from this day on, this day when she became an actress, she would never know another moment's unhappiness.

Neither proved true. She did marry that boy; and she was more bitterly, awfully, agonizingly unhappy than she had ever dreamed anybody could be. She was unhappy to that fearful extent that only a person of imagination and feeling can be and what lay ahead of her, for several years, was not glory and gold but agony and poverty and humiliation.

You will learn the story of Greer Garson's marriage, of why she made it and why she finally dissolved it. You will learn about how she got into that Birmingham Theater company and the bitter things she learned there, and of how she triumphed and failed in London, and of the strange things that happened to her in Hollywood. Watch for next month's installment of "Redheaded Rebel" in Photoplay-Movie Mirror

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Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 62)

\$1.00 PRIZE

The Answer?

I AM not saying this could not happen to Tyrone Power, it could happen to almost any star; but I am giving Ty as an example.

Tyrone is at a Hollywood function of some sort. "Gee, I'm sorry," he says to the host, "but my head is killing me and I have to get up early tomorrow—will you please excuse me?" He is excused and he goes out. "Oh, look!" cry a couple of kids, "there's Tyrone Power!" More kids follow, even grownups; they swamp around him, he, with his head splitting. "Sorry, but I'm in an awful hurry," he naturally says. Of course, he doesn't mean to be rude, but he has to. "Ya' stuck up thing!" yells one smart alec, and from then on the kid tells everyone about "that stuck up Tyrone Power."

No wonder Garbo wants to be alone. Maybe she couldn't take it as so many have to. What price fame! You do something slightly wrong and you face the consequences. I read one place where Power said, "I'm a hero one minute, a bum the next." I bet he knows, but he can take it.

JAYNE MORREY,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Comes the Revolution.

I FEEL I owe a public apology to Loretta Young.

I formerly regarded her just as an exquisite person who could wear clothes—and wear them well. But nothing exceptional in the way of an actress since all she had to do was look beautiful.

But since she has taken to kicking up her heels like a frivolous colt and has been such a swell actress in the crack-brained movies she's been doing lately—"The Doctor Takes A Wife" and "He Stayed For Breakfast"—I can see that it was my glasses which needed cleaning after all.

Miss Young is still a glamorous lady but now she has a sparkle, a zip, a vivaciousness which apparently she has been hiding from us!

S. K. PARKHURST,
Seattle, Wash.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Fair Enough

IT doesn't seem quite fair to me that lately, whenever a supposedly "super" movie is made, the box-office prices are raised. I can understand that for "Gone With the Wind" it was necessary, for that was very different from the run-of-the-mill picture. But why should "Boom Town" and "The Sea Hawk" have to be shown at higher rates? Frankly, I was greatly disappointed in "Boom Town" and considered it not up to its advance ballyhoo.

We movie fans don't get a lower rate when a picture is a flop and there are many of those. Now, along comes "The Great Dictator" with prices reaching a new high. If we must pay more for these so-called "better pictures" then I think we should get a break on the mediocre ones.

A. R. YOUNG,
Springfield, Mass.

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The Headstrong Girl Who Thought She Knew It All

She didn't care what they said. They couldn't treat her like a child. She could take care of herself in any company. In fact, she could go with Gregg—wild, pampered leader of the schools' gilded youth—to the unchaperoned party at his mountainside cabin in perfect safety. Wasn't she seventeen, a senior in High School, head of her class? She'd show them!

And so, after the family was abed Jan put on her sister's newest evening dress, climbed furtively from her window and down the rose trellis, ghosted out of the back gate and down the dark street where Gregg's car was waiting in the shadows to—

But **TRUE STORY** believes you would much rather learn from Jan's own words the bizarre story of that Spring night's strange adventures and the jeopardy in which a human life was placed. Her revelations speak for themselves with a drama and intensity such as you will rarely read. Only Jan, of all the world, could tell you so vividly and unforgettably just what happened. Every girl should read her story. Every mother of a headstrong girl should make its message hers. The title, *Not Her Kind*. The page, 32. The magazine, February **TRUE STORY**. At all news stands, now!



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NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGERNAILS
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(Continued from page 91)

HONORABLE MENTION

I WAS feeling pretty gloomy yesterday after registering in the draft, so I dropped wearily into a movie to try to forget the whole insane mess. There I saw Myrna Loy and Melynn Douglas do their stuff in the most rib-tickling comedy it has been my pleasure to see in many years. It was called "Third Finger, Left Hand." I sat through the picture twice and when I left I knew that America was still sane and would remain so.

MAX R. HENDRYX,
Indianapolis, Ind.

IN the course of time the medical profession has given much to the world. When we go to the movies we expect to find an occasional picture on the subject. Lately, however, the producers have gone crazy with the "Serum Complex." Imagine Ann Sothern running into a jungle equipped with scientists and serums. And everyone knows that it has been ages since Dr. Kildare and his serums lost a patient.

Soon films will be rated not by stars but by blood counts and the serum content. And think of the professional jealousy prevalent at a double feature!
GENE O'BRIEN,
Southport, N. C.

P.S.—Is there a doctor in the house?

TODAY I am head buyer in one of the most exclusive dress shops in town, but, without the help of the movies, well... You see, I was raised in the foreign section of the city and I never realized how different I was until I began associating with those in the business world. I poured over the fashion notes in movie magazines by the hour and I attended countless movies. Yes, I learned, and that's why I pay tribute to you, Hollywood!

KATHERINE WANSCHURA,
St. Paul, Minn.

DEAR TOM MIX:
We were not known to each other personally, but I think that I knew you almost as well. You were my first hero and will always remain so in my memory. I am only one compared with the thousands who have and always will honor you.

They say there is another world just beyond the clouds and there I know we shall meet someday.

Until then the thousands of people and I say good-bye to you, "Dear Tom."
SHIRLEY CHESLEY,
Detroit, Michigan.

WHAT has happened to Garbo? Where is she? Why this long space of acting immobility? Enough of this chatter of "Remember her in—" Let us see her! Her name is the signal for fanfare. Let's hear it!

J. CUNNINGHAM,
Mill Valley, California

STENCIL, with the unforgettable art of top-notch actor Laughton, Sidney Howard's poignant tale of the pure and heroic love of a simple man—and one has enough. Add the touchingly vital portrayal given by Lombard and the unsuspectedly strong histrionics of Gargan, and one has entertainment mounting to the dignity of an "emotional experience."

In three different cities I was magnetized back to "They Knew What They Wanted" and was each time impressed anew.

MAYO CORNELL,
Cleveland, Ohio

I CAN'T get that fellow McGinty out of my mind. He caught me deeply. There was something heroic and yet a little pathetic about him. I can't help thinking that anyone of us might have been McGinty; he may walk among us unnoticed this very minute. We were not looking at him as he wished to be; we saw him as he was. That can touch a human; it makes you realize again—and we've almost forgotten it today—that people can feel.

I don't think Mr. McGinty lived in vain.
NAT RUTHERFORD,
San Antonio, Texas

DEAR MR. PRODUCER:
Please—please in the next months to follow give us only pictures that will make us laugh. Give us more pictures like "I Love You Again," "He Stayed For Breakfast," "Ghost Breakers" and "The Boys From Syracuse." They may not rate five stars but the tears that run down our cheeks will be tears of laughter and not tears of pain.

There are going to be lots of mothers in our theaters this winter with heavy hearts and sweethearts that are trying to forget. Make us laugh and laugh. And who can laugh more than an American?

IRENE CLUBINE,
Rapid City, S. D.

I'VE just been stirred by the fine acting of Lee Bowman in "Gold Rush Maisie" to send up a cry to the gods of the Motion Picture Industry. A cry for more and finer parts for him and other young men in the movies who bear the resemblance and manner of our everyday American males. Let us see some more of the "just plain nice-looking" boys whom we feel we know and understand and less of the romantic pretty boys.

EVELYN C. MILLER,
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR GINGER ROGERS:
You're slipping, darling, and it's all your own fault. As a glamorous blonde dancing partner, you're tops, a "sophisticated lady" in tap time; as a brunette who's forgotten how to smile, you're way down at the bottom. Please give us another dancing picture, Ginger. That's where you are best and that's where we want you.

MARGARET ROBINSON,
Philadelphia, Pa.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School

(Continued from page 36)

Desi simply rhumbas in the same place, as he does in the pictures on page 36. Lucille dances in a wide circle around him. She passes on her left, his right. (See page 36: Photo I.)

D. At this point they leave off holding hands. He takes her right with his right. (Page 36: Photo II.) Next—

E. Desi puts his left hand back taking her right again with his left, as Lucille is progressing around in back of him. (Page 36: Photos III and IV.)

F. She crosses in front of him again and—

G. As she reaches the above position, Desi leads her to him, his right arm reaching up to assume its normal leading touch on her waist.

H. Thus, they begin dancing in a turn again, this time to Desi's right—the exact opposite of the turn which began the routine, since he is going forward.

I. They make two complete turns. Then—

J. They come out of the routine on the pause, facing each other and ready to do any step they choose.

K. In this case they choose to remain on the spot for a while and do a slight variation of the original step. On the fourth count, when they pause, each kicks out slightly with the free foot, giving a very small hop at the same time on the foot holding the weight. That is, Desi, beginning on his left, does 1-2-3 and on 4 kicks with his right, hopping on his left. Lucille, beginning on her right, does 1-2-3 and on 4 kicks with her left, hopping on her right.

There are many other variations, because in the rhumba, as in any dance, your own improvisations are what make it fun. So! *Arriba, chiquitas! Si ustedes quiehen rhumba un poco, aqui esta . . .* as Desi would say.



Wedding Bells For Rhumba Stars

DESI ARNAZ and Lucille Ball rhumbaed their way right on into romance with wedding bells. And you can chalk up one against the Hollywood wisewigs and romance prophets who turned supercilious ears to their sentimental doings. Just an affair of the press departments, they said; now that "Too Many Girls" was nicely launched, the public would be given a welcome respite from the torrid accounts of these two.

But the prognosticators went sour when Lucille, shooting into New York from a personal appearance in Milwaukee, joined heart and hands with her adored Cuban in a sur-

prise trip to Greenwich, Connecticut. There, with a flash of charm and a dash of high pressure, they succeeded in having the five days' marital quarantine waived to enable them to wed at once—in fact, to get Desi back in time for the second show at the Roxy, even if he did miss the first.

At the end of the Roxy engagement, Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz will journey to Havana, where the bride is to meet her new father-in-law in the best Cuban fashion. Thence they'll return to Hollywood, where there is lively talk of RKO's co-starring the newlyweds who turned the tables on the Cupid wise guys.

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City of Loney Girls

(Continued from page 19)

type of Hollywood ungallant fell to Ann (we'll call her Ann). She had come to Hollywood from New York with a fairish amount of professional experience under her belt but not much idea of how to crack our town. Someone said join one of the many little theater groups because even though you don't get paid, the talent scouts watched the work. Ann welcomed the suggestion because with the first dazzle of Hollywood gone she was beginning to feel the pinch of loneliness. The few letters of introduction she had brought had led nowhere and she found herself unable to meet any young men on a basis she could accept.

IN the theater group was a man who paid her a flattering amount of attention. He was personable and had the casual charm of Hollywood. His cousin, he told her, was married to a biggie in one of the major studios and had been so impressed with Ann's performance in their opening bill that she had reported her to her husband. In fact, Ann might look for a call from the studio any moment. Hot on the heels of this he recounted his own bad luck. He'd been signed in New York for a picture to be done by one of the largest companies (he even showed her the contract, which seemed valid enough) and after he had arrived in Hollywood the picture had been called off. Naturally he couldn't afford to sue because he'd be blacklisted by the industry. Worst of it was he'd brought his mother with him and she had fallen ill over the financial worry of their position, but he knew things would break soon.

They did—but not quite in the way Ann might have expected. In the middle of the night several days later he phoned her that his mother was critically ill and he must get some money immediately for an operation or he wouldn't be responsible for his own life, let alone his mother's. Ann took \$200 out of her dwindling nest egg and got it to him.

The following week she received another S.O.S. This time, however, the plea to pay was tempered with a bit of guile. He said that regardless of how concerned he was over his mother's condition he was going to take Ann personally to a very influential actor he knew. That in Hollywood, of course, is the bait irresistible. Against her mounting judgment, Ann took out another \$100, leaving her own larder dangerously low, and handed it to him. Chump, you say? Certainly; but actors and actresses are emotional people or they wouldn't be actors and actresses.

With the illness of his mother he had stopped attending the theater group, which was understandable. Still, as the weeks flew by, Ann watched with growing anxiety for some word from him.

Slowly and painfully it was borne in upon her that if she was ever to see him or the \$300 she'd have to go after him. Goaded on by her own desperate financial condition, she set out on the search. Finally she tracked him down to a comfortable bungalow in an attractive Hollywood court where he was living not with his mother but with his wife and 3-year-old child.

The family was just sitting down to a sizzling, juicy steak as Ann appeared in the doorway. Instantly on his feet, he took advantage of her bewilderment to back her out into the court. When the girl asked him for a return of at least part of the money he owed her, he shouted, "What do you mean, the money I owe you?"

To Ann's speechless amazement at this bald-faced denial, he continued, his voice growing louder and louder, "What is this? Some kind of a shake-down racket? Perhaps you've forgotten that the law provides for people who try to blackmail innocent men! Why you can't produce one scrap of evidence that your claim is legal and you know it!"

Her mounting rage abruptly turned to ice. Of course, she couldn't—all she had was a couple of telephone calls! Suddenly she became aware of the gaping faces of the neighbors peering curiously out into the court. That, too, was part of his technique! When he finally yelled, "Now, you get out of here!" she stumbled, beaten and chagrined, out of the court. And this was the man to whom she had turned in her Hollywood loneliness!

Her distress prompted her to go to one of the girls' clubs which do such splendid work in helping talented girls try to hold their own against the high voltage of Hollywood. An opening was reported to the club for a script girl at one of the studios. Ann jumped at it and made such a point of studying script technique that she is now being given a chance at a writing job.

BY all odds the most frequently choked-back criticism of the run of Hollywood men—and by that I distinctly mean "run" and not our swell top-flight stars and directors—is their calm acceptance of their desirability. Where in other communities a man spends a little time and attention on a girl he thinks worth taking out, the Hollywood Lothario is extremely nonchalant. It's the familiar psychology of the man who says, "Well, if they want to vote, let 'em stand up with the rest of us in the subway."

A larger part of it, however, is that gallantry seems to operate in inverse proportion to the market. With a waiting list of ten beautiful girls to every halfway presentable male, the competition is uproarious, dog eat dog—and cat

LOUIS BROMFIELD

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eat cat. For be it known, the girls are not entirely blameless in this battle for escorts. I sat in the home of one of our better known Hollywood "eligibles" and in the two hours I was there six women called him for a date that night, one of them phoning back three times before he could make her take no for an answer.

Without too much subtlety women have been used by men-about-Hollywood for the advantages to be gained—everything from press passes for previews and theaters commanded by the girls in the publicity end to highly desirable introductions in the social field. One Eastern writer, in town for material, had a baptism from one of the local yokels. A swank Beverly Hills charity affair was being given for which the invitations brought five dollars apiece. The girl from the East was going in the party of one of the patronesses. Chancing to run into a man she had known who now had a very good studio job but seemed eager to up his social quotient, she was able to include him in the party and sent her check for an additional five dollars to hold the extra reservation.

Quite casually he turned up for the evening in a resplendent cream and chromium coupe, regaled her with stories of his stable and the new string of horses he was starting, which was no bluff, then announced he had just seven dollars in his pocket and would she rather have him pay for his own ticket or go to La Conga for a few dances. The significance of the incident is that, although she was actually doing him a favor, he didn't consider he was called upon to do anything more than pay his own way.

THE paying question, in fact, is one which rankles in many a Hollywood bosom. As a departure from the old theory of the girls' being the gougers, there are those who claim the men are now the gold-diggers. Well, that's carrying things a little too far. Or is it? A star I know had a quaint experience not long ago, quite in the Hollywood tradition. It was necessary for her to put in an "appearance" at an important premiere. So she asked a man noted for his charm and social assets to accompany her. The gentleman in question arrived promptly, preceded in the best approved fashion by a stunning corsage of white orchids to match the star's evening dress. Just as they were leaving her house he suddenly put his hand in his pocket and ejaculated, "Good heavens, I've left my wallet in my other suit! We'll have to stop by my apartment on our way to the Carthy Circle."

But there wasn't time for such a detour (of course there wasn't time!), so the star supplied the cash for the evening—Ciro's for some smooth dancing after the premiere, then on out the Valley for a late night spot or two. A most successful evening, they both agreed when he was enthusiastically thanking her for a swell time. She waved him a gay farewell as his roadster roared down the drive, started to turn back into the house and stopped.

"Why wouldn't he thank me for a swell time?" she muttered ruefully. "It was my money we used and I'll bet I never see it again!"

Lucky she didn't take her own bet or she would have been doubly out on the evening. So you see, even a glamorous star can feel lonely in the Hollywood firmament. Tip from "Fearless": A lot of 'em do!

Remember these things when you think of Hollywood. In no town in the world have so many girls come home to their rooms and flung themselves down to sob their hearts out alone.

Gee! I FEEL LIKE A NEW WOMAN!

MY WIFE HATES TO GO OUT NIGHTS. SHE'S ALWAYS TIRED. THAT'S TOO BAD. MY WIFE'S ALWAYS FULL OF PEP. JOHN SAYS THAT SALLY'S NEVER TIRED IN THE EVENING. I'LL ASK HER HOW SHE DOES IT.

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POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid \$400.00 to Mrs. Dowdy of Texas, for one Half Dollar; \$1.13 Martin of Virgin in 2' 38' 00 for a single Copper Cent. Mr. Manning of New York, \$2,500.00 for one Silver Dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams, Ohio, received \$740.00 for a few old coins. I will pay big prices for all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps.

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1800's, 1850's, 1860's, 1870's, 1880's, 1890's, 1900's, 1910's, 1920's, 1930's, 1940's, 1950's, 1960's, 1970's, 1980's, 1990's, 2000's, 2010's, 2020's, 2030's, 2040's, 2050's, 2060's, 2070's, 2080's, 2090's, 2100's, 2110's, 2120's, 2130's, 2140's, 2150's, 2160's, 2170's, 2180's, 2190's, 2200's, 2210's, 2220's, 2230's, 2240's, 2250's, 2260's, 2270's, 2280's, 2290's, 2300's, 2310's, 2320's, 2330's, 2340's, 2350's, 2360's, 2370's, 2380's, 2390's, 2400's, 2410's, 2420's, 2430's, 2440's, 2450's, 2460's, 2470's, 2480's, 2490's, 2500's, 2510's, 2520's, 2530's, 2540's, 2550's, 2560's, 2570's, 2580's, 2590's, 2600's, 2610's, 2620's, 2630's, 2640's, 2650's, 2660's, 2670's, 2680's, 2690's, 2700's, 2710's, 2720's, 2730's, 2740's, 2750's, 2760's, 2770's, 2780's, 2790's, 2800's, 2810's, 2820's, 2830's, 2840's, 2850's, 2860's, 2870's, 2880's, 2890's, 2900's, 2910's, 2920's, 2930's, 2940's, 2950's, 2960's, 2970's, 2980's, 2990's, 3000's, 3010's, 3020's, 3030's, 3040's, 3050's, 3060's, 3070's, 3080's, 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Ma Hardy Advises—

(Continued from page 21)

Simplicity in dress is the essence of good taste; a man likes to be proud of his girl, not made conspicuous by her."

Speaking of being conspicuous reminded Ma of a young actress she knew in New York. She was one of the most natural girls she had ever known, until a well-to-do young man took an interest in her. Then, by some quirk of reasoning, she got it into her head that dressing outlandishly would make her more fascinating.

"I guess he thought that after they were married he could change all that, because he made up his mind to take her on a surprise visit to see his mother. He asked the girl if she would wear something of a more subdued nature the following evening. The girl, however, refused to take the hint. Instead, she got furious at his implied criticism and determined to teach the young man a lesson.

"The next evening when he called, she was dressed in a sedate old-fashioned black dress. Surprised, the young man asked for an explanation. She quite tartly informed him she was dressed as Whistler's 'Portrait of My Mother.' Her supreme sarcasm was her undoing. She never saw the young man again."

MA reflected a moment and then told me the story of a valuable lesson concerning clothes she had learned in her early youth.

"I had a habit of lounging around my house in an old but extremely comfy robe. It was such a dilapidated thing that every few weeks I would make a resolution to throw it away, but invariably, on an evening at home, I would find myself slipping into it. One evening, a young man with whom I had an engagement found that due to the pressure of some unexpected business matters he would be unable to keep the date. Consequently, I decided to spend the evening at home and, as usual, slipped into the old robe. I had no sooner settled myself comfortably with a book than the doorbell rang. You can imagine my embarrassment when I found myself face to face with my young man.

"From that day on I've always been at least presentable-looking in my lounging moments.

"I believe that every girl should make this a rule; not only in case someone should drop in unexpectedly, but because she owes it to herself. And really it's so easy to do these days, 'cause you can buy such awfully smart, comfortable lounging clothes at very little cost."

I NOTICED Ma was wearing a beautiful new ring of sapphires and diamonds. She told me that it was a birthday present from her husband Dave Clyde. With a laugh, she went on to say that since she had started work on the Hardy Family series, her birthday had gotten to be quite a racket. For now her husband had two women to buy presents for—Fay Holden and "Ma Hardy." This year, Fay had received a ring—Ma Hardy, a new electric stove.

"Speaking of jewelry," Ma continued, "I think one or two pieces of good jewelry are very nice to have, if a girl can afford them. Costume jewelry, of course, if chosen carefully, often adds to a costume. But the two should never be mixed. The other night at a dance I saw a girl with rather a unique bracelet. It was a link type, made of one of those new transparent compositions. The top part was flat, with three silver prongs

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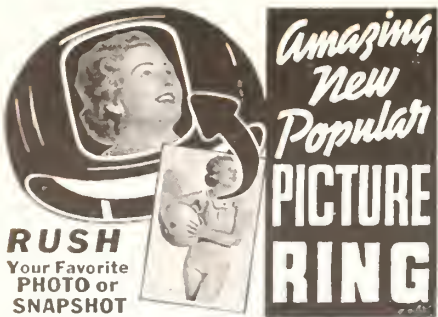
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which held real flowers. I think the nicest engagement ring I have ever heard of belongs to a little girl in Boston. Her fiance didn't have much money, but he had a lot of originality. The ring he gave her was a blue stone in the shape of a heart, bound with a heart of small diamonds. In the center was a forget-me-not in diamonds—a heart within a heart—forget-me-not.

INCIDENTALLY, this girl's engagement was the happy conclusion to a very miserable time in her life. The girl first started writing to me a long time ago and her letters were extremely unhappy. It seems she had but one determination in life—to be popular. The night before she went to a party, she'd lie awake thinking up clever and amusing things to say. In spite of all this, she would be rushed for a short while and then be dropped. She was at a loss to understand it.

"While corresponding with her, I found out a great deal about the girl. I discovered her sense of humor had a satiric tinge and was made at the expense of friends. Naturally, they not only got tired of this, but also found it very wearing competing with her so-called "smart repartee." After all, who wants to be bothered thinking up clever remarks at a wienie roast?

"Finally, I was able to make the girl realize that she was just alienating people by her attitude. I wrote and told her to be herself. You know, naturalness is really the keynote to a winning personality. I told her that a sure way for her to become popular with the boys was to take an interest in the things they were doing. There's not a man in this world who doesn't appreciate a good listener. On the other hand, if there's anything a boy hates, it's to have a girl get possessive and dictatorial.

"This girl took my advice—something that, in this case, I'm afraid I couldn't have done myself—for the girl became interested in a boy who was an amateur magician. Watching a boy perform his tricks day in and day out would have bored me to death, but my young friend turned her boy friend's talent to a good use. She gave a magic party. The invitations were written across playing cards, he performed all his favorite tricks and every game they played had something to do with magic.

"The cost of the entire thing was little; and the net result was that the girl, in giving this party, wiped out all the resentment she had created against herself. Everyone had a good time and her boy friend adored her more than ever.

"That young lady, I'm sure, will never again be lonely. I have what I think is a sure cure for a blue mood, provided you go at it wholeheartedly. When I begin to feel blue, I just busy myself for the next twenty-four hours doing things for other people and at the end of that time my own troubles disappear. It really works.

"I've often thought of the many girls who go to a city all alone to look for work. It's not a pleasant thing to be in a place where you don't know a soul, but even loneliness can be made profitable. I know of a case in which this loneliness was really the foundation for future success.

"There was a young girl who was employed as a clerk in a large department store in one of our leading metropolises. She had come to the city in search of work from a small town. Having no friends in the city, she was forced to live by herself.

"She was terribly lonesome and, for

want of something with which to occupy herself, constantly fixed over her wardrobe, particularly her hats. In search of ideas she often spent some of her lunch hour wandering through the millinery department of the store in which she worked. In doing so, she made the acquaintance of one of the assistant buyers. It was at the buyer's suggestion that she enrolled in a millinery class at a public night school. The girl became intensely interested in her work and her lonely hours were taken care of. In the course of time, she turned out an original model which attracted the attention of the buyer.

"This resulted in her being transferred to that department, where she was given an opportunity to learn the business. Today, she has her own exclusive establishment in the same city where she was once a lonely, unknown girl.

"My advice to girls who find time hanging heavy on their hands is to take inventory of themselves. Find out what you want to do in life. Once you have found and set a definite goal, keep it always before you.

"The only way to success in whatever vocation a girl may choose is to learn everything and anything about her profession that she can. The feeling that she has this knowledge should give her assurance and poise, but she should never at any time flaunt it. People instinctively despise a 'smart aleck.'

THIS is particularly true in a girl's business life. Of course, whenever she can, it is a good idea to make tactful suggestions to one's employer. They, however, should never be made in such a way as to give the impression she is telling him how to run his business. Courtesy under any circumstances should always be practiced.

"Let me tell you a story a friend of mine told me recently, about some newlyweds. Her husband is city editor of a large newspaper. One of his reporters recently married a young society girl. Naturally she was well out of the realm of the crowd that her husband had been used to associating with. The boy unfortunately allowed incidents about many prominent people he had met through his wife creep into his conversation. His pals promptly took to razzing him. The editor's wife, taking in the situation, felt sorry for the young man and his bride. In order to give the bride a chance to meet and really know her husband's pals she gave a party in their honor. She hoped it would result in the reporter's wife being accepted as one of the crowd, but, unfortunately, it didn't work out that way. All through dinner the young man and his bride held hands. Afterwards, seating themselves in a far corner of the room, they billed and cooed all evening, absolutely ignoring their hostess and her guests. A demonstration of rudeness which I think was unforgivable and which certainly did not help the husband's career.

"Many girls have written me asking what I consider the most important thing in life. I have come to believe that the most important thing in life is to be a success as a person. Live and let live. Don't go around criticizing your fellow man; if you can't say something nice about him, say nothing. Tolerance and consideration for other people at all times are very necessary attributes. Always be ready to hold out a helping hand and, once the help is given, forget about it. Maybe there are other things, but I think these are the mainstays."

After thinking over the things Ma has said, I am more than ever convinced—"Ma knows best."

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 15)

✓ You'll Find Out (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The Kyser band runs afoul of spooks and crooks.*

KAY KYSER and his band are lifted bodily from their Kollege of Musical Knowledge air shows and set right down in the midst of movies' three worst bogeymen, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre. The result is a mild panic with fake yogis and cold-blooded crooks flying in and out of trap doors and collapsible walls with Kyser in reluctant pursuit. It all happens when Kay and his band agree to play at the country home of Helen Parrish and find the place alive with horrible horrors.

There are plenty of laughs, of course, with Kay and his boys trying to outwit the baddies. Dennis O'Keefe and Helen Parrish are the romancers. Kay is natural and pleasing on the screen.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun, set to music.

✓ Sandy Gets Her Man (Universal)

It's About: *Baby Sandy plays Cupid.*

JUST for the good old-fashioned belly laughs occasioned by good old-fashioned hokum, we chalk up one check on the credit side of this Universal comedy.

The story has Baby Sandy, who grows cuter by the minute, trying to decide whom *Mama Una Merkel* shall marry—fireman *Stuart Erwin* or policeman *Jack Carson*. *Mama* leaves it entirely up to Sandy to choose and what with the fireman proving himself a hero and the policeman proving himself another hero, both for Sandy's sake, it's riotous. We never saw anyone who could get out of more trouble and into more burning buildings than Sandy.

Who won? Oh, we'll leave that for you to find out.

Your Reviewer Says: It's plain funny.

✓ Little Nellie Kelly (M-G-M)

It's About: *A rambunctious old man who is "agin" romance.*

JUDY GARLAND grows up right before our eyes on the screen and what a charming young lady she makes. In this appealing and "darlin'" little Irish tale, Judy, over in old Erin, marries *George Murphy* against the wishes of her idling old father, *Charles Winninger*, comes to America with *George* and her father, has a daughter, and dies.

Judy then plays the daughter who grows up with father and grandfather (still unforgiving) and meets romance when handsome young *Douglas McPhail* comes a'courting. But *Grandfather Winninger* is still stubborn and bitter against love in the family and almost wrecks little *Nellie Kelly's* romance.

Every member of the cast gathers round to turn in a grand little show.

Your Reviewer Says: A love of a picture.

✓✓ The Mark of Zorro (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *An adventurous young man who exchanges chaos for order.*

(Continued on page 101)

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The Blackstone

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Irene Dunne's smile wins professional plus personal okay from dentist mate Dr. Griffin



Give your smile a chance

BY GLORIA MACK

A FAMOUS novelist who was as noted for her amours as for her novels once met an ugly man. He was a grotesque caricature when it came to physical appearance; to the casual observer he had nothing to offer in the way of looks. But, to the astonishment of all Europe, the novelist fell in love with him. Her blunt explanation didn't pull any punches: "No matter how beautiful a sentiment is," said she, "it is of no value at all if it comes from an unattractive mouth."

The woman was George Sand; the man—had nice teeth.

The story is worth a chuckle, but the moral is not.

Today, with every sort of professional advice at her fingertips, there's no excuse for a woman's not being a beauty.

But being a beauty still doesn't make her a sought-after belle. Just one thing will make or break her in the final social line-up—and that is her charm. This charm depends upon her facial expressions; her facial expressions depend upon her smile; and her smile depends upon her teeth.

The care of the teeth is simplicity itself; any woman who is wise to this first premise of beauty has just ten things she does. If you're honest with yourself for a moment and check up on the list below, you'll find out whether you're merely an "ease the conscience" toothbrusher or a woman who can give herself a complacent and well-deserved pat on the back:

- The smart woman brushes her teeth after every meal whenever possible.
- She sees her dentist twice a year.
- She uses dental floss once a day.
- She uses a mouth wash regularly.
- She makes a point of taking a glass of milk at least once a day, or other food having a high calcium content, like oranges.
- She never taps her teeth with her fingernails; a nervous and unpleasant

habit, and bad for the teeth.

- She changes toothbrushes every ten days.
- After applying lipstick, she checks her teeth in the mirror to be sure they aren't tinged with pink.
- She never bites off thread or opens bobby pins with her teeth.
- She never bites hard candy of any sort.

A simple formula, but, ten to one, in the ordinary run of life there aren't many women who follow it through. An actress knows from the first that her teeth are all-important. Take Irene Dunne, epitome of the charming Hollywood lady. Says she candidly: "I've been lucky in a lot of ways in my life (she married a dentist!) but certainly one of the greatest pieces of luck was in having parents who did see that my teeth had proper care and that I was taught to keep them clean. My parents established the habit of dental care for me and I have never lost it . . . If people would only realize that having clean and healthy teeth isn't only a big addition to the personality, but has such a marked effect on the health!"

THE FIRST STEP:

Is the brushing process—i.e., never, unless you want a bad case of receding gums, brush your teeth with side-to-side movements. Instead, brush the upper teeth with strokes from the gum down; the lower, with strokes from the gum up. Incidentally, you won't pick up trench mouth or any other common mouth germs if you massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Take the thumb and index finger and go over the gums gently with a circular motion. This increases the circulation, gives you healthy gums that keep your teeth strong.

The prelude to all toothbrushing should be a brisk friction with the dry brush all over the teeth and in between each tooth. Then comes the concentrated brushing—and next time you brush, try prolonging the process sixty seconds

more than your usual time. You'll be amazed at the difference in the feeling of your mouth.

AS FOR THE POWDER, PASTE OR LIQUID QUESTION:

Use which ever you like best; one is as good as the other in the estimation of dentists. A good way to choose a dentifrice is by scent; just pick the one the taste of which you like best, the one that makes your mouth feel freshest.

IF YOUR TEETH ARE IRREGULAR:

Swallow your pride, take out your pocketbook and go to the dentist. Have braces put on. You'll be thankful at sixty, because it's a proven fact that teeth that are irregular will disastrously affect the whole mouth later on. What you spend on braces now will be, in the final analysis, a penny of prevention for a pound of cure.

ABOUT SEEING YOUR DENTIST TWICE A YEAR:

It's human nature not to take the first step toward the dentist's door. We know a smart woman who takes the lazy man's way out. She simply tells her dentist's assistant to put her down for a regular appointment every six months. Then she forgets the whole thing until the phone rings and the assistant informs her she's due to come in for a check-up. Good idea and, furthermore, your dreams won't be haunted by drills.

IF YOU WANT A TRICK:

To make your teeth look especially nice on your nights out, try taking a fine linen handkerchief and doing a good polishing job on them just before you go out. Then, during the evening, run your tongue over them occasionally to make them gleam.

Don't push the care of your teeth to the back of your mind; keep concentrating when you use the toothbrush; follow the ten rules carefully and you'll pass 100% in the oral examinations.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

(Continued from page 99)

ACTION, romance and charm literally crowd this remake of Douglas Fairbanks Sr.'s *Zorro* and Tyrone Power takes second place to none as the dashing handsome young Spaniard who pits his wits and strong right arm against the rapscaillon government heads of old California. There are dash and fire in Tyrone's portrayal of the young man who returns from Spain to find his father ousted as governor by the rascals J. Edward Bromberg and Basil Rathbone. By daytime Tyrone plays the fop and the dandy, by night the masked *Zorro* who avenges all wrongs. Eugene Pallette is outstanding as the monk and Linda Darnell is beautiful as the girl. The duel between Rathbone and Power is one of the best ever screened.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspense with thrills.

✓ One Night in the Tropics (Universal)

It's About: A man who insures his wedding and the resulting complications.

STRICTLY nonsense, but the antics of Abbott and Costello are so funny and the whole film is so lighthearted that you'll be very entertained.

Robert Cummings is engaged to Nancy Kelly, but when they have an argument and break up, Allan Jones sells him an insurance policy by which he gets a million dollars if the wedding doesn't occur by a certain date. This is very fine, but what complicates matters is the fact that Allan Jones falls in love with Nancy; Peggy Moran is determined that Cummings will marry no other girl but herself; and Allan hasn't the million dollars to pay off if Cummings doesn't marry Nancy. To this scrambled plot, add Abbott and Costello as a couple of dumb detectives hired to help the wedding long and you'll see what a hodgepodge of laughs it all is.

The music is charming; Jones and Cummings are engaging in their confused romances. Nancy Kelly looks lovely and Peggy Moran is very effective.

Your Reviewer Says: Anything for a laugh.

✓ Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M)

It's About: Dr. Kildare diagnoses an epileptic patient.

CONTINUING the high standard of entertainment set by the previous *Kildare* pictures, this has the added attraction of Robert Young who plays the brother of Laraine Day.

Lew Ayres as *Kildare* has Young for his patient in this picture. Young is evidently suffering from epilepsy and after much study and experimentation Ayres is forced to the conclusion that the epilepsy is hereditary, which involves Laraine Day, Young's sister and Lew's niece. This makes things very difficult for everyone concerned, since Lew, as in all the pictures of the series, is about to marry Laraine. But Lionel Barrymore as the brusque *Dr. Gillespie* steps in and settles everything for everyone.

Robert Young gives his usual excellent performance and the entire cast play their roles with the ease and assurance resulting from long practice in these characterizations. The picture as a whole is even more interesting than its predecessors.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than ever.

Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)

It's About: The murder of a health-farm tycoon.

THIS is the first of a new series starring Ralph Bellamy as the fictional detective, *Ellery Queen*, whose adventures you've undoubtedly followed both in the novels of his exploits and on the air. It sets a good standard for the future pictures, although much of the beginning is spent in establishing the characters who will be in the entire series.

Ralph Bellamy gives a good portrayal of the detective who finds Margaret Lindsay on the scene of the crime—the murder of the rich owner of a health farm who has left two wills—and hides her in his own apartment while he seeks the murderer.

Charley Grapewin is his father, a police inspector, whose methods differ from his son's. Marsha Hunt is the murdered man's daughter who is in love with Michael Whalen.

It ought to be easy for you to ferret out the murderer even before Bellamy does.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll like it.

Give Us Wings (Universal)

It's About: The Dead End Kids and Little Tough Guys take to the air.

WHEN the Dead End Kids meet the Little Tough Guys of the screen you just know something is bound to happen. Sure enough, it does, when the lads, eager to fly, agree to fly planes over crops that require chemical spraying. When one of the lads is killed and it comes to light the planes are antiquated and dangerous, the boys start out after the crooked plane owner in as exciting a chase scene as you've seen in a long time.

For those who like these "gang kid" pictures (frankly, we don't) it has its points.

Your Reviewer Says: Zippy and snippy.

The Lone Wolf Keeps A Date (Columbia)

It's About: The Lone Wolf gets involved in a kidnapping.

THIS program picture is surprisingly good and cleverly done. It's fast-paced, suspenseful and has plenty of action and comedy.

Warren William capably plays the daring *Lone Wolf* who matches wits with the police and underworld alike to solve the mystery of a kidnapping. When he discovers Frances Robinson scurrying out of Havana with a fortune in cash that is kidnap ransom bills, he promptly rushes to her rescue although both the police and a gang of robbers are on her trail.

The bills are stolen and recovered again and you hardly know from minute to minute just where they are.

Eric Blore is William's aide, Thurston Hall is an inspector and Jed Prouty is a comedy police chief. There's a gang of assorted thugs who are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy it.

(Continued on page 103)



OVERLOOKING CENTRAL PARK

Every month famous Hollywood celebrities and executives make the Savoy-Plaza their New York home. To attribute the popularity of this distinguished hotel to any one feature would be difficult. It is the combination of luxurious living, supreme service and unexcelled cuisine.

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HERE COMES COOKIE

BY ANN HAMILTON



Virginia Weidler, "other woman" with John Shelton and Ann Rutherford in "Keeping Company"

PATTY cake, patty cake, Baker's Man Miss Weidler can bake as well as you can

She rolls dough and pats it and marks it with V

And puts it in the oven for Virginia—and all the rest of the Weidler family, not to mention the assorted young fry population who lives near by.

Now you wouldn't believe that Virginia, in addition to being one of the ablest of our younger performers, would have time to cook, would you? She's such a versatile little star, even though she's only 13 years old, that you somehow get the idea that that's career enough. I know it had never occurred to me that she'd know the difference between a rolling pin and a flour sifter until the day I watched her working with Ann Rutherford and John Shelton on the set of "Keeping Company," her latest picture since "The Philadelphia Story."

"Keeping Company" is a story about typical small-town people and in it Virginia plays a little girl who is pretty much like the Virginia of real life—interested in the usual teen-age activities which include "messing around" in Mother's kitchen. After Virginia had finished the scene I began to tease her about her make-believe housekeeping activities.

"But it isn't make-believe," she said seriously.

There are six children in the Weidler family and Virginia explained that with a family of that size, Mrs. Weidler believes they should all learn how to do things about the house; and although Virginia is the youngest of the six, already she knows as much about home-making as lots of older girls.

"But dusting and sweeping and washing dishes are easy," I said. "I'll bet you can't cook."

"Bet I can," Virginia answered. "I dare you to come out tomorrow and see."

So I accepted the dare—who wouldn't. I ask you? Next day I went out to the Weidler home and sat by watching while Virginia measured and sifted and mixed the cookies shown here.

MOLASSES GINGER COOKIES

- 1 cup shortening
- $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar
- 1 cup molasses
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sour milk
- 2 tsps. soda
- 1 tsp. ginger
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ cups flour

Cream the shortening, add the butter and cream together until light and fluffy. Sift together the soda, ginger, salt and

flour and add it to the creamed mixture, alternately with the milk. Add only a little at a time, beating well after each addition. Chill for fifteen to thirty minutes, then roll thin and bake or buttered baking sheet in a moderate oven for twelve minutes.

For icing, Virginia used two egg whites beaten stiff, with two tablespoons of corn syrup beaten into it. As you can see she likes fancy decorations. Sometimes she tints the icing pink or green with fruit coloring and puts it through a pastry tube made of white paper rolled like a cornucopia. Some of the cookies are decorated with cinnamon or chocolate drops, or with colored candies, ground up to form coarse crumbs.

Of course, every young cook likes to bake cake and Virginia is no exception.

"All kinds of cake are nice," she said "but I like chocolate and I like it with chocolate frosting. Mama says most anyone can be sure of cake if you use the right flour and sift and measure it right and make it at the proper temperature and my cake is pretty good."

VIRGINIA'S CHOCOLATE CAKE

- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup shortening
- $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar
- 2 eggs
- 3 squares cooking chocolate
- 2 cups flour
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. soda
- 2 tsps. baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream the shortening and add the sugar as you did for the cookies, then add the chocolate—which has been melted over hot water—and the eggs and mix well. Sift the flour and other dry ingredients together and add, alternately with the milk, to the chocolate mixture. Put in the vanilla last and bake in two 9-inch layer cake pans in a moderate oven for thirty minutes.

"The chocolate icing," Virginia admitted, "hasn't worked out so well. I've been having trouble with it—getting the cooking time right and so on. So now I've found a frosting that doesn't have to be cooked and I'm going to stick to that in the future because it's quick and it always works."

UNCOOKED CHOCOLATE FROSTING

- 3 squares cooking chocolate
- 2 tbs. cream
- 1 tbl. butter
- $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups confectioners' sugar

Melt the chocolate over hot water. Add cream and butter and beat together until butter is melted and mixture is cool. Add the confectioners' sugar slowly, beating steadily until the mixture is smooth and thick. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

A Night At Earl Carroll's (Paramount)

It's About: The kidnapping of a night club's floor show.

IF YOU'D like to spend an evening at Earl Carroll's Hollywood restaurant-club, here's your chance, for almost the entire background of this musical picture is the night club. You'll see all the beautiful girls, some comedians and the musical numbers that Mr. Carroll specializes in.

The plot's pretty thin, of course, since it revolves around the idea that, to spoil the big reception for the new mayor, big gambler J. Carrol Naish kidnaps the floor show.

Ken Murray is the press agent for the night club and Rose Hobart is Carroll's assistant. Brenda and Cobina contribute several laughs in their famous man-hunt routine.

It's a pleasant little picture.

Your Reviewer Soys: All right.

Remedy For Riches (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Dr. Christian saves the town from a "con" man.

SENTIMENTALITY is less rampant in this latest adventure of Dr. Christian, but it's replaced by plenty of broad comedy that's usually missing in the series.

Everyone in the small town is more wealthy than usual, so Dr. Christian has very little to do. However, Warren Hull, the promoter, comes to the village and discovers oil in the river, so naturally everybody sees quick riches in return for a small investment; everybody, that is, but Jean Hersholt as Dr. Christian, who objects about proving that the oil has been "planted" and it's all a crooked proposition.

Dorothy Lovett is Hersholt's loyal nurse and Edgar Kennedy, Walter Catlett and Jed Prouty are very funny in their usual comedy roles.

Your Reviewer Soys: Dr. Christian gets a laugh.

Gallant Sons (M-G-M)

It's About: School pals who heal a breach in their friendship.

THERE'S a lot of genuine sincerity in this heart-appealing story of two firm school friends, Jackie Cooper and Gene Reynolds, who meet heartache head on when Gene's dad, Ian Hunter, is sent to prison for murder at the instigation of Jackie's father, a newspaper editor.

How these kids, with the aid of Bonita Granville, June Preisser, William Tracy and Leo Gorcey, get together to solve the mystery and keep Jackie and Gene friends is a story that will melt the heart of a cynic.

These kids are good! Incidentally, Ian Hunter and Gail Patrick turn in splendid performances, too.

Your Reviewer Soys: A gallant little story.

Bitter Sweet (M-G-M)

It's About: The romance of a Viennese music teacher and a wealthy English girl.

NOEL COWARD'S romantic story of old Vienna with its enchanting music and background comes to the screen in the most exquisite Technicolor yet seen. In fact, the color, especially in the beautiful copper and white ballet number, steals the honors, which is no small achievement considering the beauty of Jeanette MacDonald and the singing of Nelson Eddy.

Nelson is the music master who falls in love with his English pupil Jeanette, marries her in an elopement and takes her to Vienna where, together, they struggle for success.

George Sanders plays the villain as only George Sanders can. It's a pleasure just to watch Mr. Sanders in action. Diana Lewis is cute as the lisping gold-digger. The songs "I'll See You Again" and "Zigeuner" are beautifully sung by this popular screen team.

Your Reviewer Soys: A thing of beauty.

Before I Hang (Columbia)

It's About: A scientist who discovers a serum that does away with old age.

BORIS KARLOFF does his very best to overcome the handicaps of this poorly written horror story, but even his best is not good enough to make entertainment out of the picture.

While the scientist Karloff is in prison awaiting his death sentence, he finally perfects a serum that will strip years away from old people. He inoculates himself with it and becomes young again. However, the serum contained the blood of a confirmed murderer and thus Karloff finds within himself the urge to kill. So when he's released from prison, a series of murders results. It's an interesting enough premise, but it's poorly developed.

The rest of the cast also struggles valiantly through this brooding movie, but we don't recommend it unless you're an out-and-out Karloff fan.

Your Reviewer Soys: Bad melodrama.

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies PICTURES IN THE CUTTING ROOM

COLUMBIA

■ **LEGACY:** Dealing with the period before the first World War, this has Warner Boxter as the father of four sons and Ingrid Bergman as their governess. Johnny Downs, Robert Shaw and Richard Denning are three of the boys and Susan Hayward is the complication in their lives.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

■ **MAISIE WAS A LADY:** Showgirl Ann Sothern continues her adventures by becoming a maid in the home of society playboy Lew Ayres. His sister Maureen O'Sullivan is engaged to fortune-hunter Edward Ashley and C. Aubrey Smith is the butler. With Rito Johnson and Henry O'Neill.

PARAMOUNT

■ **VIRGINIA:** Madeleine Carrall returns to Virginia to raise cash by selling her family's plantation, but she meets Fred MacMurray who does his best to change her mind in this Technicolor picture of the South. With Marie Wilson, Sterling Hayden and Paul Hurst.

■ **THE ROUNDUP:** On the day of her marriage to Richard Dix, Pat Marisan meets Preston Foster, her sweetheart who she had thought was dead, and finds herself unable to decide which one she loves. The story is played against an exciting background of Indian troubles and gun running.

■ **THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL:** Rod Cameron, scientist, implants the brain of a man into the body of a gorilla in this strange mystery drama. Ellen Drew, as the sister of the dead man whose brain the gorilla has, gives a compelling dramatic performance. The cast includes Paul Lukas and Robert Paige.

RKO

■ **MR. AND MRS. SMITH:** High-speed, sophisticated comedy with Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery as the happily married couple who discover that their marriage is illegal. Gene Raymond is Montgomery's partner who falls in love with Carole.

■ **A GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB:** Producer Harold Lloyd poked this comedy with hilarious situations that revolve around Sailor George Murphy and Sociolite Executive Edmund O'Brien who both fall in love with Secretary Lucille Boll. With Henry Travers and Marguerite Chapman.

■ **PLAY GIRL:** Koy Francis, who's lived by her wits all her life, finds herself broke in a fashionable hotel, so she tries to make money by grooming Mildred Coles for a wealthy marriage, but Jimmy Ellison complicates her mercenary plans. With Nigel Bruce.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

■ **GOLDEN HOOFES:** In this racing picture, Jane Withers trains trotting horses for Buddy Rogers, new owner of the stock farm, for whom Jane develops a case of puppy love although he is engaged to Kotharine Aldridge. With Buddy Pepper, as her boy friend, and George Irving.

■ **MICHAEL SHANE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE:** Lloyd Nolan, detective, is hired to keep debutante Marjorie Weaver out of trouble, but they become involved in the murder of a gambler who has been loaning Marjorie money for her gambling losses. With Jean Valerie and Walter Abel.

UNIVERSAL

■ **SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS:** Burgess Meredith, langshoreman, is jailed for murder, but Irene Hervey, Raymond Walburn and Robert Armstrong are convinced of his innocence so they seek the real murderer. With Lewis Howard and Esther Ralston.

WARNER BROTHERS

■ **THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT:** Humphrey Bogart is owner of a third-rate carnival company in this exciting picture with Sylvio Sidney as the outfit's fortune teller, Eddie Albert as the new lion tomer and Jaon Leslie as Bogart's young sister whom he keeps owoy from the carnival.

flower of
 "sweetest small is shy"
 ...WORDSWORTH



Marie

World Copyright 1941
 King Features Syndicate

Karo

presents Marie
 the
 Quaint, Wistful
 Quint

MARIE'S first portrait from real life reflects the shy, sweet reticence of the most demure of the Dionne Quintuplets. This charming character study is *third* in Karo's series, "The Quints as Individuals", painted by Willy Pogany, famous American artist. Yvonne was first, then came Annette. Now you see Marie. Watch for Emilie and Cecile. They're enchanting!

Marie isn't talkative, but she *is* a flattering listener. She takes a thoughtful, serious interest in all that is said, repeats conversations precisely. Her memory is remarkable. Marie's school marks equal her sisters', but her deportment record often heads the honor list. She is fond of animals, but prefers them yellow in color.

Tiniest of the Quints at birth, Marie has caught up to Yvonne, the biggest Quint at birth, in height and weight. The carefully supervised diet of Marie and the other Quints is in a large measure responsible for their amazing good health and vibrant energy.

EVERY DAY, women are finding delightful new ways for using America's *Best* Syrup of Quality in cooking. Try one of them, see how Karo adds new zest to familiar foods. Karo gives special zest to baked ham, sweet potatoes, apples, bananas. Just try it on cakes, pies, puddings! It makes glorious, easy-to-cut icings, smooth frozen desserts. *New party dish:* Top piping hot waffles with scoops of vanilla ice cream, and cover with lots of hot Karo Waffle Syrup. It's

wonderful! That *new* Karo Waffle Syrup has a flavor all its own. It makes pancakes and French toast exciting eating!

Every Karo treat is nutritious and energizing. For Karo is rich in maltose, dextrins and Dextrose food-energy sugar. Serve your children all the Karo they want—on bread, cereals, in fruit juices, as dessert sauces. Two teaspoons of Karo in a glass of milk—that's the way to sweeten milk deliciously *and* increase its energy value. All grocers sell Karo.

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS:

"I like Karo sauce on my rice pudding."
 YVONNE

"Karo makes milk taste extra good."
 ANNETTE


"Have you tried Karo on your cereal? It's delicious!"
 MARIE

"Apple sauce made with Karo is grand."
 EMILIE

"M-m-m, bread and butter spread with Karo is wonderful!"
 CECILE



KARO IS RICH IN DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE—FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR



**“Tobacco’s my bread
and butter,”** says Connor Aycock,
tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, N. C.

“I have to know good leaf—that’s why I smoke Luckies!”

LUCKIES pay the price to get the better tobaccos...tobaccos that are worth the money because they're *milder*.

Independent tobacco experts like Connor Aycock will tell you that in buying tobacco, as in buying most things—you get what you pay for.

Before the auctions open, Lucky Strike analyzes tobacco samples—finds out just where and how much of this finer, naturally milder leaf is going up for sale—then pays the price to get it.

That’s worth remembering, especially if you’re smoking more today. For the more you smoke, the more you want such a genuinely mild cigarette.

Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.



With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1

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combined with

movie

MIRROR

now
only
10¢

MARCH



GINGER ROGERS
BY PAUL HESSE

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WILLIAM BLOOMBERG
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NO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
NO MORE DIVORCES! THE NEW-FASHIONED LOVE AFFAIR
OF LANA TURNER AND TONY MARTIN

THE *SMOKE'S* THE THING!

**EXTRA
MILDNESS**

**EXTRA
COOLNESS**

**EXTRA
FLAVOR**

AND ANOTHER BIG ADVANTAGE FOR YOU IN CAMELS—

the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

WHEN all is said and done, the thing in smoking is *the smoke!*

Your taste tells you that the *smoke* of slower-burning Camels gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor.

Now Science tells you another important—and welcome—fact about Camel's slower burning.

Less nicotine—in the *smoke!* 28% less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested—in the *smoke!* Less than any of them—in the *smoke!* And it's the *smoke* that reaches you.

Try Camels... the slower-burning cigarette... the cigarette with more mildness, more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine in the smoke! And more smoking, too—as explained beneath package at right.



**By burning 25%
slower**

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES
PER PACK!**

“SMOKING OUT” THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands... find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMEL — THE SLOWER-BURNING CIGARETTE —



Even if you're not a Queen of Beauty...
LIFE'S FUN...If your Smile has Charm!



"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."

**Help keep your smile sparkling
 with Ipana and Massage**

DO YOU have to be a great beauty to find happiness—to win a husband—to be admired by your friends?

No! Decidedly no! Charm counts as much as great beauty. And even the plainest girl with a sparkling smile can give cards and spades to a beauty whose smile is shadowed.

Your smile is YOU! It's a priceless asset! And you should keep it right. Remember—your gums as well as your teeth need daily care—for bright, sparkling smiles depend upon *healthy gums*.

Keep your smile at its sparkling best... guard against "pink tooth brush"... with the help of the modern dental health

routine of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist*. You may or may not be in for trouble. He may tell you your gums are weak and sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. Like thousands of dentists today, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

Get Ipana Today!

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is specially designed to aid the gums to healthier firmness.

So get Ipana today. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile the charming beauty asset it should be.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE



Pert talent: Diana Lewis in "Bitter Sweet." Picture stealer: Jack Oakie in "Tin Pan Alley" (above with Mrs. Oakie)

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

UNCOUNTABLE scores of forces are trying to make Hollywood submit to a pattern in this almost sinister year of 1941 . . . there are political groups that would like to use the movies to swing votes . . . there are nationalistic groups that would like to show their people as the only noble people and all other peoples as villains . . . there are advertisers who would like to get this product or that shown, for an instant, to stimulate their sales . . . there are producers wanting to promote girl friends and there are even one or two ladies, in positions important enough to make it stick, who would like to promote boy friends . . . there are the people who are for and the people who are against pensions . . . the people who want more aid given to Britain and the people who want less . . . the list is as endless as the varieties of mankind . . . and to every one of these divergent people Hollywood must sell tickets if it is to survive . . . it must discover the greatest common denominator in entertainment to ensnare them. . . .

It is an almost impossible demand to make upon any art . . . any community . . . any group of creative people . . . it is almost impossible . . . and most certainly has never ever been attempted before in all human time . . . but strike me, daddy, with a boogie beat, if Hollywood doesn't achieve just that at least



BY RUTH WATERBURY

ninety percent of the time. . . .

Take the picturization of "The Philadelphia Story" as a case in point . . . this is the Metro production that stars Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Ruth Hussey and John Howard with such fine actors as John Halliday, Roland Young, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler in support of the big five and which was directed with love and sensitivity by George Cukor . . . to me it is one of the finest, most moving, most touching, most amusing films I have ever seen . . . and yet there is no way of being sure that it will be a box-office knockout because it's the story of a spoiled rich girl in this day when rich people are scarcely looked upon with admiration. . . .

Even as Cukor finished directing this picture there was, over on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, that film master, John Ford, busily engaged in

filming "Tobacco Road," a picture that will show the tragedies and the shabby little joys of the share croppers in our South . . . it was Ford who did such a wonderful job on a similar type of story, "The Grapes of Wrath" . . . as surely as Cukor understands the subtle unhappiness of people who have too much of everything to find simple happiness, so does Ford understand the loneliness and pathos of people who do not have enough of anything, save disease and weariness and hunger . . . and even as "Tobacco Road" is going on on still another lot Alexander Korda is winding up the final scenes that portray one of the greatest true love stories of all time, that of Lord Nelson of Trafalgar and Emma, Lady Hamilton . . . this is not the vivid present neither the spoiled world of Tracy Lord, the Katharine Hepburn character in "The Philadelphia Story" nor of the Jeeter Lester family in "Tobacco Road" . . . this is part of the wondrous past of England . . . and while all this is being captured Mr. Walt Disney is already showing "Fantasia" which is neither the past nor the present but something out of this world and out of the future. . . .

The big point is that nobody in all Hollywood held anybody down into any one pattern . . . M-G-M regarded "The Philadelphia Story" as just a great story material as Twentieth regarded (Continued on page 80)

How you'll cheer
"OH, JOHNNIE" BONNIE
and *ORRIN* as they
sing and play!



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

THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



Big, important, thrilling: Ruth Hussey, Robert Taylor, Walter Pidgeon in "Flight Command"



Magnificent surprise: James Stephenson and Thomas Mitchell in "Flight From Destiny"

✓✓ Flight Command (M-G-M)

It's About: The training of flyers by the United States Government.

LIKE a stage play, the curtain is pulled back by M-G-M in its picture "Flight Command" to reveal the authentic picture of flyers trained in our own government school of naval aeronautics. It's a big, important, thrilling, awe-inspiring picture, appealing to the intelligence and entertainment demands of audiences.

It gives Bob Taylor, the recruit from Pensacola who is transferred to the famous Hell Cat division, his best opportunity in years and how that boy goes to town.

On the shoulders of Commander Walter Pidgeon and his wife, Ruth Hussey, hangs the burden of the story plot; both come through with absolutely great performances.

In fact, the entire cast is marvelous, the climaxes thrilling without being cheaply sensational. The production is clothed in taste and importance; we cannot recommend it too highly.

Your Reviewer Says: The best.

✓ Hudson's Bay (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: One man's dream of a great Canadian empire.

PONDEROUS but impressive is the history of the formation of the great Hudson's Bay Company under the guiding leadership of Paul Muni and his partner, Laird Cregar.

Done with taste and brilliancy, it is a story of Muni's dream come true, the bringing of the great country of the north under British dominion. As Radisson, who almost loses his life to accomplish his enormously ambitious plan, Muni is truly wonderful. As his partner, Laird Cregar, all 360 pounds of him, is truly mountainously clever. Gene Tierney, while lovely, seems far out of her element; in fact, the whole tale seems to weigh heavily on everyone's hands. Like "Northwest Passage," the story is too concerned with geography rather than with people. Nevertheless, it's a job well done and one worth seeing.

Your Reviewer Says: Hollywood at its dull best.

✓✓ Flight From Destiny (Warner)

It's About: The unjustifiable crime of one idealist.

WE nominate as the surprise picture of the year "Flight From Destiny," the picture that grew beyond Warners' wildest hopes, thanks to actor Thomas Mitchell and cast and to that brilliant newcomer among directors, Vincent Sherman.

A brilliant achievement is this picture in dialogue, theme and acting. Briefly, it tells of a kindly professor, Thomas Mitchell, who is given six months to live by his doctor, James Stephenson. Looking about for a philanthropic cause, he decides to reform the world of one completely undesirable person and lights on Moris Maris, an unscrupulous woman who has wrecked the happy marriage of artist Jeffrey Lynn and his wife, Geraldine Fitzgerald. Too late he discovers that instead of performing a worthy deed he has set a horrible example for young men to follow.

Perhaps by this time you have learned Thomas Mitchell has been
(Continued on page 100)

See Pictures In The Cutting Room on Page 104. For Complete Casts, See Page 100



"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 TRAVERS**

Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett

Out on the dance floor for a quick camera close up: Ned Gardiner and Rita Hayworth; Pat Morison and Spencer Tracy



In from their Valley ranch for some Saturday-night doings: Frances Dee and husband Joel McCrea



Ciro's

FOR A FETEFUL
EVENING

Inside

A NIGHT AT CIRO'S: The glamorous spot of Hollywood! The crossroads of the world! The high light in the high spots of movie-land—Ciro's. Not since the old Trocadero days has there been a night club that has appealed so strongly to the motion-picture world. Other spots have tried and are trying; but it is to *Ciro's* that the stars flock in be-glamored droves. It is here a man takes his newest flame to show off. It is here romances on the down grade

are rebuilt and given new life. It is here every conceivable kind of party is celebrated—birthday, anniversary and just plain parties at prices—woo woo!

Last week Barbara Stanwyck celebrated Bob Taylor's birthday at *Ciro's* with the Gary Coopers, the Joel McCreas, the Jack Bennys and the Zeppo Marxes among the guests.

Between patched-up romances with Jimmy Stewart, Olivia de Havilland will sway in on the arm of Burgess

Meredith, Gene Markey or Franchot Tone. Saturday nights will find Lana Turner and one of her constant beaux at a ringside table. From across the way, Alice Faye with Sandy Cummings will stare moodily at Tony, her former husband. The Mischa Auers, in separate parties, will greet each other merrily.

On rare occasions Gable with Lombard will ride in from the ranch for a spot of night life. When the baby can be left safely, Anne Shirley and

Fun à la carte at the frequented *Ciro's*, served with some off-guard pictures,



Two pasts make a talked-about present: Former Hollywood star Arline Judge and former heavy-weight champion Jack Dempsey

Twosome that made heads turn with a start: John Barrymore and Sally Allen, newest face to catch the fabulous Profile



BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



Paternal cut-in: Carl Brisson annexes son Freddy's Roz Russell

Stuff

husband John Payne will stroll in, for all the world like any young married couple in any town, for a bit of whoopee.

Rita Hayworth, in one of her newest creations, will have even such smart women as Lili Damita (there with Errol Flynn) and Ann Warner staring in her direction.

Outside, the sidewalks are jammed with fans and tourists, who stand by patiently until one or two o'clock of a morning to watch their favorites come

and go through the shining door.

It's the gay, the bright, the most talked-of spot on the whole West Coast. It's *Ciro's* where society—Montecito, Los Angeles, Flintridge, Pasadena and all points north and south—is huddled in small corner tables while Mickey Rooney, of the good old Yule family, is given a place of honor.

It's Hollywood's own spot. It's democracy, paying a high tariff. It's *Ciro's*—and it's wonderful.

Romance: Well, it looks more and more serious between Roz Russell and Freddy Brisson, for no sooner had Carl Brisson, Freddy's father, arrived in Hollywood from Europe than Freddy arranged for his dad to meet the lady of his heart.

Roz, dressed in her favorite style of hat—sombbrero—with a swing to the La Conga trend, arrived at *Ciro's* to meet Dad. He couldn't have been more pleased.

"Freddy's taste is terrific," he

some unvarnished gossip and lots of facts about lots of people in Hollywood

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



The highest honor Santa Fe Indians can give a white man is a war bonnet. Errol Flynn cashes in at Santa Fe before the premiere of "Santa Fe Trail"



Nonsense en route: Rita Hayworth, Natalie Draper, Flynn and Reginald Gardiner aboard the 17-car special



Nonsense on arrival: Reginald Gardiner takes in the Santa Fe National Forest, takes over Jean Parker

exclaimed, and spent the evening monopolizing Roz. So—be prepared for anything—especially wedding bells.

Nicknames: Know what their best friends call them? Well, Cesar Romero is always "Butch" to his pals; Dietrich, of course, answers to "Legs"; Gracie Allen to "Googie." Eddie Albert is "Tiger" to the Warners crowd and once in a while a member of her family still calls Claudette Colbert

Now he can be heard!

CAL YORK

your Hollywood correspondent, with

"I WANT A DIVORCE"

starring

JOAN BLONDELL

and a star-streamed company of yesterday's favorites and tomorrow's winners

Every Friday night over your nearest Mutual Broadcasting System station at 9:30 E.S.T.

"Shoeshine," the name bestowed upon her by schoolmates in New York who could only make "Shoeshine" out of her real name, Chauchoin. That's why Claudette took up the family name of Colbert.

All of Jeanette MacDonald's close friends refer to her as "Jam" because Jeanette's initials spell Jam. Her middle name is Ann. Humphrey Bogart is "Bogie" to half of Hollywood; of course, Ida Lupino is "Lupey" and

Barbara Stanwyck is "Stannie," while Mary Livingstone is always "Doll" to Jack Benny.

Just plain "Coop" can mean two actors in Hollywood, one Gary Cooper and one Jackie Cooper. Jackie's girl friend, Bonita Granville, is "Bunny" to her gang.

"Spence" means Tracy and "Red" can only mean Cagney. But the prize goes to Alan Mowbray's children, Alan Jr. and Patricia. All of the Mowbray friends refer to them as A. M. and P. M.

Facts About A Grand Actor: He's Pat O'Brien's and Jimmy Cagney's best friend. He was born near Cal's home back in Pennsylvania and never fails to stop for a chat with us about the home folk. Of him, Cagney once said, "I have yet to see him give a bad performance."

His name is Frank McHugh. After a strenuous Broadway season, he came to Hollywood for a few weeks' visit with his friend Robert Armstrong. He wanted none of movies. He's been here eleven years and now wants none of Broadway.

His movie debut was to help out a pal who couldn't find an actor to play the role. Hollywood never let him go after that.

At Universal he's just finished his role of a traveling salesman in love with Margaret Sullivan in "Back Street." He'll be somewhere else in no time at all.

(Continued on page 12)



Look out for a **COLD . . . watch your THROAT**
—gargle *Listerine Quick!*

careless sneeze, or an explosive cough, can shoot troublesome germs in your direction at mile-a-minute speed. In case they invade the tissues of your throat, you may be in for throat irritation, a cold—or worse.

If you have been thus exposed, better gargle with Listerine Antiseptic at your earliest opportunity. Listerine kills millions of the germs on mouth and throat surfaces known as "secondary invaders" and often helps render them powerless to invade the tissue and aggravate infection. Used early and often, Listerine may head off a cold, or reduce the severity of one already started.

Amazing Germ Reductions in Tests

Tests have shown germ reductions amounting to 96.7% on mouth and throat surfaces fifteen minutes after a Listerine antiseptic gargle. Even one hour after,

reductions up to 80% in the number of surface germs associated with colds and sore throat were noted.

That is why, we believe, Listerine Antiseptic in the last nine years has built up such an impressive test record against colds . . . why thousands of people gargle with it at the first hint of a cold or simple sore throat.

Fewer and Milder Colds in Tests

These tests showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle. And fewer sore throats, also.

So remember, if you have been exposed to others suffering from colds, if you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic—*quick!*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

Mothers!
GET THIS AMAZING
Listerine Throat Light

Du Pont "Lucite" shoots light around curve

75¢ LISTERINE THROAT LIGHT
 75¢ LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

BOTH FOR 98¢ **\$1.50 Value**

DEPRESSED TONGUE—LIGHTS UP THROAT

CHECK CHILDREN'S THROAT DAILY

Offer good only in continental U. S. A.

IRRESISTIBLE *Loveliness*



YOURS WITH *Irresistible* LIPSTICK

Ask any man! He'll tell you irresistible lips are soft lips, smooth lips, dewy-fresh! Glorious 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.



IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER

10c AT ALL
5 & 10c STORES

DOES HE LOVE YOU?

New! Irresistible Valentine Perfume holder 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

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Family feature: The Pauls (left) and the Durbins (right) join forces at the engagement party of son Vaughn and daughter Deanna. Inside comment on the affair was: "Paul is exactly the right man for Deanna"

(Continued from page 10)

He's married, loved by everyone and an asset to the community. Here's to him.

Got Any Ideas? Through Cal's column, Bob Taylor has a request to make. If anyone can think of a good name for his new horse—a mare, to be exact, he'd appreciate your sending on your suggestion. This particular nameless mare is coal black and beautiful. She has a white star on her forehead.

Bob will ride his horse all through his picture "Billy the Kid" and would like a name that will be as enduring as Tom Mix's "Tony" or Gene Autry's "Champ."

If you're interested we'll be happy to send your suggestion on to Bob.

Keeping Faith: We've discovered a rather wonderful thing concerning one of our favorite people—Tyrone Power—and we pass it along to his legion of fans.

After a harassing day on the set, with Tyrone perhaps growing unsure of himself or his work, with ears pricking about him (and they do, even as they do with you and me), he goes home to his little projection room and runs over old pictures.

His favorite is the one called, "Where Are My Children?" Invariably Ty finds solace and comfort as that picture unfolds. For "Where

Are My Children?" is the latest of twenty-seven pictures Ty has bought up that starred his father, Tyrone Power Sr., a great actor.

Between Ty and his father there were always a great bond and a great friendship; it was in Ty's arms that his father died, December 31, 1937.

Tyrone was to live through a particularly trying period after father's death when he was seeking to establish himself on a screen that would have none of him. His father's love carried him through, just as carrying him through now up the ladder on that little screen.

Another Welles! Welles! You know Hollywood is chuckling over the late Orson Welles yarn.

It seems Welles was interviewed by a boy from Brazil for a small role intended interjecting into his picture "Citizen Kane."

"What do you do besides act?" quired the boy wonder.

"I write, direct, produce, compose, sing, paint, stage shows and design sets," replied the eager young Latin.

"And what's your name?" went Welles.

"Fortunio Bonanova," the young man replied.

"That's what you think," said Welles. "You're really the 'Orson Welles of South America!'"

If she can't take a tip—she'll surely lose her job

Cal's Hollywood Parade: Eyebrows are lifted to the Milky Way over Virginia Field's romance with George Raft so soon after Richard Greene's departure for England and the army.

Charlie Chaplin has definitely stated to one or two intimates there will be no divorce between him and Paulette Goddard.

Roger Pryor is feeling blue over those marital troubles with his cute wife, Ann Sothern.

That personal-appearance tour Brenda Joyce recently made is reported to have given Brenda a whole new outlook on life. Now maybe she won't marry Owen Ward, her Hollywood beau, after all.

Myrna Loy has asked her studio to drop all publicity to the effect that she's the "perfect wife." Since her separation from Arthur Hornblow Myrna feels it not too tactful, to say the least.

One of the sights of the village was to see Eddie Norris, Ann Sheridan's ex, sitting directly beneath the photograph of Ann in the commissary of the very studio Annie was feuding with—Warners.

The secret behind the Ann Sheridan-Warner Brothers reconciliation is little known, but actually it was all wrapped in one redheaded bundle of dynamite—James Cagney, who refused to make his next picture until Annie came home. There's loyalty, brothers.

Mickey Rooney admits it—he just can't get Linda Darnell off his mind no matter how many girls he dates.

(Continued on page 14)

Headline stuff: Olivia de Havilland sees *Ciro's* with Gene Markey, while Jimmy Stewart goes to the movies with the married Haywards



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!



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

Appear **SLIMMER**
instantly!



Test THYNMOLD

for 10 DAYS at our expense!

YOU can have that suave, smooth, flowing figure... that slimmer silhouette! Stand before a mirror in an ordinary foundation... then notice the uncontrolled waist and hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see for yourself how the ugly bumps and bulging waist and hips are instantly slimmed out.

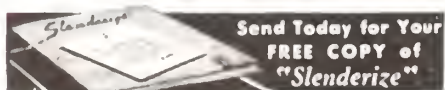
Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you'll actually be able to wear smaller size dresses... even in the exacting new styles!

After wearing a Thynmold for 10 days, make the Mirror Test again... if it doesn't do everything you expect... it will cost you nothing!

MADE OF FAMOUS PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, interlined and perforated for comfort. The unique combination of Girdle and separate Brassiere gives support and freedom impossible in the usual one-piece foundations. Laced back permits adjustment for change in size.

ONLY \$1 DOWN We want you to be thrilled with your new Thynmold! That's why we make it easy for you to test Thynmold for 10 days at our expense! SEND NO MONEY—but write today for complete information telling how you can get your Thynmold for only \$1 down.



Send today for your FREE COPY of "Slenderize"

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Seen at Ciro's: Henry Fonda laughing in public. Occasion was a round on the dance floor with Mrs. Fonda



Autograph signer who's the surprise of Hollywood when she stands up. See page 17 for full story of Carmen Miranda

(Continued from page 13)

Marital Theory: As long as a reasonable amount of jealousy exists between married folk, that marriage is sailing in safe waters—or so we've been told. If true, the William Powell ship of matrimony is doing all right.

It was tiny Diana Powell herself who told us the story that illustrates our point.

It happened a few months ago. M-G-M had just handed Diana the script of her newest film, "Go West," a Marx Brothers movie.

As she read, she grew more and more amused. Finally she was shout-

ing with unrestrained laughter.

Husband William Powell, attracted by the outburst, came into the room. "What's the fun?" he asked.

"I'm reading my new script," she howled.

Mr. Powell looked at her a moment. "Well," he finally said, "you never laughed that way at a script of mine. So, you see—

Here Comes the Bride: The bride will wear white satin and a long veil and through its folds will appear the lovely face—familiar to millions of fans—of Miss Deanna Durbin.

Face to face: A study in expressions. Lois Ranson, Mickey Rooney, Bob Hope, Judy Garland at Palladium Christmas Show

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Around Christmas time, on Deanna's nineteenth birthday, Mr. and Mrs. Durbin announced Deanna's engagement to Vaughn Paul, youthful assistant producer who worked his way up from assistant director. Then came a later announcement that on June 9th Deanna will become the bride of her first and only beau. After the wedding the young couple will move into the house Vaughn has built for his bride.

It was love almost from the moment these two saw each other. After their first date, there never was another

boy for Deanna or girl for Vaughn. But somehow, out at Universal where Deanna, as a child entering her teens, made her first picture, "Three Smart Girls," and made history both for herself and Universal, they can't seem to realize little Deanna has grown up. At her December birthday party, held on the set of "Love At Last," they still treated her as a child, exclaiming over presents and surprises as they would with a youngster.

"Paul is exactly the right man for Deanna," a close family friend told us. We understood what he meant, for

Deanna is no Elsie Dinsmore of sweetness and light but a young lady of very strong will and temperament, stubborn at times and intolerant as only youth can be.

She isn't the easiest star to handle in the business. We tell you this honestly in order that you may better understand the chances for happiness of this pair.

Vaughn on the other hand is quiet but firm, knows his own mind.

When Vaughn must sit at a table in the commissary for a conference with producers, writers, etc., it matters not a bit that Deanna sits and stares. He goes right on quietly with his work.

Yes, Cal thinks they'll be right for each other. But of one thing we are sure: Deanna will make the loveliest bride Hollywood has gazed upon in ages.

Here's happiness to both of them.

Lighter Side of Love: Eddie Albert, the great lover, is so worried about his reputation. You see Eddie plays opposite Joan Leslie, 15-year-old act-

"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin - and Camay helped me to have one"

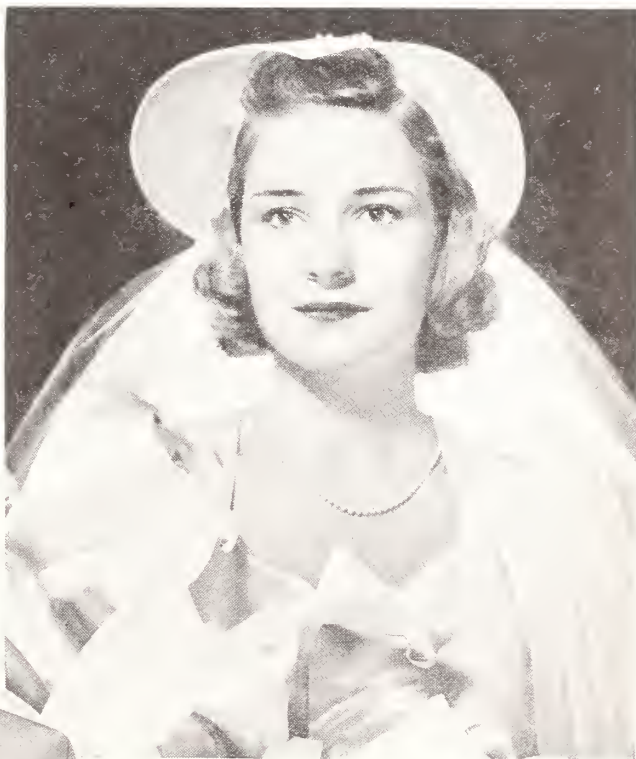
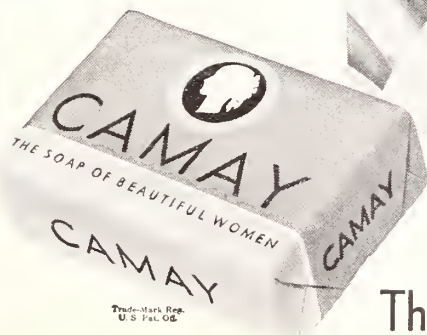
—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey

Camay's greater mildness is a help to Every Woman —even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.



His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception they left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

Now a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as we proved by actual tests. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier. So why not let Camay's milder cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness!



Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church, East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey says about Camay, "Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."

The Soap of Beautiful Women

GIRLS! LOOK AT YOUR CHAPPED HANDS

under a magnifying glass



Notice the irritation
and tiny cracks and cuts
you never knew were there.

SEE WHY MEDICATED NOXZEMA IS SO WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS

• Chapped hands are really CUT hands—a combination of skin irritation, like chafing, coupled with tiny cracks, particularly in the knuckles. That's why thousands of people today are switching to Noxzema Cream for real relief. Because Noxzema contains medication to soothe and help promote quicker healing of red, irritated, chapped hands—help restore them to their normal soft, white, smooth loveliness.

Nurses in hospitals were the first to discover how wonderful Noxzema is for chapped hands. Surveys indicate that scores of physicians and dentists who must wash hands frequently yet must keep them in good condition, use this medicated cream regularly.

Make this simple test

Try it yourself, this way! Put Noxzema on one hand before retiring. *Feel* how the smarting and soreness are soothed away. In the morning, compare your two hands. See how Noxzema has helped heal the tiny cuts and cracks. If you don't say your "Noxzema hand" looks softer, smoother, whiter—your money will be refunded! Get Noxzema at your druggist's today while the special trial offer is on!

FOR A LIMITED TIME
ONLY you can get the
generous 2 1/2 oz jar of Noxzema
for only 19¢! Try it
today!



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Greetings to 1941, Hollywood style. More than seventy-five British and American stars broadcast a special message to the British Empire. At the left: Bette Davis, Ian Hunter and Melvyn Douglas

Program for the broadcast included an hour and a half of comedy and music, and a line-up of such world-famous stars as these at the right: Doug Fairbanks Jr., Gracie Fields, Elsa Lanchester, Charles Laughton



ress who portrays a 22-year-old working girl in Warner Brothers' "Bashful Heroes."

Eddie and Joan had just finished a tender love scene the day we saw them. It was evident, after the scene was finished, that Joan was extremely nervous. Eddie, who is proud of his screen love-making, asked Joan if doing her first love scene with him made her that way.

"Oh, no," replied Joan. "It's not that. You see I have to take a history test in an hour and I'm worried about passing it."

Eddie turned pink to his eyebrows.

What Every Star Should Have: Cal has decided there are four things every star should possess to be a member of the Hollywood community in good standing.

Item one is a farm. It may be a New England estate like Bette Davis' newly acquired acreage in New Hampshire, or a cattle ranch like Joel McCrea's. It can be a dairy farm like Thomas Mitchell's pride and joy in Oregon. Or it may be a mountain retreat such as Errol Flynn maintains in the Malibus for the benefit of half a dozen horses, a herd of goats and a pack of lion hounds; or a ranch farm like cowboy Bill Boyd's or Clark Gable's; or even a pineapple farm in

Hawaii such as John Halliday owns.

At any rate, just so long as it can be called a farm it qualifies. An actor who can't talk about "returning to the soil," or retiring to live on the farm is a social outcast, to Cal's way of thinking.

Item two is a station wagon to go with the farm. To adhere strictly to the best Hollywood form, the station wagon should bear the monogram four feet high, the brand or name of its owner's country place.

The station wagon Miss Davis drives to "The Great Lie" set at Warner Brothers studio, for example, bears the legend "River Bottom Rancho." That's the name Bette gave her San Fernando Valley home before she knew she was going to own a real farm in New England.

The Clark Gables, the Joel McCreas, the Humphrey Bogarts, the Andy Devines and scores of others of the Hollywood bigwigs are owners of appropriately monogrammed station wagons.

Item three, while not an essential but highly desirable, is a boat. It can be yacht, schooner or rowboat, so long as it floats. Eddie Albert brings back as many tall tales from his cruises on his new sailing sloop as George Brent does from his voyages on his big auxiliary motored yacht, *The South Wind*

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

nd Frank Morgan's tales of his sea-
going yacht are terrific.

Even better than a boat, of course, is
an airplane. To be a pilot who owns
his own plane, like Jimmy Stewart, or
an aviatrix like Olivia de Havilland
or Margaret Sullavan, is really to
stand out from the crowd.

Closeups of Personalities: Carmen
Miranda, lunching at Fox Commissary
in the inevitable turban and wide-
rimmed mouth, proves the surprise of
Hollywood when she stands up. The
Spanish singer from *Souse America*
stands but five feet tall, or should we
say short? It's built-up sandals that
gives her that height on the screen.

Gene Markey, who is Olivia de
Havilland's newest beau, bowing at
Ciro's to Franchot Tone, who sup-
planted Jimmy Stewart in Olivia's af-
fections for a while.

Jimmy is going to the movies with
Margaret Sullavan and her husband.

Royalty in the Fashion World:
Lana Turner has just realized one
of her greatest ambitions. You'd
never guess what it is—to wear screen
clothes designed by Adrian, M-G-M's
top designer.

Although she's made several im-
portant pictures at the studio, Lana
never rated Adrian until "Ziegfeld
Girl." Then she received the royal
summons to appear in his studio salon.

With knees knocking (for clothes
mean more to Lana than candy does
to children), she bowed her way in.

"Now, any color preferences, Miss
Turner?" Adrian smiled kindly. "Here
are the sketches. Maybe you have
some suggestions of your own you'd
like worked in."

"Oh yes, I mean, no," Lana gasped.
"Just anything you say, Mr. Adrian.
I'll love everything as long as you
design it. I honestly will."

Adrian, quick to sense appreciation,
simply went to town for the little
Turner gal. When you see "Ziegfeld
Girl" you'll know what we mean. You'll
know, too, how one girl's naïve appre-
ciation won her some of the most beau-
tiful dresses to come out of Hollywood.

Cal's Final Thought: Hollywood is
sorry to say good-bye to Laurence
Olivier and Vivien Leigh who have
left for England. Laurence will join
the Royal Air Force and Vivien will
aid in war work.



Picture by Courtesy of Photographer
John Favour, cousin of Bette Davis

Special to Photoplay-Movie Mirror:
One of the first finished photo-
graphs of Bette Davis' wedding to
Arthur Farnsworth. For scoop on
the marriage itself, see page 57

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 wool-
ens. Just squeeze your pretty
sweaters gently through cool,
pure suds of Ivory Snow and
watch 'em come out soft and
fleecey! You'll thank your stars
for this new cool-water
form of pure Ivory Soap!
Try Ivory Snow today!

NOT A RUN IN SIGHT,

thanks to Ivory Snow's nightly
care! No hot water and
strong soap—plenty
of cool, pure
suds to help
stockings
wear!



LITTLE TOTS' WOOLENS

thrive on Ivory
Snow's safe care! It's
the new cool-water
form of baby's own
pure Ivory Soap!

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
PROCTER & GAMBLE

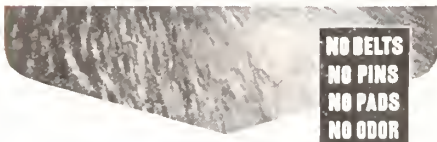


HAPPY DAYS FOR SWEATERS!

No fear of hot-water
shrinking for wool-
ens, with cool-water
Ivory Snow! Cool
suds help sweaters
stay fleecey!



**SOCIALLY ALERT
WOMEN
USE TAMPAX**



STYLE LEADERS don't just "wonder about" new ideas. They try them out *themselves* . . . For instance, take Tampax—monthly sanitary protection that does away with pin-and-belt problems and maintains a perfect silhouette in any costume . . .

Tampax was invented by a doctor, to be worn internally. Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax absorbs gently and naturally, permitting no odor to form; therefore no deodorants are needed. No bulging, no chafing, no visible edge-lines. The wearer does not feel Tampax while it is in place. It is so compact there are no disposal problems.

Tampax comes hygienically sealed in individual one-time-use applicators, so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! And a month's supply will go in an ordinary purse. Now in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior. At drugstores and notion counters. Introductory size, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

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TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG-31-A
New Brunswick, N. J.

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

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE

Tall Story

WISH Mickey Rooney would stop grieving because he isn't taller. Greatness of ability and character have never been measured in height and some of the most famous men in history have been short of stature.

Mickey's frank, open face with its ability to portray many emotions, his genuinely friendly and engaging smile, his well-proportioned and athletic body—all these add up to one of the finest personalities on the screen today.

He is Youth incarnate; he is Everyman as a boy. We need him in the world today and the world in return for his genius for making it happy has been generous to him. We would not have you one bit different—one bit taller, Mickey, so don't ever be unhappy about it. You may not be as tall as you would like to be, but you suit us right down to the ground!

ANN A. BOLIN,
Columbus, Ohio.



Mickey Rooney: "Greatness of ability and character have never been measured in height!"

\$1.00 PRIZE

A New Slant on Levant!

SCAR LEVANT takes the act honors in "Rhythm on the River" as the most repulsive personality pictures.

\$5.00 PRIZE

Cops and Robbers

ODD, how the little things in life sometimes leave the most lasting impression. Take the movies, for instance. That "Crime Does Not Pay" series is short and does not receive a great ovation, yet the lessons those pictures teach live on for years—perhaps a lifetime, inside every person who sees them.

In my long experience with the Chicago Police Department, I have found that movies of this type have accomplished more than lectures in showing our young people the difference between right and wrong—for the eyes do see what the ears sometime will not believe.

So, with due credit to these movies, may I say—each of them is a helping hand to the arm of the law.

(Officer) JOSEPH LIBRETTI,
Chicago, Illinois.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, and each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre and Bela Lugosi pale into insignificance beside the diabolic Mr. Levant. He may even surpass the old master, Lon Chaney.

Levant is a new, modern, streamlined sinister type that gets under your skin before you know it; masquerading under a cloak of malicious and sometime ribald buffoonery. A ghoul with a jester's fool's cap and staff.

Hail to the new Bogey Man of the screen!

J. WASSO JR.,
Pen Argyl, Pa.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Redhead Gets A Break

LAST night my husband and I went to see "The Sea Hawk" and, while we're both very much in favor of Mr. Flynn, it was, rather, a picture unheralded and unsung which captured the imagination of the suburban audience and drew that very rare tribute—a hearty round of applause—at its conclusion. The name of the picture was "We Who Are Young," starring Lana Turner and a newcomer, William Shelton, and this picture afforded definite proof of something I've long suspected: The little Turner can really act!

Lana Turner, in my estimation, is about the loveliest and shapeliest little trick ever to come out of Hollywood. Most of her pictures so far having been of the musical-comedy variety, there has been left no room whatsoever for doubt as to the complete perfection of her figure; but I wish some of those Hollywood producers would please note that she also has one of the most expressive faces in pictures and a pair of eyes which seem to fill with tears quite naturally when the script calls for it.

This William Shelton is a boy who should go a long way and the man who directed this down-to-earth story of a young couple's struggle for marital happiness against the odds presented by modern America is deserving of a lot of credit for the little extra touches which made this a truly outstanding motion picture, a picture which put across a very forceful theme that should make better Americans out of a lot of us.

Just because a girl is breathtakingly beautiful is no sign she can't handle a really dramatic role. Hollywood ought to give my favorite redhead a break!

MRS. W. W. STURNS,
Denver, Colorado.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Hair-Do's and Don'ts

HOW do you like the Hollywood hair-do for men? You know—letting the (Continued on page 74)



PAULETTE GODDARD
Starring in "POT OF GOLD"
a James Roosevelt production
for United Artists release

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THE STARS
FOR
STYLE
WITH*

*Paris Fashion
SHOES
FIFTH AVENUE STYLES*



Black or Brown
gabardine.



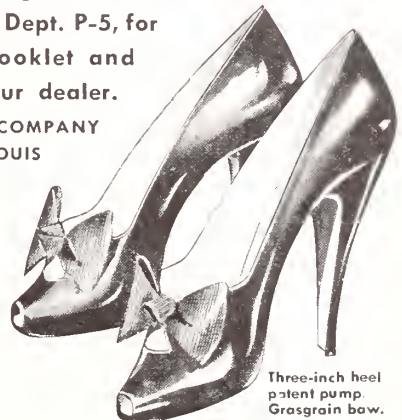
Black, Desert
Beige or Rancho
Rust maracain casual.



Desert Beige
maracain. Also
Blue gabardine and calf.

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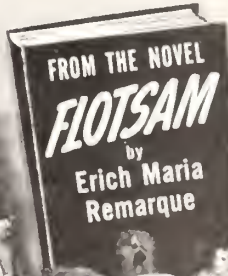
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MARGARET SULLAVAN

FRANCES DEE

with **Glenn Ford • Anna Sten and Erich Von Stroheim**

*Two thrilling
Romances in a
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Adventure!*



JOSEPH and MARIE
(Fredric March and Frances Dee)
who prove no power on earth
can divide and rule true love!

RUTH and KERN
(Margaret Sullavan and the
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personality, Glenn Ford) who,
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Directed by JOHN CROMWELL • Screenplay by Talbot Jennings • Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Unforgettable Performances by the Year's Greatest Cast!

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Valentines to Hollywood

ON another page Hedda Hopper proves herself more courageous than ever in filling in my questionnaire for her Super-Superlative 1941 awards. Not every Hollywood writer would dare to pick such classifications as Most Beautiful, Thinks She Is; Most Likely to Fade Out during 1941 and Treats Fans Worst! While we're on this subject of awards, I too have a few to make, in the spirit of Valentine's Day:

My valentine to the industry in gratitude for the type of pictures they have managed to turn out despite the loss of the foreign market. Perhaps, as a matter of fact, it is because of this loss that we have had such stunning pictures as "Rebecca," "Pride And Prejudice," "The Grapes of Wrath" and (with full realization of its faults) "The Great Dictator."

My valentine for the most timely picture goes to "Foreign Correspondent," the last stirring moments of which gave you the feeling that it had been made the day before.

My valentine to the industry for daring to produce shows which are not all escapist. Although much of "The Long Voyage Home" may be boring, it still deserves a valentine for its superb craftsmanship and its willingness to adhere throughout to a non-formula story.

Another valentine to the industry for facing the foreign issue with such splendid pictures as "Escape," "Four Sons," "The Man I Married" and "The Mortal Storm."

A valentine to Walt Disney for proving himself, as always, the pioneer. In spite of some episodes in exceptionally bad taste (especially the bacchanalian revel supposedly inspired by Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony) "Fantasia" is a revolution in movies and almost as important as the discovery of sound itself.

A valentine to Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, who

keep the spirit of youth alive in all Americans, young and old.

A valentine to the stars for their gratis performances on the Screen Guild program, the profits of which are donated to the Guild fund.

MY most enthusiastic valentine of all to Charitable Productions, Inc., for making "Let The Rafters Ring," to which services are donated by many famous authors, directors and stars so that profits may be divided between important British and American charities. Best known to us among the stars are Brian Aherne, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, Errol Flynn, Cary Grant, Charles Laughton, Vivien Leigh, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland, Anna Neagle and Laurence Olivier.

My valentine to Bob Hope for revealing himself as the most urbane and consistently amusing of all screen comedians (and also for the many benefits he plays). A share in this valentine belongs to Elliott Nugent, who saw that Bob could be a genuine character and funny at the same time (in "The Cat and the Canary"). And while I'm about it, an extra valentine to "The Ghost Breakers."

A valentine to Philip Dorn as the year's most promising young actor.

A valentine to Gene Towne and Graham Baker for the cleverest publicity stunt of the year—their glamorizing of Elsie the cow and introducing her as a movie star at a Ciro's cocktail party.

A valentine to Robert Montgomery who, all sour criticism to the contrary, still managed to perform one of the most courageous acts of the year when he drove an ambulance in France for two weeks—which is just two weeks longer than any other Hollywood star drove one.

Ernest V. Heyn

"Bogie"

A great author writes of a great friendship with a great actor, HUMPHREY BOGART

Mr. and Mrs. Bogart (the former Maya Methot). "He has a great love for animals"



I DON'T know when I first met "Bogie" but he has been a friend for a very long time—about as long as any friend I have. And it has been the kind of friendship that is real and based on granite rock, because out of the past twenty years I doubt that we have been in the same place at the same time for longer than a few months.

Friendship is a curious thing and abused by a great many people. Above all it is not possessive and separation has nothing to do with it.

A friend remains a friend, even though 10,000 miles separate him in space and ten years in time. The kind of friend I like, the kind of friend who endures, is the kind with whom time and space make no difference. After ten years you can walk into a room and meet again and say, "Hello, Jim" and take up again exactly where you left off. That's the kind of friend Bogie is and there aren't many like him.

I have an idea that all this is going to sound too perfect, too good to be

true. All I can say in reply is that I wouldn't be writing it if I didn't believe as much as I do in Humphrey Bogart as a person and as a friend. I'm writing it because I've never read anywhere anything about Bogie that gave any idea of what he is really like and because there are a good many people who admire him as an actor. I thought they might want to know what sort of a person he is.

There aren't many like him in Hollywood or elsewhere for that matter. I've known him when he didn't

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Y LOUIS BROMFIELD



Culver

After "The Petrified Forest," Hollywood wanted him. Below: With Ida Lupino in "High Sierra"

On the stage with Lesward in "The Petrified Forest." Says Mr. Bromfield: "I had sacrificed his good hair by cropping his hair"



where his next meal was com- from and I've known him with ty of money, and I've never no- the least difference. Bogie is one of those stars who was dis- ered overnight. He came up the way and by the time he reached ywood he was already a fine ed actor. e went into acting half by acci- because he had gone to school young Bill Brady and between existed the kind of friendship which Bogie's life is rich. Young

Bill's father, William Brady, is one of America's great theatrical producers and Bogie began his career with bit parts. Then he discovered that he liked the business and began to put his heart into it and almost at once they began to discover along Broad- way that there was a new young juvenile with talent. Only they hadn't discovered yet that the young juvenile was exactly Bogie's role. Nevertheless, he did very well, be- cause Bogie is a worker. Anyone who has ever had anything to do with

him on the stage or in pictures knows that I don't mean he's one of those actors who has to carry a "mood chamber" about with him to sit in before he goes on. He belongs to that great tradition of actors who can rise from a poker game, walk on the stage or before the cameras and give a great performance. That's because he is a natural actor and sincere one and because he has as good a sense of wit and humor as anyone I've ever known. In those (Continued on page 94)



Clark Gable:
Ultra-ultra



Rosalind Russell:
Ditto



Errol Flynn:
Worker?



Hedda Hopper:
Perfect (—Ed.)



Orson Welles:
Not so bad



Paulette Goddard:
Double-head

My Own Super

Editor's Note: Miss Hopper is given the widest latitude in her articles for Photo-play-Movie Mirror. Her opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine.—E.V.H.

Encore—by readers' requests—from a famous woman columnist w

BEST all-round man in Hollywood:

Clark Gable, because he has more reality and virility than any other actor on the screen. And because off screen he's one of the best balanced men in Hollywood, a swell companion and an all-round friend.

Best all-round woman in Hollywood:

Roz Russell, who's had more hit pictures this last year than any other actress—because she's the most civic-minded gal in town. She blends movies, society and citizenship.

Most popular woman—Dame Rumor. Have you got one in your town?

Least popular woman—Lady Truth, because nobody will listen to her.

Most entertaining man on screen: Jack Barrymore—because he never fails to kid himself, his profession and his public.

Most entertaining man off screen: Bob Hope.

Hardest worker:
Male—Kay Kyser.
Female—Hedda Hopper.

Think they are:
Male—Errol Flynn.
Female—Mrs. Eddie Robinson.

Most likely to succeed during 1941:
Male—John Carroll.
Female—Lana Turner.

Most likely to fade out during 1941:
Male—George Raft.
Female—Ann Sheridan.

Done most for Hollywood:
David O. Selznick, through "GWTW" and "Rebecca."

Done Hollywood most:
Melvyn Douglas.

Among the men:
Handsome—Bob Taylor.
Thinks he is—Errol Flynn.
The prettiest—Victor Mature.
Most brilliant—Orson Welles.
Laziest—Gary Cooper, and he's made it pay dividends.
Happiest—Andy Devine.
Kindest—Jimmy Cagney.

Among the women:
Most beautiful—Hedy Lamarr.
Thinks she is—Madeleine Carroll.
Best hostess—Mrs. Sam Goddard.
Thinks she is—Mrs. Basil Robson.
Best legs—Marlene Dietrich.
Most talked about—Paul Goddard.
Most talked against—Paul Goddard.
Talks most—Elsa Maxwell.
Says most—Anita Loos.
Most generous—Joan Crawford.
Wisest—Bette Davis.

Most respected man in Hollywood: Bing Crosby—and you all know why.

Best performance in last months, male or female:
Thomas Mitchell in "An Over Broadway," "The Voyage Home," and "The Cheers For The Irish."

Most overrated performance last six months:
Tyrone Power in "Brig Young."



Lili Damita:
Extra-special



Tyrone Power:
Overrated



Bette Davis:
Expected



Bob Hope:
Unexpected



Ann Sheridan:
Almost fatal



Charles Boyer:
Definitely fatal

Superlative Academy Awards

BY HEDDA HOPPER

gives cheers and jeers to Hollywood with some eyebrow-raising wit

Best actress:
Bette Davis.

Biggest bluffer:
Laurence Olivier.

Best sense of humor:
W. C. Fields.

Best actor:
Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck.

Best picture of the year:
"Rebecca."

Think they have:
Ritz Brothers.

Best-dressed man:
Basil Rathbone.

Worst picture of the year:
"Moon Over Burma."

Has had worst break from Hollywood:

D. W. Griffith, who started Hollywood history twenty-five years ago, but has been forgotten by practically everyone he helped.

Thinks he is:
Adolphe Menjou.

Most successful marriage in Hollywood:
The Charley Grapewins—they've just celebrated their 44th year.

Best lover:
Charles Boyer, by all odds.

Best-dressed woman:
Lili Damita Flynn.

Most desirable bachelor:
Jimmy Stewart.

Off screen:
Dicto, so I'm told.

Thinks she is:
Every actress in town.

Treats fans best:
Joan Crawford.

Thinks he is:
Ray Milland.

Most likely to remain a bachelor:
Eddie Albert.

Treats fans worst:
Virginia Bruce.

Most delightful child of star:
ZaSu Pitts' daughter, Ann Gallery, who has entered Stanford this year.

Most likely to be a spinster:
Edna May Oliver.

Can't take a joke:
Practically the entire population of Hollywood.

Most annoying child of star:
I'll skip this one, because I don't know any other group of children better brought up, or receiving finer care.

Most likely to be married:
Male—Bill Holden—he's practically hooked now!
Female—Lana Turner—again and again and again.

Can take a joke:
Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Jimmy Cagney, Clark Gable. Pat O'Brien, Mickey Rooney, Charles Laughton.

Biggest gloom:
Jack Benny. Never was a worrier like Jack. Privately, I think he loves to suffer.

HE CALLED HER

"Man-Poison"

Beginning the story of a girl who was ready to admit she was snobbish, spoiled—but not that she was the wrong woman for a man's best friend

STANDING behind the steel gate of the airport, Annabelle saw the flares light up one by one along the length of the flying field. The little plane, scurrying in from the west, must be Mike Harrigan's, at last.

The sense of excitement she had felt all day was now transformed into intense uneasiness. It was that feeling you sometimes have that the next minutes of your life are going to be of rare and terrifying importance.

She hadn't wanted George to wire Mike Harrigan.

"Won't he object to our running away like this?" she had argued.

"Of course not," George had insisted. "Mike's the grandest guy in the world. He'll just take it for granted that we have our reasons for eloping instead of falling for one of those silly Hollywood weddings. You don't have to worry about Mike Harrigan."

With that sixth sense as guide, she was worried.

She and Mike had never met and she had the strange feeling that that was through his wish. Heaven knows there had been ample opportunity. Several times during those unexpectedly wonderful weeks on the Clark Studios lot, George had said, "I'm go-

ing to have you meet Mike Harrigan tonight. He's a swell guy. Greatest friend I ever had."

Mike Harrigan had never turned up.

And George Hurley had looked the other way when Annabelle asked why.

"He's finishing a picture," George would say evasively. "You know how a director is when he's on a picture. Particularly Mike."

And then this morning (when they had decided that today was the day—a flight to Yuma—a visit to Mr. Perkins, who so many of the Hollywood people know to be obliging at any hour of the night or day), George had sent the wire: "Flying to Yuma with most wonderful girl in the world but it's no kind of wedding without the grandest guy in the world standing up with us. Get out wings and hurry."

They had waited at the airport, but there was no sign of Mike Harrigan. Then a terse wire had arrived: "Wait for me at airport."

George was elated. But Annabelle Clark, not yet out of her teens, knew more about people than George Hurley, well into his twenties.

Then George had decided to go up to Mr. Perkins' to make all the necessary arrangements while Annabelle

waited for Mike's arrival.

The little Waco was settling down. Now it spun around and taxied toward the gate.

Annabelle thought, "How is it that sometimes you know in advance what's going to happen? How do I know that he's going to spoil this for me? How do I know he's going to make me regret everything I have ever done?"

The engine roared to a stop. The man squeezed out of the little door and stepped down. He said a few words to the attendant who hurried up; then he squinted into the glare of the airfield.

Annabelle saw that he was tall, not very good-looking, but easy to look at just the same. He was a man who knew where he was going and had stopped being afraid a long while ago. By the way he walked she could tell he was physically strong, and by the set of his mouth she knew that he never took anything from anybody—particularly women.

Now he saw her and the set of his jaw stiffened.

"You're Mike Harrigan?" she said. He nodded. She held out her hand. "I'm Annabelle Clark," she said.

"I know," he said shortly. "I want

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ



BY FRANCES BARR MATTHEW



"What's so wrong with me?" Annabelle asked. "I'll tell you," said Mike. "I've seen a lot of dames in my time—and I think I know. You're man-poison!"



To Annabelle, George Hurley was the first person who had really seemed to need her

to talk to you—right now."

This was it! Her instinct hadn't been wrong. But Annabelle Clark, in those few halcyon years, had learned how to fight, too. Now she had something to fight for, and no gentleman with a firm jaw was going to stop her.

She turned a smile, her most endearing smile, on the gentleman with the firm jaw.

"I'm so glad you came," she said.

George wouldn't hear of our getting married without you."

"Where is he now?" Mike Harrigan said quietly.

They were walking towards the entrance and she took double steps to try to keep up with him.

"He's gone up to Mr. Perkins'," she said. "He's the minister, you know. He'll marry you any time, day or night."

HER voice trailed off, for Mike Harrigan was staring straight ahead of him as if looking for something. Suddenly he turned to her.

"I guess this is as good a place to talk as any."

He peered down at her, scowling.

"I don't know why you want to marry George Hurley, but I'm not for it."

She looked up at him, straight into his eyes.

"Why not?" he challenged.

"I know all about you," he said simply, "so I know you can take it straight from the shoulder. I'm not for it—on account of you."

It echoed in her brain. "On account of you." What did he know about her? Nothing. Nobody knew anything. She didn't even know herself.

Her eyes narrowed as she looked at him. She wouldn't get angry. No, not now. That was her old way, the way of the spoiled daughter of the wealthy producer Hilton Clark. But now, face to face with the one thing in the

world she really wanted, the chance to be the wife of a boy like George Hurley, now she wasn't going to let that prodigal temper of hers get in the way. No! No matter what insulting thing Mike Harrigan said.

This was a different kind of rebellion inside of her. Before, she had rebelled against Hilton Clark and his domineering ways—yes, ever since her mother's death. But those rebellions had been small, childish and in the wrong causes.

"On account of you." Well, what's so wrong with me? she thought. Spoiled—is that my fault? And I know about it—I'm trying to do something about it. A snob? Yes, I was—that was why Dad sent me to the ranch. Careless and frivolous? I didn't know any better—and I did think Boots Havermill meant something to me. Anyway, everybody makes mistakes. Doesn't it mean anything that a girl has grown wise—and is trying? But how do you put it in words? It all sounds so whiney, no matter what you say. So you don't talk. You just stand there and take it. Sure, why not!

"I'm sorry you feel that way about me," she said softly.

"I am too," he answered squarely. "Because I know that George Hurley has got it bad. He's a good kid. Not strong, but good and he deserves a break."

"I know he won't regret picking me," she said smiling.

Mike Harrigan didn't smile. "Why don't you let him go?"

"What does that crack mean?" she said evenly.

"What do you want with him anyway? The kid has a great chance at your father's studio—so you step in and complicate things for him. It's not easy to make your way as a juvenile in Hollywood. Wives don't help any."

"That's an exploded theory," Annabelle Clark said.

"Some wives don't help any man," Mike Harrigan said relentlessly.

She turned away toward the lights of the town. "George will be waiting for us."

"I'm flying back," Mike Harrigan said.

"George wants you there," she said simply.

"I only came because I thought maybe I could get you to give him a break."

"Maybe I'm conceited to say it—but that's what I think our marriage will be."

He shook his head impatiently. "Oh stop it! That kid needs something different. The kind of girl he needs is just out of your world!"

"What's so wrong with me?" she said. The defiant throw of her head

was somehow betrayed by the catch in her voice.

"I'll tell you. I've seen a lot of dames in my time—and I think I know. You're man-poison!"

Then he added: "Tell George I said 'Good luck!'"

He turned on his heel and walked toward his plane.

She watched him stride across the field. Her mind followed him, grasped his shoulder and swung him around told him many things about how wrong he was, but her body stood there and she didn't utter a sound.

AS she looked for the cab driver George had arranged to drive her to Mr. Perkins' she was a little proud that she had kept her temper. That was a victory. She knew that late the things he had said would pain her immeasurably, but now she remembered them only as facts, as something somebody had said to somebody else.

In the cab, anger returned to her and somehow cleansed her. There was only one thing to do. Who did Mike Harrigan think he was, anyway? Who was he, setting himself up to judge what was right and what was wrong for George Hurley? Her eye turned sightlessly into the Arizona darkness.

Her path was clear. She would simply tell George that Mike had to get back to Hollywood in a hurry—the picture was going on location in the morning and Mike had flown up to say "Good luck." (He had said that, for a fact.) Well, it didn't sound so good, but she knew how to make herself believe. And George would be the first to believe her.

She stepped out of the cab at Mr. Perkins'. George ran to meet her. He looked so young and so eager. His hand coaxed his chestnut hair into place with (Continued on page 82)

Frame for Fame

Presenting, in our exclusive full-color series, Deanna Durbin, star of "Love At Last" and one of the public-spirited stars who appear for sweet charity's sake on the Gulf-Screen Guild broadcast Sunday nights, the Columbia network





Deanna Durbin



No More Divorces!

THE NEW-FASHIONED LOVE AFFAIR OF LANA TURNER AND TONY MARTIN

This experienced columnist knows a scoop when he sees it.

This is it—the strange story he uncovered behind

Lana and Tony's sudden headline friendship

"THE NEXT time I marry, I'll take plenty of time beforehand to think it over. There will be no more spur-of-the-moment marriages for me."

Lana Turner seemed as sure of that as we are of breathing. In fact, everything about Lana these days radiates calm certainty and a new assurance. People in and out of the studio who have known the emotional redhead for years are talking of the change that has transpired in Hollywood's all-girl. They say it's as though she had grown up overnight. Well, that's exactly what he did.

We'll tell you about this transformation of the "weater girl" a bit later, usually boys and why and when it happened and the part men played in the rather cruel and sudden metamorphosis.

Tom will come to the new Lana and the all-time favorite (Lana's for Lana) that is, with Tony Martin.

BY CAL YORK

Perhaps some part of this has happened to you, too. Perhaps you, too, were forced to give up suddenly by circumstances that seemed unbearable at the time. If so, you'll appreciate the story of this inexperienced girl in her teens who came down from San Francisco to Los Angeles, enrolled at Hollywood High School and then was literally hurled into a dream world beyond her wildest imagination—the movies.

Lana just wasn't equipped, either by temperament or experience, to take it. And she has taken it, you may rest assured, has suffered, has grown and broadened her emotional scope so that it can include a grand companionship with one of Hollywood's nicest people—Tony Martin.

A year ago Lana wouldn't have understood or appreciated Tony Martin;

wouldn't have found pleasure in the simple pastimes, the love of sports and easy laughter that are a part of Tony. In fact, Lana and Tony had met several times in the past and then had promptly forgotten each other. Nothing clicked, as it did with Lana and Artie Shaw, as it did with Lana and Greg Bautzer. Nothing could click then, for much had to happen to Lana before she and Tony were to laugh their way through to romance.

You might say the whole keynote of the romance of these two people is laughter. Seldom have they been seen when they weren't enjoying a joke; when Lana, with head thrown back, wasn't laughing. Several times on Vine Street we've encountered them lost in laughter, swinging hands or coming out of previews animatedly discussing the picture.

We'd seen Lana with Greg Bautzer. We'd seen her with her former husband Artie (Continued on page 70)



Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper
in Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe"



TWO GRAND HUMANS—BARBARA STANWYCK AND GARY COOPER—IN THEIR NEW FILM

THE LAWS OF *Averages*

IN a world where it's smart to be individual, to gain individual recognition and impose our individual pattern on those around us, we forget the heritage of good and bad, love and hate, that is every human being's and the simple but inescapable rules that govern one and all. Now and then we need a powerful reminder to set us back on the track. That reminder has come in the human touch of Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe." Its gentle philosophy has entered the lives of all those who have worked together to make the picture, Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck most of all. And so we went to these two. . . .

Gary sat by the stream that ran under the bridge down by the sound-stage railroad tracks. The cameras were in sight, but the only sound to be heard for a long, quiet moment was the water echoing in the high-arched cavern. That, and the hobos' fire crackling underneath a battered coffee pot. It was the last day of shooting on "Meet John Doe."

"Been a great thing—working in this picture," Gary remarked. "Shows you lot of things you ought to've known all along but have kinda forgotten."

"For instance—" (Yes, he was "loosening up" now and when Gary "loosens up" he talks plenty.) "—I mean things that are true now just as they were a thousand years ago, like—well, like the fact that the best things in life are free."

"I know," he went on, "we've been quoting that for quite a while. But the thing is, we haven't thought much about what it really means. Neither did *John Doe* at first. He thought the most important thing in the world was

to get his pitching arm back so he could get rich and famous. Then he met up with a hobo that everyone called *The Colonel* (that's my friend Walt Brennan in the picture) and *The Colonel* taught *John* things. He was a hobo from choice. He called people who were trying their darnedest to make money so they could buy things—radios, fine houses, cars, country-club memberships and such—'helots.' 'They're slaves to *things*,' he'd say. Seemed as though if everyone could stop wanting so many *things*—Hitler and Mussolini and all the rest—the world would suddenly find itself with a weight rolled off its shoulders.

"GUESS there's a law in there somewhere. When human beings accumulate more than they really need, they start losing their souls. Seems to me time for friendships like *John's* and '*The Colonel's*'; time to sit by a stream and talk along is a pretty fine thing. But no one has very much of it these days. Everybody is too busy chasing after *things*."

"There's a girl in 'Meet John Doe' who is pretty cynical and hard-boiled. So is *John*, for that matter. Or they both think they are. And they're making lots of money, which is what they think they want. But all the while something is happening that hasn't a thing to do with money-making. They are falling in love. When they find it out, they realize they've got something worth more than all the success and hullabaloo put together. And it didn't cost 'em a cent, either. In fact, they couldn't have

bought it if they'd tried, on account of the best things in life are free. That's one law it didn't take any mayors or governors to pass."

WE set out to find that "girl who is pretty cynical and hard-boiled." Barbara was sitting curled up in the big comfortable Beverly Hills home that is hers and Bob Taylor's. She began by saying: "I feel as though I'd seen Santa Claus."

This was hardly in line with a hard-boiled pattern, but we let her go on.

"Of course," she confided, "we learn something from every experience. Certainly I have learned from every picture I've made. But 'Meet John Doe' is not just a picture. It is the drama of life itself—your life, my life, the lives of a million average men and women. And from it I learned a law of averages I'd almost forgotten. *I learned all over again to believe in the essential good of human beings!*

"No"—she shook her head—"I don't think I have ever been much of a cynic—one of those persons who works very hard at not believing in anything. Still, when I was given the role of *Ann Mitchell*, I'll admit that my first thought after I'd read it was not, 'What a wonderful lesson this teaches,' but rather, 'You're lucky, my girl, to have fallen heir to such a histrionic plum.'

"But that was only at first. Pretty soon the thing began to get me. As the story of 'Meet John Doe' opens, *Ann* is a cynic all right. She has a gift for writing. She can think up such beautiful, inspirational things for *John Doe* to say (she is, in a way, his 'ghost writer') (Continued on page 71)

BY MARIAN RHEA

LEARN SOME LESSONS IN LIFE ALL OF US "OUGHT TO'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG . . ."

Should Love Wait?

If you fell in love today would you marry now or wait until next year, or until after the war, or after the depression, or until the home was paid for?

Should the unsettled conditions of the world of tomorrow postpone the love of today?

Does marriage retard the progress of the ambitious young man—or woman?

Is a measure of security essential to marital happiness?

Olivia de Havilland and James Cag-

ney both chorus a hearty, healthy "No!" to all the above questions.

Says Cagney, "Postponing marriage for any of those reasons is just like looking the stork in the eye and saying, 'I don't want to be born now—come back next year.' Or it's like challenging the grim reaper with a caustic 'Who invited you?' Besides," he grins, and there's a mischievous twinkle in his blue eyes, "science tells us that love lasts only twenty minutes, so why wait two years?"

"Security?" says Olivia. "Say, are

you talking about a love match or a business partnership? What has security to do with love?"

"Nothing," laughs Jimmy, "if the girl is marrying an actor. Security is something an actor wouldn't know a thing about. He may look forward to the time when he can wear old clothes because he wants to rather than because he has to, but he'd never actually plan on it. Anyone who wanted security wouldn't choose a haphazard profession like acting in the first place and the girl who plans to marry an actor had better make up her mind that "Home Sweet Home" is just a song. She'll be lucky if the guy can sing it and she'll be more than lucky if he can swing it!"

"But most girls," Olivia reminds him, "do not intend to marry actors."

"Speak for yourself, Miss Alden," Jimmy replies, "but while we're on the subject, can any girl marrying any man actually plan on security? Suppose he does have a good job, money in the bank, the home paid for—he can lose the job, the bank can fail and a good tornado can make short work of the house."

"You're a pessimist."

"I'm not. I'm a realist."

"You're an actor."

"I suppose you would marry for security."

Olivia shook her head. "No, I would marry for love because I am a career woman. I don't believe that women with careers can look upon marriage in the same way other women do. A career woman may want a husband, a home and children, but I think most of all she wants what she already has—a career. I think most actresses make wonderful wives and mothers, but they seem to have the ability to let neither their husbands nor their children interfere with their careers. Since career women are like that, I can see no reason why love should wait."

"But what about the women who gave up their careers for marriage?"

"In that case," Olivia grins, "I think they must have wanted marriage more than they wanted a career and it is unfair to say that marriage interfered with (Continued on page 89)



Olivia de Havilland, star of Warners' "Santa Fe Trail": "Security? What has security to do with love?"


The subject is dangerous; the discussion startlingly
outspoken; but we felt we owed it to young
people everywhere to publish this article

BY HARMONY HAYNES

ILLUSTRATION BY MARY HORTON

James Cagney of "Strawberry
Blonde": "Kids today don't
accept their elders' ideas;
they have ideas of their own"





James Stephenson: Bette Davis adores showing him the notices that say he stole "The Letter"

ROUND-UP OF

Tiniest girl in Hollywood: the new find, Veronica Lake, of "I Wanted Wings"


SHERMAN WAS RIGHT So Hollywood changed her own very interesting name, Sherman Poole, to Virginia Gilmore and proceeded to make her over. They put bands on her teeth, cut her long beautiful hair (she could sit on it), taught her diction and then sat back and viewed the results. We viewed them also in "Manhattan Heartbeak," "Jennie" and "Western Union" with such stars as Cary Grant, Dean Jagger and Bob Young and recently with Cesar Romero in "Tall, Dark and Handsome." What's more, Virginia is slated to play Bette Davis' daughter in the Goldwyn screen production of that

famous play, "The Little Foxes."

So we know, along with Hollywood, just how good little Virginia is.

Hers is a lonely sort of victory, a one-woman triumph, really. There are no friends to enjoy her success, to enthuse with Virginia. She wants none. Her relatives, including her mother and several half sisters and half brothers, live in San Francisco in the accepted isolation Virginia prefers.

She's an individualist. Always has been since early childhood, walking through life alone because she wanted to. It's a fear of domination really, explains a person who thoroughly



She has a surprise in mind
for Sam Goldwyn: Virginia
Gilmore of "Western Union"



Guy with the catchiest
smile in town: Dan Dailey
Jr. of "Ziegfeld Girl"

The lowdown on four smart newcomers
who are riding high today in Hollywood

BY SARA HAMILTON

Pace Setters

understands Virginia Gilmore.

A miniature Margaret Sullavan, we'd call her, without Maggie's capacity for yielding to life. She looks like Maggie and even speaks like her. It pleases Virginia to be told so.

Born in Del Monte, California, under Hollywood's favorite sign, Leo, she attended the Immaculate Heart Convent in Hollywood all through the grammar grades and first year of high school. When her family moved north she attended Burlingame High School and San Mateo Junior College. Then the acting bee stung her. It got in a real good sting when she played the role of *May* in John Steinbeck's

"Of Mice and Men" at the Green Room Theater in San Francisco. And with Steinbeck directing, too.

Other group activities followed and later Virginia went over to Berkeley to the University of California for a course in Little Theater work.

To this day she doesn't know how Sam Goldwyn ever heard of her, but one day when she returned to the house where the Group theater was housed, there was "The Letter" from Mr. Goldwyn.

At first she demurred. She did have her heart set on New York. But a telephone call from the Goldwyn office decided her and from there she

went to braces and haircuts and what not.

She had a lisp, of all things, when they finally took off the braces, so patiently for months she had to work out of that. Hollywood doesn't know it yet, but she plans shingling her hair very short. Why, only heaven knows. I, for one, can't wait till Goldwyn sees it.

She lives in a tiny one-room apartment where the ice-box, stove, bed, chairs and practically everything folds up into the walls.

She never wears slacks and had to diet for "Tall, Dark and Handsome." She put on (Continued on page 72)

• Two-fisted hero of a double-punch picture: Clark Gable, now making love to Hedy Lamarr in M-G-M's "Comrade X." Owner of one of the most productive ranches in the Valley, he works hard at his farming, is quietly proud of his home and his wife Carole Lombard

Rull





ones

• Hollywood with a home-town touch: Virginia Bruce. On the Universal lot she is the gilt-edged foil of John Barrymore in "The Invisible Woman"; as Mrs. J. Walter Ruben she's the pretty girl from the Middle West who reads her Fargo, N. Dakota, paper every day

The hill people came to know this stranger as the good shepherd. He was interested in them all, in their lives; but especially was he interested in the love of Young Matt for Sammy



He came over the hills—this man nobody knew—to bring life to a boy and love to a girl

NO ONE in the hill country knew where he had come from. He was a tall, slow-moving man with iron-gray hair and a face whose lines were all of sadness.

Late one afternoon when the sun was goldening all the westward slopes of the Ozarks he first appeared, knocking on the door of the cabin where Jim Lane and his daughter, Sammy, lived. Sammy, leaning over Jim where he lay groaning on the bunk, whirled around in terror at the shadow in the door. "What you want?" she said fiercely.

"My name is Dan Howitt," he began, and then he saw Jim Lane, the blood seeping from a wound in his shoulder. He started across the floor of beaten earth toward Jim.

"Don't touch 'im—don't you dast!"

Sammy said threateningly and put out one brown, none-too-clean hand toward the shotgun in its rack beside the bunk.

Howitt paid no attention. He was already touching, tenderly, the flesh about the wound. "Hmm—bad," he murmured.

"It's stopped bein' bad an' turned worse." Jim's pale lips, in his gaunt face, writhed painfully.

"I kin cure 'im," Sammy insisted. "I got salve—I got cobwebs spun in November—"

Straightening up, Dan Howitt looked at her. She was no more than 17, perhaps not even that. Her tangled hair was bright around the small, fearful face and her fragile body was lithe above the bare feet.

"This is no time to argue," he said

with a touch of authority in his voice. "The bullet has to be taken out. Get me some hot water and clean rags. And hurry!"

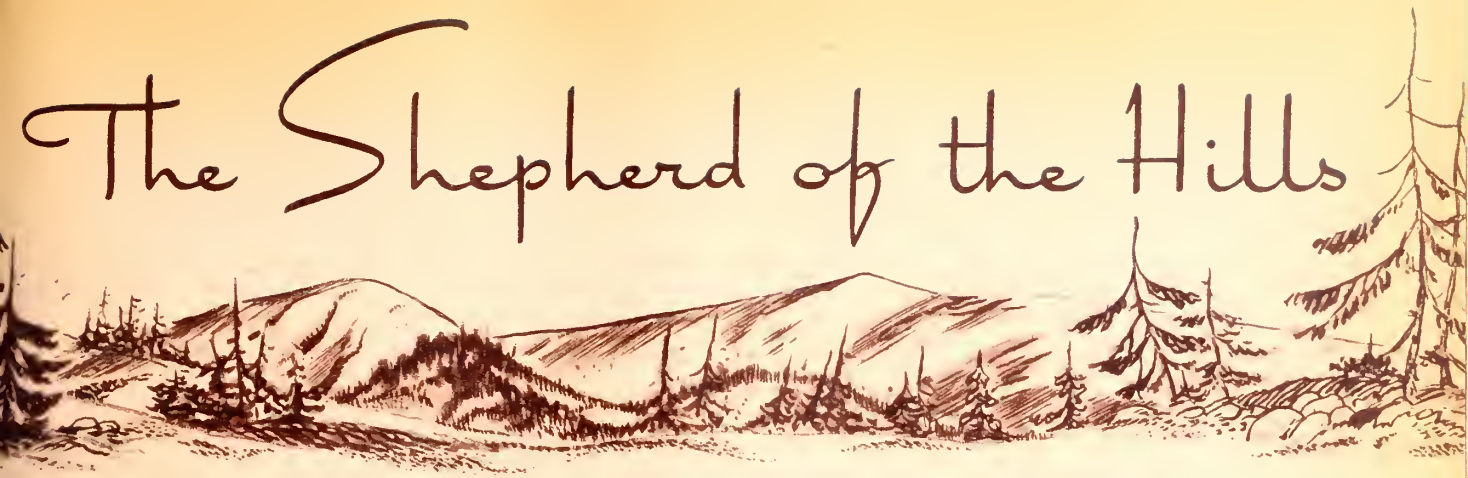
Sammy glared at him with all the mountain people's distrust of a stranger. But another groan from her father made up her mind. She turned and went toward the fireplace.

Afterwards, when Jim Lane was resting in relief from pain, she sighed. "All right," she said resignedly. "When you aimin' to take 'im away?"

"Take him away?" Howitt said. "What are you talking about?"

"I knowed from the first you was a revnu'er," Sammy said wearily. "That you was wellin' my pappy to take him to jail."

He smiled gently down at her and she found herself wanting to trust



The Shepherd of the Hills

him. "I'm no revenue agent," he said. "I had nothing to do with putting that bullet into your father. I came to you because I want information . . . I want to buy some land and settle down here."

"Why?" she asked in complete bewilderment.

Dan Howitt shrugged his shoulders. "I like it here," was all he would say.

"But," she said, still suspicious, "folks like you don't come to land what's been corned out, or mebber won't grow no more'n unshuckable nubbins—with seed ticks an' chinch bugs an' whoopin' cough . . . Why'd you come?"

"Did I ask you how he got shot?" he asked, indicating her father.

Sammy, suddenly embarrassed, hung her head. "You didn't, fer a fact," she mumbled.

The sound of horses' hooves, moving slowly along the trail outside the

cabin, interrupted them. Through the twilight rode a young man, sitting his horse easily, lazily, whistling as he went. At sight of him, Sammy's eyes blazed with a new anger and she ran like a small furious wildcat out of the cabin. The horse slowed to a stop.

THE CAST

Sammy Lane	Betty Field
Young Matt	John Wayne
Daniel Howitt	Harry Carey
Aunt Mollie	Beulah Bondi
Old Matt	James Barton
Andy Beeler	Samuel Hinds
Granny Royal	Marjorie Main
Pete	Marc Lawrence
Jim Lane	Tom Fadden

Screen play by Grover Jones and Stuart Anthony. Based on a novel by Harold Pell Wright. Produced by Jack Moss. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Copyright, 1941, by Paramount Pictures, Inc.

"Howdy, Pretty," the young man said and, taking his slouch hat from his head, dropped it on Sammy's.

She snatched it off and threw it back at him. "Keep joggin', Young Matt," she ordered. "Don't git offen that horse!"

With a laugh, he swung one long leg over the bare back of the horse and slid to the ground, towering over her. One hand gently pushed the disordered hair back from Sammy's forehead.

"My!—ain't the birds a-hollerin' purty tonight?" he said teasingly.

"You an' yore rascality!" Sammy fumed. "Ol' Matt an' his cussedness—an' Aunt Mollie an' her p'isen ways—all o' you makin' people a-skeered o' livin' an' none o' you a-carin' any!"

Still smiling, still gently touching her hair, Young Matt Matthews said, "The bluebirds are nestin' all over the mountain. . . ."

Fiction Version by NORTON RUSSELL



They stood by Pete's bed, waiting . . . waiting—Young Matt, Aunt Mollie, Old Matt

"L... t... an' gettin' drunk an' runnin' J... to put yourself! An' lookin' hant, come walkin' outen the sun... cringin' the hound, a-fetchin' whoopin' cough an' misery, givin' sick 'uns a soon start to die, an' makin' well 'uns dark-eyed an' fearful! Why can't the dead keep their unhappiness underground an' leave live folk be? Why can't she stop pushin' up the grave rocks?"

Young Matt's hand left her hair. He slapped her on the face.

"You ain't sayin' nothin' 'bout my mother!" he thundered.

For a moment they stared at each other, anger beating back and forth like lightning between them. Then Young Matt's eyes softened. He touched her cheek gently, where the ugly marks of his blow still lingered, and swept her into his arms, kissing her yearningly.

"Oh, Matt," she sobbed, "why d'yuh keep dom' it? He was watchin' while you was at the still... an' they shot him—the rev'nuers..."

"Yore pappy?" he said in fierce surprise, and led the way to the cabin, moving with the swift grace of a woods animal.

Jim Lane was awake now, lying comfortably in the bunk. Dan Howitt stood in the shadows at the far end of the cabin, where Young Matt did not at first see him.

"I was drinkin' when I shoulda been watchin'," Jim said apologetically. "They was Andy Beeler and two new rev'nuers with 'im."

Dan Howitt moved. Young Matt whirled. "Who is he?" he asked Sammy coldly. "What's he here for?"

"He's—" Sammy hesitated, looking fearfully at Young Matt's unfriendly face. "He's—my cousin," he said unexpectedly. "He's come here t' live."

Deliberately, Young Matt said, "It ain't likely fer strangers t' find these parts a good livin' place."

"Thi' here's Young Matt

Matthews," Sammy said uneasily to Howitt. The older man had been filling a pipe. His fingers suddenly grew lax about its bowl and his jaw dropped. Only for an instant, and then he was saying, "My name's Dan Howitt."

Young Matt turned away. "Lemme know c'n I do anything, Jim," he said shortly to the man on the bed and left the room in two long strides.

It came on, that night, to rain; but in the Lane cabin it was warm and cheerful after Sammy had prepared the supper of pone and fat pork. Howitt, standing by the window, asked abruptly, "Do you suppose the Matthews would sell me some of their land?"

Jim Lane chuckled. "Quicker'n a fishin' crane strikes, if yer that crazy to buy it. Money's their yearnin'. But don't let 'em sell you Moanin' Meadow."

"Moanin' Meadow?" Howitt asked, frowning thoughtfully.

Sammy shivered, though the fire where she sat was warm. "That's where the hant comes from," she whispered. "Frogs there as quiet as grave rocks. Light comin' from no-

"Keep joggin', Young Matt," Sammy ordered. "Don't git offen that horse!"

where. An' the trees don't rustle... an' the flowers grow big but don't have purty smells..."

"It's bad land," Jim Lane said, "like everything bears the name o' Matthews is bad—'ceptin'—"

"'Ceptin' Young Matt," Sammy interrupted quickly. "He ain't naturally bad. They're the ones make 'im that way."

"They?" Howitt asked.

Jim answered. "Them as won't let the dead rest," he said slowly. "Them that lays the fault to her sweet spirit and fills her boy with hate... Ol' Matt Matthews, and Aunt Mollie, his ol' woman... an' Pete, their boy—Young Matt's cousin—him that ain't got no brain nor hope. Young Matt lives along of Ol' Matt an' Aunt Mollie, up on Bald Knob."

Anger rasped Jim's voice.

"An' all of 'em makin' Young Matt a sick soul—raisin' him t' think he's got t' find an' murder his back-trackin' pappy who hid away from 'em! An' all of 'em guiltin' her—she who never done no harm to no one o' God's critters!"

"Who?" The whispered word left Howitt's lips like a frightened traveler.

"Young Matt's mother. She was a lamp o' kindness in this dark place—always a-singin' an' a-smilin' like the angel she was..."

"You—knew her?"

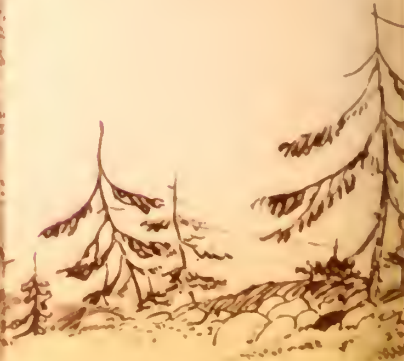
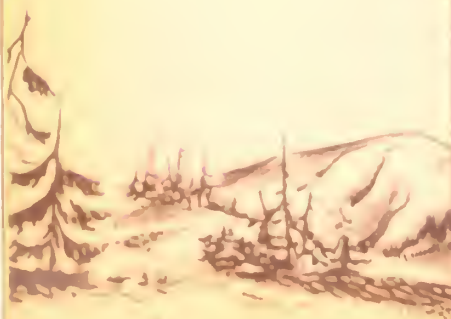
"I loved 'er." Jim's voice grew soft, now, with the old memory. "I loved 'er before e'er she went away to the city town. An' after, too, when she come back here to born Young Matt."

There was a long silence. Howitt broke it.

"Young Matt can't be bad," he said huskily. "Not and be her son... Not and have Sammy love him."

Sammy, blushing, did not answer.

The next day, with Sammy as his guide, Dan Howitt went up Bald Knob to see Aunt Mollie and Old Matt Matthews. He found two bitter people, as gnarled and ugly as blackthorn bushes, who (Continued on page 66)



This thing called

STYLE

If a woman has style, her clothes have distinction. Prime proof of this credo is Rosalind Russell's steel grey and sable brown street costume. The grey wool dress has a V-neckline, draped and tucked to accent body contour, and a softly flared, bias-cut skirt ornamented with a golden fish on a link line. Her breton is of grey felt; furs and accessories are brown

SCHAFFER

BY
GWENN WALTERS

The second commandment in the style business is a million-dollar manner. The star of Columbia's "This Thing Called Love" achieves this by way of a chartreuse satin "at home" outfit. The knee-length tunic, belted with a gold lamé cord, falls over an accordion-pleated skirt rippled at the hemline. Gold and ruby ear clips match the shoulder bowknot; the slippers of chartreuse satin are appliquéd and embroidered in gold





Third step toward the well-dressed list is a spruce simplicity. A "for example" outfit is this Irene tailleur. Of tan shadow weave wool, it has square shoulders, long jacket, slim skirt. Wool arrow inset detail and pocket finish are cream-colored, as are the surplice crepe blouse and gloves. Bag and shoes are brown to match the ribbon and coque feather trim of the beige felt postillion



Requirement for p.m. fashions is fluttering formality, i.e., Irene's white chiffon, flowing from embroidered motifs of silver thread, beads and rhinestones. Back drapery is brought forward and clasped at the front neckline. Smart extras: Rhinestone earrings and white satin strap sandals. Conclusion is the star of "This Thing Called Love" is a shining example of this thing called style





For any sheer—or low-backed formal dress, you'll find Maiden Form's "Allegro" evening bandeau a jewel! Shoulder straps and fastenings are adjustable and there's a tab to fasten the garment low on your girdle-top

FINK

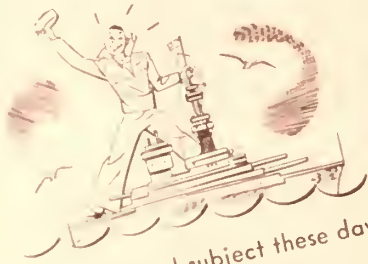
Even youthful figures demand a contour garment this season when the new fashion is the tubular Cigarette Silhouette. Farmfit's "Girdleire" and girdle styles accomplish just this with their new Scap-Hip feature (see sketch)

Young Marjorie Reynolds of Republic's "Rabin Haad of the Pecas" dresses far her date in a sleeved evening dress of electric blue with fine lace bodice and heavy crepe skirt that features gathered front fullness. Dress designed by Patricia Perkins, Las Angeles

What's your clothes I.Q.?



1. Mary Martin is a Hollywood pretty pretty who recently caused a riot at Ciro's by appearing in a new type fur. Created for her by a famous New York couturière, it is now beating the former fur champion, silver fox, to the punch. Here's the picture: there's Mary, husband Halliday and the fur. Can you name it?



3. The best conversational subject these days is the draft. If you take a feminine slant on military maneuvers, you'll be able to name three new styles that are a direct loan from the Navy.

4. Any woman can talk clothes, but it takes an ultra-smart one to interpret the following fashion terms. Just complete the sentences:

- A dickey isn't the name of a small boy; it's _____
- Byrd's cloth has nothing to do with the birds and the bees, it's _____
- A huarache isn't a foreign peasant; it's _____
- A weskit isn't a man's vest; it's _____
- A frog isn't an amphibian; it's _____

5. Now we turn the tables and complete a statement for you. Matter of fact, we complete it three ways. Just check the one that's right: The newest color combination is (a) black and gold; (b) wheat and sea green; (c) red and blue

The best way for a girl to get places fast is to wear the right clothes. Is your style sense? If you're in the smart class, you won't have any trouble doing the tricks we give you here. If you answer four or more questions you're probably a girl whose clothes make other women green with envy. If you answer less than three, you'll probably be red with shame yourself. You can find your right category by checking the answers on page 78.

FASHION QUIZ

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

- Ascot
- Black wool
- Lace shawl
- A "do dress" date
- Turban
- Black velvet

2. If you're material-minded, you'll have fun matching the styles in the panel above. Just select from the right column the proper complements for the three styles at the left.



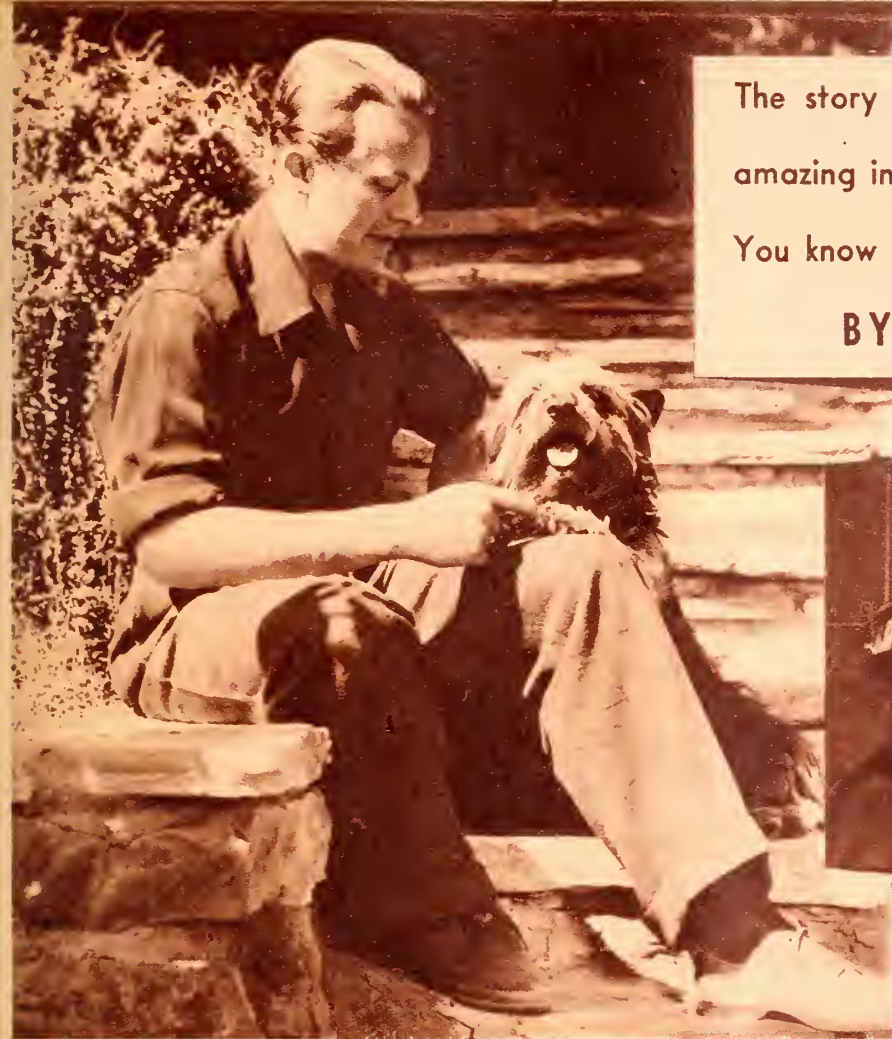
6. Maisie is a lovable nitwit. Her clothes catch men's eye, make women laugh. A fashion-conscious girl can put her finger on the thing that makes the outfit in the picture above a "thumbs-down" one.

The Man Hollywood Couldn't Beat

The story of a man, his wife, and an amazing interlude in their life together.

You know the man as Gene Raymond

BY BEN MADDOX



He came to tell her, thinking he was confessing failure. Jeanette MacDonald's answer was ready, warm, sincere: "Oh, Gene, I'm so glad!"

It is largely from a handful of friends that we bring you the story of the new Gene Raymond, the man who has returned from two years of "mysterious" seclusion to the studio whose contract he rejected just that long ago. There are those who would call it "What Hollywood Can Do To a Man"; to us it is the story of what a man can do first of all to himself—and for himself. It is the story of a man who revolted and, fortunately, lost. For it was in defeat that Gene Raymond found himself and his perspective on success.

Before we talked to those closest to Gene, we talked very briefly to the man himself. We already knew that RKO had hurried to take up his option upon the completion of his comeback picture, "Cross Country Romance." We knew the studio was planning bigger breaks for him, that as a first move, they had handed him a role in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith," the new

Carole Lombard-Robert Montgomery opus. We knew that a quiet guy with a three-cornered smile had been given a rousing welcome by a sneak preview audience in an unpretentious picture. We knew the welcome ran through the whole hard-boiled studio setup.

Now we know the "why" of all these things. For we found, as we talked to Gene himself, a change as great in the off-screen man as the audience had found in the actor.

Gone, first of all, were the cagey reserve, the tense wide smile, the eager-to-appear-friendly handshake, the quick lithe walk and the fabulous blond hair. Here was a relaxed, interested-in-you young man with a smile in his eyes that matched the grin with which he said "Hello." A guy with close-cropped, darkened hair, who admitted readily its color got brushed into it. Here was the actor who used to blow up resentfully at any

mention of his hair, now saying calmly, "Sure, I brush the stuff in it every day. If they don't want blonds on the screen, they don't want blonds!"

Here was the actor who had once told us seriously and carefully and with a grim sincerity that he had lived his entire life according to plan. Who had said, "Everything I do is planned. Always has been, since I was a kid. I won't marry until I retire. A man should make as much of a career of marriage as a woman. I know myself and I won't play a scene unless I think it's right for me. I'll argue that with a director any day. If I can't get the parts I want, I won't work."

The last is exactly what happened. He grew tired of the wisecracking roles to which he'd been assigned. He said a definite "No, thank you" to a contract that most actors would have given their eye teeth to have been offered. When friends tried to advise him to take (Continued on page 98)

A favorite Lindy Hop variation by Jockie and Bunny is shown in the two pictures of the right

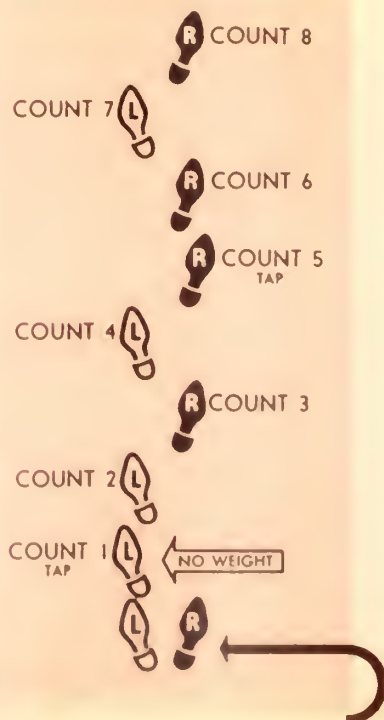
Bright examples of the new dance are Jockie Cooper and Bonita Granville. In the two pictures below they are doing the off-beat fox trot (see diagram and text explanation)



PHOTOPLAY—MOVIE MIRROR

Dancing School

Ground Plan for Basic Step of Off-Beat Fox Trot



Boy Starts Here
(Girl Does Opposite)

THERE'S a dance in America today for which even the Greeks would have trouble finding a name—but not the Americans. The Easterners call it the Slow Lindy Hop; on the West Coast it's the Balboa, because all such steps start at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa out there. We don't know what they think they're doing in the corn belt.

If you're still just fox-trotting with variations of the Charleston or the hoary Big Apple, you'd better get busy. Just turn the radio dial until you've got the music—Kay Kyser, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw.

Our guest stars this month are Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. They're just going to dance, the way they would, and we're going to tell you what they're doing and how to do it too.

Let's leave a name for it to future historians, eh?

The original fox trot was the simple, four-beat step done in a brisk fashion to fast or popular music. *One two, three, four, and repeat.* Then you maintained the step through turns or whatever variation you felt like making.

But when jazz turned into swing,



The Granville-Cooper version of the famous Balboa is shown in the three pictures on this page. See text for directions



We acknowledge with gratitude the careful check which was given this feature by the Arthur Murray Studios

If you're still just fox-trotting along, you better wake up. There's a new dance swinging across America—and here's how you do it

Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

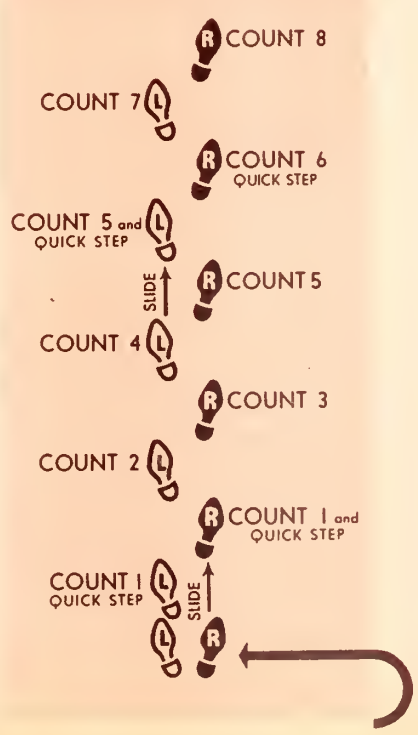
The subtle change of emphasis from the down-beat to the off-beat gave all the guys and gals an impulse to get a different rhythm into it. So they started holding—waiting—on the first beat; then they gave a little acknowledgment of that kind-of-neglected first beat with a quick touch of the toe to the floor and went right on.

Now that off-beat step is the basis for all modern dancing to popular music. From it came such variations as the Lindy Hop, first fast and then slow; the Balboa, which is more of a huffle variation; and all the jitterbug steps.

Dorsey's "Melancholy Baby," or better yet, Artie Shaw's platter of "Begin the Beguine," is what to stick on the phonograph. Turn the knob to "repeat" and stand facing each other. We're going to give the man's routine; you girls learn to do it backwards, starting on the other foot.

At the beginning, we'll just worry you with the actual steps, starting with that basic pause-and-catch-it-up fox trot above-mentioned and working into the slow Lindy Hop, the Balboa and anything else you want to make of it. After you've learned these you can cope with the instructions that

Ground Plan for Basic Step of Slow Lindy Hop



Boy Starts Here
(Girl Does Opposite)


turn them from walking steps into honest-to-pete dancing about which friend Arthur Murray would probably say: "That's the speed, boy, that's the speed."

Now look at the diagram on the left side of the opposite page. Start following the steps for the basic off-beat fox trot, counting to the rhythm of the music, *One, two, three, four*—emphasizing the off-beat. Just walk forward for a while until you're used to it, then, on the count of one, instead of taking a step, just tap your left toe very quickly on the floor without putting any weight on it; then step forward for the count of two on your left foot, forward on your right foot for the count of three, forward left foot on four; then, for the second group of four, do the tap on your right foot for Count 5, step forward on Count 6 with the same foot, shifting the weight to it—and so on.

Try doing this backward, and then in a simple square. In the pictures (1 and 2) Jackie and Bunny are doing the square and of course you simply turn right or left in the same rhythm, never breaking the step at all. Finally, when you're proficient, you'll be able to (Continued on page 88)

A natural, unaffected sort of chap with a penchant for polo shirts, a long roster of friends and an innate ability on which Paramount is now capitalizing in "I Wanted Wings": Wayne Morris





Brilliant wife
of the brilliant
Korda: Merle
Oberon, now ap-
pearing in "That
Uncertain Feeling"

Mrs. Garson and her daughter "The Duchess of Garson." The nickname was bestowed by a sarcastic stage manager



Redheaded Rebel

She's pert: Greer with Laurence Olivier in "Pride And Prejudice"



Two men in her life: Louis B. Mayer who has Greer under contract; Benny Thau, producer who has an option on her dates

It is said that a woman never forgets her first love. It was fortunate that Greer Garson never could; for that was what saved her in the end



She's tender: With Robert Donat in her American debut, "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"

Official approval of this story: Greer, in costume for "Blossoms In The Dust," poses with author Ruth Waterbury



BY RUTH WATERBURY

IN London, despite the depression of the early 1930's, despite her youth and femininity, the redheaded, green-eyed Greer Garson, out of Scotland on her father's side and out of Ireland on her mother's, had been a business success. No one could possibly have looked less the successful young business executive, yet she was all of that those early 1930's, talking glibly in glib advertising terms in a great, international advertising agency, earning a fat fifty dollars weekly, making her own way and snaring the fancy of every man she encountered.

That was the outer Miss Garson. The inner Miss Garson was still the disillusioned girl who had been turned down by the young man she adored because she had no money. He had none, either, and he wanted money. So he had told her he simply must marry an heiress. He did, too, even though telling you that is getting ahead of our story.

There are two reactions to heart-break. One is to go down under it, to be a boring object of pity the rest of one's life. The other is to take the idealism of that unrequited love and use it as a foundation for a life of

achievement and inspiration. Greer Garson thanked her stars that she was not born in an earlier century when marriage and domesticity were the only possibilities for a woman. She had foolishly imagined her happiness was conditioned on the inclination of one other human being; if that was denied, why then, she was armoured against ever repeating such an error. Love was not for her. But there were careers to be had. She had a good education, wide interests and the blessed necessity of earning her own living.

Thus when she finally got the chance to enter the Birmingham Repertory Theater, she took it without so much as a backward glance at her business career. It earned her much less money. It demanded much more work. Her original contract was good for only one play at a time, meaning she might be out of work after one week. It meant leaving London and her mother and living alone in a strange boardinghouse in a strange, unbeautiful city. Nevertheless, she was in ecstasy—for about

three days. The girls in her business office gave her a jade green dressing gown and a make-up box (she still uses both, which will show you how deeply sentimental she is) and she went off to Birmingham in a cloud of glory expecting to knock the theater people silly with a glance.

The theater people, who were professionals, did what professionals always do to talented, uppity amateurs. They knocked her ears down. They slapped her back to her own size. She was so elegant, so unconsciously patronizing, there was so much pure, uncured ham in her that she was tagged "The Duchess of Garson." There was a stage manager who particularly ragged her. He would ask, sarcastically, when he gave the company general directions, "Duchess, will that be all right for you?" He would murmur, scathingly, when she did not understand all his directions, "You Bachelor of Arts with first class honours, is this being too difficult for you?" Yet she survived, this sensitive, hitherto cloistered, spoiled Miss Garson.

She lived in what the English call "digs" and what we call furnished rooms, with the other girls of the theater. They gave her a load of

the facts of life, too. With the brutal reality of theater people, the girls told her she was not at all beautiful. They conceded she had a fine figure (Greer still calls it "figger," which is about the only English-ism still left in her speech), they grudgingly acknowledged that she had brains, but they said there was simply no hope for that face of hers. "It's like a pussy-cat's," said one, "eyes, brow, nostrils, cheekbones, mouth—everything goes up." Oddly enough, it was three years later that Noel Coward remarked to her, "You're lucky, you have the best possible mask for an actress—everything goes up—it should."

Greer not only survived at Birmingham, but triumphed, and learned much. Her first role there was that of a middle-aged Jewess in "Street Scene." She played it with a wig and an accent and she was so successful that the critics remarked she would go far "if she can get over her racial characteristics." This gave her great zest for her next role in which she played the typical young adventurous girl that she was, half Irish, half Scottish, and utterly English by upbringing.

She remained at Birmingham for two seasons. With an ability rare in an actress, the ability to see herself mockingly, she now says, "I was always overworked; we all were. I never got sufficient rest or food. I was often miscast but never downcast! It was a very happy time."

As the result of her Birmingham experience, she was cast for the leading part in George Bernard Shaw's "Too Good to Be True," which was to tour the provinces. Her seventh heaven of delight was rudely broken in on by a return attack of her childhood trouble, tonsillitis. Playing the last two weeks of the show with a temperature mounting in the hundreds, she collapsed and was hustled to a hospital. After that siege was over, she found her career was also virtually over now that she wanted to try for a London play, for no producer could be found who would take a chance with an unknown girl.

AT this point our actress suddenly popped and married a barrister, but this was neither so sudden nor so inconsistent as it seemed. He was a brilliant and charming young man who had courted her steadily from the days when she was still at school and he was writing poems about her in the undergrad magazines at Cambridge where he was studying law. Now he was home on leave from India, where he was a Judge in the Civil Service Courts. He was the first man who promised that if she married him he would not ask her to give up the theater—if she did not

want to live in India, well, she should visit him there from time to time and continue to live and work in London. Greer pondered this slightly crazy idea for months—would it be fair to each of them?—would it work out happily? Finally persuaded that it would, she married him and they toured France and Germany together. On their return there was a surprising change of heart—of two hearts. He demanded that she should come to India and settle down there permanently. She wanted only—her freedom. It was an unhappy impasse.

Greer is not willing to discuss this brief marriage beyond the word "incompatibility." "Had our paths not diverged so soon," she said, "possibly the separation might not have been final, but fate was against us in that—he went back to his work in the law courts in India, I was drawn again into the theater."

That season's engagement was spent playing understudies, walk-ons, bits, anything—at the Open Air Theater. "It was a lull in my career," she mused. "But there were compensations—the long rehearsals in the sunshine, the strange beauty of the tree-bordered stage, the players, the music under a starlit sky."



She'd rather talk than eat. But she'd rather eat than sleep—because if she's asleep, she might miss something. Who is it?

It's Roz, of course—self-styled "The Flying Russell"

For an all-around tonic read the uproarious life story of Hollywood's Eleanor Roosevelt—

ROSALIND RUSSELL

Beginning next month

Greer's big break came in characteristically unexpected fashion. She dined one night in London, at the University Women's Club, of which she was a member, and encountered Sylvia Thompson, the novelist. They had never met, but Miss Thompson came over and introduced herself. "I believe you are just the girl for the lead in a play I have written," she said. "Will you do it?"

The play was called "The Golden Arrow" and Laurence Olivier was the leading man in it. Greer's part was exciting, that of a gay and vivacious American girl. The play closed in three weeks, but Greer was launched as a London actress from that time forward.

FROM then on she never stopped working for three solid years except for two weeks' vacation. Within a month, she was the toast of all London. The beauty the Birmingham girls had not been subtle enough to see, London was delighted with. The figure they had praised was now magnificently dressed, daringly displayed. Within a year Greer was a star. With her mother, she moved into an enchanting apartment off Berkeley Square. Now, for the first time in their lives, they had more money than they needed, they had all the comforts to which their birth had entitled them but which they had never been able to afford before.

As for love, Greer put that behind her. The insistent cables from India piled up on her dressing table and she dared not answer them. Insistent letters piled up on her night stand and she didn't risk opening them. After begging again and again for a divorce, she was trying in these little ways to get some surcease from her anomalous situation. For those three swift exciting years there was no man in her life, nor did she want any. Her work was all of her and she was almost completely happy.

It was at the very end of those years that Mr. Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and a group of his executives saw the play in which she was then starring and got in touch with her concerning going to Hollywood. She had no wish at all to do so. London was giving her all the success she wanted. She could not bear the thought of leaving it. But while she was still hesitating over the Metro offer, she got word from India that the man she had married was on his way back to England.

In a panic Greer sought her escape. After a single interview her movie contract was signed. She took the next boat for America.

In Los Angeles she stepped off the train calmly, not exactly expecting flowers to be strewn in the streets for her arrival, but thinking, nonetheless, that it would be very pleasant if they were. Instead, she was met by a couple of nice young press agents who barely knew her name and was taken out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where they knew her name, all right, but nothing more. Somebody found her a house. She and her mother unpacked their fourteen trunks, their book of (Continued on page 64)

SCOOP!



Bette's "Farny": Arthur Farnsworth, aviator, violinist, sportsman

The Man Bette Davis Married

Photoplay-Movie Mirror stopped its presses to bring you this exclusive—the information you could not find in the newspapers

BY SALLY JEFFERSON

WHEN word was flashed to a thoroughly unexpectant world that at eight o'clock New Year's Eve in the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Justin Dart at Rockrim, Arizona, Bette Davis had become the bride of Arthur Farnsworth, one question was uppermost in the mind of every one: Who is Arthur Farnsworth? What does he do, what is he like, that he should win the hand of the screen's finest actress and Hollywood's most regular person? To answer this Photoplay-Movie Mirror stopped its presses and went to many sources to bring you a complete picture of the man and the event about which you all want to know.

Just a year before, to the very day, Jane Bryan, Bette's friend and protégée, had said good-by forever to Hollywood when she married the man she loved, Justin Dart. Now, in Janey's home, Bette was taking her vows and in a way was saying good-by, too, to many things—to struggle and heart-

ache and the intense concentration on work that she had previously placed above her personal life and happiness.

Bette was coming home again—to a life of peace with the man she loved, Arthur Farnsworth.

She met the tall and handsome 34-year-old New Englander two years ago when, weary to the point of complete exhaustion after strenuous years of picture-making, she went East for a rest.

First she had traveled to Boston and then on to the home of a school friend of her mother's at Bascom for several weeks. But still jangled nerves had refused to quiet down. Then she had remembered her mother's words as she left Hollywood, "If you feel yourself falling to pieces, go to Peckett's Lodge in Franconia, New Hampshire. You'll find rest there."

At the very sight of the Lodge, so peaceful and quiet, Bette indeed felt the cares of mind and body drop away. She knew that at last she had found

what she was seeking.

"Without a question, these kind people let me come home as one of them. They, stern Yankees all of them, accepted me, an actress, without a qualm. They asked no questions, made no demands. I dressed as I pleased, wore no make-up and revelled in peace. Ruthie, my mother, had been right," she said.

HERE she met the man who was to be her husband, for the assistant manager of the Lodge during the summer was Arthur Farnsworth. He was a light-haired chap with blue eyes, a well-groomed six-footer, rather stocky but very handsome. Typically New England, he had a natural charm, an easy sense of humor; a man's man, he was marked by a poise that had been acquired through his extensive travels.

The son of a retired and well-to-do dentist in Rutland, Vermont, he had been educated (*Continued on page 76*)

BEHIND THE CURTAIN IN

Hollywood Beauty Parlors

A LONG sleek greyhound of a car slid down Hollywood's most famous boulevard at dusk and on past the beauty center—oh, definitely past. Half a block away the limousine stopped and out of it you might have seen step—if you could have seen at all in the half-light—one of the greatest male stars in pictures. Thirty-to-fortyish he was, with an advancing waistline and retiring hairline. Quickly he looked up and down the boulevard, then sauntered nonchalantly back toward the beauty clinic. At the driveway he suddenly turned and slipped into the back entrance of the building.

Shocking that a man should go to a beauty parlor? Not in Hollywood. In fact, the Westmore salon has a large and flourishing men's department to which the male population flocks in broad daylight. The point involved in the incident in the dusk was that the beauty establishment specialized in rejuvenation rather than grooming. Actually there was no stigma attached to the star's call, merely an admission—but a fatal one.

For if you must know, age is the real bogeyman of the glamour city. Everything must be beauty and youth;

Item 1: The famous cowboy star who has permanent waves to give his hair body



if necessary, fake the former and lie about the latter. Which brings to mind Oliver Herford's classic couplet on Wordsworth's "Ode to Immortality":

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy—

We lie about ourselves in later years."

The beauty business in Hollywood is a tremendous seething sub-surface industry, second only to cameras and celluloid. Although there are approximately two hundred beauty shops in town, most of the big names of the picture world patronize half a dozen beauty parlors. There is, for instance, the House of Westmore which is operated by Perc Westmore and his trio of brothers, Wally, Ern and Bud. All of the Westmores are top-notch studio make-up men. Here the stars consult a fortuneteller, Louise Lockridge, by appointment. While waiting for their fortunes, manicures or hair-dos, patrons are served afternoon tea or coffee on the house. During the course of a week you might see in the Westmore salon such famous personalities as Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Sheridan, the Lane sisters, Louella Parsons, Margaret Lindsay, Virginia Bruce, Mary Pickford, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland and Kay Francis.

Down Sunset Boulevard just a few blocks from The House of Westmore is the Ann Meredith Beauty Parlor, one of the oldest and most favored of the Hollywood shops. This is owned and operated by Mrs. Evelyn Cassidy. In the back of her shop is a patio where customers may eat their lunch between beauty courses.

Although the girls at Ann Meredith's are accustomed to seeing such famous customers as Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Countess Di Frasso, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Bennett and her sister Connie, the place was in a hubbub the afternoon I was there. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was having her hair and nails done. The First Lady of the Land completely won over the corps of help.



Item 2: One of the greatest male stars in pictures who slips in the back doors of beauty shops at twilight

The girls said she was so gracious and had so much personality one forgot she was no glamour girl.

To the shop of Flo Haley, wife of Jack Haley, stage and screen comedian, come such celebrities as Barbara Stanwyck, Rosalind Russell, Mrs. Ronald Colman, Mrs. Herbert Marshall, Mary Livingston, Lupe Velez and a host of others. Flo it was who installed a bar from which a maid serves vegetable juices or soft drinks right off the ice. If anything stronger is wanted, it may be obtained from the near-by Brown Derby.

The Max Factor establishment, world-famous for its make-up which has been on the market for years, is now the center of the hair business—true or false, but especially false. Some of the most effective hair styles in recent pictures have originated at Factor's from a switch here or a wig there. Did you know, for instance, that Ginger Rogers' hair in "Kitty Foyle" was a wig? And the "figure eight" worn by Norma Shearer in "Escape" was a \$150 switch which has started a new vogue among film colony upper-crusters.

Also, Factor makes Hollywood's most famous toupees—"hair pieces,"

If Hollywood beauty operators formed a syndicate they'd put the Winchells out of business. Here's a sample of what they know

BY FRANCES MORRIN

they are officially called. Not only are these worn by a number of men in pictures, but by many playboys and big businessmen about town. The boys seem to have one great worry and that is the danger involved in drinking alcoholic beverages. Alcohol, it seems, working through the pores, dissolves the spirit gum which holds the hair piece on the head. Witness the plight of the middle-aged playboy who took his girl friend to La Conga. After a few drinks the crowd started to do the Conga. Our lad, weaving gaily in and out, caught his hair on the sleeve of his coat and suddenly found himself wearing his secret on his sleeve.

IN the parlors pretense is abandoned to the winds because women know they can hold no illusions for their beauty operators. As one girl told me, "All women let down their thoughts as well as their hair when they come into a beauty shop. I've worked all over the country, and I've learned that most women will tell their innermost secrets to a beauty operator and ask her advice about their problems. This is particularly true of Hollywood. Why, if the beauty operators here were to form their own syndicate we'd put the Walter Winchells, Hedda Hoppers and Ed Sullivans out of business."

Strong friendships often result between patron and operator. For example, one afternoon I was having a manicure when an attractive woman I recognized as the wife of a certain box-office star stopped at the table and showed the telegram she had in her hand to my manicurist. The girl smiled and said, "Isn't that nice?" After the woman had gone the manicurist exploded, "Aren't men heels?"

Hollywood enterprise: Clients can have their fortunes told, be served cool soft drinks from a specially set-up bar



ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN HOLMGREN

It seems that the telegram was from New York, signed by the woman's husband and was one of those darling-I-miss-you-so-be-home-in-a-couple-of-days-much-love-missives. My manicurist continued indignantly, "She's such a grand person and he's such an overstuffed rat! He isn't in New York. Just last night I saw him at one of the lesser known night clubs with another woman! Some stooge sent that wire for him."

One amusing incident I heard in my travels had to do with the sweetheart of a certain studio executive and an unsound-proof beauty parlor. While she was having her hair done she proceeded to shout in no uncertain terms what she thought of her boy friend's boss. Sitting in the next booth, the wife of the boss heard the entire broadcast. A week later the executive didn't live there at the studio any more. Yes, Hollywood history is made in beauty booths.

QUITE the most refreshing episode I struck on my beauty parlor beat concerns a star celebrated for both her arrogance and her sense of humor. One morning she breezed into her favorite shop to get ready for a current heavy date that evening and found the operators a-twitter over Bill Powell's sudden marriage to pretty Diana Lewis. "It can't—it simply can't be true!" she gasped and dashed for the telephone to call one of Bill's friends. When she came back she said, "Well, girls, I'm simply terrific when it comes to holding my men. If I weren't a woman who meets her obligations I wouldn't go ahead with this appointment for a hair set because the guy who should have been looking at the moon over these waves will be gazing into the eyes of the new Mrs. Powell!"

Displays of the much-touted star temperament are almost unknown behind the beauty masks where you'd most expect it. In the local beauty parlor annals there are just two who were told off for bad behavior: Simone Simon and Francesca Gaal. Francesca demanded that a hairdresser do her hair over three different times and when she still wasn't satisfied, the owner asked her please to go and make it permanent. Simone on the other hand had her attack of temperament over a manicure. She let loose a Gallic storm which was promptly blown right back into her face with a torrent of French as stout as her own. The proprietor

of the shop was from Paris and informed Mlle. Simon she could go to—well, France, or words to that effect.

The day and night service many of the beauty operators give is rewarded by the stars with thoughtful gestures. Marguerite Stemper, a favorite facial operator and an oldtimer in the Hollywood beauty business, was in a pleasant dither the day I talked to her. Carole Lombard had sent her a beautiful padded robe; Sigrid Gurie, an expensive bottle of perfume. Norma Shearer has kept the daughter of one of her favorite beauticians supplied with clothes. Jenny Landry, who did the late Jean Harlow's hair for years, has never removed the slender gold anklet which Harlow herself fastened on.

Louella Parsons is very generous with her tips and gifts. Once she gave an operator a \$5 tip and then discovered she didn't have taxi fare home. So she borrowed the money back and sent the girl a check the next day.

One time Joan Crawford, who for years had Syb Eaton for her hairdresser and Dolly for her manicurist, overheard the two girls discussing another operator whom Joan didn't even know. This girl had had a long siege of influenza which had left her lungs in a weakened condition and the doc-

tables, massage tables and so forth. As a time-saving device Joan Crawford used to have her hair waved for work the next day while she was eating dinner at home. Many's the guest at the Crawford ménage that has had a splash of waving fluid in his or her salad. If Joan happened to be going out, she tied on her green hair net and donned a wig to save the hair-do for production purposes next day.

Margy Stemper has frequently gone to the Gable home at night to give Carole a facial just before she went to bed. Carole, says Margy, has facials to make her relax instead of having a massage as many of the stars do when they are working hard.

THE charge for this work done outside the shop varies somewhat, but is at least double the cost in the shop. One star sent for her favorite manicurist to do her nails on the set at the studio because she was going to a party that night. This particular establishment charges a straight \$3 an hour from the time the girl leaves the shop until she returns. What with waits between takes, this one manicure turned out to be a costly little item—\$35 to be exact.

One very popular indoor beauty sport in Hollywood is growing fingernails to staggering lengths. Juliette Marglen, who is now with Westmores', discovered a wax treatment for the nails which makes them grow long and strong. Her own are a good inch and a quarter long and, heaven help me, she has little red foxes on the thumbnails and flowers on the rest. These decorations are put on with paper transfers over the polish and then covered with a coat of transparent sealer to cover them. Binnie Barnes has her initials applied in this way to both her thumbnails and her big toenails. Others of Juliette's famous clients are Barbara Stanwyck, Paulette Goddard, Norma Shearer, Deanna Durbin, Jean Parker and Mary Pickford.

At the present time the House of Westmore is the only beauty salon in Hollywood which has a men's department. Here many of the leading men, producers and directors, go for their haircuts, scalp treatments, hair dyes and permanents—yes, permanents. The hair dyeing and permanents are not a matter of being vain, I assure you. The men hate it but sometimes the picture calls for it. Some permanents you'll readily recall were Jon Hall's in (Continued on page 93)

Read the fascinating and exciting full-length story of James Stewart's and Hedy Lamarr's next picture

COME LIVE WITH ME

She didn't know whether or not to accept his invitation. What would you have done? You'll have your chance to see in the

April PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

tor had told her she should go to the desert. Crawford paid for the girl's care until she was well. Now Joan's prize possession is the clock Syb and Dolly gave her. The clock has the letters of her name around the dial.

Often the stars send for their favorite operator to give them treatments at home when they are hard pressed for time. For this purpose Rosalind Russell, Lupe Velez and Connie Bennett all have little rooms in their homes completely outfitted with professional shampoo bowls, manicure

V I R T U E

IS virtue dead in Hollywood? Yes, Fearless means what you mean—the good old-fashioned kind that somehow gets applied to just the girls, the boys by some magic being exempt.

Periodically the charge is made that Hollywood sets the styles in questionable morals for young and old alike. Two camps then take up the flaming challenge: The determined optimists whose battle cry is sweetness and light and the sour-faced cynics who claim there are just two kinds of Hollywood motives, both of them ulterior.

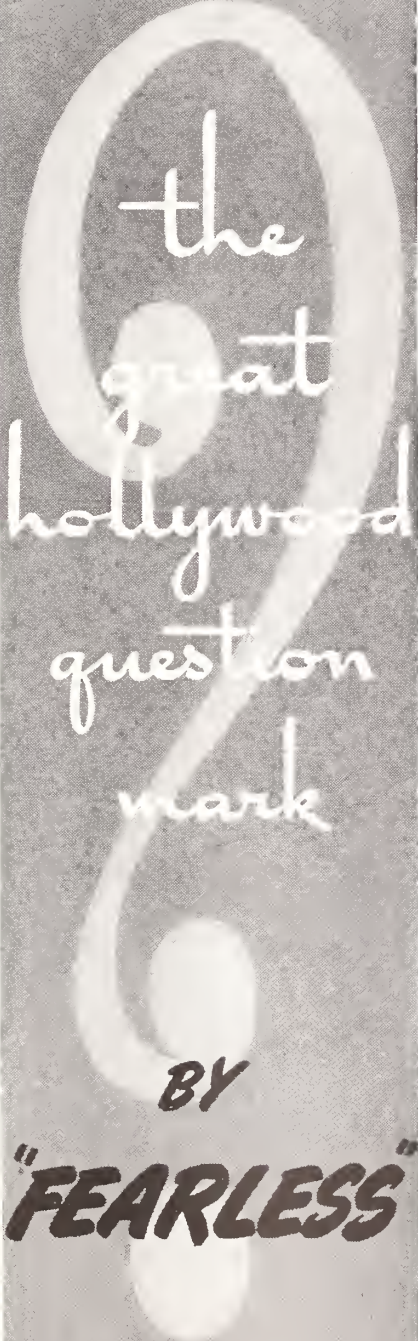
Neither side is entirely right. For the truth, as usual, lies somewhere in between.

And having agreed in this series for PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR to find the truth and tell it without reserve, Fearless discloses how he sees it.

First, let's face it: Virtue is a far scarcer commodity in Hollywood than in most American towns of its size. Let me tell you why this is so and how it is so. Hollywood is a town of just one industry and that one is the most highly personalized business in the world. Its vices and virtues are therefore also on the personal side.

Since it is a single-industry community, competition is staggering. When the acid bath of this competition is applied to human nature, curious things result. Some people emerge as the knife-throwers they are at heart, ready to stab in the back anyone who stands in their road. Others, their backbones eaten away by the chemistry of fame, fall by the wayside. A few come through as glorious human beings.

Besides professional competition,



sex figures in the Hollywood picture. And not entirely on the personal basis, either, but because of Hollywood's great dictator, the box office. Sex sells stars to the public—no doubt about it. So the whole town is constantly on the hunt for the man whose picture on the screen will bring a rapturous sigh from the women in the audience, or the girl who will bring a gleam to the eyes of the boys. Also, most of Hollywood's movie colony is preoccupied during its business hours with the substance of life itself—the stories of its pictures—stories which mirror in different ways the sex problems of human beings. This inevitably makes Hollywood as a community more tolerant.

For instance, few social groups would accept in their midst the principals involved in the cases about which I am going to tell you. Yet in Hollywood such people can manage nicely; in fact, can seemingly reign supreme—for a time, at least. The first two are examples of driving ambition, Hollywood's great crime. The third is the case of an opportunist. I'm not going to mention names, since I have no wish to crucify the stars. Instead, I'll give them numbers—and maybe they'll mean more to you than just a number.

Number one . . . She's probably your favorite star if you go in for glamour. Her only assets when she came to Hollywood were a small stock contract with a big studio, a beautiful face and a long chinchilla coat. Oh, yes, she had a dress—two or three, in fact; but they were merely stand-ins for the chinchilla coat, the one great flash that must carry her to the top. When (Continued on page 96)

This article talks out loud about a subject which hitherto has only been whispered

CUTIE-PUSS

"SO what?" Johnny laughed in Bunny's face. "After you've ribbed me as the biggest dope in the business? Tricked me into thinking you were a regular—a trouper—making me like you, yes, and handing me every opening to get crazy about you—" He broke it between his teeth. "Thank heavens I never let it get that far!"

"No?" said Bunny. She walked around the car and climbed in. "Here's a funny one," she said. "I guess a billion people have heard me on the sound tracks. But since I started knocking around on my own, meeting people face to face, none of them knew me, nobody remembered the voice. But Dad, he knew, the minute he heard it—thousands of miles away."

Johnny yawned and reached for the radio control.

"I'll tell you how he knew me!" said Bunny. "Because he loves me. That's why."

Johnny didn't say anything. He fumbled for his tobacco and papers and carefully spilled out a cigarette.

"That's why you knew me, wasn't it, Johnny?"

His hands went still. Otherwise there was no change in the stark silhouette.

"I would know your voice, Johnny," she said, "wherever I heard it. I love you. That's why."

He didn't finish making his cigarette. He let it dump on the vacuumed floor. He turned slowly to look at her.

"Don't tell me now," said Bunny. "Let me tell you."

She leaned forward and snapped off the radio switch.

"Dad made me quit pictures," she said. "But it wasn't for publicity. It was because I was shipping. He sent

me away to the East to school."

Her hand strayed to Johnny's sleeve. She wanted so terribly to make him believe.

"But I didn't go. I played hooky. See? Under a phony name. Nobody knew it except me and the girl I planted in school. I thought I could buck the world. Make a big come-

stared down in her face. "No." I sounded like choking. "No, I wouldn't."

She sat and held her breath and waited. She could feel him, very close. But he didn't touch her. He was trying to see into her eyes, and it was too dark to see.

"You mean," he asked, low and husky, "you want to stay here? You want to keep things the way they are now? The way we are?"

"The way we are, Johnny." She smiled and still waited. She had gone about as far as a girl should go.

"What about Hollywood?" he asked.

"I thought I wanted it," she said. "But that's all gone. If you don't mind my sticking along with you, I wouldn't mind where or what."

"Me neither," he admitted.

It ended arguments. Tenseness, anxiety, uncertainty—all that was gone. He laughed deep in his throat as he reached in the darkness—"Cutie-Puss."

During Bunny's absence in New York, Johnny and Gil had decided to cut "High Olympus" to a fifteen-minute dramatic sketch and let Mac go to town with the rest of the show.

That meant work—lots of work. Yes, and excitement and fun and the idiotic happiness some people find in the sweat of trying and doing.

Bunny was at it day and night. She was seeing Johnny twenty hours at a stretch, with hardly a minute alone together; but just being yelled at by her director was romance to Bunny.

It was in the midst of the general hullabaloo of frantic rehearsals that Natahe got her bright idea. Newspapers were spilling untold millions in free publicity on Bunny Stanwood and Meteor- (Continued on page 77)

Bunny was only 18, but she knew what she wanted: Fame as an actress, a great actress; and a blue-eyed young man named Johnny. She knew how to get them both

BY ALBERT TREYNOR

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK DOBIAS



Johnny blinked at her and then grinned. "I guess—maybe—I've been a fool—" "You dope!" said Bunny. "You darling!"

back. But what did I know? I'm the most ignorant girl you ever saw. Or was, until I got in with you . . ."

Her voice broke a little. "Would you want to just throw it all away?"

He leaned closer in the dimness. He

Concluding one of the most human stories ever written about Hollywood

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR



United States

MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG



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SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX



Chile

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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—created 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 spanking 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 chappings 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.

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Redheaded Rebel

(Continued from page 56)

telephone numbers and their china and sat back and waited.

Two months elapsed before the studio even called her. They said she might play the sister of Luise Rainer in "Toy Wife." It was then that Greer, shaken with homesickness, discovered the fierceness of her own pride. She stood even taller than her natural five feet four and announced in a small but most carefully modulated voice that she would prefer, if they didn't mind, not to play a second lead. Her politely outspoken revolt was for the purpose of stirring the M-G-M executives into some sort of recognition of her. It failed utterly in its objective. The executives merely said okay and once more forgot her.

SHE had come to Hollywood in December. By midsummer the loneliness and inactivity broke her down. She went to the hospital for an operation that several puzzled doctors, after a long consultation, said was necessary. As she came out of the ether, she thought that she had surely reached the utmost depths of personal misery.

It was at this particularly fine moment that her nurse brought a letter from one of her closest friends in England. It enclosed a long newspaper clipping giving the account of the marriage of that first boy whom she had loved. He had done just as he promised. He had married his heiress. There was even a photograph in the paper showing the happy pair leaving the church after the ceremony.

Greer lay shocked and still for hour upon hour. She sent her nurse from the room, gave orders she was not to be disturbed. She knew now that she must finally and forever think her way out. Until that moment of certain knowledge, there had remained the fragments of the old dream within her heart. Now she knew that from this day forward, it was up to her whether she was to let this wild, mad love of hers be the source of her own strength or her own weakness.

Her day nurse left and her night nurse came on. Still she said nothing. When morning came, she discovered that amazingly she had slept. It wasn't until mid-afternoon that Greer declared herself, when her worried doctor said something about the possible wisdom of doing what surgeons so glibly call "an exploratory," one of those operations where they prowl around the patient's interior to discover what, if anything, they should eliminate. "I'll have no more operations, thank you," said Greer. "I'm getting well now."

SHE did get well, too, not only physically but mentally. The final disillusion of her lost lover was to act like fire on a wound, cauterizing it for all time. The burden of this old emotion lifted from her mind and her last weeks in the hospital Greer spent in talking to the nurses and doctors, thereby perfecting her American accent and losing her British overtones. When she was able to leave and go back to Beverly Hills, she furnished up a new home and started being her personal decorator on it. She began to make friends, among them the brilliant, sensitive M-G-M executive, Benny Thau.

Exactly two weeks before her contract was due to expire, he was offered the role of Mrs. Chips. In reading it she saw that it was the smallest part she had considered since her Shakespearian reperitoy day. "But I also saw," she says, "that it was one of the most beautiful



A column of disc data
on the new movie music

By JERRY MASON

Bitter But Oh So Sweet: The Noel Coward songs from "Bitter Sweet" are, of course, wonderful; and blond, booming Nelson Eddy sings them in his blond, booming fashion. All of them are permanent turn-table favorites: "I'll See You Again," "Tokay" and "Dear Little Cafe" (Columbia).

Exotic Lamour: Paramount has mixed up a sarong-less musical for Dorothy Lamour with the glamorous title of "Moon Over Burma." From that opus, the bewitching Lamour sings two good tunes. One is the title song and the other is "Mexican Magic" (Bluebird). "Moon Over Burma" has a nice throbbing quality which shows up well in dance tempo as performed by Glen Gray and his Casa Lomans (Decca) and Ray Noble (Columbia).

Arise My Love: Mr. Noble uses the other side of his "Moon Over Burma" disc to offer "Arise My Love," which comes from the Colbert-Milland production with the same tag. Bob Chester's, one of the good new bands, couples the affectionate "Arise" with "You're Breaking My Heart All Over Again" (Bluebird).

Dancing Feet: Ranking high in the winter's list of musicals is "Second Chorus." You can delight yourself with all four of the musical hits from the picture as performed by the star himself, for Fred Astaire faced a recording mike and tapped out "I Ain't Hep To That Step" and "Me And The Ghost Upstairs" and concentrated his peculiarly attractive vocal accomplishments on "Love Of My Life" and "Poor Mister Chisholm" (Columbia).

You're The One: Bonnie Baker sings cuddlesome versions of "I Could Kiss You For That" and "Gee, I Wish I'd Listened To My Mother." "Strawberry Lane" and "You're The One" complete hers and Orrin Tucker's quartet of wax impressions (Columbia).

Hitful Assortment: Lead off with Tommy Dorsey's sweet "You Say The Sweetest Things, Baby," from "Tin Pan Alley" and its accompanying "Not So Long Ago" (Victor). Good swing is Benny Carter's "I've Been In Love Before" out of "Seven Sinners"—and "By The Watermelon Vine" which is aided by the vocalizing of the Mills Brothers (Decca). Add the chipper title song of Warners' "The Lady With Red Hair" by Hal Kemp (Victor).

portraits of a woman in love that has ever been written. There was only one hitch to it. Robert Donat had been cast as *Mr. Chips* and M-G-M wasn't too sure of his popularity. If "The Citadel" turned out to be a success then they would do "Chips." If "The Citadel" failed, they wouldn't. Of course, you know what a success that film was, so day by day I felt safer. Then, suddenly, there I was in London and people were saying 'Here she is,' instead of 'Who is she?' It was so gratifying to have people eager to see me, instead of regarding me as a long-nosed, redheaded nuisance."

EVEN though she was a sensation as *Mrs. Chips*, all was not yet to be clear sailing for her. M-G-M renewed her contract, brought her back triumphantly to Hollywood—and once more forgot her. She sat around for more months, but this time she did not get discouraged. Even when they gave her "Remember?" to play she refused to be downhearted. "It was the hardest work I ever did," she will tell you. "I knew it was bad. I knew I was bad in it, but I got through it somehow."

"Remember?" being as complete a failure as "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" was an outstanding success, M-G-M was more than ever bewildered as to the possibilities of its redheaded rebel. One faction said she was primarily a costume-role actress. The other faction, remembering her London successes as a modern, said she should be cast as a 1940 sophisticate. The result was that the studio wavered on two roles for her. If Norma Shearer did not do "Pride And Prejudice," they said, why Greer could. That is, she could if Joan Crawford decided to do "Susan And God." But, on the other hand, if Crawford turned down "Susan," why Garson might get that instead of *Elizabeth Bennett* in "Pride And Prejudice."

THE whole world knows now that she finally got "Pride And Prejudice." M-G-M thought the picture might be a success with the critics, but they doubted its popular value. But the Jane Austen masterpiece of a century ago upset everybody's calculations by being a smashing box-office hit in 1940.

Overnight Hollywood's attitude toward Greer Garson changed. Now the town knew that it had a new star in its midst. So also did M-G-M, who promptly made plans to cast her as lovingly as its other women stars. Greer knew she had won.

It was then, with her husband's latest refusal of her request for a divorce, that she went to the tolerant California courts and sought to have her marriage ties destroyed. She asked only for her freedom and that was granted to her on the grounds of incompatibility.

Now you hear her name linked occasionally with that of Benny Thau, but there is really no news there to be told. Friends and good companions they most certainly are, admiring and respecting one another deeply. But love, as yet, is no part of it. It is not impossible that it may be in the future, but Greer is not thinking much of the future these days.

This is because the present is so happy for her. She has her career. She has her pretty house in Beverly Hills. She has the luxuries that she has always wanted to be able to give her charming mother who lives with her. As for the future, that can take care of itself.

Of course, if it doesn't, Greer will take care of it and with beautiful dispatch.

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The Shepherd of the Hills

(Continued from page 42)

greeted him at first with distrust and then with thickly veiled cupidity when they learned why he had come to buy land from them.

"I'd like to buy Moaning Meadow," Howitt said coolly at last.

Only Aunt Mollie's mouth, tightening with fury, showed that she had heard. Then she stepped forward. "Not for no money you got," she hissed. "It'd take—it'd take a thousand dollars to buy that land."

Something moved in the shadows behind her. It was a boy, Howitt saw—or perhaps a man. He seemed full-grown, but his face was blank and childlike. His lips formed agitated words, but no sound came, and remembering Jim Lane's words the night before, he knew this must be Pete, Mollie's idiot son.

"A thousand dollars it is," he said smoothly. "A hundred down and the rest in monthly payments."

That afternoon Howitt took possession of his land.

SAMMY wouldn't accompany him to Moaning Meadow. It was just as well, he knew. This was a time when he should be alone. The sun was warm on his back when he walked across the field where the flowers grew so big and so strangely without smell. Beside a tall, lightning-blasted pine tree he stopped for a moment, to stand looking down at a neatly tended grave and a wooden headboard bearing the one word, "Sarah."

Then he wandered on, to the little cabin that stood on the far edge of the meadow. The door creaked dismally as he pushed it open and inside there was a lamp smelt of mould, although everything was placed as if for instant occupation. Lamp curtains were at the windows, a rocking chair by the cold fireplace, candlesticks with half-burned candles on the stone mantel.

Her home. The home to which she had returned to bear his son—the haven he had searched for so long and found too late.

The sun sank while Dan Howitt sat in the shadowy silence of the cabin, his head sunk forward on his chest, his hands hanging limp over the arms of the old rocking chair. At last, some sixth sense made him look up.

Young Matt was coming across the meadow toward the cabin. In the crook of one arm, loosely, he carried a shot-gun.

With a cough, Howitt stood up. He met Matt a few steps from the cabin.

Matt, standing quietly, said, "I gotta ask you to git offen this land, Mr. Howitt."

"But I bought it," Howitt said in his deep, friendly voice.

"It ain't for sale. You'll git yore money back."

Loosely, Howitt looked into the boy's flushed face. "Look, Matt," he said, "this land is—"

"I don't wanta hurt somebody who's kin to k' Sammy," Matt broke in, "but—"

"You want to be. I'm not her cousin. She told me I was, to protect me."

Now definitely an enemy, Matt ordered, "They git off an' git off quick!" As Howitt stood without moving, he raised his gun toward his shoulder.

"Course berry that gun, Matt," said a voice from a clump of trees beside the cabin. Turning, they saw a tocky, sandy-haired man who also had a shot-gun in his hand. He stepped forward, took Matt's weapon, pointed it toward

the ground and pulled the trigger. While the echoes of the shot died away, he calmly returned it to its owner. "Some folks," he remarked, "ain't to be trusted with a loaded gun."

Young Matt's handsome face was sullen as he took the gun and walked away without a word. Watching him go, the newcomer chuckled. "News travels fast here in the mountains, Mr. Howitt," he said. "Thousand dollars is high t' pay fer Moanin' Meadow—specially with the bad neighbors you got." He held out his hand. "I'm Andy Beeler. I own a badge says I'm 'the Law'—but mostly I fergit to wear it—makes too good a target."

They laughed together, then Beeler fell into a musing silence, looking off after the retreating figure of Young Matt. "With old Mollie Matthews to help, Young Matt's turned bad, all right."

"I wonder," Howitt said. "I wonder . . . how deep the badness goes."

SLOWLY, the people of the hills became used to Dan Howitt's presence among them. They watched, agape, when he bought a plow at Corky's general store and set to work clearing the overgrown fields around the old cabin. And when he was brought by Sammy to Coot Royal's house to see Coot's youngest baby, near death with the whooping cough, and was able to cure it, the news spread within a day all through the hills. People repeated, too, what blind old Granny Royal had said of the stranger when the baby stopped coughing and fell into an untroubled sleep:

"He's the good shepherd—that what he is!"

No one quite knew how it happened, but gradually a new pulse of life crept into the scattered community which centered on Corky's store. Coot Royal's family began making willow rocking chairs and Jim Lane put his old mill back into order and with Sammy's help was soon turning out cornmeal by the sackful. Even Pete, Aunt Mollie's woods-running son, was given work when Dan Howitt hired him and his two dogs to watch the sheep he'd bought from Boo Tucker.

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Only the rest of the Matthews family stayed suspicious and apart. Young Matt and his friends from Bald Knob still maintained their still in Granite Valley. Aunt Mollie and Old Matt remained secluded in their cabin. They had not, Howitt learned, attended one of the community's gatherings since Young Matt was born.

Instead of renewing his efforts to drive Howitt away from Moaning Meadow, however, Young Matt one day agreed to go fishing with the older man. Groping, uncertain of himself, he even then was sounding Howitt out. He was so pitifully unused to kindness that he could not believe in it, but he needed help.

"Suppose," he said while their fishing lines dangled in the stream, "somebody was lost from you. Somebody you had t' find—somebody you was in debt to kill!"

"I don't know, Matt," Howitt murmured, wanting the boy to talk more, afraid to seem too eager.

"We got a curse on us, we Matthews," Young Matt said, his lips scarcely moving. "A curse as old as me! There ain't no rest fer us—livin' or dead—not till I find him who marked me fer what I am an' aged my mother too young fer her grave!"

Howitt's throat was aching with sorrow as he said, "I'll help you find him, Matt . . . You're a good son. But what would it be like—having to remember, as long as you lived, that you'd stopped a man's life?"

"You think I want t' do it?" Young Matt asked hoarsely. "That it pleases me t' think about it?"

"There's Sammy," Howitt reminded him gently. "She loves you, Matt."

Young Matt's face grew stony. "I ain't got no right to love, nor marry. I gotta fergit thinkin' 'bout Sammy."

Howitt went back to his lonely cabin that afternoon, oppressed by the hatred that lay so heavy over these mountains.

BUT a few days later something happened that made him happier. Old Granny Royal, who had not seen since she was a child, agreed with childlike simplicity to do as he said when he advised a trip to the "city town" and an operation on her eyes. He accompanied her himself, waited at the hospital while the doctors worked over her and brought her back to Coot Royal's cabin to recover. There was to be a big gathering on Flying Cloud Bluff on the day the bandages were removed, with Granny's friends coming from miles around to watch the ceremony and see her face when first the light struck her eyes. On Granny's express wishes, Aunt Mollie and Old Matt Matthews and their family were invited to this gathering.

When the day came, there were singing and dancing on Flying Cloud Bluff long before the guest of honor arrived, her eyes still bandaged. Only Aunt Mollie and Old Matt stood apart, watching the festivities like strangers.

At noon, while the crowd fell silent, Dan Howitt lifted the bandages from Granny's eyes. For a moment she waited, swaying a little, moving her head from side to side. Then she said softly, "Thank you, God."

Howitt, watching, swallowed a lump in his throat as Granny went from one person to another, recognizing them at once, even though she had never before seen their faces. At last she came to Aunt Mollie and for the first time since the

(Continued on page 68)

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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.

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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.

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her face had been removed, sadness filled her old face.

"You Mollie Matthews," she said slowly. "My blood cousin. I asked a-purpose to have you here 'cause I recollect' you had a gift for love an' kindness when you was a girl. But now there's a devil in you. Two devils, one in each eye. You sauls et up with hate."

While Mollie glared, Granny moved on a step, to where Young Matt and Sammy stood together. Sammy she recognized at once, but at Young Matt she stared with suddenly widened eyes.

"Who, he?" she asked flatly.

"You know him," Sammy offered. "He's young Matt Matthews."

"Then," Granny said, "I'm as blind as ever I was. He's no Matthews, no more'n he's a pizened Bald Knobber."

She turned around, questioningly, as if begging anyone to tell her that she was right. Her eyes fell on Dan Howitt—and in that instant Howitt knew his secret was to be revealed.

"No, Sammy," Granny said clearly, positively. "He's no Matthews . . . he's kin t' his image." She pointed a quivering finger at Howitt. "Son of his father—I kin see at all!"

IN the frozen silence Howitt watched Young Matt wake to slow realization. Hatred was born in his face; the muscles of the powerful young body tensed. He turned and began to walk toward his horse, where his gun was.

"Don't, Matt, don't!" Sammy screamed, trying to get in his way.

Matt pushed her aside and went on. Then Andy Beeler was in his path, saying, "Stay where you are, Matt, an leave your rifle restin' where it's at."

Matt hesitated, eying the gun in Andy's hands, turning over in his mind the question of whether or not to rush the sheriff. But while he delayed, Aunt Mollie screamed "Git back, you pore fool! We waited long enough for our revenge!"

Pete, her son, had watched from the edge of the crowd and while Matt was delayed by Beeler, he had taken the gun from where Matt had left it. Now he was running, bent over, to the edge of the bluff. Aunt Mollie caught him just as he was about to pitch the gun over the edge. For a moment they struggled and then a hot rang out. Pete slumped down, into Aunt Mollie's arms.

Beside him, Howitt heard Granny Royal's voice, whispering sadly, "I wisht I'd stayed fore-blind, afore ever I brought this to pass."

They picked Pete up, they carried him sorrowfully away to Bald Knob, to the Matthews' cabin. Late that night, he was still alive but very weak. Beside his bed, illuminated by a single candle, stood his mother and father, Young Matt and Sammy, waiting. But Mollie, at last, sprang crouching to her feet.

"You done it! You done it!" she spat at Young Matt. "An' if Pete dies, it's your son stand here mournin' woman-like. Stead o' sheddin' the blood that had the once on th' Matthews, from her dang' t' this!"

Young Matt did not stir. In a dead, flat voice he said, "I'm the only one t' end the curse." He picked up the rifle beside him.

Sammy's arms went out to him. "Don't, Matt. Turn back from killin', Matt—please! Yuh gotta!"

He could not look at her, even when she held herself tight against him. Almost pleadingly, he said, "Git outta the way, Sammy."

"If you're goin'," Sammy screamed, "it's

—it's gotta be ended, all th' feelins an' hopes between us!"

"There never was no hopes between us," Young Matt said. And he was gone.

Crushed, Sammy turned back to the group around the bed. The candlelight caught Aunt Mollie's eyes momentarily, making them gleam evilly.

Then, startling them all into motionless silence, Pete spoke—Pete, who since he was a child had never been able to utter a word.

"Matt!" he called weakly. "Matt! I gotta tell yuh . . . I got better'n a brother when I got you, Matt . . . Matt!"

Aunt Mollie's face became masklike, hearing her dying son call for another, forgetting her. On the other side, Old Matt cried silently. At last, she was able to keep silent no longer.

"Pete . . . Pete, son," she murmured with a tenderness Sammy had never heard in her voice before.

The boy's eyelids fluttered open. "Ma," he whispered plaintively. "Ma . . . I kin remember . . . you used to have gentle-like ways . . . till that night she died

His mouth sad with the pain of what he must do, Howitt went to a drawer and took from it a revolver. He snapped the chamber open to make sure it was loaded, then slipped it into his pocket before going out to meet Young Matt.

They came to within an easy sight of each other and stopped. Young Matt raised his gun, slowly and carefully sighting along it at the motionless figure of Howitt. His finger tightened on the trigger, just as Howitt's hand flashed into his own pocket.

The two explosions were almost simultaneous . . . almost, but not quite. It was Young Matt who fell, on his face an expression of surprise and relief—as if to say, "I'm glad I didn't kill you!"

Howitt was standing over him when Sammy ran out of the woods toward them. "I'd rather kill you," he said to the prostrate figure, "than have you mislive your life as I have mine!"

BETWEEN them, Sammy and Howitt picked Young Matt up and carried him into the cabin, laying him on the bed which occupied a screened-off corner of the single room.

All day they waited, tending the feeble breath of life that still lingered in Young Matt's wounded body. In intervals of consciousness he looked stonily at Howitt, saying no word. Toward dusk, Howitt dropped the curtain behind him.

"He doesn't seem to want to live, Sammy. He hasn't the will. . . ."

Sammy was crouched on the floor. She raised her head. "The will to live . . ." she whispered. "But he ain't t' blame fer bein' learned t' see an' fight fer th' wrong things!"

"I know, Sammy."

"Why cain't he live—an' see good an' clean an' new—an' feel folks a-lovin' him, 'stead o' teachin' him to hate?"

"You know why I shot him, Sammy," Howitt said pleadingly. "Don't you? I saw him coming down the meadow—and in him I saw myself twenty-five years ago—without anybody to stop me from making the mistake I made. I'd rather have let him shoot me. It would have been easier. . . ."

He took a deep, shuddering breath. "But to let him do something that would make the rest of his life a greater hell than mine has been . . . No, Sammy, I couldn't do that. It was better to have his blood on my hands than mine on his."

In his curtained-off corner, Young Matt was awake, listening. He felt tired and weak, but not from the wound. It was as if something more than blood had gone from his body, leaving it light and free. As he lay there, he knew what that something else was. It was the heavy load of hatred he had carried so long.

"Ever since I been able to remember," he thought, "I been sproutin' an' growin' too fast outta my britches. I reckon I never growed any—inside—till today . . . It's kinda like bein' borned again—right side up."

And he called, weakly, "Sammy!"

They were there, pushing the curtain aside, looking down. And what they saw in his face told them that Young Matt had at last found the will to live, and to love.

After a while Dan Howitt left Young Matt and Sammy together and went to the door of the cabin. The sun was shining brightly now and Moaning Meadow was green. He walked across it to Sarah's grave and, standing there with his head bowed, he whispered, "I've done what I could. Can you forget how I deserted you . . . and rest now . . . my dear?"



NEWS! The first photograph of the most discussed play and picture ever to reach Broadway and Hollywood: Charley Grapewin as Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road"

an' I ran after yuh into Moanin' Meadow . . . when the lightnin' came an' took away my speakin' . . ." He took a deep, painful breath. "Ma . . . it's . . . you . . . who's the curse o' th' Matthews. . . ."

His voice faded away. He was dead.

Aunt Mollie, crouching beside him, looked up. The hatred was gone from her face; she was crushed, broken. "Go away," she pleaded. "Leave me alone with my baby!— Please!"

Dawn was breaking over the hills when Young Matt came across Moaning Meadow to Dan Howitt's cabin. Howitt had been waiting for him. In the early light he saw Matt emerge from the trees, pause a moment beside Sarah's grave, then come on with a steady, purposeful tread.

HERE SHE IS! Lovely BARBARA STANWYCK with a charm hint for YOU



STAR OF
PARAMOUNT'S
"THE LADY EVE"

LUX SOAP MAKES A WONDERFUL BEAUTY BATH! ITS ACTIVE LATHER MAKES YOU SURE OF DAINTESS

THIS GENTLE, WHITE SOAP HAS SUCH A DELIGHTFUL FRAGRANCE — LEAVES SKIN SWEET!

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.



—
—
—

Ciro's sees some
cut-ups: Lono
Turner and Tony
Martin ape the
high-school set's
footwork, end
up—os is usual
when they're to-
gether — laugh-
ing loud and long

—
—
—

No More Divorces!

(Continued from page 31)

Shaw. There was little laughter, little exchange of gay banter with either man. Lana hadn't yet taken out insurance against break of heart that can be acquired, oddly enough, only through break of heart. That gift of the gods is hers now; we doubt if she'll ever lose it.

Night clubs, clothes, excitement, love and lamour once meant more than anything in the world—yes, even career—to Lana. But last week we encountered Tony and Lana on a typical date and we aren't over the shock of it yet. On a Saturday night, too!

PASSING down Beverly Boulevard, we had halted our car to watch the miniature golfer, when something about a laugh—familiar, contagious laugh, drew our attention. There on the links, whacking balls through impossible tunnels, were Lana and Tony and a girl friend of Lana's.

"We were all set for Ciro's," the friend said later, "for Lana only goes to a night spot on Saturday nights now, so as not to interfere with her work." In fact, Lana says it proves just what a small-town girl she really is to go stepping only on Saturday nights. Anyway, Lana spied the golf course and nothing would do but we must play golf. Not only that, but we played every nickel machine on the place and pent hours at the hoot-and-yakerie. It was one o'clock in the morning when we finally left the place and went home. I never saw two people so close and so more companionable, two people who could have more fun at any time than they Tony and Lana."

"You mean to tell us," we interrupted, "that Lana, on a Saturday night, presided at a golf course to Ciro's?"

"I know," the girl shrugged, "she's come along and you have to know the one Lana can understand."

"The time Lana came about just a few months ago when M-G-M's little red-tail brought her back to Honolulu

"All my life," Lana once said, "I had dreamed of marriage. The wonderful day when, in a white veil and satin dress, I'd walk down the church aisle to become a wife. I'd pictured it over and over in my mind. . . ."

On the day she sailed all she had left of that dream was a sense of bewilderment at what had happened, the tragic memories of the months before that had so completely changed her life.

For in a short time, too much had happened to Lana—the violent romance with Greg Bautzer that had torn her so emotionally; his demands that she leave the screen if they were to marry; the constant quarreling, the indecisions.

Then, out of a clear sky, there had been that sudden strange, unexplainable elopement with Artie Shaw.

He had painted a pretty picture for Lana, Artie had, and one he undoubtedly believed himself; of home and children and work and fireside. He hadn't demanded Lana give up her work. He had simply offered a haven for her torn heart.

Her happiness those first few weeks was something to turn the eyes from, for it was almost out of this world. That's why it hurt dreadfully when the marriage ended so abruptly. That's why it became so necessary for Lana to get away, to untangle the webs that had enmeshed her. That's why Lana had sailed away to Honolulu.

She never came back. The Lana who loved clothes and excitement and good time above all else disappeared in Honolulu. A new Lana returned, a Lana who had found herself.

"I just know everything in my life has changed," she said. "I've got back everything I'd lost. I harbor no bitter feeling toward Artie. It just wasn't the right time for marriage for either of us."

In Hollywood she began work in earnest. Instead of the usual Sunday cocktail parties that she had loved, she would

spend the entire day studying her role for "Ziegfeld Girl" with coach Lillian Burns. Down at the studio they began to refer to her as A. H. Turner—After-Honolulu Turner. That was how marked the change was.

FOR a few brief weeks she tried out the old whirl with Victor Mature. Then she gave it up. Parties and night spots had lost their fascination.

At that moment came laughing, brown-eyed Tony Martin with his talk of football, of baseball, of golf, of music, of fun. Now, at last, Lana was ready to understand and appreciate a companionship such as this.

It was in San Francisco, where Lana had gone to be matron of honor at a friend's wedding, that she ran into Tony. He suggested that they go dancing; they walked into the Palace Hotel only to find Artie Shaw playing there. It was a second-act real-life drama, but Tony's easy charm and poise smoothed over the situation. From then on, Lana and Tony were friends.

She went to football games with him on Saturday afternoons, dressed in one of the conservative suits she always wears now, and shouted her head off. She listened to his talk of baseball, learned the players' names and grew excited over the World Series. She took up golf and spent hours with Tony on the golf courses. She sold her violent red car and bought a subdued gray one. Occasionally—but only occasionally—she went to dinner with Tony at Ciro's. She bowled over director and cast by bouncing onto the set early every morning, eager to begin her work.

Her whole personality has undergone a change to the point where acquaintances scarcely recognize the calm, the sure, the happy Lana.

Tony Martin gave Lana laughter and happiness at a time when she needed it most. Thus it is that she has accepted his counsel and advice.

Recently Lana was scheduled to do a benefit. Dozens of other stars were to be present and several times Lana, who loves clothes, had gone to the closet and looked at the beautiful new dress that she could scarcely wait to wear. But when the day came she was feeling desperately tired from her work at the studio. She consulted Tony.

"Don't go," he advised. "You've got to think of your health and your work."

"Can you imagine me?" Lana said afterwards, "eating milk toast in bed and going to sleep at nine o'clock with a new dress hanging in the closet?"

No man has ever given the tender solicitude, the understanding and friendship that Tony Martin has given Lana. He has brought her to a new maturity, given her a new idea of what companionship between a man and a woman may mean. Most of all, he has shown her how to work out her problems.

Hollywood therefore, was not surprised when it was rumored that Lana Turner might be reconciled with Artie Shaw. They remembered what she had said just recently: "I have no illusions now about marriage. I've learned a lot. I'll profit by my mistakes."

For the wisdom of that statement made by the new Lana, credit goes to Tony Martin. Perhaps Lana will go back to Artie Shaw, perhaps she will go on to a new romance, or perhaps she will continue as she is, a girl to whom work is foremost in mind and heart.

Whatever comes to pass, Tony Martin will remain an important milestone in Lana's life; for even greater than love right now is the new Lana Turner, the girl who has found herself.

The Laws of Averages

(Continued from page 33)

that people will believe them blindly, gladly. But all the time she is thinking these same people are suckers to fall for 'that stuff' The money in it is all she wants, Ann thinks. Oh, yes, Ann is a fine cynic—until her benevolent Frankenstein creation turns on her and calls her to account. Then, suddenly, she sees those who have embraced the 'messages' from her facile pen as they really are—better off and happier than she has ever been."

NOT, Barbara pointed out, that "Meet John Doe" is a preachment. "It is too entertaining," she insisted, "too warmly human for that. I only mean that it can and does open your eyes to what is going on about you. Because he is any man, you come to realize that the actions and reactions of Frank Capra's *John Doe* may very well be those of other John Does you know. So you get to looking around. You see that most John Does and Jane Does are pretty swell people . . . that they behave pretty creditably under all kinds of circumstances. In fact, you find yourself a little prouder of the human race as a whole.

"I have known for some time a certain writer who, almost two years ago, was terribly burned in an accident. Doctors told her she would never walk again. She had no income except what she could earn. She became, in a way, a charity patient at a Los Angeles hospital. She could have remained so all her life, I suppose. But it never occurred to her to accept this fate. She began writing again. Sometimes she interviewed stars who visited her bedside and sold what she wrote—turning back every cent she made into the fund that was supporting her. And she did more than that. She willed that she would walk. She never gave up trying. *Now she is walking!*

"Well, that takes *real* courage! It is easy to be brave under the spur of emotion. But to go on fighting seemingly hopeless odds, day after day, week after week—that spells another and greater sort of courage. Stop and look about you. Doesn't almost everyone you know have some sort of battle to fight, some sort of cross to bear? And don't most of them carry on quite admirably? I think so, and I suppose I have thought so all of my life, in a way. But it took those weeks of working in 'Meet John Doe' to really bring it home to me.

"This is a troubled world. I am afraid, too, it is in part a cynical world. A few of its John Does and Jane Does have gotten into the habit of expecting the worst. They call it 'defensive mechanism.' But by the same token, there are many others who have the wisdom and the courage to expect the best. They know that we can look for good or we can look for bad and find what we are looking for. No, they don't set themselves up as philosophers. They are just simple human beings trying to get along.

"I can remember, as a child, a certain old man who used to spout off to me and to anyone else who would listen that the country was going to the dogs. He was sure of it. He had been sure of it for sixty years.

"Well, you know, and I know, it hasn't gone yet. What's more, there's a good chance it won't with the John Does and the Jane Does—bombed, blasted, hungry, robbed of all that makes life worth living—still carrying on because they've got what it takes!"

Can you do this?

-without doing this?

One of the things that assured the popularity of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, *the very first day they were put on sale*, was this:

Fels-Naptha Soap Chips produce no irritating, sneezy dust

This fact means more to you than just the satisfaction of a sneezeless washday. It means that when these husky, *golden* chips come tumbling out of the box, every one is chock-full of washing energy. It means that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips put the *two* famous Fels-Naptha Cleaners to work—gentle naptha and richer, golden soap—a dirt-removing team that shames the half-hearted efforts of weak, would-be beauty soaps.

Get a box of *golden* Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your next washday. Write today to Fels & Co., Dept. 9-C, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory box. Use them in any kind of water—hot or cool—hard or soft. You'll get the whitest, sweetest wash you've ever had—and these golden, extra-sudsy chips will do most of the work.

Golden bar or Golden chips—
Fels-Naptha
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





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Do you want your lips to look a beautiful alluring red? Do you want to keep them soft and smooth? Then try Tru-Color Lipstick, created by Max Factor Hollywood! You'll be delighted with these four amazing features:

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Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 37)

pounds before they discovered it was caused by the water she drank after her solo dance numbers.

She's amazing, serious, hasn't had too much fun, we imagine, spends her spare time writing poetry and is even having some of it published.

She's doubtful of everyone and everything but her acting. She gets awfully tired of herself as a self, but not as an actress.

In fact, this very lovely young lady proves she does all right by herself all alone. Who are we to intrude?

Veronica Lake:

THE tiniest miss in all Hollywood, just five foot two, weighing ninety-eight whole pounds, is Veronica Lake, Paramount's newest discovery. There are several outstanding things about Miss Lake. One is that she's the only naturally silver-haired young lady we've ever met; another is that she never wanted to be an actress under any circumstances.

She was, in fact, all set to be a doctor. After years of schooling at the Villa Maria Convent at Montreal, Canada, she enrolled in the premedical course at Montreal's McGill University.

Born in Lake Placid, New York, just south of the Canadian border, she chose Canadian schools for the simple reason she felt they offered better courses.

You may have glimpsed her very briefly in RKO's "Sorority House" and M-G-M's "Forty Little Mothers," but we doubt it—Veronica was just a little blonde flash across the screen. However, you'll have a difficult time overlooking her in "I Wanted Wings" for Paramount, the studio that now has her under contract.

She had never even dreamed of a theatrical career until her mother and father (a commercial artist, well known in New York) came to California and liked it so well they stayed. Veronica left school and came along, but became so lonely she decided to join the Bliss Hayden Little Theater group around the corner, just for the company. Even then she wasn't too interested until they let her play a prostitute, of all things, and the wonderful scope for emotional expression through acting began to appeal to the quiet-spoken, gentle-mannered, charming little lady.

A test made at M-G-M finally came to the attention of Arthur Hornblow, Paramount producer, who sensed the well-bred charm of little Veronica which, of course, is a manufactured cognomen, her real name being Constance Keane.

For several months she's been married, and happily so, to John Dethe, an associate art director at M-G-M. She's a swell little cook, has a special hot biscuit recipe that sounds divine and employs one maid to look after her and her husband.

Her nose is covered, literally covered, with freckles. She skis, rides and swims, has the mind of a scholar, the face of an impish angel and is slated for stardom, or we miss our guess.

Funny thing is, we seldom miss it.

It's Never Too Late:

THIS is a story for men and, yes, women—who feel they have chosen the wrong field of work and that it is too late to do anything about it.

Don't believe a word of it, for James Stephenson, the actor who created a furore as the lawyer in "The Letter," is

a shining example of how to do a complete turnabout in one's middle years of life and find the very thing for which one is best suited.

Born in Selby, Yorkshire, England, Stephenson thought first of becoming a dentist but soon dropped the idea to become a businessman, a dealer in cotton. He was, as he himself says, an absolutely rotten businessman, getting nowhere, vaguely unhappy but not knowing quite what to do about it.

Destiny did, however. It was while he was back home, between trips, that a friend explained they were putting on an amateur theatrical and begged Stephenson to play the lead. The play was "School For Scandal."

"You are, of course, out of your mind," Stephenson insisted, "for I've never acted a line or a scene in my life."

But the friend insisted and, to please him, our cotton broker agreed.

He was good. Amazingly, surprisingly good. So when they next offered him the lead in another amateur play, "Man And Superman," the longest part ever written for an actor, he accepted it with much less coaxing on their part. Again he astounded all Yorkshire and himself. He knew, at the end of that amateur play, he'd found his life's work.

He joined a stock company at Liverpool at a salary of three pounds a week and when it finally reached ten pounds, or fifty dollars, he married a nonprofessional.

It was she who persuaded him to take a chance in London for the play "Storm In A Teacup."

Warners' London agent saw him in the success and brought him to Hollywood, where, for three years, he awaited his chance, playing whatever came his way. His role in "White Banners" remained in Director Willie Wyler's mind, however, and when it came to casting "The Letter" he fought tooth and nail for Stephenson and finally enlisted the aid of star Bette Davis herself. Bette adores showing Stephenson the notices that have him stealing the show.

Very quietly he "mucks about" his Palisades home when he isn't working. He hasn't a drop of the accent that most Yorkshire folk possess.

Hollywood's fast work continues to astound him. After his outstanding success in "The Letter" the next assignment Warners gave him was a role in their big "Flight From Destiny." Now they've handed him the lead with Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Winged Victory."

Mr. Stephenson is a man who has been kindly placed by Fate in his proper role in the play of Life.

Let's make it happen to all of us.

Give Us Our Dailey Hooper:

THEY come tall these days. Dan Dailey Jr. is another of those six-foot-four-inch giants who graduated from Macy's basement as a shoe salesman, about which he knew nothing, to the interior decorating department, about which he knew less. In fact, young Dailey Jr. has been going farther doing things he knows absolutely nothing about, and doing them well, than anyone we've ever heard of.

Take him now in "The Mortal Storm" as the leader of the young storm troopers who reeked of stern-faced villainy. Dan never even wore a stern face before in his life, let alone trying to act that way. But, nothing daunted, he went right on to "The Captain Is A Lady," "Hullabaloo," "Dulcy" (Dan was Ann Sothern's

(harassed brother), to his best role to date, the punch-drunk prizefighter who slaps Lana Turner silly in "Ziegfeld Girl."

All of which is swell; only Dan never acted in his life until he hit movies. He's a hooper, a professional knockout hooper who's never danced a step in movies. Can you beat it?

Back in New York, where Dan was born, he loathed school with a fine old loathing that labeled him the black sheep of the Dailey establishment. His father, resident manager of the Roosevelt Hotel in New York City, had dreamed of Dan's growing up in the hotel business, but Dan had no use for the idea. Then one day he had his sisters, aged 4 and 13, teach him the few dance steps they had learned at dancing school and, thus prepared, he entered a recital at the little town of Baldwin, New York, where his family was living. To his astonishment he was immediately offered a job as a dancer with a traveling vaudeville unit.

He grabbed it while the Daileys groaned. From there on he learned more and more steps, danced in night clubs or any place that offered a job. The comic part of it is, he didn't want to be a hooper so much as an actor; but he kept right on dancing.

TO please his family, he took the Macy job and tried to forget the stage, but it was no go. When he joined a show troupe on a South American cruise ship, his father was frankly and openly through, t-h-r-o-u-g-h, through.

But Dan stuck it out, good times and bad. Once he's sure he saw his mother blink out of Minsky's Burlesque House where he'd landed a job dancing between two numbers of strip teasing. He stuck out the boos and calls of "get off the stage" to win the audience over. He never mentioned the incident to his mother, however.

The boy had to eat. He even went up to the Johnny Madison School of Dancing in New York and taught dancing from nine in the morning until midnight and then often knocked off a night-club job until two in the morning.

His best break came when Lorenz Hart got him a singing (he'd never sung before, either) and dancing job in Broadway's musical hit "Babes in Arms." He bought a box and insisted his family occupy it. His father has been his most loyal fan from that moment on. In fact, the family go en masse to his pictures and had hysterics at "Duley" when Dan appeared first, bellowing in his shower. It was so much like Dan at home.

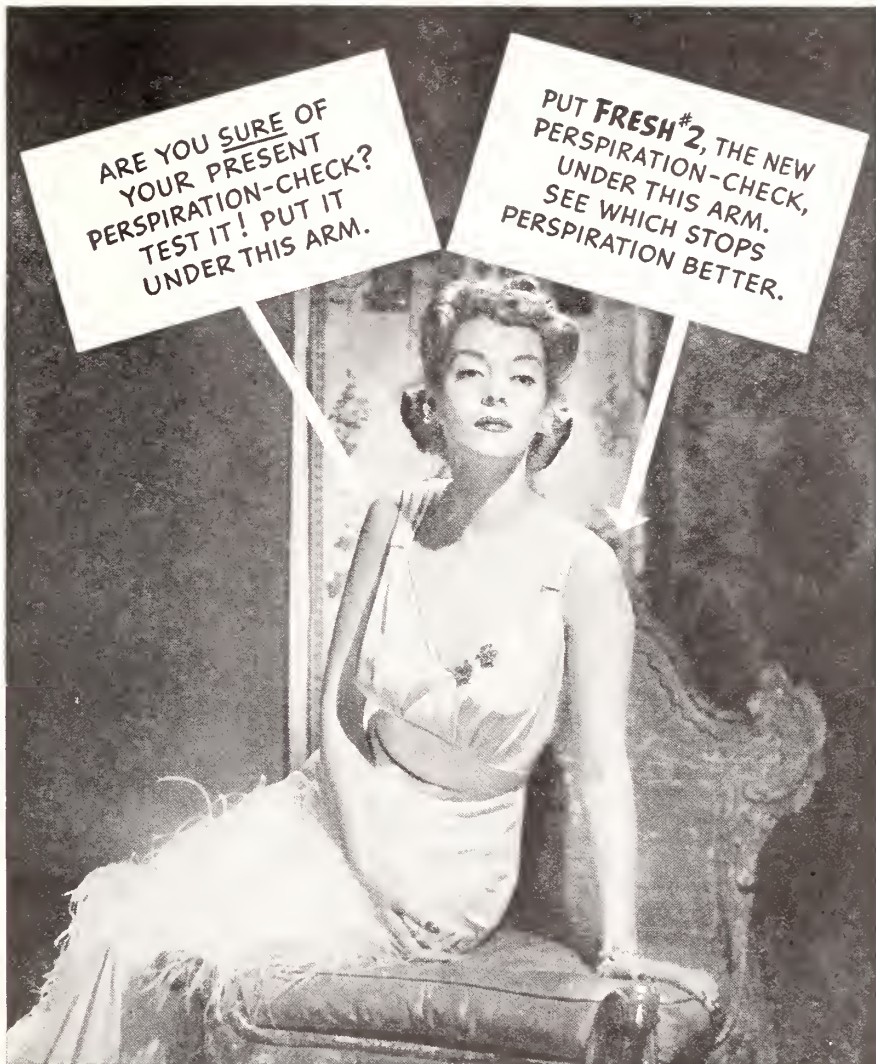
Touring in "I Married An Angel," the company hit Los Angeles at Christmas time in 1939. Bill Brady, the M-G-M casting agent, spied the young hooper and decided he'd make an actor. Dan was crazy about the idea. Nowadays he takes his hoofing out in teaching Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford and Lana Turner the Lindy Hop and other new steps. He and Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper and the girls get together almost every Monday night for a jive session.

Dan's homely face is lit up by the catchiest smile in town. His quick little laugh is built on two floors, one note above the other.

He was married once, but he now lives with another fellow in Hollywood. Furthermore, he admits brazenly he's the best scrambled-egg-maker in the world.

Now for his hobby. It's horseback riding, with Dan giving riding exhibitions at all the swanky horse shows. His own horse, "Stylish Rex," is the pride of his heart.

Like everything else he does, he never learned to ride but does it beautifully.



Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty or sticky.
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5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not harm even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Free offer so you can make your own test!

Once you make this test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer and make your own under-arm test. Just drop a postcard to FRESH II, Louisville, Ky., and we'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



Popular companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. It comes in a tube instead of a jar.

"Such darling HANDS to Love—"



Your HAND skin quickly responds to this simple care

More appealing to a man than "glamour" is the firm of silken-soft, smooth hand. How do other women have them? Well, most use Jergens Lotion regularly. It provides your skin with beautiful, "soft girl" hand skin needs.

Nothing's more sure to be a dried out of your hand skin by water, cold and wind.)

Many lotions help to smooth rough, "cracked" skin with special ingredients. But Jergens Lotion, Easy, quick, "surgically" Replenish help prevent minor conditions and chapping! Start now to use Jergens Lotion 29c, 50c, 10c, \$1.00.



MRS. SALLY WEBB'S LOVELY HANDS

"I do all my own housework," writes Mrs. Webb, Los Angeles, Calif., "and I have a 3-year-old son! But Jergens Lotion helps wonderfully to keep my hands soft and supple."

FREE! ...PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
 MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
 I am interested in receiving a free purse-size bottle of Jergens Lotion. Please send me one immediately. My name is _____, my address is _____, my city is _____, my state is _____, my zip code is _____.



JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 19)

hair above the ears grow until it can be brushed to the back of the head so it will meet and in some cases overlap!

This hair-do would be a perfect compliment to Carmen Miranda if a man were to be her dancing partner, but if he doesn't intend to spend the rest of his life doing the Rhumba or the Conga, why have his hair look like he's going to? Sleek, rough, or just the "average man," they're all doing it. So help me—in Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney aren't included!

I think having to let their hair grow for character parts started men toward this style in Hollywood, but when you watch a man on the screen who is portraying an average man—you hate to think that if his hair really gets mussed up the side pieces will fall somewhere in the vicinity of his shoulders.

Please don't misunderstand me. I'm 100% for the actors of Hollywood. They furnish us grand entertainment. But couldn't we make it wigs for character parts and when a man is "just a man" let him please have a regular haircut?

ARLEEN L. GODDARD,
 Highland Park, Mich.

\$1.00 PRIZE
 Hall of Fame

"H"—is for handsome,
 We girls get a treat.

"A"—is for acting
 that just can't be beat.

"L"—is for lovelights
 that shine in his eyes,
 Frances is lucky
 to have such a prize.

"L"—is for Langford,
 he likes best of all.
 Put this together
 and you have Jon Hall.

EDITH MILLER,
 Beckley, W. Va.

\$1.00 PRIZE
 Hero Worship—Hear, Hear!

I WOULD like to contribute a deserved plug for Ray Milland. In "Arise My Love," cast in a role suited to him, he outshone even Miss Colbert.

He has a whimsical charm that is extremely engaging—along with good looks and an excellent voice.

If more serious consideration is given to the selection of roles which are worthy of Mr. Milland's portrayal, I feel sure he will leave many highly touted stars behind without much effort on his part.

Orchids to Ray!

EVELYN PURCELL,
 Hollywood, Fla.

HONORABLE MENTION

I HAVE always thought Preston Foster is a man whose ability deserved for him bigger and better roles—after seeing the grand performance he gave in "Northwest Mounted Police," I am sure of it!

He takes action, dramatic, or comedy scenes with equal ease and assurance, and I think he has one of the most pleasing voices I have ever heard on the screen.

DOROTHY DOWELL,
 Deadwood, So. Dak.

PERHAPS the greatest favor that the dictators have done America is the banning of American films. For many years producers had to cater to the

wishes of foreigners who liked or did not like some particular phase of American life. Now we can get good old American films free to express themselves in the good old American idea of freedom.

ROY O. PHELPS,
Kansas City, Kansas.

THREE big cheers for the villain!
Who's saved us many a show.
That popular rascal George Sanders
Whom we're mighty happy to know!

Hurrah for the saint and the sinner!
The robber who steals every scene
The man with the force and the talent
That makes all the others look green!
JEAN SHEPARD,
Oakland, Calif.

IT'S a real pleasure to watch, through the years, some of our dead-pan dolls develop into accomplished actresses. And likewise, our handsome heroes.

Ginger Rogers is really knocking 'um dead these days. She's a natural for "Kitty Foyle." A few years back, she was very wooden in "Top Hat."
TOMMY DUNAGAN,
Montrose, Calif.

JUST recently I saw another *Cisco Kid* picture and I enjoyed it very much. Cesar Romero makes a very charming *Cisco Kid*.

But he is far too versatile and talented to become typed in this role. It seems to me that the producers are overlooking a very good bet in not giving him more varied roles to play.
EILEEN STETLER,
South Bend, Ind.

FOR about two decades Ronald Colman has been turning in fine performances. He appears almost as youthful and even more charming today than in 1925.

Aside from being an accomplished actor, Mr. Colman endears himself perennially to the public by his personality. It exudes gentleness, humor and modesty. You can easily imagine his fitting into any group with ease and good grace. Only genuine character can earn from others the conviction that a man is all that one feels Mr. Colman to be.
SALLIE DUNAGAN,
Montrose, Calif.

BETTE DAVIS as a comedienne! Why not? She is an outstanding actress. Why can't she be a comedienne too? People always know that their nerves are in for a tryout when Bette Davis is on the bill. We are tired of her heavy drama. So come on! Give us laughter instead of drama!

SHIRLEY M. WILKINSON,
Detroit, Mich.

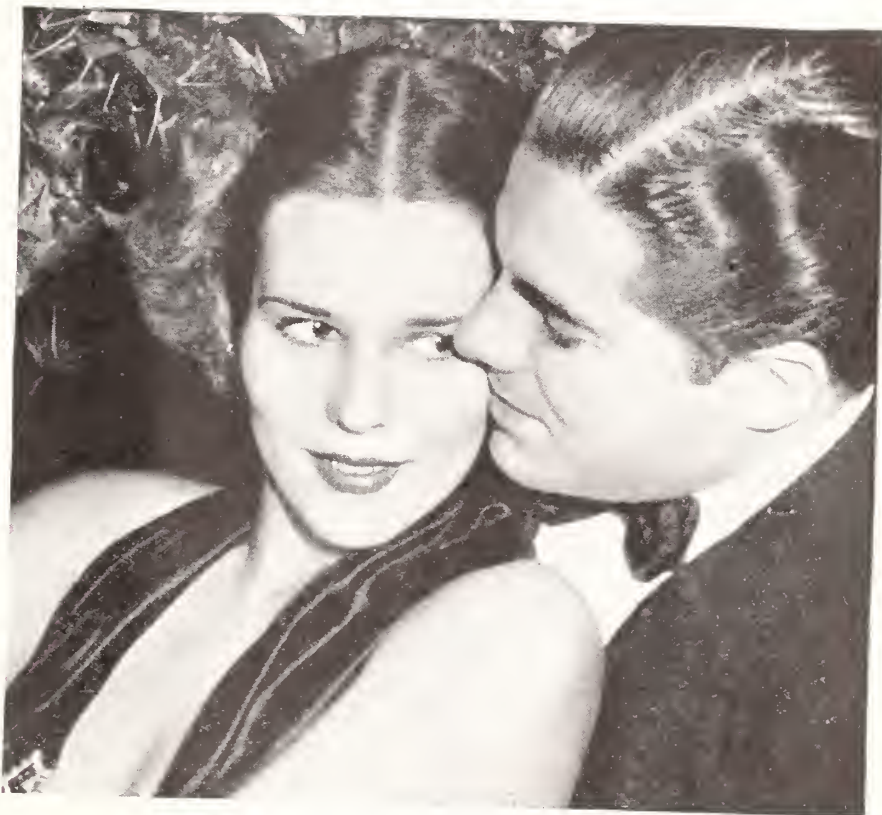
JUST had to tell someone of the way I thought Errol Flynn acted when he came to our city.

In the first place he came at his own expense to appear in a show for charity. That in itself was grand. Then he took in many of the city's sights. Everywhere he went he was hounded by autograph seekers. He was marvelous to them.

I can't praise this young actor enough. He has won many friends in Cleveland to add to the numerous friends he already has.

MARGARET JACKSON,
Cleveland, Ohio.

"Your lovely FACE is satin-smooth to kiss."



Thrilling Smooth Skin can be yours . . . new

"ONE-JAR" Beauty Treatment works against dreary Dry Skin

JUST ONE CREAM is all you need to help your complexion to luscious satin-smoothness—the new Jergens Face Cream! All-purpose cream, made by Jergens skin scientists, makers of the famous Jergens Lotion for your adorable hands. This lovely new Jergens Face Cream:

- (1) cleanses expertly; (2) helps soften your skin; (3) gives a velvet finish for powder; and (4) makes a lovely Smooth Skin night cream that helps amazingly against sensitive dry skin. And, girls, very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early!

Alix—world-famous designer of exquisite fashions—endorses this new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment for daily care of your complexion. Try this light, fragrant Jergens

Face Cream yourself. 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00 a jar at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today, sure.

Endorsed by *Mix of Paris*
Famous Fashion Creator



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Walter Winchell introduced Jergens Face Cream on the air. Thousands tried this new cream. "Did more for my skin in 4 months than expensive cosmetics had done in years," writes Mrs. J. A. Ware, Hobbs, New Mexico. "Thanks for your new Jergens Face Cream."

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FREE! Generous Sample of lovely new Face Cream. Mail coupon now.
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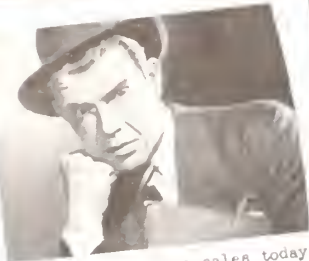
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Street _____

City _____ State _____

(Continued from page 57)

From the Confidential Notebook of Mr. F---



Muffed 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 uncomfortable after effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings back the feeling of relief. Try Ex-Lax today when you need a laxative. It's good for every member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢



first by private tutors and then, after a term or two at high school in Rutland, had attended a school for boys at Hoosick, New York. He had decided first on a business career, but music, the common love that united his entire family, eventually won out. Arthur left for New York to study the violin. Concerts all over the East followed with his sister Barbara, a concert singer, and brother Dan, a cellist.

A second interest was flying. Arthur became active in aviation through his first wife, Betty Jane Aydelotte, designer and aviatrix of Boston and Barnstable, Massachusetts, before their divorce two years ago. He became a skillful pilot, winning ratings of one S—land and two S—land and his plane was a familiar figure at the East Boston airport, where he flew for a private company.

AT the Lodge Bette and Arthur rode, played golf, tennis and went swimming, Bette's favorite sport. In the evenings, Arthur played and sang for her.

In Boston, Arthur's close friends, among whom are the Cushings (especially Betty Cushing, ex-wife of James Roosevelt), began to hear of the happy twosome. So did the reporters, and in no time Boston papers were printing rumors of a romance—rumors promptly denied by both Bette and Arthur.

One evening, as Bette sat on the porch of the hotel with its owner, Robert Peckett, he said very quietly, "Bette, I've lived here nearly fifty years, yet I never look out over those forests and fields of mine without feeling a thrill to the core of me when I think that these are my trees and this is my own land."

In Hollywood Bette had never cared to own or possess for long a home or land. The town seemed too restless, too uncertain for her.

And then, far up there in New Hampshire, Arthur Farnsworth and Bette one day walked up a roadway lined on either side with colorful butternut trees to see an old home Arthur had purchased as an investment. The minute Bette Davis saw the house she knew so many answers to things that had puzzled her before. Here, before her, was her home.

She bought the house, of course, and called it "Butternut Lodge" because of the trees around it. Instantly she plunged into plans for redecorating, plans in which Arthur shared intimately. A furniture connoisseur, he spent many hours with Mrs. Davis touring New England buying the antiques Bette wanted.

But soon, all too soon, she had to return to Hollywood for "All This and Heaven, Too."

She said good-by to her friends and neighbors—and to Arthur Farnsworth. As yet, not one word of love had been spoken between them, but something even deeper—a feeling of friendship born from a sharing of land and home—had grown in their hearts, something even they didn't understand at the time.

The first Hollywood evidence of a new element in Bette's life came when the word spread that a handsome stranger named Arthur Farnsworth and his sister were house guests of Bette Davis in her River Bottom home in Glendale.

On a motor trip they took to Death Valley with Mrs. Davis, Barbara Farnsworth and a party of friends, Arthur's devotion to Bette was observed by all. It was plain that he worshipped her.

Not too unmanually, the romance rumors began. Bette, in the midst of work, nervous, upset and embarrassed, denied

the rumors vehemently. So strongly, in fact, did she speak that Arthur Farnsworth, sharing her feelings, left Hollywood for home before even Bette's friends had a chance to know him. Several close friends had met him at the christening of Bette's sister's baby and once photographers had snapped the couple at the Grove. But that was all Hollywood knew of him.

"Anyway, it's ridiculous," several people close to Bette said. "No one has ever been in Bette's heart but Ham." And friends, returning from New York, brought word that Harmon Nelson, Bette's ex-husband, who had been popular and successful in New York had confided, "I'll never marry anyone but Bette."

So almost at once, Hollywood forgot that a man named Arthur Farnsworth ever existed. Bette went on from success to success—until the summer of 1940 when she went back East. Again she and Ham met in New York and were seen everywhere together; again rumors were revived.

But from New York Bette telephoned close friends in Boston, "I'll be there soon," she said. "Give my love to Arthur." (Arthur, at that time, was living in Brookline, a Boston suburb.)

"I knew," said Mrs. Robert Peckett, wife of the owner of the lodge, "that Bette and Arthur were in love." And I think Bette knew it, too, when she again returned to Franconia.

THEN came last Christmas in Hollywood. Bette sat among us at Ciro's, and presented the Red Book Award to Martha Scott for "Our Town," the award she herself had won the year previous for "Dark Victory."

Not one of us with whom she laughed and talked guessed her secret. Oh, there had been a bit of whispering, of course, for the papers had announced Harmon Nelson would be in Hollywood to spend Christmas with Bette; and he hadn't come. We all wondered silently at that.

But the following Tuesday morning, Bette and her friend Ruth Garland, her brother-in-law and her sister, Mr. and Mrs. Pelgram, her mother and several friends set out to attend what everyone, except Bette, supposed was a New Year's Eve party at Jane Bryan Dart's ranch home in Arizona.

Bette, at the wheel, kept her eyes fastened to the road ahead as a blizzard swept in over the desert. Then, just before they finally reached their destination, Bette said quietly, "This is not a New Year's Eve party. Farny has flown out from Boston to meet me here. I am going to marry him this evening."

It was the first intimation they had. They arrived at the Darts two hours late and as Bette, beautiful in her white jersey evening dress, and wearing lilacs of the valley, stood before the bank of flowers in Jane's living room to repeat the vows that made her Mrs. Farnsworth, they still couldn't believe it. But Bette knew her own heart and mind.

The Farnsworth family are "very happy" about the marriage. Extremely fond of Bette, they realize that Arthur's love for her is worth the sacrifice he is making in giving up his Boston work in order to live with Bette in Hollywood. His great pride in her career has prompted him to put her before any selfish interests of his own.

Hollywood, who loves Bette Davis for her realness, her loyalty and kindness, wishes them both all of the best—forever and ever.

Cutie-Puss

(Continued from page 62)

Argus was cashing in. They'd dug up Bunny's ancient films, released them as four-bell specials.

The Danville Bijou had marquee'd Bunny in "Lady Flyaway" on Sunday; Monday, "Wingless Angel"; Tuesday, that smashing tear-jerker of childhood days, "Baby Needs Shoes."

Nat and Bunny happened in on Mac as he ruefully eyed the crowd on the opposite side of the street. "They'll keep it up until they've run out of all their damned Stanwood film," he fumed. "How're you going to fight that kind of competition?"

"Why don't you let me do some Stanwood imitations?" Natalie was inspired. "Say! That would be pretty good!"

"Well, now!" Mac always was on the alert for splash ideas. "A timely gag at that. It might even be a draw. Sure you could do it?"

"I can do any scene from any Stanwood picture!" Natalie asserted with buoyant self-confidence. "Couldn't I, Joan?"

"That's right, Mac!" Bunny heartily agreed. "I'll bet she'd be a smash!"

Mac nodded. "She's in."

Bunny crooked her arm around Nat and sighed, "Come on, honey, let's get to work."

They got through the week somehow, hardly resting to sleep or eat. "High Olympus" was the sore point. Whatever the rest of the show looked like, things were not going so well with the sketch. They were on the ragged edge with nerves and last-minute doubts at the final Sunday night rehearsal. Johnny finally dismissed them in disgust. "Go sleep it off," he advised.

Bunny stumbled away from the stage and headed for her basement dressing room. She never knew how she got through that night or the next day. And then, before she realized it, it was Monday night and she was standing tensely in the dimly lit wings watching.

The curtain was up . . . and the audience was hanging on to the arms of the chairs. What was happening on the stage wasn't vaudeville or burlesque, not in the accepted sense, and it certainly wasn't legitimate. But whatever it was—senseless, impish, wanton, ribald, mad—the show was rolling. It was hitting its pace.

BUNNY made her first stage appearance with Marty. In her little dress of white cotton, black shoes, bare legs, Cutie-Puss and her partner were vouchsafed just five minutes in which to grab the spot. When the man at the switchboard blacked them out, something had happened to Bunny. The spontaneous roar of applause caught her off balance. It was something new in her life. It scared her silly. It went rushing, tingling through the bloodstream. It did things to the spinal column.

"Oh, gosh, Nat—" she gasped, as she crept back into her basement dressing room for a lightning change—"aw, gee—they liked us—"

"Yeah?" said Nat.

Nat was a little wrought up on her own account. For, after chafing on the sidelines all her life, Miss Irwin was about to make her public debut, her bid for recognition, for fame perhaps.

At any rate, Natalie hoped so, as she crept anxiously into the make-up mirror. "How do I look?" she asked. "Do you think I look like you used to?"

"You ought to know," Bunny shrugged. "You saw me often enough!"

The 3 ways to *Brunette Beauty*



MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III, is a true brunette. She has rich brown hair and hazel eyes and a warm-toned skin. She chooses Pond's Rose Brunette because it matches the warm tones in her skin.



Ask yourself these three simple and telling questions when trying to choose your right shade of powder.

Shall I lighten my skin?

Shall I match it?

Shall I warm it?

ral creaminess of tone. Some use it to add warmth to a pale ivory skin. Dark brunettes use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

A deeper, sunnier shade—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. Matches most successfully brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. The pink in the powder takes the dull yellowy tones out of the skin.

The darkest, rosiest of our shades, Dusk Rose. It brightens muddy tans. It matches a deep, rosy tan. Other brunettes, who dislike growing paler in winter, keep a warm, sunny tan all the year with Dusk Rose.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face and keep away shine for hours. They are faintly perfumed.

Brunettes will find their 4 beautiful shades grouped together on the counter. *Blondes* will find an equally successful group for them, too.



It all comes down to this:

Are you lovelier when your skin looks frail shell-pink against your dark hair? Or when your skin looks ivory-cream to contrast with the dark lights in your eyes? Or when your skin is a warm, rosy tone to dramatize your vivid brunette coloring?

Pond's has 4 superlative brunette shades to provide the effect you choose.

A lovely rose-pink shade with creamy overtones—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match very fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

A rich ivory-cream shade—Brunette-Rachel—all cream and no pink. Countless brunettes use this to match their natu-



Free Write to Pond's, Dept. 8MM-PC, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.

The train to and from California that offers so much for so little!

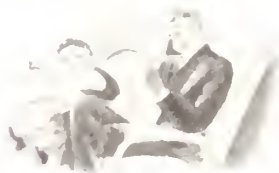
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Nat moistened a finger and carefully smoothed a strand of golden forelock. "Did you notice anybody you knew in the audience?" she asked nervously. "Flanders—or any of our Meteor-Argus crowd?"

"Who?" Bunny glanced sharply at her former stand-in. "What do you mean—Meteor-Argus?"

"Well, I'm hoping somebody—maybe just one of our scouts—"

"Nat!" Bunny stared with a sudden dawning of suspicion. "You didn't, by any chance—you wouldn't!"

"I wouldn't what?" asked Nat, intently busying herself with the beading on her curling eyelashes.

"Write! Let 'em know where to find us!"

"Well, uh—" Nat turned abruptly and thrust up her chin. "I guess I've got a right to be seen, haven't I?"

"Uhuh!" Bunny's voice went flat. "So you wrote! Who to?"

"Flanders," said Nat stiffly. "And as far as I'm concerned—"

"What name'd you sign?" demanded Bunny.

"My own!" said Natalie tartly. "A name they would know . . . They wouldn't come, just for anybody."

Bunny looked scornfully at the childish little face, the madeup lock of shiny hair, the rosbud pout—and it made her feel self-conscious, uncomfortable, just recalling that she herself had been like that.

"I'm afraid it won't get you much," she said, "just doing imitations of something that wasn't much good in the first place."

"You've no right to resent it," Natalie flashed back—"that I'm able to do the things you did—"

And then she stopped and glanced at the door. Somebody had knocked. "Are you decent?" called a voice.

"Sure," said Bunny.

The door opened, and a couple of men looked in. Strangers.

"Sergeant Kelso," one of the pair introduced himself. He was a big, grizzled man, awkward in build, decidedly apologetic in manner. "And this is Mr. Clancy.

our juvenile officer. Sorry to bust u but it's orders from the chief. You father wants you held, Miss Stanwood.

Bunny dropped her make-up pencil. She stumbled up from her chair. "M fath—" She choked it off. Her teet shut against her lips. The officers hadn so much as glanced in her direction. They were looking intently at Natalie Irwin.

"Mr. Stanwood wired us from New York," the sergeant was saying. "He flying on to Danville by plane. Oug! to be here within the hour."

Natalie was on her feet, facing them in her golden-girl make-up, with her supercilious smile. "You're mistaken she said. "I'm not Miss Stanwood."

The sergeant cocked his head archly. "Sure, I know!" he grinned. "My of woman's nuts about you, Miss Bunny. We've only seen you about forty times!

"But I'm not!" Natalie was beginning to get alarmed. She appealed to Bunny. "Tell 'em who I am!"

Bunny just blinked and looked blankly at Nat.

"Sorry, Miss Stanwood," said the sergeant blandly, "but you know how it is.

"Bunny!" shrieked Natalie. "Tell 'er I'm not you! Tell 'em—let go of me! I'm not Bunny—she is! She's Bunny . . . Let me go, I say!"

But the officers escorted her out of the dressing room—one on each side—and gently closed the door behind them.

Bunny sat down again, widened her eyes at herself in the mirror and reached for her tube of grease paint.

JOHNNY was in the wings, listening to the audience howling out front, while he gasped for air. "High Olympus" was to follow—but how could any set of legitimate actors buck their way against a tumult like that?

Johnny started pacing back and forth, tensing his fingers, watching for the curtain to ring up. Then, through the fog of anxiety, the sound of loud, indiscreet voices suddenly jarred him out of himself. Over there by the stage door—some kind of disturbance—people trying to get pas

HOW'S YOUR CLOTHES I.Q.?

Here's the final line-up of the quiz on page 48:

1. The fur is Paradise fox; watch it boom. It is made by inserting monkey fur in white fox.
2. Ascot—turban. A new match that's perfect for midwinter. Black wool—black velvet. Take out your best wool dress, trim it in black velvet and go to the head of the fashion line. Lace shawl—a "do dress" date. Latest fillip for evening dresses. Schiaparelli is sponsoring it, so you can't go wrong.
3. Blue serge dresses and suits; evening coats that are copies of officers' greatcoats, complete with eagle insignia; middy blouses.
4. A dickey is a sleeveless blouse with a small round collar, destined to be worn with sweaters and jackets. Byrd's cloth is a special light-as-a-feather material used by Admiral Byrd at the South Pole. Because of its great warmth, it is used by winter-sporters in the know. A huarache is a Mexican sandal, worn by the best people for the best "at home" evenings. A weskit is a type jacket popular for sports wear; sleeveless, close-fitting, generally made of suede. A frog is a trimming made of netted thread that substitutes for a buttonhole. It will be seen on the newest spring suits.
5. The newest color combination is red and blue. It's a result of the "Let Freedom Ring" atmosphere.
6. Too much "junk jewelry."

a protesting doorman. With a sense of outrage, Johnny rushed across to back up the keeper of the door.

"Police, see?" One of the intruders was speaking with stiff authority. "And this is the young lady's father!"

"I beg your pardon!" Johnny stepped into the breach. "Nobody can come in now." He looked out into the dimly lit alleyway. There were three women in the group and three or four men. One of the women—he stared sharply—why, she was Natalie, the missing Miss Irwin, still in her make-up—

"Sorry," said a man in the forefront, a tall, lank, easy-spoken individual—"but you'll have to let us in. I'm Stanwood. Bunny Stanwood's father. I had a hunch I'd find my daughter wherever Natalie Irwin was. Seems I was right. I'm taking her with me, now!"

Johnny stood blocking the stage entrance, confronting Bunny's father.

"It's a theater, Mr. Stanwood," he pointed out. "There's a paid audience in there. Your daughter's a member of a working company, ready to go on—"

Stanwood stirred sharply. "She's not going on—"

"Please!" said Johnny. "Miss Stanwood's a professional. And you yourself must have had theatrical contacts. You must know, sir—it's one of those things that just isn't done!"

"He's right!" One of Stanwood's companions shouldered his way into the argument. "I'm Jake Flanders." He nodded to Johnny. "I've had a few theatrical contacts myself and—well, you don't walk into somebody's production and break it up. Sorry, Stanwood. And you, too, Mrs. Stanwood . . . Let's go around front and give it a gander."

It put Mr. Stanwood in an angle. He shrugged, and laughed. "And who are you?" he asked Johnny.

Johnny told him who.

"Did you know you had Bunny Stanwood in your cast?"

"I found that out," said Johnny, "a little too late!"

Stanwood stared curiously at the gloomy young man. "Too late for what?"

Johnny didn't say what. He gave Mrs. Stanwood a hand-up in the dingy area-way and steered them all around to the front of the house. There was quite a little group of them, Flanders, the Stanwoods, the tear-stained Natalie, in her crumpled dress, Mrs. Cornelius, Bunny's faithful dresser and companion.

And they walked in on a miracle. The dramatic sketch was under way and even by now the little company had the audience in their grip. They had stilled the laughter somehow, broken through the mood of insanity that Mac's ridiculous business had left for them to overcome. And they had caught their pace, caught the sparkle. Yesterday's rehearsal had been pretty bad, but tonight the shine was on them.

No, it wasn't the play they had brought out of New York. There wasn't a scrap of "High Olympus" left, not even the title. But it was still a slab of life.

It had Mother Stanwood blubbing as she gripped Johnny's arm, held by the pathos, the humor, the bravery of the little girl in green. And it was a wonder that mother even knew her own child; for the quiet, assured young woman up there wasn't Bunny Stanwood at all; she was another young person, a little stray from the New York streets and night courts, a Miss Daisy Clove.

They stood through the finish, Mother weepy and shaky, Johnny wistfully smiling, Natalie sniffing, Dad and Flanders pinching each other black and blue, and the dour-faced Mrs. Cornelius just look-

We didn't tell it to the Marines
...they told us!



Quantico Marines reported a longer lasting peppermint flavor in Beech-Nut Gum

IN RECENT TESTS at Quantico, Va., U. S. Marines reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted on an average of 25% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands they tested. In addition, a large majority of these Marines said that they preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to the average of the others tested. Prove this yourself. Get a package of Beech-Nut Gum and see how long and how much you enjoy its fine, distinctive flavor!

An independent research organization made the tests*

An independent research organization made these tests with about one-tenth of the Marines at Quantico, Va. Beech-Nut and various other brands of peppermint chewing gum were tested. All were bought in local stores. The identity of the gum

was positively concealed. Each Marine was given 2 different brands (Beech-Nut and one other) asked to chew them and report how long he thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick he found had the better flavor.

*Name on request.

they said:
more minutes of flavor



prettily parted



THE center part lends witchery to a heart-shaped face. The Hair is brushed back smoothly from the brow and held securely with DeLong Bob Pins.

ALL BOB PINS ARE NOT ALIKE

You don't have to be annoyed by loose, falling pins that do not keep their shape. Try DeLong's . . . they have a strong, lasting grip . . . they won't slip out.

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ing on. They saw the flash of the curtain intervening, felt the silence, then the re-awakening of the audience, the first gust of applause. . . .

Then Johnny took them all backstage. Flanders was first. He elbowed his way in. "Bunny! Sweetheart! Listen. It was all a terrible mistake—"

"Hello, Uncle Jake!" said Bunny. She caught sight of her mother. "Darling!" She pushed Flanders aside and grabbed. "Oh, gee—I'm glad!"

"How's the—" Stanwood had to stop and quiet something in his throat. "How's the girl?"

"O. K., Dad."
"Here it is!" interrupted Flanders. "The old home lot is the place for you, sweetheart." He glanced alertly at Stanwood. "Five years this time, with options, and as far as money goes—"

"Wait a minute!" Bunny reached to pat Flanders' cheek. "I'm already tied up!"
"What?" yelled Flanders. "Who beat us—not Colossal?"

Bunny turned to the doorway. "Johnny! Johnny Morrison!" She smiled brightly. "No, Uncle Jake—not anybody out there. Just a private party, here. The one who wrote the sketch and directed it—who taught me everything I know—the swell-est guy—"

WHAT do you want?" Johnny came back from the outer passageway, reluctantly it would seem, not at all graciously about it.

"Tell 'em why I can't sign up with Meteor-Argus," said Bunny. "Show 'em our contract."

"Contract?" Johnny grinned mockingly, as he reached into his pocket. "You mean this?"

"Yes." Bunny turned to Dad, brisk, businesslike. "It was my idea. And the two of us—we've been working so hard—"

"It's nothing but a gag, Mr. Stanwood," said Johnny. "She's under age. Of course I knew it wouldn't hold." He tossed the papers on the make-up shelf. "All right, Cutie-Puss," he said. "You can go back where you came from."

"But you promised!" gasped Bunny. And then, in a gust of indignation—"Why—you dirty double-crosser!"

"Mind if I look at the papers?" asked Stanwood.

He picked up the contract and ran through the pen scratches as meticulously as though it had been drawn up by all of Meteor-Argus' sixty-odd lawyers.

"This uh—morals clause?" he asked gravely. "Did you ever uh—poke her in the puss, Mr. Morrison?"

"I had to," said Johnny. "Once!"
"What?" choked Mother Stanwood.

"Why?" demanded Stanwood.

"He thinks I'm a louse," said Bunny

quietly to her father.

Stanwood glanced from Johnny to Bunny and back, searchingly, to Johnny. "I, myself," he said, faintly smiling, "never had the nerve."

"What's that?" asked Mother sharply. "It looks as though it's been taken out of my hands." Stanwood sighed. "Oh well—" He brought out his fountain pen, uncapped it. Then, quick and decisive, he scrawled his name beneath Bunny's signature on the Danville Inn letterheads. "We'll just legalize it."

"Thanks, Dad," said Bunny and glared at Johnny Morrison. "Now try and break our contract. I'll sue you through every court in the United States!"

Flanders groaned. "They've just handed that guy a million bucks!"

"Not me," said Johnny contemptuously. "I don't want any part of it."

"What?" Stanwood gaped at him. "He thinks I've been ballyhooing myself," said Bunny indignantly. "He thinks it's all cooked up between you and me and the studio and we're a lot of cheap, fuzzy people."

"But he can change all that now," suggested Stanwood blandly, "under the terms of your contract."

"You see!" said Bunny triumphantly. Johnny blinked at her. "I guess—maybe—I've been a fool—"

"You dope!" said Bunny. "You darling—you ape!"

"Listen, Johnny!" Flanders was trying to get in. "That little sketch—marvelous! The direction—swell! We can use you too, Johnny. Just take over the contract—make it a double one, eh? Meteor-Argus can use you both."

Johnny caught himself and turned soberly. And for that moment Bunny stopped breathing. For some of the grandest people on earth have gone haywire, listening to that siren call.

But Johnny just shook his head. "You only want her because of the ballyhoo," he said. "Professionally, she isn't ready yet. Nor am I. We're just beginning. Someday, maybe—"

"Besides," said Bunny, "we couldn't leave Mac."

Johnny turned to her, joyously. But at that instant somebody stuck his head into the open doorway. "Three minutes for the strong men, Miss Brown—"

"Oh, my goodness!" Bunny stepped backwards, unzipped her dress and started hauling it over her head. "Cornelius—my tights!"

Mrs. Cornelius picked up the little pink fleshings. And then suddenly a kindling light reawakened the faded blue eyes. "Out, gentlemen! Clear the dressing room!" The warhorse who had supervised the dressing room of Bunny Stanwood, child star, was back in action "Miss Stanwood wants to change!"

Close Up and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

"Tobacco Road" and as Korda regarded a page of romantic history . . . each studio cast each story in the way which seemed individually best . . . each director was allowed to work in his own particular way . . . the ultrarefined, subtle method of Cukor . . . the brooding poignant realism of Ford . . . the beauty-and-romance consciousness of Korda . . . and so the films will emerge . . . as individualistic as the symphonies of Brahms and Sibelius . . .

It goes just as much for performances, too, this expression of individuality . . . the dynamic Miss Hepburn is back, praise be, and giving a masterpiece of a per-

formance in "The Philadelphia Story" . . . I hope, personally, that she won't be away from us for such long periods in the future . . . Cukor coaxed a different and most memorable performance from Cary Grant . . . we know all about Cary as the gay comedian but go see him as a much-in-love young man . . . you'll like him even better in that mood . . . an unimportant but delightful little picture, "Second Chorus," comes along and gives a fresh insight into the debonair charm of Fred Astaire, whom we have also been missing . . . despite the comparative failure of both "Our Town" and "The Howards of Virginia," you know there is no

stopping Martha Scott, who starred in each of those and is due soon in "Cheers For Miss Bishop" . . . the fact that Technicolor discovered there were other dramatic colors save blue and red (as witness that lovely ballet in "Bitter Sweet") opens up a whole new visual experience for all of us there . . . the delightful fact that Jack Oakie has "come back" to steal two pictures and immensely aid a third . . . the first two are "Tin Pan Alley" and "Little Men" and the third is "The Dictator" . . . the fact that Ginger Rogers has gone back to being a blonde again makes us hope that Joan Bennett may do likewise and restore that delicious prettiness of hers to us . . . the fact that a guy with a broken nose can be a fast-rising star and almost a glamour boy . . . meaning Broderick Crawford . . . go see the way he swipes "Seven Sinners" away from hero John Wayne and "The Trail of the Vigilantes" from hero Franchot Tone . . . even though Messrs. Wayne and Tone are very good, indeed, in their own ways, too . . . the realization of the fact that a girl who is young and very small and married to a wealthy star can still have her own pert talent and put it across with lilting laughter . . . meaning Diana Lewis, Mrs. William Powell to the income-tax department, who is in "Bitter Sweet" as cute and saucy as anything we have ever seen since little Miss Temple popped up in "Little Miss Marker" . . .

I KNOW Hollywood renders all this up in terms of entertainment . . . and to some sourpusses it seems too frivolous to discuss entertainment these days . . . but the people who ought to know best about the value of it . . . those amazing valiant British say that seeing movies is one of the best ways of keeping their spirits up . . . if England, under this horror, can still love movies, then most certainly we may too . . .

It all gives Hollywood a healthy bill of health as 1941 begins . . . there will be some "stinkers," as Hollywood elegantly calls its flops, this year just as last . . . there will be some very interesting pictures that will fail at the box office, this year as last, just as some interesting ones will also catch on . . . just because Ben Hecht's "Angels Over Broadway" didn't do business is no particular reason for discouraging Mr. Hecht in any further trial flights . . . he can always make another fortune by writing a slick, smooth screen play . . . as witness "Comrade X" which is a mere carbon copy of "Ninotchka" without the wit or the delightful love story of the Garbo film but plenty of pleasure, nevertheless, and serving as a vehicle to prove that Hedy Lamarr can act as well as be beautiful (though her beauty is still sufficient as far as I am concerned) . . . there will most certainly be, in 1941, one or two performances by Miss Bette Davis which will make everybody say, as they always do after Davis' films (right now they are saying it about "The Letter") . . . "Well, she deserves the Academy award, that's all" . . . there will definitely be mornings such as there was recently the morning after "The Son of Monte Cristo" was previewed in the afternoon and "Little Men" was previewed in the evening of the day preceding . . . a morning on which you wonder how the shades of famous authors act when they see what has happened to their brain children in the mills of Hollywood. . . .

It means vitality, all of this . . . it all makes you believe, in these darkened days, that there is still some hope for man and his imagination. . . .



"H'm. You pups have got a bad rash all right. Don't know as I ever saw anybody worse broken out... Oh, you feel fine, do you?... Well, you don't look so good! You ought to see yourself in the mirror!"



"Funny—your tail looks O.K.... By Jove, I see it all now! Your mother's been stingy with the Johnson's Baby Powder—giving you little dabs in the rear instead of good all-over rubs!"



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his most characteristic gesture as he hurried down the path. All her doubts and uncertainties dropped from her. This was right. This was the answer to everything.

"Where's Mike?" George was saying. "He showed up," Annabelle said quietly, and as she saw the look of eager inquiry in George's face, she added quickly, "but he went back."

Annabelle tried to close her mind to the disappointment which swept over George. A sentence that Mike had said to her popped back into her brain and vibrated there: "Some wives don't help any man."

Then she knew; she couldn't just walk up to Mr. Perkins' little parlor and become the wife of George Hurley, as she had decided in the taxicab.

"George," she said, "I've got to—" "You mean he came and went back without seeing me? Didn't he say anything?"

Annabelle said, without bitterness, "He said plenty, George."

"What did he say? Why did he go?" Her eyes turned to the swing under the tree in the yard. "Let's sit down just a minute," she said.

For a long moment Annabelle found herself unable to start. They sat there, and George respected her silence. Her voice sounded a little strange and unnatural when she finally spoke and so he took her hand reassuringly.

"GEORGE," she said finally, "Mike doesn't think you and I should get married."

George started to speak, but she silenced him.

"Wait, let me talk. I guess you know that it was just a lark when Dad put me in the publicity department. I'd never worked a minute in my life and I wasn't intending to work then. You just can't know, George, how much it meant to me when I suddenly found myself interested in the work, loving it—and I guess you know when that happened. Well, that day I first met you I was excited because I thought Dad had such a good bet and because I thought there was such a good chance to put you over."

George stopped her, "What was it that Mike said?" he insisted.

"I'm coming to that," Annabelle said. "That night—at Venice—after we really understood each other for the first time, something happened to me. I've told you so little about myself, George, and yet I sort of feel that you know everything."

"What did Mike say to you?" George said intently.

"He said I'm not the right kind of wife for you, George," Annabelle said. "He called me 'man-poison'."

There was silence between them. A train whistle sounded in the distance.

"That's a lousy thing to say," George said, "and I know why he said it."

"Why?" she asked, in a small voice. "Because of what they say about you in Hollywood, the people who don't know what you're really like."

She was silent, trying to hold back her tears.

"It's all right," George said. "If you feel like crying."

"No, thanks," she said. "Oh, George, you're so darned sweet."

"Come on," he said suddenly. "Mr. Perkins."

"Okay," she said. "Mr. Perkins."

They went into the house to the ever-patient Mr. Perkins.

When a girl dreams of her wedding it is always in terms of flowers, organ music, bridesmaids and a great horde of friends in a huge church—but she forgets that no matter how different or ordinary the details, the event is always awe-inspiring!

So it was this night with Annabelle Clark. Her memories would be the smiling, good-natured face of Mr. Perkins, the sleepy but resigned expression of Mrs. Perkins and the neighbor who had been awakened to be witnesses, the unbelievably short ceremony and George's nervous smile as he took her in his arms.

LATER while the last of the airfield drew farther and farther away from them as they headed into the clouds, they sat in silence. Then Annabelle said, "I wonder what my father will say?"

He leaned over and kissed her. "What do we care what he says?"

"Sure," she answered, "what do we care?"

What do we care? We care plenty, Annabelle thought. Anyone who knew how Holton Clark's mind worked had to care.

George's head rested on her shoulder. He was dozing happily. Below them the earth was a white eerie vastness. Magically, the moon turned the earth into a great stretch of unreality and she saw her little self and all that she had been as if through the wrong end of a telescope.

Would things have been so very different if Edna had lived? Well, probably not, because no more dominating male could be found on earth than Holton Clark. What remained of Annabelle's faint memory of her mother was a frail aura of gentleness, gentility and ineffectuality.

According to the Holton Clark code there was only one way to bring up a daughter. It was the expensive way, the way of highly recommended French governesses, safely aging riding masters, the fashionable dancing school, the year or two at the French convent (before the war, of course), a Grande Tour with carefully selected companions (female) and chaperones (old and cautious). Then the expensive finishing school which finished a score of girls per year within an inch of their already worthless lives.

If Holton Clark ever had the slightest doubt about the desirability of bringing up his beloved Annabelle in this manner he managed to suppress it in favor of some more profitable doubt about how the Clark Studios were being run. The Clark Studios turned out four or five super-films every year and had acquired a reputation for making the finest movies produced in America. People wrote things about the "Clark touch." The Clark touch was nine-tenths hard work and the hard work on the super-films was definitely to the disadvantage of the Clark super-daughter, who was getting about as bad a break (and how well she knew it today) as any American beauty could!

EVEN Holton had suspicions when Annabelle, aged almost 18, returned to Hollywood one stifling June and presented herself at the Clark manor in Beverly Hills.

It was then that Annabelle found herself shipped off to the ranch in Arizona to "have some of the veneer scraped off," as she overheard her father explaining to his friend Helga Bentley, the newspaper and radio columnist.



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She hadn't liked the ranch at all—at
Then she'd caught sight of Boots
Havermill, as trim and handsome a cow-
boy as ever smiled at a visiting dude.
Now she looked back at that episode
of complete self-loathing—but that had
ended before she'd started to think.
There was no use making excuses for herself.
It was what she was—and she'd done
what any human might have done, espe-
cially any spoiled, pampered and
generally worthless human.
She had run off with Boots Havermill,
a wonderfully romantic August night.
She had said, then, that she didn't care.
Holton Clark said. But the hostess
of the ranch had her little plan about
him, and she kept a strict eye on him.
It was how Holton learned about the
stage in time to have it annulled.
She realized that he had been right,
and she remembered ruefully that he
never bothered to consult her, had
never considered for a moment that per-
haps this was important to his daughter.
Why would he be about George Hur-
ley? Deep inside of her, Annabelle knew.
She knew, too, how different this was
from how much had gone on in her since
a long talk with Helga Bentley. "I
know most of the things you do, Anna-
belle," Helga had said in a frank, direct
way "you do out of spite toward your
father. He really isn't so bad, once you
try to understand him. Besides, what's
so important to you, darling, is to be
happy—and you can't be happy and
untrue at the same time."
After the annulment, Annabelle had
gone to her father and had asked him
to let her to work. It wasn't easy to
change toward Holton, but suddenly she
felt an intent, passionate desire to
find happiness, to put some meaning into
her life, to hug something meaningful to

her. She had grown up and she knew
it was going to be pretty tough to con-
vince anybody of that fact.
Still, she managed to make a lark of
the day's work in the publicity depart-
ment of Clark Studios. She knew how
to make people forget that she was the
boss' daughter, and they did. Then she
met George Hurley and had the intoxi-
cating experience of encountering some-
one who really seemed to need her affec-
tion—her womanly understanding.
GEORGE stirred as the plane lost alti-
tude and zoomed down into the
Glendale airport. They stepped out of the
ship and fought their way through photog-
raphers and reporters.
"No interviews now," Annabelle said
pleasantly. "Come see us soon. Yes, Mr.
Hurley's house in Laurel Canyon."
At Mr. Hurley's house in Laurel Can-
yon, all the lights were on.
Holton Clark was waiting for them.
Every move Holton Clark ever made
was planned days in advance. That was
one reason Clark Productions were the
envy of less fastidious competitors.
For all the planning Clark had done
for his scapegrace daughter it was a
wonder that more of his plots didn't have
happy endings.
The plot in the case of her second mar-
riage was simple. He had a call from his
friend Helga Bentley which threw him
into a temporary apoplectic frenzy. He
then phoned the main office and told them
to get him Mike Harrigan, but fast. Mike
Harrigan was off on one of his plane
trips into the desert, but it would be
arranged that he would phone the very
moment he touched wheel to cement.
When Mike phoned he admitted that
he'd tried to dissuade Annabelle from a
silly marital venture but without success.

Then Mike agreed to let Annabelle's
father into George's Laurel Canyon home.
Holton Clark allowed himself to be let
in, then sent Mike away, saying, "Come
and see me at the studio tomorrow. I
have some ideas."
NOW he met Annabelle and George
quietly. "Mike Harrigan was good
enough to let me in," he explained calm-
ly, found himself a chair and waited for
them to join him in the living room.
There was so much power in his detach-
ment that George seemed absurdly
young, but managed a comparative calm,
"Won't you have a drink, sir?"
"Thanks," Holton Clark said, "I just
had one."
Annabelle jumped into the breach.
"It's nice of you to come over, Holton."
Holton grunted. "Why didn't you kids
let me know this was on your minds?" he
said finally.
"We thought of telling you about it,
sir," George said, "but then—"
"But then Annabelle decided it wasn't
a good idea. Is that right?" Holton Clark
finished.
"Well, no. Not exactly," George began.
"Yes, that was it, exactly," Annabelle
cut in.
Her father turned to George. "I sup-
pose you know, Hurley, that the last
time this happened—"
"Yes," George said, "but this time it's
not going to be annulled."
"I see," Clark said. "You've thought it
all out. It's really love."
"Yes, sir . . ." George began, "we—"
"Wait a minute, Holton," Annabelle
said. "I'm afraid your particular brand
of sarcasm is only appreciated by the
Clarks, so I suggest you save it for me."
Holton Clark smiled. This was a form
of fencing before a blowup that only



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THE NEW YORK CITY

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he and Annabelle seemed able to control without temper or confusion. If he were not so disturbed he would have enjoyed the battle.

"All right," said Holton. "I'll try to talk so Hurley can understand. For some reason you two decided to run off and get married in the usual Hollywood fly-by-night manner. I don't understand marriages like that and I don't like them." He squinted deliberately at George. "Is it fairly clear so far?" he said.

"So far it's clear," George said, "and I'm beginning to understand just why you haven't been able to have any real understanding with your daughter."

"Oh, George," Annabelle said, "it isn't understanding Holton cares about—it's having things his own way. He's been too busy with important matters like movies. How do you expect him to waste any time on a triviality like a daughter and her happiness?"

Holton Clark's face went white.

"That's below the belt," he said.

"Well, listen to this," Annabelle said.

"All the money you ever spent on me—and heaven knows you've spent plenty—never bought one ounce of faith. George and I would rather have come to you, but every last thing you've ever done for me or to me made me know it would be hopeless. So now do your worst. At least, we're married. Is that clear—so far?"

HOLTON CLARK turned away from her then and faced George Hurley.

"Let me ask you a question, Hurley. How much money have you in the bank?"

George flushed. "Well, not very much. A few hundred dollars."

"And of course, you've taken out an insurance policy for your wife?"

"Well, no—I haven't, sir," said George nervously, "but I intend to."

"I daresay," said Holton Clark. To Annabelle he added: "It couldn't be that your husband counted on the Clark millions? Or perhaps just the Clark Studios?" He turned again to George Hurley:

"Your contract runs another three months, doesn't it?"

"Yes," George said.

"You thought of that, didn't you, when you asked Annabelle to marry you?"

"In the first place," Annabelle said, "he didn't ask me. We just decided to get married."

"I'm talking to Hurley," Holton Clark said. "You realized, of course, that the son-in-law of Holton Clark would get a better build-up than just George Hurley—and when the contract came up for renewal—"

"I never even thought of it," George said angrily.

"Maybe not," said Holton, "and I know you didn't think that when your contract runs out you'll be washed up in the movie business."

The color drained from George Hurley's face. For a long moment he couldn't talk. Then: "You wouldn't do that to me," he said.

Annabelle looked at him sharply. She hadn't realized how much his career meant to him. In a way she was glad, because she sometimes thought that George was short of ambition. But the intense reaction from her father's words surprised her and made her a little uneasy.

"Well," said Holton Clark, "now we understand each other. I don't believe in this marriage and I never waste time on a property I don't believe in."

He reached for his hat. "Come and see me at my office, Hurley. I have some ideas."

When he turned to Annabelle the expression in his eyes changed.

"I do care about your happiness, really," he said, "even if you don't in so now."

Annabelle didn't flinch. "Thank the wedding present, Father," she said, she closed the door after him.

For a long time after he left Holton Clark stood between them and thought of all the things they could do, but hadn't. Then suddenly Annabelle found herself crying from vex and exasperation. Then she went to George's arms and allowing herself to be comforted.

He held her close and his young mouth was pressed against hers. The excitement of their intimacy swept her and all her doubt of him and marriage was dissolved in the consciousness that this was her husband this was their honeymoon.

Holton Clark was no longer in room.

"COME and see me at my office tomorrow, I have some ideas."

Mike Harrigan, having worked about four years with the unpredictable Clark knew that one thing at least was predictable after those words at George Hurley's canyon home. Holton Clark in the middle of an intrigue, a speculation of his in which the "Clark touch" was even more apparent than in a Clark production.

Mike had closed his ranch for several months because he knew that the Guatemalan location would keep him busy at least until May. Silly idea, to make an action picture in Central America instead of in the studio, but when Clark had his heart set on anything there was no use arguing.

The flight to Arizona had been a nuisance to Mike, but if there was any hope of keeping George from tying himself up with that mess of trouble, Annabelle Clark, the trip was justified. He'd tried—and yet—that girl—somehow he couldn't keep his mind off her. She obviously a push-over—anybody's silken blonde hair like that was sure to begin with—and even though the light in her eyes when he'd given her that longing over was too manifest to be doubted he was sure that the accusation was justified. Of course, she wouldn't breathe a word of what he'd said—certainly not to George, because that would ruin her chances.

Why the devil didn't he just for her and get on with his Guatemalan picture, the best property Clark Productions had ever given him to direct?

He never expected that that was the basis of Holton Clark's "idea."

Clark looked out of the window at the green-fringed mountain that towered behind the Clark lot. "Harrigan," he said, "I want this 'Girl from Guatemala' to be a honey. I think Mary Ann Morrison is okay as the girl, but I don't think that the Spanish pictures is good enough for the boy. I have an idea."

"Yes?" said Mike, also looking at the mountain.

"George Hurley," said Holton Clark, "like him better for it."

There was a long pause. "Okay," said Mike. "I think he could do it."

"Better postpone your sailing," said Holton, "so I can fix things up."

"Good break for Hurley," Mike said up. "I figured you'd want to give Holton Clark—I mean Mrs. Hurley—a nice wedding present. But frankly, I don't know how you figure we can shoot a picture on a honeymoon."

"Oh," said Holton Clark, "I guess"

ou didn't get the idea exactly. My daughter isn't going on the trip." "I see," said Mike. Through the window he saw that a deep shadow darkened one side of the mountain. "What's going to stop her?" Now Holton Clark rose also. "My idea is that you can take care of George Hurley okay," he said evenly, "and that I can handle Annabelle okay. Do I make myself clear?" It was a good idea, a right idea, and he would play ball, because he and Holton Clark saw eye-to-eye on this business of George Hurley and Annabelle Clark, but suddenly Mike realized that he didn't care for this man at all. He thought, "No wonder she's like she is. No wonder." He waved a casual hand and left.

IN the middle of the day George phoned Annabelle and told her the plan. "That's wonderful," Annabelle said. "It sounds like a swell opportunity." "Mr. Clark says I'll be back in two months at the most." "It didn't take Holton long to get what we wanted, did it?" George said, "Darling, it's the biggest lark production of the year. It's really a great break. Mike Harrigan is directing." "I see," Annabelle said. "When does the boat sail?" "Friday next week," said George. "Oh, that's plenty of time," said Annabelle, "We can get ready by then." "You'll come along?" George asked, excitedly. "I don't think your father planning on that." "Let him just try and stop me," said Annabelle. "That reminds me," George told her. "Mr. Clark said for me to tell you he'd like to see you at his office. He says he has some ideas." "Really?" said Annabelle. "Good-by, darling. I'll see you tonight." Holton Clark put on a great show for his daughter. What a break it was (he said) for George Hurley to get the ad in "Girl from Guatemala"! What a break it was for her to fly East and spend the next few weeks with Aunt Matilda Newport! Aunt Matilda had just wired a strange coincidence—that she would have to have Annabelle visit her. By the time the company was back from location, Annabelle would have returned to Hollywood. Holton presented the plan as if it were the ultimate in largesse, but he was not entirely taken by surprise when Annabelle failed to react enthusiastically. "You don't seem to understand at all," he said quietly. "I'll admit I don't know much about how to be a good wife, but I'm going to learn. I haven't read the rule books, but I wouldn't be surprised if rule Number one were 'Stay with me.'" "See here," Holton said. Now he sat on the edge of his desk and scowled down at her with typical intensity. "I believe you mean every word of that, Annabelle," he said. "And you're going to have a chance to prove it. But right now I want you to play this game my way. I think you two have a fever and all I want you to do is to give yourselves time to recover. Then, if you still feel the same way about it, I'll withdraw my objections." "Yes," said Holton Clark. "If you don't want to go to Aunt Matilda's, that's okay. Stay here. Stick to your job, get Hurley's home ready for him—that Cannon house is a nightmare—and then, when he comes back, if you still feel the way you feel about him, I'll stand behind you both."

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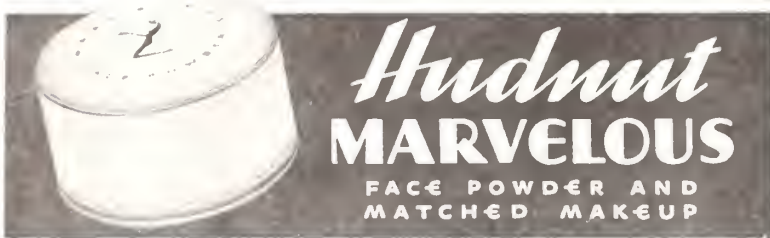
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"And if I don't?" Annabelle said. Holton Clark played his trump card. Either way," he said, "George Hurley's contract will be renewed."

Annabelle stood up. This thing wasn't going to be easy, but for once she would prove that she could be solid and dependable.

"It's a deal," she said, holding out her hand.

Holton took it. Now that he had won, he tied up loose ends, according to his custom.

"Of course," he said, "this is all between you and me, isn't it?"

"Of course," Annabelle said, and left the office.

NATURALLY she couldn't tell George that he had kept his job for him. It would destroy his faith in himself, affront his pride. The next days were intensely difficult and she was terrified to see how George and she were drawn apart by her need for secrecy.

So their parting was a little strained, although there was frenzy in their impending separation.

Annabelle was reminded of those days when they had first met at the Clark studio, for somehow Mike Harrigan troubled them on the dock the day the boat sailed.

But only a few moments before the "All Aboard" signal sounded, Harrigan surprised them in George's cabin. Annabelle had just kissed George for the last time. She said softly to Mike, "Take good care of him," and left the cabin.

Moments later she realized that Mike Harrigan had not attracted her and that the look in his eyes was coldly reproving. Somehow she knew he was thinking. It certainly wasn't difficult for the old man to persuade her not to go.

For the first time in her life, in those difficult days that followed, Annabelle felt herself a woman. She found relief for her loneliness by writing George long letters, in which she tried to imagine the happiness they would find together when he returned.

She worked harder than ever at her job. Jerry Tripp, head of the publicity department, was astounded at how efficiently and energetically she took hold of some of his problems. One morning he told H.C. about it, but Clark seemed preoccupied with other matters.

SHORTLY after the boat sailed Annabelle had gone to see Helga Bentley, who was so active with Red Cross work and the War Relief program.

"I want to work," she said, simply.

"Good," Helga said, and gave her a note to the Chairman of the Committee.

Loneliness obsessed her, but with delight she realized that at last she had come alive. And one night she awoke from a troubled sleep and realized that she had dreamed of that meeting on the airfield, when Mike Harrigan had told her so cruelly what he thought of her. In her dream she had screamed at him, "I'm not—I'm not man-poison! I'll prove it to you!"

She stared into the darkness and tried to look into herself. "I hate him," she thought. "I'll prove to him he's wrong if it's the last thing I do."

Almost two weeks had passed since her husband had sailed away toward a little country that was new to him, and an opportunity that obsessed him. She had one note, mailed from San Jose, where the boat docked. It was a curious mixture of enthusiasm and reticence. Had Mike Harrigan poisoned his mind, turned him against his newly acquired wife?

The letter said that they would take the train to Guatemala City and then from there the auto caravan would head for Antigua, amid the old church ruins which were important in the background of the movie story. So when further word came for days, Annabelle told herself that George was probably too busy with his new role—or that the conditions were not favorable. At events, she would not allow herself worry. But always she saw in her mind the brooding influence of Mike Harrigan turning George against her, persuading him that she was everything unworthy and then she would return to that little unsatisfactory letter and try to see hope in it, where none really was.

ON the fateful afternoon, Helga Bentley was holding a charity tea at Jerry had given Annabelle the afternoon off so she could help out her friend. The place was jammed with all of Helga's friends: Norma Shearer was there, and Claudette Colbert had come over just soon as the day's shooting was finished. Vivien Leigh and her husband, Lauren Olivier, were expected any moment and some of the younger people were there too—Laraine Day, Brenda Joyce and Jeffrey Lynn—and lots of lesser light who were devoting all their spare time to the all-important charity program that Hollywood had set for itself.

The news came to Jerry Tripp from the Associated Press. The cable from Mike Harrigan arrived an hour late. Jerry didn't know what to do, what way to turn. Then he phoned H.C. H.C. couldn't believe his ears.

"Where's Annabelle?" he shouted in the inter-office phone. Jerry told him. Then when H.C. had hung up with an anguished oath, Jerry phoned Helga.

Helga was capable of handling this most difficult moment in her life. She whispered to Norma to take over the party. Then she called Annabelle from the pantry where she was helping with the drinks, and told her it was a phone call—to take it upstairs. Helga followed Annabelle up the broad stairs.

Annabelle reached for the phone. Helga sat on the bed, "There's no phone, dear," she said quietly. "I just wanted to talk to you alone."

"Oh," said Annabelle, "what about?" Her face clouded with perplexity.

"Sit down." Annabelle sat on the edge of the other bed. "Something very terrible has happened, darling. But I know you can take it." Annabelle's hand went to her throat; her fingers twisted around the gold chain and pressed against her collar bone the topaz pendant George had given her.

"Malaria," Helga said, carefully. "You can get malaria down there in Guatemala. You can get it—and sometimes, well, sometimes, darling, it's fatal."

"George?" Annabelle said, with somebody else's voice.

"Yes, Annabelle," she said. "George. He died this morning."

It was a curious little gasp that came from Annabelle's throat before she crumpled up on the floor in front of Helga.

TOLTON was standing over her bed.

His face was wracked with torment. Annabelle couldn't stand the sight of him. He sent him away. Nor could she stand the color of her own thoughts. When our mind returns to consciousness and a horrible fact walks back into it, that fact walks with a measured, confident step, slowly, surely and inescapably. There is no way to turn it out, no way

at least that a brave person would take. And now Annabelle knew that she must be brave.

But the overpowering numbness that had set in with the first news of George's death gripped her mind and heart like bands of iron. She couldn't think, she couldn't feel. The only thing she knew clearly was that she hated the very thought of her father. How dare people scheme and plot with others' lives? How dare they?

Then one day Helga said—oh, it seemed so many months later but actually it was only a little over a week—"The ship comes in today." The ship that was bringing back the memory of George.

For a time Annabelle thought she couldn't go to the boat, but at last she knew it was something she must do. She must hear from Mike Harrigan's own lips what had happened. She must, and she begged Helga to let her go alone.

As the boat came in to the dock at San Pedro, Annabelle squinted at the deck, wondering if he would be there.

She found him at last, coming down the gangplank, his face darker than usual, his arms hugging a large box.

She went up to him and he raised his hat but didn't speak.

"I'll drive you back to Hollywood," she said.

Mike Harrigan talked a moment to the customs man, then handed the box to Annabelle. "Take this to your car," he said. "I'll clear my baggage and see that the rest of them get off all right. Wait for me."

She could not decide if he was in any way different toward her. He was still cold and distant. But at least he didn't scorn her—and perhaps for once he was giving her the benefit of the doubt and

assuming that she might have some measure of genuine grief to overcome.

She nodded and went to her car. She sat behind the wheel and waited; then opened the box which was untied. The contents had obviously been thrown in without care. There was an old shirt, and a pair of slacks. And a pith helmet. Mike Harrigan's little sentimental thought—to bring back the last clothes his friend George Hurley had worn! Annabelle stared at them. This, then, was her last physical contact with the man she had felt so sure would mean great happiness to her. A hat, a shirt, trousers. The shirt meant so little—and yet so much. Her hand touched the rough, male texture of the shirt.

"What will I tell him?" she thought. "What will I tell my child when he is old enough to ask about his father. Will I show him this shirt and say: In this your father was stricken, dear, long before you were even born?"

Lost in her reverie she scarcely heard the door of the car open as Mike Harrigan joined her.

Next month Annabelle Clark faces the tragic circumstances of her approaching motherhood. Her husband is dead; his best friend mistrusts her. Her father's cold-blooded action in sending George to Guatemala has estranged her from him. In the meeting with poor George's parents, Annabella faces an even greater drama and stumbles into a problem which only Mike Harrigan can solve. If she could foresee the part he was to play in her life, how differently she would have acted! Read the thrilling second installment of "Man Poison" in the April Photoplay-Movie Mirror on sale Wednesday, February 26.

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(Continued from page 51)

Why I switched to Meds



by a secretary

When you're as active as I am, it's a blessing to have the extra comfort of internal sanitary protection. But it used to cost me plenty extra! So did I cheer when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ for a box of ten. Meds are the *only* tampons in individual applicators that cost so little. And I certainly like them a lot better.



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stand perfectly still in one square-foot area on the floor and do the step. When this happens, you've got it.

SLOW Lindy Hop and Variation: The Lindy Hop (see diagram on page 51 for basic step), a blood-brother to the shag, covers four counts, except the first two are a sliding skip. We'll call it one-and-two—on the "and" you slide your off foot up and that makes the skip. Then it's just steps: three, four. On a crowded dance floor the step can be done on a dime, but we'll walk you through it to show you the rhythm. One way to understand the diagram is to pretend your index and middle fingers are legs and put the tips of them on the footmarks. Then watch what your fingers do as they dance along.

Jackie and Bunny show you their favorite Lindy Hop variation in Photos 3 and 4 on page 50. For the two steps that cover counts five and six, seven and eight, they face each other and kick forward, first with the left foot, then with the right. You'll notice from the picture that the right kick goes between the feet of the partner and the left kick on the outside. Then, for the quick one-two-three count, Jackie takes Bonita's left hand with his right and they back away from each other with long steps, getting all the way back on the "two" count. He pulls her to him for the third step and they go right into a repeat.

That backing-away business needs some description, by the way. The steps are done in a swing slide-shuffle, with the derriere out and knees very straight. You swing your ankles out a little as you used to do in the Charleston. It's all kind of sedate jitterbug stuff and fun if you're with a young crowd.

THE Balboa: Remember that sway-shuffle step all darky tap dancers break into sooner or later, when they look as if an invisible hand is holding them a quarter-inch off the floor and slowly waving their limp bodies back and forth so that their feet just brush

the wood? That's the basis of the Balboa, which is done to the catch-time fox trot we described at the beginning of this month's lesson. The distinguishing feature of the Balboa is that while you are doing it you cross one foot over the other for one or two steps; and further that practically anything you want to do with your feet is okay, so long as it's a light, fast shuffle.

Jackie and Bunny have their own version, as you can see. (Photos 5, 6 and 7 on page 51). They stand side by side, holding hands, and (1) kick forward with the right foot; then (2) they cross the right foot over the left, shifting the weight to it, and (3) bring the left foot over to the left. Then they just walk out of it to the right, turn to face each other and repeat, starting on the left foot this time instead of the right.

When you do this next turn you're just being fancy, although it's no trouble at all for the boy. The girl has to know how to whirl like a dervish and end up facing the right way, on the right foot, and not dizzy. You can break it at any time, on any step you like Jackie and Bunny chose a favorite of theirs (see picture, lower left) in which he turns to one side and she to the other alternating each step, for two or three steps. Then Bonita puts her right arm behind her back so that her hand reaches Jackie's right hand as he leads her. He takes it and swings her away, stepping back himself.

Whirling to her right, Bunny takes on full turn away from him, pauses for a beat; then, whirling this time to her left she does two full turns on the way back, taking smaller steps, of course, and ends up on her right foot close to Jackie and facing him, ready to continue dancing. In the picture at the right, below she's just completing her final turn.

Naturally you'll go on learning from here, watching other people and copying their steps. But if you use in combination the three simple steps and variation Jackie and Bunny have shown you you'll more than get by on any floor.

Below, left: Jackie and Bunny start to do their special turn in the Balboa routine. The girl has to know how to whirl like a dervish, end up the right way (below, right), on the right foot, and not dizzy



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Should Love Wait?

(Continued from page 34)

the career. In the case of the man it might be different—maybe having a family to support might hold him back."

But Jimmy wouldn't accept that for one minute.

"Not if he's got what it takes. You hear lots of men around middle age alibi their lack of success by saying, 'I never had a chance. I married too young and tied myself down with a family!' Nonsense. I know a young fellow who just passed his bar. Getting started as a lawyer isn't easy. It takes time to build up a practice. This kid has a wife, a baby, a mother-in-law, a young sister and brother-in-law to support. As if that wasn't enough, another family of relatives came from the East and moved in on him. That looks like excuse enough for anyone to toss in the towel and yell, 'I'm licked!' But not this kid. While he's waiting for clients, he runs errands for other lawyers—files papers, serves summons, looks up records. He solicits errands that he can run for his neighbors while he is downtown and reverses the procedure in his neighborhood evenings. Not content with that, he has a job as relief man in a gas station nights. That boy will be a great lawyer someday—not because he had what is known as 'a chance' but because he has what it takes and he isn't letting a little thing like a big family hold him down."

JIMMY himself is living proof that marriage is not a handicap to an ambitious young man. When he and his Billie fell in love there was no money in the bank and no great future in sight, but they didn't hesitate a moment. Jimmy, born and reared in the tenderloin district of New York, was accustomed to accepting things as they came—love came and he accepted it without fear or prejudice. Marriage was one of the three vital statistics in the history of man and, to Jimmy, the most vital.

Jimmy is not a fighter in the pugilistic sense of the word, but he will fight for anything he believes right and just. Because he was born, he feels that he has a right to live and when an obstacle looms up in his path, it is all a part of the game and may the best man win.

In many ways, Jimmy and Olivia are alike. They both know what they want from life and aren't one bit afraid to go after it. No one does Olivia's thinking for her and her thoughts are not limited by precedent or convention. She has often been referred to as a rebel, but actually she is not. She was born in Tokyo, Japan, and spent her early years there. White girls in Oriental countries are necessarily bound by the conventions of society. Back home in the United States she enjoyed a new birth of freedom, one she challenges anyone to take from her. She has not married—not because she is afraid of marriage, but simply because she has not fallen madly in love. Somehow when you look at Olivia and watch her brown eyes dance, you feel that if she ever loves it will be madly.

But don't misunderstand us—madly refers only to the heart, not the head. Olivia will never forget to use her head. She doesn't approve of these spur-of-the-moment affairs that strike in the moonlight and flicker out in the sunlight.

"When I say that love should not wait, I do not mean that a boy and girl should meet and take the next plane for Yuma, but if they are genuinely in love and plan to marry sometime—that sometime might just as well be now."

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No matter whether yours is a story of tragedy, happiness, failure, success, love triumphant or love disdained, if it contains the gripping interest and human quality we seek it will receive preference over tales of less merit regardless of how skilfully written they may be. Judging on this basis, to the best true story received will be awarded the grand prize of \$1,000, to the two second best

the two big \$750 second prizes, etc. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly below prize-winning quality, if we can use it we will gladly consider it for purchase at our liberal word rates, which range upwards from 2c to 5c per word. Unlike the eight prize awards there is no restriction on the number of stories we can purchase if they come up to our requirements.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. In writing your story do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or purchase.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you can help to avoid a last-minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. This contest closes March 31, 1941.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

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CONTEST RULES

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of the writers of these stories, or to people of their acquaintance. Reasonable evidence of truth to be furnished by writers upon request.

Type manuscripts or write legibly with pen.

Do not send us printed matter or poetry.

Do not send us carbon copies.

Do not write in pencil.

Do not submit stories of less than 2500 or more than 4000 words.

Do not send us unfinished stories.

Stories must be written in English.

Use one side of paper only. Do not use thin paper.

Do not fold or roll.

DO NOT WRITE ANYTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS IN YOUR MANUSCRIPT. BEGIN YOUR COPY ON PAGE TWO. WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing container.

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Acceptable stories will be returned as soon as possible. Unacceptable stories will be returned only if full postage has been enclosed with them. If your story is accompanied by your signed statement not to return it, if it is not acceptable, it will not be necessary to enclose return postage in your mailing container. We are not responsible for any losses and we are not liable to return a copy of our contest.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.

The first submitted acceptable true story manuscript, and the second and third prize will be awarded to the author(s) of this story.

When a copy of this contest is sent to each mailing container, a report on acceptance will be mailed. The author(s) will be notified by mail. Manuscripts accepted for publication can be obtained by enclosing return postage submitted or enclosed.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories.

This contest is open to every one everywhere in the world, except employees and former employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for immediate purchase, it will be paid for at our regular rate, and this will in no way affect the judges in their decision. If your story is awarded a prize a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final, there being no appeal from their decision.

Under no condition submit any story that has ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our contributors send in their material to us direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or other extraneous matter except return postage.

Manuscripts submitted are considered for all of our magazines and we reserve the right to publish accepted material where best adapted to our needs.

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"Then if the man can't support the girl?" Jimmy asks, and there is a tinge of teasing in his voice which doesn't tease Olivia one bit.

"Boys and girls who plan to marry will find a way—they can both work if one salary isn't enough for two."

"But some men don't want their wives to work; it hurts their pride."

"Pride?" Olivia's eyebrows raise disdainfully. "What possible difference could it make if the man permits her to work two years before she is married or two years after she is married—she's still working, isn't she? If they are honestly working toward a home they can do so just as well after marriage as they can before—in fact, they can do it better, and faster. Before marriage a boy spends a lot of money taking a girl out and a girl spends a lot of money keeping up appearances so that she will look her best when he does take her out. After marriage, if they want to make a payment on the furniture instead of buying a new dress and a dinner, they can do so without the one feeling guilty and the other feeling slighted. It isn't house-keeping that's so expensive, it's courting."

"But women don't want to work!"

"That idea originated with man, not woman. Any woman, honestly in love, takes great pride in helping the man she loves provide a future for them. She knows that the harder she works, the quicker she can quit her job and stay home and keep house—and raise a family."

Jimmy laughed softly, proving that if he didn't quite agree, he approved wholeheartedly and went on to say, "Kids today know what they want from life and aren't afraid to go after it. They are better equipped for life than kids were twenty years ago. Knowledge seems to come to them from everywhere. They do not accept the ideas of their elders, they have ideas of their own. Years ago, success was for those who had earned it; today it is for those who have the initiative to go out and get it. It's a young people's world."

THE idea that threats of war should cause love to wait makes both Olivia and Jimmy gasp.

Says Olivia, "When people do not know what lies ahead, why should they hesitate to accept the happiness that is theirs today? Suppose the young man does have to go to war in a day, a week, a month or a year—his going cannot rob the girl of the past but it can rob her of the future. Life doesn't hold out so much happiness that any of us can afford to say, 'No, I'll accept it tomorrow.' Tomorrow may never come—to both of them."

Says Jimmy, "All through the ages, great warriors like Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Clive of India, have, when their time came, said that they were glad to die because they did not wish to live to see the day when the whole world would be plunged into war and chaos. Every time a war breaks out any place, and there always is one, people get excited and say, 'This is it!' but it never is. This isn't it, either. The world will go right on and people will go on in spite of war, pestilence, earthquake, flood, tornado, stock market crashes and depressions—so what are they waiting for?"

Although they both agree that love shouldn't wait—they disagree on the subject of family.

"Children," Olivia says, "should not be asked to face a future of uncertainty."

And Jimmy wants to know what child ever faced anything else. "The very fact that he is born proves that he will die and war does not take more lives than

disease, accidents, famine."

"But suppose the husband should not come back from war—what would the young mother do then?"

"The same thing she would do if the husband was hit by a truck on his way to work. Being killed in an accident might not be as heroic as being killed in action, but the result is the same—you have a widow with a child to support. And if I know anything about women, she'd be darn glad to have that child and wouldn't mind working to support it. The loss of the husband would be easier to bear if she had that child to work and plan for."

"Those mothers in Europe who are sending their children to strangers in America—do you suppose there is a single one of them wasting any time wishing the child had never been born?"

"Of course not," Olivia said, emphatically, defending her own sex, "but those mothers did not expect war to strike. Now that it has struck, they are doing what every mother since the beginning of time has done—placing safety for their children before everything else."

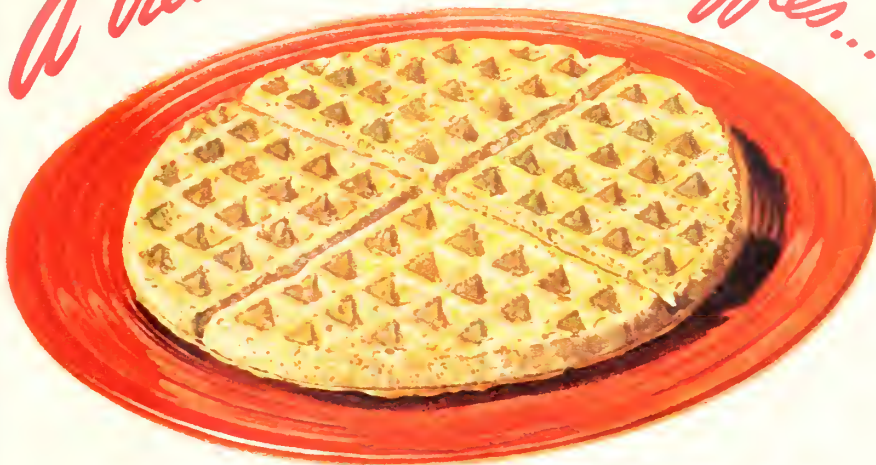
"And don't you think our women could and would do the same thing?"

"Naturally," Olivia agreed, "but realizing that they might have to do just that should make them stop and think before they bring a child into the world."

Jimmy shook his head. "Perhaps people should always *think* before they bring a child into the world—but do they? I mean, do they ever think of the child from the child's standpoint? Do they ever ask that child if he wants to be born? No, the plans they make are the plans they themselves wish to carry out. True they are all for the good of the child, but the unborn child knows nothing of them. Seems to me that planning for a child is pretty much like planting a tree. You plant it and tend it carefully for years and years, hoping someday to bask in its shade. If nothing happens to that tree you are very lucky and so is the tree, but that doesn't prove it was lucky that the tree was planted in the first place. No, Olivia, parents may spend a lifetime trying to please a child, but the child was had in the first place because it pleased the parents. Children, like love, should be accepted when they come. Children of the last World War are the young people of today—has anyone the right to say they should not have been born?"

There isn't any answer to a fearless statement like that, but there is a great lesson—that whatever comes or doesn't come, we must do the best we can.

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MOVIE MIRROR**

The Bath Awaits, Milady!

Just for fun—and with the help of Alice Faye—we play some modern tricks on what used to be a Saturday-night exclusive

BY GLORIA MACK

PRODUCT of the fight-and-get-ahead school, Alice Faye took over Hollywood in a few short months, suddenly found herself in the high income tax brackets, a girl with money—and with plenty of ideas as to what to do with it. She loves luxury; is the perfect exponent of luxury; and for that reason we use her for our beauty-and-the-bath experiment.

Look at the pictures at the right carefully for a moment. Which one does your eye linger on? If you turn automatically to the serious pose you're a deep thinker, a poised woman of the intellectual world. Your grooming will reflect that personality; the type bath you choose will be the first step toward that reflection. You are the devotee of the ritual bath, the let's-linger-longer type who loves a warm and relaxing tub . . . who has a little tray filled with cosmetics clamped over her tub and uses this respite to cream her face, care for her hands, give herself a manicure. Your tub is never complete without a bath oil, a rubber bath cushion that will let you doze or dream, a little rubber mat in the bottom of the tub that will keep you from slipping when you step out.

But if you like Alice the Gay, you're the gamin type. You like a brisk tub. You know a warm bath will relax you, a cold shower will pep you up. You rub your bath oil directly on your body; you take a short-order tub by using a special contraption, a face cloth encasing your soap. You finish off with a sweet-scented toilet water, perfect complement to your off-again, on-again personality.



Alice the Serious



Alice the Gay

NOW we have Alice the Feminine, or Alice the Tomboy. . . .

If you like the picture at the extreme left you're the lavender-and-old-lace girl. You're the type that makes the bubble bath boom; you like dust powder in a pretty box; your soaps are scented, but ever so faintly. On your walls you have little hanging shelves with all your cosmetics arranged, so that your bathroom is really a pretty, feminine dressing room.

If you like Alice the Tomboy, you're a brisk and efficient type who takes her bath at its face value. You have a quick dip, finish off with a cold shower. Your towels are large and efficient and you never slip up on the rubdown routine. Incidentally, you're well aware of the fact that a bath towel that has been warmed does the most efficient quick-drying job and also makes you feel like a spoiled duchess. Your after-bath cosmetic is eologne, a bit heavier than toilet water, probably in pine or a nice outdoors scent.



Alice the Feminine



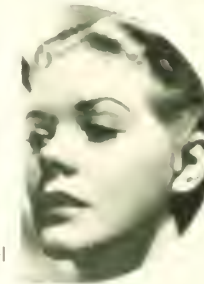
Alice the Tomboy

THEN there is Alice the Glamour Girl, or Alice the Person. . . .

If you like the Alice at the lower right, you're the exotic, intense type who has a Cleopatra outlook on the bath. You use bath crystals, revel in their soft heavy scent. Your powder is chosen to match and you are probably the proud possessor of one of the new bath mitts filled with dusting powder. You use perfume for a polish after your tub, applying it while your pores are open so that you are scented completely and effectively. You have the glamour-girl's gadgets . . . toe brushes and nail brushes . . . and you use them while you're lolling in your tub, a mask all over your pretty features.

If you're rooting for Alice the Person, you're a nature lover and to you the bath is, first of all, an aid to nature. Therefore you're completely equipped with good stiff bath brushes and you give yourself that wonderful complement to the bath, a brisk body bashing. You realize that the more baths the better, because they keep circulation moving, make the body more immune to midwinter diseases. You give your skin a fresh, healthy glow by applying a cleansing cream to your face before you step into the tub and then letting the combination of steam and cream give you an easy, effective facial.

Alice the Glamour Girl



Alice the Person

FOR the final picture, we have Alice in Hollywood, mistress of a San Fernando Valley home, proud possessor of a super-colossal bathroom done in French blue and pink, equipped with bath oils, bath salts, bath powders, huge fluffy towels—in other words, the works.

For the final word, we have the Faye reaction as to why this bathroom is special: "I meant it to be. A relaxing bath with all the extras is simply wonderful for you—the heat, the perfume (and when you're in the tub is the one time you really can have as much scent as you like and nobody can object to it) then the rubdown. It works the other way, too—a short brisk bath can wake you up!"

Behind the Curtain in Hollywood Beauty Parlors

(Continued from page 60)

"Hurricane," Spencer Tracy's in "Captains Courageous" and Tyrone Power's in "The Mark of Zorro." A certain cowboy has a permanent regularly because his hair is very fine and the wave gives more body.

Permanent the permanent wave business, here's this one on Warren William. Warren, as you no doubt know, is a great diver of the sea. He spends a good deal of time in and around his boat down at the harbor and has made friends with some of the old salts there, like Captain Paddy O'Ryan, who sailed one of the best schooners around the Horn. One morning Warren was visiting with his pals and he became so absorbed in the tales of O'Ryan that he forgot about his appointment to have his hair permanented for the picture he was about to do. Suddenly he jumped to his feet exclaiming, "Holy gee, boys, I nearly forgot about my permanent. See you later." With that he fled, leaving his companions with jaws sagging in astonishment. It took a little time and a lot of explaining before he was taken back again into their good graces.

Favorite barber of many of Hollywood's top flighters is genial Bob Matz. Henry Bond, Melvyn Douglas, Basil Rathbone, Jeffrey Lynn, George Raft and Eddie Robinson all come to him. Dick Powell and Tyrone Power, who used to be his customers, stopped because they felt embarrassed about being seen going into a beauty salon. George Raft usually comes accompanied by Mack Grey and some of his other friends known as the Grueme Group. They make a holiday out of their visit. Once when George was in a particularly good mood he treated everyone in the salon to champagne.

When I asked Bob to tell me the most amusing incident that had happened in his department he ran his hand through a thatch of silver hair, which by the way is the envy of all his patrons, and said, "Well, I think one of the funniest things was the time John Barrymore came in here with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Jacobs, to supervise his haircut. She was pretty fussy about John's hair because she had been cutting it herself and thought she knew how it should be done."

Bob frequently goes to the studio or to the home of his patrons to cut their hair. He has a standing date to go to Charles Boyer's house every other Sunday to cut his hair.

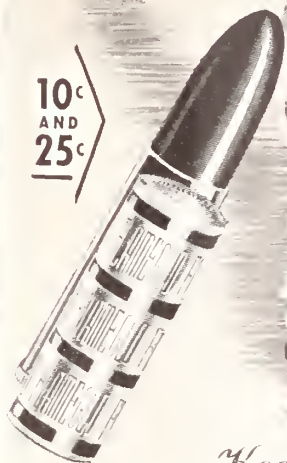
You might wonder if the constant contact of these beauty operators with their famous clients doesn't tend to breed envy of their fame and wealth. The answer is always an emphatic "No." One girl summed it up: "I wouldn't trade places with any of them and I've worked on nearly all the top-notch stars. They have looks and fame and money, but I don't know one of them who has the peace of mind or contentment I have."

SNATCH!

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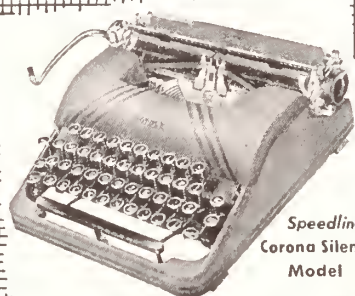
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"Bogie"

(Continued from page 23)

early days when sometimes he didn't know where his next meal was coming from, he worked just as hard and sincerely as he works now, and even then he didn't like playing straight young juveniles. The parts often enough were sympathetically written and even made heroes of him, and Bogie played them conscientiously and got good notices. His performance in "Saturday's Children" was full of charm and humor. But none of it was Bogie's stuff. Being just a nice young man in light youthful comedies wasn't good enough for him, and after a while he got a little sick of the parts for which he was always cast, and a little discouraged. And at the same time the jobs became a little rarer and sometimes there were long lean stretches when the pockets were close to being empty.

Because he had made a great hit in the same sort of role in "Saturday's Children" and "Cradle Snatchers," nobody would give him a chance at any other sort of role until Arthur Hopkins cast him in a role as far removed from that of a young juvenile as is possible.

THE play was "The Petrified Forest" and the opening night, although I had nothing whatever to do with it, was for me an exciting occasion and one which I will always remember. Concerned with the play were four good friends, Leslie Howard and Humphrey Bogart, actors, Robert Sherwood, author, and Arthur Hopkins, producer. Gilbert Miller, another friend, had an interest in the play,

but the production was Arthur Hopkins'. Bob Sherwood and Leslie Howard were doing all right for themselves but Hopkins had had a lot of bad luck and three or four failures in a row and I loved Arthur. Also, I knew that for Bogie that opening night meant everything. Not only was he down to his last nickel and beyond that, but he was so discouraged that if the play flopped and he had no impression he was ready to give up acting forever. I knew that he liked the part and that for days before the opening night he had sacrificed his good looks by cropping his hair so short that his head appeared to be shaven. He was putting everything into this chance of showing that he was the excellent actor he knew that he was, and not just an insipid young juvenile. I knew what first night audiences could be for I had suffered from them. That night I could not have been more nervous if the play had been my own.

Well, everybody knows about that night. The play was a great success not only as a play but as a comment on American life. And on the opening night the audience remained to cheer long after the curtain came down. The whole cast came out again and again and from the east the audience singled out Humphrey Bogart, the boy who had always played pleasant young juveniles, for its greatest cheering. Now Humphrey Bogart was playing a gun man, a cold brutal killer and he gave one of the best performances ever seen on the American stage.

MALABAR FARM
LUGAS, OHIO

Dear Bogie—

Here is a copy of the Tribute to Humphrey J. Bogart I have done for Elsie Heyer, another pal. It took nine months to give birth to it, but it is not easy to write a tribute to an Elsie Dinmore here — as perhaps you can see. Am enclosing some snaps of the new house. We move in next week and expect the Bogarts as early visitors.

"Love and Kisses" to you both

Louis

The copy, as you can see, has not been corrected.

Personal touch to a personal story: This is the letter one Humphrey Bogart of Hollywood received from Louis Bromfield about the story, "Bogie," finishing on page 95

OVERLOOKING
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Back stage that night the dressing rooms were filled with happy people but happiest of all were, I think, Humphrey Bogart and Arthur Hopkins. Even so, I doubt that they were any happier than myself. That night we celebrated until the morning papers appeared and then we celebrated some more, for the papers thought that Humphrey Bogart was as fine an actor as the audience thought him. And those of us who were celebrating knew that not only was he a fine actor but a swell guy as well, because that night Bogie was very humble.

From then on there are few incidents in Bogie's career which most picture-goers do not know. After "The Petrified Forest" Hollywood wanted him. He had been out there two or three years earlier when picture companies paid very little attention to him. I was there at the same time, working and trying to understand, without much success, how Hollywood figured. Only to me it didn't make so much difference because I was never dependent on Hollywood or the theater for a living. But Bogie was an actor and that was different. Nevertheless, during the first attempt to get a break I never heard him complain or turn bitter.

After "The Petrified Forest" things changed. Hollywood wanted him and he gave Hollywood in return all he had, which is still worth more than Hollywood is paying him.

When Paul Muni differed with Warner Brothers on "High Sierra," Muni walked out and Humphrey Bogart stepped in. I think Warner Brothers were lucky because I am sure that in the role in question Bogie's performance is better than Muni's would have been.

BEFORE "High Sierra" Bogie played in a picture made from one of my own stories, "It All Came True." It was a difficult part—not the conventional gangster role into which Bogie had been forced again and again, but that of a gangster with a grim sense of humor who is kidded throughout by the story itself. And there were other complications, because at one point the writers attempted to turn the character into one of unrelieved menace. The picture was partly shot before the producers discovered that this was a mistake and attempted to remedy the error by retakes and rewriting. However, the character still remained a little muddled. Nevertheless, Bogie turned in one of the best comedy performances I have ever seen and audiences took him to their hearts wherever the picture was shown.

In Hollywood Bogie ran into the same danger to a career which had confronted him years earlier on Broadway. There because he was so good as a young juvenile they never wanted to let him play anything else; in Hollywood because he was a magnificent gangster they have insisted on his being a gangster forever. I, myself, believe Humphrey Bogart is a good enough actor to play any role you give him and make it vivid and real.

Few people in pictures have played so many parts exactly the opposite of their own characters. Bogie is about as far from being a cold, inhuman gangster as it is possible to be. He is intelligent and kind and even sentimental and generous. He has a great love and understanding for animals and in his house a half dozen dogs live in peace and comfort.

Few people have known such violent ups and downs. It's all right now. He's arrived. And I know no one out of a pretty big acquaintance embracing most of the world who deserves great success more than Bogie. He's a swell guy.

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Get the full story on this new shampoo in the 11 Minute Shampoo booklet.

Virtue—the Great Hollywood Question Mark

(Continued from page 61)

the big studio paid no attention to her, she began to be seen around with a glorified page boy from a smaller studio and twelve inches less of the coat, cut off to make it look different. Next season the page boy was supplanted by a feature player, albeit a not very well-known one. Still, feature players were better than page boys. And the coat, which was beginning to wear around the edges, was remodeled into a waist-length cape.

But a swimming pool miraculously spouted in the back yard of her modest little Beverly Hills home. Even though parts had been none too numerous for the feature-player boy friend, he somehow managed to squeeze out the money for this luxury for his lady fair.

So she began to rate in the Hollywood roster, pools being more important than apparel. And just as the cape was facing the unhappy prospect of becoming virtually a chinchilla ruffle, the final step was achieved. Through the boy friend she met a top-flight director and became his wife, promptly discarding the feature player. Her social I.Q. became terrific and her career began going places. But not enough places to suit her. There were the usual rift rumors, confirmed presently by a divorce. Insiders knew that the husband had grown wise to her cold-blooded selfishness. Now she is out in the open sea once more and the going is a little rough. According to her enemies, not rough enough.

NUMBER TWO She set out to achieve aristocracy at any cost, to be the top-ranking name in Hollywood, and she has won her goal. She became recognized not only as a star but, with her marriage to the brains of one of the big four studios, as Hollywood's leading socialite. Though ironically the means she used to attain her aristocracy were anything but fastidious, no one dares to breathe a word against this woman who fifteen years ago haunted the hotel bedroom of the then most promising juvenile leading man in pictures, offering to do anything if he would get her a break at the studio. To rid himself of the nuisance he finally had to lock her out. Eventually she got her break, but through a series of other men, from small to larger, from big to top.

Her marriage finally placed her where she wanted to be, but it didn't give her love and now that she and her husband are no longer together she is reaping the terrifying isolation her ruthlessness has created. On the one side, she cannot afford to make a bad picture, with the glittering eyes of enemies within her own studio fixed on her once lovely throat, waiting to tear her to pieces. On the other, she has no one to whom to turn for advice and companionship, because she has raised herself beyond the reach of warm and friendly hands. Now, no longer young, she sits on the dusty heap of all the things she once wanted, lonely and afraid.

Number three—You'll be seeing her soon on the prophetic lists for high-voltage career—that is, if the powers that be decide this charming and dynamic woman is worth the headaches she's apt to give them. Already she has completely monkey-wrenched the vast machinery of two major studios.

She came to Hollywood with the hard-to-get technique. She just didn't want to be in pictures, her interest in life were far more serious. Hollywood, however, finds such bait irresistible and when one of

the studios became sufficiently pressing she capitulated to the extent of accepting a stock contract. Then—the great Hollywood success story—a prominent director from another studio who was looking for a "different" type for his next picture saw the test of the girl.

On his insistence the second studio arranged to borrow the girl and immediately word went out that she was to have the works from a publicity standpoint. The marked attention she was receiving zoomed the interest of a leading producer in her original studio. Suddenly the girl saw a chance to play the producer of the one company against the director of the other—object, career.

However, the spark that had flowed back and forth between the two men no longer threatened to leave said career in ashes. It remains to be seen if the girl will fall between two fires.

BUT the Hollywood wags who quip that the reward of virtue is oblivion are not one hundred per cent correct by any means.

It is untrue that a girl cannot possibly reach success in Hollywood by the straight and narrow path. It is untrue that always there must be the personal interest of some man, or man behind her. There are some outstanding examples of girls who have reached the top without any such help.

For instance—Deanna Durbin! There is a girl who snapped her fingers at the handicap of "The awkward age" and won her place among the mightiest with sheer talent and personality. On that day in June when Deanna stands in the flower-laden living room of the home of her father and mother to make her marriage vows to young Vaughn Paul, no girl will ever have more truly merited the traditional significance of the bride's pure white wedding dress. And on that day you may be sure not a voice in the land will be raised to cast a doubt.

All very well, say you, but Deanna became famous as a young girl and simply grew up with it. That's a very different matter from the 18- or 19-year-old who starts out to make her splash from the springboard of young womanhood. A youngster is automatically protected against the predatory eyes of the males. Not so the budding young woman.

WELL, then, take the case of Katharine Hepburn. Katie was no great Broadway star when she first went to Hollywood. She had done one New York play of note, done it amazingly well, to be sure. But there have been hundreds of theater names who have come to Hollywood with more claim to prestige than Hepburn. Just two weapons with which to wage the Hollywood battle were hers, her screen test and her brains. Together they won for her a friend and valued advocate, George Cukor, who went to direct "A Bill of Divorcement." George ranted away at the RKO executives until they finally gave the almost unknown Hepburn the part which had made Katharine Cornell a star in the theater. With Hepburn's success in the picture came a deep and abiding friendship between Katie and George. But no one who has the slightest knowledge of the situation ever accused their relationship of being anything but what it was—a fine, stimulating friendship.

You say how lucky she was to have had a George Cukor to guide her. I'll not for a moment denying it. But I can assure you if it had not been for the



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qualities she had within herself, if it had not been for that moving, fluid thing that makes a great actor or actress and becomes a fascinating challenge to a creative imagination like George Cukor's, she could not have held his interest long enough to win the great break he was able to give her.

Suppose we take another case; a case in which no one can point a finger to a man as the key to the star's success. I'm speaking of Bette Davis. Not in my wildest flight of imagination could I envision a Davis toadying to a "sponsor" (no relation to radio). Bette, as you know, with little more than two years under her theater belt, arrived in Hollywood on a heap of "Broken Dishes" and her performance in "The Deep South." Bette herself says everything she did that first year was wrong. There was no one to advise her in the ways of Hollywood. Eventually she wore out her welcome; Universal was distinctly speeding the parting guest. She had not one thread of an excuse to stay on in Hollywood—except an unpromising test made at Warner Brothers for the George Arliss picture, "The Man Who Played God."

As everyone knows, that test turned the tide. Arliss didn't know her personally, he never became a profound "influence" in her life. But he did say to the Warner boys, "I like that girl!"—and Bette cancelled her return ticket in favor of stardom. However, George Arliss, master technician, would never have said what he did if he hadn't seen the evidence of Bette's work to equip herself with the tools of her profession.

The point is it can be done. A woman can battle her way alone to the top even in Hollywood. But she has to have equipment, brains, the command that a mastered art gives, or she'll be thrown to the wolves. She has to have enough to hold her own against the howl of the pack and the black forests of despair.

Too few in the city of glamour have bothered to arm themselves with the most powerful defense weapon virtue can have—trained ability. Driven on by relentless ambition, they resort to substitute bargains which don't pay off in permanent happiness. More and more this is becoming apparent: Virtue plus ability is good business.



Waikiki beach scene: Broderick Crawford and bride Kay Griffith, radio singer, on their Honolulu honeymoon



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The Man Hollywood Couldn't Beat

(Continued from page 49)

it, he set his jaw stubbornly and with a bit of righteousness, said, "Okay, if I can't get the parts I want, I'll spend my time on my music. I've always wanted to study seriously anyway."

And he did. For eight to ten hours a day he worked at his music. Learning, composing, rejecting, studying.

THE weeks devoted to study went by and he said "no" to stage offers; to fabulous personal-appearance offers from New York, South America, New Zealand, to offers of screen roles such as he had been playing before his rebellion.

The weeks waste little time in becoming months and, occupied as he was with his music, delighted as he was with the publication and fine criticisms of the song he wrote specially for Jeanette MacDonald to sing on her concert tour, he did begin to wonder at the absence of interest in him for the roles he felt he should play.

"I found myself wondering if instead of when I was going to do another picture. It set me going back to wondering about a lot of other things. I began to get the idea. Maybe I didn't know myself so well after all. Maybe, at least, I didn't know the kind of part that was best for me. Maybe I'd clung too long to my desire to do the Sabatini characters I believed in. A lot of maybes like that make a guy stop, look and listen. I did all three. And discovered what a lucky guy I was. And how!"

All of us are conditioned by our youthful training and Gene was singularly conditioned for high-speed success. From the time he was 5 he'd been progressively successful in the theater. At 14 he appeared on Broadway in a hit that ran two years. At 16 he was starred in another smash that ran equally long. Except for a brief, bewildering interval of bad plays, he was established firmly on Broadway before he left his teens and by the time he came to Hollywood he was used to dictating terms. Nothing had happened in Hollywood to temper his natural acceptance of his own opinion as the only right one. As a youngster he'd been taught to think of himself for himself. And a couple of disillusionments—

broken promises—had crystallized into a frankly suspicious quality. So he traveled his lonely way with no friction, no opposition to polish his judgment. That's why he was cagey, thrifty, self-certain.

Sparkling Jeanette MacDonald came into his life. His plans, which had let out love entirely, didn't hold up. Even though carefully and cautiously he analyzed his feeling for her, he couldn't analyze away the happiness and laughter which came when they were together. Here was a girl who had worked hard for her success, who, with the odds against her, had set about to win. And had won. She'd faced the conflict and come out mistress of herself, and he loved her.

Jeanette loved Gene and when, after their marriage, he made his decision to take his stand on his career, she was in entire sympathy with it. She knew he was blind to what might be ahead, but because of her knowledge of the man she had married, she didn't try to warn him, didn't try to lead him into the soft security of another decision. She wasn't afraid of what it would do to him. She wasn't afraid of what it might do to their marriage.

"When it was pretty obvious that the studios weren't knocking themselves out to get me on my own terms, and the reporters were making me a tragic kind of figure—a Hollywood husband overshadowed by his wife's success—they were just using the standard script," says Gene. "But it wasn't ours."

FRIENDS tell you what his sentence doesn't. They tell you of a wife who was loyal, devoted, serene. Who knew and understood that the experience with gossip and morbid curiosity, the realization that plans can go astray, would give him a test he'd pass. There was Jeanette, loyal, devoted, serene. Her faith and pride never wavered.

"Never once," said one friend, "did Jeanette suggest Gene should do this or even that. Imagine, a wife who never gave advice!"

Gene gives her full measure of credit. "I told her I was going to take my stand. That was okay. I told her I was going

Useful husband: Gene Raymond, who took time off from acting in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" to compose a song for wife Jeanette MacDonald's personal-appearance tour



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to compose. That was okay. And when I told her I was going to sign a contract at long last and it didn't have story approval or any of the things I'd thought I was fighting for, when I thought I was confessing failure, she said, "Oh, Gene. I'm so glad!"

There was a pride in his face—pride of Jeanette—as he spoke. We knew we were talking to a man who, while he had been under fire, had ceased to be afraid of people, of things, or of himself.

At a preview we heard a fan address him as Mr. MacDonald and waited for fireworks (It's broken marriages in Hollywood, that error.) And laughed with the crowd when Gene retorted easily, "It's MacRaymond to you, sonny."

He's taken it on the chin plenty from the press during his two-year absence from the screen. Because he kept his mouth shut, his grin intact under genuine provocation, he won real admiration.

We have learned most of these things from the loyal few who never doubted Gene; those people who watched while his sense of humor, long under wraps, came into the open; those who saw his tolerance growing, his shy thoughtfulness of others emerging free from any self-consciousness. They were the people who first realized that an experience which has embittered many had served only to release the real Gene Raymond.

Gene, the analytical, is now living and enjoying himself, without analysis. We heard him telling how wonderful everyone has been to him since he made his first appearance in two years on the RKO lot.

"Everyone is swell, and I mean everyone. They come up to me smiling and some of the crew even said they'd missed me. They are grand," he said quietly.

Wherever you go on the lot today they're talking loud and enthusiastically about Raymond. The guy who could always be counted on to say "no" and argue to prove it, says "sure" to requests for personal appearances, working late, to accepting the roles assigned him.

Hollywood's a funny town and talk runs fast through its grapevine. It can give the actor the works from over-adulation to cruelest misunderstanding. It can and does do everything to lick a person, but it can also cheer lustily for the guy who is strong enough to withstand both its praise and its criticism. Hollywood is life, you see. But neither Hollywood—nor life—could beat Gene Raymond.

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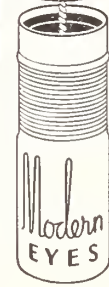


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an army of tanks, this sequence is a downright panic.

While this story lacks all the finesse and subtlety of "Ninotchka" it nevertheless is riotous fun. But for Gable and Lamarr, we wonder.

Your Reviewer Says: Out of its mind.

✓✓ Santa Fe Trail (Warners)

It's About: *The crusade of John Brown.*

BREATHTAKING in scope and theme, there is almost too much story, too many people, too overwhelming an idea to crowd into the one picture. "Santa Fe Trail" which, oddly enough, is not a story of that New Mexico town alone, but instead, the struggle of John Brown in his cause of keeping states free from slavery. And there's the story of "bleeding Kansas" prior to the Civil War, of West Point's farmers' class of '54 that gave us such men as "Jeb" Stuart, George Custer, Phil Sheridan.

Errol Flynn is outstanding, of course, as Stuart, Raymond Massey great as fanatical John Brown, Ronald Reagan splendid as Custer and Olivia de Havilland beautiful as the heroine.

There is just too much of it to tell, too many grand performances to mention, but a word must go to Director Michael Curtiz for giving us an epic that will not soon be forgotten.

Your Reviewer Says: Tremendous.

✓✓ Kitty Foyle (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The love story of a working girl.*

IN truly magnificent style Christopher Morley's famous story has been brought to the screen, with Ginger Rogers giving the best performance of her career as *Kitty*. *Kitty* lives the part, is the girl who falls in love with Dennis Morgan, member of an exclusive and wealthy Philadelphia family, and is torn from him by traditions that cannot be gotten around.

Morgan, unless we miss our guess, will be the most sought-after young actor in movies from now on. And right behind him is James Craig, the young doctor who loves *Kitty* through it all. *Craig* is a find, all right.

The story has been so tastefully mounted and ably directed by Sam Wood, it can only fall into the "hit" class and there we place it with the utmost enthusiasm.

Your Reviewer Says: Another best.

✓ Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A country boy who joins a small-time circus.*

THERE are nostalgic memories of circus life wrapped up in the widely read tale of Chad Hanna (originally called "Red Wheels Rolling") with glorious Technicolor to enliven the memory. But there is little coherence to the picture, no building to climaxes, no framing of scenes to story purposes, all so necessary for an exciting picture.

The performances are the best thing in the story and far outshadow the picture itself. Henry Fonda, as the small-town stable boy who falls in love with circus rider Dorothy Lamour and joins

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the circus to be near her, gives a truly grand performance. Lamour is also splendid and Linda Darnell, who leaves a cruel father and runs away with the tent show, is so beautiful in color she should never be photographed any other way.

Guy Kibbee, the non-willing circus owner of the nineteenth century, is splendid. But outside of color and performances, the rest is a mere parade of uneventful incidents.

Your Reviewer Says: Beautiful but lacking punch.

Four Mothers (Warners)

It's About: How one family tries to re-establish itself after a lost fortune.

THIS, we are told, is the swan song of the *Lemp Family*, who have proceeded through a series that might, eventually, have led to "Four Grandmothers" if something hadn't happened. It did.

The weakness of this story terminated that idea once and for all, we hope.

We do not mean to be disparaging, however, as there is much to enjoy in the homey cozy little tale of this family who lose their fortune and struggle to rebuild it.

Claude Rains and May Robson steal the spotlight this time, but the Lane sisters and their husbands, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert and Frank McHugh, are splendid. And, of course, there's the fourth sister, Gale Page, and her spouse, Dick Foran.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.

Little Men (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A bad boy who finds himself in a boarding school.

THERE'S a real surprise wrapped up in this story, a sequel to "Little Women." The surprise is that almost nothing of Louisa M. Alcott remains in the Hollywood version of "Little Men."

Instead of the lavender-and-old-lace qualities, this version is aimed mainly at comedy and, with Jack Oakie's clowning, it never once misses a mark.

There are a few heart tugs crowded in as well, especially when Jimmy Lydon, adopted son of George Bancroft and a problem child (to understate), is left alone at Aunt Jo's school. His gradual softening under Aunt Jo's kindness, his balled bitterness when his father is accused of stealing are well worked out.

Oakie, with a reward on his head, sacrifices himself to save the school. He rings the bell in every scene, in fact Bancroft is splendid and Kay Francis as Aunt Jo is very good.

Your Reviewer Says: A homespun story edged with laughs.

Love Thy Neighbor (Paramount)

It's About: The feud between two comics.

WELL, here's the Benny-Allen feud brought to the screen with many a laugh and a quip but not quite so many laughs and quips as we expected.

After all, we have heard the same old you-slap-me-and-I'll-slap-you dialogue via the ether for so long it's no longer news. However, there are enough bright spots to warrant anyone's spending a

good old fifty-cent piece to view the gag feuding from the screen.

Mary Martin is a pretty little thing tossed about in a rather complicated plot. Rochester, of course, is half the show and the Merry Maes are seen and heard, like good children, too little.

Your Reviewer Says: Double portion of fun with nuts.

Jennie (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The overthrow of a family dictator.

MINUS a "name" cast, this is a thoroughly human, sincere picture of a family dominated by a father who is a German immigrant.

Ludwig Stossel is the arrogant, bull-headed immigrant who becomes a merchant in a small town and is the absolute tyrant of his family, ruling with an iron hand the lives of his children, three boys and three girls. When William Henry, his eldest son, marries Virginia Gilmore, she refuses to allow Stossel to dominate her life also and she sets about undermining his power. One by one each member of the family escapes from the father's domination.

A high level of interest is maintained throughout the story and Miss Gilmore scores solidly as the spirited young wife. Ludwig Stossel and William Henry also offer fine portrayals, as do Doris Bowdon, Joan Valerie, Rita Quigley, George Montgomery and Rand Brooks as Henry's brothers and sisters.

Your Reviewer Says: Surprisingly good.

Victory (Paramount)

It's About: The finding of peace by a man and woman on an East Pacific Island.

JOSEPH CONRAD'S stirring story is brought to the screen in an exciting, colorful manner with Betty Field giving an outstanding performance as a girl weary of the sordidness of her life. Fredric March, the man who lives in solitude on his own island and who gives Betty shelter when she needs it, is very clever in his repressed role.

Jungle savagery is introduced in the villains, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Jerome Cowan, Lionel Royce, who storm March's island for hidden gold, arouse savage vengeance in the hitherto peaceful Betty.

Cowan is the outstanding hit of the picture, next to Miss Field, and rates bigger and better roles from now on.

The mood and tempo of Conrad's story have been carefully maintained, giving Paramount a double victory, if we may pun a bit.

Your Reviewer Says: Action packed with suspense.

Playgirl (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A sophisticated gold digger who uses youth as a decoy.

WHEN Kay Francis discovers she is no longer able to entice the young men with oank rolls into her web, she decides to use youthful Mildred Coles as a decoy. As a result she takes for a ride millionaires Nigel Bruce, George P. Huntley and James Ellison when suddenly the lovely little come-on, who has

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fallen in love with Ellison, runs out on the deal and Kay is left to trap the youthful Jimmy on her own.

It's fresh and gay, smart and intriguing, and is highlighted by grand performances from the entire cast. Nigel Bruce is especially funny.

Your Reviewer Soys: Bright as a spring day.

✓ The Son of Monte Cristo (Edward Small-U.A.)

It's About: *The freeing of a mythical kingdom from the yoke of its oppressor.*

A SEQUEL to "The Count of Monte Cristo" and one Dumas did not write, this presents Louis Hayward in the dual role of fop and hero whose job it is to rid a small Balkan country of its wicked dictator, George Sanders.

Remarkably similar in plot to "The Mark of Zorro," the story develops the same routine of ideas, with Hayward, at the very 'steenth second, rescuing the beautiful Grand Duchess from marriage to villainous George.

Villainous George, by the way, turns in a performance that is a gem among gems. Hayward is very good, of course, and Bennett beautiful. But the hokum is spread a bit too thick for credulity in places.

Your Reviewer Soys: Romance, villains and excitement.

✓ Behind the News (Republic)

It's About: *Newspapers versus idealism.*

EVER notice how any story Lloyd Nolan happens to be in takes on a certain importance that draws at least a one-check approval? That, my friends, is because Mr. Nolan has the talent to make whatever he is doing on the screen so convincing and so real we believe him in spite of ourselves.

This is a newspaper story, a story of disillusioned newspaper men who refuse to believe in Santa Claus. It has a lot of verve, punch, snap and Nolan. Therefore we nod our approval.

Your Reviewer Soys: Snappy.

South of Suez (Warners)

It's About: *Murder in the diamond mines.*

HELP! Come please to the rescue of George Brent who gets so bewilderingly lost in these complicated little B's and can't seem to do anything about it.

If George (who must be paying for sins contracted in a former life), must ride the B wagon, then at least let's keep him out of these South African diamond mines with vengeful murders cluttering up the plot.

Of course, George is the goat in this particular billing and must travel halfway round the world to prove his innocence. The final courtroom scene is the liveliest episode in the whole messy story.

Your Reviewer Soys: Phooey!

✓ Her First Romance (Monogram)

It's About: *A modern Cinderella.*

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trayal of the ugly duckling who blossoms out at a college dance. The role also gives her an opportunity to display to good advantage her really lovely singing voice.

Jacqueline Wells is Edith's beautiful but selfish older sister who does all in her power to keep Edith in the background. However, after her first date, the little sister becomes the belle of the school and finds her own romance. Wilbur Evans, as the visiting opera star, makes his screen debut in this picture and his baritone voice and pleasant personality make him a good screen bet. Alan Ladd and Judith Linden are also very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Musical and pleasing.

Let's Make Music (RKO-Radio)

It's About: An elderly music teacher who goes "boogie-woogie."

WELL, if you don't give a hang for art or big names or even a strong story, but are content with some pretty good

swing music, here's a little number all ready and waiting for you.

Bob Crosby (Bing's brother) and his band make their debut to movies in this innocuous mite of a tale concerning a little old lady music teacher, Elizabeth Risdon, who, to her amazement, sells a school rally song that becomes the hit of the air waves.

Jean Rogers is cute and perky and things all the way round could really be much worse. At least, it's tuneful.

Your Reviewer Says: A tuneful little spoonful.

The Border Legion (Republic)

It's About: Desperadoes in the Old West.

GUNS start shooting almost at the beginning of this violently paced Western and keep right on popping off all the way through. For Western fans, this is a Western to end all Westerns.

Roy Rogers is a young Easterner who escapes a frame-up at home and comes out West. There he joins the Border

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies PICTURES IN THE CUTTING ROOM

COLUMBIA

■ **THE DEVIL COMMANDS:** Boris Karloff, scientist, invents a machine to record brain waves and when his wife is killed, attempts to talk to her through this machine, with murder and horror resulting. With Amanda Duff and Anne Revere.

■ **BLONDIE GOES LATIN:** The *Bumpsteeds* accompany *Dagwood's* boss, Jonathan Hale, on a trip to South America, but Arthur Lake gets into trouble on the ship and Penny Singleton flirts with Tito Guizar until things are straightened out. With Ruth Terry and Larry Simms.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

■ **MEN OF BOYS TOWN:** In this sequel to the memorable "Boys Town," Spencer Tracy again portrays Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney is the boy who aids him in his endeavors to expose cruelty and injustice in reform schools. With Lee J. Cobb, Bobs Watson and Larry Nunn.

PARAMOUNT

■ **YOU'RE THE ONE:** Comedy and music, with Orrin Tucker and his band and Bonnie Baker in their screen debuts. The story's about rival orchestra leaders trying to get a choice radio spot; the cast includes Albert Dekker, Edward Everett Horton and Jerry Colonna.

■ **THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS:** You remember the story of the famous Harold Bell Wright novel; now you'll see it filmed in Technicolor with John Wayne, Betty Field, Beulah Bondi and Harry Carey heading the large cast.

RKO

■ **CITIZEN KANE:** The long-awaited Orson Welles picture is finally finished and you'll find this unusually presented story of a publisher's life from youth to old age well worth waiting for. Dorothy Comingore plays Welles' second wife and the cast includes the Mercury Theater players.

20TH CENTURY-FOX

■ **MURDER AMONG FRIENDS:** People drop dead all over the place in this murder mystery with John Hubbard helping dizzy little Marjorie Weaver trace down the criminal. Cobino Wright, Jr., is Hubbard's jealous fiancée.

■ **TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME:** Light comedy satire on gangsters, this has Cesar Romero as a gang leader who's not the killer he pretends to be, Milton Berle as his trusty aide, Virginia Gilmore the girl he falls in love with, and Charlotte Greenwood a night-club entertainer.

UNIVERSAL

■ **LOVE AT LAST:** When Deanna Durbin gets tired of being the town's "nice girl" her attentions to Franchot Tone make her the town scandal. Bob Stock is her neglected boy friend, Bob Benchley her father, and Anne Gwynne and Ann Gillis her romantic sisters in this gay comedy.

■ **THE MYSTERIOUS DR. R:** Lionel Atwill experiments on Lon Chaney Jr. to prove that human life can be motivated by electricity and Chaney becomes a robot controlled by Atwill. With Frank Albertson, Anne Nagel and Samuel S. Hinds.

■ **WHO'S CRAZY NOW?** Hugh Herbert is the wacky trustee of Lewis Howard's ten-million-dollar estate. Lewis is to receive the money on the day of his marriage. However, Herbert has spent most of the money, so he tries in his inimitable way to prevent the marriage. With Shemp Howard and Anne Nagel.

WARNER BROTHERS

■ **STRAWBERRY BLONDE:** This is the remake of "One Sunday Afternoon," with James Cagney as the dentist married to Olivia de Havilland but still in love with Rita Hayworth whom he lost to Jack Carson ten years earlier. But then he meets them both again, with surprising results.

■ **THE GREAT LIE:** When George Brent's sudden marriage to Mary Astor is proved invalid, he marries his true love Bette Davis but when his plane crashes in a South American jungle and Bette learns that Mary is about to have his child, drama and heartbreak are the outcome.

■ **FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK:** In this modern comedy, Errol Flynn is the secret author of a best seller mystery novel who finally gets his chance to solve a murder. With Brenda Marshall as his wife who's not aware of his activities, Ralph Bellamy, Lee Patrick and Allen Jenkins.

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Legion—a group of notorious bandits—and manages to bring them all to justice as well as absolving himself. This is a pretty tall order, as you can see, and Rogers is madly busy getting it all done. He finds time, however, to sing two songs very creditably and to fall in love with Carol Hughes.

George Hayes, Maude Eburne and Joseph Sawyer, as the outlaw leader, add materially to the excitement.

Your Reviewer Soys: Fast and furious

The Bank Dick (Universal)

It's About: A bank detective who foils a bank robber.

FOR W. C. Fields fans only" should head every theater marquee that books this picture, for the genial gentleman with the illuminated nose is all over the place with typical Fields gags and antics.

In the togginess of story confusion (and you could put the story plot in a thimble) Fields emerges a bank detective who persuades a young teller to borrow funds from the bank to buy phony stocks and then exerts every effort to keep the bank examiners from looking at the books.

The climax, when Fields is impelled to drive a fleeing bank robber over mountainous roads with police cars in pursuit, is the one high spot in this picture.

Your Reviewer Soys: For Fields fans.

Barnyard Follies (Republic)

It's About: Orphans who become self-sustaining

NOT bad, not bad at all. In fact, there is quite a bit of entertainment crowded into the story of a group of orphans who try to support themselves. Of course, when a rural and kindly benefactor lends the orphans \$5000 of the taxpayers' money to put over their project, the scheme is discovered and the town council is furious. But the kids leap head on into the rumpus and save the day with a neat little benefit show.

Mary Lee is a cute trick, Rufe Davis a grand Bucksaw and Ralph Bowman an up-and-coming young man. The songs "Mama Don't Allow It" and "Poppin' The Corn" are honeys.

Your Reviewer Soys: Right perky in places.

Melody Ranch (Republic)

It's About: A radio cowboy star who goes back home

WELL, for goodness sake! Can this be our own cowboy favorite Gene Autry amidst all this clowning and funning? What will Gene's faithful fans, who love the out West stories so much, think of this new-fangled idea?

In the story, Gene portrays a radio cowboy star (which he is) who goes home to play Sheriff in order to build up his Crossley rating. What with the funny goings-on of Jimmy Durante and the beauty and dancing of Ann Miller, Gene's Crossley is one hundred per cent with his movie audience, that we promise you. But again we say—what about those legions who want Gene as an unfunny and deadly serious cowboy!

Your Reviewer Soys: A Western gone comical.

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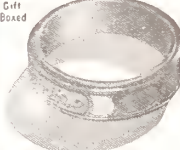
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"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR" — PARAMOUNT — Original screen play by William Morrow and Edmund Beloin, Ernest Pagano and Z. Myers. Cast: Jack Benny, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Fred Allen, Mary Martin, Mary Martin, Rochester, Eddie Anderson; Barbara, Verree Teasdale; Josephine, Theresa Harris; The Merry Macs, Judd, Ted and Joe McMichael and Helen Carroll.

"MELODY RANCH" — REPUBLIC — Original screen play by Jack Hoffit and F. Hugh Herbert. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: Gene Autry, Cornelius J. Courtney, Jimmy Durante, Julie Ann Miller; Mark Widdhack, Barton MacLane; Veronica Whipple, Barbara Allen (Vera Vague); Pop, George "Galby" Hayes; Tommy Summerville, Jerome Cowan; Penny, Mary Lee; Jasper Widdhack, Joseph Sawyer; Bud Widdhack, Horace MacMahon; Judie Henderson, Clarence Wilson; Nym, William Benedict.

"PLAYGIRL" — RKO RADIO — Screen play by Jerry Cady. From the original story "Dulcinea, Inc." Directed by Frank Woodruff. Cast: Gene Herbert, Kay Francis; Tom Dice, James Ellison; Ulla Daley, Mildred Coles; Bill Vincent, Nigel Bruce; Josie, Margaret Hamilton; Van Patten, George P. Huntley; Mrs. Dice, Katharine Alexander; Lock Anders, Charles Quigley; Alice, Georgia Carlin; Don Shazchan, Kane Richmond; Joseph Shazchan, Stanley Andrews; Bell Hop, Dick Hogan.

"SANTA FE TRAIL" — WARNERS — Original screen play by Robert Buckner. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: Jeb Stuart, Errol Flynn, Kit Carson, Halliday, Olivia de Havilland; John Brown, Raymond Massey; George Custer, Ronald Reagan; Tex Bell, Alan Hale; Bob Halliday, William Lundigan; Rader, Van Heflin; Jason Brown, Gene Reynolds; Cyrus Halliday, Henry O'Neill; Windy Brody, Guinn "Big Boy" Williams; Oliver Brown, Alan Baxter; Martin, John Litel; Robert E. Lee, Morini Olson; Phil Sheridan, David Bruce; Barney Doyle, Hobart Cavanaugh; Major Sumner, Charles D. Brown; Kittzmueller, Joe Sawyer; James Lonstreet, Frank Wilcox; Toynole, Ward Bond; Shoubel Morgan, Russell Simpson; Gentry, Charles Middleton; Jefferson Davis, Erville Alderson; Conductor, Spencer Charters; Charlotte, Suzanne Carnahan; George Pickett, William Marshall; John Hood, George Haywood.


"SON OF MONTE CRISTO, THE" — SMALL — U.S.A. — Screen play by George Bruce. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Cast: Count of Monte Cristo, Louis Hayward; Grand Duchess Zona, Joan Bennett; Guiko Lanch, George Sanders; Matailde, Florence Bates; Colonel Zimmerman, Lionel Royce; Baron Von Neuhoff, Montagu Love; Conrad Stadt, Ian Mac Wolfe; Fitz Donner, Clayton Moore; Gluck, Ralph Byrd; French Ambassador, George Renavent; Parlov, Michael Visaroff; Hans Mirbach, Rand Brooks; Captain, Theodore von Eltz; Lieutenant, James Seay; Schuler, Henry Brandon; Schmidt, Jack Mulhall; Ivankey, Edward Keane; The Baron, Lawrence Grant.

"SOUTH OF SUEZ" — WARNERS — Screen play by Barry Trivers. From a story by Sheridan Gibney. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: John Gamble, George Brent; Katherine Sheffield, Brenda Marshall; Eli Snedeker, George Tobias; Inspector Thornton, James Stephenson; Delta Smolecki, Lee Patrick; Limey, Eric Blore; Rover Smythe, Miles Mander; Henry Putnam, Cecil Kellaway; Mrs. Putnam, Mary Forbes; Manders, Gilbert Emery; Prosecutor, Stanley Logan; Defense Counsel, Frederick Worlock; Judge, Edward Fielding; Roanstraw, Leonard Mudie; Tipu, Amer Biherman; Selley, Cranford Kent; Simpson, Holmes Herbert.

"THIS THING CALLED LOVE" — COLUMBIA — Screen play by George Seaton, Ken Englund, P. J. Wolfson. Based upon the play by Edwim Burke. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: Ann Hinters, Rosalind Russell; Tice Collins, Melvyn Douglas; Charlotte Campbell, Binnie Barnes; Harry Bertand, Allyn Joslyn; Florence Bertrand, Gloria Dickson; Julio Diestro, Lee Cobb; Genevieve Hooper, Gloria Holden; Gowan Daniels, Paul McGrath; Ruth Howland, Leona Maricle; Tom Howland, Don Beddoe; Mrs. Diestro, Rosmo Galli; Arno, Sig Arno.

"VICTORY" — PARAMOUNT — Screen play by John L. Balerston. Based on the novel by Joseph Conrad. Directed by John Cromwell. Cast: Axel Hays, Fredric March; Alma Betty Field; Mr. Jones, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; Mr. Schomberg, Sig Rumann; Mrs. Schomberg, Margaret Wycherly; Ricardo, Jerome Cowan; Makanoff, Fritz Feld; Pedro, Lionel Royce; Mme. Makanoff, Rafaela Otiano; Wauu, Chester Gan.

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IF I were summing up those who made the best showings in their careers during the past year and predicting bests for the future I'd unhesitatingly pick Brenda Joyce as the winner in both divisions.

Brenda, you know, is the blonde phenomenon who made the movie moguls sit up and take notice when she went from her classes at UCLA to the difficult and important role of Fern in "The Rains Came" and turned in a job which an established star might—and many did—envy.

She's stayed right on top, too, she's not returned from a swing-around-the-country personal-appearance tour with Louella Parsons and is, she informed me yesterday at the Brown Derby, going right to work in a new picture, "Private Nurse."

"You're a wonder," I told her. "These personal-appearance tours are so exhausting that lots of veterans take to their beds as soon as they've finished one. Yet here you are, prettier than ever, looking as though you'd just finished a vacation and calmly drinking—what are you drinking by the way?" I thought I knew every kind of frog the Derby served, but this is a new one.

After that build-up, Brenda smiled, "I suppose I should say it's a Joyce Special. I learned for me from a secret recipe that as a matter of fact it is a somewhat modest, a chocolate flavored cream drink made with milk. They keep a package of it in here for me so I can have it whenever I come in."

The secret of Hollywood's younger generation Brenda explained then, she led a pretty strenuous life. When she is in a picture she gives it everything she has and her relaxation is likely to be swimming, hiking, tennis, or some equally

vigorous activity. Unlike most of them, however, Brenda has to fight to keep her weight up—a tough job with both work and play making such demands on her—and it is largely due to this nourishing beverage that she is able to do so. She has it in her dressing room between scenes and finds it an excellent builder-upper after tennis or a swim.

"It is true it is prescribed for me," Brenda said, "and you know how it is with things you are supposed to do because they are good for you—most of the time you don't do them. But this is so good it's no effort at all to follow orders. I get a lot of kidding about it because it's often given to the children, but I'm only glad the kids get something they like as well as I like this."

BRENDA is right on both counts. It is true that this drink is recommended for children because it gives them the extra nourishment they require and it's equally true that they are just as enthusiastic as the grownups about the creamy chocolatey flavor, voting it a perfect noontime or after-school drink. Many youngsters insist on having a thermosful, either hot or cold, included in their school and picnic lunches and the high spot of a recent Hollywood young fry hiking trip was the return to the home of the young hostess where her guests found waiting for them their favorite chocolate-flavored malt drink, assorted sandwiches and ice cream.

If you would like to stage such a successful party following a skiing or skating jaunt, you will find that your guests, too, will go for steaming mugs of this delightful new drink. Since it takes only a minute to prepare and since the recipes for the sandwich fillings are equally simple—there's your whole party ready!

Sandwich Fillings

CURRIED EGG SALAD AND WATERCRESS

6 hard-cooked eggs
1 tsp. curry powder
Mayonnaise
Watercress

Chop the eggs, add the curry powder and sufficient mayonnaise so mixture will spread easily. Serve with a generous garnish of watercress.

PIMIENTO CHEESE AND BACON

1 jar pimiento cheese
8 slices bacon
1 tbl. chopped chives

Cook the bacon until crisp, drain and roll into coarse crumbs. Combine ingredients, softening with sweet cream or top milk if necessary.

SMOKED TURKEY AND RIPE OLIVES

1 jar smoked turkey pâté
1 small can ripe olives

Combine ingredients and add a little French dressing if mixture is too dry to spread easily.

Even the ice cream which was the pièce de résistance of this feast owed its success to Brenda's favorite chocolate-flavored milk drink, for it was topped with a sundae sauce made with that same beverage.

SUNDAE SAUCE

6 tbs. chocolate-flavored malt drink (cold)
1/4 cup honey
2 egg whites

Mix the honey and liquid together thoroughly. Beat the egg whites stiff and fold into the liquid mixture. Serve on ice cream and garnish with nut meats if desired.

NO. 4 IN KARO'S SERIES "THE QUINTUPLETS AS INDIVIDUALS"

Here she is with her favorite toy—*Emilie*, quick of wit, always ready to play a prank, and just as ready to have one played on her. Willy Pogany, noted American artist, who painted the Dionne Quints from life for Karo, says: "Emilie's infectious good humor can turn a rainy afternoon into exciting fun for her sisters."

Emilie is perhaps the most imaginative and spontaneous Quint. She has a nice sense of design, makes lovely sketches and workmanlike

models of houses and gardens. She loves brilliant colors, and plenty of them. She works and writes with her left hand. Of all the Quints, Emilie and "Lady" Cecile are perhaps the two least alike. Watch for Cecile's portrait—it comes next!

Emilie's health is superb, on a par with that of Annette, Yvonne, Marie, Cecile. Tribute must be paid to the careful diet which helps to keep these children happy, buoyantly healthy, energetic.

Karo

presents Emilie—

A Bundle of Mischief



Emilie

THE QUINTS and millions of children and grown-ups enjoy delicious, wholesome Karo in many, many ways: as a "spread"; as sweetening for fruits and fruit juices, cereals, milk, cocoa and other beverages; as a sauce for puddings and desserts. Yes! Karo merits its title, "America's Table Syrup of Quality".

But *don't* reserve Karo for table use alone. It's a real flavor boon to cooking. This tempting, rich syrup gives everyday foods new interest, new appeal. Try it on baked ham, apples, bananas, pears. Use it in cakes and pie fillings and frostings. It gives frostings smooth, easy-to-cut consistency.

Karo *Waffle Syrup* is a rich new blend! It makes an exciting treat of those old favorites—pancakes, French toast, waffles. Surprise the family with waffles and Karo Waffle Syrup tonight. They'll love the delightful Karo Waffle Syrup flavor—it's *different!* All grocers sell Karo Syrup.

KARO WAFFLE SYRUP
Be sure to try this new, delicious, different "hot cake" syrup. It has a flavor all its own.

KARO RED LABEL
(CRYSTAL WHITE)
Delightful sweetening for fruit, milk, beverages. Fine for frostings.

KARO BLUE LABEL
America's favorite "spread". Grand dessert sauce.

KARO CRYSTAL WHITE

NEW!
KARO IN GLASS
The same delicious syrup, same high quality, same food-value, same energy value, is now available in sparkling, streamlined glass containers. Put Karo in Glass right on your table.

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS:

"Karo is the only syrup served the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

H IN DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE—FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR

Copyright 1941
Karo Syrup Co.



OUR OWN PATSY GARRETT
out in front with Chesterfields
and Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians

*Sure an' the
Big Parade's to*

Chesterfield

... for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette... *MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE and COOLER SMOKING.* Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes... *that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette.*

They Satisfy

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DOOKLINE MASS



HEDY LAMARR
BY PAUL HESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
WHO HAS HOLLYWOOD'S BEST FIGURE? ... See page 2

When comfort means so much



- Inside the surgical-gauge covering of the new Modess is a filler so downy soft that we call it "fluff." It is this extra-soft filler that makes the new Modess sanitary napkin so wonderfully comfortable — a wonderfully comforting. You'll have a new feeling of security, too, read why in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 20¢ for a box of twelve.



SOFT AS A
FLEECY CLOUD

Modess

They begged for introductions— but no one took her home!



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

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

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

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

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

women use it than any other deodorant.

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

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

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

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum on Sanitary Napkins because it is so gentle, so dependable... a deodorant that helps prevent embarrassment.

CHARM IS SO IMPORTANT... NEVER NEGLECT MUM!



MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



New male star on the horizon: Stirling Hayden of "Virginia"



New child star definitely here: The impish Carolyn Lee



New contender for official honors: The slim Martha Scott

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

HOOPLA . . . hurrah, hurrah . . . glad tidings and good news . . . there's a new male star on the horizon . . . there's a new child star definitely here . . . there is a new "family" introduced . . . and there is a new, most threatening contender for these female honors that Miss Bette Davis swoops down upon at the Academy each year . . . and all this in one Hollywood month, too!

The new male is Stirling Hayden in "Virginia" . . . and what a male in what a picture . . . he is six feet two he's twenty-four . . . he's blonde . . . he has never acted before . . . and he is a natural-born adventurer . . . up until now there has been around Hollywood . . . as you probably know a notion that male blonds weren't virile . . . one look at Hayden and that notion dies instantly . . . "Virginia" technically stars Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll . . . Fred gives that usual solid, sympathetic performance of his . . . and that's all the good it will do him with this Hayden around . . . the Carroll has never looked more beautiful . . . and you don't care about that, either . . . the picture has a whale of a story—it is drama and comedy and love, plus an extra sensitiveness, an ultra refinement and a message, too, all blended into one swift-moving production plus Technicolor shots of some of the most gently beautiful scenery ever featured your eyes upon . . . but it's Mr. Hayden you keep watching . . . Mr. Hayden and little Miss Carolyn Lee.

You have seen this imp before . . . once before, even, with the same costars, MacMurray and Carroll . . . but never have you seen her as here . . .



BY RUTH WATERBURY

sticking her very small nose into everything . . . putting her very small but very important word into everything . . . sitting around "eaves-dripping" as she calls it . . . being utterly captivating . . . she goes into scenes with the co-stars . . . into scenes with such veteran scene-stealers as Helen Broderick and Paul Hurst . . . and commits the grandest larceny you ever observed . . . up until now, this moppet's parents have genuinely tried to keep her away from a career . . . they truly want her to grow up as "just a little girl" . . . they might as well give up . . . this is no "normal little girl" . . . she belongs in that very select class of infant Bernhardts . . . and to try to force her back into the mold of average children would be disastrous . . . not only for her but for us, too . . . so farewell, Shirley, and hail, Carolyn . . . (but it's good news that Shirley will be back, too, before the summer is over, in a picture with Mickey Rooney, even though the enchanted child Shirley is lost to us forever due to that villain, Time) . . .

The new "family" appears in "Keeping Company" . . . they are the Thomases . . . actually Irene

Rich, Frank Morgan, Ann Rutherford and some small fry . . . I think you will like them . . . they are not so hilarious as the *Hardys* or so dizzy as the *Jones Family* was . . . nor so hard-boiled as *Maisie* . . . but they are very American, very typical, and their problems are very usual, heart-warming problems . . . whether or not they continue depends upon your response to their first appearance . . . but unless I greatly miss my guess, you'll respond to them with pleasure . . . I know I did. . . .

And this threat to Miss Davis . . . readers, meet Miss Martha Scott in "Cheers for Miss Bishop" . . . (which could also be titled, "Hello, Mrs. Chips") . . . she is a curious case, this Scott girl . . . she has had at once too much and too little luck in Hollywood . . . the great good fortune of playing the lead in her first picture, "Our Town" . . . of being the co-star in "The Howards of Virginia" . . . and now of being the sole star of "Cheers for Miss Bishop" . . . a swift ascent that is seldom seen . . . but she has also had the misfortune to have had those first two pictures be box-office failures . . . so that not enough of the public that will eventually follow her is as yet acquainted with her . . . it is also her bad luck that "Cheers for Miss Bishop" comes too late to be voted on in the Academy election of 1941 and that it will be almost too old to be considered in 1942 . . . Hollywood's memory is even shorter than that of the public and it is well known in movieland that you have a better chance at the Academy award if your prize-contending performance was given late rather than early in any given year . . . (Continued on page 104)



**BEWITCHED
AND BEWILDERED!**

"Eve sure knows
her apples!"

**"Girls, the best way
to get a man is to
get him bothered!"**

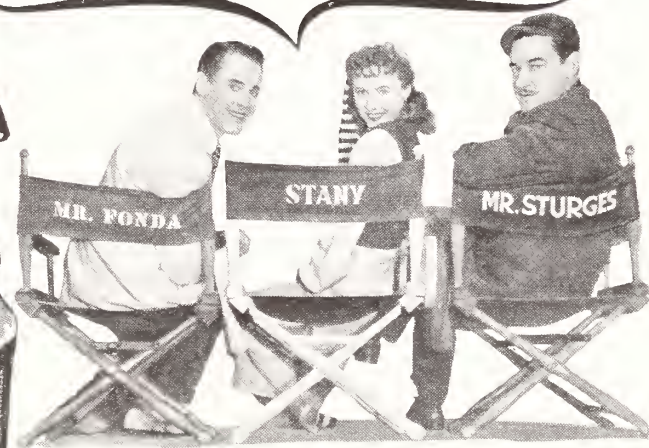


Paramount Presents

**BARBARA
STANWYCK · FONDA**

**"THE
LADY EVE"**

Written and Directed by
PRESTON STURGES



PRESTON STURGES, Paramount's new writer-director genius, blends thrilling love and roaring laughter to give you the vexiest picture of the year.

with **CHARLES COBURN · EUGENE PALLETTE**
Martha O'Driscoll · William Demarest · Eric Blore

Screen Play Based on a Story by Monckton Hoffe

Ask your Theatre Manager when this Big Paramount Hit is coming — You'll want to see it twice!

THEY'RE OFF AGAIN!

Leaders in the horsey set: Ty Power and Alfred Vanderbilt, who knows all there is to know about track technique

Binocular business: J. Walter Ruben and wife Virginia Bruce

Inside Stuff

SEASON'S EXCITEMENT: It's Santa Anita season again! On opening day, the stars flocked to the famous race track, to win or lose. Lady Luck saw best. Against the track record of blue skies, palm trees and colorful flowers, the horses ran their very best.

As beautiful as the scenery itself was Virginia Bruce with husband J. Walter Ruben, M-G-M director. Tyone Power arrived alone but spent most of his time with Alfred Vander-

bilt, who knows just about all there is to know about horses. However, some of these gold-studded Vanderbilt tips must have been all wrong, for Ty looked unusually glum. Or maybe he missed Annabella.

Lovely, shy Mrs. Astaire with her talented husband Fred watched the ponies romp across the line. Several times we expected Fred to go right into his tap routine, he grew so excited.

The Allan Joneses and the Jack Hales yelled (and we mean yelled)

louder than any ten people—to no avail. Their horses lost.

It was a gala day, but then, every day at Santa Anita is a star-studded event.

Off With the Old Love: It's strange, but somehow Hollywood never quite forgets its old love. Never quite.

For instance, it was to ex-husband Artie Shaw that Lana Turner turned when she and her present beau, Tony Martin, squabbled one evening. Evi-



Tracked down by the Fink camera: Edward G. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson

—and it's on again, the most exciting season in Hollywood. The Santa Anita opening with some sideline gossip

Concentrators: Fred Astaire and RKO's Eddie Rubin. Interference by Mrs. Astaire—and hat

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

By CAL YORK



Three heads with but a single thought, or Picking a Winner: Mrs. Arthur Lyons, Allan Jones and Jack Haley

dently Artie knew just the words to say for the next thing we knew Lana and Tony were together again.

Neither have Tony and Alice Faye, his ex-wife, forgotten. At Christmas time Tony gifted Alice with a jeweled pin that had the town whistling with surprise, it was that beautiful.

'Tis said Director Frank Borzage and his ex-wife, as well as producer Hal Roach and his estranged wife, are glancing each other's way.

But strangest and most secret of

all these days is the continued friendship of Franchot Tone and his former wife Joan Crawford. Since the latter's return from New York, Franchot has been seeing Joan frequently—as a friend, we're told.

Things We Remember Their Saying:
George Brent: "Sometimes I think Hollywood hates not only actors but directors and writers."

Alice Faye: "Friends don't come on the set to see me act. They just

come to see me—period."

Lana Turner: "When I first saw myself on the screen in a sweater I was so embarrassed I could have died."

Kay Francis: "I felt I wanted to be doing something useful in this world. That's why I took up Red Cross work."

Olivia de Havilland: "People in Hollywood can be insincere. It takes a long time to get adjusted to it."

Marie Wilson: "I'm really intelli-

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



High jinks at Ciro's: Rex St. Cyr's party. Bespangled Spaniard, Edgar Bergen; satin siren, Virginia Field

A "daisy-daisy" atmosphere: Mary Martin as a Southern belle; husband Halliday as a mint-julep gentleman



gent. It's just that I don't know anything."

Jimmy Stewart: "People in this town don't seem to know how to have fun. Boy, oh boy, etc."

Mickey Rooney: "So you want to get right down to the old business, eh? All right, then, I'll tell you. I think it is all right for a girl to kiss a boy good-night."

Hedy Lamarr: "I don't want to be a beautiful actress who does nothing. I want to be a comedienne. I want to be gay on the screen—like Irene Dunne."

Bob Hope: "Any success I have is due to the fact that light up there in my workshop burns through the long late hours many stars spend in night club."

Paul McClean: "I talk too much. Sometimes I wear my suit out talking."
Gary Cooper: (Dead Silence)

Did You Know? Rita Hayworth, objectively attractive, is shy, soft-spoken and subdued. And without her husband by her side to give her courage, Rita is almost mute.

Cary Grant, who has become an American citizen, will soon wed Bette Midler who relinquished her citizenship to become a Dane.

Tony Martin has bought four race horses and call them Lana, Hedy, (Continued on page 12)



Professional touch: Designer Adrian as a Hindu prince; wife Janet Gaynor, a coquette in coq feathers



Left: A break for the Balkans—Gene Tierney as a peasant girl. Individualist was Ruth Hussey who came as a limp Raggedy Ann

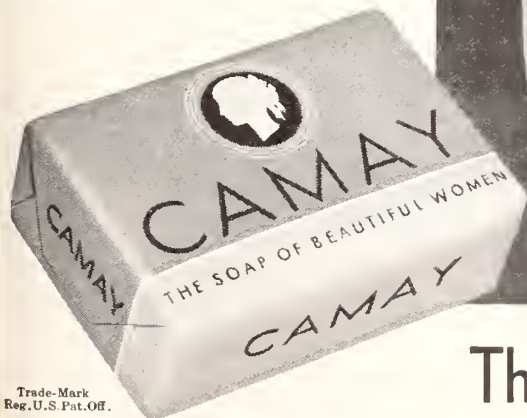
"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin... and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey



Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church in the fashionable town of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey in wedding gown of blush pink satin is crowned by a Mary of Scotland cap. Mrs. Macwithey is a Camay bride—and about it she says: "I adore its mildness. Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier."



Camay's Greater Mildness is an important help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

MRS. MACWITHEY is lovely to look at, and doubly delicious because her skin is lovely, too. Her blonde hair and bright brown eyes set off a skin of creamy perfection.

A Soap Gentle Even to Sensitive Skin!

Mrs. Macwithey is keen about Camay's mildness, its soft, creamy lather. "Camay is *so mild*," she says, "it is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine."

Many women feel that way about Camay, especially if they have a tendency toward a delicate or a dry skin.

For now a great new improvement makes Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as our tests prove. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier.

Get 3 cakes of this fine mild toilet soap today. Let Camay's gentle cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness.

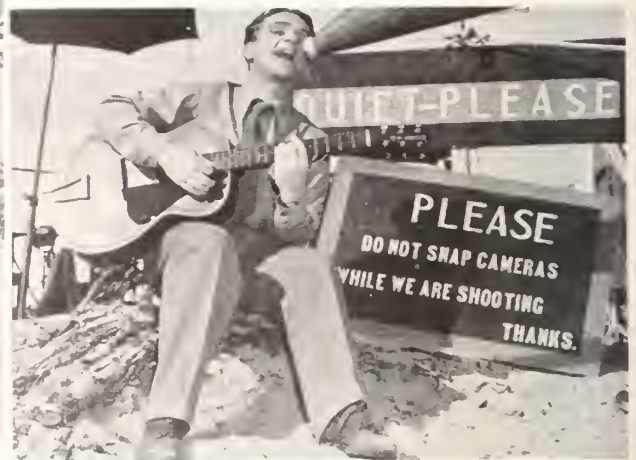


His bride in his arms, Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception the bride and groom left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

... Cagney letting down all inhibitions and pepping up any between-shot lulls ...



Arriving on "The Bride Came C.O.D." location in a plane chartered by Warners, a convoy of reporters found Bette Davis clowning with Cagney in the cactus ...

(Continued from page 10)

Judy and Jimmy after "Ziegfeld Girl" stars? Oh, yes, the Jimmy is for Stewart

George Raft is slowly but surely working his way back into the heart of his former girl friend, Virginia Peine, now in New York? George claims he can't stay away from little Joanne, Virginia's daughter. Sure it isn't Mama too, George?

You Take the High Road: Martha Scott has just confessed to Cal a "happy marriage plan" with husband Carleton Altop, radio producer.

"We've worked it out this way," Martha told us. "We've formed an agreement—with a \$1000 forfeit to be paid by the first offender—that he would not appear on any of my film sets and that I would never interfere with his radio work. You see, the best way for a married couple to get along in Hollywood is for neither to intrude upon the other's interest. I'm sure we can have complete happiness with this no-intrusion idea. I won't tell him how to run his business, and he won't tell me how to act."

Well, it sounds swell, Martha, and we pass it along to those couples who may want to try it out for themselves.

Tit For Tat: Did you ever stop to think of all the people who get crushes on stars, that may be the stars themselves get crushes on each other up there



... Mrs. Pelgram, Bette's sister, shooting everybody everywhere all over the Death Valley location

on the screen, we mean, of course; and are just as tongue-tied about it as you?

The subject came up while we were sitting about the "Topper Returns" set one day chatting with the cast.

Billie Burke was first to admit her crush—"Ever since I saw him in 'The Copperhead,' fifteen years ago. I've had a complete crush on Lionel Barrymore. I think he's the most brilliant person I ever saw."

"Well," said Patsy Kelly, "I don't know about that brilliant idea, but he's my ideal. Yep, give me Gable—give me Clarkie—and I'll be happy."

"I've just recently been smitten with my first screen crush," Roland Young sighed, "and she's wonderful. She's one of the centaurettes (third from the right) in Disney's 'Fantasia.' She's half-horse, half-woman, you know, and combines the best features of both. She's charming, really."

"Boyer, Boyer, Boyer," sighed Carole Landis, closing her eyes and sighing.

"Why, we thought surely you'd choose Franchot Tone," Cal cried.

"Boyer, Boyer, Boyer," was the answer.

Well, by this time, Cal grew interested and dashed right out to find out more crushes. Gable gathered another vote from Judy Garland, and Bill Powell, we discovered, is Myrna Loy's screen thrill. And then something happened in our checking up that startled us out of our wits. One name kept bobbing up more and more, until we could not fail to believe our ears any more. The one man three fourths of the Hollywood

(Continued on page 14)

CAL YORK

is your genial host
with beautiful

JOAN BLONDELL

and a houseful of star guests

... every Friday night at 9:30

E.S.T., over your nearest Mu-

tual Broadcasting System sta-

tion in the powerful radio show

"I WANT A DIVORCE"

I'M SO WORRIED I COULD
CRY, TED. IT MAY BE
**INFECTIOUS
DANDRUFF**



NOTHING TO CRY OVER,
HONEY, MINE WAS TOO. AND
YOU KNOW HOW QUICKLY
LISTERINE HELPED ME.

combat **INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF** the new, pleasant way with **Listerine Antiseptic!**

Easy home treatment gets after distressing scales, cleanses and invigorates scalp as it kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff.

If your scalp feels itchy, your hair seems full of scales, if annoying flakes shower down on coat collar or dress, look out. They may be a warning that infectious dandruff has started.

Heed this warning before the condition gets worse. Start now with Listerine and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases.

The treatment is as simple and easy as it is delightful. You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on your scalp and hair and follow with vigorous and persistent massage. While a few delightful applications may help you, it is better to continue the treatment systematically morning and night.

Listerine gives the hair and scalp an antiseptic bath. Those distressing scales begin to loosen and disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and more invigorated. And don't forget: Listerine Antiseptic kills

millions of the germs on scalp and hair, including the queer parasite called the "bottle bacillus," recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious-type dandruff.

Countless people find that Listerine Antiseptic brings results that are truly amazing. Thousands of enthusiastic letters from all parts of the country testify to that. Their experience is corroborated by painstaking research work which showed the following impressive result:

In a clinical test, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day, within a month showed complete disappearance of or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff.

If you've got the slightest symptom of this trouble, don't fool around. Start immediately with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.



Pityrosporum Ovale, or "bottle bacillus," which often accompanies infectious dandruff.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine on the scalp morning and night.

WOMEN: Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.



WATCH YOUR CHILD'S SCALP! *Children are by no means immune from infectious dandruff. Inspect your children's scalps once a week and if there is any indication of itching, inflammation or scaling, which so often accompany the infectious type of dandruff, start right away with Listerine Antiseptic.*

IRRESISTIBLE Charm



YOURS WITH Irresistible LIPSTICK

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 pastels! CANDY STRIPE RED for that patriotic accent to your navy and white! BUBY RED for sophisticated black! FUCHSIA PLUM to vibrate with the new South American shades! Secret WHIP-TEXT process means a softer, creamier, non-drying IRRESISTIBLE Lipstick. Matching ROUGE, FACEPOWDER and POWDER FOUNDATION.

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER
SMOOTHER



10c AT ALL
5 & 10c STORES

USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



A husband gets taken: Daug Fairbanks forks over for Mrs. Fairbanks—and war relief

Lighter side of charity life: A draped Carole Landis centers the attention of Cedric Gibbons and Florence Heller at relief party

(Continued from page 12) women are secretly mad about is—ladies and gentlemen—James Cagney.

Salute: They stood together, quite unnoticed, at the Paddington Station in London—Vivien Leigh, America's Scarlett O'Hara, and Laurence Olivier, her husband.

They had gone home to do what they could for their country. They had forsaken security, happiness together and wealth to do so. They could give no more.

Secretly, for weeks before he left, Olivier had been taking flying lessons in hope of joining the Royal Air Force. He kept his lessons a secret lest the producers of "That Hamilton Woman," his and Vivien's last picture, should object.

Vivien announced she would attempt to join a stock company touring the provinces. Behind that statement lies a poignant story. The Oliviers, it seems, must work to eat.

It is said that in his "Romeo and Juliet" stage venture with Vivien, Olivier lost \$48,000 of his own money. Of the \$50,000 earned for his work in "That Hamilton Woman," we are told that three fourths went to his former wife and child in London. Of the \$750 a week earned by Vivien (a sum that will send Hollywood eyebrows straight through the ceiling, so relatively small it is when compared to other salaries), most went for the support and education of her daughter (by a former marriage) now in Canada, it being impossible for the father to get through to his child the monetary aid he longed to give.

Little economies in traveling, it is reported, were resorted to by this pair, anxious to get home. Somehow, their going has given us new hope and courage, for, as long as there are English men and women so selflessly brave and self-sacrificing, we know



there will be an England. Hollywood salutes them.

Cal's Chitchat: Cal refuses to divulge names, but six of Hollywood's prettiest gals sat home New Year's Eve because there were no men to ask them out. "And what's more," one whispered recently, "I haven't had a date since." And is she glamorous!

After a period of apparent unhappiness, Alice Faye couldn't be more radiant with two beaux on the string. In Palm Springs, Alice met Charles B. Wrightsman, wealthy Texas oil executive, who immediately began a campaign for Alice's heart, even to offering her his private plane.

Back in Hollywood, French producer Raymond Hakim succumbed to the fair Alice. So far it's nip and tuck between the suitors. May the best man win—if Alice wants him, that is.

The most constant foursome in town is composed of Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Judy Garland and Dave Rose. The four of them with their heads together at Ciro's, shouting with laughter at some joke, are a familiar sight. Since "Ziegfeld Girl" Judy and Lana are inseparable.

The names Claudette Colbert, George Murphy and Martha Scott won special attention recently. Claudette was acclaimed champion skier of Sun Valley; George was voted by dance

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Bravos for Britain: Walter Wanger and wife Joan Bennett at NBC broadcast for Bundles for Britain held recently at the Palladium

teachers all over the country the outstanding male dancer on the screen for the year 1940; Martha won a national magazine award for her work in "Our Town" and bowled over Hollywood critics for her work in "Cheers for Miss Bishop."

That's Wright, You're Wrong: Blonde Cobina Wright Jr., social register beauty who works for a living, has just been signed by Twentieth Century-Fox studios. Anxious to know just how these debbies react to our glamour boys, old Cal hustled himself out for a chat with Miss Wright Jr.

"Well, in New York, I said I thought Franchot Tone one of the most charming gentlemen I'd ever met. He always sees a girl gets home, at least," she said. "I still think so. I admire Jimmy Stewart, too, but he might be more thoughtful. For one thing, he never answers a telephone call. He'll have his man phone back saying he, Jimmy, doesn't like to talk on the phone."

Why, James, fer 'eaven's sake!

"But do you know whom I consider the real gentlemen of Holly-



wood?" she asked. "Well, that honor goes to the cowboy stars. I ride a lot, you know, and have met most of them and I have found them all real gentlemen."

Take a bow Autry, Rogers, Boyd. And didn't she say anything about Bob Stack, you wonder?

Oh, certainly—the same old bro-mide.

"Just friends," says Miss Wright Jr.

Mr. President — Mr. Gable: For months, Carole Lombard had been at husband Clark Gable to do something about that sore shoulder. "Let's go to

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



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

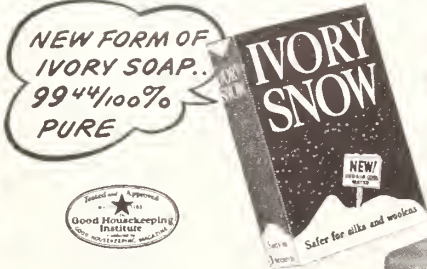
HERE'S MAGIC FOR COLORS! Your favorite washable housecoat—your "pet" satin nightgown . . . don't let them get washed-out looking and drab! Just tub them with Ivory Snow—the amazing new soap that gives *cool-water safety* to every washable color in the rainbow! Then see how bright and lustrous those lovely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

WHAT AMAZING SPEED! Ivory Snow bursts into suds in just 3 seconds—in safe cool water! So it's good-bye to washed-out colors—good-bye

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LOVE FILMY STOCKINGS?

Wash 'em every night in cool suds—in pure suds—in safe Ivory Snow suds. Suds come 1-2-3 in cool water! It's 3-second magic!



HELLO—SAFE COOL SUDS!

Yes, cool-water Ivory Snow is safe for gaily patterned washables! They can look like a million, washed time after time in Ivory Snow's cool pure suds!

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Silk Sifted

CHIFFON is so unbelievably fine it clings to your skin less like a powder than like the flattering, soft light of rendezvous candles.

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In seven high fashion shades: Rachel, Natural, Dark Tan, Beige, Brunette, Rose Petal, Rose Beige.

Chiffon Lipstick for softer, more kissable contours. Four alluring new shades: 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... 10¢ each

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



All for the love of Mischa Auer: The Bill Pawells and Ginger Rogers at the opening of Auer's new cafe, the Scheherazade

Down the hatch: Celebrating the Russian New Year at the Scheherazade are Franchot Tane, Frances Neal, Burgess Meredith and the intrepid proprietor himself



Johns Hopkins in Baltimore," she'd urge, but Clark, manlike, always refused. He wasn't keen on the doctor business.

"I've never been to Washington," Carole finally said. "Let's go there and then we'll talk about going over to Baltimore." Clark, who had played stock in Washington, leaped at the chance to show Carole the town. So, in company with Howard Strickling of the M-G-M Studios, the three started out.

The second day there, Mr. Strickling entered the Gable suite excitedly.

"We've been summoned to the White House," he said. "Mr. Roosevelt heard you were in town and he's been anxious to meet Clark ever since he saw 'Gone With the Wind'."

Carole smiled. "Sorry, that's one gag that won't work."

Strickling protested, begged, explained, while Carole refused to budge, confident it was a joke. Then, ten minutes before the scheduled meeting, Carole succumbed to his pleadings, donned her hat and, still skeptical, went along with Clark.

They were ushered instantly into the President's office and for one hour the three, Gable, Lombard and President Roosevelt, sat and talked.

"We like him, he's swell," was the united opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Gable.

In fact, Clark was so mellowed by the experience he agreed to the shoulder treatment in Baltimore.

Inside Information: There will be two wedding marches played at the elaborate church wedding of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul. "In fact, I chose a church wedding because I loved the music so much," she told us. So Messrs. Mendelssohn and Wagner will each have his innings.

There will be two honeymoons, too. First, six glamorous weeks in Honolulu; and then, a bit later, some time in New York, where Deanna hopes to catch up on some opera-going.

Vaughn's announcement gift to Deanna was an exquisite ruby and diamond ring with a bracelet to match. Her engagement ring, given before the announcement, has one small round diamond with a ruby on either side and matches the watch Vaughn gave her as his first gift.

They will live in their own home, completely furnished by themselves and, like the Prince and Princess in all fairy tales, we hope they live happily ever after.

News of the Farnsworths: When Bette Davis became Mrs. Arthur Farnsworth at the Arizona ranch home of Mrs. Justin Dart (Janie Bryan) the bridegroom placed on his wife's arm an exquisite bracelet, one she had admired the year before in New Hampshire. From a wide gold band there dangle dainty cloisonné charms that open to hold rare perfumes and scents. These beautiful charms were gathered by the bridegroom's mother during a

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

stay in France and have since become priceless.

Almost immediately after their return to Hollywood, Bette had to leave for location for the picture, "The Bride Came C.O.D." Warners were at a loss to know whether or not Mr. Farnsworth desired to accompany his wife on the trip.

Finally, they solved the problem. The location call read "Bette Davis and assistant."

Staff of Night Life: Maybe these actors figure people must eat to live to see movies. Anyway they're going into the restaurant business in a big way. Alice Faye, for instance, has taken over a dining car on Wilshire Boulevard and will give it a real movie atmosphere, with star's pictures hung on the walls.

Mischa Auer is a backer of one of Hollywood's newest night clubs, Scheherazade, and sets an excellent table, one hears.

Virginia Field owns a smart little cafe out the Valley called A Bit of England, which is run and managed by her old nurse from England.

Down in Florida, George Raft has put up the money for Slapsy Maxie's newest night spot and, out here in Hollywood, Mary Healy's husband, Peter Lind Hayes, received the grand dining and night-club room, "Grace Hayes Lodge," from his mother, Grace Hayes, as a wedding gift.

Why, even writers and directors feel the urge to feed the public, with Preston Sturges' cafe, The Players, one of the smartest places in town.

Events of the Month: Tallulah Bankhead arrived in town with "The Little Foxes" and Hollywood turned



Quick-change act: Olivia de Havilland "nos" a date with Jimmy Stewart, shows up with Franchot Tone for the opening of the new club, the Mocambo

"Remember the tune they were singing...the night we fell in love?"

A picture for everyone who's ever been...or ever will be in love...a romantic note for heart-strings... joyously reuniting two exciting stars!

IRENE DUNNE ★ CARY GRANT ★
George Stevens'
PENNY SERENADE
with

BEULAH BONDI • EDGAR BUCHANAN • ANN DORAN

Based on the McCall's Magazine novel by Martha Cheavens

Screen play by Morrie Ryskind • Directed by George Stevens

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

★ Watch for it at your local theatre!

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Danger: Dietrich at work—the star of "The Flame of New Orleans" on the Universal lot with Joe Pasternak, Bruce Cabot, Rene Clair. For another workaday view, see page 111

with agent Vic Orsatti and Betty Grable caused plenty of neck craning.

Event Two: Two new night spots sprang into being this month.

Mischa Auer, one of the backers of the new Scheherazade, was all over the place greeting Franchot Tone, Francis Neal, Burgess Meredith, Kay Frances and others. At the new Mocambo Franchot Tone and Olivia de Havilland were the center of all eyes and no wonder with Olivia too radiant in her white dinner dress.

Event Three: The party for the British War Relief brought out most of the colony en masse. Mrs. Fairbanks Jr. had a grand time selling innumerable tickets to hubby Doug Jr., while his stepmother, Mrs. Fairbanks Sr. looked on. Connie Bennett, Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Zanuck and Heather Thatcher sat in one corner to talk things over, while Ronald Colman and wife Benita Hume took it all very seriously.

Surprisingly enough, Doug Jr. won all prizes with his adroit handling of the rifle shot by means of a beam of

out in a body to cheer and shiver at Tallul's performance.

The blood-curdling scream let out by Marie Wilson when our Hymie's light bulb blew up got the audience in the proper frame of mind for the eeriness of Bankhead's stage performance. Incidentally, Mrs. Gilbert Adrian (Janet Gaynor) was the smartest woman in the audience for

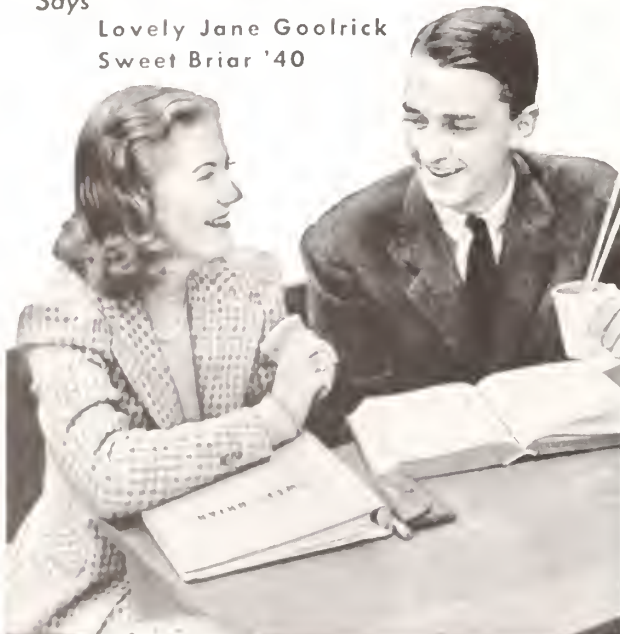
Cal's money. Annie Sothern (*Maisie to you*) was all smiles before the curtain and all goose-flesh after. Her husband, Roger Pryor, was along and directly behind, without Charlie, who was home doing his homework (we hope), sat Edgar Bergen.

Baby Snooks (Fanny Brice) blew imaginary kisses to her friends while Linda Darnell and Bob Stack along

"MEN CAN'T RESIST THAT MODERN natural LOOK!"

Says

Lovely Jane Goolrick
Sweet Briar '40



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YOU CHOOSE BY THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

- 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 . . .
- 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 . . .

• 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 "feels" 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!

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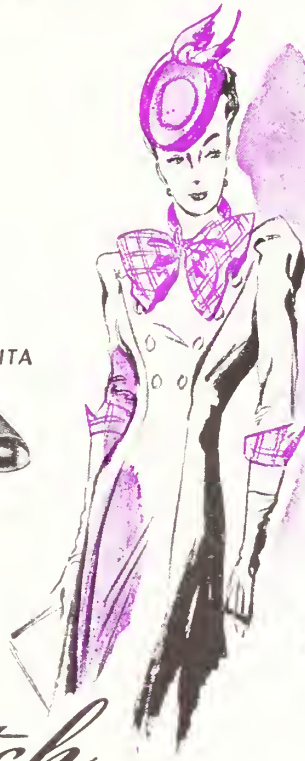
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SORENTO

* Monday, a luncheon, Tuesday, shopping, Wednesday, yes, you've a busy week ahead. Be smart. Wear Heel Latch Shoes... the *Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, Sunday shoes... and be confident that you're well-dressed every day. We've dubbed them the all-week shoes because they're the shoes you love to wear, every day. They look so good, feel so good, are so well-styled and comfortable that they add inches to your standard of being well-dressed. With a well-chosen wardrobe of Heel Latch Shoes, you will go anywhere and everywhere in high smartness, this spring.



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light. Carole Landis chose Cedric Gibbons for her beau for the event and all in all it was very gay and very profitable for the Relief.

Event Four: Barbara Hutton's birthday party for Cary Grant climaxed the month's doings, with half the town present, many of whom had never met their hostess. The consensus of opinion was that Cary had chosen a grand girl for his next wife.

Did You Know?: Paulette Goddard is sponsoring two English children, both orphans, in this country for the duration? One is a boy eight years old and the other a twelve-year-old girl. Both are staying with a friend of Paulette's in the East.

Jimmy Stewart is seeing Ginger Rogers again and the old romance is on?

Elsie the Cow—Keep Out: A barn in the midst of swanky Beverly Hills! Bless Cal's old whiskers! And wouldn't you know it would take no less a person than Maggie Sullavan to think up that one, with Maggie and husband Leland Hayward carefully supervising the construction of their little red building.

Maggie explained that the barn, when completed, will serve as a combination sleeping quarters and play-

room for her daughters, three-year-old Brooke and two-year-old Bridget, and later, for the "expected," due soon.

The "barn," which will be connected to the Sullavan-Hayward home by a covered passage, will have com-

fortable beds set in stalls and all the other comforts of home. It will have whitewashed walls on which the children can scribble or draw pictures to their hearts' content.

"I always enjoyed playing in a barn when I was a child," Miss Sullavan told us. "Now my children aren't going to be cheated out of that pleasure. Perhaps I'll find time to play in their barn myself, between pictures."

Good work, Maggie. Hollywood needs more like you.

Soldiers' Blitz Quiz: Well, what our American soldiers don't know about movies would fill a book, according to Gracie Allen. Once every week she and George Burns go down to Fort MacArthur to entertain the boys and one of the high lights of a recent visit was a movie quiz program put on by Gracie.

"Imagine my surprise," she said, "when I got the following answers, 'Carole Landis is the wife of Clark Gable'; 'Mickey Rooney is Lewis Stone's son'; 'Linda Darnell was born in the South Sea Islands'; 'Tyrone Power is going with Sonja Henie.'"

"When we got through," laughed Gracie, "I was beginning to wonder if George wasn't George Brent."

Come, come, Uncle Sam's lads! Did Gracie's little blue hat throw you off?

NOTICE

In our February issue an article appeared referring to the recently announced separation of Miss Myrna Loy and Mr. Arthur Hornblow Jr. It has been indicated to us that such article might conceivably be read to imply that the cause of the separation had its genesis in some particular conduct on the part of Mr. Hornblow. We believe a close reading of the story will clearly demonstrate that no such interpretation is possible. In any event, we are pleased to take this opportunity to clarify any misapprehension on that score and to express our sincere regrets to Miss Loy and Mr. Hornblow for any unwitting suggestion that their marriage is being terminated for any reason other than the incompatibility of two honorable and artistic persons who are a credit to their profession.

Mrs. W----- Solves the Case of Betty



Betty is up to her old tricks again. She needs a laxative badly, but she starts bawling the moment I reach for the bottle.



Cousin Alice suggested Ex-Lax. Gave some to Betty tonight and you should have seen her go for it! Simply loved its chocolate taste.



Betty slept like an angel. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning and it didn't upset her a bit. Thank goodness, I've solved that problem!

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¢



Speak FOR YOURSELF

For a cub reporter's viewpoint on Norma Shearer see the \$5.00 prize letter

\$10.00 PRIZE

Americana In The Movies

WITH Europe boiling over, the "See America First" idea is coming more and more to the fore. Isn't it time Hollywood took up the good work and helped us would-be travelers who can afford a movie ticket but not a train ticket? Americans would all go for a serial taking in each of our forty-eight states and U. S. possessions too. Certainly they all have colorful histories and one look in a travel office at those folders has convinced me each state has its own distinctive scenery and natural attractions. North, South, East and West—Cape Cod fishermen, skyscrapers, swamps and Seminoles, caverns, the Rockies and cactus desert! What a scope for good "shots."

Such a series would clarify America as "The March of Time" has done for foreign countries. It would make closer neighbors of us all and leave every man, woman and child murmuring, "This is my own, my native land!"

DOROTHY RABNERR,
Doylestown, Penna.

\$5.00 PRIZE

Sidelines On An Interview

SHE was glamorously beautiful. I was only a cub newspaper reporter, fresh from a small town, very

frightened and completely awed by my assignment to interview her.

The city editor had written down a list of questions I was to ask and some of them were pointed.

By the time I had reached her hotel, I had begun thinking that she might resent them. So I was fearful of being rebuffed.

My conclusions were badly wrong. She answered most of the questions and explained courteously why she could not answer the others. Then, when the business part of the interview was over, she spared several of her busy minutes to talk with me about my work.

Unless she reads this, she will never know what she did for the self-confidence of a beginner. Since that day I have never been afraid to talk with people who have reached the highest places. For I learned from her that those who really reach success seldom forget that there is a golden rule.

So, thank you, Norma Shearer.

E. J. KYLE,
Birmingham, Ala.

\$1.00 PRIZE

My One Pet Hate

IF I were to mention my one pet hate, it's a show like Kyser's one of late. To my mind horror and fun don't mix And the writers should get a few swift kicks.

Mystery shows in their place are all right,
 But usually make children stay awake
 all night.
 Boris Karloff with Frankenstein's
 grand,
 But he doesn't fit with Kay Kyser's
 band.

Kids as a rule like to see Bob Hope
 To get caught up on all his new
 "dope,"
 But the "Ghost Breakers" really
 changed their minds
 With all the chills it made run up
 their spines.

And now to get back to my central
 thought,
 Spoiling our fun with a spooky plot!
 It may sound eccentric, but I don't
 care;
 Mixing fun and fright is a thing I
 can't bear.

PATTI CORNWELL,
 Springfield, Ohio

\$1.00 PRIZE
 New Alliance

AS a schoolteacher, I know how to
 sympathize with film stars who
 burst into fits of unholy irritation with
 their possessive fans. I am one of that
 other great group of unhappy souls
 who belong to the public.

The stars go out dancing and are
 accosted by autograph hunters. I go
 out to a party and am accosted by
 breathless mothers saying, "How is
 Johnny getting along in Arithmetic?"
 The stars' homes are haunted by the
 curious. My home is haunted by peo-
 ple who want to know who wears
 what in South Africa, where Franklin
 Roosevelt's father was born and why
 the Thirty Years War was fought. The
 stars are criticized for their divorces,
 love affairs and the way they treat
 their great-uncles. I live under a
 Victorian code of conduct now
 marked, "For Teachers Only."

We owe the public our jobs. Oh,
 yeah? Who doesn't owe his success,
 directly or indirectly, to the public?

So, to my fellow-sufferers in Holly-
 wood, bound always by quarter and
 half-dollar mortgages on their per-
 sonalities, I say with deepest under-
 standing, "I know just how you feel!"

MAE H. ASHWORTH,
 Mt. Vernon, Ind.

\$1.00 PRIZE
 Listen, Parents

DO you favor a law barring chil-
 dren from the movies? Are you
 afraid that certain pictures will cor-
 rupt your children's morals? It's your
 own fault! You are creating a national
 problem over something you should
 take care of yourself. There is no

TANGEE *Red-Red...*

ONE OF THE RAREST, LOVELIEST, REDS OF THEM ALL!

AFTER eight long years of research, Tangee RED-RED is ready for you!
 A pure, clear shade... startling and saucy... RED-RED accents the
 loveliness of your lips and the whiteness of your teeth.

RED-RED goes on smoothly, stays smooth for hours, because it's made
 with a pure cream base that helps to end that dry, "drawn" feeling. Try
 it yourself... with the matching rouge and the right shade of Tangee
 Face Powder.

TANGEE

Red-Red

REALLY STAYS ON!

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

See
**Carlsbad
 Caverns**
 en route to or from
California



via the
scout

● On your journey to or from California via the *Scout* . . . the Santa Fe economy chair car-tourist sleeper train between Chicago and California . . . you can enjoy a delightful day visiting the world-famous underground fairyland of Carlsbad Caverns.

**Carlsbad Caverns
 All-Expense Side Trip**

\$9⁷⁵

[plus a small berth charge
 for tourist-sleeper patrons]

This economical side trip includes round-trip rail fare, Clovis to Carlsbad; motor service to and from the Caverns; entrance fee, guide service, luncheon in Caverns; 5-hour exploration of the Caverns' bewitching rooms and passages; breakfast and dinner at a Carlsbad hotel ● A *through Scout* tourist-sleeper, daily from both Chicago and Los Angeles, goes *direct* to Carlsbad.

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 936 Railway Exchange, Chicago, Ill.
 Send booklets, *Scout*, *Carlsbad Caverns*,
 and full details about rail fares.

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reason why your children shouldn't go to the movies, but it is up to you to determine what they should and shouldn't see. The newspapers, the magazines and the radio give you a bird's-eye view of the leading pictures. Watch the movie columns and reviews and you will learn with what subject each movie deals. Most films are based on stories or plays. You can read the story. Outside the theater, you will find pictures of scenes from the film. Then, if you are still in doubt, see the movie yourself before taking the children to see it. If you have a "children and the movies" problem on your hands, don't blame the public or the producer. You're the problem, with your negligence!

ELIZABETH INGRID LARET,
 New York, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE
 Reward of Effort

AFTER seeing "Second Chorus" and the third picture in which Paulette Goddard appeared, I am convinced that of all the featured actresses Paulette Goddard makes the most sincere effort to turn in a good performance. You feel the strength of her screen personality growing with each appearance. You can see her effort to make a dynamic impression. It has been a long time since we have seen a player with such evident ambition and it is to be admired. A burning ambition made many of the unforgettable stars of yesterday and we certainly need more like Miss Goddard at the present time.

ADELE SCHILLING GRUBE,
 San Jose, Calif.

\$1.00 PRIZE
 The Prairie Goes Hollywood

WHYY can't we have more modern movies like "No Time For Comedy," "Rhythm On the River" and "Hired Wife?" Out here on the prairie it's refreshing to escape for two hours into New York City.

Besides, I like the faultless modern settings. They are really an inspiration to one who lives on a farm yet is striving to have a modern home. And I know I got as much from the exquisite dresses Rosalind Russell wore in "No Time For Comedy" as the story itself. No doubt you think this is a pretty bold statement. Well—it's the truth! For styles, grooming and diction fascinate me.

I have no desire to be an actress. But I do like to look my best at all times. Even if I raise Rhode Island red chickens that isn't any reason why I can't make and design my own clothes and take exercises to keep my twenty-five-mch waistline. That's where the modern movies help by

inspiring! I bet there are plenty of other young women who feel the same way.

I want to thank Hollywood for bringing the latest vogues to the rural districts of the United States.

Here's to more modern movies!
 PAULINE HAMMER,
 Polo, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

IN the February issue of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR a certain person criticized Ginger Rogers. No doubt this person has not seen Ginger's last picture, "Kitty Foyle."

In "Kitty Foyle" she surpasses all her former performances and proves to the world she can act. Let those dance who want to dance and let those act that can act!

DAVID MARCH, JR.
 Sioux City, Iowa

YOU smile, and the angels sing—that goes for Vivien Leigh, the greatest and most beautiful actress in the world.

Any time I feel blue or bad-tempered I go to any of her pictures and am immediately cheered up as soon as she smiles that enchanting, irresistible smile of hers. I really envy Laurence Olivier for having the luck of seeing that smile whenever he wants.

ANON.
 Buenos Aires
 Argentine Republic

DEAR JOE PENNER:

Perhaps you won't read this . . . and yet, it seems to me that you must, in some way, know what is going on in our hearts at this time. At a time when we needed your supreme wit and kindly outlook on life most of all, you were taken from us. We're not going to forget, Joe. You weren't just a star who brought us laughter . . . you were a friend. Not soon will we of the "fan world" forget your friendly letters to us, your Christmas cards and all the other little things that made us feel we knew you personally.

MADGE RILEY,
 New Castle, Ind.

I THINK Gene Autry is a swell guy and go to see all his pictures. But he better start being a hero and fight in his pictures or he won't be Cowboy Number 1 any longer!

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY,
 Bakersfield, Cal.

MOTHER used to say: "Give credit where credit is due." Will you please shake the hand of the person responsible for the last few feet of "Christmas in July" for me? It was

the best movie ending since "Bachelor Mother."

MRS. W. C. ENGLISH,
Omaha, Nebraska

THIS letter is a tribute to Bob Montgomery for his grand performance in "Haunted Honeymoon."

He made a grand *Peter Wimsey*, and forever after I shall be a Montgomery fan.

MARJORIE KEEFE,
South Bend, Ind.

MY congratulations to Martha Scott—a newcomer to Hollywood. You have put new life in that seemingly ageless place.

I saw you in "Our Town" and in "The Howards of Virginia" and I think you were superb.

H. THOMAS SIMPSON,
Port Huron, Michigan

ME for the Westerns now! I'm a gal who just couldn't stomach the blood-and-thunder class C stuff served as a second course of a double feature menu. But it's like going from hash to filet mignon when the film moguls offer fan fare like "The Westerner" and "Arizona."

ROSE PILLA,
Brockton, Mass.

WHY. . . .

Don't they give Bette Davis a comedy or light part, instead of the weepy hysterical roles she is so much associated with?

Don't we see Tyrone Power in the gay light parts he used to get in 1937?

Doesn't Gable shave off his mustache for just one picture? It would make him look years younger.

GEORGE GRAINGER, JR.,
San Diego, Calif.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

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Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK

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PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Currents - High and Low Voltage

ONE of the advantages of this page is that it gives me a fine opportunity to ask you to share my problems and, in return, to catch a glimpse of the currents of rumor, fact and fancy that pass around my desk.

The Hollywood air is always filled with them, and my job is to develop sufficiently sensitive antennae to sift true from false, publishable from unprintable, readable from dull.

This month the currents are especially interesting.

For instance, there is a clash between that famous publisher and the producers of "Citizen Kane." Mr. Hearst's cohorts claim that "Citizen Kane" is based on his life.

Mr. Orson Welles claims that there is no connection. If the picture is released, the rumor goes, all the Hearst newspapers will bar mention of RKO pictures and will begin an attack on the whole industry. How the industry can persuade one of its members to junk a million-dollar investment no one seems to know. All in all, it has the makings of a wonderful publicity campaign for "Citizen Kane."

Then there is the dangerous current of boycott. In several parts of the country there are rumors of meetings among groups who agitate for moral welfare. A certain actress is the center of discussion. No one knows exactly what she has done but the whispers behind closed doors mount and mount. The question arises: Is it American to boycott? And there is an answer: When liberal Americans claim that there is no need for official censorship because the American people are able to censor their own arts, we are saying in effect, "If a player or a play offends the morality of the American people, they have a right to stay away."

But does that mean that *organized* boycott is fair?

Then there is the romance of Judy Garland and David Rose. The studio feels that Judy is too young for a serious romance, that her pictures will be affected by too early marriage. But Judy is crazy about this boy. So there it stands—another current in the seething world of Hollywood.

ROMANCE and marriages are constant bases for them. At this writing, according to the currents, Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes are "through" and she has been dating with a young actor who appears with her in "Kitty Foyle." Madeleine Carroll has deserted her French aviator for Stirling Hayden, coincidentally appearing in her picture, "Virginia."

Then there is Olivia de Havilland, who exchanged escort Jimmy Stewart for friend Burgess Meredith and roommate Franchot Tone—until an appendicitis attack got her down and she had neither time nor thought for romance. George Raft, no longer squiring Norma Shearer, goes back to his old love, Virginia Peine.

These are the currents, true or false, around my desk! Most of them had best be forgotten before the next issue goes to work. But some of them will lead to action, to further developments, to big stories which PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR will publish.

And also there are the wonderfully interesting letters from many of you which I only wish I had time to answer. Some of you don't like PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, but I'm glad to say that most of you do. And George Davis, our circulation manager, tells me that at the moment we are selling more copies than have been sold of any movie magazine in many years—which of course makes me very proud and glad.

Ernest V. Heyn

TO THREE GIRLS

Facing Life

This is what any mother would tell her daughter about love, providing she had the wisdom, the candor and the courage of this great novelist

By Faith Baldwin

RECENTLY I have been reading in the daily papers, in the Hollywood and gossip columns, of the problems besetting and confronting the motion-picture stars and it occurred to me how basically alike they are to the problems which each of us knows through experience, or through our contacts with others.

Our problems are usually not public property. The average person makes decisions, suffers or rejoices, and no one save the person and the people intimately and directly concerned are much the wiser. But Hollywood lives in a lighted lantern.

A girl picks up a paper or a motion-picture magazine and looks at the picture of some popular and lovely star, reads about her and what she is doing, and thinks, nothing ever happens to me! But she is wrong, for the same things happen to her that happen to any girl, either motion-picture star or utterly unknown. They differ only in setting and circumstance and attendant publicity.

For we are born, we grow into life, we love, know happiness and unhappiness, we learn lessons of disappointment and fear, we suffer loss and greed, we grow old and we die. These are the common experiences which come to everyone.

Take, for example, Ann Rutherford, whose pictures I have been seeing lately; young, attractive, beginning her career and, like most girls of her age, facing romance. Is she so very different from the girl who reads about her?

The girl who reads about her is probably young, just out of school, and interested, through ambition or financial circumstances, in earning her own living. She may clerk in a store, or type in an office, she may act as a receptionist or hope to be a model, but in any event she is gay, full of life and vitality and standing on the doorsill of important adventure. She wants to work, of course, to earn and to get ahead, but primarily—unless she is the exception to the rule—she is concerned with shaping her life emotionally, and so, with finding the right man with whom to share that life.

She will for a time, as her Hollywood prototype, "play the field." She will go out with as many young men as she can meet at work and during holidays, with the brothers of friends, with even "blind dates." If she is wise she will not be in too much of a hurry to make up her mind. She will look for those qualities which are enduring and which complement, or match, her own. She will look beyond the initial physical attraction for the solid dependable things, the shared interests, the agreeing viewpoints . . . because it is upon those things that she must build her life . . . and in them she will find the eventual substitute for the first wonder and the first rapture and the first adventure.

If she is wise, I have said. But wisdom comes rather late as a rule, often too late and it is only the fortunate among women whose blind instinct, followed blindly, proves to have been wisdom, after all.

I sometimes think if you can laugh at the same jokes and be deadly serious over the same problems—even if not always in complete agreement—that you are safe, you and the boy with whom (Continued on page 103)

Deanna Durbin: "Her marriage corresponds to the 'good' marriage in our social scheme"



Ann Rutherford: Hollywood prototype of the girl standing on the doorstep of adventure



Myrna Loy: "In such a case, in the case of every woman, there should be dignity"

Any other woman would have told him.
But Annabelle wasn't just any other
woman. She was the girl he'd called—



BY FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

ANNABELLE Clark and Mike Harrigan drove away from San Pedro harbor toward Hollywood in ominous silence.

The box with the memories of George in it weighed heavily on her lap. A sense of frustration swept over her. Was it possible that this man sitting beside her, his eyes intent upon the road ahead, had no idea of the torment that filled her now and had been her constant companion for so many days?

Could he fail to know what it meant to a girl not yet twenty to find a husband and lose him within the space of two months? Her mind went back to that moment at the Arizona airport where Mike Harrigan had said bluntly, "I don't know why you want to marry George Hurley, but I'm not for it." Then "What do you want with him, anyway?" The kid has a great chance at your father's studio—so you step in and complicate things for him." And when she had remonstrated with him, he had said cruelly, "I've seen a lot of dames in my time— you're man-poison."

At first he had thought she wouldn't tell George Hurley what his friend had said, but then she realized that he must prove Mike Harrigan was wrong about her. George's answer was, "That's a rotten thing to say," and he had insisted on going ahead with the marriage.



■ The last person in the world Annabelle expected to see here was Mike Harrigan



That seemed to have been an eternity ago. How could this man Harrigan judge her so ruthlessly? It was true that she had taken a long while to wake up; that she had allowed her father, Holton Clark, to spoil her during her nineteen years of pampered life—French governesses, fashionable dancing schools, the French convent and the usual finishing school. It was true that she had fallen for the charms of a cowboy at a dude ranch, and that Holton Clark had had to annul their madcap marriage.

But when at last her father's friend, the columnist Helga Bentley, had told her how important it was for her to try to understand Holton, she had gone to him and asked to be put to work. In his publicity department she found out what it meant to do a job; she also found out what it meant to have someone need her affection, her womanly understanding. That someone had been George Hurley, Clark Studios' most promising young actor.

She had decided upon a runaway marriage, because she knew that the self-willed Holton would inevitably oppose her in her plan to become Mrs. Hurley. How right she had been! When they returned to George's home the night of the marriage, Holton Clark was there to make it amply clear that Hurley's career was finished. But the next day he told Annabelle he would renew her husband's contract on condition that she would stay in Hollywood while George Hurley was sent to Guatemala to make the picture Mike Harrigan was directing.

Annabelle had agreed, for she knew what George's career meant to him.

Now she shuddered as she remembered that moment weeks later when Helga Bentley had broken the terrible news to her: George Hurley had died of malaria in Guatemala.

What irony! Here she sat, driving back to Hollywood with the man who had been George Hurley's best friend—and she knew she would never tell him that her job in the next months was to bear the child of her dead husband. Nothing remained of him but the old shirt, slacks and pith helmet which Mike Harrigan had brought back in this box. She turned her head so Harrigan wouldn't see the tears that started in her eyes.

"I MIGHT as well tell you now and get it over with," Mike Harrigan said finally.

Annabelle steeled herself. "Yes," she said evenly. "Let's get it over with."

Mike Harrigan talked in almost a sing-song, as if he were describing a sequence in one of his pictures. "After we had our equipment and all the details (Continued on page 76)

Brenda defies the rule



HOLLYWOOD has just been knocked into a cocked hat!

Brenda Joyce, one of its most beautiful and promising starlets, has spun the old town around like a top on a bender. She has actually broken Hollywood's oldest rule for matrimony and no one quite knows what to make of it.

Brenda has married her childhood sweetheart, Owen Ward, an accountant for a Los Angeles firm. What's more, she's married an unknown who,

contrary to Hollywood rules, can advance her neither socially, professionally nor economically. That is the catch Hollywood cannot fathom.

In fact, the town just couldn't be more puzzled.

"I have five dollars that says you won't go through with it, Brenda," an actor announced the very day before the wedding. "Nobody ever heard of him."

"I have," Brenda said quietly.

Columnists and writers worked

overtime clipping short the romance. "I'm going to have fun before I marry anyone," Brenda was quoted as saying just a few weeks before the wedding. "I intend to go out more." News of Brenda's flitting about with this escort and that one filled the papers while Hollywood applauded with "Smart girl. She'll never marry him now."

But she did. For you see, Hollywood, smugly patterned to rule, didn't really know Brenda Joyce.

Two heads of a 4-room apartment: Brenda Joyce, actress, and husband Owen Ward, accountant

Everyone said she wouldn't do it — break Hollywood's strictest marriage rule. But Brenda Joyce did

BY
SALLY JEFFERSON

They met, she and Owen, when she was thirteen and he fourteen and both were attending Mount Vernon Junior High School in Los Angeles. Brenda and her parents had moved from the small town of Excelsior Springs, Missouri, where Brenda was born, to San Bernardino, California, and, after her mother and father separated, Brenda and her mother had moved to the city.

"I always knew," she told us over a little pre-wedding luncheon, "I'd marry Owen."

She noticed him first, a dark-haired handsome boy, when he stared so boldly at her waist all through every history class. Brenda, embarrassed and always fearful the zipper had slipped on her dress, tried to stare him down.

"It's your little waist," he told her afterwards. "I never saw a girl with such a small waistline. How do you hold together?"

They were both leaders in the school. They worked together for school functions and on Sundays Owen would hike over to Brenda's house to "tend to business matters."

They were in love and, without even expressing it to themselves, they knew they felt, in some strange, inexplicable way, that they were meant for each other, even then. From Junior High School, they proceeded together to Los Angeles High and gradually began going to school dances and plays and to movies together. All through school it was an accepted fact that Owen was Brenda's beau.

Then, exactly as in a movie, Owen succumbed to a foolish bet, based on the one thing he cherished—his manly pride, tinged and bordered around the edges with a bit of boyish jealousy.



It nearly cost him the girl he loved and did, as a matter of fact, erase her from his life for three long years.

It began when Brenda, Owen and two friends were having a game of tennis one afternoon and Owen's friend rushed to be the one to tie the lace on Brenda's tennis sandals.

Owen didn't hide his jealousy very well and the friend twitted him about it afterwards.

"Say, you're so crazy about Betty (her real name) you can't keep away from her. Look, I'll bet you five dollars you can't stay away from Betty for a month," he challenged.

Five dollars! It looked like five hundred to the high-school freshman and, besides, his pride was involved.

"I'll take that bet," he said.

Next Sunday, when Owen didn't come around and the friend came instead, Brenda was hurt and puzzled. Another week went by with no phone call, no explanation. Brenda held her head high and ignored Owen in the halls, in the classrooms and on the campus. Owen, sure his friend would explain about the bet and Brenda would understand, stuck it out the entire month and collected the five dollars.

Brenda, who knew nothing of the

bet, never spoke to him for three long years. She went to dances and football games with other boys. Owen took out the prettiest girls in the school. But they never forgot. Finally, just before graduation, they got together again.

Brenda, who was one of the most popular girls in school activities, won a scholarship to the University of Southern California and Owen enrolled at U. C. L. A. A half year later, when Brenda was compelled to quit school because of lack of funds, she was wearing Owen's fraternity pin. Almost ten years from the day they met, she became his wife.

In a town of lost values, where the sight of the true and the real has become blurred by the false and the tawdry, where "who he is" is more important than "what he is" and milestones in a young star's life so often become millstones around his heart, where purse and position are the common measuring sticks, the marriage of Brenda and Owen emerges an event.

Hollywood never for a moment changed or influenced Brenda. It failed completely to hammer her into a mold. She remained natural, honest and real.

Never for a moment did Owen be-



An "immediately following the ceremony" picture. Bridal dress had "Brenda" scrolled on one side; "Owen" on the other

heve Hollywood ever would affect her. Selflessly he advised her to go ahead with pictures. He must have known that in nine cases out of ten it could have meant the end of romance—that big money, adulation, fame would have swept her away from him.

"Honey, I just won't marry you if you change," he'd say.

"Do you think I have changed?" she'd ask him anxiously from time to time.

"A little," he'd warn her. "A little. But not enough to hurt. So watch your step."

It was to Owen that Brenda turned for honest criticism of her work. He gave it to her straight, no flattery or pampering about it.

"Your posture is bad," he'd say. And your smile is unnatural."

Brenda knew he was right and tried to improve.

This good-looking, straightforward lad who spoke his mind so honestly eventually attracted the attention of studio officials. They offered him a screen test. Owen fled before it as

one would a typhoon. It wasn't that he decried acting as a profession; it was simply that he was a man who had studied for and approached his chosen work of accounting with respect. No substitute would do.

Friends of Brenda's, at the studio, Gene Tierney and others, were proud of Owen's friendship.

"You've got yourself a man," casting director Lew Sehriber told Brenda just before the wedding. "And if ever a girl was doing a smart thing, it's you, young lady."

Smart, yes, but unusual in Hollywood, for word trickled back all during Brenda's recent personal-appearance tour of the gay times and ardent attention showered on Brenda by young swains everywhere; of how Bob Stack and Bill Orr had fought for her attention throughout the trip.

"It was good for me. I loved it, every minute of it," she said. "I got a lot of things out of my system."

But even before she left, Brenda had confided to a close friend that when she returned she meant to marry

Owen Ward at once.

"They said it would ruin my career," she said, "and I want to go on working. Owen wants me to, too. We see the result of wives who sit idly at home while their husbands progress and grow beyond them. Well, I'm going to take a chance on that right away and for a reason. Owen is a lieutenant in the Reserves, you know. He may be called any moment. I want to be his wife when and if he goes. I want us to have had that happiness together."

So, in a quiet church wedding in Hollywood she became Owen's wife. Her mother, who is house mother for the Alpha Delta Phi sorority at the University of Southern California, Owen's father and stepmother and his sister Janet, who lived with Brenda before the wedding, her uncle, the Reverend Harold Roberts of Ottumwa, Iowa, who gave her away, together with a few friends, were the only audience.

She wanted no engagement ring. "I don't wear rings well," she explained and, noting the extreme slenderness of her hands, we should say the less adornment the better. Instead of two rings, then, her wedding ring was a simple wide band of gold with a single circle of diamonds through the center.

Among the wedding presents was a letter from Brenda's boss Darryl Zanuck, wishing her joy. How right everything turns out to be, once we fearlessly turn our faces in the right direction. Alone, Brenda made her decision and those who know the meaning of wise decisions are first to applaud.

After ten days at Yosemite, Owen and Brenda came home to the small four-room apartment in Westwood.

Courageously they have blazed a trail. Neither sham nor show has been able to swerve them from the right path. May they be trail blazers for others, true in heart, to follow.

Frame for Fame

Presenting, in our exclusive full-color series, Olivia de Havilland, eager, curious, intelligent, talented; a star of Warners' "Strawberry Blonde," and possessor of one of the friendliest personalities in Hollywood



Diana Se Harland



ROZ the RECKLESS — the private life of



Middy-blouse era: This snap was sent to the family from camp. On the back twelve-year-old Roz wrote: "Here I am in the oat field. I look like a Russian."

Men listen to her and laugh.
Women listen to her and wonder how she does it. The story of a girl with ideas—

BY HOWARD SHARPE

NATURAL COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL HESS

THE James E. Russells were practically the backbone of Waterbury, Connecticut, at the beginning of this century's troubled teens; they lived atop a hill, and James worked at his law practice and Clara Russell had children. She had seven, as a matter of fact—thoughtfully spacing them with two-year intervals—and the fourth was the charm.

The fourth was Roz. Roz the incorrigible, Roz the mad, Roz the one-woman crowd. That family has never recovered, and neither has Roz, and she doesn't want to.

I met her first about four years ago, at the cocktail hour; she'd just been a critics' success in a psychological type of picture called "Craig's Wife" and I expected her to be a reserved, serious woman with remarks to make on her Art and the influence of Freud on the modern movie. "Let's do a story," she yelled, tossing kilowatt hours of energy about with every syllable. "Let's do a story on the five men in my life." And for the next hour she told me the most fascinating details of her romances with a florist, a stockbroker, a polo player, a French count in disrepute and a plumber.

The story was never printed, because I didn't write it, because it was all an outrageous pack of lies, which

I knew and she knew. But it was a swell hour of talk and we had a good time. That's how it is with Russell. You enjoy yourself as much as she does, even if nothing constructive gets done.

Some time after that the studios went wise and began casting Roz in comedy roles, which relaxed her a little, though not much. That classic knock-down drag-out battle she staged for "The Women" was a sort of peak. She hasn't topped it yet, but she's trying hard.

That's all to the good for the picture audiences.

Meanwhile she lives (rather like a nervous gadfly lighting for temporary seldom seconds) in a Beverly Hills house, leads a rollicking bachelor girl's existence in which her freedom is greater than any bachelor's, gets herself in and out of messes, breaking an occasional foot or arm or leg in the process, carries on more activities than Ouida Rathbone and Bob Hope combined, gives her friends and her studio bosses and everybody but herself breakdowns, and thrives.

The Russell never cared what she did so long as she was doing something. Right: She high-lights a costume party

She is Hollywood's Eleanor Roosevelt.

These things are typical: She will not stop for food, and it's a wonder her digestive process has not long since atrophied from lack of practice. "Bring me a box of crackers," she says, when internal cries from outraged organs or a sense of weakness (like the dying down of a hurricane) disturb her. She eats crackers until the disturbance stops, talking the while. She would rather talk anyway. She sleeps only when she's exhausted and (Continued on page 99)



Rosalind Russell





GABLE

THINGS WE LIKE ABOUT CLARK

BY SARA HAMILTON

HIS naturalness. His complete simplicity. The fact he never fails to greet or know the least of his acquaintances under any or all circumstances; the way he laughs at himself—these things we like about Clark Gable.

In a town of slam and sham, his un-Hollywoodishness stands out like a carbuncle on Durante's nose. He won't be made a hero, a glamour boy or a movie-star touch-me-not. He's Clark, not Mr. Gable, to practically everyone on the lot from the janitor to Louis B. Mayer—and you can bet the janitor, the grip, the prop, get the same treatment from Gable as the higher-ups. Without any condescending, understand. Or any feeling of being a good scout with the underdog. He's just one of 'em, this former oil driller, lumberjack, telephone wireman.

For instance, there's the dressing-room trailer he uses on each set. If Gable can get in it, he's lucky. It's usually filled with everyone else on the lot. One day during a hot football game, Clark rushed from a scene to his trailer radio to listen to the game.

"No room, no room," the gang yelled, without even turning around to see who it was. So, nothing daunted, Clark made for his car outside the stage door and listened to the game on the car radio. No one, including Gable, saw anything unusual in a big star's being shoved out of his (Continued on page 94)

on the spot!

THINGS I DON'T LIKE ABOUT MYSELF

BY CLARK GABLE

(As told to Sara Hamilton)

THINGS I don't like about myself? Lady, I could write a book. There is that bad habit of forgetting dates and friends' birthdays and anniversaries. It's a good thing Mrs. G. takes care of that end of it—and she does a good job of it, too. Has a little book with everyone's name and birthday and anniversary marked down and always sends a gift or telegram. Many a time I've met a friend who's said, "Say, thanks for the telegram. That was swell of you." I have no more idea than a rabbit what he's talking about, until I ask Mrs. G. and sure enough—it was his birthday.

That I don't like in me at all. Or my impatience with stupidity. A stupid act or a person who acts unnecessarily stupidly, when he could just as easily have used his head, is the one thing that makes me lose my temper. And I don't like losing my temper.

The way I hate to make publicity stills or to have my picture taken makes even me sorry for the studio. I put it off just as long as I can possibly get away with it, then I finally go and act like a ham standing before a camera in riding boots or clutching a pipe between my teeth.

I should pay more attention to clothes, too. But the thought of getting a suit fitted drives all notion of clothes out of my head. I remember the big night when "Gone With the Wind" was previewed. The event called for white tie and tails and I

forgot all about it until it was almost time to dress and then neither Carole nor I could find the suit. I had one somewhere. After we'd about given up, we finally discovered it hanging in the cleaning bag in the attic. They tell me I'm about the only actor in town who doesn't at least know where his dress suit is.

I hate a liar. Maybe because I'm such a good one myself, heh? Anyway, to find someone has told an out-and-out lie puts him on the other side of the fence from me for all time.

I hate dishonesty in anyone, but sometimes I think I should be more tolerant of it. I hate pretentiousness almost as much. When Vic Fleming and I go into Arizona to look at property, we land in auto courts and thank God we have beds. None of this I'm-too-good-for-it sort of thing. That's not my dish.

I SHOULD be neater, I guess. The other day Carole came on the set to visit and took one look at this trailer. "Where's the broom?" was all she asked. Did she clean this place out! Otherwise it just stays as it is with the coffee pot and teapot and Campbell's cookies in the drawers.

I don't have patience with people who don't realize this is a give-and-take business we're in. It's all right to yell for what you think is right—I do plenty of it myself—but there's the other fellow's side, too. There's no reason for dissension among work-

After you read this, you'll know as much as we do about Gable. Matter of fact, you'll know as much as the guy does himself

ers and executives, to my way of thinking.

I don't believe I'm what is technically known as a social success. I prefer jeans to tails and have no swimming pool. I don't have a chauffeur, so I'm positive I don't rate. I seldom see the inside of a night club and as for my rhumba—I draw the curtain. And I'm a washout at these intellectual parties, too. Guess I'm just a farmer at heart.

I like good cars, but do I blow up when they get too fancy with the gadgets. The other day Carole and I had to get out a chart to find the ash tray. It took us from the ranch to San Diego to find it.

Maybe I should worry more. It seems because I take things as they come people get the idea I'm not interested. What's the use of fussing? I remember I was sent over to Columbia studios by my own studio to make a picture. I've heard it was sort of a punishment. Maybe. I didn't know it. Claudette Colbert was my partner in the loanout deal and Claudette was worried sick. She wasn't sure of the story or what would happen to either of us if it flopped. I think she thought I was pretty much of a lug for not worrying about it. Of course, I had an ace up my sleeve when I was being Cheery Willie, for I knew I could always go back to lumberjacking, or well-drilling. Claudette said afterwards I spent more time trying (*Continued on page 95*)

Fred Mac Murray



Let's Submerge!



In which the famous Granville-Cooper romance gets into some pretty deep water

Chaperoned by their respective mothers, Hollywood's faithful teen-age twosome, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, recently vacationed together at Palm Springs. Going on the theory that all play and no work is a lot of fun, they got up early one morning, played some diving-board pranks and then submerged into the El Mirador pool. Result: The one-in-a-million picture above



The Best Figure



Ben Brady

in Hollywood

You may not be surprised at the winner, but you'll be astonished at the points that decided the judges. Maybe you're right in the winning class yourself!

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BETTY GRABLE has the best figure in Hollywood!

Warm curves are the thing, just as they were ten years ago when Dolores Del Rio's figure was voted Hollywood's fairest.

It's never a simple matter to reach a decision of this kind. The many points of view regarding the feminine figure must have equal consideration. Therefore, once again, we compiled a comprehensive chart showing the latest accurate measurements of every actress in Hollywood and we selected our judges from four widely different fields, inviting a famous artist, physician, showman and dressmaker to sit on our board.

Paul Hesse, responsible for the covers on Photoplay-Movie Mirror, was our artist, properly enough.

"A beautiful figure is something beyond proportions even though proportions must be there, too," he said. "Personality is tremendously important in a beautiful figure. The girl with no vitality, the girl who sits and stands

and moves as if she were half dead, buries her beauty just as surely as the girl who is overweight."

The more Paul Hesse thought about the Hollywood girls and the way they maintain the greatest body beauty of

which they are capable, the more he deplored the fact that far and away the majority of girls fail to follow their inspiring example.

"Choose one hundred girls at random on the street," he said, "and how many will you find who will have a figure as lovely as it might be—one out of a hundred, *maybe!*"

Betty Grable was one of the girls Paul Hesse noted for further consideration. "Betty looks like a woman," he said, with satisfaction. "In my book that's essential! In my book the flat-chested figure is never beautiful, irrespective of how symmetrical it otherwise may be. Betty has buoyancy, too—the best kind of 'figure personality.'"

In the end it was Betty he put first on his list.

"Femininity and buoyancy topping symmetry," he said, "that's all there is, there isn't any more!"

His second choice was Olivia de Havilland. "Olivia's another girl who crowns lovely proportions with the essential quality of womanhood," he explained.

The authentic score card below shows how the choice was made. Every time a star is a judge's choice she is given 25. If she is his first choice, she gets an extra 5 points; his second, an extra 3 points. If she is named by only one judge, she does not appear on the chart, but is given honorable mention. For the stars who received this award, see page 74. Exact measurements of the winners will also be found on page 74.

Name of Star	Paul Hesse	Dr. Halton	Billy Rose	Irene	Total
Miss Grable	5 + 25	5 + 25	25		85
Miss Colbert	25		5 + 25	3 + 25	83
Miss Rogers	25	25	25		75
Miss Sheridan	25	3 + 25			53
Miss Goddard	25	25			50
Miss Lombard	25			25	50
Miss Hayward	25	25			50
Miss Young				5 + 25	30
Miss de Havilland	3 + 25				28
Miss Scott			3 + 25		28

The Judges



Artist Paul Hesse



Dr. Mary Halton



Showman Billy Rose



Designer Irene

Showman Billy Rose made his awards on a "streamlined" age theory. First: Claudette Colbert



Femininity and buoyancy were points in Artist Paul Hesse's decisions. On his list he placed Ginger Rogers

Mutual choice of both Paul Hesse and Dr. Halton was Paulette Goddard

He also named Rita Hayworth, Susan Hayward, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Ann Sheridan, Ginger Rogers, Paulette Goddard and Alice Faye.

He hesitated about Alice. "Because," he said, "Alice puts on weight so easily. However, it's this tendency—controlled—that gives her the warm figure I admire most. This particular figure, I think, never is easily attained by the girl who is naturally thin."

All of which starts off our line-up for the best figures in Hollywood like this:

- Betty Grable
- Olivia de Havilland
- Rita Hayworth
- Susan Hayward
- Carole Lombard

Dr. Mary Halton's choices were made on medical points. Her second award went to Ann Sheridan





Choice of both artist Hesse and designer Irene was Carole Lombard



Definitely disliked by Dr. Halton was the boyish-type woman. Fourth on her award list she placed Susan Hayward



Mentioned by no other judge, Loretta Young won first place on Hollywood designer Irene's list. Reason for her choice was because Miss Young was "so beautifully slim"

To Mr. Rose glamorous lines were those that gave "the feeling of youth"—i.e., Martha Scott

- Claudette Colbert
- Ann Sheridan
- Ginger Rogers
- Paulette Goddard
- Alice Faye



Essential to Hesse was that his choices "look like a woman." Second winner was Olivia de Havilland



DOCTOR MARY HALTON, gynecologist, obstetrician and Chairman of "The Equal Rights for Babies Committee," judged the Hollywood figures with the all-seeing eye of the physician and scientist. She said:

"Body beauty springs from health. It's the direct result of bones that have grown normally, of a muscular system that has the plasticity to produce feminine grace and of flesh that has a soft, luscious glow—the endocrine product of those two essential feminine glands, the thyroid and the ovary." (Continued on page 74)

It was Johnny who kept their relationship on a strict business basis. She gave Bill no hints as to the life she led between visits to his apartment



THE CAST

Johnny Jones . . . Hedy Lamarr

Bill Smith . . . James Stewart

BILL SMITH was broke. Down to his last dime. All evening he had sprawled on a bench in Central Park clutching the solitary coin in his pocket and trying to decide whether to blow it recklessly on dinner or hoard it for breakfast. The weather made up his mind for him. A storm, which had been muttering in the skies for hours, broke suddenly, driving Bill out of the park and at a long-legged canter down Sixth Avenue to the shelter of a lunchroom.

A girl ducked through the doorway just ahead of him and Bill gave an involuntary "Whoosh" of admiration. She was worth a whoosh—worth a couple of them, in fact. She was tall and slender with curves just where curves should be and clouds of misty black hair framing a face which would have been perfect if it hadn't been marred by a frown.

Bill slid onto the stool next to her, glancing at her with the friendliness of a puppy. The girl turned away coldly and Bill, embarrassed, began a painstaking study of the menu to determine the best investment for his dime, that last lone dime which he

now kissed for luck and placed at the edge of the counter.

Now Fate dealt Bill its cruellest blow. Fate in the form of the counterman who with a "What'll it be, buddy?" scooped up the soiled dishes in front of Bill and Bill's dime with them.

"Coffee and dough—" Bill began, then, in consternation, "Hey—that's my dime!"

The counterman crashed the dishes through a hole in the wall behind him, stuck the dime into his apron pocket and leaned on the counter. "A wise guy, huh?" he said. "Well, we're supposed to laugh at the customers' jokes—so I'm laughing. Now, what'll it be?"

"I tell you that's my dime," Bill insisted. "My last one, too," he added.

The counterman was unmoved. "I'm still laughing," he said.

Excitedly, indignantly, the girl spoke up. "That's not fair. It is his! I saw him put it there."

"Say, what is this—a frame-up?" demanded the counterman, leaning a little closer. "That's my tip the last guy left me—and I'm keeping it.

Want to make something of it?"

"You bet I want to make something of it," Bill shouted. Stretching long lean arms across the counter he grabbed the man and shook him until his teeth rattled.

It was fun while it lasted, but it didn't last long enough. In answer to a strangled, "Hey, Cookie," from the counterman, a hefty individual burst out of the kitchen.

"Look out!" It was the girl, but her warning was too late. The cook grabbed Bill from behind, pulled him away from his victim and started a bums' rush toward the door.

In a flash the girl was off her stool, swinging onto the cook's jacket. "Let him go," she pleaded. "I can explain everything. Look!" From her handbag she pulled two five-dollar bills which she waved invitingly in the air. "Will you let him go?" she urged. "For this?" Cook and counterman looked at each other, then at the fivers, then they nodded to Johnny. "And you," she turned to Bill, "if I get you out of this will you behave?"

Bill eyed his opponents and decided that, although he could take them one

Come Live with Me

That's what she said to him. He was to say the same words to her—later. The only catch was they meant two different things

Fiction version by LEE PENNINGTON

at a time, together they would prove too much. "Okay," he said helplessly.

The girl handed over the money, then pulled Bill after her through the door toward a taxi. Suddenly Bill broke loose and sprinted back across the sidewalk. "What about my dime?" he yelled.

The girl grabbed his arm and hung on. "You promised!"

Bill stopped. "Oh, all right." When they were in the taxi he said sourly, "It looks as if you're calling the shots, so where do we go from here?"

"Just drive around," she told the

driver. "Anywhere." After a moment she said, "I am Johnny Jones."

Bill's habitual good humor returned. "I seem to have heard the name before. Well, I'm one in a million, too. I'm Bill Smith."

Johnny didn't answer. She was frowning again, lost in thought. At last her face cleared as though she had reached a decision. "Was that really your last dime?" she asked.

Silently Bill turned his pockets inside out, revealing in the dim light only a door key, a driver's license and a half-used package of matches.

"That's good," Johnny said.

"What's good about it?" Bill demanded. Then he looked at Johnny again. Never, even in the dear dead days when he had had folding money, had he met anyone like her. "I'll say it's good," he agreed fervently.

"What do you do, Bill Smith?" Johnny asked.

"I'm a genius."

"I don't believe I ever heard of a genius named Bill Smith," Johnny said doubtfully.

"You must have. I'm the guy they print (Continued on page 86)

Barton Kendrick . . . Ian Hunter

Diana Kendrick . . . Verree Teasdale

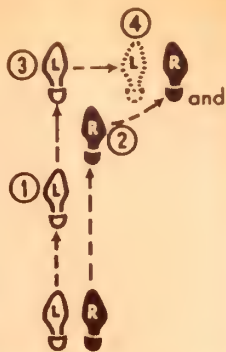
Grandma . . . Adeline De Walt Reynolds

"Bart, there is a reason why we can't get married," Johnny said gently

Original story by Virginia Van Upp. Screen play by Patterson McNutt. Produced and directed by Clarence Brown. Copyright 1941 by Loew's, Inc.



BASIC STEP OF TANGO



BOY STARTS HERE
(Girl does opposite)



America's most famous tango team is Veloz and Yolanda. Above is Veloz . . .

. . . with Frances Grant, his assistant, performing for Photoplay-Movie Mirror

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

Dancing School

HAVE you ever sat at a floor table in the Coconut Grove or the Rainbow Roof at Rockefeller Center or some other famous night club and watched breathless as a dance team, bathed in the spotlight, floated faultlessly through the tango? If you have, you've probably wished like anything that you could do that—even in a small way—the next time the band played.

Furthermore, the team that made you feel that way was undoubtedly known as Veloz and Yolanda, perhaps the greatest popular dancers in the world today. So naturally, when we came to the tango, we thought

"I'll teach you to tango in a half-hour," said the great Veloz. He did! The trick is yours for the reading

Conducted by
HOWARD SHARPE

of Frank Veloz. And here he is, without his usual impeccable uniform of tails and white tie, but just as we found him in the little theater at RKO, where he has been acting as official studio dance coach while his wife and dancing partner, Yolanda, took time out to present him with an heir.

Veloz was a little reluctant, at first. He explained that he had only one partner and that was Yolanda, and he never had been photographed dancing with anyone else, and it just wouldn't do. "But look," we said, "this is important. Nobody can tango the way you can. We'll explain how it is to the readers."

So now we have, and you understand. Frances Grant, who's Veloz' assistant and who is dancing in the picture he is working on, got her costume away from the wardrobe department for these illustrations, just for atmosphere to counteract Veloz' slack suit, which he wears at the studio

When Veloz and Frances first went through the routine we're going to describe for you on these pages, we said, "Hey, that's terrific—but it's too complicated. It would take months to learn all that."

"There are only four or five basic steps in it," Veloz said. "I'll teach you to do it in half an hour." And by golly, he did.

Here's how:

FIRST (said the maestro) we go very elegant when we tango. We have grace, and a touch of humor. We take a step and make as if we're going to stay on that foot forever; and then very suddenly we click through two or three quick ones. But before the watcher gets used to the new fast tempo, we balance again on another step and hold it.

Another thing, we don't stand directly opposite our partners as we do for other dances. A great deal of the time, especially at the beginning of certain routines, we start side by side—"open." (See photograph 4 for illustration.) When we close again, it's a little to the left of each other, each right shoulder on a line with the partner's throat.

In reality, the tango is a series of poses, done with perfect poise, awareness and drama. All Latin dances are love dances, really, but

this one is more than that; the man is eager, pursuant, the woman languorous and supple and appealing. She should keep her head back a little and try to be as graceful as possible.

Keep this in mind, always: The slow step uses up two beats of the music, the quick step only one. The difference is made very deliberate, very pronounced. Take long strides on the slow steps, short strides on the quick steps.

Here's the first, and simplest, step. (See diagram on opposite page).

Take two long slow steps forward beginning on the left foot—left forward then right forward. Three short quick steps follow in this fashion: Step forward with left, then short sidestep to right with the right foot and, for the third step, draw left foot to the right but do not place your weight on that left foot. (Dotted outline in diagram on opposite page signifies weight is not put on the left foot.) In other words, you're ready to repeat the sequence you've just done, beginning again on the left foot. This is the basic step of the tango.

Then here's what they call the *chasse*, classic and just as simple. The steps are taken sideways. The man has his back (Continued on page 98)



BOY STARTS HERE
(Girl does opposite)



We acknowledge with gratitude the careful check which was given this feature by the Arthur Murray Studios

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BACHRACH

er's favorite
o step is a
turn as dia-
and pictures

Simplified, easy directions for this famous Veloz half turn will be found on page 98 of this article

HERE'S HOW I LIVE



"We finally found just the house—a two-story white brick with a balcony and a big yard."

You buy a house; you acquire a baby; you know all the ins-and-outs of the Bill Henrys' private life. That's how intimate this story is!

A YEAR ago I was what is commonly referred to as "a promising young actor." I had a motion-picture contract, a wife and an automobile. I belonged to a social set made up of other young contract players. I danced, swam, played tennis and did everything else a young contract player is supposed to do. When I was tired or wanted to change my clothes I retired to my "modest apartment." Everyone said I was a lucky dog and I took their word for it. If Grace realized it was a lot of hokey, she never mentioned it. She was just the grandest little wife "a promising young actor" could have.

Then one evening, after a strenuous day of play, she looked up at me with

that wholesome little smile of hers and said, "Bill, let's stop kidding ourselves."

Since an actor always stops acting just when he ought to begin, I looked just as dumb as I felt and mumbled, "What d' y' mean?"

She wrinkled up her pert little nose and said, "Oh, you know—home, babies—all those silly old-fashioned things our parents believed in."

Grace, my lively little Grace, said *that*. I couldn't believe it—but I had to. Oh, I read stories so I know that plenty of wives have said the same thing, but they weren't Durkins. Most emphatically, they were not Grace Durkin, a little whirlwind of delight that never stopped going and never

seemed bored or tired. Grace and her sister Gertrude were more popular than any dozen girls had any right to be. It took herculean strength to keep up with her during the courtship and colossal conceit to ask her to marry me, but I had managed both. When she said "yes" I raced her to the minister before she could change her mind.

That had been three years before—three years that had seemed like three weeks because Grace had been such a wonderful wife. And now, suddenly, she was sitting there, grinning and saying quite calmly, "Let's stop kidding ourselves . . . let's have a home and babies. . . ."

Of course, I kissed her. What would

by Bill Henry AS TOLD TO HARMONY HAYNES



Left: Bill, Grace and Duke Michael. "I bought kiddie cars I thought the little fellow might like"

Below: The Henrys kill time with backgammon. "The hardest part of becoming a father is the waiting"



Right: The bedroom. "I didn't see what glass-topped tables had to do with a good night's sleep"



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

you have done? I kissed her and put my arm around her and she snuggled up like a contented little kid about to hear a bedtime story. Then we made plans. First, we would look for a house, one that we both liked and could afford. Whatever else it had, it must have one large sunny room for a nursery and a big yard for the little fellow to romp in.

Whenever we went to look for a house I explained those two requirements to the agent and when he would look sort of funny, Grace would burst into laughter and chirp, "Oh, we won't have the baby for a year or two." No, I did not choke her—I am an actor and I can conceal my true feelings in front of people.

We finally found just the house. I knew it was ours the moment I saw it. It was a two-story white brick with a balcony and a big back yard with a barbecue and a badminton court. Downstairs there was a large living room which opened onto a patio. There was a nice-sized dining room that would look regal with the right furniture. There was a den with a fireplace and plenty of space for my books and papers—yes, in my spare time I fancy myself a writer and besides, all reports to the contrary, I answer all my fan mail personally. There were also a bath, a kitchen and a dinette. Upstairs there were another bath and two bedrooms—one opened out on a balcony so (Continued on page 91)

ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES—

**HOLLYWOOD
AT HOME**



1. Ploy's most frankly ribald moment is the famous "horsing" scene between sex-starved, hairlipped Ellie May Lester and Lov Bensey. Jeeter's theft of Lov's turnips ends the primitive possi



4. Less loath to mote is Dude, when Sister Bessie, after prying over the ideo, decides she needs a new husbond to help carry on her work. Promise of on outo with o loud horn wins Du

TOBACCO ROAD

HOW BROADWAY HAS DONE IT FOR 7 YEARS

Exclusive PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR photographs by Charles P. Seawood

RIBALD, rowdy, profane, "Tobacco Road" holds the record for the longest continuous run of any play ever to bow on Broadway, where curious crowds still swell its gross of \$5,000,000. Banned in many cities, road companies have carried the tawdry tale all over the nation, playing in everything from showboats to abandoned churches. With Hollywood about to release a varnished version of the raucous, rough piece, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR herewith offers you an aisle seat at high-light scenes of the original, uncensored play as it is now being performed in New York with Will Geer in the famous role of Jeeter Lester; Leora Thatcher as Ada, Ellen Andrews as Ellie May, Robert Rose as Dude, Vinnie Phillips as Sister Bessie, Marion Willis as Lov Bensey, Augusta Wallace as Pearl. Turn to page 52 to see how Hollywood is doing it.



7. No crop has grown on his desolate form in seven years, when foreclosure is threatened, Jeeter protests his love for land as passionately as if his Crocker cribs overflowed with g



Reluctantly Jeeter shares his loot with Ellie May, his wife Ada, the preacher woman, Sister Bessie, and Grandma Lester. Last has munched two carloads of turnips during the long run



3. Golden-haired Pearl, youngest and prettiest of the Lester brood, is sold into marriage with Lov by Jeeter for \$7. When she rebels and flees from her unwelcome wedlock, Lov pursues



"I marry us man and wife. That's all, God. We're in a hurry now!" Sister Bessie's naive wedding ceremony, as Dude plucks glibly at their license, prefaces some uproarious comedy



6. As unconventional as their nuptials is the far less private honeymoon of Dude and Bessie in the Lester cabin. Jeeter first speeds the backward bridegroom to the tryst, then kibitzes on it



8. Jeeter bargains with Lov to buy back Pearl. Ada, trying to stop Dude and Bessie from summoning Lov, is struck by their car. As she dies, Ada bites Jeeter and enables Pearl to escape



9. Unmoved by Ada's death, shiftless Jeeter's only worry, as the final curtain falls, is how he can manage to stay on his land. Despite its grim ending and its squalor, the play has high humor

TOBACCO ROAD

HOW HOLLYWOOD
IS DOING IT

The play "Tobacco Road" which shocked calloused dramatic critics, brought forth protests from civilians, is now being screened by Twentieth Century-Fox. The company who produced the starkly triumphant "Grapes of Wrath" paid \$200,000 for the play, is now gambling a cast of great actors and \$600,000 on filming what will be either a great mistake or a magnificent masterpiece



For the picturization of the sardid, dr life of a Georgia Cracker family, Dan Zanuck chose this cast—Ellie May, t rebellious daughter: Gene Tierney; L Bensey, the man she laves (see above Ward Band); the crippled Grandma: Zef Tilbury; Ma Lester: Elizabeth Patterse Jeeter Lester: Charles Grapewin; Her Peabody: Slim Summerville; Dude, t half-witted san: William Tracy; Sist Bessie, evangelist: Marjarie Rambe

THE BOY LINDA DARNELL LOVES



HYMAN FINK

IS IT MICKEY ROONEY ?

NO! - Read this exclusive revelation

LINDA DARNELL thrills to the kisses of Tyrone Power. But not, incredibly, because it is Tyrone who kisses her.

I watched her make the love scenes for "The Mark of Zorro" as I had previously watched her make the love scenes for "Brigham Young—Frontiersman" . . . that brilliant dreaming in her eyes, that pulsing tenderness in her young voice, that something wondering and wistful about her mouth. Has the child fallen in love with Tyrone, I wondered.

" . . . those love scenes are too real to be unreal," said an observer.

But Linda laughed when I said, trying to be casual, "You're not a little . . . ah . . . smitten with Tyrone, are you?"

"No," she said, "oh no, not *that* way. It isn't that!"

"But how can you act love so ten-

BY GLADYS HALL

derly if you have never felt it?"

"But I *have*," she said. "When Tyrone kisses me, I think about the boy I love!"

This, then, is the story, the now-for-the-first-time-revealed love story of the lovely Linda:

It happened three years ago, when Linda was fourteen and going to high school in Dallas, Texas. Sometime during mid-term Linda had to stay at home because of a severe cold. It was during her absence that it happened and the first she heard about it was when the girls dropped by one day to see her after school, their eyes shining, their voices shrill with some new excitement. "Linda, wait until you see the new boy at school! Oh,

he's terrific! He's dark and foreign and handsome like crazy . . . He's wonderful! He's really too divine!"

More connectedly, then, they told her about this new boy; that his name was Jaime Jorba; that he was an Older Man, being twenty; that he was a Spanish refugee; that he was in this country for only six months at the end of which time he would have to go to Mexico.

Linda sniffed, not only with her cold. She nursed her cold—and a mounting grudge. She heard so much about this Spanish sensation, how wonderful he was, that rather naturally she took an instant and instinctive dislike to him. She said, with a disdainful toss of her young dark head, "Well, he's not going to bowl *me* over!"

"I was fourteen. How did I know what love (Continued on page 84)

Petticoat fever: Helen Parrish in Universal's "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga" and . . .



. . . Gene Tierney, signal star of a signal film, Twentieth Century-Fox's "Tobacco Road"



Let



Says Crystal Waters of Vivien Leigh: "I like to watch her form her words. Her teeth are kept well apart"

YOU go to see a picture—say that delightful comedy, "My Favorite Wife." Onto the screen comes Irene Dunne, riding on the front seat of a truck, bursting into tears at the sight of the home she hasn't seen for seven years. She is wearing trousers and a sailor's coat, but when she sobs, "I live here!" you know she does. A woman with that cultivated, perfectly controlled voice must have the background of just such a home. Later, when, in her own clothes, she is lunching at the fashionable Pacific Club, her voice belongs with her surroundings. She is a young matron of wealth

and social standing and excellent taste. All that, if you are voice-conscious, her voice must tell you—and does!

Have you thought how much of the charm of your favorite stars depends upon their voices? Their ability to adjust the voice to the rôle—to make it a logical part of the character the actor is supposed, at the moment, to be?

All of us, whoever and whatever we are, play a variety of parts in the drama of living. First of all, of course, we are ourselves—a business person, a housewife, an employer, a mother,

Bette Davis: "I like the tragic intensity of Bette Davis' voice"

a social leader, an athlete . . . but we slip from one of these characters into others many times in the course of a single day. In the main, our voices tell the story of what we really are. The part of the country where we grew up, the schools we went to, our interests, our secret inner selves, with all their likes and dislikes, tastes and interests, are here to be detected by any keen ear that chances to hear us talk. Beyond this, we more or less

the stars teach you to talk

Here's hope for everyone with an under-par speaking voice—from a woman who trains stars

BY CRYSTAL WATERS

One of this country's most distinguished vocal teachers, Crystal Waters trains the voices of screen, stage, concert, opera and radio stars for speaking as well as singing. She has conducted courses in vocal instruction at Columbia University. Her credo is this: Every speaking voice can be a good one



Leslie Howard: "I like the musical perfection of Mr. Howard's tones"

Joan Crawford: "I like the mellowness and richness of both Joan Crawford's voice . . ."



. . . and Alice Faye's. Yet these two voices are as individual as the faces of the two stars"



consciously adjust our voices to the pursuits of the moment. In all our rôles, we can learn valuable lessons from those glamorous, perfectly trained voices of Hollywood.

Suppose, for example, you are a secretary, with a towering ambition to be a model of tact, efficiency, neatness—the sort of secretary every business executive longs for but all too seldom finds.

On the screen, if not in real life, you have often seen such secretaries. That same versatile Miss Dunne has played such a part in many of her most successful pictures. No doubt

you have studied her clothes—the dress or suit, feminine but not too frilly, the neat grooming of hair and hands, the absence of extremes of make-up and adornment that may be quite all right at a night club or a garden party but are all too distracting in an office. But what about her voice? It carries authority. Speaking over the telephone, it is the kind of voice that brightens the day for the person calling and puts him in the mood to patronize the firm employing it. It proclaims efficiency. Without a hint of ill temper, it sends the office boy (Continued on page 109)



NEW FACE Going Places

ANY minute now," said Jane Russell, "I expect to find myself back at Dr. Creamer's office in Van Nuys, saying to a patient, 'Have you an appointment with the doctor?'" Instead, she found herself in a little Indian village in Arizona playing, in "The Outlaw," the role of Rio, the fiery half-breed love of *Billy the Kid*.

She's entitled to the role of "New Face" because she was a ten-dollar-a-week receptionist doing commercial posing on the side until Howard Hughes found her photograph in

a batch brought to him by a Hollywood agent. She's going places because she's ready to play little and work hard and because she's always tried to follow her actress mother's advice: "Study dramatics."

What she doesn't have is actual motion-picture experience; a glamorous wardrobe; or a lot of money. What she does have is brown-eyed beauty; a great deal of courage; and a chance to be one of the most important people in one of the most important productions of the coming cinema year.

Vivacious Ann Rutherford, soon to be seen in M-G-M's "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," gives you an exclusive preview of her spring wardrobe. Her evening dress of rustling black taffeta is accented with snowy white starched lace in old-fashioned style and Ann wears a black velvet bow in her hair just as her grandmother did. Gown designed by Louella Ballerino, Los Angeles

Ann's Paris Fashion shoes were selected from the Vanity Slipper Shoppe, Hollywood

BY GWENN WALTERS

Photographs by Eric Carpenter



Fabric pumps with patent leather bow, petticoat ruffles

Spring puts her best foot forward



Crisp collars and cuffs of embroidered white piqué set off Ann's sport frock of heavenly blue—and how heavenly when contrasted with the dark Rutherford beauty. Exaggerated patch pockets with welt openings trim the blouse, which joins the skirt with an inset waistband



Ann's shoe choice for pastels: Brown and white closed-toe spectator pumps

Parchment beige wool jersey fashions Ann's second sport frock. Designed by Louella Ballerino, who also designed the dress on the opposite page, it is a two-piece eye-catcher. The blouse, which features soft neckline, shoulder and cuff gathers for a trim, tucks into a bias skirt



Footnote: Beige kid pumps with walled toe, edged with pleating and a tailored bow

Ann's trim dressmaker suit of beige and brown checks is distinguished by a pert upstanding collar, clever three-button closing and novel shoulder cut. The jacket tops a beige cashmere sweater; pearls are worn outside



Suited to the suit: Beige shoes—perforated vamps, brown lacings and heels

Black and white are smartly contrasted in Ann's silk suit. The skirt is black crepe; the jacket, with wide revers and single-button closing, is faille. For a smart finish, there's a high-neck white crepe blouse



Shoe choice: Open-toe scalloped sport shoes of black gabardine

IT'S ALL IN YOUR

Name

BY MARIAN QUINN

If you want to be the subject of glamorous conversation, try buying clothes a new way—i.e., choose something that represents the meaning of your name

Alice or Adeline —OF NOBLE BIRTH
Your fashion fate is a regal air. You can have it with a pastel spring coat cut full in back for a patrician swing

Ann, Hannah, Nancy —GRACE
A-T motif here is full flowing lines. A draped silk jersey dress gathered here and there does you up to name perfection

Catherine —CHASTE, PURE
Simple severity for you. Try the chaste simplicity of white cotton lace for evening; high-light it with exotic jewelry

Barbara —FOREIGN, STRANGE
You're the first to wear "firsts," so try a new necklace: A tangle of wool and little mirrors. Carry a purse to match.

Beatrice —MAKING HAPPY
Sweetness and light for you. Don a middy blouse and radiate childish gaiety wherever you go. Moreover, it's high fashion

Irene, Rena —PEACEFUL
You rate a soft-light, low-music atmosphere. Pale pink and pearls swing it every time—and remember, men prefer pink

Helen or Eleanor —LIGHT
You're the good old cliché—a charmer. You'll get results by wearing a gossamer crocheted shawl draped over your turban

Edith, Eda —HAPPINESS
You're the cheery soul who spreads joy. Do it without being Pollyannish by donning a spring suit in the smart spring red

Louise, Eloise —BOLD, STRONG
You're the girl who always takes a dare. Try this one: Wear matching cotton stockings and gloves in vivid shades with tweeds

Margaret, Madge —A PEARL
You're a standout because of truly "pretty" clothes. Wear a dress with a soft lace guimpe hooked with perfect pearl buttons

(Continued on Page 11)

WHAT SECRETARIES REALLY THINK . . .



Tests with 615 secretaries show a 29% longer lasting flavor in **Beech-Nut Gum**

615 secretaries, in 26 cities, tested peppermint chewing gum. They reported that Beech-Nut's flavor lasted, on an average, 29% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands tested. In addition, 2 out of 3 said that they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands. When you buy chewing gum, get the *yellow* package of Beech-Nut. It's *delicious*. Discover how long and how much you enjoy its better, stronger peppermint flavor.

An independent consumer research organization made the tests*

615 secretaries in 26 cities were tested. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and rewrapped in plain wrappers. Each secretary was given two different brands

(Beech-Nut and one other), asked to report how long she thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick tasted better. Thus Beech-Nut was tested against all the other brands. *Name on request.

They said: *more minutes of flavor*



*The most beautiful
fingernails
in the world!*



COLOR FLASH

Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
Dura-Gloss Indian Red
Dura-Gloss Zombie

Are your fingernails the most beautiful?



Alluring holdly lovely, the twinkling brilliance of your fingernails conveys a message, a message to a man's intuition, of the loveliness of all of you! Let Dura-Gloss bring its gift of gem-flashing beauty to your fingernails! Do what millions of thrilled women are doing, switch your affections to Dura-Gloss, the easy-onflow, durable, longer-lasting polish that has swept America like a prairie fire! A tiny dime—ten cents—is all you pay for Dura-Gloss—but compare Dura-Gloss to polishes costing up to ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORR 10¢

DURA-GLOSS

**THE DIFFERENCE
between NAIL POLISHES**

- (1) Some 10¢ nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.
- (2) Some 10¢ nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.
- (3) Some 10¢ nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."
- (4) Some 10¢ nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss lasts.

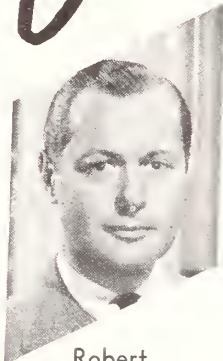
Another in our daring series of filmland exposés—

"Fearless," Hollywood's inner conscience,
pleads for some stars

WORDS THAT KILL!



Hedy Lamarr



Robert Montgomery



Shirley Temple



Richard Greene

BY

"FEARLESS"

NAILS aren't the only way of crucifying people. Words have been known to do a pretty good job—both spoken and written words. This month Fearless dares take to task his own kind—writers, reporters and editors, even himself—for the share they have had in bringing misery and serious danger to some of our top stars.

The reason is not that reporters and editors are always vicious and purposely cruel. More often they're just thoughtless or careless or plain callous.

Remember—words can kill! They can kill careers, reputations, personal happiness—and do.

Hedy Lamarr is living in constant terror of one thing—the printed word. For it can rob her of the most precious thing in the world, eighteen-month-old Jamie, the little boy she is waiting anxiously for permission to adopt. Her divorce from her producer husband, Gene Markey, put her back as a probationary mother because the authorities who let her have the baby don't believe that divorced homes are the ideal background for growing children. She can't afford to have a breath of gossip about her until she has graduated as a parent.

Consequently, romance which every other girl yearns for is the one thing

that spells danger to Hedy Lamarr. She cannot—she must not let her heart catch her off guard, or allow herself to be manoeuvred, however innocently, into any situation that will raise a doubt in the minds of the public. Jamie is at stake. Thus the first appearance of her name in a column coupled with that of John Howard, the attractive star who is slated for a build-up at Universal, brought forth vehement denials of anything but the most casual acquaintance. It was weeks before she overcame her alarm sufficiently to be seen with him again. Meantime, the edge was taken off the romance rumors in that quarter by gay appearances with Reginald Gardiner, her devoted beau before she married Gene Markey.

BUT how long will it be before some reporter or editor dips into Hedy's heart's blood for a big story without trying too hard to find out if it's true or not? To the press it would mean just another news smash, as we say in our business. To Hedy it would mean Jamie. Even the items in the gossip columns are dangerous words that can kill Hedy's hopes. Fearless says: "Give her a break!"

Then there's the case of Shirley Temple. You've recently seen her

quoted across the country as saying, relative to her forthcoming picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, "I'm glad to be back at a studio. School is dull."

Well, a lot of little girls think school is dull and say so without causing any more than worried frowns on their mothers' brows. But when this little girl says it—let me hastily add the sacred standby of the press, "allegedly"—it is picked up by the columns and flashed over the wire services of the English-speaking world.

I say "allegedly" because I happen to know Shirley didn't say that—not that way. Of course she was glad to get back to work. To her it was like the clang of the bell to a fire horse. For a year she hadn't known what it was to walk before the cameras for a day's work; she who could scarcely recall the time when she hadn't been obeying the command of "Action!" But there had been no such command since the day a year ago when Mama and Papa had taken a bewildered little girl by the hand, telling her as the studio gates of Twentieth Century-Fox clanged behind them that she was going to have a long rest from making pictures, and she had answered wistfully, "I hope it won't be too long." (Continued on page 106)

Michael Darling

This is the rare case of a story that walks out of the life of Hollywood. It could be fiction, so dramatic is its plot. But it's true—this gripping experience of Miriam Hopkins'





■ In the doctor's study, three pairs of eyes watched each other closely . . . the mother, Miriam Hopkins; the doctor; and the girl who had come to them

BY HELEN GILMORE

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOWELL

MIRIAM HOPKINS sat writing in the pale yellows and whites of her Park Avenue hotel living room. As her pen moved across the paper, her small golden head bent with an absorption that went far beyond the sheet before her and deep into a memory.

"Michael darling,

"You have probably been wondering why there's been no letter in the rack for you. But ever since I arrived in New York there hasn't been a minute to do anything but see actors and talk around the Theater Guild table. That doesn't mean I haven't thought of you every day and don't love you more than anything. . . ."

Miriam paused a moment to gaze at the vital eager face that looked out at her from the frame on her desk. Across one corner was scrawled: "To Mummy . . . with love . . . from Michael." Michael, her nine-year-old son, no less precious because his life had begun six days before she had found and adopted him.

Presently her pen resumed: "P.S. I had such fun going over your last batch of accounts. One item was five dollars for some dress trousers. I wrote Mr. Brown, your headmaster, that I'd never heard of dress trousers so cheap and he replied that they were reduced because they were secondhand, having been outgrown by one of the older boys. What a magnificent idea, to pass them along the line—I mean the clothes. Think what a bargain the boy after you will get. Two dollars, with no extra charge for the shine."

As she finished addressing an envelope to Master Michael Hopkins, Arizona Desert School, Tucson, the telephone rang. Miriam picked it up.

"Hello . . . Yes, this is Miss Hopkins . . . How do you do, Miss Judson . . . Yes, I do remember you . . . Yes, I'm going into rehearsal with 'Battle of Angels' . . . Thank you, Michael's fine . . . You mean come up now? . . . Well, I'm sorry, I'm just leaving for a supper party but I'll be glad to see you tomorrow morning—at eleven, shall we say?"


The star of "Lady With Red Hair" gave the matter no further thought while her maid hurried her into a chic dinner dress. These were frequent happenings in the lives of stage and picture folk. The girl, as she recalled, was pleasant, of rather more than average intelligence and had been particularly nice to Michael when they had met for an interview some two or three years ago. Well, she'd see her tomorrow.

The phone rang again. This would be the friends she was expecting to join her in the cocktail lounge before going on to her Sunday supper date. She reached for the telephone. "Hello . . . Oh—oh, yes, Miss Judson . . . No, as I told you, I'm afraid you can't come up even for a moment. I'm expecting some people . . . You say it's about Michael? Well, I'm sure there isn't anything you could tell me about him that won't keep until tomorrow. Good night."

With only the faintest show of impatience Miriam hung up the telephone and presently joined her party in the cocktail lounge of the hotel. Realizing that both the fun and the perfectly iced bacardi were making her a little late for her next engagement, she called the bell captain over and asked him to telephone the apartment of Dr. Eddington on Park Avenue to say she'd be ten minutes late. An innocent gesture in itself, but it was to bring dire results.

Chatter and warmth and gaiety emanated from the home of John Eddington, noted psychiatrist. Miriam's arrival was greeted with a vocal swell of enthusiasm and affairs promptly got under way with the ordered hilarity of the well-bred. Everyone gravitated toward the buffet tables stacked with salads, cold fowl, hot chafing dish delicacies, caviar and coffee. Miriam found herself taken under the wing of a noted English novelist, co-star guest of the evening, and landed safely on a stool with a large plateful of food which she ardently hoped wouldn't turn into a lapful. The Englishman was having great sport with an innocuous rhyming game he had perpetrated on the group surrounding them.

"Come along, Miss Hopkins." (Continued on page 96)



Ellen Drew—no "Chicago debutante"—tells how she really broke into movies via the slow, soda-jerking, dime store route

STICKING PINS IN *Cinderella*

ONE day in November, 1932, Bill Demarest, one-time actor, then an agent, now an actor again, walked into Brown's Ice Cream Parlor in Hollywood and ordered a strawberry sundae. The waitress who took his order had a smile in her eyes when she said "strawberry sundae." She didn't need to speak a word, her eyes made all the answers. What those eyes could do on the screen, thought Bill Demarest!

So he said to this girl, whose name was Terry Ray: "Would you like to be in pictures?"

"I've heard that a lot of times," smiled Terry Ray. She was pleasant about it, but completely detached.

Mr. Demarest finished his sundae and drove back to the offices of the Edward Small Agency, with which

BY FAITH SERVICE

he was then connected. "I'll bet a hat I'll put a waitress in pictures," he said to Mr. Small. "I'll bet a hat you don't," was the retort.

The next day Bill Demarest took an affable but apathetic Terry Ray to call on Mr. Small. When Terry Ray left, Small shook his head, "Don't waste your time," he told Bill. "I won't," said Bill.

Later Bill told Terry Ray, "Save your money and take some dramatic lessons." Terry Ray obediently pinched the sparse coins (she was supporting not only herself but her mother back in Chicago) and took a course of dramatic lessons.

Bill Demarest kept in touch with her. "I didn't want to lose my hat," he says now. He advised her about her hair, her clothes. He made her see pictures, study the risen stars. He told her that appearances mean everything in this business, especially at first. "After you're in," he told her, "you can go back to slacks."

THREE months later, so the *Cinderella* story goes, Bill Demarest again approached Edward Small, "I've got a great discovery, a debutante from Chicago. One of the ritzy kind, Social Register stuff and all that; but boy, what a looker! She used to put on plays in Evanston, Illinois, Junior Leaguering or something. I got tipped off to her through the grapevine system, producer (Cont'd on page 107)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

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 with 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 at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!

1



DO 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!



DON'T 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.

2



DO stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch *that* with a brisk daily 3-minute patting-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!



DON'T take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he *isn't*, you'll soon find out!

3

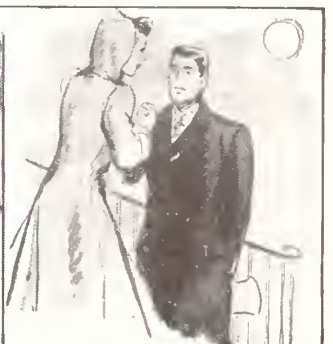


DO have a skin that looks and *feels* so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness—and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips off little roughnesses like—*that!*



DON'T 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.

4



DO look flower-fresh and dream-girly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.



DON'T sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.



DO 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. 8MM-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 _____



Six-months-old Caesar and 6-year-old Larry go into a huddle with their book

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

HELLO, Juniors:

All I can do is print. I can't write yet, so Miss Turner says it's all right for me to tell her everything for you and she's writing it down so you can read it. I'm 6 years old, so I can't read very well yet, either, but I just started going to school. Pretty soon I'll know how to do everything. I'm learning Spanish, too. It's easy and I like it. Tito Guizar teaches me new words almost every day. He's so nice. He's in our new "Blondie" picture, "Blondie Goes Latin." I am going to sing and dance in it, too, and a little girl is going to be my partner when we do a dance called La Conga. It's a funny dance, but we have a lot of fun learning how to do it.

We have lots of fun on the set. Arthur Lake plays my father and Penny Singleton my mother. Arthur teases me all the time and makes me laugh and I think he's swell. Penny is, too, and her little daughter and I play together a lot. I have a little brother whose name is Michael. He's only 3½ years old, but he's a swell kid. He was in a picture, too. He played Spencer Tracy's baby in "Edison The Man."

I first was in a picture when I was 2½ years old. It was called "The Last Gangster." I don't remember anything about it because I was too young. Mother and my aunt used to be on the stage together and my aunt told my mother that I ought to be in pictures and to get me an agent. An agent is supposed to get you work in pictures. He got me the part in "The Last Gangster," but it was just one scene.

Then Mother decided to move to San Francisco. We were just up there for a week when the agent wired her that there was a part he thought I could get at Columbia Studios. So Mother left Michael up

there with my aunt and she brought me back to Hollywood. I had to take a test for the picture. Mother told me what to do. We waited for a week but didn't hear from the studio so Mother thought I didn't get the part and we went back to San Francisco. Then the agent sent another telegram and said that I had gotten it so we came back again to Hollywood. The part was that of *Baby Dumpling* in the "Blondie" pictures. "Blondie Goes Latin" is the eighth picture of the series and those are the only pictures I have been in.

NOW that I am going to school I have a teacher at the studio and that is my school. I like to be at the studio. It is lots of fun. But now it is not so much fun as usual because I have lost my dog. It happened almost a week ago and we have not been able to find him. I think he sneaked out the back gate at home and now he is gone. He is 6 months old and his name is Caesar, and I miss him very much.

Sunday is my favorite day of the week because then I can see the funny papers. "Blondie" is the best and I always look at that first. The Katzenjammer kids make me laugh, too, because they always get in so much trouble. I like to listen to the radio all the time, too. Especially "The Lone Ranger." It's such an exciting program.

I want to tell you about the birthday party I had a little while ago when I was 6. A real Indian dressed up in feathers came to the party. His name was Big Chief Clear Sky and he's a member of the Iroquois tribe. He did a dance with a tomahawk for us and it was very exciting. I got an Indian suit from Mr. Strayer who directs the "Blondie" pictures and Clear Sky showed me how to wear it like an Indian. He made me a member of the Iroquois tribe, too. He had to wire

back to the reservation to get me a real Indian name and now it is in the tribal records. I am called Brave Eagle.

I've got to go and practice our dance for "Blondie Goes Latin" now, so I can't write you any more. But I wish that you would write to me and Mother will read the letters to me.

Your friend,
Larry Simms

P.S. Larry would like to know if you read the funny papers and what your favorite comic strip is. So if you'll write to him in care of Movie Mirror Junior, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, and tell him about the comic strip you like best and why it's your favorite, he'll send an autographed picture to the ten boys or girls writing the most interesting letters. Miss Betty Turner will help judge the letters, but please be sure to mail them before March 25th, 1941.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly, we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.

We are glad to announce the following winners in the Movie Mirror Junior-Carolyn Lee contest:

Patty Miller, 466 Woodlawn Ave., Huntington, Ind.; Betty Lucas, 34 Fourth St., Fieldsboro, N. J.; Sara Guillebeau, Washington Road, Augusta, Ga.; Sara Jane Steinborn, 20 Martin St., Covington, Ky.; Cornelia Powers, 7607 Sweet Briar Rd., Richmond, Va.; Ida May Ott, Box 605, Avon Park, Fla.; Beverly Funk, R. No. 3, Waterloo, Ia.; Dorothy Warren, Mark St., Aurora, Ont., Canada; Thomas Quinn, 2124 Summit St., Portsmouth O.; Rosemarie Newman, R. No. 2, Box 158, Manistee, Mich.

“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 Na-

ture 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, 7134 West 65th 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.)



The Best Figure in Hollywood

(Continued from page 43)

Considering our measurement chart and the most revealing photographs available of the stars, Doctor Halton eliminated a dozen girls at one swoop, exclaiming:

"There must be beautiful, full breasts. Without these the feminine figure recedes toward the boyish type, the anathema of slender women."

Finally Doctor Halton, like Paul Hesse, gave Betty Grable first place. And the similarity of opinion of these two judges didn't end here. Second on the doctor's list was Ann Sheridan and third, fourth, and fifth were Ginger Rogers, Susan Hayward and Paulette Goddard, all of whom Paul Hesse also favored.

Interestingly enough, this was what happened ten years ago. Then it was Earl Christy, the artist, and A. L. Goldwater, the physician, seeing eye to eye, who gave Dolores Del Rio top billing.

As Doctor Halton says, "Obstetricians well know the woman with the essential feminine body is best equipped to produce the race. She comes through the ordeal of production with less injury and marring than the boyish-type woman."

At this point, as a result of Doctor Halton's and Paul Hesse's agreeing so amazingly, our line-up for the best figures in Hollywood remains unchanged.

BILLY ROSE, who produced the Aquacade at the World's Fair and who also is the producer of New York's "Diamond Horseshoe" entertainment—an exceedingly famous authority on feminine beauty—listed those he believes possess the fairest Hollywood figures like this: Claudette Colbert, Martha Scott, Miriam Hopkins, Betty Grable and Ginger Rogers.

"The first three girls," Mr. Rose said, "come closest to having the proportions of Eleanor Holm, my wife, who is my ideal. Betty Grable and Ginger Rogers I include, although they're taller, because they're beautifully proportioned as well

as being proportioned along the lines I consider glamorous."

We asked Mr. Rose to analyze the lines he considers glamorous.

"Lines that give the feeling of youth," he said promptly. "And young girls don't necessarily have these lines. A girl eighteen years old who is thick through the middle can look forty years old when

Read
"HOW I KEEP MY FIGURE"
 By Betty Grable
 In Next Month's
PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

seen at the far end of a hall. A high set-up, small hips and lovely legs—these are the things that suggest youth!"

According to Mr. Rose, Venus de Milo would be completely out of the running today. "If Venus came to a chorus call," he said, "I'd reject her. She's a little too thick here and there—in the bust and through the middle. This is a streamlined age."

Our line-up grows longer. Now, without attempting to place the stars in the order in which they should come, we have:

Betty Grable	Ann Sheridan
Olivia de Havilland	Ginger Rogers
Rita Hayworth	Paulette Goddard
Susan Hayward	Alice Faye
Carole Lombard	Martha Scott
Claudette Colbert	Miriam Hopkins

IRENE, the famous Hollywood dressmaker, to whom the stars flock for their clothes, well-satisfied no one could turn them out in finer style, was arbitrary in her choice of the best Hollywood figures, as arbitrary as Hattie Carnegie, our dressmaker-judge of ten years ago.

Loretta Young, mentioned by no other judge, was first on Irene's list—"because she's so beautifully slim."

Ten years ago it was Constance Bennett, mentioned by no other judge, to whom Hattie Carnegie gave first place, explaining: "Miss Bennett is a trifle slim perhaps but, to my mind, she more than atones for this by her carriage. When Constance Bennett enters a room she has arrived."

Irene also stressed carriage above everything else.

"A good clothes figure depends far more upon posture than it does upon perfectly symmetrical measurements," she said. "Bosoms can be faked, shoulders can be added to, waistlines can be minimized and fannies can be hidden. But good posture is essential. By good posture I mean not the physical-culture type of posture but that posture which consists of shoulders up, fanny under and a stride of assurance to give clothes importance."

Claudette Colbert was second on Irene's list—"because she has such wonderful hips." And there followed Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Constance Bennett, again—"because she carries herself so wonderfully," Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, who undoubtedly still belongs in the running but who wasn't considered by our other judges because she so rarely makes a picture nowadays, and Rosalind Russell.

Which makes our list considerably longer:

Betty Grable	Alice Faye
Olivia de Havilland	Martha Scott
Rita Hayworth	Miriam Hopkins
Susan Hayward	Loretta Young
Carole Lombard	Marlene Dietrich
Claudette Colbert	Constance Bennett
Ann Sheridan	Joan Crawford
Ginger Rogers	Dolores Del Rio
Paulette Goddard	Rosalind Russell

Now look at the official chart on this page, get out your tape measures—and get busy!

	Name of Star	Height	Weight	Bust	Waist	Hips	Thighs	Glove Size	Shoe Size	Ankle	Wrist	Neck
1.	BETTY GRABLE	5' 4"	112	34½	24	36	20	6	4 C	7½	6	13½
2.	CLAUDETTE COLBERT	5' 3"	107	33	26	35½	19½	6¼	6½ AAA	7	6	11
3.	GINGER ROGERS	5' 4"	108	33½	23	33	19¼	6	5½ B	10	6	13½
4.	ANN SHERIDAN	5' 6"	120	35	26	36	19	6½	6 C	7¾	6	13
5.	PAULETTE GODDARD	5' 4"	110	34	24½	35	20	5¾	4½ A	7	6	11½
6.	CAROLE LOMBARD	5' 3"	113	33	25	34	16½	6	4½ A	10	6½	14½
7.	SUSAN HAYWARD	5' 4"	107	34	24½	35	19	6¼	6 B	7	6	11
8.	LORETTA YOUNG	5' 3"	105	35	25½	36	18	6½	6 B	7½	6	11½
9.	OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND	5' 3"	114	33	23½	34	18	6¼	5 B	7¼	6¼	14
10.	MARTHA SCOTT	5' 3"	110	34	25½	35½	18½	6	6½ AA	7½	6	13
HONORABLE MENTION												
ALICE FAYE, MIRIAM HOPKINS, RITA HAYWORTH, MARLENE DIETRICH, CONSTANCE BENNETT, JOAN CRAWFORD, DOLORES DEL RIO, ROSALIND RUSSELL												

NOW-RIGHT IN YOUR OWN HOME- HOLLYWOOD BEAUTY CARE!

HERE'S ALL YOU
DO TO TAKE A
LUX SOAP
**ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIAL.** PAT THE
LATHER LIGHTLY
INTO YOUR SKIN

Lux Soap **ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIALS** are *quick, easy*
and they **WORK!**

This lovely Hollywood star shows
you just how she uses Lux Toilet Soap
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"Man-Poison"

(Continued from page 29)

taken care of, we set out from Guatemala City in three cars and a truck. Most of the sequences had to be taken some distance out of Antigua, where the old churches are. Everything went all right for a couple of days. Then the cameraman passed out on me. It was malaria, all right. A couple of others were not feeling too well. George never said a word, but I knew he was sick too. We brought along quinine, of course. The next day he got up, because he thought we were going on with the shooting, but he was sick, all right, and he got pretty mad when I told him so. By nightfall he was incoherent. We headed back for Antigua. By the time we got to Guatemala City, George was in a bad way. We put him in the hospital, but it was hopeless just the same.

Mike glanced quickly toward Annabelle, but her eyes were on the road.

"He kept saying your name over and over."

■ "Why didn't you tell me," he said. "Why didn't you tell me!"

Now she looked at him, her eyes wide. "He did—really?" she said, as if there might be an anodyne in this revelation.

"Yes," Mike Harrigan said. "He called for you until the moment he died."

Annabelle Clark sobbed uncontrollably. She wanted to explain herself to this man beside her and yet she knew it was hopeless. How can human beings be so prejudiced against each other? she thought desperately. Life versus Annabelle Clark Hurley, with Mike Harrigan the prosecuting attorney. Fine chance she had to convince him that she had believed it was for George's good to stay behind and please her father, so that he would let George's career flourish.

They stopped briefly at a roadside grill to have coffee. She kept her eyes on the red-checked tablecloth, drawing designs in it with her forefinger. At last she looked up at him, compelled his attention with the rapt intensity of her blue eyes, still red-rimmed. "I should have gone along."

"Yes," said Mike significantly, "you should have gone along."

"But not for the reason you think," she said. "I should have gone along as antidote."

Something in her intensity made him waver. His eyes dropped to the garish tablecloth. He raised his cup, without being able to look at her. This could be her moment, if she willed it. This was the time to tell him about the child that was growing within her. If he was human at all, this would sway him. Perhaps it would even turn his accusations inward. But why should she bother? The devil with the district attorney! Let him accuse her and revile her,

let him put the full blame for his friend's death on her. Why try to appeal to his sympathy? That couldn't bring George back. The devil with it! The defense rests.

AFTER a few minutes he paid the check and they got up to leave. Outside on the road he started into the car but she pushed ahead of him and said, "I'm going to drive."

He began to remonstrate, but it seemed to be important to her, and besides, it was her car. He went around and got in on the other side. Mike Harrigan wished, as they sped, all too fast, toward Los Angeles, that she would say something, or even that he could think of something to say. He felt, somehow, that she had won, and a great uneasiness settled upon him. It increased as they drove along in silence, a silence that raised the spectre of doubt in his mind.

The girl was a bad sort, he had no doubt of that. He had come up the hard way, battering his path westward from the little Ohio mill town, fighting every step, overcoming obstacles that this child of good fortune never even knew existed. He had no use for pampered darlings, even though his logical mind admitted the pampering might not be their fault. It was the old American pioneering spirit to which he felt people should get back and he despised the decadent generation that had grown out of unearned wealth. Now he realized suddenly that all his beliefs and prejudices had settled on one blond grief-torn morsel of humanity.

What was she thinking now? It would be so much better if she would only say something, even if it were accusing. A wave of deep sympathy for her swept over him and he tried, without avail, to repress it. He sensed that she was alone, absolutely alone, and too proud to ask for quarter of anyone. He looked back at their few meetings. Always, he had been cruel, even as today, unable to hide his antagonism toward what she represented, unable to separate the background from the girl herself. He had not spared her at the airport, nor in his conversations with Holton Clark, nor at the pier when they had left for Guatemala, nor on the boat talking with George. This was one of the first times in Mike Harrigan's life that his mind and his emotions waged a battle within him. He had an overwhelming impulse to reach out his hand to this girl and somehow find ways to comfort her and help her. But he knew that he could not do it.

When they came closer to town, she asked, as if the answer could be of no possible importance to her, "Where can I drop you?"

His mind raced. Perhaps—if there

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were some unforeseen interruption, it would break the spell between them and remove this weight from his mind.

"Drop me at the studio," he said. "I'd better check in."

Her face changed color, but she said nothing. She thought, I shan't let him know that I haven't seen Holton since George died. I won't give him that satisfaction.

It was so like destiny to arrange things so that as she drove into the little court beyond the main entrance of Clark Studios, Holton was coming out of the vestibule in the south corner. He could not believe his eyes as he hurried toward the car, his face alight with eagerness and relief. Mike got out and pulled the trunk and suitcase from the rumble. He was saying, "How are you, Mr. Clark?" and reached out his hand in a constrained manner. Holton Clark took it absently and came to the window in the driver's seat.

"Annabelle," he said, almost in a whisper.

Annabelle looked through the windshield. She didn't want the pain she sensed was in his eyes to sway her. Long since she had made up her mind what she must do and pity must not break her resolve.

"I've been worried about you," Holton was saying. "You've got to come back to the house," he continued intently, speaking louder than his normal voice, as if to outshout her silence.

Mike came around and stood there beside him. He opened the door. "Here, I'll take the box," he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"No," Annabelle said, and pulled the door closed. She had not cut off the motor. She glanced to see that no one was near the running board and then her foot came down on the funny little pedal that would wipe their voices out of her ears and their presence out of her consciousness.

Holton's gasp sounded in her ears long after she was out of the front entrance and roaring down the road toward Hollywood.

She did not know where to go. How in heaven's name could she ever get away from the cruel box of clothes beside her?

Suddenly she thought of the ocean, of the beach where months ago George had first kissed her.

They had had lunch up on Palos Verdes and later had walked down to the little

bench in the woods and gazed lazily at the Pacific far below them. Then George had said suddenly, "Let's drive," and they had gone back to the inn and taken his little roadster down the winding road that led to the ocean. In silence they had driven beyond Redondo and just before they reached Venice, George had drawn up at the side of the road and had sat for a moment without speaking, watching the swimmers on the beach.

What followed shaped the days that were to come for Annabelle. When they had kissed and knew suddenly that something important had sprung up between them, George had said, "Let's drive up to see the folks. We can get to Fresno before sundown."

It was adventure, an exciting drive, a warm something to look forward to at the end of the trail; for Annabelle knew that George's world was different from hers and that from the Hurleys she would get friendship and understanding.

Actually, when they had arrived, close to midnight, at the charming little house on the edge of the almond ranch, George's mother, practically without wrinkles despite her fifty years, received her as if they had been friends for a decade. Mr. Hurley was more reserved and Annabelle regretted the flashiness of her typically Hollywood clothes. But before they had left the next day, Annabelle felt that she had to some extent won over the austere and cautious old man, and when George assured her that he was enchanted, she gratefully believed it.

NOW, she sought again that spot by the Pacific where they had sat and shared their destinies. Somehow, now, it all looked different and she could not quite identify the corner of earth she had been so sure she would never forget.

Then she saw a drive-in stand near a turn in the road that she halfheartedly believed had been their trysting place. A cup of coffee would be a blessing.

She did not know how long she had been sitting there, looking through the dirty window toward the tranquil ocean, but she felt as if she had been suddenly awakened from a sound sleep when she was made aware of someone else's presence, someone who had been looking at her.

Turning, she met a look of sympathetic appraisal in the elderly man's kindly gray eyes.

He was dirty from the dust of the road.

His clothes were some sort of old khaki uniform. At his side was a knapsack. He, too, was drinking a cup of coffee.

"Hello," he said, without ceremony. "Have another cup of coffee, won't you?"

She surprised herself with her answer. Ordinarily she was shy with strangers, but there was something about this man, a warm kindness, that made it possible for her to answer without embarrassment.

"Yes, thanks," she said, and the attendant brought them each another cup.

He spoke about himself as if she had asked him. He had no shame or reticence. He was traveling around the world, he told her—he had come up north from Rio de Janeiro, much of the way on foot, taking the good with the bad, finding food and rest from day to day. She asked him many questions about himself and in that strange sensitive way in which people on the road find out about their companions, he soon sensed the trouble that was in her heart. When he spoke again there was fervor in his voice.

"Look," he said, "I used to be in business in New York. Then I went broke, so I was going to jump out of a window. But then I got the idea that failure might be an adventure—at least, it was something I'd never had before. I got excited about it. I went and got a job on a freighter. It was wonderful; I had plenty to eat and I slept well for the first time in many years. When I got to South America I couldn't get a job because I couldn't speak their lingo. Then I found out that all people are alike, particularly when they're in trouble, no matter what lingo they speak. I don't own anything and what's more, I don't want to own anything—except what's in that knapsack, and that's just an extra shirt or so and a pair of shoes I won in a raffle.

"**Y**OU see," he went on, "practically everybody in this country lives with one idea—try to get something. I live with a different idea—try not to get anything. You know," he said, rubbing his gnarled hand along the stubble of his beard, "I wonder if I'm not the luckiest man in this land."

Annabelle stared at him. "But you have to have money enough to live, to eat."

"Oh," he said, airily, "I get odd jobs now and then and sometimes I even work just to get a meal. The main thing is," his soft eyes suddenly narrowed and seemed to pierce her with their intensity, "the main thing is to take the first step. Get rid of all the things that don't matter to you. That's the way to be happy."

Suddenly he tossed a coin on the counter, said with a smile, "It's a pleasure," and was gone.

Annabelle went back to her car, looked around, half expecting to see her philosophical friend. He was nowhere to be seen. She smiled inwardly at the irony of the hospitality of one who could so ill afford it. Then she got into her car and drove again toward Santa Monica.

"Get rid of all the things that don't matter to you" This was a lesson she needed to learn. It had been offered her by a stranger, but one who seemed to sense instinctively her real torment. Yes, that was it. She must get rid of all the things and all the people that didn't matter to her.

Now she was driving with an urgency that obsessed her.

IT was a week later. There had been so much to do. She had been amazed at her own energy—an almost frantic passion for accomplishment—and now at last it was settled. Her car she had sent to her



Ciro's sees a cowboy and vice versa: Gene Autry with Herb Allen, head of the Cameramen's International Union (left), and producer Joe Pasternak

father's garage. All her clothes except the simplest she had sent anonymously to her friend, Helga Bentley, for Bundles for Britain. She had kept the little gray fur coat in which she had been married to George.

She had no plans, no definite idea of how she would manage these coming months until her child was born. She had a little bit of money; enough, she knew, to keep her well nourished until she could find some work that would furnish the necessities.

The little room at the cheap Los Angeles hotel gave her infinite pleasure because, for once, it was her own. The only money she had allowed herself to keep was the nominal salary she had been paid for her publicity work. She had not realized how difficult this was going to be. Everywhere she turned there were strange faces. The little room and its furnishings, the cold, disinterested face of the desk clerk, the need to do all her own planning—all this was so strange, so new and different, and she had to pull herself up sharply to keep from being frightened.

THE second day she began to hunt for a job. She went to several agencies and into numerous shops and offices. Some of the people were very nice to her, but after all she had had practically no experience and her appearance was somehow against her. At last, late in the afternoon, she found herself faint with weariness and returned to her hotel.

It had all been exhausting, but it was the kind of medicine that she needed. She slept soundly and awoke grateful at the realization that her grief was moving further and further away from her.

Several days later she met Helga Bentley in a small shop where she was trying to get a job as cashier.

"Darling," Helga said enthusiastically. "It's so good to see you. We've all been so worried about you." She eyed Annabelle appraisingly, examining her from head to foot.

"You look fine, dear," she said, unconvinced, "but your father is simply desperate about you. Why don't you go to see him?"

"He'll get along," Annabelle said, and Helga Bentley knew the matter was closed.

"I know how you feel, darling," she said. "Maybe I shouldn't have brought it up." Abruptly she changed the subject. "Louella sent me here. She says you can get the most wonderful French handbags—the last ones, you know, my dear. Is that what you're looking for?"

"Yes," said Annabelle, "but I can't find anything I want." She kissed Helga lightly on her cheek and added, "Tell Father not to worry, there's a dear." And before Helga could answer, Annabelle was gone.

Once on the street she hurried as fast as she could, for she knew Helga Bentley only too well. When she turned the corner at the end of the street, she looked back and was relieved to see no sign of the ubiquitous Miss Bentley.

As a matter of fact, Miss Bentley was already in her car and turned the corner only a few moments after Annabelle did. By stalling conveniently in traffic, the columnist, who would have to have more than nine lives to escape the consequences of her curiosity, had no trouble in finding out where Annabelle Clark was staying.

WHEN Helga Bentley phoned Holton Clark to give him her message of good cheer, Clark and Mike Harrigan were in the middle of a conference on how they could reshoot some of the scenes of "Girl from Guatemala" and thus save something from the ill-fated expedition.



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"That's fine!" said Aladdin.

"Don't forget," answered Genie. "Dentyne adds lustre to your smile."

"Genie," said Aladdin, "you're really a genius."

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6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE



Mike had had trouble making Clark concentrate these last days. Time and again, the chief would try to find out from Mike if his daughter had said anything on that ride which would explain her disappearance.

"I don't think you have to worry about her," Mike Harrigan would say. "My guess is that she's trying it on her own."

It made Mike Harrigan feel good to be able to banish his contempt for this girl. He was glad that he could defend her, interpret her disappearance as a sign of new strength, of valiant independence.

But Holton Clark wasn't easily sold. "Besides," he said, "she's not used to getting along without money. It's driving me nuts."

When he had finished talking to Helga Bentley, Holton Clark jumped up from his massive desk, pounded his fist against the blotter and said with eloquent relief, "Thank God I know where she is! Now I'll make her take some money so I can get this damnable worry out of my mind."

"I wouldn't be so sure," Mike said quietly.

"What do you mean by that?" Clark asked.

"I mean I don't think she'll take it."

Clark's eyes narrowed as always when he was challenged. "She'll take it, all right," he said. "All I have to do is go about it in the right way."

Mike didn't answer. But he knew in his heart that nothing in the world could disappoint him more than the knowledge that, at this point in her life, Annabelle Clark would take the money her father proposed to give her.

HOLTON Clark didn't lose any time. A studio car deposited him in front of Annabelle's hotel in Los Angeles a half-hour later.

Annabelle showed no surprise when Holton appeared at the door. But she thought, "And I had an idea Helga Bentley was my friend. What a fool I was!"

It was so like Holton to push the door open as if Annabelle might bang it in his face. She noticed his typical gesture but disregarded it.

"Sit down, Holton," she said, and drew up the rickety armchair for him.

"I've been very worried about you," Clark announced. "You must forgive me, darling—you must!"

Annabelle was surprised by the listlessness that she heard in her own voice. "I have nothing to forgive, Holton," she said.

"Then you've got to come back, dear, and give me a chance to make things up to you."

She didn't avoid his eager look. She said, simply, "No."

"But, Annabelle—" he began.

"It's hopeless," she said. "I've decided."

"But you have to let me help you."

"It's time I learned to help myself."

"How will you live?" Holton said with just enough desperation. "Where are you going to get the money to live?"

"I have enough, and when I need more, I'll earn it."

"Please," he said intensely. "Let me give you a little money. Give me that comfort, Annabelle—for old time's sake."

"No," Annabelle said.

Maybe Mike Harrigan was right, after all. But Holton Clark didn't give in so easily. He had a trump to play.

"At least," he said, "at least you must take the money that George left you."

"What do you mean?" Annabelle said, her eyes narrowing. "He didn't have any money. I remember he told you that himself and you laughed at him for it."

"His insurance," Clark said simply.

"He didn't have any insurance," said

Annabelle.

"But he did," said Holton Clark. "I took it out for him before he went to Guatemala."

A worry that had fluttered around the borders of her consciousness all day now beat its wings in her mind. There was a use for an inheritance, if George really had one. She surprised herself as well as Holton by her sudden answer.

"How much is it?" she said.

He pulled an envelope of bills from his pocket. "Five thousand dollars," he said, and held the envelope toward her. For a fraction of a second she hesitated. Then, "I'll take it," she said.

Holton Clark rose. "That makes me very happy, Annabelle," he said. "Please come and see me soon, darling."

He reached over to kiss her but she drew away from him. "Good-by, Holton," she said.

He knew how to leave well enough alone. A few moments later he was in his limousine, being driven back to the Clark Studios and his first peaceful afternoon in several weeks.

AS soon as he left, Annabelle put a few clothes into a suitcase and went downstairs to arrange with the hotel to take care of her other possessions until she returned.

A half-hour later, in slacks and sweater with a coat thrown over her shoulders, she was in a bus, headed for Fresno. In her mind was the memory of an almond ranch and the picture of two grief-stricken old people who had sacrificed so much to make George Hurley a success in the film world.

Later that day, Mike passed Holton Clark in the commissary of the Clark Studios. He raised questioning eyebrows and he knew before he heard the words what the answer was.

"She took it," Holton announced.

"Good," said Mike over his shoulder.

But there was a chill upon him, and he wondered if he would ever believe in anyone again... He sat over his cup of tea for a long while and when the waitress asked him if he would have something else, he did not hear her. He had a way of reviewing the details of his life, in order to clarify them for himself and try to get the knots out of his consciousness. Why had he ever allowed his old friends the Hurleys to persuade him to bring George to Hollywood? Driving down that week end from Del Monte to his ranch at Tehachapi, he had stopped by on the lonely road to see his friends and get some of his favorite French fried almonds. The Hurleys, he thought, were the nicest people he knew and he was willing to admit that their young son who worked the orchard was definitely a movie possibility. That had been the beginning of it—and now, look at the end of it, he thought. "I must go up and see them soon," he said, half aloud.

"Some more tea?" the waitress said.

"No. No, thanks. Nothing more."

He left her too large a tip and went out of the commissary

THE bus didn't go any farther than Fresno, but fortunately Annabelle remembered that they had turned to the right from the main road after they came into the town. She started to walk, but soon an old-vintage car came along and the toothless smiling old woman who was driving gave her a lift.

"Hurley?" she said. "Sure. I go right by there, pretty near. Anyways, it's not more than quarter mile from where I turn off on Old Dirt Road."

Annabelle finally dragged herself up the steps of the Hurley ranchhouse, after having asked her way and lost it numer-

ous times. She admitted to herself that she was desperately tired and that it would be heaven just to sit down.

When the little gray-haired old lady in the simple house dress first looked at Annabelle, there was an expression of sympathy, but no recognition on her friendly face.

"You look mighty tired," she said. "Won't you have some cold orange juice?"

"Thanks ever so much," Annabelle said. "I'd love it."

"Heading for the dude ranch?" Mrs. Hurley asked. "Most folks get driven up there, but I guess you were too late for the station wagon. Sit down and rest yourself, dear."

GRATEFULLY, Annabelle collapsed in the rocker on the porch, as Mrs. Hurley went inside the house. She smiled at her realization of how much she must have changed since that day only a couple of months ago when George had presented her to his mother. What a dear person, Annabelle thought. She greets me as cordially as if she knew who I am. Mrs. Hurley came out of the house with a tall tumbler filled with California's nectar. Annabelle drained half of it in a grateful gulp.

"Have you come a long way?" Mrs. Hurley said. Before Annabelle could answer she went on in a different tone, "I declare I think I've met you somewhere before."

Annabelle swallowed hard but met the older woman's eyes squarely. "I'm George's wife, Mrs. Hurley."

The old lady came to her and held out her hand. "I hoped you'd come and see us," she said softly. "Even if we only met each other that once."

Her eyes darted nervously toward the orchard beyond the house. "You mustn't pay any attention to anything Father says. He's been pretty bad since the news came about George. I've tried to tell him it's nobody's fault. It's just God's will."

She sat down in the chair close to Annabelle's and said again, "I'm so glad you've come to see us."

The tears streamed down Annabelle's face. No kindness, no real kindness had been given her since George died and here was the woman who had suffered most by the tragedy, and yet she could forget her own grief long enough to feel for her who had known him only a few months.

"You're terribly sweet," she said, trying to control her sobs. "Thank you so much." The old lady's hand held hers tightly. "I had to come to see you," Annabelle went on painfully, "because I've thought so much about how you and Mr. Hurley must have suffered, and because I had something I wanted to bring you."

"You don't need to bring me anything, dear," Mrs. Hurley said.

Annabelle held out the envelope. "Here," she said, "this is yours. It's George's insurance."

"But it couldn't be ours," Mrs. Hurley said, "or they would have sent it to us."

"My father took it out," Annabelle said quietly, "before George left for Guatemala. It belongs to us, you and me." She tried to control herself and faced the understanding eyes of this old lady to whom she felt suddenly so close. "We're going to need it," she said. Mrs. Hurley took the envelope, but her eyes turned to Annabelle in wonderment.

"You mean you'll stay here with us?" "No," said Annabelle, "but later, when the baby comes, I'll bring him here to you."

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Hurley said, and held Annabelle close. She murmured, "George's baby . . . how wonderful!"



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The hum of a motor distracted them and a car drew up sharply in front of the ranch house.

The last person in the world that Annabelle Clark expected to see at that moment was Mike Harrigan. But it was he.

He came up on the porch with a curious look of ironic amusement on his face, a look to which Annabelle had grown accustomed.

"Mike," said Mrs. Hurley, "it's good to see you. You know Annabelle, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mike. "Your father told me that he had been to see you."

"Really?" said Annabelle coldly. "He seemed very happy," said Mike Harrigan, "that he was able to make you see things his way—about the money."

Annabelle caught the full flavor of the implication. How dare he! What right did he have to criticize her for taking money from her father? Why should she have to prove anything to Mike Harrigan?

Yet she controlled herself. She knew, with a surge of self-confidence, that she had found a new strength in all this mental turmoil. A few months ago she would have managed an angry reply that would have devastated the most callous adversary! But today it was different.

Mrs. Hurley was aware of the strain between them. "Can't I get you something to drink?" she said eagerly to Mike. "I'd like a good long glass of water," he said.

"Come inside, dear," Mrs. Hurley said to Annabelle. "It's beginning to get chilly."

As Mrs. Hurley went in she and Mike were alone, but there were no words between them. Oh, ye of little faith, she thought. From a great distance her consciousness told her something truly shocking about herself and Mike Harrigan. In another place, at another time, this man and she could be friends. But everything in their lives had conspired against that friendship.

She passed him to go into the house.

A FEW moments later Frank Hurley came in. When he recognized Annabelle his reaction was half pathetic, half mad. Annabelle forgave him his words, for she could see that this was indeed a grief-wracked man who had found no solace for his sorrow except in bitterness.

"She shouldn't have come here," he said over and over again. "If the Clarks had only left our son alone, he'd still be here with us. She shouldn't have come here."

"Father, please," Mrs. Hurley said

softly. "She came to bring us something. Please, Father."

He turned to Annabelle, his red-rimmed eyes staring in desperation: "Why don't you go away and leave us alone?" Then to Mike: "Mike, you knew about her. You told us about her that day you drove up here before they went away to Yuma. You promised you'd stop him. Why didn't you stop George from marrying this—this—?"

Tears streamed from his eyes and his hysteria mounted in pitiful intensity.

Mike put his arms around the old man's shoulders: "That won't do any good, Frank. I came up here to tell you about how it all happened."

"I want to hear, Mike," the old man said, "but why doesn't she go away and leave us alone?"

A sob broke from Annabelle. She could not restrain herself; she knew she must leave this house before she broke down completely. She was halfway to the door when Mrs. Hurley reached her and held out wrinkled hands to her: "No, dear, no," she said. "You're going to stay with us. Don't pay any attention to him, dear. He doesn't know what he's saying."

Mike's eyes were concentrated on this demonstration of kindness. There was shame and wonder in his eyes. Somehow, without knowing why, he sensed that he was on the wrong side, and yet he couldn't find the words or the action to change it.

Annabelle freed her hand and touched Mrs. Hurley's arm. "Thanks. Thanks ever so much. Good-by..." She hurried out of the room, picked up her bag from the porch and ran down the stairs. Mrs. Hurley's kindness had touched her more than everyone else's cruelty. And she could not give Mike Harrigan the satisfaction of knowing how this last humiliation had destroyed her. She dragged her way down the road as fast as her weary legs would carry her.

Mike watched her go, his eyes terribly troubled. Frank Hurley started out of the room, as if pleased with the outcome. But his wife stopped him with her voice. It was quiet, but ominously intense. "Until your dying day, Father," she said, "you should never forgive yourself for what you've done today."

"Why didn't she leave us alone?" the old man said in his inexorable misery. "Because she brought us George's insurance," Mrs. Hurley said. "Look!" She pulled the bills from the envelope and held them out to her husband.

Mike said: "She brought that money to you?"

Mrs. Hurley's eyes held her husband's.



Faye talks with a French accent: i.e., with her current interest, French producer Raymond Hakim at Mischa Auer's new *Scheherazade*

"Look, Father. Thousands of dollars. One, two . . . four . . . five thousand dollars! She brought it to us of her own free will . . . for us to help her take care of our grandchild after it is born!"

There was no sound in the room save the ticking of the wall clock which was like thunder in Mike's ears. He looked out of the door where the girl had gone. In this moment his life was to be decided. He could stand there—watch the slow and incredulous reaction of poor Frank Hurley, persuade him that sentimentality about an approaching birth of his grandchild should not change his resentment of the death of his son. Or else in this moment, Mike could follow her and give her comfort—follow her—perhaps to the ends of the earth!

He was paralyzed by the realization of what the girl had done. She had allowed her father to be comforted by the thought that she now had some of his money; then she had hurried with it to the people who might need it most. And with no proviso except that they would help her take care of George's child when it arrived. Mike's face flushed with his shame. There was only one choice—and this time his heart won over his head.

ANNABELLE was only a speck down the road when he first saw her but he soon caught up to her. She started to run when she realized that he was following her, but the bag was too heavy and she tripped over it with pathetic clumsiness. Instantly he was out of the car, straightened her out and grasped her arms. "Annabelle, Annabelle," he said, in an almost unearthly voice, "why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you tell me?"

Her voice sounded a thousand miles away to her. "Why should I?"

"Everything's so different now that I know," he said. "You need help—and I'm George's best friend. . . ."

She saw something in his eyes, something she thought she had probably never seen in any other man's eyes—something primeval and earthy, not hunger—but overwhelming compassion and—something deeply stirring.

How could she be revengeful now? It didn't matter. She had only one purpose in life, and that certainly was not revenge. What difference what he had called her once? Now she was only a mother-to-be and his remorse meant nothing to her.

Still, in her there was compassion, too. "You never exactly made me feel I could confide in you," she said softly. "I know," he said.

Suddenly she wavered towards him, slipped through his outstretched hands and crumpled on the dry earth. In a flash he was down beside her, his strong arms encircling her. Against the rough tweed of his sleeve her face was ashen pale. In that moment he thought with wild unreasoning desperation that she was dead.

"Annabelle," he whispered. "Oh, Annabelle!"

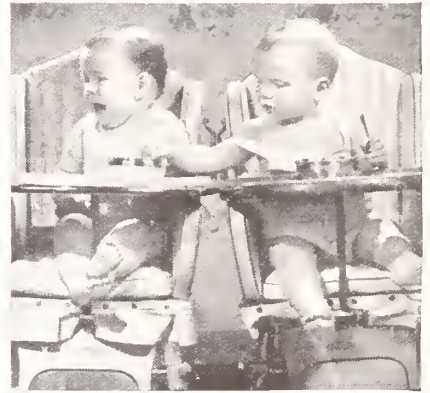
Something has happened to the heart of the hard-boiled Mike Harrigan and so in next month's instalment Annabelle faces the most serious problem of her young life. Then, Helga Bentley and some of her brittle friends offer a complication no one could have foreseen. As a result, the events at Mike Harrigan's ranch at Tehachapi make the most exciting reading of this exciting serial! Don't miss the next instalment, in the *May Photoplay-Movie Mirror*.



**SAY!
WAS I FED UP
WITH
COUSIN GEORGE!**



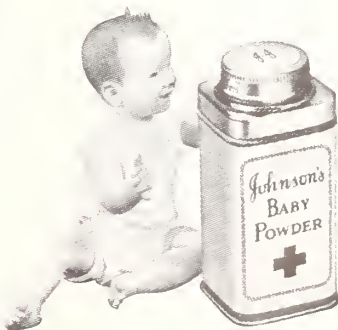
Was he a glump! Cried if you looked at him. Acted like our sissy little spaniel was a starving mountain lion.



Total loss at meals, too. Sneering at the cook, complaining about the service . . . I almost conked him with my spoon.



By bath-time I'd decided—one more peep and George was a drowned cousin. Imagine my surprise when he broke out in smiles. "Ah!" says he, clutching my Johnson's Baby Powder. "Downy-soft Johnson's—just what I've been needing! Conditions around this house are not so bad as I thought."



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FOR
SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

The Boy Linda Darnell Loves

(Continued from page 53)

can do to you?" asks the maturely wise, seventeen-year-old Linda of today.

A week later they met. In the school yard. And Linda was instantly bowled over. Dizzily. Completely. For the first time in her child life, she knew what it was the poets write about, knew what it felt like to have the world turn a crazy somersault so that stars sowed the earth and flowers bloomed in the sky. It was as though lightning had struck the two of them, the dark young man from Spain, the dark young girl of Texas. It had.

Linda knew she was in love and Jaime knew he was in love.

IN those first hours of that first day (they ditched school, the two of them, and walked miles and miles) young Jaime Jorba spilled out his whole life story at Linda's feet. He was a Spanish refugee. He was twenty years old. But much older in his heart than in his years. Because he had seen murder and rapine and destruction of home and country and loved ones and faith in life. He had seen Barcelona ravished. His young eyes had grown old and bitterly wise, looking too early on cruel and bestial things. He was wounded where wounds do not show or bleed. And, he said, Linda healed his wounds; Linda made life bearable again.

He was handsome, Latin, temperamental, hot of heart—and terribly jealous.

They went to school together, Jaime and Linda, although Jaime was, of course, doing post-graduate work and Linda was but a freshman. They ate their lunches together in a corner of the school yard. They took long walks together in the afternoons. They went to the movies together in the evenings. ("It's very strange," says Linda now, "but I told him I thought he looked quite a lot like Tyrone Power!") They sat on Linda's front porch while the moon shone down and Linda would speak, now and then, of her dream of going to Hollywood one day and becoming a great star. She didn't talk of it often, because it was a subject that would send Jaime into convulsions of fear and jealousy and torment. He would go mad, he swore, if he saw her, even her shadow, in the arms of another man.

It was thus that along with her love for him there was planted, also, the seed of fear of him, fear that his jealousy would be a barrier between them.

Jaime overstayed his six-months leave in this country. He stayed seven months, eight months, unable to tear himself away even though he knew the authorities must get him in the end. He ran a grave risk. It might mean jail, he was warned. He didn't care, he said, since wherever he was would be jail to him without Linda. At the end of the eight month, they did catch up with him and he had to go back to Mexico City.

THAT was three years ago. Every day since then, there has been a love letter for Linda in Hollywood. Every day there is a love letter for Jaime in Mexico City. Jaime writes his letters in Spanish and this is why Linda is taking Spanish lessons, the better to decipher every syllable he writes. Linda writes her letters in English and this is why Jaime is studying English.

This is why, too. Linda takes those long, solitary drives to the beach, sits for an hour, two hours, dreaming in her car, her eyes on the sea. This is why she has as few dates as she does have, of the many she could have, preferring to "go to bed

early and read a book."

And this is why when she does go out, as she does occasionally with Mickey Rooney, Robert Shaw, Frank Swann, Bob Sterling and the other boys, she can say honestly, "I never let one of them kiss me. I have never been kissed—off the screen. And that goes for Mickey, too, in spite of all the talk about our dates and our 'romance.' We have had dates, we do have dates. We don't have 'romance.' We are awfully, awfully good friends. I have more laughs with Mickey than with any other boy I know. To be with Mickey is the best fun imaginable. But we are, we really and truly are 'just friends' and there is nothing serious about it, or us."

This is why, then, in Tyrone's arms, she is able to give so poignant a portrait of a girl in love. Because she is a girl in love—with Jaime.

THAT she truly is in love with Jaime, Linda knows now. A few months ago she realized that she could never care for any other boy she might meet, in Hollywood or elsewhere, until she had found out whether what was in her heart was love, real love, or just a little girl's first dream of love.

She knew a sort of fear, too—a fear that if she did find out that the little girl love was a woman's love, she and Jaime still might not be able to find happiness together, because of that burning jealousy that was such an intrinsic part of Jaime's make-up.

Because Linda, young as she was, in love as she was, was wise. She knew she wouldn't quit her career—"Not until I am twenty-five, at least." Yet there were those letters of Jaime's to consider, written after he had seen her in love scenes with Tyrone, letters so violent, so tormented that the words all but burned the paper they were written on. Sometimes, almost despairing, Linda would write him long letters back, trying to explain that the love scenes were "just acting," that when she kissed men on the screen, it was his face she saw, his arms she felt about her.

There was just one answer for Linda—he must see Jaime again and discover how great—or how small—their love was. So she asked the studio for a vacation and she went to Mexico City—to Jaime.

They spent every evening of her stay here together. And Linda was not disappointed. For Jaime is, she says, all she has been remembering him as being in these past three years, as charming, as attractive, as enchanting. Her fear that he was carrying a mirage in her heart is gone and the little girl's dream of first love has become the young girl's dream of first love. It is still but a dream, because Linda is too young, has too much work to do, to make her dream come true now. But the dream is still there in her heart, proven now, unchanged and, perhaps, unchangeable.

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ALICE FAYE
cover by Paul Hesse
on the
**MAY PHOTOPLAY-
MOVIE MIRROR**

Come Live with Me

(Continued from page 45)

rejection slips for."

"Oh," Johnny smiled. "You're a writer."

"Well, that makes two of us who think so," said Bill.

"Are you an American?" Johnny asked. Bill nodded. "Married?" Bill shook his head. "Engaged?" Bill shook his head. Johnny sighed in relief. "Then, please," she said, "I would like to go home with you."

Bill stared at her unbelievably. She was completely serious. He turned to the driver and said, "Sheridan Square."

BILL'S apartment consisted of one small badly furnished room. "But it's a room with a view," he said, pointing through a narrow window across the square to a sign where a tiny horse outlined in electric lights galloped eternally around a Mazda race track.

Johnny smiled halfheartedly. Bill, encouraged by the smile, walked toward her, hesitated for a moment, then abruptly kissed her. Johnny responded with a swift smack on his jaw and a furious, "What do you mean by doing a thing like that?"

"You ought to know," Bill retorted. "You're the one who wanted to come here."

"Do you suppose for a minute," Johnny was scornful, "that I came here so you could—could kiss me?"

"Why, I er—" Bill paused in embarrassment. "Why did you come?"

"I came," Johnny replied with dignity, "to ask you to marry me."

Bill was speechless for a moment, then he burst into laughter. Recovering, he bowed formally and said, "This is so sud-

den, Miss Jones." Johnny didn't answer and at last Bill said, "Why me?"

"Because you haven't any money."

"Me and a million other guys," Bill said. "Are you planning to marry all of us?"

Johnny stamped her foot in exasperation. "I might have known you wouldn't understand. That's only part of it. I haven't any husband and you haven't any wife and I need a husband—"

"And I don't need a wife," Bill interrupted.

"I thought we could trade," Johnny said awkwardly. "If you were my husband you'd have money—and—and—oh why do you have to make it all so difficult?" Her voice broke and Bill realized that she was close to tears.

"I'm sorry," he said gently. "I didn't mean to make it tough for you. Let's begin at the beginning. Why do you need a husband?"

"Because the only way I can keep from being sent back to what used to be Austria is to marry an American citizen."

"You poor kid," Bill was all compassion. "And I thought I had troubles!"

Johnny then explained her plight. How her father, a wealthy Viennese, had opposed Nazism; how he had been put to death for his beliefs. How she had escaped to America where she had changed her name from Joanna Jans to Johnny Jones in the hope that the immigration authorities would be unable to find her after her visitor's permit had expired. But tonight they had caught up with her and now her only chance to escape deportation to the Vienna where her very name would mean death or

worse was to marry an American.

"It's sure a spot," Bill said sympathetically. "This marriage business, though it's the silliest thing I ever heard."

"Please, Bill," Johnny urged. "It's my only chance." She clutched his arm and Bill read the desperation in her dark, tear-filled eyes.

"Okay, Johnny," he said. "But none of this living on a woman's money for me. It's going to be a loan and I'm going to pay it back, every cent." His determination on this point ended in a quarrel and at last Bill demanded, "Do you want to marry me or not?"

"No, I don't!" Johnny screamed. "But I've got to!"

"Then we'll do it my way," Bill snapped. Together they figured out how much it cost him each week to live. The grand total was \$17.80 and this amount and no a penny more Bill consented to accept from Johnny weekly.

They were married the following morning. After the brief ceremony at City Hall Bill suggested lunch, but Johnny shook her head.

"This is strictly business, Bill," she reminded him.

"I know," Bill nodded glumly. "No love, no honor, no obey. Say—No Love—that's a swell title for a novel."

"Swell," Johnny agreed. "Why don't you write it, Bill?" and with a brief, "See you next week," she was gone.

Gone, Bill supposed morosely, to meet some other man—maybe a man she was in love with or who was in love with her. Still, that didn't make sense. There were a man in Johnny's life surely she wouldn't ask a perfect stranger to

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marry her. Unless, he reflected, the man was already married.

Bill was closer to the truth than he realized. For the man who was in love with Johnny was married. Johnny had met Barton Kendrick when she first came to New York. Bart, the head of a phenomenally successful publishing firm, was a good deal older than Johnny but his only added to his desirability, for it gave to his good looks and charm and money the added attractiveness of security—and security, after the horrors of Vienna, was the thing Johnny longed for most in the world.

SHE was troubled about Bart's wife. She had never met Diana Kendrick, but she knew that even if Bart were no longer in love with her he still had tremendous affection for her, as well as admiration for her beauty and gratitude for the unerring literary judgment which had contributed so much to his success. In all their discussions of the future, Diana was the stumbling block. At last Bart could stand the strain no longer. It was a few weeks after Johnny's marriage to Bill when Bart burst out, "I can't take it any longer, Johnny. It's got to be marriage—or nothing." Johnny didn't answer and Bart said insistently, "That's what you want, too, isn't it?"

Johnny didn't know why she hesitated. Of course it was what she wanted. Or was it?

"Isn't it?" Bart repeated. She lifted her eyes to his. "I—I think so, Bart."

"That's all the assurance I need," Bart said confidently. "I'm going to ask Diana for a divorce."

"Oh, no," Johnny protested. "We can't hurt her, Bart!"

"I don't think it will hurt her," he

said reassuringly. "Lately I've been thinking she might like a divorce herself. Arthur Stafford has been in love with her for years. Anyhow," he broke off briskly, "I'm going to ask her. A Reno divorce takes six weeks and we can be married as soon as it is over."

"Six weeks!" Johnny was panic-stricken. "Why that's—that's—"

"That's six weeks," Bart smiled. "And there's no reason why we can't be married at the end of them."

For a moment Johnny couldn't speak. This was harder than she had thought it would be. At last she said gently, "Yes, there is a reason, Bart." Bart only stared at her, so Johnny went on, "How do you think I've managed to stay here in America?"

"You said the immigration authorities gave you an extension."

"But the only way they could give it to me was for me to marry an American. I didn't tell you that because I knew it would worry you. I just—just got married, Bart."

BILL had acted on Johnny's suggestion and was writing a novel called "No Love." At first it went very well. He had only to tell the story of Johnny and himself as it was actually occurring, adding to it after each of Johnny's visits with his weekly check. Then it began to sag. You couldn't have a story, let alone a happy ending, unless the girl showed some spark of interest in the boy and so far Johnny had failed to do that. She kept their relationship on its strictly business basis, rejected or evaded all Bill's efforts to establish a more personal association and gave no hint of the life she led between visits at his apartment.

Frequently Bill talked the situation

over with his reflection in the mirror telling himself (1) that he wasn't in love with Johnny, (2) that he was a dope to love a girl who didn't love him and (3) that since he loved her so much she'd just have to fall in love with him sometime.

Then came the day when Johnny asked for a divorce. If Bill had had any doubts about being in love with her this request settled them. Of course he loved her.

"You can't do this, Johnny," he said huskily, "can't go out of my life before I've had a chance to make you love me. Why," wryly, "we don't know each other well enough to get a divorce."

"You're sweet, Bill," Johnny said, responding in spite of herself to the feeling in his voice, "but it's just no use."

Bill's heartbreak turned suddenly to unreasoning rage. "You've certainly picked up American customs in a hurry. Meet, marry and divorce—and then," shrewdly, "marry again, I suppose. That's why you want a divorce, isn't it—because there's another man?"

Johnny nodded. And then gently, because she saw she was hurting him and because she did not want to do that, she told him a little about Bart. Not his name, not anything which would enable Bill to identify him, but enough about him so that Bill could picture the life in store for her. Against that picture Bill had no argument, for he sensed in her words her need for security and peace and he could not give her those. At last he said wearily, "All right, Johnny, you can have your divorce."

He didn't quite know why, after Johnny left, he turned again to "No Love," but suddenly there he was, hunched over the typewriter, pounding away page after page. For now he had

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whirl*



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his story—and with it a driving determination not to give Johnny up.

At last the manuscript was finished—all except the ending. And the ending depended on Johnny. But he couldn't wait for that. Time was too precious; he'd have to risk a publisher's being able to visualize the potential value of the book sufficiently to give him an expression of interest. Feverishly he checked the list of publishing firms in the phone book, selecting one at random. The one he chose was Barton Kendrick, Inc., and to Bart's firm, therefore, went "No Love," by William Smith. Sooner than he had dared hope, Bill was requested to call to discuss its publication.

WHEN Bill walked into Bart's office the older man sized up the younger one carefully. Immediately on his wife's enthusiastic account of "No Love" Bart had sensed that the story was his own—his and Johnny's—and reading it had only confirmed this belief.

"We were quite interested in your story, Mr. Smith," Bart said when the first formalities were over.

"Interested is a mild word," this from Diana Kendrick, who always attended her husband's interviews with new authors. "I'm crazy about it. Of course, it isn't finished and we've been wondering how it would turn out."

"I'm—I'm trying hard to work that out now," Bill explained. "It depends on—a lot of things. Naturally," his face reddened, "I'm all for her staying with the husband."

"That's the conventional happy ending," Diana remarked.

"And it's tripe," Bart cut in vehemently. "What you want is a realistic ending and a girl as intelligent as this one is sure to prefer the polished, more sophisticated man. She won't lose her head over some dope of a boy."

"What do you mean, dope?" Bill demanded. "If you think a girl like this is

going to turn down the man who loves her to marry some doddering old idiot just because he's got money—"

"I'm not old!" Bart shouted. "I mean," hastily, "the man isn't old. He's just in the prime of life."

Bill, though surprised at Bart's intensity, didn't notice the break. But Diana did; first, Bart's vehemence, out of all proportion to the situation, then the tell-tale little "I." Suddenly a great many things became clear to her. Bill Smith was the young husband in the story. The girl was his wife. And Bart. . . .

After a moment she said briskly, "Well, boys, break it up. You can't settle anything this way. Why don't you give Mr. Smith his advance, Bart, so he can work out the ending as he thinks best?"

When Bill had departed with his check, Diana said slowly, "That's your own story, isn't it, Bart?"

Bart nodded unhappily. "How did you know?"

"You're not very good at hiding things, darling," her tone was light. She hesitated, then went on. "Are you sure she really loves you?"

"Of course," Bart snapped.

"You mean you were sure," Diana amended, "until you saw what a nice likable chap her husband is. I suppose," she suggested, "you want a divorce?"

"I hated to ask you," Bart mumbled.

"You don't need to. I'll give you a divorce, of course, just as soon as you're sure she really loves you. After all, you know, I'm in this. I happen to love you quite a lot, happen to like our life together. I'm not stepping out until there's a darned good reason. So when you're sure, you come running home to mama. And if she doesn't love you—"

"I'll come running home," Bart interrupted, "and ask you to forgive me and promise that you'll never let me make a fool of myself again."

"That's a bargain, Bart," Diana said. Two hours after leaving Bart's office



Bill and Bart just stared at each other. After a moment Diana said "Well, boys, break it up. You can't settle anything this way!"

Bill rang Johnny's bell. He had cashed his check. Every garment he wore from his hat to his shoes was new and there was a smart roadster—a hired one, to be sure, but still smart—at the curb.

"What in the world—" Johnny exclaimed when she saw him.

"You sent for me," Bill reminded her, "to come up and sign some papers about the—the divorce."

"Oh, that," Johnny said, "of course. But you, Bill—you look as if someone had left you a million. You haven't—oh, you *have*—you've sold the novel!" Bill nodded, grinning from ear to ear. "That's wonderful!"

"You ain't heard nothin' yet," Bill exulted. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, counted off a number and presented them to Johnny. "There you are, Mrs. Smith. Ten weeks at seventeen-eighty."

JOHNNY accepted the money mechanically, disinterestedly. "Tell me all about it," she ordered.

"Tell you later," Bill said. "No time now—got to get started."

Johnny's enthusiasm changed to disappointment. "Are you going away?"

"Not me—we," Bill said firmly. "We—Mr. and Mrs. Smith—are taking a trip."

"You must be crazy," Johnny snapped. "We—Mr. and Mrs. Smith—are getting a divorce."

"Doesn't seem right," Bill mused, "for two people to get a divorce when they scarcely know each other."

"Bill!" Johnny was alarmed. "You can't be serious about this. You know I can't go away with you. You promised to give me a divorce—that was part of our bargain."

"That was the old bargain," Bill explained. "It was over when I paid back the money you loaned me. Now I'm making a new one. You want a divorce. Well, no trip—no divorce."

Johnny raged, ranted and stormed, even cried, but Bill kept repeating, "No trip—no divorce." She tried to call Bart, but Bill grabbed the phone out of her hand. At last, fuming with useless rage, more frightened and intrigued with this new Bill than she would admit, she stalked out to the car, Bill trailing cheerfully behind her with her suitcase in his hand.

They drove through New Jersey and on into the wooded hills of Pennsylvania and in spite of herself Johnny began to enjoy the ride, although she wouldn't have admitted it to Bill for the world. She began to be concerned about Bart, though; after all, he was her fiance and entitled to know what had happened to her. Late in the afternoon they stopped at an inn and while Bill was talking with the bartender who apparently was an old friend, Johnny, under pretext of powdering her nose, slipped away to the ladies' lounge and telephoned Bart, telling him what had happened and giving him the location of the inn.

A few minutes after leaving the inn they turned off the highway and drove through a tree-bordered lane to a sturdy old farmhouse. Johnny's fears began to return then; the place seemed so remote from civilization. But no terrors awaited her there—only the peace of evening and fields and meadows and a white-haired old lady who proved to be Bill's grandmother, and who obviously adored her grandson. She was a surprisingly outspoken old lady, for when Bill introduced Johnny Grandma studied her with wise old eyes, then said, "I like you, Johnny Jones. You're as nice inside as you are on the outside."

After supper, out on the porch, Bill said casually, "Do you like it here, Johnny?"

"finders keepers — losers weepers"



You're fit to be tied! Furious! Your *steady* —out with somebody else! "It's not fair," you wail jealously.

But since when has love been fair? Nowadays you've got to be on your toes *every day* to keep some pretty panther from pouncing on your "heart interest!"

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"Yes, Bill," Johnny said softly. "So do I. It's where I belong, I guess, back here in the country where I've always lived, with the people I've always known and loved around me. I'm going to stay here."

"You ought to be very happy here, Bill," Johnny's voice was only a whisper in the darkness.

"Could you be happy here, Johnny?"

"Why—I think anybody could be," she answered evasively. "I feel," she was talking more to herself than to Bill, "as if I'd always lived here, as if I'd known the house and your grandmother for years. But," turning toward him, "I feel as if I'd never really known you until I came here."

"That's why I had to bring you here, Johnny," Bill explained. "I thought—hoped—if we really got to know each other—maybe you wouldn't want a divorce. Do you still want it, Johnny?" he asked gently.

"I—I—" she struggled for an answer, but could find none.

Bill reached out hungry arms and pulled her to him. "How is our story going to end, Johnny? Is it always going to be 'No Love'?"

"I don't know, Bill," Johnny cried miserably. "I don't know!"

Bill caught her closely to him then and his lips found hers. "It could end like this," he said. "Oh, Johnny, if it could only end like this!"

For a moment Johnny clung to him, felt his heart pounding against her own, then, frightened at the emotion that stirred within her, she pulled away. "It's late, Bill," she said lamely and Bill, without a word, let her go into the silent house and up the stairs to her room.

JOHNNY was in bed when Bill knocked at her door. Throwing a dressing gown over her pajamas she opened the door.

"Thought you might like this," He held out a flashlight, but before Johnny could take it he said, "Guess I'd better open your window for you." It went up with a bang, framing a night which was spangled with fireflies.

"Lots of fireflies tonight," Bill said inanely. "They're kind of pretty flying around."

"Yes," Johnny smiled, "fireflies are pretty."

"Smart, too," Bill said eagerly. "Those lights they make. You wouldn't think they mean anything, but they do. They're kind of a—a—" he gulped—"mating call. I mean, the girl firefly signals the boy firefly twice when when—" his voice trailed off in confusion. "Well, good night, Johnny. Oh, I nearly forgot the flashlight. If you get scared in the night you can flash it through that hole," he pointed where the wall, joining the slanting roof, left a large gap. "I'll be in the next room and I'll see it. Do you know how to work it?"

"Oh, yes." Accidentally Johnny touched the switch and to her horror the light flicked on, then off, then on again. She could feel her cheeks turning crimson but before Bill noticed her embarrassment there was a thunder of knocking on the door below.

The caller was Bart Kendrick. Bill, still ignorant of the fact that Bart was the man in Johnny's life, thought the visit was due to the publisher's interest in his novel and was almost beside himself with happiness.

"I haven't had time to finish it yet," he said apologetically, "but I think it's going to be the happy ending. I'm—I'm working on it."

Bart looked from Bill to Johnny who had followed Bill and was standing at the top of the stairs. "I'll say you are,"

he said grimly. "Well, hurry up, Johnny," he ordered. "We've got to get back to New York."

Sudden rage flamed in Bill. "Just a minute," he shouted, lunging at Bart. "Who do you think you are, ordering my wife around like that?"

"Don't, Bill—please!" Johnny's frantic voice stopped him. "That's Bart—he—we—"

"She's trying to tell you," Bart broke in, "that she's my fiancée. She sent for me after you practically kidnapped her this afternoon."

"I don't believe it," Bill began, but Johnny nodded. He let his hands drop to his sides then and started up the stairs. "I guess that's that," he said in a toneless voice.

Halfway up he turned to Bart again. "I suppose Johnny put you up to buying my novel," he charged bitterly. "That it's really your money I've been living on all these weeks. Well, you can have it back—every cent of it. And," furiously, "you can have Johnny, too!" He stalked past the girl and into his own room, slamming the door behind him.

AT first when Bill had crawled into bed, he wasn't conscious of anything except his own wretchedness. Then he heard Johnny's door close, heard her moving softly about the room. She must be packing. In a few minutes she would go downstairs to join Bart and he would hear the car drive off, taking her away from him forever. He couldn't bear that. He wouldn't listen. Frantically he pulled the covers around his ears.

Idiotically he began to repeat the lines of a poem—"Come live with me and be my love..." Try as he would he couldn't get them out of his head.

After a while, whether minutes or hours he didn't know, he heard a voice from the other room. "Bill." It was Johnny. "Bill, are you asleep?"

"No." Surprise that she was here, not on her way to New York, made his voice gruff.

"Bill," timidly, "what are you thinking about?"

"About a poem. I was saying it over to myself."

"What poem, Bill? Recite it so I can hear it."

"Come live with me and be my love," Bill began, but he couldn't go on. "That's the way I felt about us, Johnny," he said miserably.

There was no answer, only a tiny sound that might have been a sob. Bill stared into the blackness, not trusting himself to speak to her again. Suddenly on the ceiling there was the reflection of a light. He watched it for a moment, wondering what it could be, then realization struck him. The flashlight he had given Johnny. He looked again, scarcely daring to believe the message it signaled. But it came again—on, off, then on. On, off, then on.

Excitement nearly choked him, but he managed to call her name. There was no reply, but the flashlight flickered again—flickered twice.

He sprang up then, barged out of his own room and into Johnny's, banging the doors crazily behind him.

"Johnny," he breathed, and all his adoration was in his voice. "Johnny!"

Still Johnny didn't say anything, but in the darkness Bill felt her arms go around his neck and felt her lips on his...

Miles away Bart Kendrick was forcing his car along the highway. He was tired; worn out with the foolish, futile trip; annoyed at the ludicrous picture he must have made barging into a strange house in the middle of the night. But in his heart there was happiness. For Bart was going home—going home to Diana.

Here's How I Live

(Continued from page 49)

that the little fellow could take his nap out there before he got big enough to slide down the banister.

I was all for going right out and hocking my shirt for furniture, but Grace put her little high heel right down hard and said, "No, you don't! We're never going into debt for anything. We'll pay cash for everything we buy."

Women hate debts. Men don't like them, but they accept them as a natural part of normal living. I was just a man, so I said, "But, darling, we can't. We haven't that much cash."

That little tip-off as to my financial status didn't faze Grace one bit. "I know it," she said, just as calmly as if she were talking about the weather, "but we have some cash and we'll furnish as far as it goes. We'll start with the kitchen because we have to eat. Next we'll do the bedroom because we have to sleep."

"But the nursery," I butted in. "The little fellow. . ."

Grace started to laugh and then she looked at me with that patronizing way women have and said, "Look, darling, we haven't even ordered the baby yet. We won't need the nursery for another year, but in the meantime. . ."

WELL, in the meantime we did just as Grace said. We furnished the kitchen, the dinette, our bedroom and the den. We concentrated on the den because that was to be our "sitting room" until such time as we could furnish the parlor. We put in a bright, comfortable overstuffed davenport and chairs, a sort of a tan floral design on a green background, and drapes to match. We stuck lamps all around so that no matter where you flopped you could just reach up and switch on a light. I put a couple of shelves up over the davenport to hold my pipes, tobacco and a few of my favorite trophies. Grace brought in her knitting box, bag, or whatever she calls it—it looks like a waste paper basket with a lid and handles. We lined the shelves with our favorite books and magazines and stuffed the drawers with our favorite games and a lot of paper pads and pencils. There is a large wardrobe closet right off the den. We lugged down lounging robes, sweaters, jackets, bedroom slippers and such things and put them in there. We fixed things up so handy that we wouldn't have to move out of that one room unless we wanted to.

Furnishing the bedroom wasn't so much fun. I mean, it wasn't fun for me because I couldn't see what crisscross curtains and glass-topped dressing tables had to do with a good night's sleep. Grace said, "just like a man," so I put in a disappearance act while she and her girl friends dolled it all up like a show window. When it was finished, though, I had to admit it looked pretty nice.

About that time we ran out of cash and couldn't do a thing about the parlor and dining room. We did manage to get some rugs so that the polished floors would not be marred and we had some pictures, real good ones, and some statues and vases that Grace's mother had brought back from Italy. Of course, we know just what we want in those two rooms and if our cash ever catches up with our tastes all we'll have to do is have the van back up and unload.

When we went as far as we could, things looked real homelike. For the first time in my life I felt like a substantial citizen and I thought maybe someday I might even run for city

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council. Then it happened. I came home from work one day to find Grace lying down. I was pretty scared. Grace was so healthy, why she was never sick. Her sister Gertrude was there with her husband, Jimmy Ellison, and it seemed to me that their faces were grave. I took the stairs two steps at a time, imagining everything from a broken leg to pneumonia.

"What is it?" I choked.

Grace looked up at me and there were tears on her cheeks and stars in her eyes and she was half laughing and half crying.

"Nothing," she said, "except Gertrude and I are going to have a baby."

Gertrude and I are going to have a baby! I was so annoyed that I didn't follow the script at all. Gertrude and I! If she didn't want to take all the credit herself, couldn't she have been fair enough to say, "You and I?" I was just about to say as much when I happened to look up and there stood Jim Ellison in the door with a grin on his pan that could only mean one thing—he was going to be a father, too! Leave it to those Durkin sisters—one couldn't have what the other didn't have—husband, home, baby, and that brother-in-law of mine knew it before I did! I mentally wished him all sorts of trouble and hoped that mine would be born first, or at least be a boy. It was both. Of course, after I got over being jealous I was plenty glad that both girls were about to become mothers. They could be grand company for each other making plans and what not.

I was all for hustling Grace right into bed and calling a doctor, but she wouldn't have any of it.

"What I need is fresh air," she said. "We're all going to the beach and ride the roller coaster."

I wasn't for it, but I was smart enough to know that prospective mothers have to be humored, so to the beach we went and I tried to act natural and normal and not tell all the hawkers that I was celebrating because I was about to become a father.

THE next morning I was up at the crack of dawn because I had lots to do. I had to hire a good maid to do all the work and I had to get that nursery furnished. Grace vetoed both jobs. She did not want any help. It made her nervous to have a stranger in the house. Besides, she needed the exercise.

"Just get someone in a couple of times a week to do the heavy work and I'll do the rest," she said and I had to humor her. About the nursery, she said, "There's plenty of time for that." I cheated a little there, however. I brought home kiddie cars and balls and things I thought the little fellow might like. I'll bet he will someday, too—he won't always be "too little."

I thought now that the stork had our number everything would be different. We'd spend every evening in front of the fire and our days in quiet rides and short walks—but these modern girls! Grace did everything she had been doing right along except the cooking. Cooking made her nervous so I tried my hand at it, and I'm pretty good. I get a big kick out of taking a drop of this and a dash of that and mixing them up and have people ask how I did it. Where I really shine is at the outdoor grill. I can cook anything out there that can be grilled and make it taste like something the king's private chef turned out. One of my special specials is a barbecue sauce I use on steaks and spare ribs.

- 1 pint of soy sauce
- 3 tablespoons of brown sugar
- 1 tablespoon of ginger
- 2 cubes of garlic, sliced fine.

Mix it all together in a bowl and baste the steaks every few minutes while they are cooking. For spare ribs, soak the ribs in the sauce twenty-four hours before grilling. I baste with a brush instead of a spoon. It's easier to handle and you don't waste any of the sauce.

THE hardest part of becoming a father is the waiting. The months drag by until you begin to feel like a prisoner waiting for a reprieve. The last couple of weeks are agony and you can't do a blessed thing but sit and wait and just hope they won't put you in a strait jacket. Sometimes we waited alone. Sometimes Gertrude and Jimmy came over and waited with us. Sometimes we went over and waited with them, but no matter where we were, the four of us just sat and waited. The girls never seemed to mind—they had so much to talk about, but Jim and I just sat and listened to the clock tick off seconds that would make minutes and then hours and finally the hour.

I was in a cold sweat all the time, worrying for fear the stork would beat me to the hospital. Grace says that I used to leave the car at the curb with the motor running, but that's gross exaggeration. All I ever did was leave the car parked in the drive facing the street which is only a common ordinary precaution.

When I simply couldn't stand the strain any longer, I packed Grace off to the hospital two days ahead of the stork but not one second before my nerves were ready to snap. After I got her there I was sorry because the nurses just kicked me out and told me to go home, that they'd call me. If I ever get rich I'm going to build a maternity hospital and put up a great big neon sign: Fathers Welcome.

After two days and heaven only knows how many centuries, years in which I had mentally buried Grace, killed the



Extracurricular activity in Bill Henry's life is cooking. "Where I really shine is at the grill"

doctor and been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder, someone tapped me on the shoulder and said, "You have a son."

Funny when you sit around for days waiting for just one word that you just can't hear it when it is finally spoken. Oh, you hear it all right—you hear it with your ears, but it just fails to register.

"What? Who? Me?" I sputtered.
 "Your name is Henry, isn't it?" the voice went on.

"What? Who? Me? My name's Bill—Bill Henry—oh, for heaven's sake, of course, my name is Henry."

"Well, you are the father of a baby boy."

A son! A boy! Oh, boy-oh-boy-oh-boy! I made a dash for the door. A hand was stretched forth to detain me. "Not so fast, young man. You wait right here. We'll bring the baby to you."

Well, maybe it was only a few minutes, but I swear I grew a beard and turned grey before they showed up with a bundle they said was my son and I asked them how Grace was and they said, "Oh, fine, now you go home and get some rest."

Rest! They expected me to rest after an ordeal like that! I was thrown out of that hospital six times before they let me see Grace and by that time I was so nervous I was almost afraid to go in. I wondered if she'd recognize me—if she'd be strong enough to speak to me—if she had changed much. I shoved the door open cautiously and peeked in. Grace raised up on one elbow and chirped, "How'd you like the baby?" Ah, women! You worry yourself sick over them and they haven't the courtesy to even look pale.

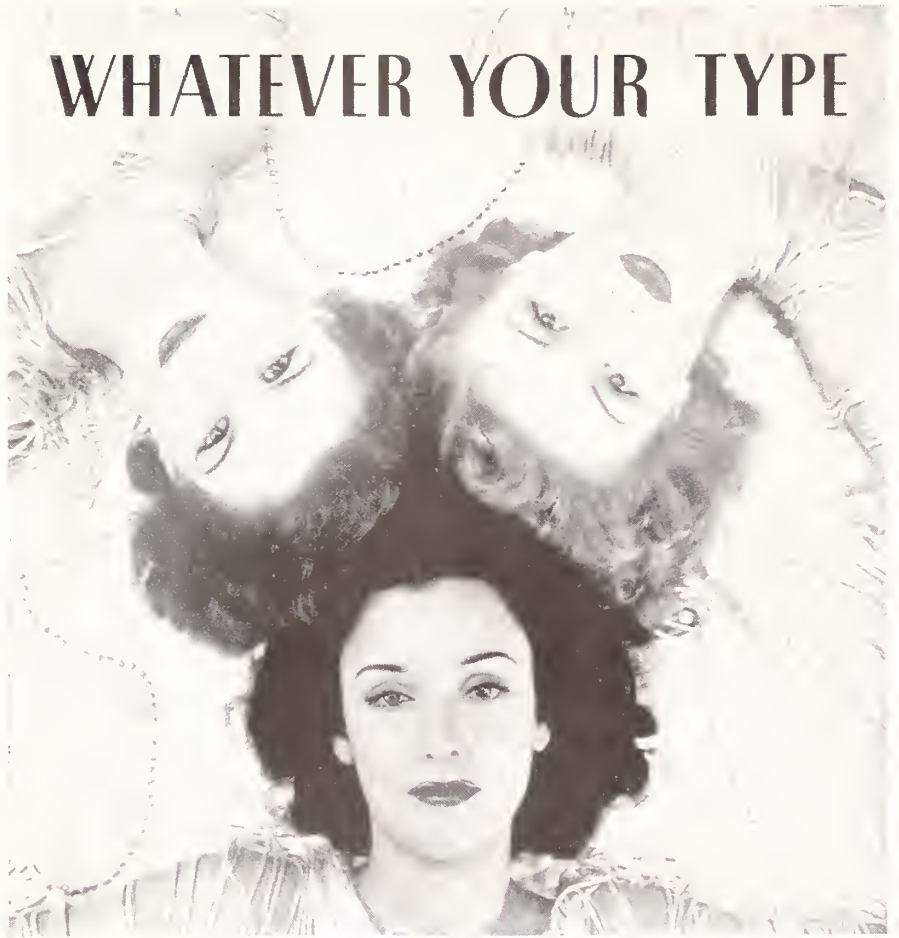
Oh, well, if Grace was going to make me feel like a fool by looking and acting as if she'd just been to a picnic, I'd go see the baby. He was little and frail and helpless and he'd make me feel big and strong and important. He might have if he'd been alone, but there were forty other babies in the glass showcase and there were forty fathers all trying to look big and strong and important. They lined up against the glass and pointed and said, "See, that's my kid. Yoo-hoo, look at Daddy!" The big lugs! If they only knew how silly they looked—and then I spotted Duke Michael Henry—"See! That's my kid. Yoo-hoo, look at Daddy!"

DECIDED that things were going to be mighty different when I got my family home. I'd hire one of those officious nurses and then defy her to kick me out of my own home. But I couldn't win for losing. Grace wanted to take care of her baby herself and I mustn't hang around the nursery because I was "spoiling the baby." I hired a maid of all work and mustn't hang around the kitchen because I was "spoiling the gravy."

This went on for three months. Then one day I just stalked right into the nursery and said, "Listen, taking care of a baby is highly specialized work and besides I like my own cooking." I expected to have the door slam in my face, but women are unpredictable. Grace just rolled her big blue eyes up at me as if I really were "Poppa" and said, "You're right, Bill. We'll hire a nurse to look after Duke Michael, I'll do the housework and you can do the cooking."

It sounded like a swell idea and it worked out just as swell as it sounded. In fact, it worked out so well that we're going to add another room and two more children—but there's plenty of time for that—they won't be born for several years yet.

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COTY

Gable—on the Spot! Things We Like about Clark Gable

(Continued from page 36)

own domain. It goes on all the time. Look at the possessions in that trailer. Are they Gable's? Could that be his teapot, for instance? Or could those dainty biscuits inside the dressing-table drawers be Mr. He-man Gable's? Forget it; they belong to his stand-in and make-up man. They use Clark's trailer for coffee-making in the morning (you should see that pot) and tea-brewing in the afternoon. "Making coffee," they'll yell at Gable, if he pokes his nose anywhere near the door and he'll grin and go somewhere else.

"Look at them," Gable will smile, as the boys fish in the drawers that should hold make-up and don't, to bring out dainty cookies. "Mr. Campbell poured," he'll taunt the make-up man. "Deah, deah, deah."

And will you tell me *what* that make-up man is doing in the joint, er—pardon us—place, with Gable never permitting one smear of goo on that pan?

Well, Clark likes to have him around, just to hear him say, oh, maybe once a day, "Hey, Clark, better comb your hair."

"I never had one of those facial things in my life," Clark says, "and never have a barber shave me." So when the hairdresser yells, "Hey, Clark, comb your hair," Clark pulls out the comb and goes to it right where he is.

WE like his readiness to praise others in sports in which he himself excels. Try getting him to talk about skeet shooting, for instance, at which he's a top-rater. He'll start right in to tell you how good Fred MacMurray is or how Bob Stack can outshine everyone in every kind of sport.

And this hunting business that he loves, an item that is the delight of every Hollywood columnist who gets a kick out of reporting his various treks into the wilds. Do you think Gable will let himself have too much, even there? Oh, now mind, he does go, loves the rough-and-ready sport; but when pressed about it he'll confess that along about noon he gets pretty tired and lets the other fellows go on while he climbs into the station wagon or gets under a tree and sleeps like no log you've ever seen. You can't make a hero or a big he-man out of him, we tell you. He's just an ordinary guy, like everybody else. For that alone, we're crazy over him.

He'll shatter that "smartest star in pictures" legend, too. With other stars raving over the smart way Clark has handled his career, he'll shrug and ask what the... We mean, he doesn't quite know what they're talking about. For what he's done really is to tend to his acting department and let the studio take care of their several departments. "I figure those fellows in the publicity department must know their jobs or they wouldn't be there," he says, "so I take their advice and play ball. When I was on that South American jaunt several years ago (the grin widened at the memory) I got a bit careless and let a cameraman snap me with several pretty girls and *my shoes off—for comfort.*" The grin grew even wider. "Several days later I got a wire from Howard Strickling, publicity head, saying, 'Glad you're having a wonderful time but keep your shoes on you blankety-blank-blank.'

"I kept them on after that," he howled. Of course, that message from Howard, when translated into the "Souse American fandango," meant "Behave yourself, kid." Clark behaved.

When they wired him in New York to get out of New York and back to Hollywood, again he obeyed. Of course, he practically ruined the nervous system of one middle-aged New York housewife (who is still regarded suspiciously by members of her set) by doing it, but he did it even if the only exit he could make from the mob was by the basement and up through the freight elevator that rises, like a genie from a bottle, out of the sidewalk.

The unexpected sight of Clark Gable, of all people, rising slowly out of the sidewalk before her startled eyes was too much for the above-mentioned lady. She's never been the same; imagines Gable is following her all the time.

IN the matter of stories that can make or break a star, Gable exercises common sense that more than wins our admiration. He has the guts to stand up and argue against a story that he feels is not for him. "But I do all my fighting before the camera begins to grind," he says. Once he says he'll do it, he gives it all he's got.

We like his businessman attitude toward his work with no temperamental, nervous quibbling over scenes. He claims



Two and two make a headliner four: Dan Dailey Jr. and Eleanor Powell, now seeing sights together; Louis B. Mayer and Louella Parsons at Ciro's

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

he has no good or bad side to his face. Shoot him upside down and it's okay by Gable. He never looks at the day's rushes, going on the assumption the director and cameramen also know their jobs or they wouldn't be there. His favorite remark after a scene he hasn't felt sure of is, "Boy, did I ham that up!"

He's a lambie-pie and no kidding. We admire Gable's zest for life and living, which is so vital to a man or woman. We like the kick, the enormous bang, he gets out of pranks and jokes, usually played on "Mrs. G." as he always calls his wife Carole Lombard, such as his painting a sign on their station wagon, "The Lombard Moving Van," because she packed so many things for their last hunting jaunt. And that calliope wagon with monstrous banners announcing, "Culver City Welcomes Carole Lombard," when Carole moved down there for "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

More than anything else, we hand it to Clark Gable for the way he can take it, too, getting almost as big a kick out of being the butt of a gag as the promoter. For instance, the day a studio car driver, during the making of "Boom Town," hailed him, "How you like working in Spencer Tracy's picture, Clark?" was a banner day for him. He told it all over the place and when he discovered Tracy had bribed the fellow to say it, he died. The "Remember 'Parnell'" gag that always flies up in his face never fails to get guffaws from Gable. And the day he and Carole drove up to the sheriff's barbecue in Bakersfield (he's always turning up in places like that) and some local yokel remarked, "Why, that guy's ears are bigger than mine." It tickled Clark so he couldn't wait to get back to the studio to tell it.

Yes, sir, he's some big boy and for every honest regular thing about him, we say we like Clark Gable. But, then, who in Hollywood doesn't?

Things I Don't Like about Myself

(Continued from page 37)

to talk her out of the jitters than I did acting.

But everything turned out all right. The picture was "It Happened One Night" and we had nothing to worry over. Maybe after "Parnell" I should worry a little.

I'm a sorry disappointment to most interviewers looking for color, I'm afraid. I haven't any superstitions, no ideas on romance or love (for print, lady) and would rather pitch hay than hooley. I'm a sorrier disappointment to myself when it comes to getting sore and staying sore at the right time. Like the time Carole decided we had too many chickens on the place and had my prize hens, the ones I had all ready for the Pomona Fair, baked in a pie or something. The look on her face ruined the swell mad I'd worked up.

I'm a disappointment in the choice of my friends, too, I guess. I don't play the social game and I don't pick my friends that way, either. Andy Devine, Jack Conway, Jeffrey Goff (*Abner* of radio's *Lum and Abner*), Victor Fleming, are about my closest friends, because we like the same things, ranching, hunting, fishing.

I guess I don't rate, lady, and if I had more time I'd write a book on Things I Don't Like About Myself. It's a good idea. Who thought it up? You? Well, you write it. We're friends. You ought to know.



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Michael Darling
(Continued from page 69)

he invited. "We'll give you a word and all you have to do is think of as many other words that rhyme with it as you can in three minutes."

Miriam waved him off. "I prefer pheasants to phrase-making," she laughed and dived into the fowl on her plate.

No one there heard the insignificant sound of a doorbell.

"Oh, come now," the novelist teased. "Here's an easy one—batch. I'll get you started. There's batch, catch—"

"Don't tell me!" she shrieked above the friendly hubbub, caught against her will by the spirit of the game. "Batch, catch, attach, dispatch . . . let me see—hatch, latch, match, patch, thatch—oh, there must be more. . ."

Suddenly Miriam felt a hand on her shoulder. Looking up startled, she beheld a girl with a coat pulled tightly around her and a plain felt hat shading her face. Behind her stood the maid, waving helplessly to indicate this was the casualty of the doorbell they hadn't heard. The girl had evidently pushed right past her.

"Miriam, I've got to talk to you," she said in a low, tense voice.

FOR a moment the shock of the unexpected contact and the sheer audacity of the girl stunned the screen star. Then her brain began to function again. The Judson girl had undoubtedly been loitering in the lobby and had overheard the message to the bell captain which enabled her to follow her here. However, this was no place for a scene. She must get the girl out into the hall. Hastily excusing herself, Miriam led the way.

Scarcely was the door closed behind them than the girl began to mumble. "You'll think it funny, my breaking in on you this way, but you don't understand how important it is, Miriam."

Afterwards, Miriam could remember only thinking, why is she calling me Miriam? She doesn't know me well enough for that. Aloud she said, "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Something's happened to Michael," the girl blurted.

"Michael!" Miriam felt herself freezing. She stepped to the door and called to Dr. Eddington. "Oh, John, would you come here a moment?" This was one of the great advantages of having a doctor for a host!

As she turned back to Jenifer Judson, the latter continued excitedly. "You think Michael's in school, don't you?"

"I know he is," Miriam replied firmly.

"Well, he isn't. I just had a call from a couple of boys I know on a newspaper. Michael's been taken out of school and he's in a car with two men, headed for St. Louis!"

Miriam gasped, as much from annoyance as from surprise. "If any such thing had happened, don't you suppose the school authorities would have notified me?" Then she recalled she hadn't yet given the school the address of the hotel to which she had just moved. Could it be—

At this moment the doctor joined them.

"John," Miriam cried, "I don't know what's going on, but this girl says Michael's being kidnapped."

Eddington glanced sharply at the girl. "Suppose we go into my study." He opened a door leading to his richly appointed library and ushered in the two women. "Now, tell me the whole story," he said quietly.

"It's true," the girl spoke breathlessly.

"It came over the press wires. The papers will have it tomorrow morning. I thought she'd want to know right away so she could get the police started."

"But why would anyone want to do this to a person like Miriam Hopkins?" the doctor demanded.

In a curious hard voice the girl answered, "Because she voted wrong."

Miriam choked back a wild desire to laugh. "This is too fantastic. Can't you see? The girl's tight!"

"I don't think so," Eddington replied evenly. "In any case, I'm sure you'll want to satisfy yourself by calling the school and finding out what has actually happened." He started to hand her the telephone.

"It's useless," the girl broke in hurriedly, "because Michael isn't there."

"Of course it's useless," Miriam returned the girl's belligerent glare, "because he is there."

"We'll settle that point in just a moment, ladies," Eddington remarked a trace grimly as he put through the call to Tucson.

"But, John," Miriam objected, "in a well-run school like that the boys will already have gone to bed."

"They'll just tell you he's asleep," Jenifer followed up the opening tensely. "They'll never tell you there's no one in the bed."

MIRIAM stared suddenly at the woman standing at the other end of the desk. No one in the bed! When the call came through from Tucson, it was the mother who seized the phone. "Hello. Is this Mrs. Brown? . . . Mrs. Brown, this is Miriam Hopkins. I'm so sorry to bother you but I wonder if I might speak to Michael . . . Yes. I know the boys are asleep . . ."



How to dinner-date with a husband: Joan Blondell sees Ciro's with Dick Powell by benefit of a cute cap, some trick earrings and a new shade of nail polish

Her voice halted for the fraction of a second. A gleam of triumph lit the pale face of the girl.

"I wouldn't think of asking you to waken him except that I'm afraid he may have been worrying over something . . . Thanks so much."

In the doctor's study three pairs of eyes watched each other closely—the mother, the bearer of evil tidings, the arbitrator. To the mother the moments were lead weighted with iron, until a sleepy young voice came over the wire.

"Hello, Mummy."
Miriam swallowed hard. "Hello, darling." She strove to hold nothing but affectionate casualness in her voice. "I hated to wake you up."

"You didn't wake me up, Mummy. I was just lying there thinking."

"Were you, darling? I was afraid maybe you'd worry about why you hadn't heard from me for almost a week and I just wanted to tell you that I wrote you a letter today which you ought to get tomorrow morning. How are you?"

"I'm fine," chirped the young voice. "That's good. Now, run back to bed . . . Good night, darling."

As Miriam replaced the telephone, an overwhelming fury broke loose within the star of "Becky Sharpe," "We Three," "The Old Maid," "Lady With Red Hair." How could she have been so patient with this creature who was retreating to the mantel piece, eyes darting here and there, seeking escape.

"I thought at first you were just drunk. But you aren't. You're crazy. Nothing but a diseased mind could do such a thing!" Miriam's expressive voice cracked like a whip.

The girl was now openly backing for the door. Miriam followed her relentlessly, all her terrible relief pouring itself out into blind hatred of the instrument of her unacknowledged fear. In that moment she knew the meaning of murder. Behind her petite form seemed to

For obvious reasons the names of all those concerned in the story with the exception of Miriam Hopkins and her son Michael have been changed

rise the spirits of those other mothers who have known a similar terror and from her lips came their accusation:

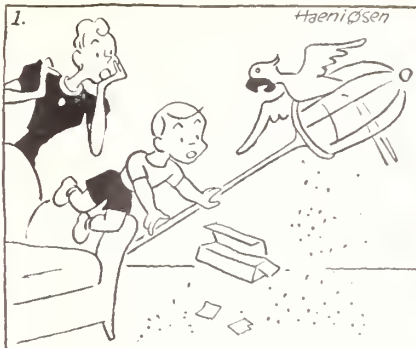
"You did the most dreadful thing anyone could do to a mother. You told her her child had been kidnapped. There wasn't a grain of truth in it. Now the kindest thing I can do to you is advise you to see a mental doctor!"

Eddington, whose eyes had never left the girl as he pulled at his cigarette, now rose. "Miss Hopkins is right. You're in a disturbed condition, Miss Judson. I'd advise you to consult your own psychiatrist."

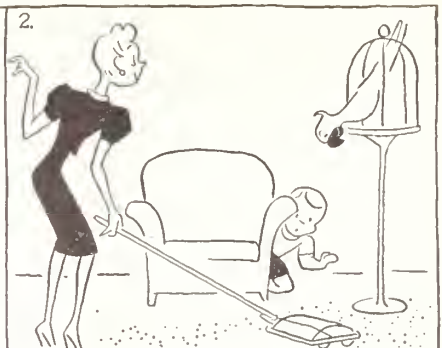
The girl began to whimper, "But I was so worried about Michael." The whimper, however, rose to an angry pitch when the Doctor proceeded to escort her forcibly down the hall to the elevator.

It was then that Miriam threw open the door leading to the living room. The pleasant din of laughter and talk was in her ears. Disengaging himself from his nucleus of friends, the English novelist headed toward her.

"I say, Miss Hopkins—"
"Oh, yes, we were playing a game, weren't we?" Her lips parted, but no smile came to the white face. "I've just thought of another rhyme. It's—snatch!"



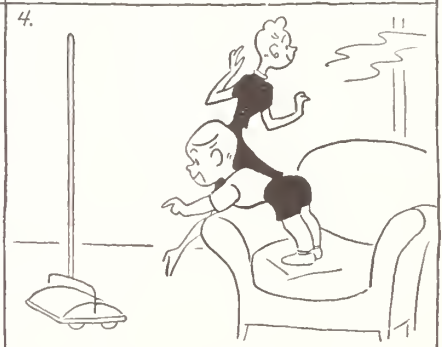
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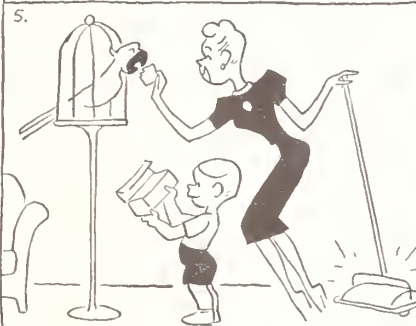
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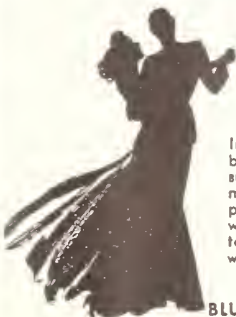


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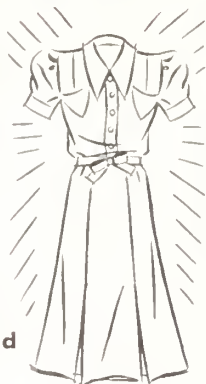


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Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School

(Continued from page 47)

to the center of the room as he progresses to his left. (See Diagram below.)

1. A long, slow step with left foot to left side.
2. Cross right foot in front of left, weight on right.
3. Step with left foot to left side.
4. Draw right foot up to left, weight on right.

Repeat the entire movement three more times. Note that all the steps are taken sideways, to the man's left. Only the first step is slow; the last three are done quickly.

VELOZ' favorite tango step is a half turn, just a little difficult to learn but immensely satisfying to do once you've got it. Look at the diagram on page 47 for a minute; study it and remember that the step uses up one whole bar. In other words, you count eight beats altogether—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

Start with your feet together.

1. Step slowly forward on your left foot.
2. Step forward and cross your left foot with your right foot, slowly.
3. Bring your left foot quickly from behind your right foot and step forward, pointing your toe in the direction of your left shoulder.
4. Start pivoting with your body to the left, meanwhile bending your knees and drawing your partner from the open position to the closed position; lift your right foot quickly and step an inch or two to the right.
5. Continuing to pivot to your left, step forward and to the left with your left foot.
6. Bring your right foot quickly in a wide arc around your left foot, as you pivot, and end the step so that you are facing the opposite direction from that of your original starting position.
- 7, 8. (Dotted outline in diagram on page 47 signifies weight remains on right foot as step was taken on Count 6.) Bring your left foot sharply up to your right, and hold the count for two beats. Then open with your partner again, and repeat. See photographs on page 47 for illustration of this step.

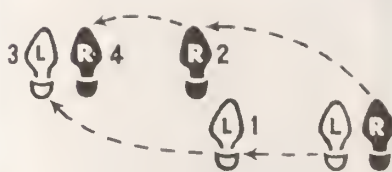


Diagram for the "chasse," classic and just as simple. See special instructions by Veloz in the article

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Roz the Reckless

(Continued from page 34)

wakes up as soon as she can, regretting the time lost. Something might have been going on that she was missing. At four in the morning she slinks out of bed, crouches by the window and listens to the conversation of home-coming neighbors, while they garage the car. That's more interesting than sleep. Anything is.

It has always been so. Back in Waterbury the infant Rosalind grew and grew, like all the *Peppers* at once, and a good-sized Balkan revolution for good measure, while three more brothers and sisters were added to the obstreperous pack.

Mrs. Russell grayed but did not, amazingly, collapse; she felt, with her husband, that so long as the children stuck together there would be a balance of temperament and restraint, and everything could be all right. They forgot that Roz was in the middle. So James and Clara Russell traveled six months of the year, during which periods the children stayed at home under the supervision of a frenzied succession of cooks and one Aunt Katharine, who wished she were dead.

Roz, the hyperthyroid, the precocious, the reckless, had a complex, a very important one which accounts for everything she was and is today. As the middle child in that exuberant family, her childhood and youth were one long battle to establish an identity for herself, to make herself heard; and since she was disdainful of the company of her younger relatives and envious of the activities of James and the Duchess—her elder sister, so-called for obvious reasons—it was necessary, or seemed so, to add years to her years and trials to the ordinary pack any ordinary girl carries, in order to survive.

She survived, then, magnificently, even if in the process she did break every bone on the left side of her body. This was from riding bareback in an effort to keep up with what the neighbors were wont to call "them noisy Russell brats"; but of course the breaks were clean, mended quickly, and had only one lasting effect; she learned to write with her right hand, having been born a south-paw.

It was that, or illiteracy.

When she was only eight, Roz learned the gentle art of blackmail, which helped enormously during the succeeding years. With her propensity for probing into people's private affairs already full-fledged, she came one happy summer twilight into the garden behind the house; and hearing low voices there, approached warily, on tiptoe. This caution was rewarded, for shortly the voices ceased and as Roz peered over the rhododendrons she understood why.

Her big brother Jim was kissing a girl, with no kidding about it. Roz was short of funds that week and she yearned after a box of candy prominently displayed in a downtown sweet-shop window. Her mind, as she walked intently away from the garden, made a few simple equations, which might or might not work out in the proof. But she would try.

"Jim," she said that night after supper, when she had him alone, "who was the girl?"

He had been waiting for this, wondering why it had not come before, having seen her hiked-up skirt vanishing around the corner of the house as he

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looked up from romance. If he had known what cobweb courage she possessed at this moment, how unsure she was... But, philosophically, he reached for a dime.

She misinterpreted the gesture. "If you smack me," she told him hurriedly—and forthrightly, "I'll tell!"

So she got a quarter. It was that easy. She walked on air to her pig bank. At this rate and by keeping her eye peeled, she'd have the box of candy within the month.

THUS embarked on her life of crime, she made it pay bigger and better dividends. As she grew older her wants changed. There was the matter of social evenings, when Roz, after her exhaustive begging sessions with her parents, was allowed to accompany the reluctant James and the Duchess to dances or parties.

Ten minutes after the music started, chaperon James would so far remember his responsibility as to rush up to Roz (while she chatted as invitingly as possible with the younger unattached males present) and say, "Look, have a good time, and be at the entrance at twelve sharp, understand?"

During the evening he would catch glimpses—often shocking—of his sweet little younger sister. But when, at the meeting place on the stroke of twelve, or more often one-fifteen, he would confront her with these observed deficiencies, Roz had her answer ready.

It was a simple one, which needed no revision through the years, "You were supposed to chaperon me. An' besides, I just happened to be in the cloakroom when you an' Clarrissa Smith..."

She went through high school in four years flat, entering at twelve; she could have made it sooner except that she found she could attend a minimum of classes, cram for one night before term's end and get a C, meanwhile enjoying herself immensely.

IT was an academy for girls, which complicated the boy situation for all except Roz. Home was a center of neighborhood activity, because the restless Russells collected friends and sycophants like needles to magnets. The Duchess, of course, was fabulously popular but in her way Roz did all right. In addition to her cheerful nature and willingness to be a good sport about everything, Roz had the clothes. Or rather, her mother had them.

During the day at school, of course, she was no dream—mainly because of her shoes. These consisted of high, yellow, cement-mixers' clodhoppers, which were the delight of her life. They were too heavy at first, but she operated on them with a paring knife and wore them ecstatically for six years. They were wonderful for kicking shins in volley ball.

But upon her arrival home Roz would go to her absent mother's closet and emerge clad in high-heeled slippers (her feet stayed her mother's size for three years, before they got bigger) and a slinky afternoon dress and fur stoles. Roz had a passion for veils and earrings, especially the dangling kind, and wore them always. A little enthusiastic if careless use of cosmetics and perfume completed the picture, which was that of a medium-sized Fallen Woman with astonishingly innocent eyes. She frightened away the boys of her own age, but the grown men of fifteen and even sixteen found her wonderfully alluring.

She played the field. At prom time she accepted as many invitations as she could get, keeping the best of the

lot and promising the others dances. Once she wore a backless black satin evening dress which even her mother had lacked the courage to wear, after having bought it in a rash moment, and the stag line followed her like a long eager serpentine. The next day distraught Aunt Katharine received five telephone calls from chaperones who felt it their duty... Aunt Katharine was used to that. "Do you know," voices would say through most of every afternoon, "what that child's got on? And right in Miller's drugstore!"

Roz was undeterred. She had to do something to match the Duchess' glitter. She did not know it but the first spark of what she was to become—the dressing-up, the acting-older—was manifesting itself, incorrigibly but irresistibly too. Roz was playing a part, and all Waterbury was her stage.

When you caught sight of the girl you would know her by these signs: She was always going somewhere, to a basketball game or a club meeting or a rehearsal (she never refused an invitation, and she ran everything to be sure it worked out right); she was always eating something (her pockets were crammed with food, her bathroom and bedroom at school looked like a delicatessen, and she had mice in her desk); and she was usually talking, even when alone.

It was a grand four years. Academically, she didn't learn a thing, but they graduated her. There were the grades and the credits, acquired from studious classmates' notebooks and trots and cramming and notes written microscopically on the starched interlining of her belt. She had them, there.

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE, where she went then, fired her sixteen times, inviting her to return on each occasion after ruffled faculty members and heads of departments took stock of the gap she left. Upon her entrance she had read the rules and penciled checks after the ones which must be the first to go. But, prudently, she waited until she was president of so many clubs, writer, director and star of the school play, and the mainstay of enough extracurricular organizations that the school would sag in the middle without her. She was the Indispensable Woman and in her sphere used power as Mr. Roosevelt, almost two decades later, used his.

The interest in plays sprang less from a sincere preoccupation with the drama, as such, than from a desire to get out of classes. Marymount was a rich school and spent enormous sums on production, giving especial emphasis (and rehearsal time) to those plays which would be attended by Cardinal Hayes, parents and important alumni. Roz concentrated on these, ignoring the quickies. She also had the lead in operas, screeching off key with such insouciance and so gayly that no one bothered about the fact that she couldn't sing a note. Today, looking back, she has a phrase for herself. "Strictly from Dixie, I was," she remarks. And everyone at Marymount thought so, too, except one.

Father Kelly, a Jesuit priest, saw beneath her crazy-quilt protective shell and spent long hours with the thoughtful, intelligent personality underneath, telling her stories rich in the tapestry of the ages, tying up history with theology and philosophy and the many reasons why man is great. Thus she formed a conception of human progress in relation to time, sprinkled with cynicism, humor and compassion—and learned more, relatively, than from the frantic last-minute wrestling with textbooks.

The discovery of Men—real ones, who went to Yale and Dartmouth—came about a year later. She had been taken by protesting James and the Duchess to a Yale prom when she was fifteen, and did not have a good time for the whole first fifteen minutes because she had been made to dress in hateful pink, be-ruffled and beribboned, and low shoes. The next date she had, by heaven, would see her dressed for it. Thus when an acquaintance from Boston asked her, one week, to dine with him and go to the theater, she whipped out her checkbook, entrained for town and made purchases. She bought a gold lamé dress, very tight. She bought a gold sequin jacket. She bought slippers with four-inch stilts for heels and buckles of brilliants.

THE young man sent her orchids, which she put in her hair, and he brought his grandmother. The old lady had come from her Back Bay house, glittering in bugles and jet for this gay entertainment, and to have a look at the sort of girl Thomas was keeping company with. She saw.

Among other things, there was the play, which Roz selected. It was "The Front Page," which, to do her justice, Roz hadn't read. Nor had she heard about That Last Line in the final act. Thomas' grandmother's suspicion became certainty. This Russell girl looked as if she were a bold young creature. (Lamé, indeed, at eighteen!)

The child had adored the play. Thomas' grandmother developed a splitting headache. She said good-night to Roz, firmly. As she went away with the miserable boy, it almost seemed as if she had him by the ear.

A little sadly, Roz took off the lamé and the sequins and stored them in her trunk, under a set of woolies. The next day she went again to shop and this time accepted humbly the advice of the designers. The era of dressing to please herself was over.

AFTER that, since there was nothing else wrong with her, and she had all the qualifications, she became a Prom Girl, in the best Fitzgerald, Katherine Brush tradition. Glamour possessed her. And the story of those years—the duration of college—reads like nostalgia, like pages from the old College Humor, if you can bear it. There were the university week ends, as ever were—five days for the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, the Yale boat races, spring dances, the Harvard-Princeton game and the Army-Navy game and all the other games; and there was New York, for the other week ends, from Friday to Monday morning. She tea-danced at 10 East 60th Street, to Rudy Vallee, and to Emil Coleman at the Montmartre and to other bands at the Ambassador, the Biltmore, the Hi Ho, the PreCat. They were college crowds, even unto raccoon coats and hip flasks. Sometimes she didn't get back until Wednesday, or occasionally Thursday.

Then a roommate named Sullavan answered the roll calls in two tones of voice, falsetto for Sullavan, alto for Russell. Then lines of strain appeared around the eyes of Rosalind, from long after-lights-out hours spent studying in the bathtub with the flickering aid of a candle.

It was a dangerous period, her vitality and restless, busy personality being what it was. Her father had died in her last year of high school and she was on her own; the interlude, considering what sort of an age it was, might have hurt her deeply.

The fact that it didn't, that she cleared through it sanely and wisely and with-

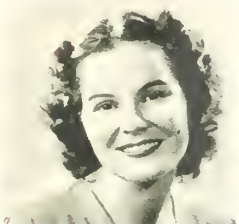


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April Issue Out Now

True Story



out a mark, is a kind of tribute to her essential cleverness, and to her courage. Perhaps, as well, to Father Kelly, the kindly Jesuit.

She thought, when she stopped to think about love at all, that the word was synonymous with marriage. And she felt pretty young, on the whole, to take either very seriously. Especially marriage.

Once, when a boy did suggest it, she almost weakened. The Hudson glittered below the dancing terrace of the clubhouse like a broad Christmas ribbon, and the night boat swam past like a brooch on a silver path, and distantly an orchestra played "Paradise," and he had blond curly hair and heavy dark eyebrows and a grin, and he was the only son of two million dollars—

Ah, well. By that time she had flunked cosmology but garnered her A.B., even if it did mean going to two more colleges (Columbia and Barnard) to get it; and she had said to Clara: "Remember when I made that money teaching the summer-camp girls horseback-riding? And remember Dad saying he wanted all his kids to work at a job of some kind, or know one anyway? Well, I want to go to a drama school—the American Academy—and when I get through I can teach the stuff. As it is, I'm equipped for nothing."

And Clara had said yes, and Roz had worked hard, and tomorrow the last play of the course was scheduled. She had the lead.

THERE on the terrace above the Hudson she debated earnestly the relative merits of marriage and career, until suddenly it occurred to her that if she had to debate it she could not be in love. So, "Darling," she said, "let's think about it. Let's give it a week. But I don't think so. I've got a hunch."

The hunch was right. The next evening, after the play was finished, Roz joined Clara backstage and listened while her mother said pleasantries about her performance. "But it isn't practical," Clara added. "Roz, dear, if I were you—"

"Miss Russell?" The bucktoothed man in the blue serge suit, interrupting, bowed slightly. "I've got a stock company in Greenwich, Connecticut, and I think we might get you a spot in the next show. Say at \$100 a week. Drop by tomorrow and we'll have a contract ready."

"No," Roz said, clutching Clara's arm as the older woman began to sway, "I'm not ready for that sort of thing. But thanks anyway. I'll look you up when I think I can do a decent job."

The man grinned. "You're crazy," he said. "But maybe you're wise, too. So long."

"So long," Roz said.

She turned to her mother. Clara had settled softly into the nearest chair. "A hundred a week," she murmured, vaguely.

"You wouldn't want me to do stage stuff, would you?"

Clara made faint motions with her hands.

"At a hundred a week," she said, "at your age—you could be a spy!"

The Russell could turn down her first offer because she knew ways to get the job she wanted. How she did it is another hair-raiser in the inimitable Russell story, second only to the incredible account of how she finally fell in love. Watch for the exhilarating conclusion in May Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

To Three Girls Facing Life

(Continued from page 26)

you have fallen in love. The big adjustments can be made and the big problems met, but it is very often in apparent trivialities and minor irritations that a marriage is wrecked.

The girl facing romance rarely stops to consult her head. Because her heartbeats are little drums and drown out any other voice. Yet it can be done. You can love with your mind as well as with your heart and with your spirit as well as with your emotions. And how fortunate you are if you do—for then you have everything and the best of all possible foundations upon which to build your house. And in this, the pretty and successful ingenue in Hollywood is no different at all from thousands and thousands of girls in these United States.

BUT she has more opportunity to meet men, you may say.

That is quite true. The average girl, either living at home and working, or living at home and not working, or living by herself or with other girls, pursuing her career, has perhaps fewer opportunities. But at the same time she meets men who, at least, are not dazzled by her "career."

For there must be many young men in Hollywood to whom a young star spells glamour and excitement. This problem the average girl does not have to face. She does not have to ask herself, "How much does my success matter to him, how much does my publicity excite him, how much does being seen with me mean?" For the little star is in somewhat the position of a girl with a tremendous amount of inherited money. She has to be very sure that the man to whom she is attracted has not been primarily attracted to her by something which, while certainly a part of her, is not just—herself.

Take, also, as a second example, the girl who has already made her choice and who faces marriage. In our Hollywood roster Deanna Durbin comes naturally to mind . . . young, charming, talented, she is to be married in June. This marriage corresponds to the average "good" marriage in our social scheme, which has full parental approval and the approbation and good wishes of a great many people.

In such a marriage the complication of two young people working—such as say, the marriage of our first girl, who may marry a young man earning not quite enough and therefore, in order to double the income, she will go on with her job—in such a marriage, I repeat, this complication does not exist for the average girl. She leaves her parents' home, she is married, she goes into a home of her own. In Miss Durbin's case, however, she will continue to work, upon the screen, and there may arise a possible complication, that of her career versus her home life. Perhaps it will never arise, perhaps she will make all the necessary adjustments.

However, there are other girls with careers, as well as with conventional backgrounds, girls holding good executive positions, let us say, who will find the same problem arising to confront them, if they desire to continue their careers

after marriage.

It seems to me that the sort of world in which we live today affords us a more definite answer to that question, which is one of the divided allegiance, and which is that if this division in any way encroaches upon mutual happiness or makes for uncertainty in marriage then the career should go by the board.

I KNOW that I would not have said this definitely a year or so ago. I know that I have written books both pro and con and offered, fictionally, every possible solution, including compromises. But things are different now and it is harder than ever to compromise with happiness. Girls who marry this coming June face a year's absence from their husbands . . . especially girls who are well able to support themselves, or whose parents can support them. For the draft law takes no cognizance of honeymooners. And if war comes to us then they face far worse than a year's absence.

Courage is always needed in undertaking the new venture of marriage, but never more than today. A new sort of courage, of bravery . . . not just the "gallantry" of modern youth, the casual, careless gallantry about which we read so much, but a deeper, more sober quality, such as pioneer women knew. There's not much physical pioneering now, no wood to cut, no fires to build, no Indians to fight. But there is always spiritual pioneering. You can still build fires, of courage and endurance, a steadfast warmth, in your heart; you must still fight enemies, fear, discouragement, anxiety.

Then, too, to the girl who marries in June there is the question: "Shall we have children; dare we bring children into the troubled times?" It is not merely a question of surrendering or interrupting a career in order to have a child, it is a question of—what will such a child face?

Why, the world, of course; work and hope, love and the security of love, no matter what is happening in our era. Because the new world, the world of peace to come, will have to be rebuilt and it is today's children and the children of tomorrow who must rebuild it, together with parents understanding and helpful and still young. Difficult as the time ahead may be, a child who will have a heritage of love and care, a child who is wanted, will be grateful for the gift of life.

THERE is a third problem, too—that of the young women who have been married, happily, who have desired and hoped that happiness would endure but who for some reason or many, sufficient unto themselves, must make an end to marriage. I thought of this when I read about Myrna Loy whom I very greatly admire.

Divorce is a tragic, an unhappy, ending to any love story. I have recently been in Reno on a magazine assignment and the things I saw and heard sickened and saddened me. But divorce is a part of modern life and, except in cases where one's religion forbids it, most modern men and women do not feel that they

Why I switched to Meds



—by a school teacher

Ancient history is my subject—but when it comes to sanitary protection, I'm all for the modern, *internal* way. And I've always wished I didn't have to pay extra to get it. So I certainly was delighted when Modess brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. I like Meds far, far better. And they're the *only* tampons in individual applicators so wonderfully inexpensive.



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can tolerate the half-life which estrangement and loss of love bring to them.

In such a case, in the case of every woman, there should be first of all, dignity. The women who run to relatives and neighbors with stories of their husbands' shortcomings, who discuss every step of the way which led away from him, have, I think, no sense of the dignity of the human spirit. . . . If once you loved, no matter how much has happened, no matter whether every atom of that love has gone from you, you should still have respect for what was once your happiness and your delight . . . sufficient respect to refrain from degrading it.

There will be work for many of the women who, during this coming year, will remake their lives and readjust themselves and for those who have not the panacea of an established career to depend upon, there are other useful activities, a thousand and one interests. Where there are no children there is a situation far less complicated. Where there are children there is the important task of helping them adjust themselves to a broken household, and to do so properly . . . and decently . . . not playing on their little emotions, not prejudicing them. For those who can afford it, there is a great field of service in our increasingly demanding charity organizations and war relief. There are friends, one's own fireside, one's especial hobby. And although most women will refuse to believe it, at least, at first, there is always the possibility of another love story with a happy ending, with, in fact, no ending at all! A more mature choice,

perhaps, from which one has learned to expect and demand less, mutually satisfying and fine.

THREE roads leading somewhere, leading to romance, and marriage, divorce. Three roads opening up new lives. And today more than at any other time life should be lived fully and soberly. I do not mean that it should be devoid of laughter, of gaiety and pleasure. Heaven forbid! But it should be lived with a realization of how important, how precious it is, how vital are these new paths which we take and how vital, too, the goal. Marcus Aurelius once said something which, in effect meant, "Live every moment as though it were your last." But he did not mean live it carelessly, wasting your opportunities, surrendering the precious moment. He meant to live it to the full, realizing your every capability for good, for service; he meant to live it loving, not fearing God.

Personal happiness is something for which all of us long and which the majority of us, at the very most, experience only in flashes . . . but these flashes illuminate our ways. It is natural for each of us to work for personal happiness, strive for it, make it our sole aim. Yet it should not be. It should include the happiness of others, selfless, sacrificial, and the happiness of the human race as a whole. That, you may say, is a large order; but it is not. Each one of us comes in contact with many people and if each of us gives a little more than he takes then we have accomplished something which will forever endure.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

certainly Bette Davis' Leslie in "The Letter" will be nominated for one of this spring's awards . . . so, too, will be Ginger Rogers' Kitty Foyle and Katharine Hepburn's Tracy Lord in "The Philadelphia Story" . . .

It really is a hardship that mere bad timing on the release date of her film should keep Martha Scott out of the voting . . . for I think she would win . . . not but that the other three performances are superlative . . . they are . . . but no one of them is so searching in its delicacy and truth as Martha Scott's . . . for Bette Davis there are simply no new "praise" words to be found . . . all of them have been applied to her so often that they have become worn and impoverished . . . magnificent as is Katharine Hepburn's portrayal, it must be remembered that she had two solid seasons in New York on the stage as a glorified rehearsal for her screen performance . . . Ginger's Kitty Foyle is gay and poignant and honest and true . . . but through no fault of hers but because of the story . . . Kitty stays very much the same girl throughout (save for that one short sequence in her childhood) . . . Miss Bishop, however, goes from girlhood to age, from innocence to gentle wisdom . . . and how illustriously Martha Scott goes along with her . . . her work will inevitably be compared to Robert Donat's Mr. Chips and it will not suffer by the comparison . . . it will be compared not alone because this is the story of a schoolteacher, even as Mr. Donat's, but also because it has the same scope, the same sweep, the same security of emotional drive and vivid intelligence behind it . . . strange, strange, this power to act . . . strange to find it in one month in an unknown, untried fellow . . . in a

very little child . . . and in this big-eyed, slim girl. . . .

MAGAZINES like Photoplay - Movie Mirror and kindred magazines in this same field are continually being ragged by certain other publications as "being too kind to Hollywood" . . . by way of presenting what they call "the truth about Hollywood" these other publications usually present the bitter side of glamour town . . . showing the professional actors, directors, writers and musicians as continually jealous of one another . . . as always selfish . . . and in their old age, as always impoverished and forgotten . . . (ignoring the wealth Douglas Fairbanks left, or that Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd and many others will leave . . . ignoring the clinic that Marion Davies supports . . . and the one Joan Crawford supports . . . ignoring the adoptions of underprivileged children into luxurious homes . . . ignoring the unceasing good work of The Motion Picture Relief Fund . . . and Ann Lehr's Fund . . . and the Community Chest work . . . and Bundles for Britain and the continual free performances for every charity ever listed) . . .

It's true enough that there are selfish people here . . . and too ambitious people . . . and people who were once on top who are now forgotten . . . and rich who once were poor and poor who once were very rich . . . but there's certainly nothing about that which is exclusive to Hollywood . . . but there is a type of good deed that is peculiar to this town . . . just little deeds . . . little nicenesses . . . and at the risk of Photoplay - Movie Mirror's being called sentimental (which is okay by me, who believes that sentiment is one of the finest things in this

world . . . you know how people always say, "War is no time for sentiment," don't you?) . . . I want to tell a couple of them this month. . . .

Credit one good deed of the month to George Brent, who upon reading "Mr. Skeffington" and knowing his studio, Warners, had bought it . . . went to his bosses and argued for their hiring his ex-wife, Ruth Chatterton, for the role . . . he didn't succeed in getting her hired, but it was a nice gesture just the same from an ex-husband to an ex-wife. . . .

Credit a second good deed . . . even though this was completely in the line of work . . . to Alfred Hitchcock . . . he of "Rebecca" and "Foreign Correspondent" . . . for bringing back to us in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" the Robert Montgomery we used to see . . . as in the case of "Virginia" here is one player wrapping up and walking away with a picture from two other players . . . Carole Lombard, being gay and magnificently dressed for a welcome change, is one of them and Gene Raymond, suddenly and handsomely brunet, is the other . . . but this impudent marital farce Mr. Montgomery makes all his own . . . with such ease and suavity that you are once more re-encharmed with him . . . and what a joy it is to see a comedian who also has sex appeal . . . most farce players haven't, you know . . . but the Montgomery so loads his scenes with romantic insinuation that he can say a tired line like "Won't you sit down" and make a girl get dewy-eyed . . . so what a waste to keep putting him in murder mysteries . . . like the bad "Busman's Holiday" that he made in England and his newest "Rage In Heaven" which he has just completed at M-G-M. . . .

In this latter he plays a psychopathic case . . . here is the screen, the world, the public crying for romance . . . today's romance . . . crying to be made to believe again that there is some love left in our harsh world . . . and producers wasting a Tyrone Power on "Brigham Young" . . . a Spencer Tracy on "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and a Bob Montgomery who can not only bring us romance but romance plus laughter . . . on psychopathic cases . . . boy, turn up the radio and let me listen to Tony Martin crooning. . . !

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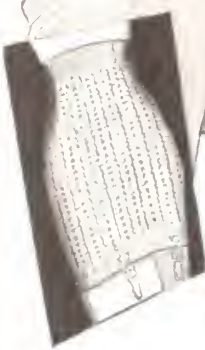
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Words That Kill!

(Continued from page 67)

Nevertheless, Shirley enjoyed her year at the Westlake School for Girls, one of the finest of its kind in Southern California. In fact, part of the child's words which were conveniently dropped out of the quotation were to the effect that in expressing her pleasure over being back at work she wouldn't want anyone to think she wasn't having a wonderful time at Westlake.

All this may seem like a tempest in a teapot, but I can assure you its effects are more far-reaching than that. Let's ignore what it has done to Shirley's personal life; the dreadful spot into which it has put her with her Westlake school-mates who must look upon her as an unadulterated Judas for going out and telling the world they're "dull." Let's concentrate rather on what it is doing to her career. Plenty, I should say. Thousands of readers who have seen the snide little items are probably saying to themselves, "Why, she must be turning into a condescending little brat. She'd better be good in her next picture or else..."

Yes, Shirley needs to be good in her next picture. She'll have to hold her own against the toughest competition in the picture world—Mickey Rooney—or the I-told-you-so's will become deafening and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's hearing is excellent. They won't gamble indefinitely even on the youngster who swept the country as "Little Miss Marker" and Shirley will be abandoned to her adolescence.

It would be a help if everyone who saw the picture were pulling for her instead of wondering what kind of a stuck-up kid she has turned out to be. That's what I mean about words.

YOU'LL undoubtedly recall the recent example of how Richard Greene, young British film star, was crucified by mis-interpretation of his actions. Dick's dilemma was the war. He wanted to join the British forces but was held back on several counts, not the least of which was a game leg and the late Lord Lothian's urgent request that British stars remain in Hollywood and earn money for sending supplies to Britain. He became intensely sensitive on the subject. The studio didn't help matters by refusing to put the lad on a country-wide broadcast for fear of unfavorable public sentiment.

Personally I'm convinced there was no such "public sentiment," but that didn't help Greene's plight. The lad bolted for Canada, without benefit of studio, talked of his plans not wisely but too well to a bunch of smart reporters and on his return, after matters had not panned out quite on schedule, found himself the uncontented candidate for editorial sniping from coast to coast.

He bolted again, this time with the utmost secrecy, straight to England. And the great majority of those papers which had carried prominent news stories on the boy's Canadian *faux pas* devoted not

one word to his joining Britain's front-line defenses! Fearless regrets.

One man who was clever enough to see to it himself that his side of the story got before the public is Robert Montgomery. I'm not referring to his familiar ambulance experience in France, but rather to a recent incident wherein Bob was pretty badly misquoted on some statements he made about the industry in general and his studio in particular.

Repercussions began to crack through the Hollywood air. Blandly ignoring the fact that much of his predicament was due to the sloppy reporting (that's putting it kindly!) of what the man had said, the press proceeded to carry the toothsome morsel that Mr. Montgomery was in for a neat bit of disciplining from his studio. There was a certain hidden satisfaction to be sensed around the town that the star had once more got himself into hot water, the truth of the matter being that Bob, while possessing a few warm friends, has not always enjoyed the greatest amount of general popularity among his fellow workers. Some said he was a mental liberal and a practical snob. They made cutting allusions to Hollywood ingrates, those stars who turn around and knife the town after it has given them all they have.

WELL, Robert Montgomery had a good deal to begin with which Hollywood didn't give him—fine American family, independent wealth. It did give him fame, but a captious kind of fame. After enjoying the peaks some five years ago he suddenly found himself on that slide Hollywood keeps well polished for departing stars. Two years ago Carole Lombard wanted him for her leading man. "You're crazy," she was told. "He's through." Today she has him in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" and to the naked eye he's far from through.

At the time the injurious reports misquoting him began to spread in the press and gossip parlors, Bob tried a few personal refutations, but realized all too soon he'd never be able to keep up with the lightning speed with which the evil tidings were travelling. Something had to be done. And what Montgomery had to do is an eloquent commentary on the whole situation of stars versus press. The only way he could get his case before Hollywood and the industry at large was to buy one full page of space in a prominent trades paper, like a regular advertiser, and print what he had actually said as opposed to what he was reported to have said!

Thus Robert Montgomery conducted his own defense.

But there have been many other stars who have not been in a position to fight back. For the want of a little careful editorial checking, careers, reputations, even lives have been ruined.

Remember—words can kill. Don't crucify the stars!

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Sticking Pins in Cinderella

(Continued from page 70)

who doesn't want his name mentioned, but . . ."

"Bring her in," said Mr. Small.

Bill Demarest brought in the same girl, the same Terry Ray. But now her dark blonde hair was shoulder-length and waved, not sanitarily short as it had been before. Now she wore smart but simple clothes; now she was properly girdled so that her slimness was seductive; now she was still affable but no longer apathetic. Edward Small enthused when he talked to her. He said to Bill, "You're right, she is a discovery, she is a great bet. But—I've seen this girl somewhere before—"

"Naw," laughed Bill. "She's got a touch of Crawford, a dash of Loy, some of the dignity of Garbo, a glam of the glamour of Dietrich, the spirited walk of Hepburn, the voice of a Sullavan. In this one girl is combined the attractions of ten of the others, that's why you think you've seen her."

"Guess that's it," agreed Small. He put the name of Terry Ray on his list, along with Rosalind Russell's name and the name of the late Alice Brady and other fame-names. Bill took her over to Paramount, so the Cinderella theme continues, and without even making a test of her, they signed her to a long-term contract!

That's the Cinderella story they tell about Ellen Drew née Terry Ray. And what a Cinderella story it would be, to be sure, if it were true. Why, if it were true every pretty little girl in every dime store in the country would be justified in thumbing her way to a Hollywood where such things can happen. But it's only about twenty-five per cent true; and Ellen Drew herself stuck long, pronged, old-fashioned hatpins in her own Cinderella story.

"I'd like to tell the real story," she said. "I think the facts should be told so that other girls won't be 'led astray' into Hollywood, believing that it can be done, just like that.

"The year 1932, for instance—eight years ago! Fans write to me now who say, 'Oh, isn't it wonderful, the way it happened to you . . . overnight!' It didn't happen to me overnight. It took a very un-Cinderellaish length of time for it to happen to me.

"YES, I came to Hollywood in 1932. My first job was as a waitress in a cafe. Then I got the job at Brown's Ice Cream Parlor and was there for about six months. Now, this part of the story is true: Bill Demarest did come into Brown's; he did ask me whether I'd like to be in pictures and he did take me to Mr. Small's office. Mr. Small, of course, would have none of me. I felt like a wail that first day I went up there and doubtless I looked the way I felt. I only went to please Mr. Demarest, because he was so interested in me and so kind about it all.

"But—and here is the first big puncture in my Cinderella story—it was not three months later that I went again to Mr. Small. It was three years later. It was in 1935 that Bill Demarest took me there again as "the debutante from Chicago." In the meantime, I was married to Fred Wallace . . ." Ellen laughed, "he came into Brown's too. He was the-boy-who-comes-into-the-store-where-the-girl-works. For the first three or four times, he asked me for sundaes and I gave them to him. Then he began to ask me for dates and I gave them to him.



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too. And so we were married. 'It All Began At Brown's' should certainly be the theme song in my life! When girls write to me and ask me how to get into pictures I'm often tempted to write them 'Just get a job at Brown's!'

"Well, so we got married, as I say. Fred had been an actor himself. He was in the make-up department of a major studio when we married. We bought a little house. I had my baby, my Skipper. (Skipper is five years old now.) Bill Demarest was still keeping in touch with me but I really hadn't even a notion of going into pictures. You see," Ellen explained very seriously, "I never had had such a notion. When I first came out from Chicago I had no idea of going into pictures. I'd been working in a dime store back there, supporting my mother and myself on the ten dollars a week I earned. I got a chance to drive out to Hollywood with friends and Mother made me go. She wanted me to get out of the dime store, out of the rut I was in. She thought a change might mean a better job for me.

"THERE was absolutely nothing in my life to make me think of the screen for myself, goodness knows," said Ellen, who has much the same honesty as Barbara Stanwyck has about the humbleness of her origin. "To this extent, mine is a Cinderella story. I was born in Kansas City. My father was a barber. We moved to Chicago when I was about six. We lived in small flats. I went to public schools. I had hardly anything I wanted; when I got a dime, it was an awful lot of money. I always looked neat and clean because my mother sewed well and, after I was twelve, I made my own clothes.

"I read the fan magazines, of course, like all the kids do. But when I read about the stars I never put myself in their place.

"Well, it was in 1935 that I listened to Bill's siren voice again. In the meantime I married. I had a little more assurance. I had better clothes. I'd lived, as it were! I'd taken some dramatic lessons. I'd seen a lot of pictures. My husband had given me a certain familiarity with the picture business. Bill did introduce me as a debutante from Chicago. . . . 'Debutante from a Dime Store,' I thought to myself. I had an awful time keeping my face straight while Bill was giving Mr. Small the works. And Mr. Small did say, 'She's a bet,' and he did put me on his list.

"But now comes another big puncture in the Cinderella story about me—Bill didn't take me to Paramount first. He took me to Warner Brothers where I made a very bad test and they turned me down. Then he took me to Paramount and they did sign me, without even making a test, but—as a contract player. Now, if I had stepped into a lead part right then and there, mine might still have been a Cinderella story.

"But getting a stock contract isn't Cinderella; it's just a job on the lot. One contract player in one hundred and fifty, I'd say, ever gets a first break. Now my real fight had begun, my fight to get parts. And what a fight it was! I kept after Phyllis Laughton to coach me. I got scripts of pictures that had been made and shut myself in my room, rehearsing and rehearsing in front of my mirror.

"I signed with Paramount in May of 1936. I got my first break in April, two years later. It was a part in 'Sing, You Sinners' with Bing Crosby. If I hadn't got that break," Ellen told me, "I would have been out, sure as shoot-

ing. For I'd done nothing whatsoever to warrant their keeping me.

"Artie Jacobsen was responsible for my break. The contract players on the Paramount lot have a little theater, you know, in which they do scenes for producers and directors to watch. Artie saw me do a scene from 'Golden Boy.' He was then assistant to Wesley Ruggles who was directing 'Sing, You Sinners,' and he 'recommended' me to Mr. Ruggles and . . . well, that was when this very laggard Cinderella stepped out of the ashes!

"That, also, was when I stopped being Terry Ray and was christened Ellen Drew. We decided Terry Ray was too flip a name for the kind of thing I wanted to do, so we pored over the telephone directory and got the 'Drew' and first I was named Erin Drew because it happened to be St. Patrick's Day and because I am Irish. Later, we didn't like the Erin because that sounded sort of light and arty, too, and we chose Ellen because it sounded something like Erin and wouldn't be too confusing to the fans.

"My next featured role was in 'If I Were King' and that part gave me the most satisfaction of any part I've done. For the very first time I began to get something of the 'feel' of being a movie actress.

"I bought my first scrumptious, movie-starrish clothes for the party Director Frank Lloyd gave after the premiere of that picture. I looked at myself in the mirror and I said to my reflection, 'Terry Ray, this is not you.' That was when I felt like Cinderella, that was the night I wore the glass slippers and really went to the ball!

"SOMETIMES think," said the Ellen of today, poised and beautifully groomed, "that Ellen Drew and Terry Ray have no more in common than if they had never met. Terry Ray," smiled Ellen Drew, "was the most simple, most uncomplex, most carefree and most commonplace girl you could possibly meet anywhere. Her life consisted of going to bed at nights, getting up in the morning, going to work, going to the movies with a fellow now and then and that was IT.

"Now I go to bed at night but I don't go straight to sleep. A thousand things go through my head. Plans. Plans for Skipper, plans for my new part in 'Reaching for the Sun' with Joel McCrea.

"I'm nervous now," Ellen continued. "I'm neurotic, a word Terry Ray never heard of. I'm ambitious, which Terry Ray certainly was not. Terry thought that if she kept her waitress job, had a decent room and enough to eat, had a few good times and could take care of her mother, that was life, and what more did anyone want?

"On the other hand, I'm far more steady than I was eight years ago. Being in pictures has done that, too. There's nothing dizzy about the girls in pictures," said Ellen. "I'd like the girls who read this to believe that. We've got too many responsibilities, we've got too much at stake to play tiddledewinks with our luck.

"And so," said Miss Drew, "that is my real story, the evolution of the tadpole who was Terry Ray."

"I'm afraid I've made a perfect pincushion of poor Cinderella, sticking pins in her as I have," she added. "But it seems to me it's much better for Cinderella to be a pincushion than for lots of little would-be Cinderellas to be push-overs for Cinderella stories that aren't true."

Let the Stars Teach You To Talk

(Continued from page 57)

scurrying briskly on his errands. Miss Dunne is the perfect secretary, dress, hair-do, voice and all.

Now suppose you employ a few leisure moments listening to *your own voice*. This is not so impossible as it sounds. Stand in front of a swinging door. (If the door has a mirror, so much the better. You will then be able both to see and hear yourself talk.) Or lacking the door, or the mirror, hold a piece of cardboard or a folded newspaper (anything that will reflect sound waves) in your hand. Bring the reflecting surface about six inches from your mouth, adjusting the distance to the point where you can hear best. Now rehearse some conversations of your normal business day—or social day, or whatever it may be.

Is your voice low, rich, colorful, authoritative, vibrant with the personality behind it? Or is it indistinct, monotonous, drab—a bad-tempered growl or a childish, timid whine?

If it doesn't please you—if it doesn't go with the part for which you are cast in your individual drama of life, why not do something about it?

"DOING something about it" may imply going to a good instructor, who will analyze what is wrong with your way of talking and give you exercises to correct it. That is what the Hollywood stars themselves have done. Voice lessons are a part of their regular routine. But suppose for some reason it is impossible, just now, for you to take lessons. Then, if you will, you can gather as many hints from your favorite stars on how to talk as you can on how to dress or do your hair or apply make-up.

With this aim in mind, study your model secretary. She doesn't talk with her lips half closed. Her mouth is open, so that her words can come forth clear and distinct. She spaces them, each phrase carrying a single idea. While you grasp this idea, though this you almost certainly will not be able to see, she draws breath for the next phrase . . . draws it, incidentally, from way down in her thorax, expanding the lowest ribs and the back and waistline with each breath. This is the way to breathe for a rich vibrant voice and a basic requirement in all voice training. With just a little practice you can learn to do it.

There is another thing you can do that will tend to give your voice depth and richness. Practice humming, on the lowest tones of your voice—short, full-toned hums that come from your waistline. In moments of privacy, when no one is at hand to be startled by a strange behavior, practice saying "Hello," "How are you," on these low tones that come up from down inside yourself. Eventually, you will be rewarded by more pleasing, well-rounded tones in your ordinary speech.

You hope you have—as you know your screen model has—a charming personality, with humor, good sense, tact and good breeding, all of which you wish to have appreciated by your boss, your office associates and the world at large. Try to make your voice express all this. Don't copy the star's voice—you will only succeed in sounding affected if you try. Keep your voice distinctly your own, but train it to respond to the sense of what you are saying. And remember that perfect spacing. Don't run your phrases together in a long, boring monotone until you yourself run out of breath, or chop up your sentences into jerky, uneven

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Let this 3-way relief help make you feel like your old self again

• When you have a headache, what you want is not a mere single-acting remedy that only deadens the pain and often leaves you still with a dull, sickish feeling—but something that will help make you feel more like your old self again, ready for fun!

That's why millions today depend on Bromo-Seltzer for ordinary headaches. Because Bromo-Seltzer not only helps STOP THE PAIN, but also CALM THE NERVES and SETTLE THE STOMACH. Next time you have a headache*, see how quickly Bromo-Seltzer helps bring you back to "par"! Use as directed on the label.



Listen to Ben Bernie Tuesday nights
BROMO-SELTZER

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Do your hands tend to redder or roughen your skin, cause you annoying House-Eld Hives? Then do try Barrington, the delicate, fragrant Hand Cream that is specially prepared to bring the comfort and relief of softer, smoother whiter hands. Use it daily, regularly. You'll be the best for a quick, Barrington Hand Cream helps you have the lovely hands you want.

It's in the better and 10c stores, and in drug and department stores. The 2c size.

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fragments. Make your individual phrases complete, separate and distinct.

There is another role almost all of us play now and again—particularly during the season of vacations. We are children of the great outdoors, swimming, golfing, playing tennis or quirts, riding horseback—being, in short, the type most fittingly clad in rough tweeds, play or bathing suits, riding habits or shorts or slacks.

Lovely Madeleine Carroll of Paramount's "Virginia" is an excellent example of this refreshing type of young woman, with a voice perfectly in keeping. The outdoor voice must carry without shrillness or strain, above calls, distinctly and without effort, to someone the length of a tennis court or the distance of half a dozen cars away. If she were breathing from the very top of her lungs, or if her throat muscles were tight and constricted, you would detect the strain in her voice and your own throat would ache in sympathy. Learn from her the value of training yourself at all times—and particularly for the purpose of talking across a distance without hoarseness or exhaustion—to keep the throat muscles loose and at ease. A good exercise for this is loosely to roll your head around with a rotating motion, yawning prodigiously as you do. If you will practice this often before your bedroom mirror, your throat will in time remain loose and open and your voice will become easier, more pleasing as a result.

Of the voice most at home among beautiful evening dresses and jewels and perfectly appointed rooms, I think my own choice would be Norma Shearer's. Her distinct pronunciation of even the unaccented syllables of her words, her manner of speaking, combine so perfectly with her exquisite grooming to proclaim the lady!

This is the way we all want our voices to sound in moments of social relaxation—gracious, carrying no hint of work-time crispness or play-time boisterousness. All voices should be well-bred. All voices should be capable of taking part in social affairs without embarrassment to their owners. But there are subtle modifications of our voices that help fit us for such occasions as nicely as the change from business or sport clothes to evening

attire. If you closely observe your favorite stars in such roles you will detect what they are.

I say your favorite stars advisedly. I have my own list of favorites, actors and actresses whom I, as a teacher of voice, particularly enjoy listening to and studying.

LIKE to watch Vivien Leigh form her words. Her teeth are well apart. Her tongue is well forward, retained there for the vowel sounds, moving as actively as her lips when she forms her consonants. Yet she doesn't grimace as she talks, as so many untrained people do when they endeavor to speak correctly. She is pleasing both to hear and to see. I like the mellowness and richness of both Joan Crawford's voice and Alice Faye's—yet those two voices are as individual as the faces of the two stars. Even if your eyes were closed you could not mistake one for the other. I like the delightful humor of Myrna Loy's voice and the tragic intensity of Bette Davis' and the musical perfection of Leslie Howard's. You will have favorites of your own.

As I said before, don't consciously imitate the voice of any star—or anyone else—no matter how great its excellence. And don't choose a model whose pronunciation sounds to you affected. (If it sounds strange to you, it is possible that it carries a hint of a birthplace far from your own, so, in your case, it would be decidedly affected.) Make your choice among the voices that sound to you right, natural, sincere. Remember a few phrases or sentences, repeat them to yourself and listen to yourself saying them. Do you pronounce the same words in the same way? If not, the star is probably correct and you are wrong. In any event, pronunciation may be checked by means of a dictionary.

Now try to get into your own voice what you have most greatly admired in your model's. Depth. Feeling. Sincerity. In short—yourself, as you know you want to be, as you know you can be. When both voice and pronunciation achieve what is normal for you—what is most expressive of your real self—they will go with the part you are playing in the great human drama and carry conviction to everyone who hears you speak.

If you spend ten minutes a day on these exercises you can have a new voice

1. Yawn, widely and luxuriously, letting your lower jaw swing down and back loosely while stretching your throat, which is relaxed and widely open.

2. Breathe in, deeply, letting your lower ribs and waistline expand. Then, your mouth open, slowly expel the air as for a long, silent whisper. Twenty times, several times a day of this will develop the breathing that will serve your voice effectively.

3. Exercise your tongue, with jaw hanging open, tongue relaxed to the front teeth. Spend a few minutes swinging the tip up to a place just back of your upper front teeth and down. This stretching and strengthening of the tongue will help amazingly in your effort to pronounce your words clearly with your mouth open.

4. Hum short, full-toned hums as mentioned in the article. Humming on your lowest tones while maintaining a loose throat will both give your voice depth and richness by co-ordinating your breathing with your voice.

5. Practice talking, as you stand before your mirror, bearing all these exercises in mind and putting what you have learned into practice. Watch to see that your lower jaw moves freely, that your mouth is open for every vowel to let your voice out, that your tongue and lips are active, that your breath carries you through each phrase instead of giving out and leaving you stranded in the middle of it.

It's All in Your Name

(Continued from page 64)

Mary, Marion, Marie, Miriam: star of the sea.

Your name is a natural for this period when fashion has its mind on the Navy. Your choice is an easy one—a beret modeled after a sailor's cap, newest spring headgear, with three white stars on its navy band.

Ruth: beauty

The Ruths should sit up and take notice because theirs is a large fashion order to fill. Perfect beauty is simplicity; you'll represent it by wearing over your dark skirt what is the latest London note—a perfectly tailored white silk man's shirt.

Sarah, Sally: a princess.

A noble example of a Sarah is a tall girl. If you're not tall, you can get the same effect and be at the head of the fashion parade by wearing for evening a long white sweater over a fireman's red skirt and a tweed coat over your shoulders instead of a wrap. Only a princess could get away with it.

Vivien: lively.

You're animation plus without being that dreaded "life of the party" type. Your live-wire tendencies take you, in the fashion field, right into a gingham suspender dress that will let you get places fast, be an old-fashioned setting for a fast-paced modern.

Patricia: a patrician.

You should never be a faddist; rather should you be a girl who knows her clothes and buys them with an eye to an unusual, striking, but not too daring effect. You'll meet your right fashion fate in one of the spring bombshells—a man's black smoking jacket trimmed with braid to be worn over your black skirt. Perfect accessory is an ice-blue satin blouse to catch every eye every place you go.

Elizabeth, Beth, Betty: gift of the gods.

You're sky-high in the fashion setup. A halo hat with a wide upsweeping brim will give you your celestial fashion note, perfect accessory for the new sloping shoulder line in dresses and suits.



Girl breadwinner: The Dietrich in her works-for-a-living uniform at Universal — slacks

DON'T COVER UP A POOR COMPLEXION

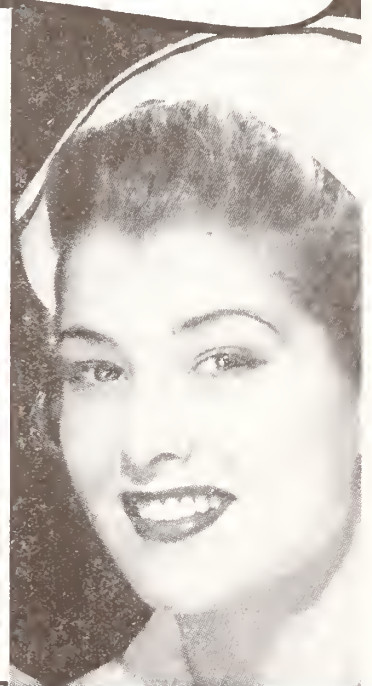
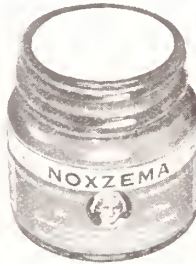
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Let *Medicated Noxzema Skin Cream* help restore your normal skin beauty. It's the cream so many nurses rely on for *natural* complexion loveliness. **How it works...**Noxzema helps reduce enlarged pore openings with its mildly astringent action...softens rough skin...soothes irritated skin...helps promote quicker healing of externally caused blemishes. Apply Noxzema as a *Night Cream*—it's *greasless!* Use it as a protective *Powder Base*.

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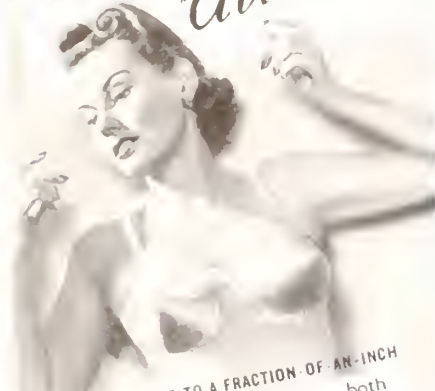
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ECONOMICAL! Get the large family size box of 15 Corn Pads and 12 separate Corn-Removing Medications. Cost but a trifle. Invest in Dr. Scholl's! At all Drug, Shoe, Dept. Stores, and Toilet Goods Counters.



NEW Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



Clue to a clever question: The mustachioed Basil Rathbone

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Grade yourself ten points for everyone you guess right. If you get seventy or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as we do. Check up on page 119.

- Name the star whose new picture will be his first in three years in which he will appear out of his wheel chair.
- He headed the list of the biggest money-making stars of 1940:
CLARK GABLE
TYRONE POWER
GENE AUTRY
MICKEY ROONEY
- The two feminine stars who were on this list of the most popular ten stars, according to box-office returns, were:
BETTE DAVIS
ALICE FAYE
DEANNA DURBIN
JUDY GARLAND
- Can you name the stars of the two filmings of "Waterloo Bridge"?
- Spencer Tracy is under term contract to:
WARNER BROTHERS
PARAMOUNT
20TH CENTURY-FOX
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
- She was awarded the honor of being the best amateur skier at Sun Valley:
NORMA SHEARER
JOAN CRAWFORD
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
IRENE DUNNE
- What three stars who started out in pictures as villains now play heroes?
- What two players who started out as heroes now play villains?
- What actor plays both heroes and villains interchangeably?
- What two actors reversed their usual type of roles in two recent pictures?

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Don't be embarrassed by a flat undeveloped or sagging silhouette. Do as thousands of other women just like yourself are doing. They have learned how to bring out the loveliest contours of their figures, whatever their bust faults. Now you, too, can do the same... safely, easily and positively.

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Send Your Boy to Bernarr Macfadden's Man-Building School at Lebanon, Tennessee. ● Accepted by all educational institutions as a high-class preparatory school and junior college. ● Ages accepted from nine years. ● Prepare your boy for the battle of professional or business life by making him a square-shouldered, double-fisted fighting man. ● Write for information to Castle Heights Military Academy, Lebanon, Tenn.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

present, pieced together by Cecil B. De Mille from film stored in Hollywood's vaults.

Sometimes it's impressive, sometimes soaringly exciting and occasionally, it must be confessed, dull. A few sequences linger on the screen just a few moments too long. But at all times it's a welcome reminder of what a great and vital nation we live in.

You'll have fun, too, recognizing famous stars as they make their brief appearances. A few, but by no means all, are Bette Davis, Walter Huston, James Stewart, Claudette Colbert, George Raft, in scenes from films they've made on historical subjects. And there's one unforgettable bit from "Show Boat," with Paul Robeson singing "Old Man River."

This is a real labor of love on the part of Hollywood, for all the profits will go to war relief charities. That in itself is reason enough for you to go.

Your Reviewer Says: Seeing it is part of being an American.

✓ Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO-Radio)

It's About: The hilarious results when a married couple find out they are not legally wed.

WELL, Mr. (Robert Montgomery) and Mrs. (Carole Lombard) Smith begin with a bang, but somehow they fizzle right down to a very confused pop. One expected so much more, we're afraid, with that whizz Alfred Hitchcock in the director's chair (Remember his "Rebecca" and "Foreign Correspondent"?) plus those past masters at farcical nonsense, Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery. However, there are enough comedy moments, unending comedy moments to be exact, to keep the audience amused if not too highly entertained. So much of it has been done before, unfortunately.

The story is trite. Carole and Bob, married and in love, discover they aren't married at all and Bob, who first decided to deceive his wife concerning the true situation, ends up by courting her all over the place, with his law partner, Gene Raymond, as his rival.

On and on and on it goes, getting nowhere but right back where we knew it would all the time. We positively do not dream of Genie Raymond with his light brown hair dyed black. It seemed even to affect his performance, somehow.

However, if it's fun you're after, regardless of rhyme or reason, here it is, just gobs and gobs of it.

Your Reviewer Says: Too much of an old thing.

✓ Tall, Dark and Handsome (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A gangster who is allergic to killing people.

THE old Chicago gangster is back with us again, boys and girls, but with what a difference. What a difference!

In Cesar Romero we have our favorite gangster of all time, for Cesar is really a baby at heart, locking up his rivals in his own private prison, while pretending to have rubbed them out. But Cesar, bless him, wouldn't rub out a chalk

Gee! I FEEL LIKE A NEW WOMAN!

MY WIFE HATES TO GO OUT NIGHTS. SHE'S ALWAYS TIRED.

THAT'S TOO BAD. MY WIFE'S ALWAYS FULL OF PER.

JOHN SAYS THAT SALLY'S NEVER TIRED IN THE EVENING.

ILL ASK HER HOW SHE DOES IT.

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SALLY, HOW DO I ALWAYS WEAR AN 'ABDO-LIFT' IT GIVES ME REAL AND MID-SECTION PEPP? SUPPORT!

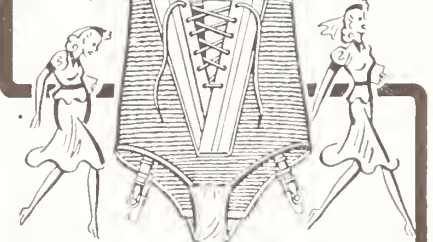
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Don't let waistline bulge and a tired back get you down! Lift up that dragging, sagging abdomen with an Abdo-Lift, the controlling, energizing supporter-belt which brings invigorating mid-section comfort. You'll find Abdo-Lift a pleasure to wear—you'll rejoice in the energizing all-day support it brings. Order one today and see for yourself how much better it will make you feel and look—instantly!

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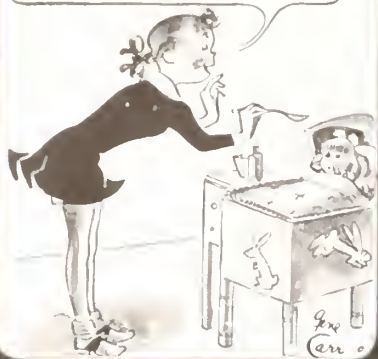
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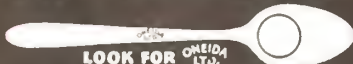
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pain will be relieved promptly.

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mothers for over fifty years. One
bottle is usually enough for one
baby for the entire teething period.

Just rub it on the gums
DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
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Southern shenanigans: Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden in "Virginia"

mark, so no wonder Virginia Gilmore, night-club dancer, falls so hard for him.

Milton Berle and his almost new nose, Charlotte Greenwood and a young newcomer, Stanley Clements, all add to the fun and gaiety. It's an old story with a new and original twist and one you'll thoroughly enjoy.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun with the gunmen.

✓ **Virginia (Paramount)**

It's About: The return of a sophisticated young woman from the North to her native Southland.

"VIRGINIA," photographed in color among the lush green hills and dales of the southern state, emerges a mixture of nostalgic memories, modern brittle-ness, heart-tugging humanness and side-splitting dialogue. The audience, in short, is torn between the beauty and traditions of the old Southland and the outlandishly funny dialogue of the people, set amidst this pastoral beauty.

Madeleine Carroll, away from her native state for years, comes home to sell the family's old estate. Next door lives Fred MacMurray, poor in the financial scale, but rich in Southern tradition. He will have no truck with the rich Northerners who desecrate the landscape with their shenanigans. Madeleine is unduly attracted to rich young Stirling Hayden, of the North, and almost marries him before she discovers her heart really belongs in "ole Virginny."

Carolyn Lee, five-year-old wonder, is a scream, her lines keeping the audience in a constant state of hysteria. Marie Wilson is the surprise, however, as the too gay Northern trollop. Marie is simply terrific.

It's all lovely to see and good to listen to; but, my friends, it could have been so much better.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat for eye and ear.

✓✓ **High Sierra (Warners)**

It's About: A paroled gangster who loses through love.

ENTERTAINMENT is yours, ladies and gentlemen, in this absorbing story of a paroled convict who, after his release from prison, goes right back to his profession of safe-cracking and any little incidental killing that seems necessary. All mixed up in mind and dreams is

Humphrey Bogart, the killer, and if there's been a better gangster portrayal on the screen than Humphrey's, we've failed to see it.

Ida Lupino is the girl who tries to escape unhappiness through her love for Bogart and Ida is really something wonderful to behold. Joan Leslie as the other girl shows great promise.

The magnificent mountain scenery lends an awesome eeriness to dramatic proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Compellingly ruthless.

✓ **Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)**

It's About: How Maisie reforms a play-boy.

FOR sheer down-to-earth comedy, combined with a sort of cozy hominess, you can't beat this *Maisie* series. Ann Southern as *Maisie* is just about the best slinger-arounder of comedy lines on the screen, judging from the howls that greeted Annie-Pannie's every quip.

Fourth in the delicious series of a hard-berled baby with a heart of gold and plenty of honor, too (you mugs, you), this *Maisie* one emerges one of the best. *Maisie*, who loses her job through the drunken shenanigans of playboy Lew Ayres, is given the job of maid in his home as sort of restitution.

Well, when *Maisie* gets through with that family, their own mother wouldn't know them. Lew is grand and C. Aubrey Smith as the old butler is plain old swell.

Your Reviewer Says: A scream, and you can say that again.

Keeping Company (M-G-M)

It's About: The trials and tribulations of an average young married couple.

THIS is the film which M-G-M hopes will be the first in a new series of a Mr. and Mrs. type of story. We are very much afraid there is too much adherence to routine material, hokum situations and cellophane climaxes through which one can see readily to render this a catchy subject. On the credit side, however, we admit it's a homey good-looking little picture with John Shelton, as the young husband, and Ann Rutherford, as the bride, doing their best, which is better than average.

May we please, then, reserve absolute judgment until the next in the series comes along?

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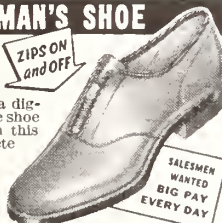
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Your Reviewer Soys: Cozy and comfy but not, alas, exciting.

The Aldrich Family In Life With Henry (Paramount)

It's About: A small-town boy who tries to raise a hundred dollars.

THIS tries very hard to be very funny, but the corny situations that most of you have seen so many times before do a great deal to defeat this purpose of humor. However, every now and then a bright spot emerges to make this fair entertainment.

The plot revolves around Jackie Cooper's determined efforts to earn one hundred dollars so he can join an expedition to Alaska promoted by philanthropist Moroni Olsen. His big scheme is to sell homemade soap, but the disastrous results of this venture cost him money instead of earning it. Before he's through, Jackie is the most disliked boy in the entire town.

Eddie Bracken is Jackie's pal in love with Kay Stewart, and Leila Ernst is attractive as Jackie's romantic interest. Hedda Hopper and Fred Niblo are very good as Jackie's parents, but their material is not so good as their performances.

Your Reviewer Soys: Fair.

Six Lessons From Madame la Zonga (Universal)

It's About: A boatload of phonies with the rhumba craze.

APPARENTLY Universal had a good title and nothing to go with it, for this is just about as weak a little number as you'd run across. True, it teams again that pair of funsters, Leon Errol and Lupe Velez, but nothing much comes of it. The jokes are old, the situations trite; altogether it belongs in the "too bad" files.

Helen Parrish is cute, but, then, isn't she always?

Your Reviewer Soys: One lesson would have sufficed.

Romance of the Rio Grande (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: The Cisco Kid foils a murderous plot.

BY this time Cesar Romero has himself pretty well established on the screen as the Cisco Kid—and with considerable success on the right side of the public ledger, we may say.

In this episode, he enhances his standing still further, for the Kid finds himself pretending to be the son of a rich ranch owner in order to foil a gang of thieves and murderers.

The excitement runs quite a temperature for a while. But then, things usually get pretty hot down Arizona way.

Your Reviewer Soys: For Western fans only.

✓ Come Live With Me (M-G-M)

It's About: A strange kind of shotgun marriage.

IT'S gay, smart, cute as a bug's ear and shhh—it's about sex and stuff. What's more, it has Jimmy Stewart and Hedy Lamarr to dress it up and charming Ian

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60¢ a week

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Hunter and Verree Teasdale to trim the edges. The idea is cute too. It has Hedy, a refugee from Austrian misery, marrying a poor unknown young writer (Jimmy Stewart) in order to stay in America on a quota.

In the background is Hedy's boy friend, Ian Hunter, a publisher, married to Verree Teasdale. But when Hedy asks Jimmy for a divorce in order to marry Hunter, who also hopes for a divorce, he takes things into his own hands and they go clippity clip on the road to love.

Warning: Watch out for those fire-flies, brother.

Your Reviewer Says: Light as a feather and as pleasingly ticklish.

The Invisible Woman (Universal)

It's About: A scientist who invents a machine that renders humans invisible.

HOLLYWOOD never lets go of a good thing. It hangs on and on until the good thing becomes a dull thing indeed. Universal, for example, has continued its very good "The Invisible Man" through a series to this present episode of "The Invisible Woman," which is far from good. For one thing, the novelty of invisible people walking about, of inanimate objects hanging in mid-air has been so overdone it's no longer a novelty.

True, John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes such lovely people as Virginia

Bruce to become faceless; and Oscar Homolka, as the exiled gangster who attempts to steal the machine, is also very clever. But outside of that—the whole thing is too visible.

Your Reviewer Says: Not funny, McGee.

✓ **Michael Shayne, Private Detective (Twentieth Century-Fox)**

It's About: A smart private detective who solves a murder mystery.

ANOTHER first in a new series makes its debut this month in "Michael Shayne, Private Detective," with that picture-saver of all time, Lloyd Nolan, playing the lead.

But tell us, even wire if necessary, are all police captains so wholly and completely dumb as movies picture them? Could it be possible our safety lies in such bungling hands?

Anyway, Nolan is smart, pert, sassy, cute, foxy and clever, so perhaps police captains just naturally look dumb in comparison. Marjorie Weaver, the girl who is addicted to gambling, is very eye-filling.

Your Reviewer Says: A good series to follow.

Pride of the Bowery (Monogram)

It's About: Tough kids in a C.C.C. camp.

ALTHOUGH this was made on a limited budget, its high standard of

**Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies
PICTURES IN THE CUTTING ROOM**

COLUMBIA

■ **PENNY SERENADE:** Irene Dunne joins her reporter husband, Cary Grant, in Japan, but the great earthquake sends them back to America, where Grant buys a small-town newspaper in this human and realistic picture of the life of a newspaperman and his wife. With Beulah Bondi and Edgar Buchanan.

■ **THE LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE:** Warren William, the Lone Wolf, defeats a crooked gang's attempts to gain possession of U. S. currency engraving plates. With June Storey as a movie star, Walter Kingsford and Eric Blore.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

■ **RAGE IN HEAVEN:** Robert Montgomery plays a wealthy weakling, a psychopathic case, who marries Ingrid Bergman and, in spite of her loyalty to him, becomes convinced she's in love with George Sanders, his closest friend, and seeks his revenge. With Lucile Watson and Oscar Hamolka.

PARAMOUNT

■ **REACHING FOR THE SUN:** Joel McCrea leaves the Michigan woods to come to Detroit in this picture of the great automotive plants, with Ellen Drew as the romantic lead and Eddie Bracken. There's a great fight scene between McCrea and Albert Dekker in this exciting movie.

RKO

■ **SHOW BUSINESS:** Fast-moving comedy about the frenzied efforts of theatrical producers Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride to raise money to put on their show. With Elizabeth Risdan as Elyse Knox' wealthy aunt, Lee Bonnell as the actor in love with Elyse, and Charles Quigley.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

■ **THE ROAD TO RIO:** Gay South American comedy with Don Ameche playing a dual role as an American night-club performer and a baron, with the performer impersonating the baron when he's out of town. Alice Faye is the baron's wife and Carmen Miranda is the performer's girl friend.

■ **SLEEPERS WEST:** Lloyd Nolan again plays the smooth-talking detective, Michael Shayne, who's taking Mary Beth Hughes to San Francisco to testify in a murder case which Lynn Bari is covering for a newspaper. With Edward Brophy, Don Costello and Don Douglas.

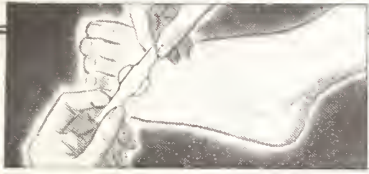
WARNER BROTHERS

■ **KNOCKOUT:** This prize-fight story has Arthur Kennedy as the young fighter who gets into the big time and falls in love with wealthy Virginia Field. Olympe Bradna is his devoted wife, and Anthony Quinn his crooked, scheming manager.

■ **THE SEA WOLF:** In this picturization of Jack London's famous novel, Edward G. Robinson is the brutal captain of a ship which no one is allowed to leave. Ida Lupino, fugitive from justice, is the only girl in the cast, which includes John Garfield, Gene Lockhart and Barry Fitzgerald.

A Sensible Treatment FOR CORNS

—for sensible people



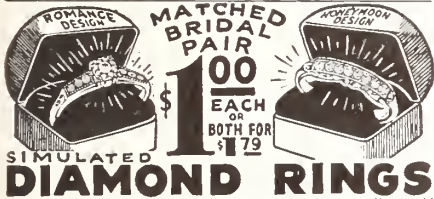
WHY SUFFER from corns? Here's a sensible treatment that helps relieve pain quickly—removes corns effectively. For Blue-Jay Corn Plasters do two important things. First, felt pad helps relieve pain by lifting off pressure. Then medication gently loosens corn so that in a few days it may be removed—including the "core!" (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.)

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photography, performances and credible story lifts it above its low cost into good film fare.

The background for this latest picture of New York's East Side boys is a C.C.C. camp in Arizona, which of course regenerates the toughies. Leo Gorcey, who is dead against joining the camp, is tricked into doing so because he's under the impression that it's just a training camp for a boxing tournament. When he finds out what he's really in for, he decides to get back at everyone by disrupting the entire camp routine.

There are several good fight scenes between Gorcey and Kenneth Howell as the leader of the camp; and Bobby Jordan, Donald Haines and David Gorcey register nicely as part of Gorcey's gang. You'll remember Nick Stuart, who in this returns to the screen in a small role.

Your Reviewer Says: Likable.

Arkansas Judge (Republic)

It's About: The result of insidious small-town gossip.

If you expect the whoop and holler usually provided by the Weaver family, you're sure doomed to disappointment, brother. The Weavers play straight this time, with just enough of their peculiar brand of music and funning to let us know it's really they.

The story, taken from the book, "False Witness," tells of a peaceful small town divided into two factions by vicious gossip and false accusation of a banker's daughter against a poor woman of the community.

The Weavers, all of them, are simply grand and Roy Rogers, former cowboy, makes a grand hero.

Your Reviewer Says: Homey little "melodrama."

Bowery Boy (Republic)

It's About: An East Side boy who falls in with racketeers.

AS familiar as your own face in a mirror is this tried and fairly true story of the underprivileged boy who falls into the hands of a clique whose racket is foisting bad food upon public institutions, with hazardous results. And there's the young doctor and the selfish young woman who tries to lure him into a more lucrative position, with everything somehow tying together at the end.

We liked Jimmy Lydon as the boy and Dennis O'Keefe as the doctor.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly routine.

(Continued on page 119)

SO YOU THINK YOU CAN WALTZ?

Undoubtedly you can, but—

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New York: R. F. WANSER, 11 W. 42nd Street

SMART Headwork

BY GLORIA MACK



Smart girl: Constance Moore, who uses her head when it comes to the "up" coiffure

THE first requisite of good grooming is shining well-coiffed hair. From information obtained from expert Sidney Guilaroff, hair stylist of M-G-M, we offer these solutions to a few major headwork problems of Photoplay-Movie Mirror readers:

"... so I guess I am one of those women destined to wear her hair the same way forever. For the past six months I've been making special trips to good hairdressers I've heard of in an effort to get a new hairdress I like, but it never turns out right. . . ."

Never, never go to a strange hairdresser to have a restyling. Explanation is the Guilaroff theory that a coiffure should primarily fit the personality, secondarily the features. A hairdresser to whom you are just another face can give you a coiffure to fit that face, but never one to fit your personality. Go to your home-town hairdresser for your new coiffure; don't trust an expression of your personality to a stranger.

"... I've just had an argument with my best friend. She claims an inexpensive permanent administered by an efficient hairdresser is just as good as a more expensive one. Is this true? . . ."

According to Guilaroff, a good permanent is the basis of a good coiffure. If you have a really proficient permanent

you can set your own hair, never be troubled by frizzy ends. Joan Crawford has been known to set her own hair whenever she's away from Hollywood because she hates strange hairdressers and public appearances in strange beauty salons. With a good permanent the hair can be easily rolled into curls the size of a silver dollar, which is the Guilaroff standard for a good set. Another point to remember—nothing can take the place of a good washing once a week.

"... My hair looks best in a long bob, but I do admit it is a bit troublesome to care for. I used to wear my hair short—would I be terribly out of fashion if I had it cut? . . ."

The Guilaroff theory about hair styles is that the trend is toward a trim shortness. He claims that even if a girl has naturally curly hair she shouldn't let it flop on her shoulders, but should have it cut shorter and swept back trimly. "Any woman looks better with her hair off her face." His pet aversion, furthermore, is the woman who wears her hair dangling girlishly on her shoulders, then turns around to show a matron's face.

"... I don't expect you to be able to help me, but it won't hurt to try. I have naturally curly hair, but it's the kinky kind I can do nothing with. Isn't there any solution for this? . . ."

This problem is one of the hardest to deal with, but the Guilaroff solution is the curling iron. Find yourself a good marceller and have a marcel once a week. This will iron out the hair, leave it smooth and soft.

STAR example of expert care of the hair is Constance Moore of Paramount's "Las Vegas Nights." A twenty-year-old comer from Texas, she came to the screen from radio, is now being promoted to a singing role in her new picture. Seen at the opening of the Mocambo, Hollywood's newest night club, she was cornered for ten minutes, asked to explain her theories on hair.

For herself, she believes in careful care of the hair, encouragement and training of the slightest natural wave and elaborate hair-dos only for evening. "I never let anything interfere with my shampoo date. I like a water wave, with the ends set on curlers and then the curls brushed loose. And I brush and brush and brush! I've got a habit that sounds funny. . . . When I'm all dressed up to go somewhere and find I have time to spare, I slip on a little protective shoulder cape and then brush my hair till it's time to go."

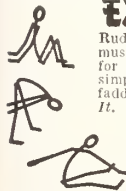
An exponent of the "up" coiffure for evening, Constance offered an easy way to manage the new hairdress which has the hair rolled in a halo around the head. Just buy some heavy yarn that approximates the color of your hair. Wind it into a fat hank and fit it down over the head. Then brush the hair straight up over it, anchor the ends down on the inside over the roll with lots of little hairpins and you'll have a sleek hair-do that will catch the spotlight anywhere.



Hair OFF

Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

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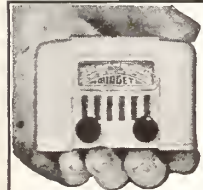


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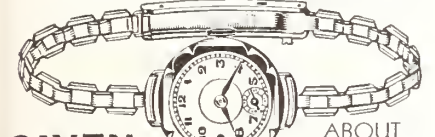
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complete ready to listen with instructions and two phone for use in homes, offices, hotels, in bed, etc. SIMPLE TO OPERATE—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED! SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only \$2.49 plus postage shown on invoice or send \$29.00 (check, M. O. Cash) and yours will be sent postpaid. A MOST UNUSUAL VALUE! FREE! "MAGICTENNA" ELIMINATES OUTSIDE WIRES! ORDER NOW! MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. L4, Kearney, Nebr.



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13 to 25 YRS. OLD

Who Suffer Pain, Weak Nervous Spells from Functional Monthly Disturbances. READ THIS! If you're approaching womanhood or in your early 20's and are troubled by restless, cranky, nervous spells, by cramps, headaches, backache—due to this cause—take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—famous for over 60 years. Pinkham's Compound is one of the MOST EFFECTIVE women's medicines made to relieve distress of weak, nervous spells due to functional periodic complaints. Beneficial for older women, too, to help build up resistance against distress of "difficult days." WORTH TRYING!

(Continued from page 117)
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: British and Nazi spies who match wits for a steel formula and a girl.

"NIGHT TRAIN" is a perfect example of what the motion-picture industry calls a "sleeper"—it slips into town without benefit of ballyhoo before the citizenry is up and about and knocks 'em cold. Twentieth Century-Fox, who handles the American distribution of the picture, couldn't give the thing away until the Globe Theater in New York City bit because it needed a thriller. The critics wandered in and rushed out to vote it one of the year's ten best.

It's melodrama, pure and simple; no attempt at a "message," though the quick of ear and eye might detect a few fast ones. Director Carol Reed, who bids fair to become another Alfred Hitchcock of "39 Steps" and "Rebecca" fame, has turned out an exciting story which starts with the taking over of Czechoslovakia by the Nazis. The Czechs manage to smuggle to England their number-one chemist who is working on a super steel for armaments. There for a time the old chemist is kept safely under lock and key by the British admiralty and a charming young gent. But his beautiful daughter is seized by the Germans who deliberately let her escape in the company of a fellow sufferer so that she may lead them to her father. To tell you the next step would be to ruin one of the best surprise twists you've had for years. Suffice it to say that the operations of British and Nazi enemy agents in snagging the coveted chemist back and forth reach a thrilling climax on the night train from Berlin to Munich.

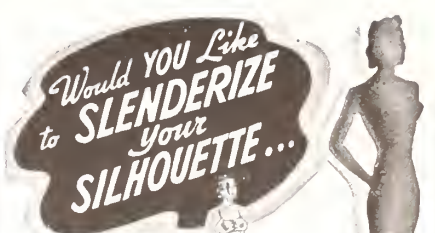
Rex Harrison as the British agent gives his usual delightful performance. Margaret Lockwood with far less to do as the daughter is attractive and intelligent. But the man who makes them all fight for their honors is Paul Herrried, the Nazi agent who is separated from the girl he loves by his fierce Nazi loyalty. Keep your eye on him!

Your Reviewer Says: Just the ticket.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Here are the correct answers to the movie quiz on page 112

1. Lionel Barrymore
 2. Mickey Rooney
 3. Bette Davis, Judy Garland
 4. Mae Clarke and Douglass Montgomery; Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor
 5. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
 6. Claudette Colbert
 7. Clark Gable, William Powell, Wallace Beery
 8. Basil Rathbone, Warren William
 9. George Sanders
 10. Brian Donlevy, who usually plays villains, was the hero of "The Great McGinty"
- Herbert Marshall, who usually plays heroes, was a villain in "Foreign Correspondent"



Would YOU Like to **SLINDERIZE** your **SILHOUETTE**...
...And Wear Dresses **SIZES SMALLER?**

THAT is just what the Thynmold Perforated Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself.

Test THYNMOLD For 10 Days ... at our expense!

If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear... it won't cost you a penny!

Appear Slimmer At Once! Broad hips, bulging waistline, and diaphragm rolls... are smoothed out instantly. Made of the famous PERFOLASTIC pure Para rubber, perforated for ventilation, lined with soft fabric, THYNMOLD is delightfully comfortable. Separate overlapping Brassiere gives support and freedom of action. **Send for FREE trial Offer.**

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Send illustrated folder, sample of perforated material, details of 10-day Trial Offer and \$1.00 down plan.

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New Perfume!

SUBTLE, alluring, enticing. Sells regularly for \$12.00 an ounce. Made from the essence of flowers. Exquisite!

A single drop lasts a week! It is—

"Temptation"

To pay for postage and handling, enclose only 10c silver or 12c stamps. (Est. 1872)

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Paul Rieger, 277 Davis St., San Francisco



IF YOU HAVE GRAY HAIR

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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 Imparter for Grayness. Use it like a hair tonic. Wonderfully GOOD for the scalp and dandruff; 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 book telling All About Gray Hair. **ARTHUR RHODES, Hair Color Expert, Dept. 27, LOWELL, MASS.**

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Oceans of Fun From

THE MAN WHO LAUNCHED A MILLION LAUGHS!



The story of a sweetie of the fleet whose naval maneuvers drove the navy nutty.



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!



Gobs of fun with the goofiest gobs that ever tore a port apart!

HAROLD LLOYD Presents

A GIRL, A GUY and A GOB

GEORGE MURPHY · LUCILLE BALL · EDMOND O'BRIEN

HENRY TRAVERS · FRANKLIN PANGBORN

Produced by Harold Lloyd · Directed by Richard Wallace

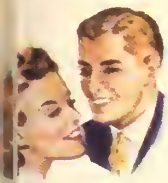
RKO RADIO PICTURE

Screen Play by Frank Ryan and Bert Granet



Did anyone ever tell you ...

YOU HAVE THE LOVELIEST EYES !




"Why let other girls get all the thrilling compliments," said a smart young woman we know. "I've proved for myself that Maybelline *does* make a difference. Now, men often say nice things about my eyes".

Maybelline Eye Make-up is truly satisfying, because it's *natural-looking*. Your lashes are perfectly lovely with Maybelline Mascara, created for realistic effect—never stiff or gummy. You know, Nature fades out all eyelashes at the ends. Darkened to the very tips, they appear much longer and more luxuriant! Then see how expressive your brows are, when they're properly defined and tapered gracefully with the Maybelline smooth-marking Brow Pencil. And there's a soft shimmer for eyelids...

...a shimmering background for eyes, with a touch of subtle Eye Shadow. Make your eyes irresistible—so enchanting—day—with genuine Maybelline Beauty Aids. Handy purse sizes available at all 10c counters.



BEFORE USING MAYBELLINE →

 <p>Smudging - No Smudges! Maybelline Cream-form Mascara in handsome vanity, 75c. Black, Brown, Blue, (also, 35c).</p>	 <p>Very Popular, Too! Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in exclusive zipper case, 75c. Black, Brown, Blue.</p>	 <p>Pointed to Perfection! Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil—just soft enough for best results. Black or Brown.</p>	 <p>Added Enchantment! Maybelline Eye Shadow in six lovely, harmonizing shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Green, Brown, Violet.</p>
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Maybelline



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**"FINE AS SILK, SALLY-
AND PLENTY MILD!"**

"Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter leaf!" says Fred Evans, independent tobacco buyer of Danville, Va.

"TO folks who watch the auctions, it's plain as day that Luckies go after the lighter, milder leaf—and pay higher prices to get it. That's why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen prefer Luckies. I've smoked Luckies myself for 14 years!"

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.



With men who know tobacco best... it's LUCKIES 2 to

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ALICE FAYE
BY PAUL HESSE

2 GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
HOLLYWOOD'S MADDEST MOMENTS By HEDDA HOPPER

The smoke of Slower-Burning Camels gives you
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR

and
28%

LESS
NICOTINE

than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

THE SMOKES THE THING!

All that you get from a cigarette—you get in the *smoke itself*. And here's what you get when you smoke slower-burning Camels. More mildness where you want mildness...*in the smoke*. More flavor where you want flavor...*in the smoke*. More coolness, too!

In the same slow smoke of a Camel cigarette, you get LESS NICOTINE. Yes, 28% less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested...less nicotine than from *any* of them.

Dealers feature Camels by the carton. For convenience—for economy—get your Camels by the carton.



By J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C. © 1934

"Camels taste like the cigarette they are... a finer cigarette of real mildness, wonderful flavor!"

MRS. EDWARD M. McILVAIN, Jr., of New York

BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested... slower than any of them... Camels also give you a smoking *plus equal*, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



• A lover of home life, Mrs. McIlvain enjoys running a household, entertaining small groups of friends. Deeply interested in decoration, she prefers antiques and period pieces... was photographed against the background of an eighteenth-century lacquer screen. As a hobby, Mrs. McIlvain collects miniature

furniture and silver. She also likes candid photography... movies... concerts... Camels. "Smoking Camels is one of my chief every-day pleasures," says Mrs. McIlvain. "Camels are mild as can be... and taste simply grand. Yes, the fact that there's less nicotine in the smoke of Camels means a lot to me!"

Camel — the Slower-Burning cigarette



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."

Try Ipana and Massage

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

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

The lion roars "See 'Men of Boystown'!"

It will be money properly spent.

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

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

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



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

Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are together again.

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

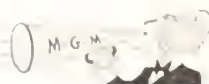
Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are wonderful again in "Men of Boystown"!

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

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

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

—Lea



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

PHOTOPLAY
combined with
movie
MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

MAY, 1941
VOL. 18, NO. 6

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COVER: Alice Faye, Natural Color Photograph by Poul Hesse

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IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN BOYS TOWN

SPENCER

MICKEY

Tracy · Rooney

IN

"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"

with

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

Original Screen Play by
James Kevin McGuinness

Directed by Norman Taurog

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.



METRO · GOLDWYN · MAYER'S NEW HIT





Close Up: Alan Curtis as Franz Schubert and Ilona Massey in "New Wine"

Long Shot: Wayne Morris, Ronald Reagan, Jane Wyman, Bill Orr, Perc Westmore at Warner party for "Strawberry Blonde"

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

WHY I LIKE HOLLYWOOD (1941 Version). . . I like Hollywood in 1941 because despite war, taxes and general insecurity, it is just as madly, beautifully inconsistent as ever before. . . I like it because the lordly Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, being the richest studio of them all (and incidentally, despite all the successes all the other studios have had, it is still Metro that rules the rooves), has discovered economy . . . discovered it by way of two master works . . . "Comrade X" and "Come Live With Me," both starring Miss Hedy Lamarr . . . the latter cost a mere \$450,000 to make, which used to be Metro chicken feed . . . but like its predecessor, "Comrade X," it is a box-office riot, a gold mine and a bonanza . . . and then by way of contrast, RKO, just trembling back from the brink of bankruptcy, gives Mr. Orson Welles an unlimited bankroll to produce "Citizen Kane" and now insists that it never read the script or knew what was going on . . . it insists this since all the controversy has been stirred up that may mean the picture will not be released. . .

I like Hollywood this year because the studios, having decided there would be no more previewing of pictures in theaters (the claim being that this was necessary because too many of "the wrong people" were crashing these previews, supposedly sacred to the press), are the ones who are now trying to break the ruling, rather than the press on whom it has worked the greatest hardship . . . this ruling



BY RUTH WATERBURY

meant reviewers have had to go to dinky studio preview rooms to see films run off at outlandish hours, hours anywhere from eleven in the morning to six at night . . . hours which are particularly hard on the magazine people who need to be in their offices at those times . . . but, somehow, we adapted ourselves to this scheme . . . so what happens? . . . the studios, themselves, begin giving "sneak press previews" . . . and in theaters . . . getting around their own ruling by cautioning you not to tell anyone which theater you are going to . . . (it is only printed in advance on the admission tickets, of course) . . . the studios get around it by giving "press dinners" in advance at the studio proper and then transporting the press theaterward en masse and in buses (so that you can't take your own car and thus can't possibly know where you are going, despite the theater's name printed on the tickets you have been holding in your little hot hand all through dinner) . . . not that anybody minds this . . . it makes

for a new kind of Hollywood outing . . . but it's so gorgeously typical of Hollywood's twisted reasoning . . . but by way of making it all perfect, the best "preview" of them all turns out to be one that is neither of these things . . . but a dinner on a sound stage . . . the so-called "Burbank Outing and Crowder Club" . . . giving it at Warners on the evening they showed "The Strawberry Blonde" . . . which is enchanting . . . a party given at "Grimes Gala Gardens" which promised "free lunch . . . free tintypes . . . free beer . . . free ladies" . . . with the latter scratched off the invitations and "Bring Your Own Ladies" written in its place . . . it all meaning the Warner publicity department had pulled another natural and a fine time was had by all. . .

I like Hollywood because a good friend in the studio phoned Ann Sheridan and said, "You'd better settle your strike because it is getting really serious over here . . . they're buying new bras for Joan Leslie." . . . I like Hollywood because the girls on the appointment desks in the beauty parlors always say when you ask for a date with your favorite hairdresser and manicurist . . . "all right, dear" . . . "we can give you Peggy, dear" . . . "it takes two hours for your hair, dear" . . . and the more they "dear" you, the less they know you . . . I like Hollywood because many of our "men about town" let the papers know they are going to date a girl before they let the girl know and that doesn't (Continued on page 102)

LAUGHING, FIGHTING, LOVING
their way into your heart!

William A. Wellman, Producer of "Beau Geste," brings you three modern musketeers in a rousing, rollicking romance that hits straight at the heart with a wallop!



Paramount Presents
JOEL McCREA
ELLEN DREW

"REACHING FOR THE SUN"

with
Eddie Bracken • Albert Dekker • Billy Gilbert
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. River



Speak FOR YOURSELF

From one Eleanor to another: Eleanor Powell gets a pat on the back from Iowa

\$10.00 PRIZE
Serious Symptoms

MOVIES are ordinarily a pleasant subject to talk about, but with the tremendous importance which they have assumed, it is inevitable that eventually one must discuss something which is unpleasant. Very recently, a senator declared that the films are being used to spread war propaganda and suggested that there should be passed laws to curb them. The columnist's blast that Disney's "Fantasia" dripped from the fangs of Fascism may not be more comical than the "investigation" of Shirley Temple some years back, but it is a symptom of something far more serious.

Not only is any movement to suppress and control films an insult to the movie-goer, but it is based upon fallacious reasoning. In the first place, the charge that the industry is attempting to inflame this country to war is ridiculous. The producers would have nothing to gain by war and much to lose. Furthermore, theirs is a business to produce entertainment—otherwise they make no money. The out-and-out propaganda picture is not entertaining. Therefore, people won't go to see it.

Most important, however, is the fact that this is a land of freedom—freedom of press, freedom of speech, freedom of thought. We deplore bad taste or deliberate falsification in the movies, but we must declare ourselves unwaveringly for their freedom!

THOMAS H. ELLIOTT,
Boston, Mass.

\$5.00 PRIZE
I Meet "The Killer!"

BEHIND that door was "The Killer!" Slick black hair as shiny as patent leather. Piercing eyes that stare point-blank from under sinister brows. A leer that sends cold shivers tobogganing down the spine.

Yes, I had seen him before. From afar. And today, the committee had drawn my name from the hat. It was my duty (privilege, they called it) to face this man—"The Killer!"

Cautiously I turned the knob, stepped quickly inside to do the job. There he sat.

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

"Been waiting for you," he said quietly, a smile on his face. A friendly smile! And his eyes—their warm welcome was as plain as that on the old-fashioned doormat over at Grandmother's house.

"The manager told me about the poor little lad over at the hospital," he went on. "And, mister, if he'd like my autograph, let's get over there and deliver it in person."

Our cab zoomed away from the stage door. Bright lights of the marquee flashed their message—"See George Raft in Person." How much more satisfying, I thought, to know the man beneath the film reputation—to meet "The Killer" on an errand of mercy!

MORRISON M. SCOTT,
Cleveland, O.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Quicksilver Comment

I HAVE been privileged to meet and know Eleanor Powell. It was a wonderful experience and I shall never forget it. Through her I learned that screen stars are very human people.

I am struck with admiration at the success Eleanor has achieved and the kindness, the good comradeship and courtliness she shows towards all her co-workers. I believe Eleanor's success on the stage and screen is a splendid tribute to pluck and perseverance and because of her willingness to work and co-operate in every way I know she will keep steadily climbing higher and higher.

She is like quicksilver; her eyes are always alight with some enthusiasm or other which helps her cheer a world that holds so much gloom now. There is no jealousy, cattiness or swollen head to make her giddy and send her hurtling down back to the foot of the ladder. This world gains a valuable nutriment in the joy, beauty, dancing, and color Eleanor brings into the lives of millions—so thanks a lot, Eleanor!

ELEANOR MORGENSEN,
Cedar Falls, Ia.

(Continued on page 22)

*"Sometimes
there's a terrible penalty
for telling the truth . . ."*

BETTE DAVIS

**will appear
soon
in her
stunning
new triumph**

The Great LIE

GEO. BRENT

Her co-star of 'Dark Victory' and 'The Old Maid' in the Warner Bros. drama that magnificently surpasses both!

MARY ASTOR

LUCILE WATSON • HATTIE McDANIEL

Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • From a Novel by Polan Banks • Music by Max Steiner

Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

*Note to all
BETTE DAVIS FAN CLUBS:
My thanks to every one of you
for the wonderful things you
have written me about 'The
Letter'. I appreciate it deeply.*

Bette Davis



Inside Stuff

Making eyes at the Mocambo: Betty Grable and George Raft. For a salient sideline on the Grable half of the romantic team, see page 36

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER



Result of the Mocambo floor show —three satisfied customers: John Howard; Hedy Lamarr, the girl who usually decorates his arm; Chaplin

CAL TALKS TO HIMSELF. Wonder why Jimmy Stewart continues to send those yellow roses to Olivia de Havilland every week when the romance is said to be over? Wonder what happened to that romance anyhow? Could the rumor be true that Jimmy won't marry a professional woman? Hmmm, we wonder.

Why doesn't someone tell Roz Russell to close her beautiful mouth when having her picture

snapped? As far as that goes, why doesn't someone tell Roz not to talk all the time.

Maybe beau Freddie Brisson might have a chance to ask that all-important question if—oh well, 'tain't our business.

Speaking of pictures, what gets into Jean Arthur, breaking up the photographer's cameras at night spots? They have *their* living to earn too, she should realize. What was that someone told us about

Jean? Oh yes, she felt she wasn't so young as she might be and that the fact has become an obsession with her. Shucks, Jeanie with the bright-red temper has a long way to travel before she reaches middle years.

What was behind all that confidential whispering between Greg Bautzer and Dottie Lamour at the Brown Derby last night? Could those two be plotting something labelled matrimony?



Left: Seen at *Ciro's*—the new inspiration for Rudy Vallee's love songs: 20th Century Fox's Gene Tierney

An itemized account of intimate Hollywood happenings, including some tales told out of school

By CAL YORK



Below: In step at the *Mocambo*—Eleanor Powell and the man who's now buying her dinners, Merrill Pye



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Mutual admiration society at the *Mocambo*: Carole Landis and her current pulse quickener, Bob Stack

Have to laugh the way Errol Flynn's friends are ganging up on him about that expected baby. They yell, "Hey, Daddy," or, "Papa Errol" or, "Father Flynn," all over the place. Errol takes it big. Funny about Errol, too. Has such an ingratiating grin and aura of good fellowship, but they say he forgot the struggles and yearnings too soon. Went from one extreme to the other too fast. Too bad. And why the heck do we always feel a

personal hurt for these boys and girls who won't play the game of life according to the old rules of kindness and charity toward all, especially when they have so much to be thankful for? Movie-acting is better than selling typewriters in Australia, at that.

There we go, leading with our nose into other people's affairs. Oh well, Cal can think out loud once in a while, can't he?

Or can't he?

Hollywood Helps: Again we say there is no community anywhere or any group of people so ready and willing at all times to give of their precious time and talent to a worthy cause as the people of Hollywood.

The gigantic radio program organized by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn for Greek relief and broadcast to Greece and England had practically every star in the business participating, from Shirley Temple to

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



George Raft balked when he found out what the Benny-Hope team planned to do with him on the air. Occasion was Goldwyn's broadcast for Greek relief



Fine-feathers carner: Clark Gable (above), Carole Lombard, Melvyn Douglas, Myrna Loy, Tyrane Power. Analysis of the Lombard look on p. 16

Charles Laughton, Bob Hope and Jack Benny, as co-partners in emceeing, kept the performers in stitches—Bob with lighthearted quips, Benny with his heavyhearted worry.

Myrna Loy was the belle of the ball throughout the rehearsals and little Shirley Temple was so popular she and Ronald Colman were compelled to lock themselves in a dressing room to rehearse in peace. But our Hymie is resourcefulness itself. He merely climbed up to the transom and checked away.

Big bad George Raft, who scares millions on the screen, got the willies when he learned he was to be tossed like a badminton cock between Benny and Hope in a skit. He couldn't even go on the air, he was so frightened.

It was Mickey Rooney who nearly threw the troupe into a fit. Mickey, who had been rehearsing for the Charlie McCarthy-Edgar Bergen show over at N.B.C., got caught in the traffic jam outside the Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard and arrived

backstage just two minutes before he went on the air in a *Hardy* skit.

Considering the hours and days of rehearsals and the writing and technical talent that lay behind the broadcast, we'd say Hollywood had done its bit once again—and done it magnanimously.

New York Sniffs at Hollywood: Well, you should have seen me! There was old Cal literally surrounded by those beauteous top-bracket New York advertising models who were brought out here by 20th Century-Fox for the picture "That Night In Rio."

We were all primed for the "ahs" and "ohs" when the talk swung around to our movie lads, but imagine the shock to our frazzled nervous system when the girls pooh-poohed our lads in one united chorus.

"They are all right as playboys, but as husbands—you can have 'em."

(Continued on page 12)

At the broadcast rehearsal, Ronald Colman and Shirley Temple held a private tête-à-tête, made photographer Fink use some high and mighty methods



Three "chariteers" (below) on the broadcast: Robert Taylor, his wife Barbara Stanwyck, and Lewis Stane



1941's GREAT GLAMOUR-MUSICAL...
THE SHOW OF YOUR DREAMS!

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

Alice
FAYE

Don
AMECHE

Carmen
MIRANDA

in

"That Night in Rio"

IN TECHNICOLOR!

IT'S GAY!

IT'S ROMANTIC!

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

Hit songs-

"'Yi, Yi, Yi, Yi" (I Like You Very Much)

"Chica, Chica, Boom, Chic"

"Boa Noite" (Good Night)

"They Met In Rio"

"The Baron Is In Conference"

by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

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

Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Fred Kohlmar. Screen Play by George
Seaton, Bess Meredyth and Hal Long. Additional Dialogue
by Samuel Hoffenstein. Based on a play by Rudolph
Lothar and Hans Adler. Adapted by Jessie Ernst.

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Two vital statistics in the romantic ledger (left): Millionaire Alfred Vanderbilt pays the Mocambo cover charge for benefit of Virginia Field



Night-lifers at the Mocambo: Ginger Rogers, the girl who made the shiny make-up popular, with her escort of the evening, bandleader Johnny Green

(Continued from page 10)

"Hollywood men are too fickle," piped up Mary Joyce Walsh, the former Miss Florida. "When a new glamour girl comes to town," went on Mary Joyce, "the boys forget all about you and run to join the stag line that forms on her right."

Bettye Avery of Tulsa, Oklahoma, put it this way, "Hollywood men are terrible in night clubs, but who wants to set up housekeeping in a night club?"

Mirion Rosamond of Boston declared, "Out here, you'd have to catch a husband between romances or between pictures."

Bunny Hartley of Virginia summed the thing up. "Listen," she confided, "they are still raising the best husbands in the canyon corral called Wall Street."

Well, maybe the gals have something there! Cal wouldn't be knowing.

Who Makes the Best Marriages in Hollywood?: Thinking it over, who do you think makes the better marriages in Hollywood—the gals or the boys?

Frankly, Cal is casting his vote for the men. Take young prospective bridegroom Vaughn Paul, an assistant producer, for instance, who is marrying that glamorous star Deanna Durbin. Add Cary Grant, who will marry the wealthy and titled Barbara Hutton.

Fred Astaire, Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda and Dean Jagger all married socially prominent women who brought considerable prestige and, incidentally, happiness, to these male stars.

On the other hand, let's take the girl. Bette Davis has recently married the son of a Vermont dentist who works as a flyer, Alice Faye



A where-there's-smoke-there's-fire picture: Gene Markey, ex-husband of Hedy Lamarr, has a Ciro's date with starlet June Storey

married Tony Martin when he was only a struggling young actor. Betty Grable wed Jackie Coogan when he was battling for whatever happened to be left of his fortune. Priscilla Lane married an unknown assistant director, Oren Haglund, and Jeanette

MacDonald, one of our top stars, married Gene Raymond, who was then a B star.

To prove the exception to the rule, Andrea Leeds and Sonja Henie married wealthy Bob Howard and Dan Topping respectively, but on the whole it's the Hollywood men who marry women of social standing who make grand and good wives.

So think it over, girls.

Our Thanks and Bob Taylor's Answer to You: Little did we dream you grand people out there would literally snow us under with replies to our little suggestion of a name for Bob Taylor's horse in "Billy The Kid."

Whewie! They came by the dozens and the midnight oil was burned plenty while Cal and his amiable secretary sorted the names. The task finally finished, we took them personally to Bob, who had this to say:

(Continued on page 14)

IF—

You like Photoplay-Movie
Mirror's inimitable
CAL YORK

IF—

You like Hollywood's inimitable
JOAN BLONDELL

You'll love listening to them every
Friday night at 9:30 E.S.T., over
your nearest Mutual Broadcasting
System station in the radio show,
"I WANT A DIVORCE"

TOPPER'S BACK

Having
GIRL TROUBLE
Again!

He's a Super-Snooper Trying To Find The Little Girl Who Wasn't There!.. What a riot of fun when Topper and his Glamorous New Ghost make a Mirthquake out of a Mystery, and a Madhouse out of a Murder!

MEET
TOPPER'S
BOLD BRAVE
SHADOW!

Hal Roach presents

TOPPER RETURNS

with **JOAN BLONDELL**
ROLAND YOUNG • **BILLIE BURKE**
Eddie (ROCHESTER) Anderson

Patsy KELLY • **Carole LANDIS** • **Dennis O'KEEFE**
George ZUCCO • **Donald MacBRIDE**

Original Screen Play by **JONATHAN LATIMER** • **GORDON DOUGLAS**
Additional Dialogue: **PAUL GERARD SMITH**

Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH** Released thru **UNITED ARTISTS**

MEET THE
LADIES IN
TOPPER'S LIFE



Meet the little girl who wasn't there



Meet the little blonde ...with the baby stare



Meet the little woman... who wouldn't stay home



Meet the little maid... who had her hands full

BASED ON THE HILARIOUS THORNE SMITH CHARACTERS



Disproving the theory that men don't like exotic headresses: Dennis Margan (above) sees eye to eye with Marlene Dietrich at the Warner Brothers Biltmore Bowl party

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

Three figures of fun at the same event: Manuel del Campo, Mary Astor's husband; Bette Davis and husband Arthur Farnsworth caught in a time-out moment



(Continued from page 12)

"Please thank every one of these writers personally for me. I would have had a difficult time in choosing a name from this list.

"I especially liked the suggestions of 'Nebraska' and 'Star Dust' but, unfortunately, the horse has already been named 'Hassa Yama,' after the mount ridden for years by Bill Hart. Since 'Hassa Yama' passed away, Mr. Hart suggested my horse be given the name.

"Cal tells me a lot of folk who have written in are Bill Hart fans, so I know you'll understand and appreciate the honor.

"And thank again for your grand suggestions."

May Cal join Bob Taylor in conveying appreciation.

"Comes a Pause in the Day's Occupation—": Longfellow couldn't have been thinking of Alice Faye or even Cary Grant when he wrote those lines, now could he?"

Well, anyway, there is coming a pause in the occupations of both Cary and Alice, a momentous one if you

Star feature at Table 123 was Priscilla Lane with the man she has been reported about to marry, Jahn Barry

ask Callie, the snooper-doooper.

Yep, both stars have asked for and received three months' leave of absence after the completion of their present assignments.

Cary, in those three months, is expected to marry his love, Barbara Hutton, and spend the time a-honeymooning—which isn't exactly news if you've been reading this column. Alice has asked and received her three months' leave in order to accept Carmen Miranda's invitation to be her house guest in Rio de Janeiro. But wait—there's more to come. That Texas millionaire, Charles Wrightman, who has been assiduously courting our Alice, will also be in "Souise America" at the same time.

Those who know say Alice hasn't been so happy since her separation from Tony Martin. Once her divorce is final, anything can happen. Especially down Rio way.

Where There's Life—: How those jokes keep pouring forth in a constant stream from Bob Hope is one of the mysteries of the town. Bob just never seems to go dry.

The other day, for instance, Cal popped into Bob's set of "Caught in the Draft" and neatly did a quick double-take as he caught sight of Bob, Lynne Overman and Eddie Bracken with nothing on but a towel. They were supposedly undergoing an Army physical examination, along with fifty or sixty extras. Hope looked at us sheepishly and hung onto his towel in disgust.

"They can't kid me," he growled. "It's the Lamour influence. Why else would they put us in army sarongs?"

"And what do they do?" demanded Hope of bewildered old Cal. "When they shoot the scene in which the doctor looks us over, they put a guy who could double for Atlas right in the center. They're trying to give us an inferiority complex. They're not getting by with it, though. When we have to stand on our toes and say 'Ah,' we all sing bass."

(Continued on page 16)



"I didn't come here to rock!"

I DIDN'T come here to rock at \$15 per day. I came to mix and mingle, to laugh and live in the Florida sun, to wave goodbye to work and worry. So far, no score for Mabel. *And so I rock.*

I didn't come here to rock. I came to swim and sun with new adoring Adonises . . . but they're out with other girls. *And so I rock.*

I didn't come here to rock. I came to dance the hours away in the moonlight with a man . . . the MAN I might be lucky enough to meet and maybe to marry. Well, I met him . . . and he's out tonight with Thelma. *And so I rock.*

Am I slipping? Am I breaking up at 27? Maybe . . .

Still, my hair is nice; my eyes are good; I walk without crutches; I still have all my teeth. I've got a figure to match Eleanor's, a bathing suit to go with it, and three evening gowns that

are a little bit of Heaven right here on Earth. I've got a "line" that men like. I even have my own car. Yet here I sit and rock while romance reigns around me and the moonlight mocks me. It's never happened to me before and every time the rocker creaks, it seems to ask: "How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . . How come? What's wrong . . ."

Take This Tip

Perhaps, Mabel, yours is that unfortunate trouble that puts so many otherwise attractive people in the wall-flower class—halitosis (bad breath).

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself may not know when you have it, and so can offend needlessly.

Perhaps all you need to get back into the swim is a little Listerine Antiseptic now and then, especially before a date. This amazingly effective antiseptic and

deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter and fresher. Thousands of popular people, fastidious people, simply wouldn't be without it. It's part of their passport to popularity . . . and it should be a part of yours.

Mouth Fermentation

Listerine works this way to sweeten breath: It overcomes fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth . . . said by some authorities to be the principal cause of odors; then overcomes the odors themselves. Other cases of bad breath may be due to systemic conditions; to get at the causes, see your doctor.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before business and social engagements. Keep a bottle handy in home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel—it pays.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Let LISTERINE Look After Your Breath



**SHARP EYES CANNOT TELL
with Tampax**



**NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR**

YOU need never fear that *anyone* can detect anything if you wear Tampax—*internal* sanitary protection. Tampax has been perfected by a doctor so ingeniously for monthly use that it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands never touch the Tampax and you simply *cannot* feel it when in place!

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

Made of pure surgical cotton, tremendously absorbent, Tampax now comes in *three sizes*: Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20¢. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

*Accepted for Advertising by
the Journal of the American
Medical Association.*



TAMPAX INCORPORATED MWG. 313
New Brunswick, N. J.

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

REGULAR SUPER JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Below: Picture of women at work at Irene's fashion show. Mrs. Benny (Mary Livingstone), Ann Sothorn, Mrs. Fred MacMurray



Mink-coat critics at Irene's were Mrs. James Cagney, Mrs. Bob Montgomery, Mrs. George Murphy. Only photographer permitted to enter was Fink



(Continued from page 14)

Hope finally donned a bathrobe and sat down in his chair to chat about the picture.

"The only thing I don't like about this picture is the ending," he said. "At the end of the picture I am promoted to a corporal. I want them to make it a sergeant. Look at the corporals. First, we had Napoleon, then Mussolini, and now Hitler. I don't want people to get the idea that I'm ambitious."

With that Cal rose, bowed and departed. Bob is too quick on the trigger for our confused brain.

Siren in Socks: The cutest story of the month concerns nine-year-old Ann Todd who plays Linda Darnell as a child in "Blood and Sand."

When informed by the studio the part was hers, Ann's eyes grew wide with excitement.

"Quick," she said to her mother, "give me the telephone, I've got to call Mickey Rooney."

"But—" began her mother in bewilderment.

"If he's crazy about Linda now, he can be crazy about her when she was a little girl, can't he?" she demanded.

The Todds have been trying to persuade Ann to the contrary ever since.

Cal Nominates: The most in-love woman in all Hollywood—Carole Lombard. What's more, we offer proof on page 10.

Watch Hymie Fink's pictures of Clark and Carole together. Carole either clings lovingly to her husband's arm or gazes adoringly into Clark's eyes. She completely submerges herself into one with Gable and openly tells the world with her eyes, "I love this man. He is mine."

In fact, we suggest you not only look at all Hymie's intimate pictures but study them and discover your own stories about Hollywood. Stories of love, indifference, friendship.

But for the most-in-love one we dare you to find any that surpasses Carole Lombard with her Clark.

Last Minute Round-up: Edmund O'Brien couldn't be happier, having finally won his sweetheart of many years, Nancy Kelly, as his bride.

Arthur Hornblow is courting Minnie (Myrna Loy) most assiduously these evenings.

The divorce between Dave Rose and Martha Raye is final in March and close friends are anxiously watching Judy Garland lest she suddenly decided to marry Dave now and not wait until she is older.

(For an up-to-the-minute account of the romantic status of Judy and Dave see the story on page 27 of this issue.)

Pretty Ellen Drew may even now be Mrs. Sy Bartlett, wife of the writer, and June Storey may take on the name Mrs. Gene Markey when the divorce between the producer and Hedy Lamarr becomes final.

The way Barbara Hutton kept stealing little glances at Cary Grant in Chasen's t'other night, we can guess the outcome—marriage any minute.

More of that "good neighbor" policy was climaxed in the arrival of Carmen Miranda's sister Aurora in Hollywood from Brazil. The boys were on hand to give Carmen's sister the kayo—an enthusiastic one. Brazil has really exported *somesing thees* time.



Booming the gardenia market: Deanna Durbin, in white fox, makes an entrance at the world premiere of "Back Street" at Miami, Florida

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.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



avoid
Lipstick
Parching
"Sub-Deb"

This is the Lipstick that may very well change your Lipstick life... Coty "Sub-Deb"!
"Sub-Deb" gives you more than alluring color... it helps you avoid "Lipstick Parching"! Yes, blended through every Lipstick is a softening ingredient that helps keep your lips tenderly soft and sweet. So why risk rough, harshly chapped lips—ever? Today get a Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, \$1.00 or 50¢.

New Shades
Four of the 9 exciting Coty shades

Gitane
dashing "gypsy" shade

Magnet Red
a dramatic red red

Dahlia
smart, flower-soft red

Tamale
alluring "Latin" shade

COTY

Brief Reviews

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY THE—Paramount: This tries very hard to be very funny, but it's pretty corny. Jackie Cooper causes everyone a lot of trouble and grief in his efforts to earn a hundred dollars. Eddie Bracken is Jackie's pal; Hedda Hopper and Fred Niblo his parents. (Apr.)

✓✓ **ARIZONA**—Columbia: Magnificent in scope and stirring in action is this super-super Western with Jean Arthur as the first American woman to settle in Arizona. Her struggles through the Civil War, Indian uprisings and outlaw riders make a terrific emotional story. William Holden proves himself a fine actor. (Feb.)

ARKANSAS JUDGE, THE—Republic: The Weaver family play straight in the story of a small town divided into two factions by vicious gossip. The Weavers are good and Roy Rogers is a fine hero. Homey melodrama. (Apr.)

BANK DICK, THE—Universal: W. C. Fields is a bank detective who, after much confusion, foils a bank robber and emerges a hero. It's packed with typical Fields gags and antics, and he's the whole picture. (Mar.)

BARNYARD FOLLIES—Republic: There's quite a bit of entertainment in this story of a group of orphans who try to support themselves by putting on a benefit show. Mary Lee is very cute and Rufe Davis and Ralph Bowman do good jobs. Some of the songs are gay. (Mar.)

BEFORE I HANG—Columbia: When Boris Karloff inoculates himself with a serum to make people young again he finds that the serum contained the blood of a murderer and the urge to kill comes upon him. The cast struggles through this brooding melodrama, but the story's poorly developed and really not worth your while. (Feb.)

✓ **BEHIND THE NEWS**—Republic: Lloyd Nolan's convincing performance gives this story of disillusioned newspaper men a lot of verve and snap. Doris Davenport, Frank Albertson and Robert Armstrong are also very good. (Mar.)

✓✓ **BITTER SWEET**—MGM: Noel Coward's romantic story comes to the screen in gorgeous Technicolor. Jeanette MacDonald elopes with Nelsen Eddy, her music teacher, who takes her to Vienna, where they struggle for success. George Sanders is the suave villain. The music is beautiful. (Feb.)

BORDER TIGER, THE—Republic: If you're a Western fan, partner, this roarin', tootin', shootin' picture is for you. Roy Rogers joins the Border Legion, a gang of notorious bandits, and finally brings them all to justice—with violent action and much excitement. (Mar.)

BOWERY BOY—Republic: Strictly routine is this story of an underprivileged boy, Jimmy Lydon, who falls in with racketeers, but is saved by idealistic doctor Dennis O'Keefe and Louise Campbell. (Apr.)

✓ **CHAD HANNA**—20th Century Fox: There is little coherence to this story of a 19th century circus and it's mostly a parade of uneventful incidents, but the glorious Technicolor and grand performances out-shadow the story. Henry Fonda falls in love with trick rider Dorothy Lamour and joins the circus. Linda Darnell also runs away with the show, of which Guy Kibbee is the owner. (Mar.)

✓✓ **CHILDREN FOR MISS BISHOP**—United Artists: Beautifully told tale of a young school teacher in a Midwest college who meets and re-encounters love and goes through the years giving of herself to the young students eager for her knowledge. Martha Scott is wonderful in her transition from youth to age, and William Gaxton as her lifelong suitor is perfect in his role. It's a tearjerker, and a triumph. (Apr.)

✓✓ **COME LIVE WITH ME**—MGM: Smart and gay is this cute little story of an Austrian refugee, Hedy Lamarr, who marries a struggling



Reason why there will soon be long lines and a lot of excitement at the box office: Bette Davis and George Brent in the Warners film, "The Great Lie"

young writer Jimmy Stewart in order to stay in America. Hedy's boy friend, publisher Ian Hunter, causes much of the complications in spite of the fact that he's married to Verree Teasdale. You'll love it. (Apr.)

✓ **COMRADE X**—MGM: Take Gable as a newspaper reporter smuggling uncensored news out of Russia, add Hedy Lamarr as a streetcar conductor with whom he's forced to flee Russia, mix up with a chase consisting of Lamarr and Gable in one tank against an army of tanks and you have riotous slapstick entertainment. (Mar.)

✓ **DR. KILDARE'S CRISIS**—MGM: When Lew Ayres diagnoses Robert Young's malady as epilepsy and discovers that it's hereditary, things become very difficult for young Dr. Kildare because he's engaged to nurse Laramie Day, who's Young's sister. Even more interesting than others in the Kildare series. (Feb.)

ELFERY QUEEN, MASTER DETECTIVE—Columbia: First of a new series starring Ralph Bellamy as *Elfery Queen*, this has the detective finding Margaret Lindsay on the scene of the murder of a rich tycoon and he hides her in his apartment while he seeks the real murderer. If you're a detective fan, you ought to be able to find the murderer even before Bellamy does, but you'll like it just the same. (Feb.)

✓ **ESCAPE TO GLORY**—Columbia: Assorted passengers aboard an English freighter on its way to America when war is declared in Europe face death from a submarine attack, and their true natures reveal themselves. Adventurer Pat O'Brien and secretary Constance Bennett find love. (Feb.)

✓✓ **FANTASIA**—Walt Disney Productions: Great music is pictorially interpreted in this important picture, which you must see, although it may shock a well-to-do delight you. Leopold Stokowski, the great conductor, interprets eight classic masterpieces musically and Disney and his artists interpret them graphically. (Feb.)

✓✓ **FLIGHT COMMAND**—MGM: This authentic picture of flyers trained in the government school of naval aeronautics is thrilling and awe-inspiring, and Bob Taylor takes advantage of the best opportunity he's had in years. Ruth Hussey is Commander Walter Pidgeon's wife; both give good performances. We cannot recommend it too highly. (Mar.)

✓✓ **FLIGHT FROM DESTINY**—Warners: We cannot rate this as the surprise picture of the year

for its brilliance in theme, dialogue and acting. Professor Thomas Mitchell is given six months to live, so, as a philanthropic act, he decides to kill unscrupulous Mona Maris, who has wrecked the marriage of Jeffrey Lynn and Geraldine Fitzgerald. Mitchell gives a magnificent performance. (Mar.)

FOUR MOTHERS—Warners: Homey, cozy little tale of the *Lemp* family, who lose their money and struggle to regain it. It has the same familiar characters, the Lane sisters, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert, Gale Page, Claude Rains and May Robson, but it doesn't measure up to its predecessors in entertainment. (Mar.)

✓ **GALLANT SONS**—M-G-M: Sincere and heart-appealing is this story of the friendship of Jackie Cooper and Gene Reynolds and how they, with the help of Bonita Granville and June Preisser, save Ian Hunter, Gene's father, from death for a murder he didn't commit. William Tracy, Leo Gorcey and Gail Patrick are also involved. (Feb.)

GIVE US WINGS—Universal: The Dead End Kids and the Little Tough Guys get together for this little picture, in which they agree to fly planes over crops that require chemical spraying. But the planes are antiquated and dangerous and when one of the boys is killed, the others go after the plane owner. If you like the kids, it has its points. (Feb.)

✓ **GO WEST**—M-G-M: The zany Marx Brothers thoroughly indulge their appetite for hilarious clowning in this, one of their funniest pictures, with scarcely a minute's letdown in the fun. It's about their efforts to secure a deed to Dead Man's Gulch so they can sell it to a railroad and permit John Carroll to marry Diana Lewis. But you won't pay much attention to the story on account of all the laughs. (Mar.)

✓ **HER FIRST ROMANCE**—Monogram: Edith Fellowes has her first grownup role in this gay picture as the ugly duckling who becomes the belle of her school and finds romance. You'll be charmed with her performance and singing. (Mar.)

✓ **HIGH SIERRA**—Warners: Entertainment is yours in this absorbing story of a paroled convict, Humphrey Bogart, who goes back to his racket. Ida Lupino is grand as Bogart's girl and Joan Leslie shows great promise. Bogart's portrayal of the gangster is terrific. The whole picture has great dramatic impact. (Apr.)

✓ **HUDSON'S BAY**—20th Century-Fox: Although the story is too concerned with geography rather than with people and it's ponderous, it's well done and worth seeing. It tells of the formation of the great Hudson's Bay Company and the bringing of the north country under British rule under the leadership of Paul Muni and his enormous partner, Laird Cregar. Gene Tierney provides romance. (Mar.)

✓ **INVISIBLE WOMAN, THE**—Universal: John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes lovely Virginia Bruce to become invisible and thus have herself a lot of fun. Oscar Homolka as an exiled gangster is very clever, but the gag of invisible people walking about is no longer a novelty in pictures. John Howard falls in love with the invisible Virginia. (Apr.)

✓ **JENNIE**—20th Century-Fox: When Virginia Gilmore marries William Henry, she refuses to allow his father to dominate her life and she sets about undermining his power over his family. It's a human, sincere picture of a family ruled by a father who is virtually a dictator over them. The entire cast offers fine portrayals. (Mar.)

KEEPING COMPANY—M-G-M: Too much adherence to routine material and hokum situations spoils this homey little picture about the tribulations of an average young married couple. John Shelton and Ann Rutherford are the young husband and wife and you'll also see Frank Morgan, Irene Rich and Virginia Weidler. (Apr.)

✓ **KITTY FOYLE**—RKO-Radio: Christopher Morley's famous love story of a working girl has been brought to the screen in truly magnificent style, with Ginger Rogers giving her best performance as *Kitty*, the white-collar girl who loves socialite Dennis Morgan but is torn between him and James Craig. Both Craig and Morgan are splendid. It's a hit. (Mar.)

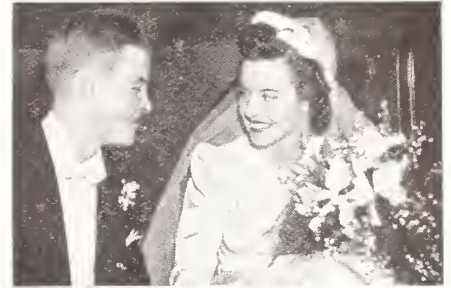
✓ **LADY WITH RED HAIR**—Warners: Beautiful performances by Miriam Hopkins, as the tempestuous Mrs. Leslie Carter who embarked upon a stage career to gain money to fight for her child, and Claude Rains, as the famous David Belasco, make this a fine motion picture, although the story lacks dramatic climaxes. (Feb.)

✓ **LAND OF LIBERTY**—M-G-M: The colorful history of the United States is told in scenes from feature pictures, shorts and newsreels. It's impressive and exciting, although occasionally dull. All the profits go to war-relief charities, so seeing it is part of being an American. (Apr.)

LET'S MAKE MUSIC—RKO-Radio: Bob Crosby and his band make their movie debut in this innocuous tale about a music teacher, Elisabeth Risdon, who sells a song that becomes a hit. If you like good swing music and don't insist on big names and strong story, this is for you. (Mar.)



Here we see Mr. F. Martin Smith, Jr., and his lovely bride having fun cutting the wedding cake. After the ceremony the reception was held in the Rose Room of the Algonquin, famous New York hotel.



Off for a honeymoon in North Carolina. Mrs. Smith says: "I've used Camay for years. Delicate skins like mine need an extra mild beauty soap and Camay's wonderful mildness makes it just right for me."

"I'm another Bride thanking Camay for helping me to a Lovely Skin"

—Says Mrs. F. Martin Smith, Jr.



Photographs by David Berns

Every woman can benefit from Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

MRS. F. MARTIN SMITH, JR., is tall and slender, with chestnut hair and grey-green eyes, while her skin is unusually fair and of flawless purity!

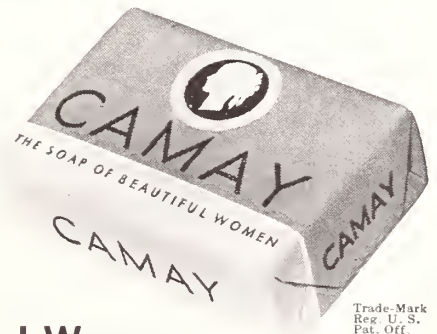
Naturally such a lovely skin calls for the very utmost care—and so Mrs. Smith uses Camay.

A great many beautiful women, even those women who feel they have a somewhat sensitive skin, or a dry skin, tell us they prefer Camay because of its superior mildness.

For now a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of

the other leading large-selling beauty soaps. Actual tests made in the great Procter & Gamble laboratories proved this superior mildness of Camay.

Get 3 cakes of Camay today. Put this milder Camay to work right away, helping you in your search for loveliness.



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The Soap of Beautiful Women



What's a new
Spring Costume
WITHOUT A

Blue Swan "UNDIKINS" WARDROBE

Clever Pantie Fashions
to wear with every
New Spring Fashion

Every type of pantie for every
type of costume... that's what
you'll find in Blue Swans' conve-
nient, new Undikins wardrobe.
Each an *undikins* masterpiece.

Under your Sport Ensemble

wear SISSIKINS

Is a chormer of soft
royon-and Lastex* with
intriguing ribbon bows.
Fits like a dream under
the new dressmaker
fashions. New! 59c



Under your gay Spring Dress

wear FLARIKINS

A carefree pantie al-
lows freedom of action
but keeps you slim as
a reed. Celanese* rayon
... won't run, shrink or
sog. 59c



Under your Evening Gown

wear MOLDIKINS

Blue Swan's newest
evening wear creation.
Fits as if it were part of
you. Laton* and rayon.
\$1.00



Ask about Smoothikins, Slendi-
kins, Minikins and Frillikins; the
other members of the "Undi-
kins Wardrobe"

AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE

Blue Swan
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING
NEW YORK



* REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. * REG. APP. FOR U. S. PATENTED

✓✓ **BETTER THINGS** Warners: Bette Davis chalks up another triumph for herself as the woman who kills her lover and seeks to escape her destiny. James Stephenson, too, is superb as the lawyer who tries to save her and Herbert Marshall is excellent as Bette's husband. It's dramatic, suspense-packed fare. (Feb.)

✓ **LITTLE MEN** RKO Radio: Little of the Louisa M. Alcott novel remains in this version, but Jack Oakie's clowning makes up for it. George Bancroft's adopted son, Jimmy Lydon, who's a problem child, is regenerated at *Aunt Jo's* school. Kay Francis is very good as *Aunt Jo* and Bancroft is splendid. (Mar.)

✓ **LITTLE NELLIE KELLY**—MGM: Judy Garland grows up in this charming picture. She marries George Murphy against the wishes of her father, Charles Winninger, has a daughter and dies. She then plays the daughter, who meets romance with Douglas McPhail, still against Winninger's wishes. (Feb.)

✓ **LOVE WOLF KEEPS A DATE, THE**—Columbia: The daring *Love Wolf* outwits both the police and the underworld to solve a kidnapping, comes to the rescue of Frances Robinson who is sought by gangsters and police because she has the ransom bills. Warren William is the *Wolf* and the picture's rather fun. (Feb.)

✓ **I LOVE THY NEIGHBOR**—Paramount: There's not so much fun in this screening of the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud as you'd expect, but it has its bright spots and it's worth your time. The plot's rather complicated, but Mary Martin is very cute. Rochester steals half the show and the Merry Maes are seen too little. (Mar.)

✓ **MAISIE HAS A LADY**—MGM: When play-boy Lew Ayres causes Ann Southern, as the hard-boiled *Maisie* with a heart of gold, to lose her job, she's given the job of maid in his home and what she doesn't do to that family! For sheer down-to-earth comedy, you can't beat this *Maisie* series, and this is one of the best. (Apr.)

✓✓ **MARK OF ZORRO, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Action, romance and charm in this remake of Douglas Fairbanks Sr.'s old picture, with Tyrone Power as the dashing young Spaniard who plays the dandy by day and at night the masked *Zorro* who rights the wrongs perpetrated by the rascallion heads of old California. Linda Darnell is beautiful. (Feb.)

✓ **MELODY RANCH**—Republic: Gene Antry is a radio cowboy star who goes back home to build up his Crossley rating in this comedy Western. Add Jimmy Durante's clowning and Ann Miller's dancing, and you get a lot of fun. (Mar.)

✓ **MICHAEL SHAYNE, PRIVATE DETEC-TIVE**—20th Century Fox: Another first in a new series about a private detective, with Lloyd Nolan doing a swell job as the smart detective who outwits a bungling police captain to solve a murder mystery. Marjorie Weaver is very pretty as the girl who is addicted to gambling. (Apr.)

✓ **MR. AND MRS. SMITH**—RKO Radio: Happily married Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery discover they aren't legally wed so Bob starts in to court her all over again. Gene Raymond, his law partner, is his rival. It's pretty true, but there are enough comedy moments to keep you amused and give you much fun. (Apr.)

✓ **NIGHT AT EARL CARROLL'S, A**—Paramount: Earl Carroll's Hollywood restaurant, with its beautiful girls and musical numbers, is the background against which a thin little story is told. Ken Murray is the Club's press agent and Rose H. Bart is Carroll's assistant. Brenda and Cobina do their man-hunt routine for laughs. (Feb.)

✓✓ **NIGHT TRAIN**—20th Century-Fox: Exciting English melodrama about the efforts of British and Nazi spies to gain possession of a steely formula. Rex Harrison as a British agent, Paul H. Goddard as a Nazi agent, and Margaret Lockwood are excellent. It's packed with surprise twists and terrific suspense. (Apr.)

✓ **ONE NIGHT IN THE TROPICS**—Universal: Robert Cummings insures his wedding to Nancy Kelly for a million dollars, but Allan Jones falls in love with Nancy and Peggy Moran with Cummings. To this scrambled plot add Abbott and Costello as a couple of dumb detectives and the result is a hodge-podge of laughs. (Feb.)

✓✓ **PHILADELPHIA STORY, THE**—M-G-M: Katharine Hepburn is a society divorcee who admits to no human frailties and tolerates none in others until upon the eve of her wedding to John H. Ward, she gets drunk with reporter Jimmy Stewart. Whereupon righteous Mr. Howard spurns her and ex-husband Cary Grant takes up with her where he left off. It's gay, delightful smart set comedy. (Feb.)

✓ **PLAYGIRL**—RKO Radio: Smart and gay is this fresh comedy with Kay Francis as a sophisticated gold digger who uses pretty Mildred Coles as a decoy to attract millionaires Nigel Bruce, George P. Huntley and James Ellison. But Kay's plans are spoiled when Mildred falls in love with Ellison and runs out on the deal. Nigel Bruce is especially funny. (Mar.)

✓ **PRIDE OF THE BOWERY**—Monogram: A C.C.C. camp in Arizona is the background for this latest picture of New York's East Side boys. Leo Gorcey is tricked into joining the camp and causes everyone a lot of trouble. Despite its low cost, it's good film fare. (Apr.)

✓ **REMEDY FOR RICHES**—RKO Radio: Not so sentimental as the other *Dr. Christian* pictures, but with more broad comedy. When Warren Hull, oil promoter, comes to the small town, Jean Hersholt proves that he's crooked and saves the town from investing in his proposition. (Feb.)

✓ **ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE**—20th Century Fox: In this episode of the adventures of the *Cisco Kid*, Cesar Romero pretends to be the son of a rich ranch owner in order to bring a gang



Another reason for hurrahs and hat tassings in the future: the James Raasevelt production, "Pot O'Gald," with James Stewart and Paulette Gaddard (center), set to the music of Harace Heidt's famous bond. Heidt is at the left above

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

of thieves to justice, and there's quite some excitement. Patricia Morrison and Lynne Roberts are very pretty. (Apr.)

✓ **SANDY GETS HER MAN**—Universal: Good old-fashioned hokum that results in riotous fun in this comedy, with Baby Sandy, who grows cuter by the minute, deciding whether Mama Una Merkel shall marry fireman Stuart Erwin or policeman Jack Carson. (Feb.)

✓✓ **SANTA FE TRAIL**—Warners: Almost too much story for one picture, this is breathtaking in scope and theme. Essentially it tells of the struggle of John Brown against slavery. Errol Flynn is outstanding as "Jeb" Stuart, Raymond Massey is great as the fanatical Brown, Ronald Reagan splendid as Custer and Olivia de Havilland is beautiful as the heroine. (Mar.)

✓ **SECOND CHORUS**—Paramount: Fred Astaire's dancing is superb; Artie Shaw's music swell; the performances are fine; the story is rather weak. Fred and Burgess Meredith are perennial college lads who flunk out year after year and keep up a feud that ruins their chances with Paulette Goddard and Shaw's band. However, it has bright moments and the boys are amusing. (Feb.)

SIX LESSONS FROM MADAME LA ZONGA—Universal: This weak little number teams that pair of funsters, Leon Errol and Lupe Velez, but nothing much comes of it. Helen Parrish is cute, but altogether it belongs in the "too bad" files. (Apr.)

✓✓ **SO ENDS OUR NIGHT**—United Artists: This tells of the bitter plight of European refugees, without passports and tossed from country to country. Glenn Ford and Margaret Sullavan as the homeless couple who face their situation together are wonderful, as is Fredric March who flees Germany, leaving his wife Frances Dee behind. Despite the weakness of too much story, this is a memorable picture. (Apr.)

✓ **SON OF MONTE CRISTO, THE**—Edward Small—U. A.: Sequel to "The Count of Monte Cristo," this has Louis Hayward in the dual role of top and hero who rids a small Balkan country of its villainous dictator, George Sanders, and rescues beautiful Joan Bennett from his clutches. It's pretty hokey, but good enough. (Mar.)

SOUTH OF SUEZ—Warners: George Brent's talents are pretty well wasted in this complicated little B about South African diamond mines and venal murders. Brenda Marshall and George Tobias struggle through the silly story but even they can't make it good entertainment. (Mar.)

TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME—20th Century-Fox: Softhearted gangster Cesar Romero locks up his rivals in his private prison, while pretending to have rubbed them out. Virginia Gilmore, nightclub dancer, falls hard for him, and Milton Berle and Charlotte Greenwood add to the fun and gaiety. (Apr.)

✓ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Columbia: Another of those risqué situations is this eyebrow-lifting picture which deals hilariously with a platonic marriage between Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell that rapidly gets out of bounds. Secretary Binnie Barnes adds to the mixup and Roz and Melvyn are riotously funny. (Mar.)

✓✓ **TIN PAN ALLEY**—20th Century Fox: Top musical film fare, this, with John Payne and Jack Oake as song publishers who go overseas as doughboys in the last war, and Betty Grable and Alice Faye as sisters in vaudeville. Yesterday's songs add to make this grand entertainment. (Feb.)

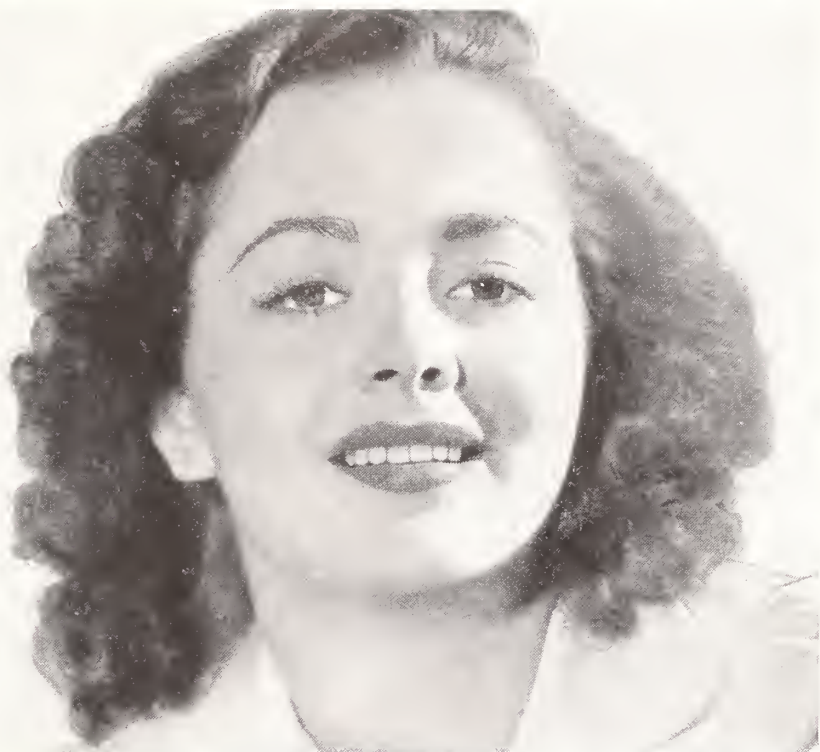
✓✓ **TRAIL OF THE VIGILANTES**—Universal: Franchot Tone is sent out West to investigate the killing of another reporter in this riotous Western. Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine are cowhands who help him along, and Mischa Auer adds to the fun, as does cute Peggy Moran as a boy-crazy girl who falls for Tone. (Feb.)

✓ **VICTORY**—Paramount: Betty Field is outstanding in this colorful, exciting story as the girl weary of the sordidness of her life who takes shelter with Fredric March on his island. Peace is disturbed when a group of villains storm the island to seek for hidden gold. The mood and tempo of Conrad's stirring story have been maintained. (Mar.)

✓ **VIRGINIA**—Paramount: For sheer pictorial beauty and gorgeous scenery, for the delightful performance of little Carolyn Lee, you should see this. The story deals with the return of Madeleine Carroll to her old home in Virginia where she becomes steeped in the traditions of the South and falls in love with Fred MacMurray. Stirling Hayden is destined to become a star. (Apr.)

✓ **YOU'LL FIND OUT**—RKO Radio: Kay Kyser and his band agree to play at Helen Parrish's country home and get all mixed up with Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre. Trying to outwit the bogeymen and assorted horrors leads to much music, fun, and laughs. (Feb.)

"MY LIFE IS AN OPEN LOOK"



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



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



"**YOU'D GET MIGHTY SERIOUS** about your dentifrice, believe me!"... And serious, sensible consideration would lead you to Calox... because of the splendid way Calox Tooth Powder helps bring out a brilliant, natural gloss!

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

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 6)

\$1.00 PRIZE "Star Shorts"

BETTE DAVIS . . . Soul-stirring and dramatic, but with gracious charm; as nervous as a candle flame; as international as the sun.

Martha Scott . . . A woman who makes it easy for a man to be a gentleman; your mother as a girl.

Betty Grable . . . Sleek as a whip-pet; high blonde pressure; center of distraction.

Hedy Lamarr . . . A black orchid; perfectly matched pearls on black velvet.

Priscilla Lane . . . Youth, rich in laughter; as genuine as a thumbprint; love song.

Dorothy Lamour . . . Weird, slender palm trees, exclamation points in the tropic landscape; strange colorings, wine-dregs red, dawn rose, twilight mauve, stone grey distant-mountain blue.

Vivien Leigh . . . Piquant and saucy; as restless as smoke; her eyes punctuate everything she says.

Rosalind Russell . . . As gay and darting as a bright quip; as changeable as a dollar bill.

Jane Wyman . . . Casual and breezy; as irrepressible as a streak of lightning; as jubilant as a flag unfurled.

A. J. F.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

\$1.00 PRIZE We Do Admit It!

CONGRATULATIONS on the good judgment of the editor who picked Hedda Hopper as a perfect personality in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR! I'm an ordinary fellow who works in a bakery, but I found it very easy to talk with the charming Miss Hopper when I had the pleasure of meeting her a short time ago. This lovely lady is not fearful or anxious, nor a braggart, nor possessed of false modesty. She has confidence in her ability, but does not overrate it.

She impressed me as a clear thinker who understands human nature and can make the truth attractive. You may or may not agree with everything the delightful Miss Hopper says, but you'll have to admit she is never dull!

LEON A. MULLER,
Chicago, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE "One Outstanding Example"

WHEN we're tempted to trot out and air some of the old clichés about the sins of the movies—how they create nothing new, how they debase talents overbid from other

fields, etc., then let's stop a moment and give credit where credit's due.

I'm referring at the moment to one outstanding example of what Hollywood has done in the creation of both a talent and a personality—Dorothy Lamour. I first saw her singing in Chicago, before her picture career began, in a hotel night club. A husky, interesting quality of voice, neither very true nor wide in range; a handsome figure; an empty face; great rolls of dark hair; and nothing else.

Then I saw her picture "Chad Hanna," and what a difference! A voice of professional quality; clothes sense making her pleasing as well as arresting; a face filled with personality, and her entire being vital, talented and awake to life. She depends so little on the objective blessings of face and hair that she suppresses the one and has cut off the other.

All credit to her for being willing to work, sacrifice and make herself over; but credit, too, to Hollywood for keeping her to the task of making so much out of herself, when she had so little to start with!

W. BREVIER,
San Francisco, Cal.

\$1.00 PRIZE Heresy?

THANK heaven this is a land of outspoken freedom; otherwise I should indubitably be crucified for what I am going to express: I loathe those patternized Jeanette MacDonald-Nelson Eddy farces!

As far as I'm concerned, those contributions are the only black marks that M-G-M releases. I don't care if a recent magazine poll adjudged these performers to be filmdom's most popular team; I hate 'em! Although I concede that their golden voices are practically unsurpassable, Miss MacDonald flits and flutters about in hammy-coated expressions like some juvenile Billie Burke, while frozen-faced Nelson Eddy stands around like some heroic "bored board."

You may retort that I "positively can't" have seen all their offerings without enjoying at least one of them. Well, I work in a theater and I have to see them all and the best news I've read in days is that Mac and Ed will not appear together in their next presentations. Nelson is scheduled to appear with Risé Stevens in "The Chocolate Soldier" and Jeanette with James Stewart in "Smilin' Thru."

Boy, at least that's some comfort!
S. A. MOGAVERO,
Cooperstown, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Jolene takes you round the clock with Joan Blondell.

JOAN BLONDELL
Co-Starring with Dick Powell in "MODEL WIFE"
A Universal Picture

8 A.M. Off to an early call at the studio!

1 P.M. Lunch at the studio commissary!

9 P.M. Off to prep for her new picture!

JOLÉNE shoes
STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD

3 to 4 inches
Slightly Higher

Be a Star in Your Own Right! . . . Wear Jolene Shoes "Styled in Hollywood" They are so freshly glamorous . . . So exquisitely designed . . . So thoroughbred in quality . . . Yet, so modestly priced! Be sure to select yours today!

TOBER-SAIER SHOE COMPANY
SAINT LOUIS

HONORABLE MENTION

COME what may, Edward G. Robinson keeps on giving splendid performances. Have just seen "A Dispatch From Reuters," which was unexcelled for pathos, comedy, drama, love and historical interest. But it took Eddie to put it over and make a whopping hit out of the material.

LOUIS LEBOWITZ,
New York, N. Y.

SOMETHING must be done about the new evil perpetrated by the movie moguls—remakes of pictures that movie-goers have not yet forgotten.

I am twenty-five, but I have no difficulty in remembering William Powell and Kay Francis in "One Way Passage." Everyone saw it and loved it. But I haven't heard one word about "Till We Meet Again," its remake. No, I didn't see it. Why should I pay to see a story, however beautiful, that I know beforehand?

MRS. FRANK KURLICK,
East Hartford, Conn.

THE hottest thing in Hollywood right now is Betty Grable. I've spoken to a number of other boys and most of them are just as enthusiastic about her as I am and that's really going some. You can have Garbo, Lamarr and Dietrich, but to me Betty Grable is the most beautiful woman in the movies.

She doesn't have to do a thing (not that she can't). Seeing beauty that one never sees in real life is enough in itself. Give us plenty of Betty Grable—and in Technicolor!

ANONYMOUS,
New Haven, Conn.

I GRADUATED from high school last spring and now have my first position as a stenographer.

I have to thank the movies for much of the ease and poise of manner I have. I doubt if there is any other practical educational plan that can teach a young person poise and how to act under all circumstances, as the movies can. To any young person who is eager to learn, they are a means of education that should not be overlooked.

KRANE KRANDALE,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

WE want more of Wallace Beery! More! More! The public is dying to see his homely, wrinkled old face glowering at them from beneath a broad-brimmed sombrero. Any kind of hat will do, but we want to see the rollicking, lazy, good-for-nothing old master at his best—and he is tops in all his pictures.

MARY ELLEN COOK,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Beaux a' Plenty

when skin looks
like "peaches and cream"!



If soap irritation mars your complexion, perhaps you will find Cashmere Bouquet Soap more mild and agreeable

THERE'D be more "peaches and cream" complexions if it weren't for the disheartening fact that one woman out of two reports that some soap or other irritates her skin.

So take a tip from the lovely women who have patiently searched for a soap that won't irritate their skins... and found the answer in mild, agreeable Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

When complimented on their clear, smooth skins, three generations of belles have blessed the lucky day they first decided to try Cashmere Bouquet.

And—because it's so nice to be like peaches and cream all over, and to be glamorously scented *all over* with the fragrance men love—you'll glory in bathing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, too. You get three luxurious cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap for only 25 cents, wherever good soap is sold.



Cashmere Bouquet Soap

WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



Funnier than a cagel of monkeys: Paramount's "The Lady Eve," with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda



Tuneful songs, riotous ribbing: "Road to Zanzibar," with Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope

✓✓ The Lady Eve (Paramount)

It's About: A man-hunter who gets caught in her own trap.

BRIGHT as a silver dollar, gay as a Christmas tree and funnier than a cagel of monkeys is this latest Preston Sturges story. Both written and directed by him, it fairly oozes freshness and charm.

Now take the idea of casting earthy, country-boyish Henry Fonda as a millionaire's son given to dressing in the smartest men's fashions. Who but Sturges would think of that one? And maybe you think Henry, as the lad who is almost hooked by card sharker Barbara Stanwyck and her father, Charles Coburn, isn't terrific? Barbara herself is different and excitingly glamorous and—er delightfully naughty. The way she gets her man—twice—is a scream.

Coburn is marvelous. Eugene Palette, William Demarest and Eric Blore are three brilliant assets to Mr. Sturges' fine banquet of nonsensical entertainment. Here's a motion picture that is really entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Yield to the temptation of Lady Eve.

The Best Pictures of the Month

The Strawberry Blonde
The Lady Eve
Back Street

Best Performances

Barbara Stanwyck in "The Lady Eve"
Henry Fonda in "The Lady Eve"
James Cagney in "The Strawberry Blonde"
Olivia de Havilland in "The Strawberry Blonde"
Charles Boyer in "Back Street"
Margaret Sullavan in "Back Street"
Charlie Grapewin in "Tobacco Road"
William Tracy in "Tobacco Road"
Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"
Kathryn Grayson in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"
Abbott and Costello in "Buck Privates"
Laraine Day in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"
Deanna Durbin in "Nice Girl?"
Robert Stack in "Nice Girl?"
Bob Hope in "Road to Zanzibar"

✓ Road to Zanzibar (Paramount)

It's About: Two sideshow lads in Africa who tangle with two gals and some cannibals.

THE story of this doesn't matter much because you have the ever-gay antics of Bob Hope and the easy charm of Bing Crosby. The ribbing between these two is the whole show.

Bing is forever dreaming up dangerous sideshow stunts for his pal Bob, better known as "Fearless." (Editorial note: No relation to our own "Fearless"—Adv.) The two get mixed up with a fake diamond mine and a couple of girls whose hard-luck story takes a complete absence of skepticism to believe—but they do.

Dorothy Lamour offers exactly what you expect, including a dip in the old swimmin' hole in the middle of Africa. Eric Blore does a good job as the nitwit diamond-mine owner and it's nice to see Una Merkel in a typical role.

Listening to Bing and Dorothy sing is fun, but Bob Hope's swell gags are the main attraction.

Your Reviewer Says: Go to Zanzibar. (Continued on page 105)

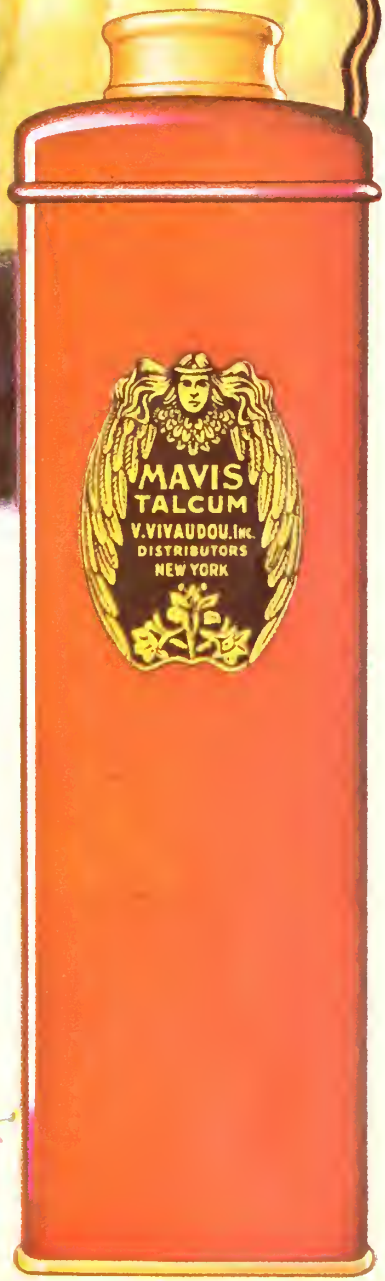
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 109



*for Body
Beauty*

MAVIS *Talcum*

• Envelops your body in an invisible web of flower-fresh fragrance. It's subtle to the senses, like an emotional adventure... It pampers your body with an adorable gentleness to your skin. Use Mavis Talcum daily... use it lavishly... to fragrantly accent your charm. White, Flesh, and BODITAN (Rachel) shades. 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢.



The Fragrance of Flowers
BY V. VIVAUDOU

TANGEE SAYS

"Now We are Three"



TANGEE NATURAL

The "Queen of Lipsticks" helps you "Be Yourself...Be Natural". Actually orange in the stick, Tangee NATURAL changes as you apply it until your own lipshade of blush rose is enhanced to its utmost.

TANGEE RED-RED

A stirring, vibrant color...one of the rarest, loveliest reds of them all! A true red, keyed to this season's gay fashions, it accents the whiteness of your teeth and the loveliness of your lips.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED

After five years this bright and vivid Tangee triumph is still acknowledged a lipstick masterpiece. Subtly flattering, Tangee Theatrical Red gives your lips new beauty and warmth.

TANGEE'S THREE SMOOTHLY ALLURING CREAM BASE LIPSTICKS keep your lips soft and lovely for hours... help end that dry "drawn" feeling. Together with their matching rouges and your own shade of Tangee's Face Powder they give you complete make-up harmony... a perfect blend of skin and lip coloring.

TANGEE
REALLY STAYS ON!



Fink

The Marriage Dilemma OF JUDY GARLAND

A girl can count herself lucky if she's never had to meet the problems

Judy Garland is facing because of her romance with Dave Rose

JUDY GARLAND is in love. Oh, certainly there isn't anything particularly startling or new in a nineteen-year-old girl's falling deeply in love; most of them do, in fact. Even young motion-picture stars as famous as Judy fall in love and marry the boy of their hearts. Deanna Durbin, Judy's age, will marry young Vaughn Paul just a day or two before Judy herself becomes nineteen.

But Judy's love is different. The

BY CAL YORK

man of her heart, Dave Rose, is much older than the little girl who played Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" just a year or two ago. Dave was Martha Raye's former husband, a gentle and understanding person, talented in music and growing more and more successful in his radio work.

So, after all, it isn't quite the simple problem of a boy and a girl in love.

It's the case of a girl young in years, who has wisely remained just a youngster, and of a man, older, wiser, more experienced.

Furthermore, it's a problem that concerns more than just Judy and Dave, for it vitally touches Judy's studio, which has so carefully groomed her for stardom. So much misinformation seems to have been spread concerning this romance which the whole world is discussing that it seems



only fair to both Judy and Dave to reveal the true facts. Here for the first time is the full story of the dilemma that faces Judy Garland.

To begin with, Judy has known Dave Rose, a man in his early thirties, for years—so long, in fact, that even Judy herself fails to recall just when she hasn't known him. Dave is a musician, a man who has always been vitally and tremendously interested in music, although he never had any formal musical education.

"It just sort of came to me," he says with a smile.

Music just sort of came to Judy, too. She cannot read a note nor can she play a single instrument. Only recently has she displayed an interest in learning to play the piano "by note," as we say in the hinterlands. Her mother is now teaching her.

It was this mutual interest in music that first drew the pair together. After Dave's divorce, the casual friendship ripened into something deeper.

In order to understand Judy's attachment for a man advanced beyond her group of close kid friends—Jackie Cooper, Dan Dailey Jr. and Mickey Rooney—one has to understand Judy. And so few people do.

Judy Garland is a girl faithful to old friends, the ones she knew all through her childhood and adolescence. That she never forgets is illustrated by this little story. Judy attended grade school in Los Angeles, making the usual young school friends. She grew up, came to Hollywood, became a famous star. But only last month she went back to Bancroft Junior High School to visit the boys and girls who were with her several years before in grade school. We make this point to emphasize the fact that once a friend, always a friend to Judy. Dave Rose has before anything else been a friend to Judy; that is an indissoluble attachment as far as the girl with the warm eyes and the exciting voice is concerned.

(Cont'd on page 114)

Little freckled-face girl who grew up to be the white hope of a million-dollar studio: Judy Garland, of M-G-M's "Ziegfeld Girl"

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Wishful Thinking

THE 1941 definition of an optimist is a man who indulges in wishful thinking; it's a particularly appropriate accusation when you don't agree with the fellow's arguments.

As an optimist about Hollywood, motion pictures and their potentialities, I have cautiously labeled these thoughts in advance as wishes, which they most certainly are.

First, I think . . . that women in movie audiences will one day get over that air of injured annoyance when asked to take off their hats; will even learn to do so without being asked.

I think . . . that Hollywood will fulfill its destiny as an ambassador of good will to South America, having learned its lesson from "Down Argentine Way" in which the clowns were Argentinians and the bright boys, with the exception of Don Ameche, were Americans.

I think . . . that newsreels, instead of being routine and boringly similar to last year's product, will develop imagination and originality and will eliminate once and for all the motorcycle climbing the mountain, the daredevil auto driver turning the car upside down, and the swimmer in zero weather. In short, newsreels will profit by the brilliant example set by Quentin Reynolds' superb "London

Can Take It" and "Christmas Under Fire."

I think . . . that studios will stop touting new players before they have a chance to show what they can do. Some of the studios do a wonderful job of grooming their young hopefuls before showing them to the public. But others, understandably carried away by the exciting quality they believe a starlet may possess, have launched a barrage of high-powered publicity quite worthy of a Bernhardt. Sometimes the handicap imposed by this overstatement means years of struggle for the player, as it did with Anna Sten, who is only now beginning to win her spurs after Goldwyn's costly blast of publicity announcing "Nana." Sometimes it means that a starlet cannot find her stride, as the experience of Arleen Whelan to date has proved. Surely Pat Morison, after her bright start, could justify better parts than her studio has given her. Last, but not least, there is the current example of Gene Tierney, who can be an asset to her studio but who has not yet had a single acting opportunity despite the three top pictures in which she has appeared. So I think . . . that studios will give 'em the parts first and the buildup afterward.

I think . . . that stars will become

much smarter about their dealings with press and public. I mean those who are not so smart today in this regard—Ginger Rogers, for instance—will learn from the example of those who are—Bette Davis, for example.

Practically everybody who knows Ginger personally agrees with me that she is one of the really swell people in pictures and as deserving in her way of her Oscar as Bette was of hers. But those who get Ginger's attitude secondhand, that is via her bodyguards, feel differently and because Ginger doesn't know this fact I think . . . now that she does, all will be well.

I think . . . that the big studios will profit by the intriguing example of Herbert Yates, head of Republic Pictures, who never buys a story he doesn't film, never hires a man he doesn't use; hires producers who are also directors, and can make a picture for \$100,000 that will cost a major studio \$250,000 because of overhead so cleverly avoided by Yates.

When big studios adapt his methods to their problems, then I think . . . pictures will cost much less to make, theaters will be able to pay less for them, and the public will get in on half fare.

Let me remind you of the title of this editorial!

Ernest V. Heyn

What Hollywood Doesn't



M-G-M's "Billy The Kid" deals with the famous outlaw as played by Bob Taylor. Ripley addenda presents an amazing "Kid" trick. In "That Hamilton Woman!" Laurence Olivier plays Lord Nelson, on whose career Ripley puts an ironic blot

It has always been my contention that there is nothing stranger than fact and that of all the strange facts, man is the strangest.

Hollywood has done well in revealing numerous idiosyncrasies of the famous people whose lives have been carried over onto the screen and, except for a dash of dramatic license here and there, has stuck pretty close to the facts when reproducing places and events. However, there are bound to be a number of items—especially of the Believe It Or Not type—which I don't think they knew when they made their pictures—or did they?

For example, you probably have seen—or will see soon—"That Hamilton Woman!" Alexander Korda's production of the love story of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, played by Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. The ironic fact about Nelson, this greatest of England's admirals, was that all his life he suffered from seasickness!

Another picture calling to mind some interesting history I'll guarantee you won't see in the film is "Road to Zanzibar," which stars Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope. The Sultan of Zanzibar

promised his country to Germany in exchange for a carousel (merry-go-round) for his harem. The carousel was sent but because it wasn't running and the calliope wouldn't play, he requested Germany to send a mechanic to repair it. The Kaiser promptly sent a very handsome lad guaranteed to have a lasting effect on the ladies as well as the machinery. For one of the Sultan's wives—no less than his favorite, Bebe Salima—fell desperately in love with the mechanic who was equally smitten. They eloped and the Sultan was so enraged that he sent for the German consul and

THE ORIGINATOR OF "BELIEVE IT OR NOT" MAKES A FASCINATING CHALLENGE

Know — OR DOES IT ?

by Robert Ripley



We welcome to the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror the celebrated Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley. Let's turn the tables on him and see what comes out of his own fact-finder:



He has visited more countries — 201 — than any other human being who ever lived—yet he can't speak a single foreign language!

He draws three-fourths of every cartoon upside down!

His first job was drawing designs on tombstones!

He has five automobiles and can't drive a car!

His greatest break was a broken arm—it forced him to give up his sports career.

He is the one person for whom the S. S. Leviathan was stopped at sea.

He still uses the front door of his boyhood home but he lives 3,000 miles from his birthplace!

Ripley research re Dorothy Lamour's new "Road to Zanzibar" might make Herr Hitler heartsick. Fox's "Western Union" (right) omits two interesting oddities

flatly refused to cede his country to Germany. Instead, he gave it to Great Britain. That is why Zanzibar, its islands and its strip of mainland on the east African coast, is today a part of the British Empire. Imagine what a base like that would have meant to Germany today, all lost because of a silly little merry-go-round! I have been in Zanzibar and have seen the carousel, which though never used since the elopement is still there.

While we're in east Africa on our picture tour, let's consider "Suez." That lavishly mounted picture never revealed the fact that the Suez Canal



HOLLYWOOD

was paid for with water, but it's true. The workmen received no wages—only water to drink. Forty thousand laborers died during its construction. The Canal is not owned by England but by the French Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime.

Not since the days of "The Covered Wagon" and "The Iron Horse" have the lowly Westerns enjoyed the glorification they are having today with such pictures as "Western Union," "Kit Carson," "Billy The Kid" and a host of others. And in no other era is there a richer store of strange statistics.

For instance, when Hollywood made all these sagas of the West, did it know that cowboys originated in the East? During the Revolutionary War there was a gang of Tories who preyed on the countryside of upstate New York and because they stole cows they were known as "cowboys."

And when they made "Kit Carson," did they know there was once a reward of one cent posted for the famous scout? Believe it or not, it's true. The sheriff, who was anything but anxious to catch his celebrated quarry, had to comply with the law and post a reward for Carson's capture, dead or alive. But the law

didn't say how much the reward had to be. So with tongue in cheek the sheriff offered the munificent sum of a penny. Needless to say, there were no takers.

Incidentally, the picture contained an interesting boner. Hollywood not only had a bugler blow "Taps," but called it by name, so there could be no doubt as to what was meant. Now, Fremont's expedition, around which the picture centered, took place in 1848, whereas "Taps" was first played over the grave of the man who wrote it, Robert Ellicombe, in July 1862! Since then "Taps" has been adopted by the entire American armed forces as well as the armies of England and France.

A NOTHER film, "Billy The Kid," deals with the famous outlaw of that name, played by Robert Taylor. The Kid had the unenviable distinction of having killed a man for every year of his life—twenty-one years old and twenty-one notches on his gun.

If you recall "The Plainsman," Cecil B. De Mille's colorful epic of Wild Bill Hickok, played by Gary Cooper, you'll remember the handsome figure of Buffalo Bill as portrayed by James Ellison. Well, believe it or not, Buf-

falo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life. How could he, since buffalo have never roamed the United States? They are denizens of South Africa. The animals he shot were bison.

Buffalo Bill was a vain fellow as far as his long hair was concerned. Odd—because it was a wig! Nevertheless, the old boy was quite a man. He once rode 320 miles in twenty-one hours, forty minutes, pony express, which is a lot of riding in any man's language.

The famous egg trick he used to do—having an assistant toss an egg into the air, which he promptly filled with buckshot—used to work like a charm, though with buckshot no one could have missed. In later years when his eyesight began to fail, he'd have the assistant toss up eggshells filled with gas which would explode in the air—and his fame as a dead shot rode on.

"Western Union," the Twentieth Century-Fox saga of the singing wires, might have included these two interesting items which don't appear on the celluloid. The longest telegram ever sent was the New Testament, which was telegraphed from New York to Chicago in 1882. Also, in 1864 the entire constitution of the State of (Continued on page 76)

What wasn't shown in Bette Davis' "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" is the quick thinking that saved Bess her auburn head

When you see Paramount's "I Wanted Wings," you'll think of the odd but incontrovertible truths about flying Ripley unearthed



What d'you mean—SWEET SIXTEEN ?

There's just one Hollywood teenster who'd say such things about Rooney—and other people. Here she is!

BY
Susanna Foster

AS CONFIDED TO
JOHN R. FRANCHEY

HIS business of adults' pooh-poohing the problems of a teenster—I don't get it. When they go so far as to laugh at the "imaginary" woes of sweet sixteen, I resent it.

In the matter of romance, for instance.

Nothing gives a so-called grownup a bigger laugh than young love. Especially if it involves an older man.

I see nothing comical or humorous about a sixteen-year-old (such as Susanna Foster?) getting a crush on a man five, ten, or even fifteen years older than she is. To begin with, the chances are better than even that this same sixteen-year-old would make a better wife than someone older. Why? For the simple reason that youth is just as earnest as it is impetuous. What, I think, is the dividing line between an adolescent and an adult. You become an adult when you've earned the ropes.

Of course, sweet sixteen, impetuous and earnest, has its drawbacks in its efforts to annex a man. It lacks an effective strategy. Sweet sixteen is blunt and open. A woman of twenty-six, on the other hand, operates differently. If, for instance, she develops a sudden crush on someone, does she sit around home and mope about it as we curbstone sirens do? And worry her friends to death with talk about this magnificent man who does not know she's alive?

Emphatically not!

What she does is to sit down and



"The Hard-Boiled Canary"—sixteen-year-old Susanna Foster, songstress star of the Paramount film, keen critic of the teen-age dance-drink-date situation

plot her campaign. After that the poor lad can't win. He's whisked into a parsonage before the tailor has had time to give him a second fitting on his morning trousers.

Or should I say mourning trousers?

We sixteen-year-olds will have to learn to cope with this situation, I suppose. Either that or to hang on for ten years until we've mastered the other method.

Meanwhile, 1941 is still with us. And

so is the teen-age dating situation.

Personally, I am ready to turn over my holdings in this international custom to Alice in Wonderland or Heidi or Hansel's little sister, Gretel. I don't know how it is in Dallas, Texas, or Dubuque, Iowa, or in Denver, Colorado, but in Hollywood the situation . . . well . . . smells. Your Hollywood Romeo is one for the books. In subtlety, how like a bill collector! In modesty, how like a strip-tease

dancer! In crust, how like a girl who meets you once and wants to borrow your best silk stockings to wear to a dance that night!

This grim Galahad, Hollywood species, has a way all his own. Especially over the telephone.

"Hi, Stinky," he begins, in his best boulevard manner, "how's tricks?"

You tell him you'll survive, somehow. Then it's his turn again.

"What're ya doin' Saturday night?" he wants to know, with the air of a man handing the Red Cross a check for \$25,000 to help feed and clothe Greek refugees.

You fumble in your outraged noodle for an answer.

"I'm minding the house for mother," you come back at him, sounding as much like Shirley Temple as you can. The little gentleman hangs up in your ear.

Romance? Young love? Is that what they call that sort of thing?

With such splendid samples of young love in motion, you can readily see why teensters get crushes on older men. Adults do have a way of making everything seem spontaneous. Also smooth as silk.

LET'S take Clark Gable. Or rather, let's just borrow him a minute from Carole Lombard. Mr. G. most emphatically would have handled the situation differently. First off, of course, he would never have led off with a "Hi, Stinky." Instead, just as soon as he was positive it was you and not your grandmother, he'd come right out with it. Short and sweet. Like this: "Let's go for a drive." (Is there anything to this business of auto-suggestion?) Furthermore, he'd take it for granted that you were going. Only when he'd be shifting into high would you think to inquire where he might be headed for.

All right, so you get tired of staying home and listening to the radio. You relent and accept a date with one of these telephone troubadours. There is no use in going into detail as to how you spent a boring evening. The point is, you did. Anyhow, you're headed back (or so you think) and wishing you had stayed at home to listen to Bing Crosby or maybe Lanny Ross when your date suddenly begins to get chummy. He wants to know why you're sitting so far away and would you mind moving in closer a little. Come to think of it, he adds, you've been "cool as an iceberg" all evening. He says it with Cagney gestures.

Maybe I'm a geranium or, as the Hollywood romancers like to put it, "a poor sport," but necking is an institution I have never been able to work up any enthusiasm for. As practiced in Hollywood, necking is regarded as a matter of course by

your average swain, as undebatable as the fact that automobiles need gas to keep them running. And as practiced by the local boys, necking is as casual an item as the "hello" a producer bestows on an assistant director, which, I assure you, is casual indeed.

Of course, there is something to be said—not much, at that—for the male point of view. The idea is that he has very generously donated his time, his presence, his jallopy and, to be sure, the price of a couple of tickets to Grauman's Chinese Theater, with, maybe, a killer-diller barbecued sandwich, soft drink to match, at a drive-in place frequented by other debonair men-about-town (so he swears, proudly) such as Victor Mature, Lee Bowman, et cetera.

This dating business, especially for teensters, is quite a serious problem. How to cope with a situation where a young gentleman is eternally reminding you that he's footing the bill and where does he come in may seem like a hard nut to crack. But not really.

To begin with, I don't think a girl ought to go out with someone just to be going. I think she ought to like his company and enjoy being with him. Presumably, if he takes the trouble to call her up, that is how he feels about it.

What I'm about to suggest is that if a girl is going out with a boy to have a nice time, there is no reason under the sun why she shouldn't pay her way. To begin with, it's only right. Then, too, it gives you that grand feeling of strictly-no-obligation. On the purely selfish side, it's even apt to increase the number of daters. And also the possibility of finding someone really worth while. More than one swell kid reads a book because he knows he can't take a girl anywhere on \$1.50. But multiply this by two and you can have the time of your life. Try it. Only please use tact. Boys are sensitive creatures.

One or two of you who haven't fallen asleep might be wondering about the dating situation in what is known here by the wags as the "nursery crowd"—the younger studio set.

It would be my guess that Mickey Rooney is the dream prince of the seventeen-and-under class.

I must confess I don't know Master Rooney any too well, although we did go to school together for a year. "However, even at long distance, Mickey, I'm sorry to say, leaves me cold. I think it's his type that I don't particularly admire. Mickey's the greatest entertainer in the world and as an actor I'm his biggest booster. Well, at least one of them. Heavens knows there are millions.

*NOTE See picture opposite page.

The Rooney boy, I think, is a little snippy. No girl likes the namby-pamby type, but then no one would ever accuse him of being on the retiring side, either. Mickey affects being the great boulevardier these days. I can't keep up with his romances. In addition, he walks around as if he were saying, "I stumped the boys on 'Information Please.'" I think Mick's inclined to leave no stone unturned so that no one misses being impressed with his boundless knowledge. I'm afraid I shall have to go on being his loudest booster whenever he appears on the screen and let it go at that. Of course, there's the possibility that I'll grow up and learn to appreciate his rare personality.

Then there's Jackie Cooper. Jackie and I have exchanged glances when we meet in the studio commissary. I don't know why we're not great friends. Bonita Granville, who has first dibs on him, thinks he's a great lad. And coming from Bonita, that's something.

Glenn Ford, over at Columbia, is a young actor I'd like to know better. He's the boy who did a whole slew of B-pictures until he was borrowed from the studio to play "So Ends Our Night" with Margaret Sullavan and Fredric March.

William Holden, who is twenty-two, would be a good bet. The trouble is that Brenda Marshall seems to think so, too. Back on the home lot, there used to be a wonderful eligible, strictly my type, who went off and got married. Four possibilities and that's all. The situation isn't too encouraging.

While I'm on the subject of junior gadding-about, I'd like to touch on the subject of Demon Rum. In short, do or don't film prodigies drink?

Mostly, I'm not a very good authority on the subject. I've been in the Brown (Continued on page 102)

Frame for Fame

Presenting in our exclusive full-color series, Mickey Rooney, the keynote of the colorful teen-age gang, who's now making his sprightly presence felt in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"



Jimmy Foney





Last month Photoplay - Movie Mirror went to artist Paul Hesse, Doctor Mary Halton, showman Billy Rose and designer Irene and asked them to select the best figure in Hollywood. Betty Grable won the race, leading a field including the following stars - Claudette Colbert, Ginger Rogers, Ann Sheridan, Paulette Goddard, Carole Lombard, Susan Hayward, Loretta Young, Olive de Havilland, Martha Scott

HOW I KEEP MY FIGURE

BY

Betty Grable

She was judged by four professional critics as the girl with the best figure in Hollywood. Now she gives you her own rules for the perfect figure—so amazingly simple that every woman can measure up to the Grable mark

THE first time I was ever asked, "What do you do to keep your figure?" I answered immediately, "Why, nothing. Nothing at all!" And I meant it. Certainly I had never "dieted," as many girls do. Certainly I had never done a "daily dozen" in my life. The whole idea of watching over and worrying about weight seemed pretty boring to me and if I considered it at all, it was to think, "Well, Betty, my girl, you are lucky you don't have to go through all that!" It was swell, I opined, to be able to eat what I liked without worrying about calories. It was swell to be able to get into a size twelve any time I felt the urge for some new clothes. Yes, I was very lucky!

But lately, I have come to the conclusion that my not having to pay any attention to weight is, perhaps, not wholly a matter of luck. I have decided, in fact, that this happy state of affairs is due, also, to certain habits acquired, thanks to my mother, a long time ago.

In the first place, Mother always wanted me to be a dancer and saw to it that I had dancing lessons from the time I was five years old. I loved it from the very beginning and I believe it is safe to say that I have danced anywhere from half an hour to several hours a day, at least four days of the week most of my life. And I suppose that is one very good reason why I have not had to "watch my weight." I don't think anyone could get very fat dancing as much as I have. Also, I am certain that dancing is a good thing to help develop symmetry. You exercise just about every muscle of the body and should just naturally find yourself proportioned as nature intended you to be.

And so, while I am on the subject, I heartily advise every girl, fat, thin or in between, to give dancing a good try. Tap dancing, ballroom dancing, acrobatic dancing—anything that appeals to the imagination. Even though you don't want to dance professionally, try it, anyway. You'll love the good healthy way you feel all the time and the way you can wear the clothes you were meant to wear. And I should like to advise you, too, to go in for it wholeheartedly. I

mean, while you're doing it, do it for all you are worth—when you are night-clubbing with your boy friend; when you're dancing to the radio at home. I don't mean you have to turn into a jitterbug. I simply mean to let yourself go and enjoy the music and the rhythm and motion. The more you kick and twirl and jig, the better you'll like it and the better you'll look, too. And, probably, the happier you'll be.

LET me tell you a story. It happened here in Hollywood. A certain girl I know met a producer at a party. He was discussing with some of the other guests a role in a picture he intended to make which required a rather difficult-to-find type of actress. He looked at my friend and said, "You'd be the type, if—"

He hesitated and she challenged him. "If—what?"

So he let her have it. "If you weren't thirty pounds overweight."

Well, of course she was. She had dramatic talent, but she loved to eat and hated to exercise. She hadn't worked for months because she was so fat. But now she told him, "I'll lose those thirty pounds in thirty days if you'll give me a chance at that role!"

He looked skeptical, but he promised.

A month later, she went to see him. He didn't recognize her at first, but when she'd persuaded him she was the same girl, he tested her for the role and she got it. She had lost the thirty pounds, all right—and easily. *She had simply taken a lesson in tap dancing every day.*

Of course, I realize that no girl, even though she exercises extensively, can keep her weight normal if she doesn't eat properly. That, too, is a habit which my mother helped me to form early. Yes, I have an excellent appetite. And—hold everything—my favorite foods are steak, mashed potatoes, fried chicken, good old southern biscuits and chocolate milk shakes. Moreover, I eat them whenever I want to. But the point is, I don't seem to want to more frequently than is good for my figure. That is my mother's training again. Even as a child, I was never allowed to eat between meals and I was never allowed

to "gorge" at meal time, as you've seen some children—and grownups, too—do. So, as a result, I have never developed an over-craving for food.

When I get up in the morning I drink one or two cups of coffee, with cream and sugar, and as much orange juice as I want—usually a large glassful. If I am working, I have this breakfast around seven o'clock so that by noon I am hungry and eat a fairly hearty lunch. In the summer, too, if it is a hot day, I have an ice-cold milk shake in the middle of the afternoon—not, however, if the weather is cool. Iced drinks don't tempt me then. At dinner time, I eat a lot of any one thing. I seldom take a second helping of anything and I think that alone helps keep one's weight down. I know a movie actress who is one of those persons who gains between pictures. When she is working, she is able to keep slender easily. She "burns it off," so to speak. But on vacation she'll gain anywhere from five to fifteen pounds. But she doesn't mind, because she has a sure way to get these pounds off when she wants to. She simply never eats a second helping of anything; never eats between meals; never eats a "snack" before bedtime. Losing weight is a little slower this way, but you might try it sometime. Always leave the table just a little hungry. You'll lose that slight hunger in half an hour and will just feel wonderful. Most people eat too much, I think.


Another diet I know of is an all-liquid diet. You can drink any liquid you want—milk, orange juice, tomato juice, clear soup, at any time you want it, but you must eat nothing solid. A man I know took off a pound a day, that way, for ten days, and could have kept on indefinitely, he insists, although his doctor wouldn't let him. Incidentally, dieting can, I guess, be very dangerous if you go at it too strenuously without a doctor's advice. That is why I think the idea of eating a balanced meal, but small helpings of everything, is such a good one. You are sure, that way, to get all the vitamins you are supposed to have. And, by the way, after you've gotten used to this smaller sized meal, you probably won't want (Continued on page 98)

Cesar Romero




Barbara Fenwick






The story of the great train robbery which took place at Pickfair. Loser was young Doug's new wife, Joan Crawford



A milky-way tale, of days when a feud and Pola Negri was the victim of a Gloria Swanson...er, joke

HOLLYWOOD'S



The author, top-bracket film columnist, takes a Lady Ha-Ha view of herself (left) as a leading glam-gal in the good old days



It happened at the corner of Sunset and Vine when Gloria Swanson returned home with a new Paris hat—and a Marquis

MADDEST MOMENTS

A salty, unvarnished report on some notorious Hollywood anecdotes, proving that though silence may sometimes be golden, talking's a lot more fun, provided it's done—

By Hedda Hopper

NOW, a subject like "Hollywood's Maddest Moments" takes in a lot of territory and, having lived here off and on for nearly twenty-five years, it's hard to know where to begin.

Let's start off by going back a bit, to the time when Sir Herbert Tree first arrived here. He, together with all the famous comedians on Broadway, like Weber and Fields, Sam Bernard, Raymond Hitchcock, De Wolf Hopper and many others, was signed to make pictures—and then they were finished off in one season. But Sir Herbert was the first man to arrive in town with a handle to his name. We've had so many since that even the natives don't notice them now any more than they would a June bug on a rosebush. Sir Herbert being the first, the studio had no precedent on how to address him, so they sent a bunch of cowboys down to meet his train. The latter didn't know either, but when he alighted, they pulled their ponies up on their back legs, waved their sombreros in the air and shouted, "Welcome, Sir Tree!" And he was never called anything else.

I'll never forget one evening when Sir Herbert and Lillian Russell and her

husband, Alexander P. Moore, were dining with us and Alex Moore told the story of how he became a newspaperman, including the incident he had used to start his career. It was right after the Johnstown Flood and he remembered the ride of Paul Revere. So, finding himself in Johnstown at the time, he planted a horse and rider on a ledge and wrote a story of how this brave man had ridden ahead of the bursting of the dam to warn the people of the coming flood. He sent the story in as a scoop and got \$500 for it, which amused him no end—because he said not even a Rocky Mountain goat could have beat the bursting of that dam.

But all Sir Herbert remembered was his hooking the story to Paul Revere. So you can imagine my surprise when he related the incident a few nights later and said, "You know, I met a most interesting chap the other night, named Alexander P. Moore, who absolutely shattered my belief in American history. Did you know there's no truth in that story of the ride of Paul Revere? It was all just a great big fake!"

Pickfair, our Buckingham Palace—oh, what memories are hidden there!

I remember the time when Joan Crawford, having been recently married to young Doug (Mary and Doug Senior weren't any too pleased about it), received her first invitation to Pickfair—because Lady Mountbatten, who was Mary's house guest, wanted to meet her. Joan was very nervous and, wanting to make a good impression, had a beautiful white satin gown specially made, with a long train. She had never worn a train before and when she got inside Pickfair, she accidentally stepped in the path of the butler, who planted his feet right on the train and tore it off her back. She fled from the party in tears.

I'll never forget the homecoming of Gloria Swanson after she married Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. She had just made, with great whoop-la and thousands of words of publicity, "Madame Sans Gene" in Paris. Well, Gloria at that time was the undisputed queen of Hollywood. She was met at the station with a brass band, which accompanied her all the way from the train to the studio, which was then at the corner of Sunset and Vine. They built a platform in the middle of the street, on which was (Continued on page 72)



Ingrid Bergman

HOW Alice Faye LIVES

An invitation to the Faye home, not as a formal guest, but as an intimate member of the everyday household

Paradox that is typically Faye: The San Fernando ranch house is furnished in silk-and-satin atmosphere, filled with luxury art work

BY

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

THE peacocks had been delivered that morning. Alice stood admiring them, her maid Zella beside her. The birds lifted their tails in glory. They arched their necks. They strutted . . . strutted . . . strutted.

Alice stepped back. The hills were blue and far away. The cypress made a green wall in the distance; insects droned in the rose garden. It was, peacocks and all, like a picture she once had seen in a book of fairy tales.

"What you thinking about, Miss Alice?" Zella asked.

"I was thinking," Alice said, "how that peacock run is for all the world like *Ciro's* lobby after a big premiere!"

A peacock gave a shrill cry, by way of a sound effect.

A few weeks earlier Alice and Tony Martin had thanked each other for



many memories and said good-by. Arrangements for their divorce were to follow. Alice wasn't in a mood to invite anyone to look into her heart, not even the faithful Zella. Any approach to sentiment would have been dangerous.

Far below on Ventura Boulevard which runs, like a busy treadmill, between Los Angeles and San Francisco, the cars went by. They didn't stop—that day. But two days later they came to a sudden halt below the hill to watch flames dancing above against the sky and to speculate whether it was true, as one idler said, that it was Alice Faye's house that was burning.

Five o'clock that afternoon Ruth Waterbury of Photoplay was called to the telephone. Alice was on the wire. "Ruth," she said, "where would

you rather have dinner tonight, Victor Hugo's or the Beverly Derby?"

"But Alice," Ruth half-protested, "I thought we were having dinner at your house. I wanted to see it. . . ."

"That's why I'm calling," Alice explained. "My house is on fire. And it doesn't look as if there was going to be much left!"

One day a few weeks after the disaster, Leo Carrillo mentioned to Alice that he had bought six beautiful peacocks. "Get rid of them!" she said, with horror. "Get rid of them, Leo! They're birds of ill omen!"

He was the only person to see how she really felt about the house.

When men and women are sorely and successively hurt—as Alice was when her new house burned at the very time she faced the failure of her



Distinctive feature of the living room: The blonde-wood grand piano draped with a costly Spanish shawl. Right: The dining room, Swedish modern, papered in gay magnolia design

marriage—they're frightened and a little loath to talk. It's almost as if the fates plotted against them. And later, when their trouble passes, they're different in some way usually.

Alice is very different now. . . .

Up to the time when her house burned Alice didn't find it too easy to be a movie star. The work itself, the unbelievable money she earned and many of the associations she made she enjoyed. But shyness had plagued her as far back as she could remember. As a child, if she went to a restaurant and saw people looking at her, she hadn't been able to swallow. Always she'd had to have the chair that faced the wall. As a star, it was torture for her to meet all the people she was obliged to meet, to know in advance that she must meet them; to be interviewed; to have news cameras trained on her wherever she turned.

To make matters worse, Alice was a rebel. She never had taken her proper place in the film peirage. It wasn't the truly cosmopolitan producers and directors and stars who frightened her off; it was those who pretended to be what they weren't. Affectation infuriated her. So, lest anyone could think she meant to appear anything but what she was, she was almost belligerent about having come from New York's Tenth Avenue which atones for its lack of aristocracy by its vitality; about having left school at fourteen and home at fifteen; about never having stepped foot on

an ocean liner until a year or two ago when she and Tony Martin sailed for Honolulu. It's also our theory that Alice put off buying symphony records for her dozen and more phonographs and joining the Book of the Month Club and taking tennis lessons and buying a riding horse long, long after she had an honest instinct for these things, just because she wouldn't risk being grouped with the pretenders she despised so thoroughly.

Now she cares far less about other people, what they think of her, what they do with themselves. She realizes she wasted a lot of time and energy and heartache on things that really don't matter. To put it briefly, she grew up!

"What the deuce," says the new Alice. "I work! I make my way; I don't want anything of anybody. So what!"

ALICE first saw her San Fernando property when it belonged to Flo and Jack Haley. At this time she and Tony had accepted the fact that he couldn't stay in Hollywood and be Mr. Alice Faye when he could earn five thousand dollars a week by going out with a band. But they hadn't yet accepted the fact that, their love being the human kind that admits jealousy, they couldn't survive living apart.

With Flo Haley, Alice walked among the orange and peach and almond trees. She saw the grapes turning purple on the vines and the



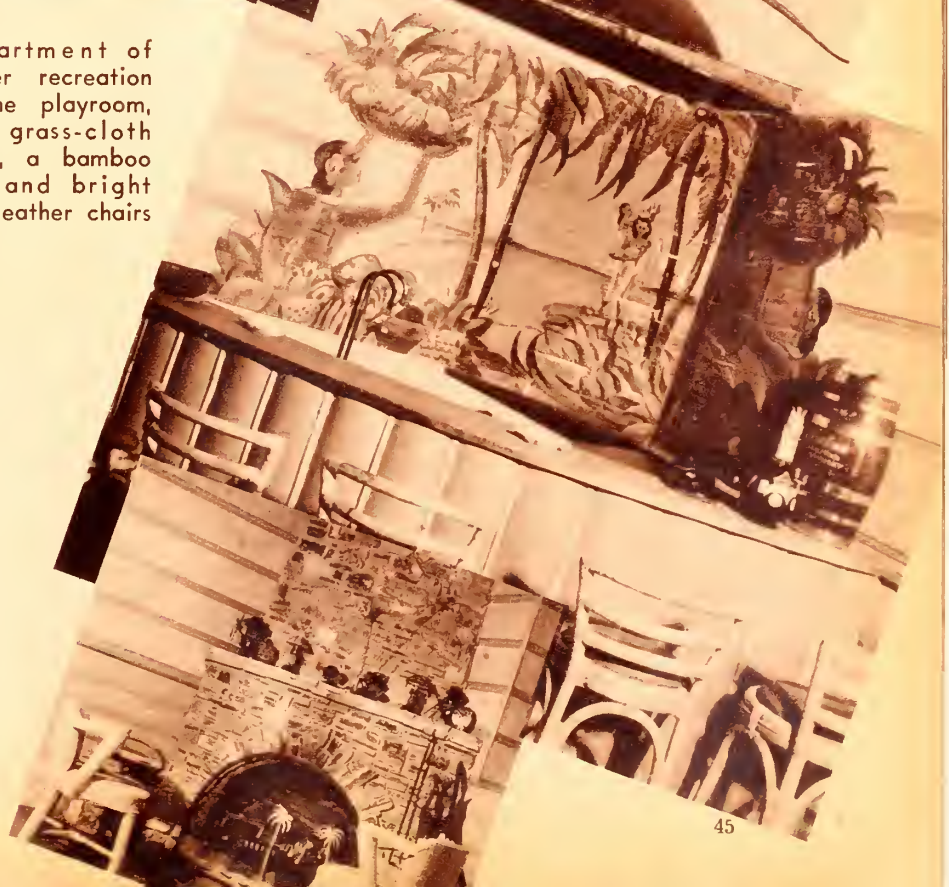
melons ripening on the ground. She saw the Valley and the hills. And she rushed back to town and to Bill, her brother and financial adviser, and asked him, *please*, to go out and look at the Haley ranch right away because it was for sale and she couldn't believe any place on earth could be so beautiful as it seemed to her and she thought maybe she was dreaming.

Bill went out at once. A few weeks later, the title to her dream now in her name, Alice stamped on the earth and called aloud, "It belongs to me! To

Schoolgirl's dream come true is the pink and blue bedroom (center of page) with its white carpet and a bed specially built so Alice can sleep slantwise. Luxury motif: The dressing room (left) with mirrored walls, indirect lighting and a fairy-tale dressing table. Luxury motif again: The living room (below) with peachbloom carpet, curved aquamarine sofas flanking the fireplace, dubonnet curtains



Department of higher recreation is the playroom, with grass-cloth walls, a bamboo bar and bright red leather chairs



ne!" And she was vehement. Because in her heart she still couldn't believe it was true.

In the beginning Alice hadn't liked California. "Every man to his taste!" he had said. "Anyone who wants to see the sun go down behind these hills can have it. I'll take Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue with the sun coming up. . . ."

Gradually, however, she learned to love the fertile land and to find charm in the houses that cling, like eyries, to the steep (Continued on page 82)

ROUND UP *of*



He started working for a dollar a month: Stirling Hayden, blond-haired giant of Paramount's "Virginia"


Strictly confidential data about these

five entries in the stampede to star-

dom — sailor, socialite, scene stealer,

smart boy and a sensation from Mars

BY SARA HAMILTON



She made a bet with her father and ended up in Hollywood: Gene Tierney of Fox's "Tobacco Road"

Driftwood and Blondie:

When a boy of twenty-four has sailed the seven seas from shore line to shore line, seen every place, worked at everything, there's really no place left for him to go but Hollywood.

That's what Stirling Hayden figured. So, with no experience whatsoever he grabbed off second lead to Fred MacMurray in "Virginia." Stirling is now seeing plenty of things he never saw in his eight years of sea-going travels right here in movietown. He still can't believe it.

Born in Montclair, New Jersey, of an English father and Dutch mother,

Stirling was sent to the exclusive Wassookeag School at Dexter, Maine, which the young man describes as an institution of twenty-four students with twenty-eight automobiles. But the death of his father, who was advertising manager of the *New York Evening Journal*, cut short his education and the lad, then fifteen, took a job on the schooner *Puritan* for the princely salary of one dollar a month, sailing from New London, Connecticut, to Balboa, California. Once in California, Stirling and a pal tried to get home via freight trains but were thrown off at Yuma. They had to come back to California then and

work for bus fare. The only time they caged this six-foot-four-and-a-half, brown-eyed, tousled, blond-headed giant was the following summer when he sold men's furnishings in the bargain basement of a department store in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

That once was enough, for when the icy winds blew in from the sea, Stirling blew out with a Gloucester fishing crew.

Next he went into business for himself and bought a little sloop, the *Vagrant*, for \$500, with fifteen dollars down and the balance at ten dollars a week. Then he proceeded to

Pace Setters

His best girl friend
is Ann Rutherford:
Rand Brooks of
"Double Date"



Her hands were in the movies before she was: Dorothy Comingore of Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane"



No one ever recognizes him off-screen: Walter Brennan of Warners' "Meet John Doe"

take out fishing parties until business dropped to nothing per. A chance to take the forty-foot schooner *Blue Lagoon* from Boston to Florida came next, with Stirling washing dishes for food in "The Pirates' Den Cafe" in Florida, owned by the same Don Dickerman who now manages "The Pirate's Den" in Hollywood, owned, among other stars, by Fred MacMurray, Stirling's co-partner in "Virginia."

Eleven round trips as fireman on the *Florida* between the coast and Cuba followed and then, glory be, kid Stirling was made a skipper on the schooner *China* trading between West Indian ports. Along about that time

people in various ports and places, noting the manly handsomeness of this boy, began saying, "Kid, you should be in movies."

Even a location crew down at Pitcairn Island for "Mutiny on the Bounty" suggested it. He laughed his big hearty laugh that reveals the strong white teeth in his sunbeaten face and went on sailing. When a Boston reporter actually suggested it in print, however, Stirling began to take a beating from his sea comrades. They'd yell on any and every occasion, "Yoo-hoo, Stirling, you should be in the movies!"

To get away from it all, he signed

on a boat as mate and sailed the world around, making 125 ports of call. It was when his very own boat, the *Aldebaran*, bought with his savings, was wrecked off the coast of North Carolina that he began to wonder if maybe there wasn't something to this movie business.

In New York a friend, Larry O'Toole, an artist who had sailed with Hayden, wrote innumerable letters to friends in Hollywood. They ignored them in droves. Finally Stirling sent on his picture to Paramount; Director Edward Griffith liked it; arranged to meet him when they went East for (Continued on page 99)



Ruth (Ida Lupino), the only girl on the ghost ship captained by Wolf (Edward G. Robinson)

Fiction Version by NORTON RUSSELL

THE ferry picked its way gingerly through the thick night fog on San Francisco Bay. In the main cabin there were only a few passengers. One, a girl, was huddled in the far corner of a bench, her face turned toward the window beside her. Suddenly she shrank back in terror, looked wildly around the cabin. A man on the bench across was looking at her curiously. He was well-dressed, middle-aged, with a kind face. Perhaps—

She slipped over beside him. "Please," she whispered, "when those two men come in—pretend you know me—that I'm with you. Please!"

He drew a little away, bewildered and annoyed, but she gave him no chance to refuse. "What's your name?" she asked urgently, and instinctively he answered, "Humphrey van Weyden."

There was no time for anything more; two men had entered the cabin and were walking toward them. "This woman," the older one said to van

Weyden. "Is she with you?"

"Why—" van Weyden hesitated. "I fail to see why I should answer," he said at last.

For explanation, the man reached into his pocket and took out a badge. The other one remarked, "Before you say anything, sir, I must remind you that it's a criminal offense to aid an escaped convict."

"A . . . convict?"

The second detective offered him a handbill. "Escaped from Lyndale Reformatory for Women," it said. "Ruth Webster." And underneath there was a photograph of the girl beside him—a lovely oval face, lips that seemed always about to tremble, dark-lashed gray eyes that were haunted with the terror of pursuit.

Van Weyden dropped the handbill. "I'm sorry," he said to the girl. "There is nothing I can do. . . ."

The detective's hand dropped to Ruth's arm. With panic-strength she twisted free and ran toward the half-open doors to the deck. Outside, she

darted and swerved like an animal seeking cover. One detective followed her, the other ran in the opposite direction and when she reached the end of the deck she saw him turning a corner ahead of her. She stood on the deck an instant, trembling, watching the two men close in upon her; then she ran to the rail, climbed upon it . . .

The bow of a larger vessel loomed up, high and immense, out of the fog. The ferry's whistle screamed shrill warning. Then there was a crash and the rail was torn from her fingers. She fell into water which numbed her and twisted her—helpless as she was, with her coat and dress clinging to her body, impeding her frantic movements. She felt herself being sucked down into a darkness that roared in her ears.

They were still pursuing her, through long cold corridors where the fog curled madly and congealed into hands that strained after her, seizing her ankles, tearing at her clothes.

The SEA WOLF

A vivid sea drama, based on the famous Jack London novel, of a girl, branded as a lawless fugitive, and the man who gave her the courage to be a woman again



THE CAST

Wolf Larsen . . . Edward G. Robinson
Ruth Webster Ida Lupino
George Leach John Garfield
Dr. Louie Gene Lockhart
Van Weyden Alexander Knox
Johnson Stanley Ridges

A Warner Brothers Picture.
Directed by Michael Curtiz.
Screen play by Robert Rosen.
From the novel by Jack London.

George (John Garfield),
the only man in the crew
whose eyes were not afraid

Lights flashed before her eyes and disappeared, voices called and faded away. She could not run, she could not move—she was standing before the gray, gloomy entrance to the Reformatory and she screamed, "No! You can't take me back to jail! I won't go! I won't!"

After uncounted years of terror, he awoke.

She could see nothing but a man's face, close to hers. It was round, soft, ruddily white. A stubble of beard grew on it; its eyes were bloodshot and it breathed a stale aroma of whiskey. She pressed her head back against a rough pillow in horror almost as great as that she had dreamed.

But the man smiled. "Well, young lady," he said. "Feeling better? I'm Dr. Louie Prescott—ship's doctor, you know."

He stood up and she saw that she was in a tiny ship's cabin, rocking to the motion of the waves. She could not speak, she was still too weak for

that, but she listened to the doctor's cheerful talk as he fed her hot soup.

"We picked you up out of Frisco Bay five days ago," he said. "You and a fellow named van Weyden. He's all right, but you were almost drowned. If I hadn't been here to make a blood transfusion—" He winked jovially, as if the alternative would have been the most humorous thing in the world. "One of the sailors, George Leach, gave you his blood."

His voice faded as, made drowsy by the food, she lapsed once more into sleep.

It was two more days before she was well enough to go on deck. During that time she saw no one but the doctor, who told her she was aboard the *Ghost*, a sailing vessel on a sealing expedition. Cautiously, she listened to his words and watched his manner and decided at last that he did not know she was a fugitive from justice. In that ignorance would lie her salvation—she could persuade the captain to put her ashore at the first

port of call and there she would change her name, start over again. . . .

She wanted to leave this ship as soon as possible. There was an atmosphere of terror about it that she could feel even here in her cabin. Was it the doctor's sudden evasiveness when she asked him why the *Ghost* had put straight out to sea without stopping to land her and van Weyden? Or was it merely the closeness of the cabin itself—its grimy walls and incessant rocking?

THIS feeling of dread was intensified the minute she went on deck. Men were there, and they glanced up at her furtively from their tasks. At sight of them she was thankful to have the doctor at her side. Every face she saw was debased, brutal—and, somehow, frightened as well.

They passed a dark doorway from which came smells of cooking and she saw van Weyden standing there. But her heart thudded in shocked bewilderment. He (Continued on page 86)



Night and Day



Making hay while the sun—or the moon—shines: Rita Hayworth (left) of Warners' "Affectionately Yours"; and Peggy Moran of Universal's "Double Date"

5 Minute Fortune

This is a case where clothes make—or break the woman; where the clothes question gives you a ready answer in the form of a fortune. All you have to do is follow the directions below and you'll find yourself eventually with a thumbnail index on your ego

Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



LET'S pretend . . . You're bound for a best-bib-and-tucker luncheon, a "reunion with a best friend" sort of thing. You're going to buy a new outfit that will take the wind out of the other girl's new straw sailor and you have the four outfits described below to choose from. Check off your choice.

1. A crocheted dress—definitely a new fashion proposal—in a dark shade
2. A blue serge dress, smartest '41 revival.
3. A tailored suit in the newest shade to sweep America—green.
4. A look-after-me outfit composed of a harem skirt (the Greek influence) with a balera jacket over it.

Let's pretend again . . . You've had an enthusiastic encore on a first date and you want to wear the same successful dress *but* with a different touch of some sort—a low-price pick-me-up with a high-pressure effect. We give you four fashion favorites; check the number you'd select.

1. A Chili Sauce Red leather purse.
2. A stole trimmed with new-fashioned mint tails.
3. Buttons and cuffs links that make a sparkling pair.
4. Brilliant earrings that match a graceful sash.

Let's pretend for the lost time . . . You're taking a walk on Easter morning, which is another way of saying you're joining the Easter parade. First requisite to put you at the head of the line-up is, of course, the Easter bonnet. Buy yours from this group; check off your choice.

1. A rolled-star bonnet trimmed with grosgrain to be worn off the face.
2. A huge felt with a sweeping brim seductively dipped in front and trimmed with a veil.
3. A black horsehair featherweight trimmed with pink rosebuds.
4. A smart felt bowler that is a direct take-off on a soldier's tin hat.

NOW take the three numbers you have chosen from the three groups and total them. Then draw your card from the hand you've dealt yourself below:

If your total is 3:

You're a sentimental sister who cries at the movies but never gets a red nose . . . a romantic idealist who wants to give till it is effective; a girl who doesn't know what a smart comeback is but still manages to cash in on the protective side of the man-and-maid business.

If your total is 4, 5, 6:

You're a go-somewhere girl, a social-minded person with lots of friends (female, too). You're vital, eager, interested; or cool, calm and collected when occasion calls for it. You're always ready to do things at the drop of the proverbial hat.

If your total is 7, 8, 9:

You're an "in the pink" person, a bright girl with a flair for attracting lots of men but keeping just one. Vitally interested in everything, you probably like to talk and people like to flatter you by listening. You're keen, inclined to be analytical, but still the center of party attention.

If your total is 10, 11, 12:

You're a moonlight modonno who does her best work by the clinging-vine method. You're soft, but not too subtle; sweet with just a bit of spice; a saint-and-sinner combination that will get you any place you want to go.

Magic Modes

FOR MAY

For subtle sorcery on a May evening—this hostess gown designed by Irene, worn by Merle Oberon in Ernst Lubitsch's "That Uncertain Feeling." Classic in design, it has a long coat of white suede crepe worn over a cloth-of-gold skirt fastened at the waistline with chunky gold embroidery. The million-dollar motif is carried out by a matching bracelet and pin

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TOM EVANS





To hypnotize the watchers of the Easter parade: A mulberry wool suit by Irene that rates a fashion star by reason of a large eyelet-embroidered collar run through with grosgrain ribbon that ties sprucely in front. The hat is a trick little halo-brim model that knows its way around; the gloves, bag and shoes are of a matching mulberry shade



To cast a spell on the male line-up: Another Irene suit, this time in classically simple grey wool unadorned except for the pin the clever Mrs. Korda clasps high up toward the neckline. Its short fitted jacket and extremely slim skirt are Hollywood fashion news; its crescent pockets are a smart device in the "tailored femininity" division

A bit of mystic business under a May moon—a dress of white mor-
quisette, very slim of line, with an overskirt stiffened with horsehair,
very short in front and dropping to the floor in back. Irene makes the
bodice a limelight fashion by building it sheerly over black lace. In
dinner-dote idiom, this is a dress that is most definitely "dernier cri"



Enchantment of the future: The sophisticated naïveté of Irene's white faille housecoat that is encrusted with starched white lace to form a yoke line and a hem trim. The unusual square neck is a pretty frame for a pretty face; the jewelry is a bit of black art destined to offset the trim tailoring of the childlike bow tie



Roz the Reckless



The Russell today
and (below) in her
N. Y. yesterdays



THE PRIVATE LIFE OF ROSALIND RUSSELL

Warning: Keep your sense of humor handy when you read this. Reason: It's about the queen of Hollywood Columbines

"HEY!" the young man said, irritably. "You're not listening." Rosalind made shushing motions with both hands. It mattered not to her that this was a special luncheon with a special young man who, three weeks ago, had begged her to marry him. She moved over now and whispered to him. "Shubert and Chamberlain Brown, the agent, are in the next booth. Anyway, I've heard the joke you were telling. This's more important—" she swiveled around even farther in her seat and made a cup of her hand behind her right ear. For some moments she sat, intensely eavesdropping. Then, suddenly, she sprang into action.

She scrambled sideways out of her booth. She picked nickels out of her purse on the run and, having found four by the time she reached the phone, made her connection with information within seven seconds. "Edward Casey, Forest Hills," she commanded. A moment later she said, "Thanks," and then swung the dial furiously.

Her voice changed, then. It grew seductive, meaningful. "Mr. Casey," she trilled, "this is Rosalind Russell. How would you like to meet me at the Astor? At six?"

There was silence from the other end. But Mr. Casey, it seemed, was a blade who didn't mind taking a chance. "Okay, Toots," he said. "I'm coming in anyway. Do I know you?"

"I'll be the girl in the hat," Roz told him. She hung up and for a moment

BY HOWARD SHARPE

stood still, grinning to herself.

She had done it again—as she had always done it, all through her childhood in Waterbury, Connecticut, where she had been the ringleader in the group the neighbors were wont to call "them Russell brats"; all through her schooldays when she had dressed herself in her mother's high heels and made eyes at all the eligible adolescents; all through the days at Marymount College where she had proceeded to run everything from gymnasium to the auditorium stage. Especially the auditorium stage, for that was where Rosalind, daughter of lawyer James and Clara Russell, had shone. She was an actress by inclination, by nature—and now, at last, with her Marymount career behind her, she had, through a perfectly audacious telephone call to a strange producer, a chance to be an actress by profession.

She moved slowly back toward the booth and toward the young man who waited there.

"Darling," she said, "I've got to break our date for tonight. I've got a chance at a job."

"Now?" the boy said. "Don't be silly. You spent weeks wangling that Caribbean cruise out of your family. You said you'd hunt for work when you got back."

"This job doesn't start till June. Brown and Shubert just said so. But

I want to sign the contract now." "But who. . . ?"

"Man named Casey is opening a company with Shubert backing. That's what I overheard a few minutes ago. I got Casey's number from information."

The young man's eyes suddenly grew suspicious. "He know you well?" he asked, elaborately casual.

"Never met him."

For several minutes the boy said nothing. Then he put up one hand to what seemed to be an aching head. "Rosalind," he said, "start again, and this time try to make some sense. . . ."

SHE caught the boat seven days later, by that skin of her teeth with which she catches all boats, or trains, or planes, and with a contract safely folded in her purse. This astonishing document agreed to pay her, starting in June, \$150 a week to work as an actress in Mr. Edward Casey's Lake Placid tent show. Furthermore, she was to be the leading woman.

It had been a pipe. The red hat with the scarlet bird she had worn to the Astor at six had been one of her more conservative numbers, but Casey had come directly to her. "Young lady," he said, "You're on fire."

In the course of the next few hours, which cost Casey the aforementioned job and about thirty dollars for dinner at the Plaza, he asked her a few direct questions. Had she had any experience? Roz rattled off a round list of stock (Continued on page 78)

Rungs on the proverbial ladder: As the "other woman" in "China Seas" with Gable, C. Aubrey Smith, Jean Harlow

As the neurotic, selfish wife of John Boles in "Craig's Wife," a performance rated "brilliantly sensitive"

As the fast-talking, hard-biting newspaper gal in "His Girl Friday" with Carv Grant—a sure-fire Russell role





Ida Lupino: "I don't believe every man wants to marry the woman he loves!"



George Brent: "Any clever woman can lead a man around by the hand."

Should a girl

When you read these stars' answers to the good old

EVEN if Marjorie Hillis did write a brave little book called "Live Alone and Like It," most girls, like Marjorie herself, don't like it. They may be career-minded and perfectly content with their jobs, but there is still a spot in their hearts reserved for a man—the man. Just how they are going to meet him and just how they are going to capture him after they meet him probably never occurs to them until they do meet him. Then it becomes a vital and all-absorbing question—a question that sends them scurrying to friends, mothers, the library and the magazine stands

There's plenty of advice on the subject. In fact, there is too much advice. You begin to wonder just why you have to pretend indifference, take a trip, play hard to get, learn to cook, buy a lot of new clothes and generally throw your whole life into a state of confusion, just to hear some man say, "Will you marry me?"

It doesn't make sense. When you wanted a job you just went out and asked for one. Why can't you do the same thing with a man? Why can't you just walk right up to him and say, "I love you. Let's get married?"

Well, can you? That's what we asked these four Hollywood stars and

here's what they said. . . .

Ida Lupino is very firm in her views on the subject. Modern in every other way, she is decidedly old-fashioned on the subject of love, courtship and marriage. The marriage of Ida and Louis Hayward is looked upon as the most modern in all Hollywood, but Ida says, "That's because it's so old-fashioned it looks new! People aren't used to seeing a wife's getting her ears knocked down when she deserves it, so they think it's funny. I think it's wonderful! When I get out of line I like to have Louis put me in my place—makes me respect him." She laughs when she says it, but you just



Ann Sothorn: "Tell a man you'd make a perfectly impossible wife and he'll try to prove you're wrong"

Robert Young: "Women have a natural talent for proposing"



EVER PROPOSE ?

Adam-and-Eve question, a lot of things may change for you

know she means it. No doubt Louis knows it too.

"Women," Ida says, with an airy wave of a slim white hand, "are the inferior sex. What is woman, anyway? Just a man's rib and as such it is her privilege to expand only when he breathes. At all other times she should be modest and retiring and wait for the man to take the initiative. Proposing is a man's right. Why should a woman be so bold as to usurp man's rights?"

As far as Ida is concerned there are no extenuating circumstances to the hard-and-fast rule. If the man doesn't get around to proposing

BY HARMONY HAYNES

to the lady in question then . . .

"Then she should just sit and wait—what else does she have to do, anyway? He'll propose in time. My husband kept me waiting for four years, but he finally proposed." She laughs heartily at memory of the proposal and explains, "He didn't even say he loved me. He just said that I had the most completely untidy mind he had ever known and he wanted to set it to rights, but when you've waited four years for a proposal, you don't quibble over the reason for it."

IDA doesn't think that four years is too long to wait for the man you love. In fact, she doesn't think even forty years is too long.

"Suppose it does take him years to propose. Suppose he doesn't ever propose, as long as he keeps calling you still haven't lost him and you can still hope. I did. I don't mean that I was ecstatically happy all that time, but I was pretty busy. When I wasn't wondering why he didn't propose I was wondering what I could do to make him propose . . . now, I don't mean that I resorted to schemes and trickery, but I studied him, his likes, his dislikes, (Continued on page 84)

"MAN-POISON"



ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANT

— that was what he had called her the first time he had spoken to her alone; that was what he believed her to be. Neither one of them reckoned with the powers that could drive them into this strange and unconventional relationship

"I 'VE seen a lot of dames in my time . . ." Mike Harrigan had said, ". . . you're man-poison!"

Ever since that moment on the air-field at Yuma, when Mike Harrigan had spoken those cruel words to Annabelle Clark, they had always been in her consciousness or on the fringe of it.

So much had happened since Mike's admonition: "What do you want with him, anyway? The kid has a great chance at your father's studio—so you step in and complicate things for him."

Annabelle had told George Hurley what his friend had said, but that hadn't stopped them. That evening they returned to Hollywood from their elopement to find Holton Clark waiting for them. Holton had spoiled his daughter in the way that wealthy American fathers have learned so well how to do. Now he made it clear that young Hurley's promising career at Clark Studios was finished. But the next day he made a deal with his daughter. He would send her husband to Guatemala to play the lead in Mike Harrigan's picture, but she must promise she wouldn't follow George, to "let the fever die down," as he dramatically put it. In exchange, George Hurley's contract with Clark Studios would be renewed when he returned from location. She had agreed because she knew how much his career meant to her husband.

So it came about that George Hurley went to Guatemala and there—died of malaria!

It was Helga Bentley, the famous columnist and friend of Holton Clark, who broke the dreadful news to Annabelle. For days she was inconsolable, but when she heard that the expedition was arriving at San Pedro she drove down, hoping to learn from Mike Harrigan the details of what had happened.

The pain of that meeting was almost more than Annabelle Clark could bear and for the first time Mike Harrigan felt some sympathy for her. How much more he would have felt if she had told him that she was bearing George's child! Then, when she dropped him at the Clark Studios and Holton came to meet them in the driveway, her father tried vainly to conciliate her. Poor Holton. For the

first time in his life he had doubts about something he had done.

She drove along the Pacific trying to clear her mind in the fresh morning air.

Near Venice she met an odd old man, a traveler who told her his philosophy of life. "Get rid of what doesn't matter to you. That's the way to be happy," he said.

That was what she had done, sent her car back to her father, given away all but the simplest of her clothes. Then one day, in Los Angeles, where she had found a cheap room in a hotel and was searching for a job, Helga saw her, and so her father found her.

Holton Clark had told Mike that he would manage somehow to make Annabelle take money. His way was to tell her that it was insurance which he had taken out on George's life. Annabelle accepted it—but headed for Fresno, near which George's father and mother lived on their almond ranch.

AND so the strange meeting had come about. Annabelle gave Mrs. Hurley the five thousand dollars and told her that some of it would be used when the child arrived. It was providential that Mike Harrigan had come to visit the Hurleys and so he was witness to the moment when Frank Hurley, embittered by the death of his son, had said, "Why doesn't she go away and leave us alone?"

Annabelle hurried from the house. Then Mrs. Hurley told them the truth about the money and Annabelle's secret.

Mike had followed her, his mind in a turmoil.

When he caught up with her she saw in his eyes something primeval and earthy—not hunger, but overwhelming compassion. A moment later she had fainted and Mike thought, with desperation, that she was dead. "Annabelle," he whispered, "Oh, Annabelle!"

He saw her eyelids flicker and although there was no recognition in her glazed look he knew with relief that she would be all right. Gently he lifted her and carried her into his car.

She stirred, (Continued on page 93)

as a terrible tempta-
to wake him—to ex-
why she was steal-
out into the night

BY FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS



It happens even in the best Hollywood families—a young girl grows up. Deanna Durbin as she appears in Universal's newest "Nice Girl?"

Miriam
Hopkins



Luise
Rainer



Shirley
Ross



The Truth About TEMPERAMENT

Now boldly brought out into the
open—a disclosure of evidence
Hollywood has hidden for years

BY "FEARLESS"

THIS is the time of the Hollywood year when the name of Luise Rainer turns up again in movie-land conversations. For, whenever Hollywood is discussing the newest Academy awards, the strange history of the girl who won the coveted Oscar two seasons in succession and now does not have a movie job is talked about anew.

People who do not entirely understand Hollywood cry fine upon it for neglecting Luise Rainer and her undoubtedly great talents. But inside Hollywood explains by saying: it was temperament.

Foreign-born stars seem to come more naturally by temperament than do native Americans. Eccentricity of dress and action is more in their tradition than in ours, but Rainer had them all topped. When she was combined in "The Good Earth" with Paul Muni, who has his own quota of temperament, even a studio as strong, powerful and accustomed to stellar diodes as Metro groaned for months after the picture's finish. When you got the combination of Muni, gloomy, high-browish and insisting upon a perfection that demanded possibly twenty takes to a scene, and Rainer,

alternating for no visible reason between tears, laughter and temperamental delay of scenes, you got a set of supercolossal headaches, for all concerned. On "The Good Earth" things were so bad that Sidney Franklin, then a director (and the director specifically of "The Good Earth"), now a powerful producer, said bitterly, "I hope never to have to sit through the finished version of this film. I don't want to be reminded of the misery I went through in getting it finally ended."

So while there is never any forgetting Rainer's work in that picture or her telephone scene in "The Great Ziegfeld," the word sped around Hollywood about her and when her contract with Metro ran out, no other studio signed her.

Not that all temperament is gone from Hollywood. Not by a hatful.

There are two very temperamental belles still around Hollywood, Ginger Rogers and Jean Arthur. There was one very temperamental man, Fred Astaire. But the Misses Rogers and Arthur have unique talents and definite box-office pulling power so they are perhaps forgiven their occasional temperamental explosions.

After Fred Astaire split up with Ginger Rogers he was for some time "between pictures." In fact, the only film he has made in the past year is the independently produced "Second Chorus." Freddie was a good boy on that one, only squabbling a bit with Director Hank Potter and once mentioning that he hoped he would never make another picture with Potter again.

Potter, in turn, said nothing, but on-the-set observers gathered the impression that he vice-versa-ed on the Astaire sentiments.

The Hollywood cold shoulder, the "box-office poison" tag and a couple of seasons on the New York stage taught Katharine Hepburn her lesson. Being extremely intelligent, too, when she returned (Continued on page 104)

Consider the Men

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of your party. Here's how to make them do it—as discovered by six Hollywood hostesses

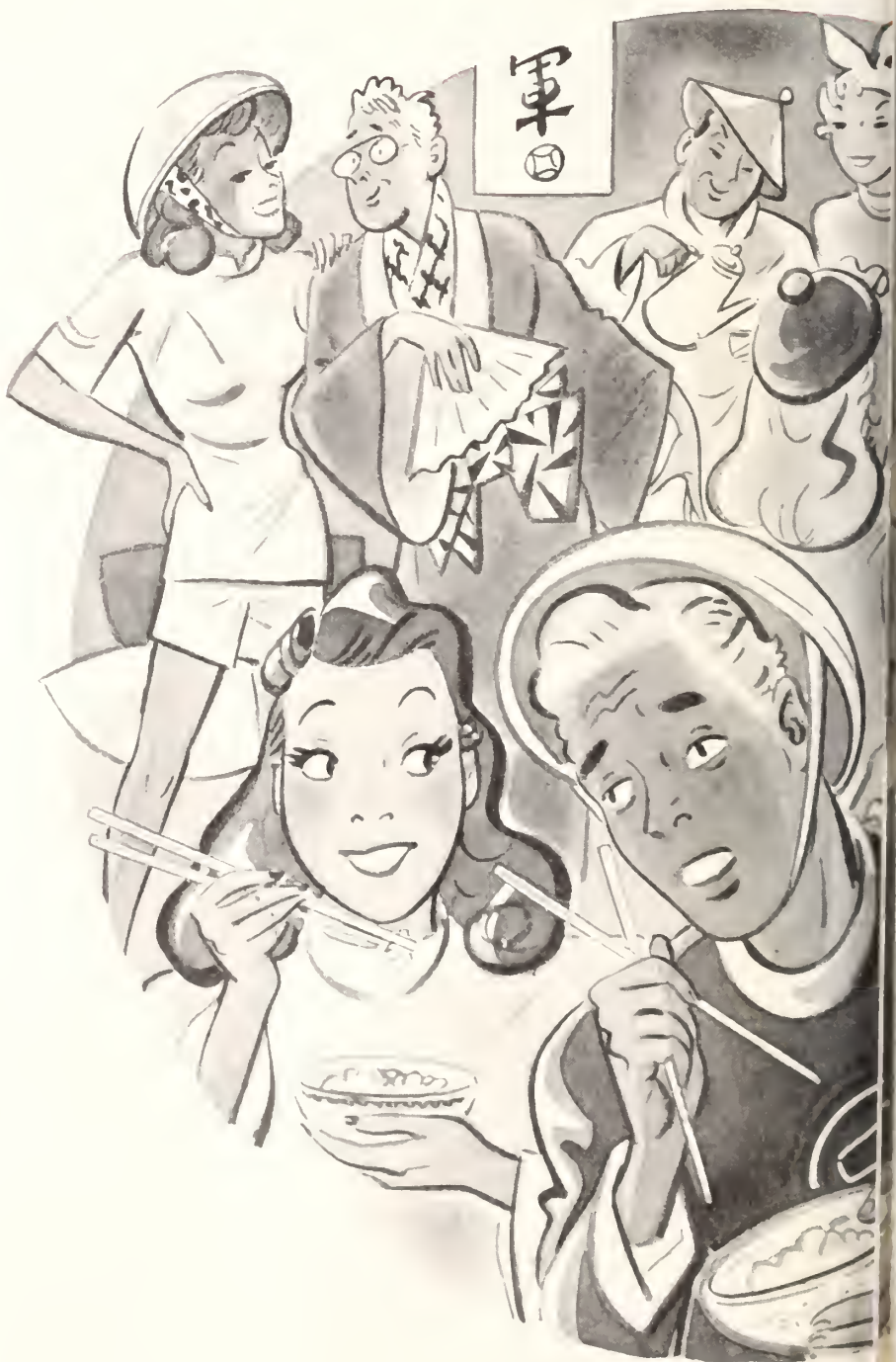
BY DICK PINE

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK DOBIAS

BUT do the men like it? That, says Ann Rutherford (who is a smart little tyke, no matter how you look at her), is what's important about parties. The way she reasons it out seems, to a mere male, to make sense. "If the men have a good time, then the girls who come with them will be pleased—because any girl likes to have the man who spends an evening with her enjoy himself. So if you're giving a mixed party, aim it at the men! A hen party, of course, is a different matter."

What's more, Ann thinks that parties are important to you, the hostess, the party-giver. "You express yourself when you entertain," she says sagely. "You learn things about poise and how to handle people and situations. You learn lots of things that are useful in your job and in running your life. Besides, it's such fun!" This seems to be pretty sound psychology. Furthermore, it works for Ann because what she calls her "Sunday backdoor parties" are by way of being really important events among Hollywood's younger set, with the young blades and belles cutting quite fancy capers in the effort to wangle invitations.

If the truth will out, Ann learned all this the hard way. Her first real Hollywood party was almost a flop. Maybe she had read too much about parties in the picture colony; perhaps they seemed too important to her. Anyhow, she says, "I'd been in pictures for ages before I dared give a party. Somehow I thought it would have to be one of two things. Either a formal, sit-down dinner with perfect service—or an elaborate buffet with caterers and a tent on the lawn and an orchestra playing somewhere. Finally, after hesitating a long time, I compromised on an evening party. People came in dinner clothes and I had some entertainment and at mid-





One of the most successful parties ever given in Hollywood: Mary Astor's Chinese dinner, where everyone laughed a lot and loved it

night we served supper. But somehow there was something wrong and I knew it. That party just wasn't. And I had tried so hard!

"Well, a few weeks later . . ." (Ann likes to tell about this) . . . "I bought a croquet set and installed it in my back yard. I'd met some awfully nice people on a picture and I began inviting them to come over and play. Sunday is the only day for things like that, of course, when you're working, so that was the day I told them to come. It occurred to me that it would be fun if I had some sausages and eggs and waffles and things and we could all cook. It didn't occur to me that I should be giving a party.

"Everybody came and played croquet and helped cook and even helped

to straighten up a bit afterward and then we went to the beach and it was all very hoop-la. When someone said, 'Do invite me to another backdoor party soon!' I knew I had something. I like to know *why* things happen, if they're important, so I tried to figure out why this had been fun and my formal party hadn't.

"In the first place, everyone took part somehow. No one had to do anything. But everyone wanted to . . . especially the men. There's something about the sight and smell of food cooking, I guess, that does something to them. Especially coffee. Haven't you ever noticed that when men get poetic about going camping it's always cooking over a campfire that they talk about?

"Then, they could play games or not, just as they chose. They could eat properly at the little card tables or they could sprawl on the grass and get ants in the maple syrup if they wanted to. Of course, this is California and we can do these outdoor things all the year round. But I don't see why any girl anywhere—even in a small apartment in winter time—shouldn't have a few people on Sunday, just as we do. If you work all week, Sunday is a lazy day. And it's so nice to be with nice people while you're being lazy!

"I've discovered something else that's necessary. It's awfully important to have fun yourself at your own party—because if you aren't enjoying having people, how can they possibly enjoy being there? That was what was wrong with my first one. I was so anxious to have it go nicely that I didn't have time to have fun myself!"

ANN certainly has something there. It's difficult to know how some women have the knack of making a party go—making it jell—and other women can't quite achieve it. Intelligent women study their guests and act accordingly. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond give some of Hollywood's most successful parties and yet Jeanette will tell you that she had to make some personal sacrifices of taste and inclination before she quite learned how. In its way it's a sad little story.

When Jeanette was married she acquired all the things that most brides dream of and can't have. A perfect dinner service for formal entertaining. Beautiful linens, silver, china, crystal; exquisite gadgets for flowers and candles and place cards—everything to delight a fastidious woman's heart. After she and Gene were settled at last in their own house, she acquired perfectly trained servants to handle all this elegance and proceeded—as for gosh' sake, who wouldn't—to have a party. She had several in swift succession. Small, perfect jewels of parties. Then she stopped having them.

"People didn't like them!" she mourns. "They didn't have fun. I think some of the women enjoyed them—the nonprofessional women who didn't have to rush from sets or offices to get ready to come. But the men didn't like them and I'm sure the working women didn't care much for them, either. Life in Hollywood—and in most other places—is too highly paced, too jerky, too frantic for anyone to be content to sit down suddenly and enjoy anything which is too perfectly timed and staged. It seems artificial. People like to relax without form and formality.

"I said to (Continued on page 90)



Man at bat: Robert Taylor of the M-G-M film, "Billy The Kid"

You may want to pin a badge on Bob Taylor after reading about this episode. We did!

THIS is the story of a man who played ball, not on a baseball diamond but in the Hollywood game of life. He had good luck pitched to him—and bad luck, too—and he knew what it meant to strike out and hear the roar of derision from the crowd.

For Robert Taylor has been on the spot. He knew it, too, better than anyone else. He went around keeping up his end of things and acting generally like a substantial citizen, but all the time he wanted to crawl into a deep, dark corner and hide. Two years ago Bob had had four bad pictures in a row. And four times in a

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

row the press fired a deadly rat-a-tat-tat of criticism at him.

"When you've had a couple of bad pictures you get complexes," Bob says. "And when you've had more than a couple you get more complexes. I was afraid the public was off me. I was sure if a good part did come up and I was suggested for it the director in charge would dodge me somehow."

Bob grinned. "If there'd been anyone I could have blamed for those bum pictures it might have helped. But there wasn't a soul. 'Stand Up

and Fight,' I didn't like. And I didn't like 'Lady of the Tropics.' But I thought 'Lucky Night' and 'Remember?' were going to be all right.

"It was a tough year for Barbara, too. Because I take my troubles home, even when I swear to myself that I won't. I let people see—Barbara, at any rate—when I'm restless and nervous and depressed. Barbara kids when she's worried. She kids until she falls on her face. And I mean falls on her face! I've picked her up a couple of times!"

We asked Bob why stars go into pictures they don't believe in, why, for instance, (Continued on page 74)

Putting him in a Mood for *Matrimony*

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

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



WRONG

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



RIGHT

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



WRONG

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



RIGHT

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



WRONG

to hold him at a coy arm's length so long that he gets discouraged. Love can't thrive indefinitely on a starvation diet!



RIGHT

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



WRONG

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



RIGHT

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



WRONG

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

WRITE

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

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CVE, Clinton, Conn
I'd love to try the same Pond's complexion care followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and other leading society beauties. Please send me Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tissues and Skin Freshener. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.



Name
Address

This offer good in U. S. only.

Hollywood's Maddest Moments

(Continued from page 41)

another band, and had streamers all the way across Vine Street which read "Welcome home, Gloria." Dozens of little flower girls with garbage pails (because they were larger and held more than buckets!) filled with cut flowers were there and as Gloria came through the studio gates, the childish voices chanted "Welcome home, Gloria"—and pelted her with rosebuds.

It was soon after that the catfight started. You see, Pola Negri was then at the studio. She was growing in favor also and someone thought it would be a smart idea to whip up a feud between the two. Pola hated cats, Gloria loved them. So, in the morning, Gloria would have her maid, chauffeur and secretary place huge pans of milk all around the studio. When Pola arrived, she would order all the cats removed from the lot—which was done. At night Gloria's friends were out in all the back alleys, bagging more stray cats. And when Pola arrived in the morning, the place would be alive with them. Well, that was too much even for a growing concern like Famous Players-Lasky and it was decided that one of these gals must make her future pictures in New York City. Gloria chose to go. It was soon after that that she turned down a contract which would have paid her \$17,500 a week—in order to make her own productions, which was the turning point in her life.

One little incident I almost forgot. There was a big ball given for Gloria, which Wally Beery, her ex-husband, crashed. As she passed, he whispered to her, "It's quite different from the old days when you used to burn the biscuits, baby—and I had to eat 'em!"

JEAN HARLOW created a sensation when, as maid of honor, she stole the spotlight from the bride, Carmelita Geraghty, when she married writer Carey Wilson. It was a garden wedding, held in the home of agent Phil Berg, against

the background of a huge fan made entirely of flowers. It was a lovely setting and the ceremony went off according to Hoyle. But when it was finished, the photographers moved in. It was then that Jean Harlow shouted, "Get a load of pictures of me, boys! You're going to need them—because I'm announcing my divorce in the morning." And she did—from cameraman Hal Rosson.

Then there was that bright Sunday in 1934 which brought one of the most tragic developments our town has ever known. Its repercussions aren't ended yet. The good-looking Russ Columbo said good-by to his family and stepped out of the door of their home in Hollywood Hills. He was en route to Sunday mass. Later he intended to visit his sightless and ailing mother, who was in a Santa Monica hospital.

A few hours later, the Columbo telephone told off the message of his death to the members of his family. Russ, en route to the hospital, had passed the office of a man who collected pistols and old muskets and had stopped to chat with him. They were sitting across a glass-topped desk and exchanging views on a particular weapon, when a loud explosion barked a deafening crescendo of catastrophe. Unknown to either Columbo or his friend, Lansing Brown, the pistol had contained a bullet. He died the same evening. The following day he was to have signed a long-term contract to star in musicals for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

But the sequel is this. His mother, who waited hopefully for him that day, is still waiting for him in a Hollywood bungalow. For the family, fearing fatal results if she knew the truth, have kept the news from her and she believes that Russ still lives and is winning international success and fame in foreign lands.

All of Columbo's friends keep this secret buried when they're visiting her.

They read mythical letters to her, while she beams in her own sightless world and proudly tells of the things she's heard from him. The family writes letters regularly each week. They have done that ever since September 2, 1934.

WHEN Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur first came to work at Metro, they hired their secretaries to wear evening clothes while they were at work, because they thought they looked prettier that way. On one of MacArthur's trips east, he took a company typewriter with him. Unfortunately, he left it behind him on the train. When the company brought the matter up, MacArthur said, "Well, it said 'Return to M-G-M,' and I knew you'd get it back!"

Then there was the first visit here of Moss Hart, whose successful play "Once in a Lifetime" was about to open. It was produced by Sid Grauman, whom everybody loves. So, even though Hollywood wasn't crazy about the play, every important producer and star was there opening night, laughing and applauding with gusto, not because they wanted to (There hasn't been a play written about Hollywood since that has touched the satire of that one!) but because they didn't want to let Sid Grauman down.

But to get back to Moss's arrival—Grauman, who's a showman of the P. T. Barnum type, thought up a swell stunt which would help sell tickets for the play. Moss was met at the train with an armored truck, such as they use to carry gold from one bank to another. (I beg your pardon!—such as they used, before our gold was buried in Fort Knox, Kentucky.) Sid told Moss Hollywood was so incensed at him that for his own protection he had brought the truck, because somebody might take a pot shot at him on his way to the hotel. But Moss, having written gags all his life, recognized one when he saw it. He refused to get inside the blooming thing, wouldn't even be photographed with it—which spoiled all the fun.

Ruth Roland's wedding to Ben Bard was a honey. Ruth was one of our richest women, but Ben wasn't blessed with too much of this world's goods. She had been married once or twice before, but never had had a full regalia. She donned one for this wedding, including a veil. She wanted the orchestra to play something lively and perhaps they did from a sense of humor or fright—because after the ceremony they played "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby."

That was the first party I ever crashed. Six of us went together and spent half a day borrowing invitations (which no one asked to see). And on my arrival there, I drew Buddy Rogers as an usher, who said to me, "Tell me what to do Hedda. You see, this is my first offense." For refreshments, Ruth served a piece of sponge cake and a drink of grapejuice.

Of course, there are hundreds of Goldwynisms, but I think one of the funniest is about the time Sam went to see the newborn baby of a friend of his, and asked what he was going to name him. His friend said, "Charlie." "Charlie!!!" roared Sam, "Why, every Tom, Dick, and Harry is called Charlie!"

Well, I could go on into the night about the insults, mistaken identities, stranger-than-fiction coincidences, gags—but I figure you've had enough for one sitting and fear if I carry on you might say, like Charlie McCarthy, "One more, and I'll mow you down!"



Scotch trick played Irish fashion: Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh quibble over a coin at the Brown Derby, stage a toss-up with O'Brien coming out on the winning—and grinning—end

“With the Magic of all things new!” says *Lady Esther*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream!

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

I am almost sure, says Lady Esther,



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

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

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You Have to "Play Ball"

(Continued from page 70)

he'd gone into "Lady of the Tropics."

"We all get on our high horses and refuse to make pictures once in a while," he said. "And sometimes those pictures we refuse to make turn out to be successful. Then do our faces get red! You really can't tell about a picture. It's a cinch no producer dumps thousands—even hundreds of thousands—into something he doesn't think is any good.

"I must say, however, that I never thought 'Lady of the Tropics' had a chance. And if I'd refused, point-blank, to make it, I'd probably have gotten away with it. It just happened I didn't think I had the right to do that."

"Why?" we asked. "Why, Bob?"

"Look!" he said. "This studio was grooming Hedy Lamarr for stardom. They needed a romantic lead to play opposite her and when they decided I was the guy they wanted for the

fully and asked, with warm respect, "Anything else, Mr. Taylor, sir?"

It all added up to what people mean when they say "Movie stars! The lucky So-and-so's!" Just as if this were all there was to it. Just as if top-flight success in pictures weren't as hard-earned as top-flight success in anything else.

THE telephone rang. It was Barbara.

She and Bob were invited to a barbecue party and she was calling to ask if he wanted to go. She wasn't on production. He was. So he was the one to be considered. Bob agreed it would be fun. He looked like a kid—his grin was so broad—when he hung up the receiver.

"That probably seems a trifling matter," he said, "but it's not—to me! For a long time I didn't want to go anywhere or do anything. Any time my chin was off my chest (Nobody ever

been reversed. Then Bob had been the Big Shot.

"Frankly," Bob says, "I expected it to be pretty difficult. It would have been if Vivien hadn't come through like champion. She understood, I think. She was easy and friendly. Between scenes she got me to play Chinese Checkers at Battleships. And afternoons when Larry Olivier came over she gave us tea in her dressing room.

"Consequently, when I went on the set I wasn't stiff and self-conscious. And I could consider the character I was playing calmly.

"In our scenes together Vivien didn't have to try to help, of course. She'd have been a help there even if she hadn't wanted to be. She's one of those sur workers, like Garbo. She knows what she's doing every minute. So when you're working with her you know what you're doing, too."

We don't doubt Vivien knew Bob was on the spot and tried, earnestly, to help him. For which she unquestionably deserves a very large, very bright gold star.

However, Bob had sowed the seed for the kindness he received at Vivien's hands years before . . . when they made "A Yank at Oxford" and she was unimportant and Bob did her all the favor it was in his power to do at that time.

What was it Bob said? . . . "I happen to believe you have to play ball. . . ."



Assorted talent at a charity broadcast: Humphrey Bogart, radio's Fibber McGee and Molly, James Cagney and Bob Hope turn into a fast-talking quintet for a March of Dimes plea

job I remembered how the bosses around here had seen to it I got the breaks I needed when I was new. I remembered how they'd put me in 'Small Town Girl' with Janet Gaynor and 'Gorgeous Hussy' with Joan Crawford. I figured it was my turn, that's all!

Don't get me wrong on this! I wasn't being Sir Galahad, pretty and noble, when I didn't let out any squawks. I happen to believe you have to play ball; that you wind up in plenty of trouble when you insist on having everything your way all the time!"

We were in Bob's air-cooled, pine-paneled dressing room. On the walls were photographs of his prize-winning dogs and horses, their blue ribbons hanging beside them. There was English tobacco in a fine humidor and all kinds of cigarettes in leather boxes. Books on horses and dogs and several new novels stood on his desk. A waiter brought chicken à la I and rye toast and tea from the commissary. He laid the table care-

saw his chin on his chest. We investigated.) I was putting on an act. Now life has an edge to it again! Thank God for 'Waterloo Bridge' and Vivien Leigh! They broke my jinx; they led me to 'Escape' and 'Billy The Kid.' They got me off that spot!

"And speaking of how you can't tell about pictures," Bob went on, "'Waterloo Bridge' was one I might very well have turned down. The Captain, at first, looked to be only a stooge part.

"I wish I could say I saw the possibilities of my role right off. But I didn't! I went into 'W. B.' because I figured with Vivien in it big and hot after 'Gone With the Wind'—it would do smashing business. And with a box-office success behind me I thought there was a better chance of my next role's being good."

It took mental courage for Bob to play with Vivien Leigh. Men have their pride. When he and Vivien had played together before, when they'd made "A Yank at Oxford" in England, their position had

WHEN you're a movie star and you run into four bad pictures in a row and your fortune, your career and your personal pride hang in the balance you're very definitely on the spot. You don't survive to go on to greater glory than you ever knew before—as Bob promises to do—unless you have a darn good sense of humor and a darn sound thinking apparatus.

Everything Bob says indicates his sound thinking apparatus. And we have an anecdote to indicate his sense of humor. . . .

We used to include Bob in a prejudice we have for handsome men. At times we sought to amuse our friends at his expense. And some of our friends—who knew Bob better than we did and were aware he could laugh at a joke on himself—told him ALL!

"Bring her to lunch one day," Bob told our friends. "We'll have fun! I'll have a mirror in my pocket. I'll take it out . . . brush back my hair with a sweep of my hand . . . frown, and smooth down my eyebrows. . . ."

That luncheon never took place—fortunately for us. For when we told Bob we were the writer he'd planned to tear he gave a loud guffaw and followed with a private performance of "A Ceited Young Man at the Luncheon Table." And we were glad no one else was around. He was so completely wit out rancor and he showed such good spirit that we were uncomfortable at the unfairness we had shown in his direction.

In Hollywood they're saying that "Waterloo Bridge" broke the Robert Taylor jinx; they're saying, too, that that isn't a guy who has more ahead of him than Taylor, what with "Flight Command" riding along triumphantly in back of him and "Billy The Kid" putting him right into the line-up of stars that studios—and the public—fight to have in pictures.

But we think it was Bob himself who turned the trick. What do you think?

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What Hollywood Doesn't Know—or Does It?

(Continued from page 32)

Nevada was sent to Washington by wire at a cost of several thousands of dollars, so that Nevada would become a state in time to vote for Lincoln.

Another oddity the same studio might have incorporated in "The Return of Frank James," its sequel to the Jesse James picture, was that the James brothers buried \$2,000,000 in cash before Jesse was killed and Frank gave himself up and went to prison. After he was acquitted, he tried for years to find his buried fortune but never succeeded due to the fact that the countryside had completely changed with the coming of home builders in the meantime and the landmarks on which he depended had vanished.

There's a new picture called "Navy Blues" which you'll soon be seeing. When they planned it out here in Hollywood, did they happen to know why all the navies of the world are dressed in navy blue and white? The explanation is that on a certain day in 1744, when the question of a new navy uniform was submitted to King George II of England for his determination, the King met Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford, in the park. So much was he taken with her riding costume of blue and white that he ordered the two colors to be adopted by the British Navy. Since the navies of all the other countries imitated the British, the riding colors of the Duchess are now obligatory in the navies of the entire world.

Is it to fool the enemy—or did it just happen—that the Boston Navy Yard is in Charlestown, New York Navy Yard is in Brooklyn, Norfolk Navy Yard is in Portsmouth, Portsmouth Navy Yard is on Kittery Island, Philadelphia Navy Yard is on League Island, San Francisco Navy Yard is on Mare Island and Honolulu Navy Yard is in Pearl Harbor?

Speaking of navies brings to mind the great queen under whose canny reign the English Navy sprang to world domination, Queen Elizabeth. We saw the fascinating story of the circumstances surrounding the defeat of the Spanish Armada unfold in "The Sea Hawk" and also Elizabeth's masterful handling of the problems of state in the Bette Davis starrer, "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex." What Hollywood didn't show us was the quick thinking that saved Bess her famous auburn head.

Before she ascended the throne Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower of London at the order of her sister Mary Tudor, "Bloody Mary," who then sent a death warrant to have Elizabeth executed. But in the warrant Mary, who was a notoriously bad speller, had misspelled the name Tudor. She spelled it "Tewdor." Elizabeth, who had already been led forth to be beheaded, called the attention of the warder to her misspelled name and calmly informed him that the death warrant was therefore not valid. The warder, who was a simple soul, sent the warrant back for correction to Mary. But by the time it reached her, "Bloody Mary" was providentially dead and Elizabeth, instead of losing her head, had a crown placed upon it as Queen!

In the picture, "The Widow of Deal Island," which Bette Davis is to make next, will Hollywood take advantage of some of the amazing misconceptions of the world that always entertained about the ill-famed penal colony? For instance, Devils Island, one of the three islands belonging to French

Guiana, off the north coast of South America, instead of being a hell-hole of human misery, is a comparatively pleasant place. It has only six or seven political prisoners who are housed in individual two-room cottages and have complete freedom to wander about in the daytime. Their food is the same as that allotted to the soldiers and their life in the dense groves of palm trees overgrowing their place of exile presents no particular hardship, except that of deadly monotony. It is the other two islands, St. Joseph and Ile Royale, which live up to the terrible reputation of French Guiana, known as the Dry Guillotine.

When Hollywood made "The Women" with its devastating study of various types of wives, there was one it overlooked—a woman named Madame Regnier. She was the wife of a Royal District Attorney of Versailles, France. After being reprimanded by her husband with the words, "Be silent—you talk nonsense," she never spoke another word for thirty years! In the face of surprises and sudden scares, some of which were calculated to throw her off guard, she remained resolutely mute. Even when she was asked to consent to the marriage of her daughter she gave it merely by a nod of the head. No plea ever induced her to change her mind. She died with her lips sealed.

"Foreign Correspondent," one of the Academy Award candidates for 1940, was a swift-moving melodrama of the present war. But when the producers made it, did they know about the first war correspondent? He was George Wilkins Kendall and he reported the Mexican War 1846-47) from the battlefield exclusively for the New Orleans *Picayune*. By means of a special pony express, he was able to scoop all other papers and the War Department as well.

There's a pleasant little picture coming along called "Thirty Days Hath September," featuring Eddie Albert and the new Warner Brothers find, Joan Leslie. I

wonder if the studio stopped to think of the significance behind that title. They'd have to go back to the time of Augustus Caesar. Augustus was a jealous man. After he had disposed of his two triumvirate pals and had established himself as emperor, there was just one fly in the ointment. The month of July, which his illustrious great-uncle and predecessor, Julius Caesar, had named after himself, had thirty-one days, whereas the month of August, which Augustus had chosen to commemorate his own name, contained only thirty. So he lopped off a day from September, which originally had thirty-one, and added it to his own month. Thus "Thirty days hath September..."

When Paramount made "The Life of Victor Herbert," did they realize that this most popular of American composers wrote an operetta a month for six months? Herbert could write two complete works at one time and would score parts for each instrument before completing the melody itself.

AVIATION pictures are due to pour hot and heavy across the boards "I Wanted Wings," "Flight Command" and "50,000 Fliers" being but a few. When you see them, think of these odd but incontrovertible truths about flying:

Man has learned more about flying in twenty years than birds have since they've worn feathers. Man, not the bird, rules the air.

No bird can fly so fast as Eastern Air Lines pilot Andrew McDonough who, in Buffalo, N. Y., went up in an Arracobra to 25,000 feet and dived it at 620 miles an hour. No bird can ascend so high as did Lieut. Apolo Soucek, U. S. N., when he soared 43,166 feet over Washington, D. C. The bird doesn't exist that can rival the round-the-world flight of Howard Hughes who, accompanied by four technical assistants, circled the globe, a trip of 14,824 miles, in 3 days, 19 hours, 8 minutes and 10 seconds. And the Hunter Brothers' 553-hour endurance flight over Chicago far surpasses any possible flight of the strongest bird.

Gary Cooper's next film is "Sergeant York." I have met the real Sergeant York and he has appeared on my radio program. Now there is a living Believe It Or Not and incidentally a grand person. He is, as you know—or don't you?—the man who General Foch said achieved "the greatest thing accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe."

Oddly enough, when he was drafted he was an elder of the Church of Christ in Christian Union whose tenets forbade fighting or killing. Nevertheless, he refused to seek exemption as a conscientious objector, but hoped to be assigned to a post where he would not have to use a gun. When he reported to Camp Gordon, however, he was put into the infantry and set to drilling.

On October 8, 1918, in the Argonne, Sergeant York was sent out with a company of sixteen men to silence some enemy machine guns. He became separated from his company during the heavy fighting... I'm not going to give you the details; you'll be seeing the picture. Instead, I'll give you the score: He captured thirty-five machine guns and 132 German soldiers, including a major and three lieutenants, did this elder of the Church of Christ who was opposed to fighting—believe it or not!

So you see what I mean about facts!



Little girl with a long drink: Marie Wilson, brown-eyed, blonde-haired playgirl of "Virginia"

Here's ALICE FAYE behind the Scenes —with a Beauty Tip for YOU!



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within the goldfish bowl. But the legend was strong enough by then. After a while she discovered that people accepted the truth as rumor, that they smiled and said, "Roz? In love with So-and-So? Don't be silly. That columnist just needed a filler."

And so she relaxed, and was well content.

His name, for the purpose of this story, was Robert. It wasn't a particularly romantic name, but the circumstances of their meeting were utterly romantic—and so, it turned out, was he. She was riding soberly along a Bel Air bridle path, thinking. Before the speculation resolved itself she heard the clop-clop of hooves behind her, coming at such a pace that she knew she must draw aside and allow the rider to pass.

She drew aside, but he did not pass.

Later, he blamed it on his horse. "Did you see the darned thing stop and muzzle up to your mare? They said at the stable the two of them have been taking on like that for a year or more. Try as I would, and me without a spur—"

"Yeh," Roz said. "You tried. If ever I saw a horse reined in, held back by sheer strong-arm tactics—"

SO it was like that, to begin with, and it went on for almost a year, and it had a new kind of pattern for the middle Russell, the Charmed Fourth. The story is a short novel, but you can tell it in phrases—phrases picturing laughter at midnight, moments on terraces high above the deceptive night-face of Hollywood when the lights glitter, long evenings spent in conversation before replenished fires, troubled moments discussing over the telephone various items in columns relating untrue activities, embroidered impossible plans for a future both seemed to know could never come.

They knew they could stage a touching good-by, in a moonlit garden with mutual protestations of eternal friendship and an understanding that no regrets were necessary, that one day, if things turned out to be different, they must Remember, and Send The Ring. . . .

But they were smarter than that. "Give me a call, sometime," Roz said, and he answered, "Sure. Remember me in your will." And there wasn't any fuss about it. They did it that way, advisedly.

In 1938 she was bored and restless, and when the studio told her it had in mind that she should go to England to make a picture, she broadjumped at the chance. Rumors of war were in the air, as justified as possible, and she had never been abroad. There were things to see, before they were blown to pieces. To her sister, Mary Jane, she sent a wire. It said, in effect, that here was a good time to Do Europe, and anyway that Roz would have more fun if the Duchess got in on it too, and anyway MJ had said in her last letter that anything for some excitement, and anyway, and anyway—

So MJ promised to pawn the nearest mink coat and make it somehow. And she did, and the result is this story, unbelievable but true.

THEY had done Rome. They had done England, in a hired limousine. They had, of course, done Paris and the South of France. But all that was unpredictably romantic in Roz kept giving little nudging yelps about a place called Budapest—the two cities which shared a river, where romance still lived and beautiful women and gallant, uniformed soldiers strolled and danced and made love in the moonlight.

Wherefore they went to Budapest, and had an adventure there. She was keeping a diary at the time; the following excerpt

is in rather shaky script:

"Sept. 5 . . . This is getting serious. Saw the Consul and he said we'd better get out immediately or there might be trouble. Only two trains a week for Germany and Paris, and those used for troops—we've got to catch the *S.S. Nieuw Amsterdam*, and see Budapest first. We'll do both, by heaven!

"Sept. 6 . . . 7 A.M. on troop train bound for border and, I hope, Paris. Already it's been the most terrifying day of my life. I'll begin at beginning. We kept our promise and saw Budapest, all of it—got back to hotel at dawn. Inquired about trains. Told no soap, all taken up by troops. Went to room for coffee and deep thought. Soon bellboy knocked—told us mysteriously that a train was leaving in half hour, and he could get us on it. I said we had to have money to pay hotel bill. He gave me 200 pengo, and asked for our passports. I should have known then—

"But I turned them over. None of our friends knew we were in Hungary or what was happening. Horrible lost feeling. Station was a bedlam—at least twenty thousand people pushing, fighting, screaming, trying to get accommodations. Finally bellhop appeared in civilian clothes. "Hurry, follow me," he directed. We followed like a couple of frightened lambs, into a dingy compartment. He pulled down blinds, locked door and stood there in silence while train pulled out. I demanded our tickets and passports. He gave us the tickets. Then: "Write out a cheque," he said, "for the money I gave you, for the tickets and for 25 English pounds extra. Or no passports." It was a hundred and twenty-five bucks, but I wrote the cheque. He threw the passports at us, opened the compartment door, leaped from the moving train, and disappeared into the countryside.

"Sept. 7 . . . The border."

FOR the first time, when she got back to the United States, she saw Hollywood as home. Not home the way her family had created and maintained it, with security and pleasant relaxation, but the home she'd chosen for herself—tough, generous if it had to be, exciting, somehow magnificent.

Now, having seen how it was abroad, she had her perspective. From it, what she had seemed pretty good. Here was the little Beverly Hills house she loved—the tiny cottage with its radio-phonograph system, and its playroom and its silk-floss beds and its gay little pool and the security she could make for it.

Furthermore, there was her career, going great guns, with the assignment to her of the role opposite Clark Gable in M-G-M's "The Uniform." And there was, among others, the good-looking and charming Freddie Brisson, whom she had met at a party a year and a half ago and in whom she found a spirited and amusing companion. He was her type of man—unsentimental, exuberant about life, and seemingly tireless. She knew that once again the rumors of marriage would pop up, but this time it didn't matter. That sort of thing mattered only when you were in love.

The story of Roz the Reckless is an unfinished story. That sounds more dramatic than she would like it to sound, since she's a detached, intelligent woman with a fine sneer for the musical-comedy phrase. Nevertheless, it's an inevitable thing to say. Just as inevitable as this: You must watch the Russell gal.

While you do, keep your sense of humor handy, and don't bother to be surprised. Anything can happen. The one thing I'm sure of is that anything—and everything—will.

Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School

(Continued from page 61)

territory you'll bump someone unless you stay in the stream.

4. If you haven't learned to whirl properly, don't try it. You'll get dizzy.

5. Remember the mood of the dance is dreamy and romantic. Don't spoil it by chattering or roaring with laughter.

6. Remember above all to accent the first beat of the three and make the accent with your left foot.

7. When you step forward with your left foot, bring your opposite, or right shoulder forward. When you step backward with either foot, always bring the opposite shoulder slightly backward. That's a rule for any dance step.

YOU can walk through almost any other dance without especial grace and almost get by; but you can't when you're waltzing. You have to hear that rhythm with your ears, feel it in your body.

There are three beats to each measure of waltz music. It goes ONE, two, three . . . ONE, two, three.

And it never changes during the length of the tune.

The Basic Waltz Step

This step is composed of three simple steps. (See Diagram A on page 60.)

1. Begin with your left foot and step directly forward.

2. Step forward with your right foot, following the path shown in the diagram at this point.

3. Draw your left foot up to right, and then raise your right foot from the floor.

4. Step directly forward with the right.

5. Step forward with left in the way indicated in the diagram.

6. Draw your right foot up to the left and raise your left foot from the floor.

Each time your foot takes a step, place your weight on it.

Now practice this step to waltz rhythm or tempo.

The Backward Waltz Step

The backward waltz steps are just the opposite of the forward waltz steps. (See Diagram B on page 60.)

1. Step backward with the left foot.

2. Step to right side and back slightly on right foot.

3. Draw the left foot up to right, weight on left.

4. Step directly backward with right foot.

5. Step with left foot to left side and slightly back.

6. Draw right foot up to left, weight on right.

Practice the backward waltz steps around the room. Start with the left foot backward. At first go very slowly and try to do the six steps without a mistake.

The Box Step

When doing the turns you do not have time to think of your steps; you must think of your direction, and the steps must be done almost mechanically. Therefore it is essential to master this Box Step which acts as the basis for the turn to the left. (See Diagram C on page 61.)

1. Step directly forward with left foot.

2. Side-step to the right and forward



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PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty nor sticky.
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FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



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Once you make this test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer and make your own under-arm test. Just drop a postcard to FRESH, Louisville, Ky., and we'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



Popular companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. It comes in a tube instead of a jar.

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Enlargement of 78x90 to 84x96. 84x96 to 90x102. 90x102 to 96x108.
Enlargement of 96x108 to 102x114. 102x114 to 108x120. 108x120 to 114x126.
Enlargement of 114x126 to 120x132. 120x132 to 126x138. 126x138 to 132x144.
Enlargement of 132x144 to 138x150. 138x150 to 144x156. 144x156 to 150x162.
Enlargement of 150x162 to 156x168. 156x168 to 162x174. 162x174 to 168x180.
Enlargement of 168x180 to 174x186. 174x186 to 180x192. 180x192 to 186x198.
Enlargement of 186x198 to 192x204. 192x204 to 198x210. 198x210 to 204x216.
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It has mirrored walls and indirect neon lighting. Gigantic bottles of her favorite scents dominate the crystal dressing table. Behind the mirrored walls are closets where the clothes she loves so well hang on perfumed hangers.

"Clothes," says Alice, "are the greatest thing I've gotten out of being a star. I always loved beautiful clothes and never thought I'd have them. The day I bought my mink coat is as important in my book as the Fourth of July. It was during August and we were having a hot spell, but I wore my coat to the studio nevertheless.

"I need clothes. I'm not beautiful. I have good skin and eyes, I think. But that's all. And that's not enough to compensate for an Irish pug nose in a town that's packed, jammed with beautiful girls."

WHEN Alice shops the salespeople must think she's a twin. When she gets slacks, shorts, sweaters, or pajamas for herself she invariably buys duplicates for Eleanor Hansen Faye, Bill's wife, or Helene Smith, her stand-in—her closest friends.

Helene says, "You can't stop Alice giving you things. That watch Zella wears on her uniform was a present from Alice for a service anyone else would have taken for granted. The last time I went to New York with her she bought me a pair of silver foxes—just like hers—so I wouldn't feel out of things. She's always sending flowers to people. Once she sent Don Ameche with whom she's playing now in "That Night in Rio"—and with whom she wages a perpetual gag war—a pair of boxing gloves filled with forget-me-nots."

In the garage at the ranch there's a limousine in which Alice rides and a station wagon that's used for marketing and general errands. The limousine was given to Alice by Universal several years ago when she made a picture for them, as a mark of appreciation.

"Let it be everything a chorus girl dreams about," she said when she was asked what kind of car would please her most. "A limousine by all means! With a radio and silver mountings! And all the other de luxe trimmings!"

Alice always says she's going to drive herself, but she still rides behind Chester who is the brother of Zella who is the ruler of the roost.

She's a mixture of clean, hard-boiled sophistication and sentimental, superstitious naïveté. Talking of the ranch she says: "I can't believe the house and everything in it and all those fruit-bearing acres and the swimming pool [Jane Withers swims there every day. Those two would be pals!] and the view of the mountains and the Valley can be mine. When I hear myself complaining about something—in spite of this—I get scared. And I shut up! We're likely to be punished for ingratitude like that. And we should be!"

Beyond the swimming pool, where you stand to get the best view of the Lombard-Gable ranch half a mile away, the lawn now grows fresh and green. This is where the peacock run used to be. "Birds of ill omen," Alice called them. But there's a question about that. For if, in keeping with superstition, the peacocks are to be blamed for the burning of Alice's house, then, indirectly, they must be given some credit for the happy change in her personality too. And this, as those who have seen the new Alice in her new home agree, is a matter of great good fortune.

"It takes a lot of living to grow up," says Alice.

MAY, 1941

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Should a Girl Ever Propose?

(Continued from page 63)

his ideas and his ideals, and then I tried to conform to them. I didn't try to change him—why should I? I fell in love with him just as he was and I didn't want him any other way.

But if he hadn't proposed, I would never have asked him to marry me. I would have kept right on sitting and waiting; as long as I loved him, I was happier waiting than I would have been marrying someone else.

"Every woman, I believe, wants to marry the man she loves, but I don't believe that every man wants to marry the woman he loves and proposing will only scare him away for good. Marriage, to a man, means responsibility. To a woman it should mean servitude. If a man isn't ready for responsibility, he isn't likely to propose, but that doesn't mean that the woman has no part in his life. He still comes to her for comfort, understanding and moral support. Should she ask for more than that? No, if she loves him she should sit and wait until he does the asking!"

GEORGE BRENT, like Ida Lupino, is British and, also like her, he is a bit on the old-fashioned side in his views on courtship and marriage. However, he doesn't consider women the inferior sex.

"There is no such thing as an inferior or superior sex. Women have proved that they can meet life as bravely and as capably as men. Men know that, but they still like to feel that women are tender little creatures who must be guided and protected. Any clever woman—and I never met one who wasn't clever

—can lead a man around by the hand and he'll love it, but if she starts leading him around by the nose, he won't like it.

"When you come right down to it there isn't any logical reason why a girl should not propose. But there is a psychological one. If a girl should propose, in the eyes of the man she would immediately be stamped as aggressive and men do not like aggressive women. Even if he was in love with her and wanted to marry her, he'd begin to wonder just how much proposing she would be doing after they were married.

"Of course, when you come right down to facts, most girls do propose, but they do it in such a clever, subtle way that the man is entirely unconscious of it. He thinks he did it—that is, if he thinks at all. I do not believe that most men think when they are in love—they merely feel.

"If you study men, you realize that they adjust their lives so that they run along in a pretty smooth pattern. The clever girl won't upset that pattern; she will become a part of it—such a definite part that the man can't get along without her. Once she has woven herself into that pattern, the man is pretty apt to propose.

"But just as men are also creatures of habit, they are also creatures of impulse. They see something and their senses tell them they must have it—right then.

"That, I think, explains why so many elopements occur and why they do not always work out well. The man is not in love. He is infatuated. If the girl fits in with his routine life and does not cause

him any worry or inconvenience, he considers the marriage a success and is very happy. But if she doesn't fall into his pattern of life, they are both apt to end up with a broken contract.

"Girls who accept sudden proposals should remember this. There's no use lecturing the men on the subject—they'll never change."

ANN SOTHERN is the ideal American girl. She was born in North Dakota, reared in Minnesota.

"Girls definitely should not do the proposing," she says, "because proposing is asking and men are just obstinate enough to take a perverse attitude. Men always like to show women. Tell a man you can't drive a car and he'll say, 'Oh, of course, you can!' and then sit there with the patience of a saint while you risk your neck and his.

"It's the same with marriage. Tell him that you'd make a perfectly impossible wife and he'll try to prove you're wrong even if he has to tie himself up for life to do it. If you tell him that you don't want to get married, that you love your freedom and your work, he'll try to prove that you're just a sweet little homebody, kidding yourself into thinking you're sophisticated and blasé.

"It has been often said that a clever woman can marry any man she likes. I firmly believe that, but I think she has a much better chance of reaching her goal if she starts off in the opposite direction. No use ever letting a man know what you want because even if he loved you enough to want you to have what you

want, he'd want to talk you into accepting it.

"I do not say that women who do propose, openly, that is, are never accepted—they are—but it seems to me men value only the things they work hard to get. They might figure that if it wasn't hard to get the girl in the first place, it wouldn't be hard to hold her and, all schemes to the contrary, a woman never holds a man—a man always holds her. It is only by forcing him to hold her that she can hope to hold him.

"As for woman's sitting waiting quietly for a man to propose! That might have been all right in the days when women took everything sitting down, but not today when they stand right up and demand equal rights. A man would only propose to a waiting woman because he was tired of chasing adventure—well, she might as well be the adventure and let him get tired chasing her!"

THE background of Robert Young is not so different from that of Ann Sothern. He was born in Chicago, reared in Los Angeles and careered in Hollywood. Contrary to custom, he married his childhood sweetheart at the beginning of his career and they have lived happily ever after. Just who does the proposing doesn't make much difference to Bob, "just so long as they get to the altar without being dragged there.

"Seems to me," Bob goes on, "that women always have done the proposing and I can't see any reason why they shouldn't continue to do so. If it were left up to men, it might not get done and if it were done, it would be bungled. Women have a natural talent for it, they make it a moment long to be remembered and I'm for it. They are even so unselfish about it that they let the man take all the credit.

Women know what a man needs and when he needs it and that's more than a man knows.

"When I went home and told my mother I was going to get married, she wasn't a bit surprised. She just asked, 'When?' and I told her, as most people in pictures would be forced to do, 'as soon as convenient.' As an afterthought, I said, 'It's Betty.' She said, 'Oh, I knew that.' I didn't see how she could know because I'd only known it a few hours myself. I hadn't been seeing Betty regularly for a long time—not for several years. I'd been dating girls at the studio—Virginia Bruce, Gertrude Michael. Then how could she know it was Betty? I asked her. She smiled and said, 'Why I've known it for years. I've always known that when you did finally settle to one girl it would be Betty.'

"I went up to my own room to try to figure that one out. I'd first met Betty when we were in high school. I did not like her. She represented everything in girls I did not like—red hair, freckles, giggles. She skipped along the street when she should have walked sedately. She whispered and wrote notes and drew pictures when she should have been studying. I was very serious in those days. I was going to school to *learn* and I thought that anyone who went there to play should be expelled.

"Betty picked on me because I was taking life too seriously and I picked on her because she was taking it too lightly—and who said opposites don't attract? I wanted to change her and she wanted to change me. We wound up by being the best of friends and depending upon each other for advice, for sympathy, for moral support. After high school, I went to the Pasadena Community Players and Betty went to U. C. L. A. I was studying

acting and she was studying voice. We complimented each other with telegrams when we made personal appearances but outside of that we didn't seem to belong to the same world. When something was bothering me, however, I still called on Betty and she returned the grace when something was bothering her, so I wasn't a bit surprised when she called me one day and asked to see me.

"It was a man—he wanted to marry her—*right away*. Betty wasn't sure she wanted to marry now and what did I think? For the first time in my life I couldn't tell Betty what I thought. I had to sit there and pretend to be handing out good logical advice, but all the time I was thinking: Betty is my best friend and I'm about to lose her just because I've been too selfish to realize that she is also a beautiful, desirable young girl. I can't lose Betty—I need Betty . . . I want Betty. . . .

"Well, maybe the guy didn't get an even break in the discussion, but I got Betty. I got her when I had no intention of getting her—when I didn't even know that I wanted her. So how did my mother know? Did she and Betty cook up the deal between them? Mother firmly denied it and to this day Betty just laughs when I ask her about it.

"Now I don't say they did and I don't say they didn't, but they both knew what I needed when I needed it and saw to it that I got it. I always like to think it was my own idea but—was it? And what difference does it make just so long as it was a good idea? Probably most married men can look back to the time they proposed and realize that they didn't have so much to do with it at all. They merely played straight in a well-plotted drama—but it's all right because no matter who takes the bows, the play's the thing!"



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(Continued from page 49)

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was not the van Weyden she had met on the ferry. This was a man who had grown years older in the space of a week, who was dirty and tired, dressed in rough pants and shirt, a filthy apron.

Then the doctor had led her on and was introducing her to Captain Wolf Larsen, master of the Ghost.

He seemed at first overpoweringly large, but then she saw that this was only because of his terrific strength. He was stocky, muscular; a square head was set upon hunched shoulders. Little pig eyes twinkled at her with sardonic humor, as if at some private joke. Yet he spoke with grave courtesy:

"I am glad to see you feeling so much better, Miss Webster."

Then he doesn't know! she thought exultantly. He doesn't know I'm a convict or he wouldn't be so polite! She tried to adopt a grand manner to match his. "Thank you for everything. I must have caused you a great deal of inconvenience."

"On the contrary, ma'am," he said, bowing, "I did no more than my Christian duty."

THE doctor touched her arm. "And this is George Leach—the sailor who gave his blood to save your life."

She turned—and caught her breath sharply. The man was young, younger than any other member of the crew, and he was not like the others. His face was a mask of bruises, but he did not cringe, he stood straight and unafraid. His eyes, deep and direct, did not hint of unclean thoughts. His mouth was neither slack nor cruel.

"I'm very grateful," she said. But there was scorn in his young face, almost hatred. She did not want him to hate her; she wanted him to know she understood he did not belong here; she wanted his help and friendship. She added, stupidly, the first thing she could think of: "When I land I'll see that you're well rewarded."

"Say 'Thank you' to the lady," Larsen ordered, with something very like a snarl. George Leach's lips barely moved. "Thank you—lady."

"The people you left behind in Frisco," Captain Larsen said, "your—family. They've probably given you up for dead. They'll be glad to see you when we get back."

"You're going back there without touching any other port?"

"Yes, Miss Webster. We make our catch and go home."

Home! To the hands of the waiting police! Weakly she clutched the doctor's arm, murmured something about feeling dizzy and he began to lead her back toward her cabin.

"See that Miss Webster is quite comfortable, doctor," she heard Larsen call after them, just as they reached the doorway where van Weyden stood. "I want her to feel at home... So put some bars on her window."

It seemed to her, a second later, that the ship was dissolving in laughter. They'd known, then—all of them, all the time!

Furiously, she turned on van Weyden, not giving herself time to notice that he alone was not laughing. "You told them, didn't you?" she screamed. "Couldn't keep your mouth shut!" Her hand met his face in a stinging slap.

Sadly, he said, "You talked about your past when you were delirious. I heard you. So did Captain Larsen."

It was true, of course. She knew that

now. But she could not waste time in apologies. She turned to Larsen. "Skipper, won't you have a heart? There must be boats passing on the way to China. Put me aboard one of them, won't you?" "Louie," he told the doctor roughly, "take her below."

"No, no!" she screamed. "Give me a break, won't you, Skipper? You won't be sorry. Please! Please!" She fell to her knees, groveling before him.

George Leach stepped out of the circle of men. Standing above her, he said angrily, "Don't beg! You hear me! Don't beg!"

"Beg?" she said. "I'd crawl on my knees over every inch of this deck . . . I'd do anything—anything—not to have to go back! You don't know what it's like to be in jail!"

"I know," he said, his face withdrawn and tight-lipped. "I know." Fury seemed to rise in him again; he took a step toward Larsen. "It ain't enough you knock her down—you gotta kick her too," he muttered, then bent down to help Ruth to her feet.

"Leave me alone," she sobbed, and struggled up by herself. Larsen shrugged and began to walk away. Ruth tottered a few steps, stumbled and lay on the deck, crying weakly. For a moment George stood beside her, pitying her; then, in a gust of rage, he reached for a marlin spike and flung it with all his might at Larsen's back.

Someone shouted, "Watch out!" and Larsen ducked just before the spike buried its point in the mast behind him.

He walked slowly back to Leach. "According to the laws of the sea," he said, "I could hang you for that. But I won't. You're going to save me the trouble. By the time this voyage is over—you'll hang yourself."

With terrible deliberation he gathered the stuff of Leach's coat in one hand. The other, clenched into a fist, smashed into Leach's face. When Leach fell, he dragged him upright for more blows.

It was inhuman. Shuddering, Ruth covered her eyes. She hardly knew when the doctor helped her back to her cabin. For a long time she lay on her bunk, crying until she fell into a sodden doze.

TOWARD dusk van Weyden came to her with a tray of food. "I'm—sorry for what I said," she told him. "I should of known you wouldn't tell."

"It doesn't matter," he said heavily. "Here—eat this."

"I can't," she moaned. Kneeling on the bunk, she gazed up at him. "Mr. van Weyden—what is he? Does he like to make people suffer?"

Van Weyden's voice was weary. "Larsen? He's mad. He isn't just cruel—he has a brilliant brain, crippled by hatred. He hates the world. He hates his own brother, who's captain of another sealer, the *Macedonia*. And he's an egomaniac. It amuses him to show his power—by keeping you and me on board instead of returning us to land, by forcing me to work in the galley, by playing that cruel joke on you this afternoon—"

"And by beating that boy—" She shivered, remembering again the hammer-like blows, thudding against the flesh, Leach's young face, stoically enduring.

"Yes." Van Weyden turned to the door. "I've got to go now and serve his dinner in his cabin."

Error of being left alone filled her. She asked, "Where's the doctor? Ask him to come and see me."

Van Weyden halted, but did not turn. "The doctor?" he said tightly. "Why, he's—" He paused and added, "I think

he's busy. If I see him I'll tell him."

But it was not the doctor who knocked on her door an hour later and slipped quickly inside when she opened it. It was George Leach. His face was even more swollen and bruised than it had been before. Hurriedly he whispered, "Don't be scared. I—I had to see you. I—"

He stopped, at a loss for words, and stood with his back against the door, leaning forward a little as if he wished to cross the space between them, but could not.

"I had to see you," he repeated.

In the dim light from the oil lamp she saw the fine hairs glisten darkly on his bare forearms and the muscles ripple as he clenched his fists. She knew he was laboring under some excitement he could not express. And because she had the feeling that they were both trapped, because she remembered his grim admission on deck that he too knew what it was to be in prison, she went to him and touched with her fingers the marks on his face. "I'm so sorry," she said.

HE jerked away. "It doesn't matter," he said gruffly. "He'll never get a chance to do it again." Hatred settled like a cloud on his mouth, in his eyes.

"What are you going to do?" she whispered.

He looked down at her—a long, measuring scrutiny. "It's all set for tonight," he said at last. "I've got a few of the men with me. Johnson, the first mate, particularly. We're going to—get rid of Larsen and take over the ship. The men will follow us, once Larsen's gone. They all hate him, but they're afraid of him."

"But suppose something happens? Suppose you can't—Suppose he catches you?" A vision rose before her of another such beating as she had seen that morning; she felt the blows on her own body, and cringed. "You'll be hurt—he'll kill you!"

"He'll kill me anyhow. I wouldn't knuckle under to him, so he hates me. He'll kill me, just like he killed the doctor—"

"The doctor—?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to tell you. It was this afternoon. One of Larsen's jokes. He loved to tease the doctor—humiliate him in front of the crew because he was old and drank too much. This afternoon he drove him too far . . . he committed suicide by jumping to the deck from the top of the mainmast."

"Oh . . . oh!" The knowledge brought even closer the shadows of terror that whirled about her. That poor little, fat, pompous, harmless man was dead. A superstitious fear struck her. He was dead because he had helped her, had been kind to her. She brought harm to everyone she touched—van Weyden, the doctor, and now—

"Don't talk to me!" she cried breathlessly. "I'm a jinx. If you hadn't tried to help me this afternoon you wouldn't have been beaten up."

He only smiled—a rare, sweet smile of sympathy for a childish outburst. It lighted up his battered face, made it suddenly youthful and robbed it of its grimness.

"I'll be back," he whispered, and was gone.

The attempt to kill Wolf Larsen that night failed. In a dark corner of the deck he was ambushed, struck over the head and thrown overboard. But his vitality was so great that he did not lose consciousness; he seized a length of rope that trailed overside and painfully, slowly, pulled himself up it, hand over hand. And in the morning he was on deck, a



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livid scar on his forehead, watching the men with twinkling, malevolent eyes for the first shadow of expression on their faces that would help him fix the guilt for the attack upon him. Toward noon he went to his cabin, where he remained until darkness fell, when van Weyden brought him food.

Ruth, huddled in the cabin she had not left all day, started at a faint scratching on her door. It was George Leach. "Come on," he whispered. "We're getting out of here—in the longboat. It's our only chance."

She allowed herself to be led up on the deck. Two men were waiting by the longboat—van Weyden and an older man. "This is Johnson, the first mate," George explained in a whisper. "He's going along."

Ruth, catching sight of a dark figure on the bridge, gasped with fright. "The captain! He's watching us!"

Van Weyden laid his hand on her arm. "He can't see at this distance," he said slowly. "He's—going blind. No one on the ship knows except me and I found out only by accident when I took his supper to him tonight. That blow on the head..."

"Ready," Johnson breathed. "Get into the boat."

SOMETHING cracked in Ruth's brain. "I'm not going! You go on without me—I'm a jinx, I tell you! You'll never make it with me on board!"

Sobbing, she tugged against their restraining hands. Abruptly, George set his lips. His clenched fist came up and struck her jaw. As she slumped, he gathered up her slight body and swung it into the boat. "Ready," he said tersely.

The boat went overside with them in it, its cables creaking slightly, yet the dark figure on the bridge did not move.

But at dawn, when their small sail had carried them about six miles, they saw a note tied to one of the water kegs. "Pleasant journey!" it read. And it was signed "Wolf Larsen."

The kegs were filled with sea water. The mainland, Johnson told them, was fifteen hundred miles away. The only water they had was two gallons in a small keg they had brought aboard themselves. Two gallons, for four people.

To Ruth's numbed brain, it was proof of what she had known. If she had not come aboard, if she had stayed on the *Ghost*, this could not have happened. Beyond reason she knew that.

They passed the water around in small portions and sipped it as if it were rare wine.

All day Ruth waited for darkness, knowing what she must do when it came. For without her, they could make land.

The wind freshened as the stars came out and waves swelled and nodded. They had a life of their own, those waves—an eager, demanding life. Once they had you in their hungry embrace, they would not let you go.

She feigned sleep, curled up against one of the thwarts. George and van Weyden were at the other end of the boat, where Johnson stood his watch at the tiller. After a time they too seemed to sleep and the sail hid her from Johnson. She pulled herself upright. A few feet away a wave broke, sending a shower of spray into her face. It should be so easy to slip over—she had only to relax her grip on the side of the boat. A convulsive spasm shook her... her hands left their hold as the tiny craft rose on the crest of a wave. When it fell again, the lurch would send her over...

Rough arms seized her, flung her bod-

ily to the floor. George was standing there, his face pale with anger and fright. "I ought to tie you to the mast with a rope," he said in a choked voice.

Ruth lay on the damp boards. She was dead, she thought. He might hold her back from the waves, but he could not bring her back to life. She *must* be dead—for his sake!

"Will you promise you won't try anything like that again?" George demanded. "No."

"Ruth! Ruth!" he cried in agony. Behind him she could see van Weyden, his face sad.

"Listen," she said. "You three can make it—"

"Either we all make it—or none of us do!"

"But the rest of you've got something to look forward to," she argued hopelessly. "Not me. Suppose we do get to land. All right. Singapore, or Hong Kong. Nobody'll spot me. I won't have to go back to jail. But how do you think I'll get along?" Her voice rose to a shrill, heartbroken cry. "How do you think I'll live?"

George dropped to his knees beside her. He did not touch her, but his face was so close that she could feel his warm breath. "No," he said. "That's not the way it'll be. When we get to land . . . I'll make a living for you. You'll stay with me. We'll be married."

"Married?" Her widened eyes looked disbelievingly into his, then turned to van Weyden. "Make him stop talking like that," she pleaded. "He's only saying it to make me feel better. But don't let him lie to me."

"I don't think," van Weyden said slowly, "he's lying, Ruth."

"You must be crazy," she said to George.

"Yeah—that's right," he answered. "I'm crazy—with loving you."

A terrible need to believe him was in her heart. But she must be sure. "Don't you know what I've been?" she insisted. "The kind of life I've had?"

Now his hands were upon her shoulders, pulling her toward him. "Do you know what I've been?" he asked. "What I've done? But we'll start all over again, I'm telling you, just you and me . . . a new life."

Believing him at last, she surrendered to his embrace, lifting her face to his kiss. Van Weyden turned her away.

FROM his place at the tiller, Johnson had watched and listened. He knew, better than the others, how right Ruth had been in believing that three might reach land while four could not; and much later, when he was the only one awake, he gave them the gift of his life. He lashed the tiller in place and slipped quietly overboard.

For a while his sacrifice seemed in vain, for a deathly, foggy calm settled down over the sea and their little boat drifted idly on an oily swell. Van Weyden and Leach both pulled at the oars, but each knew there was no hope of traveling fifteen hundred miles in this way. Three days later they had only a bare pint of water left.

But suddenly, almost upon them, the prow of a ship cut through the mist. They felt a momentary relief so sharp it was almost pain before they saw the vessel's name—*Ghost*.

For the first time, it actually lived up to that name. It lay in the water, listing badly to one side, its mainmast gone, its sail flapping like empty shrouds, its lines trailing overside in the water. Not a living soul could be seen on the deck.

Leaving van Weyden and Ruth in the longboat, George clambered up the side

to secure food and water. They heard his steps, firm on the planking, followed by silence.

For what seemed like hours they waited and then they followed him, tiptoeing over the deck. Ruth called, but her voice echoed back upon her ears. They peered into the dark galley, only to find it empty. Then they heard a muffled knocking on the heavy steel doors, soundly padlocked, of the storeroom. George's voice came as if from far away.

"Larsen sneaked up behind me and pushed me in here! Get off the ship before he gets you too!" he called. "He's not only blind—he's crazy!"

Ruth flung herself upon the door, beating on it with her fists until it rang. Behind it was the only brief vision of happiness that life had ever given to her.

"We'll get you out," van Weyden called.

"You can't. Larsen's got the key and if you go near him he'll tear you in pieces. Those hands of his . . ." George's voice was urgent. "Go on—get off the ship! Get off, van Weyden, and take her with you!"

"Not without you," Ruth said, and now she was suddenly calm. "The only part of my life that's ever meant anything to me is since I've known you."

"Ruth—maybe—" van Weyden said gently, trying to pull her away. But she shook him off.

"No . . . no, there's no maybe about it, without him. There's no life for me, unless he's with me." She slid to the floor, crouched there against the doors.

VAN WEYDEN licked his stiff lips. "Stay here," he said. "I'll get the key."

He found Larsen in his cabin, alone—sitting in the chair by his desk, staring straight in front of him, smiling, a pistol in his hand.

"Ah, van Weyden," he said. "You see, I know who you are. That should prove to you that I am not quite blind. I can still see you, dimly—as a shadow. Well enough to put a bullet through your head if you come any closer."

"I want the key to the storeroom," van Weyden said flatly and Larsen chuckled.

"Don't delude yourself that I am in your power," he suggested. "As a matter of fact, you are in mine. I might keep you here, you know, until the ship sinks."

"How did this happen?" van Weyden asked, hoping to lead Larsen's mad brain into other channels.

"My dear brother, Mr. van Weyden. We met at last—he in his beautiful steamship, I in my old sailing vessel. We fought out the hatred we have had for each other for many years. And he won."

"Everyone has left the ship except you?"

"Yes . . . This is the finish. I sink with my ship, Mr. van Weyden—in sight of land!"

"What!"

Shaking with silent laughter, Larsen said, "Yes, land. We're lying within two miles of an island. How tragic for you and your friends that you didn't know it before you came aboard! But you can go, van Weyden—you and the girl."

"How about Leach?"

Larsen's mouth twisted and set in a stubborn line. "He goes down with me. He tried to kill me."

"And this is your revenge?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe that's the real reason," van Weyden said slowly. "The truth is—you're afraid."

Larsen stiffened in his chair. "Afraid?" he said harshly. "That's a lie!"

"Afraid to be alone. Alone, you'll have to admit to yourself that there's nothing



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heroic about your death—that it's small and petty and cheap and that the only motivation behind it is fear. You're afraid to go on living—because now you're blind and helpless, you can't bully other people any more."

Larsen rose, screaming, "I don't want to hear any more of this—"

"You're afraid to face your own pitiful, dismal finish—afraid not to—"

"I told you I didn't want to hear any more!" Larsen shouted and fired, three times. The bullets thudded into van Weyden's body. He swayed and fell to the floor. But as he looked up he saw Larsen pass his hand over his eyes, then grope for the door and he knew that this time the captain was totally blind.

"So now you can't even see shadows," he said mockingly. "You missed me, Captain Larsen."

"No! No! I couldn't—"

"But you did." Van Weyden clenched his jaw, forcing life to stay in his body. "I could escape now, Larsen. But I'll make a bargain with you. I'll stay here—go down with you—if you'll give me the key to the storeroom."

Larsen hesitated, a pathetic look of incredulity on his face. Behind van Weyden, in the doorway, stood Ruth, summoned by the shots. Van Weyden's upraised hand cautioned her to be quiet.

"You're trying to trick me," Larsen mumbled. "I know—there's a catch. Nobody does anything like that for anybody unless they get something out of it. What're you getting out of it? That's what I want to know." His voice rose

querulously. "It's a trick!"

"It's—no trick," van Weyden said. "It's a bargain. Hold out the key in your hand, Larsen. I won't even touch it, to prove to you I won't try to get away. Ruth is here—she can take it."

Suspicious, bewildered, Larsen at last obeyed. Stepping lightly across the threshold, Ruth lifted the key from his fingers.

"Go let George out," van Weyden instructed her.

"But you—" she whispered.

"I'm staying here," he said strongly. "With Larsen. I want to. Good-by."

For a moment after she had gone there was silence in the cabin. Then Larsen spoke. "Van Weyden? . . . Van Weyden? . . . Where are you? . . . Van Weyden!"

His feet shuffling, he started across the cabin, and stopped when he touched the quiet body of van Weyden, stretched out on the floor. When he bent down, his exploring hands told him the man was dead.

"So it was a trick!" he muttered in exultation. "I did hit you! And there was a catch! I knew it!"

As he stood up, shaking his fist in angry defiance at the heavens, the ship tilted sharply.

Ruth and George saw it go down. They were in their boat, a hundred yards or so away. The fog was rising and beyond the *Ghost*, as it slid quietly into the sea, the dim outlines of an island came into view—an island where they could begin a new life together.

Consider the Men

(Continued from page 69)

Gene, at last. 'Gracious! When we invite people here, we don't do it just to give ourselves a good time! That's as bad as the horrid little girl everyone knew in his childhood who wouldn't let you play in her yard unless you played her games. A party is for the guests' pleasure. Let's do it their way.' So we equipped a playroom and an outdoor terrace with little stoves and grills where people could cook their own wieners and fry their own steaks and pour their own coffee. I bought big wooden bowls to hold salads and pottery casseroles for spaghetti. There are card tables for the bridge fiends and canvas chairs for the people who just want to loll. If I'm having a really big party, which I don't very often, I try to plan one game which won't take long but in which everyone can participate if he wants to. Something silly like charades or drawing numbers for prizes—anything to get them to mingle and circulate and get acquainted with one another. But that's only for big parties. The small ones take care of themselves."

The important thing about Jeanette's "philosophy of parties" is her discovery that it is wise to study what your guests want—and then give it to them. Sometimes Jeanette has that beautiful table set in that beautiful dining room—and she and Gene have a formal dinner there together. Once in a while they share this rite with another privileged couple. But they don't give their parties there any more.

MARY ASTOR claims to have discovered something about men and parties that astounded her. Men love to dress up. "They'll tell you they hate costume parties," she says. "They'll complain for days if they know they have to go to one. But actually there is nothing that assures a party of success more than

asking people to come in costume. Preferably funny costumes. Don't worry about the girls. They'll find ways to make themselves look cute or pretty, no matter what the idea of the party is. Men like the funny ones—and costumes that aren't any trouble. Be careful about that! No man wants to spend half a day at a costumer's being fitted for a Sir Walter Raleigh number."

Well, Mary ought to know. She gave one of Hollywood's most successful parties not long ago when she announced to her prospective guests, "It's to be a Chinese party. So come in pajamas!" Her guests took her at her word and you never saw such an amazing array of costumes in your life. Some of the girls wore rich brocades and satins—naturally, this being Hollywood. But most of the people appeared in strange concoctions of crepe paper, old sheets or just plain sleeping pajamas. In the coat rooms Mary had placed paper Chinese hats and had provided make-up boxes for painting slant eyes and triangular eyebrows. In her living room every stick of furniture had been removed and her guests found nothing to sit upon except piles of soft cushions—and very nice, too.

"It was the easiest party I ever had," Mary says. "And I had expected it to be difficult. I had to have such a mixed crowd—some important executives and some rather difficult writers and some actors. Everyone began to laugh as soon as he caught sight of someone else. The most dignified one—the guest who had worried me most—turned up in a cotton kimono because he had got mixed up and thought it was a Japanese party and he insisted that he was *Pooh-bah* from 'The Mikado' whether the party was Japanese or not. The food was sent in from the nearest Chinese restaurant and people tried to eat with chopsticks and

by the time they had finished that effort, everyone was so weak with laughter that it didn't matter whether anyone knew anyone else or not. They all loved each other! Oh, it was a grand success. If I ever have to get a difficult group together again, I'm going to insist that they wear funny clothes.

"I've an idea for my next one, too. I'm going to ask everyone to come as 'something he is glad he is not.' That will require a bit of ingenuity, you see. It needn't be any trouble for anyone. Someone can wrap a bandage around his head and proclaim that he's glad he isn't a man with a fractured skull. And someone else can wear an apron and carry a dish mop and be glad that he isn't a dish-washer. You see? It won't be any trouble for anyone. It will be funny . . . and then the ice will be broken. You see, no one can stand on dignity or be difficult if he's wearing funny clothes. Especially men. The costumes give them ideas and you find your shyest male guests contributing notions for games."

BUT perhaps you like the formal pattern for parties, now and then. Flowers and candlelight and bare shoulders and men in dinner jackets. Well, men like it, too, if the hostess can handle it easily and graciously, without obvious and undue anxiety. Here's what one young Hollywood man-about-town told us about parties at the Rathbones'. "Basil and Ouida have the knack of giving small, perfect dinners without appearing to be conscious of it, somehow. You have a feeling that everything has been planned and attended to hours before you are shown into the drawing room for cocktails. So all you—or your hosts—have to do is to sit down peacefully and enjoy the pretty girls in their nice frocks and feel rather pleasant yourself in your dinner clothes."

It all seems to boil down to finding out what your guests want to do and then making it easy for them to do it. Ida Lupino has strong ideas on the subject.

"Don't make guests work too hard," she admonishes. "Some people like games and some don't and if the ones who don't are forced through politeness to toil and moil and feel silly over guessing games or charades or a treasure hunt, then the evening turns into a dire sort of chore—hours of difficult and depressing labor. Personally I detest most games and I was never more indignant than I was the time a hostess forced me to prowl all over Brentwood Heights because a part of my 'job' was to bring back one of Cesar Romero's autographed shoes! But there was a man—one of our really glamorous leading men—at that party who suffered even more than I did. He'd had a strenuous day on the set and his idea of a heavenly evening had been to sit down and talk his head off over a highball or two. Instead of which he had to make a long tour on a senseless errand. 'It's enough,' he wailed, 'to make a man hate all women forever!'

"Parties at our house," she went on, "are usually rather large, open-house come-and-go-when-you-please affairs. I try not to let people know I am 'doing' anything at all about them. I tell them to look around, find what they want and do as they please.

"I have a card table or two in an alcove for the people who can't live without bridge and easy chairs in the bar for the talkers-and-drinkers. There is food on the table in the dining room, replenished now and then, so they can eat when they want to.

"But so many of the men who come to our house like to raid the kitchen and

Jean Bjorn, popular Arthur Murray teacher at the British Colonial in Nassau—leads the La Conga Chain.



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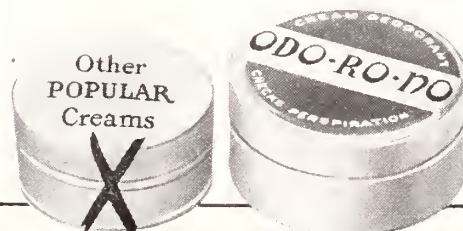
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the ice box that I take it for granted and have plates and silver in the kitchen for them. I always have platters of cold meat and dishes of pickles and things in plain view in the ice box. As a matter of fact, that idea wasn't completely original with me, although I've gracefully accepted compliments on it for a long time.

"I once knew a girl who worked in an office all week. When she got up on Sunday she used to put nicely seasoned baked beans or spaghetti into a double boiler on the stove in her little apartment. In the ice box she had a platter of cold meats and cheese, dishes of jelly and pickled peaches. Rye bread in the bread box. She had more callers—men callers—than any girl I ever knew. She used to say it was 'cupboard love' they had for her. But it wasn't. She was gay and cheerful and they liked to be with her. Everyone felt at home and felt welcome. She also said it was 'lazy entertaining.' Everyone always washed his own plate and silver. When the last guest was gone she had nothing to do except brush up the crumbs . . . and perhaps put the bean pot to soak.

"She married one of her numerous suitors eventually, of course. A wealthy one. But they still have their Sunday help-yourself parties!"

VARIETY comes into all this, too. Consider sage Mrs. Pat O'Brien who has really had experience with masculine parties! She says that when they first installed their barbecue pit Pat and his cronies (Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Chester Morris and goodness knows who-all) thought they simply weren't spending a Sunday evening unless they scorched their faces over steaks and sprained their ingenuity over salad dressings.

"But came a time," says Mrs. O'Brien, "when I discovered that the boys thought it was awfully nice, 'just for a change,' to sit them down quietly on the terrace or in the living room and have plates of food and cups of coffee brought to them without their having to do anything

about it. I discovered that they had great fun fixing their own food—running the party—until the novelty wore off. Then they liked a vacation and liked to take their ease. Enthusiasm would rise again and they would want to cook. Participation, you'll find, is fun as long as it's novel. I'd advise any hostess not to overdo it. No man really likes to work at domestic things after it begins to seem like work!"

A useful little tip, that one! Well, these are some theories from some eminently successful hostesses. Hostesses who could, if they liked, spend a great deal of money on their entertaining—but who don't. Hostesses who admit frankly that they cater to men when they plan a party. Ask the men who go to these parties what they like and why they like it and they'll find it difficult to tell you. They only know whether or not they have a good time. Here, however, are some remarks by some of them.

Bob Taylor: "I don't like games. I like to listen to people talk, if the talk is easy and friendly and intelligent. I like the kind of food that comes in slabs. I mean, I can't stand the fluffy stuff some women serve, covered with whipped cream and disguised to look like something it isn't."

Clark Gable can't stand parties where people "talk shop." Aside from that he doesn't much care what they do, so long as he doesn't have to dress up for it. Melvyn Douglas wants to talk—and talk—and talk.

You see, when you get down to it, the men aren't very much help in solving this problem about what kind of party they like! Clever hostesses, by watching and learning, find out. And those are the hostesses whose parties are rated "tops." It isn't merely that "she has a knack for parties." She studies her guests and plans accordingly. And you see it doesn't seem to matter whether she has a lot of money to spend on her entertaining or not—if she uses her head. The clever woman asks herself, as did Ann Rutherford . . .

"But—do the men like it?"



Consider the lady who considers the men: Mary Astor, wife of Manuel del Campo; mother of a freckled-faced little girl and a dark-eyed little boy; close second for acting honors with Bette Davis in "The Great Lie"

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

"Man-Poison"

(Continued from page 65)

straightened out her light coat.

"I'm okay," she said.

Throwing her bag into the compartment behind them, he came around into the driver's seat.

For some moments he drove in silence, keeping the speed down, as if that would make it easier for her. He glanced at her out of the corners of his eyes, saw that she was trying to pull herself together, and then focused his eyes on the road.

It seemed an eternity later when she spoke. There was a slow deliberate quality in her voice which chilled him.

"Would you mind dropping me at Fresno?" she said.

He didn't answer, but she could tell by his knit brow that he was shaping thoughts and trying to find words to convey them.

Abruptly he pulled the car to the side of the road, leaned forward and turned off the motor.

He twisted himself around in his seat toward her, pulled his leg up under him in a boyish, almost awkward gesture.

"I can't talk very well when I drive," he said. "I want to tell you something that isn't very easy to say."

Annabelle could so easily be cruel to him now. But in her there was no cruelty toward him. Nor was there any kindness; only a willingness to listen, a sense of surprise at his unexpected humility.

She raised her eyes to him. He could not guess what she was thinking, but he saw there patience, at least.

"I just want you to know," he said. "I had you figured out all wrong. I'm sorry."

She knew that now she should say something, but the words would not come. Faith in people, she thought, offered at the wrong time or too late, is valueless. Why should she comfort him? So she waited for him to go on.

"I know none of this means anything to you," he said, "and I don't blame you. But I want you to know that I can take it as well as give it. Believe me," he smiled a shade wistfully, "I'm taking it now."

"I don't see what it has to do with you," she said sincerely.

"All right," he said, "let's skip it. The main thing is, what's going to happen now? You've got to let me help you, Annabelle."

"Thanks," she said, "but I don't need any."

"I know you don't. I've learned a lot of things about you today. I wish you'd let me help anyway."

"I'm all right," Annabelle said, and because the tears were starting in her eyes, she turned away from him.

Only a few weeks ago she would have welcomed his complete humiliation. In her imagination she had visualized how she might scorn him if a change in his attitude were to come about. Now that it had happened, she felt less revengeful than womanly. She knew what it was costing him, and so there was no triumph in it at all.

He began to talk rapidly, unfolding the plan that had shaped in his mind: "I have a lodge at Tehachapi, and we'll drive down there right now. It won't take more than a few hours, and it's the perfect place in the world for you to be

till—till it happens. Tomorrow, I'll drive down to L. A. and bring back my aunt and her husband. They're really grand—you'll love them."

It was out of the question, Annabelle knew, the last thing in the world that she could agree to. And yet, as he went on, explaining all the reasons why she should do it and why it would help her keep up her health and strength, she knew in her heart that in the end she would agree.

And in the end she did.

ANNABELLE could hardly believe that they were only a hundred and fifty miles or so away from Los Angeles. This lodge of Mike Harrigan's hadn't the remotest connection with Hollywood and now she began to understand why he was so different from the usual run of Hollywood young men. The lodge explained in a measure his detachment. Except for the ageless Chinese man who tended the place, here was complete solitude any time the "promising young director" decided to need it.

They had been silent most of the drive beyond Bakersfield. But before that, stopping for tea at El Tejon, she had been relieved when Mike had talked without restraint about Hollywood, its curiosities and the problems anyone faced who wished to live and work there. He was half-humorous, half-serious about it all, and he seemed to forget for the moment the restraint that had grown between them since their first meeting at the Yuma airport and in forgetting he lost much of his grimness. It was a new side of him and Annabelle watched him

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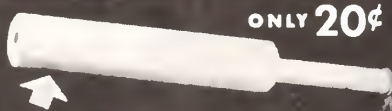


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Hand-some picture of the girl who's one of Hollywood's most daring dressers: Lana Turner with man-of-the-moment Tony Martin



with wonder at the thought that this was the man who had taken shape in her mind the past weeks as something of an ogre.

Happy was the name that Mike Harrigan had given his Oriental caretaker, principally because his face was always grim, his manner always forbidding. Annabelle liked him the moment he opened the massive door for them, as they arrived at nightfall. His immediate resentment of a guest, particularly a female guest, amused her. His manner, if she had not understood it, would have offended her, but she soon saw that here was devotion such as servants rarely show to their masters. As she watched the old Chinaman make them comfortable and begin the preparations of this unexpected dinner, she knew that he was one of those rare creatures who live exclusively to serve and find no happiness in anything else.

Because he had not expected them, he served the meal which he had planned for himself—a meal for which there were always ample supplies: beef, water chestnuts and bean sprouts. This strange kind of food was new to Annabelle, but after the difficult day she was ravenous and she thought she had never tasted anything more delicious.

"Hope you like," Happy said as he poured her tea out of a steaming pot.

"I like very much," she said, gratefully.

Happy grunted incredulously and filled his master's cup.

"Tomorrow," Mike said, "stock up plenty, Happy. I'm driving down to L. A. to bring Mrs. Simpson and Mr. Simpson, if he can come. They'll be here with Mrs. Hurley for quite a while."

"Yes, sir," said Happy, as he banged the kitchen door behind him.

LONELY LODGE, as Mike jokingly called it, delighted Annabelle; the huge fireplace, the rustic furniture, the simple blue curtains on the small windows, the atmosphere of complete masculinity, despite the spotlessness with which Happy proudly endowed the place. The warm dinner calmed and steadied her and suddenly a feeling of ineffable peace crept over her. It would be good

to stay here and rest, and recover from the torment that lately had been her lot.

Mike Harrigan sat quietly drawing on his pipe. He watched her from across the table, still silent, as if words might break the spell of this calm moment.

Then, into their silence, came a loud, strident interruption.

The roar of a car's motor startled them into attention. Then it stopped, and the sound of laughter and chattering voices took its place.

"Who the devil is that?" Mike Harrigan said, almost to himself, as he rose from his chair. There was loud knocking on the door. For a moment he looked toward Annabelle, shaking his head with displeasure, then went to the great door and opened it a few inches.

"DARLING!" Annabelle heard the feminine voice carol into the room. She recognized it at once. "What a frightful time to break in on you, Michael darling, but we've just been up at Sequoia, though heaven knows why, and Archibald insisted that we stop by and see you." Helga Bentley strode into the room, with her usual bland assurance, followed by three young men and a young stock actress who was known to be the friend of one of them. Annabelle knew this crowd so well. She despised them quite thoroughly. She would never forget that they had been present at Helga's death and all of them, to a man, if any of those syncophants could be dignified by that name, had managed to avoid her after the first insincere expressions of conventional pity. Of all the people who could be coming to Lonely Lodge at this moment, there was none who would be less welcome to Annabelle.

"Why, Annabelle," Helga Bentley shrieked. "I just can't believe it! How absolutely wonderful to find you here. Michael, Michael, have you been trying to keep secrets from your Aunt Helga? Now you know, Helga finds out everything eventually! Look, kiddies—it's Annabelle Hurley!"

Michael's face was livid. He knew that it would be futile to remonstrate. He explained the truth simply and without embarrassment. But he was not deal-

ing with rational people. Their glances were too transparent and Helga Bentley's words were too heavy with implications to give Annabelle any hope that Mike could make them believe. "Now, now, Michael," she said, "you don't have to make explanations to this old bag. I've been around." That was the end of it.

When they had left, Mike and Annabelle faced each other grimly. "Nice people," was all Mike said. And in Annabelle's mind one simple little phrase played a silly, hopeless tune: It was "Man-poison." For indeed that was what she had again proved to be. By the time Helga Bentley finished with this "romance rumor" Mike's name would be mud in Hollywood—particularly at the Clark Studios. How could they disprove the simple item that would inevitably appear in Helga Bentley's column? It was hopeless. By the appearance of these brittle pseudo-sophisticates of Hollywood, an aura had been put on this innocent kindness of Mike Harrigan's that spoiled it completely, turned it into a shocking boomerang and filled Annabelle with a feeling of hopelessness that she could not bear.

"YOU must be tired," Mike said, as though he really believed a night's rest would somehow wipe away all this. But he was looking away.

"Guess I am," Annabelle lied and stretched out toward the fire, to prove her lie, to make sure that there would be no suspicion in Mike's mind of what she knew she must do.

For there was only one thing to do. She could not argue with Mike Harrigan, for she knew he would never listen to reason. She must wait until he and Happy were asleep, and then she must creep out of this enchanting haven and

find her way again on the path which she had only lately found courage to seek—the path where people dare to walk alone.

After Happy had gone up to his bedroom, they sat in the low-ceilinged main room of the lodge watching the flames in the gigantic fireplace. Moonlight shone through the great window, casting an unearthly light on the native stones on the hearth. Mike pulled at his pipe, looked over at her, squinting a little, then suddenly smiled with such sweetness and understanding that she was filled with a warm glow of unexpected happiness.

Then he started to talk, at first about inconsequential things—Hollywood and its curious people and places, his home town in Ohio with its contrasting simplicity and naïveté, his early days of trying to gain a foothold in life, and then, at last, his friendship for George and the ill-fated trip to Guatemala.

It was good for them to talk about it. And it gave him a chance to say, "I wish I had understood you better then." And she could say, again, "It's all right. It's really all right."

He leaned forward and for a moment touched her hand. "Look," he said intently, "I'm going to make it all up to you. I want these to be the happiest months of your life and neither Helga Bentley nor any of those people is going to stop me."

"It's a lovely place," Annabelle said evasively. "I don't see how anybody could help being happy here."

His eyes did not leave hers for many moments. Then he said at last, "I'm glad . . . I'm so glad that's the way you feel about it."

Annabelle could not bear the intensity of that look. She was deeply moved

by the complete change in their relationship. She felt that there was no need for words between them, and yet there was something she had to say to him, so that later, when she had left Lonely Lodge, he could remember that she had said it.

"Mike," she began—it was the first time she had called him that, and Mike was keenly aware of it—"no matter what happens . . . I mean, even if things don't work out just as you want them to . . . I do want you to know that I'm terribly grateful to you for—for everything."

"Thanks for saying that, Annabelle," he said simply. But again there was a look of intense feeling in his eyes that she could not face.

WHEN she looked away, he rose and went to the great oak cupboard at the other end of the room.

"Can I give you something to drink?" he said, pouring himself a highball.

Annabelle refused. He returned to the divan and sat sipping his drink, again finding refuge in talking about superficialities.

Soon he relaxed into comfortable drowsiness and Annabelle's heart began to pound with the knowledge that soon she must find a way to leave Mike Harrigan and Lonely Lodge behind her.

She went to the room where Happy had taken her when they first arrived. She put her things back into her suitcase. When she came out of the room again she saw that Mike was asleep on the divan. Carefully, she pulled the Navajo blanket over him and returned to the bedroom. When she crept through the main room carrying her bag, he did not stir and for a long moment she stood there looking at him. It was a terrible temptation to wake him—to explain why she was stealing out into the night—and

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to assure him that he was in no way responsible for her decision to go. But then, of course, he would try to persuade her to stay.

The great mountain peak that loomed over the lodge frightened her—her instinct told her to return to the warm friendliness of the fire inside—but she took a deep breath and stepped into the night.

As Annabelle started down the mountain road that led from the lodge, she was grateful for the bright light of the moon, but looked uneasily over her shoulder at the dark scudding clouds that the night wind was blowing across the range. She recalled the corkscrew turns which Mike had navigated so adroitly on the way up, and she knew that without the moon she could not possibly find her way now. So she hurried, occasionally changing the bag from hand to hand so that it would not weary her too much.

HER impression had been that the village at the foot of the mountain was not very far. Now, as she walked along, panic assailed her, for she realized that the speed of the car had deceived her and that the distance was far greater than she had imagined.

Her fear only wearied her more, and for a time she considered starting back. No, she decided then, she must not compromise with her conviction. If she returned to the lodge, Mike would surely make it difficult for her to leave and she was determined that Helga Bentley would have no basis in fact for any scurrilous stories.

She passed a tiny chalet but saw that it was deserted. Perhaps, she thought, when she neared the village she might find refuge in one of the little houses on the outskirts.

With such thoughts she encouraged herself, but in her heart there was a growing doubt, a sense of impending disaster she could not shake off.

The suitcase seemed to be growing heavier by the minute. At last she could not bear her weariness another moment and so, with a little sob, she put down the suitcase and sat down, trembling as if with a chill.

Terror overcame her. The edges of a cloud had covered the moon, but it still tried valiantly to shine through. Then it was hidden except for a dull glow and now it was impossible for her to see beyond her hand! When she could no longer see the edges of the road she was more keenly aware than ever of what lay beyond. Dense underbrush—heaven knew what wild animals lurked there; Mike had spoken blandly of coyotes and mountain cats. Now the thought of them made her blood run cold.

She tried to separate the mysterious sounds—was that an animal scurrying through the thicket or was it just a frightened bird, surprised by the unexpected darkness? She stifled a scream for suddenly she heard a weird cry. Bravely she told herself that it was a hoot owl, but to her anguished ears the sound was almost human.

A terrific compulsion overwhelmed her. She must keep moving and escape from this nightmare. Suppressing her impulse to turn back, she groped for her suitcase, found it and began creeping down the road, her eyes straining into the darkness. Oh, if only she had brought a flashlight, she thought, how much suffering it would have spared her!

Suddenly a little animal scurried across the road behind her and her frenzied scream frightened the creature as much as it did her. Annabelle began to run.

Her suitcase got in the way and she stumbled over it, sprawling on the ground. When she pulled herself up she realized that somehow she had gone off the road and that her legs had been viciously scratched by the brambles of the underbrush. Frantically she tried to find the road, but her sense of direction betrayed her completely. She was lost, hopelessly, desperately lost.

She was sobbing now. Her voice sounded to her like someone else's as she heard herself call out, "Mike! Oh, Mike! Help me! Please help me!"

She began to grope her way desperately in what she hoped was the direction of the road. There was now no thought of the suitcase which had vanished in the brush. Stumbling through trees and over rocks, she sensed that she was in a sort of ravine and that the terrain was changing. By this time she had fallen so often that her limbs had become numbed to pain. And then when she thought she could bear no more, the worst happened. She took a step into the darkness—there was only space—and she found herself falling down... down

... Then she remembered no more. When she awoke the sun had already begun to rise. The pain in her back and legs was excruciating. Dimly aware that she had landed on a rocky ledge and that she was no longer able to move, she realized poignantly the hopelessness of her predicament and wondered how long it would take her to die.

Annabelle could look up at the mountainside above her and gauge how far she must have fallen. She was shocked at the clarity of her mind now that the confusion of her first awakening had dissolved. Little by little, she began to test her arms and legs. She could not ascertain if any of them was broken, but the pain in them were so great that she found it desperately difficult to move.

At last she pulled herself toward the edge of her resting place and saw with horror that there was a steep drop of several hundred feet below her. And she



Covering a cover man: Artist Paul Hesse who does Photoplay-Movie Mirror covers, snapped in the Sun Valley Lodge ski room with one of his favorite models, Elyse Knox

saw, too, that this ledge on which she had landed was terrifyingly precarious and that small pieces of dirt and stone occasionally were sloughed off and dropped into the ravine below. She tried her voice and at first could scarcely talk above a whisper, but then the will to escape from this new nightmare gave her strength to shout. A bird flew across the sky; far in the distance she heard the whistle of a train; but around her there was nothing but the stirring of the morning wind in the overhanging trees and the occasional cry of a bird on the other side of the ravine.

When she had just about given up hope that anyone would find her, she heard a cry—a distant "Hulloa!"—and the will to live leaped again in her. Could this be a rescue party?

But minutes passed before the call came again, and she thanked God that now it sounded nearer.

STRAINING to the utmost, she managed to shout loud enough so that she could conceivably be heard. There was a long silence and then she heard an answering shout. She raised herself on her elbow, cupped her hand to her lips and shouted again.

Nearer and nearer came the answering cry and at last she could hear the movement of someone coming down the slope overhead. Then she recognized Mike's voice, and she looked up and saw that he had emerged from the woods fifty feet or so above her. He peered down into the ravine and when he at last caught sight of her he gasped at the realization of how far she must have fallen.

"Annabelle!" he shouted. "Are you all right?"

She made a last effort to raise herself. "Mike—Mike!"

He was starting down the steep, rocky decline, letting himself down with the agility of an Alpine climber. Then she remembered the pieces of dirt and stone that were falling from the precarious ledge upon which she lay. If it could scarcely hold her weight, what would happen when Mike reached her? She looked again at the distance beneath her to the gully below and realized that the fall would be the end of both of them.

"Mike! Stop! Go back!" she screamed.

But Mike Harrigan continued the dangerous descent.

The conclusion of "Man-Poison" appears in next month's **PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR**. Read the unexpected developments which bring this Hollywood novel to an exciting close.

NOTICE TO DEANNA DURBIN FANS:

We're beating the gun by giving you a full color portrait by the great Hollywood photographer, Paul Hesse, of the girl who will be the world's most famous bride in 1941—

ON THE JUNE COVER OF **PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR**

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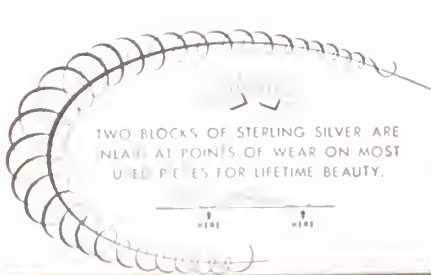
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How I Keep My Figure

(Continued from page 37)

so much food in the future. You won't be able to eat too much, even though you satisfy your appetite at every meal.

Another sane habit into which my mother guided me is not to sleep too much. There is nothing, according to my observation, that will cause anyone to gain weight quite so readily as more sleep than the average human being requires. I was always encouraged to sleep eight hours out of every twenty-four and I don't feel exactly right if I don't get that much. But I never sleep any more than that, even though I should like to, sometimes. Instead, I get up and play a game of badminton, golf or tennis.

YES, I like out-of-door games very much and they, too, are quite certainly good insurance against overweight. I have never chosen my games, though, with reducing in mind. I play golf, eighteen holes once or twice a week (when I am not working; I haven't time for much golf when I am), because I like it; tennis about twice a week, because I like that, too. I am crazy about bowling and usually bowl three nights a week.

And—no, I don't eat a "snack" right after my "athletics." I wait until meal-time. Thanks to Mother's training, regular eating is a habit too strong for me to break now. Incidentally, when I am not working, I often stay up later at night and therefore get up later the next morning. Which schedule works out so that I have breakfast around the middle of the morning and then usually don't eat again until dinner time. I don't seem to feel the need for so much food between pictures.

Do you know what I should do if I ever found myself in danger of "losing my figure"—if the tendency to gain weight should "rear its ugly head" in my own scheme of things? Well, first I should check up on my normal measurements, with relation to my weight, and if the latter were even a pound over normal. I should lose that

pound. It shouldn't be so hard to lose one pound! Going without lunch or a few desserts or potatoes or cream in your coffee for a day or two should do it. Next, after I had my weight just where I wanted it, I should buy myself, if at all convenient, a new dress which fit perfectly . . . not one loose enough to allow for a few extra pounds, but one which would tell the sad tale if even half a pound came on! And then, using that dress as a sort of gauge, I should keep myself slender enough to fit it! I have a dress, now, which is smooth-fitting enough to be such a gauge. I wear it every once in a while. And believe me, if it ever begins to get tight, I'll know what to do!

Of course, a set of bathroom scales is an awfully good thing to have, too, if you are weight-conscious. I have one and while at present I have become sort of negligent in using it because my weight seems never to vary, believe me, I shall weigh myself regularly if I ever develop a tendency to gain! It is so easy to step on the scales after your morning shower and to plan your meals or your athletic program for that day according to what you read there.

You could even do some "daily dozens" right there in your bathroom. I have always felt I should find routine "daily dozens" very uninteresting, but they are good for one's health as well as one's figure, certainly. For instance, I don't suppose there could be any better way of keeping your waistline intact than bending over front and sideways and touching your fingertips to the floor without bending your knees. But surely you know that one already.

And—don't forget dancing! I am sure you'll find that a lot more fun! After you learn a few basic steps, just turn on the radio or phonograph and go to it, remembering, always, to do it wholeheartedly. Because "keeping your figure," like everything else, is scarcely worth doing unless you give it the best you've got!



Cue as to how Betty Grable, now dancing for a star-studded living in Fox's "Miami," keeps her award-winning figure is the dress at the left. Facts behind the figure are her measurements as given below

Height	5' 4"
Bust	34 1/2"
Waist	24"
Hips	36"
Neck	13 1/2"
Headsize	22 1/2"
Weight	112 lbs.
Wrist	6"
Thigh	20"
Calf	12 1/2"
Ankle	7 1/2"
Upper arm	10 1/4"
Shoe size	4C
Glove size	6

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Round Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 47)

location; and as a result, Stirling, with an option just lifted, is in movies.

He's a sane, sensible young man who's done the things he loved to do and at twenty-five is ready for business.

His life has been hard and adventure-laden. He isn't easily fooled. Not even by Hollywood. Why, he even knows that one day it will eventually absorb him. Yes, he even knows that.

Oh, yes, he's a bachelor. The only time he got engaged was to the daughter of the U. S. consul at Papeete in the South Sea Islands. But, girls, it didn't take.

Gene Tierney:

GENE TIERNEY is as much a part of Americana as the hot dog and the covered wagon. She's a member of that social group known as debbies—short for debutantes. With the freedom given to all classes in our glorious America, Gene had a perfect right to do something about it (the debbie thing) if she chose. And she chose. She became an actress.

It wasn't easy. It took stamina, will power, determination and a will to succeed that no amount of social comforts could down. Oddly enough, Gene is now tatter-ragged *Ellie May* of "Tobacco Road," in which she wears dirt for make-up and sports bare feet in place of glamour.

Born in New York, Gene attended the usual swanky schools of the sub-debs—Miss Farmer's in Connecticut, St. Margaret's School in Waterbury and then Brillmont at Lausanne, Switzerland. But all the time, in the back of her mind, was the desire to do something and she was pretty sure that something was acting. Her parents were against it, of course, so Gene made a pact with her father, Howard Tierney, a New York insurance broker. She'd agree to "come out," try the social whirl for three months; then, if she didn't like it, he'd agree to accompany her in the rounds of the producers' offices once a week.

True to his word, at the end of three months, Father began the rounds with Gene, for she, of course, had loathed the social business. At the end of a month, when nothing happened, Mr. Tierney was beginning to be pretty pleased about it all. Then daughter Gene got a part in a play, "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains," after reading a piece in Irish dialect. The play failed and so did a second one, "Ring Two." But Gene got good notices in both of them and was brought out to Hollywood by Columbia where she did nothing for six months. Back in New York, she was handed the ingenue lead in "The Male Animal," a hit, and instantly Twentieth Century-Fox signed her.

She lives with her mother in Hollywood, adores brother "Butch," who is taking post-grad work at Yale, and sister Patricia Anne, aged four, who is attending school in Richmond, Virginia.

Her hair, reddish-brown, is thick and abundant; her eyes, green; her smile, amazingly crooked.

That well-tubbed, well-scrubbed, well-tailored look (usually slacks) is part and parcel of Gene, who is headed places these days—and all because she'd rather work than loaf.

Three cheers for Gene, we say.

Good-by, Linda; Hello, Dorothy:

DOROTHY COMINGORE is the beauty Charles Chaplin discovered with

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SAYMAN'S Vegetable Wonder SOAP

a Carmel Little Theater group and because he did, Dorothy is now in Hollywood. She has just finished her first role of any consequence as Orson Welles' wife in "Citizen Kane," a tough assignment for even an experienced trouper.

Between the Chaplin discovery and the Welles' lead there were many disappointments and rebuffs, enough to drive a less determined girl right back to Carmel and the artists. But Dorothy doesn't possess that mass of burnished red hair and those enormous hazel eyes for nothing.

So, she stayed, called one stupid producer a name and walked out of one studio by invitation and another through her own request.

Warner Brothers sent for Dorothy when the publicity over "Chaplin's new Carmel discovery" hit the papers. They changed her name to Linda Winters and gave her one bathing suit after another for the purpose of leg art, as they term it. But they gave her no roles and, after all, it was her idea to act before a camera, not pose for pictures.

She tried Columbia next. But all she could get of her lovely self before a camera was her hands. Those lovely slim hands were used for close-ups of other star's hands time after time.

Then a friend spoke to Welles about Dorothy (she changed her name back to her real one when she left Warners) and he agreed that she make a test. The role called for a drunken old bag, as Dorothy describes her, around sixty years old. Those tests were so good they were never remade when the picture got going. The tests were used as part of the film.

She's a native daughter, a rarity in California, and was born right here in Los Angeles. When she was nine, however, her family moved to Oakland where Dorothy attended school and took one year's work at the University of California.

An interesting job, as head of an art museum in Taos, Arizona (Kit Carson's home town), was offered her and there she came into contact with artists, authors, among them D. H. Lawrence, whom she had read all through high school, and other interesting people of the cosmopolitan small town.

Hostess in an art gallery connected with a dude ranch outside Carmel, California, was her next job. The artists that swarm the colony were quick to spot her beauty and begged her to model. This led to the Little Theater Group.

She claims everything happens to her in May. She married writer Richard Colins in May and the next May, just as she began the Welles picture, she discovered she was going to have a baby. She spends most of her time now between the baby and the antique shops, trying to furnish the house she and her husband have taken out in the Valley.

She's mad over Persian cats and fine old bottles. After "Citizen Kane" we predict we'll all be mad over Dorothy.

Rand Brooks:

WE are convinced that as the Hollywood girls go brunette the young actors in Hollywood grow blonder. Rand Brooks, the young lad who is seen in so many pictures, including "Jennie," "The Son of Monte Cristo," "Girl From Avenue A" and "Three Cheers for Miss Bishop" is another of these blond, blue-eyed, six-foot lads who threaten to become the blond Gables of tomorrow. For Rand, at twenty-two, is an actor, learning his trade the hard way, playing everything that comes his way.

For one so young his life has been a varied one of ups and downs. His father, a retired wholesale jeweler, had moved to a large farm near St. Louis to live in retirement when Rand was born. When Rand was thirteen his parents separated and the boy began traveling about the country with his mother, attending schools in Florida, New York and finally California where he graduated from the Beverly Hills High School.

When his father wrote that his funds were getting low, Rand, at seventeen, knew something had to be done toward helping support mother and grandmother. While loving the acting profession above all else, he decided it was too insecure to tackle as a newcomer, so he took a job in a broker's office at fifty dollars per month and worked laboriously through a depression that left the bond business limp. But all the while on the side Rand had been studying dramatics with a coach and finally he got up nerve to quit the brokerage business and camp in casting director Fred Datig's office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for weeks. In desperation Datig finally sent him back to see talent scout Billy Grady, who gave Rand an audition that turned out swell and a test that turned out horribly. Nevertheless, Rand refused to be too discouraged and begged to be allowed to hang about and help other newcomers make tests. Smart boy that he is, when his first chance in "Dramatic School" came, Rand was used to cameras, lights and directors. That role won him the part of Scarlett O'Hara's first husband in "Gone With the Wind" and the boy was on his way.

The loss of the foreign market meant a cut-down on the payroll and Rand was among those to be let out of M-G-M. It all but broke his heart, but he's been doing all right for himself as a free lancer.

Ann Rutherford is his best girl friend. With her he talks over all his problems. He feels safe in Hollywood as long as he isn't "discovered" before he's ready for leads. His favorite actor, by the way, is Louis Hayward.

He likes clothes, fast cars and food. But at twenty-two, Mr. Arlington (yep, the same name as Robert Taylor) Rand Brooks Jr. is a mighty serious lad.

The Best in the West:

THE library door was closed and the man who sat alone by the fire seemed at peace with himself and the room. Once, as he looked up from the scrips he was studying, his eye fell on an old account book on a lower shelf near his chair. He smiled to himself as he reached over and picked up the book, turning its pages idly.

The book, that carefully kept ledger, told about all the story there was to tell of Walter Brennan's career in pictures. Here was his first entry when he began in motion-picture business in 1926. It was for seven dollars and fifty cents for a day's extra work. Several pages over, there was a kind of giddy gayness in the way he wrote fifteen dollars for one day. But after that the pages were empty. That was when he held out for fifteen dollars, and only hunger drove him back to the seven-fifty again. And then one day it was twenty-five dollars and then back again to fifteen dollars, and down to seven-fifty, and then fifty dollars and seventy-five dollars and no more back-slides. He was on his way up into the big round figures.

The thing that pleases Walter Brennan most about it all is the fact he has the same wife after twenty-five years and



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loves her as dearly as he always did. They live out in the Valley on a ranch, the one he gets to see little of because he works almost every day of his life, rising at six-thirty and getting back home at dark. Mike, the older son, a six-foot-four-inch giant who rides horses like a wild Indian, with no saddle and hell bent for heaven, is eighteen now. He and Andy go to Hollywood High School, and Ruthie, just fifteen, goes to a day convent school. There couldn't be a more normal, average, healthy American family than the Brennans.

It's fortunate, Walter feels, that no one recognizes him off screen. His old-man roles, the ones he had to beg Hollywood to believe in, render him unrecognizable to passers-by. No one expects a youngish man in his forties, smartly dressed and businesslike in appearance, to be Brennan.

It gives him a big kick when he's strolling with his friend, Lewis Stone, to stand by, unrecognized, while autograph fans swarm all over Stone and he himself goes scot free.

There's a wholesome reverence (the old-fashioned kind) about Brennan that fairly grips the heart. No cuss words ever pass his lips before his family and darned few away from them, we'll wager. Nearly every statement is prefaced with the old-timey phrase of "by jimminies."

"By jimminies," he'll say, "I want my kids to know the value of money. The boys get twenty-five cents an hour for work they do on the ranch, but they know I'll back 'em for any sum provided they're sincere. Mike, who belongs to the 4H Club, the future farmers of America, has already invested in cattle for the ranch he'll own one day."

His own boyhood was filled with a strange wanderlust that led him into strange places and strange professions, for instance into "turkey shows," those small-time musical comedies that tour the sticks.

His mother was bewildered and hurt over her son's strange roamings and so, to please her, he went back to Swampscott, Massachusetts, where he was born, and entered Rendge Technical School. But when war was declared in 1917, Brennan marched away in the 26th Division. He fought at the front-line trenches and then came home to go into the investment brokerage business. With the money he made, he decided to move on to Guatemala and go into the pineapple business. With him went his bride, the little girl who had sat behind him all through grade school and with whom he played "I Spy" at recess.

They never got to Guatemala. The real-estate boom was on in California and Brennan invested his fortune (a sizable one, mind you) into that business whose bottom fell flatter than a pancake. Brennan fell with it. And turning to the one industry the town offered and calling on his "turkey show" experience to help him, he began those weary rounds of casting offices.

It was in "The Wedding Night" that audiences and Hollywood first recognized and loved his homey, old-man characterizations, but it was the role of *Old Atrocity* in "Barbary Coast" that really sent him on his way—a way few men have equaled, with three Academy awards to his credit and his latest triumph as *The Colonel* in "Meet John Doe."

It is because of men such as Walter Brennan—wise as a father, loving as a husband, straight-dealing as a man and humble as an artist—that Hollywood survives. Of course, if the boys inherit his three Oscars, they'll probably use 'em as doorstops for the barn doors—but that's another story.



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PRINCESS PAT

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)




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even strike anybody as peculiar . . . I like Hollywood because now that the Mocambo has opened, it is no longer quite so chic to go to Ciro's . . . just as when Ciro's opened it was no longer quite so chic to go to the Troc and when the Troc opened it made it no longer quite so chic to go to the Coconut Grove . . . I like Hollywood because when you really want to eat you go to Dave Chasen's, where everybody says you can get the best \$1.25 steak in the world for \$5.00. . . .

I like Hollywood because Alan Curtis, with his very modern, almost sinister sex appeal, is cast as the dreaming, gentle Franz Schubert in "New Wine," while Walter Pidgeon, who is truly a musical guy, has never been cast in a musical picture . . . I like Hollywood, too, because in its list of "best pictures of the year" submitted for Academy consideration, only three of them have been box-office hits . . . I like Hollywood because when Disney shows a picture of the sound track in "Fantasia" he does not show a picture of a sound track at all . . . but somebody's impression of what a sound track would look like if it did look like that, which it doesn't . . . I like Hollywood because the most individualistic and consistently successful producer of them all, Hal Wallis of Warner Brothers, is no more like that standard concept of a movie producer than is your Aunt Minnie . . . Wallie is no dumpy guy with an atrocious accent and flashy clothes giving ridiculous orders in a loud voice . . . he is a perfectly dressed, quiet-voiced, intelligent, modest gentleman who has a positive genius for remembering that movies should move, that stories should be about interesting people, and that love . . . in movies, at least . . . is a highly paying proposition . . . with the result that Warner Brothers, year after year, turn in profit sheets that make the other studios writhe with envy . . . I like Hollywood because I don't know of any producer who is like that standard concept of a movie producer, anyhow . . . not even Sam Goldwyn, whose famous murdering of the King's English has more odor of publicity than reality about it . . .

I love Hollywood because "rain scenes" are never photographed in real rain, or "snow scenes" in real snow, and usually the last person considered fit to work on the screen play is the person who wrote the original story . . . and I think it is equally wonderful that every day or so expectant mothers drop by Central Cast-

ing and announce when their offspring will be born just in case there is a call for a baby an hour or a day or whatever old on those important dates. . . .

I love Hollywood because with all the talk about its being a place only for youth, it is actually an ageless place . . . the town being just as excited over the discovery of Adeline De Walt Reynolds (Clarence Brown's discovery in "Come Live With Me" and over eighty) as it is over the art of Miss Carolyn Lee, aged less than four . . . and I like it, too, because from its own ranks it is evolving people who like movies well enough not to be entirely concerned with making money from them . . . as, for example, John Ford's putting his own money into "The Long Voyage Home" . . . and Director E. H. Griffith's buying the story "Three of Us Stayed" and then refusing to sell it at a huge profit because he wants to make it himself . . . and people like Mark Hellinger, making hit after hit (the most recent one is "High Sierra") and not getting important about it at all, and even though you may . . . like myself . . . have known him "when" . . . it is still possible to know him "now" . . . and people like David Selznick, refusing million-dollar contracts so that he can make pictures in his own, slow, perfected way. . . .

I LIKE Hollywood because it must certainly be the only place on earth where if you are an eagle you can earn more than you can if you are a "dress extra" . . . don't misunderstand . . . I don't like the idea of eagles' beating man at the economic game . . . but I like the goofiness of a town where that is possible . . . and it does happen here . . . there's an eagle in town who earns fifty dollars daily . . . and a squirrel who gets seventy-five . . . but dress extras, and good ones, are lucky if they average fifteen dollars a week, year in and year out . . . as for the high-salaried dogs in the film colony . . . well, there's no keeping up with them . . . and I suppose you know that all the star horses in Western pictures get their tails bleached . . . glamour stuff, you know. . . .

And finally I love Hollywood because every day in every way it puts on celluloid the true reproduction of the American way of living . . . a way of laughter and health and love and tolerance . . . a living message to the downtrodden, subject people that democracy does work gloriously and thrillingly and everlastingly. . . .

What D' You Mean—Sweet Sixteen?

(Continued from page 34)

Derby once, in the daytime at that. And I've never been to Ciro's. But I do have eyes and ears. By which I've decided that drinking among the teen-age crowd is no better or worse than in Paducah. In fact, if you can believe what you read, they drink everywhere. More to be sophisticated than anything else, I'd guess.

Don't get any wrong ideas, however. There are plenty who don't drink. Deanna Durbin, a keen girl, is one. Bonita Caville is another. Jane Withers, of course, has her malted milk.

Romance and dating aren't everything. Count that girl in a coma who doesn't have the worry that goes with dressing and looking attractive so that the nice

man who lives down the block . . . But I seem to be coming back to the subject.

If you're the girl who dresses on a budget, I'm the one to give you a hint or two.

At the risk of being disillusioning, I must confess that I dress on a budget. It happens to be \$15 a week. So what do I do about it? Save up for three months and buy myself a Hattie Carnegie model? Not on your life.

The logical solution is sport clothes. As it happens, I'm mad about them. In them I can relax and be myself. Too, they cost less.

How fond I am of sport clothes you can guess when I set down in writing that I have only one "dressy" number in my

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whole wardrobe, a wardrobe which, of course, would give Marlene Dietrich an acute case of hysteria. I don't even own a formal, although perhaps I should. As for a mink coat, well... why bring that up?

My own particular problem is to see how far I can stretch \$15 a week.

You can have a lot of fun figuring out how to make a \$15 budget look like Constance Bennett's \$150-a-week clothes allowance. Perhaps this is a help. If you have it to spend, seven or eight dollars invested in a nice jacket—in some chic, substantial color, a good green, say—will bring you good returns. If you can get a skirt to match, so much the better.

After that, all you have to do is buy yourself a few sweaters (\$4 tops, a la Susanna Foster) and you've got an outfit you can wear anywhere—including to school, drat it!

If you happen to be handy with a needle, you can make yourself some cute little skirts for around fifty cents apiece. And I'm not kidding. Nothing pretentious, mind you. I mean the plain little peasant-style with a gathered skirt and a tight waistband attached. I wish I could supply patterns. Personally, I don't use any. I can whip up one of these numbers and make a lemon meringue pie at the same time—almost.

With a stock of these little skirts in different colors and materials with long sleeves or with short sleeves, to match or to harmonize, you can improve your wardrobe no end.

I'VE never crashed the fashion magazines and, to be honest with you, the Duchess of Windsor has never asked me for hints on dressing, but, if I may make the suggestion, please see to it that your clothes match your personality. If your boy friend insists that you'd register 116 in the shade and that Rita Hayworth is as Jane Withers beside you, for the love of Pete don't wear a dirndl.

If you're the vivacious type (and it doesn't matter if you're a blonde, brunette, redhead, brownette or florentine-top), don't be afraid to wear red. It's very becoming to a blonde, I think. Then, too, blues are swell. Moss green is wonderful. And so are tans and certain shades of brown. Too much navy blue is depressing, seems like. Oh, yes, what about pinks? They've been neglected. Chosen carefully, and provided that the doll-pinks are shunned like I shun a wimple, they set a girl off in a crowd.

Contrariwise, if you're the nice, quiet type, as I'm not but ought to be, wear colors that are bright but not too bright. For example, when you wear red, don't wear vermilion. There's a wide range between that shade and, say, dubonnet. Select a good, even dye with a subtlety to it.

Perhaps you're the medium-brown hair type with no particular color scheme to follow. In which case, take my advice, why don't you, and go bright in a big way. There is nothing nicer than this nice brown hair and if you're smart you'll wash it often and keep it extremely shiny—a bit of wisdom, by the way, that fits all hair. Marjorie Weaver has hair like this and it's just stunning.

One word of warning: If you're a teenager, never wear a black skirt with a red jacket. Only Joan Crawford could get away with that.

Well, now that I have finished my little sermon on how to win friends and influence he-men, I'm moving to the North Pole by the next plane. I want to clear out before the stormy letters of protest come in wondering why the keepers let me out before I was thoroughly cured.

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The Truth about Temperament

(Continued from page 67)

to Hollywood a year ago she knew better than get fractious in a cast that included such players as Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart and Ruth Hussey under the direction of a man like George Cukor. Even so much as one flash of temperament and she could have been subtly slaughtered in every scene with such competition, and well she knew it. The result was that Kate was an angel child all during the shooting of the successful picture "The Philadelphia Story."

THE wisdom of Hepburn was the type Shirley Ross lacked when she tangled with Mary Livingstone on the set of "This Way, Please."

The Ross career was bounding along nicely at Paramount at that time. Shirley was pretty, a good dancer, a fair actress and a slick blues singer—in all, a neat package. But, unfortunately when she saw Mary getting a couple of strong scenes and many laugh lines in "This Way, Please," she went into the front office and objected. What upset the balance was Mary's being also Mrs. Jack Benny—and you know about Jack. Paramount knew about Jack, too. It was more important to them to keep Jack happy than it was to keep Shirley happy. So Shirley did not have her way.

One actress made life for everyone miserable when she was under contract to a large studio. She was expected to marry the producer. Later, when they ceased being friends, she capped all her didoes by walking out on her contract with the studio and him. This summer she was in Hollywood, much subdued, and did some acting. Though she stayed around Hollywood for a while after that, no contracts were offered. Producers just don't want people who are going to hold up production with their tantrums.

There's the case of Miriam Hopkins. Once upon a time she was one of the most sought-after stars, for she is talented and a real personality. But temperamental!—! The fighting that went on between her and Errol Flynn—no slouch himself when it comes to temperament—during the making of "Dodge City" could be heard clear from Burbank to Santa Monica.

There's a story they tell of Miriam several years ago. She had to dance for a certain scene and a dance instructor was assigned to teach her. Daily, he made appointments for lessons with her, went to the studio and waited hours, and daily Miriam postponed her lessons. Meanwhile, the picture was in production and the scene for her dance finally came around. Miriam did not do so well. The director asked how come. Miriam blamed it on too few lessons.

The teacher was there and told the director the real story. When it was all over, Miriam giggled. "I used to make excuses a lot when I was a kid," she said, "but I do it much better now."

Of course, the director dutifully laughed and forgave her. But probably he didn't forget. Time had to be taken out while she put the finishing touches on the dance.

Not that it is only stars who show temperament—and get licked because of it. Joseph Von Sternberg, he who discovered Dietrich, he who is actually a fine director, has a great deal of temperament. He would do scenes not only eight or ten times but forty and fifty, and, in one case, the case of Edward Arnold in "Crime and Punishment," he did a scene ninety-eight times. Arnold and Von Sternberg did not get on well together. Von Sternberg made Eddie go through that one scene for ninety-eight takes and then, when the actor was completely exhausted and nerve-shaken, he remarked to his script girl, "Now print take number six."

But for sheer rudeness and carelessness the case of a young character actress vs. one of Hollywood's wittiest stars seems to me to take the prize. The character actress was a very attractive girl who could play meanies superlatively. The picture was being made by an independent producer at one of the smaller and more crowded studios and he realized he was in a jam for stellar dressing rooms. Accordingly, he had a portable dressing room fixed up right on the sound stage he had hired and assigned his borrowed star to it. Meantime he signed the character girl for the second feminine role in the picture, a most important one. The producer was aware of the character girl's temper, but he gambled on his star's good nature and asked her to try to keep peace, for the good of the picture. This the star agreed to do. But then the character girl walked in and threw the monkey wrench. Seeing the dressing room assigned to the star and seeing her own dressing room on the lot, which was admittedly small and not luxurious, she refused to work unless she had a dressing room that equalled that of the star.

In vain the producer pointed out that he didn't have room to construct a second. In vain he pleaded with her to be a good sport. No siree.

It was then that the star interposed, thinking a little humor would relieve the situation. "I'm merely the star," she said kiddingly. "Why don't you take my dressing room?" At least she thought she said it kiddingly.

The character girl didn't, however. Calmly she overlooked all the traditions of the theater and of Hollywood, those traditions that have always given a star the preferential treatment. Said the girl, "Oh, very well, I'll stay then," and forthwith she sailed into the star's dressing room and assumed possession.

The star took it as a joke on herself. For that entire picture, she dressed across the lot. The producer raged about it; the star laughed. But she didn't forget, and neither did the producer nor Hollywood. The moral is that the character girl is rarely seen nowadays.

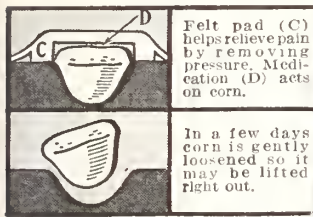
Because, you see, stars are just as human as the rest of us and "do unto others as ye would they should do unto you" works just as positively in Hollywood as it does any place on earth.

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓ Nice Girl? (Universal)

It's About: A nice girl, a near scandal, and young love.

WE feel a bit sacrilegious about this, but "Nice Girl?" is by far the weakest Durbin film to date and we doubt very much that without the magic name of Durbin it would get very far in the final check-up.

Please do not misjudge us. It is not a bad picture. It is only a "fair" picture; but we are so used to associating all that's best in movies with the fair Deanna that it comes as a shock to us not to be able to enthuse as usual.

The story just wasn't there, somehow, or if it was it didn't jell. Deanna is a small-town nice girl who throws herself at Franchot Tone's head and rebounds into the waiting arms of Bob Stack, the hometown boy who always loved her. Stack does his very best work. Ann Gillis as the kid sister is a darned cute trick, but Bob Benchley as the father left us puzzled. We had a secret hunch he was kidding the whole thing—himself, us and the picture.

There are several bright gay moments to enliven the proceedings and again we say, because it's Deanna's weakest vehicle, do not think it too dull, please.

Your Reviewer Says: Good clean fun.

✓ The Trial of Mary Dugan (M-G-M)

It's About: The trial of an innocent woman for murder.

WAGS in town have tagged this picture "The Re-trial of Mary Dugan," due to the fact it was previously filmed with Norma Shearer in the title role. We hereby pronounce it "The Last Trial of Laraine Day," for the young lady, in the name role, certainly proves herself capable of complete stardom. As the woman on trial for murder, defended by her lawyer lover, Robert Young, Laraine is marvelous and comes out top-winner in any comparison you choose to make.

The story is remarkably well done, beautifully shaped and molded, the suspense timed carefully so as to reveal no impending plot twists. Everything about it, the writing, the acting, the directing, is big-time, and if M-G-M imagined for a second they were giving forth with a second-run picture, they're doomed to joyous disappointment. It's a gem of a little smoothie. That's what we think of it.

Your Reviewer Says: A sound, solid piece of motion-picture work.

✓ The Mad Doctor (Paramount)

It's About: An insane doctor who murders his wives.

WHAT in the world has got into Paramount, do you suppose, releasing two horror films in one month? (See the review of "The Monster and the Girl," p. 106) When we put it right up to them, the studio admitted this picture was made well over a year ago and has been gathering eeriness on the shelf until what seemed the propitious moment. We must say, despite its age, the film is one of the best of its kind, even better than "The Monster" story.

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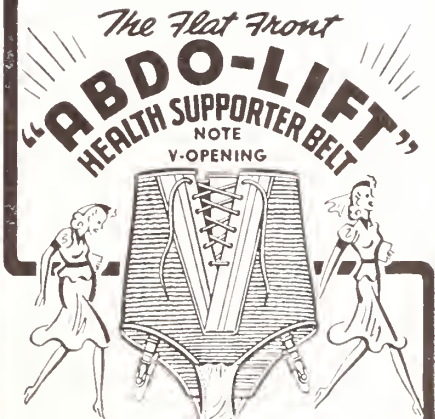
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Basil Rathbone is simply out of this world in his role of the mad doctor who marries 'em rich and leaves them—quite dead. He gets away with the murder business, too, until young John Howard comes along and suspects the worst when his own fiancée, Ellen Drew, falls under the doctor's spell. Brrrr, it gives us goose pimples just to write about it! And that Rathbone! But we did mention the beauty of his performance, didn't we?

Your Reviewer Says: Hold on to your scalps.

✓✓ Back Street (Universal)

It's About: *The love of a woman for a married man.*

IF you have tears, prepare to shed them now. If you have a heart, prepare to have it torn. "Back Street," taken from Fannie Hurst's novel, is that kind of picture. It will never leave you the same, emotionally. Right now we want to nominate Margaret Sullivan as the actress of the month. In her role of the woman who lived only for the few stolen moments of love with the one man in her life, Miss Sullivan is superb. Charles Boyer, who refuses to color his role of the selfish lover with one trace of sentimental deviation from its true character, is another prize winner.

Comparisons are bound to be made with the Irene Dunne-John Boles version of the story made in 1932, which, alas, is one drawback to the remaking of old favorites.

However, in this instance, we feel the story becomes almost new again with Miss Sullivan's and Mr. Boyer's interpretation. And what a cast to aid them!

Your Reviewer Says: An emotional treat.

✓ Western Union (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The stringing of Western Union lines through the bold bad West.*

HERE'S a good old rootin', tootin' Western tale for you, one that will more than please the men customers. So, ladies, have no fear of dragging off your husband or best beaus to see this movie. It's built to a formula that never fails—two men, Randy Scott and Robert Young, who love one girl (Virginia Gilmore); marauding Indians; gun fights; self-sacrifice; and a dash of comedy relief.

Scott, as the ex-bandit who pays back a debt of gratitude to Dean Jagger for having once saved his life, is very good indeed. So is Young. And Miss Gilmore looks like a promising newcomer.

It's lusty and gusty, out-West and virile and, despite its name, does not concern itself too completely with the history of the telegraph out West.

Your Reviewer Says: An outdoor hit.

Road Show (Hal Roach—U. A.)

It's About: *A millionaire who buys a carnival.*

WELL, it has its moments and a tidy few lines of dialogue that are funny and amusing; but, on the whole, it misses. However, if you ever find it tucked away as a number two item on a double bill, stay to see it. We think the performance of Adolphe Menjou as a harmless looney will amuse you and the shenanigans of Patsy Kelly and her Indian suitor are good for several laughs.

The story has John Hubbard as a

sought-after young millionaire who finds love with Carole Landis, manager of a broken-down carnival. Carole doesn't dream the young man she hires as a laborer is a millionaire until—but you'll find out for yourself.

Charlie Butterworth and his fire-truck complex are fairly amusing.

Your Reviewer Says: Neither very good nor too bad.

The Monster and the Girl (Paramount)

It's About: *A gorilla that avenged a murder.*

WAIT a minute! Why are we approving, even mildly, a story so incredible, so unbelievable? Let's analyze this a second. Now, in the first place, we don't believe the brain of an innocent man could, at the exact moment of his execution, be transplanted into a gorilla's skull in order that the beast may wreak vengeance on the men responsible for his death. Certainly we don't believe it. Or do we? And it's that doubt, we are positive, that holds us fascinated to the end of this horror tale and has us giving it our nod of approval. The skillful direction of Stuart Heisler, the man who told so well the story of "The Biscuit Eater," is evidenced at every gruesome turn.

Anyway, it's one of those "I-don't-believe-it-but-tell-me-more" yarns and well worth an hour of your time.

Your Reviewer Says: A goose-pimpler.

✓ The Hard-Boiled Canary (Paramount)

It's About: *A young burlesque singer in a children's musical training camp.*

FOR the amazing musical ability of the youngsters in this film—singers, violinists, pianists, and so forth—we give a rousing hearty cheer. Tomorrow's stars are today's entertainers and as such are very good indeed. The story that weaves together the musical feats is not very long or strong as stories go. It has Allan Jones, son of the head of Camp Interlochen, rescuing a young burlesque singer from a raid and placing her among the boys and girls of the camp. Plain old havoc is the result. Mr. Jones should have foreseen that.

Susanna Foster, who is not a child but a young lady (believe me), is not nearly so good in her operatic attempts as she is in her intriguing impersonations.

In the east, the youthful Heimo Haitto, William Chapman and dead-panish Patricia Travers stand out.

Your Reviewer Says: A grand musical treat.

✓ Adam Had Four Sons (Columbia)

It's About: *A father's love for his family.*

UNUSUAL is the word for this beautifully enacted story dealing with a father's love for his four sons. The theme is different in its continuity arrangement, with a time lapse from 1907 to the first World War. It tells of a father who brings up his four sons, with the aid of a governess, after his wife's death. His loss of fortune, his disillusionment through one of his son's wives, his growing love for the governess, are carefully highlighted.



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Warner Baxter gives one of his best performances as the father, Ingrid Bergman as the governess and Susan Hayward as the unfaithful daughter-in-law are outstanding. Richard Denning and Johnny Downs are splendid as the two older sons.

Your Reviewer Says: Different and appealing.

✓ Tobacco Road
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Life among the "pore white trash" of Georgia.

EXACTLY as Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, the powers that be of 20th Century-Fox have halted motion pictures in their movements to give us a vivid, although repellent, still-life sketch of the shiftless, ignorant people of Georgia's "Tobacco Road."

This will emerge, undoubtedly, as a critic's picture, meaning, in plain words, it's art, brother, but it isn't box-office. Why anyone could imagine these mentally crippled, bovinelike people, lost in their world of physical filth, could ever come under the category of entertainment is beyond us.

True, Charley Grapewin as Jeeter Lester and William Tracy as his son give great performances, but to our notion it's too much like roaming through an asylum in order to laugh at the inmates. Gene Tierney has little chance to display her talent as the half-witted Ellie May.

With the lurid language and sex indulgences of the stage play eliminated from the screen story it remains a series of keenly etched character sketches.

Your Reviewer Says: Depressing.

✓ Andy Hardy's Private Secretary (M-G-M)

It's About: Andy annexes a secretary, a bagful of trouble and a diploma.

JUST about the best of the Hardy series is this family-portrait study of the enormously popular Hardys. Here is everything—woe, comedy, tragedy, love and Mickey Rooney. Here, too, is newcomer Kathryn Grayson with a voice to charm and entertain plus good looks and acting ability. We prophesy stardom one day for this lovely young lady who, in the picture, becomes Andy's secretary during high-school commencement week.

When Andy fails to pass his examinations we suffer right along with him and there, we believe, is the secret of Monsieur Rooney's popularity—he has the customers with him every inch of the way.

Todd Karns, handsome young son of actor Roscoe Karns, is another sure bet. Lewis Stone, as usual, is good and Ann Rutherford, beautiful.

Your Reviewer Says: One hundred percent entertainment.

✓✓ The Strawberry Blonde (Warners)

It's About: Love, life and the pursuit of happiness in the Gay (?) Nineties.

WARNERS have a honey of a picture in "The Strawberry Blonde," a story taken from the stage play "One Sunday Afternoon." It has a sweet kind of charm, nostalgic in flavor, radiating a sort of lump-in-the-throat aura that makes one fairly yearn for those days of Dad's and

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Mother's courtship. Unless, of course, one can remember back there oneself.

Jimmy Cagney, in our opinion, has never been so fine as the tough little mug with the fine clean spirit, who imagines he loves the *Strawberry Blonde* (Rita Hayworth) only to find real happiness with Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a revelation. She sparkles in a role that could have been very dull in less capable hands.

We are sorry, but somehow we felt the Rita Hayworth role fairly cried aloud for Ann Sheridan. Rita wasn't quite the "Strawberry" type, we're afraid.

Jack Carson, as Jimmy's loud noisy rival, and George Tobias as the Greek barber are tops.

Your Reviewer Says: Twenty-three skidoo to your nearest movie to see this one.

Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia)

It's About: *The Bumpsteeds go musical-comedy with a bang.*

HOW do you like the idea of your favorite comic strip and screen characters, *Blondie* and *Dagwood*, going musical? Well, frankly, we didn't take much to the idea either, but the action between the songs and dances (with *Blondie* shaking a mean hoof) is so funny one doesn't object to the strange interludes too much. Besides, *Blondie* is a keen performer and *Dagwood* on the drums is a wow.

It all happens when *Dagwood's* boss decides to take *Bumpstead* on a vacation to South America (Will he ever learn!) and *Dagwood* is called ashore on business at the last minute. The way he gets back on that hoat and his attempts to hide are just too funny.

Tito Guizar sings beautifully and Ruth Terry in her song numbers is cute.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat for *Bumpstead* fans.

Ellery Queen's Penthouse Mystery (Columbia)

It's About: *A famous detective in action.*

MURDER mysteries must be a sure-fire theme at the box office, for here comes another, the second in this series, with a wise-beyond-his-years sleuth wading through danger and international intrigue to solve the murder of a ventriloquist (Watch your step, Bergen!) who had been entrusted with a secret government mission.

Ralph Bellamy is a perfect *Ellery*, with just the right balance of seriousness and good humor. Margaret Lindsay as his secretary and Charley Grapewin as the police inspector add to the proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair.

✓ Buck Privates (Universal)

It's About: *Two comes in the army.*

HERE it is, the first comedy based on an army life and let us tell you, it's very funny what with Bud Abbott ("I'm a had boy") and Lou Costello gumming up Uncle Sam's defense plans.

The boys are terrific. Their amazing routines at times are simply hilarious; you really should see them. The plot? Oh yes, the plot! Now let's see. They had one, we're sure, but somehow—well, anyway, who cares! The two boys find themselves in the army before they know what they're doing.

Wealthy Lee Bowman and his chauffeur, Alan Curtis, are also among those present. The Andrews Sisters contribute some mighty swell warbling.

Your Reviewer Says: Blow the bugle loudly for this one.

Ridin' on a Rainbow (Republic)

It's About: *A cowboy who joins a showboat troupe for the purpose of sleuthing.*

PICTURE fans, shed tears of remorse for Autry, who rides a boat, not a horse.

Excuse the poetry, folks, and mighty sad it is too, for you see, me and the boys around the old corral are pretty nigh broken-up. They've taken our Gene off his horse and put him on a showboat and somehow the old prairie don't look the same.

Yessir, they've lassoed Autry and hog-tied him to a lot of show people in hopes that thataway Gene can track down the crooks that robbed the bank and va-moosed with the ranchers' money. Well, sir, the way it works out is a caution dad-rat it all. But somehow we'd just as leave have the money gone and Gene back on his pony. Smiley Burnette went along for the ride.

Your Reviewer Says: Get a horse, cowboy.

Meet the Chump (Universal)

It's About: *A nut who grows nuttier by the minute.*

WELL of all the serewy, silly daffy-down-dillies, this is it. Despite ourselves and our age (we should know better) we laughed ourselves into a stupor and all the time we realized it was too ridiculous even to be legitimately funny.

Anyway, it has Hugh Herbert, who pretends to be even crazier than the law allows, which should tip you off. It seems Hughie has swindled his nephew out of a mere \$5,000,000 and has himself declared insane in order to avoid explanations. To top it off, his nephew, played by Lewis Howard, also lands in the nut house and the whole thing gets battier by the minute.

Anyway, it's a lot of nonsense that makes no sense, but if it provides laughter—and it does—who cares.

Your Reviewer Says: Nutty as a fruit cake.

Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A young horse-lover who saves her lands from becoming commercialized.*

JANE WITHERS falls in love with Buddy Rogers, saves her homelands for the breeding of her beloved trotting horses, aids her grandfather in establishing a local hospital and does it all with one hand tied behind her. Janey is so used to this type of movie by now she prances through them with the greatest of ease.

The sulky race that climaxes the story is a thriller and the cute twosided love story and the philanthropic motives are carefully worked out. While it's a cozy enough little story, somehow we feel Jane should have those bigger and better pictures she's been promised. What do you think?

Your Reviewer Says: A Jane Wither's specialty.

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✓ Scattergood Baines (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *The sage of a small-town community.*

THROUGH magazine stories and by way of radio we have come to know and appreciate *Scattergood Baines*, the small-town sage who clips the wings of smart-aleck promoters and pats the wings of a mischievous cupid.

For our money there could be no finer *Scattergood* than Guy Kibbee, who brings to the role all the human qualities we've imagined in this small-town citizen. He's humorous, shrewd and abounds in genial understanding.

Francis Trout, recruited from the radio series, is very good in his first screen role. Carol Hughes and John Archer take care of the romance department most satisfactorily. But it's Kibbee's picture and make no mistake.

Your Reviewer Says: Homespun and all wool.

You're the One (Paramount)

It's About: *A singer's attempt to land a job with a band.*

If you will pardon us for not pulling our punches, kind readers, we will say right out loud this is one of the dullest pictures we've ever sat through.

However, if you've yearned for a close-up of Miss Bonnie Baker, the "Oh Johnny" girl, and that handsome band-leader, Orrin Tucker, your yearnings are gratified herewith. They are both in the picture. So is Albert Dekker, a fine actor who is sold down the river for a fare-thee-well.

Your Reviewer Says: A never-never film.

Casts of Current Pictures

"ADAM HAD FOUR SONS"—Columbia. Screen play by William Hurlbut and Michael Blankfort. From the novel, "Legacy," by Charles Bonner. Directed by Gregory Ratoff. Cast: *Emilie Gallatin, Ingrid Bergman, Adam Stoddard, Warner Baxter, Hester, Susan Hayward, Molly, Fay Wray, Older Boys: Jack, Richard Denning, David, Johnny Downs, Chris, Robert Shaw, Phillip, Charles Lind, Younger Boys: Jack, Billy Wray, David, Steven Muller, Chris, Wallace Chadwell, Phillip, Bobby Walberg, Cousin Philippa, Helen Westley, Vance, June Lockhart, Otto, Pietro Sosso, Dr. Lane, Gilbert Emery, Photographer, Renie Riano, Sam, Clarence Muse.*

"ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Jane Murnin and Harry Ruskin. Based on a story by Katharine Brush. Directed by George B. Seitz. Cast: *Judge Hardy, Lewis Stone, Andy Hardy, Mickey Rooney, Mrs. Hardy, Fay Holden, Polly Benedict, Ann Rutherford, Aunt Milly, Sara Haden, Kathryn Land, Kathryn Grayson, Steven V. Land, Ian Hunter, Jimmy McMahon, Gene Reynolds, "Becky," George Breakston, Harry Land, Todd Karns, Mr. Benedict, Addison Richards, Clabelle Lee, Margaret Early, Susan Wiley, Bertha Priestley, Peter Dugan, Joseph Crehan, Barnes, Lee Phelps, Mr. Davis, John Dilson.*

"BACK STREET"—Universal. Screen play by Bruce Manning and Felix Jackson. Based on the novel by Fannie Hurst. Directed by Robert Stevenson. Cast: *Walter Saxe, Charles Boyer, Ray Smith, Margaret Sullivan, Curt Stanton, Richard Carlson, Ed Porter, Frank McHugh, Harry, Frank Jenks, Richard Saxe, Tim Holt, Freda Smith, Peggy Stewart, Darren, Samuel S. Hinds.*

"BLONDIE GOES LATIN"—Columbia. Screen play by Richard Flournoy and Karen De Wolf. Story by Quinn Martin. Based upon the comic strip created by Chic Young. Directed by Frank R. Strayer. Cast: *Blondie, Penny Singleton, Dagwood, Arthur Lake, Baby Dumpling, Larry Simms, Daisy, Himself, Lovey Nelson, Ruth Terry, Don Rodriguez, Tito Guizar, J. C. Dithers, Jonathan Hale, Alvin Fuddie, Danny Mummert, Mailman, Irving Bacon, Little Girl, Janet Burston, Hal Trent, Kirby Grant, Captain, Joseph King, Cab Driver, Eddie Acuff.*

(Continued on page 111)

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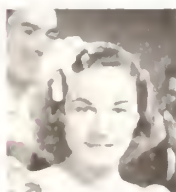


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"I like a girl if"

BY GLORIA MACK

Including a few remarks that Any-Man might make about any woman's eyes. The comments are ours; if you'd like some eye-openers, you'll look at them.

I like a girl if—

her eyes sparkle, if she always looks alive and never gets that "droopy sister" look at the midnight low.

To keep your eyes clear (and a sparkle, technically, is just the result of a healthy eye) bathe them every day with eye lotion; keep the skin around them unwrinkled and soft by applying eye cream. For a quick before-the-date pep-up, soak pads in eye lotion, place them over your eyes, lie down for about fifteen minutes and dream about the South Seas.

I like a girl if—

her eyes are deepset; if when the time, the place, and my sentiments call for it, her eyes can go soft and beautiful.

If nature didn't endow you with deepset eyes, you can give them that appearance by using shadow matching your natural coloring. Apply it—lightly!—over the whole lid. Then darken the upper lashes with black mascara. You can keep your eyes soft by careful shaping of the brows. Even the most luminous eyes will appear small if the brows are too thin. If the eyes are small to start with, make them appear larger by grooming—not thinly plucking—the brows.

I like a girl if—

her eyes don't look too prominently made up; if her lashes aren't beaded with mascara or smeared with eye shadow.

Use mascara only on the upper lashes, never on the lower ones. Don't have the brush too wet for application. A good trick for sunlight—where shadow and mascara sometimes show up a bit too well—is to smooth cream on the lids, then curl the lashes upward with an eyelash curler, which process, incidentally, will eventually train them to sweep upward. For bright-light business, mascara and shadow are effective and should never be omitted.



I like a girl if—

her eyes are like Rita Hayworth's.

A short order with a long implication! The Hayworth, now appearing in "Affectionately Yours" is the girl all Hollywood has its eyes on for 1941 triumph. As for her eyes: She always carries a little eyebrow brush with her—and uses it—to guard against what expert Bill Knight called "working-girl eyebrows." Says Miss Hayworth: "We all know the difference between hair that is brushed and hair that isn't. Eyebrows are hair, and they look different, too, when regularly brushed." She uses brown eye shadow, darker near the lashes, and brings it right up to the eyebrows. She uses a small amount of mascara on her upper lashes only; her eyebrows are shaped, but not plucked. Her main rules are to take a great deal of time in making up the eyes and to use an eye lotion regularly.

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MAY, 1941

(Continued from page 109)
"BUCK PRIVATES"—Universal. Original screen play by Arthur T. Horman. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: *Randolph Parker III, Lee Bowman; Bob Martin, Alan Curtis; Shicker Smith, Bud Abbott; Herbie Brown, Lou Costello; Andrews Sisters; Themselves; Judy Gray, Jane Frazee; Michael Collins, Nat Pendleton; Dick Burnett, Leonard Elliott; Miss Durling, Dora Clement.*

"ELLERY QUEEN'S PENTHOUSE MYSTERY"—Columbia. Screen play by Eric Taylor. Story by Ellery Queen. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Ellery Queen, Ralph Bellamy; Nikki Porter, Margaret Lindsay; Inspector Queen, Charley Grapewin; Lois Ling, Anna May Wong; Sergeant L'ebie, James Burke; Count Brett, Edward Cinnelli; Sanders, Frank Albertson; Sheila Cobb, Ann Doran; Gordon Cobb, Noel Madison; Doc Prouty, Charles Lane; Walsh, Russell Hicks; McGiath, Tom Dugan; Roy, Mantan Moreland; Jim Ritter, Theodore Von Eltz.*

"GOLDEN HOOFS"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Ben Grauman Kohn. Original story by Roy Chanslor and Thomas Langan. Directed by Lynn Shores. Cast: *Jane Drake, Jane Withers; Dean Mac-Ardle, Charles (Buddy) Rogers; Conelia Hunt, Katharine Aldridge; Dr. Timothy Drake, George Irving; Morty Waterspoon, Buddy Pepper; Booth, Cliff Clark; Mose, Phillip Hurlick; Gwen, Sheila Ryan; Calvin Harmon, Howard Hickman.*

"HARD BOILED CANARY, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Frederick Jackson. From a story by Andrew L. Stone and Robert Lively. Based on an idea by Ann Ronnell. Cast: *Michael Maddy, Allan Jones; Toodles LaVerne, Susanna Foster; Sylvia North, Margaret Lindsay; George Thomas, Lynne Overman; Maidie Duvall, Grace Bradley; Dr. Joseph E. Maddy, William Collier, Sr.; Heimo Haitto, Heimo Haitto; Kaye Connor, Kaye Connor; William Chapman, William Chapman; Dolly Loehr, Dolly Loehr; Patricia Travers, Patricia Travers; Richard Bonelli, Richard Bonelli; Richard Hageman, Richard Hageman; Im Petina, Irma Petina; Tandy MacKenzie, Tandy MacKenzie; Miss Wilson, Fay Helm; Miss Clark, Esther Dale; Deems Taylor, Deems Taylor.*

"LADY EVE, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Preston Sturges. Based on a story by Monckton Hoffe. Directed by Preston Sturges. Cast: *Jean, Barbara Stanwyck; Charles, Henry Fonda; "Colonel" Harrington, Charles Coburn; Mr. Pike, Eugene Pallette; Muggsy, William Demarest; Sir Alfred McElnann Keith, Eric Blore; Gerald, Neville Cooper; Martha O'Driscoll, Martha O'Driscoll; Mrs. Pike, Janet Beecher; Burrows, Robert Greig; Gertrude, Dora Clement; Pike's Chef, Luis Alberni.*

"MAD DOCTOR, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Howard J. Green. Directed by Tim Whelan. Cast: *Dr. George Sebastian, Basil Rathbone; Linda Booth, Ellen Drew; Gil Sawyer, John Howard; Louise Watkins, Barbara Allen; Vera Vague; Dr. Charles Downer, Ralph Morgan; Maurice Grets, Martin Kosleck; Bonnie (Housekeeper) Kitty Kelly; Lawrence Watkin, Hugh O'Connell; Hatch, Hugh Sothern.*

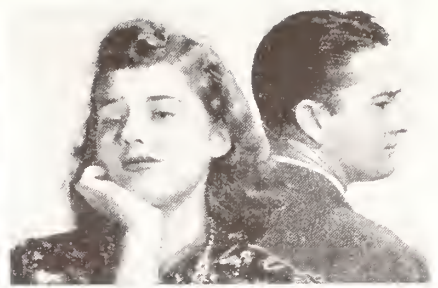
"MEET THE CHUMP"—Universal. Screen play by Alex Gottlieb. Original story by Hal Hudson and Otis Garret. Directed by Edward Clime. Cast: *Hugh Mansfield, Hugh Herbert; John Mansfield, Lewis Howard; Madge Reilly, Jeanne Kelly; Miss Burke, Anne Nagel; Gloria Mitchell, Kathryn Adams; Stinky Fink, Shemp Howard; Slugs, Richard Lane; Revello, Andrew Tombes; Juniper, Hobart Cavanaugh; Dr. Stephanovsky, Charles Halton; Camp, Martin Spellman; Muldoon, Ed Gargon.*

"MONSTER AND THE GIRL, THE"—Paramount. Original screen play by Stuart Anthony. Directed by Stuart Heisler. Cast: *Susan Webster, Ellen Drew; Sam Daniels, Rod Cameron; Scot Webster, Phil Terry; Larry Reed, Robert Paige; McMasters, Onslow Stevens; Bruhl, Paul Lukas; Munn, Gerald Mohr; The Deacon, Joseph Calleia; Janson, Frank Thomas, Sr.; Sleeper, Marc Lawrence; Aunt Della, Janet Beecher; Tips, Cliff Edwards.*

"NICE GIRL?"—Universal. Screen play by Richard Connell and Gladys Lehman. Based on the play, "Nice Girl" by Phyllis Duganne. Directed by William Seiter. Cast: *Jane Dana, Deanna Durbin; Richard Calvert, Franchot Tone; Don Webb, Robert Stack; Hector Titus, Walter Brennan; Prof. Oliver Dana, Robert Benchley; Cora Foster, Helen Broderick; Sylvia Dana, Anne Gwynne; Nancy Dana, Ann Gillis; Martha Peasley, Nana Bryant; Mary Peasley, Elizabeth Risdon.*

"RIDIN' ON A RAINBOW"—Republic. Screen play by Bradford Ropes and Doris Malloy. Original story by Bradford Ropes. Directed by Lew

(Continued on page 113)



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Lloyd Nolan, high explosive in Universal's "Mr. Dynamite," has become a man of iron the easy way — raisins

FOOD FOR Sport

BY ANN HAMILTON

ROLLED STUFFED STEAK

Use round or flank steak about half an inch thick. For a two-pound steak, make the following stuffing:

- 2 tbs. bread crumbs
- 1 medium onion, minced
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup raisins, chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. pepper
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. thyme
- 2 tbs. dried celery leaves
- Melted butter
- Hot water or hot milk

Combine ingredients in order given, moistening to desired consistency with melted butter mixed with an equal amount of warm water or warm milk. Spread stuffing on steak, roll loosely and fasten with skewers. Bake in moderate oven, basting occasionally.

HAM AND RAISINS

- 1 lb. ham (sliced)
- 1 cup raisins
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. dry mustard
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. powdered ginger
- Paprika

Pan-boil the ham until brown and cooked through. Steam the raisins until plump (about ten minutes). Place ham on hot platter. Add mustard and ginger to ham fat in pan (use low flame so fat will not burn); drain raisins and cook in fat two to three minutes. Drain, dust with paprika and serve over ham.

Scalloped tomatoes and glazed sweet potatoes (both baked en casserole) take on new interest when raisins are added. Just add a layer of raisins for each layer of tomato or sweet potato.

NOWADAYS, when you see an attractive girl on the screen you can write it down in your little book that she is attractive in real life as well. And the husky he-men are just as husky outside of pictures as in them.

If you doubt the truth of this theory, you should see Lloyd Nolan, star of Universal's "Mr. Dynamite," as I saw him on the Bel Air golf course.

I was fascinated—as well as completely defeated—by the power and precision of his golfing performance. I was fascinated, too, by the fact that all the time we were playing Lloyd was eating—eating raisins which he fished out of a box in his coat pocket.

Lloyd grinned when I commented on this. "Maybe I do look like a health faddist, carrying raisins around," he said, "but I've always been crazy about them and I'm not going to stop eating them just because the scientists have discovered that they're good for us!"

He's right, of course, about the discovery that raisins are good for us, for scientists have proved that they are an important source of the energy-giving iron which we all need. Moreover, raisins give a grand flavor to meat and vegetable cookery as well as to desserts. Try these favorite recipes of Lloyd's:

SPINACH AND RAISINS

- 2 lbs. spinach
- 1 cup raisins
- 1 tsp. salt

Wash the spinach and add the raisins and salt. Cook all together until spinach is done, when raisins will have become tender and plump. No water is required, the water which clings to the spinach after washing being sufficient, provided you see that it does not boil away.

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(Continued from page 111)

Landers. Cast: Gene, Gene Autry; Frog, Smiley Burnette; Patsy, Mary Lee; Sally, Carol Adams; Captain Bartlett, Ferris Taylor; Maria Bartlett, Georgia Caine; Matt Evans, Byron Foulger; Blake, Ralf Harold; Frisco, Jimmy Conlin; Sheriff, Guy Usher; Morrison, Anthony Warde; Jeff Billings, Forrest Taylor; Eben Carter, Burr Caruth.

"ROAD SHOW"—Hal Roach—U.A. Screen play by Arnold Belgard, Harry Langdon and Mickell Novak. From the novel, "Road Show," by Eric Hatch. Directed by Hal Roach. Cast: Colonel Carleton Carraway, Adolph Menjou; Penguin Moore, Carole Landis; Drogo Gaines, John Hubbard; Harry Whitman, Charles Butterworth; Jinx, Patsy Kelly; Indian, George E. Stone; Priscilla, Margaret Roach; Helen Newton, Polly Ann Young; Ed Newton, Edward Norris; Alice, Marjorie Woodworth; Mrs. Newton, Florence Bates; Willie, Willie Best; The Charioteers, Themselves; Dr. Thorn-dyke, Paul Stanton; Stanhope, Ted Stanhope; Sheriff, Clarence Wilson; State Trooper, Lane Chandler; Drunk, Jack Norton.

"ROAD TO ZANZIBAR"—Paramount. Screen play by Frank Butler and Don Hartman. Based on a story by Don Hartman and Sy Bartlett. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: Church, Bing Crosby; Fearless, Bob Hope; Doina Latour, Dorothy Lamour; Julia, Una Merkel; Charles Kimble, Eric Blore; Proprietor—Native Booth, Luis Alberni; Dimples, Joan Marsh; Fat Lady, Ethel Greer; French Sourette in Cafe, Iris Adrian; Saunders, George Renavent; Solomon, Jules Strangbow.

"SCATTERGOOD BAINES"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Michael L. Simmons and Edward T. Lowe. Based on Clarence Budington Kelland's "Scattergood Baines" stories. Directed by Christy Cahanne. Cast: Scattergood Baines, Guy Kilbree; Helen Parker, Carol Hughes; Johnny Bones, John Archer; Pliny Pickett, Francis Trout; Mirandy Baines, Emma Dunn; Ed Potts, Lee (Lasses) White; Clara Potts, Fern Emmett; Crane, Edward Earle; McKettrick, Bradley Page; Keith, Joseph Crehan.

"STRAWBERRY BLONDE, THE"—Warners. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. From a play by James Hagan. Directed by Raoul Walsh. Cast: Biff Grimes, James Cagney; Amy Lind, Olivia de Havilland; Virginia Brush, Rita Hayworth; Old Man Grimes, Alan Hale; Hugo Barnstead, Jack Carson; Nicholas Pappalás, George Tobias; Mrs. Mulcahey, Una O'Connor; Harold, George Reeves; Harold's Girl Friend, Lucile Fairbanks; Big Joe, Edward McNamara; Josephine, Helen Lynd; Toby, Herbert Heywood.

"TOBACCO ROAD"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Adapted from the stage play "Tobacco Road" by Jack Kirkland. Based on the novel by Erskin Caldwell. Directed by John Ford. Cast: Jetter, Charley Grapewin; Sister Bessie, Marjorie Rambeau; Ellie May, Gene Tierney; Dude Lester, William Tracy; Ada Lester, Elizabeth Patterson; Captain Tim, Dana Andrews; Peabody, Slim Summerville; Lee, Ward Bond; George Payne, Grant Mitchell; Grandma, Zeffie Tilbury; Chief of Police, Russell Simpson; County Clerk, Spencer Charters; Teller, Irving Bacon; Auto Dealer, Harry Tyler; Mayor, Charles Halton; Clerk, George Chandler.

"TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN, THE"—M-G-M. Based on the play by Bayard Veiller. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Cast: Jimmie Blake, Robert Young; Mary Dugan, Laraine Day; Edgar Wayne, Tom Conway; Gertrude Wayne, Frieda Inescort; Mr. West, John Litel; Agatha Hall, Marsha Hunt; Mrs. Collins, Marjorie Main; Galwey, Henry O'Neill; Miss Matthews, Sara Haden; John Masters, Francis Pierlot; Captain Gregory Price, Addison Richards; Judge Nash, Pierre Watkin; Dr. Saunders, Alma Kruger.

"WESTERN UNION"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Robert Carson. Directed by Fritz Lang. Cast: Richard Blake, Robert Young; Vance Shaw, Randolph Scott; Edward Creighton, Dean Jagger; Sue Creighton, Virginia Gilmore; Doc Murdoch, John Carradine; Herman, Slim Summerville; Homer, Chill Wills; Jack Slade, Barton MacLane; Governor, Russell Hicks; Charlie, Victor Kilian; Pat Grogan, Minor Watson; Herb, George Chandler; Chief Spotted Horse, Chief Big Tree; Indian Leader, Chief Thundercloud; Porky, Dick Rich; Henchman, Harry Strang; Stagecoach Rider, Charles Middleton; Captain Harlow, Addison Richards; Barber, Irving Bacon.

"YOU'RE THE ONE"—Paramount. Screen play by Gene Markey. Original story by Gene Markey. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Cast: Bonnie Baker, Herself; Orrin Tucker, Himself; Luke Laramie, Albert Dekker; Death Valley Joe Frink, Edward Everett Horton; Miss Jones, Lillian Cornell; Aunt Emma, Renie Riano; Dr. Colonna, Jerry Colonna; Julius, Teddy Hart.

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FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

The Marriage Dilemma of Judy Garland

(Continued from page 28)

Judy is a person of dreams and moods—the kind who needs older companionship to understand those moods. She expresses them best on paper and already has written a volume of poems, a limited number of which is being bound into a book for distribution among her closest friends.

We begged Judy for just one verse to bring you. She refused, and then she went on to give her reason. Used in such a fashion, her poems would not be serving the purpose for which they were written—to be enjoyed and understood only by those who knew her best—for others might not understand her motives in such a medium of expression. So you see within her, welling up and seething over, is the urge toward self-expression in various fields. And that's where Dave Rose comes into the picture in bright, clear focus. He is giving understanding and aid to that self-expression

HELL go over to Judy's new white house in Brentwood of an evening. The two will work together for hours over a song—a new one, perhaps, or an arrangement of an old one. Together they'll think out the arrangements for Judy's Decca records, Dave writing out the music for Judy's songs.

Dave Rose is the release through which Judy's moods and thoughts find escape. No one else, no one nineteen, at least, can offer that to Judy Garland.

He understands. When Judy first wrote the story "Love's New Sweet Song" she was almost afraid to show it to her own young gay companions. It was a skit, incidentally, that revealed the tug of war in Judy's heart, for it, too, concerned a young girl's love for an older man. But Dave saw merit in the sketch and sat down with Judy to work out the musical arrangements to accompany the story. The results you may have heard on a recent Sunday afternoon broadcast. The day following the broadcast several major studios telephoned about the story. Was it for sale? Had Judy written others? Could they see them?

Dave Rose shared that success and that glory with her; for he had helped to make it all come true.

In fact, his influence goes even deeper. Through the earnestness with which he approaches his music he has made Judy want to learn more, to know more. This significant little incident will illustrate. Just two short years ago Judy was a happy-go-lucky kid with a youngster's typical attitude toward her studies.

"When I'm eighteen," she kept telling her studio teacher, Miss Rose Carter, "I'm through with these books. Not one more day do I spend with you old geometry!" And she longed for the magic day in June of 1940 when she would be no longer a schoolgirl but a grown woman.

However, before that day arrived, Judy's friendship with Dave had begun to bloom and take root. On the morning of June tenth she walked into the schoolroom for the usual lessons and found to her astonishment that things were different. Miss Carter was busy packing away the books and papers.

"What are you doing?" Judy asked.

"Why you're eighteen now," Miss Carter replied. "You don't want these any more."

Judy burst into tears. "I do though," she sobbed. "I want to take the examinations and graduate with my class."

Truly, the gentle handwork of Dave Rose was then plainly to be seen

Graduation night arrived and Judy, in a simple organdy dress that matched but did not surpass the other dresses, stood up with the girls and boys of University High School. Suddenly a friend dashed down the aisle to Judy's mother, returning the bouquet she had sent her daughter. The note that was attached said: "Dear Mother, please do not be angry about my returning the bouquet, but all the girls are carrying corsages alike and they even had one for me. I want to be just like them."

Yes, there is a certain humility about Judy in everything she does that seems to reduce to its proper importance the query occasionally put to her: "But, my dear, Dave isn't well-known. Why, you should be going with someone equal to you in fame."

Judy Garland wouldn't understand that. She simply hasn't the capacity to understand that sort of snobbery. Nor does she crave elaborate gifts or luxuries. Her own bedroom is simple but tastefully fixed as a den or sitting room where the gang can congregate.

Her prize possession is a charm bracelet given her by Clark Gable for singing to him the song written by her own studio arranger, Roger Eden. "Please Mr. Gable."

AS to the fame of Mr. Rose, we can say that no musician in Hollywood is rising faster in his work than Dave. He is now musical director of four radio programs, arranging the music in his own style—which is good.

We watched him one afternoon during a Tony Martin radio rehearsal as he sat on a stool, microphones over his ears, directing the orchestra.

"Strike out that B natural," he'd call, or, glancing toward the quartette, he'd say quietly, "Bad note there."

We noticed how carefully Tony listened



Judy Garland and Jockie Cooper: A team-up that fits in with Hollywood's teen-age theory but misses out when it comes to romance. For the "why's" see story on page 27

to his every suggestion and how quickly Dave could detect the slightest off-note of any one musician.

He came down between numbers to chat for just a moment. When Judy's name crept into the conversation, he spoke of her without fluster or embarrassment, giving the impression their relationship was one of good friendship. But beyond generalities he would not go.

He spoke of his hobby—a train, not a miniature, that runs on its own track in his back yard, arriving nowhere but just where it started.

"In England where I was born, trains of this sort are quite common as a hobby," he said. "Perhaps that's where I gathered the idea. Or perhaps I got it from my ancestors, for I've been in this country since I was four years old."

"Yes," he added, "I am an American now."

All through his boyhood, he explained, he had been torn between wanting to run a train and write music. He does both now. And he admitted Judy is one of his most frequent passengers, riding round and round and getting nowhere.

SINCE the plans for Deanna Durbin's marriage have become so widely discussed, rumors have been rife in Hollywood that Dave and Judy would next trek to the altar. Don't believe it.

"I want Mr. Mayer of my studio to be at my wedding if I get married," Judy once said. "and I want it to be in a church with flowers and music. And I want my mother to be happy about it."

There you have the story in a nutshell. Judy recognizes the debt of gratitude she owes to the studio that has made of a plump, freckle-faced little girl a glamorous star (and we say glamorous after seeing Judy in "Ziegfeld Girl") and will do nothing against their wishes.

Her mother means the world to her and Judy will do nothing against her wishes, either.

So, there is her mother, dear beyond words to Judy, her studio, the work she loves, her career, all at stake. And we do mean at stake because it can truthfully be said Judy's marriage would be a disappointment—to put it mildly—to all but the parties of the first and second parts.

It would be ridiculous even to suggest that Judy does not adore Dave Rose. Seeing them together at Ciro's with Judy's heart shining through her eyes as she looks at him would convince the most incredulous.

But forced by the dictates of her affections, this girl finds herself faced with a decision, the momentousness of which few eighteen-year-olds of our generation are called upon to make. What will she do?

"I won't marry yet. Not for three or four more years," Judy said not so long ago.

But Dave Rose becomes a free man in March. (See page 17) What then? Will the bright and glowing prospect of a paradise no longer forbidden be too much for the heart of a girl in love?

We have tried to explain why Judy cares for a man older than herself, a man beyond her circle of happy kid times. We have tried to explain Judy and her soul. But we cannot explain the future and say what will come of this love.

The crossroads lie ahead. Only Judy knows which road she will choose and at what price.

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YOU CAN WIN..If your Smile is Right!



"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."

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

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

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

If you ever see "pink" on your tooth

brush—*see your dentist immediately.* He may say your gums are only lazy—that they need the work denied them by today's soft and creamy foods. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

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

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

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

From the Private Diary of Gloria N---



Broke a date with Jim for tonight. The way my head aches, I don't feel like seeing anybody! Guess I need a laxative, but I dread taking one.



Aunt Helen tipped me off to Ex-Lax. Said I ought to give it a trial. I hate the taste of laxatives - but Ex-Lax was a pleasant surprise. It tasted just like chocolate!



Slept wonderfully all night. Ex-Lax worked fine this morning. No upsets or anything. Headache's all gone, too. Sure hope Jim calls me tonight.

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¢



Happy hunting grounds for tourists: A night club (i.e., Ruth Hussey and Raphael Hakim at the Mocambo) . . . and a race track like Santa Anita where you're likely to spot Gable and Lombard and probably many more

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

THIS is the Voice of Hollywood Experience Speaking . . . in case you are planning to come to Glamour Corners for your summer vacation . . . and want to see movie stars and visit a movie studio and see movie people . . . quite right and quite naturally . . . both are a wonderful sight . . . in fact, the ninth wonder of the world . . . but those studio gates are big and high and you don't know how to crash them. . . .

Of course, if you have some way of getting into a studio . . . a letter from your local theater manager who may possibly know a studio head . . . or a letter from a Congressman, or a newspaper man who has a pull, or a letter from a friend to a friend of a friend who knows a movie big-shot . . . why then, you'll see stars everywhere, thicker than the dust on a cowboy's pants . . . but all I'm going to say is addressed to mere regular people, who don't know an insider . . . can't walk inside those big gates . . . but who still want to bag their quota of celebrities, nevertheless . . . you have heard that you can always see stars at Ciro's, the Mocambo, or the Brown Derbys . . . but you are afraid that you can't take the money rap on the first two and you don't know which Brown Derby is which. . . .

So, okay . . . so here is where I come in, a chattering guide book if there ever was one. . . .



BY
RUTH WATERBURY

It's true what they say about Ciro's and the Mocambo . . . you will see stars, and plenty, there at any time . . . the simplest, cheapest method is to stand outside on the sidewalks before them and catch your favorites as they come in or out . . . but this is tiring, cold and unsatisfactory . . . so you have two choices . . . you can go inside either and have either dinner or drinks at the bar. . . .

The prices in both places are about the same . . . dinner and a couple of drinks will nick you approximately fifteen bucks, not counting the tips to the hat check girl, the head waiter (for not putting you in a far corner), the parking lot attendants and whatever else . . . if you don't go into the main room, but stay out at the bar, you can get your drinks from fifty cents upward to \$1.25 (for champagne cocktails) and every star in the place will have to pass you . . . if you can afford either club you will be sure to get a hatful of pleasure as they are both of them beautiful, luxurious, overcrowded and have magnificent bands pouring out hot rhythms. . . .

As for the Derbys, concentrate on the Vine Street Derby on Friday and Sunday nights and on the Beverly Hills Brown Derby on Thursday evenings. . . .

Friday night is "fight" night . . . Thursday night is "cook's night out" and Sunday (Continued on page 6)

BOB'S "CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"...
and he's singing his new theme
song right from the heart!



TANKS for the memory
 Of that physical exam
 Staged by Uncle Sam

An Army Doc knows how to shock a tender diaphragm
 How charming he was! (The big Gazabo!)



TANKS for the memory
 Of hours carving spuds,
 The "Sarg" and us are buds.
 We'd like to meet that bozo when we're out of Army duds...
 How lovely he is! (The big Palooka!)



We've even got blisters from sittin'
 For many's the TANK that we've ridden
 And Parachute landing ain't kiddin'
 Just nice clean play at a buck a day!



And TANKS for the memory
 Of meeting up with Dot
 A little gal who's got

What a Colonel's daughter oughter have to make this Army hot
TANK YOU SO MUCH!



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BOB HOPE
DOROTHY LAMOUR
 in
"CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"
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Directed by **DAVID BUTLER** • Original Story and Screen Play by **HARRY TUGEND** • Additional Dialogue by **WILKIE C. MAHONEY**

did he
mean
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legs...



or doggie legs?

If his voice inflection was downward, then look to your legs, lady!

True, there may only be a hair separating his compliment or disapproval; but, if it's there you had better get NEEET, today!

This cosmetic cream hair remover will in a few minutes literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm pits, and forearms. Leaves the skin smooth, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when NEEET is used. Nor will NEEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of NEEET at your favorite department, drug, or ten cent store.

**Better Get
neet today**

is quite often "personal appearance on the radio" night . . . all of which bring the stars out of their homes and into the public limelight . . . if you are in Hollywood over a week end and like fights at all, you'd be smart to go over to the Hollywood American Legion arena, get your fight tickets and then dine at the Hollywood Brown Derby before the battle actually begins (the arena is just around the corner from the Derby) . . . get to the Derby by six or you will find all the tables gone . . . dinner here, if you order the "regular dinner," will cost from \$1.75 to \$2.25 apiece . . . but you can order à la carte for smaller sums . . . and drinks run from a quarter to a dollar . . . there is also a Brown Derby bar if you merely want to drink and as it connects with the Derby parking lot, most of the stars will pass you entering the main dining room . . . there, before the fights (and usually after) and certainly at the fights themselves, you can be sure of seeing Jack Benny, Lupe Velcz, Mae West, Brian Donlevy, George Raft, at least, and you will usually see some two dozen others, mostly male. . . .

The Beverly Derby, where the prices are the same as the Vine Street . . . but the bar, in his case, is not connected with the parking lot so don't get hidden away in it, if you want to see anything . . . gets the Thursday night play . . . you will almost always find the Don Ameches there and the Stu Erwins, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin and almost any others of the Beverly Hills "married set". . . .

YOU will find an amazing lot of stars at Dave Chasen's on Beverly Boulevard near Doheny Drive . . . but you will pay and pay for the sight of them . . . Chasen's is a very "inside" Hollywood spot . . . "everybody" goes there and it is nothing at all to catch the Doug Fairbanks Jr., Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton, the Ronald Colmans, the Ernst Lubitshes, Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, the Bob Montgomerys, the Ralph Bellamys, the Fred Astaires, all dining there at the same time . . . you can't miss seeing whoever is at Chasen's as the room is very small . . . but the prices are high as the Empire State Building . . . as high as Ciro's and the Mocambo . . . and not offering you any floor show, any music, any anything except fine food and glitter patronage. . . .

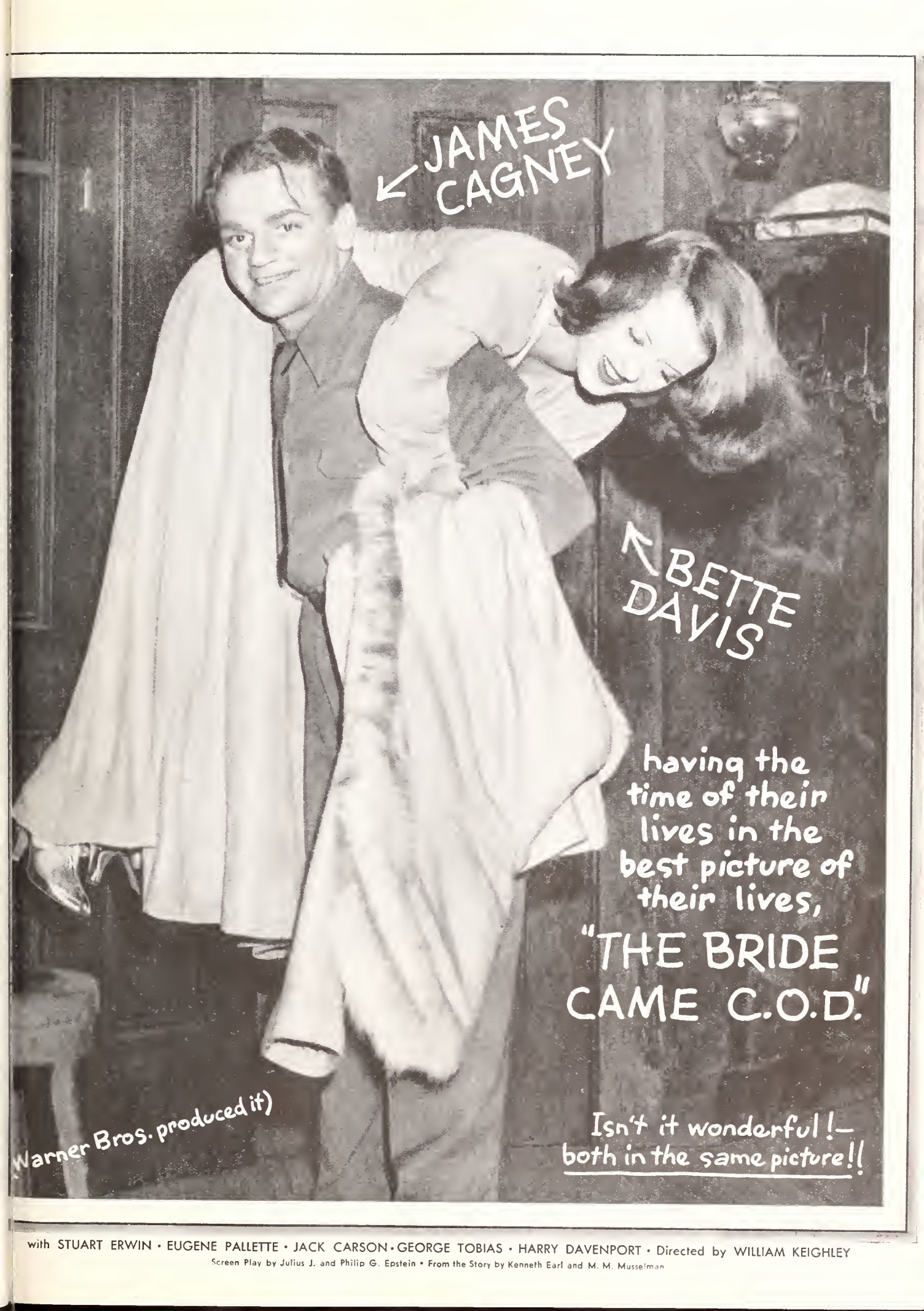
But suppose you don't want to eat . . . suppose you brought your own food along in a bag or something . . . okay . . . there are other ways of seeing stars . . . and the second surest hunting ground next to restaurants is the sports centers . . . as, for instance, Gilmore Field, which is a baseball

park on Fairfax Boulevard, when the Hollywood Stars outfit is playing . . . the West Side Tennis Club, just off Melrose Boulevard, when the Pacific-Southwest Tennis Matches are being played . . . Hollywood Park when the races are being run there . . . or better yet, Delmar, Bing Crosby's track just outside of San Diego, when the races are being run there (Delmar is better for star-hunting than Hollywood Park simply because it is so much smaller . . . both tracks, like Santa Anita in winter, are always infested with stars . . . admission is the same at all three . . . \$1.10 per person . . . Delmar, be warned, is about a hundred miles outside of Hollywood . . . Hollywood Park is a mere eight). . . .

BUT you hate sports, you say . . . you want something simpler served with your stars . . . okay. I can answer that one, too . . . how's for going down to the amusement parks at Venice or Ocean Park some fifteen miles out of town as your jalopy flies? . . . it won't cost you a dime to see Madeleine Carroll, Bob Preston and his bride, Catherine Craig, or a whole cluster of the younger crowd like Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville and Mickey Rooney and Linda Darnell . . . but while these parks are "beach stuff" don't get misled and think that you will see any stars swimming from any public beaches . . . Hollywood is strictly a private swimming pool place . . . however, if you insist upon having your headliners near water, go to San Pedro and look at the yachts . . . any Sunday down there you will undoubtedly encounter Preston Foster and boat . . . ditto Errol Flynn . . . George Brent . . . Jimmy Cagney . . . Cecil B. De Mille . . . Stirling Hayden . . . Paulette Goddard . . . San Pedro is about twenty-five miles from Hollywood, but all this expedition will cost you is the price of gas. . . .

Finally, however, supposing you haven't got a car, can't afford a meal or the price of a ticket to anything but still want to see a dream walking . . . you can still do it . . . you can go to the parking lot on the Vine Street side of NBC . . . choose NBC rather than CBS right around the corner . . . because the NBC parking lot has only one entrance and exit as opposed to the CBS one which has several . . . the NBC one faces on the "artists' entrance" . . . and through it, eventually, passes every star in Hollywood . . . and all yours to look at for free and for thrills. . . .

Fun? . . . you bet . . . at least I hope you will think it's fun when you get there . . . and I hope that you have a wonderful time. . . . in this crazy, sprawling, beautiful, mad town dedicated to dreams and laughter.



← JAMES
CAGNEY

← BETTE
DAVIS

having the
time of their
lives in the
best picture of
their lives,

"THE BRIDE
CAME C.O.D."

Warner Bros. produced it)

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

THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



Powerful story of a great love: Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh in "That Hamilton Woman!"



A smash thriller about young flyers: Veronica Lake and William Halden in "I Wanted Wings"

✓✓ That Hamilton Woman (Korda U. A.)

It's About: The love story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

POWERFULLY wrought and beautifully executed is this historical picture of a great love. This is the film left behind by Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier who have now returned to their native England for the duration. They could have left no finer symbol of their artistry.

At the turn of the Nineteenth Century we find the notorious Lady Hamilton, wife of England's ambassador to Italy, engaged in a violent love affair with England's naval hero, Lord Nelson. Back to England goes the pair to receive the homage paid to the man who saved them from Napoleon. But Nelson's wife awaits them and the disapproval of society sends the pair into exile from which Nelson finally emerges to render the final blow to Napoleon.

Sara Allgood plays Vivien's mother with a genius for commonness. The entire production is a tall and gallant feather in the cap of Mr. Korda.

Your Reviewer Says: A great film.

The Best Pictures of the Month

That Hamilton Woman!

Meet Jahn Dae

I Wanted Wings

That Night in Rio

Best Performances

Robert Mantgamery in "Rage in Heaven"

Carmen Miranda in "That Night in Rio"

Dan Ameche in "That Night in Rio"

Gary Cooper in "Meet Jahn Dae"

Barbara Stanwyck in "Meet Jahn Dae"

Judy Canava in "Sis Hopkins"

Vivien Leigh in "That Hamilton Woman!"

Laurence Olivier in "That Hamilton Woman!"

Ray Milland in "I Wanted Wings"

Wayne Marris in "I Wanted Wings"

William Halden in "I Wanted Wings"

✓✓ I Wanted Wings (Paramount)

It's About: The training of young recruits to become fliers.

A SMASHING, thrilling story laid against the background of America's own flying fields is this story of men and planes.

Ray Milland, scion of a wealthy family; Wayne Morris, a likable young football star; and William Holden, a garage mechanic, arrive at a training camp together. Above all else, they wanted wings. They made mistakes, proved themselves heroic and, occasionally, untrustworthy, but emerged—or two of them did—with wings.

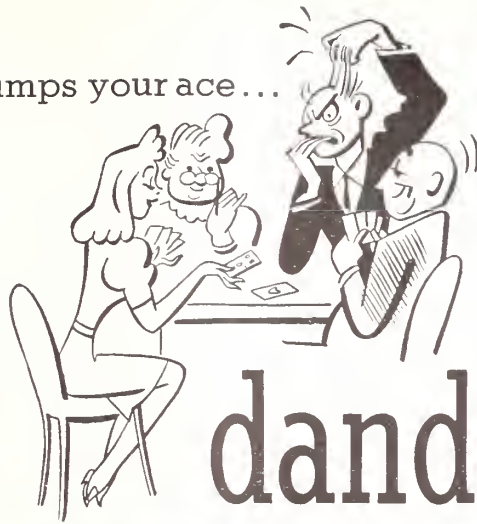
The planes in action against cloud-banked skies are a sight to stir the pulses. The story is strong, the action beautifully sustained and the acting right on the beam. Veronica Lake makes her screen debut as a siren. You'll either hate her or be enthusiastic over her work. Constance Moore is a beautiful and capable actress, but the honors in the acting field go to those three boys, who, along with Brian Donlevy, turn in their best work.

Your Reviewer Says: A smash hit.
(Continued on page 115)

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 121

It's annoying when your partner trumps your ace...

**but not half so
annoying as**



infectious dandruff



At the first sign of trouble

GET BUSY with
LISTERINE

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

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

Has Helped Thousands

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

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

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

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

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

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp morning and night. **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hairbrush. Continue the treatment so long as dandruff is in evidence. And even though you're free from dandruff, enjoy a Listerine Antiseptic massage once a week to guard against infection. Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle.



the delightful treatment

A present-arms picture: Linda Darnell congratulates Gary Cooper on "Meet John Doe" in the middle of the Ciro dance floor



Baby talk: Errol Flynn gives to Cedric Adams—with gestures—in a Mocambo corner on the subject of the expected heir



If you'd like to drop a few bombshells into the conversation, just repeat this undercover news about Hollywood

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Inside Stuff

CAL Plays "If" (with a bow to Walter Winchell): If they sit quietly together in a cafe without speaking more than ten words all evening, it's Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck

If they stop all traffic on the Mocambo dance floor with their fandango and their own original style of dancing, it's (of all people) Brian Ahoona and Joan Fontaine

If he looks wan and emaciated with her youth and verve lost in the previous dieting for her role in

"Ziegfeld Girl"—it's Judy Garland.

If the spoken words, "I love you so much," reverberate through the night club as the music and clatter suddenly cease—it's Betty Grable speaking to George Raft.

If he looks as bashful and out of "sync" on the dance floor as he does in his movie scenes—it's Gary Cooper.

If they're having the best time everywhere they're together of any young people anywhere—it's John Payne and Anne Shirley.

If it's one girl that changed over-

night from a sad and fretful woman to a completely happy one—it's Myrna Loy, now reconciled with husband Arthur Hornblow.

If it's one girl who is trying to recapture the love that was once hers—it's Alice Faye since her divorce from Tony Martin.

If it's one lad who can horn in on a man's girl and dance every dance hour after hour and get away with it—it's Errol Flynn.

If it's one man who is winning Hollywood (Continued on page 12)



... and take the Jantzen Mainliner

to the beach...to glamour...to a wonderful summer!

You can't beat this thrilling new Jantzen...the line is so smooth... the fabric is lush Water-Velva interknit with "Lastex" yarn, to take off your bumps...the wonderful Jantzen anatomists are at the controls and that means actual foundation fit and a delightfully elevating Beauty-lift Bra...the colors are South Sea-ish and therefore romantic and the neckline is very new and very exciting—6.95. Others 4.95 to 10.95.

At leading stores...or write for illustrated style folder
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND ORE.; VANCOUVER, CANADA

Jantzen

Study in style: Rita Hayworth, and Elyse Knox make John Garfield stop, look and talk at a South American party for Bette Davis



Marry in haste, rejoice at leisure: Nancy Kelly and Edmand O'Brien have an all-trimmings celebration of their elopement

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The importance of being hilarious: Deanna Durbin, Joe Pasternak and Robert Stack have their fling at a Universal party

(Continued from page 10)

friends right and left on his own with his grand sense of humor—it's Bette Davis' new husband, Arthur Farnsworth.

Quick, Girls! Now, after an era of gold-digging blondes, the old siren is coming back to the screen. So, if you girls want to keep on the beam, you'd better learn a few tricks.

First, be indolently alluring. Wear heavy earrings, make up the eyes and mouth heavily, leaving the cheeks stark-white, wear black that circles high about the throat, keep the hair slicked and perfumed and go in for some jewelry and scents.

Go to it, gals, be first in the swim. (To be continued)

Another Offspring Giggle: These good movie parents are constantly popping into Cal's ready cars the stars of their children. Some are too good to keep—this one about Joan Blandell's Norman, for instance.

Norman, who is just six, was taken by Joan and her husband, Dick



Powell, to see the colorful film, "The Thief of Bagdad."

During the movie Dick pointed out the genius Norman thought a minute and then cracked, "Oh, is *that* Jeanie with the light brown hair?"

Jaffings: The bareness of John Barrymore's life would plunge many an actor into despair . . .

Victor Orsatti, the agent, has finally got round to Linda Darnell. Hollywood is wondering what happens now, when an irresistible force (Orsatti)

meets an irresistible charmer . . .

Those South American lads who will go for blonde Ilona Massey on her appearance tour will undoubtedly resent that new husband, Alan Curtis . . .

George Sanders' theory about marriage is upsetting the girls no end. George claims he didn't like the same people at twenty-five that he did at twenty, nor the same people at thirty he liked at twenty-five. So when he's positive he won't like the same people five years from now—why marry?

Ain't you (Continued on page 14)

PHOTOGRAPHY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

TROPICAL

Whites

Your feet will be "photogenic" in lovely PARIS FASHION whites of doeskin, kid, maracain, linen . . . lined with BURG LASTEX to enhance every foot curve, diminish foot-size to "camera eye" proportions! Choose these Hollywood inspired styles so magically priced for you. Widths AAA to C. Write Dept. P-12 for style booklet and your dealer's name.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

\$3 to \$4



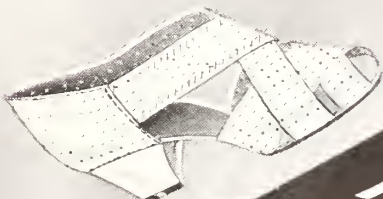
White elasticized Suede with patent.



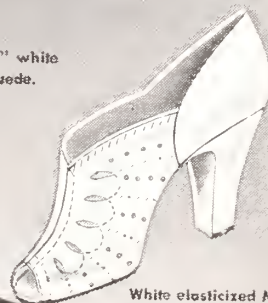
White Kid, high-heel sandal.



"Pin-perforated" white elasticized Suede.



White Maracain with elasticized straps.



White elasticized Maracain. Mid-high heel.

BURG *Lastex* LINED

Paris Fashion
FIFTH AVENUE SHOES
STYLES

Free! LEARN HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST DANCE STEPS AT HOME—
The Congo—The Rumba. Send for free illustrated booklet today.

HOLLYWOOD FLASH

about a
BIG PICTURE

"SIS HOPKINS" is 1941's BIG COMEDY hit WITH music! WATCH for it! YOU'LL recognize it by JUDY CANOVA'S UPROARIOUS antics... BY ITS gigantic cast of STARS... including such POPULAR personalities as BOB CROSBY and HIS swingin', singin' Bobcats, HILARIOUS Charles Butterworth, GOOFY Jerry Colonna, LOVELY Susan Hayward, CHARMING Katharine Alexander,



AND scores of Hollywood's most GORGEOUS girls! And you'll know "SIS HOPKINS", too, by its LIGHTEARTED romance... its 8 LILTING song hits... its SUMPTUOUS settings and SPECTACLE... And through it all RUNS one of the most human, HEARTY, happy stories you EVER lived through! It's ALL up-to-the-minute, STREAMLINED as the 20th CENTURY LIMITED, and PACKED with solid ENTERTAINMENT! WATCH for "SIS HOPKINS" WHEN it plays at YOUR local theatre IT'S...



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Above: \$3200 worth of hat. Tossed into the ring by Mr. Roosevelt three times, it was given by him to Jean Hersholt (right) and auctioned off at the Screen Actors' Guild charity fete at the Cocoanut Grove. Biggest bidders were Edward G. Robinson and Melvyn Douglas, who bought it jointly; shrewdest auctioneers were Edward Arnold, Ken Carpenter (back row); prize master of ceremonies was grinning George Murphy (at left)

(Continued from page 12)
kinda cynical, Georgie Porgie? . . .
The happiest lad in town is Billy Halop (chief Dead Ender) because his lawyer pa and his ma have become reconciled . . .

The colored actors' vote went to Jack Oakie in the Academy balloting. One colored actor was consoling Jack on not winning the Oscar.

"We're all for you," he said.
"You should be," Jack said. "After all, I'm the white-faced Hattie McDaniels" . . .

'Tis rumored a new romance, even warmer than the George Raft one, detained Norma Shearer in Sun Valley so long.

Bucketitis: A body finally gets used to everything in this town. In fact, we didn't even bat an eyelash when Joan Davis' familiar voice said over the phone, "Come on over on the set. I'm getting measured for a bucket."

This was too much for old Cal's curiosity and, despite the pouring rain (yes, ma'm, it rained and rained out this way), we swam out to Universal and onto the Abbott and Costello set of "Oh Charlie." Believe it or not, Joan was getting her—er—posterior measured for a bucket. It seems the star had to fall backwards in a scene into a bucket and the fit had to be exact.

Anyway, when we got through



Two headliners in the high-light audience: Clarence Muse and Academy Award winner Hattie McDaniels

howling at Joan's bucket falls, the actress told us a cute story on her comical offspring, "Joanie Wills of Beverly Hills," as she calls herself.

It seems Joan Sr. and her husband, Si Wills, were starting out, each wearing slacks, on an errand. "Let's stop in Ciro's for a snack," Joan said facetiously, "we look like Ciro's."

"Yeah," said little Joanie, glancing up, "like Ciro's-Roebucks."

This Romance Merry-Go-Round: Old Cal is dizzy and it's not his liver, either, so take away that sulphur and molasses. What has us down are all

(Continued on page 16)

She's Famous - Adored -

she has a Beauty Tip for YOU



MEN ADORE
LOVELINESS, SO SMOOTH
SKIN'S **IMPORTANT**.
I NEVER NEGLECT MY
DAILY **ACTIVE-LATHER**
FACIAL

WARNER BROS. STAR



PAT THE RICH
LUX SOAP LATHER
GENTLY IN

NEXT RINSE
WITH WARM
WATER, THEN
A DASH OF
COOL



THEN PAT TO DRY.
ACTIVE-LATHER
FACIALS LEAVE
SKIN FEELING
SILKY-**SMOOTH**
—THE WAY SKIN
OUGHT TO BE!



Ann Sheridan



Milder!
Costly Perfume!
Pure! ACTIVE lather!

TRY ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days. Give your skin, right in your own home, the gentle care that protects Hollywood's million-dollar complexions. Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—leaves skin smooth and soft. You'll find these facials a wonderful beauty aid—a great help in keeping skin lovely.

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

IRRESISTIBLE Romance



YOURS WITH
Irresistible
PINK ROSE

MATCHED MAKE-UP

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

IT'S *Whip-Text*
STAYS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



10¢ AT ALL
5 & 10¢ STORES

Mother's Day PERFUME SURPRISE!

New! The bonnie bannel box with Irresistible's gay be witching perfume! A tribute to Mother's youthful spirit o compliment to her charm.



IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME 10¢

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Inhibitions fall down and go boom: John Garfield and Kay Aldridge were posing prettily for their picture against the deck tennis net aboard the S.S. America when...

... the net suddenly broke and Mr. Garfield and Miss Aldridge hit the deck. They tried to get up again and missed connections, which all made for a lot of fun for Fink



(Continued from page 14)

these here-tonight-and-with-some-one-else-tomorrow-night romances that seem to be the vogue in the village.

Now, for instance, once upon a time Virginia Field was the hotcha steady of George Raft—after the Norma Shearer interlude, of course—and Betty Grable was making eyes at Alfred Vanderbilt.

So what happens? Cal no sooner makes a leap for his typewriter than George switches to Betty and Alfred becomes enamored of Virginia. Now where are we?

June Duprez was the girl in Randy Scott's life, we decided, and carefully filed away the item under the U's—for unfinished business. Then up pops Reggie Gardiner as June's steady beau, which is all right—except Randy keeps tagging along with Liz Whitney.

Mary Beth Hughes leaps—well runs, then—from Bob Stack to Harry Ritz and Bob goes back to his former girl, Cobina Wright Jr., while Nancy Kelly throws us into a long-needed coma by turning from her fiance, Irving Cummings Jr., to marry her erstwhile boy friend, Edmond O'Brien.

Linda Darnell, whom Mickey Rooney adores, openly confesses her constancy to her schooldays sweetheart, Jaime Jorba. Mickey turns back to Gene Tierney for comfort, only to have Gene almost elope with actor Robert Sterling. Mickey is catching his breath.

To top off the whole confused mess that has practically made an old man out of Cal, Jimmy Stewart goes back to his old flame, Ginger Rogers, just before he leaves on his draft call.

It's too much for us, all of it.

Now-Wait-a-Minute Department: Out on the "Sergeant York" set we ran into Donoho Hall, the Tennessee mountaineer technical adviser. Donoho, who is full of tall yarns, related us this story of his first trip on the "steam cars" when he was just seventeen.

"Are you having a berth?" the ticket agent asked him.

The young mountaineer knew only one meaning for that word.

"Sir," he said with icy dignity, "I ain't the kind of man to run away from such things."

Do You Remember—When Mary Pickford was the social leader of Hollywood?

Now it's Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. When Bill Hart was the Western idol of all the boys and girls?

Now it's Gene Autry.

When the romances and marriages of Joan Crawford were the most discussed and written about in town?

Now it's Lana Turner.

When the Gish girls were considered the nicest sisters in Hollywood?

Now it's Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland.

When Valentino was the handsome idol of the feminine world?

Now it's Charles Boyer.

When Garbo was considered Sweden's gift to movies?

Now it's Ingrid Bergman.

When Laurel and Hardy rocked the theaters with laughter?

Now it's Abbott and Costello.

When Clara Bow was the college boys' delight?

Now it's Betty Grable.

(Continued on page 18)

Congratulations - are - in - order dept. Seeing double (down the stairs): The new Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bowman; the new Mr. and Mrs. Edmond O'Brien (Nancy Kelly); the new Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O'Keefe (Steffi Duna); the new Mr. and Mrs. Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball); and the not-so-new Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Maschio (Constance Moore), host and hostess to brides and grooms



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt receiving congratulations after the wedding. Mrs. Leggatt says of Camay, "I prefer Camay because of its outstanding mildness. It really is wonderful for delicate skins like mine."



Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt have fun cutting the wedding cake. The reception was held in the Embassy Suite of the Ambassador, famous New York hotel. Then the happy couple left for a honeymoon in the South.

**"On my wedding day, my skin looked lovely
—and the mildness of Camay helped!"**

—Says Mrs. George H. Leggatt, Jr.



Photographs by David Berns

Lovely women welcome Camay's greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

MRS. GEORGE H. LEGGATT, JR., has a dark, vivacious beauty that makes her the center of interest wherever she goes. Her loveliness is emphasized by a lively, lovely skin.

Of course Mrs. Leggatt takes the very utmost care of her skin. And for her beauty soap she has chosen Camay. Women everywhere echo this lovely bride's enthusiasm for Camay—even many women who feel they have a delicate or dry skin.

For a great new improvement has made Camay milder than other famous

beauty soaps tested. We proved this by tests against dozens and dozens of them. Time after time Camay was proved milder... milder than these dozens of famous beauty soaps of other makers!

Get 3 cakes of Camay from your dealer today! Put this milder beauty soap to work for your complexion right away!



Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO

Be Yourself.. Be Natural!



TAKE THIS silent marriage vow—that you'll *always* Be Yourself. Be Natural. When you make-up, wear Tangee NATURAL...the lipstick that enhances your *own* individual lip beauty.

As you apply Tangee NATURAL...see how it changes from orange in the stick until your most flattering shade of tempting blush rose is produced. Then, complete your make-up with Tangee's matching Rouge and Face Powder.

Made with a pure cream base, Tangee NATURAL helps end that dry, "drawn" feeling and helps prevent chapping. Wear this famous lipstick for soft and youthfully beautiful lips that stay fresh for hours on end.



TANGEE Natural

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE
MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luff Co., Dist.,
477 Fifth Ave., New York City

Please send: Miracle Make-up Kit of Sample Tangee Lipstick and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red shades. Also Face Powder. Ten for 10¢ (stamp or money order in Canada.)

Check on size of Powder Desired: Flesh Tan
 Pearl Dark Rachel

Name _____
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City _____ State _____

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Honoring an honor man: Quentin Reynolds (right), crack gentleman of the press, gets a hand in Hollywood at the Mocamba. Cream-of-the-crap guests: David Selznick and Claudette Colbert

(Continued from page 17)

When Mabel Normand romped her way through a vale of loneliness?

Now it's Alice Faye.

When Milton Sills was *the* he-man of the screen?

Now it's Gable.

When Wally Reid was the flippant young comedian in pictures?

Now it's Bob Hope.

When Jack Pickford was the smartest young blade about town?

Now it's Rooney.

When Charlie Ray was the shy hero everyone loved?

Now it's Jimmy Stewart.

When the romances of Jack Gilbert were the talk of the town?

Now it's George Raft.

When Loretta Young was a dewy-eyed young leading lady in her teens?

Now it's Linda Darnell.

When Norma Shearer was the exclusive first lady of the colony?

Now it's Barbara Hutton.

When mile-long top-down sport

cars were owned by every star? Now it's station wagons.

Courage—Salute! No matter how deep the trouble, distress, or despair, there is a way out. No place emphasizes this hope as Hollywood.

Six years seems a long time for one man to wait, hope and to try, to travel, to go away, to attain a new perspective and then come back to try again.

On the eve of his last futile attempt to regain his lost place in the movies, handsome Nils Asther was packed and ready to leave again for his home in Sweden.

On the eve of his departure came the call to Universal for "The Man Who Lost Himself" and then to a role in "The Night of January 16." From that he was signed for still another film, "Forced Landing."

Now, once again, he's on his way to success.

Regis Toomey, who waited patiently

Party decoration was Annabella, who combed her hair back straight, wore no flowers and came to rally round Reynolds with husband Ty Power



Mothers' night out: Motion Picture Mothers, Inc. gives a charity dance. Below: Melita MacMurray, son Fred



Madame President—and son: Mrs. Marie Brown and Tom. Organization finds jobs—and buys tickets back home

Madame Second Vice-President is Lela Rogers, mother of Ginger. Below: Mrs. Rogers with Linda Darnell



year after year for his break, found it in "Meet John Doe" and now reaps a featured role with Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray in "Dive Bomber."

Take the tragic case of beautiful Veda Ann Borg, whose work in "The Penalty" is bringing her raves.

A year ago Veda Ann lay in a hospital in a cast, her face and body horribly cut and disfigured, the result of an automobile accident. Even the doctors agreed she would never look the same. But, as she slowly gained strength, the doctors found a way to remove the scar from forehead to chin that had almost severed her face

and to reconstruct her crushed nose. She emerged as good as new—only Hollywood, it seemed, had forgotten.

Despairing of all hope of going on with her career, she applied for work as a salesgirl and was ready to begin when M-G-M remembered and called her back to work.

Yes, there is a way out for those who have the courage to hope, to wait and to go on trying.

Now Whose Face Is Red? On the "Blood and Sand" set Tyrone Power, the star, turned to greet a new actor,

Thornton Edwards, a former police officer. A grin broke suddenly over Ty's face—he recalled that this self-same cop had once given him a ticket for speeding in bygone days.

"Hope there's no hard feelings," said Edwards.

"No," grinned Ty. "No hard feelings. But isn't it a coincidence that in this first scene we have together I'm supposed to give you the licking of your life?"

Overseas News: Our friends in England are still carrying on, each in his respective place. Hollywood gets news

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



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

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

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



NOT A RUN IN SIGHT!

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

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



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PROCTER & GAMBLE

News Round-up
about a
BIG PICTURE



THE most WELCOME ENTERTAINMENT NEWS in many a day IS that America's most COLORFUL star, GENE AUTRY, is BACK in the Saddle! "BACK IN THE SADDLE" IS the title of Gene's newest hit— AND millions of Autry fans



THROUGHOUT THE nation are waiting ANXIOUSLY for it to reach their LOCAL screens... They want to see GENE riding the range again... THEY'RE looking forward EAGERLY to hearing him sing his



NEW hit tunes (WAIT till you HEAR Gene sing "BACK in the SADDLE"!)... they're waiting to WELCOME SMILEY BURNETTE (HE'S funnier than ever!)... CHARMING little MARY LEE, REPUBLIC'S talented young singing DISCOVERY... and lovely JACQUELINE WELLS... A thrilling SCREENFUL of new adventure, NEW action, new romance and NEW music is coming your WAY... so watch for the TOP-RANKING song-and-action STAR of screen and radio, GENE AUTRY, in his newest HIT... It's

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*



Two targets for the lorgnettes at the Screen Actors' Guild Party: Livia de Havilland, who looks pretty by being plain in clothes and make-up these days, with millionaire Jock Whitney

Pretty nose to a grindstone: Rosalind Russell, now working shoulder to shoulder with Clark Gable in M-G-M's "The Uniform." Hedy Lamarr was mentioned once for the role; Miss Russell was mentioned twice—and won the prize



of them from time to time. For instance, a friend tells of making the rounds of London after a raid with Hollywood's erstwhile Puck, one Davey Niven, now in the British army.

Together they viewed the ruins of a famous West End club where David was a member. He took it calmly in true British fashion until they came to a battered chair. Then he let fly with, "Look what those dirty blackguards did! They knocked the bottom out of my chair."

Stowe Maries, the Leslie Howard home about thirty miles out of London, has been "knoeked about a bit," Howard writes his friends, but it still stands. Leslie himself is actively engaged in British propaganda work with two radio programs a week. His daughter Ruth is with a Red Cross unit and his son has been transferred from the mine sweepers to a post in London. Mrs. Howard is taking care of thirty city children at Stowe Maries.

Director John Farrow, Maureen O'Sullivan's husband, is reported to be on submarine duty between Canada and England.

A letter from Richard Greene, still mourned by his many fans, has the actor in good spirits and carrying on for dear old England. A humorous touch was added when Dick explained

that most of his Hollywood mail is for bills he had no time to take care of before leaving Hollywood.

'Tis said the Virginia Field romance is ebbing a bit. And, oh yes, Dick is about to make a picture based on England's defense work. God keep them all and bless them, we say.

Beauty Hints and for Free: Well, we don't know much about this department but Pere Westmore, Hollywood's famous beauty expert, assures us the girls place too much emphasis on eyes and not enough on eyebrows.

"Eyebrows are the most expressive part of the face. The eyes get credit for what the eyebrows really do," he says.

"Most actors and actresses use their eyebrows to express emotions. Watch the faces of Thomas Mitchell, Jimmy Cagney, Spencer Tracy or Clark Gable and you'll see eyebrow actors.

"The girls, too, including Irene Dunne and Bette Davis, express emotions with their eyebrows. So does every girl in all walks of life. Therefore," he says, "more care should be given eyebrows. They should be well brushed, not plucked too fine, or a natural expression is lost."

Well, anyway, gals, there it is. Sounds sensible to the likes of us.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

A shot in the dark that turned out to be exclusive: Constance Moore premieres with Barbara Hutton, whose million-dollar heart is Cary Grant's

Cupid's Notes: Universal really agreed to Deanna's wedding to Vaughn Paul taking place in April (on her parents' anniversary) instead of June, so she could keep her mind off her trousseau, bridesmaids and wedding gifts during her next picture.

Ellen Drew will wed writer Sy Bartlett (Alice White's ex-husband) very shortly.

Guess Who! Let's play our newest Quiz game. See how many of the following clues you have to read to guess the name of this star. If you can call out the name after four clues, you're tops.

All right, here we go—

1. His ambition was to become an artist but necessity made him a runner on the New York curb exchange.
 2. He made his debut in the entertainment world as a hooper in vaudeville.
 3. That aroused in him a love for the theater and he secured a chorus boy job in the musical comedy "Pitter Patter."
 4. When the show went on tour, he met and married his one and only wife, Frances Vernon, then worked in vaudeville.
 5. He became a Broadway success in "Outside Looking In." Teamed with Joan Blondell in "Penny Arcade" and the two were signed by Warner Brothers to make a film version of the show.
 6. In one year he was a star, with the aid of a grapefruit, in "Public Enemy."
 7. He is filmdom's prize-fight champion, having won fifty-one movie fights. He lost one in "City For Conquest."
 8. He is now starring opposite Bette Davis in "The Bride Came C.O.D.," his first comedy in several years.
- If you still haven't guessed his name, it's—James Cagney.



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Don't start summer with shoes that are just "all right." No! Begin your rounds of vacation, travel, fun... with a wardrobe of Heel Latch Shoes... shoes that you step into every morning of the week... **Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday...** with renewed satisfaction... confident that they are the last word in smartness, in comfort... and because, simply, you love to wear them!

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I have created a new and better hair remover; a toiletry that is far superior to old-time depilatories; a cream which can be used without offense to others in your household. Zip Depilatory Cream instantly removes every trace of hair; keeps your skin satin-smooth. You simply spread it on and rinse off. Quick. Sure. At all Good Stores. MADAME BERTHE Specialist, 608 5th Ave., N. Y.

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Brief Reviews

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **ADAM HAD FOUR SONS**—Columbia: Unusual is this beautifully enacted story dealing with a father's love for his four sons. Warner Baxter plays the father; Ingrid Bergman as the governess and Susan Hayward as the unfaithful daughter-in-law are outstanding. Richard Deaving and Johnny Downs as the two older sons are splendid. (May)

✓ **ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY, THE**—Paramount: This tries very hard to be very funny, but it's pretty corny. Jackie Cooper causes everyone a lot of trouble and grief in his efforts to earn a hundred dollars. Eddie Bracken is Jackie's pal; Hedda Hopper and Fred Niblo his parents. (Apr.)

✓ **ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY**—M-G-M: We prophesy stardom for newcomer Kathryn Grayson who becomes Mickey Rooney's secretary during the high school commencement week. Her lovely voice, good looks and acting ability make her a sure bet. Mickey fails his examinations and gets into plenty of trouble. It's a hundred percent entertainment. (May)

✓ **ARKANSAS JUDGE, THE**—Republic: The Weaver family play straight in this story of a small town divided into two factions by vicious gossip. The Weavers are good and Roy Rogers is a fine hero. Homey melodrama. (Apr.)

✓✓ **BACK STREET**—Universal: Margaret Sullivan is superb as the woman who lives only for a few stolen moments with her lover, Charles Boyer, who is married to another woman. Boyer, too, is excellent as the elish-lover. It's a tear-jerker so bring plenty of handkerchiefs. (May)

✓ **BANK DICK, THE**—Universal: W. C. Fields is a bank detective who, after much confusion, foils a bank robber and emerges a hero. It's packed with typical Fields gags and antics, and he's the whole picture. (Mar.)

✓ **BARNYARD FOLLIES**—Republic: There's quite a bit of entertainment in this story of a group of orphans who try to support themselves by putting on a benefit show. Mary Lee is very cute and Rufe Davis and Ralph Bowman do good jobs. Some of the songs are gay. (Mar.)

✓ **BEHIND THE NEWS**—Republic: Lloyd Nolan's convincing performance gives this story of disillusioned newspaper men a lot of verve and snap. Doris Dayenport, Frank Albertson and Robert Armstrong are also very good. (Mar.)

✓ **BLONDIE GOES LATIN**—Columbia: *Dawn's* boss decides to take the *Bampsteads* on a vacation to South America, with much fun and havoc as the result. Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake and Larry Simms play their roles with the ease of long experience and it's a treat for the *Bampstead* fans. Tito Guizar sings beautifully. (May)

✓ **BORDER LEGION, THE**—Republic: If you're a Western fan, pardner, this roarin', tootin', shootin' picture is for you. Roy Rogers joins the Border Legion, a gang of notorious bandits, and finally brings them all to justice with violent action and much excitement. (Mar.)

✓ **BOHEM BOY**—Republic: Strictly routine is this story of an underprivileged boy, Jimmy Lydon, who falls in with racketeers, but is saved by idealistic doctor Dennis O'Keefe and Louise Campbell. (Apr.)

✓ **BUCK PRIVATES**—Universal: Abbott and Costello had themselves in the army in this hilarious comedy high lighted by their amazingly funny routines. Wealthy Lee Bowman and his chauffeur, Man Cinto, are also in the army and the Andrews Sisters contribute plenty of songs. (May)

✓ **CHAD HAYNA**—20th Century Fox: There is little coherence to this story of a 19th century circus and it's mostly a parade of uneventful incidents, but the glorious Technicolor and grand performances overshadow the story. Henry Fonda falls in love with trick rider Dorothy Lamour and joins the circus. Linda Darnell also runs away with the show, of which Guy Kibbee is the owner. (Mar.)



Repeat romance: Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll, the team that made time in "Virginia," get together again for the forthcoming "One Night in Lisbon"

✓✓ **CHIEFS FOR MISS BISHOP**—United Artists: Beautifully told tale of a young school-teacher in a Midwest college who meets and renounces love and goes through the years giving of herself to the young students eager for knowledge. Martha Scott is wonderful in her transition from youth to age, and William Gargan as her lifelong suitor is perfect in his role. It's a tear-jerker, and a triumph. (Apr.)

✓✓ **COME LIVE WITH ME**—M-G-M: Smart and gay is this cute little story of an Austrian refugee, Hedy Lamarr, who marries struggling young writer Jimmy Stewart in order to stay in America. Hedy's boy friend, publisher Ian Hunter, causes much of the complications in spite of the fact that he's married to Verree Teasdale. You'll love it. (Apr.)

✓ **COMRADE X**—M-G-M: Take Gable as a newspaper reporter smuggling uncensored news out of Russia, add Hedy Lamarr as a streetcar conductor with whom he's forced to flee Russia, mix up with a chase consisting of Lamarr and Gable in one tank against an army of tanks and you have riotous slapstick entertainment. (Mar.)

✓ **ELERY QUINN'S PENTHOUSE MYSTERY**—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is the famous detective who solves through danger and international intrigue to wade the murder of a ventriloquist on a secret governmental mission. Margaret Lindsay is his pretty secretary. (May)

✓✓ **FLIGHT COMMAND**—M-G-M: This authentic picture of flyers trained in the government school of naval aeronautics is thrilling and awe-inspiring, and Bob Taylor takes advantage of the best opportunity he's had in years. Ruth Hussey is *Commander* Walter Pidgeon's wife, both give good performances. We cannot recommend it too highly. (Mar.)

✓✓ **FLIGHT FROM DESTINY**—Warners: We nominate this as the surprise picture of the year for its brilliance in theme, dialogue and acting. Professor Thomas Mitchell is given six months to live, so, as a philanthropic act, he decides to kill miserables. Mona Maris, who has wrecked the marriage of Jeffrey Lynn and Geraldine Fitzgerald, Mitchell gives a magnificent performance. (Mar.)

✓ **FOUR MOTHERS**—Warners: Homey, cozy little tale of the *Lomb* family, who lose their money and struggle to regain it. It has the same familiar characters, the Lane sisters, Jeffrey Lynn, Eddie Albert, Gale Page, Claude Rains and May Robson,

but it doesn't measure up to its predecessors in entertainment. (Mar.)

GOLDEN HOOFS—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers falls in love with Buddy Rogers, helps her grandfather establish a local hospital and saves her homelands for the breeding of trotting horses, and does it all with the greatest of ease in this Withers specialty. With Buddy Rogers, Katherine Aldridge and Buddy Pepper. (May)

✓ **GO WEST**—M-G-M: The zany Marx Brothers thoroughly indulge their appetite for hilarious clowning in this, one of their funniest pictures, with scarcely a minute's letdown in the fun. It's about their efforts to secure a deed to Dead Man's Gulch so they can sell it to a railroad and permit John Carroll to marry Diana Lewis. But you won't pay much attention to the story on account of all the laughs. (Mar.)

✓ **HARD-BOILED CANARY, THE**—Paramount: A grand musical treat is this film with Allan Jones, as the son of the head of Camp Interlochen, rescuing a young burlesque singer, Susanna Foster, from a raid and placing her in the camp, with havoc as the natural result. (May)

✓ **HER FIRST ROMANCE**—Monogram: Edith Fellowes has her first grownup role in this gay picture as the ugly duckling who becomes the belle of her school and finds romance. You'll be charmed with her performance and singing. (Mar.)

✓✓ **HIGH SIERRA**—Warners: Entertainment is yours in this absorbing story of a paroled convict, Humphrey Bogart, who goes back to his racket. Ida Lupino is grand as Bogart's girl and Joan Leslie shows great promise. Bogart's portrayal of the gangster is terrific. The whole picture has great dramatic impact. (Apr.)

✓ **HUDSON'S BAY**—20th Century-Fox: Although the story is too concerned with geography rather than with people and it's ponderous, it's well done and worth seeing. It tells of the formation of the great Hudson's Bay Company and the bringing of the north country under British rule under the leadership of Paul Muni and his enormous partner, Laird Cregar. Gene Tierney provides romance. (Mar.)

✓ **INVISIBLE WOMAN, THE**—Universal: John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes lovely Virginia Bruce to become invisible and thus have herself a lot of fun. Oscar Homolka as an exiled gangster is very clever, but the gag of invisible people walking about is no longer a novelty in pictures. John Howard falls in love with the invisible Virginia. (Apr.)

✓ **JENNIE**—20th Century-Fox: When Virginia Gilmore marries William Henry, she refuses to allow his father to dominate her life and she sets about undermining his power over his family. It's a human, sincere picture of a family ruled by a father who is virtually a dictator over them. The entire cast offers fine portrayals. (Mar.)

KEEPING COMPANY—M-G-M: Too much adherence to routine material and hokum situations spoils this homey little picture about the tribulations of an average young married couple. John Shelton and Ann Rutherford are the young husband and wife and you'll also see Frank Morgan, Irene Rich and Virginia Weidler. (Apr.)

✓✓ **KITTY FOYLE**—RKO-Radio: Christopher Morley's famous love story of a working girl has been brought to the screen in truly magnificent style, with Ginger Rogers giving her best performance as *Kitty*, the white-collar girl who loves socialite Dennis Morgan but is torn between him and James Craig. Both Craig and Morgan are splendid. It's a hit. (Mar.)

✓✓ **LADY EVE, THE**—Paramount: Bright, gay, charming and funny is this latest Preston Sturges story, with Henry Fonda as the young millionaire who is almost hooked by card-sharper Barbara Stanwyck and her father Charles Coburn. How Barbara gets her revenge on Fonda is wonderful and Barbara herself is excitingly glamorous. (May)

✓✓ **LAND OF LIBERTY**—M-G-M: The colorful history of the United States is told in scenes from feature pictures, shorts and newsreels. It's impressive and exciting, although occasionally dull. All the profits go to war-relief charities, so seeing it is part of being an American. (Apr.)

LET'S MAKE MUSIC—RKO-Radio: Bob Crosby and his band make their movie debut in this innocuous tale about a music teacher, Elisabeth Risdon, who sells a song that becomes a hit. If you like good swing music and don't insist on big names and strong story, this is for you. (Mar.)

✓ **LITTLE MEN**—RKO-Radio: Little of the Louisa M. Alcott novel remains in this version, but Jack Oakie's clowning makes up for it. George Bancroft's adopted son, Jimmy Lydon, who's a problem child, is regenerated at *Aunt Jo's* school. Kay Francis is very good as *Aunt Jo*, and Bancroft is splendid. (Mar.)

✓ **LOVE THY NEIGHBOR**—Paramount: There's not so much fun in this screening of the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud as you'd expect, but it has its bright spots and it's worth your time. The plot's

(Continued on page 113)



Can a skin, Sensitive to Soap, look like “Peaches and Cream”?

Thousands of women find Cashmere Bouquet Soap
more mild and agreeable to sensitive skin

BECAUSE you may have found some soaps irritating to your skin . . . a difficulty reported by one woman out of two . . . you may have become too easily discouraged. You notice men gazing with unconcealed admiration at a “peaches and cream” complexion and, with a shrug of your shoulders, you may think enviously —“Oh, she was just born lucky.”

Yet if you could ask thousands of lovely women: “Confidentially, how do you do it?” . . . the answer, over and over again would be: “I use Cashmere Bouquet Soap. I find

that its mild, gentle lather agrees with my skin, never causes complexion flareups.”

Wouldn't you love to be like “peaches and cream” all over? Evening clothes—sports clothes, too—reveal a lot of you to the world!

So, as you bathe, cream each lovely inch of your skin with the glamorous lather of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Step from your bath scented all over with “the fragrance men love.”

Buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap wherever good soap is sold. Three luxurious cakes only twenty-five cents.

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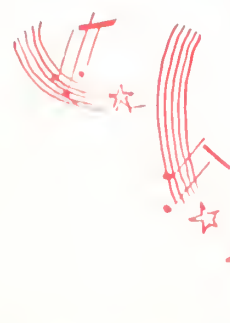
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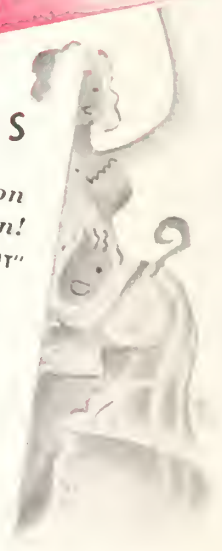


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 "LONG AGO LAST NIGHT"
 "I TAKE TO YOU"
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 "THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST"
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PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



Not So Long Ago

DO YOU remember what you were doing in 1931? Does it seem so very long ago? It really isn't, you know.

I've been looking through the June 1931 issue of PHOTOPLAY. It's true that most of us don't remember Dorothy Jordan, who is on the cover, because for some time she has been the wife of Marion Cooper, the producer. But I notice that Marlene Dietrich is on the cover of the issue before that and Claudette Colbert on the one following it.

Browsing through that June PHOTOPLAY I found some fascinating things. For instance, there's a picture of a very curlyheaded gentleman dancing with Corinne Griffith at a Mayfair party. His name is Joel McCrea. On a later page, in Cal York's department, there's an item which reads: "Von Sternberg's latest choice for future glories is Frances Dee—lead in 'An American Tragedy'."

At this same Mayfair party, Bob Montgomery is shown dancing devotedly with Mrs. Montgomery, who was Elizabeth Allen when he married her in 1928, the caption informs us.

There is also an item about an actress who refused, for the first time, to have her picture taken at a

party. Her explanation of this amazing action was that she had been to an "exclusive" shop and there had bought an "exclusive" gown, only to find when she reached the party that two other stars were wearing the same gown and had already been photographed. Her name? Hedda Hopper.

A FEATURE story, about Barbara Stanwyck, is called "She Has Hollywood's Number," one item of which is most appropriate today. It tells how a director had asked her to make a test for "Ladies of Leisure." Said Barbara: "I can't. I simply can't go through any more of this silly business." But, the story goes on, when the director couldn't find another girl for the part, he said, "Come on into the cast and try this thing without a test." The director? The same one who directed Barbara's latest, "Meet John Doe"—Frank Capra.

Then there is a picture of two interesting people, with the caption: "PHOTOPLAY announced exclusively the secret marriage of Irene Dunne and Dr. D. F. Griffin of New York. Here they are vacationing at Miami Beach, Florida."

Of course, there are lots of names now long forgotten, but the following

still-famous ones appear throughout that issue: Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert (describing their first meeting), Howard Hughes, Walter Winchell, Greta Garbo, Charlie Chaplin, Lew Ayres, Gary Cooper, Jeanette MacDonald ("... will be definitely retired from circulation as the bride of her business manager."), Cecil B. De Mille, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Spencer Tracy, James Cagney—and so on to an almost incredible extent! The best performances cited for that month included Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper and Joan Crawford. And in a list of June birthdays, under June 2, we again find the name of Miss Hopper. Congratulations, Hedda!

The lead story in that ten-year-old magazine is called "Hollywood's Newest Romance" and the closing paragraph says: "William Powell and Carole Lombard love each other. And, like all love stories, the issue is in the lap of the gods."

There are those who think the American public is fickle. Let this be evidence, then, that even though new and exciting things are happening to these stars, many of them are still the ones whom you admired and wanted to read about in 1931!

Ernest V. Heyn

The Nicest Women in

Leave it to this famous author to name point-blank the three nicest women in Hollywood—and to give a "nothing but the truth" view of the others

By Hedda Hopper



One reason why stars dash for their daily papers: To see what candid columnist Hopper (above with Bing Crosby) says about them

THE three nicest women in Hollywood? I don't know why the editors should limit me in this way, but they wanted me to do a story on the three nicest women in Hollywood. Now you know my life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel if I narrowed them down to three. But I'll start with three anyway. Heaven only knows where I'll end up, 'cause I ramble on like the old gray mare. Those three are Joan Crawford, Baby Sandy and Frances Marion.

Joan, because her story covers many years, is known throughout the town as the most generous. When she first came here, she was lucky enough to meet Dr. Branch, who has more charity patients than any M.D. in town. To Joan, he's been doctor, lawyer, counselor, friend. They used to talk over their dreams to each other. Hers, of course, was to become a star. His was to have his own clinic where he could help humanity

who couldn't afford to pay. Joan said, "When you get your clinic, I'll give you a free room in your hospital and, as my salary increases, I'll add to it."

That was eight years ago. There are now four hospital rooms which Joan Crawford supports entirely. Those rooms take care of extras, young players, their babies, their mothers, or anybody who needs help. Joan didn't know until this year, when she was persuaded to visit the hospital, that they had put up a plaque reading, "These rooms were donated by Joan Crawford." Joan said, "That plaque and a silver box which Dr. Branch gave me and had inscribed—'Dear Joan: We, and the 180 souls you have helped save, give you this with our dearest love'—those were the most moving things that ever happened in my life."

I asked if she had ever had a real sickness. She said, "No, except in the

mind. When I'm at the end of my rope, I call Dr. Branch at the finish of the day's work and he's been good enough to lend me his shoulder to weep on many a time. I'm proud to say that my shoulder has been used by him once or twice for the same purpose."

So many people still think of Joan as the "Hey Nonnie Nonnie" sort of girl. Well, she used to be. But she's long since grown beyond the "Dancing Daughters" stage. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. can thank her for his success and development. It was she who gave him strength and courage when he needed it most during his formative years and she got mighty little thanks for it. None from his father or Mary Pickford Fairbanks, who didn't approve of her. Now Douglas Sr. is gone and Joan and Mary have become great friends.

It was Joan who tried to make Franchot Tone a picture star. The

Hollywood - and Why!



Joan Crawford: Miss Hopper chose her immediately because of those four hospital rooms

fact that he became a featured player was because he got so much publicity through her. Otherwise I'm certain he'd still be just a good supporting player, without feature billing and for less salary.

As for Baby Sandy, she's been a star only two years. Of course, we can't tell how she'll turn out. She may go high-hat in another year or so and have to be retired so she can make a comeback as a veteran at the ripe old age of eight. But she's a sweet little thing, and kind to parents and dogs. They discovered that she responds to dog training. She's very obedient, but can't remember a promise made from day to day, or instructions she gets for her acting. So they taught her, just as they do dogs used in pictures, the sign language. She knows, from signs made with fingers what a chair, table, glass and all objects on the set are. Her teacher stands beside (Continued on page 108)

Baby Sandy—Say, the author: "She's a sweet little thing, kind to parents and dogs."



Frances Marion: "A sucker for a sob story and one of the nicest women I ever met."

HOLLYWOOD'S

Greatest Love Story

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



The Author

THERE have been many great love stories in Hollywood, blazoned upon front pages for all to read. Some of them magnificent and violent, some beautiful and desperate, some tragic or happy or bitter.

Love has played a great part in the life of Hollywood and changed, as it were, the map of its destinies a good many times. That must be so, for here are gathered together people of extraordinary charm and beauty, people of great emotional nature and temperament, people who represent romance and ideals to the whole world—and drama is their daily bread and the very object and reason of their existence.

The greatest love story Hollywood

has yet known is the one I want to tell you, for the first time: the courtship and marriage of Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin.

Oh, I know that at first glance that may sound like an exaggeration, it may seem too much to say when one must compare this new romance with the many that have made history, the Hollywood modern versions of Dante and Beatrice, Heloise and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet. But at the very top of the scroll upon which are written in fairy gold such names as John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, young Douglas and Joan Crawford, it seems to me one may well write to-

day "Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul."

Most of those other stories I know well—saw them happen—lived chapters of them—heard confidences about them. They were part of my life, too.

And not long ago I wrote at first-hand the greatest love story of all time, that living legend of the King of England and Mrs. Simpson, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. I went all the way to Nassau to meet the man who had given up the greatest throne and the greatest Empire on earth, and the woman he loves—and I saw there with my own eyes a deep and passionate devotion.

So I am not to be bowled over by any love story.

If you would like to learn about a rare and lovely romance you will not want to miss this beautiful story of Deanna and Vaughn by one of America's best-known writers



"I am not to be bowled over by any love story," says Miss St. Johns. "But Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul bowled me over. For they have achieved something so rare and lovely every boy and girl will know it by name."

But Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul bowled me over.

For they have achieved something so rare and lovely that every man and woman will recognize it, every boy and girl will know it by name. It is like a song once heard and lingering on forever in memory. Past, present or future, old or young, here is the dearest dream, the secret of the heart, where it is treasured in sweet remembrance or in exquisite hope.

No matter how hard-boiled, how worldly, how disillusioned — how lightly we may take love nowadays—how often we may deny it—here is something that catches you and brings you back to it-might-have-beens, to maybe-it-will-happen-to-me.





The heroine: Deanna, young inexperienced daughter of a simple middle-class mother and father, at the time when a great studio gambled millions on her

Young love—first love—clean and strong and perfect.

It was the strength of it that got me. The honesty and reality of it, facing life and problems intensified as they must be in Hollywood, in utter faith and without fear. It's easy enough to keep love exquisite and romantic if you hide your eyes for a while. But when Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul listened to the immortal words of the marriage service, they faced them and the minister who spoke them with clear and steady young eyes.

They know what they are facing. They know marriage in Hollywood, the marriage of a great star to a young man still with his name and way to make in spite of what would in ordinary circumstances be early success, is no primrose path to tread.

But they are as sure they will celebrate their own thirty-third wedding anniversary as they are that they were married upon the thirty-third anniversary of Deanna's own father and mother.

Neither of them has ever been in love before; neither even thought he was in love. Nor will they ever be again.

They found each other and—but that is the story.

Deanna Durbin became a motion-picture star "overnight" as the saying goes in Hollywood. She was fourteen.

The men who sat around a big table in the big office at Universal Studios on a day a few years ago waiting to talk with this child were utterly amazed by what had happened. They had made a "B" picture with a good cast and a nice little story, titled it "Three Smart Girls" and cast as one of the girls an unknown child singer who had sung on the radio.

The public had played its powerful part. The public had fallen head over

heels in love with Deanna Durbin. Didn't know who she was, hadn't been notified of her advent by any high-pressure publicity campaign, but—they fell in love with her gay voice, her impudent smile, her pretty, funny little face. So are all real stars made—by you.

I have always been able to understand how it happened in the case of the little Durbin girl. I saw that picture in a movie house in Omaha during a blizzard that had grounded the plane on which I was flying to New York. We had been through some storms upstairs and we were exhausted, a little frightened, very cold, and far from home. There was a woman who was flying to her mother's deathbed; a boy on leave from Annapolis, who might be chucked out for being AWOL since the Navy doesn't take weather as an excuse; there were several men in real distress about business appointments. Frankly, we were a tough audience that terrible winter day as we waited to know when we might take up our journey, as we speculated on what kind of a journey it might be. Well, we forgot everything, we laughed and cried, our troubles stood off from us and we naturally fell in love with the little girl who had been able to help us, who had warmed us and made us laugh.

So the big executives who waited that day to talk to Deanna Durbin and make her a star knew what had happened, but they were still amazed. They were, it is recorded, even more amazed when she walked in. A short, very slim little girl, with eyes of a startling blue, clothed in immeasurable dignity. When she walked out, with that same dignity and grace, they were infinitely reassured. They weren't so worried about gambling the millions it takes to make star-

pictures on a fourteen-year-old girl who had neither stage nor picture experience, whose family knew nothing of the theater but were just simple, middle-class English folk.

They realized that Deanna Durbin, even at fourteen, had the thing we sometimes call character; they recognized in her those qualities of courage and determination and ability to work and sacrifice and stand up under things that belong peculiarly to the people of England—though perhaps they didn't think of it then in just those terms, didn't become aware of how typical a daughter of England the Durbin child was and is—for she was born a British subject, her forefathers had all come from England.

SO—this little girl of fourteen, who had lived a simple, normal everyday life with her father and mother and her older sister, who had sung her way into the picture business almost by accident, became a star, with all the prerogatives, all the work, all the wealth and fame that still go with that.

There was not then and is not now anything shy about her. She has that same dignity, that same naturalness, that same poise of good manners and quick intelligence. Oddly enough she always reminds me somehow of Princess Elizabeth of England. I wish she could play the little Princess who will someday be Queen of England—if there always is an England. Or even Queen Victoria when she was very, very young. The year of stardom, coming when she was in that formative and impressionable time of girlhood, has given her a valiant simplicity, an honestly regal air. She takes her work and her responsibility very seriously, and it is harder work than that of most stars, for she has the (Continued on page 95)

New kind of love for LAMOUR

She used to hide under a "Good-timeDottie" masquerade. Now she's come out in the open—about herself, her life, and the man she loves

BY KAY PROCTOR

DOROTHY LAMOUR has Hollywood stumped.

The town, quite frankly, cannot understand what has happened to its erstwhile No. 1 hey-hey gal and pet Good-time Charlie. They can't understand the way she has calmed down and become a demure little miss who shuns the giddy whirl of night-club life.

"What makes?" it asks fitfully. "We used to depend on good old Dottie for the kick of the week. Now all we hear is about Patti McCarty, the Lamour secretary, doing the rounds of the hot spots with a different beau every night and winding up with a movie contract of her own. What makes?"

What makes? The answer is simple. It's that same little word which always is upsetting the applectart. To wit, love.

For Dorothy, it's a new kind of love.

Back of her recent right-about-face is a moving story. Not many know it because, while she has countless friends, she has only a few intimates who might have an inkling of the truth. Lately, too, she has developed a new quality—genuine reticence about her personal affairs. It's a good thing, that quality, because she used to pop off with some dillies which landed her in one jam after another. Strangely enough, she would turn clam on those who were her real friends and trustworthy and, in the next breath, make the rashest of statements to total strangers, who would crucify her with her own fool-





Fink
Caught having fun: Dorothy Lamour, star of "Caught in the Draft," with Greg Bautzer

hardy words. Or, in apparent good faith, would spin some highly imaginative tale and then be surprised that the deliberate deception aroused anger in those who had been duped.

We can forgive her now because we know it was just another funny, muddled way in which she has been trying to fool Hollywood and herself for the past two years. It didn't really matter about Hollywood, but for herself it was a dangerous game to play.

Why the masquerade? That, too, is a part of this story.

At heart Dorothy Lamour is no glamour girl in the sense we flip the word around today. That sounds incredible, but it's true. At heart she is

a simple, unaffected girl and, at times, unbelievably naive. When she puts on a sophistication act, she reminds me of a little girl playing grown-up lady in her mother's trailing dresses on Saturday afternoon. The fit is about comparable.

The first time we met was in the summer of 1937, when she was making "Hurricane" for Goldwyn, the hit picture which gave impetus to the Sarong Series started by "Jungle Princess" at Paramount. She had been the wife of bandleader Herbie Kay for two years and still was abashed by the utter wonder of it. Her open rapture about him, in fact, made us a little uncomfortable. It

was as if we were intruding on something not intended for our eyes.

In a happy, frank way she talked about the great plans she had for a family of her own, and of how little a career meant to her compared to success for Herbie. She said then she wanted nothing more from life than to be his wife and make a permanent home for him and their children. We'll always believe she meant it and that she still would be Mrs. Herbie Kay if things could have worked out in that pattern.

The word "permanent" was to prove the catch.

THERE was nothing unreasonable in Dorothy's wanting the security of a permanent home; that's something every woman needs. But a successful bandleader must be a peripatetic fellow, wandering from city to city as lucrative engagements beckon. A permanent home is one luxury his profession does not permit. And so Dorothy and Herbie talked things over and decided it was wisest they remain at her job in Hollywood while he traveled with his band. As soon as he had accumulated sufficient money to insure a modest living for them, they would retire from their respective careers and devote themselves to each other, their children and their home.

In dream form, it was a perfect plan. Unfortunately, it did not work.

Separations, however enforced, usually breed petty quarrels, jealousies, misunderstandings, even indifference. It is particularly true when the persons involved are in the limelight, where every little deed is magnified into something of importance. So it was with Herbie and Dorothy. Little differences, which would have been patched up had they been together, grew into issues as the miles grew between (Continued on page 89)

FRAME FOR FAME

Presenting, in our exclusive full-color series, an ingratiating little personage, Lana Turner very pert, very pretty, now appearing in "Ziegfeld Girl"

Lana Turner





The fast-talking, softhearted girl who's become a friend of the family: M-G-M's "Maisie," as portrayed by Ann Sothorn

Maisie's

REMEDIES for HEARTACHES

People will write things to "Maisie" they'd never tell anyone else. That's what makes these letters, and Ann Sothorn's answers, collected by Marian Rhea, a document no one will want to miss

IT ALL began when *Maisie* burst upon the screen. There was something about her. . . .

Here was no unapproachable glamour girl who might not—quite probably would not—have time for the heart problems of you and me. Here, all of a sudden, was a kindly, folksy, human sort of a girl who seemed to step right out of the screen wanting to be friends.

So it began—that is, you began writing letters to *Maisie* about things that troubled you, especially the problems of love and marriage. You figured she would be the kind of girl who could help. You hadn't been writing such letters to Ann Sothorn before she played her first *Maisie* role, even though you had seen her in pictures many a time; but *Maisie* was different.

So it went on until *Maisie*—or Ann—possessed a very interesting collection of letters and, in answering them as carefully, as thoughtfully as she knew how, had made for herself a wonderful group of friends. Her advice was good, too, as you often told her gratefully. Many a time she showed you how to win back happiness after it had seemed lost for good.

Whereupon we come to the point! We have persuaded *Maisie*—or Ann—to allow us to reproduce here some of those letters (anonymously, of course) and her answers to them, so that not only you who wrote them and received help in return, but those of you who have similar problems and haven't known just what to do about

them, might here find a solution. You see, Ann (*Maisie* to you) is a wise girl and a kind one. Otherwise, she couldn't have been a real *Maisie* on the screen.

Here is, she says, one of the first letters she received. It seems to us that it involves a predicament in which many a girl has found herself, and many another will again:

DEAR MAISIE:

Perhaps it will seem silly to you that I am writing this letter, but something about the way you acted in your picture just got me. So I thought I'd try. You see, I am so unhappy! I have been going with a boy for a long time and was sure he cared for me as I do for him. Also, he had often complimented me on my honesty. So one night I told him I loved him. My heart was so full, it just seemed as though I had to. But instead of telling me he loved me, too, he acted kind of embarrassed and since then he has been different, although we still go together. Oh, *Maisie*, I know now I was foolish to do what I did! Can I do anything to remedy my mistake?"

This is what Ann wrote back:

"Yes, my dear, you were wrong to 'up and tell' your young man you loved him. Men like to take the initiative. They like to do the pursuing, always.

"But now that the thing is done, why let it lay! Don't refer to it again. Forget it as quickly as you can. Perhaps the young man will, too."

Here is another letter from a "damsel in distress."

"Dear 'Maisie' (Miss Sothorn):

I am engaged to be married and, while we are both very young, I thought for a while we had every chance of happiness. But now I am not so sure. You see, we live in a small town where everyone knows everyone else and there is a certain girl who is crazy about my fiance. He is an honest, unsuspecting sort of person and I don't believe he even suspects what she is up to. Should I warn him of her designs? Or tell her off? Or what?"

Ann's letter in answer:

"Thank heavens you haven't said anything yet! Don't! If you warn your young man, it will make him aware of the designing miss and the fat might well be in the fire. As for 'telling off' the lady—don't do that, either! It couldn't do any good and it would be giving her a weapon to use against you—the knowledge of your vulnerability. No, you must grin and bear it. Besides, aren't you a bit flattered by the whole thing? Surely, you wouldn't want to fall in love with a boy no one else could be interested in."

Set forth here is, Ann thinks, an all too common tragedy of marriage:

"Dear Ann:

Please forgive my writing you, but I happen to know you were very kind to another girl who asked you for advice. So— (Continued on page 84)

Ann Sothern



Empty Bridal Suite

BY GLADYS HALL

BRIDE WANTED! . . . Somewhere near Hollywood, in the residential section known as Brentwood, there is a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, newly built of fieldstone and wood, set amid gracious gardens. A man lives here alone, and very tired he is of living alone, too.

Within the house fires burn on the hearths; the rooms are colorfully but simply furnished in Early American fashion. The fine old four-poster bed in the master bedroom, the old Dutch dowry chest, handwoven rugs, pierce tables, cobblers' benches, thousand-eye glass were all hand-picked by the would-be bridegroom himself.

At night, the lights of the house shine hospitably out over the gardens—except from one wing, the windows of which are always dark.

For in this house, *there is one empty suite*, one suite of two rooms, dressing room and bath which has been left unfinished and unfurnished, the walls bare white plaster, the floors uncovered.

It is the bridal suite, left empty and waiting for an as-yet-unfound bride.

The bridegroom-to-be is: Tall, dark and handsome; six feet, two inches tall; 175 pounds in weight. His eyes are dark-brown; his hair is ebony-black; his teeth are perfect. He is sound in mind, body and bank account; an elegant dancer (his rumba is sensational); he has an unblemished name and reputation. He dresses well; is generous with corsages, gifts and hospitality, but not a wastrel; fond of children, dogs and birds; less fond of cats but kind to them; drinks like a gentleman, smokes ditto; has none of the windy egotism of the actor. He says of himself, "I have worked hard for seven years. I've been no ball of fire, but—I am still working!"

He likes to go to the fights, is a movie fan but, except for symphonies, not a radio fan; is subject to the common cold but is a "good patient"; takes no setting-up exercises nor does he diet in any way; an easy man to feed,

cucumbers being the only item of the cuisine that disagrees with him; can be the Life of Any Party and often is, but is equally happy at home, with a good book, a dog and (not a pipe, alas!) a cigarette; is not easily susceptible, having been exposed to—and survived, unwed—the charms of Ann Sheridan, Marlene Dietrich, Alice Faye, Joan Crawford, Patricia Morrison, et cetera *and et cetera*.

. . . with references furnished by one and all. . . .

The Sheridan said of him, "He is more fun than any man alive. And more polite."

Marlene Dietrich: "When you dance with him, you are, the two of you are, a dream dancing . . . you fall in love with him when you dance with him. He is the perfect escort."

Joan Crawford: "He has every quality I can think of . . . dignity, excitement, gaiety, friendliness, romance, *everything*."

Alice Faye: "He is the most genuinely sympathetic man I know. Un-

Says Cesar: "I want those rooms unfinished so that my bride may fix them to please herself"

Kept dark and unfurnished in the Romero home is the suite of two rooms, dressing room and bath



Wanted—A Wife! Her rooms are ready; Cesar Romero is waiting. You can apply — providing . . .

"She must like my home," says Romero. The house is a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, furnished in colorful Early American

like many actors, he is as interested in other people as he is in himself. If you want to laugh your head off or weep on his shoulder, he is right there with the laugh or the shoulder!"

Patricia Morison: "He doesn't look the type that would make the perfect husband. He looks—somewhat dangerous. But what's so fascinating about him is that he *would* make the perfect husband!"

His name is Cesar Julio Romero. Applicants for the bridal suite may address him care of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

AS to the bride-to-be—well, whoever you are and wherever you are, we have discussed you with Don Cesar. We offer you now the following tips in order that only those of you who qualify may apply:

It is better for you not to be



an actress. Cesar would very definitely rather not marry an actress. As a matter of fact, he wouldn't like to at all. But, being a man of sense as well as sensibility, he doesn't say that he never will marry a professional.

He doesn't believe that an actor has to marry an actress in order for her to understand the Hollywood mode of life. He believes that any modern girl can adjust to any way of life. Furthermore, he believes that married life in Hollywood is safer and easier than elsewhere, other opinions and case histories to the contrary. Actors have more time to give to married life, he holds, than do businessmen.

Your looks are relatively unimportant. Not that you can be a fright-wig. But if the willing bridegroom did not go to pieces over Dietrich, Crawford and Faye, can you really believe it matters much how you look?

The way you dress is important. Cesar notices women's clothes. Good taste is his standard. Quiet colors and nothing "circussy."

You must, you absolutely must, be a home-loving type, take pride in your home and be of a meticulous neatness and tidiness. When a vase belongs on a certain shelf, Cesar expects it to be on that shelf and no other. A mote of dust, in Romero's eyes, is a mountain!

You will, of course, have to like *his* house. He told me, "I'll just have to keep my eyes peeled for the girls who come to the house and pick one who likes it. Because if she doesn't like the house—no soap!"

You should be able to minister to the common cold—a dash of the trained nurse in the feminine temperament appeals to Cesar. You must be willing (*Continued on page 110*)

Robert Young



Presenting Marjorie Scott
and George Brent with
their heads in the clouds
and their feet . . . on . . .

Scene: The Big Romantic Mo-
ment in Columbia's "They Dare
Not Love." As it approaches
(below), stars Brent and Scott
assume the required ardent ex-
pressions, meanwhile getting
themselves well-grounded in
bedroom slippers via a step-
ladder and an encyclopedia.
Right (top) is the major head-
work you'll sigh over in the
theater; below is the minor
footwork that you'll never see
on the screen—do you wonder?



* Footnotes on Kissing



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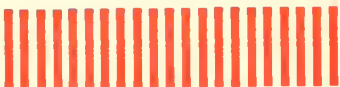
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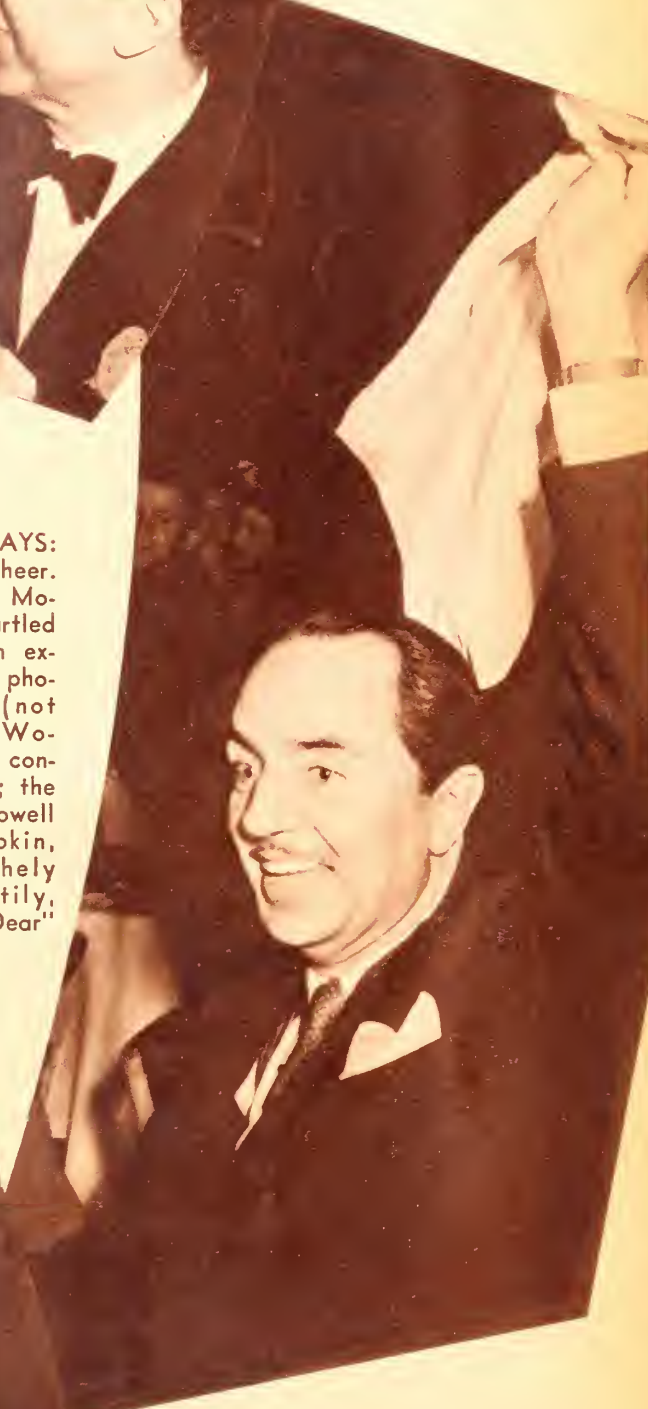


THIS ONE SAYS:
reunion. Meaning
two top-notchers of
Hollywood get to-
gether again. Celebra-
tion of the end of the
recent Myrna Loy-
Arthur Hornblow rift
took place at the Mo-
cambo — and looks
speak louder than words

PICTURES THAT


Talk!

As a matter of fact, they shout
out loud about three eloquent
episodes of the Hollywood month



THIS ONE SAYS:
A wave of cheer.
Diners at the Mo-
cambo were startled
by the sudden ex-
plosion of a pho-
tographer's (not
Fink!) bulb. Wo-
men screamed; con-
fusion reigned; the
waggish Bill Powell
grabbed a napkin,
swung it blithely
and sang lustily,
"I Surrender, Dear"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



THIS ONE SAYS: Visibility,
low. Mickey Rooney blew into
the Brown Derby for dinner,
punctuated his vitamins with
phone calls in search of a Sat-
urday night date. Pose proves
that the way to a man's heart
is not through his stomach

What Ann Sheridan



NOW THAT
ANN HAS GONE
BACK TO WORK, EVERY-
ONE WANTS TO KNOW
WHAT IT ALL MEANT TO HER

Learned in Exile

What happens when a star goes into temporary eclipse?

Well, for one thing, Hollywood people show themselves up as they really are.

Here's what Ann Sheridan found out about some of them

BY ANITA BLAKE

THEY were sitting on the fence of the east corral on a cattle ranch near the little town of Denton, Texas—a couple of lean, soft-spoken men, a hazel-eyed, tawny-haired youngster between them.

"Yeh. You have to do what you have to do," the black-haired man said. He kicked the high heel of a cowboy boot against the railing. "You have to," he repeated, and the other nodded solemnly.

It was man-talk, inexplicable to the small girl perched between them, but she listened intently because she always listened to what the "Boss Man" said. He was her father and she adored him. And later on, when she had him to herself and asked him what it meant, he explained.

"It means that if a certain course of action appears right to you, Ludie, you have to follow it, no matter what, or pretty soon you won't like yourself," he said.

All this was a long time ago. Small "Ludie" is grown up now. She is a Hollywood star—and an "oomph girl," which is something among stars. She is Ann Sheridan. And the "Boss Man" is dead. But she has never forgotten that day when they sat on the fence of the east corral and he imparted to his cowhand Slim his simple code of life. Like him, she has learned to do what she has to do. And that, if you only knew it, explained a good deal concerning Ann Sheridan's long quarrel with Warner Brothers over salary and why you haven't seen her in pictures lately.



FINK

During the past few months Hollywood has been saying the Brent-Sheridan romance was off. What Hollywood didn't know about that is what you'll read in this story

A good many stories have gone the rounds here in Hollywood and elsewhere over Ann's differences with Warners. You've heard this and you've heard that. But here is the truth, as Ann tells it herself:

During the time Ann was working in "Torrid Zone," "They Drive By Night," "City For Conquest" and "Honeymoon For Three," she was making \$600 a week and was not due for a raise, under her contract, until April 1, 1941, at which time she was to receive \$150 a week more. Well, all this may seem a lot of money. It is a lot of money. But everybody knows, too, that \$600, or even \$750, is chicken feed for a star who is "hot" at the box office. Everybody knows that players like Spring Byington and Sidney Toler (*Charlie Chan*) make over \$1,000 a week, while stars like

Wally Beery and Edward Arnold have consistently made hundreds of thousands of dollars every year.

"And so," Ann told me, "when I realized that my pictures were making big money at the box office, it seemed no more than right to me that I should have a better salary, particularly in view of the fact that I had been promised raises several times, but hadn't gotten them. I, therefore, asked for one once more. I asked for \$2,000 a week. And was told I couldn't have it. Whereupon, when I was instructed to report for work on 'The Strawberry Blonde,' I just didn't do it. I couldn't, somehow. Maybe it was just plain old Texas stubbornness, but—well, I had to do what I had to do. I couldn't do otherwise and

keep my self-respect. . . ."

That is the background of this story of what it means to be a Hollywood exile. But it is only the background. It fades into insignificance before the things that have happened to Ann since that day when she just didn't show up for work in "The Strawberry Blonde." Ann's difficulties with Warner Brothers, settled now, were "just business," as she herself points out. But what happened during her "exile"—well, that is a different story, human and moving.

What happens when a Hollywood star goes into eclipse?

"In the first place," Ann said, "Hollywood does a double shift and suddenly you see people exactly as they are! You see, oh, so clearly, the ones who've been friendly just because you've had a (Continued on page 99)

Reading

An all-around scoop for summer—if you aren't too small or too wide! A giant peachbasket over one eye with swirled up sides has a heavy-hangs-over-your-head effect unless you're Lucille Ball's size. Wide brims make your face look small but can add pounds



POUNDS—HOW TO PUT THEM ON

A tiny hat with a forward tilt is what you need if you're petite like Michele Morgan. But if you're the least bit mysterious about your weight, remember that a small visor brim closes in on you! And a fluffy veil fills out your face



A pointed peak with a straight little brim plays tricks on your face and figure. Squares off your chin and sharpens your nose, unless you have Kay Linaker's features! Remember, too that a narrow top is broadening. Be sure you're as slim as Kay

A brim straight across you is broadening, particularly if it has a wide eye-catching band like the one Maureen O'Hara wears. If, like Maureen, you can take your brims "straight" here's your clue to chic! Striking if you're slim, but fatal if you aren't



Every new hat style has fundamental lines that change your size and shape. Find out what they are! Take your cue from the carefully trained stars. Fashion wizards, stylists, designers, have taught them how to choose the kind of style that is sure to do the most for them. Here are a few tip-offs on the hat line-up brought to you by Dorothy Calhoun

Between the Hat Lines

Golden Hat Rules

1. Lines that repeat or contrast too sharply with unpleasing lines in the face emphasize them no end.
2. Wide hats that cut off inches may add on pounds!
3. Hats with a flair for height are slimming.



Top it off with a trim little sailor like the one Brenda Joyce wears and you'll stay as slim as you are! That is, if the brim isn't too narrow for your face and the hat too small for your size. Perch it on an angle or wear it Gay '90's style—straight on top of your head. Flowers and veiling soften the prim little brim



Make it a tall one like Anne Gwynne's for your very trimmest effect. The long lines of the nifty little hat Universal's small starlet is wearing lead the eye straight up. And the soft rose accents the height. Besides this, an oval brim high above your forehead will make your face look oval too. Very flattering—especially with a halo of soft maline!

POUNDS—HOW TO TAKE THEM OFF

A tall turban like Eleanor Powell's will add inches to your pride! If you wind it high above your forehead with a big choux on top it makes your face seem longer. A draped high turban is slimming too, if it has irregular lines. But wrap it tight around your head and it will make your face seem larger



Perch a round "pretty" way high in back and it gives a clear outline to your face. The frivolous little fancy Rosemary Lane is wearing repeats the perfect contour of her face and points it up very cleverly. A brim like this, standing straight up in back, is sure to give your face a lift. A tuft of veil on top adds another "light" touch—and flowers are always flattering

The



"You know, dear," said Adrienne, "you're different somehow—really different. I realized it this afternoon when you kissed me!"

It was the hour that precedes the cocktail hour and in a little while the bar of the New York hotel would be crowded. Now, however, the only customer was a tall blond young man whose blue eyes gleamed with amused impudence from his deeply tanned face as though they found the world a very fine place indeed. As he strode up to the bar, the bartender reached automatically for a glass and a tall green bottle.

"The usual, Mr. Evans?" he asked. Then he noticed the yellow envelope in the young man's hand. "I hope it's good news, sir," he said politely.

John Evans tilted his head to one side whimsically. "It better be," he grinned, "or I'll be right there back of the bar with you—white apron and all." His eyes dropped to the paper he had pulled out of the envelope and his expression changed from confidence to meredulous fury.

"The skunk!" he muttered. "The dirty white-livered skunk!" Savagely he tore the paper into bits, then he turned his pockets inside out, piling wrinkled bills and silver coins on the bar. "That's all the money I have in the world," he said grimly. "How much of what drink will it buy?"

The bartender counted. "Six Scotch and sodas," he announced.

The young man considered the answer briefly, then, as suddenly as it had disappeared, his good humor returned. "Okay," he said cheerfully, "six Scotch and sodas it is. Here," picking up a brandy snifter, "better mix 'em in this."

"But Mr. Evans," the bartender objected, "you never drink anything but ginger ale."

"Six Scotch and sodas," John insisted and, when the man had placed the brimming glass in front of him, "This is a special occasion. I am

Man Who Lost Himself

—but found a lot of other things, including a beautiful woman who refused to believe him when he told her she wasn't his wife

**Fiction version by
LEE PENNINGTON**

THE CAST

John Evans } Brian Aherne
Malcolm Scott }

Adrienne Scott Kay Francis

Paul S. Z. Sakall

Mrs. Van Avery Dorothy Tree

Mulhausen Henry Kolker

A Universal picture. Screen play by Eddie Moran. Based on the novel by H. De Vere Stacpoole. Directed by Edward Ludwig.



"But I'm not Mr. Scott!" said John loudly. "I'm another man." "Yes sir," said the little round elderly man blandly. "You always are."

drinking," he raised the glass, "to my dear old friend Harold Phillips, the skunk!" While the bartender looked on in astonishment he downed the drink, then saluted nonchalantly and turned away from the bar. . . .

The following morning, John was aroused by a stream of sunlight beating insistently on his face. Fretfully he fought against it, then, giving up the struggle, he yawned and stretched and blinked his way to consciousness. It came with a bang and he sat up abruptly, which started waves of nausea surging in his midriff and set an iron foundry working overtime in his head. But these discomforts folded up and disappeared under the force of the greater shock which awaited him. Instead of his modest hotel quarters the bedroom which stretched away before his eyes was only slightly smaller than the Grand Cen-

tral waiting room and furnished with a lavishness which he had never seen before except in the movies. Shuddering, he dived under the covers again and forced himself to face the fact that he didn't know where he was or how he had got there.

He had come to New York from Porto Rico two weeks ago on business. The business had proved to be a washout and he had cabled his partner, Harold Phillips, for return fare to Porto Rico. What had happened then?

He frowned in concentration; then he remembered. Phillips, the skunk, had cabled insultingly that since John had gummed up the business entrusted to him he could swim back to Porto Rico. The criticism of his business efforts was unjustified; moreover, he wasn't fond of swimming so, he recalled, he had decided

to have a drink. . . .

There was the sound of a door softly opening and closing. Warily John opened one eye. An elderly round little man in servant's livery was standing by the bed. John opened the other eye and as if this was a signal he had been waiting for the man said deferentially, "Good morning, sir."

"Who are you?" John demanded.

The man looked pained, but answered patiently, "Paul, sir. And how do you feel this morning, Mr. Scott?"

John shook his head experimentally. "Terrible," he groaned. "But I'm not Mr. Scott," he added.

"Very good, Mr.—Scott."

John sighed. Apparently the old fellow was deaf or not very bright. "I'm not," he repeated, louder this time, "Mr. (Continued on page 101)

the girl who by looks alone
can hold any number of
screen heroes in any num-
ber of theaters spellbound:
Marlene Dietrich as a gay
adventuress in Universal's
"The Flame of New Orleans"



Answer to the prayers of a lot of maidens, especially of Marjorie Toole of Liverpool, England: A full-page portrait of George Sanders of M-G-M's "Rage In Heaven." Says Miss Toole: "Here we are, night after night, waiting for 'Jerry' to come over, running down the garden into our shelter. Now if I had a nice picture of George to put on the wall, I'd even forget there was an air raid on or that the Battle of Britain was being fought!"

Carpenter



The Draft - and Jim

THE REAL



Indiana, Pennsylvania's bespectacled young hopeful: Jimmy makes believe he's a soldier

Following the Photoplay-Movie Mirror tradition, we have gone to the star himself for the facts of a story that has been badly twisted by the tongues of Hollywood—and also by the press

JIM STEWART is in the Army. Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, the winner of this year's Academy Award for the best screen actor and the most sought-after leading man in the film business, has traded his make-up kit for the heavier pack of a private in Uncle Sam's preparedness parade.

Ever since he ambled into the spotlight of screen prominence several years ago, Jim Stewart has symbolized to film-goers the likeable, unaffected boy around the corner in their own home town. Today, even as you read this, Jim has joined the million or more other "John Does" in that greatest of levelers, the draft.

And it seems somehow fitting that the first Hollywood star to be tagged by the Selective Service should be the tall, lanky young man who, of all the men of draft age in the movie colony, is the closest counterpart to the average American from Main Street now marching off from his job to a training camp.

That Jim has entered the Army for a year of military service may not be news to his thousands of fans who read of his induction just a few weeks ago in their morning papers. What is news is the hitherto untold tale of how Jim, at the height of his popularity, was almost wrecked by a careless bit of reporting that incor-

At a slightly older age, he plays the same game in Hollywood: In the Army in "The Shopworn Angel" (1938)

Stewart

STORY

BY WILBUR MORSE, JR.

rectly labeled him as seeking deferment in the draft and brought his whole world tumbling down on him in a storm of criticism and misunderstanding.

Two months ago in *Photoplay-Movie Mirror*, "Fearless," in an article titled "Words That Kill," dramatically revealed the way that careers, reputations and personal happiness in Hollywood often are crucified by careless or callous reporting. Even as this plea for fair play was rolling off the presses, a new wave of whispers—and louder lampoons—was being directed at Jim Stewart in exactly the same mistaken, misguided fashion "Fearless" decried.

"Jimmy's Got It—Deferment!" snickered a headline in a Washington, D. C., newspaper the morning after a gay group of other Hollywood stars had danced at the President's Birthday Ball.

"Movie Star Favored" was the inky finger of rebuke in a New York daily. And all across the country the front pages carried stories that Jim Stewart, the film star, had been given deferment by his local draft board.

There was no official explanation of his deferment and reporters speculated that both Jim and his studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had requested the favored classification on the grounds of his being an important figure in an industry essential to the morale of the nation.

Those stories almost broke Jim's heart.

The truth of the matter was that when his draft number was called, Jim had welcomed a chance to serve, but had been turned down after a physical examination disclosed he was ten pounds under the required weight. Even as the journalistic jibes at his deferment were being printed, Jim had begun a rigorous routine of diet and exercise to gain the precious ten pounds that would balance the scales of the Selective Service requirements.

Unaware of the true status of the case, fans (Continued on page 81)



STYLE STREAMERS

For an "a 'Maying mood": A fashion may-pole which you can wind up in fine style. Each of the streamers represents a new mode-of-the-month; tied up with them you will find the clues to their identities. Do a little light thinking along fashion lines and you'll have five pointers as to how to head the hit-style parade. If you look on page 94, you'll find the correct wind-up

Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

Clue to Style A
This is a one-wor-der.
Take the first initial of
the last name of the
blonde star of "Virginia"
+
A three-letter word
meaning "to copy"



Clue to Style B
The course of this fashion is charted
right to the middle. We give the whole
thing away by the pretty picture of a
pretty gal shown above. She's wear-
ing what we mean; you'll probably
want to make yourself one like it

Clue to Style C
Take the first name of
the dead-pan comedian
who reigned ten years ago
+
The name of the color
of Judy Garland's eyes
+
A word that rhymes
with "dollar"; is spelled
the same except for one
letter; and keeps chins up

Clue to Style D
Take the word that
belongs in this blank:
... like taking _____
from a baby ...
+
The word that de-
scribes what gentlemen
wear at Sing Sing

Clue to Style E
Take the word that
rhymes with "sage"
and describes a neutral
color
+
The name of the ar-
ticle that is a shoemak-
er's living

Style A (The draft brought this in)

Style B (A beau-catcher)

Style C (Small-boy stuff)

Style D (Goy as a barber pole)

Style E (A well-grounded fashion)


CHOOSE FOR JUNE

says *Ida Lupino*

This South American recruit for a summer wardrobe . . . Miss Lupino, star of Warners' "The Sea Wolf," takes an up-to-the-minute fashion outlook in a shantung shirtmaker frock. South American sway and color run riot in the full brilliant red, yellow and blue print skirt; the yellow shantung blouse has four gold disc buttons that wink wickedly. Her off-the-face green felt is a gay, bright, enchanting finale to a costume by Harry Cooper, Hollywood



PHOTOGRAPHS
BY
SCHUYLER CRAIL

A vintage fashion photograph of a woman, Miss Lupino, wearing a beige suit. The suit consists of a long-sleeved jacket with a high collar and a row of decorative buttons down the front, and a matching pleated skirt. She is also wearing a hat made of spruce straw with a quill and veiling. The background is a textured, stone-like wall. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the textures of the clothing and the wall.

This conversation-stopper in the suits-for-town group . . . A long-jacketed suit worn by Miss Lupino. The box pleats swing in defiance to summer breezes; the longer jacket fits the new suit law. Amusing carved buttons of natural wood march down the front as a nice accent to the sheer beige wool; the hat is a spruce straw pierced with a quill and shadowed with veiling. Harry Cooper, Hollywood, designed both this costume and the one opposite



This bolt from the blue for a June day . . . a classic redingote costume with a coat of powder blue sheer wool topping a matching blue and corn yellow print dress. The hat is a look-at-me model of blue straw with yellow roses and graceful veiling. Trick complement to a trick costume is Miss Lupino's gold brooch. Set with scientific tourmalines, emeralds and amethysts, it was designed by Hobe. It can also be worn on a velvet band as an unusual necklace



This winner in the navy-blue-standby class . . . a silk crepe dress with a fly front and pockets stitched trimly to the hipline. Two interest-rousers are the series of wide pleats that fall from the left hip and the smoothly feminine embroidered batiste collar that is edged with lace. Hats will be taken off to the Lupino accent, too—a black milan accented by proud white straw hibiscus blooms. This choice is also from Harry Cooper, Hollywood

This glowing example of fashion's new greens . . . Miss Lupino wears a dinner dress that is a bit of clever mating: A brief jacket of artichoke green topping off a long-waisted dress of lighter green. The splash of wool embroidery on the big pockets picks up the jacket's color; for a singular jewel contrast, Ida wears a gold and silver chatelaine set with scientific rubies, an original design by Hobe. Dress designed by Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles



To Make

Presenting the first in an exclusive series designed to point the way to



YOU CAN TURN THIS ROOM—

WHEN you see a charming bedroom on the screen—dainty in dotted swiss or cheerful and livable in chintz or streamlined and as modern as tomorrow—do you groan with envy and wish you could have a room like it? You can!

‘But it costs money to have a charming room!’ We can hear those protests of yours rising all round us. And we’re not impressed because...

It doesn’t cost a cent more for a room to be comfortable and charming than it does for it to be uncomfortable and plain! It’s the thought and the

old-fashioned American industry that go into a room that makes it attractive, not the money. When your room is charming it’s a flattering background for you; it lifts your spirits; and—if you use it as a private sitting room—it attracts friends, too.

Actually an attractive room pays such large dividends in happiness that it’s extravagant not to give your room a beauty treatment right now—while Hollywood’s outstanding interior decorators stand by to tell you how to accomplish this and, at the same time, stay within your budget.

Allow us to present your consultants, who are all experts in interior decoration: A. E. Freudeman, Adrian, Van Nest Polglase, Tommy Little and Edwin B. Willis.

Our experts now have the floor. They insist there’s an answer for every decorative problem. They wish to remind you that rooms are like people—that you take to some instantly and retreat from others, without knowing why. Ready to tell you how you can keep your room from being the unfortunate latter kind, they proclaim:

**HOLLYWOOD’S
OUTSTANDING EXPERTS
IN DECORATION**



Adrian: Entranced by his home decorations, friends begged him to decorate their houses



A. E. Freudeman: He is the brains behind the beauty of rooms built at Paramount

You Happier

BY ADELE
WHITELY FLETCHER

ILLUSTRATION BY WM. J. HENNESSEY

those things you've always wanted and perhaps never dreamed you could have



- INTO THIS ROOM

Rooms Have Feelings, Too

¶ You may not cry out, like Garbo, "I want to be alone!" But the chances are that you do need to get off by yourself sometimes. In this day of small living quarters the only place you can be alone, likely enough, is in your bedroom. It's also pleasant to be able to entertain your friends in your room—so Mother and Dad won't feel they are dispossessed from the family living room and so you won't be interrupted by a younger brother or that older member of the family who likes to pop in and sit down and

visit. Therefore, *plan your room as a sitting room with a bed in it.* Complete bedroom suites belong in hotels anyway. They give a room that stiff, impersonal appearance which is exactly what you don't want. You can gain all the drawer space that you need by having cupboards in your closet.

¶ Before you buy a half-yard of material or a ten-cent can of paint determine upon exactly the kind of room you want. Plan a room that will be a flattering background for you and that will suit your individual needs.

¶ Decide upon your color scheme. Rooms which have a southern exposure do well with white and grays and soft green and beiges and blues. Rooms which have a northern exposure do best with yellows and oranges and salmon.

¶ Don't be proud! Having decided upon your basic color let real artists help you with your complementary colors. Buy a small piece of chintz or wallpaper in which your basic color predominates and be guided by the complementary colors and tones used by the (Continued on page 91)



Van Nest Polglase: He decorated the presidential palace at Havana, is now with RKO



Tommy Little: His forte is the "difficult corner," 20th Century-Fox, his stronghold



Edwin B. Willis: He "dresses" the rooms you see in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films



"MAN- POISON"

It was a desperate game to play, but it was the only way she could rid herself of the stigma the man she loved had placed upon her

BY FRANCES BARR MATTHEWS

ILLUSTRATION BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

ANNABELLE watched Mike's descent with desperation but admitted how dexterously he let himself down step by step, miraculously finding toe and finger holds to support himself. One wrong move and he would hurtle down into the gully below, perhaps taking her with him if he should strike the ledge on which she lay. She shouted again to warn him that the ledge could not hold them both and then she saw that he had shifted his direction so that he was not straight above her and thus would not endanger her if he fell.

"Mike! Listen! Listen to me!"

It seemed to her that she was shouting because of the effort she had to make to talk at all, but her ears told her that she had managed little more than a whisper.

At last Mike was a few feet from her. He had found a spot in the steep rocky terrain where he could rest for a moment by digging his knees into a miniature ledge and cling precariously with his hands and elbows. For a moment his face was a mask of grim concern, but when Annabelle smiled at him, he managed an answering smile and said, "Annabelle! You're all right? Tell me, are you all right?"

"I think so," she said. But then her face clouded with sudden fear. "Mike, what are you going to do, what *are* you going to do?"

"Listen," he said, "I had to find out how you are. But I'm going back to get help and a doctor. Can you hang on till I get back?"

She smiled wanly. "I've held on so far," she said.

"Have you tried to move?" he asked.

"Just enough," she said, "to find out that my arms and legs seem to be all right."

Then he saw the look of agony on her face and realized that even the effort to talk was too much for her.

"Annabelle," he said intently, "I'm going to get you out of here fast. Doctor Wilmer will be waiting for us at the hospital in the valley. So everything's going to be all right, dear."

His words touched her and she felt comforted. "Thanks, Mike," she said, and saw that he had already begun the dangerous climb up the cliff. She closed her eyes, for she could not bear the suspense. He must make it, he *must*. And in that moment she knew how little she cared what happened to her and how much it mattered to her that he should be safe. At last she dared look up and saw that he had practically reached the top. One final effort and he disappeared from view. Now the pain inside of her became once more a steady torture and she searched in her mind for thoughts that could comfort her. Then she remembered the sound of his voice when he had said, "Everything's going to be all right, dear."

"HERE, drink this." Nurse Henderson held the glass of orange juice toward Annabelle, her jolly face drawn into her chronic expression of mock severity. Annabelle reached out for the glass and tried to pull herself up to a sitting position.

"Don't try to be too spry, now," the nurse said, "just because you're beginning to feel human again."

"I feel as if I just woke up from a nightmare," Annabelle said.

"It was no nightmare, sweetheart. It happened, all right. How do you feel?"

"All right," said Annabelle.

Sara Henderson saw the cloud that

passed across her patient's face. "Now, you're not to think about that any more," she said. "That's over and done with. What you're going to think about is the future."

"That's just what I'm doing," Annabelle said, "and what I've been worried about is that—"

"Nonsense," said the nurse, patting her hand. "You'll be able to have all the children you want. Drink your orange juice."

It had only been in the last day or two that Annabelle had had spirit or courage enough to think of anything except her pain and weakness. After the terrible ordeal—the hours that it took to get her from the ledge, the difficult trip on the stretcher to the hospital, with Mike riding beside her in the ambulance, giving her dear words of encouragement, the hovering between life and death when the pain was so great that she could not even mourn for George's child that she could not have—it had taken several days before she had strength enough to dare think.

Now she was beginning to get things straight in her mind. She knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she loved Mike Harrigan more than she had ever loved anyone. The knowledge gave her a deep sense of contentment that overshadowed the torments of the present. She had thought often of Helga Bentley and of what might have happened since her fateful visit to Lonely Lodge. Each day that Mike had come to see her, sometimes sitting hours at her side reading to her or talking to keep her mind off her pain, she had watched for signs of trouble, but his cheerfulness at last convinced her that, for once, Helga Bentley had passed up a chance for a story.

"I feel that there is one thing that we must straighten out first," said Annabelle

She felt now a great impatience to be well so that she could straighten out the tangled threads of her life. What part Mike Harrigan was to play in that life she could only hope for; his attitude toward her was filled with tenderness and consideration, but it might have been the kindness of an old friend, the devotion of a brother. She thought several times, "Wouldn't it be a lovely piece of irony! Something really matters at last to Annabelle Clark, something worth dying for—and that something she cannot have." Then she would remember some little word of affection that Mike had used, some gesture that she tried to convince herself meant more than it seemed, some look that could have love behind it. And then, this very afternoon, the thing that she had feared the most might happen, did happen.

The moment Mike came into the room she knew that something had changed. His face was drawn and pale, as though he had lost sleep. He sat for a time at her bedside talking of trivialities, and then said, "I talked to the doctor today. He says you'll be out day after tomorrow."

"Did he?" said Annabelle. "Mike, what's the matter? What's happened?"

Mike looked away. "I've had a fight with Clark," he said. "We're washed up."

Annabelle said, "But why? It isn't about my not wanting to see him, is it? Didn't he get my letter?"

"Yes, he did. It hasn't anything to do with you, Annabelle. He understands how you feel. He asked me to tell you that he hoped he could see you as soon as you came back to town."

It seemed that Mike was not going to talk any more about it, but Annabelle persisted: "I thought you had a contract with him."

"I have. It's up next month and he told me today that he wouldn't renew it."

ANNABELLE felt a rising fury. Always, whenever her happiness was at stake, it seemed inevitable that Holton must step in and spoil it. But she had not given any sign that Mike mattered to her. There was something behind this and she was determined to find out what it was. She controlled her inner fury and said quietly, "Never mind, Mike. One of the other studios will grab you up."

"Oh, sure," said Mike. "Especially after the 'Girl from Guatemala' fiasco." (Continued on page 86)





*I'm afraid this isn't my best
handwriting, because I'm writing
this on a round stage at Columbia.*

Rita Hayworth

*a flock of sea planes dove
into sight and the pilot signaled to the
beleaguered expedition*

Robert Stack

*If you can trust yourself
when all men doubt you.
But make allowance for
their doubting too;*

Rosemary Lane

Your Handwriting on

DEAR RITA:

Your handwriting reveals that you are very ambitious. You are also very sensitive, especially with regard to people in your surroundings. You are never happy unless you have the right conditions and are doing the kind of work you want to do. In a sympathetic atmosphere your working capacities increase 100%. Much depends on whether you like people or not. You should always follow your inner instinct which tells you what to do. Your impulses are strongly developed.

The keynote of your personality lies in your gift (Continued on page 78)

DEAR ROBERT:

I should begin your analysis with so many "ifs" and "whens" that I don't know where to start. Your extremely strong will power helps to keep you going. You are very versatile and are able to do different things without going into detail very deeply. There is a certain inactivity and superficiality to be seen in your handwriting. All these characteristics won't help to improve your development. What you have to do, my friend, is to try to make up your mind to express yourself in a free way. You have to try to win more self-confidence and a (Continued on page 78)

DEAR ROSEMARY:

Your handwriting reveals a high degree of intuition. You have a very sensitive nature and are able to get very quickly the conditions and surroundings of other people. You are amenable to new ideas and are constantly out for new experiences. You keep in touch with people of all walks of life because that is how you get your ideas and inspirations. Your strength lies in the fact that you are able to size up situations at a moment's notice but are cautious enough not to reveal your findings too early. It will be very realistic parts in which you will have (Continued on page 78)



All that we have to do is be we low or high is to see that we grow nearer, nearer the sky.

Dennis Morgan

Such, in a word, is the latest theory of how life started on this planet.

Carole Landis

The Wall

BY HARRY O. TELTSCHER

Your fate, fortune and future lies in your handwriting, as is proved—amazingly—in the case of these five stars

DEAR DENNIS:

You have a charming personality and vital as you are you should be able to achieve great success in life. Your handwriting reveals a restless mind which tries to forge ahead using all possible means for reaching its ends. You will meet many people in your life but I'm afraid that will not be enough to satisfy you. It's true you are attractive enough to attract a great many people and by using another of your gifts—diplomacy—you are able to approach people you want to know; but, confess, how little real happiness you derive from them. You are young (Continued on page 78)

Dr. Teltscher, brilliant young Viennese, is the creator of the system of psycho-graphology used abroad and in this country by business firms for personnel work; by the police in uncovering evidence; also in the medical field, for he claims the physical condition of a patient is revealed by his handwriting. His specialty is helping unadjusted people to adjust their lives whether the problem is "What kind of work should I choose?" or "What sort of man should I marry?"

DEAR CAROLE:

Your handwriting reveals immediately that there is an unbending desire for clearness in you. You like to see things as plainly and clearly as possible. You like to go to the root of things. You are out for your own discoveries. You have strong impulses and like to follow them immediately. At the same time you are able to come to your conclusions by your logic. If there is a dispute between your reason and your feelings, your emotions get the better part of you. You are an extremely sensitive girl and have distinct likes and dislikes for other (Continued on page 78)

Most talked-about girl of the month

She has the mind of a scholar and the face of an impish angel and she is turning a lot of people's heads in a lot of places in Hollywood. Her name is Veronica Lake and her fame comes from three things: First, that she is the only girl with naturally silver hair in filmtown; secondly, that she is the shortest miss in the studios; thirdly, that she is turning in a triumphal performance in Paramount's "I Wanted Wings." In her private life she has a real name—Constance Keane; a husband, John Detlie, associate art director; and a studio that is steering her—fast—toward starlight limelight



U. S. SALESGIRLS FIND



...AND 2 OUT OF 3 PREFER
THE DELICIOUS PEPPERMINT
FLAVOR OF BEECH-NUT GUM

more minutes of flavor in **Beech-Nut Gum**

PROOF of the extra-lasting goodness of Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum was established by test among salesgirls in 29 cities.

An independent research organization questioned 245 salesgirls as follows. Each girl was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified). Each was asked to tell how long she thought the flavor lasted and which stick tasted better.

The results. According to the girls, Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 14% longer than the peppermint flavor of all other brands tested. Also—2 out of 3 girls preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of other brands.

Get Beech-Nut today—in the bright yellow package. It's delicious—*stays* delicious.

They said: **more minutes of flavor**



The most beautiful fingernails in the world!



COLOR NEWS

Created to go with Fashion's newest colors

Dura-Gloss Gay Time

Dura-Gloss Hot Tip

Dura-Gloss Cheerio

*The continuous use of Dura-Gloss
will make your fingernails more beautiful!*



Dura-Gloss introduces new shades of nail polish as fast as fashion news is made. Every time you buy a new dress be sure to get the newest shade of Dura Gloss polish to wear with it. It will be right—Dura-Gloss follows fashion trends closely to make it so. Brush it on your nails, make them chic accessories, smart accents to your whole ensemble. Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents a bottle so you can easily afford to have a Dura-Gloss shade for every dress you own! Try the new spring shades of Dura-Gloss today. With Dura-Gloss you'll have the most beautiful fingernails in the world and the smartest!

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with

DURA-GLOSS

It's good for Your Nails 10¢

**THE DIFFERENCE
between NAIL POLISHES**

Brush Dura-Gloss on your nails. You'll be absolutely astounded by its brilliance. Dura-Gloss glows with all the fire of a priceless ruby, because Dura-Gloss is made from a superior polish formula. Other polishes put color on your nails, but Dura-Gloss makes them strikingly, excitingly, lustroously brilliant! Discriminating women cherish Dura-Gloss for this rich deep color, sparkling incandescence, this unbelievable brilliance. No other polish gives your nails the beautiful "effectiveness" of Dura-Gloss—select one of its 20 exquisite shades today!

This Olivier-Leigh love scene in "Fire over England" changed their whole lives



Classic example of screen love that was real: Garbo and John Gilbert in "Flesh and the Devil"



Beginning of a real-life romance: This memorable Davis-Brent scene in "Dark Victory"

The Truth about SCREEN LOVE-MAKING

An exposé that will open your eyes—and Hollywood's
—about kisses that are supposed to be "make-believe"

BY "FEARLESS"

DO THE stars really "live" the love-making they are called upon to do on the screen?

This is a question which all of us connected with pictures are continually asked by many of you out there. And the stock answer of the industry is, "Why, of course not. For an actor to take a woman in his arms and speak the lines the script calls for is part of his business, just as a businessman calls in his stenographer and dictates a letter on the rise in market prices."

A very logical answer—and oftentimes so. But you and I are playing a game of truth in these heart-to-hearts on Hollywood. Therefore I tell you that,

more often than the board of directors cares to admit, their highly personable young men and women whose business it is to take up camera angles in each other's arms don't always leave it at just the camera angles. You've heard that one about being "only human"? Well, I'm afraid there's more truth than exclusiveness to the explanation. They *are* human.

Imagine yourself cast upon the bosom of a comely member of the opposite sex whom you more than likely don't know. Embarrassing? Of course it is—at first. Then the chemistry of personalities goes to work. You are either attracted to or repulsed by

this person; but under such conditions there is no normal incubation period for liking or disliking. Things happen fast.

To cite an outstanding instance, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier met for the first time in Alexander Korda's London office to discuss the possibility of Vivien's doing "Fire over England" with Olivier. He was an established star with a wife and a child. She was the newest discovery of London's West End theater world with a husband and a tiny daughter. There was every reason why they should have been nothing but the most casual (Continued on page 111)

Girl with the "Immoral" Hair



BY
MARGARET CHUTE

—that's what George Bernard Shaw said about Wendy Hiller, a modern "career wife" whose methods make men applaud and start women on a whole new line of thought

THE rehearsal of the first act of "St Joan" came to an abrupt close. Down the aisle of the theater in Malvern, England, strode the most famous playwright of our times and, defying the eighty years that tried to claim him, George Bernard Shaw bounded up onto the stage. He made straight for the girl who had just finished reading the part of *Joan of*

Arc. Momentarily he stared at her with electric blue eyes under ferociously bushy eyebrows.

"Hullo! What's the matter with your hair?" he demanded.

This was Wendy Hiller's introduction to the great Shaw. With acute discomfort and a passing curse Wendy thought of the American hairdresser who had insisted on giving her unruly

hair a Buster Brown bang before she had returned from New York. Hastily she replied:

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Shaw. It's curly."

"It's immoral!" retorted Mr. Shaw.

Not a wholly auspicious start for the young lady who was then playing a saint and who now appears as a Salvation Army lass in "Major Barbara," Shaw's (Continued on page 70)

"THESE 3 WOMEN have as Beautiful Complexions as I have ever seen"—says Hurrell, Hollywood's famous photographer



HURRELL, who has photographed many of the most glamorous women in America, says he was tremendously impressed by the lovely complexions of these three society beauties. The striking charm of their skin is not a matter of chance. Naturally beautiful, their skin is made even lovelier by their faithful following of the Pond's Beauty Ritual.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. looks like a lovely Dresden-china figurine. Since she was in boarding school, she has used Pond's at least twice every day—and her skin is damask fine—soft, smooth.



MRS. WHITNEY BOURNE has the poised beauty of an orchid. Her pink and cream skin is dazzling—rich, vibrant. She has used Pond's since her deb days.



MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III is one of Atlanta's loveliest daughters, with great dark eyes and a glorious complexion. For at least seven years she has guarded her exquisite skin with Pond's.

Give YOUR skin THEIR Beauty Care



A BEAUTIFYING CLEANSING—with ultra-soft Pond's Cold Cream every night, and for daytime cleansings. You smooth it on, wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Your skin is freed of dirt and make-up. Apply Pond's Cold Cream again, spank it in well, wipe off. Little dry lines and pore openings show less. Your skin is immaculately clean, soft, supple.

A rousing splash. Make your skin tingle and glow! Splash it with Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener. It takes away oiliness, too.

A NEW LOOK, A NEW FEEL to your skin. Apply the 1-minute Mask—a thick coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Wipe off after 1 full minute. You will hardly believe your eyes. The keratolytic action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has taken off countless tiny bits of dried skin that roughened and dulled your complexion. Your skin looks more delicate, clearer—it feels definitely softer. It has a lovely mat finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours.



See how YOUR skin responds! And this simple beauty ritual takes only a few moments each day! See your complexion looking more and more radiantly lovely.

SEND TODAY FOR NEW BEAUTY RITUAL KIT

POND'S, Dept. 8MM-CVF, Clinton, Conn. I want to follow the same beautifying skin care Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Whitney Bourne and Mrs. Drexel have found so successful. For the enclosed 10¢ (for postage and packing) send me at once Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit, containing Pond's ultra-soft Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening—Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream—for the 1-minute Mask.

Name _____
Address _____ (Offer good in U. S. only)



(Continued from page 68)

fine study of humanitarianism versus power. But from that point matters moved themselves out, as matters have a way of doing, until Wendy encountered in this highly portentous season of the Malvern Festival the second man of destiny in her life.

Gabriel Pascal, Hungarian dreamer, actor, soldier and film producer, had achieved the impossible. Unheralded and unheeled with anything but an idea whose shining goal was to transmit Shaw's plays to celluloid, Pascal had won the Irish genius' consent to do what all other motion-picture moguls had failed in accomplishing. "Pygmalion" was to be their first joint effort. Pascal had gone down to the Malvern Festival to catch the young actress Shaw remembered having seen in "Love on the Dole," who was now playing his "St. Joan" there.

After squirming through the performance, Pascal went backstage to meet Wendy Hiller.

"You were awful," he told her bluntly, "simply awful. You're ugly—"

Well, Wendy never had made any pretensions to being a beauty. But he might have taken into consideration the clear fresh complexion that spoke of wind-swept moors and heather and tall ferns.

"You're awkward—"

Admittedly. She always described herself as "tall and scraggy." Yet the unexpectedness of this broadside from the intense-looking European was a

dash devastating. Wendy burst into tears.

"—but you have talent," continued the dispassionate Pascal. "Possibly—great talent."

So began this strange partnership of one of the world's greatest dramatists, the man who dreamed of carrying his plays into pictures, and the girl who became their instrument.

BUT such a break as came to Wendy Hiller, born of a modest family in Cheshire, England, is not won without preparation. From her infancy Wendy had a burning desire to act, an urge which she may have come by rightly in view of the fact that Mrs. Hiller named all of her four children, Rene, Wendy, Peter and Michael, after the characters in Sir James Barrie's beloved play, "Peter Pan." Moreover, it was Mrs. Hiller who helped her daughter make an impromptu theater of the Hiller nursery with a row of wobbly candles for footlights that threatened to sweep the place away in a gale of arson. Wendy typed out programs, produced the plays, took the leading roles herself and bedeviled her brothers into doing the other parts. "Bossy!" the boys protested loudly; but evidently persuasive, for mostly they did what she wanted them to do and a grand time—well, fairly grand—was had by all.

This quality of "bossiness" was to stand Wendy in excellent stead. At the age of eighteen, when she had

finished her preparatory schooling and won a few elocution contests, she announced to her amazed family that her ambition was to become an actress and she thought she should get on with it at once. Whereupon her loyal mother pulled a few strings which resulted, through a prominent playwright friend, in landing Wendy with the Manchester Repertory Company as a student member.

"When I was told I could join the company as a student, minus salary," Wendy said with her infectious smile, "it was impressed upon me that I must attend all rehearsals. As the company did nothing but rehearse, what with a new play every week in the year, this meant that I literally lived in the theater. Which to me was heaven.

"Day after day I sat virtuously in an orchestra seat, gazing at the rehearsal on stage, while the theater cleaners fell over me. Two weeks rushed by. Then somebody yelled for me and said I was to put on some make-up right away. Half an hour later I found myself being thrust on for the part of a maid in 'The Ware Case.' Actually, the maid should have been a butler, but there was no available man to play a butler. So they changed the part to a maid—and nobody cared two hoots. After three months of playing maids without salary I was informed I was to have thirty shillings a week, which is around eight (Continued on page 72)

This made America sit up: Wendy Hiller as "Eliza" with Leslie Howard in "Pygmalion"



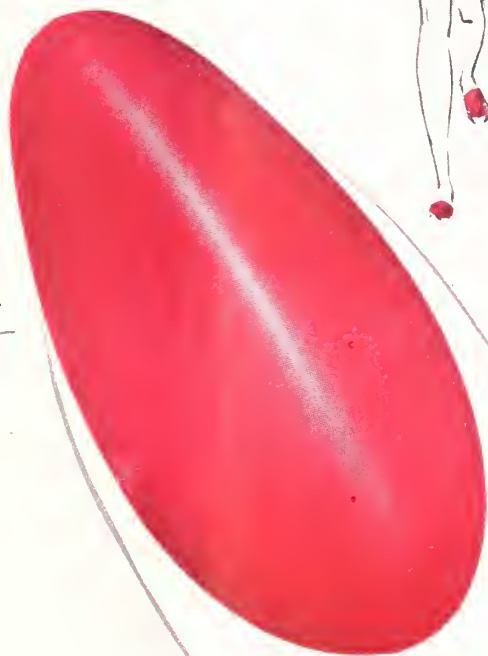
Triumphant encore: She stars opposite Rex Harrison in "Major Barbara"

Treat yourself to Lollipop and Butterscotch

New Nail Shades by **CUTEX**



• Luscious Lollipop, looking for all the world like iced claret cup! Slither it onto those fun-faring fingertips and watch the lads "come about"!



• Like a tingling splash of salt spray is the new Cutex Butterscotch—it has such dash and gleam and gorgeous stimulation. Stunning with suntan!



• Frothy frills or clinging crepes do more for you, sweetened up with Cutex Lollipop or Butterscotch! And does *HE* love it!

Utterly delicious—these two new Cutex summer shades! Wear that mouth-watering Lollipop—like ripe raspberries!—with your pinks, blues, beiges, and see the lift it gives them. For yellows, greens and tans, change to Butterscotch—its *burnt-sugar* cast is positively delectable!

Other hot-weather Cutex confections include Riot, Rumpus, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, Clover, Cameo. And all nearly *twice as porous* as any other leading polish in the same price range. Start using porous Cutex regularly and see if your nails don't grow longer and more beautiful this summer! Cutex is only 10¢ in U. S. A. (20¢ in Canada).

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London



Tops for Flair and Wear

dollars. Then, indeed, I knew I was destined to stay in the theater for the rest of my life!"

The maid era was rapidly followed by the A. S. M. (assistant stage manager) era, for the moving spirits of the company soon discovered they had a jewel of willingness, intelligence and energy in their erstwhile student-member. It was during this era that her brothers' accusation of "bossiness" served as a veritable godsend to Wendy. Imagine an eighteen-year-old girl, virtually an amateur in a profession where there is no greater stigma than the term "amateur," thrown into a situation where she had to exert her authority over seasoned theater folk who were old enough to be her parents!

"When I was promoted to the post of assistant stage manager, I discovered that the A. S. M. is the one who gets blamed for everything," Wendy said, her hazel eyes snapping merrily above the broad generous cheekbones of her face. "I was call boy and prompter and if the curtain failed to rise or Props took it into his head to get roaring drunk, it was the luckless A. S. M. who received all the what-does-this-mean and don't-let-this-EVER-happen-again.

"The very first night I ever stood in the prompt corner, trying to make things go smoothly, I found that the curtains had not been run down properly and so there was a huge gap in the center of the stage where they refused to close. Through this gap the audience could see our stage hands working away like busy little bees. They laughed loudly and then gave a couple of rousing cheers. The only thing I could think to do at the moment was blow down the tube to the electrician and give the order for a complete black-out on stage, to the utter befuddlement of the poor stage hands."

THE era of the A. S. M. might also be called the banana-and-doughnut age, for it was during this period that the redoubtable Wendy developed her plan for concentrated living. She had no time for civilized meals, so the switchboard in the prompt corner, where she battled with light cues, gave instructions to the orchestra and rang the curtain up and down was always draped with banana skins. The doughnuts were for consumption on her dressing table and were hurriedly gulped while Miss Hiller slapped make-up on her face, standing in front of the mirror.

But for marvelous experience in the theater there's nothing to beat a repertory company. For three years without a break this was my life: Get to the theater at ten; rehearse all morning; stay in the theater over lunch hour to work with staff and music and lighting. Rehearse all afternoon (or play a matinee); plan next week's wardrobe, or stage sets, or lighting; make up for evening show, play my part, prompt and work the operating cues for the play.

"In bed by about half-past midnight with next week's play propped on my knees, either learning my own part or planning out stage directions, lighting, props, music cues. Lights out at two o'clock, with luck, and up again at eight next morning."

The star of "Major Barbara" gave a toss of her thick chestnut-brown hair.

Well, I lived through it and enjoyed it enormously, though I did get indigestion and felt every now and then that I had a lump of wool in place of a brain."

After three years of the Manchester Repertory Company Wendy decided one couldn't get to London's West End if one remained in Manchester. So, firmly

declining a salary raise, she set out for the mecca of the British theater. However, all was not beer and skittles. After tramping the rounds of London agents' offices Wendy was grateful to land a job as an extra in a Gaumont-British film.

"What its title was I can't remember," she said, "but I do know that Esther Ralston and Basil Rathbone were the stars. Once, going up the stairs, I saw Mr. Rathbone coming down. He passed so close to me that I could have touched him by putting out my hand and I nearly swooned from excitement."

BUT you couldn't hand two pounds sterling of excitement to your landlady in lieu of the rent. The only other job that presented itself was a combination understudy and walk-on in a road show of "Evensong" touring the provinces. Wendy took it, but when the tour was over, she decided a bit of home would look most awfully good.

Promptly she plunged into the family housekeeping and cooking with the comment, "Am I my brothers' housekeeper? I am, indeed." With a hearty laugh she added, "I nearly poisoned the poor dears."

The business of careers seemed to have come to a complete standstill, except for some broadcasting for a children's hour called "The Adventures of Georgina Pauline" with Mistress Wendy playing Georgina. Then one day when she was beating a carpet on the lawn the director

IF YOU LIKE—

- planes
- excitement
- a girl who can fly like an angel out of heaven
- a star who accepts the charge of coward and proves he is a hero

THEN READ—

FLIGHT INTO NOWHERE

by Edward Doherty

Beginning in the July Photoplay-Movie Mirror

of the Manchester Repertory Company telephoned to ask if she could speak Lancashire.

"Don't be daft, la-a-d," she answered in the best Lancashire there is.

And that's how Wendy Hiller found herself engaged to play Sally in "Love on the Dole." The play was being tried out by her old company and she was sent up to the office to meet one of its authors, Ronald Gow. The practical-minded Wendy, to whom a career was everything and a love affair was something in a play, took one look at the young man who came forward to greet her with a slow smile and thereupon fell heart over heels in love with him. But she still hung on to her head. The play was the thing, his big chance and hers; they must see how London accepted it.

London's acceptance was a storm of approval. Ultimately the play was brought to New York. Wendy and Ronald along with it. As soon as New York established the fact that it liked the show as much as London, Ronald ceremoniously escorted her to the top of the Empire State Building and, with an inquisitorial eye to the terrifying ultimatum he might enforce if she refused him, repeated his plea that she become his wife. The device was not at the moment successful. But you have the

personal assurance of their little year-old daughter Ann that Daddy eventually won the argument.

In the meantime George Bernard Shaw had seen "Love on the Dole" and was impressed with the personable young woman who had such a remarkably good dialect as the Lancashire girl. Here, he informed Pascal, was a good bet for Eliza in "Pygmalion," the girl who had to be trained out of her thick Cockney accent to speak cultured English.

The result of Pascal's withering interview with Wendy after her performance of "St. Joan" was an order to appear at the studio for a "Pygmalion" test. Wendy's spirits soared high but were destined to take a nose dive on the studio stairs where she met no less than five other Elizas, all made up in costume for the same test. Convinced she didn't have a chance, Wendy went through her work before the cameras in a sort of emotional vacuum. This feeling of unreality may have operated as a boon, for it undoubtedly relaxed the terrible tension so many people experience in their first encounter with the cameras. Days passed and then out of the blue Pascal telephoned her. She had won the coveted role!

The tremendous success of "Pygmalion," which garnered the American Academy Award, was due in part to a double-barreled Svengali situation. In the play and picture the Leslie Howard character trained his Eliza like a hypnotist; she spoke his words, conveyed his emotions. In real life Gabriel Pascal stands in much the same relationship to Wendy Hiller, though in the professional field only. He has found in her the perfect medium for his thoughts.

She, on the other hand, is deeply grateful for all he has meant to her career and has no desire ever to work for another director, though his contract with her covers only five years. Content to abide by his decision in rejecting all Hollywood offers, she has accepted without question the two years of oblivion in the gap between "Pygmalion" and the current "Major Barbara."

And the curious success of the arrangement lies in the make-up of the girl who has found the secret of completely divorcing her professional and personal lives. To give you an example, on the night when her future as a cinema star was to be decided by the press showing of "Pygmalion," Wendy refused to appear, preferring to indulge in an orgy of cleaning the gas stove, which she adores, with her husband, whom she also adores.

WITHOUT hesitation she says that the most important event of her life was the birth of her baby who must now, because of wartime conditions, be taken from Wendy's side and sent to safety with her parents in Manchester.

No woman star knows more clearly what it means to live and work under conditions of war than Wendy Hiller. While "Major Barbara" was being filmed, France fell and Wendy worked right through the agonizing suspense of waiting for word from her three brothers who were at Dunkirk. By a miracle all returned safely and are still in active service, along with her husband. She herself is now helping out at A.R.P. (air raid precaution) posts.

The world war today proves that Shaw dipped his pen in the ink of prophecy when thirty-six years ago he wrote in "Major Barbara" of the struggle between the forces of progress and the forces of destruction. But Major Barbara managed to weather the storm and it's our bet that Major Wendy will, too.

It clings to you and Flatters you... **THRU ALL THESE 4 EXCITING HOURS!**



AT 8 O'CLOCK, when you and your big moment step forth—you in your best frock and in your lucky shade of Lady Esther Powder, you step forth in confidence, confidence in yourself, in your frock, in your Face Powder.



AND AT 10 O'CLOCK, yes, even at 11 o'clock you can dance on happy in knowing that your Lady Esther Face Powder is still clinging smoothly, perfectly.



AND WHEN THE MOMENT of good night comes—yes, even if it is midnight, you will have never a sign of vanishing Face Powder. For your Lady Esther Powder is still faithful to your beauty, still flatters you with the glamor it gives your skin. Yes, Lady Esther Powder does cling, and cling, and cling!

Thank you, Lady Esther, for 4 thrilling hours of Lasting Loveliness!

THE HOURS OF 8 to midnight are the hours of parties, fun, romance. Can you stay lovely to look at from 8 to 12?

Your nicest evening can be spoiled if you have to play a guessing game with your Face Powder, if you constantly wonder "Is it on, is it off?"—For can any girl be lovely if her powder won't cling?

Lady Esther Face Powder clings and clings, for my exclusive Twin Hurricane method of blending gives it a smoothness—and an even texture that enables it to cling for 4 lovely and exciting hours.

Undreamed-of Beauty from 8 P. M. to Midnight

Of course, you look lovely as you leave your dressing table—but with Lady

Esther Face Powder you look just as lovely two hours later—at 10 o'clock—and at 11 o'clock. Yes, and you still look lovely at midnight. For your Lady Esther Powder will still be flattering you—still making you lovely and glamorous.

Find your Lucky Shade at My Expense

I want my powder to bring you luck in loveliness, says Lady Esther. So find the right shade, the exact shade that can bring vibrant, radiant beauty to you and your complexion.

As harsh light can age your skin... and soft light flatter it, so your one lucky shade in my face powder can make you look younger... look lovelier!

The only way to find which shade is best for you, which lovely tint is supremely becoming to your own coloring... is to try them all right on your own skin. So I invite you to try all seven Lady Esther Face Powder shades at my expense. Use the coupon below.

When you have found your lucky shade, wear it by day or by night with the confidence that it will flatter you... giving you an undreamed-of glamor, as if your beauty came from within.

SEVEN SHADES FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (68)
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 7 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

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





\$10.00 PRIZE
Reality or Romance?

I TOOK my little family to a neighborhood movie the other night. First we saw a newsteel of London burning, battleships sinking, airplanes crashing, dead and wounded people; then, accompanied by a mournful voice explaining how bravely the English were "carrying on," we saw "Christmas Under Fire"; and in conclusion, "Escape," a picture greatly adding to the idea that the German is a cruel, inhuman fiend. This evening's entertainment served to terrorize my child, depress my wife and thoroughly infuriate me; and it is typical of the last several months of movie-going.

I don't spend my spare time criticizing the moving pictures. I think they are the finest and cheapest entertainment that can be found in the world. But why—why—must we have all this propaganda stuffed down our throats?

So England is fighting bravely. So we know that now and so we think she's sw@ll, so what? She is not doing any more than we would in her circumstances. If we are forced to fight, don't worry, we shall fight with every drop of our blood. But when was a fear campaign ever good fighting psychology?

Hollywood, no more propaganda,
PLEASE

VICTOR JORDAN,
San Leandro, Calif.

\$5.00 PRIZE

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the wisest men."

THE unwise like it, too, and due to events abroad there's an appalling shortage in the market and not nearly enough comedians to go round. So when the Marx Brothers turn out a laugh epic like "Go West" they de-

Louis Hayward: "... His laugh alone would thrill the women ... "

Speak FOR YOURSELF

serve a few words of praise.

If it costs two-bits to "Go West," how much does it cost to go nuts? Answer: Three Marxes and no sense. Don't let this gag annoy you, the ones in the picture are o.k. The plot is about as clear as a fog at sea, but if you listen to the dialogue you won't understand the plot anyway. This is designed for a laugh and the train

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

episode carries a whole shipment for your enjoyment.

It is not definitely known what makes the Marx Brothers tick so consistently but the general supposition is that they hatched out of an egg in the cuckoo clock. The feather in Harpo's cap is pretty strong circumstantial evidence. The silly cuckoo should never have taken a chance on a Marx and neither should you, unless subject to hysteria. In that case, I wouldn't advise you to "Go West."

LOUISE MERRILL,
Asheville, N. C.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Hond to Hayward

AS a favor to me won't you please include a picture of Louis Hayward smiling in one of your magazines?

I think Hollywood is unfair to him, for I believe he is capable of handling bigger and better roles. Just his laugh alone, besides his breath-taking smile, would thrill the women to the very bottom of their hearts. I am sure there are many others who feel as I do.

JUDITH SCARPONE,
Worcester, Mass.

\$1.00 PRIZE
Unique Experience

IN these days of hell and loud noises, as someone has aptly characterized our age, it is indeed refreshing to lose oneself in an orgy of tone and color such as Walt Disney has provided in "Fantasia." Here is a new medium for expression and experimentation and no matter how much we may quarrel with the visualizing of abstract music, which suggests the sensations of taking an anesthetic, and with the elephants with aprons in "The Dance of the Hours," which hints at the (Continued on page 97)

Got any secret longings?



Daydreams are just as important as diplomas! So hang on to yours. Who knows . . .
Someday you (yes, *you!*) may keep a theatre spell-bound while you play a great love scene. Or you might be a celebrated writer, fashion designer, or top-flight radio star!

Or maybe the altar is your goal. And you dream of sweeping up an aisle in a cloud of tulle and lace . . . to take the name of a man who is yet unknown . . . a man who will cherish you always.

Well—daydreams can come true!
But it takes more than *wishing* to get what you want! For one thing—it takes plenty of self-confidence and poise. On trying days of the month, especially!

Jittery fears needn't ruffle your poise though, if you use Kotex* sanitary napkins. (Not with the moisture-resistant *safety-shield* that's inside every Kotex pad!) You needn't worry about embarrassing, tell-tale outlines, either! For Kotex has flat, pressed ends that never show. *Never* give your secret away!

And how grateful you'll be on strenuous days that Kotex doesn't chafe! You'll sail through days crowded with work and social engagements, scarcely conscious of wearing a pad.

For Kotex is made in soft folds . . . so it's naturally *less bulky* . . . less apt to rub and chafe!

Now you know why Kotex is so popular with busy, modern women! Why it's more popular, in fact, than all other brands put together!

By the way—future career girls can get lots of good hints from the new booklet "As One Girl To Another." It's a handbook of do's and don't's for "difficult days." And you can get a copy absolutely *free* by sending to: Post Office Box 3434, Department MW-6, Chicago, Ill.



This is just to remind you that Kotex comes in 3 different sizes: Super—Regular—Junior. And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Lip-reading for a LADY



1. Ginger Rogers, leader in the natural make-up trend, as the heroine of RKO's "Kitty Foyle," that "natural history of a woman" for which she . . .



3. She shows how noturol she is by showing how happy she is with her Oscar and co-winner James Stewort. More on her lipstick theory: "I blot off the excess with tissue because I like the added occent of color but don't like that sticky look"



2. . . won the Academy Award. Here she does a quick make-up checkup before the prize moment. Soys she: "I prefer, for myself, not to use any make-up but lipstick in doyttime—and not much of that. I follow the noturol line of the mouth ond use a brush to outline it"

SIGN 1: Your lips begin to peel, crack and chap and you begin to bite them. Don't ever do this; instead, check up on your lipstick and be sure the one you're using isn't too dry. Try a pomade for a few days until your lips are smooth again, or use lip sal every night in your before-bed repair work.

Sign 2: Your lipstick comes off on handkerchiefs, napkins and tea cups and you get embarrassed. Don't; instead follow the Rogers method. After applying lipstick, hold a bit of cleansing tissue in your mouth to take off the excess. If you object to a dull finish, give your lips a gleam by applying just the tiniest bit of cleansing cream over the lipstick.

Sign 3: Your lips look tight and prissy; you have small lines around the corner of your mouth and you think you're getting old. You're not; it's just that your mouth hasn't had enough exercise. Try this: With the

middle finger of each hand, mold around the mouth, commencing in the center just below the lower lip and working around to the center above the upper.

Sign 4: Your mouth looks too wide, yet you have a thin upper lip. Don't think of that as a problem; just apply

lipstick thus: Draw a shallow bow slightly above your natural lip line. Then, keeping above the real lip line, sweep out to the corners. If you have a vice-versa problem, i.e., if your mouth looks too thin, just extend the color out to the corners of both lips. Draw full curves from the corners to the center of the lips.

Sign 5: Your lipstick has a "circusy" look. Don't forego making up your mouth; rather experiment with correct colors by trying one color on the left side of the mouth, one on the other to find the shade that does the best for your skin tones. Don't ever pile on lipstick; and remember this hint: You'll have more lip appeal if you use a darker lipstick first, then apply your correct color over it. Incidentally, if you don't want to do too much repair work during an evening, try applying your lipstick, then patting some powder over your mouth and finishing up with a second coat of lipstick.

BY GLORIA MACK

HOW TO MAKE YOUR FAVORITE NAIL POLISH STAY ON

Days Longer



Amazing Mani-Prep Nail "Conditioner"
PREPARES Nails for Polish — Makes
It Go On Smoothly, Evenly, Firmly

Now! No need to fret over premature peeling, chipping nail polish! Simply rub Mani-Prep on your nails *first* before polish is applied. Then see how smoothly, evenly and firmly the polish clings—how it gives you *days extra wear*.

Mani-Prep, you know, is the amazing new nail conditioner that instantly prepares the nails for polish. It produces a clean, clear surface that polish adheres to firmly. And used regularly before each manicure, Mani-Prep helps your nails become healthier, lovelier.

Simple as A-B-C to use. Rub Mani-Prep on nails with cotton or cloth, wipe dry, apply polish. No fuss, no muss, no waiting.

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Your Handwriting on the Wall

Rita Hayworth:

(Continued from page 62)

for concentration which permits you to really feel the lives of the characters you portray. You also have a remarkable sense for colors.

You are a timeless person who is well able to represent not only modern characters, but also personalities who have lived centuries ago.

If you should play a historical role, which you have been wanting to do for a long time, I am sure such a part would put you in the limelight. Then you would have the chance to unfold your personality and have all the satisfaction you want.

You are a profound person and really work on a role. However, you have to control your impatience. Try to associate with people you instinctively like in your private life. Consort with people you like whether they are successful or not. You are an emotional type with a strong extrovert nature; therefore your partner should also be an extrovert, straightforward and sincere.

Don't despair if you don't sometimes feel well. Fundamentally, you have a strong constitution. That is why you shouldn't worry as you sometimes do about a certain organic weakness. This disturbance sometimes causes irritable moods and friction. There is, however, no need for any feeling of uneasiness.

It is very necessary that you continue to develop your subconscious powers which are your true assets. On the other hand, you will have to find sincere friends who will stick to you and not upset you. You are a positive person enough to forget unhappy associations you had in the past.

I venture to tell you that within three years you will be one of the biggest Hollywood stars if you follow through.

Robert Stack:

(Continued from page 62)

more positive outlook upon the world.

I recommend that you take only the people in your private life who don't upset you too much but have a soothing effect on you.

I see from your handwriting that you were let down a few times by other people and that is why I advise you to be very careful to surround yourself only with sincere personalities. You have to get the necessary inspiration from your partners or friends and if you don't get it from your present connections, you'll have to build up new ones.

You must try to adjust your personality before doing serious work. Your greatest strength, however, lies in parts which ask for a lot of diplomacy in words and action. You are a man who thinks twice before he acts and speaks.

Rosemary Lane:

(Continued from page 62)

your greatest success or parts where you represent real people with all their weaknesses and strength. Yet all the characters you portray must show a certain amount of sensitiveness.

You like to travel and go places, experience life from every angle. Your idea of life is constant change and adventure. Consequently, pictures in which you are to play should show much action and you should be allowed to undergo many changes of moods.

Your outlook upon life is a rather pessimistic and negative one. You must have

been disappointed some three years ago because your handwriting shows signs of disappointment and disillusionment. These disappointments have caused you to take a more realistic stand towards things in general and especially where other people are concerned. I venture to say that your private life wasn't—and isn't—too happy. Certain people have disappointed and severely hurt you. Why are you not able to place more confidence and faith in the next person? And here lies your weakness. You are doubtful in yourself, not sure of yourself and yet you have to inspire people by your sure behavior, walk and gestures. This conflict between your inner self and the way you behave towards the outer world causes strong conflicts and friction. You are often in a depressive state of mind but do not like to show it. You are often suffering from inner inhibitions without being able to get rid of them. At the time of writing, you were in a depressive mood. There is only one way to change your outlook upon life and that is to try to find free expression toward a trusted friend.

If you want to develop in your acting it is better to free yourself of your frustrations. You will find real happiness only if you change yourself. There are still reliable and helpful people left in this world who might wish to take care of and develop a smart girl like you.

Dennis Morgan:

(Continued from page 63)

enough, true, to experience all these situations without hurting yourself too much. Were you ten years older at this time, it would be much more difficult to advise you to hurry and get more real fun out of life. Your great strength lies in your versatile character which enables you to do practically anything that is demanded of you. Your repertoire reveals an almost infinite scope of roles that you can play. You are able to change in a flash from one role to another, from one situation to the next—



but to my mind you will have greater success if you will make an effort to delve deeper into the parts you represent.

At the moment you are not sufficiently profound to be able to express your great potentialities. Try not to calculate so much. Don't always ask your brain whether or not you should do this or that. You must develop your inner capacities more—your instinct, your impulse. Develop the ability to act more spontaneously. Don't always expect people to come to you first. There are always situations in life that demand that we extend ourselves first. How about trying to concentrate more on your work? While social life is very necessary, it can never replace serious work in the satisfaction you seek. So curb your social activities sufficiently to give you more

time to retire within yourself occasionally and thus develop yourself more. Don't be too self-centered. You'll enjoy people more, get much closer to them and arouse their interest in you more, if you in turn learn to express your sincere interest and sympathy in them.

You are blessed with charm, versatility, diplomacy and good looks. Utilize these virtues to the utmost, but first go to work on yourself and you will be the first to benefit by the resulting change.

With all my best wishes for the success you deserve and for your future development.

Carole Landis:

(Continued from page 63)

people. You are immediately attracted to or repulsed by people. You can, however, fully rely upon your instinct which tells you at once the right from the wrong person. It is not easy for anyone to deceive you, nor is it easy for anyone to bluff you.

Your handwriting shows remarkable capacities and talents which if wisely used will help you tremendously in becoming successful. Your personality has a firm foundation. There is real self-confidence to be seen. You don't belong to the type of individual who likes to make others believe while he is not feeling sure in himself. You have a pleasant outlook upon life and anybody who tries to tell you that your fundamental basis is wrong meets with fierce resistance on your part. You have the remarkable gift of being able to concentrate on a subject and forget everything, your entire surroundings if you have to. You have a very good memory and don't easily forget what others do for you. On the other hand, you never forget anyone who hurts you.

You are deeply rooted in the soil and very strongly connected with the cosmos. You are able to relax best in nature and get new strength if you feel tired. Your early youth was rather hard. You had to put up with some rather hard fights. You suffered much from the misunderstandings of other people. They did not want to or could not understand you. It took quite some time to convince them that you were right.

It is sometimes awfully hard for you to smile if you don't feel like smiling. It is, however, very important for you to try to overcome some of your inner moods and different temperaments which at times upset you rather strongly. You will be able to control yourself much better if you exercise more will power. You should really try to strengthen your will to a greater extent.

Your development might take quite a while because you don't belong to the stars who suddenly appear and disappear as quickly as they come. But your slower development guarantees you lasting success. As soon as the time is ripe, you will be led to heights which cannot be easily achieved by other stars. Serious training on your part will be necessary to get your desired success. Your personality asks for free expression and natural behavior. Simple natures which are deeply rooted in the soil and which have to fight in order to achieve their goal should never be asked to play sophisticated parts because they are not suited to them. You will be very successful if you have an opportunity to play a role in which you represent a character who is nature-loving, simple and strong in her convictions.

I do hope that I will see you playing such a part in the near future.



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At leading stores, but if any store can't supply you, write, giving name of store, to Weil-Kalter Mfg. Co., makers of Artemis slips, at Empire State Bldg., New York City; or 1408 Locust St., Saint Louis, Mo.; or 515 Howard St., San Francisco.

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Fish story

BY ANN HAMILTON



The catch to Errol Flynn's fishing: Some choice recipes

I HAVE a wonderful idea for a movie. With all the companies turning literary classics into pictures I can't for the life of me see why Warner Brothers don't put "The Compleat Angler" on film with Errol Flynn in the title role. They wouldn't need to worry about a script or bringing the book up to date or any of those technicalities. Just that title and Flynn in action and they'd have a box-office wow. For "angler," you know, is the uptown word for fisherman and by all odds the Flynn is the completest angler Hollywood and way points have ever seen.

I'd heard about Errol's piscatorial—fishy, to you—interests for years, but I'd never seen him in the grip of his passion, so to speak, until I ran into him in a downtown department store a few days ago.

"Congratulations and cheers for a fine job in 'Footsteps In The Dark,'" I said. "What and when is the next opus to be?"

Errol informed me that he was soon going to work on "Dive Bomber." Meantime, he said, he was going to do a bit of fishing.

"You picked a nice place for it," I said, but it developed that he wasn't planning to do his fishing right there in the store, only buy some tackle, or gear, as he called it. I said I'd think that by this time he would have enough equipment to last for the rest of his life, but there again I was wrong. No fisherman ever has all the stuff he needs, it seems, there's always a new gadget of some sort that he simply must have.

"Such as a new package of fishhooks or one of those little floater things?" I suggested.

Errol snorted, then, muttering something about it's being every man's duty to educate the ignorant and underprivileged, he dragged me with him to the sporting goods department.

Enthusiastic or not, I still don't see how one man, even Flynn, is going to see all the things he bought. There were jointed rods, delicately yet sturdily built, reel for various sizes of lines and seeds of other elaborate gimmicks which mean nothing to the layman and everything to the expert. By the time he'd worked his way through his shopping list, with frequent comments about the grand sport

of fishing, I had decided that the sport is the only thing that appeals to Mr. F.; he surely wouldn't bother about eating the creatures. But I was wrong again, for Errol not only catches fish, he thinks fish is just about the finest eating there is—and remember he has eaten his way clear around the world.

"FISH has been a standard food for man for almost as long as we have historical records," he said, as though he were giving me a lecture for my own good (and is he cute when he lectures!) and then went on with tantalizing references to swordfish and barracuda, tuna and salmon. Salmon, in his opinion, is just about tops in the fish division. "And do you realize," he asked, "that it wasn't so very long ago that only people living on the seacoast could enjoy it?"

I hadn't thought much about it, but of course it's only during a comparatively few years that new methods of canning have enabled us to serve this delicious food whenever we wish, just as it comes from the sea, or as Errol put it, "It's we moderns who can open a can of salmon and proceed from there as though we'd caught the fish ourselves."

Just to prove that the Flynn is as well-informed about eating fish as he is about catching them, here are some recipes which rely for flavor on the salmon which comes from a can.

SALMON À LA KING

- 1 can salmon
- 1 can cream of mushroom soup
- 1/2 cup chopped pimiento
- 1/2 cup sliced ripe olives
- 2 hard boiled eggs, sliced.

Prepare soup according to directions on can. Remove skin and bones from salmon (this applies to the following recipes as well), break into pieces and combine with soup and other ingredients in the top of a double boiler, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper if desired. Heat thoroughly and serve in ramekins, on buttered toast or with noodles.

SALMON LOAF

- 1 can salmon
- 1 cup white sauce
- 1 cup bread crumbs

- 1 tsp. lemon or onion juice
- Salt and pepper to taste

Shred salmon, combine with other ingredients and bake in buttered casserole (350 to 375 degrees F.) until done, three-quarters to one hour. For salmon croquettes, use this same recipe, adding more crumbs to make mixture stiff enough to mold. Form into croquettes, roll in cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs again and fry in deep fat (390 degrees F.).

A sauce which is delicious with either the loaf or the croquettes is made by adding a chopped hard-cooked egg and two minced gherkins to a cup of medium white sauce.

SALMON SOUFFLÉ

Use the recipe for salmon loaf, but omit the bread crumbs. When ingredients have been well mixed, add three beaten egg yolks, then fold in three stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in buttered casserole which has been placed in a pan of water (350-375 degrees F.) until firm. Serve at once.

SALMON QUICKIE

- 1 can salmon
- 1 can peas
- 1 small can mushrooms
- 1/8 tsp. nutmeg

Combine all ingredients, including the liquor from the peas and mushrooms, in the top of a double boiler and heat through. Serve on toast or crackers with a faint dusting of paprika.

SALMON SALAD

- 1 can salmon
- 1 cup diced celery
- 1 tbl. lemon juice
- 1 tbl. onion juice
- 1/2 cup minced ripe olives
- 1/4 tsp. curry powder
- Mayonnaise

Shred the salmon and combine with the remaining ingredients, adding enough mayonnaise to make the mixture the proper consistency. This salad recipe may also be used as a sandwich filling or for canapes, spread on small thin rounds of toast or crackers. For the canapes the celery should be minced finer.

The Draft—and Jim Stewart

(Continued from page 51)

wrote in to both Jim and the studio, criticizing his supposed evasion. Editorial comments became more barbed.

A week after the first garbled accounts of Jim's deferment appeared, officers of his local draft board in West Los Angeles, realizing the injustice that was being done the actor, gave out a statement, unsolicited by either Jim or M-G-M, that neither the star nor his studio had requested the deferment. The draft board explained that Jim's being underweight had been the sole reason for his classification.

This official explanation went out over the same press wires that had carried the earlier story of Jim's deferment, but they received nowhere near the prominence in print of the initial dispatch.

FEW of Jim's most intimate friends in Hollywood knew the deep hurt he was nursing. But to his younger sisters, Mary and Virginia, living in New York, Jim wrote, early in February: "I suppose you've been reading my newest set of notices! They haven't been so hot, have they? But don't let them get you down. I've gone on a diet my doctor guarantees will put on the ten pounds I need and in six weeks I'll be in the Army!"

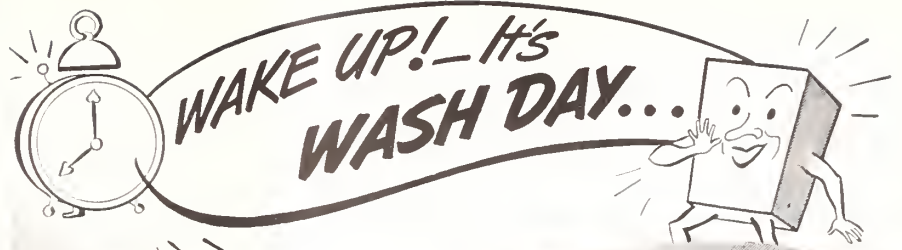
To his father and mother in the little country town of Indiana, in Western Pennsylvania, where he was born and raised, Jim also phoned the news of his decision. He knew how fiercely loyal to him they were, how deeply they must be feeling this unfair reflection on his patriotic spirit. They're proud of their military background, the Stewarts. Jim's grandfather, for whom he was named, was a captain with Grant at Appomattox. Mrs. Stewart's father was General S. M. Jackson, who distinguished himself at Gettysburg. And big, rawboned Alec Stewart, Jim's father, has fought in two wars; walking off from Princeton in '98 to volunteer in the Spanish-American War and later serving in France as a Captain with the A. E. F. in World War I. There was a Stewart in the War of the Revolution and another in the War of 1812. For five generations Stewarts have worn the uniforms of America and hold in high honor their record for serving their country. Jim knew how bitterly his dad must resent this gossip about his position in the draft.

Jim consulted with his personal physician in Hollywood. The doctor outlined a diet and a series of exercises that would add poundage. He went into training as seriously as a prize fighter conditioning for a championship bout. He cut out all liquor. He cut down on his smoking. His discipline about hours was as strict as a boarding-school regime. And with each added pound, he telephoned a gleeful bulletin home.

Only his family and his physician knew of Jim's grim determination to gain weight. Jim has always been sensitive about his thinness. Now it was making him the target of taunting jokes from friends and casual studio acquaintances.

"Hello, Sandow," one would greet him. "Hiya, tall, dark and glandsome," gaged another. What was meant for good-natured ragging stung Jim so sharply he began to retire into himself. Just how far that retirement threatened to go was revealed by a publicity man at M-G-M.

"Jim had become so sensitive to what he believed was the general gossip about his failure to make the draft," reported the press agent "that he refused all in-



WAKE UP!—It's WASH DAY...



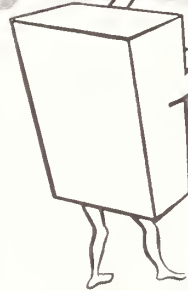
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Does it get you down... when you have to get up on washday?... It's no fun to face a big family wash with only a 'half-way' laundry soap to help. When you think of the endless rubbing you'll have to do—to get all the dirt out—no wonder you're weary before you start...



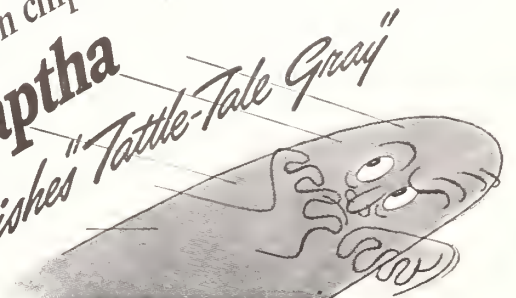
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Those back-breaking chores won't worry you when you wake up to a Fels-Naptha washday. Fels-Naptha Soap gives you two tireless helpers—active naptha and richer, golden soap. Together, they pitch in and do the job in jig time—dislodge the stubbornest grime—whisk it away quickly, gently, thoroughly. Your clothes come out of the wash tub whiter, brighter, sweeter. You finish washday just the way you started—with a smile!



Golden bar or Golden chips—
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That lithe and lovely look all women want begins with the body-beautiful, seconded by a shower of fragrance of flowers, Mavis Talcum. Its satiny smoothness gives your skin a silkiness that makes dressing quicker and easier. Girdle glides over hips . . . slip stays smoother . . . and the flower fragrance clings like a scented melody. Get MAVIS for your bath, club locker and office.

In White, Flesh and BODITAN (Rachel) Shades. 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢

P. S. Men like Mavis, too.

MAVIS
THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS
talcum
V. VIVAUBOU, INC.

vitations to previews and other parties. He was even going to stay away from the Academy Award Dinner until some of us heard about it.

"We managed to persuade him to come down to the hotel and, after the dinner, slip into an inconspicuous seat at the back of the room, just before the 'Oscars' were awarded."

It was fortunate the publicity boys at his studio had insisted, for the award to Jim, for the best screen performance by a male actor, was one of the first announced. Jim had hardly wrapped his long fingers around the coveted little statuette before he was on the phone to his family in Indiana with the good news.

"And what's more, Dad," he exulted, "what's really the best news of all, I've gained five pounds!"

On March 12, he telephoned his family in Indiana again.

"I've made it!" he cried over the phone. "They passed me at the draft board today. I'm to be inducted March 22nd."

Seated at his desk in his hardware store in Indiana, the windows of which proudly present mementoes of Jim's Hollywood triumphs, Alec relaxed. The frown that had been wrinkling his forehead for weeks disappeared.

"He's all right, that boy!" Alec told his cronies at the Indiana Volunteer Fire Department.

THE day Jim reported at the Army induction center in Los Angeles to be sworn in and sent off to camp, he was more excited over his imminent entrance into the Army than he had been over his triumphant winning of the coveted "Oscar."

"It's going to be a marvelous experience, that year in the Army," Jim enthused. "I've never had any military training and I know it will do me a world of good, not only physically but in the experience I'll gain."

"I don't know yet to what training camp I'll be sent. I won't know until I've been actually inducted and gone through the first few days at one of the Army reception centers."

"I rather hope I can be assigned to the air corps after my preliminary train-

ing is completed. But my first job, of course, will be learning how to be a soldier."

Last summer, when America was shaking itself awake to the emergency needs of national defense, Jim had considered applying for a reserve commission in the air corps. He has had more than 300 hours solo flying in his own planes and recently, after a thorough course in navigation and instrument flying, was granted a full commercial license.

"I'd like to feel, if and when the time comes for me to join the service, I have something of value to offer in experience," Jim told this reporter then. "I don't want to go before a draft board empty-handed."

Unfortunately, Jim's 300 hours in the air, his knowledge of navigation and piloting by instruments and his commercial license, will none of them win him Army wings. Jim is thirty-two years old and the age limit for new pilots in the service is twenty-seven. The only thing that Jim can hope for as a draftee is assignment to an air corps unit for training with a ground crew or as an observer.

He will, however, be eligible for recommendation to an officer's training school, after his preliminary period of three months is completed, and it is highly probable that the Army, eager to utilize such previous aviation experience as Jim has had, will take him off the drill grounds for assignment to some branch of the air corps before his year's tour of duty is over.

Whether or not Jim is singled out for a commission, his family are convinced that these next twelve months in the Army are going to be invaluable to him.

"It's the finest thing that could have happened to him," declared his sister Virginia, on hearing that Jim finally had been accepted. "He's been working so hard, going from one picture into another, with hardly any time in between, it's no wonder he was worn down to the bone! The Army will build him up physically with a reserve strength that will be wonderful for him when he returns to Hollywood."

For a return to Hollywood, after his year's service is completed, is the present



James Stewart exchanges the Hollywood tinsel for the Army's tin plates: His first meal at Fort MacArthur's draftee reception center

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

plan of Private James M. Stewart.

Promise that his job would be waiting for him when he is mustered out of the Army next Spring was given Jim by his studio boss, Louis B. Mayer, in a sentimental speech at the mammoth party M-G-M threw for Jim on one of the sound stages two nights before he left.

That going-away party was attended by just about every important player and executive on the lot and Mayer's eulogy of Jim as an actor and a person was echoed in tributes that would have nominated a Republican in the Solid South.

Jim made a speech, too. "I am touched and moved," he said. "I really can't say anything more. If I say anything more, I'll be betraying military secrets!"

And then Jim was kissed good-by by every actress there: Rosalind Russell, Lana Turner, Diana Lewis, Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford and Ruth Hussey. Ruth's caress seemed the least impersonal to observers. It must have seemed that way to Jim, too. He took her dancing after the party and promised to write her from camp. Friends who know his distaste for letter-writing regarded that as highly significant!

Next night Jim was guest of honor at a second going-away party, a "Military Ball" at Franchot Tone's house. The party was stag and all the stars who attended, including Clark Gable, Spencer Tracy, Hank Fonda, Bob Taylor and Burgess Meredith, came dressed in some sort of uniform.

The celebration at Franchot's house lasted until six o'clock in the morning when Jim, in the grey of the dawn, was driven by Buzz Meredith to a street corner in West Los Angeles. There, with forty other draftees, Jim took a trolley car for the induction center.

Four hours later, his final physical exams by Army doctors passed with flying colors, Jim was on his way to Fort MacArthur, the Army replacement center at San Pedro, California, from where, after the regulation forty-eight hour "quarantine," Jim was transferred to the Army Air Base at Moffett Field, near San Francisco. His hopes that he would be assigned air corps duty had been realized.

His twelve-month absence from Hollywood will not seem quite so long as that on the screen, for Jim had completed two pictures that were still unreleased when he joined the service: "Pot O' Gold," which will be playing during the summer months and "Ziegfeld Girl," which will be released later.

"I'll miss Hollywood, of course," Jim told me, "miss Hollywood and all my friends here. But I guess I'll be able to get back on some leaves."

Burgess Meredith, who has been living with Jim these past weeks, is taking over the actor's rambling bachelor house in Brentwood, the house and Daisy, Jim's motherly cook who runs his household with a far sterner hand than any top sergeant he is likely to bump into.

Hollywood will miss Jim Stewart, miss him and yet be powerfully proud of his going. For it would have been easy enough for Jim to have accepted his deferment; made no effort to meet that weight requirement and voluntarily cut down his income from the several thousand dollars a month salary checks of a front-rank screen star to the \$21-a-month pay of a rear rank private and desert the caviar and champagne of Ciro's for the prunes and stew of an Army mess.

But to Jim Stewart the patriotic sentiments he so vigorously and so memorably asserted in "Mr. Smith Goes To Washington" were not just the parrotings of an actor in make-up and make-believe. They were worthy of becoming the working creed of an American.



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Use **FRESH #2** and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm — put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think **FRESH #2** will.
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3. See how *gentle* **FRESH #2** is — how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty nor sticky.
4. See how *convenient* **FRESH #2** is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing — no waiting for it to dry.
5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use **FRESH #2**, that it will not harm even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes — 50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



Free offer — to make your own test!

Once you make this under-arm test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer. Print your name and address on postcard and mail to **FRESH**, Dept. 2-D, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of **FRESH #2**, postpaid.



Companion of **FRESH #2** is **FRESH #1**. **FRESH #1** deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men too.

Maisie's Remedies for Heartaches

(Continued from page 34)

Why I switched to Meds



—by a salesgirl

The latest things always tempt me—especially if they're better than the old. And one modern thing I couldn't do without is *internal* sanitary protection. That's why I was so downright pleased when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Thanks to the "safety center," Meds make protection so sure. And Meds are the *only* tampons in individual applicators at this grand, low price.

ONLY 20¢

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stronger! As strong as a man's fond embrace. Sitroux is made only from pure cellulose.

more absorbent! They drink in moisture. Ideal for beauty care. Useful everywhere.



here goes. I have been married a year. My husband was considered the most eligible bachelor in town and I thought myself lucky to get him. At first we were very happy and he seemed pleased that I was so economical, such a good housekeeper, so interested in making our little home the nicest and cleanest and most attractive in town. But lately, I think he is—well, getting tired of me. He works in a bank and there are several very good-looking girls who are his business associates. I don't think he is really in love with any of them, but I am not sure. To tell the truth, I can't exactly put my finger on what is wrong. I just know that something is. Can you help me?"

"Well," Ann wrote in return. "I can't help you much, but perhaps *you* can! Go out and get yourself a facial and a manicure and a new permanent and have your hair done a new way. Then buy yourself a new outfit, even though you have to forego the vacuum attachments you have set your heart on. Next, give a party or get up a crowd to go dancing and see that you are the life of the party! No, don't force it, but if your face and hair look wonderful and your new dress ditto, you'll be in a receptive mood for some fun. Or, if the dancing stunt doesn't appeal to you, get yourself a hobby. Join a book club or something. It will make you more interesting. Read the newspapers and find out what is going on in the world today. Men do that, but I'm afraid a good many women 'can't be bothered.' And they should be! You've been in a rut. I know. You've been a model housekeeper. But, mark my words, a man wants a wife, not a housekeeper. He won't care a hoot if there's lint under the bed, but he will care if there's a dud across the table from him every meal!"

TRAGEDY is also described in the next letter, a dilemma for which it seems there can be no perfect solution:

"I was married very young and had a child at the end of the first year. But if it hadn't been for that—well, I should have gone home to my parents long before. We—my husband and I—didn't understand the meaning of marriage at all. We should never have entered into it. Our tastes are different, our temperaments, our ideas and ideals. I honestly think we are, to use that newfangled word, 'allergic' to each other! But there is the baby. He is three years old now and already seems to sense the antagonism between my husband and me. The future stretches out in a bitter, lonely hopeless way . . . unless we should get a divorce? My parents are against it and so are my husband's. We have made our bed; we should lie in it, they say, because of the baby. But—oh, please tell me what you think we should do! I'm nearly crazy with worrying!"

This was Ann's answer:

"My dear:

"If you have tried—if in your innermost heart—you have *tried* to make your marriage go and have failed, as you say. I think you should seek the divorce court. Surely you can work out some way in which your baby can grow up to know and love both your husband and yourself, removed from the awful friction you speak of. To my way of thinking (and mind you, I could be wrong) to rear a child in an unhappy home is a far greater wrong than to break up an impossible marriage."

This letter doesn't seem quite so serious, but the advice that Ann included in her answer was nevertheless sound and to the point:

"My sister and I both love the same boy but he never will single out either of us for special attention. If he asks for a date, he takes both of us. If he sends candy, it is two boxes. And so on. How can we pin him down and make him choose?"

The answer:

"Girls, stop kidding yourselves! You can't pin him down because obviously he isn't in love with either of you. Probably you've 'neutralized' each other! So you'd each better get a new beau, on account of when this one falls in love, it quite possibly won't be with either of you."

LOVERS' quarrels . . . if all of them were recorded, there wouldn't be room left in libraries for anything else. Here is a letter asking how Ann would settle one:

"Dear Maisie:

"My boy friend and I quarreled last week and now I am sorry. But I don't think the fault was wholly mine. Should I apologize, or should I stick it out? I really love him and I think he loves me."

To which Ann replied:

"Don't be stubborn if your happiness is involved. Honesty is never undignified. Tell him you'd like to be friends again. If he really cares, he'll be tickled to death."

Another letter:

"Dear Miss Sothern:

"My husband and I have been married three years and have been very happy—except for one thing. He will gamble! Often, of course, he loses far more than we can afford. If he wins, he buys me wonderful presents, but I'd rather not have them. Can you think of any way to stop him?"

And Ann's answer:



"Maisie" sees the world through rose-colored glasses: Ann Sothern goes dancing with husband Roger Pryor at the Coconut Grove

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

"Gambling, I am afraid, is a chronic disease. You will probably never be able to stop him. Perhaps, though, if you love him, you could compromise. Could you get him to set aside a sort of pool, into which his winnings go and out of which his losings are paid? I wish I could help you more."

A brief, but such a pertinent question: "Ann, please tell me just one thing, should a wife ever forgive infidelity?"

And a brief, but pertinent answer: "No. Nothing could ever be the same afterward. She would only be building toward her own downfall. Of course, that is just *my* opinion!"

Another girl asked this: "Should a girl forgive an 'affair' in the past?"

And Ann told her: "Yes!"

A BRIDE-TO-BE was terribly worried about her fiance's drinking. "Dear Ann," she wrote. "Can there be any happiness for me when my fiance cannot seem to break himself of drinking? Every so often he goes on a 'tear' and I die a thousand deaths worrying about him. He says he will be all right when we are married, but—well, I don't know . . ."

"You are right to be doubtful," Ann replied. "If he really loved you he would stop before you are married, just to keep you from being unhappy. There is no more pitiful lot than that of a wife who must periodically play nursemaid to a drunk. Better think well!"

"Dear 'Maisie,'" wrote a distraught young wife. "my husband and I quarrelled last night and he *struck* me! Yes, he slapped me, and hard, too! Of course, I guess I did provoke him. I don't know whether I should forgive him or not."

"Maisie" wrote in return:

"Dear, I wouldn't want to endorse what might turn into a dangerous precedent, but it seems to me a little slap now and then might be good for a lot of wives!"

Here is a wife with a money problem:

"Dear Miss Sothern:

"My husband says he doesn't care how I look, that he likes me as I am and complains when I spend even a small amount for new clothes. Should I take him at his word and look dowdy, or should I insist on enough money to allow me to look nice? We really can afford more money than he allows me."

To which Ann replied with spirit:

"You owe it to yourself to look well, for goodness sakes! Never take a man's word for it when he says he doesn't care how you look. First thing you know, he'll be casting eyes at that stylish blonde across the street!"

And now, one more—a letter about something which perhaps a good many girls have to contend with:

"Dear Miss Sothern:

My fiance is forever careless about keeping engagements; is late half the time; sometimes forgets altogether that we were going out. This is because he is wild about photography and shuts himself up in his dark room developing pictures and forgets all about me. Am I wrong to be hurt and upset—since my only rival is, after all, photography and not another girl!?"

And Ann's spirited answer:

"Don't be silly! Of course you should insist upon proper consideration for yourself! Do you want to play second fiddle to a hobby after you are married? If he is the right kind of chap, he will respect you all the more for this attitude. I believe in women's rights, and consideration is one of them!"

JUNE, 1941



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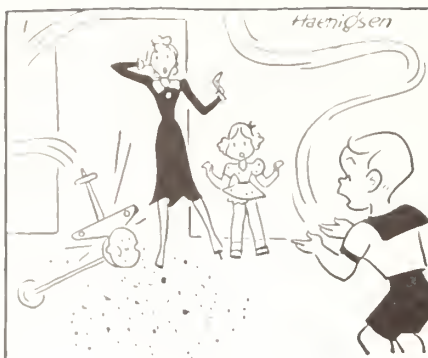
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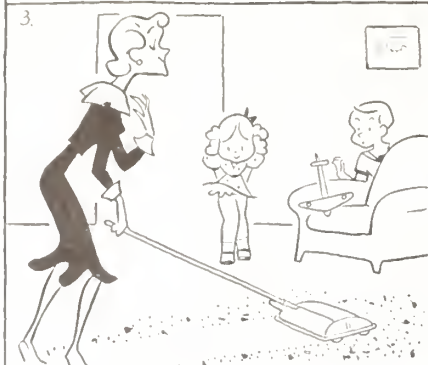
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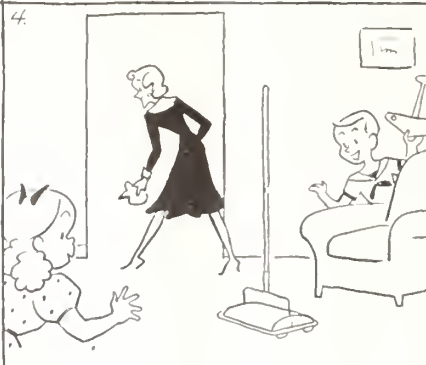
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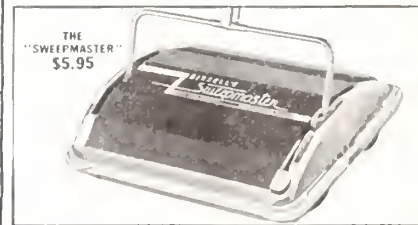


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"You mustn't talk like that," Annabelle said. "None of that was your fault."

Mike, standing beside the bed, smiled down at her. "As long as you have faith in me—" he said.

"I have," she answered. "From the bottom of my heart."

"Thanks."

He turned and left the room and Annabelle felt as if the warmth had gone out of it. She pressed the buzzer and Nurse Henderson came in.

"What's the matter with him?" the nurse demanded wryly.

"I don't know," Annabelle answered, "but I'm going to find out. Did you say you were going to town tomorrow, Sara?"

"Yes. Can I do something for you, honey?"

"I want you to go to the office of the *Los Angeles Mirror* and look up the Helga Bentley columns for the past ten days. Will you do that for me? And write down anything that's in them about Annabelle Hurley or Michael Horgan—or both."

"Okay," said Nurse Henderson, "and I can tell Miss Bentley something about those two that I know I won't find there."

"What are you talking about, Sara?" said Annabelle, blushing.

"Don't forget," said Sara Henderson slyly. "You were delirious three days and I was with you all that time, sweetheart."

The two women looked at each other understandingly and laughed.

MIKE came again the next day. He seemed to have pulled himself together and there was that look of determination about his chin again. Annabelle instinctively knew that he had something on his mind and she was soon to find out what it was.

After talking halfheartedly about inconsequential things, he sat on the bed at last and took her hand in his.

"I don't know what the dialogue for this scene is, Annabelle," he said, a smile playing around the corner of his mouth, "but I have an idea it's the most important scene in the script—for me, anyway."

Annabelle's heart began to beat madly. "It's a funny thing," Mike went on, "but whenever I've talked to a bunch of writers about a picture, I always beg them to figure out some new way of saying the old things. Isn't it silly—when there's really only one way of saying them?"

Their eyes met and held. "I love you, Annabelle," he said at last.

The words thrilled her, but she found that she could not answer at the moment. Then he went on, "I want you to know that, dear, because I have to go away."

She was frightened. Were her worst fears to be realized?

"My agent says," he went on, "that right now—under the circumstances—I'm washed up in Hollywood and that the thing for me to do is to start over again on Broadway. So I'm taking my plane East tomorrow. When I get my career under way again, Annabelle, I'm coming back to get your answer."

"You're right," she said. "It is the most important scene in the script. For me, too."

He took her in his arms then, held her close to him, kissed her so that she felt there was no breath left in her.

"Darling," he whispered, "it looks pretty hopeless right now, but with this

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in her mind she saw the face of a young man trying to find a place for himself in New York.

Everybody who was anybody in Hollywood was invited to Holton Clark's premiere and Annabelle had worked with Holton on the guest list for her party at the Clark mansion. Of course she included the names of Helga Bentley and her three companions who had dropped in so unceremoniously at Mike's ranch. Also, Annabelle included other members of the press who would be helpful to her if she won the desperate game she was about to play. All she told Holton was that she thought it would be nice if he would introduce her when the party was well under way so that she could make a little speech to her friends and tell them that she was back with them once more.

It was a grandiose affair, made especially festive by the enthusiasm everyone felt for the latest Clark opus. It had all his characteristic touches and everyone could tell it was sure "box-office." During the evening, Annabelle thought several times, "How can any man who is so great in the theater be so small in life?" It was a paradox which she would never understand.

AS the party wore on and people became more and more hilarious, Annabelle realized that now was the time for her to take the daring step. She maneuvered Helga Bentley so that they were in a conversation when she gave the signal to Holton to call for silence.

Holton knew how to command silence. In a few moments, the crowd was quiet and listening speculatively to Annabelle. "I've been out of circulation," she began, "for several months, but now I'm back with you."

Helga Bentley led the cheers. Annabelle waved for silence.

"It makes me feel happy you still want me for a friend," Annabelle said, "and because I want you all to be friends, I feel that there is one thing we must straighten out before that is possible.

"I seem to have been a jinx for a number of people and if I felt entirely innocent about it I don't think I'd be talking to you now. As a matter of fact, somebody once called me 'Man-Poison.'"

Annabelle took a deep breath. "After George's death I began to feel that the label was right; that I brought only bad luck to those who deserved the best."

A deep hush had fallen over the crowd. It takes a lot to stir Hollywood, because it is dealing daily with the stuff of which life itself is made. But Annabelle's sincerity was so persuasive that it compelled their absorbed attention. If her tone had not been so restrained and un-theatrical, they might have been embarrassed, but she spoke so conversationally and quietly that each one felt as if she were speaking to him.

"I want to tell you something that most of you don't know. At the same time that I learned of George's death I knew that I was going to have his baby.

"I went to see George's mother and father to tell them about it and there I ran into Michael Harrigan, who, as you know, was George's best friend. When Michael learned that I was going to have a baby, he wanted to help me and drove me to his ranch at Tehachapi so that I would have a place to stay. He had arranged to have his aunt come to take care of me the next day. That night we had visitors."

Annabelle found it difficult to go on, but the expectant look on her listeners' faces compelled her to continue.

"Those visitors are in this room now. All they saw was a man—and a woman

who was the widow of his best friend. Honestly, I don't blame them for thinking what they thought.

"But you all must know that Mike Harrigan is as innocent as a man could be. He was kindness itself. The reason I ran away from his lodge that same night was because I didn't want to be 'poison' to still another man's career. But I had to make a mess of that, too. Like a fool, I got lost and fell down the side of a mountain. Mike came looking for me the next morning and brought me to the hospital pretty well smashed up. The papers said it was pneumonia, but I want you all to know before we can be friends again that that wasn't true. The truth is that I lost the baby I was going to have. And through the black days that followed it was Mike who stood by."

Annabelle paused for the final plunge. "I owe my life to him. But the Good Samaritan has been handed a beating for his reward. It doesn't seem like the right ending for the parable, does it?" Quick hot tears threatened to choke her and she turned abruptly away.

Helga Bentley was the first to rush to Annabelle. "Darling, you were magnificent, even though you made me feel like an oversized worm. And don't worry about your Michael. The press, my dear, is going to work right now to repair the

damage!" She kissed Annabelle and bustled off as Clark approached.

Holton gazed searchingly at his daughter. Then he took her hands in his. It was like him to ignore any need for an apology and drive straight at the matter on his mind. "You're in love with Mike, aren't you, Baby?"

Not for years had he called her by the affectionate term he had used when she was little. Annabelle pressed his hands and nodded mutely.

Holton's face grew suddenly tender. "Leave it to your old dad, dear. I'm going to send Mike a wire that he can't refuse to accept."

A week later Annabelle stood at the Glendale airport watching the sky for Mike's Waco plane. When she saw it swooping down to a perfect landing, she ran toward it, her heart singing. And when Mike stepped from the plane and held her in his eager arms, kissing her hungrily, she thought, "Dear God, grant that I have learned how to make him happy." If that was true, she knew all the struggle had been worth it.

"There's still no dialogue for this scene," he said, "so I'll make it up as I go along! I love you, darling."

"The dialogue is perfect, Mike," Annabelle said. "Please never change it."

The End.

New Kind of Love for Lamour

(Continued from page 32)

them. After several desperate attempts to save their tottering marriage they were divorced.

It is not for an outsider to place the blame, if blame there is, in such an event. We don't know that Herbie was at fault, or Dorothy remiss in her actions. But we do know it came as a brutal shock to Dorothy when Herbie telephoned long-distance one night that he was filing suit for divorce the next morning! From their last talk Dorothy had believed the unhappy situation was on the mend and a solution of their difficulties at hand.

The decree was granted two weeks later on April 22, 1939, in a Midwest city.

Dorothy's world rocked around her. She was twenty-three and emotionally immature. She had neither home, husband nor the children she wanted. In the public's eye she had been scorned by the man she loved, since it was he who had taken the initiative in the divorce proceedings.

Viewed in proper perspective now, Dorothy realizes her love for Herbie was a youthful infatuation. Passionate, yes, but lacking the depth necessary for lasting marriage. Nonetheless, it was real to her then and that meant she was hurt. Deeply hurt. Granted it was her pride, not her heart, which had suffered the blow, still wounded pride is bitter stuff to swallow.

On that very day Dorothy started to do what women in the same position have done since the days of Eve. She started to prove to the world—and mostly to herself—that she didn't care, that losing Kay and his love meant nothing to her.

For almost two years she lived that lie.

She was so determinedly gay it wore one out to watch her. Was there a new night spot? She was there, dancing, laughing, glittering happy. Was there new excitement? She was in the thick of it, and cooking up more for the next night. Was there new, mad fun to be found? She searched it out. Like an automaton on a treadmill she kept up the wearying pace. Hey! Hey! for a broken heart! This was the life! Good-time

Charlie and night-club queen? You bet! Why not?

Inevitably the whirling, crazy life took its toll. Her personality reflected a brittle quality. Her eyes grew hard and a trifle calculating. Unpleasant little lines appeared around her mouth. She became jittery and tense. At any moment, one felt, she would explode like a tightly coiled spring suddenly released.

It was the picture of a provocative woman, perhaps, but not a lovely one. In her heart Dorothy knew it.

THE playgirl personality attracted men to her. Men like fun and Dorothy was fun. Today it was Tom, tomorrow Dick, and the next day Harry who won her favors and interest. Because such dates are grist for the Hollywood news mill, one new "romance" after another was chalked up on her score, one scalp after another credited to her collection.

There was the case of Bob Preston which brought two schools of thought into action—Lamour versus Preston or Preston versus Lamour, when the truth of the matter was her sole and innocent intention had been to help him as a friend. There were unrefuted items in gossip columns throughout the country that her heart in turn belonged to Daddies Wynn Rockamora, Cliff Lewis, Bob Ritchie, Stephen Fuld, et al. There was the rhapsodic blathering about a romance with a naval flier stationed in Honolulu after her visit there last spring, and more nonsense about Bob Preston after that.

All in all, it added up to an unflattering portrait of a woman—silly, shallow and brainless.

The irony of it was this: Despite the heavy cost in personal prestige, despite the loss of former friends, despite the horrible physical weariness and her frantic efforts to assuage it, the old hurt was still there! She had convinced the world the divorce had left no mark upon her, but in her heart she knew the masquerade had been in vain.

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morphosis took place. The pathetic bundle of frazzled nerves turned into a beautiful, poised and appealing woman.

Everywhere in Hollywood these days you hear this comment: "Dorothy Lamour is physically, mentally and spiritually more attractive than ever before in her life."

It is true.

She says, "If there is a change in me, it is because I am happy, completely happy, for the first time in many, many months." That also is true. But she is happy because she has found real love and grown up to its potentialities.

THE man is Greg Bautzer, a Los Angeles attorney. This is the first time it has been publicly acknowledged, or the details told.

All the way home from Hawaii last spring, Dorothy was dreading an event which lay before her. She had accepted an invitation to appear at the Tulip Festival in Holland, Michigan, only to learn later that Kay, her ex-husband, was slated to appear on the same program. She dreaded it because it would mark their first meeting since the divorce and, frankly, she did not know how her heart would behave.

The dreaded day came. They met, laughed and had fun together. More fun, Dorothy said, than they had shared in four years of marriage. But that was all.

During the festival they stood side by side greeting the crowd. Good-natured banter flew back and forth. Suddenly a stranger called: "Why don't you marry the girl?"

Herbie's face sobered. "I did once," he answered quietly, "and I wish I could again!"

Both he and Dorothy knew by then it could not be. The flame was gone. All that Dorothy felt for him was friendliness and that separate regard a woman always keeps for a man with whom she has shared part of her life. That he recognized the finality of it was reflected in his second marriage a few months later. No one, incidentally, rejoices more in his new happiness than Dorothy! There is honest regret for the failure of their marriage but no recrimination in her.

It was shortly after the Michigan junket that Dorothy went to the opera in Los Angeles with her agent, Wynn Rocamora. Possibly it was her mood, or reaction to the romantic melodies of "Manon," but she was depressed in spirit.

"I was feeling sorry for Herbie, sorrier for myself and sorriest of all that what Herbie said he felt for me could not mean more," she said. "When Wynn suggested we stop at Ciro's for an hour after the opera, I really didn't care one way or the other."

They were sitting at a small table near the dance floor when Bautzer paused at their table to say hello to Wynn and be introduced to Dorothy. It was one of those casual, accidental meetings. Wynn had a telephone call to make and asked Greg to sit with Dorothy in his brief absence.

Whether they realized it or not, Greg and Dorothy were in the same psychological boat. For many months he had been the constant and apparently devoted escort of Lana Turner and must have

been jolted by her dramatic elopement with Artie Shaw, whom she subsequently divorced. Like Dorothy, he was taking his fun where he could find it and was finding plenty. That, coupled with the aura of glamour which had surrounded Lana and the business necessity of entertaining important clients in the popular night spots of the town, is what gave him the reputation of a playboy. In reality he is a serious, albeit very handsome, young barrister who tends to his legal knitting.

When Wynn returned to the table, it was to find two erstwhile strangers so enchanted with each other they were oblivious of his existence. The twosome wound up a threesome.

Dorothy and Greg had their first solo date the next night, May 31, 1940, which by coincidence marked the eighth anniversary of Dorothy's first appearance as the torch singer with the Kay band. From that day to this, they have managed to see each other, or talk by phone, at least once every twenty-four hours!

REBOUNDED love? We don't think so. We believe Dorothy and Greg honestly are in love for the first time in their respective lives and that the past has been only a prelude to what they have now.

True, Dorothy has not climbed a soapbox to broadcast "I am in love" to the world. In fact, she has refused to be quoted on the subject of Bautzer. But her actions are far more eloquent than the words she won't speak.

Greg, for instance, likes to play tennis; it has been noted Dorothy started taking tennis lessons and now plays an adequate game. He doesn't care for bizarre and spectacular dress in a woman: it can be observed her wardrobe now runs to simple, conservative clothes. He has been heard to speak disparagingly of slacks on a woman; Dorothy no longer is seen wearing them in public. He mentioned excessive night-clubbing bored him; headwaiters now are wailing, "Oh where, oh where has our little pet gone?"

Dorothy has learned, or senses, the way women in love instinctively know, exactly what will please Greg and conducts herself by those rules. In final proof, when she talks about him to others, she speaks not of his charm and good looks, but of his brilliant mind and clever work. That's a dead give-away.

Furthermore. . .

Friends have noted how Greg constantly is searching for little, thoughtful ways in which to make Dorothy happy, like sending boxes of flowers to the studio wardrobe department when he knows she has a fitting, or devising surprises which she so dearly loves. They see her meeting his business friends as well as his social companions; they notice the attentive, almost possessive, way he cares for her in public. A few have seen the gold cigarette lighter he gave her on which is engraved "May this be the only torch you ever carry" and the matching cigarette case with its message "Here's to the Witch from the guy who hopes he'll always be bewitched." And the plain gold band on her finger was his mother's wedding ring.

We call that love and the herald of wedding bells.

July's smash fictionization:

"MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE"

The enchanting story starring RONALD COLMAN

To Make You Happier

(Continued from page 59)

artist who designed that wallpaper or chintz.

¶ If you want your room to be a peaceful retreat have your curtains and your walls the same color and patternless. Remember also that greens, gray greens, and blues are especially restful. Which is why Nature uses them so much, of course!

¶ If you want your room to be gay and festive use chintz.

¶ Be wary of too many patterned surfaces. A pattern in your rug, in your curtains, in pillows and on your walls is bound to be dizzy-making.

¶ Never sacrifice comfort to formality. Plan everything for comfort. And hint at formality by the design of your chintz, by dignified lamps, by hanging a pair of shelves on either side of your bed or window—or by all of these things.

¶ There's sure to be attraction in a room that's bright and friendly. Let the sun into your room. Grow things. Train ivy on a trellis in a sunny window. Or keep twin vases filled with ivy, laurel or huckleberry leaves, all of which will last indefinitely.

¶ What about your hobby? It certainly deserves a place in your room. If you sew or do needlepoint or knit don't hide your sewing bag or basket away in a closet. Have a sewing stand and a good light beside your favorite chair. If reading is important in your life build open shelves so your books will be within easy reach of your hand. If you're interested in photography have enlargements made of several scenic pictures you've taken, mat them on gay paper, put them in identical frames and hang them in a group. If you're interested in wood-carving carve a lamp base for the table beside your bed. (The pineapple lamp bases shown in the illustration were carved by an artist in the studio. One is done in a simple modern manner. The other is more ornate and more realistic.)



Miss Fontaine returns: Back from a sabbatical year as the wife of Brian Aherne, Joan appears in "Before the Fact" with Cary Grant

Take a lesson— from Arthur Murray Dancing Teachers



Alix Sherri, of the Cleveland staff, is noted for her pert, fresh-as-a-daisy blonde loveliness.



Kaye Hanlon, popular Kansas teacher, is still sweet and appealing at the end of her busiest day.



Margaret Stewart teaches in Florida—is poised, dainty, glamorous in the warmest weather.



TO Arthur Murray's glamorous dancing teachers, daintiness is not only a matter of personal fastidiousness. Their very jobs depend on it! And *they* depend on Odorono Cream to guard against underarm odor and dampness even on their busiest days!

Odorono Cream is non-irritating . . . you can use it right after shaving. It's non-greasy, harmless to fabrics . . . non-gritty, smooth as satin. Yet it checks underarm perspiration *safely* 1 to 3 days!

Take a lesson in glamour from these charming experts! Start using Odorono Cream today!

THE ODORONO CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Jane Macdonald, Palm Beach teacher, loves her job—dances for hours without losing the impeccable freshness which is her special charm!

1 FULL OZ. JAR—ONLY 35¢

Odorono Cream gives you
50% TO 100% MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY

Other
POPULAR
Creams



ALSO LIQUID ODORONO—REGULAR AND INSTANT

Makes shortcake melt in your mouth!



Use Parkay Margarine as a flavor shortening next time you bake a shortcake! Then you'll understand why all-purpose Parkay is so popular everywhere. It's a delectable spread for bread . . . a real flavor shortening . . . and wonderful for pan-frying.

And remember, this new margarine created by Kraft is an excellent energy food and a reliable year 'round source of Vitamin A (8,000 U.S.P. X1 units per pound).



MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING!

¶ If you possibly can manage it have a radio in your room. It's no more reasonable that you always should want to hear the program someone else in the house has tuned in on than it would be to suppose you'd always want to read the same book or the same newspaper article he or she was reading.

¶ If your room is small a big mirror on one wall or covering a wall or a good part of it will suggest greater space and help tremendously. If your room is square it doesn't make any difference which wall gets the mirror. If your room is long and narrow the mirror belongs on one of the long walls, of course. You don't have to use regular mirror glass, which is expensive. You can use sheet mirror, which is much cheaper. Or you can use flash mirror—window paning painted black on the reverse side—which is cheaper still. Flash mirror doesn't reflect clearly but it's very effective.

¶ If your room is dark use a mirror opposite the window or windows which give the most light. Have your walls a light color whether they're painted or papered. Keep the woodwork the same color as the walls. And use warm colors in your upholstery materials.

¶ "That's all very well," you're saying. We can hear you! "But the furniture in my room is terrible! It just isn't possible to plan any kind of a room around it!" Our decorators—the very men who have made you groan with envy over the rooms they have arranged in the studios—disagree violently. They chorus, optimistically:

You Have To Use It Well, Then—Make the Most of It!

¶ Furniture is dreary usually because it's a dreary color. With paint remover, sandpaper and good old-fashioned Amer-

ican industry you can bring your furniture down to the natural wood. If you like its natural color—and remember the vogue for blonde woods today—give it two or three coats of clear shellac, then wax it. If you want the grain of the wood to show and you also want color, buy stain—the color you desire—and mix it with your shellac. Orange shellac comes already made up and will give your furniture a maple finish. Or, having removed the dreary finish of your furniture, paint it some color that serves your color scheme. Incidentally, furniture that is the color of the wall against which it stands is most effective.

¶ Wooden bedsteads can be transformed into lovely modern pieces—and with practically no effort! Remove the high headboard and turn the bed around so the footboard becomes a smart low headboard! Make a spread that fits snugly about your bed surface and falls to the floor in soft pleats or folds. Or dispense with the bedstead entirely, have your spring and mattress set on four wooden legs, stand it lengthwise against the wall and treat it as a wide divan.

¶ It may be a monstrous chiffonier that's the despair of your life and a blot on your room. Simply enough you can turn it into the joy of your life and an eye-catcher. Take off the mirror and the gallery so the top surface is completely flat. The mirror out of its frame can be used over the chiffonier or elsewhere. Put hinges on a drawer that is the proper height for a writing surface. And cover that section of the interior of the drawer that is to become your desk with blotting paper or baize.

¶ If it's a bureau that's worrying you take off the mirror and the gallery and, again, leave the top surface completely flat. Replace the drawer handles with new handles that are more to your liking

or, if they're the old-fashioned handles that are carved like fruit or flowers, remove their dreary finish and paint them the soft colors their design suggests.

¶ If there are straight-backed chairs in your room they'll be infinitely improved by gay cushions tied to their seats. You can make these cushions or buy them very inexpensively, sometimes in the dime stores.

¶ If you have one upholstered chair—irrespective of what it looks like—you're lucky. A slip cover chosen with consideration for your color scheme will make that chair a thing of beauty.

¶ You know how important eyes are in a face. Well, windows are equally important in a room. So give thought and care to:

Your Windows

¶ Keep your windows simple. It's enough to have side curtains, especially when you use Venetian blinds. Or to have ruffled organdy, muslin or dotted Swiss or any other window curtain. You can use all three, if you're determined to be Mrs. Rich Ritz, but don't go looping and draping them too ornately.

¶ Side curtains never should be skimpy! Even though your curtains don't pull across the windows when the lamps are lit—and curtains that do this make a room intimate and warm and cozy—they should hang in full, soft folds.

¶ When you shop for curtain material don't limit yourself to the upholstery departments. Plaids, gay seersucker stripes, gingham and all kinds of dress cottons make effective curtains and cost next to nothing.

Mother's Day attraction: Charming Mrs. Johnnie Payne (Anne Shirley) celebrates second anniversary as a proud mama and manages a career between lullabies, her latest being Paramount's "West Point Widow"



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

¶ If your curtains are chintz or any patterned fabric line them with one of the predominating colors. If your curtains are a plain color line them with chintz.

¶ Unless there's no limit to your budget select chintz, linen or one of the modern cotton fabrics in preference to silk or satin or damask. Fabrics with a showy finish cheapen a room unless they cost a great deal of money.

¶ And they're pretty silly in any room that doesn't live up to them in every detail.

¶ Doors, like windows, are practical things which can be made decorative, too. So give thought and care to:

Your Doors

¶ If there are many doors in your room—too many doors, really—paint them the color of your walls. So they more or less disappear into the walls. This means the rest of your woodwork must be the color of your walls, too, of course!

¶ If there are only one or two doors in your room you'll create an effect by using plain curtains and painting the doors to match them.

¶ Decorate your doors. Stencils of scrolls and similar designs can be bought for a few cents in art shops. And the decoration they afford is worth a million.

¶ Now we come to three important things to remember:

Your Floors

¶ If you live in a modern house or apartment you have hardwood floors. All they need is a stain to bring them down to a rich, warm color and waxing upon occasion. But if you live in an old house or apartment and your floors have to be painted, remember this—they don't have to be painted dark brown! They can be black with the high polish of marble. In a bedroom that's pale and pastellish or gay and chintzy they can be white. Or they can be lemon-yellow or gray-green or the warm color of red tiles. It will be wise, however, to decide upon the color scheme and the general feeling your room is to have before you do anything about your floors.

¶ Unless your room is particularly large the wall space between your rug and walls should not be more than a foot and a half. If your rug leaves more space than this—cheat!—sew fringe on it!

¶ If you use small rugs don't catty-corner them.

¶ The Hollywood decorators are very firm about the importance of lamps, pictures, pillows and the like. They insist accessories are just as important to the chic of a room as they are to the chic of a costume. Which brings us to:

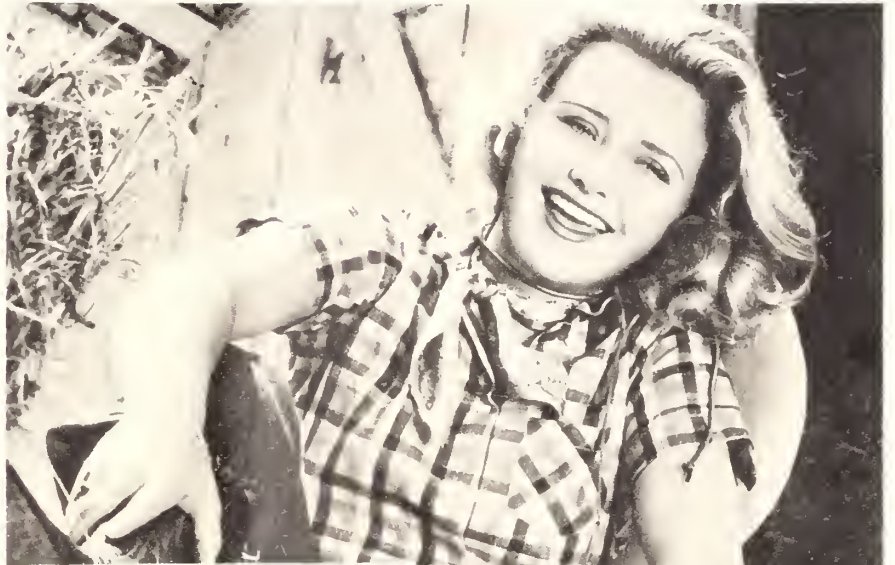
They're Only Little Things—But . . .

¶ Be hard-boiled about bridge prizes and Christmas and birthday presents that don't complement your decorative scheme. Give them away or throw them away—but don't use them!

¶ Fancy pillows became passé along with fussy telephone dolls.

¶ If your room doesn't have a fireplace—and most bedrooms don't—see if the family won't chip in and buy you an artificial fireplace for your birthday or Christmas, or both. And make any sacrifice that is necessary to reserve wall space for this fireplace. Ask the head man in your house if a gas feed pipe can't be run to your fireplace—so you can have honest-to-goodness flames licking around your artificial cannel coal and feel exactly like a heroine in an English novel. Otherwise, attach an electric fixture to your grate or your make-believe logs. An artificial fireplace is the next

NEVER A DULL MOMENT!



PRISCILLA LANE,

star of the Warner Bros. picture

"MISS WHEELWRIGHT DISCOVERS AMERICA"

says a Hollywood smile has to have glint and sparkle *always!* Impossible? "Easy!" says Priscilla... "if you use good sense and a good dentifrice." Like Calox Tooth Powder!



PRISCILLA, AGE ONE got off to a fine start for sound, lovely teeth! A careful diet. Lots of sun. Plenty of visits to her dentist. Then she grew up and became interested in beauty.



"I'VE FOUND you can't beat the advice of Perc Westmore, make-up expert at Warner's." And that is Calox Tooth Powder, choice of so many well-informed stars for daily cleansing and polishing. If you like a brilliant sheen, try Calox!



Helps your teeth shine like the stars'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. Calox is a real beauty tooth powder... it promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted

through 100 mesh silk screens.
3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.



Windows

**"TOP OF THE MARK"
COCKTAIL LOUNGE**

Stars all about! A meteoric shower of lights crowning San Francisco's twenty-seven hills below! In all the world, no other such view as seen through the Mark's windows in the sky. Nowhere gayer people in gayer setting.

Dining, dancing, living . . . no human habitation looks on such a pleasure exposure as the Mark with its sky location, as air-minded moderns agree. Four minutes from the city's center.

Rates from \$5 per Day
Garage in Building

GEORGE D. SMITH, Gen. Manager



Los Angeles: G. W. FAWCETT, 510 W. Sixth St.
Chicago: G. W. FAWCETT, 333 N. Michigan Blvd.
New York: R. F. WARNER, 11 W. 42nd Street

best thing to a real fireplace. It gives your room a warm heart. It makes it cozy. When lamps are turned out and curtains are drawn it will induce confidences. And it also will prove a wonderful starting-out place for the arrangement of your furniture.

☞ A panel or pictorial wallpaper cut to fit the wall over your fireplace or behind a bed—if the rest of the room is painted—will give the effect of a charming, colorful mural, especially if it's glassed.

Let There Be Light

☞ But see to it that it doesn't shine in people's eyes or cast hard shadows which turn you and your friends into mean-looking witches.

☞ Be very careful to have all your lamp shades the right size and depth for your lamps so no part of any bulb is left exposed.

☞ Have your lamps at a proper height. The top of the shade should be just about fifty-eight inches from the floor.

☞ Use bulbs with No. 40 wattage. They give a clear light but they don't light up a room like a church.

☞ Lamp shades with too much pattern give a room too busy an effect. If there are three lamps in your room use plain light shades on two and have a tole (painted metal) shade on the third. Tole shades are especially effective and dramatic against colored walls.

☞ Poke around in secondhand stores, antique shops and rummage sales until you find interesting old vases or ornaments or bottles that can be made into lamps. The big white pottery paste jars which can be bought in the household departments of many shops make really beautiful lamps and cost next to nothing.

Pictures . . . Pictures . . . Pictures . . .

They're like the little girl

Who had a little curl
That hung down the middle of her forehead.

When they are good
They are very, very good
And when they are bad
They are horrid!

☞ Above everything else see to it that your pictures are big enough for the wall space they occupy.

☞ A collection of fruit prints or flowers or a group of four small water colors or three or four etchings or lithographs are always more decorative together than scattered around hit-or-miss fashion and looking like oversized postage stamps stuck on the wall.

☞ Have frames heavy enough to give pictures importance but not so heavy that they dwarf them.

☞ Use mats on your pictures. Mats no longer are supposed to be white. They can be any color that flatters the picture, the wall upon which the picture hangs, or the frame. Consider a lime-green mat and a natural wood frame against a yellow wall. Or a pale coral mat against a white frame and a blue wall. Marbelized and metallic papers make very effective mats, too.

☞ Watch out that you don't get your picture too high! Unless a picture hangs over a mantel or a high cabinet the center of it should be on a level with your eyes when you are standing.

All right! You're on your own!

Don't try to do everything at once. Take your time. Make the fun last. For it will be fun to give your room a beauty treatment with Hollywood's decoration experts for your consultants. In fact, it's our guess that when you finish doing your room—fascinated by the miracle you have accomplished with a little paint and a little chintz and a lot of knowledge—you'll want to transform the family living room, too.

STYLE STREAMERS

If you got the ribbons on the Maypole on page 52 a little twisted, you'll want these correct answers

Style A: a cape

Capes are in this summer—long flowing ones of silk that make outfits of your summer dresses, cut in a military style that will make draftees stop, look and follow you.

Style B: a grosgrain ribbon belt

Ribbon trim for your dresses is a new summer style flash. Here's how to make this belt: Cut a 33" length of ribbon (this is for a size 28 waist). For other sizes, either add or subtract to ribbon length to go around waist. Then slip ribbon about 2" through loop opening of a buckle (if you're interested in things military you can choose a military emblem for your buckle). Then turn back this 2" piece of ribbon and fold underneath. Sew securely.

Style C: Buster Brown collars

Worn over suits or dresses, these are a vital fashion note for May. Gives you an innocent little-boy look and a choice of colors for the soft loose ties that will make an old dress into a new triumph.

Style D: Candy Stripes

Candy stripes, vertical, horizontal, diagonal, will trim the smartest summer dresses. Cuffs, collars, blouses, skirts, all go striped in the summer scene.

Style E: Beige shoes

Beige footwear is in again, in soft tones to match stocking shades. A best with navy blue or beige outfits.

Hollywood's Greatest Love Story

(Continued from page 30)

severe routine of lessons and practice for her voice.

Now on the set on that very first picture, when young Deanna was daily becoming more important and writers were daily adding a bit more here and a bit more there to her originally fairly small part, was a young man named Vaughn Paul. Six feet of him, moving easily with the grace of a trained athlete, going about his small business as a second assistant director—which to tell you the truth is not very much more than being a glorified messenger boy.

There was a shyness about young Paul. He was just out of college—he had graduated from Hollywood High School and gone on to U. S. C. He was greatly interested in economics and politics, and in high school had been star of a championship basketball team and had made the all-city nominations. At U. S. C. he broke his ankle early and was out of basketball so long he never went back.

At the studio where his father, Val Paul, had been an important executive, they thought young Vaughn a little too serious, a little too aloof. Of course, he had been brought up in the motion-picture business, he had heard it talked, seen it grow, as his normal background. The truth is that motion pictures fascinated the tall, blond blue-eyed boy from the very beginning.

Only he never wanted to be an actor. He is, frankly, much better-looking than a good many of our present crop of leading men and there is for some reason nearly always a dearth of young leading men in Hollywood. But Paul's idea was different.

At U. S. C.—where, by the way, his reputation is completely different from that which he enjoys at the studio and where he was known as a still-waters-run-deep type of humorist who would go any lengths and spend any amount of time on a good gag—at college, then, he had spoken often to the boys who were his friends about pictures. There is a tale in Hollywood that the saying "Motion pictures are still in their infancy" actually originated on the Universal lot, where Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin now work, with Uncle Laemmle. Young Vaughn Paul, in bull sessions at college, was apt to echo those sentiments—with due modesty. The great art of the cinema in all its best aspects had only begun. They found him intensely interesting, the young men who were his mates at college. He had, they said, "ideas." Also, they said, he was a swell guy. That, as you probably know, is the highest praise of the younger generation.

ONE thing they remember well. He never seemed to care much about girls. When the phone rang and it was a dame for Paul, he usually stalled a little—and didn't go out. Girls, of course, were very nice. But he wasn't in any sense a wolf. He wasn't a woman-hater or anything, but he was too busy. The feminine sex hadn't as yet impinged upon his life and consciousness. He liked the fellows, he liked all forms of athletics and he liked his work—which he referred to as a background.

As a matter of fact, both in high school and at college, he was extremely popular with the fellows.

He never had a girl—never "went steady" with anyone. Always a little shy



"Hey! Know any tricks to amuse baby bunnies? I've been putting my best foot forward all morning—but it's no use. They just grumble and take naps. Shucks, there oughta be *something* the sillies would like..."

"Hold on—maybe they feel the way I do when I'm hot and cross and some foolish grownup's trying to make me chuckle. Maybe what they really want more'n anything is something soothing to cool 'em off!..."



"Gleeps! That's it! Silky-cool Johnson's Baby Powder! Just two shakes of a rabbit's tail and I'll be back with double rubdowns for everybody. Then see if these fellas don't wiggle their ears and start to frolic."



"What a thrill! A rubdown with soft, soothing Johnson's Baby Powder is the high spot of any baby's day! It's swell for chafes and prickles. Mighty inexpensive, too."

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

**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 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.



More than 25 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold... Try a jar today.

ARRID

39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

with girls, never quite the same humorous, amusing cuss he was with the boys.

When college days were over he didn't ask more of his father than most young Americans ask—a job, if possible, a chance to get into the game. Alert, terribly ambitious, the moment he got his first job he began to concentrate on it. He did what too few young men who get into this vast industry ever do—he began actually to study it from every angle. His blond head and big shoulders were to be seen around the cutting room, in the projection booth, on other sets. He struck up friendships with men in every department—and there are so many, and all important, that go to the making of a motion picture.

They all liked him—and still he never had a girl. If the pretty young things around the lot made eyes at him, they got only a shy and friendly smile in response. Never a date. There are a few girls now who have "double dated" with Vaughn and Deanna—that's all.

So he was a second assistant director on the first Deanna Durbin picture and on several after that. They exchanged the ordinary words that a second and then a first assistant director and the star would exchange on a picture—but she was such a baby; and he was so intent upon his work. Friendly enough, but never intimate, of course. Those things aren't done in Hollywood exactly.

THEN, three years ago almost, when Deanna was sixteen, it happened.

Neither of them knows exactly how it happened.

They know now that one day they fell in love. Deanna, a slim and very vibrant sixteen, was aware of the tall blond young man with the serious face and the twinkling blue eyes—aware of him as the boy who filled some picture and some dream she had carried in her heart as it awakened. He simply—fitted right in.

And Vaughn Paul saw a girl for the first time—as the living, breathing, speaking figure of his ideal.

They were both, of course, young idealists. Romantic, as all young things are, dreaming as all young things must if the world is to go on at all.

Of course they wanted to fall in love—they were eager enough. And so very young—sixteen and twenty-one—the ideal ages, of course. Deanna dreaming of a Prince on a white horse, Vaughn Paul waiting for the Fairy Princess to come down from some distant tower.

Then one day their eyes met, held, and they looked away with quickening

hearts. Why—when they'd known each other, seen each other every day, been on the same set, in the same studio—did it come to pass like this?

THE little star found herself breathless, found herself watching for a sight of the tall young man, found herself making little opportunities to speak to him. A college man—she knew that. Very fond of music. Son, of course, of an old Hollywood family and a big executive. Socially, he was eligible. In answer to her shy casual little questions, she found out, too, that he was ambitious, that he worked hard, that already they were saying he would "go places" in pictures.

But—he was an assistant director and she was the studio's greatest star.

Also, she was a girl just turned sixteen. Vaughn Paul knew. He knew after that very first strange look. He began to think of her as—just a girl. Not as a star. She had, he found, the most beautiful blue eyes in the world, and they looked back at him so frankly, with some—was it a question in them? Her throat was full and white, and she had the prettiest little hands. Sometimes he forgot altogether about the studio and the set, and about her being Deanna Durbin, and just thought of her as the girl—the prettiest—the sweetest—and she would be such fun!

They faced their first problem then. For days—weeks—the thing was between them—and they both waited. Dreaming, waiting, not knowing, either one of them, just what move to make. Could a young second assistant director ask the star to make a date? Should the star, knowing how those things can be in Hollywood, make the first move—like royalty, issue the invitation herself?

Those were exquisite days, those first days of awareness, those first days of all the little glances, the little shy secret tones and looks, the anticipation. They are always wonderful days in any love affair, but when it is the first love, and both are young, and untouched, and full of all the things of life that are beautiful, it is something unequalled.

But what was the next step to be—and when would they find out that they were in love—how would they break through the barriers around them and find each other?

In the next instalment of Miss St. Johns' unusual story, you will find presented the facts about the first dates of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, dates that, because of Deanna's youth, were hushed up in Hollywood. Watch for your July copy.

**UGLY, ROUGH CUTICLE
GOES
WITHOUT CUTTING!**

NEGLECTED CUTICLE Wrap cotton around the end of an orangewood stick. Saturate with Trimal and apply it to cuticle. Watch dead cuticle soften. Wipe it away with a towel. You will be amazed with the results. On sale at drug, department and 10-cent stores.

TRIMAL



What the previewers of "That Hamilton Woman!" saw besides the picture: Judy Canova, Jinx Falkenberg and Glenn Ford sitting up in the second row

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 74)

fabrication of a bad dream, still for the most part "Fantasia" is a thrilling and utterly unique experience.

The music is so realistic that it seems to be coming at you from all sides. Here for the first time is a form of entertainment aimed right at the masses as a method for making the classics both popular and intelligible to the rank and file of the uninitiated. Even such a modernist as Stravinsky takes on meaning for the first time when his music is set to a story. Providing visual colorings for program music both clarifies its structure and creates a more vivid and lasting impression.

WILLARD C. HYATT,
Libertyville, Ill.

\$1.00 PRIZE

"How About It, Hymie?"

THERE'S no question about it—Hollywood knows practically everything there is to be known about photography. But, and this was a startling discovery, Hollywood knows very little about the use of the very popular candid camera! At least, one would not think so after watching Ruth Hussey's use of the camera in "The Philadelphia Story."

Research authorities spend untold hours when it comes to the proper presentation of articles and their uses in historical motion pictures. Yet here's something that's as up-to-date as Roz Russell's hats, and what happens? The motion picture big-wigs place the camera in the hands of an inexperienced person and say, "Go ahead—make believe, you're a magazine photographer." And, believe

me, dear reader, Ruth Hussey certainly did *make believe*; just as you and I would have when we were six or seven years of age!

Ruth galloped through the house, taking one picture after another, and for all her efforts, she didn't turn the film more than two or three times. She wiggled the camera, she took close-ups within a foot of her subjects—and all with the same lens! Boy, it was so easy, I decided to try her method, just to prove a point. Well, I have a composition now that any modernistic painter would envy. But, it isn't practical, and I'll have to revert to the old method, for even Photoplay-Movie Mirror's own Hymie Fink can't take more than one picture on a given section of film and have it published! How about it, Hymie?

BILL BATTY,
Middletown, Conn.

\$1.00 PRIZE

Seeing Is Believing

ON Valentine's Day something happened to me that I shall never forget.

Nelson Eddy gave a concert here before an audience that was packed to capacity.

Before the concert began, the usual rumors went about of how Mr. Eddy never smiled, gave very few encores and all the unpleasant things that will be said about a star.

When the curtain rose and Nelson Eddy stood before us with a smile that could brighten the four corners of the earth, the building fairly resounded with the thunder of applause.

Finally, after his last number had been given (with encores throughout the program), he gave us encore after encore.

The audience stood as they clapped, whistled and even stamped for Mr. Eddy to sing even more. Then, after twenty-two numbers had been sung, he ended his concert with "Will You Remember?" from his picture "Maytime."

I know that every person in that audience will always remember Nelson Eddy. His graciousness and love for giving all he has could never be forgotten.

BARBARA BENNET,
Phoenix, Ariz.

\$1.00 PRIZE

A "Yes" for a Few "No's"

I WAS ill for more than a year during which, naturally, I saw no movies. Then I started going to see them—and what a surprise! Can it be that Hollywood is now a guild of real artists? All the old clichés are gone.

Just lately, for instance, I've seen: The hero telephoning, and *not* getting the number right away; paying off his taxi and counting the change he received; packing for a sudden journey and *not* lifting six monogrammed shirts out of a top drawer to throw into a suitcase; writing a letter and *not* just making a hurried hen-track across a sheet of paper; ringing for his servant and *not* getting him immediately; a girl dressing for a date and *not* once dabbing perfume behind her ears; a young wife telling her husband she's going to have a baby—in just those words. No coy subterfuges. In brief, Hollywood seems at last to have



Listen in!

(The girls are talking about Tampons)

The Blonde: *It's invisible* sanitary protection, thank heavens... 'cause Fibs are worn internally... keep my secret safe even in this bathing suit. Otherwise I'd be missing lots of fun this summer.

The Brunette: *Whatta pal...* why didn't you tell me before? I had to miss the beach all last week! But why Fibs?... aren't all tampons alike?

The Blonde: *I'll say they're not!* For one thing... Fibs are easy to use... no gadgets needed, so naturally Fibs cost less. And what means even more to me—Fibs are the *Kotex* Tampon...

The Brunette: *That's the answer!* Fibs are a *Kotex* product... so it's Fibs for me! Now I remember... Fibs are the tampons that are "Quilted" for more comfort and safety. And you get a full dozen for just 20¢.

FIBS the *Kotex* Tampon



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Why Can't ALICE FAYE Find True Love?

ONE GIRL who ought to be happy is Alice Faye. Yet the secret fact is that she is not. Among Screen Guide's scoops for June are the intimate details of her romances.

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All this and heavenly color portraits, too—Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Olivia de Havilland, Tony Martin. Also gossip, reviews, beauty hints, fashion news!

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G. RAYNE,
Vancouver, Canada

HONORABLE MENTION

WHY do the studios "push" such questionable talent as Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Linda Darnell, Virginia Bruce, Gene Tierney, Paulette Goddard and Olivia de Havilland on the public? If they can act, I am Sarah Bernhardt.

The female romanticists will resent this, but why don't the studios star Leslie Howard and Charles Boyer in a gangster picture? Let Leslie Boy be a gang leader and Charlie Boy a rival "crime defender" who kill each other for the love of gun-moll Joan Fontaine. Oh, yes, then let Toughy Joan act animated (which will probably kill her) and then the screen will be rid of three sissy-pants.

EMILY CHERRY,
Norfolk, Va.

Why doesn't Warner Brothers studio wake up and realize what a swell screen bet they have in Jeffrey Lynn? He has proved in the few times he's had a chance that he can act

MRS. ALFRED A. ROSE,
Vicksburg, Miss.

John Barrymore may have bags under his eyes, two chins and numerous wives, but for all that he is one of the very best thespians in the business. Please, someone, give John a meaty part in a good sophisticated drama.

ETHEL L. MORRIS,
Kansas City, Mo.

I AM the victim of a new and apparently incurable malady known to science (and movie fans) as galloping Jaggeritis. The patient usually complains of loss of sleep, general dreaminess and inability to concentrate and shows a marked tendency to haunt theaters playing "Brigham Young, Frontiersman" or "Western Union."

Symptoms generally appear within a short time after exposure to a pair of very penetrating and very blue eyes, a crisp metallic voice and various and sundry other items which are the exclusive property of an exciting gentleman named Dean Jagger.

DOROTHY E. DICKSON,
Altadena, Calif.

IF movie patrons could look behind the scenes at the revolting cruelties practiced on helpless animals there would be an immediate boycott on the thrill-packed Westerns where the Noble Hero dashes madly off a high cliff. The background of every such "punch" is a toll of broken legs, internal injuries and hideous suffering for the horses involved.

SYLVIA L. PETERS,
Eugene, Ore.

LAST night a new star appeared on the movie horizon, new for me, at least. His name is Rex Harrison and in him I found an actor delightfully different from any I have ever seen. Besides a twinkle in his eye and a sense of humor, Mr. Harrison can also appear serious and even dangerous-looking. His is a rare personality that has never been apparent in any of our present or past day actors.

BETTY JOHNSON,
Indianapolis, Ind.

TWICE I have been to the movies lately in company with my teen-age daughter, only to sit there and wish we were home. Both films—"The Philadelphia Story" and "Virginia"—showed beautiful estates and beautiful women. But two flagrant faults stand out in each—drink, drink, drink; Katharine Hepburn dead to the world in more than one scene and Madeleine Carroll saying, "Let's get tight" every time a crisis came up.

A mother who cares.

MRS. CALVIN W. SHERMAN,
Clyde, N. Y.

I AM an American! That's why "Land of Liberty" thrilled me so tremendously! I have always loved our flag and the country it stands for, but they mean more than ever to me now, after seeing the struggle people have gone through to make them what they are. That sweeping panorama of the growth of our nation did something for me. And seeing those scores of stars, each doing his part magnificently but each subordinate to the real star—The United States of America—brings a lump to one's throat.

ADELINE SWANSON,
Boulder, Colo.

CONGRATULATIONS to somebody for discovering Dan Dailey Jr. Besides proving himself a good actor, he is handsome to the right degree. He has an appealing sincerity about him that makes you feel you know him intimately. He looks and acts like the boy next door or your college roommate might. His twinkling smile and flashing dimples can make the fans of Gable, Boyer and Taylor forget their idols.

FRANCES WAKELEY,
Rome, Ga.

What Ann Sheridan Learned in Exile

(Continued from page 43)

'name.' You see the ones who sympathize, perhaps, but are afraid to 'take sides' because it might hurt them with the Big Shots who might otherwise do something for them someday, some way. You see the ones who are just curious and after they've found out all they can about your affairs, toddle along on their own sweet way, forgetting all about you. "And you see those who are really your friends. . . ."

AS she spoke, the phone rang and she went to answer it herself. When she returned to her chair by the living-room fire, it was to mention specifically one of those friends.

"That was George," she said, simply. Then, perhaps because we may have looked surprised (Hadn't everyone been saying that the Sheridan-Brent romance was "off"?), she grinned.

"Sure . . . We see each other often. You didn't think George had run out on me, did you?" she demanded. And laughed out loud at our guilty look because we had thought just that.

"We just didn't go around to night clubs and such, where we were 'seen,'" she explained. "Until all this salary business was settled, I preferred not to be on parade. You can understand that, can't you?"

"But I had a grand time for myself," she went on, "for the reason that so many people were so perfectly wonderful to me! Besides George, there were Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, the Jimmy Cagneys, the Pat O'Briens, the Humphrey Bogarts,

Big Boy Williams and George Tobias, the Jerome Cowans and a lot of others who showed themselves 'friends indeed!' That also includes the entire Hollywood press and I'll never forget it. And total strangers were wonderful, too.

"You know," she confided, "I didn't exactly have it easy, those first five years I spent in Hollywood. There were times, as you may know, also, when I wasn't quite sure where my next meal was coming from. And there were plenty of snubs and double-crossings. In fact, I learned then so much about hurt and disillusionment that I expected the worst when this happened. I was sure I would be kicked around for fair. At least—" she shrugged expressively—"I thought I might be. Well, I soon found out 'what gave' pro and con, good and bad.

"On the bad side of the ledger there was, of course, that certain Hollywood hostess. Maybe you'd better spell it with a capital 'h'; she's that kind of a hostess. Anyway, she used to invite me to her parties regularly, even though I had never met her. Always, she'd be cordial as anything. Well, I never accepted her invitations because I really didn't want to since I didn't know her. But during this interlude—" she laughed—"I couldn't have if I wanted to because I wasn't asked any more. Annie with a job was one thing, as far as she was concerned. Annie without was another."

There was also, it seems, the episode of the Ardent Swain, or perhaps it should be the Would-Be Ardent Swain. He was a young Hollywood actor trying to get along and being only partially successful

at it. He began to be ardent—but *ardent!*—about the time "Torrid Zone" was released. He gave Ann the rush of her life. Or tried to. He'd call up and say, "I'm going to beat Brent's time, you know"—joking, but in earnest. Ann liked him all right and she'd laugh at his sallies, but she never went out with him. Obviously, "Brent's time" was difficult to beat.

And then came the mix-up with Warners. Ann went on her enforced "vacation." Rita Hayworth became "The Strawberry Blonde." And the Ardent Swain, like the Arab, "folded his tent and silently stole away."

"He needed to be 'seen' with a bigger fish than I was then. He couldn't waste time on me. So I was 'all alone by the telephone.'"

Ann laughed without malice. You learn tolerance along the rough, tough road she has travelled. You learn not to judge too sharply because people kind of get what's coming to 'em, anyway.

BESIDES, for Ann, there were those other things—those items on the good side of the ledger—to offset the bad. Like the way in which a certain famous woman columnist who is a dear friend of hers inveigled her on shopping expeditions and then insisted on paying all the bills.

"You see," Ann explained, "here in Hollywood when you don't work for some time, most people assume that you're rapidly going broke. And I guess that a good many people out of a job do go broke. It was natural, therefore, that Lillian (that's not her name, but I'll call

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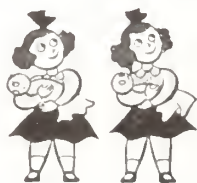
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her that) should figure that my own finances were not exactly top-hole. So, being one of the most generous people in the world, she'd get me to try on things—hats, dresses, shoes, whatever I happened to need—and if I liked 'em, she would manage to pay for them before I knew what was going on. And she would be so sweet about it; so pleased at what she was doing that unless I wanted to be a perfect boor, I'd just have to let her have her own way.

"I wasn't broke, though," she confided. "The lessons I learned through those years when I had it so tough in Hollywood taught me to prevent that. I've saved something out of every pay check I have ever earned. And for the last couple of years I've had a crackerjack business manager who has kept me on a rigid budget. So, I shouldn't have starved for a long, long time."

NOT that Ann's friends would have let her, anyway, and that's what is so swell about this whole thing. Take what Big Boy Williams, George Tobias and Jerome Cowan did at Christmas. Sure. It was a gag. But there was a point to it, too.

"They came around Christmas morning," Ann recounted. "I answered the doorbell and there they were. 'Come on outside and see what Santa Claus has brought you,' they said. So I did... and Santa Claus had brought a truckload of groceries. I mean a truckload! We all laughed fit to kill, but I took the groceries, just as they meant me to, bless their hearts."

Or take what the man at the filling station did, down San Juan Capistrano way, that day Ann and George Brent were driving to San Diego.

"It was shortly after Warners had suspended me," Ann said. "We were in my car and I was driving. We stopped for gas at a station which sold the kind of gas that I had happened to endorse through an advertising tie-up arranged by Warners. Of course, though, this contract had long since been terminated. Even so, when I asked the man, 'How much?' and started to reach for my purse, he cut me off short.

"Not a thing, Miss Sheridan," he said. "You're going to need your money!" And he wouldn't take anything, either!"

Of course, the postscript to this is that Annie took the price of the fifteen gallons of gasoline, put some more with it and bought the man a nice Christmas present. But that doesn't spoil the story of his consideration for her. Ann was in a spot, he figured, and he wanted to help her out... just as a lot of other people have wanted to in a lot of other ways she will never forget.

A far more important postscript to this story of Ann's "Hollywood exile" is that the differences between her and the studio have now been ironed out. Her return to the home fold in "Navy Blues" ought to mark the dissolution not only of the Navy's blues but Annie's also. For she has come back with \$20,000 of back pay in her jeans plus a bump in salary reported to make her weekly stipend \$1,000. So much we can personally assure you: The new figure is no less than that amount, though it does represent a compromise. (Ann asked for \$2,000 a week, you recall.) But isn't compromise the happy ending for all strikes?

Thus the redheaded youngster who hooked her heels over the rails of the fence and listened while the "Boss Man" said, "You have to do what you have to do," has made a practical—and profitable—demonstration of the truth of that lesson learned so long ago.

The Man Who Lost Himself

(Continued from page 47)

Scott. I'm another man."

"Yes, sir," blandly, "you always are, sir."

"Always?" John said bewilderedly.

"Yes, sir. You always say you are a new man and that the old Malcolm Scott is dead."

John was losing patience. "Hey, wait a minute—" he snapped, then memory returned. Malcolm Scott! Why, that was the name of the chap he'd met last night when, after finishing his multiple Scotch and sodas, he had turned away from the bar and bumped into a man so like him in every way that it was like running into a mirror. They might have been twins.

"I'm Malcolm Scott," the other man had said abruptly when for a few moments they had stared at each other in mutual amazement. "We've probably broken the all-time record for look-alikes and I think that calls for a drink. Will you join me?"

They had had a drink, then another and another. John remembered it clearly now and he let out a whoosh of relief. "You and Scott got yourselves a couple of brannigans," he told himself cheerfully, "and he brought you home and put you to bed. Probably his idea of a joke."

"YOUR bath is ready, Mr. Scott," Paul announced.

"Now look, Paul," John said firmly. "I'm not Mr. Scott. Mr. Scott and I did a little serious drinking last night and apparently he brought me here and tucked me in. He must be quite a practical joker."

"Yes, sir," Paul agreed. "But," firmly, "you came home alone, Mr. Scott. The taxi driver rang the bell and I let you in and—helped you to bed, sir." That left John speechless for the moment and Paul said again, "Your bath is ready, Mr. Scott."

"I'm not—" John began the denial automatically, then his devil-may-care love of adventure got the upper hand. Why not, he argued, stick around, pretend to be Mr. Scott until he found out what the real Scott's game was? A little luxury wouldn't be hard to take for a while and there was no reason why Scott should have all the fun. No reason at all, he decided impetuously, and threw himself into the masquerade with light-hearted enthusiasm. Whistling cheerfully, he bathed, shaved and put on the strange but miraculously well-fitting clothes which Paul laid out for him. He was a little reluctant about accepting the well-filled wallet and keys which Paul handed him, but reflected that there was no point in halfway measures and pocketed them. After a superb breakfast he dawdled over a cigarette until Paul asked if he wasn't going to take his usual morning walk.

"The very thing I had in mind," he said. Paul handed him a hat and setting it on his head at a slant John started off at a longlegged stride down Fifth Avenue, wondering what was going to happen next.

What happened was that he forgot all about traffic lights and stepped off the curb right in front of a limousine which was just rounding the corner. Horns hooted and brakes snarled and John, instead of being crushed under the car, as for a hair-raising instant he expected to be, found himself on his hands and knees in the gutter.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" The voice, low-pitched and furious, came from the car which had drawn close to the curb. John looked up. The speaker was a girl. More

than that, she was beautiful, with the vivid intoxicating beauty of gleaming dark hair and eyes, ivory satin skin and warm lips.

"Yes," John said. "Why yes, it is, isn't it?"

"I might have known it," the girl snapped. Exasperation added sparkle to her dark eyes and John relaxed against the curb the better to watch her face. "Well," she demanded, "haven't you anything to say?"

"You're beautiful," John said in awe. "Even when you frown. You'd be more beautiful," he continued audaciously, "if you smiled. Why don't you smile?"

Surprisingly, she did smile, but it was a faint unwilling ghost of a smile which touched her lips for only an instant before she repressed it and said sharply, "For heaven's sake, get up."

Obediently, John stood up. "You're wonderful," he sighed.

HER face softened unexpectedly. "Why do you act this way?" she cried. "Why do you make such a spectacle of yourself—of me? I've tried," there was a hint of tears in her pleading, "you know I've stood by you through everything, Mal."

The realization that she thought he was Scott added impetus to John's masquerade. "Couldn't you," he suggested hopefully, "keep on standing by?"

Fury swept her again. "You are without doubt," she blazed, "the most conceited, inconsiderate—but," she broke off, "we can't talk here. I'll see you later, as we planned." She leaned forward, gave instructions to the chauffeur and before John could stop her the car was lost in traffic. It was only then that he realized that he didn't know who she was.

He was walking along, picturing her face, the proud lift of her chin, the way her dark hair lay against her smart cavalier hat, when a newsboy thrust a paper into his hand. Automatically he gave the boy money. But the next moment he was shocked into activity—for across one column of the paper he read: "John Evans, Porto Rican businessman, killed in subway accident."

Five minutes later John faced Paul in the library of Malcolm Scott's home. He knew instinctively that the dead man must be Scott and it was up to him now to establish his own identity and clear up the mistake.

"Bring me the papers that were in the suit I wore last night," he ordered.

"There weren't any papers, sir," Paul said. "I went through the pockets carefully before I sent the suit to the cleaner, Mr. Scott."

"Paul," John said authoritatively, "this is no longer a game. Mr. Scott," he lowered his voice, "is dead."

"How often I've heard you say that." The words came from the doorway behind him, but the low-pitched tones were unmistakable, and John, scarcely able to believe his good luck, wheeled to face the girl he had seen in the limousine. Her indignation was gone now, replaced by unhappiness which tore at John's heart. "How often," she repeated, sinking into a chair, "I've heard you say, 'The old Malcolm Scott is dead. I'm a different man.'"

"That's exactly what I mean," John said seriously. "I am a different man."

With a graceful shrug the girl slipped the furs from her shoulders. "You'll never be different," she said wearily. "I thought you might be. I thought, when you went to the sanitarium—"



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The Wolf met Little Red Riding Hood going to Grandma's with a basket of food and a package of Dentyne (that delicious chewy gum that helps keep teeth bright).

The Wolf could have gobbled up R. R. H. right then but he thought he could eat Grandma first. So when R. R. H. arrived, there was the Wolf pretending to be Grandma herself.

"Hello, Grandma!" said R. R. H., pretending she didn't recognize him. "How do you keep your teeth so bright and sparkling?" "By eating raw meat!" snarled the Wolf.

"How old-fashioned! You should chew Dentyne. Its extra firmness helps your teeth keep healthy and lustrous white. And that spicy flavor—mm!" And she offered the Wolf some Dentyne. "My! My! How delicious!" purred the Wolf. "From now on I exercise my teeth only on Dentyne!"

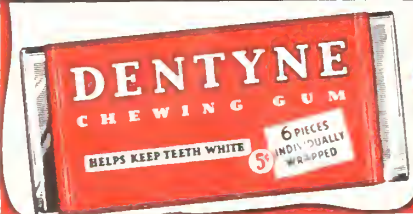
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Mrs. Van Avery was determinedly blonde. "Malliekins," she cooed coyly, "did oo miss oor baby?" John winced

"Was Malcolm Scott in a sanitarium?" John interrupted. A light was beginning to break. If Scott was crazy that would account for his getting him drunk and taking his papers.

"Stop it, Mal," she ordered impatiently. "There's no sense in pretending that you've forgotten running away from the sanitarium last night, phoning me to meet you here this morning—what is it, Paul?" she added as the butler, who had slipped out of the room earlier, entered.

"There are two gentlemen to see Mr. Scott," Paul said. "They are from some insurance company."

"I haven't got any insurance and I don't want any," John snapped.

"They aren't selling insurance, sir." Paul said. "They want to talk to you about an accident."

The girl glanced at her wristwatch. "You might as well see them, Mal. You seem to have forgotten whatever it was you wanted to talk to me about and I have to leave anyhow. Tell the men Mr. Scott will be free shortly, Paul."

"Thank you, Mrs. Scott," Paul said, and withdrew.

The name hit John with all the force of a thunderbolt. "Are you—are you—" he asked in amazement—"Malcolm Scott's wife?"

Color flooded her face. She sprang out of her chair, her brown eyes sparkling wrathfully so that they sent little tingles along John's spine. "That," she cried furiously, "is the last straw. Since you can't even remember that we are married I shall take steps to see that we don't stay married—and this time I really mean it!" And paying no attention to John's frantic "Wait, let me explain" she caught up her furs and ran blindly out of the room.

JOHN'S interview with the insurance men didn't last long, but it did turn the masquerade into a grim dilemma. Assuming that he was Scott, they told him they just wanted to check on the fact that he had spent the previous evening with John Evans in a hotel bar. They had made that discovery, they went on, while investigating Evans' death in connection with a \$20,000 accident insurance

policy payable to Harold Phillips. John carried no insurance of any sort and was about to blurt out this fact, along with his true identity. Then he recalled that accident policies, unlike life insurance, do not require physical examination, which made it entirely possible for his one-time partner—for some mysterious idea of his own—to have taken out such a policy without John's knowledge. If this were the case, John decided, he'd better get some more information from the investigators before he gave them any.

So he held his tongue and the next moment he realized how lucky it was that he had, for one of the men said that there was some doubt that the dead man was really Evans and that if Evans was alive he would face charges of working in collusion with Phillips to defraud the insurance company. Even while the man was talking, John was reflecting that it was darned lucky his attempts to convince Mrs. Scott and Paul that he wasn't Scott had failed. For there was only one thing to do now; keep on being Scott until it was safe for him to be John Evans again.

As soon as the men left, John rang for Paul. By pretending that he had forgotten past events, he led Paul to give him a pretty complete picture of Scott. It wasn't a pretty picture. The dissolute son of a millionaire department store owner, Scott had filled his life with escapades ranging from drinking and gambling to entanglements with one woman after another. His conduct had grown even worse after he had taken over the store following his father's death. His family would no longer associate with him. His wife, whose name John learned was Adrienne, had repeatedly threatened to divorce him and had in fact recently moved out of the house and taken an apartment of her own, although now she was working at the store in an effort to save it from the ruin which seemed inevitable under Scott's mismanagement. If Scott had been a poor man he would have been declared insane and clapped into an asylum; since he had money and position he was known simply as an eccentric and his only restraint

had been in the sanitarium from which he had escaped the previous evening.

The discovery that his double was such a thoroughgoing heel didn't make the future look any too bright and rosy, so John wasn't greatly surprised when he was visited by an unpleasant-looking man to whom Scott had been paying blackmail over some indiscreet letters he had written to a married woman, one Mrs. Van Avery.

BLUFFING, and making up his story as he went along, John accused the man, whose foreign accent was unmistakable, of being an alien, living in this country illegally.

He nearly fell off his chair in surprise when the man, jittering with fear, admitted that all this was true and returned not only the letters but the money Scott had already paid him in exchange for John's promise not to inform the immigration authorities.

His next caller, several hours later, was Mrs. Van Avery herself. She was determinedly blonde and heavily made up and her use of scent was generous rather than subtle.

"Malliekins, sweetie," she cooed, hurling herself at John. "Did oo miss oor baby?" John backed away, but Mrs. Van Avery pursued him, finally cornered him and perched herself coyly in his lap. Then she came to the point of her visit. "Oor baby is awfully broke," she pouted. "She needs some money. Not a lot of money—just a teeny, weeny little \$2000—and," twining her arms around his neck, "she just knows her Malliekins will give it to her."

As John studied the avid face so close to his own, he wondered if it was only coincidence that she had found herself out of funds so soon after the blackmailer expected—and failed to receive—money, or if it indicated that the two were working together. It was only a hunch but he decided to act on it, so he said, "When I told your partner that I was through paying blackmail I meant that I was through paying blackmail. To anybody, to everybody."

"Why, the hell!" the woman screamed. "So he told you—"

John laughed exultantly. His hunch had worked! "He didn't tell me anything, I guessed—and you've just admitted that I guessed the truth. So, my dear Mrs. Van Avery," he bowed mockingly, "suppose we say—good-by."

PAUL, who, John had sensed by now, considered himself a member of the family with duties and privileges far greater than those of the average servant, was so jubilant over the blackmail and Van Avery victories that he reported them to the family lawyer and the lawyer, in turn, was so impressed with what he believed was Scott's reform that he begged Adrienne to give her supposed husband another chance and arranged a meeting between the pair at the store.

In her office at the store John found Adrienne with her dark head bent over a stack of papers. He wanted more than anything else in the world to kiss away the frown of worry from between her eyes, but he confined himself to a casual "Hello."

"Hello," she answered, just as casually.

John didn't know what to say after that and fumbled around in his mind wondering whether, since she thought he was Scott, she would expect him to refer to the Van Avery business or ignore it. Better ignore it, he decided, and said, gesturing at the papers on her desk, "How are things going?"

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She didn't answer and her silence told John more plainly than words how desperately she needed help.

"I'm sorry," he said contritely, "I didn't know things were so bad."

"You should have known," she said. "I've tried often enough to tell you."

John passed over that criticism. "Aren't sales holding up?" he asked, dropping into a chair.

"Better than ever. But expenses—overhead—" she gestured helplessly. "Maybe we'd better sell to that syndicate as Mulhausen keeps urging us to do, although their offer is only about a quarter of what it should be."

Not daring to ask who Mulhausen was, John said gently, "I'd like to help. Suppose you show me the daily records."

"Records?" with obvious astonishment. "Why, I never see the records. Mulhausen keeps them."

"It seems strange," John mused, "that the wife of the president of the firm, officiating in his—his unavoidable absence, shall we say?—doesn't see the records."

"It certainly is," Adrienne retorted. "but what could I do? Sneak across the hall into his office and loot his safe? After all, he's an officer of the firm and he said he was acting under your orders."

John got up and began to prowl around the office. "I seem to smell a rat," he said thoughtfully. "I believe," starting toward the door, "I'd better have a talk with Mulhausen."

"Oh," the relief in her voice was unmistakable. "Oh, if you only would." In her eagerness she sprang out of her chair and laid her hand on his arm. Her nearness was too much for John. Impetuously he drew her into his arms and kissed her full on the mouth. At first she held herself tautly aloof, then he felt her lips melt beneath his own.

A moment later she pulled herself away. "Why, Mal," she breathed in amazement. Then as if afraid of the emotion his embrace had stirred within her she said coolly, "Don't forget that you were going to talk to Mulhausen. Now, march." And John, still dazed by her kiss, marched.

Mulhausen wasn't in and, after making an appointment through his secretary for the following morning, John returned to Adrienne's office to discover that she, too, had gone. Disappointed, he left the store and walked slowly up Fifth Avenue. His thoughts were filled with Adrienne and it was like an answer to prayer, when he reached the house, to find her there.

She was dressed in a foamy rose-tinted housecoat which swirled about her as she sat at the piano. A fire burned on the hearth, near which stood a small table set for two.

Adrienne looked up happily when John entered. "Hello, dear," she called softly. The look and the greeting turned him limp, so that he leaned against the door for support. She went on playing for a moment. "The cigarettes are here, by the piano," she said at last. "Matches, too."

"Everything," John walked slowly across the room, "seems to be here, by the piano."

"I'm glad," she said meaningly, "you feel that way."

John gulped. "What's that you're playing?" he asked.

"Darling," Adrienne reproached him, "that's our song. The one we always play when we've quarreled and—made up."

"Oh," John said weakly. Adrienne brought the song to an end. "Suppose," she suggested, indicating

Freckles

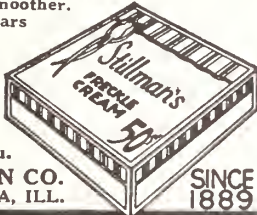
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the table by the fire, "we have some dinner."

When they have finished eating, Adrienne said seriously, "You know, darling, you seem different, somehow. No," as he started to speak, "I don't mean the old 'I'm a different man' line of yours. I mean *really* different. More responsible—more capable. More," hesitantly, "tender and understanding."

"I'm not—" John began, but Adrienne, misinterpreting his words, laid her fingers across his lips.

"You are," she insisted. "I realized it this afternoon when you kissed me. I knew then that we really and truly love each other. That's why," she went on softly, "I moved back home tonight."

As the full significance of her words dawned in John's mind he felt himself go tense with consternation. Surely, he told himself, no man had ever before been in such a predicament—in love with a girl who, thinking he was her husband, was offering her love, herself—and he could neither accept nor give any decent reason for refusing.

"Adrienne," he managed at last to gasp, "you've got to let me explain."

Adrienne shook her head. "No explanations. The past is over. We have only the future. Oh, my dearest, it will be such a happy future."

Too dazed to reply, John let her lead him through the hall and up the wide stairway. When they'd gone a few steps John halted. "Got to go back," he muttered. "Left the lights on." He turned, prepared to bolt back down the stairs.

ADRIENNE'S pressure on his arm increased. "Paul will turn them out," she said, not stopping.

A few steps more, then John said, "I'm afraid I left a cigarette burning." "Paul," Adrienne didn't pause and John was forced to stumble after her, "will empty the ash trays."

A few steps more, and John worked his cigarette case out of his pocket. It rolled down the stairs. "Dropped my cigarette case," he said brightly. "I'll go back and get it."

"We'll go back and get it," Adrienne corrected firmly and together they went down the stairs. Then, John's ingenuity for escape at an end, together they climbed the stairs again and entered the large bedroom on the second floor.

"Adrienne," John cried hoarsely then, "there's something I've got to tell you."

Adrienne faced him expectantly. "I know what it is, dear," she said. "I've been waiting all evening for you to tell me. Tell me now," she urged softly. "Take me in your arms and tell me you love me."

"Adrienne," he began, then, "Oh, Adrienne, I love you," he cried and swept her into his arms.

Their embrace lasted only a moment, then with, "I'll only be a minute, dear," Adrienne slipped into the dressing room.

When the door had closed behind her John impulsively started toward it. Then he forced himself to stop and with the furtiveness of an animal escaping from a trap he dashed through the opposite door, ran swiftly down the stairs and out of the house.

HE spent the night on a bench in the park, smoking innumerable cigarettes. Time after time he was tempted to return to the house, to Adrienne, but each time he beat down the temptation. By morning he had outlined a plan of action. His reasoning was almost in the form of a schoolboy's exercise, built up from premise to premise. First, he and Adrienne loved each other. Therefore,

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they would be married. Therefore, Adrienne must be made to realize that he was John Evans and that Malcolm Scott was dead. He shuddered at what might be in store for him once the insurance investigators learned that Evans was alive, but with the confidence born of love he was sure this difficulty could be overcome.

Eagerly he started back toward the house, then he recalled his appointment with Mulhausen. Better to get that out of the way first, he decided and headed for the store.

Mulhausen greeted him matter-of-factly and with a cynicism and assurance which hinted at a long partnership in crime, he talked freely. Scott and Mulhausen, John learned, had for years mulcted the organization of many thousands of dollars. Scott had been in no position to protest, even if he had wanted to, not only because he had shared in the plunder but because Mulhausen had in his possession a check which Scott had forged. He had used the check as a club over the young man and, by refraining from turning it over to the authorities—which would have resulted inevitably in a prison sentence for Scott—he had gone on his merry, pilfering way with perfect confidence.

"And that's all you have?" John said incredulously when Mulhausen waved the check under his nose.

"That's all I have," Mulhausen agreed. "But," significantly, "I have it!"

"You mean you had it," John shouted triumphantly and before the startled Mulhausen could stop him he snatched the check.

Mulhausen lunged for it, but John held it out of reach with one hand and shoved him back with the other. They struggled wildly around the desk, John trying frantically to figure out a way of destroying the evidence that would require only one hand. At last, in desperation, he shoved it into his mouth. Then pinioning the now terrified Mulhausen against the wall he slowly chewed it to a pulp and, bit by bit, nearly choking in the process, he swallowed it. When the last scrap had safely passed his Adam's apple he released his victim and with a blithe "Thanks, Mulhausen, that's the best meal I've ever had," he strode briskly out of the office.

HIS victory over Mulhausen acted like a tonic on John. He rushed to Adrienne's office, expecting to overwhelm her with the news. She wasn't there. He phoned the house. Paul informed him reproachfully that Adrienne had moved back to her apartment. He called the apartment—time after time he called the apartment—but each time he called Adrienne refused to talk to him.

Desperate with the need to make everything clear to her he hit upon the idea of having Paul summon the members of Malcolm Scott's family—together with the family lawyer and the doctor from whose sanitarium Scott had escaped—for a conference at the house. When he faced this group a little later, John expected them, with one voice, to denounce him as an impostor. But to his consternation each one thought he was Scott.

"I'm not Scott!" he shouted. "I am John Evans. Can't you understand? Scott is dead—I am Evans."

Nobody believed him.

"Too bad," the lawyer murmured.

"Definitely a bad case of split personality," the doctor announced.

The two men looked at each other, reached a wordless understanding, then they converged on John. A moment later,

with the unhappy assistance of Paul, he had been bundled into the doctor's car and was on his way to the sanitarium.

Night had settled down when John climbed over the sanitarium wall and began glumly to trudge along the highway toward New York. Since the sanitarium was more like a hotel than a place of confinement he had found it surprisingly simple to escape from his room and to avoid the attendants scattered about, but short as his incarceration had been it had given him time for thought.

For one thing, Adrienne's refusal to talk to him, it was clear now, was no mere whim but the inflexible determination of a woman who had reached the breaking point, and had resolved not to risk further hurt. He had been the world's greatest egotist, this morning, to believe that she could ever love him; the world's greatest fool not to sense that his abrupt departure last night must have seemed to her to be deliberate humiliation. Whether he told himself wryly, she continued to believe he was Scott or eventually realized that he was not, her humiliation would remain as a barrier between them.

HE was so sunk in gloom that he didn't see the car which was speeding toward him, but suddenly there it was, almost on top of him, and John found himself on his hands and knees at the side of the road.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" As in a dream he heard again the first words Adrienne had ever addressed to him. But it wasn't a dream. Adrienne was peering out of the car window and Paul was at the wheel.

"Yes," John answered as he had at their first encounter. "Why, yes it is, isn't it?"



Brian Aherne gets a line on the confused love situation in "The Man Who Lost Himself": Studying the script for Universal's comedy with his co-star Kay Francis

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

"Well," Adrienne demanded, "are you going to stay here on the road all night?"

Bewilderedly John crawled in beside her and the car turned and started back toward New York. "Apparently," she remarked coolly, "you didn't care for the sanitarium."

"How," John asked, "did you know I was there?"

"Paul told me. He told me all about your little conference this afternoon. What," curiously, "did you think of the family?"

"I think they must be crazy," John replied shortly. "They believe I'm Malcolm Scott and I'm—"

"—John Evans," Adrienne finished calmly.

The unexpectedness of this after days of disbelief left John stunned. "How," he managed to gasp at length, "when—?"

"When did I find out? This afternoon."

"How?" John insisted.

"Those insurance investigators—the same ones you talked to the other day—came to see me," she explained. "When they asked me if I could swear that you were Mal Scott I thought they were crazy and said of course I could. Then I began to think things over—remembered how different you seemed when you kissed me, there in the office, how strangely you acted last night. I understood everything, then—that you are you, that Mal is—dead," her voice trailed off into silence.

Abruptly consciousness of his own predicament returned to John and he groaned aloud. "Since they know I'm Evans," he said morosely, "they'll probably have me jailed for trying to defraud the insurance company."

"No, they won't," Adrienne said confidently. "They said something about that, but the store carries a large policy with their company and when I said I'd cancel it if they bothered you they promised not to take any action against you. I told them," she continued firmly, "that I didn't intend to have my husband spend our honeymoon in jail."

"You — told — them — what?" John gasped incredulously.

"That I didn't intend," Adrienne began, but she didn't finish. She couldn't—and she didn't need to. For her lips were crushed against John's and his arms were holding her close to his heart.



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July

Photoplay-Movie Mirror

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The Nicest Women in Hollywood—and Why!

(Continued from page 27)



One of the "nicest women": Ouida Rathbone, here with husband Basil. Reason: She does more with less fanfare than a lot of others who stand in the publicity spotlight

the camera and directs her in dumb show. It's quite a show and nothing dumb about it. I think it's plenty smart to have thought it out.

As to Frances Marion, I could devote a whole article to her. As you've probably read, she became through the years one of our leading screen writers. For eons she was getting a salary of \$3,000 a week, spending most of it on everybody else but Frances. Even now, when her salary isn't \$3,000 a week, she gives two big parties a year for the tubercular patients and the children's ward at the County Hospital.

From time to time various people have helped out with small contributions, but if Frances didn't have the price of a Christmas tree for her own two sons, she'd still carry on. She's helped more people to fame than almost any single person here. For years she wrote the stories that starred Mary Pickford. When sound descended upon us, her dialogue was adult when that of other writers was still wearing diapers.

She developed and wrote the stories for Fred Thompson, who was a chaplain in the Army in the last war, put him on the screen as a cowboy and got his salary up to \$10,000 a week. She was the first one to write parts for Zasu Pitts, whose hands reminded her of ostrich plumes in a high wind.

It was she who saw a lazy cowboy leaning up against Sam Goldwyn's window, when Sam was going mad trying to find a young actor to play with Ronnie Colman and Vilma Banky in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." He was called in. They made a test of him, he was put on the back of a horse. Frances kept him there—and he darned near stole the picture from Ronnie. That guy's name happens to be Gary Cooper. If a manicurist or a script girl needs an operation, Frances pays for it. She's a sucker for a sob story, and one of the nicest women I ever met.

THEN there are others. For instance—

Una Merkel isn't one of the richest girls in town, but she's another of the

generous ones. Donates money, clothing, jewelry, to Ann Lehr's Hollywood Guild, is very prodigal with her time and mighty sweet about personal matters. She's one of our most consistent letter writers. And sometimes a sweet compliment written at the psychological moment is more precious than jewels—even though Anita Loos' Lorelei maintains that a kiss on the hand is very nice but a diamond bracelet lasts forever!

Ouida Rathbone is known more for her party-giving than her good deeds, which is just too bad, because Ouida's done some extraordinarily nice things without wanting any publicity or fanfare. I know of one which I'd like to tell you about. An old actress, who was only a casual acquaintance of Ouida's, developed cancer. Ouida took care of all the hospital bills, went to see her every day. And when the actress started to feel a little better and became bored with the hospital, she furnished an apartment for her, took care of everything, including her funeral, after she had passed away. And there aren't ten people in our town who know anything about it.

Bette Davis, our twice Academy Award winner, has left word with our Motion Picture Relief Fund that if anybody drops out suddenly on the Screen Guild Show they can always get her to go on at the last moment. This show, as you probably know, pays our Fund \$10,000 a week for the stars' services and the money goes to buy a home for less fortunate actors. Last year Bette went on twice, this year twice. And that means more than just donating her radio salary, which is \$5,000 a performance, because each appearance bars her from any other radio deal for a month or two, as sponsors don't want air appearances of any particular star too close together. Bette gave up a recent Sunday to Ann Lehr, whom we call "the angel of Hollywood," and her Memento Mart. She helped sell, manage and make the day a success. For a long time she was president of our Tail Waggers' Club, and has helped gather thousands of dollars to train and buy Seeing Eye dogs for the blind. And, of course, her kindness



Another Hopper nominee is Bette Davis, in a concentrated pose with husband Arthur Farnsworth. It is in three special fields that she gives—and then gives some more



Honorable mention in the list of the nicest women goes to Rosalind Russell (with current escort Freddie Brisson). Full steam ahead, she gives pep talks to flagging spirits

in helping other less famous actors and actresses—notably Jane Bryan, now happily married and retired from the screen, and James Stephenson, who appeared with her in "The Letter"—is a story in itself.

Of our newcomers, Rosalind Russell has become very civic-minded and is into all kinds of enterprises. For instance, she mingles with the Los Angeles society crowd and she's about the only actress in Hollywood who really does. I went to a party not long ago at the Coconut Grove, which was to raise funds for re-equipping the kitchen at our Children's Hospital. Well, a thing like that doesn't seem very important when the world is tumbling to pieces and we're giving mammoth benefits for the English, the Greeks, the Finns, the Poles, infantile paralysis victims, the Salvation Army and what-not; but it's remembering little things like getting new pots for the kitchen that helps keep us on the right road in this democracy.

On the hottest Sunday last summer, when most stars would have been dipping in and out of their swimming pools, Roz was giving a pep talk to flagging spirits and whipping up a giant benefit at Pickfair for the Chinese. It was a great reflection on many of our most prominent, for, after promising to be present, they never showed up. But that doesn't discourage Roz. She goes full steam ahead, mixes kindness with pleasure and sees that everybody has a good time.

Last but not least is Hedy Lamarr, who hasn't a great deal to give because her salary is one of the smallest among the stars. But she's kindness itself when anyone is in trouble and needs anything, whether it's a pep talk or a helping hand. While Hedy's been turning in some mighty fine performances on the screen, the camera hasn't yet caught the keynote to her character—which is naturalness and a grand sense of humor. Most people won't believe it—and I'm sure you won't—but she'd rather stay home and play with her adopted child than go to the greatest party ever whipped up by an enterprising hostess.

Of course, I haven't said a word about the males of our village. I could tell you plenty, but I'll just have to save that for another time. Adios!



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to talk to yourself when Cesar is working. Because the *Cisco Kid* is a working fool, having stepped from "Tall, Dark and Handsome" into "Ride on, Vacquero" and thence into "The Great American Broadcast" without time for a rhumba between reels.

You cannot be a Sweet Young Thing . . . "I wouldn't want any Sweet Young Thing around me all the time," he told me, "that would drive me crazy. I've certainly led no angel's life myself and don't expect it, or want it, in anyone else."

You must be able to dance well, enjoy a few drinks occasionally, like to entertain and know how to entertain. You must be able to give tasty dinners at home, enjoy Cesar's friends—the Fred MacMurrays, Ray Millands, Roger Pryors, Walter Langs, among others. You had better bone up on gin rummy if you are weak, for Cesar plays a mean gin rummy. You must like to write letters because Cesar doesn't. You must have a flair for Christmas shopping because it drives Cesar nuts. You must want, and expect to have, children. Quite a few children, because Cesar sees no sense in getting married unless you do have quite a lot of children.

You must like to take sudden, strange trips—into the desert, into the hills, down to the sea. You must like poetry and moonlight and talks that last the night through. But you must also have a streak of practicality and hard common sense, as Cesar has, in spite of the way he looks, as the unfinished bridal suite attests. For one remembers the problems experienced by the brides of other confirmed bachelors . . . how Joan Fontaine stewed and worried until she found a tactful way to suggest to bridegroom Aherne that she change this, alter that, do new color schemes here and there in the house he had bought and furnished, and thought perfect; how the bride of Nelson Eddy and the wife of Bill Powell had to use diplomacy in decoration suggestions. But there will be no such problems confronting the bride of Romero. The rooms she will occupy will be virgin to her hands, a conception practical as well as romantic.

FOR those empty, waiting rooms are the truth. We know. We ourselves peered into the windows of those vacant rooms, then quickly scuttled over to Twentieth Century-Fox and said in amazement to Cesar Romero, "What is this all about? Are you serious? Is it a gag?"

"No gag," he said. "I would like to be married. I want to get married. Very much."

"Why?" we asked.

"I get a little lonesome," he said simply.

"When you finish on the set at five, eight or ten or whenever, it is not a very pleasant feeling to go home, eat dinner by yourself, read a book, go to bed. I imagine it would be nice to go home and find someone waiting for you. . . ."

"Why go home?"

"Because I like to be at home. I am tired of not being at home. I am tired of dates. I am tired of having to think whom to ask out. I am tired of reading and hearing. Now Romero is keeping company with Miss—'And now Romero is dating Miss—' I am thirty-three now and that sort of thing begins to sound a little silly. What's more, it's unpleasant, especially for the girls. Publicity has nipped more than one delightful friendship in the pretty bud for me.

"I am tired of going to night clubs. Now I find myself not going out at all. I

Empty Bridal Suite

(Continued from page 37)

haven't been to *Ciro's* for eight months until the other night. When I drove in, the boy who parked my car greeted me with, 'Hulloa, Stranger!'

"I stay at home these days. I have little dinners for my friends. We talk or play gin rummy after dinner. But my friends come in couples, they leave in couples and leave me—alone. I am tired of that, too.

"However, my house was not designed and built only as a waiting monument for my sometime bride. She is still a dream and I have learned that dreams do not always materialize. I have sentiment, yes—but I have, also, practicality. The Latin Lover," grinned Romero, with a flash of humor and white teeth, "may have his head in the moonlight, close to some casement window, but his feet are liable to be planted firmly on the good solid earth.

"I BUILT my house, primarily, because

I got tired of living in an apartment. I began to feel I had nothing to show for all my years of digging. I wanted a place in which to entertain my friends. Being a bachelor here, I have been invited to almost everybody's house and I had no place in which to reciprocate. Night-club hospitality is not home hospitality. It is the difference between an artificial flower and a garden flower.

"It is true, this house of mine is larger than I, a bachelor, need. It is true that I built the extra rooms and have left them unfinished and unfurnished because I have the hope I may get married. And when I do, I want the rooms unused and untouched so that my bride may fix them to please herself. I like the feeling, too, that no one will use them until she comes.

"I have told you that I know very well what I am looking for. It is a certain quality in a woman—I know exactly what it is, but to find a word for it is not so easy. Perhaps it is the quality of companionship. Perhaps it is the quality that fits in with you, the girl who fits into your life as snugly as she fits into your arms.

"I suppose," added Cesar, then, after a pause, "that I am looking, quite simply, for—the girl I love."

We said, "Perhaps you have not found her because you are confused by the too many beautiful girls and attractions here in Hollywood?"

"No," he said, "no, I am not confused. I know love when I see it. I was once in love. Only once. A long time ago. I was twenty-three at the time. She was thirty-three. There were other reasons why we did not marry. No, my heart did not break. Hearts do not break. They mend. But sometimes they take a long while mending.

"Since then . . . well, the first few years I was in Hollywood. I didn't feel I could marry. I wasn't at all sure of my career. I have a bit of a family to take care of and they came first.

"Now I am ready. Now I am waiting. Now I am looking. Now I want to find her. I want to find someone I can be sure of . . . I want to find someone that, if I don't see her for twenty-four hours, it will kill me.

"If I can't find her. I wish she would find me . . . and when I do, or when she does, then and only then will the unfinished bridal suite be finished and furnished; then will the lights shine in the windows of those two darkened rooms and—" Cesar smiled a little—"and in my heart."

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The Truth About Screen Love-Making

(Continued from page 67)

of friends. But from the first moment Larry held the breath-taking Vivien in his arms those early days of the picture, theirs became a love story which defied society. "And Jacob served seven years for Rachel and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her . . ." Seven long years did Larry serve for Vivien, years fraught with fame, ecstasy and the bitter dregs of public censure, curiously paralleling the loves of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson in their current picture. "That Hamilton Woman!" At the end of that time they two, with heads bloody but unbowed, took the hard way to happiness. Vivien let her husband divorce her (she could not under English law divorce him), even though it meant losing custody of her child. Likewise Olivier did not defend the suit brought against him by his wife.

Laurence and Vivien were free, though at the cost of another blare of pitiless publicity. Then on a night in Santa Barbara last August Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier became man and wife and a great love story was consummated.

In contrast, you may recall the warmly discussed Davis-Brent romance of two years ago. Certainly Bette Davis and George Brent didn't meet in each other's arms, as has often happened in the quaint Hollywood business procedure. Theirs was anything but love at first sight. George was one of the first stars with whom Bette had played when she arrived years ago on the Universal lot. Subsequently, when Bette signed with Warner Brothers, George's home studio, they did little more than greet each other going to and from sound stages or at studio gatherings. Along their separate courses his career climbed while hers zoomed.

Bette considered him with impersonal interest, watched him as the case of a man endangering his career because of the bitterness of an unhappy marriage he couldn't forget.

Little did she know that in less than a year's time she would be in the same marital boat and still less did she dream that George would be the one to pull her out of it. But so it was destined. There came an October day when, after the final break with her ex-husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Bette ran from her Coldwater Canyon house, sick with shock and headache, never to set foot in it again, not even to get her clothes. At the studio plans were under way for the shooting of "Dark Victory" and executives worried as to whether she would show. Oh, yes, she showed—even through the terrible days when her suit—or rather, Ham's suit—was up in court. But the eyes were haunted, the face drawn and the hands clenched.

It was George, then, who took her under his wing, guided her along a path he knew too well, a path which lost some of its bitterness through the understanding he gave her. And presently they came to the memorable scene where Judy in "Dark Victory" threw herself into the arms of the doctor, played by Brent, and sobbed out her love and despair; a scene of high emotional content, beautifully played by both. Something vivid between them came to life there before the very eyes of the camera. We were permitted to gaze upon two deeply moved souls and such revelations



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for her skin
in summer



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CANUTE WATER

spell box-office.

It will be interesting to note whether they can recapture a semblance of the same feeling in their latest picture, "The Great Lie," now that the romance which began with that moment has been buried beneath Bette's marriage to Arthur Farnsworth and George's devotion to Ann Sheridan.

FOR the classic example of hot love and real, no one has ever been able to top the Greta Garbo-John Gilbert idyl. Those were the days when there was no Hays Office and a kiss could run its natural course instead of being limited to five seconds by the best make of stopwatch. Clarence Brown, director of "Flesh and the Devil," became the man of destiny in this case when he introduced his tall, blonde Swedish star to her tall dark leading man on the set. Gilbert, screen dream of the nation's women, took one look at the glorious Garbo and romantic history was in the making. Brown rubbed his hands in glee. Here was fire before the lens the likes of which had never been approached since the Valentino era. Their love scenes became the talk of the town. Presently their own love affair was likewise. Gilbert begged Garbo to marry him, offering to sign over to her half of his worldly goods. So impetuous were his pleas that he finally got her as far as the Mexican border—object, elopement—before she gave him the slip and returned to Hollywood alone, not a bride.

Less publicized than the all-time Garbo-Gilbert classic, but one which nonetheless continues to prove our point, albeit in milder fashion, was the instance of Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer when they filmed "Romeo and Juliet." In this case, a full-blown romance would have been out of the question—Norma was the happily wedded wife of Irving Thalberg, then living, and mother of two beautiful children, while Leslie was a proud husband and father in his own right. Nevertheless, "Romeo and Juliet," the world's greatest lovers, cast their spell upon these two, as they have done with so many others who were moved by the lyric eloquence of Shakespeare.

Different in nature but alike in effect was the highly unpublicized never-never romance of Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn when they were both newcomers. I say "never" because it never had a chance to become a real romance. There was Errol's marriage to the glamorous Lili Damita. Even if the laws of the land had not stood between, Lili herself would have spelled competition in the highest of filmtown's high-voltage circuits, let alone what she must have meant to a shy little "country girl," as Livvie called herself.

To cast her into the arms of Flynn, who had swashbuckled his way to stardom in "Captain Blood" and later "Robin Hood," was enough to upset many a maid's sentimental equilibrium. But for once Hollywood ganged up to protect the newcomer. Given a breathing space free from spotlight publicity, Livvie's poise pulled her through the storm, as you'd know it would, if you knew Livvie. In "Santa Fe Trail," where they were cast together once more, you sensed that Olivia was the one who had the situation in hand.

All in all, I'm afraid that so long as our actors and actresses are creatures of flesh and blood there can be no blanket guarantee that a spark will not be generated by contact. Unless, of course, some bright brain were to invent an emotionally insulated suit which could be donned before stepping into an electric embrace. But would the stars like it?

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Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 23)

rather complicated, but Mary Martin is very cute. Rochester steals half the show and the Merry Macs are seen too little. (Mar.)

✓ **MAD DOCTOR, THE**—Paramount: One of the best horror films we've seen in some time. Basil Rathbone is wonderful as the mad doctor who marries rich women and leaves them dead. When Ellen Drew falls under his spell, her fiancee John Howard suspects the worst. Brrrrr! (May)

✓ **MAISIE WAS A LADY**—M.G.M.: When playboy Lew Ayres causes Ann Sothern, as the hard-boiled *Maizie* with a heart of gold, to lose her job, she's given the job of maid in his home and what she doesn't do to that family! For sheer down-to-earth comedy, you can't beat this *Maizie* series, and this is one of the best. (Apr.)

MEET THE CHUMP—Universal: Ridiculously funny, this silly little dilly, with Hugh Herbert having himself declared insane because he's swindled his nephew, Lewis Howard, out of \$5,000,000 and wants to avoid explanations, as who wouldn't? The whole thing gets battier by the minute, but it's full of laughs. (May)

✓ **MELODY RANCH**—Republic: Gene Autry is a radio cowboy star who goes back home to build up his Crossley rating in this comedy Western. Add Jimmy Durante's clowning and Ann Miller's dancing and you get a lot of fun. (Mar.)

✓ **MICHAEL SHAYNE, PRIVATE DETECTIVE**—20th Century-Fox: Another first in a new series about a private detective, with Lloyd Nolan doing a swell job as the smart detective who outwits a bungling police captain to solve a murder mystery. Marjorie Weaver is very pretty as the girl who is addicted to gambling. (Apr.)

MONSTER AND THE GIRL, THE—Paramount: Another horror tale, incredible and unbelievable but still pretty fascinating. A man's brain is transplanted into a gorilla's skull in order that the beast may avenge the man's murder. Ellen Drew, Robert Paige and Paul Lukas are very good. (May)

✓ **MR. AND MRS. SMITH**—RKO-Radio: Happily married Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery discover they aren't legally wed so Bob starts in to court her all over again. Gene Raymond, his law partner, is his rival. It's pretty trite, but there are enough comedy moments to keep you amused and give you much fun. (Apr.)

✓ **NICE GIRL?**—Universal: Although there are several gay moments, this is the weakest Durbin film to date. Deanna is a small-town nice girl who throws herself at Franchot Tone and then rebounds to Bob Stack, the boy next door. Bob Benchley is Deanna's father and Ann Gillis her cute kid sister. (May)

NIGHT AT EARL CARROLL'S, A—Paramount: Earl Carroll's Hollywood restaurant, with its beautiful girls and musical numbers, is the background against which a thin little story is told. Ken Murray is the Club's press agent and Rose Hobart is Carroll's assistant. Brenda and Cobina do their man-hunt routine for laughs. (Feb.)

✓ **PLAYGIRL**—RKO Radio: Smart and gay is this fresh comedy with Kay Francis as a sophisticated gold digger who uses pretty Mildred Coles as a decoy to attract millionaires Nigel Bruce, George P. Huntley and James Ellison. But Kay's plans are spoiled when Mildred falls in love with Ellison and runs out on the deal. Nigel Bruce is especially funny. (Mar.)

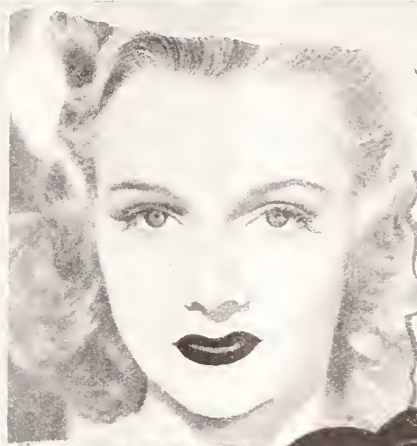
PRIDE OF THE BOWERY—Monogram: A C.C.C. camp in Arizona is the background for this latest picture of New York's East Side boys. Leo Gorcey is tricked into joining the camp and causes everyone a lot of trouble. Despite its low cost, it's good film fare. (Apr.)

RIDIN' ON A RAINBOW—Republic: Gene Autry joins a showboat troupe in order to track down a gang of bank robbers, but we prefer Gene back on his horse and riding the prairie. Smiley Burnett, Mary Lee and Carol Adams help Gene along. (May)

ROAD SHOW—Hal Roach-U. A.: John Hubbard, eligible young millionaire, joins Carole Landis' broken-down carnival, with some amusing moments as the result. Adolphe Menjou as a harmless lunatic and Patsy Kelly are fairly funny. (May)

ROAD TO ZANZIBAR—Paramount: Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are a couple of sideshow lads in Africa who take Dorothy Lamour for a trek through the jungles. The story doesn't matter because of the gay antics of Hope and Crosby and the gags and ribbing between the two are the whole show. Bing's and Dorothy's songs are tuneful and Eric Blore is fun. (May)

ROMANCE OF THE RIO GRANDE—20th Century-Fox: In this episode of the adventures of the *Cisco Kid*, Cesar Romero pretends to be the son of a rich ranch owner in order to bring a gang of thieves to justice and there's quite some excitement. Patricia Morison and Lynne Roberts are very pretty. (Apr.)



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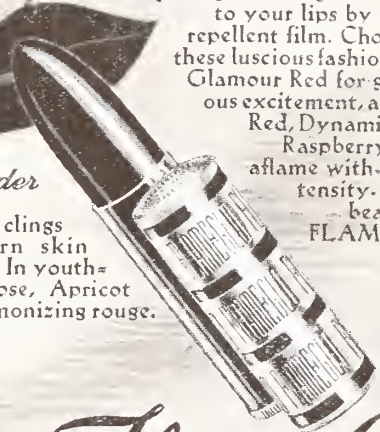


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HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

✓ **SANTA FE TRAIL**—Warners—Almost too much story for one picture, this is breathtaking in scope and theme. Essentially it tells of the struggle of John Brown against slavery. Errol Flynn is outstanding as "Job" Stuart, Raymond Massey is great as the fanatical Brown, Ronald Reagan splendid as Custer and Olivia de Havilland is beautiful as the heroine. (Mar.)

✓ **SCATTERGOOD BUSINESS**—RKO Radio: Guy Kibbee brings to the role of Scattergood all the human qualities you've imagined in this fictitious character. He's humorous, shrewd and understanding as the small-town sage who foils promoters and aids a young couple's romance. With Carol Hughes, John Archer and Francis Trout. (May)

✓ **SIX TISSONS FROM MADAME LA ZONGA**—Universal—This weak little number teams that pair of funsters, Leon Errol and Lupe Vélez, but nothing much comes of it. Helen Parrish is cute, but altogether it belongs in the "too bad" files. (Apr.)

✓ **SO LINDS OUR NIGHT**—United Artists: This tells of the bitter plight of European refugees, without passports and tossed from country to country. Glenn Ford and Margaret Sullivan are the homeless couple who take their situation together are wonderful, as is Fredric March who flees Germany, leaving his wife Frances Dee behind. Despite the weakness of too much story, this is a memorable picture. (Apr.)

✓ **SON OF MONTE CRISTO THE**—Edward Small, I. A.: Sequel to "The Count of Monte Cristo," this has Louis Hayward in the dual role of top and hero who rids a small Balkan country of its villainous dictator, George Sanders, and rescues his beautiful Joan Bennett from his clutches. It's pretty hokey, but good enough. (Mar.)

✓ **SOUTH OF SUEZ**—Warners: George Brent's talents are pretty well wasted in this complicated little B about South African diamond mines and vengeful murders. Brenda Marshall and George Tobias struggle through the silly story but even they can't make it good entertainment. (Mar.)

✓ **STRAWBERRY BLONDE, THE**—Warners: This picture of the Gay Nineties has a nostalgic charm that will delight you. Jimmy Cagney is excellent as the tough little mug who imagines he loves the Strawberry Blonde, Rita Hayworth, only to find real happiness with Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is sparkling and gay in her role. (May)

✓ **TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME**—20th Century Fox: Softhearted gangster Cesar Romero locks up his rivals in his private prison, while pretending to have rubbed them out. Virginia Gilmore, nightclub dancer, falls hard for him, and Milton Berle and Charlotte Greenwood add to the fun and gaiety. (Apr.)

✓ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Columbia: Another of those risqué situations is this eyebrow hitting picture which deals hilariously with a platonic marriage between Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell that rapidly gets out of bounds. Secretary Bunnie Barnes adds to the mixup and Roz and Melvyn are riotously funny. (Mar.)

✓ **TOPGUN ROAD**—20th Century Fox: Vivid, though repellent, still life sketch of the shiftless, ignorant people of Georgia's "Elihu" Road. Charley Grapewin as Uncle Lester and William Tracy as his son give great performances, but Gene Tierney has little chance to display her talent as the half-witted *Elihu* May. Depressing. (May)

✓ **TRAIL OF MARY DE GAIN THE**—MGM: Laraine Day proves herself worthy of complete freedom in the innocent woman-on-trial-for-murder. Robert Young is excellent as her lawyer lover who defends her case. It's well done, suspenseful and Tom Conway, Freda Inescort and the rest of the cast all fine work. (May)

✓ **VICTORY**—Paramount: Betty Field is out-cubing in this colorful, exciting story as the girl who, out of the kindness of heart, takes shelter with Fredric March on his island. Peace is disturbed when a group of Vikings storm the island to seek for hidden gold. The mood and timing of Grapewin's stirring story have been maintained. (Mar.)

✓ **VIRGINIA**—Paramount: For sheer pictorial beauty and gorgeous scenery, the delightful performance of little Carolyn Lee, and splendid scenery, the story deals with the return of Madeline Carroll to her old home in Virginia where she becomes steeped in the tradition of the South and falls in love with Fred MacMurray. Sterling Hayden is destined to become a star. (Apr.)

✓ **WANTED! LIVING**—20th Century Fox: Good old-fashioned Western formula that never fails, two men, Ruddy Scott and Robert Young, who love one. O. Virginia Gardner, with marauding Indians, gun fights and plenty of excitement. (Mar.)

✓ **YOKEL FOLLY**—Paramount: Bonnie Baker, the "Oh, Johnny" girl and her same Orrin Tucker are in this picture. But nevertheless it's a dull and silly movie. At that time, Albert Dekker, is completely wasted. The plot about a singer's attempt to find a man with a card. (May)

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The ROSICRUCIANS
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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 8)

✓ That Uncertain Feeling (Lubitsch-U. A.)

It's About: A husband who tries to win back his wife's love.

THE justly famed Ernst Lubitsch touch is again evident in this entirely gay, frothy comedy of marriage. Directed with his sly humor, it brings fresh life to its slightly shopworn plot. Merle Oberon has never been so lovely or so beautifully gowned as in her role of the wife who, bored with her businessman husband, Melvyn Douglas, becomes attracted to pianist Burgess Meredith. Douglas thereupon tries to force her upon Meredith in an effort to cure her of her infatuation.

Burgess Meredith as the erratic uninhibited musician has his best role to date and he makes the most of it, even stealing a couple of scenes from Melvyn Douglas, although Douglas, too, does excellent work.

Your Reviewer Says: A "must see" for adults.

Footsteps In The Dark (Warners)

It's About: A man who leads a double life—and murder.

A BIT too involved for light comedy or a good mystery, "Footsteps In The Dark," which combines both, presents Errol Flynn in his first modern story in three years. We advise the handsome Mr. Flynn to get back to his swashbuckling roles in a hurry and stay there, for the actor is far more effective in tights and action dramas.

The story, which has been crudely worked out, deals with Errol's attempt to lead a double life; one as a wealthy investment broker, the other as an amateur detective and mystery writer. When he runs headlong into a real-life murder, our hero almost loses his life, his wife and his amateur standing.

Brenda Marshall is pretty as the wife. Ralph Bellamy, Alan Hale and Allen Jenkins mull around through the cumbersome proceedings that produce some gay, light moments—and some very dull ones.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy comedy.

✓✓ That Night in Rio (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Double-dealing in South America.

LAVISH color; risqué dialogue that leaves one laughing and gasping; songs in the Carmen Miranda manner; dancing and whoop-la; Don Ameche in a double role in a double bed; blonde Alice Faye as the wife of a South American baron—these are all a part of the gorgeous musical that will have the customers in a box-office stampede.

Successor to "Down Argentine Way," this new Latin alliance has everything its sister movie had but one good smash song hit. That, unless one counts the "Chica Chica Boom Chic" number, is sorely needed.

However, that's a small matter compared to the story of a young American

JUNE, 1941

Beauty News!

Broadway Actresses and Models Reveal Secret of Skin Care

• A lovely, clear, smooth complexion is a "must" to every actress and photographer's model. Their very jobs may depend on it!

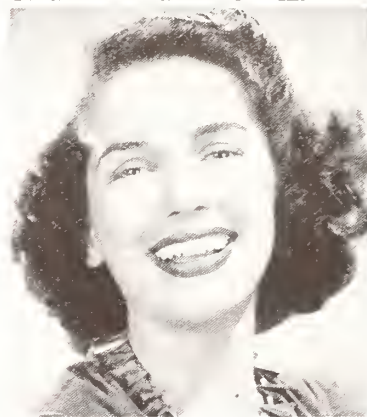
That's why a recent beauty survey means *real news for YOU!* Because it shows that 9 out of 10 Broadway actresses from the shows, "Panama Hattie," "Louisiana Purchase" and "DuBarry Was a Lady"—and 4 out of 5 of the 65 famous New York models interviewed, including the girls shown here, use the *same treatment for poor complexion or skin comfort!* It's snow-white, greaseless Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream.

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AT 5c & 10c—DRUG and DEPT STORES

actor, Don Ameche, who so closely resembles a South American baron (also Ameche) that he is hired to impersonate the baron for business reasons that run into monkey business most of the time. Miranda is a riot, Ameche is peachy (he'll kill us for that), Faye too luscious and the whole doggone thing a wow.

Your Reviewer Says: Si, si, see, see, tee, hee.

✓ Meet John Doe (Warners)

It's About: A small-time out-of-work ball player who becomes a great humanitarian.

FRANK CAPRA has done it again. To his long list of brilliant successes he has added still another masterpiece in "Meet John Doe."

At a most propitious time, with the world filled with fear and suspicion, writer Robert Riskin and Director Capra have catapulted us into a theme of tremendous power—the power of love over hate, kindness over bitterness—that mounts and sweeps along like a mighty river.

Gary Cooper gives his best performance since "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and gives the lie to those who have accused the lanky "Coop" of being a personality rather than an actor. His scene before the microphone, in the hotel room, and on the convention platform, are among the finest bits of acting we've ever seen.

Absolutely right for the role of the newspaper girl who invents a John Doe is Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara's performance is of Academy Award merit, strong, sure, telling in every scene.

Two actors, Regis Toomey and James Gleason, emerge into the limelight with outstanding performances. Edward Arnold, as the newspaper publisher, fairly exudes healthiness even in his most affable moments.

Walter Brennan as Cooper's sidekick is, as usual, terrific. There may be some controversy over the climax in the final scene but there can be none over the quality, feeling and magnificence of this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: An outstanding hit of the year.

✓ A Girl, a Guy and a Gob (Harold Lloyd—RKO-Radio)

It's About: The sailor and a civilian run a close race for the girl.

HEAVE HO for another bright amusing comedy that clicks in every department. It packs chuckles like a squaw does a papoose and creates no end of good cheer and good will toward Producer Harold Lloyd, who leaves off his prop spectacles to become producer.

George Murphy is a gob to set the gals in every port out of their minds. He more than upsets Lucille Ball, daughter of a zany family, who is being courted by a smug Mr. Prissy, played and played well by Edmond O'Brien. Who gets the fair Lueille will never be told by the likes of us. That's for you to find out and in that finding you'll benefit by some of Hollywood's cutest entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: A smile, a laugh, a guffaw.

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Mr. Dynamite (Universal)

It's About: A baseball pitcher who becomes involved with spies and murder.

LLOYD NOLAN'S persuasive performance as a baseball pitcher who is tossed headlong into strange occurrences is the bright spot of this rather corny little mystery melodrama. While out for an evening of fun he runs across a sabotage plot that develops into a murder charge and from then on things happen rapidly. His amateur detective work also involves him with Irene Hervey, secret-service agent working for Canada.

Ann Gillis plays with much charm and verve the role of a young girl who's crazy about baseball and J. Carrol Naish is also very good as an astrologer. The story's none too well constructed, but it's acceptable entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Not - so - thrilling thriller.

The Penalty (M-G-M)

It's About: A criminal who pays, and his son who escapes, the penalty.

A CAST that would lift any story above the average gives this drama of a regenerated boy the solidity and firmness it needs.

Edward Arnold is the cold ruthless criminal who teaches his young son, Gene Reynolds, to follow in his hasty footsteps. The lad is trapped, however, and after a period in reform school, is released to a young farmer and his grandfather, Lionel Barrymore.

Slowly but surely reformation takes place and finally the boy refuses any longer to be influenced by his father, who eventually meets his just deserts.

Veda Ann Borg, in her comeback role, gives an outstanding performance as the moll.

Your Reviewer Says: A sturdy, dignified movie.

Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Detective Michael Shayne sleuthing on a fast train.

A TRAINFUL of cops, criminals, gal reporters and such, speeding to make up lost time, fails to give this little drama a really swift pace, although sure-fire Lloyd Nolan's expert detecting as *Michael Shayne* (for the second time in a new series), Lynn Bari's gal reportering and Mary Beth Hughes' defense-witnessing go far toward sustaining interest.

A clown detective, Edward Brophy, and a standout villain detective, Don Costello, together with a suppressed husband fleeing unhappy home life, played by Louis Jean Heydt, further complicate an already complicated plot. Nolan, in his effort to save from possible death penalty an innocent man, is sooooo good.

Your Reviewer Says: A grand little filler-in.

✓ Rage In Heaven (M-G-M)

It's About: A paranoiac who plots the perfect crime.

FROM light comedy to heavy drama, Robert Montgomery leads us through green pastures of ripe entertainment; different, mind you, and off the beaten



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path from the boy-meets-girl theme, but intelligently keen entertainment for all its brooding morbidity. And Robert does a swell job of it, too.

A man who seems normal, but is in reality an escaped psychopathic case, marries a refugee girl, Ingrid Bergman, and eventually involves his wife and their best friend, George Sanders, in a murder scandal. We shan't say more lest we reveal the climax of the story.

It's deep, somber, exciting and decidedly novel. If that meets your motion-picture requirements, there it is.

Sanders and Bergman are also outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping, unhappy fare.

✓ Topper Returns (Hal Roach-U. A.)

It's About: *The ghost of Topper solves a crime.*

ONE third mystery, two thirds comedy, this newest "Topper" story is inescapably amusing. It has *Cosmo Topper*, still ghosted by Roland Young, aiding Joan Blondell, a blonde from beyond, in solving the mystery of her death. By so doing they prevent still another murder.

Young is priceless in his role of a departed soul who materializes and dematerializes at will. He has a capable partner in Joan Blondell and the pair are the nicest, coziest, departed souls we've ever met.

Billie Burke is still the bewildered *Mrs. Topper*. Dennis O'Keefe and Carole Landis have the romantic leads.

Your Reviewer Says: Out of this world.

✓ Sis Hopkins (Republic)

It's About: *A Hoosier gal who goes to college.*

JUDY CANOVA, she of the barnyard voice and corn-husk personality, takes the center of the spotlight and fairly sweeps this musical on to success. Punch and Judy are synonymous and without Judy there would be no picture—so let's face it.

The story, as full of gags as a dog is fleas, has Judy, the crossroads queen, going to college with her wealthy cousin Susan Hayward, financed by her uncle, Charlie Butterworth, a plumber de luxe. Susan is jealous of Sis, who grows on people like warts and things, and frames her into a fine mess of trouble. But *Uncle Horace* leaps to the rescue and extricates Judy from her woes in time to wow audiences in the college show. Bob Crosby and his Bob Cats add the music and Jerry Colonna the nitwit comedy.

It's as corny as Judy's barnyard glamour and slow-paced in story tempo, but somehow Judy and the splendid story cast literally lift it by its boot straps into pretty gol'-darned good entertainment. You'll forget about the war for a couple of hours, anyway.

Your Reviewer Says: And nuts for you, Mr. Audience.

✓ The Sea Wolf (Warners)

It's About: *A half-mad and sadistic sea captain who terrorizes his crew.*

ONCE again (and for the third time, we believe) Jack London's immortal sea story "The Sea Wolf" comes to the screen, this time with Edward G. Robinson playing the bestial captain who rules his crew with a brutality that borders on the psychopathic.

In fact, this version deals less with action and probes more into the psychological reasons that prompts the sea beast's actions.

For our money (and we're not too squeamish, either) this picture is far too brutal to be entertaining. Unless one



Invasion of Hollywood: The Army treks to the West Coast, makes Twentieth Century-Fox's Darryl Zanuck a Lieutenant Colonel and talks turkey about the part of films in national defense. Above, at the big-time banquet: Zanuck, Col. Nathan Levinson and Will Hays in the background

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HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness 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 the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

enjoys seeing humans suffer, we doubt if you'll find that perfect hour's relaxation you're seeking through movies.

However, we do admit it's a realistic gem with Robinson turning in a great performance. Ida Lupino, as a derelict, and John Garfield as the crew member who rescues her, are tops, of course.

Your Reviewer Says: Stark and brutal.

The Roundup (Paramount)

It's About: *The eternal triangle—out West.*

WE think Richard Dix is one of the best Western actors in the business. In this latest Harry Sherman movie, another version of the old play "The Roundup," Dix again proves himself a bang-up he-man of the old Out-West variety.

Preston Foster, as the old flame of Richard's wife (Patricia Morison), who returns to create doubt, jealousy and heartache, gives a sound stolid performance. Miss Morison is very beautiful and Don Wilson, who is not so beautiful, steps from radio to movies with considerable ease, considering his jolly bulk.

Little Betty Brewer and Ruth Donnelly, along with the singing of the King's Men, add to the big-time doings of a gosh-darned good Western movie.

Your Reviewer Says: For city slickers and small-townners alike.

✓ The Man Who Lost Himself (Universal)

It's About: *A stand-in husband.*

NEVER in a hundred years will we believe two absolutely strange men can look, talk and think alike to the point where a wife, living in the same house, can't tell them apart. But then, that's the movies for you!

It's Hollywood's favorite farcical theme and Brian Aherne as the wealthy psychopathic who gets himself killed, is, need we say, very good. As the double who has been established in the psychopathic's home prior to his death, Brian is good again. Incidentally, here is an actor who can take a picture and do things with it. Kay Francis is the wife—or thinks she is—and S. Z. Sakall is the scene-stealer of all time, the rascal.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't think; just enjoy it.

The Bad Man (M-G-M)

It's About: *A Mexican bandit who plays an outsized cupid.*

FANS of Wallace Beery—and they are legion—will be sadly disappointed in this story of a Mexican bandit who undertakes to straighten out the lives of certain people to his own satisfaction. The story, taken from the stage play "Bad Man," rambles all over a Mexican rancho and gets almost nowhere. Failure of Beery to play his incredible role with subtlety and good humor throws the whole story out of gear and despite the tiptop cast it remains a fair-sized dud.

Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan and Laraine Day dress up the tale in fine style, but fail to lift it from plain old mediocrity. Tom Conway is a slick city slicker.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad picture.



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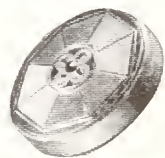
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The Lone Wolf Takes a Chance (Columbia)

It's About: A detective who wagers he can keep out of trouble twenty-four hours.

If you enjoy these series, there is no reason not to see this one. It has the Lone Wolf (Warren William) becoming embroiled in a mail robbery, a killing, a kidnapping and all sorts of mayhem that precipitates hairbreadth escapes, after he has just made a bet no trouble will touch him for twenty-four hours. It not only touches him, but grabs him all over the place.

Eric Blore is a comical butler, isn't he?

Your Reviewer Says: Fair-to-middling.

Double Date (Universal)

It's About: Two young people who try to prevent the marriage of an older couple.

ALMOST every possible laugh-getter has been brought into this gay little offering and you'll find that even those that have the most hokum are still funny. When Edmund Lowe, Rand Brooks' father, and Una Merkel, Peggy Moran's aunt, decide to marry, the two youngsters rush home from school to try and break it up. When Peggy aids a crook to escape and then is believed by the police to be a gun moll, the plot becomes slightly frenzied; but you'll enjoy the mix-up.

Peggy and Rand, as the brash, busy-body kids, give appealing performances; and Edmund Lowe and Una Merkel play their roles to the hilt for comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: Lighthearted humor.

Murder Among Friends (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Sudden deaths of beneficiaries to an insurance policy.

ONE by one they die, suddenly and mysteriously. From suspect to corpse, John Hubbard and Marjorie Weaver race like mad in an attempt to prevent more murders and solve the ones that have already been committed. Not until the twenty men who hold a huge multiple insurance policy are reduced to one does the mystery unfold and then—but that would be telling.

Now don't get the idea it's horribly gloomy and morbid. What's twenty or so deaths to Hollywood movie-makers? They send that number off with a merry ha-ha.

John Hubbard does his best work. Marjorie Weaver is a honey of a dumb bunny.

Your Reviewer Says: Snappy murder mystery.

A Man Betrayed (Republic)

It's About: A young lawyer who uncovers graft and crime.

JOHN WAYNE is a personable young man we admire and like on the screen. We like him in this, too, although he's had many a better movie in his day.

Frances Dee is the beautiful girl Wayne meets when he arrives in town to discover who murdered his friend in a gambling joint. He finds out more than that. He uncovers crooked politics, grafters and cheaters. He discovers Miss Dee, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair to middling.



Jane Withers puts her hair up, swings some earrings and tries all the tricks of the feminine trade for benefit of William Tracy in Columbia's "Her First Beau"

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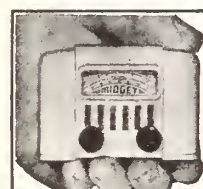
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Casts of Current Pictures

"BAD MAN, THE"—M.G.M. Screen play by Wells Root. Based on the play by Porter Emerson Browne. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: Pancho Lopez, Wallace Beery; Uncle Henry Jones, Lionel Barrymore; Lucia Pell, Laraine Day; Gil Jones, Ronald Reagan; Mr. Hardy, Henry Travers; Pedro, Chris-Pin Martin; Morgan Pell, Tom Conway; "Red" Giddings, Chill Wills; Angela Hardy, Nydia Westman; Venustiano, Charles Stevens.

"DOUBLE DATE"—Universal. Screen play by Scott Darling, Erna Lazarus and Agnes Christine Johnston. Original story by Scott Darling and Erna Lazarus. Cast: Roger Baldwin, Edmund Lowe; Aunt Elsie, Una Merkel; Penny Kirkland, Peggy Moran; Jerry Baldwin, Rand Brooks; Lilac, Hattie Noel.

"FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK"—Warners. Screen play by Lester Cole and John Wexley. From the play by Lazo Fodor, Bernard Merivale and Jeffrey Dell. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: Francis Warren, Errol Flynn; Rita H'arren, Brenda Marshall; Dr. Davis, Ralph Bellamy; Inspector Mason, Alan Hale; Blondie White, Lee Patrick; Wilfred, Allen Jenkins; Mrs. Archer, Lucille Watson; Hopkins, William Frawley; Monahan, Roscoe Karns; Carruthers, Grant Mitchell; June Brewster, Maris Wrixon; Fissue, Noel Madison; Ace Vernon, Jack Larue; Ahmed, Turban Bey.

"GIRL, A GUY AND A GOB, A"—Harold Lloyd-RKO Radio. Screen play by Frank Ryan and Bert Granet. Story by Grover Jones. Directed by Richard Wallace. Cast: Coffee Cup, George Murphy; Dot Duncan, Lucille Ball; Stephen Herick, Edmond O'Brien; Abel Martin, Henry Travers; Pet Shop Owner, Franklin Pangborn; Pokey, George Cleveland; Jaxene, Kathleen Howard; Cecilia Grange, Marguerite Chapman; Pigeon, Lloyd Corrigan; Cora, Mady Correll; Pankington, Frank McGlynn; Eddie, Doodles Weaver; Sully, Frank Sully; Mrs. Grange, Nella Walker; Recruiting Officer, Richard Lane; Mr. Merney, Irving Bacon; Ivory, Rube Demarest.

"I WANTED WINGS"—Paramount. Screen play by Richard Maibaum, Lt. Beirne Lay Jr. and Sig Herzog. Directed by Arthur Hornblow Jr. Cast: Jeff Young, Ray Milland; Al Ludlow, William Holden; Tom Cassidy, Wayne Morris; Capt. Mercer, Brian Donlevy; Carolyn Bartlett, Constance Moore; Sully Laughlin, Veronica Lake; "Sandbags" Riley, Harry Davenport; Jimmy Masters, Phil Brown; President of the Court, Edward Fielding; Judge Advocate, Willard Robertson; Addison Richards, Mickey, Hobart Cavanaugh; Lieut. Hopkins, Douglas Aylesworth; Lieut. Ronson, John Trent; Lieut. Clankton, Archie Twitchell; Cadet Captain, Richard Webb; Radio Announcer, John Heistand.

"LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE, THE"—Columbia. Story and screen play by Earl Felton and Sidney Salkow. Based upon a work by Louis Joseph Vance. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: Michael Lanyard, Warren William; Gloria Foster, June Storey; Frank Jordan, Henry Wilcoxon; Jamison, Eric Blore; Inspector Crane, Thurston Hall; Sheriff Haggerty, Don Beddoe; Evelyn Jordan, Evelyn Knapp; Dickens, Fred Kelsey; Vic Hilton, William Forrest; Dr. Hooper Tupman, Walter Kingsford; Johnny Baker, Lloyd Bridges; Conductor, Ben Taggart; Brukenam, Richard Fiske.

"MAN BETRAYED, A"—Republic. Screen by Isabel Dawn. Original story by Jack Moffitt. Directed by John H. Auer. Cast: Lynn Hollister, John Wayne; Sabra Cameron, Frances Dee; Tom Cameron, Edward Ellis; Casey, Wallace Ford; Floyd, Ward Bond; Morris Slade, Harold Huber; T. Amato, Alexander Granach; George (Butler), Barnett Parker; Prosecutor, Ed Stanley; Mr. H'ilson, Tim Ryan; Langworthy, Harry Hayden; Pringle, Russell Hicks; Goveinor, Pierre Watkin; Mayor, Ferris Taylor.

"MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE"—Universal. Screen play by Eddie Moran. From the original novel by H. De Vere Stacpoole. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Cast: Malcolm Scott, Brian Aherne; John Ervin, Brian Aherne; Adrienne Scott, Kay Francis; Paul, S. Z. Sakall; Mortimer Collins, Henry Stephenson; Peter Ransome, Nils Asther; Mrs. Van Avery, Dorothy Tree; Voles, Marc Lawrence.

"MEET JOHN DOE"—Warners. Screen play by Robert Riskin. Based on a story by Richard Connell and Robert Presnell. Directed by Frank Capra. Cast: John Doe, Gary Cooper; Ann Mitchell, Barbara Stanwyck; D. B. Norton, Edward Arnold; The Colonel, Walter Brennan; Mrs. Mitchell, Spring Byington; Connell, James Gleason; Mayor Lovett, Gene Lockhart; Ted Sheldon, Rod La Rocque; Beany, Irving Bacon; Bert, Regis Toomey; Sourpuss, J. Farrell MacDonald; Angel-face, Warren Hymer; Mayor Hawkins, Harry Holman; Spencer, Andrew Tombes; Hammett, Pierre Watkin; Weston, Stanley Andrews; Bennett, Mitchell Lewis; Charlie Dawson, Charles Wilson; Governor, Vaughan Glaser; Dan, Sterling Holloway; Radio Announcers, Mike Frankovich, Knox Manning, John B. Hughes; and the Hall Johnson Choir.

"MR. DYNAMITE"—Universal. Original

Gee! I FEEL LIKE A NEW WOMAN!

MY WIFE HATES TO GO OUT NIGHTS. SHE'S ALWAYS TIRED.

THAT'S TOO BAD. MY WIFE'S ALWAYS FULL OF PEP.

JOHN SAYS THAT SALLY'S NEVER TIRED IN THE EVENING.

I'LL ASK HER HOW SHE DOES IT.

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SALLY, HOW DO I ALWAYS WEAR AN 'ABDO-LIFT' YOUTHFUL IT GIVES FORM TO ME REAL AND (MID-SECTION PEP?) SUPPORT!

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Screen play by Stanley Crea Rubin. Directed by Jack Rawlins. Cast: *Mr. Dynamite*, Lloyd Nolan; *Trick Martin*, Irene Hervey; *Paul*, Robert Armstrong; *Judy*, Ann Gillis; *P. Jessor*, J. Carroll Nash; *Talia*, Frank Gaby; *Achilles*, Elizabeth Risdon.

"MURDER AMONG FRIENDS"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Original screen play by John Larkin. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: *Mary Lou*, Myrtle Weaver; *Dr. Thomas H. Mason*, John Hubbard; *Jessica Gerald*, Colma Wright, Jr.; *Clare Luck*, Mona Barrie; *Carter Stevenson*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Mr. Wheeler*, Sidney Blackmer; *M. Andreev*, Truman Bradley; *Dr. Fred Turk*, Lucien Littlefield; *Dr. James Gerald*, Bill Halligan; *Ellis Den Douglas*; *Douglas*, Milton Parsons; *Proprietor*, Eddie Conrad.

"PENALTY, THE"—M.G.M. Screen play by Harry Ruskin and John C. Higgins. Based on a play by Martin Berkeley. Directed by Harold S. Buequet. Cast: *Martin*, *Staff*, Nelson, Edward Arnold; *"Grandpa"*, *Loan*, Lionel Barrymore; *Katherine Logan*, Marsha Hunt; *Edward McCormick*, Robert Sterling; *"Roozy"*, Gene Reynolds; *"Ala"*, *McCormick*, Emma Dunn; *Jule*, Veda Ann Borg; *Clara*, Richard Lane; *Anne Logan*, Gloria Dellaven; *Judith*, Grant Mitchell; *Hobo*, Phil Silvers; *Jay*, Warren Ashe; *Fan*, William Haade; *Brook*, Ralph Byrd; *Burns*, Edgar Barrier.

"RAGE IN HEAVEN"—M.G.M. Screen play by Christopher Isherwood and Robert Thoren. Based on the novel by James Hilton. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Cast: *Philip Monrell*, Robert Montgomery; *Stella Bagen*, Ingrid Bergman; *Ward Andreev*, George Sanders; *Mrs. Monrell*, Lucile Watson; *Dr. Rameau*, Oscar Homolka; *Mr. Higgins*, Philip Merivale; *Ramsbotham*, Matthew Boulton; *Clark*, Aubrey Mather; *Solicitor General*, Frederic Worlock; *Bardsley*, Francis Compton; *Mr. Black*, Gilbert Emery; *Durand*, Ludwig Hart.

"ROUNDUP, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Harold Shumate. Based on the story by Edmund Dav. Directed by Lesley Selander. Cast: *Steve*, Richard Dix; *Janet*, Patricia Morrison; *Cecilia*, Preston Foster; *Shon*, Don Wilson; *Polly*, Ruth Donnelly; *Mary*, Betty Brewer; *Capt. Lane*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Wade McGee*, Jerome Cowan; *Ed Crandall*, Dick Curtis; *Franc Battles*, William Haade; *Parentisius*, Morris Ankrum; *Mrs. Wilson*, Clara Kimball Young; *Trooper*, Douglas Kennedy.

"SFA WOLF, THE"—Warners. Screen play by Robert Rosen. From the novel by Jack London. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: *"Wolf"*, *Larsen*, Edward G. Robinson; *Ruth Webster*, Ida Lupino; *George Leach*, John Garfield; *Dr. Louise*, Gene Lockhart; *Cooky*, Barry Fitzgerald; *Humpherson Weyden*, Alexander Knox; *Johnson*, Stanley Ridges; *Stenson*, Francis McDonald; *Harrison*, Howard da Silva; *Smoke*, Frank Lackteen; *Yan*, *Sailor*, David Bruce; *Helmsman*, Wilfred Lucas; *Sailor*, Louis Mason; *Agent Ralf Harrold*.

"SIS HOPKINS"—Republic. Screen play by Jack Townley, Milt Gross and Edward Eliscu. Original story by F. McGraw Willis. Cast: *Sis*

Hopkins, Judy Canova; *Jeff Farnsworth*, Bob Crosby; *Horace Hopkins*, Charles Butterworth; *Professor Jerry Colonna*; *Carol Hopkins*, Susan Hayward; *Clara Hopkins*, Katherine Alexander; *Ripple*, Elvia Allman; *Cynthia*, Carol Adams; *Phyllis*, Lynn Merrick; *L'era de Vere*, Mary Ainsley.

"SLEEPERS WEST"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by Lou Breslow and Stanley Rauh. Based on a novel by Frederick Nebel, and the character "Michael Shayne" by Brett Halliday. Directed by Eugene Forde. Cast: *Michael Shayne*, Lloyd Nolan; *Kay Bentley*, Lynn Bari; *Hein*, *Carlson*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Everett Jensen*, Louis Jean Heydt; *George Trudewin*, Edward Brophy; *Carl Lizzard*, Don Costello; *Pullman Porter*, Ben Carter; *Tom Lonscott*, Don Douglas; *McGowan*, Oscar O'Shea; *Conductor Lyons*, Harry Hayden; *Meyers*, Hamilton MacFadden; *Old Lady*, Ferike Boros.

"THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!"—Korda U.A. Original screen play by Walter Reisch and R. C. Sherriff. Directed by Alexander Korda. Cast: *Emma, Lady Hamilton*, Vivien Leigh; *Lord Nelson*, Laurence Olivier; *Sir William Hamilton*, Alan Mowbray; *Mrs. Cadogan-Lyon*, Sara Allgood; *Lady Nelson*, Gladys Cooper; *Captain Hardy*, Henry Wilcoxon; *A Street Girl*, Heather Angel; *Reverend Nelson*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Lord Spencer*, Gilbert Emery; *Lord Keith*, Miles Mander; *Josiah*, Ronald Sinclair; *King of Naples*, Luis Alberni; *Queen of Naples*, Norma Drury; *Gavin*, Olaf Hytten; *Lady Spencer*, Juliette Compton; *Captain Troubridae*, Guy Kingsford.

"THAT NIGHT IN RIO"—Twentieth Century-Fox. Screen play by George Seaton, Bess Meredith and Hal Long. Based on a play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: *Baroness*, Alice Faye; *Larry Martin* and *Baren Duarte*, Don Ameche; *Carmen*, Carmen Miranda; *Panna*, S. Z. Sakall; *Machado*, J. Carroll Nash; *Salles*, Curt Bois; *Pierre*, Leonid Kinskey; *The Banda Da Lua*, Carmen Miranda's Orchestra; *Pedro*, Frank Puglia; *Luiza*, Lillian Porter; *Inez*, Maria Montez; *Ambassador*, Georges Renavent; *Alfonso*, Edward Conrad; *Pereira*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Specialty Trio*, Flores Brothers.

"THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING"—Lubitsch U.A. Original screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch. Cast: *Jill Baker*, Merle Oberon; *Larry Baker*, Melvyn Douglas; *Sebastian*, Burgess Meredith; *Dr. Venard*, Alan Mowbray; *Marque Stallings*, Olive Blakenev; *Attorney Jones*, Harry Davenport; *Sally*, Eve Arden.

"TOPPER RETURNS"—Hal Roach-U. A. Original screen play by Jonathan Latimer and Gordon Douglas. Based on the fictional characters conceived by the late Thorne Smith. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Cast: *Gail Richards*, Joan Blondell; *Cosmo Topper*, Roland Young; *Ann Carrington*, Carole Landis; *Mrs. Topper*, Billie Burke; *Bob*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Maid*, Patsy Kelly; *Mr. Carrington*, H. B. Warner; *Chauffeur*, Eddie (Rochester) Anderson; *Dr. Jeris*, George Zucco; *Sgt. Roberts*, Donald MacBride; *Lillian*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Rama*, Trevor Bardette.

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