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# Movie MIRROR

JULY



DOROTHY LAMOUR  
BY PAUL NESSE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE  
FULL-COLOR PORTRAITS OF IRENE DUNNE, RAY MILLAND, TYRONE POWER





“Camels are milder than any other cigarette I’ve ever smoked!”

MRS. ALEXANDER HIXON  
Pasadena, California

MRS. HIXON, whose husband is in the Army, takes a deep interest in United States defense work and social welfare movements. For relaxation, she rides . . . plays golf . . . studies modern art. Working or playing, young Mrs. Hixon finds a lot of pleasure in smoking Camels.

“Less nicotine in the smoke means a milder smoke,” says Mrs. Hixon. “So Camels are my favorite. Mild as can be—really gentle to my throat—and full of marvelous flavor! I simply *never* tire of smoking Camels.”

**THE SMOKE'S THE THING!**

*A few of the many other distinguished women who, like Mrs. Hixon, “enjoy Camel’s marvelous flavor”*

- Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, *Philadelphia*
- Mrs. Gail Borden, *Chicago*
- Mrs. Powell Cabot, *Boston*
- Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., *Maryland*
- Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2ND, *Boston*
- Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel 3RD, *Philadelphia*
- Mrs. John Hylan Heminway, *New York*
- Mrs. Brooks Howard, *Baltimore*
- Mrs. Edward M. McIlvain, Jr., *New York*
- Miss Polly Peabody, *New York*
- Mrs. Rufus Paine Spalding III, *Pasadena*
- Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, *Cincinnati*
- Mrs. Kiliaen M. Van Rensselaer, *New York*

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

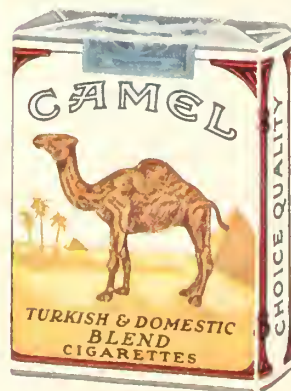
BY BURNING 25% SLOWER than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking *plus* equal, on the average, to

**5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!**

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*



LIGHT UP A CAMEL and see what it's like to smoke the slower-burning cigarette—the cigarette that gives you *less nicotine in the smoke*, the cigarette that gives you *real mildness*. Yes, according to independent scientific tests, the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains 28% less nicotine! (*See statement above.*) Whether you smoke quite often, or just occasionally, it's nice to know that with Camel cigarettes—so grand-tasting and full of flavor—you get less nicotine per puff. Extra mildness from the first puff through the last! Extra flavor, too! Buy Camels by the carton—the thrifty way!

# Camel—*The cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*



# A lesson in Kissing Technique



## LISTERINE TELLS YOU WHAT THE MASTERS SAY ABOUT KISSING

*The anatomical juxtaposition of two orbicularis oris muscles in a state of contraction.*  
DR. HENRY GIBBONS

*What is a kiss? Why this, as some approve:  
The sure sweet cement, glue, and lime of love.*  
ROBERT HERRICK

*A kiss, when all is said, what is it?  
... a rosy dot  
Placed on the "i" in loving: 'tis a secret  
Told to the mouth instead of to the ear.*  
EDMOND ROSTAND

*The sound of a kiss is not so loud as that of a cannon,  
but its echo lasts a great deal longer.*  
O. W. HOLMES

*Kissing don't last: cookery do.*  
GEORGE MEREDITH


*Lord! I wonder what fool it was that first  
invented kissing.*  
SWIFT

*And when my lips meet thine,  
Thy very soul is wedded unto mine.*  
H. H. ROYSEEN

*Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
Say that health and wealth have missed me:  
Say I'm growing old, but add  
Jenny kissed me.*  
LEIGH HUNT

*A man had given all other bliss,  
And all his worldly worth for this,  
To waste his whole heart in one kiss  
Upon her perfect lips.*  
TENNYSON

Excerpts from "The Home Book of Quotations" by  
Burton Stevenson; Dodd, Mead & Co., Publishers

 WHETHER it's the kiss given in the first fine rapture of love's discovery, the kiss you give your husband of twenty years as he rushes out in the morning, or the kiss of mother and son — don't be careless. Remember . . . nothing is so intimate or so revealing as a kiss.

### FOR LOVE'S SAKE

So—for love's sake!—don't ever be guilty of offending HIM with halitosis (bad breath). It freezes love . . . yet anyone may have it at some time or other.

Wouldn't any woman be foolish to chance losing this regard unnecessarily when it's often so easy to make breath sweeter, purer, with Listerine Antiseptic?

Halitosis is sometimes due to systemic con-

ditions. Usually, however, say some authorities, it is caused by the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. For that condition, a good rinsing of the mouth with refreshing Listerine Antiseptic morning and night works sweet wonders!

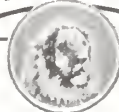
Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, less likely to offend. Use Listerine Antiseptic as a mouth rinse night and morning.

**"P.S." TO MEN:** Don't imagine you're immune from halitosis! (Who is?) Keep Listerine on hand—make it a morning and nightly ritual! Always remember to rinse your mouth with this delightful, breath-sweetening antiseptic deodorant before a very important business engagement—or your date—with Her. It pays. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LET LISTERINE LOOK AFTER YOUR BREATH



Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!

Folks, take a friendly tip. Keep your hands out of your pockets and your proboscis clean. Billy the Kid is dustin' into town!



His real name? William Bonney. He's quick on the draw. Shoots with his left hand. Can hit a wart on a lizard. Asks questions later. He's Wanted for Murder!

Garbed in black—to match "Hassie", his horse—Billy the Kid will lift you out of your seats with his ways and means. He's a one-man prosecutor and a one-man court. He's a menace. And handsome as Bob Taylor.

M-G-M's "Billy the Kid" is a "Western" true enough. But you gotta use those words "saga" and "epic". Real galloping tintypes and buckets of blood.

Never was Technicolor so magnificent. The sunlit freedom of the open plains, the glory of the canyons, the steel blue of the revolver, the jet black in horse and rider, the peachbloom of the fair damsel. Folks, tonight's the night!

You can have your "Easterns" with their villainous demitasses, your "Northern" with their relentless man-getters, your "Southern" with their crinoline coyness—

But give us a "Western" like "Billy the Kid" any time. And now's as good a time as any other.

Somehow we can't help sending along a fan note to Robert Taylor for his splendid performance. Bob, you're a really great star and this he-man role fits you the way you fit that horse. Which is better than a glove.

No time for elaboration, but would just like to toss a sprig to author Gene Fowler for the way he does it.

It's another big hit from

Leo  
The  
Kid



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

combined with

# MOVIE MIRROR

ERNEST V. HEYN  
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE  
Associate Editor

JULY, 1941  
VOL. 19, NO. 2

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COVER: Dorothy Lamour, in Jantzen Swim Suit, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial office, Chant Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Executive office, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; N. Y. Advertising office, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Advertising offices, Chant Building, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.; Chicago office, 221 North LaSalle St., C. H. Shattuck, Manager, Pacific Coast offices: San Francisco, 420 Market St.; Hollywood, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Advertising Manager of Pacific Coast. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, Newfoundland and Canada 1.00 a year; price per copy, United States and Canada, 10c. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, and Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, \$1.50 a year; all other countries \$2.50 a year. White Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

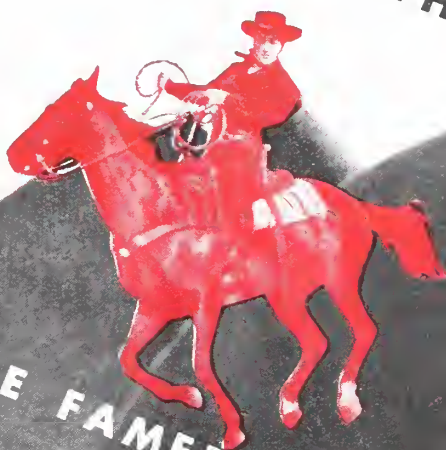
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● M-G-M's GREAT OUTDOOR THRILL-DRAMA...



● BIGGEST SINCE FAMED "NORTHWEST PASSAGE"



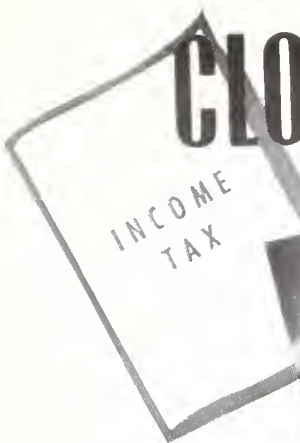
ROBERT TAYLOR as **BILLY THE KID** (IN TECHNICOLOR)

**ROBERT TAYLOR** as **BILLY THE KID** (IN TECHNICOLOR)

with **BRIAN DONLEVY** • Ian Hunter • Mary Howard • Gene Lockhart • Lon Chaney, Jr.  
Screen Play by Gene Fowler • Directed by David Miller • Produced by Irving Asher • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE



# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Evidence of new aims:  
Hedy Lamarr. . . .



. . . Harold Lloyd, who  
took a gamble . . .



. . . Carmen Miranda,  
the latest crush



**BY RUTH WATERBURY**

**D**ESPITE the blessedness of our climate and the sheer distance separating us from the outer world and therefore from the worst of the war nerves . . . Hollywood is being affected by today's history-in-the-making . . . is changing its pattern . . . but typically . . . with the rest of the world tending more and more toward mass movements . . . mass thoughts . . . mass reactions . . . Hollywood is doing quite the opposite . . . with every passing fear-wracked month . . . Hollywood is becoming more strongly individualistic . . . more free from its own peculiar laws . . . and much more alive and interesting. . . .

The most powerful force at work (if you exclude the European war) . . . the force that is making this change is the income tax . . . the income tax has been a Hollywood headache for years but up until now . . . it hasn't meant much more to our stellar darlings than not getting an extra mink coat or an extra car . . . this year, however, it was so really tough on big incomes that its inroads have been dictating a fundamental change in the whole Hollywood attitude. . . .

As for instance . . . in one stellar family that I know (I cannot reveal their names since these facts which I have checked and found to be true were told to me in confidence) . . . this year's income tax ate up exactly half of the couple's joint earnings. . . . In this household both the husband and wife are stars . . . and big ones . . . but the income tax for 1940 left them financially in exactly the same spot that they would have been if one or the other of them had not worked. . . .

This couple on March 15 did no more than the normal amount of grumbling that all of us do who shell out anywhere from a dollar to a

thousand for the same reason . . . this pair are deeply patriotic Americans and like all of us they are not only willing but tremendously glad to do anything and everything they can to help win this battle for freedom which we are all fighting in our own way . . . nevertheless, merely as two individuals, they began wondering if they were not to keep the wealth they were earning . . . if it was wise to work as hard as they had been doing . . . they love their work . . . they are keenly ambitious and spectacularly successful . . . but they began to examine their future plans more closely . . . if they couldn't pile up wealth and security for themselves, what could they accumulate? . . . .

They decided they could take today's happiness . . . just this day of living as completely and as satisfactorily as possible . . . to be followed by the same routine the day after and the day after that . . . they knew they couldn't do that by being entirely idle . . . but they knew they couldn't do it, either, by working continually, which was about what they have done up until now . . . the result of it all is that they have rearranged their studio schedules . . . one of them will work only when the other does (they don't work together, being under contract to different firms) . . . if this means losing a few roles . . . taking a few lay-

offs . . . they don't care . . . they are going to have their leisure together . . . their life together. . . .

Now this attitude . . . which is the attitude of all married lovers outside of Hollywood . . . has never been the Hollywood one . . . in Hollywood careers have definitely come first . . . and almost without exception the word "career" out here has really meant "money". . . .

Today "career" doesn't mean "money" any longer in Hollywood . . . today it may mean "art" . . . it may mean "fun" . . . it may mean "satisfaction" . . . but "money" . . . No. . . .

Consider Hedy Lamarr . . . a glorious consideration at any time . . . recently Hedy turned down a role at Metro and went on suspension . . . that is, was taken off the pay roll . . . she didn't go off the pay roll because she has suddenly turned arty or temperamental . . . she went off the pay roll simply because she was tired . . . she had gone steadily from picture to picture in the last year . . . but when this newest production came up . . . it was spring in Hollywood, which is the most vivid, most exaggerated, most seductive springtime you ever experienced . . . Hedy had a new house inhabited by her adored baby . . . she wanted to enjoy the spring, the house, the baby altogether . . . money (Continued on page 6)



# BLONDE BOMBER

...(America's newest glamour girl, VERONICA LAKE) raids the hearts of four flying aces ...

Paramount Producer  
**ARTHUR HORNBLow, Jr.**  
and Paramount Director  
**MITCHELL LEISEN**  
who created "Arise, My Love," set this daring story of tangled loves against the roaring background of America's great flying legion to give you the biggest and the best of all air pictures.



RAY WILLIAM WAYNE BRIAN  
**MILLAND · HOLDEN · MORRIS · DONLEVY**

with CONSTANCE MOORE · VERONICA LAKE · HARRY DAVENPORT

Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN · A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING





Tailored to size: "The Devil and Miss Jones," with Jean Arthur and Robert Cummings, is a measure-to-fit film for Miss Arthur, who plays a shop clerk in love with Robert Cummings, the radically minded head of the shoe department. The outcome: Outsize laughs

(Continued from page 4)

and career got silly weighed against the loss of those things . . . so Hedy braved the studio's wrath . . . did a little economizing . . . and took the layoff . . . confidentially, the studio wasn't really angry . . . it, too, understood. . . .

**E**VEN love is being helped by this new appreciation of leisure . . . it's doubtful . . . for all their young infatuation with one another . . . if Nancy Kelly and Edmond O'Brien, for example . . . would have married this spring if there hadn't been this new attitude about happiness around the town. . . .

They probably would have thought of "careers" . . . believed those stories that it is better for young picture people not to be tied down . . . but this year they gave love its chance . . . and eloped . . . and really you could light up a whole city with the beam on their faces these days. . . .

I think, too, it's this kind of reasoning that is behind Hollywood's current crush on Carmen Miranda . . . the place could eat Carmen off a spoon . . . it's that fond of her . . . the real reason is that she is at once so sweet and so amusing . . . I know that adjective "sweet" is one that makes most women boil . . . it sounds sticky and old-fashioned . . . and the Brazilian bombshell is explosive, exotic, vivacious and everything that is not old-fashioned and sticky . . . but I still insist that she is "sweet" . . . there is more warmth in her smile . . . more friendliness in her hand-

clasp . . . more genuinely "from the heart" friendliness about her . . . than in any star discovered in ages . . . with the result that when she is filming a scene . . . the set is packed with everybody in the studio . . . when she appears for charity in our local night clubs . . . and she appears all the time for charity . . . you can only secure tables from which to watch her at the most fabulous prices. . . .

Yet all these effects on individuals in Hollywood would have no effect upon Hollywood itself . . . if they didn't in turn . . . affect production here . . . after all, as much as we all of us in the town like to forget it . . . it's still true that all that counts out of this place is what gets into the finished cans of film and is shipped out to the world . . . but production is being effected . . . and affected. . . .

**T**HE fact that today, on big incomes you come out about the same if you lose money rather than make it . . . is encouraging experimentation . . . darned if the producers aren't tending more and more to make pictures just for the fun of it . . . or for the self-expression. . . .

There's Preston Sturges at Paramount Studio having a wonderful time (and giving it to us, too) having his own way. . . .

There's Harold Lloyd, retired from acting, unable to invest his gigantic fortune in anything safe . . . taking a gamble and producing the delightfully zany "A Guy, A Girl

And A Gob" . . . which is no masterpiece, no solemn treatise, but a lot of laughs . . . and what do we want more than a lot of laughs these days . . . there are Frank Ross and Norman Krasna . . . the former, Jean Arthur's energetic, intelligent husband . . . the latter, one of Hollywood's cleverest writers . . . these two pooled resources and produced the larksome, delightful "The Devil and Miss Jones" . . . which could equally well be called "To Jean, With Love" . . . so flatteringly, perfectly and charmingly has it been tailored to fit Jean's individual talents (Jean returns the compliment by giving her most enchanting performance masterly seconded by Charles Coburn who plays a very rich man, who, by way of pleasing novelty, is also a wise and kind man). . . . On the other hand . . . there is an actor like Fredric March who last year could have played seven pictures at \$100,000 each but who turned down all but two of them . . . "Victory" and "So Ends Our Night" . . . neither of which turned out to be a box-office hit but which still were no reflection on Freddie's judgment that their stories had deeper than average values . . . and finally, there is Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane" the greatest experiment of them all . . . this is definitely one of the most provocative, most original, most compelling pictures ever made . . . I do not guarantee that you will like it . . . but it is excitingly the product of today's Hollywood mood . . . of experiencing and experimenting . . . to get as much out of every day as possible . . . since today is more important than any "today" that has ever dawned, since we cannot foresee what "tomorrow" may mean for any one of us. . . .



Actor who can look down his nose at \$500,000: Fredric March, who forgets about dollars and uses his own sense in choosing the roles he will portray on the screen

# GREAT NEWS!

## “MILLION DOLLAR BABY”

will be shown  
*immediately!*

Hollywood fell head over heels for this wonderful story of a girl who falls into a million dollars!

*(You should read those preview raves!)*

It's so good, and so gay, and so lovable that theatres wouldn't wait a single moment to play it for you! Watch for it and don't dare miss it!



*It stars, in their  
very best roles ever . . .*

**PRISCILLA LANE**  
**JEFFREY LYNN**  
**RONALD REAGAN**  
**MAY ROBSON • LEE PATRICK**  
**Directed by CURTIS BERNHARDT**  
Screen Play by Cosey Robinson, Richard Macaulay and  
Jerry Wald • From a Story by Leonard Spigelgoss  
**A NEW WARNER BROS. HIT**



BOWLING  
'EM OVER



Below: Power in position. Ty was head of a team as were Ronald Colman, Cary Grant, Olivia de Havilland, Paulette Goddard, Reginald Gardiner

Charity with a broad "a": A bowling party for Bundles for Britain. Front-row turnout by reason of birth interests: Herbert Marshall, who's saying "Ah" with a British accent; Ronald Colman, pointing prettily; Cary Grant, dreaming of Barbara Hutton



Concentration on pins (both kinds): Ida Lupino, who cuts a pretty figure at any bowling-alley party



# INSIDE STUFF

**P**ARTIES — Events — Excursions! Bowling! The sport of the hour in Hollywood! And maybe you think mobs of people didn't turn out for that bowling tournament given for the "Bundles for Britain" benefit.

Practically every British star and many who weren't British sponsored a team and the excitement ran high with the Ronald Colman team, the Cary Grant, Olivia de Havilland, Tyrone Power, Paulette Goddard

and Reginald Gardiner teams racing neck and neck to a finish.

The onlookers were welcome and could ask for all the autographs they desired if they produced a program of events to be autographed. And with programs selling at fifty cents, all of which went to the cause, a grand sum plus a grand time was accumulated.

Hollywood was busy with fun and entertainment this month with one

event crowding another. M-G-M's luncheon (see picture on page 18) for Father Flanagan of Boys Town fame started off the activities with the studio's beautiful dining room crowded with stars and visitors who came to pay honor to the Father of Boys Town.

Rosalind Russell in smart chapeau, and Norma Shearer, with the busy Mickey Rooney buzzing about, were the center of attraction. Lana





Left: Anna Lee keeps her eye on the ball, lends an ear to Bart Marshall. Mr. Colman points (again!). Binnie Barnes and Livvie de Havilland just look pretty and listen

If you're smart enough to read between the lines, you'll find here a top-notch tip-off on some private doings

Above: Limbering-up act by Paulette Goddard who wore black shorts, white blouse and an intense expression

## BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

A-I catches of autograph hounds were Gary Cooper, Mrs. Ronald Colman, Sandra Cooper. Onlookers could get any fifty-cent program autographed

Turner, glorious in her Ziegfeld costume, and Ann Sothorn as just Annie, listened with rapt attention to the amazing voice of newcomer Kathryn Grayson.

"I'm looking this soulful because I'm about to be murdered," Donald Crisp told us from across the table.

"By whom?" Cal gasped, wide-eyed. "By Spencer Tracy over there," he chuckled. We glanced over at Spence, spiritually at peace

in his robes as the priest of Boys Town. "We're going to do the scene in 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' this afternoon, where Spencer as *Mr. Hyde* goes berserk," Donald said. "I hope he makes my death as painless as possible."

Enchanting place, this Hollywood.

An old-fashioned ice cream social right in the midst of Hollywood was next on the program with Ty Power, resplendent as a Gay Nineties blade,

dishing out the ice cream. The party was held in Susan Hayward's own ice-cream store on Santa Monica Boulevard and proved a riot, with hostess Barbara Jo Allen (Vera Vague) and guests spinning the bottle like village cut-ups.

Jane Withers capped the climax of good times with a circus party for the younger set. How those kids did celebrate! Clowns, bearded ladies, ringmasters and bareback riders



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Two excited see-all tourists at the party were Joan Blondell's Ellen and Norman Powell. The 100-pound cake was cut by Jane Withers and Gloria Jean



Scene of a super party for the Quiz Kids was Disney's studio. Above are Quiz Kids Joan Bishop, Cynthia Clive, Richard Williams, Gerard Darrow, Jack Lucal and Claude Brenner with Jane Withers (right, back row)

Featured attractions — besides the cake — were models of Disney characters. Right: Gerard Darrow with Clarence Nash, the voice of Donald Duck



packed the grounds and lobby of the beautiful Beverly Hills Hotel.

Jane was a beautiful little hostess with Freddie Bartholomew (Was that long underwear, Freddie?), Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper, Joe Brown Jr. and others having the time of their lives. And guess who won the jitterbug contest? None other than Virginia Weidler and Larry Nunn.

By the time Deanna Durbin's beautiful wedding to Vaughn Paul rolled around, the town was keyed up for a grand finale. The event didn't disappoint.

No more beautiful bride ever breathed than Deanna who walked, like a flower herself, to the altar with Vaughn.

Yes, it was a big month in Hollywood and, as you can see by Hymie's pictures, we didn't miss a single trick.

**Thisa and Thata:** Sweaters are no longer being worn, on the screen, by our Hollywood beauties. The Hays office says they are—er—naughty.

The town is still in hysterics over Gable's gift to wife Carole Lombard on their second wedding anniversary. When Carole, all atwitter with excite-

ment, opened the gorgeously wrapped box, there lay the darndest set of calico panties, brassiere and petticoat you've ever laid your eyes on. Clark took that "calico for the second year" edict literally and had a studio dress-maker whip up the ruffled numbers. Carole is now trying to think up a comeback gag.

And speaking of fashions—well, weren't we?—Joan Crawford's adopted baby, Christina, wears pinafores upon which are embroidered "God Bless America, Mommy and Me."

And speaking of Joan, the instant "A Woman's Face" was completed, the star, with her baby, embarked for New York for another six-months stay. Joan's true love lives in the big town. God bless Joan, New York and Romance.

**For Wives and Maybe Husbands, Too:** We've maintained and always will maintain the same old troubles (plus a lot of other ones) that pop up in the lives of wedded couples everywhere happen to people in Hollywood.

Now take the problem of Louis Hayward's old hat. And doesn't that

sound familiar, you men who love old battered hats?

Well, recently Ida and Louis were making a short trip and that old hat of Louis' was a sore spot throughout the journey.

"I won't let you take that hat back to Hollywood," Ida scolded and, while Louis wasn't looking, she hid it under the cushions of the davenport in their hotel suite.

Louis almost lost his mind trying to locate his hat but finally gave up—to Ida's great delight.

But the actress hadn't reckoned with American efficiency. A week later back came the hat to Louis, cleaned, blocked and refurbished by the hotel.

Louis couldn't be more pleased. Ida couldn't be more chagrined.

**French for Sex Appeal:** Hollywood is adither. For once it has been shattered out of its blasé indifference into teeming, fuming, fussing, feverish  
(Continued on page 12)



"WHOO~STOLE MY HEART AWAY?"



**ANNA  
NEAGLE** *in*



1941's Greatest Dancing  
Show, Featuring Famous  
**JEROME KERN**  
Hits, Including "Who",  
"Sunny", "D'You Love Me"



Songs that stole the heart of America  
. . . . in America's favorite musical  
romance, now filmed in splendor  
with a host of stars and eye-widen-  
ing novelties! . . . No wonder Holly-  
wood's saying—"Sunny's a Honey!"

# SUNNY

*With*

**RAY BOLGER • JOHN CARROLL**  
Edw. Everett **HORTON** • Frieda **INESCORT**  
Helen **WESTLEY** • And The **HARTMANS**  
Produced & Directed by **HERBERT WILCOX**

*Screen Play by Sig Herzig • From the Musical Comedly "Sunny"  
Book and Lyrics by Otto Harbach and Oscar Hammerstein II*

**RKO RADIO PICTURE**





A circus party "Happy birthday": Hostess Jane Withers, lion-tamer Bobby Jordan



Long and the short of it: Rita Quigley in gauze, Freddie Bartholomew in woolens



Seeing knee to knee; Virginia Weidler and Larry Nunn win the jitterbug contest

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 10)

interest. Why? Jean Gabin is in town. Literally he is taking the place by storm. He is *the* man of *the* hour with every celebrity in town breaking his neck to get near him.

So far Dietrich and Pat Morison are the only lucky ladies to win his attention, Gabin being a bachelor.

He will be taught to speak English by—guess whom? None other than our own Gable with his good old Middlewest twang. Oh now, Clark himself won't actually teach Jean, but Gable's pictures have been chosen as the ones Gabin must see and study, as Hollywood believes Clark most nearly approximates average English as it is spoken in America.

S. R. Mechnich, a linguist, will do the actual teaching and hopes to have Gabin letter-perfect in three months. Gabin, in French, says no, it will be six months, for first he must *think* in English.

And gals, we've seen him and can only say oooo la la, how you ladies will rave. For more personal data on him, see page 36.

**Tidbits About Bigbits:** Alice Faye and Phil Harris, the orchestra leader, are so in love Alice couldn't stay away from Hollywood long enough to take that long-awaited vacation.

Now that that dark 'n handsome agent, Vic Orsatti, is caught in the draft, half the lovely blondes in Hollywood will be dateless. And eligible men in Hollywood are at such a premium, the gals tell me.

But don't look at me, you lovelies,



Popular corner was where Gloria Jean told fortunes. Above: She has tough ringmaster Joe Brown Jr. speechless

Cal doesn't make that kind of money.

One of the sights of the month was Gary Cooper, in carpet slippers yet, slipping into a Santa Monica Boulevard dance studio for a rumba lesson. Swing it there, Coop, old boy.

**Nose Dives for the Dive Bombers:** The most embarrassed star in Hollywood is Errol Flynn, who is filming "Dive Bomber" at the U. S. Navy air base, San Diego, California.

Flynn, like all other players in the Technicolor epic, has to wear the regulation Navy life preserver for certain scenes. They are made of soft rubber-impregnated cloth, air-tight, and are inflated by the release of gas contained in an attached metal tube. Like soda siphons.

But Errol made the mistake of pinning his identification button to his life preserver. He now owns the life

preserver. He had to buy it. But it isn't any good. It leaks.

Which reminds us of the dear old ladies who live the year around at the famous Hotel del Coronado near San Diego where the "Dive Bomber" cast, including Errol, Fred MacMur-ray, Regis Toomey and others, are staying.

Instead of cutting their usual swath, the troupe is looked upon as rank intruders by the rich old guests. Errol himself told us the story of overhearing an elderly bellboy (everything seems old down there) consoling a sweet old thing wearing pounds of diamonds and yards of black lace.

"Yes, we all feel the same way about these actors," the elderly bellman said, shaking his head, "but we'll just have to try to make the best of it."


**This 'Orrible Wicked 'Ollywood:** A visit to the "Flight Patrol" set revealed an odd thing, or at least it seemed odd to Cal. Between every take Ronald Reagan would literally race off the set and breathlessly race back in time for the next scene.

"What's got into you, Reagan?" we demanded. "We remember way back when you were glad to stay put so long as you were on a sound stage."

"Come along," Ronald said after the next scene. "I'll show you how come."

With the actor we entered the joint dressing rooms of Ronald and his wife Jane Wyman and then stopped short. There, in as complete a nursery as you can imagine, lay the couple's new

(Continued on page 14)



This is  
the way  
we go  
to Swim!

We believe in swimming for our figure's sake... we believe in Jantzen for our figure's sake... so we put the two together and have a wonderful summer looking wonderful. There's "Smoothie" (right) in the new seal-sleek, 4.95; "Surplice" (left) in lush Velva-Lure, 6.95... and plenty more, all in those heavenly figure-fixing "Lastex" swim suit fabrics, with the wonderful Jantzen foundation control, and the new Beauty-lift Bra. The colors are divine. At the leading stores or write for illustrated style folder.

*Jantzen*

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS

PORTLAND, OREGON...VANCOUVER, CANADA



# CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

Below: Aftereffects of the Durbin wedding: Guests Dave Rose and Judy Garland act out love's old sweet song at the Mocambo—with gestures

First shot at a Hollywood lion: Awarded to Pat Morison who dances at Ciro's with Jean Gabin. (See story on page 36.) Background man is Spencer Tracy



(Continued from page 12)

baby, Maureen Elizabeth.

"We never got to see her at home," Ronald explained. "She was asleep when Jane and I left for the studio and asleep when we got home at night. Now that we're both working out here we've fixed this up as a nursery and we can see her often during the day."

Next time you hear any of those fantastic stories that emanate from Hollywood, remember this story of a young couple who just couldn't bear to be away from their baby.

**Notice to Brides-To-Be:** Sit down, all you engaged or about-to-be-engaged girls, while we ask this all-important question. Otherwise you might faint on old Cal's hands.

Now then, how would you like a solid-gold wedding ring as a gift from Bing Crosby and Tyrone Power?

Absolutely, we're not kidding. It's all on the gold standard, believe us, and here's how it can be gotten.

Ty and Bing, along with some other Hollywood biggies, are about to build a new million-dollar hotel near Las Vegas, Nevada, to be called "The Desert Ambassador." Now right on the grounds is a real honest-to-goodness gold mine with gold in it and everything.

Well, the boys have conceived the idea of turning that gold into wedding rings and giving one as a gift to every bride who comes there to be married.

Cozy? Why sure. So if you want one of those Crosby-Power rings, girls, just stall along the wedding till the hotel is completed. Here's wishing you happiness.



Blondie takes a back seat as Arthur Lake (Dagwood) concentrates on the real Mrs. Lake at Ciro's

**Love and Stuff:** The old Dietrich-Garbo struggle is liable to break out anew since Garbo annexed for her own Marlene's former escort, Eric Remarque. The two can be seen any day riding through the Hollywood hills with Greta's former beau, Gaylord Hauser, left to stew in his vegetable juices, at least temporarily.

Incidentally, the Garbo talks, Garbo laughs slogans have developed into Garbo sings (Cal can't wait) for her new picture, "Anna and Anita."

Love, great gobs of it, has hit Wally Beery, the prune-faced box-office draw of Hollywood. Wally will marry his lady love, one Mrs. Robinson, a wealthy widow with (hold your hats, friends) five children.

With Wally's adopted two, that promises to be some household.

Re Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall, the cutest sight of the month was Bill toddling off to kindergarten with Brenda's little girl (by a former

marriage) by the hand. Her mother had an early studio call and couldn't be on hand to enroll the child in the summer session. Bill, who is rapidly developing into one of Hollywood's best actors, made a solicitous daddy.

**Babies, Bless 'Em:** Mary Martin, the gal who rose to fame because her heart belonged to daddy, is going to have a brand-new baby of her own and husband Richard Halliday couldn't be happier. Mary is the mother of a nine-year-old boy by a former marriage.

No, kind friends, the Errol Flynns will not call their new offspring Mickey Flynn or even Sirocco Flynn after his boat. Wife Lili Damita will have something to say about that.

They tell me the sight of Boris Karloff pushing his baby up Fifth Avenue, New York, in its hooded perambulator is almost too much for the natives.

Papa Frankenstein!

**London Calling:** "War or no war, I miss silk stockings!" writes Ann Dvorak from London. "And not that I care, but, believe it or not, the boys in the service actually want the girls who drive ambulances to wear good-looking hose."

Well, war or no war, a good-looking leg is a good-looking leg; or is Cal speaking out of turn?

The story of American-born Ann and her director husband, Leslie Fenton, is a worthy one. At the time of their departure from Hollywood to wartorn England, Leslie was coming into his own as an ace director, a lifelong ambition about to be fully realized.

Ann had just been offered \$500 a week on a Warner studio contract and Leslie, who is British, had persuaded

(Continued on page 16)

# THIS OLD PHOTO OF ME IS GOING OUT OF MY ALBUM Right Now

Don't Let Ugly, Poor-Fitting Eye-Glasses  
Rob You of Your Beauty



Posed by Professional Model

**T**HOUSANDS upon thousands of men and women permit ugly, cumbersome, ill-fitting eye-glasses to rob them of their natural attractiveness.

Many years ago Bernarr Macfadden had a most trying experience with his eyes. The idea of wearing glasses was intolerable, so, always willing to back up his theories by experimenting upon himself, he immediately started upon a course of natural treatments that he fully believed would help him.

The results were so satisfactory that he associated himself with a great eye specialist of the day and together they entered upon a period of research and experiment covering many years.

The essence of their findings is contained in Mr. Macfadden's great book, *Strengthening the Eyes*. Here, in plain, simple language the author describes a series of corrective eye-exercises. If you already wear glasses, find out for yourself how this treatment may be beneficial to you and how you may possibly spare yourself the agony of wearing glasses. If you do not wear glasses, but feel that your eyes are failing, then find out how vision may be strengthened without the use of glasses.

## Send No Money

You need send no money now—simply mail coupon below and upon receipt of book pay postman \$3 plus postal charges. If, after reading this remarkable book for 5 days, you decide that you do not care to follow the simple instructions—return it to us and we will refund your \$3 at once and without question. Sign and mail coupon below—NOW.

Macfadden Book Co., Inc., Dept. WG-7 Money-Back  
205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Offer

Send me a copy of *Strengthening the Eyes*. I will pay the postman \$3, plus postal charges, upon delivery of the book. It is understood that if I am dissatisfied with the book, I can return it within five days and you will refund my \$3 at once. (We pay postage on all cash orders)

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Foreign and Canadian orders cash in advance. Approval privilege applies only to continental United States.

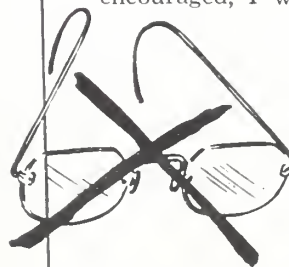


### "Discards Glasses"

Here is a woman who writes: "After following the instructions in *Strengthening the Eyes*, I have discarded my glasses and read more now without them than I could with them."

### "The Happiest Moment of My Life"

Another lady writes: "I must confess that it was with very little faith that I followed your instructions and began daily routines of eye exercises. But to my surprise I soon noticed improvement. Greatly encouraged, I went ahead with it, until one day I discovered I could lay off my glasses for good. It was the happiest moment of my life."



These inspiring results bring a message of hope to many who are troubled with weak eyes or poor sight.

Over 80,000 Copies of this Book Sold

### From This Unique Book

The methods suggested herein are not only practical, they are scientific and have been proved capable of so strengthening the eyes that "eye-crutches," as I have learned to call eye-glasses, will in very many cases not be needed.

*Bernarr Macfadden*



USE "Sub-Deb"

avoid  
Lipstick  
Parching



There's nothing smart or attractive about lips rough and chapped from "Lipstick Parching."

That's why every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick contains an added ingredient to help keep your lips adorably smooth as satin. Coty "Sub-Deb" gives you not only exciting color... but also valuable protection against parching. Try Coty "Sub-Deb," and soon you'll be telling others of its blessed magic. \$1.00 or 50¢.

## New Shades

4 OF THE 9 EXCITING SHADES

- Gitane* smart and dashing "gipsy" shade
- "Magnet Red"* a dramatic red red
- Dahlia* a flower-soft red...very young
- Tamale* new "Latin-American" shade

COTY

# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



(Continued from page 14)

her to remain here when he departed to join England's Navy. But he'd no sooner gone than Ann knew she had to be near him.

Today, Ann is broadcasting on the radio to cheer up British soldiers for the sum of \$26 a week, which isn't \$500 a week any way you figure it. Leslie, she writes, has obtained special permission from the government to make a picture starring David Niven.

And so it goes. Brave, selfless people, Ann and Leslie, who didn't have to go but couldn't be kept away.

Here's luck to them.

**Tut-tut Department:** Cal's eagle eye rested on an item in June PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR that sent a blush to his faded old cheeks. The name of Cedric Gibbons, prominent designer for M-G-M, appeared as Cedric Adams in a caption. The staff of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR is herewith standing on its head in the corner. It won't happen again, Mr. Gibbons—you bet it won't!

**Special Treat:** Curious, the interesting bits and pieces of a story that come to light months later. Hitting 1941 right on the nose was the news break of Bette Davis' marriage to Arthur Farnsworth. Now we have this charming little account direct from the pen of Bette's mother, telling of their 750-mile trip to the altar:

Writes Mrs. Davis: Our secret plans seemed to be going smoothly. Then as we were sitting before the fire at Bette's house on a cold rainy

Mixed doubles: Dorothy Lamour and Greg Bautzer (who used to go with Lana Turner); Lana Turner and Tony Martin at Hollywood Stars Ball Park

night, a horrible thought came to me. How could we get the wedding bouquets and not be found out? Bette's friend, Ruth Garland, who, with her sister, was to stand up with her, saved the day. "I have a plan," she said.

Benny, "The Parisian Florist," had always kept Bette's house filled with such perfect flowers that we felt it only fair to let him do this, too, even though we must try to keep him from suspecting our secret. Benny himself greeted Ruth as she entered his shop the next morning. "Benny," she said, "I want you to help me. I have a little friend who is going to be married New Year's Eve. She's way up in the hills and she doesn't have very much. The flowers are to be my contribution. She must have the most beautiful flowers you have ever made—THE most beautiful." He fell hard for her sincerity and eagerness. She then told him the disturbing fact that these flowers must travel twenty-four hours by motor. This meant that the lilies of the valley we so much wanted would be impossible to use. Finally white roses and white orchids were decided on for the wedding bouquet, and pale pink carnations for the attendants, green orchids for the bride's mother and a corsage of white orchids, which, if he had only known, were to be for Jane Bryan, now Mrs. Justin Dart, our hostess. He could give her

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR





Hollywood homework: Roz Russell and Cary Grant rehearse "His Girl Friday" for the C. B. S. Screen Guild show

no assurance that even these flowers would be fresh after such a long journey, but he promised to pack them as well as possible and she had to take the risk.

Through rain, snow and landslides went the flowers. Bette and her party had left Monday morning, but due to the falling of a huge boulder in Jerome they were obliged to make a one-hundred-fifty mile detour through Flagstaff and only arrived at the ranch three hours before the wedding was scheduled. Ruth Garland and I had left Sunday and so were lucky enough to avoid the detour, but we spent the extra day worrying about the rest of the party AND the flowers.

At eight-thirty a horn blew and the boys in something faintly resembling a car, but mud from top to bottom, drew up at the door. With bated breath we bore the huge boxes into Bette's room.

Removing the covers we lifted the still damp cotton, layer after layer, and there, crisp as the day they first bloomed, lay the wedding flowers. Bette gasped, as did we all, and Ruth G.'s face was wreathed, not in smiles, but grins. Her plan had worked. Jane had brought with her by plane from Phoenix a bunch of lilies of the valley. These we tucked in among the roses and the orchids, so Bette even had her much-wanted lilies of the valley after all.

Finally at nine-thirty all was in readiness and the service, so beautifully read by Dr. Price, was performed.

And so ends the tale of the flowers.

RUTH F. DAVIS.

P. S.—Benny was gratified.

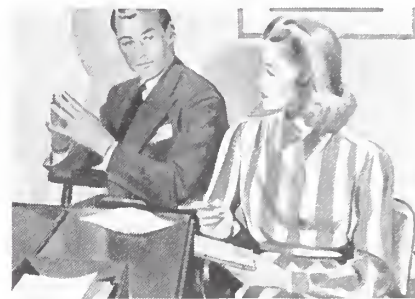


**MUM** is quick, safe, sure!

**SAVES TIME • CLOTHES • CHARM!**



**DAY-LONG DAINTINESS** starts with a touch of Mum under each arm, for bath freshness vanishes quickly unless you prevent the formation of future odor. Mum is sure, dependable... preferred by millions of women.



**SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS GIRLS** have this red letter rule... "Be a pleasant office companion, never let daintiness down!" Gentle, creamy Mum protects you for hours, yet Mum won't hurt skin or clothes. Mum is safe!



**DINNER DATE TONIGHT?** Surprise invitations are fun! Carry a purse-size jar of Mum for your "five o'clock freshener" and go straight from shopping or business, confident that Mum protects your charm!



**HELP ROMANCE ALONG!** Romance... how precious to find, how easy to lose through one careless fault! Popular girls, girls who dance every dance, never risk offending. Let Mum be the safeguard of your charm, too!

## Mum prevents underarm odor all day!

**A** DOZEN AIDS to charm may crowd your bathroom shelves. But not one is more important than the underarm deodorant you use.

And today, with so many deodorants to choose from, isn't it significant that more women in offices, in hospitals, in schools and at home prefer Mum. Mum is pleasant to use—prevents odor instantly and does it *without stopping perspiration*.

Smart women never trust a bath alone to bring them lasting daintiness. Underarms need special care to prevent the formation of future odor... that's why so many women use Mum every single day. A quick dab under each arm and underarms are safe all day or all evening long.

Safe, dependable Mum makes you safe from the risk of ever offending. It's a favorite with thousands of men, too.

**MUM IS SAFE.** A gentle, soothing cream that won't harm clothes or even tender skin. Safe even after underarm shaving.

**MUM IS SURE.** Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum makes the formation of underarm odor impossible for hours.

**MUM IS SPEEDY.** Takes only 30 seconds to smooth on Mum. You can use it even *after* you're dressed!

FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

**MUM**

**TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**



# IRRESISTIBLE

You



WITH  
**Irresistible**  
**PINK ROSE**  
MATCHED MAKE-UP

Be utterly Irresistible in PINK ROSE, Irresistible's flirtatious new lipstick. It's a deep pink, keyed to the new summer fashions . . . dramatic for daytime . . . seductive for evenings. And so s-m-a-a-t-h, creamy and long-lasting . . . as only our secret WHIP-TEXT process can make it. PINK ROSE Rouge adds that delicate natural glow while matching Irresistible AIR-WHIFT Face Powder and Foundation brings out that fresh, velvety look that men find so Irresistible. Only 10¢ each at 5 & 10¢ stores.

IT'S *Whip-Text*  
LASTS LONGER...  
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

# 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 Denning 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 Sullavan 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 selfish lover. It's a tear-jerker so bring plenty of handkerchiefs. (May)

**BAD MAN**—M-G-M: Wallace Beery's fans are going to be pretty disappointed in this story of a Mexican handit who plays Cupid. Beery's performance throws the whole story out of gear and despite the presence of Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan and Laraine Day, it remains a fair-sized dud. (June)

**BLONDIE GOES LATIN**—Columbia: *Dagwood's* boss decides to take the *Bumpsteeds* 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 *Bumpstead* fans. Tito Guizar sings beautifully. (May)

**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.)

✓ **BUCK PRIVATES**—Universal: Abbott and Costello find themselves in the Army in this hilarious comedy high-lighted by their amazingly funny routines. Wealthy Lee Bowman and his chauffeur, Alan Curtis, are also in the Army and the Andrews Sisters contribute plenty of songs. (May)

✓✓ **CHEERS 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.)

**DOUBLE DATE**—Universal: Almost every possible laugh-getter has been thrown into this light-hearted little comedy about Rand Brooks and Peggy Moran's efforts to break up the romance of Edmund Lowe and Una Merkel. The result is really very funny. (June)



One getting ready, one all set: Kathryn Grayson, who hit the fame jackpot in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," and Mickey Rooney, who doesn't need to hit jackpots any more, at the M-G-M luncheon for Father Flanagan of Boys Town

**ELLERY QUEEN'S PENTHOUSE MYSTERY**—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is the famous detective who wades through danger and international intrigue to solve the murder of a ventriloquist on a secret governmental mission. Margaret Lindsay is his pretty secretary. (May)

**FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK**—Warners: Errol Flynn's first modern picture in three years has him an amateur detective who runs headlong into a real-life murder and almost loses his life and his wife, Brenda Marshall. It's heavy-handed comedy and we prefer Flynn in his swasbuckling roles. (June)

✓ **GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB, A**—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio: Lucille Ball is the girl, Edmond O'Brien the guy and George Murphy the gob in this bright, amusing comedy that clicks in every department. It's packed with chuckles and good cheer; you'll enjoy every minute of it. (June)

**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)

✓ **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 hurler singer, Susana Foster, from a raid and placing her in the camp, with havoc as the natural result. (May)

✓✓ **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.)

✓✓ **I WANTED WINGS**—Paramount: This thrilling story of men and planes, laid against the background of America's own flying fields, is a smash hit. Ray Milland, Wayne Morris and William Holden as the three young cadets who become fliers turn in their best work, as does Brian Donlevy as a flight instructor. Sirenish Veronica Lake makes her screen debut. (June)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



✓ **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.)

**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.)

✓✓ **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.)

**LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE, THE**—Columbia: No sooner does Warren William bet that he can keep out of trouble for twenty-four hours than he becomes embroiled in a mail robbery, a killing, a kidnaping and all sorts of mayhem that keep him dashing all around. Eric Blore is very funny, as usual. (June)

✓ **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 fiancée John Howard suspects the worst. Brrrr! (May)

✓ **MAISIE WAS A LADY**—M-G-M: When playboy Lew Ayres causes Ann Sothern, 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.)

**MAN BETRAYED, A**—Republic: John Wayne is the young lawyer who arrives in town to discover who murdered his friend in a gambling joint. He also discovers crooked politics and grafters. Besides that, he meets lovely Frances Dee, who provides the romance. (June)

**MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE**—Universal: Pretty unbelievable is this farce about a wife who can't tell two absolutely strange men apart, even though they both look alike and live in the same house. Brian Aherne plays the dual role of the wealthy husband and his double, and Kay Francis is the bewildered wife. S. Z. Sakall is the scene-stealer. (June)

✓✓ **MEET JOHN DOE**—Warners: Another of Frank Capra's brilliant successes is this story whose theme is the power of love over hate. Barbara Stanwyck is superb as the newspaper girl who invents a *John Doe* and Gary Cooper's performance as the ex-ball player who's hired to be *John Doe* and becomes a great humanitarian is his best. Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan, James Gleason and Regis Toomey are also outstanding. (June)

**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 explanation, as who wouldn't? The whole thing gets battier by the minute, but it's full of laughs. (May)

✓ **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.)

✓ **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.)

**MR. DYNAMITE**—Universal: Baseball pitcher Lloyd Nolan goes out for an evening of fun and is tossed headlong into a sabotage plot and a murder charge. His amateur detective work involves him with secret-agent Irene Hervey. Ann Gillis and J. Carrol Naish are also very good and although the story's none too well constructed, it's acceptable entertainment. (June)

# You'll find a Thrilling Promise of Loveliness in the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



Photograph by David Berns

This lovely bride is Mrs. George J. Langley, Jr., Bronxville, N. Y. "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done so much for my skin," says Mrs. Langley. "I know it has helped me to look more beautiful. I advise every woman who wants a lovelier skin to try it."

**Even girls with sensitive skin can profit by exciting beauty idea—developed from advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!**

Every single day, twice a day, give your skin Camay's gentle cleansing care. Be constant—put your entire confidence in Camay. And in a few short weeks you may hope to see a lovelier you.

SO MANY WOMEN cloud their beauty through improper cleansing . . . use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be. "My skin is so responsive to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says this lovely bride. "It seems so much fresher-looking."

Mrs. Langley is so right. Skin specialists recommend a regular cleansing routine with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say—"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."



**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.

did he  
mean... doggy  
legs



or doggie legs?

Was his remark candidly canine... or was he being sweet and complimentary?

If there is any question in your mind, lady, then you'd better get NEET, today! For NEET cream hair remover will quickly remove both uncomplimentary hair and doubt simultaneously.

Simply apply this cosmetic cream hair remover to your legs, or under your arms, or forearms... leave it for a few minutes... then rinse off. NEET leaves the skin satiny, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp razor stubble to mar the contours of lovely legs, or create runs in sheer hose when NEET is used. Nor does NEET encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of new NEET today from your department, drug, or ten cent store.

*Better Get  
neet today*

**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)

**MURDER AMONG FRIENDS**—20th Century-Fox: The beneficiaries to a multiple insurance policy die suddenly and mysteriously and John Hubbard and Marjorie Weaver race like mad from suspect to corpse to prevent more murders and solve the ones already committed. In spite of all the murders, it's a gay little offering. (June)

✓ **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)

**PENALTY, THE**—M-G-M: Edward Arnold is a ruthless criminal who teaches his son, Gene Reynolds, to follow in his footsteps, but Gene is sent to reform school and then released to farmer Lionel Barrymore where slowly he's regenerated. Veda Ann Borg is the moll. (June)

**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.)

✓ **RAGE IN HEAVEN**—M-G-M: Gripping fare is this dramatic picture of a psychopathic case, played by Robert Montgomery, who marries refugee Ingrid Bergman and eventually involves her and his best friend, George Sanders, in a murder scandal. It's exciting and novel and the performances are outstanding. (June)

**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.)

**ROUNDUP, THE**—Paramount: Richard Dix again proves himself one of the best Western actors in this triangle picture of the old West. Preston Foster is the ex-fiance of Dix's wife, Patricia Morison, and his return to see her creates doubt and jealousy. Betty Brewer and Ruth Donnelly add to the doings. (June)

✓ **SCATTERGOOD BAINES**—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)

✓ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Warners: Too brutal for top entertainment is this remake of Jack London's sea story with Edward G. Robinson as the psychopathic, bestial captain who terrorizes his crew. Ida Lupino plays the derelict waif rescued by John Garfield, member of Robinson's crew. (June)

✓ **SIS HOPKINS**—Republic: Judy Canova sweeps this musical on to success as the Hoosier girl who goes to college with her rich cousin Susan Hayward, with Charlie Butterworth financing the education. The story's full of gags and Bob Crosby adds the music and Jerry Colonna the nitwit comedy. (June)



Repeat performance: The team that made laugh history in "The Awful Truth," Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, turn their minds to the problem of adoption in Columbia's current "Penny Serenade"



**SIX LESSONS FROM MADAME LA ZONGA**—Universal: This weak little number teams that pair of funsters, Leon Erroll and Lupe Velez, but nothing much comes of it. Helen Parrish is cute, but together it belongs in the "too bad" files. (Apr.)

**SLEEPERS WEST**—20th Century-Fox: Lloyd Nolan, as detective *Michael Shayne*, does his sleuthing on a fast train in this second of a new series. Lynn Bari's the girl reporter, Mary Beth Hughes a defense witness, Edward Brophy and Don Costello detectives, but the plot's awfully complicated. (June)

✓✓ **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.)

✓✓ **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.)

✓✓ **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**—Korda-U. A.: Powerfully wrought and beautifully executed is this historical picture of a great and tragic love that defied traditions and nations. Vivien Leigh plays the beautiful and notorious Lady Hamilton who desperately loves England's naval hero, Laurence Olivier, and both their performances are magnificent. It's a great picture. (June)

✓✓ **THAT NIGHT IN RIO**—20th Century-Fox: Lush color, risqué dialogue, Carmen Miranda's songs and much whoop-la are all part of this gorgeous musical that's a riot of fun. Don Ameche plays a dual role as an American entertainer who's hired to impersonate a South American baron. Alice Faye is the luscious wife of the Baron, which leads to many complications. (June)

✓ **THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING**—Lubitsch-U. A.: The Ernst Lubitsch touch is again evident in this gay, frothy, comedy of marriage, with Merle Oberon as the wife who, bored with husband Melvyn Douglas, becomes infatuated with erratic pianist Burgess Meredith. Adult and sophisticated. (June)

✓ **TOBACCO ROAD**—20th Century-Fox: Vivid, though repellent, still-life sketch of the shiftless, ignorant people of Georgia's "Tobacco Road." Charley Grapewin as *Jeeter Lester* and William Tracey as his son give great performances, but Gene Tierney has little chance to display her talent as the half-witted *Ellie May*. Depressing. (May)

✓ **TOPPER RETURNS**—Hal Roach-U. A.: One third mystery and two thirds comedy is this newest "Topper" story, with ghost Roland Young aiding ghost Joan Blondell solve the mystery of her murder. The two departed spirits materialize all over the place. Billie Burke is still the confused *Mrs. Topper* and Dennis O'Keefe and Carole Landis have the romantic leads. (June)

**TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN, THE**—M.G.M.: Laraine Day proves herself worthy of complete stardom as 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, Frieda Inescort and the rest of the cast do fine work. (May)

✓ **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.)

✓ **WESTERN UNION**—20th Century-Fox: Good old rootin', tootin' Western, built to a formula that never fails—two men, Randy Scott and Robert Young, who love one girl, Virginia Gilmore, with marauding Indians, gun fights and plenty of excitement. (May)

**YOU'RE THE ONE**—Paramount: Bonnie Baker, the "Oh, Johnny" girl, and handsome Orrin Tucker are in this picture, but nevertheless it's a dull and silly movie. And that fine actor, Albert Dekker, is completely wasted. The plot's about a singer's attempt to land a job with a band. (May)



**PALE WHITE** damsels  
fade out of the picture  
today!



**Fatal charmers this summer  
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*The most flattering powder style you've ever tried!*

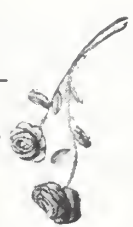
A glad huzzah for Pond's vivacious rosy-beige powder shades! You'll never know how dangerously, electrically glamorous you can look till you try them. One minute you're the same old you, with the same weekday face. The next minute—with a couple of swoops of your powder puff—you're a changed woman! Radiant with sweetly subdued rosy color. Disarmingly younger—enchantly *human!* Try Pond's rosy-beige star dust—and bedazzle every male you meet!

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**Dusk Rose**  
sun-struck rosy-beige—  
IT GLOWS



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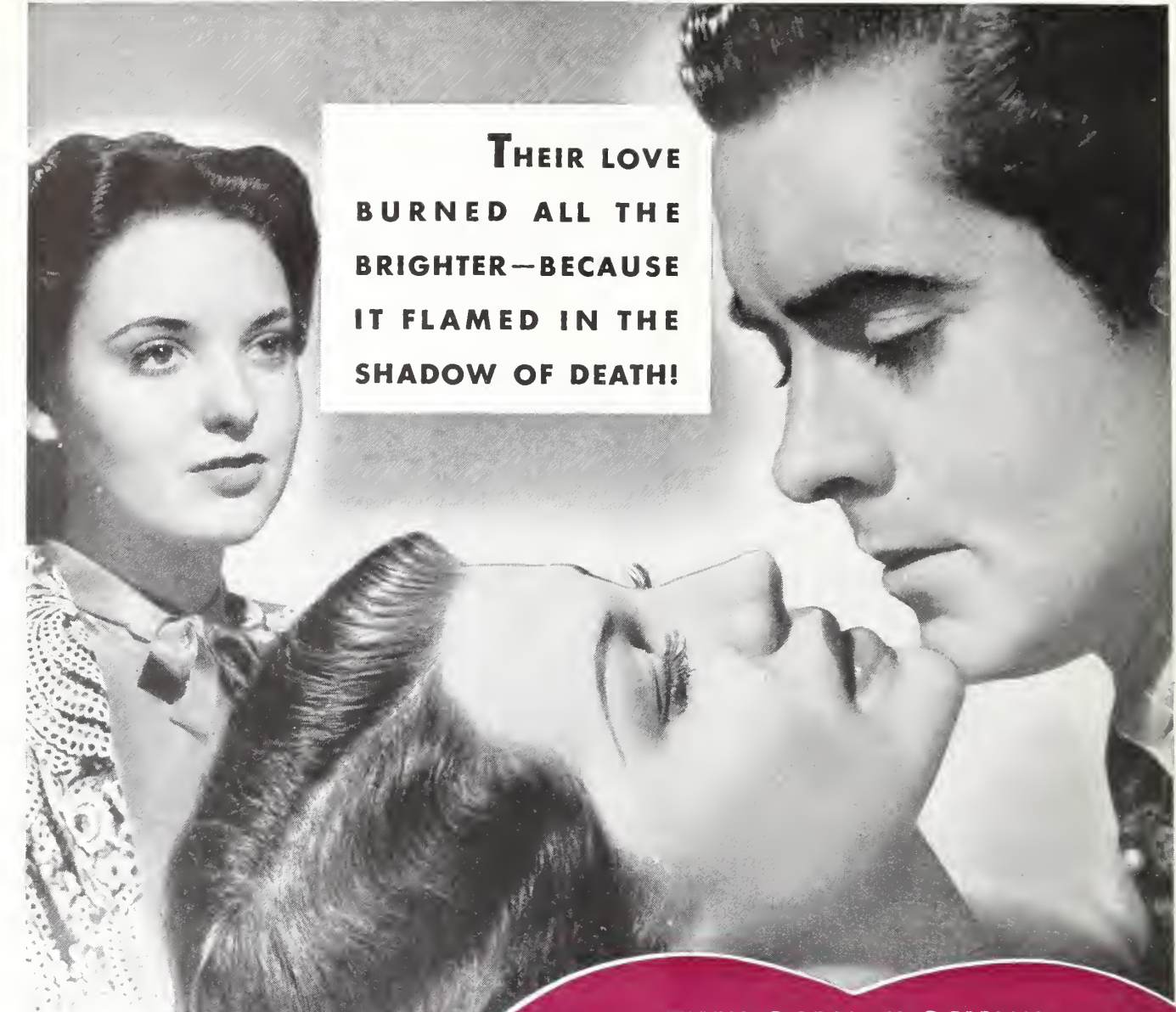
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BURNED ALL THE  
BRIGHTER—BECAUSE  
IT FLAMED IN THE  
SHADOW OF DEATH!**

**TYRONE POWER**

...as Juan, the matador of  
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**BLOOD *and*  
SAND**  
**IN TECHNICOLOR!**



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**LINDA DARNELL • RITA HAYWORTH**

Nazimova • Anthony Quinn • J. Carrol Naish • John Carradine • Lynn Bari • Laird Cregar • Vicente Gomez

**Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK • Directed by ROUBEN MAMOULIAN**

Associate Producer Robert T. Kane • Screen Play by Jo Swerling • A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

Nelson Eddy: He gets a logical pat on the back from an aroused Indiana "MacDonald-Eddy" rooster

### \$10.00 PRIZE

**EDITORS' NOTE:** *Because this letter contains a really creative idea which some Hollywood producer would do well to adopt, we are awarding it first prize. Let's have more such creative ideas from you Speakers!*

I'M a very regular theater-goer, but I never see any novel ways of introducing the cast, etc. I see the same old thing—just a little scribbling.

Now, I've thought of a new idea that I'll let you fellows in on. It may not be very practical, but I promise you it'll be something different. Here 'tis. When introducing the stars why not flash their individual pictures on the screen and pronounce their names so we won't be calling them everything but the right thing? And why not flash a picture of the playwright, director, producer, designer of gowns, etc.? There are those of us who just can't imagine how those geniuses look really and truly.

WALTER G. JONES,  
Salisbury, N. Car.

### \$5.00 PRIZE

#### Critique on Capra

I DID "Meet John Doe" and derived no pleasure from the encounter, since he but carbon-copies his famous twins, *Mr. Deeds* and *Mr. Smith*.

Why this undeviating insistence upon the ignobility of the rich, the powerful, the successful, the hard-working? Are tramps and hoboes, the inept and weak, the only ones who love God's laws? The popularity of Capra's one track viewpoint frightens me. This glorification of the nobodys, this gospel of defeatism has so often marked the decadent period of a nation. It flourished among the literati just before the French Revolution . . . so when liberation came it was used destructively and not wisely as did our virile pioneer patriots use their new freedom. This "culte de moi" was prevalent in France just before Hitler came. He conquered not because he was so strong but because the French were the victims of their own psychological frailty. Is the popularity of the Capra theme an indication that America has gone soft?

No, I think America's own uninfluenced choice would still be the go-getter Horatio Alger hero who doesn't contemplate suicide when things go wrong but sweeps all obstacles from his path by grit and hard work.

EMILY LEE DOVE,  
Washington, D. C.



Speak  
FOR YOURSELF

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### True-to-Life Endings

IT'S refreshing to see movies with true-to-life endings. They're endings such as we saw in "Flight Command." The story isn't brought to a "wishful thinking" conclusion. It ends

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.

on a note of stark reality—the husband isn't "killed off" conveniently, so the leading man can marry the heroine.

A movie with a true-to-life ending always leaves me with a sensation of complete satisfaction. It's often perfectly permissible to escape from reality, to absorb the rays issued forth from a planet of make-believe, but it's also stimulating occasionally to step back and view existence as it really is.

Movies have become our greatest teacher. They've extended knowledge in every field over a wide expanse of territory. Every group of the earth's people has felt the weight of this pleasant form of education. Isn't it fitting that the message carried by this medium should parallel life as closely as possible?

The recent popularity of stories such as "Grapes of Wrath," "The Good Earth" and "Tobacco Road" proves that plots with social groups as a background are catching on quickly. This shows that we are realizing that life can be the most fascinating subject for portrayal.

RUTH MAY KNELL,  
Bellerose, L. I., N. Y.  
(Continued on page 86)



# THE SHADOW STAGE

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



Artistically different entertainment: Orson Welles and Dorothy Comingore in "Citizen Kane"



Gripping intensity: Conrad Veidt, Joan Crawford and Melvyn Douglas in "A Woman's Face"

### ✓✓ Citizen Kane (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** *The life story of a prominent publisher.*

**T**HE question of whether twenty-six-year-old Orson Welles is a genius or an accident seems to be settled for all time by his very first screen effort, written, produced, directed and acted by Welles himself. The verdict is Genius with great capital letters, with Hollywood paying homage to the skill and artistry abounding in "Citizen Kane"—an absorbing tale, told in strange flashback method, of a man who bought a newspaper and created an empire of his own.

Welles plays the unhappy newspaper publisher as a youth, a middle-aged man, and as an aged and lonely recluse. He plays every period of that man's life with amazing understanding. As the men associated with the publisher, Joseph Cotten and Everett Sloane give amazingly keen and different performances.

In her first role Dorothy Comingore proves a brilliant young actress. In fact, everything about "Citizen Kane" is rare and wonderful to behold.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A masterpiece.

### The Best Pictures of The Month

Citizen Kane	The Great Lie
Penny Serenade	Ziegfeld Girl
A Woman's Face	

### Best Performances

Orson Welles in "Citizen Kane"  
 Joseph Cotten in "Citizen Kane"  
 Everett Sloane in "Citizen Kane"  
 Dorothy Comingore in "Citizen Kane"  
 Lana Turner in "Ziegfeld Girl"  
 Judy Garland in "Ziegfeld Girl"  
 Cary Grant in "Penny Serenade"  
 Bette Davis in "The Great Lie"  
 Mary Astor in "The Great Lie"  
 Spencer Tracy in "Men of Boys Town"  
 Mickey Rooney in "Men of Boys Town"  
 Jean Arthur in "The Devil and Miss Jones"  
 Robert Cummings in "The Devil and Miss Jones"  
 Charles Coburn in "The Devil and Miss Jones"  
 Robert Benchley in "The Reluctant Dragon"  
 Jack Oakie in "The Great American Broadcast"  
 Wendy Hiller in "Major Barbara"  
 Joan Crawford in "A Woman's Face"  
 Conrad Veidt in "A Woman's Face"

### ✓✓ A Woman's Face (M-G-M)

**It's About:** *The rebirth of a woman scarred physically and spiritually.*

**W**E dare you to face this almost repellent story and not find yourself held by its gripping intensity. To director George Cukor, to Joan Crawford and Conrad Veidt, to Melvyn Douglas and the rest of a splendid cast, we owe unending thanks for the talent that lifted this so far above the usual pattern of films to a unique standard in motion-picture making.

Crawford gives a performance of almost masculine strength. There are no tricks, no false bits to mar it. As the woman hideously scarred who fights back at a world that shuns and hates her, she is simply magnificent. Conrad Veidt rates equal honors as the man who teaches her love and who takes horrible advantage of that love.

To tell the story would ruin the suspense for you, so we shall only say it's one of the best films to come out of Hollywood in a long time.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Fascinating.

(Continued on page 89)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 99



# WESTMORE'S "Star-Lovely" Make-up wins a man for Betty!

"Mary Martin, starring in the Paramount Picture, 'Kiss The Boys Goodbye,' with make-up by Wally Westmore."



I had a date with Bob to go to the movies... his attentions had been sort of half-hearted so it worried me when I noticed that my complexion was having one of its "dull" days.



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



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



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



We went to see Mary Martin in the Paramount picture, "Kiss The Boys Goodbye"—and there on the screen I saw the film credit, "Make-up by Westmore." The same make-up I was using!



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



Afterwards Bob told me I looked beautiful. I thought (but didn't say), "Why shouldn't I... using the same make-up as Mary Martin?" I used Westmore rouge, lipstick and eye make-up, too!



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

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Hard-working visionary:  
Orson Welles, who has  
given new ideas to  
the arts of Hollywood

Superb actor: He takes such  
as dreams are made of and turns  
into a great film—"Citizen Kane"



Master craftsman: He writes, pro-  
duces, directs, acts; and his name  
is now a password in America drama



# MAN Of The Moment





If you have seen the much-publicized, much-discussed "Citizen Kane," inevitably you must be asking "Who is this Orson Welles?" The man who conceived that picture, produced it, directed it, and played the leading part of the scapegrace, but idealistic millionaire newspaper publisher transformed into the self-willed, super-ambitious, ruthless tycoon; that man is, as I designated him on the opposite page, the "man of the moment"—and I should like to be able to find a very few words, besides those thousands already written about him, that may convey his curious spirit to you.

I feel that there hovers about Welles—I might better say swirls about him—the bitter and doubting reaction of Hollywood, which early branded him as "phony." He earned that epithet principally, I think, because he took so long to produce. He arrived in Hollywood in August, 1939, started to work on Joseph Conrad's "Heart of Darkness," got as far as sending camera crews to the bayous of Louisiana to find a war-time substitute for Africa; the exact fortune expended we are not told, but the picture was abandoned. Then he tackled the English thriller, "The Smiler With a Knife," but the feminine star whom Welles desperately wanted declined the invitation on the grounds that if the picture failed, which was probable (she thought), her reputation would suffer, but in the unlikely event of success Little Orson Annie would get the credit.

At last "Citizen Kane" was begun a year ago this coming August. There were delays, problems, uncertainties. ("Won't he ever start?" . . . "They better send him back to Mars!" . . . "Who does he think he is?") Then,

final indignity, Welles sprained his ankle while shooting a scene. Topper: He fell in love with lovely Dolores Del Rio, and vice versa. Final proof of his "phoniness": The picture was going to be shelved because the famous publisher who thought it was modeled on his life was bringing pressure on RKO . . . or was it the whole frightened industry?

I think that *Charles Foster Kane*, with all his faults, is deeply moving, understandable, a kind of Hamlet without rhetoric. I have been wondering if those who are protesting have really seen the picture.

At any rate, the picture has been released and no one can doubt that it is one of the most important ever produced. It reminds you, in its impact, of an earlier picture, "The Scoundrel," which offered the film audience Noel Coward for the last time. That, too, was a novelty, daring in its story and its approach. If there is a complete parallel, it means that "Citizen Kane" will fail at the box office, that Orson Welles has starred in his last picture and that we are witness to another Pyrrhic cinematic victory.

I don't believe that. A few years ago, when Orson Welles had produced and starred in his modern version of "Julius Caesar," I sat in the eighth row orchestra, unable to hear the gentleman (Mr. Welles himself) who was playing the role of *Brutus*. Suddenly, during *Brutus'* most famous speech, a voice from the top balcony could be heard shouting, "Louder!" Then Welles' voice was at last audible, practically for the first time—clear and impressive. Later, after the show, we learned from a member of the cast that Welles was in despair. "Stay with me," he had asked his

friend. "This is awful! Did you hear him? He shouted 'Louder!' I'll never get over this!"

I have since been told that ever thereafter Welles' voice could be heard from the last row of the balcony.

That is the difference. Welles believes in the audience. He would take from a man in the balcony criticism he would not have tolerated from a Reinhardt. With all his advanced ideas, with all that terrific sense of novelty and shock, he always believes the audience knows best. But, most important of all, he wants the audience stirred up. As Roger Hill, headmaster of Todd School which young Orson attended, put it: "From the day Orson landed at my school, he was searching for some bizarre way to disturb people."

The audience first! That is why I believe, contrary to many prognostications, that the American public is going to go for "Citizen Kane" in a big way; that it will make money. Orson Welles has taken Hollywood's don'ts—and made them do's! He has dared to be different in casting (virtually all the actors in this picture are new), in subject matter, in the setup of his organization. He has made exciting entertainment out of an adult theme, once and for all silencing the cry "Why can't we have better movies?"

More than that, he has proved himself utterly fearless, bucking Hollywood and Hollywood's concern for itself and its reputation; making the town like his ideas.

He has said "The audience comes first . . . and the audience has the sense to like art . . . and art is not just a graceful imitation of the other guy."

Ernest V. Heyn



# FLIGHT *into* NOWHERE

**G**AY STEVENS was startled when the red plane swooped down out of nowhere to fly beside her.

She had thought herself alone in the sweet blue sky; and that the early morning was all hers. She had been enjoying her isolation, the smoothness of her engine, the perfection of the new mechanism and the sight of California lying in the brilliant sunlight a mile and more below her.

She had just touched the new button for its final test—when presto!—there

was the red low-wing monoplane.

"Move over," she cried, and laughed at herself because of the outburst.

There was a man in the plane and he was waving to her.

"Fancy that," she said aloud. "Even a mile above the earth a girl's not safe from peeping Toms."

She banked suddenly and circled to the left. But the red plane banked and circled too. And its pilot continued to signal her.

Gay gave her little white and gold ship the gun and smiled encouraging-

ly at her instrument board. Two hundred miles an hour. Two hundred and ten. Two hundred and twenty-two. Two hundred and forty. But the red plane wasn't shaken off.

On the contrary, it put on speed. It flew ahead, wings glinting beautifully in the sun. It zoomed upward a thousand feet or so and rolled over on its side.

"We are not amused," Gay said grimly to the instrument panel. "Go show off before some other girl, little boy. I have other plans for me."







Some women have the courage to love even though they know they'll be hurt, badly hurt. Gay was such a woman. A smashing twentieth-century story of Hollywood in the air

## BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER

fear tinged that emotion and forced her to dive downward.

"What are you trying to do?" she murmured, half-defiant now, and half-alarmed. "Kill me? Frighten me? Force me down?"

Suddenly the solution came to her. "He's a spy!"

He must be a spy. In some way he might have got wind of the test job she was flying. She was unarmed and she couldn't get away. His was the faster ship, the better all-round ship. Gay pulled her plane out of the drop and levelled out.

The red plane was at her side again and the pilot was waving once more. He was waving her down.

There was just one chance to escape. Gay remembered suddenly. In the mountains east of San Diego there was a level space, long but narrow. She had never landed there, but had many times thought of doing so.

"He'll never follow me," she thought, and banked suddenly to the right, racing only a few feet below the red plane's undercarriage. But when Gay looked again, there was the red plane and the gesticulating pilot.

There was no chance of making that mountain pass, that lovely level place of refuge. She must land where the sheep dog drove her, that gravelly, rocky, cactus-strewn mesa at the base of the mountains. And then?

Gay was nervous, but no longer afraid. She knew what she must do. And if she died doing it, well, that wasn't such a bad way to die. She wasn't too nervous to make a perfect landing in this imperfect landing place. She waited until the plane stopped—in a little clump of flowering cactus. Then she put her right hand firmly on the lever her father had installed only a few hours before—ready to (Continued on page 77)


She banked again, merely to show her indifference, and turned again to the left. But she had scarce completed the maneuver when she saw the red plane ahead and above, swooping down directly at her.

"You fool!" Gay screamed.

For the barest fraction of a second she could think of nothing to do, so filled with fury was her mind. Then

"Get out of that plane, you crazy little goof!" Bob shouted at her





For the first time Diana Lewis has been persuaded to tell the real story and the real problems of her marriage to the suave and sophisticated William Powell

**BY SARA HAMILTON**



# Second Year



Handholders at Ciro's: Diana and Bill. "From Mr. to Mrs." record: Bracelet, first month; brooch, second; earrings, third; watch, fourth; ring, Diana's birthday

FINK

**D**IANA LEWIS POWELL stood before the telephone and hesitated, her hand on the receiver.

She wanted so badly to make that call and yet, perhaps, it would be better if it were never made at all; if she really never knew whether Bill's friends would like her and accept her, the little unknown stock player, years younger than Bill, who had now become his wife.

It was Bill's birthday in a few days and she did want Bill's friends to be there with him. If only she'd gone right ahead and done it and not let it grow out of all proportion this way.

Then, two days before his birthday, she stole from the set and telephoned.

"They all accepted," this mite of a girl told us as we sat talking there in her beautiful bedroom in the Powell home. "You see, I was afraid they might resent me, those friends of Bill's who had seen him through so much.

"But they all came, everyone I'd invited—Merle Oberon and her husband, Alexander Korda, the Richard Barthelmesses and the Herbert Marshalls and everyone.

"It was a success, I'm sure, for the last guest didn't leave until four-thirty in the morning!"

A success? Of course it was—the hostess was Mrs. William Powell, a young girl who has made of her marriage an enduring companionship.

That marriage, a little over a year ago, had rocked Hollywood on its heels.

"Well," the town had said, shaking its head sadly, "it's too bad. That's one marriage that will end on the rocks with a great deal more unhappiness added to Bill's already large store of troubles. The difference in their ages alone, to say nothing of different stations in their careers, their ideals and ideas would be enough to wreck the experiment."

Oh yes, they called it that—an experiment. They called it several other things, too, such as "Bill's attempt to eradicate memories." Even his closest and dearest friends were unhappy about "Bill's strange adventure."

The columnists had their say, too. They intimated, first, a misunderstanding; then a quarrel; and lately there have even been bold statements as to the weakness of the marriage itself.

"Is it true the Bill Powells are fighting? Is it true?" they have queried.

Throughout all conjectures not one word of denial or affirmation has come from the Powells. Night clubs, private parties, seldom have seen them. It has been exactly as if they had suddenly been shut off from the world—until this moment. Then, this afternoon, tiny Diana Lewis Powell sat up in the privacy of her lovely bedroom and for the first time poured out this story, a firsthand description of the Bill Powells fifteen—no, sixteen—months after their marriage.

Through the entrance hall we had glimpsed the lovely pool in the garden at the rear and our mind flashed back

to the moment when Bill Powell first set eyes on the girl who was to be his wife. The M-G-M studio frequently borrowed his pool when they wanted to shoot publicity pictures. This day they were making "bathing-suit art" of a new little contract player, Diana Lewis; a youngster who was struggling hard to grab some sort of foothold in the movies.

She wasn't, by any stretch of the imagination, a particularly striking-looking girl. For one thing, she was so very tiny, scarcely over five feet. The best feature her face boasted was an engaging pair of dimples. Her figure, however, was slim and well-rounded, which to Hollywood was a natural for bathing-suit art.

The publicity men were busy posing Diana that afternoon, when Bill strolled out casually to watch the proceedings. The result of that gesture gave Hollywood one of the biggest jolts it has ever known.

Now, today, here in her pretty bedroom, that little unknown of sixteen months ago sat and talked, as Mrs. Bill Powell, of her husband—and of her marriage.

She didn't need to say, "We're happy." It was apparent in everything she did, every word she spoke.

"My marriage means more than all the world to me—much more than a career. I've been in show business all my life, but this is more important to me than anything else."

Diana Powell was talking now as a

natural, honest woman should talk, but seldom does in Hollywood. And as she talked, we understood more and more why Bill Powell chose this girl, so young and inexperienced in the hoity-toity ways of Hollywood. Bill was tired of show; he was seeking honesty—and believe you me, he found it in Miss Diana Lewis.

The first evidence of that honesty we had noticed a few minutes before when, in the downstairs sitting room, we had been waiting for Bill to arrive. When he entered the room, instantly Diana was in his arms. There was no freezing reserve or stately dignity such as we've encountered in other couples out here. It was as if they hadn't seen each other in weeks, so genuine was their joy at being there together in the same room.

"I had to go slowly as a mistress of a home," Diana said now, "because I knew nothing of bills or managing servants. So we kept the housekeeper and servants Mr. Powell had when we were married. I learned to know the things he liked to eat, how he liked things prepared and served, and then, six months ago, I felt ready to take over the management of the home myself."

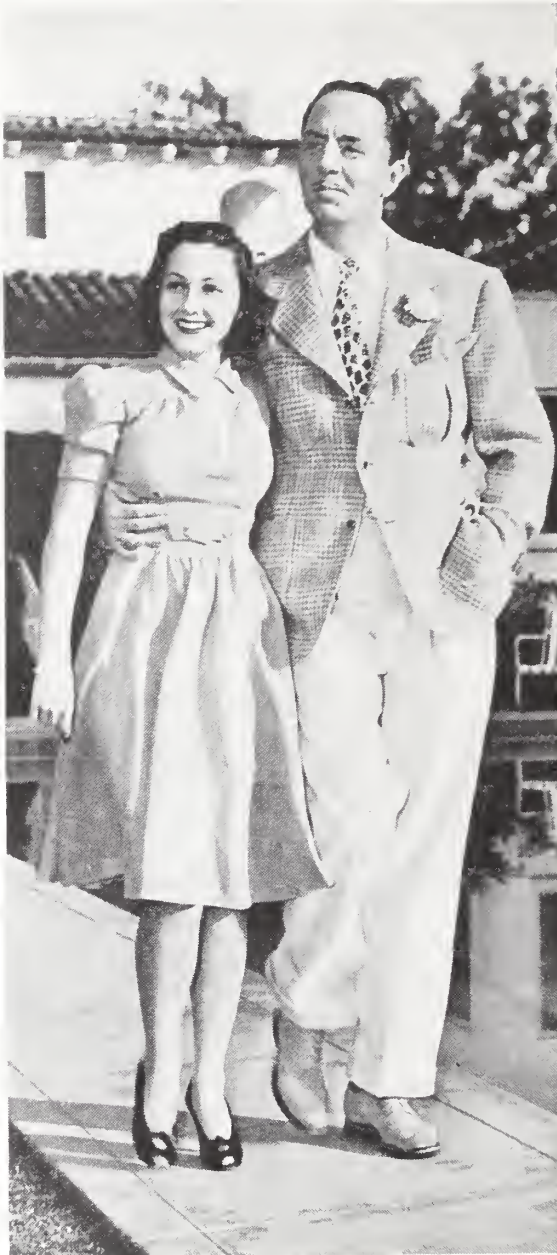
**P**RIDE shone from her eyes as she talked. "We have new servants now. I order the meals, the flowers for the house, go over monthly accounts. It's just working out wonderfully!

"After our marriage, Mr. Powell and I talked over my going on with a career. He told me I could stop right then, if I chose, and he'd assume all responsibilities, but I felt I wanted to go on as long as it didn't interfere with our marriage. So far it has offered no problems.

"Mr. Powell has the wonderful gift of being able to amuse himself when alone, reading or shopping. Quite frankly, he's really only getting his strength back now and tires readily, so we go out very little. We usually dine at home, just the two of us, and go to a movie or stay home and read, as we feel like it. We need nothing outside, it seems, to make us any happier than we are.

"Naturally, I'm so embarrassed when Mr. Powell sees me on the screen I could die," she laughed. "There wasn't much to my role in 'Andy Hardy Meets Debutante' and in fact, badly as I wanted the role, I

thought the studio was making a mistake in casting me in it. I'm not a debutante. I come from show people, you know. I've worked really all my life. But the studio insisted I play the part and Bill went with me to the pre-



Standout couple on the Hollywood scene: Diana and Bill, who don't hide love behind false dignity

view. Afterwards he said, 'Darling, I thought you got everything out of that role that could be gotten. You neither overplayed nor underplayed it. But I'll tell you frankly, it will never make you a star.' Of course, I knew that already and was too pleased with his praise to worry over the role."

We learned, from little things she said, of his kindness and goodness to her family, of his happiness in giving them pleasure. She spoke of his par-

ents as though she loved them as her own and of Bill's fifteen-year-old son.

"We get along fine," she said, in speaking of the boy. "When Mr. Powell was rehearsing nights for his radio show, I had his son over for dinner and afterwards we went to the movies and had a grand time."

There is plan and system to their marriage. Diana spoke of the thoughts and discussions and exchange of ideas they'd had about the building of strong foundations for marriage. Of the obligations of husband and wife in keeping a marriage safe. "I made one promise to myself and to my husband then," she said. "I told him I'd never ask his help or direction in how to play any role I was called upon to play upon the screen. Never to feel his great talent and success were mine to draw upon simply because he was my husband. In that way I felt we could keep our work and our love apart. I've kept my word.

**W**E'VE agreed, too, not to let the rumors, printed or otherwise, that we are quarreling or unhappy upset us. We talked that over one morning at the breakfast table when we read in one movie column that question, 'Are the Bill Powells quarreling?' It was so unexpected to two people so much in love as we are, it really stunned us for a minute. Then came the other printed questions—"Are the William Powells expecting a baby?" and 'Are the William Powells adopting a baby?' All with no foundation at all.

"We talked it over after our anger had died down and decided to deny no rumors of quarrels or anything else. Just ignoring them is the one right way to keep happy, we believe."

"And about the baby?" we ventured, pretending to dodge behind a lamp shade.

"I'd love nothing better," she said simply and we noticed then that, as she talked, the feeling of youth and girlishness that had surrounded her had somehow grown into womanliness, and strength, and understanding; and her mere prettiness had become loveliness as the sweetness of her mouth, with its dimples, took second place to the honesty of her eyes and her words.

And that's the girl Bill Powell, star, scholar and sophisticate, calls "wife."

Bill Powell is a lucky man.



# Loretta really talks



"It seems to me marriage primarily means the need of one particular woman for one particular man and the natural result is children."

The pleasant little bombshell exploded in well-modulated tones among the soft greens and muted golds of the Park Avenue apartment of Loretta Young Lewis. Mrs. Lewis had been engaged in hiring a maid when the discussion arose which brought forth from her this observation on the marriage relationship. Two questions which most frequently

**Subject: How to make a man say "I love you"—and keep him saying it always**

**BY HELEN GILMORE**

confront the romance department had been posed: How to make a man say "I love you" and how to keep him saying it through those crucial years after marriage. On special invitation, as one eminently fitted to reply, Loretta sailed into the latter of the two, being in the first year of her own marriage to Tom Lewis, successful

young executive in the advertising business.

"That, of course, is simply the way I figure things out for myself," continued Mrs. Lewis, pulling the long graceful white house robe more closely around her slim hips. "It would be the most inexcusable presumption on my part to say how other people ought to figure for themselves. The only important point is that they do figure. If we're going to do an intelligent job of getting what we want, obviously we've got to know what it is. Once the goal is established the difficulty of getting there



A "Mrs. Tom Lewis" picture of Loretta Young: Dancing at N. Y.'s Stork Club with husband Lewis, advertising man

isn't nearly so great. It's amazing how many of us pass up this perfectly self-evident fact and spend our lives messing around with things we don't want.

"For instance, a girl has a frank conversation with herself and realizes that what she wants from her marriage is a playmate rather than a mate. Perhaps her life has been lonely and limited by the circumstances of her home. What she longs for is a good time and a companion to share it with her—at least for a fling before she settles down to the graver responsibilities of marriage. She probably works, since the majority of girls nowadays do, and she's willing to continue so that her twenty or twenty-five dollars a week added to her husband's income will make it possible for them to have some of those good times.

"She'll have the occasional better dress for a bit of night-clubbing and more money for beauty parlors. The family budget will accommodate some dinners out and the more expensive short-order food for fast meals at home, such as steaks, chops and frozen vegetables. And it seems to me that's fair enough provided the boy she marries understands and agrees.

"But let them both consider carefully the matter of children before it's too late; before they've cultivated

tastes in living which make the sacrifices necessary to fit the budget to babies seem out of the question.

"I believe in large families. Both my husband and I come from large families—six children in his, five in ours. We learned to stand on our own feet and scrap it out among ourselves without continually running to Mother, as an only child is apt to do, and we acquired a sense of proportion as to our own place in the scheme of things."

"How about the career girl and marriage?" we asked.

"Ah, now there I'm on a little firmer ground," Loretta laughed, "because for fifteen years I've been a Hollywood career girl. I know what it means to struggle through years of apprenticeship, learning the tools of your profession the hard way—by doing it wrong more often than right. Where how you did your lesson wasn't a matter of whether or not you won a pat on the head from the teacher but whether you won the next good part or lost it—along with your bread and butter.

"Yes, I'm continuing with my career, because now that the preliminary hard work is over I should like to have the opportunity to prove that the finished product is worth the pains of production. But perhaps I have no

right to inject my own experience into the discussion, since this decision has been no problem in my marriage, due to the understanding of my husband. We both walked into it with our eyes open. His business is in the East, mine is in the West. That's an inconvenience to us and a great one, we've learned. But do you know anyone whose life is completely without inconvenience? I don't. Adult people face their problems without whining or magnifying them and the very act of facing a problem often is as good as overcoming it. There's a price tag on anything you want in this world.

"So you see, I have sat myself down and figured out that nothing is so important to me as my marriage. That's obvious, of course; otherwise I wouldn't have gotten married."

**B**RAVE words, these, for Career Girl Loretta Young, who plays another kind of career girl in Universal's "The Lady from Cheyenne." According to this lively picture, told with the personal enthusiasm of Frank Lloyd, its noted director, a valiant little schoolmarm made Wyoming the Rocky Mountain cradle of woman suffrage, whence it spread to the cradles of the rest of the United States. Not that she intended it to be a world movement. Goodness, no! She was merely interested in cleaning out a dirty politician. Once the job was finished, she turned back to her dreams of a home and a fireside and the man she loved. In this respect she and Loretta, who loved playing the part, had much in common.

How much in common, however, has the career girl who continues with her work after marriage not so much by choice as by financial necessity?

Loretta considered the question, then said slowly, "I think necessity is a word which each individual must define for (Continued on page 76)

**FRAME FOR FAME**

Presenting, in our exclusive full-color series, one of the best women golfers in Hollywood: Irene Dunne of Universal's "Unfinished Business"

Natural Color Photograph  
By Paul Hesse

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



*Jane Dunne*







You have heard many refugee stories, but this you will remember as long as you live.

It is about "the Spencer Tracy of France": Jean Gabin

ILLUSTRATION BY SI MESEROW

by  
**WILBUR  
MORSE, JR.**

**I**F YOU refuse, it may mean a concentration camp!"

The thin, nervous little emissary of the Paris Nazi propagandists looked up at tall, bushy-haired Jean Gabin to see what effect this threat would have on the actor's obstinacy.

For an hour, the Paris agent had been vainly arguing with Gabin, in his Riviera retreat, attempting to persuade France's most popular motion-picture idol to take part in a series of French language films which the Germans proposed to produce in a campaign to calm the fears and allay the hatred of the defeated country.

"You seem to forget, Monsieur Gabin, that it is not a German habit to tolerate unfriendly lack of cooperation."

"And you, monsieur," replied the screen star, rising angrily, "you seem to forget that I am still a Frenchman! I tell you again, and for the last time, I will not make these propaganda pictures . . . no matter what the punishment may be for my refusal!"

And as the messenger from the Nazi headquarters in Paris discreetly departed, Jean Gabin, hero of a hundred screen escapes, began to plot his second real-life flight from his German enemies within a year.

His first escape from the Nazi conquerors had been in May, last spring, when Gabin, a sailor on leave from duty with a French minesweeper at Cherbourg, had been caught up in the blitzkrieg on Paris, bombed out of his home in near-by Dreux and evaded capture by the invading German Army by only fifteen minutes.

Then he had fled to Toulon, in the South and, after the Armistice and his automatic demobilization, had remained in Unoccupied France, safe so long as he restrained himself from



# ESCAPE

## FROM THE NAZIS

any outright act of antagonism against the hated Hitlerism.

Now the Germans had sought him out in his quiet retreat at Cap Ferrat, near Nice, and were putting on the first pressure that could end only in a concentration camp or his surrender to their demands that he aid their insidious propaganda campaign. Without funds, without a passport to leave the country, Gabin knew that his rescue this time must come from the outside.

Accordingly, he cabled André Devan, his friend of many years and formerly a prominent French film producer, who a few months before had been signed by Twentieth Century-Fox as a producer in Hollywood. Could Devan arrange from America for the proper visas and transportation to get him to Hollywood, Gabin queried.

While he waited for a reply, Jean ironically mused on the number of times Hollywood had cabled *him* before the war, each tissue-thin billet a more generous offer than the last, urging him to leave his beloved Paris to make pictures in America. Now the plea was reversed. Hollywood, which he had once rejected, was his only hope of succor.

Back from Devan came a cable reporting that not only would he arrange for Gabin's evacuation from France, but that Darryl Zanuck wanted the French star to come to act in his movies. This time the actor eagerly accepted.

So it was that when the liner *Exeter* nosed up through New York harbor one blustery morning in March, a tall, muscular man in a black turtle-necked sweater, a dark suit and an old fur coat, stood on deck eagerly watching the distant dock where he

knew Devan awaited him. His once blond wavy hair had turned grey. There was in his eyes the look of a man who has seen death and destruction and despair. But on his lips was the broad smile that has ingratiated him and his simple sincerity to so many French film-goers in the years gone by.

That smile was a smile of triumph. For the second time he had escaped seizure by the Germans!

**J**EAN GABIN told me about those escapes over a leisurely luncheon at the famous Colony Restaurant a few days after he arrived in New York. Around the room, the smartly dressed, faultlessly groomed women who make up the top layer of Manhattan's cafe (*Continued on page 88*)

"Pepe Le Moko" the French version of "Algiers": Jean Gabin in his great success, playing the role refused by Charles Bover







The Tyrone Powers



# Fight It Out!

By GLADYS HALL

## OFFICE MEMO

To Staff:

Please put this Tyrone Power-Annabella story in work at once. It is the most intimate story of these two that I have ever read.

*and*

“GEORGE CUKOR wanted me for a second lead in one of his pictures,” (Annabella speaking) “but Tyrone advised me against it. To say no to Cukor . . .” Annabella raised hands and eyebrows in a gesture of dismay . . . “to Cukor,” she repeated, “whom I adore. I was sick for three weeks. I am still sick when I think about it.”

“You don’t want your wife to return to the screen, then?” I asked Tyrone.

“Oh,” he said comfortably, “as far as I’m concerned, it’s entirely up to her. If it would make her happy to work, by all means. If she prefers to stay at home, also by all means.”

I said—reasonably, I feel—that I didn’t understand. The statements seemed at odds. Annabella felt “sick” because Ty said “no” to a screen offer. Ty said that, so far as he is concerned, it is entirely up to Annabella. Which, I wanted to know, is what? Or what is which?

That’s how we got into it, there in the Powers’ living room over the tea things, one of the most friendly family arguments to which I have ever been a privy third party. . . .

*Tyrone:* It is a mistake, I feel, to tell a person who has had a career whether or not to continue with it. The responsibility is more than any one individual has any right to assume. I’m afraid (*smiling*) I could never play a tyrant or a dictator convincingly. I can’t impose my will on others. I detest giving orders. If

I have any credo, it’s ‘Live and let live.’

*Annabella:* But because I am your wife—maybe that makes a difference . . . maybe?

*Tyrone:* No. That makes no difference whatsoever. It drives me insane when I hear actors say, ‘If I had a son or daughter, I’d never let him work in pictures!’ or ‘I wouldn’t allow my wife to have a movie career!’ It drives me insane because it’s snobbish. It’s snobbish because it is the prerogative of the successful. You never hear an unsuccessful person say this. The ones who say it are always in a position, financial or otherwise, to enforce what they say. That’s why it’s snobbery and I (*fiercely*) detest snobs!

*Annabella:* But the Cukor offer, then. Perhaps Miss Hall does not quite understand about that.

*Tyrone:* I simply felt, and I feel, that it is no use Annabella’s going back to the screen at all, unless the part is a big part, a really important part in an important picture. I was asked for my advice about it—as you will recall, Madame?—and advice is what I gave. I did not lay down an ultimatum. I am not an ultimatum-layer-downer (*laughing*), either in my marriage or elsewhere. No, I’d never try to influence Annabella against screen work. For if you have been in professional life, as she has been, the urge remains. I understand that too well to. . . .

*Annabella (coming out of a reverie):* But . . . pardon me, Ty, but is it not so that a woman is more glamorous, more exciting, more stimulating to a man when she works than when she just stays at home, darned the socks?

*Tyrone (laughing):* And do you darn the socks, Annabella? If so, you must hide under the rugs while engaged in this womanly occupation! But to answer your question: Not necessarily. I think a man likes to be able to discuss business matters with his wife, yes. A woman who has worked, or who is working, is more understanding, naturally. But that a woman who works is more glamorous—no!

*Annabella:* When have I looked most glamorous to you, sir, tell me that!

*Tyrone (winking at me):* In the bathing scene you did in ‘Wings of the Morning.’

*Annabella:* Ahhhh, you see!

*Tyrone:* . . . and one night, cook’s night out, when you got the dinner and had smudges on your face and hands. You looked like a little chimney sweep and were enchanting.

*Annabella:* Now you are making fun with me.

*Tyrone:* No, I’m not. Both times you looked as if you were having fun. You looked *happy*. A woman is always most beautiful when she is happy. A woman is never more beautiful (*Continued on page 74*)



Ray Kierland



# Oh Baby!



An "oh boy!" angle on Sanford Stock Esq. and his co-worker, Miss Greer Garson of M-G-M's "Blossoms In The Dust." Things start out pleasantly enough at the top, with Mr. Stock showing a typical male reaction to red-haired, green-eyed beauty. Then he changes his mind, thinks dark thoughts (above) and closes the matter (right) with a definite stroke of finality no lady could but love

Photographs by  
Clarence S. Bull

# Happiness

## HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST LOVE STORY

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The world saw and loved their marriage. But the world has never before been allowed to see how Deanna and Vaughn made of a first attraction an all-enduring married love



THEY were both shy, both completely inexperienced, Hollywood's young lovers, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul.

For a time neither of them made a move, content with their dreams, happy in their knowledge of the miracle that had come to them, looking forward to each day because they would see each other on the set. They would speak a few words that would sound casual enough to the many listeners but to their ears would be all the love speeches of Romeo and Juliet.

They danced a stately little minuet of love, those two, a step forward, a step back, and created their own scenery and music out of imaginations tuned to beauty by their beating hearts.

So this was love—this knowledge that they belonged together. Yet no one suspected anything. Deanna was only sixteen—and she was so absorbed in her work, so busy with her music and her studies. They kept their secret well.

It happened in Hollywood where, of course, a very different kind of love affair flares up often for the public to see. But both these children were fortunate. The little star had grown up in a happy home, with a mother and father who had married in England when they themselves were very, very young and who had loved each other through sickness and sorrow and poverty and trials. Deanna had always hoped for such a love in her own life. So had young Paul.

To a close friend Deanna once explained their love. "Each of us had an ideal—I had an ideal boy I hoped to meet someday and he had an ideal girl. That's all. When we found each

other, we knew it had come true."

Any sixteen-year-old girl—any boy at twenty-one—finding romance, finding love. That's why this is such a great love story. So often it doesn't happen that way. So often the young in heart have to compromise for so much less, so often the dream is sullied or hurt or broken before it can come to reality.

Perhaps Deanna began to be a little afraid, or perhaps she knew that the time had come to bring on the nearer and truer part of love. It couldn't just go on being a dream. There is, I find, a strong and steadfast courage in the little Durbin. Life is to be lived and faced, and like all people of her race she knows that everything must be put to the test of everyday living, even dreams. *Can you trust your life to it*—that would always be her test. And she doesn't expect life to be all happiness, any more than she expects to go on being a great movie star without hard work and hours of study and grind and effort.

She was the star—a Hollywood princess. Necessary then for her to make the first advance. After all, even the nicest young men are very shy where Hollywood stars are concerned. I know myself of many a pretty young thing in Hollywood who hasn't as many boy friends as the everyday girl because men are shy of approach, they feel they can only adore from afar.

Moreover, the picture on which Deanna was working was finished. It was the last day on the set. What would happen? Maybe when she came back for the next one, there would be another assistant director and Vaughn (Continued on page 72)



Ahead—

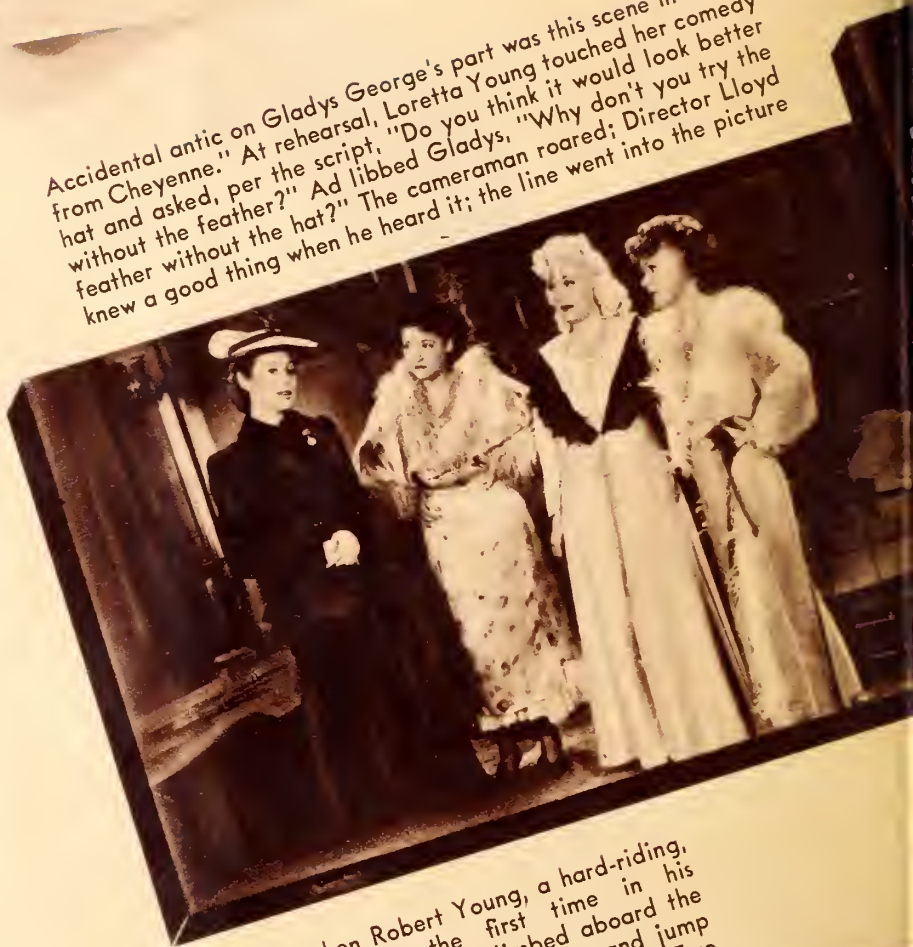


# Not In The Script

If you roll in the aisles at the movies, you can't always blame it on the million-dollar script writers. Sometimes, as in these six saucy scenes, you're chuckling at a few purely accidental monkey tricks

BY ERSKINE JOHNSON

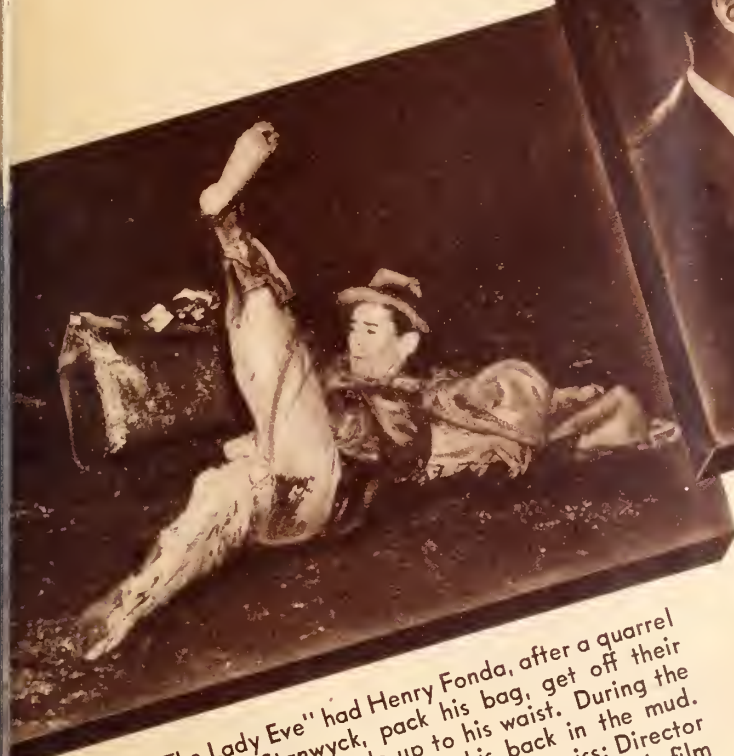
Accidental antic on Gladys George's part was this scene in "Lady from Cheyenne." At rehearsal, Loretta Young touched her comedy hat and asked, per the script, "Do you think it would look better without the feather?" Ad libbed Gladys, "Why don't you try the feather without the hat?" The cameraman roared; Director Lloyd knew a good thing when he heard it; the line went into the picture



This is what happened when Robert Young, a hard-riding, fast-shooting cowpuncher for the first time in his movie career—in "Western Union"—climbed aboard the wrong horse. The script called for him to run and jump on one of four black horses at a hitching post. Two horses were gentle; two were "wild." Young got mixed up as the scene started, picked out one of the wild horses and the nag tried to throw him. Director Fritz Lang kept the cameras grinding. Result: A smash "natural"







Script for "The Lady Eve" had Henry Fonda, after a quarrel with wife Barbara Stanwyck, pack his bag, get off their train and step into a mud hole up to his waist. During the filming, Fonda slipped, fell flat on his back in the mud. The pretty picture he made was too good to miss; Director Preston Sturges incorporated it into the finished film



Fun, unpremeditated: "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" (Robert Montgomery and Carole Lombard) have a cat as company in a restaurant, which leads Mr. Montgomery into a side-splitting discourse about whether or not the cat has sampled their soup. This scene came in the back way; i.e., the cat jumped on the table by accident; Montgomery did some ad-libbing just for the fun of it; and Director Hitchcock immediately wrote cat and chat into the film script



You remember this scene as the funniest in "The Great Profile," but it wasn't in the script. The official sequence called for Barrymore to fall into the orchestra pit. He did, but added this tidbit: He spotted a trumpet left by a set musician on a near-by chair and got up blowing with all his might. This spur-of-the-moment prank was the hit of Director Lang's picture



This bedroom scene from "Nice Girl?" has Anne Gwynne, Deanna Durbin and Ann Gillis getting laughs by walking around the room with books on their heads. The scene is in the picture because Director Seiter happened to walk by a schoolroom on the set, saw Ann Gillis practicing posture thus and followed a smart hunch that a book-on-head routine would add spice to his sister act



YOU CAN

Star

WHEREVER  
YOU ARE



Errol Flynn: All girls who squeal at a mouse make a quick exit at this point



A man who meets you on your home ground —orchids and calico: Fred MacMurray



George Brent: If you have what he likes you're a bright gal

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

ANY girl can star in her own life if she has the right qualities, or sets about to develop them!

That's what fourteen of Hollywood's top men say of the opposite sex. And their reasons are highly enlightening in this poll on feminine charm from the man's viewpoint. Not one of them, strange as it may seem, gives beauty as a requisite to success, popularity or happiness.

Robert Taylor, for instance, leads off with this: "No matter what a girl hopes to do or be," he says, "I believe business experience is the greatest asset she can have. Because she can use it every day, in everything she does. Whether she works as a secretary, a salesgirl, a receptionist, a clerk or a cashier, she learns to meet people, to discipline herself and to develop a system in everything she does.

"That training will help her crash the movies, climb to stardom, run a home, scale the social ladder or fascinate the man that interests her. It curbs her temperament so that she won't rail at her fellow workers if she's a star or rant at her husband if she's a wife. It makes her think straight and understand that she can't expect all the breaks. It drives home the fact that she must work for what she gets. It teaches her to read character and to understand human nature. In other words, it prepares her for anything she wants to attempt and gives her a big advantage over the girl who sets about to get what she wants in a hit-or-miss fashion."

But perhaps you get enough "sound business talks" in your office, shop or home and would like something subtle, with a Hollywood tang to it. For that sort of advice you'd probably pick someone like Douglas Fairbanks Jr.

"I don't believe the average girl realizes that nature intended she should draw things to her, not go out after





"You can marry the man you want to marry if . . ." and the "if" is supplied by Cary Grant



be wholesome; then follow up with two "s" attributes

When is a girl a headliner in everyday life?

When she pleases men. How do you do that?

Find what they like. What's that? Read on!

them. The quality which I think most valuable for a girl to possess is the impression of always holding back, of having something in leash, of being a bit mysterious. The art of capitalizing that 'inner something' we are always hunting in women—that intriguing something that leads us on.

"I'm especially intrigued by the woman whose eyes hold mystery and lure. Not by the individual who works her eyes. I don't like the flirtatious use of eyes and I can't bear the aggressive type of woman. Dignity and restraint—and the quality of not wearing her emotions on her sleeve—will give even a young girl poise and an air of mystery and charm that will open many doors to her."

Clark Gable and Bing Crosby pass out identical advice. If you want to be popular, successful and happy, say they, develop a sense of humor.

"Because a sense of humor will let a girl be natural," specifies Clark Gable. "It will act as a shock-absorber for the rough spots a girl's going to find wherever she goes. And because it's a pleasure to work with jolly people, she will find herself in demand everywhere."

"A sense of humor makes affectation impossible," explains Bing. "A sense of humor and a sincerity set off a girl's wholesomeness. That's the best bit of happiness and success insurance any girl can have."

Robert Young also puts a sense of humor as the most valuable asset a girl can have. "Provided," to quote him, "it doesn't express itself in screwy hats or a bubbly giddiness that makes her act as though she's been carbonated."

George Brent specifies mental stability as the most valuable asset a girl can have and suggests that its acquisition be put ahead of anything (Continued on page 70)



Melvyn Douglas: Get your minds on your work, ladies!



Basil Rathbone: You won't be a bit surprised at what he thinks gets girls places



# WATER

Labeled lady is Anne Gwynne of Universal's "Tight Shoes." The label: "T. N. T. Girl" (Trim, Neat and Terrific); labelers: Sigma Chi Fraternity

*Beach outfit is "T.N.T." too. It consists of a red Sea Ray U. S. Rubber suit with white wool straps, modeled princess style and having matching underpants. Essential extras: Strollers beach shoes and smart Howland swim cap*



Girl who's called a lot of nice names on the set of Universal's "Beyond The Law": Anne Nagel, who can be caught with her sewing most any day in the week

*A matchmaker on the beach is the two-piece white U. S. Rubber swim suit. The belted shorts have front pleats and separate white rubber underpants; the bra has white wool straps. The U. S. beach bag is blue and white; the cap is a Howland model; the shoes are Strollers, multi-striped*

Possessor of the face that made a million ads: Georgia Carroll, now hitting Hollywood's pace in Warners' "Navy Blues"

*Pretty picture on the sand is the U. S. Rubber Water Wear one-piece suit in yellow, white and aqua, with fitted underpants, trimly flared skirt. Addenda: Howland swim cap and striped Strollers Beach shoes*



# DAUGHTERS

—who with figures not mathematical play their cards the right way on the beach and end up with trumps in all suits

Good bet no matter how you look at her is Mary Howard, champion diver of Oklahoma, now busy winning more prizes in M-G-M's "Billy The Kid"

*A best beach bet is this Jantzen suit of Seal-Sleek fabric made of rayon and Lastex with its self-shoulder straps and V back, ideal for action*

Reason why a lot of Hollywood bachelors are all calling the same number these days: Cobina Wright Jr. (right) of Fox's "Moon Over Miami," import from N. Y. society

*Something to cause a ripple on the waves is this yellow Jantzen two-piece suit with knitted bra, quarter panel trunk with a soft bow and an adjustable draw cord that anchors the trunks at the waistline. The material is body-molding Velva-cord with knit-in Lastex yarn*

Recipe for ladder-climbing: A famous name, a pretty face and an engaging role in Warners' "Million Dollar Baby." Girl who has all three: Lucile Fairbanks

*The suit—"Jack Tar," a red Jantzen eye-catcher with white nautical trim, boasting princess lines, a flared skirt and foundation panties*



# My Life With CAROLINE

His wife looked like a little girl, but the trouble was she didn't act like one

Fiction Version by  
**LEE PENNINGTON**

An RKO-Radio picture. Screen play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard. Based upon the play by Louis Verneuil and Georges Berr. Executive producer, William Hawks. Producer-Director, Lewis Milestone.

**THE CAST**  
Anthony Mason . . . . . Ronald Colman  
Caroline Mason . . . . . Anna Lee  
Paul Martindale . . . . . Reginald Gardiner  
Paco del Valle . . . . . Gilbert Roland  
Bliss . . . . . Charles Winninger  
Helen Hamilton . . . . . Katharine Leslie

"We're going to the races," Bliss said significantly. Anthony just cocked an eyebrow and grinned; Caroline looked wistful; Paul tried to seem totally unconcerned

**T**HE airport shimmered green and silver under the insistent Florida sun as a sleek cabin plane dropped onto the incoming runway and floated gently to a stop. A tall dark-complexioned man was at the controls.

"You can take over now, Bill," he told the pilot. "Get her into the hangar, then bring my bags up to the house."

Without waiting for Bill's "Okay, boss," Anthony Mason slid to the ground and set off at a brisk long-legged stride for the airport waiting room, but when he reached it, instead of going into the lounge he ducked behind a pillar and observed in secret three people seated at a table near the bar.

They were a very blonde and very lovely girl—Anthony's wife, Caroline; an elderly rotund man—Caroline's father; and a younger man with black hair and close-clipped mustache, whom Anthony had never seen before

but who, he reflected with amusement, was the real reason for his own unexpected plane trip.

Anthony relaxed at the discovery that his efforts to complete his trip before Caroline could begin hers had succeeded. When he had received Caroline's wire announcing that she was flying to New York to see him he had realized that it meant one thing and one thing only—Caroline, in her usual impetuous, ingenuous fashion, had fallen for another man—and the purpose of her New York visit would be to ask Anthony for a divorce.

Now Anthony was madly in love with his wife in spite of her romantic inclinations—perhaps even partly because of them, as he would have acknowledged cheerfully—and he knew that the one chance of saving their marriage was for him to circumvent Caroline's plans before they reached such a stage that through

sheer stubbornness she would feel herself obliged to go through with them. So he had immediately hopped into his own plane and headed for his winter home in Florida where Caroline and her father were vacationing.

From his strategic position behind the pillar the first words Anthony caught were his father-in-law's, "Give Anthony my love."

"Father!" Caroline's tone matched the reproof in her blue eyes. "I'm not taking this trip just for a social visit."

The young man, equally reproachful, spoke up. "I don't believe you take Caroline and me—our plans—seriously, Mr. Bliss."

"I take you very seriously indeed," Bliss retorted plaintively. "I've had to, with all Caroline's talk about going to New York."

"But I have to see Anthony, Father," Caroline said seriously, "to make him realize how important this





is to me. Make him understand how I've been stifled by that big house, the silly parties—"

"You were always the last one to leave," Bliss observed mildly.

"—make him understand," Caroline ignored the comment, "that Paul has opened up a new world to me, the world," she went on dreamily, "of beauty—"

Bliss drew a pencil and notebook out of his pocket, wrote for a moment then tore off the page and handed it across the table to the young man. "When Caroline starts on one of her long-winded speeches, Paul," the latter read, "the only way to get a word in edgewise is to write it." Paul crumpled the note reprovingly, then turned to Caroline who was still talking.

"I feel that I never really lived before I knew Paul, knew that he needed me—"

"To be my (Continued on page 82)

"Do you love me very much, Anthony?" Caroline asked him dreamily



# LADY BEWARE!

WE'RE putting you out on a limb this month by asking you these seemingly harmless questions you'll find at the right. From your perfectly honest (we hope!) answers, we'll discover for you your clothes bugaboos—the trends in your character that may influence your clothes-buying code.



## Group I

If you answered yes to at least two questions in Group I, beware this clothes bugaboo—you don't dress for the occasion. Don't wear what you'd like to wear, wear what you should wear, and remember that old oxfords are better for muddy camps. Remember, too, that a green dress against a blue chair will kill your chances; and that being overdressed at a party will only get you the wrong kind of side glances. Hint for summer: A yellow piqué sports dress and matching tailored straw, the material is right night or day; the color will set any pace any place.

## Group II

If you answered yes to at least two questions in Group II, you're apt to be too conservative, too standardized, in choosing your clothes. Don't always stick to the same type hat; a tricorne may be becoming but may also make you look as if you didn't know what gives in the new styles. Forget your inhibitions, go out and buy something you've probably never worn before—i.e., an old-fashioned black and white striped linen sunbonnet with a yellow rose. You'll be surprised as to how much it breaks down barriers—your own and other people's.

## Group I

1. If you went to visit your best beau at camp would you wear those pretty high-heeled pumps he has always especially admired?

2. If you were wearing a green dress that did things for you and you entered a room in which two chairs were vacant, one gold, one blue, the blue one directly beside an attractive man, would you choose the blue chair?

3. If with some hard-earned pennies, you bought a most becoming evening dress for a special party, then found at the last moment that the rest of your crowd weren't dressing, would you wear the evening dress as planned?

## Group III

1. Do you *always* wait to have a man light your cigarettes for you?

2. Did you ever make anything—sweater, hat, dress—for yourself to wear?

3. Do you always (not counting emergencies) wait for your escort to come around and help you out of a car?

## Group II

1. If you see an acquaintance on the street and he doesn't see you, are you inclined to let him slip by without speaking?

2. If you have a hat that looks very well on you, are you prone to try and find something similar when you shop for the new season's model?

3. If you were going to a gathering of "ultra ultra" people and were reading a sensational book that you know they think is common, but which interests you for personal reasons, would you ditch the book before meeting the people?

## Group IV

1. Do you always have at least one hat with flowers on it every spring?

2. When you're drinking from a cup do you look over the brim and never down into the cup?

3. Do you know the difference between knit and purl, single and double crochet, basting and French seams?

# Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

## Group IV

If you answered yes to at least two of the questions in Group IV, you're well on your way to looking like the type woman Billie Burke plays. Remember that frills and feathers sometimes only serve to annoy other people and that too feminine clothes may get you a lot of places without really getting you anywhere. Try buying a pastel plaid silk suit, satisfy that feminine side of you with a little lace bib at the neck, leave your knitting home and talk about Orson Welles. Incidentally, if you really want to have something to say on that subject, see page 27.

## Group III

If you answered no to at least two questions in Group III, better watch out—that masculine instinct of yours, if it isn't curbed when it comes to buying clothes, may turn you into a woman who never dresses to please a man—and you know the result of that. Try turning feminine, be sure to sit back and get all the attention you deserve, play around effectively with some needlecraft and deck yourself out in a pale pink marquisette dress. It's new for summer and it's a good counteract for your independent impulses.



STYLES FOR (SUMMER)

# Sirens



"... by the dawn's early light . . ."  
To be seen in the best early-morning swim circles: This four-piece outfit designed by Mabs and worn by Rita Hayworth of Columbia's "You'll Never Get Rich." You take your before-sunrise dip in fitted lastex trunks and bra top; then you switch on a circular, scarlet shirt, zip yourself into a fitted white lastex jacket and win on any tennis court you choose

Schafer

"... And the rockets' red glare..." Explosive addenda for a Fourth of July picnic is this pastel plaid slack suit designed by Connie Foster to be worn by a girl like Rita Hayworth. The secret behind this number-one summer sports outfit lies in three cardinal points: First, the fit—a sleekly tailored line that gives you a one-in-a-million figure; second, the pockets, large patch ones that make the suit a somebody; third, the hand-stitching on the trousers and jacket, sure sign of "good goods" anywhere

Lippman







"...bombs bursting in air..." Resounding note in the summer fashion air is gabardine; smooth example is this belted gold coat dress of that up-and-coming material. You'll hang one like this in your closet right away because the brown buttons travel so smartly down the front; because the notched collar and faked flap pockets are two new high signs in the summer fashion picture; and because when you wear it you'll feel exactly the way Rita Hayworth looks

"... the land of the free . . ." Product of the international democratic spirit is Miss Hayworth's white crepe Bagheera dinner dress that gives a distinctive bow to Grecian influence. Definite "look-sees" in this Robert Kalloch model are the unusual side draping and the black lace epaulets that match the wider-than-wide lace belt. Lovely to look at, nice to have, is the Paradise fox







"... in the twilight's last gleaming..." A pretty picture at the cocktail hour is this white crepe street dress with cool-looking navy in a suggested plastron treatment on the bodice and set-in squares on the sleeve—a perfect outfit to take care of the fresh-as-a-daisy business



For girls who crave a mane  
to woo  
There are lions in the zoo.

# How to Spoil

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GREGORI



Constant talk of babies' weight  
Will quickly turn man's love to  
hate.



It is a moonlit night; a soft breeze, sweet with honeysuckle, crosses the garden; from somewhere issues the lilt of a love song. It is a romantic moment if there ever was one.

"And you want me to tell how a girl could spoil a mood like that?" demanded John Howard in a tone rich with horror. "Oh, no. Nothing doing. Don't I have trouble enough without putting my neck in a noose?"

When it was pointed out to him that there wouldn't be half so many lovelorn editors, spinsters or divorcees as there are if every girl in the world didn't—at some time in her life—muff a romantic moment, he relented a little. When it was added, furthermore, that he couldn't have lived for four years in the Deke house at Western Reserve without having heard sundry complaints about feminine behavior from the brethren, consequently his comments needn't be construed as personal revelations, but simply as general opinions, he broke down completely.

Teetering on the back two legs of a chair (he can do more things with a common four-legged straight chair than the Flying Canzonieris can do with a slack wire) he said, "Well, there's nothing that throws a man off his sentimental beam as much as a gal who kids the moment. That may sound like an unnecessary observation, but it's astonishing how many girls nowadays wisecrack their way out of a romance that they have given every evidence of encouraging. After all, it's next to impossible to get that thrilled feeling when a girl keeps you laughing."

Surreptitiously, we made a note of this information, to wit: Laughter is fine and nice in its place,

But she who gets kisses wears no grin on her face.

"Another thing you might mention," John added, chuckling, "is that the average man has an aversion to having his hair mussed. Or his tie disarranged. Every once in a while, so the lads tell me, they meet up with some girl who thinks the way to a man's heart is via scalp (Continued on page 94)



# a Romantic Moment



What girl can exhibit that appeal known as "sox" With her teeth rattling 'round like dice in a box?

John Howard and Our Cover Girl, Dorothy Lamour, give some versions as to why "old maid" and "jilted swain" are still in the romance dictionary

**W**E CAUGHT Dorothy Lamour on the set of "Caught in the Draft," where she was caught in a whirlpool of men.

"Only a traitor to her sex would pass up an opportunity to reveal how men muff a romantic moment," she said, trying to find a comfortable position in one of those canvas chairs. "I think the very worst sin of mankind against a sentimental evening . . . well, I'll tell you about it."

It happened several years ago, when Dottie was living in Chicago. Through mutual friends she had met a young viking: one of those terrific torso boys with all the muscles that rubbing alcohol pictures, and then some added for good measure. He had blue eyes, a mass of curly blond hair and a voice that did things to the feminine spine.

When he asked Dorothy for a date, she said "yes" and rushed away from the telephone to buy a new dress—a feat that took a bit of budgetary planning in those days.

The evening started auspiciously enough. When Viking was presented to Dorothy's mother, his manner was properly deferential and Dorothy received one of those okay telegrams by eye from her mother. So far, so good.

In the car on the way to the club, he explained who was featherweight boxing champion and why; how the lightweight situation stood; what the crucial problem in the welterweight department was; and then, having primed himself, he launched a blow-by-blow description of every heavyweight hostility that had taken place since the days when what John L. Sullivan thought about hobble skirts was news.

For dinner they had the Olympic games; during the first dance Viking revealed all known football strategy; second dance—basketball; third dance—track and field with a complete recital of records and record-holders. He was going into the perennial problem of the Brooklyn Dodgers when Dorothy begged to be taken home.

"I had Charley horses for a week, just from listening," confided Dorothy. "It would have (Continued on page 95)



Muscles are nice—just look at Gable  
But who wants them verbally flexed at table?





Man with a trademark: Charles Boyer of "Hold Back the Dawn" who talks with his eyes to women who listen with their hearts



...ady with a keynote: Jean Arthur of "The Devil and Miss Jones" whose trick voice is preferred stock in Hollywood trade





# Out of



BY  
HARRIET FONDA PEACOCK  
and  
JAYNE FONDA SCHOENTGEN





# Henry Fonda's Attic

—comes this story of Hank, one of the grandest we've ever printed. It ought to be. It's by his sisters and it brings to light some things only a sister would remember — and tell!

**H**AS Hank changed much?" Schoolmates, members of his Boy Scout troop, girls he danced with in high school and older folk who knew him as a boy are constantly asking us if Henry has changed since the cloak of Hollywood glamour fell on his shoulders.

You'd expect an answer in the negative from his sisters, younger sisters to whom Henry was always pretty much of a hero even before movie scripts provided him with the halo of histrionic heroics.

But recently we've had occasion to see emphasized just how little change there has been in Henry through the years since he staged his first backyard circus; change, that is, in the fun-loving simplicity and the earnestness of enterprise which are the essence of his character.

Not long ago Henry wrote us asking that we forward to him in Hollywood the trunkful of old letters and photographs which Mother had saved, that traced, in yellowing notepaper and fading snapshots, the story of his Omaha boyhood.

As we sorted through the memorabilia of a family that has always saved souvenirs, there were hundreds of reminders of Henry in the days when movies were a Saturday after-

noon treat and not a Monday morning job.

Here was a picture of Henry at six, taken in the back yard of his grandfather Ten Eycke Fonda's house, with Henry all dressed up in his Sunday school suit, with Buster Brown collar and wide bow tie and a crushed hat like the one Percy Crosby's "Skippy" wears, looking longingly at a baby chick in a brood of white leghorns.

It may have been that same afternoon that Henry inadvertently stepped on a newly hatched chick and rushed upstairs to his grandmother's room, closed the door and fell on his knees beside the bed to offer up an eloquent prayer for the recovery of the injured chick. That prayer lasted forty-five minutes by the clock and Henry would not leave the room until he was assured that the chick was going to live.

There was another prayer of Henry's that was answered, though not so promptly.

One of the first shows he did at the Omaha Community Playhouse when he was twenty, and on a summer vacation from the University of Minnesota, was "Merton of the Movies." In the play, one of the most touching lines is the prayer of the film-struck farm boy who is trying to crash

Hollywood. Tearfully he petitions: "Oh, God, make me a movie actor . . . one of the best . . . for Jesus' sake, Amen."

Henry often has said it was when he played that role, the role Glenn Hunter made famous, that he decided on a theatrical career and his earnest reading of those lines may well have been an unconscious prayer that he, too, might touch film fame. It was ten years before he was to face a camera, but when success came it was on a grander scale than even Merton could have wished for.

It was, however, not as an actor that Henry first showed talent. His ability at writing and drawing won his earliest distinctions. At eight, he won the first prize of \$2 in a short story contest conducted by the Dundee News, a neighborhood newspaper in the section of Omaha in which we lived. His flight into fiction was called "The Mouse's Story," and on receipt of his prize, and the publication of his brain child, Henry thereafter signed all his letters: "Henry Fonda, author of 'The Mouse's Story.'"

That was about the time that Henry began a long and regular correspondence with his other grandfather, Henry Jaynes, Mother's father, who lived in (Continued on page 103)

In cahoots: Younger sister Jayne and older sister Harriet in the process of finding some gay skeletons in closets



Family portrait: Jayne, Harriet and Hank, a promising group that made things hum in the Fonda home on the shaded street in Omaha (see other page, top)



Ilona Massey: Girl with a nice voice; a nicer husband, Alan Curtis; and a net-profit picture, Alexander Korda's "New Wine"





Douglas Fairbanks Jr.



Joan Bennett

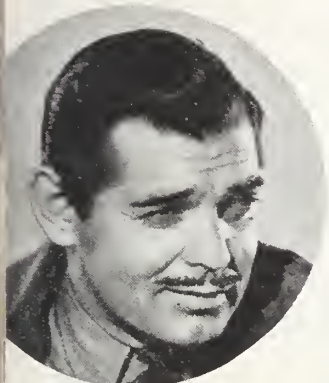


Joan Crawford

Gary Cooper



# THE TRUTH about STARS' AGES BY "FEARLESS"



Clark Gable



Claudette Colbert

Hollywood's motto on ages is "Bigger fibs  
make better box-office." We think

you'd rather know the facts

**A** COUPLE of years ago Claudette Colbert, who is a fantastically honest soul, went around Hollywood telling whoever asked her that she was thirty-one. Actually she was thirty-one, which constitutes a kind of feminine miracle, not only in Hollywood but anywhere on earth. After she had told her age to several inquirers her family, her agent and her best friends began ganging up on her.

"You can't do that," they all ordered.

"But why not? It's the truth," said the ex-Miss Chauchoin.

"Okay, okay, but nobody will believe it is the truth and everybody will automatically add at least two years to what you tell them."

All of which is a solemn and well-known fact in Spotlight Center, a fact that has led to much gnashing of records, much laughter and a crocodile tear or two.

Take the cases of Joan Crawford and Irene Dunne as regards their personal histories. La Crawford has been in Hollywood and pictures ever

since 1925, some sixteen years ago. Let the subject of age arise, Crawford will look you straight in the optics and remark, "I don't see why women are so silly about revealing their years. I don't mind telling anybody how old I am. I'm thirty-one."

Before Hollywood, Crawford was a chorus girl on Broadway; according to some reports, a chorus girl in Chicago; before that, according to her own statement, an attendant at Stephens College in Missouri before she invaded the world of the theater; and prior to Stephens a resident of Kansas City; and a bit before that little Billie Cassin of Texas, which adds up to a crowded fifteen years, certainly.

We defy anyone to be able to check up even that much on Irene Dunne, however. Beautiful, delightful, talented, Irene is more elusive than a super-Raffles when any attempt is made to tie her down to any of the time factors of her life. Vaguely you

can prove that she was a prima donna on Broadway before she came into Hollywood for "Cimarron" in 1931. Enchantingly, but indefinitely, she will admit that she was married before she came West. Obviously, she was born, but try to nail Irene down to the vital statistics and you will suddenly discover the subject switched to petunias, the careful raising of leading men and what on earth is really going to happen in the ASCAP-BMI quarrel.

Dunne is so self-protective on all this that once when an interviewer tried to find out the type of house she was born in, the star refused to remember even that and this past fall when a Los Angeles paper published the mere fact that it was her birthday and then Garson Kanin, who was directing her at the time, started teasing her about it, the atmosphere on the set became so tense that even that debonair young man backed hurriedly out.

Probably Irene is somewhere in her middle thirties, that region where so large a (Continued on page 98)

# "The

If you've ever wondered what men say to each other in private on this subject, you'll want to read what George Raft said so openly to Herb Stein



The girl in Raft's present: Betty Grable. Says George: "When I'm with her I'm completely happy." Says Hollywood: "He's never been so crazy about any girl before"



# Women In My Life"

"I DON'T know what Betty Grable's got, but I do know she's got me!"

And that's how George Raft admits what all Hollywood has been buzzing for months. Since that night at Ciro's several months ago when Betty danced her way into George's life, there hasn't been a more discussed twosome in the film capital since Bill Powell knocked the town's prognosticators for a loop with his sudden marriage to Diana Lewis.

Lots of folks agree that Grable is George's last romance, but she's far and away from being his first.

What has Raft that gals from every walk of life go for? Why does this former Broadway dancer rate the "rep" with his friends of never wanting for a beautiful lass? "George never had trouble with girls. He never will," they'll tell you.

"The women in my life," Raft admitted to us in his first gab session on the subject since he's been in Hollywood, "have ranged from theatrical

nobodys to society bigwigs; from college girls to movie stars; from dizzy career seekers to the kind of gal one should never have dated in the first place. I know I'm not the smartest guy in the world, but I do know what I like. And I like *class*—whether it's food, horses or women—they gotta have *class*!"

Take the case of Norma Shearer. Staid, proper, intellectual Norma—the "First lady of Hollywood"—fell head over heels for the first guy from Tenth Avenue. As George would probably tell you, "Little did I dream when I was flipping coins as a lug in 'Scarface' that I would ever know, let alone date the girl who was that far on the other side of the Hollywood tracks."

The country at large was long under the impression that the Raft-Shearer romance was a smartly conceived publicity stunt to give Raft class and bring Norma down to earth. It was nothing of the sort. Press agents had no more to say about it than advisors

of the Duke of Windsor when he took "the woman I love."

As George tells it, "The first time I met Norma was at a party three years ago at Jack Warner's home. We talked, danced and later I drove her home. I never attempted to date her after that one meeting because I—well, I just felt it wasn't the thing to do with the 'first lady of Hollywood.' The really first chance I had to know her was a year later in New York. Norma was with Charles Boyer and his wife, Pat Paterson. Boyer called me at my hotel one day and asked me if I wouldn't care to join the threesome on a tour of the World's Fair. Naturally, I was pleased at being asked and promptly accepted the invitation."

A round of the New York night spots followed. Shearer, utterly new to this whole routine, was fascinated by it. She found a new world in Raft's friends and habits. Where Shearer and Boyer were always formally addressed as *Miss Shearer* and



In the past: Norma Shearer, staid, proper, intellectual. In her ice box there were kept special steaks just in case Raft should drop in to dinner

Member of one of the first families of Chicago was Virginia Peine with whom George went for years. He says now: "It wasn't fair for me to continue seeing Virginia however much I loved her"





Predecessor of Virginia Peine in Raft's life: songstress Helen Morgan. This romance made sparks fly on Broadway

Mr. Boyer, people ran up to Raft with, "H'ya Georgie, how's dat Hollywood life? . . . How ya doin', Georgie?" Raft became a new experience for the woman, a regular guy, one of the boys, a chap who not only knew his way around but all the folks along the way. Norma envied all this. She wanted to become a vital part of it.

Her past had consisted of very intimate parties at the homes of close friends. A movie to her was of the private, leather-cushioned seat projection room type. She hardly knew what audience reaction to a picture was like, because she seldom went to a movie house.

"If I opened Norma's eyes to the world of night clubs and ball games," Raft says, "she opened the pages for me to the blue book of Hollywood society. On our trip to Europe with the Boyers, she was a wonderful guide for me through the museums and art galleries. By the time we had returned to Hollywood, I was wearing formal clothes more often to dinner and she was becoming more carefree and at ease in public."

They split fifty-fifty on everything. She taught him to enjoy quiet dinners and he taught her to roar with the

mob when her horse ran in the lead down the stretch. "If I was her fourth at bridge," George relates, "she was the first to dance a rhumba. We not only went to quiet dinners at the Zanucks, the Warners, the Leroy's and the Fairbanks, but we went to Ciro's and Victor Hugo's for gay times."

Before the year's romance was over, Shearer was very attached to George and he to her. She was wonderfully generous in so many ways. She'd bring crazy knickknacks to his home, rearrange little things here and there to give the place a woman's touch.

"You'll never hear about or know a more thoughtful and more kindly person," Raft says of Shearer. "And you'll find no mother more wonderful to her children. And as with her children, so with her friends. When anyone is ill, she's the first to call and suggest old-fashioned remedies."

Raft is notorious for packing away at least a steak a day, every day. Shearer, at her home, always had special steaks in the ice box in the event he dropped in for dinner. Photographs of Raft were all over her place. When she returned from New York after a five-day visit, she went right from the airport to visit him on

the set of "They Drive By Night" which was then shooting.

What broke up the romance? No one knows, and the two most concerned about it won't talk. On a trip to New York, Raft was linked in the columns again with former heart-throb Virginia Peine. But he and Shearer are still excellent friends.

So much for Raft's experience with the lady of a Hollywood first family.

**H**E HAD a much longer romance six years ago with a girl of a first society family of Chicago. This was the chic, smart, vivacious Virginia Peine. This was Raft's first experience with society and it knocked Hollywood haywire.

"If ever there was a girl I would have married, Virginia is that girl," Raft told us. But he couldn't marry Ginny. Raft's wife, from whom he's long been separated, so far has refused to give him a divorce.

"It wasn't fair for me to continue seeing Virginia however much I loved her," Raft relates. "I was not only mad about Ginny, but I was crazy about her daughter, Joanie. There wasn't a thing I wouldn't do for that little Joanie. Maybe I'm softhearted. Maybe I'm a sissy, but I got more of a kick out of buying that kid gifts than seeing my horse win a race." To this day Raft still sends Joanie all sorts of presents, while she's in New York with her mother, who is in "Lady In The Dark."

"How did I meet Virginia? Oh, it was at the Clover Club in Hollywood one night. Some friends introduced us. I thought she was a very swell gal, but I didn't dare think of asking her for a date. All the advance ballyhoo was that she was a society girl from Chicago and who was I at the time to make a pass at a girl like that? But the next day I almost fell off my feet when she telephoned and invited me to one of her cocktail parties. From then on we saw each other regularly. Yeh, it lasted four and a half years. You're darned right—I took plenty of ribbing from the boys. They said I was going social, high-hat and that sort of stuff. To hear them talk, you'd think I'd gone North Hollywood. But they didn't know at the time what a peach of a kid Ginny was. They found out, though, just as I did. I'd never met anyone like her before. She taught me more about the finer things than anyone before or since. To be with her constantly was the greatest thing that could have happened to me. I'd do anything for Virginia—she's a swell girl."

Before the Peine girl, Raft's great love was Helen Morgan. When Morgan was sitting on a piano doing her stint, Raft was sitting at her feet adoring every (Continued on page 96)



*Geraldine Spreckels*  
 —skin like a rose pearl!



EVERYWHERE SHE GOES ADMIRING EYES OPEN WIDE AT HER SLIM, YOUNG BEAUTY... HER GLAMOROUS COMPLEXION!

## Golden Girl of the Golden West

*Give YOUR skin HER Glamour Care*

Swing into the glamour routine lovely Geraldine Spreckels adores! Whisk through this brisk little Pond's Beauty Ritual every night—and for daytime pick-me-ups. Help make your skin look fresh and sweet as a rain-washed rosebud!



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Slather Pond's Cold Cream all over your face. Pat it in for all you're worth! Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Then "rinse" with more Cold Cream, to soften again, and slick off every trace of dirt and old make-up. Happy note! Little "dry" lines show less—pores seem smaller!

A good big splash next, of Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener.

Extra special now—the 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream all over your clean, glowing face. Wipe off after one full minute. A smooth, smooth performance! The mask zips off little roughnesses—gives your skin a caressably soft feel—a lovely mat finish! Now—a fluff of your powder puff! You're glamorous as a dream girl!



*Glamorizing 1-Minute Mask*



SHE'S infatuated with life, and infinitely lovely—this madcap California heiress, Geraldine Spreckels. Red-gold hair and gold-flecked eyes are precious accents to her soft, luminous, exquisite skin.

The care of her lovely, clear complexion is not left to chance. She follows the simple Pond's Beauty Ritual every day.

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(Offer good in U.S. only)





How to be a good mixer: Cultivate the quality George Raft likes in women and you'll star with bankers, race-track touts, truck drivers and newsboys alike

## You Can Star Wherever You Are

(Continued from page 47)

else. So Brent lines up with Robert Taylor in listing self-discipline and a sane viewpoint as infinitely more important than beauty or any subtle feminine art.

"I think mental stability will do more for a girl than anything else," George says, "regardless of her ambition or goal. Without it she can't balance her desires with reason or success professionally, in business or as a wife.

"If a girl hasn't mental stability she not only can't handle her business affairs, but she doesn't know how to proceed with her career, her job or her everyday life in an intelligent manner. Not only girls, but men, too, must fight flightiness and keep their feet on the ground if they hope to succeed.

"Mental stability prevents a girl from getting too lightheaded over a good break or bright prospects, or too heavyhearted over delays and disappointments.

**ERROL FLYNN** names a Spartan quality as the most important single asset to help a girl "star" in her own life.

"Not all girls remember to include courage when they outfit for their conquest of life. Some of them forget that it must be the pivot around which their whole campaign, whether professional, business, social or romantic, must revolve.

"I speak with authority, because I've been fighting fear all my life and I know that it is the greatest menace to a man's hopes and peace of mind. So it must be to a girl's ambitions and plans. For a girl on her own has more things to fear than has a man and, I imagine, she needs greater courage.

"A girl need not be ashamed to be afraid. Fear is all around us and is as natural to us as love. Only fools never know fear. The shame—and the folly—is in not fighting it, not pushing ahead in spite of it.

"Terror isn't the worst trick in fear's bag. Terror hits us most often and hardest in the form of embarrassment, self-consciousness and lack of confidence. It works black miracles with little things—like putting us ill at ease among strangers, making us afraid to speak our minds.

"These days the most important thing a girl can possess is the courage of her convictions and the courage to carry on to the goal her ambition sets in spite of obstacles, of criticism or of fear of consequences. The courage to take a chance

when she feels she is right."

Cary Grant also named courage as the "top" quality for a girl these days. But a courage of a different type than that described by Errol Flynn.

"I think more girls marry the man they want to marry, get the jobs they want to get and do the things they want to do because they have courage than because of any other reason or quality. The courage to hold to their course and hang on in spite of obstacles is all-important. Give a girl an idea of what she wants, a little common sense and the ability to hang on in spite of disappointments and you've presented her with the quality that will make her star wherever she is.

"Another quality I would recommend acquiring, if I'm entitled to a second choice, is the ability to see yourself as others see you. The habit of looking into a mental mirror not to see if your lipstick is on right but to look yourself in the eye. Recognize and analyze your faults. Then call in your courage and keep pecking away at them until they are whipped."

"In my opinion," says Edward G. Robinson, "self-honesty is the quality that will win popularity for any girl. By facing facts squarely and not cheating herself with alibis, illusions or self-sympathy she avoids the burden of pretense and can be herself. And being herself, she can head straight for her goal, without having to cover deception or put on an act to keep in character.

"When a girl shows respect for herself by being herself, she gains the respect of others. They take her and her aims seriously. When she pretends to be what she is not, others grow suspicious of her.

"Too many girls undertake a profession or a job or a romance with their bag full of tricks and depend upon their wits to keep people fooled. A girl goes to a lot of useless trouble doing this, because as many people will like her for herself as would like her for being someone else. But in aping or pretending she can't be convincing enough to impress anyone."

Don Ameche raises a point none of the others mentions. "In life, as in motion pictures, sound is as important as action or appearance. The girl who realizes this has a secret to charming and persuasive personality. To men gentleness and warmth are synonymous for women. So

the girl who develops the qualities of warmth, sincerity and gentleness in her voice possesses an incalculable asset.

"Millions of men have fallen in love with women's voices. Millions of employers have found a girl's 'voice with a smile' a tremendous commercial asset. Any girl can develop and put warmth into her voice. Every girl should."

Fred MacMurray meets the girls right on their home ground. He says:

"I think the ability to dress well—intelligently, not expensively—is a valuable asset to any girl. But she shouldn't just follow fashion, regardless. She should make the study of dress an important part of her life. She should know that extreme and bizarre clothes not only cheapen her but actually detract from her personality. A beautiful girl loudly dressed is like an orchid wrapped in red and yellow calico. She should learn how to dress to reflect her personality and her character. I think that when she has done this she will have attained a great quality for success, popularity and eventual happiness."

"To me," says George Raft, "a girl needs two qualities to star in her own life: Feminine charm and sincerity. In other words, if a girl is what she is supposed to be, she will do all right.

"A girl should be sincere for two reasons—because everyone wants sincerity in a woman and dreads the thought that it isn't there; and because she needs sincerity for her own protection. Sincerity breeds sincerity and respect. And a girl needs sincerity and respect from others more than she needs anything else on earth.

"Sincerity doesn't mean prudishness. The honestly sincere girl is the most democratic and most free of her sex. She can mix with bankers, politicians, artists, men-about-town, newsboys, truck drivers and race-track touts and be equally welcomed and respected by all. In her sincerity and feminine warmth men of every type see the qualities they respect and cherish.

"Feminine charm and sincerity are not only a girl's most important spiritual quality but the safest commercial asset she can possess."

Basil Rathbone says he thinks the most important qualities a girl can possess are intelligence and real sophistication. By real sophistication he means understanding and the result of intelligence, not a wise attitude or a show of bizarreness. He thinks that intelligence not only attracts but holds friends and loved ones with an ever-tightening grip.

Melvyn Douglas says: "I believe the most valuable qualities a girl can have are sincerity and its inevitable companion, application. I believe that no girl who is genuine in her interest can help but absorb a certain amount of professional efficiency, regardless of what she is doing.

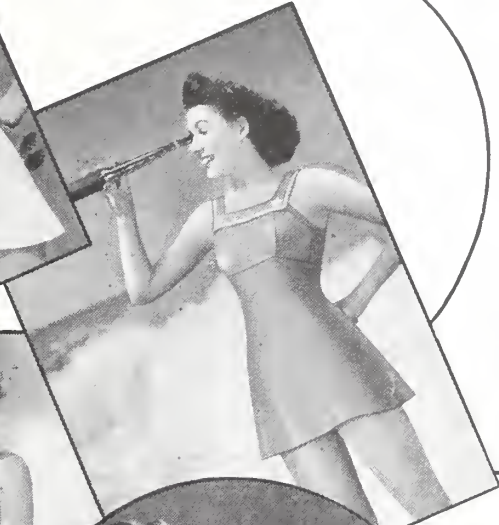
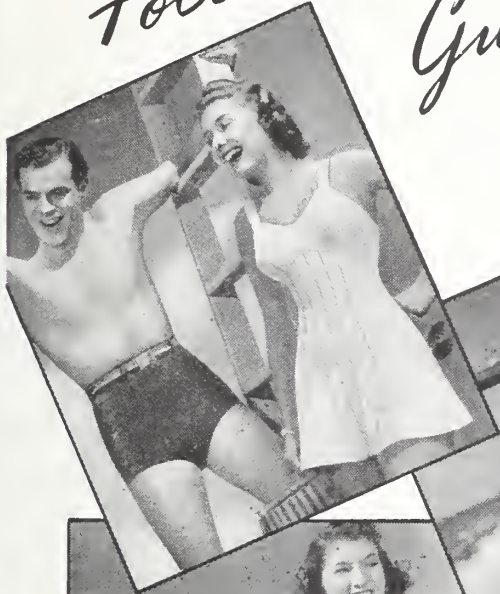
"There is considerable difference between enthusiasm and sincerity. One can be enthusiastic about success and enthusiastic about a job in hand and yet not be willing to take the licking and the disappointments and stick with it. If a girl is truly sincere and really puts her mind to work and follows what she believes to be a systematic method of pursuing her course I don't see how she can help but be successful, within the limit of her natural capacity. But definitely successful. Only genius or the breaks will carry one beyond that point.

"That goes not only for the professions that lead to fame but for every walk in life. Sincerity makes plants to grow and happiness to be."

And there are the tips from the stars on how to star, wherever you are!



Follow this  
Guide Line



*to fit with freedom  
to control with comfort*

It doesn't matter what type of figure you have or what style of swim suit you fancy. You'll look and feel and swim better if you insist on a suit made with "Lastex" yarn. You can have its advantages in one-piece or two-piece suits, in romper models or in the various skirted and dressmaker designs. You can benefit by that famous stretch in woven or knitted fabrics, in silk, cotton, wool or rayon, in mixtures of these or in the new swim fabrics shirred with "Lastex" yarn. Ask to see the new swim suits made with "Lastex" yarn at the stores you usually patronize, under the name of your favorite maker, if you have one. In any case, the most important thing to remember in shopping for a suit is to insist on the elastic yarn that makes the American bathing figure the envy of the world.



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# Happiness Ahead

(Continued from page 42)

Paul would be somewhere else, working with another star, and she might not see him at all.

That thought brought her out of her dreams. Very shyly, she spoke to him in passing. "Tomorrow," she said, "is Labor Day and—that's a holiday. Wouldn't you like to come and swim in our pool?" Vaughn Paul said he would like to very much and Deanna went home in ecstasy.

He came—and the day was one of those perfect California days, with the scent of the hills and the sea mingling and the sunshine warm gold over everything. They swam in the pool, diving and laughing at nothing at all, and lay in the sun and talked and found with a sort of awe that they liked the same things, that they had the same viewpoints, that they wanted the same things from life—a home, a family, work and friends.

"Would you—like to come back on Sunday—and swim?" Deanna said shyly, looking up at him from under her wet, curling dark hair. And young Vaughn Paul looked down from his height into the blue eyes that were so honest and said he certainly would.

**T**HE little princess had opened the door—and so, of course, after Sunday he asked her to go out to dinner and to see "Boys Town," which had just opened.

They didn't have any agreement then about going out with "anybody else." Only—they just never wanted to. They didn't declare their love or speak of the future, just at first. It was enough to be together and to explore, as though they were the first two who had ever fallen in love, and to discover each other.

Soon they began to talk of marriage. Inevitably. It was that kind of love, as they were that kind of people.

Of course, their families said they were too young. The studio protested that Deanna was too young. They could not see their little starlet as a married woman—not realizing that this love story would entrance a disillusioned and suffering world.

They agreed. They could wait. They would learn to know each other better.

Too, it was necessary for Vaughn Paul to make his way up in the world a little.

He wouldn't like being "Deanna Durbin's husband," and there was always the immovable fact of Deanna's huge salary.

That is one of the things that makes this such a great love story. Everybody knows that it is sometimes very easy to keep the sweetness and the charm of first love when you can keep it in a flowering garden, with a full moon, with fragrant spring flowers, with loveliness shielding it. But these two have kept theirs in the turmoil and the trouble and the difficulties and never lost its magic. They have faced things honestly.

They know, for instance, that they face a real injustice where Paul's work is concerned. I made some rather thorough investigations around the Universal lot. The old-timers, whom I have known for years, and who are plenty hard-boiled about Hollywood and its fables and its customs, tell me that Vaughn Paul has real and definite talent as a producer. Steeped in Hollywood tradition from the day his eyes opened, he is a second-generation member—and the second generation is doing very well out here. His judgment is unusually sound and, as the old-timers told me, the boy is a worker. That counts.

As soon as the studio knew of the romance between their star and the young assistant director, they took him off her pictures. That was natural and, even Deanna understood, wise. Since then Paul has worked his way up to be an assistant producer with a very bright future.

**Y**ET it is inevitable as he goes ahead that some people will say—for some people love to say unkind things, I don't know why—his success is due to the fact that he is married to a great star.

It won't be true. For Deanna, with her clear young wisdom, knew that the man she loves wouldn't be happy unless he could do his own work, unless he would find it possible to achieve in his own field.

After those first days when Deanna asked him to her house, the courtship was Vaughn Paul's always. And it wasn't long before it became obvious to everyone who knew them well that

Vaughn Paul, to use a slang expression, wore the pants in that combination. They went with his friends, they followed his habits, they did what he would have done had he fallen in love with Sally Smith instead of Deanna Durbin.

In many ways, that was the best thing that ever happened to Miss Durbin.

I find it very significant that the "crowd" they go with calls her Edna, which is her real name, and not Deanna. They are young people—some young married couples, some fellows Vaughn Paul knew in school and their girl friends. They are completely normal, everyday young Americans. Apparently they are not impressed by the fact that Deanna Durbin is one of the great box-office movie stars of our time—in fact, that is a handicap if anything.

When a beautiful young girl—and by the way, it is too bad that Deanna Durbin movies cannot be photographed in color she is so much prettier off the screen than she is on, which, I may tell you, is somewhat rare among movie queens—when a beautiful young girl becomes a star, it is natural and almost inevitable that she find herself surrounded by older people.

**S**O little Deanna, a child wonder, was drawn more and more into groups of older people who always regarded her as just that—a child wonder—because of her great artistic achievements.

But the crowd her boy friend took her to see and with whom they kept dates regarded her simply as a girl their own age—and she had to make good on her own. One sign of snootiness, one bit of Hollywood up-stage tactics, one taking advantage of her name and position, and they would have regarded her as a dope and not good enough for Vaughn.

They had all lived in or near Hollywood all their lives and they were used to seeing screen luminaries about. Movies were by no means the beginning and end of existence to them. Most of them were vitally interested in sports, many of them were experiencing in their own lives the great changes in work and economics going on in our democracy. All of them, I find, were active in politics in some way—keen and eager to follow the new trends, anxious about world events and how their own lives would be affected by them.

Edna made good in that crowd, as she had made good in her own. And it has helped to make her different from a great many Hollywood girls. Her mind is keen, alert, she is intelligent about everything that is going on, you can talk with her for hours without ever mentioning Hollywood or motion pictures.

So—their engagement became a fact, they set a date for their marriage and changed it when they realized how close it was to the date upon which Deanna's mother and father had taken the vows they had never broken.

Two things they have deep in their hearts that make for real companionship. Motion pictures as a life work—a big opportunity. They are serious about that. Pictures, they feel, are a real influence in the life of a nation. The other thing is music. Vaughn isn't a musician, but an honest music lover—and I think that music as part of a home, great music as an everyday companion, gay music as a friend at the hearth is one of the finest things that can happen.

The greatest love story in Hollywood. That's what everyone thought in the

A picture that would ordinarily speak for itself; being of Abbott and Costello, they both talk through their straws thus:

Costello: I just got a bottle of milk.

Abbott: Is it A milk or B milk?

Costello: Bee milk? Do bees give milk?

Abbott: No—honey!

Costello: Thank you, dear, you're awfully sweet to me.





gardenia-laden Wilshire church as the bride, clad in long-trained ivory satin, swept up the aisle on the arm of her father to meet the clean-cut lad waiting for her at the steps of the altar. At the altar itself, Deanna and Vaughn, in a double-ring ceremony, placed the wedding bands on each other's fingers. Then the bridegroom took into his arms his chosen bride and before the eyes of 900 friends and studio workers placed a kiss full on her lips—a kiss which in thirty seconds was to seal the rest of their lives to each other.

I suppose the ideal in every heart is that a first love, with all its wonder and magic, all its exquisite tenderness, should go on forever. That it should be perfect and lead to a love marriage, and carry on through the years.

That's the ideal. I don't say that great love doesn't come when people grow older. It does, often. I have never seen two people more deeply in love, happier in their understanding of and companionship with each other, than the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. She had been married twice before, he certainly had been in love with other women before they met, and they are both past forty.

But the scars are there, the memories of wasted years, the fear as well as the faith that comes from experience in love.

Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul don't make for great drama, that must be true. But they make for great romance and in a world already too full of drama it is a delightful thing to see them. Their love has a great quality of fact about it. They face the future with a sort of pride.

**T**HERE is, I find, a strong domestic strain in Deanna. They own the ground upon which their home is to be built, ready for them not so long after they return from the honeymoon at Santa Barbara. It will be a house not big and not little, according to young Mrs. Paul's plans. There will be a garden and a swimming pool, of course. A swimming pool has delicious memories for these two. And it will be Deanna's house—they are going to select everything in it themselves and she intends to run it herself and not leave it, ever, to servants.

There are things they will both miss, because of her work. The old conflict of every woman who has a career, big or little, is bound to be there. Their problem is on a different scale from that of any young American couple who say, "Shall she keep on with her job after we're married?" and they recognize it as the same. Deanna is going to keep her job—she couldn't very well do anything else. But she realizes that she will have to be a wife, too, and she wants to be a good one.

And there will be a nursery in the new home and someday a family. A woman, in Deanna's opinion, who doesn't become a mother misses perhaps the crowning glory of life.

Hand in hand these two young lovers look ahead to a life together, a whole life. Ready to take its trials and its joys, its difficulties and its delights, sure of a deep spiritual happiness because of their love for each other. Sure of never being lonely as long as they live.

We can use some of that kind of happiness nowadays. We can stand to be reassured in the matters of love and of the heart and to know that wars and changes and revolutions cannot alter the most wonderful thing, the greatest thing in the world—true love.

That's why the story of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul is today Hollywood's greatest romance.

The End.



Dear Mary:—Your swell letter was here when I got home from work tonight. Glad you're enjoying the beach so much. It must be doing the kids a world of good to be out of this heat . . .



## —makes the Husband Wiser...

—This sister of yours knows a trick or two about washing you could use. You know how I crab about the way our laundress does my shirts. They never look clean. Well, since I've been over at Anne's, you wouldn't think they were the same shirts. Honest, they're so white they make me blink!

There's something about a clean shirt—I mean *really* clean. I come home completely fagged out, shower, slide into a crisp shirt, stow away some of Anne's gorgeous grub—and darned if I don't feel like stepping out and doing the town. (Relax, baby, I only said I *feel* like it.)

Just three weeks till my vacation starts and I can join you. Take it easy and don't worry about me. I'm doing fine—Love, Bob.

P. S.—Asked Anne about the shirts.

She just looked wise and said 'Fels-Naptha Soap'. Does that mean anything to you?



Golden bar or Golden chips—  
**Fels-Naptha**  
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





## The Tyrone Powers Fight It Out!

(Continued from page 39)

than when she is in love. But to get back to my thread of thought: I think any girl who has a point of view, an objective in life, is more interesting than a girl who just lops about doing nothing.

**Annabella:** Then you do think the working girl is more attractive?

**Tyrone:** I don't think a girl is more attractive or more glamorous just because she works for pay. A housewife, for example, who really works at her job is doing something quite as vital and is quite as glamorous as an actress.

**Annabella:** Can you say, then, what is this glamor?

**Tyrone:** I cannot. All I know is that it's not something you put on in the morning and take off at night. It's *eagerness*, perhaps; it's being curious; it's being altogether *alive*.

**Annabella (anxiously):** But do you think, then, I would be taking something away from you if I should go back to the screen, if I should go out of the home?

**Tyrone (with another wink):** I don't know. Can't say. You haven't been out of the home since we were married.

**Annabella (earnestly):** And we've been completely, what you call one hundred per cent happy, haven't we?

**Tyrone (his eyes on her eyes):** Completely and absolutely. In fact, one hundred and one per cent.

**Annabella:** Yes . . . that is why I would be a little bit . . . afraid.

**Tyrone:** Afraid? Of what?

**Annabella:** Of the risk. I would be thinking, *Should I take this risk?* You see, I think happiness is such a rare, wonderful thing. You have to think of it as something that grows new every day, and is very tender. It is such a fragile thing, happiness.

**Tyrone:** I don't agree, darling. I do not agree that happiness is such a fragile thing that you must hold it like a soap bubble in your hands, afraid to take a step in a new direction for fear it may break. I think happiness puts down strong roots, is a sturdy perennial.

**Annabella:** But there might be times when we would be apart. If I should be working, for instance, when you are not working, you might wish to go away for a trip, for a vacation.

**Tyrone:** I would not go away. You don't go away; why should I? When husband and wife have careers, it should be fifty-fifty. The man should expect no more privileges than the woman.

**Annabella:** If I should have to go away on location. . . .

**Tyrone (promptly):** I'd go with you, just as you go with me. Just as you went to Mexico City with me on location for "Blood and Sand."

**Annabella (doubtfully):** I don't know . . . There might be evenings when we could not have dinner together. . . .

**Tyrone:** That is not important. I think marriage goes deeper than that, whether you have dinners together or not.

**Annabella (still doubtfully):** I have seen such things hurt so many marriages out here in Hollywood—separations, jealousies—I am not so sure . . . and then, I have sometimes this thought. It is fantastic, but just supposing, for the sake of argument, that I should resume my career and, by one of those turns of the wheel of fortune that can happen here in Hollywood, by what you call the "fluke," I should become a bigger star than you, a bigger name. What then?

**Tyrone (promptly):** That would be a dreadful situation. A very difficult situation. A woman who has a greater position than her husband in the same field, a woman who takes precedence over her husband in the same field—that, I think, would be both difficult and dangerous.

**Annabella:** I think so, too. But why do you think so, Ty?

**Tyrone:** 'Cause it offends the male ego. Because it is neither normal nor natural.

**Annabella (teasingly):** Then you do think men are superior to women?

**Tyrone:** I think women are superior in the home, functioning as women. I think that, in the home, the husband should defer to the wife. I believe that in business or in the professions the husband should have the upper berth in order to insure the contentment and happiness of both. I know there are cases, many of them, where women are superior to their husbands in the professions and on jobs, but I say that when such is the case it's difficult and it's dangerous. I wouldn't want any part of it. I shouldn't think a woman would want any part of it, either.

**Annabella:** Why do you say that? Why wouldn't a woman want it to be like that?

**Tyrone:** Because I don't believe a woman is happy with a man who is subordinate to her any more than a man is happy with a woman to whom he is subordinate. Besides, I don't think the



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instinct to work is as strong in a woman as it is in a man.

**Annabella (quickly):** Oh, I think you are wrong there, Ty, completely wrong.

**Tyrone:** Sorry, but I don't think I am. After all, we have to be our biological selves. Women's bodies have women's minds. The combination differs from the male combination. I mean, a woman who has no work outside of her home is a perfectly normal, natural individual. A man who has no outside work is a pitiable, totally unnatural individual.

**Annabella:** No, Ty, inside her heart a woman's work is as important to her as a man's work is to him. The only difference is that if she does not work, her pride is not involved.

**Tyrone:** And that's the heck of a difference. Hurt pride makes a toothache a pleasure.

**Annabella:** Yes, but it is merely a matter of the conventions, this difference you say. Mrs. So-and-So can take the money from her husband every Saturday night, but Mr. So-and-So cannot take the money from his wife. A man must work because convention says he must take care of his family. But this does not mean his work means more to him in his heart. It does not mean he loves his work more greatly.

**Tyrone:** Sorry again, but I'm afraid it does. Pride, convention and the traditions are not to be squeezed away, Madame. For instance, you have no objection to being called "Mrs. Tyrone Power," have you?

**Annabella (eyes shining):** Objection? No. I am very proud to be called that.

**Tyrone (laughing):** But I would object very much indeed to being called "Mr. Annabella." In four words, I would detest it.

**Annabella:** But I still say these things do not have to do with how a woman feels about her work, how I feel. Why, when producers talk stories with me, I feel drunk, like on wine. You say to me it does not mean as much because you have not ever seen me when I am crazy about a picture I am making.

**Tyrone:** I saw you when you were making "Suez" and you were crazy then.

**Annabella (laughing):** But that is not the fair test. Because we made that picture together and—we were in love. You have not seen me when I am, heart and soul, only for the work I am doing. If I work, I would not be thinking of our home. And a house without a woman in it is like a body without a soul.

**Tyrone (making a Karloff face):** "If we have to come to such a pass as a body without a soul, all the more reason for your doing something that is really important when you do go back."

**Annabella:** I think it will be like this: I will go back and make a picture only when we are both excited about the story.

**Tyrone:** But before that, don't forget our plan. Don't forget that we plan to do a play together, a play either on Broadway or on the road, or both.

**Annabella (happily):** That would be the best of all. To be together in our work. If we do that, a play together, I will not mind if I have the smaller part.

**Tyrone (rising and kissing the top of the cropped gold head):** What did I tell you? We have to be our biological selves. It is natural with women to defer to men, to . . .

**Annabella:** But I did not mean that . . . no, no . . . !

So then it began all over again, the old, old battle between the sexes to which there is neither victory nor defeat, but only armistice, a truce sealed with a kiss. Ty and Annabella sealed it with a kiss.



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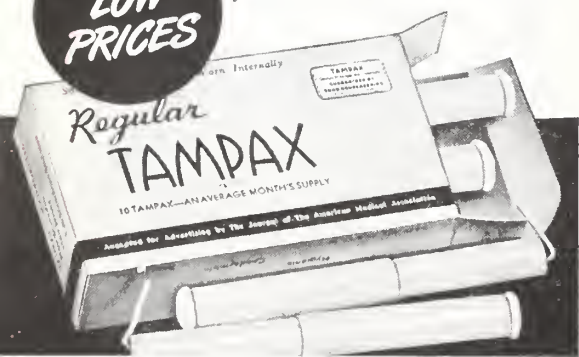
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## Loretta Really Talks

(Continued from page 34)

herself. I can only offer a few thoughts for consideration. Any girl who puts her shoulder to the family wheel is taking a certain amount of responsibility from her husband. A man's pride is a strange and definite thing. Endanger that pride and one of two situations is bound to arise. If the man is strong, he will fight for his pride—fight even to the point of breaking up the home which has become to him no longer his castle. If he is weak, he'll let his end of things slide, accept more and more from his wife until matters come to such a pass that if they are to have a home at all, the girl finds she must be the one to furnish the major support. One day she realizes this and she feels injured. How fortunate she is that in feeling sorry for herself she will never find time to feel the guilt of selfishly robbing a man of his right and ruining his life!

TOO many women today, it seems to me, are throwing away the protection which marriage as an institution was created to give them, in an admirable but shortsighted desire to share the family responsibilities.

To take onto your own shoulders the responsibility that is rightly another's is doing that person no kindness. Let me give you a specific example. I knew a husband and wife in Hollywood who had been happily married for some twenty years. There were three sons. The husband had had a good job with an insurance company for a number of years. Meantime, the boys had grown up and had begun to earn salaries which made things very much easier at home.

One day the husband had a serious difference with his superiors. He considered he was being asked to do something which didn't quite live up to his code of business ethics and when it became a matter of either do it or leave, he left. And I say more power to him for that! So did his family.

But this is what happened. The boys generously came forward and took over the household expenses while Dad was looking for another job. When it was a question of the family's getting a new car which would have to be done on the installment plan with the husband's greatly reduced budget, they said, 'Why pay more in installments when we've got the cash? Let us buy you the car!'

And so it went until Dad was no longer looking too hard for a position. Months stretched into years. Finally the wife could stand the change in her husband no longer. She left him and a home of more than twenty years' standing broke up. The husband's fault? I say no. It was the children's; they stepped in where they should have stayed out.

We hear a great deal of talk nowadays about one's personal and individual rights. Good thing too, and a healthy sign. The Good Lord in His Wisdom gave us among our other rights the personal privilege of standing on our own two feet and working out our own problems without interference until they become too big and then He gave us a voice to call for help when we need it.

I CAN remember when I thought I needed an ermine coat to make my life complete. It was in my early years in pictures. The time had come when I had to have a fur coat. In those days my fur bracket was something like skunk. But the man in the shop showed Mother and me a long white ermine wrap. I thought it was the most beautiful thing

I had ever seen. Mother, ignoring my look of unabashed longing, gave the clerk a firm no and we left with the skunk I decided life just wasn't worth living if I couldn't have an ermine coat. I used to dream about it.

Years later the dream was realized. But by that time the thrill was gone; the coat had become merely an item of wardrobe necessary in my business. So I hadn't really needed it, after all.

"You know," Loretta's face, devoid of Hollywood make-up save for a touch of lipstick, was lovely in its earnestness. "a very dear friend who is a doctor said something which I shall never forget. He said, 'Appreciation is the gift without price.' Diamonds and pearls are no more than rocks by the roadside unless there is appreciation to give them value. A sunset can have more breathless beauty to the appreciative eye than a painting done by a master, which cost thousands of dollars. Or falling snow!" she added excitedly. "For the first time in my life I saw snow fall here in the East a few weeks ago. Think of having beauty like that every winter!"

"Only those who have appreciation are truly rich," said the doctor. And little by little I've come to understand what he meant. The richest person I know is a woman who lives just outside of Hollywood. Her wealth is her home, simple, unpretentious, radiating harmony. Her husband earns about seventy-five dollars a week, which takes care of the two of them and their five children beautifully. To some people it wouldn't be much, I suppose, but in her hands it's a fortune.

During the months that followed my break with the studio under whose banner I had been serving for more than ten years—when I was low in spirit and beset by doubts as to the wisdom of my step, when Hollywood suddenly seemed a terrifying place of sticks and stones to break my bones—I used to go to her house. There all the tension relaxed and as she talked to me, her hands always busy with some household task of mending or darning, my sense of human values was restored. I could once more see the things that were worth while."

LORETTA suddenly leaned forward with intensity.

"Can you tell me that she hasn't done a bigger job than just to play a part well? I know she has and so do you."

"And now while we're talking sensibly, let's admit that women are pretty practical creatures. We are, in the main, more practical than our men. I never thought I'd admit that, but I do. During the dreamy period when we're planning the little cottage with the roses over the door, the news leaks through to us of our prospective husbands' income in dollars and cents. We change the specifications from American beauties to ramblers. But we make good on those roses because our husbands expect good housekeeping."

"The truth of the matter is this. Any thoughtful woman who loves a man enough to put her life into his hands—and take his into hers—thereby puts her seal of confidence on him—on what he is, what he does and what he makes—that last item meaning, girls, his income."

And there you have from the lips of Mrs. Lewis a fine definition of marriage whose finest point is that with her it is not just a thing of words but of daily living. Bon voyage, Loretta. You deserve your happiness!



## Flight into Nowhere

(Continued from page 29)

set in operation the machine that would blow the plane to bits and destroy all evidence of the device they were testing.

She sat calmly in her seat, watching the red plane come to earth. It seemed to float down. It didn't just land. But it wasn't a red plane now. It was a sooty black. Gay smiled grimly at that and wondered how far away she would be when her ship exploded.

The pilot was coming toward her, a tall young man with a scowling face. Gay expected to see a pistol in his hand and was somewhat reassured when she saw both hands were doubled into fists.

"Get out of that plane, you crazy little goof," he yelled at her.

Gay forgot all about spies. She forgot about everything except the insult from this flying maniac. Pure fury obsessed her. And, as always at such a time, she became quite the lady.

"And if I don't, you'll—ah—roll me in a block of cement. Isn't that what you do?"

"For Pete's sake, sister, jump," another voice bellowed.

Gay looked over the pilot's shoulder and saw a short, stocky, grizzly, red-faced man in the door of the other plane.

"Come on, come on," said the pilot. "Or must I come in and drag you out?"

THE air was heavy with dust and smoke. Gay's throat was irritated, but she would not cough. Her eyes were almost blinded with tears, but she would not wipe them.

The pilot of the red ship was coughing and weeping, but he was coming toward her just the same, his hands thrust out toward her, groping. "You've been smoking all over the sky," he managed to say.

"A sky traffic cop, eh?" she retorted. "I didn't see any 'no smoking' signs up there. Did you?"

With her left hand she touched a button and turned on a fan. When she looked at the pilot again she almost laughed. His face was blackened and glistening and there was a look of wonder and chagrin around his mouth and his eyes.

"You're not on fire?" he asked.

Gay stared at him a long time before she took her hand off the lever.

"You poor thing!" she said then. "So that's why you forced me down!"

"You saw my smoke and thought I was on fire and didn't know it," Gay said. "And I show my gratitude by blinding you and choking you half to death. I'm sorry. But I didn't know what you were—spies, kidnapers, killers, gangsters, or smugglers. It never occurred to me you might be gentlemen."

"You mean you deliberately made that smoke?"

"With my smoke wings. Little gadgets under each wing. I press a button, and there's a smoke screen. I press it again and the smoke stops."

The pilot was wiping his face with a handkerchief, taking evident care not to rub the soot into his eyes.

Gay reached into a compartment and brought out her vanity case. Her face was as smudged as the pilot's had been, she noted with great dismay.

"I'm so sorry," she said, speaking into a wisp of cambric and looking into her mirror. "I wouldn't have dreamed of making the experiment if I'd seen you first. I didn't know there was anybody else up at this hour."

"We were flying to Hollywood."

"Oh!" She looked at him, but his face



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was partly covered with the handkerchief and she saw dimly because of the effect of the smoke.

"You were experimenting with smoke?"

"Yes. A chemical non-evaporating smoke. For the Army and the Navy. My father invented it."

"Is that so? Your father's an inventor! Well, you can tell him you met a smoked California ham."

Gay saw him clearly then, the tall frame, the broad square shoulders, the vital face, the piercing blue-gray eyes.

"Robert Fuller!"

"Himself in person," and Fuller smiled his strong, masculine smile; the smile that had made him the dream and the despair of millions of women; the warming, intimate, hypnotizing smile that had thrilled Gay so many times in the movies.

"The flying star," he went on, "the synthetic hero of the cinema, Hollywood's holdout from the draft."

Gay's first impulse—after the thrill of meeting him had passed—was to pity him; to say, "Don't mind what everybody says, I don't believe you asked the studio to get you deferred and I certainly don't think you're a coward."

But something went wrong and another impulse forced her to say, "I wouldn't pity myself if I were you."

The smile didn't leave Bob Fuller's face, but it shifted from his eyes to his mouth, twisting his lips wryly.

"I see. You think that where there's smoke there must be fire. I can't blame you, Miss—"

"Miss Stevens. Gay Stevens."

"I can't blame you at all, Miss Stevens. I thought so myself, until a few minutes ago. Well, it was nice—almost rescuing you from a fire that didn't exist. Good luck to your experiment. I may need that smoke screen myself some day. So long."

He turned and walked away. Gay sat watching him, furious again, furious at herself. The red plane roared down the gravelly runway and took off. Gay did not stir until it had vanished into a cloud.

"I wouldn't pity myself if I were you," she repeated aloud, mocking herself. "What a thing to say! What a thing to say to him!"

**B**UT within the hour her fury had taken another angle. She hated Bob Fuller. He was just a stuck-up actor, after all. He didn't have to misunderstand like that; he didn't have to walk away without giving her a chance to explain; he didn't have to make her feel such a slimy worm.

By the time she had returned to the airport at San Diego, had made her report to her father, Major Henry Stevens, and had seen the gold and white speedster rolled into its hangar, Gay was half-convinced that Bob Fuller was the most insipid, the most odious, the most detestable specimen of manhood to be found anywhere in the three Americas.

She said something of the kind to her father at dinner that evening and was unduly provoked when he said maybe she was right.

"That reminds me," Major Stevens said. "We've been invited to visit his studio tomorrow. He is with Elwood Studios. isn't he?"

Gay tried to say something, but no sound came out of her throat. That annoyed her.

What annoyed her more was to discover that she was gripping the edges of the table with both hands and that her palms were moist and trembly.

"I didn't know hate could take such hold of me," she thought.

"They're trying out one of our ships at Elwood tomorrow," the Major went on calmly. "But they don't know it. All they know is that the Army has been kind enough to let them photograph a squadron of planes in battle maneuvers. Our Intelligence division arranged it. A public demonstration is not likely to attract the attention that would be given by various foreign agents to any private test. Paradoxical, but clever."

He took off his spectacles, wiped them and put them on.

"Queer you mentioned Robert Fuller," he mused. "Until you mentioned him I'd forgotten all about the invitation. Of course, it's not important, exactly. You don't have to expose yourself to this handsome young poltroon if you don't want to."

"I never said he was handsome."

The Major grinned diabolically. "You didn't have to. No girl hates a man so virulently unless he's handsome and strong."

"If you think—"

"Miss Sphinx, I don't think of much these days but work."

"All right. All right. We'll go to Hollywood. We'll motor up tonight."

**G**AY was moody and untalkative on the drive up to Hollywood, but the next morning she was full of nervous excitement, excitement that persisted as they walked through the studios with their guide, a young man hatching his first mustache and thrilled to be showing such distinguished people through the lot.

"In a way," the guide said as the trio went into the commissary, "I'm kind of sorry you're not just tourists. It's fun to take green tourists around. But maybe there's something I can show you, somebody you'd like to meet."

"Nobody, thanks," Gay said.

"Isn't that Robert Fuller over there?" the Major asked mildly.

The guide followed the direction of the Major's glance. "Sure," he agreed, "with Muriel Cowley and Greg Fenton." Suddenly he shot back in his chair and a look of pain and astonishment came over his face.

"I'm so sorry," Gay cried. "I meant to kick my father's shins, not yours. But unfortunately I couldn't see under the table."

"That's all right," the guide said. But he did not resume his seat. Instead he bowed a trifle, by way of saying "excuse me," and limped over to Bob Fuller's table.

Gay felt her face getting hot. "You wait till I get you home, Father darling. Of all the deliberate, dastardly, unparental, snake-in-the-grass things to do!"

"Hush, my lamb, the destroying angel approacheth." The Major rose to grasp and wring Fuller's hand.

"Hey, why didn't you tell a fellow you were coming?" Fuller demanded. "I'd

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have rolled out the red plush carpet, the one we keep for visiting royalty. This calls for a celebration!" He summoned a passing waiter and ordered a table for six. "I have some friends at my table. You'll love them, and they'll love you." He turned with almost boyish excitement to Gay. "Miss Stevens, I didn't dream I'd see you again so soon. This must be my lucky day. And you, Major, I've been wanting to meet you ever since I heard about you. You will honor me, won't you? And you, too, Shorty?"

"Me?" said the guide.

"Sure. You brought them here, didn't you? You belong." Bob excused himself and went over to collect Muriel Cowley and Greg Fenton.

**G**AY liked Greg Fenton. He was a weak character, she decided, but a wholesome sort of man. She couldn't make up her mind, at first, about Muriel Cowley. She had seen her often on the screen. There had been something about her in a recent Hollywood column, but Gay couldn't remember exactly what it was.

Muriel seemed as friendly and as nice as Fenton, until she turned her attention completely on Gay.

"So you're studying to become a pilot," she said. "I do hope you don't become the usual type of woman aviator. My dear, did you ever see a frumpier lot of women than our female pilots? Bob, darling, light my cigarette."

She took the cigarette languidly from her mouth, thrust the blushing end of it into Fuller's lips and handed him her lighter. When the cigarette was glowing she took it from him and puffed it daintily.

Watching this little byplay, Gad suddenly remembered the gossip item she had seen. Miss Cowley had threatened to divorce her husband. And he had threatened to file an answer. No action had been taken yet. It was supposed that if and when the divorce was granted, Muriel would marry Bob. Oh yes, and there was a baby. An adopted baby. And there was some speculation as to what would happen in the event that its foster parents were divorced. The Child Welfare people might reclaim the child, one paper had hinted. Gay had paid little attention to this gossip—or dismissed it as probably exaggerated.

So it was all true! Anyway, it was true about Mr. Fuller and Miss Cowley. Apparently, at least; the way she looked at him; the way she made him light her cigarette; the way she patted his hand. It was like the way you pat a good dog—something you own and are fond of.

"Fly away, fury," Gay commanded herself fiercely. "Let me be a lady, even if it hurts."

Aloud she said, sweetly, "But I'm not studying to be a pilot, Miss Cowley. I've been flying for several years."

"Really? What an exciting life you must lead. And please forgive me. I was speaking generally, you know."

"Perhaps you were right," Gay admitted. "Some of us are pretty dowdy. I'm afraid we're devoted entirely to aviation and not at all to our glamour."

"I understand that, naturally," Muriel said, blowing her smoke in Bob's direction.

"And I'm also afraid," Gay hurried on, "that we're unduly proud of our independence. We don't rely on dressmakers, hairdressers, beauty experts, or diets. We don't go to charm schools."

"Evidently not," said Muriel.

"Speaking of oysters," the Major interjected solemnly in a valiant effort to turn the conversation, "even the worst of them,

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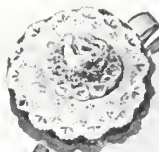
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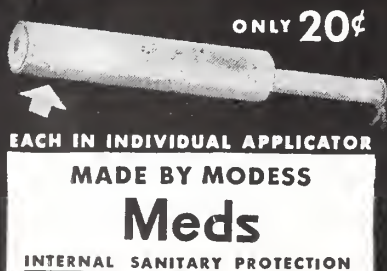


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—by a dancer

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you know, have their good points. Some even have their Blue Points."

"But we weren't speaking of oysters, Major," said Muriel, angry smoke racing out of her nostrils.

"We were talking of flying," Gay said. "Miss Cowley, I'd love to teach you to fly."

Muriel's apparent anger changed slowly into something like amusement, and even reluctant admiration.

"You wouldn't do one of those loops and drop me out, would you?" she laughed.

Gay's fury slowly dissolved in the quick-silver change of Muriel's mood.

"Not now," she said. And everybody laughed.

Luncheon proceeded smoothly after that, but Gay kept thinking—"Muriel Cowley and Bob Fuller. Bob Fuller and Muriel Cowley. I'm a jealous cat. I'm a fool. I'm a stuck-up prig with prisms and prunes in my mouth, a pussy smile on my face and petty malice in my heart. No, it isn't malice. I don't hate her. Unfortunately, I could like her."

And she kept thinking, "I'm going to be hurt. I'm going to be badly hurt. And I'm not even going to try to prevent it."

"I'm sorry to break up this party," the Major said, looking at his wrist watch, "but I want to see the planes take off this afternoon."

"There's plenty of time," Bob Fuller said.

"They're on location in the San Fernando Valley," her father remarked—and Gay stared at him. He could have said that last night. They could have gone directly there. They needn't have visited the studios at all.

"Let me take you to your car." Bob jumped up.

"Thanks," Gay said quickly, before Muriel could get her breath. "Will you excuse him?"

TO the guide, as they started out, Gay spoke hurriedly aside. "Do you mind going ahead with my father and sort of hold his arm? He may be a little testy, but don't mind that. After a full meal like this—well, anything can happen to him. You understand?"

"Oh yes, Miss Stevens. I'll be very careful with him." He moved on to join the Major.

Purposely she stopped to put on her gloves and to look into her bag.

"I had to be alone with you for a minute or two, Mr. Fuller," she began lamely.

His quizzical eyes held something more than curiosity in them. "I'm flattered, Miss Stevens," was all he said.

"I wanted to apologize. I didn't mean to be nasty to you the other day. When was it? Only yesterday? It seems longer ago than that. What was it I said that made you march away like a wounded brave?"

Bob Fuller brought a grin to his face that didn't want to come there.

"It was really nothing. I guess I was pretty rude, leaving you like that."

But Gay wasn't to be sidetracked. "I said 'I wouldn't pity myself if I were you.' And you said something about where there's smoke there's fire. You thought I meant that there must be some truth in what people said about you and that you didn't deserve any pity. I didn't mean that at all. Honestly I didn't. I meant that, after all, in spite of everything, you had the satisfaction of knowing you were still Bob Fuller. Therefore you didn't need any pity."

"Thanks," the actor said soberly. "It's nice to know I have one friend. I guess everybody in America thinks I'm yellow. Even the kids." After a moment he



The fantastic gets tripped:  
Barbara Stanwyck and Jack  
Benny burn up Ciro's boards

added with quiet bitterness, "Especially the kids."

Gay felt as if she must rush on to cover his discomfort. "And Miss Cowley—really, I have the most poisonous tongue."

"Aw," Fuller laughed abruptly, "Muriel had that coming to her. She gets out of hand a lot. But she has her good points, too, like your father's oysters."

"So I'm forgiven?"

An easy banter came back into his voice. "On one condition. That you let me take you out somewhere tonight."

Gay flicked her eyes up at him. "Why, Mr. Fuller, don't rush me. I couldn't possibly go before eight o'clock. The dear old Major, you know. I always tuck him in."

"I like girls who put their fathers to bed at eight Thursday nights," Fuller grinned.

They stood outside the car, seeing no one but each other, laughing at nothing at all, laughing just to be laughing.

Presently the Major came upon them. "Can I give you a lift, young lady?"

Gay stepped happily into the car. "See you at eight-one, Mr. Fuller!" The car pulled away from the curb. "The Beverly Hills Towers," she shrieked back at the waving figure of Bob.

THEY went to the Mocambo for dinner.

And it started out to be a wonderful evening. The Major had stated he was driving back to San Diego that night, whereupon Bob had promised to deliver Gay there in his plane. During dinner they talked of aviation, of planes, of experiences in the air, of crackups and of races. They spoke of the Major, and his inventions, and how sweet he was, and how funny he was, and how wonderful he was. They spoke about the movies. They danced. And they had little silent spells, wherein they looked into each other's eyes, wherein they laughed, wherein they wondered and were lost. But as the hour crept toward midnight and the place grew crowded, Gay became aware of reality, of unpleasantness. A sudden tensing in Bob's arms, as they danced, a sudden stiffening of his carriage, a sudden hardening of his face gave warning.

Until she noticed these signs she had seen nothing unusual about her, nor felt anything out of the ordinary. Now she noticed the faces of people. Faces star-



ing. There was no particular malice or derision in them. But there was a strained curiosity in the eyes of most that made her flush with indignation.

They were polite enough, those staring faces, but she knew the thoughts they didn't express—or thought she did. They were passing judgment on Bob, or preparing to. They were wondering why a man so powerful, so intelligent, so commanding, should be exempted from the draft.

"Let's go," she said. "I've got a headache."

"No. Thanks just the same. Let's pretend I'm still a hero to my beloved public."

"Yes, let's," she said, pity for him surging through her. Pity and a quick, warm admiration.

She was glad when she saw Muriel Cowley coming through the tables with Greg Fenton. Here, at least, were friends marching to the rescue; but it took only a moment to convince her that she wasn't quite correct in that assumption. There was battle in Muriel's brown eyes.

"So nice to see you again," she greeted Gay. "And what a lovely gown! They do have nice shops on Main Street, don't they?"

"Oh this," Gay couldn't help saying. "Of course it isn't Paris. But I like it. You have nice shops in Hollywood, too, Miss Cowley. You look adorable."

**M**URIEL held out her arms to Bob and he danced away with her. Greg sat down with Gay.

"She's on the warpath tonight," he said. "She had another row with her husband and that started her drinking. She's really a right guy when she's in her right mind. But when she starts to drink she does the darnedest things!"

"You like Bob, don't you?" Gay said, not caring to discuss Muriel Cowley.

"You bet. And so do you." He waved aside her instinctive remonstrance to speak in grave earnestness. "Bob needs friends, Miss Stevens. Especially now. If he'd only unbutton those stubborn lips of his and talk, he'd—"

"Talk?" Gay leaned forward, her eyes eager.

"If he'd only tell everybody why he was deferred."

"Why was he? You can tell me."

"His lungs. He was asphyxiated a couple of years ago, rescuing a dog from a fire in the studio. Just a cur dog, but Bob risked his neck to save him. The fire burnt out his lungs."

The horror staring out of Gay's eyes made Greg laugh.

"Oh, of course I didn't mean that exactly. I mean it weakened his lungs. The doctors say he'll be perfectly all right again in, say, six months or so. But meantime he can't get into the Army. When the time comes, however, he'll go into the air corps. Until then, so long as he insists on keeping mum, he'll just have to swallow all they hand him. Hey—what's going on?"

The music had stopped, but only a few couples had left the floor. The others were grouped in a circle, some of them laughing. Some woman was making vehement clamor.

"Muriel!" Greg said. Gay rose with him, sensing an approaching crisis. She and Greg pushed their way through the crowd, to see Muriel and an elderly woman with thick glasses engaged in a controversy over a black straw hat with a white plume on it. Each was holding part of the hat and pulling with both hands. Bob stood by, making no effort to intervene.

"But, my dear old girl," Gay heard Muriel say, "I don't want the entire hat,

of course. I wouldn't dream of taking such a lovely hat away from you. It's only the feather I want. The beautiful white feather."

Her voice was a little thick, though her face seemed good-natured. And there was an impish grin about her lips.

"Let go," the other woman cried. "And don't call me your dear old girl!"

"I just want the feather, the lovely white feather," Muriel insisted. "I want it for a dear old friend of mine." Her eyes raised slowly, impudently to Bob's. He met them squarely, his face as blank as a mask.

Gay walked forward, smiling, placating. "It's all in fun," she assured the angry woman. "The stars are sometimes so weary of souvenir hunters, they turn souvenir hunters themselves. And if Muriel Cowley took your feather, well, it would be a feather in her cap. You see? It's really just a joke."

"Muriel Cowley?" The woman's jaw dropped and she stared hard through her heavy glasses. "Goodness! Why didn't somebody tell me? Of course you may have the hat, Miss Cowley."

Muriel handed the hat, not to its owner, but to Gay.

"Thanks," Gay said. "It's a lovely hat." She dropped it on a chair, took Muriel's arm and walked with her, laughing and talking, out past the cloak room into the street. The men followed in a few seconds. And, while the doorman opened the door of Greg's car, Gay leaned swiftly toward Muriel.

"You acted like a spoiled child," she said and slapped the film star hard, across the cheek.

**A**LL the way back to San Diego in Bob's plane she indulged her anger.

"It isn't fair," she said again and again to Bob Fuller. "You're so grand, and kind, and brave. Really brave. Yet you let a lot of crawling worms despise you—and a world of children lose faith in you. It isn't fair."

Bob said nothing in answer to this, until he had set the plane down on the field in San Diego and taxied to Major Stevens' private hangar.

"No," he said then, "it isn't fair. But there's nothing I can do about it—except take it."

"You could tell the truth."

"Sure. Listen, everybody. I'm really a hero, you know. That's why I have to stay out of the Army. Who'd believe that tripe?"

He laughed, bitterly.

"It hurts that much?" she asked him. "You let them hurt you that much?"

"Sometimes," he said simply, "I wish I had died in that fire. That's how much it hurts."

He bent and kissed her quickly. Then he put his arms around her and kissed her again—not so quickly.

"Thanks for everything," he said, "especially for slapping Muriel. She needed that."

Without another word he climbed into his plane, taxied away and took off. She watched him, her mind in a whirl. Did he wave to her? She wasn't sure. Maybe he'd dip his wings to her. She watched the plane a long time, until it was almost a speck in the moonlit sky. And then she screamed.

He wasn't flying back toward Hollywood. He was headed out to sea!

*Gay, a flyer herself, realizes there can be only one thought in Bob's mind now. How to stop him? The ruse she uses is a dangerous one; the outcome brings one of the most eventful moments in her life. Watch for your August Photoplay-Movie Mirror.*

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## My Life with Caroline

(Continued from page 51)

inspiration," Paul broke in ardently, "to save me from my idle, useless existence."

"That's all very well for you two," Bliss said querulously, "but what about me? I'm very fond of my son-in-law."

"He's spoiled you," Caroline said. "He's given you more money than is good for you, paid your racing losses—"

"He has been very generous," Bliss said with dignity. He looked at Paul hopefully, but Paul ignored the hint.

From the amplifier overhead a metallic voice announced that the New York plane was ready to depart. The three rose from the table and walked toward the doorway and at the same moment Anthony Mason stepped from behind the concealing pillar.

"Anthony!" Caroline and Bliss spoke in unison, but while the girl's voice held only surprised consternation her father's was tinged with relief.

"Hello, darling," Anthony smiled. He kissed her lightly, then tucked her hand beneath his arm and turned to Bliss. "Hello, Father." He nodded toward Paul. "Isn't anyone going to introduce me?"

"Oh, Oh, yes," Caroline replied in confusion. "This is a friend of mine—of Father's and mine. Mr. Paul Martindale."

The two men shook hands with exaggerated heartiness, then Anthony gestured to a porter. "Get Mrs. Mason's bags out of the plane and put them in the car—that is," to Caroline, "I suppose the car's here?" She nodded and with a "Well, then—" Anthony, who seemed to have taken charge of the party, marshalled them back across the room and out the opposite doorway.

When they reached the white stucco

villa which was Anthony's winter home, the butler and housekeeper rushed down the steps and greeted him with obvious affection. Under cover of their conversation, Paul whispered to Caroline, "You haven't told him."

"I will," she whispered back, "as soon as I get him alone. You come back in an hour and I'll be a free woman, waiting for you with a cocktail."

"If she isn't," promised Bliss, who had listened unabashed to their whispering, "I'll take you to the races with me."

AS soon as Paul left and Caroline was alone with her husband she faced him squarely and said, "Anthony, there is something I want to tell you."

In her smartly simple travel frock with its round white collar, she looked, Anthony mused, like a little girl who has made up her mind to confess a naughty deed, unaware that the deed had really not been very naughty but that confession would bring disaster.

"Can't it wait, darling?" he asked gently. "After all, I haven't seen you for two months and I'd just like to sit back and look at you for a while!"

"No," she answered positively. "It's important. I was going to fly to New York just to tell you. And that reminds me—what are you doing here when I wired you I was coming to New York?"

"I thought it would be nicer," Anthony said easily, "since we wanted to see each other, for me to come down here instead. Now that I'm here, I think I'll stay a couple of weeks."

"Oh," doubtfully. Then, with determination, "What I wanted to tell—"

"You know," Anthony broke in, rubbing his chin, "I believe I need a shave." He started toward the stairs.

Caroline looked exasperated, but said doggedly, "I'll come up and talk to you while you're shaving," and pattered after him.

In his huge bedroom on the second floor Anthony drew her into his arms. "I've missed you, sweet," he said huskily.

When he released her, Caroline went to stand at the window with her back to him. For a moment she didn't speak and when she did the words came haltingly, as though she was finding them more difficult than she had expected.

"It's about Paul, Anthony. He's—he's a sculptor, you know—or no, you didn't, did you? He's changed my whole outlook on life. I know now that I need to be important to a man and to his work—and I'm not important to you that way, Anthony. You don't really need me—and Paul does. He needs me to be an—an inspiration to him." She took a deep breath then plunged on. "He wants me to marry him, Anthony, and I want you to give me a divorce."

There was no answer and after a moment Caroline said, "Well, aren't you going to say anything?" Still no answer. Caroline whirled around. The room was empty.

"Anthony!" she cried. "Coming, darling," Anthony called cheerfully and emerged, wearing a bathrobe, from the dressing room.

"Anthony!" Caroline wailed. "Did you hear anything I said?"

"Sorry, darling," contritely, "I didn't. I'll tell you what," he added gaily, "you



go down and have Father stir us up a cocktail. I'll join you in a few minutes and then you and I—just the two of us—are stepping out for lunch."

He ducked into the bathroom and Caroline, shrugging helplessly, went down to the game room where she found her father behind the bar. A little later Paul came in.

"Everything all set?" he asked eagerly. Caroline shook her head. "Every time I try to tell him he starts talking about something else," she complained. "I've got another plan, though. If we go away—"

"That's what I've wanted you to do all along," Paul reminded her.

"I know," Caroline said, "and I've decided that it's the best way after all."

"We'll leave tonight," Paul said vigorously. "Now this is what we'll do. . . ."

WHEN Anthony sauntered into the room a few minutes later he cocked a surprised eyebrow at Paul. "Nice to see you again so soon," he observed.

Paul gulped his cocktail hastily. "I just—just stopped in," he floundered. "I live next door, you know," he added brightly.

"Paul's going to the races with me," Bliss said.

"Fine," Anthony said with enthusiasm.

"We're going to the races," Bliss repeated significantly.

Anthony nodded. "I understand." He pulled out his wallet and handed it across the bar. Bliss took out some bills and handed the wallet back.

"Thank you, son."

Anthony looked at the wallet, discovered that there were some bills still remaining in it and said with pleased surprise, "Thank you, Father." He turned to Caroline. "Remember our lunch date?"

Her answering smile made his heart beat faster. "I'll get my hat," she said and scurried out of the room.

"We might as well be going, too, Paul," Bliss suggested, but when they started away Anthony detained his father-in-law.

"Well," he said reproachfully when Paul was out of earshot, "don't you think you might have warned me about Caroline and your little friend Paul?"

"How could I?" Bliss protested. "I've had everything in confidence."

"Don't tell me you're going moral on me," Anthony said unbelievably.

"It's not a question of morals. If you kibitz all the hands in a card game you can't go on giving tips—that's all. Besides," he chuckled, "I knew as soon as you got that wire from Caroline you'd be down here before she could get away—you seem to have a sixth sense which makes you turn up whenever Caroline goes romantic." Anthony didn't answer and Bliss asked curiously, "Why didn't you let her tell you?"

"I don't quite know," Anthony admitted, "except that I had a feeling that if she did tell me I'd try to argue her out of it—and you know nobody has ever got the best of Caroline in an argument. I figured that the only way to handle things was not to let them come to a head, but let them drift along—try to prove to her that she's wrong but do it so she'll think she worked out the answer herself."

Bliss nodded agreement.

"But," Anthony said, "I don't know how I'm going to do that, playing shots in the dark as I'll have to do."

Bliss looked uncomfortable.

"I love Caroline, you know," Anthony said, "but maybe I'm not the right man for her. Maybe," reflectively, "she does

need someone more—well, more like Paul."

Bliss snorted. "You're a sentimental sap," he declared. "Caroline needs you—the way a balloon needs ballast." He paused, then went on reluctantly, "Maybe I'm a sentimentalist, too—or a heel for breaking their confidence—but here's the plan. Helen's in on it."

"She would be," Anthony snapped. Helen Hamilton, brittle and self-sufficient, was Caroline's best friend and the wife of Ned Hamilton, Anthony's partner in the publishing firm of Mason-Hamilton, Inc.

"WHILE you and Caroline are at lunch," Bliss said, "Helen will come over here and pack Caroline's bags and take them to her place—Caroline phoned her just before you came downstairs. This evening she'll call for Caroline—they've worked out something to tell you about going to a strictly feminine cocktail party—and then," he hesitated, "then Caroline and Paul are going away!"

Anthony's dark eyes misted with pain. "So it's as serious as that, is it?"

"Yes," Bliss said sympathetically. "They don't want anyone to know what's up, of course, so Caroline will take the train at West Palm Beach at nine and Paul will get on at Hobe Station at nine-thirty. You've got all afternoon to make her change her mind, son," he concluded encouragingly.

Caroline and Anthony chose a fashionable inn overlooking the ocean for lunch. When they had found a table on the crowded balcony, Anthony said, "This is very pleasant—the sun—the sea—and the loveliest girl in the world. Even the music," he added. "Do you know what the orchestra is playing?"

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"I don't believe—" Caroline began listlessly, then memory flooded her. "Why," delightedly, "it's the song the orchestra used to play at Monte Carlo when we were on our honeymoon."  
 "I've always thought that was a rather nice honeymoon," Anthony said teasingly.  
 Caroline's eyes and mouth were three round o's of incredulity. "Rather nice! Why, Anthony Mason, that was the most beautiful honeymoon in the whole world. Don't you remember. . . ."

Only when both the luncheon and tea crowd had disappeared and the restaurant was filling up with dinner customers did Anthony and Caroline tear themselves away.

ON the drive home, Anthony remembered his father-in-law's "You've got all afternoon to make her change her mind." Had she changed her mind, he wondered? Did her gaiety and tenderness of the past few hours mean that she really loved him, or were they a clever camouflage, hiding her desire to be with Paul?

They rushed into the house, hand in hand, laughing like school children. As the door slammed behind them the clock struck seven and Caroline instantly sobered.

"What is it, dear?" Anthony asked.  
 "N-nothing," Caroline stammered, "only I didn't know it was so late. I'm supposed to go to a cocktail party with Helen at seven-thirty." She shook her head indecisively and a worried frown appeared between her eyes.

Anthony's heart began to race, but he forced himself to say casually, "Well, you don't have to go if you don't want to." She didn't answer and he said, "Do you want to go?"

Caroline fiddled with her purse, reluctant to meet his eyes. "Oh, I don't know," she burst out. Unexpectedly she threw her arms around his neck. "Do you love me very much, Anthony?"

"Very much indeed, darling," he answered. For a moment she clung to him tightly, her kisses as ardent as his own, then she pulled herself out of his arms and ran into her own room.

She was lying face down on the bed, trying to stifle her sobs in the pillows, when Helen Hamilton walked in. For a moment Helen surveyed the unhappy figure before her with a mixture of impatience and fond amusement, then she asked briskly, "What's all this?"

Caroline whirled over and sat cross-legged on the bed. "Anthony and I," she sobbed, "had lunch together—and we had such a beautiful time—and—" she sniffed disconsolately.

"—and you're falling in love with Anthony all over again," Helen finished sympathetically, "and you're still in love with Paul." Caroline nodded. "Well," curiously, "are you going—or staying?"

For a moment Caroline remained undecided, then she hurled herself off the bed. "Going, I guess," she said without much conviction and pulled Helen with her out of the room.

From his own room Anthony heard the girls descending the stairs and his heart fell. He'd been so sure, when Caroline kissed him there in the hall, that he had won her back.

If there was only some way, he told himself desperately, in which he could turn Caroline against Paul—but that was out of the question now that Caroline had gone.

That meant that there was only one hope left—he must keep Paul from taking the train. Paul must be at home now—Anthony could see his lighted villa through the trees—and Anthony, flinging himself excitedly out of the house, determined to keep him there.

PAUL was at home—and in a very perturbed state. Anthony's unexpected arrival that morning had upset not only Paul's plans but his peace of mind as well. He had drunk nearly a whole bottle of nerve tonic—with no benefit to his nerves. Anthony's entrance into his living room with one hand stuffed into his coat pocket as though it held a revolver shattered what little was left of Paul's morale and his "Good evening," was decidedly apprehensive.

"Good evening," Anthony replied non-committally. "Caroline isn't home."

Paul turned slightly green. "She isn't here," he said wildly.

"Of course not," Anthony said pleasantly. "She's gone to a cocktail party. I thought, since I had some time on my hands, I'd drop in and perhaps you would give me a drink. Oh," drawing his hand out of his pocket, "have one?" He held out a cigarette case.

Paul, letting out an audible sigh of relief, accepted a cigarette, then went to the bar in the corner and began mixing a drink, but his fright returned when he turned around and found Anthony



"You're sure," said Anthony, "you understand exactly what I want you to do?" Bill answered with a slightly bewildered nod

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



ingering the antique keen-edged dagger which served Paul as a letter opener. "Interesting dagger," Anthony commented. "Spanish, I see. It could probably tell us fascinating stories of revenge—and jealous husbands—and faithless wives. It has an inscription, too. What does it mean?"

"D-do not d-draw me," Paul translated stammeringly, "except to avenge y-your honor. D-do not replace me, except with satisfaction."

"Charming," Anthony said. "And so right. As a weapon of revenge," he added with emphasis, "give me a dagger."

Paul dropped into a chair and mopped his brow and Anthony, apparently oblivious to his host's nervousness, pointed to a sculptured head which stood on a near-by table. "That's very fine," he said enthusiastically. "Who did it?"

Paul pulled himself together. "I did," he said overmodestly.

"No!" Anthony exclaimed admiringly. "Is it supposed to be anyone?"

Paul hesitated. "As a matter of fact," he answered uncomfortably, "it's Caroline."

"My Caroline?" Anthony demanded incredulously. Paul nodded. "Why is she wearing a helmet?" Anthony asked.

"It's—er—symbolic. Courage, you know—the Crusader spirit."

"But why has she got one eye shut?"

That, Paul explained, was to show that Caroline saw only the beautiful in life and was blind to everything ugly.

"I see," Anthony repeated. He spoke so quietly that Paul got up the courage to innumur apologetically something about having an appointment, but before he had said more than two words Anthony, surprisingly, was between him and the door, the dagger in his hand. Paul collapsed into his chair again.

Repeatedly during the next couple of hours he tried to break in on Anthony's inconsequential conversation with references to his evening's engagement, but each time Anthony picked up the dagger suggestively and Paul returned to his chair. When it was too late for Paul to have any chance of catching the train, Anthony left with polite assurance of a most enjoyable visit.

For an hour Anthony paced the moonlit streets near his home. He had succeeded in keeping Paul off the train, but he still didn't know whether Caroline was on it or whether, alarmed at Paul's non-appearance, she had gotten off and gone—where? At last he turned into his own gate and met Bliss coming out. In one hand Bliss carried a powder compact.

"I was just starting to look for you," the older man said. "Caroline's home. She must be upset—she ran right up to her room and she dropped her compact," he held it out toward Anthony.

"Thanks," Anthony dropped the compact into his pocket. He turned around and started back along the street.

"Where are you going?" Bliss demanded. "Don't you want to see Caroline?"

"I think," Anthony said, "we'll see her quicker this way."

WITH Bliss tagging at his heels he led the way back to Paul's where, motioning the older man to silence, he tip-toed across the moon-drenched lawn to the concealing shadows of a large tree.

"I hope you know what you're doing," Bliss muttered.

"So do I," Anthony whispered fervently. "Look!"

Up the sidewalk sped Caroline, a determined Caroline, evidently in the grip of emotion, though whether it was fear or anger the watchers could not tell. They hurried toward the open windows

of the living room, reaching them just in time to see Caroline burst in on Paul and hear her say, "So you're alive!"

"Of course I'm alive," Paul said in surprise.

"You've no business to be," Caroline snapped. "You were supposed to be on a train—"

"I know, Caroline," Paul said soothingly. "Let me explain."

"There's nothing to explain," Caroline retorted. "When a man persuades a woman to leave home for him there's only one explanation if he isn't on the train and that is that he's dead."

"I got on the train," Caroline went on, "just as we'd planned. When you didn't join me at Hobe Station I was frightened—I went through the train looking for you—"

PAUL abandoned his efforts to make himself heard and picked up a pencil and paper and began to write.

"—so I got off at the next station," Caroline rattled on, "and came home. Anthony wasn't there—I thought he must have killed you and given himself up to the police—so I rushed over here—" Suddenly she realized that Paul was writing. "Don't you dare start writing notes the way Father does," she yelled, but when Paul handed her the paper she took it automatically and read aloud, "I missed the train because your husband made me miss the train."

"Anthony?" she said unbelievably. "He was here?" Paul nodded.

"I guess this is my entrance cue," Anthony whispered and, leaving Bliss alone, he started toward the door. By the time he had been admitted to the house, Paul was alone in the living room and Anthony pictured, in imagination, Caroline concealed in an adjoining room, her ear glued to the door.

"I'm worried about Caroline," he told Paul abruptly.

"Y-you are?" Paul faltered.

"Yes," Anthony strode about nervously and managed to slip Caroline's compact out of his pocket and onto a table. "She hasn't come home. I've telephoned everywhere—" he broke off and pointed to the compact. "That's Caroline's," he turned on Paul threateningly.

IN consternation, Paul's gaze followed the pointing finger. He went completely to pieces.

"How did it get there?" he shouted hysterically. "You put it there," he accused wildly. Anthony grinned sardonically and in a flash of understanding Paul saw everything clearly. "It's another one of your tricks! Everything was a trick—to keep Caroline from leaving you!"

"Yes," Anthony said quietly.

In her excitement at hearing this admission, Caroline forgot all about remaining hidden and burst into the room. "So you admit it!" she cried furiously. "It's just as Paul said," she blazed. "You knew what I was trying to tell you—and you wouldn't listen—you let me get on the train— Everything that's happened all day was just as you planned it—oh-h-h—" and she burst into tears, "that was part of the plan, too!"

"What was part of the plan, too?" Anthony asked.

"All the nice things today," she wailed. "Our lunch—being so sweet to me just so I'd fall in love with you again— Well, I know now I don't love either of you!" and she stormed out of the room.

She didn't get very far. Blinded by her tears she tripped over a rug in the foyer and fell full-length on the floor. Anthony was at her side instantly.

"Did you hurt yourself, darling?" he asked anxiously.

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"Yes," she sobbed, "but not as much as you hurt me."

Anthony dropped down beside her. "I didn't mean to hurt you, dear."

"You did, though," she sniffled, "and," irrelevantly, "I was so happy this afternoon."

Anthony wiped the tears from her face. "I was happy this afternoon too," he said. "Do you suppose," eagerly, "that we were happy together because we really love each other?"

Abruptly, Caroline stopped crying. "Anthony," she said slowly as though awed by the discovery, "that is the reason. We really love each other and," delightedly, "you knew it all the time, didn't you?"

Anthony's only answer was to take her into his arms.

TWO years later Anthony set his plane down on the landing field at Alpine Lodge, the newest, smartest rendezvous for skiers.

"You take over now, Bill," he told the pilot. "Sure you understand exactly what I want you to do?"

Bill nodded and Anthony set off toward the waiting room. There he slipped behind a pillar. Seated at a table near the bar were Caroline, Bliss and a younger man, who, like Anthony, was slim and tall and dark. The young man, although Anthony did not know this as yet, was Paco del Valle, a millionaire ranch owner from the Argentine.

"All my life," Paco was saying, "I've dreamed of the woman who would be my wife. A woman who would gallop with me across the pampas."

"—with the wind blowing through our hair—" Caroline took up the chant.

Anthony smiled indulgently. "The sun beating on our faces," Caroline continued dreamily, "and—"

The amplifier announced that the New York plane was ready to depart. The three rose from the table, then Caroline

halted. "You know," she said frowning in concentration, "I have the funniest feeling as if all this had happened before—"

Anthony grinned understandingly, then glanced anxiously toward the landing field. Where in the world was Bill?

"—perhaps," Caroline was still talking, "in some former life—" she broke off in astonishment as Bill, Anthony's pilot, entered and marched slowly toward the opposite doorway. In his arms he carried the sculptured head of a woman wearing a gladiator's helmet beneath which one eye was open and the other tightly closed. As if hypnotized by the bizarre figure, Caroline turned and followed after it. Anthony stepped nonchalantly from behind the pillar and Caroline walked blindly into his arms.

"Anthony!" she cried unbelievably, then in involuntary delight, "Darling!"

Muttering, Paco had started forward, but that "darling" stopped him. He looked questioningly at Bliss, then turned away despairingly at the older man's satisfied, "Yes, that's her husband."

Caroline freed herself from Anthony's embrace. "Did you," she asked slowly, "get my wire saying I was coming to New York?" Anthony nodded. "That's why you're here," she said accusingly. "You knew—that I—that Paco and I—"

Anthony's lips twitched but he didn't answer.

"That's why," in a sudden burst of understanding, "you made Paul give you that hideous head of me, two years ago, so that you'd have it—to remind me—the next time I got interested in a man—"

Slowly, teasingly, Anthony smiled. "Yes, darling," he answered gently. He caught her in his arms again then and she felt the pounding of his heart. For a moment she tried to ignore its message, then suddenly she was clinging to Anthony, halfway between laughter and tears, and lifting her lips to his.

## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 23)

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Well, Why Not?

**A**M I sick of all these magazine articles as to whether Judy Garland should or should not get **married!**

As a pretty consistent movie-goer (at least twice a week) and a happily married woman I say what if she does marry Dave Rose? He looks like a gentle attractive sort of guy, they're both interested in music and apparently they're in love—so why not? As for alienating her fans—what nonsense!

Prize or no prize, won't you please print this to encourage the poor kids?

HELEN CARDEN,  
San Francisco, Cal.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Take a Memo, Hollywood!

**W**E constantly hear about the money producers spend in obtaining authentic details when making pictures. But they *slip plenty* wherever secretarial work is involved—and as a long-suffering stenographer, I'd like to voice my complaint.

I take lots of rapid dictation—and haven't time to rewrite anything. But if I followed the example of our movie heroines, I wouldn't get to first base! They either cross shapely legs, notebook on their lap, airily drawing little lines

therein (while their employer talks at a speed only a court reporter could follow) or else they *stand up*, notebook in one hand, writing a long involved letter with the other. I say—"C'est impossible."

In the first place, shorthand is a series of little characters which must be the right shape in order to be read back properly. And a girl standing up most certainly can't write these characters correctly! It's barely possible one could get by with the "notebook in lap" policy—but not for long. I tried it—and wound up with a pair of aching shoulders and some awfully messy notes—after five minutes!

To take notes properly, a stenographer must put her notebook on a nice, flat desk. Then she writes clear-cut characters—not just "M's" and "U's" across the page—and that not too nonchalantly.

As a typewriter-pounding "Kitty Foyle," I know!

ELIZABETH STURNS,  
Denver, Col.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Anybody See It?

**I** RECENTLY saw "The Westerner" and tried to forget it. I sat calmly in the theater enjoying the picture when it happened. *The lamp globe disappeared.* It disappeared before my eyes, I saw it!

Mr. Cooper came into the room, Miss Davenport rushed to meet him. In her left hand was a stick which her father



took, in the right was the lamp globe. Mr. Cooper spoke, she replied, my hair stood on end. The lamp globe was gone! The table was too far away for her to put the lamp globe on it. If she had dropped it, we would have heard it. What *did* happen to it?

The rest of the picture was spoiled for me; even when *Judge Bean* met Lily Langtry. I was more interested in what happened to the lamp globe.

HELEN SPELLMAN,  
Phenix City, Ala.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**Everything But Oscar**

I AM going to speak my piece about a very great actor who deserves to win an Academy Award, but never does: James Cagney. I just can't understand it. He's got everything—personality, looks, technique—and yet he never gets an Oscar. Why? Is it the type of role he portrays on the screen? If so, why not give him other parts where he can display his talents more convincingly? I have not yet, in all the years I have been attending movies, seen any other actor who could compare with Mr. Cagney. That guy knows how to move around in front of a camera.

MRS. CONNELL,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

**HONORABLE MENTION**

I AM very glad that most of us evidently do not agree (according to the box-office reports) with the gentleman whose letter in your May issue so rants and raves against the MacDonald-Eddy musicals. Like millions of other fans, I find them attractive and something that comes all too infrequently in movie fare. I find music delightful. I am tired to death of gangster pictures and high school jitterbug pictures and South Sea Island sarong pictures, and I like some relief from these.

MRS. PEARL GREEN,  
Fort Wayne, Ind.

I WAS amazed at Ida Lupino's acting in "The Light That Failed," even more thrilled at her role in "High Sierra" and sat spellbound through "The Sea Wolf," but now I want to see her in a new light. I want to see her in modern clothes, modern make-up and in a modern world.

MARGARET HUTTO,  
Mobile, Ala.

ROBERT TAYLOR has certainly turned the tables on a lot of us who judged him only by his looks. His performances in "Escape" and "Flight Command" were great and we are happy for Bob that at last he is getting the breaks he deserves.

If he continues to get the right pictures and give out with such performances as he has shown in his last three pictures we see an Oscar coming his way soon.

ONDA LEE KRUEGER,  
Elwood, Ind.

OF all the stories which have been published about her since Rosalind Russell struck Hollywood, none has come anywhere near hitting the nail on the head or given an inkling to the real Roz as the article by Howard Sharpe has.

From what I know of watching her grow up summers at a Connecticut beach, it gives a truly adequate picture of her.

The last time I saw Roz was on the other side of a tennis court.

She talked a good game and I ached from laughing. I'd advise her directors to give her plenty of rein and let her be herself—that's where she shines.

LESLEY ALDERMAN,  
Milford, Conn.

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a Dab a Day keeps P. O.\* away!**

(\*Underarm Perspiration Odor)

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficacy of Yodora—a Deodorant Cream that's actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

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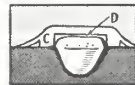
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Blue-Jay Corn Plasters cost very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug counters.



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In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.

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## Escape from the Nazis

(Continued from page 37)

society turned at their tables to stare in admiring appraisal at the big, broad-shouldered Frenchman.

Many of his pictures, films like "Pepe le Moko," "Grand Illusion" and "Port of Shadows" have played extended runs in New York's "artier" movie theaters and Gabin long has had a coterie of feminine fans among the patrons of the little foreign-language theaters.

"The Spencer Tracy of France," his discoverers in this country dubbed him. He was, they effused, more vigorous in appearance than Charles Boyer, more vital in manner than Chevalier, with an earthy quality about him, a promise of tremendous power and drive not usually associated with a Parisian matinee idol.

But after the long months of rationed food in France, Jean Gabin was too busy evidencing appreciation of the rich fare before him to notice the furore his presence created. When he had finally disposed of his second dessert helping of cheese and wafers, Jean leaned back, lit a cigarette and gave me the dramatic story of his adventures in war-wracked France.

"When the war broke out in September of 1939," began Gabin, "I was in the midst of a picture in Paris. A reservist in the Navy, I was called up in the first general mobilization and was assigned to duty as a gunner on a minesweeper, operating out of Cherbourg. Ours was the dangerous task of searching out the steel eggs of destruction laid by the Nazis in the Channel's shipping lane.

"In May, I was given my first extended leave and journeyed to the home of my sister in Dreux, outside of Paris. I arrived in Dreux the day the Germans occupied Paris but communications were so poor, we had no idea the enemy were so close.

"Then, the third day I was home, Dreux was the target of a terrific air bombardment. At one of the town's shelters I learned the invading German Army was within just a few miles.

"As a sailor, I would have been made a prisoner of war, if I were overtaken by the Germans, so I abandoned the shelter, managed to reach our house safely and there quickly changed from my navy uniform to civilian clothes. My sister and her family already had departed for the South, leaving behind a small roadster. I jumped into this car and started to head back toward my ship.

"AT the first town west of Dreux, I learned that the German drive had cut off any possibility of my reaching Cherbourg and rejoining my unit. A military officer advised me to head for Toulon, the nearest French naval station not yet threatened by the Germans.

"That trip from Dreux to Toulon, ordinarily only a two-day drive, took me almost three weeks . . . three weeks I shall remember as long as I live!

"You cannot imagine, without actually having seen it, the chaos and confusion of that flight of terror of the millions of refugees pouring Southward from Paris. There were not only French civilians on the road but hundreds of thousands of Belgians and others from the Low Countries. They were fleeing in every sort of conveyance imaginable. Taxis, buses, bicycles and horse carts crowded ordinary cars for space on the roads. Gasoline was at a premium and when a car ran out of fuel it was abandoned.

"Most pitiful were the weary women, pushing along baby carriages heaped with their few possessions, their children painfully trying to keep up in that

pathetic parade. So great was the crush, like a solid mass of ants inching along the roads, that some days I could make but a mile a day. The towns along the path of this great exodus were filled with ten and twelve times their ordinary population. There was not a bed to be had in any of them. Food was almost as scarce.

At the end of almost three weeks of slowly pushing along in the middle of this great parade of human misery, Gabin finally pulled into Toulon, the very day the Armistice was signed. As a sailor, he was automatically demobilized and without even waiting to learn more of the details of the surrender, Gabin moved on to Cap Ferrat, between Nice and Monte Carlo, where he knew he would be welcome in the home of his friend Jacques Menier, candy manufacturer.

Here Gabin took refuge in the dark, uncertain months that followed France's fall. To the soldiers and sailors who had fought on to the bitter end with no thought of surrender, the Armistice came as such a treacherous shock there seemed to be no future, Gabin says.

"You didn't ask: 'What now?' or 'What shall I do?' You just sat and waited in stunned silence. In Marseilles there was some talk of trying to resume production of motion pictures, but the last thing in the world I wanted to face just then was a camera."

These rumors of reviving commercial production in unoccupied France proved to be mere idle speculation, but later there came to Gabin the overtures from the German propaganda agencies which prompted his cable to Devan and his second flight from the Nazis.

JEAN was born in Paris, May 17, 1904, the youngest of six children of a minor music-hall comedian who billed himself, as French performers prefer to do, by his single surname of Gabin. When Jean was still a child, his family moved to the small village of Montataire, on the outskirts of Paris, and here the boy, relishing the outdoor country life, built up a magnificent physique.

From the time Jean was a small boy, his father hoped his son would join him in the world of the *Cafe Concert*. Jean had a fair singing voice and a gift of mimicry that the old clown Gabin believed would bring him fame in the music halls of Paris.

But Jean's personal inclinations leaned toward a more prosaic trade, where one could work with tools in his hands and axle grease, not paint and powder, on his face. At thirteen, when his father first tentatively included the boy in a vaudeville skit he was preparing, Jean ran away from school and succeeded in getting a job as a cement mixer in a Paris factory. Next he was an apprentice mechanic at the Renault auto works for two years. When, at seventeen, he returned home for a visit, he believed he had established the right to shape his own career.

The older Gabin, however, still nursed the dream that his son would keep alive the family name on the bill posters of the music halls. He persuaded Jean to accompany him to an interview with the manager of the *Folies Bergère*, and when that worthy offered the young man a bit in a revue at a salary many times his mechanic's wage, Jean accepted, principally to please his father.

"Little by little, I began to like the theater," Gabin recalls. "One role led to another. I played with Elsie Janis in



a second revue. Then I was cast opposite Mistinguette at the *Folies Bergère* and soon I had offers from a number of leading producers."

Jean was on his way to becoming a ranking favorite on the musical-comedy stage when he was called up for his year of required military training and elected to spend it in the Navy. On his discharge, with a taste for travel developed by a few cruises in the Navy, Gabin joined an opera company about to start on a tour of South America. In a tenor's tights, he serenaded dark-eyed señoritas from Rio to Lima.

Back in Paris once more, Gabin decided to try his acting ability in a straight drama and proceeded to make stage history in the title role of "Arsene Lupin, Banker." It was during the run of this play that he was sought out by a French film company and began on the movie career that was to bring him his greatest fame. It is interesting to note that when "Pepe le Moko" first was being cast, the title role was offered to Charles Boyer. Boyer turned down the part and Gabin was engaged for it.

"Pepe le Moko" was the turning point of Gabin's screen success and the film that finally established his popularity. When Hollywood bought the American rights to the story and prepared to produce it as "Algiers," Gabin was asked to come here and play opposite Hedy Lamarr. As he had done with previous Hollywood bids, Gabin declined and this time it was Boyer who, as second choice for the role, used it to clinch his status as a star in American pictures. Today Hollywood is watching curiously to see if Gabin once more will supplant Boyer as the film-goers' favorite Frenchman.

Naturally, after the months of darkness and dull despair in France the prospect

of the blazing lights, the gayety and the glamour of the shining city of Hollywood, had a tingling appeal for the pleasure-loving Parisian. But above all that, Gabin told me, he felt the same stimulation to be getting back into a studio, that a mechanic, long idle, feels when he first picks up his tool bag.

"What was your most vivid first impression on reaching New York after the blackouts, the rationings, the wartime regime of Europe?" I asked the actor.

"He thought a minute and then replied: 'The cars . . . the endless stream of cars . . . all moving about the city. It had been months since I had seen more than one automobile on the road at a time.'"

The chic, slim girls on Park Avenue . . . the food at the smarter restaurants . . . the hilarious high humor of such stage shows as "Arsenic and Old Lace" and "Lady in the Dark" . . . the flash of the legs of the Rockettes in Radio City Music Hall . . . the luxury of hot water in his bath in his hotel suite . . . these were the things that made his first few days in America seem like a lovely, restful dream after a disturbed nightmare, Gabin declared.

After a week's stay in New York, Gabin left for Hollywood and was immediately set to studying English by Zanuck who hopes the French actor may be ready for his first American film in about three months.

As his official tutor in English, the studio has engaged an elderly retired schoolteacher. What power Gabin will have at the box office in Hollywood-made movies remains to be seen, though this reporter is willing to go out on the limb with a prediction that he will be terrific. One thing is certain. Personally, Jean Gabin already is Hollywood's newest sensation.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

### ✓ The Devil and Miss Jones (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** *The adventures of a millionaire in the workaday world.*

**FUN**, based on a logical premise, provides just about the best entertainment there is.

In this *Devil and Miss Jones* (what a charming couple) we have that coveted combination of sound basis and grand humor; the result is riotous.

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Jean Arthur, as the shop clerk in love with Robert Cummings, the radically minded head of the shoe department, proves again she's one of the top actresses of the screen. And with Cummings as competition, Miss Arthur must necessarily shine brightly. That Cummings boy has everything.

Spring Byington and Edmund Gwenn are delightful in their scenes. In fact, it's one of the best little movies to come along in a coon's age and we're sure you'll love it.

Your Reviewer Says: A honey.

### They Dare Not Love (Columbia)

**It's About:** *An Austrian refugee who finds love amid political turmoil.*

**WITH** a more deft handling by writer and director, this would have, undoubtedly, resulted in a gem of a little picture. As it is, the slow tempo and faltering direction leave George Brent and Martha Scott more or less at sea.

However, two such performers as these can not fail to hold one's interest and George as an Austrian prince and Martha as an Austrian refugee inject plenty of human interest in this tale of Nazi invasion. George, as the *Prince*, bargains with the Germans in America for the release of seven friends in German concentration camps, with himself as the prize. The ultimate outcome of this proposed transaction has its exciting moments.

Paul Lukas and Roman Bohnen as Germans are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Newsreel events played in heart time.

### ✓ Major Barbara—Gabriel Pascal-U. S.

**It's About:** *The struggle between the spiritual and material way of life.*

**THE** second George Bernard Shaw picture ("Pygmalion" was the first) arrives from the midst of bombshelled London to entertain, amuse and confuse. We say confuse because the theme, espe-

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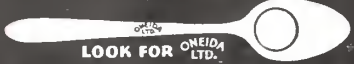




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cially the end, seems blurred in purpose and reams upon reams of words are substituted for action. The cast, however, is terrific, with such splendid artists as Rex Harrison, Wendy Hiller, Robert Morley and Robert Newton contributing adult, charming and sophisticated performances. Wendy Hiller as the Salvation Army lass who loses ideals to find them again in a blazing, teeming munitions factory, and Rex Harrison as the Greek scholar who loses her, are especially clever. For average everyday entertainment, however, we question its value.

Your Reviewer Says: Oddly different but compelling.

✓ **The Reluctant Dragon**  
(Disney—RKO-Radio)

It's About: A man with an idea in search of Walt Disney.

ONE of the cleverest ideas ever to pop into that fertile mind of Walt Disney results in this rare combination of a Cook's tour through the Disney studio, a behind-the-scenes glimpse of Mickey Mousedom and two of Disney's latest cartoon features.

Cleverly thought out and executed, this story of Robert Benchley roaming at will through the studio was a happy one, for through Robert's bulging eyes everyone gets a peep at the inside goings-on of the famous cartoon plant. It all begins when Benchley's wife insists he try to sell Disney the idea of filming "The Reluctant Dragon." Bob's mission eventually lands him in a projection room with Walt viewing—you've guessed it—the Dragon story that has already been filmed.

Long, and even a bit wearisome in spots, it nevertheless keeps up its interest due to the cozy cleverness of Mr. Benchley. Without him the Dragon would have been just another cartoon. And speaking of Dragons, this one is a riot—a bit on the—er—sissy side, shall we say?

For new, novel and so different entertainment we urge you to see this film.

Your Reviewer Says: The whole family will love it.

✓✓ **Ziegfeld Girl** (M-G-M)

It's About: The fate of three Ziegfeld beauties.

HOLLYWOOD at its lavish, gorgeous, musical best! Gowns, beauty, settings whirl and twirl before one's eyes to lure and fascinate. But when it's all summed up in the cold light of reason, the picture in our opinion does not stack up against the former Ziegfeld picture for either beauty or appeal. Yet it's good enough to rate a two check best—make no mistake about that.

Quite openly and even a bit cruelly, three players have been sacrificed for the sake of one. That one is Lana Turner, who emerges a star. Lana is so good one can almost overlook the shoving around accorded Hedy Lamarr, Jimmy Stewart and that potential star, Philip Dorn. As for Judy Garland, she holds her own and sings her numbers, especially "Minnie From Trinidad," with all the punch Judy can put into a song.

The thread of the story upon which all the beads and baubles are strung tells of three girls who enter the Follies at the same time and what befalls them. Two of them find happiness, one defeat. Jimmy Stewart as Lana's truck-driving sweetheart hasn't a chance to do much emoting but makes his every moment

count. Hedy does nothing but look beautiful and does that well, also. Judy romps through her role to success, but it's Lana who scores and to whom belongs the glory.

Charles Winninger as Judy's father is marvelous. Tony Martin sings several sure hit songs but has, quite obviously, been cut from many scenes. Jackie Cooper, Ian Hunter and Philip Dorn, who has a pathetic excuse of a role, all come through with colors aloft.

It's big, mind you, and a whooper-doooper show, so don't miss it. It's more show for your money than you've seen in a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: A big-time musical extravaganza.

**Washington Melodrama**  
(M-G-M)

It's About: A blackmailer in Washington.

SEVERAL shots of adrenalin have failed to revive this old story taken from the studio shelves. Even though it's padded with a few timely features, it's still too wobbly to stand on its own, for our money.

But one or, no, two things it does reveal: Frank Morgan never gives a bad performance and Dan Dailey Jr. is an up-and-coming star. As the slug-nutty prize fighter in "Ziegfeld Girl," Dan smacks down Lana Turner to the count of nine. In this minor epic he flattens Anne Gwynne as no heroine has been socked before and he does it with such realistic villainy. It's good acting, Dan being such a nice lad.

The plot's all about a kindly Washington millionaire (Morgan) who befriends a chorus girl (Miss Gwynne) and finds himself blackmailed by Dailey. Ann Rutherford as Morgan's daughter and Kent Taylor as her best beau are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Any similarity to good entertainment is purely coincidental.

✓✓ **Penny Serenade** (Columbia)

It's About: Parents who adopt a child.

A HUMAN document, so true, so tender and expressive, lives and breathes upon the screen in "Penny Serenade," which, by the way, is a most incongruous title. Seldom does a picture remain so simple and lifelike in its story. There isn't a single glaring exaggerated moment to ruin its plain homey forceful message: That children tie and bind two people, cementing their love in one common bond.

Right here we want to go on record as saying Cary Grant gives one of the finest performances we've ever witnessed on the screen. Every joy, disappointment and sorrow of Cary's is shared by those out front. Not far behind is Irene Dunne as his wife; but it's Cary's picture, somehow, and to him we give the honor. In his first picture Edgar Buchanan scores roundly as Applejack and will undoubtedly find himself much in demand. The children portraying different ages of the little adopted child are outstanding in their roles.

A bit slow getting under way and lagging in spots, the film emerges, for all this, a truly wonderful picture, one women, and especially mothers, will remember a long, long time.

Your Reviewer Says: A picture that touches the heart.



## The Cowboy and the Blonde (20th Century-Fox)

*It's About:* A cowboy meets and tames a temperamental screen star.

WHEN a badly spoiled Hollywood blonde meets an immovable, cool-tempered cowboy—hi yi yipee! Exactly that happens when Mary Beth Hughes, a misbehaving actress, meets tall 'n handsome George Montgomery, a rodeo-riding Westerner. Because Montgomery is the first man who fails to yield to her tantrum charms, the actress falls in love with him, even chasing him down in his own corral to get him.

The action pops from behind the Hollywood scenes to the wide open places, humor giving way to romance with the greatest of ease. The two newcomers make a great showing and are definitely on their way. We predict Montgomery will be another *beeg* moment in the lives of feminine fans.

Your Reviewer Soys: Zippy and Yippee.

## ✓ The Great Lie (Warners)

*It's About:* Two women, one man, one great lie.

THERE is news in "The Great Lie"; news that is reassuringly heartwarming; news that that star of stars, Bette Davis, permits lovely Mary Astor to share with her the very brightest spot in the limelight and even, at times, to place the talented Miss Davis in the shade.

Make no mistake, Bette could have forestalled that event, for the star's requests are commands in Hollywood. But no, Miss Astor, as the musician who marries George Brent and then chooses her career in preference to marriage, is permitted to all but steal this picture. George Brent, as the man who finally chooses Bette for his wife when a technicality absolves his first marriage to Mary, is also terrific. The struggle over the rightful parentage of a child born to one of these wives becomes the Lie.

It's a trio of performers worth watching, a story adultish and sophisticated, abounding with drama, lines of smartness and even humor. It's a story women will love and men will like in spite of themselves.

Your Reviewer Says: A three-way triumph.

## Reaching For the Sun (Paramount)

*It's About:* A man's struggle against the machine-made world.

DIFFICULT to classify is this strange little comedy drama of a man's yearning to be away from the city of machines and in the country where all things reach for the sun. In spots it becomes intensely intriguing; in others, unbelievably and dull.

There is no question, however, but that Joel McCrea, a man happy just digging clams, gives a sterling performance. Ellen Drew, the wife who attempts to hold him to the wheels and cogs of a great automobile factory, shows marked improvement in her work. Albert Dekker as the heavy seems lost in the shuffle of a little story not quite strong enough to overcome its too-whimsical motive.

Your Reviewer Says: Off the beaten path.

## The Lady From Cheyenne (Universal)

*It's About:* How women acquired the vote in Wyoming.

FREAKISHLY different in theme and manner of telling, this amusing little story is a puzzler. While meant to be a pioneering type of narrative, underneath it's really a lighthearted trollop, robbing the serious theme of its well-meaning message for the sake of coquettish gaiety. What's more, it's a Western beneath its frivolous petticoats and no two ways about that.

Loretta Young is the determined young lady of 1860 who helps women win the vote in the Wyoming state legislature, which defeats the town scoundrel, Edward Arnold. Both Loretta and Edward are good. Robert Preston is the hero who loves Loretta and foils Arnold's bandits. To tell the truth we hadn't realized it was all so corny until this minute. So maybe the picture is a lot cleverer than we imagined.

Your Reviewer Soys: Strange little thing.

## The Flame of New Orleans (Universal)

*It's About:* An adventuress who meets her fate.

THE flame flickers quite a bit in this off-color little film that too obviously attempts to be naughty and gay. The dialogue, in one or two spots, crackles like a firecracker but otherwise it's a blackout.

Dietrich is, of course, too beautiful as the adventuress who moves in on New Orleans in the early days and captures the town's richest banker, played to a turn by Roland Young. Bruce Cabot, the virile sailor, makes quite a come-hither lover.

Spotted about the cast in mere bit roles are such players as Andy Devine, Melville Cooper and Mischa Auer. They don't help much, however. French Rene Clair has directed his story with a broad mind but slow tempo. Maybe he's not in his American stride yet. Anyway—

Your Reviewer Soys: Little to recommend it.

## ✓ Pot O' Gold (Roosevelt-U. A.)

*It's About:* A feud that ends in a radio program.

PRODUCER James Roosevelt offers his first feature-length film in this little movie and it isn't bad at all. It's no new deal, however, for all the old tried-and-true gags and situations abound throughout the story. And why Jimmy Stewart should be scampering around in this particular piece is beyond us. After his Academy Oscar you'd expect bigger things for Jimmy.

The story has Jimmy a musician with an irascible old millionaire of an uncle who is constantly waging war on his neighbor, boardinghouse keeper Mary Gordon. Charles Winninger, the uncle, covets her property and wants to be rid of the infernal din of the band that lives there. The band, of course, turns out to be Horace Heidt and his boys who, along with Paulette Goddard, literally raise the roof.

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program forms the crux of the story, with lots of music flying about in all directions. It's cute, entertaining and amusing and a real treat for swing lovers.

Your Reviewer Says: Pert and lively.

## The Wagons Roll at Night (Warners)

It's About: Romance among circus folk.

THEY can roll right on for all of us, those wagons. When they come rolling in with a little better entertainment we'll be tickled pink, for Humphrey Bogart and Eddie Albert are favorites of ours and we enjoy seeing them, but not in such hackneyed business as this.

This story has Humphrey, hard, steely owner of a flea-bitten circus, grabbing up country boy Eddie Albert and making a lion-tamer of him. When Eddie falls in love with Humphrey's young and innocent sister, Joan Leslie, Bogart arranges a neat little exit for the young lover that proves, we admit, quite exciting for a moment or two.

Sylvia Sidney as the circus fortune teller is good.

Your Reviewer Says: Keep on rolling along.

## Model Wife (Universal)

It's About: A marriage that must be kept secret.

FANS, if you are planning to wed in secret, race to the nearest theater showing "Model Wife" and view the dire but comical consequences.

That already married pair, Dick Powell and Joan Blondell, is the distracted couple who dare not reveal their marriage lest their boss (who is against married women's working) fire them both. That in itself wouldn't be so bad; but along comes Lee Bowman, the boss' son, who will not be denied dates with Miss Blondell and who, of course, cannot be told of her marital standing.

So there you have the groundwork for some hilarious goings-on, with Dick and Joan hitting on all cylinders. Charlie Ruggles, Lucile Watson and Ruth Donnelly are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: A cozy little honey.

## Footlight Fever (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Two theatrical producers in search of an angel.

PHOOEY, this picture is awful. It should never have been born, as a matter of fact, for it certainly does nothing to advance the cause of anyone concerned, not even the motion-picture industry.

Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride, a down-and-out stage director and a moth-eaten stage producer, try to find a backer for Mowbray's play and finally light on Elisabeth Risdon, the widow of a sea captain. Miss Risdon, who sees through their scheming, permits herself to become their angel.

Mowbray and MacBride ham all over the place.

Your Reviewer Says: See at your own risk.

## Men of Boys Town (M-G-M)

It's About: That famed institution for boys and the tragedy and comedy within its walls.

SPENCER TRACY as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the Boys Town mayor take up the story of the previous Boys Town picture and again stir our hearts and emotions with their truly wonderful performances. The stars have never been better and Mickey in his subdued sincerity outdoes himself. What's more, he has plenty of competition in Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn and that unbelievable tot Darryl Hickman, who is said to be a counterpart of just such a boy in Father Flanagan's retreat.

The cruel atrociousness of guards in



Something that seldom happens: Dick Powell and wife Joan Blondell, both working in "Model Wife," have luncheon together; eat Dick's favorite tuna fish salad by way of celebration



arious reform schools and the unending efforts of everyone to bring a smile from title Larry Nunn, whose back had been broken by a cruel guard in such a school, the abiding theme. No effort has been made to overstress the philosophy "there is no such thing as a bad boy" that belongs to this kindly priest. In fact, there is no overdoing on any score and the result is a box-office melody.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A sincere and beautiful story.

### Power Dive (Paramount)

**It's About:** Two brothers in aviation.

**NOT** in a class with the more pretentious air pictures, this one is, nevertheless, a mighty entertaining little number with a whiz-bang climax that's bound to thrill. Richard Arlen is the older brother who tries to dissuade the younger brother, Don Castle, from following in his footsteps. Castle, a newcomer, is splendid. Helen Mack, Jean Parker and Cliff Edwards are right in there pitching.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A good second-best.

### Ride On, Vaquero (20th Century-Fox)

**It's About:** The Cisco Kid cleans up a band of kidnapers.

**HERE** he comes again, Cesar Romero as the Cisco Kid.

In this he is an engaging out-West Rob-Hood who steals only to help others and who loathes kidnapers and, shall we say, legitimate crooks. Well, when some such rascally varmints cross his path, the Kid sure gets busy. Mary Beth Hughes in the dance-hall girl again and Chris-Pin Martin as Gordito, the Kid's pal, is right in hand. It's all *turrible* exciting.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Hero stuff.

### Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox)

**It's About:** A crook who impersonates another man.

**THEY** surely went far afield for this one; if memory serves, they thumbed back through the files and remade the story, implausible as it is.

For instance, Henry Wilcoxon, a crook rounded at Dunkirk, emerges from the fray with his face remodeled to look exactly like the lost banker, *Sir John*, played by John Loder. The crook finds it very easy, indeed, to fool the banker's wife, Nancy Kelly, and even Scotland Yard for a time, but eventually *Inspector Edmund Gwenn* gets his man. Today's tempo in London is carefully maintained in this timely version, but there are too many unbelievable situations to make for intelligent entertainment.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Cops and Robbers in modern London setting.

### Las Vegas Nights (Paramount)

**It's About:** A quartette of vaudevillians who go West to collect an inheritance.

**IT'S** the style to feature orchestra leaders and their bands in movies. We, for one, will be glad when the fad hits theambo of yesterday's fashions, for while we love music, swingaroo or bugaroo, we like our movies straight—no chasers.

JULY, 1941

However, Tommy Dorsey and his band do give out with some sweet melodies, we admit. Bert Wheeler amuses and Phil Regan, who can sing like a whiz but doesn't have a chance to warble, is very good. Constance Moore is beautiful and Virginia Dale supplies the laughs. But it's music, Tommy Dorsey's music, that holds the fort.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Music everywhere.

### A Very Young Lady (20th Century-Fox)

**It's About:** A schoolgirl's crush.

**REMEMBER** Simone Simon in "Girls' Dormitory," her first American talkie? Well, vision Jane Withers in a modified remake and join us in the chorus of "Why do they do things like this?"

Jane is cute as the schoolgirl who has a crush on John Sutton, a professor in a fashionable girls' school. Jane's crush, her rowdy tomboyism that grows into gooeey feminine softness, causes the faculty quite a bit of concern and provides audiences with no little amusement. But Jane deserves better.

Nancy Kelly is the girl who gets Professor Sutton.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Strictly second-bill.

### Repent At Leisure (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** A runaway heiress who grabs off a husband.

**SOMETHING** old, something new, something borrowed, something blue.

It's all here in this bride's story. The old and the borrowed have been snatched from a dozen such picture plots. The new is the splendid performances of Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor and the audience grows blue when the whole story develops into a clownishly unhappy climax. You know the time-worn plot: The rich bride-to-be walks out on the gold-hunting husband-to-be and marries the poor boy who loves her for herself.

However, we've seen worse. And so have you.

**Your Reviewer Says:** One story, slightly used, for sale cheap.

### The Great American Broadcast (20th Century-Fox)

**It's About:** The romantic history of radio.

**THAT** surefire trio of "Tinpan Alley" fame, Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and John Payne, now step up to the microphone and tell us the semihistorical story of radio, its beginning and its growth.

Not quite up to the standard of "Tinpan Alley" this is, nevertheless, a mighty entertaining little picture with its catchy songs put over as only Alice can put them over and its broad humor slapped on as only Oakie can slap it. John Payne as the lad who wins Alice is a personable young man and gets into the spirit of the story in fine style. Cesar Romero is plain charming in his scenes, but hasn't nearly enough to do.

Those three weird little mushrooms, the Wiere Brothers, the sinking Ink Spots, and the dancing Nicholas Brothers trim up the story like a Christmas tree.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Tune in on this.

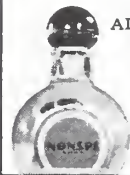
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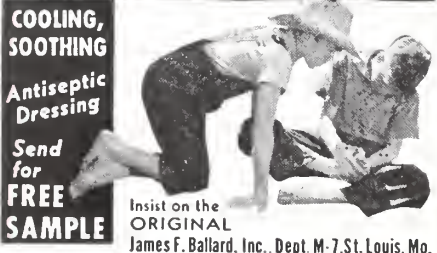
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## How to Spoil a Romantic Moment (John Howard)

(Continued from page 58)

massage." He thought this over, shaking his head. "Funny thing," he agreed.

Note: For girls who crave a mane to woo  
There are lions in the zoo.

"Of course," John went on, "my pet peeve concerns persons, men or girls, who insist on pretending to be authorities on some subject they know only fairly well. I remember that when I was in college, I was pretty much impressed with a girl I had met on a trip to Washington, D. C. She knew I was interested in music, so she gave me the impression she had studied quite widely. Well, on a picnic one night one of the fellows was chording on a guitar and singing 'Ole Man River.' When he finished, my girl friend said, 'That was wonderful. Play something else of Stephen Foster's.'"

"I was so surprised that I gulped before I remembered my manners. A few moments later she whispered, 'Wasn't that silly of me to say Stephen Foster when I knew all the time that George Gershwin wrote it!' I didn't gulp that time; I was floored completely."

OF COURSE, nearly everyone stretches his or her actual knowledge rather thin on occasion, but this particular girl's greatest error was in choosing to be an authority on music when that was John's forte. She should have pretended to be an expert on modern French painting, where it's every man for himself.

"While we're on the subject of conversation," John continued, "I've often wondered whether girls realize how much they talk about other girls. About other girls' clothing principally, or where some girl has been and how she got there. Or about some personal peculiarity of a woman friend; this one is extravagant and that one gossips; this one plays up to every man she meets and that one is a cold fish.

"Another favorite subject of feminine conversation that isn't too interesting to an unmarried man is baby lore. Gosh, I've listened for hours to a debate on how many ounces a baby should gain the first month, and so on. I've heard all about how soon a baby starts to focus its eyes and how soon it can sit up alone; how many times it gets fed a day and what the doctor said about that skin rash." He broke off suddenly to laugh. Apparently, while he had been diagramming these maternal conversations, he had been operating a side train of thought as well. That business of doing two things at once appears to be characteristic of the alert Mr. Howard.

However, he sticks to the point. No matter how far the conversation digresses, he accumulates the various strings of dialogue and knots them into a neat bundle of conclusions just when everyone else in the room has forgotten the crux of the discussion.

"Funny thing about Gary Cooper. We used to get our heads together about the nursery talk we had to endure. Then, first thing I knew, Gary had become a parent and you never heard anybody in your life who was more an authority on the care and feeding of the young than he. So maybe if I were married, I'd be all fascinated by this talk about babies."

When he was asked if he had any more complaints about feminine tongue exercise, he said, "Boy, am I getting myself in deep! I might as well admit—now that I've damaged myself this much—that

long-winded telephone conversations throw me for a loss. When I'm talking face to face with a person, I can be as voluble as can be, but I never recover from the mechanical awareness of a telephone. I simply swallow all the small talk on my tongue. I like telephone conversations to be brief, rapid and to-the-point."

We took time out to light another cigarette. He is a virtuoso of a cigarette smoker; he doesn't simply singe one after another, mainly letting them burn of themselves, he smokes. He smokes partly because it gives him a casual occupation, but mainly because he enjoys the flavor. Grinning, he admitted that a pipe was really the thing and he said he had tried to get several nervous women friends to take up the habit, but they seemed to have an aversion to the idea. "Probably because old grannies used to do it and nobody wants to be a granny nowadays."

After several puffs, he said, "Oh, say, there's something else that girls should know. They should be careful about choosing perfume. It would be better to use a good cologne than to reek of some concoctions."

Note: Constant chatter, noxious fumes  
Seldom create brides and grooms.

"I hope," admitted John, his gray-green eyes twinkling, "that I'm being helpful. There are two other things—related, as a matter of fact—that completely muffle a romantic moment and I know this from my own experience.

"I don't think there are very many men who really like to go to night clubs on Saturday night. The spots are always crowded and frequently the ceilings are low so that the air gets thicker than barley soup and two degrees hotter.

"There you go—stumbling around without enough room to dance, and you begin to get sticky with perspiration . . . and Good Night! Where's there any pleasure in that? Yet lots of girls seem to enjoy the confusion and the noise. Of course, they're dressed so differently from the men that they don't suffocate.

"But suppose the girl happens to see this Saturday-night problem in a sensible light and agrees to go dancing early in the week, say Tuesday or Wednesday. Even then, plenty of girls want to dance every dance instead of sitting out a few so that the two of you can stay at the table and take advantage of the soft lights and sweet music, getting in the mood."

Note: A marathon, come Sat'dy night  
Quickly puts a lad to flight.

"Well," sighed John, doing an Immelman turn on his chair, "that's all the constructive criticism on the subject of romantic moments that I can think up. Just wait until some vigorous girl gets busy and tells what men do to ruin a lovely evening and then you'll realize how fair and conservative I've been."

We explained that the wait would be a short one as Dorothy Lamour was going to take over for the girls and Mr. John Howard strolled away, thinking happy thoughts about his new contract with Columbia Studios. Girls may come and girls may go, but it looks as if John's screen stock is going up and up and up.

Note: Romantic moments should be showered  
On men as charming as John Howard.



# How to Spoil a Romantic Moment (Dorothy Lamour)

(Continued from page 59)

een easier to work up a romantic fever n an exercise bar in the gym than with at lad."

Note to be painted on all sweat shirts: Muscles are nice—just look at Gable, But who wants them verbally flexed at table?

"Second on my list of male menaces is the boy who gets behind the steering wheel of a car and sets out to prove that he has descended from a long line of race drivers. To be fair, I don't think many men realize how frantic or how helpless a girl is in that sort of a situation."

A man has the steering gear to steady himself when he whirls around a corner on two wheels, but the lady in the case can hold to nothing but her composure. No matter how palpitant a girl might have been when she started out on the date, no tender sentence like, "Darling, think you're the most beautiful girl in the world," is going to produce a thrill in ninety miles per.

"Then for heaven's sake, watch the road and keep me fit to look at," is the only answer possible from a girl putting on a Mexican jumping bean act in the front seat.

Note to be engraved on gear-shift handle:

What girl can exhibit that appeal known as "sox"

With her teeth rattling 'round like dice in a box?

**S**Ocial sinner number three, in my opinion, is a chap who doesn't like the gay life at its gayest. By that I mean that there are times in every girl's life when she wants to go to the smartest spot in town on the night when things are the most exciting. I like excitement and crowds and lots of laughs. I don't care particularly about dancing every dance, but no matter how jammed a dance square is, you can always manage to rumba a few times without being trampled."

We had purposely kept John Howard's side of the story away from Dorothy for fear she would skip any controversial subjects and—after all—what good is the battle of the sexes if it never comes to blows?

"I'll bet," she said suddenly, "that there isn't a man in Hollywood who hasn't raised his voice in protest against going to Ciro's on Saturday night. But," she added with an independent nod that every emancipated woman in the world would applaud, "I still think a girl is right in liking to be taken places where there's lots of hustle and bustle and fun. It's much more natural to be romantic after you've had a whirl and decided by those secret processes that a girl goes through at a night club that you're out with a Grade A, sixteen-cylinder member of the escort species."

**W**HILE on the night-club subject, Dorothy added Anathema No. 4 to the list: The table hopper. This type gets its girl friend cozily seated at a table, then abruptly spies a bosom friend five tables over, excuses himself with the explanation that he has to ask good old Bob a question, but will be right back.

"The first time I saw a girl stranded in the desert island of a night-club table, I never forgot the experience," Dorothy confessed. It happened in New Orleans when Dorothy was visiting en route to an eastern personal appearance.

Everyone in the night club had been quipped with crazy paper hats, horns, confetti, and serpentine and Dottie thought it was a whale of a party

until, from the dance floor, she spotted a lone girl seated at a table for six. Obviously the other two couples were dancing, and the light of her life was giving a group at a distant table a wonderful time with a series of stories.

The girl he had left behind was wearing one of those I'll-look-as-if-I'm-having-a-wonderful-time-if-it-kills-me smiles; a paper hat was perched on her hair at a determined angle and she clutched a paper horn in both hands as they lay on the lonely expanse of the table top.

"Come on, Tommy," Dorothy said to the boy who was dancing with her, "I don't know that girl, but you and I are going over to get acquainted. I'm not going to have her sitting there like the last Republican on a Washington committee."

Note to be embroidered on gentlemen's evening scarves:

Night clubs are fun when entered with gusto,

But stick with your date or the evening's a busto.

"DON'T you think that's about enough complaining from me?" Dottie asked, squirming in her chair. "To sort of even things up, I'd like to tell about some of the really considerate things I've known men to do."

For some time, Dorothy went out with a well-known chap in Hollywood who was the sort of escort girls dream about after an evening lightly touched by all the above experiences. He always made his dates a week in advance (Oh, Allah, what a man!) and in addition to this benison, he made it a habit to telephone Dorothy the day before the scheduled date and check on arrangements.

Sample conversation: "I just wanted to tell you that I'm looking forward to tomorrow night. Say, have you ever eaten Turkish food? Would you like to try some? Good. I've ferreted out a new place down near the University and the reports about it are good, so I thought it would be something different for us to experience. Afterward we can catch up on our dancing at the Trocadero."

According to Dorothy there is nothing so much fun as exploring new places that the man has reasonably scouted in advance.

"That reminds me," she laughed. "I'll have to go back to the complaint section with one more item. It's about this business of a man's helping a girl out of a car. I know this is the age of self-reliant womanhood, but anyone who thinks it's easy to climb out of one of those low-hung bodies, wearing a tight suit skirt, or thirty yards of chiffon formal, is crazy, and a man to boot. Every girl knows what those hazards are."

It seems that Dorothy took a friendly interest in a newcomer to the studio a few months ago and accepted a date with him. They drove out to a small suburban town to catch a preview; the boy got out of the car, stepped onto the curb and strolled toward the movie.

Noticing Miss Lamour's absence from his side, he turned around to find her still seated in the car. "What's the delay? Hoist the body, babe, or we're going to miss the screen credits," shouted Sir Galahad over his shoulder as he continued to move in echelon toward the box office.

Note of surprise.

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**"The Women in My Life"**

(Continued from page 68)

move she made, melting with every note she sang. In 1925 and 1926, when Raft was playing four different spots at the same time, the big thrill was being with Morgan at the Playground (Morton Downey was on the same bill). "I wanted to marry Helen," Raft says, "but my wife wouldn't give me a divorce then any more than she will now."

But the Raft-Morgan romance blazed all through the halcyon days of Prohibition. George, then, as now, never touched a drop of liquor. He had merely to look at Morgan and he was ga-ga! She went for him in a big way, too, because he was one of the rightest guys on Broadway. Raft rarely turned anyone down on a "touch" no matter how phony the request. "My friends tell me I'm a sucker for giving five- and ten-buck bills away to every 'chiseler' in town, but I tell those friends that even if I get stuck ninety-nine times out of every 100 touches—the one deserving fellow makes up for all the phonies who may call me a soft touch."

If there are a few people who don't like Raft, they dislike him because of his caustic tongue. Raft is straight-from-the-shoulder. He hates phonies. He detests liars. If he has anything to say about anyone, he does it to his face. Once, when dancing at the Playground Club during Prohibition, the orchestra leader tried to break up Raft's act with a sour note. Despite the jammed house, Raft pitched right into the band stand, battled his way through a maze of twelve sets of fists. "I don't remember all the details of that one," Raft recalls, "but I do know one thing—I won!"

THERE were others in Raft's life, girls from different walks of life; girls from Broadway, Hollywood and the whole wide country in between.

But never once in all the time he's been going out has Raft been so daffy over anyone as he is today over Betty Grable. Even his best friend, Mack Gray, has never seen George this happy. "If I sound screwy when I say this or that girl is the best girl I've ever known, I mean just that," Raft says. "But when I talk of Betty then I'm talking of the very,

very best! I like her because she's really my type. We talk the same language. She's down-to-earth, good fun and a swell sport. Betty doesn't mind if some mug blows some cigar smoke in her eyes at a prize fight. Norma and Virginia had all the class in the world. But Betty's class is different—and I like it. There's no fuss or bother or primping about Betty. She's as comfortable in an old pair of slacks and no make-up at the Brown Derby as she is in evening clothes at the Academy banquet.

"That kid is the dancingest gal in the country," Raft told us. "And that was the first think I liked about her." Raft and Grable only knew each other to say hello in all the time they were at Paramount. He was a big star and she was the stock girl married to Jackie Coogan. "One night," says George, "we went dancing at Ciro's. We had a whale of a time on the dance floor." Some smart producer would be wise to team Raft and Grable in a dance picture, because cafe ringsiders know the couple to be dreamiest, snappiest on any dance floor.

Raft takes Grable to dinner one night, then to the fights; he takes her to dinner the next night and then to the baseball game; he takes her to dinner the next night and then dancing. The romance has grown rapidly, until today they spend every available minute together. If Raft isn't working on the "Manpower" set at Warners, he is over at 20th Century-Fox lunching with Betty.

"Betty is the first girl I ever went out with who could make me laugh," he confides, "and I mean really laugh. When I'm with her I'm completely happy and I don't give a hoot if the whole world topples on my shoulders—as long as she's with me and we're laughing."

Easygoing, good-natured George Raft usually gets what he wants. And he wants Betty Grable. So don't be surprised if one of these days Walter Winchell tells Mr. and Mrs. America—"After many years of separation, the George Rafts (she's the former Grace Mulrooney) will Renovate it."

And if and when that happens, you can make book that the next Mrs. George Raft will be the blonde, dancing Betty Grable.



Three heads are better than two: Norma Shearer is flanked at the Mocambo by handsome heroes Gene Markey and Arthur Hornblow Jr.

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Does he still hold the affection of the public?

Is his lovely lady still as happy as ever at the choice she made?

You have probably asked yourself these and many other questions about the Lindberghs and now you can determine the answers for yourself. In True Story for July is a deeply penetrating article titled "The Mystery of Lindbergh and Anne," which whether you approve or disapprove of Lindbergh, will be more than worth your while to read. Take no chances, get your copy today.

The Spirit of St. Louis

### UNSUNG HEROES

And now another battle of the North Atlantic is being fought, a grim battle in which the fate of a great nation hangs in the balance. In it not one but thousands of heroes are risking and giving their lives. Their heroism goes unsung because to do so would endanger important military secrets.

At last, however, the part played in it by Lyle Withers, sailor son of an English sailor, can be told and is told in a thrilling true novel beginning in True Story for July. Despite its grim surroundings romance plays a heavy role. Titled "Heroes' World" this most unusual story in which a humble sailor lad aspires to the hand of an English noblewoman will grip your imagination and your interest. Begin it today.

### HE WAS BRANDED A COWARD!

Because in a moment of stress he lost his head a woman lost her life. From that day on the brand of coward was upon him. He was a pariah among his fellowmen, ostracised, abandoned even by his wife. Yet there came a day when those who had sneered at him proclaimed him the greatest hero of them all. A true story as odd and compelling as its title, "God's Coattails." Read it today.

### OVERFLOWING WITH HAPPINESS

In these days of weep and the world weeps with you, laugh and you laugh alone, it is a real joy to read a true story filled to overflowing with human happiness. "From This Day Forward" is about a boy, a girl, a mother-in-law and an old, old problem. A battle in which both sides win, it will warm your heart to read it. You will find it among the wealth of absorbing true stories and helpful departments in True Story for July, on sale wherever magazines are sold.

**\* HUMAN NATURE DOES NOT CHANGE** but conditions and influences governing human life change endlessly. Because True Story is written largely by its readers its pages reflect such changes almost as soon as they have taken place. Physically True Story keeps pace. Important changes have been made in the July issue. It has been revitalized, streamlined, modernized into a magazine that will charm you with its appearance, thrill you with its contents. Recognize it by its gorgeous cover in full color. Get your copy today.

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# True Story



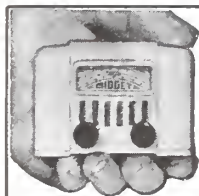
(Continued from page 65)

# IF YOU SUFFER DISTRESS FROM FEMALE WEAKNESS

which makes you **TIRED, NERVOUS**

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percentage of today's women stars—but also the age range where a lot of stars are said to be and are not, being either younger or older, though appearing in similar, vaguely dated roles.

It is a theatrical rule that the longer you have been before the public, the older the public's memory makes you, which is tough on those who did start when they were genuinely young. For this reason, they are already editing the ages of Deanna Durbin, Mickey Rooney and Shirley Temple, but "veterans" like Loretta Young and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. are victims of the natural conclusion of the paying customers that if you have been around for a long while you must be antique. It seems a little fabulous that you can have been in pictures for eighteen years, as young Doug has, and still be only thirty, but that is true; or fifteen years, as Loretta has (if you count her service from the time she signed her first long-term contract with what was then First National pictures and is now Warner Brothers and ignore her actual childhood appearances) and still have that thirtieth milestone ahead of you.

**SHIRLEY TEMPLE** is only a year older than publicized, having been born in 1928 rather than 1929, and Deanna Durbin is only two years older than registered, having been born in 1920. These "professional fibs" are harmless enough deceptions, but the case of years vs. Mickey Rooney is practically a tragedy. This is because of Mickey's shortness, which would seem to limit him to playing adolescents exclusively. *Andy Hardy*, Mickey's masterpiece and meal ticket, is airily indicated as being around seventeen or eighteen. Mickey is more than a bit past twenty. Can Mickey manage to ride over the space that is bound to widen between the youth of *Andy Hardy* and Mickey's real age?

Casting, as in Mickey's case, has a lot to do with making stars seem older or younger than their real years. Tyrone Power, still in his twenties, seems, through absolutely venerable casting, to be fifteen years older than Mickey and reversely, until he made the error of playing a mere strip of a poet in "If I Were King" in 1939, Ronnie Colman managed to convey the impression that he was still a gay blade, even though he is so close to fifty that it hurts. The draft board's revealing that he was thirty-two dispelled the impression Jimmy Stewart always gave of not being dry behind the ears, leaving Gary Cooper triumphant in appearing gangling, shy and bewildered, despite his first picture having been made in 1926 and his better than forty birthdays. And in this gents' department, let it be said that male actors are just as coy as females in revealing the starting date of their lives, though occasionally an honest one to match Miss Colbert pops up. One of these is Clark Gable.

This little episode took place several years ago, just after Clark had clicked at M-G-M. He was learning to ride and mighty proud of it and he took an interviewer along one day to watch him among the horses. It so happened that the riding academy brought out a very tall mount that day and Clark jumped on its back so effortlessly that he was justifiably boastful about it.

"Not bad for a guy of thirty-one, am I?" he asked, grinning.

"Wonderful," sighed the interviewer, who was a woman, anyway.

"Not even bad for a guy of thirty-five, which is what I actually am," said Big Ears, making the poor dame's heart crack wide open with desire.

Children are like roles, either aging or youthifying, and many a press agent has had many a sleepless night because of them. It was all fine and dandy when a gray-haired, bald guy like Guy Kibbee suddenly became a father to his first-born about six years ago and thus is temporarily bracketed in the public mind with a genuinely young father like Bob Young, but it's brutal when a fellow like Power turns out to have an in-the-teens stepdaughter or even when a young woman like Joan Bennett has to present tall, beautiful Diana Markey (nee Fox) as her own thirteen-year-old. Joan honestly was that story almost all professional mothers tell, a mere sixteen when this first-born made her debut into existence.

**SOMETIMES**, as in the cases of Marlene Dietrich and Walter Pidgeon, it is the studio rather than the player who tries to hide the second generation to do away with those age-betrayers. Back in the days when Marlene was still Paramount glamour girl, she kept on talking about her "baby," despite all press department caution to the contrary.

The next year, when she returned from her annual trip abroad, she brought "Baby" with her. Imagine Paramount's horror, when "Baby" turned out to be the beautiful but very leggy and decidedly close-to-the-teens Maria Sieber. The poor guy from the Paramount press department who was assigned to see that the reporters and Marlene discovered each other at the dock had to spend all his time hiding the bewildered Maria behind funnels, deck chairs and passing throngs.

Somewhat similar and equally deliberate is the thick shadow M-G-M throws over the daughter of Walter Pidgeon, a grand girl whose only crime is that she is a young woman rather than a child, though it must be said in Walter's favor that this hiding is none of his doing. He's proud of his girl, just as he is proud of his World War record, even though both of them serve as tip-offs to the fact that he's long since waved good-by to forty.

**BUT** when it comes to the stories of years, one of Hollywood's favorites concerns the two character actresses who met each other on Vine Street one day recently. Here they must be nameless, since they are both still prominent in pictures, but suffice it to say they are now at the stage where it makes a better story to add to the number of their years rather than to subtract.

On this occasion they ran into one another while shopping and fell upon each other with glad cries, started reminiscing and reminding one another of this happening and that.

"To think," said the one of them, "that we two, once the toasts of Broadway, are now sixty."

"Sixty?" snorted the other, drawing herself to her full height. "You know perfectly well we are eighty."

A casting director who was passing by grinned at both of them. He happened to have a long memory and he knew that they were both seventy-one.

Which makes age in Hollywood, as age in any place, a matter that is dependent upon the point of view and upon who is doing the looking.



## Casts of Current Pictures

"CITIZEN KANE"—RKO-Radio. Original screen play by Herman J. Mankiewicz and Orson Welles. Directed by Orson Welles. Cast: *Jedediah Leland*, Joseph Cotten; *Susan Alexander*, Dorothy Comingore; *Mr. Bernstein*, Everett Sloane; *Jim W. Gettys*, Ray Collins; *Walter P. Thatcher*, George Coulouris; *Mrs. Kane*, Agnes Moorehead; *Raymond*, Paul Stewart; *Emily Norton*, Ruth Warrick; *Mr. Carter*, Erskine Sanford; *Thompson*, William Alland; *Matiste*, Fortunio Bononova; *The headwaiter*, Gus Schilling; *Mr. Ravelston*, Philip Van Zandt; *Miss Anderson*, Georgia Backus; *Kane's father*, Harry Shannon; *Kane III*, Sonny Bupp; *Kane*, age eight, Buddy Swan; *Kane*, Orson Welles.

"COWBOY AND THE BLONDE, THE"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Walter Bullock. Original story by Walter Bullock and William Brent. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: *Crystal Wayne*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Lank Garrett*, George Montgomery; *Phineas Johnson*, Alan Mowbray; *Don Courtney*, Robert Conway; *Bob Roycroft*, John Miljan; *Gilbert*, Richard Lane; *Mr. Gregory*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Murphy*, Minerva Urecal; *Skeeter*, Fuzzy Knight; *Melvyn*, George O'Hara; *Maybelle*, Monica Bannister; *Franklin*, William Halligan.

"DEVIL AND MISS JONES, THE"—RKO-Radio. Original screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Sam Wood. Cast: *Mary*, Jean Arthur; *Joe*, Robert Cummings; *Merrick*, Charles Coburn; *Hooper*, Edmund Gwenn; *Elizabeth*, Spring Byington; *George*, S. Z. Sakall; *First Detective*, William Demarest; *Allison*, Walter Kingsford; *Harrison*, Montagu Love; *Oliver*, Richard Carle; *Needles*, Charles Waldron; *Withers*, Edwin Maxwell; *Police Sergeant*, Edward McNamara; *Tom Higgins*, Robert Emmett Keane.

"FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS, THE"—Universal. Original screen play by Norman Krasna. Directed by Rene Clair. Cast: *Claire*, Marlene Dietrich; *Robert*, Bruce Cabot; *Grand*, Roland Young; *Zolotov*, Mischa Auer; *First Sailor*, Andy Devine; *Second Sailor*, Frank Jenks; *Third Sailor*, Eddie Quillan; *Auntie*, Laura Hope Crews; *Belows*, Franklin Pangborn; *Clementine*, Theresa Harris; *Samuel*, Clarence Muse; *Brother-in-law*, Melville Cooper; *Sister*, Anne Revere; *William*, Bob Evans; *Cousin*, Emily Fitzroy; *Cousin*, Virginia Sale; *Cousin*, Dorothy Adams; *Opera Singers*, Gitta Alpar, Anthony Marlowe.

"FOOTLIGHT FEVER"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Ian Hunter and Bert Granet. Original story by Bert Granet. Directed by Irving Reis. Cast: *Don Avery*, Alan Mowbray; *Jeff Crandall*, Donald MacBride; *Eileen Drake*, Elyse Knox; *Aunt Hattie*, Elisabeth Risdon; *John Carter*, Lee Bonnell; *Spike Morgan*, Charles Quigley; *Imogene*, Georgia Backus; *Harvey Parker*, Bradley Page; *Willie*, Mantan Moreland; *Holly*, Chester Clute; *Miss Hughes*, Jane Patten.

"GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST, THE"—20th Century-Fox. Original screen play by Don Ettlinger and Edwin Blum, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: *Vicki Adams*, Alice Faye; *Chuck Hadley*, Jack Oakie; *Rix Martin*, John Payne; *Bruce Chadwick*, Cesar Romero; *Secretary*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Singer*, James Newill; *Specialties*, The Four Ink Spots; *Nicholas Brothers*, Wiere Brothers; *Madame Rinaldi*, Eula Morgan; *Foreman*, William Pawley; *Justice of the Peace*, Lucien Littlefield; *Pianist*, Edward Conrad; *Announcers*, Gary Breckner, Mike Frankovich, John Hiestand; *Jimmy*, Eddie Acuff; *Jennie*, Mildred Gover; *Farmer*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Brakeman*, Syd Saylor; *Headwaiter*, Eddie Kane; *Mr. Porter*, William Halligan; *Shampoo Sam*, Harry Seymour; *Counter Man*, Frank Orth; *Doorman*, Herbert Heywood.

"GREAT LIE, THE"—Warners. Screen play by Lenore Coffee. From the novel by Polan Banks. Directed by Edmund Goulding. Cast: *Maaggie*, Bette Davis; *Peter*, George Brent; *Sandra*, Mary Astor; *Aunt Ada*, Lucile Watson; *Violet*, Hattie McDaniel; *Jefferson*, Sam McDaniel; *Joshua Mason*, Grant Mitchell; *Col. Harriston*, Russell Hicks; *Worthington James*, Thurston Hall; *Senator*, Charles Trowbridge; *Jock Thompson*, Jerome Cowan; *Maid*, Doris Lloyd.

"LADY FROM CHEYENNE, THE"—Universal. Screen play by Catherine Scola and Warren Duff. Original story by Jonathan Finn and Theresa Oaks. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Cast: *Annie Morgan*, Loretta Young; *Stephen Lewis*, Robert Preston; *Jim Cork*, Edward Arnold; *Elsie*, Gladys George; *Hank Freeman*, Frank Craven; *Mrs. McGunness*, Jessie Ralph; *George*, Willie Best; *Stever*, Stanley Fields.

"LAS VEGAS NIGHTS"—Paramount. Original screen play by Ernest Pagano and Harry Clark. Directed by Ralph Murphy. Cast: *Bill Stevens*, Phil Regan; *Stu Grant*, Bert Wheeler; *Norma Jennings*, Constance Moore; *Mildred Jennings*, Lillian Cornell; *Patsy Lynch*, Virginia Dale; *Katy*, Betty Brewer; *Hank Bevis*, Hank Ladd; and Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra.

(Continued on page 101)



I'll Show You How to—

# Reduce By Inches

Says Sylvia of Hollywood

If you are overweight, don't take drastic, harmful measures to lose ugly, cumbersome fat. It is dangerous to use damaging medicines or de vitalizing diets in order to reduce superfluous weight. Nor is it necessary to exhaust yourself by faulty and hit-or-miss exercises that merely deplete your energy. But there is a way to reduce and reduce safely! That way is *The Common Sense Way*.

There is no magic about *The Common Sense Way* to an alluring figure. But if you follow suggestions Sylvia of Hollywood has for you in her book *No More Alibis* you may, perhaps, challenge the beauty of the loveliest movie star!

In this amazing book Sylvia tells you how to lose those unnecessary pounds—and lose them safely. You won't have a drawn, flabby face. You won't feel half starved and you won't feel weak. In ten days you'll have new life and vitality. You will see the texture and tone of your skin improve. You will have an alert mind and your eyes will be clear and sparkling. And best of all you will see daily improvement in your figure.

In *No More Alibis* the author tells you how she helped many of Hollywood's brightest stars with their figure problems. She names names—tells you how she developed this star's legs—how she reduced that star's waistline—how she helped another star to achieve a beautiful figure!

Just picture how beautiful you would look if your hips were not so broad . . . if your legs were not so heavy . . . if your ankles were not so thick . . . if your weight were 20 to 30 pounds less! It's easy to see how beautiful you would be if you could change your figure faults. Well, *No More Alibis* tells you exactly how you can correct your figure faults . . . how you can mold your body into beautiful, alluring proportions.

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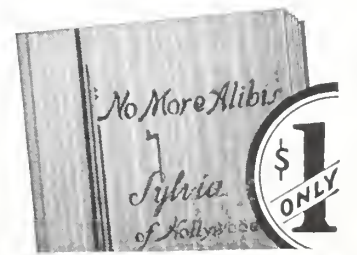
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# Introducing

## Miss Summer Miss Simmer ...and Miss Dietrich



**S**HE'S Beauty in July; in the midst of ever-rising temperatures, a calm, cool, collected lady who looks the way you long to feel when "cool" is just a word in the dictionary. Probably because . . .

She always uses bubble baths in hot weather for their luxurious cool-as-a-cucumber effect.

She wraps her bath towel in paper and cools it in the ice chest.

She keeps her cologne—a lovely light scent—in the ice chest too, and sprays her whole body, with an atomizer, directly after her bath.

She cleanses her face carefully, using a different cleansing tissue for each section so she won't grind the dirt into her skin; then she gives her face a new outlook on life by saturating tissues with a cooling skin freshener and bathing face and neck.

Sometimes she likes to use a liquid foundation because it keeps her skin from that moist summer-sun feeling and, most important of all, is a dewy fresh base for make-up.

She keeps a box of cleansing tissues in a handy drawer and every hour or so she saturates a tissue with cologne and dabs it on her face, wrists, neck; whereupon she feels and looks as if she didn't know the thermometer stood at 94.

She does a thorough job of making over her face just twice as many times as she would on a winter day.

She's the girl who makes you think of Christmas in July.

**S**HE'S Beauty bedraggled, and a worse sight you couldn't find on any summer day. Her hair is straggly, her eyes are dull, her whole attitude says, "It's a scorcher." Just looking at her you can feel the mercury rising. That's because . . .

She puts her heavy winter perfume on her crisp organdy and wonders why the air always seems a little heavy.

She just lets her hair hang, because brushing is such an effort in hot weather, not remembering that she can rid her locks of heavy dirt and oil easily just by wrapping tissues dampened in cologne over her hairbrush and brushing gently.

She comes in from a week end looking sunburned and miserable and when you wonder why she lets herself get that way she says, "I can't look pale in summer! I just have to get a tan and this is what I have to go through for that." She never caught on to that marvelous trick of sun tan that comes right out of a bottle, a liquid make-up that gives you a lovely even tan and is the boon of all fair-skinned sisters.

She counts sheep all through a hot summer night instead of giving herself a cooler than cool rubdown with rubbing alcohol before going to bed. It reduces body temperature in two seconds, any doctor will tell you that.

She's the girl that makes you wonder if you wouldn't rather live in Alaska, anyway.

**S**HE'S the girl who upset the Hollywood glamour applegart.

She's the girl, too, who shines so triumphantly in her new "best yet," a film called "Manpower."

She is Marlene Dietrich, who knows her business. She looks the way every woman should look. Probably because of this idea of hers:

"For any woman young or old," she says, "make-up is her success or her defeat. If she uses it well, she does much for herself; if she uses it badly—oh, but that is such a pity, because it need not be. If she doesn't use it at all—but what can you do with a woman like that?"

"I have success with make-up because I work for it. Where do I begin? It is like this . . . very simple. Sit yourself before a stern mirror, pull your hair back, and look. Look a long time. See what is the most arresting feature of your face. For me, I exaggerate my cheeks. I use a darker foundation cream and darker powder just under my cheekbones. I exaggerate my eyebrows, too. But do not copy what I do unless you resemble me.

"Also, I use mascara on the outer, upper lashes of the eye and that is really good for many women—it makes the eyes appear longer.

"I think, too, it is helpful to study photographs of yourself.

"It is true that we motion-picture people have opportunity to study our own 'camera angles,' but I do not see why others should not do the same."

**BY GLORIA MACK**



(Continued from page 99)

"MAJOR BARBARA"—Pascal-U.A. Scenario and dialogue by George Bernard Shaw. Directed by Gabriel Pascal. Cast: *Major Barbara Under-shaft*, Wendy Hiller; *Adolphus Cusins*, Rex Har-rison; *Andrew Undershaft*, Robert Morley; *Bill Walker*, Robert Newton; *Snobby Price*, Emyln Williams; *Mrs. Baines*, Sybil Thorndike; *Jenny Hill*, Deborah Kerr; *Lomax*, David Tree; *Sarah*, Penelope Dudley-Ward; *Lady Britomart*, Marie Lohr.

"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"—M-G-M. Original screen play by James K. McGuinness. Directed by Norman Taurog. Cast: *Father Edward J. Flana-gan*, Spencer Tracy; *Whitey Marsh*, Mickey Rooney; *Pee-wee*, Bobs Watson; *Ted Martley*, Larry Nunn; *Flip*, Darryl Hickman; *Mr. Maitland*, Henry O'Neill; *Mrs. Maitland*, Mary Nash; *Dave Morris*, Lee J. Cobb; *Mo Kahn*, Sidney Miller; *The Judge*, Addison Richards.

"MODEL WIFE"—Universal. Screen play by Charles Kaufman, Horace Jackson and Grant Gar-rett. Original story by Leigh Jason. Directed by Leigh Jason. Cast: *Joan Keating Chambers*, Joan Blondell; *Fred Chambers*, Dick Powell; *Mr. Milo Everett*, Charlie Ruggles; *Ralph Benson*, Lee Bowman; *J. J. Benson*, Lucile Watson; *Mrs. Milo Everett*, Ruth Donnelly; *Dominick*, Billy Gilbert; *Janitor*, John Qualen; *Jitterbug*, Lorraine Krue-ger; *Jitterbug*, Glen Turnbull.

"PENNY SERENADE"—Columbia. Screen play by Morris Ryskind. Story by Martha Cheavens. Directed by George Stevens. Cast: *Julie Gardiner*, Irene Dunne; *Roger Adams*, Cary Grant; *Miss Oliver*, Beulah Bondi; *Applejack*, Edgar Buchanan; *Dotty*, Ann Doran; *Trina*, age 6, Eva Lee Kuney; *Doctor Hartley*, Leonard Willey; *Judge*, Wallis Clark; *Billings*, Walter Soderling; *Trina*, age one, Baby Biffie.

"POT O'GOLD"—James Roosevelt-U. A. Screen play by Walter De Leon. From an idea by Haydn Roth Evans and Robert Brilmayer. Story by Andrew Bennis and Monte Brice. Directed by George Marshall. Cast: *Jimmy Haskell*, James Stewart; *Molly McCorkle*, Paulette Goddard; *Horace Heidt*, Horace Heidt; *C. J. Haskell*, Charles Winninger; *Ma McCorkle*, Mary Gordon; *Jasper*, Frank Melton; *Mr. Loxderman*, Jed Prouty; *Willie McCorkle*, Dick Hogan; *Lt. Grady*, James Burke; *Parks*, Charlie Arnt; *Donna McCorkle*, Donna Wood; *Larry Cotton*, Larry Cotton; *Samson*, Henry Rockquemore; *Chalmers*, William Gould; *Judge Murray*, Aldrich Bowker.

"POWER DIVE"—Paramount. Screen play by Maxwell Shane and Edward Churchill. Based on a story by Paul Franklin. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Brad Faryell*, Richard Arlen; *Carol Blake*, Jean Parker; *Mrs. Coles*, Helen Mack; *Dan McMasters*, Roger Pryor; *Doug Faryell*, Don Castle; *Squid Watkins*, Cliff Edwards; *Brad Coles*, Jr., Billy Lee; *Professor Blake*, Thomas Ross; *Johnny Coles*, Louis Jean Heydt.

"REACHING FOR THE SUN"—Paramount. Screen play by W. L. River. Based on a story by Wessel Smitter. Directed by William A. Well-man. Cast: *Russ Eliot*, Joel McCrea; *Rita*, Ellen Drew; *Benny Hogan*, Eddie Bracken; *Herman*, Albert Dekker; *Amos*, Billy Gilbert; *Rita's Mother*, Bodil Ann Rosing; *Norm*, James Burke; *Johnson*, Charles D. Brown; *Little Benny*, Michael Duggan; *Interne*, Regis Toomey; *Front Office Man*, Hohart Cavanaugh; *Truck Driver*, Charles Williams; *Nurse*, Nella Walker; *Percy Shelley*, Warren Hy-mer; *Butch Szoboda*, Billy Fletcher.

"REPENT AT LEISURE"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Jerry Cady. From an original story by James Gow and Arnaud D'Usseau. Di-rected by Frank Woodruff. Cast: *Emily Baldwin*, Wendy Barrie; *Richard Hughes*, Kent Taylor; *Prince Paul*, Rafael Storm; *R. C. Baldwin*, George Barhier; *Mrs. Baldwin*, Nella Walker; *Jay Buck-ingham*, Thurston Hall; *Mr. Morgan*, Charles Lane; *Mrs. Morgan*, Cecil Cunningham; *Miss Flynn*, Ruth Dietrich; *Rufe*, "Snowflake" Toones.

"RIDE ON VAQUERO"—20th Century-Fox. Original screen play by Samuel G. Engel. Suggested by the character the "Cisco Kid" created by William Sydney Porter. Directed by Herbert I. Leeds. Cast: *Cisco Kid*, Cesar Romero; *Sally*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Marguerita*, Lynne Roberts; *Gordito*, Chris-Pin Martin; *Carlos*, Robert Lowery; *Watch-man*, Ben Carter; *Barney*, William Demarest; *Cavalry Officer*, Robert Shaw; *Clark*, Edwin Max-well; *Sleepy*, Paul Sutton; *Redge*, Don Costello; *Sheriff*, Arthur Hohl; *Baldy*, Irving Bacon; *Curly*, Dick Rich; *Colonel*, Paul Harvey; *Dolores*, Joan Woodhury.

"SCOTLAND YARD"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Samuel G. Engel and John Balder-ston. Based on the play by Denison Clift. Directed by Norman Foster. Cast: *Lady Sandra Lasher*, Nancy Kelly; *Inspector Cork*, Edmund Gwenn; *Sir John Lasher*, John Loder; *Dakin Barrolles*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Dr. Crownfield*, Melville Cooper; *Sir Clive Heathcote*, Gilbert Emery; *Lady Heath-cote*, Norma Varden; *Henderson*, Leyland Hodgson; *Hugh Burnside*, Lionel Pape; *Lady Constance*, Lillian Bond; *Craven*, Leo Carroll; *Kinch*, Frank Dawson; *Tony*, Eugene Borden; *Pickering*, Ed-ward Fielding; *Jeffries*, Robert De Bruce; *Scott-Bishop*, Denis Green; *Cockney*, Jimmy Aubrey; *Lorry Driver*, Yorke Sherwood; *Dr. Gilbert*, Les-ter Matthews; *Miss Harcourt*, Doris Lloyd.

"THEY DARE NOT LOVE"—Columbia. Screen play by Charles Bennett and Ernest Vajda. Original story by James Edward Grant. Directed by James Whale. Cast: *Prince Kurt von Roten-burg*, George Brent; *Marta Keller*, Martha Scott; *Baron von Helsing*, Paul Lukas; *Professor Keller*, Egon Brecher; *Baron Shafter*, Roman Bohnen; *Captain Wilhelm Ehrhardt*, Edgar Barrier; *Bar-bara Murdoch*, Kay Linaker; *Captain*, Frank Reicher.

"VERY YOUNG LADY, A"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Ladislav Fodor and Elaine Ryan. From a play by Ladislav Fodor. Directed by Harold Schuster. Cast: *Kitty Russell*, Jane Withers; *Alice Carter*, Nancy Kelly; *Dr. More-dith*, John Sutton; *Miss Steele*, Janet Beecher; *Tom Brighton*, Richard Clayton; *Madge*, June Car-son; *Brixton*, Charles Halton; *Professor Stark-weather*, Cecil Kellaway; *Susie*, Marilyn Kinsley; *Linda*, JoAnn Ransom; *Jean*, Catherine Henderson; *Sarah*, Lucita Ham; *Beth*, June Horne.

"WOMAN'S FACE, A"—M-G-M. Screen play by Donald Ogden Stewart and Elliot Paul. From the play "Il Etait Une Fois" by Francis de Croisset. Directed by George Cukor. Cast: *Anna Holm*, Joan Crawford; *Dr. Gustaf Segert*, Melvyn Doug-las; *Torsten Barring*, Conrad Veidt; *Fera Segert*, Osa Massen; *Bernard Daltrik*, Reginald Owen; *Consul Magnus Barring*, Albert Bassermann; *Emma Kristiansdotter*, Marjorie Main; *Herman Rund-zik*, Donald Meek; *Christina Daltrik*, Connie Gil-christ; *Lars-Erik*, Richard Nichols; *Eric*, Charles Quigley; *Gusta*, Gwili Andre; *Wickman*, Clifford Brooke; *Defense Attorney*, George Zucco; *Judge*, Henry Kolker; *Associate Judge*, Robert Warwick; *Associate Judge*, Gilbert Emery; *Public Prosecutor*, Henry Daniell; *Police Matron*, Sarah Padden; *Court Attendant*, William Farnum.

"WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT, THE"—Warners. Screen play by Fred Niblo Jr. and Barry Trivers. Suggested by a story by Francis Wallace. Directed by Ray Enright. Cast: *Nick Coster*, Humphrey Bogart; *Flo Lorraine*, Sylvia Sidney; *Matt Varney*, Eddie Albert; *Mary Coster*, Joan Leslie; *Hoffman The Great*, Sig Rumann; *Doc*, Cliff Clark; *Snapper*, Charley Fox; *Tex*, Frank Wil-cox; *Arch*, John Ridgely; *Mrs. Williams*, Clara Blandick; *Mr. Williams*, Aldrich Bowker; *Gus*, Garry Owen; *Bundy*, Jack Mower; *Wally*, Frank Mayo.

"WASHINGTON MELODRAMA"—M-G-M. Screen play by Marion Parsonnet and Roy Chan-slor. Based on a play by L. du Rocher MacPherson. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: *Calvin Clay-more*, Frank Morgan; *Laurie Claymore*, Ani Rutherford; *Hal Thorne*, Kent Taylor; *Whitney King*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Ronnie Colton*, Lee Bow-man; *Mrs. Claymore*, Fay Holden; *Teddy Carlyle*, Virginia Grey; *Mary Morgan*, Anne Gwynne; *Mrs. Harrigan*, Sara Haden; *Parry*, Olaf Hytten; *Don-nelly*, Douglas Dumbrille; *Simpson*, Cliff Clark; *Logan*, Hal K. Dawson; *Senator Morton*, Thurston Hall; *Phil Sampson*, Joseph Crehan; *Dean Lawford*, Frederick Burton; *Bishop Chatterton*, Howard Hickman; *Mrs. Curzon*, Virginia Brissac.

"ZIEGFELD GIRL"—M-G-M. Screen play by Marguerite Roberts and Sonya Levien. Original story by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: *Gilbert Young*, James Stewart; *Susan Gallagher*, Judy Garland; *Sandra Kolter*, Hedy Lamarr; *Sheila Regan*, Lana Turner; *Frank Merton*, Tony Martin; *Jerry Regan*, Jackie Cooper; *Geoffrey Collis*, Ian Hunter; *"Pop" Gal-lagher*, Charles Winninger; *Noble Sage*, Edward Everett Horton; *Franz Kolter*, Philip Dorn; *John Slayton*, Paul Kelly; *Patsy Dixon*, Eve Arden; *Jimmy Walters*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Al*, Al Shean; *Mrs. Regan*, Fay Holden; *Mischa*, Felix Bressart; *Mrs. Merton*, Rose Hobart; *Nick Capalini*, Bernard Nedell; *Mr. Regan*, Ed McNamara; *Jenny*, Mae Busch; *Annie*, Renie Riano; *Perkins*, Josephine Whittell; *Native Dancer*, Sergio Orta.

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# FOR YOUR COOL CAMPAIGN

Recommended to you by Judy,  
the cereal-conscious Canova

BY ANN HAMILTON

EVERY once in a while it seems to me that the Hollywood publicity writers need a shot of Vitamin B-1 in their typewriters. A new face appears on the screen and right away we're flooded with stories about said new face and then little Miss New Star has her hands full trying to live up to—or live down—the reports.

Well, Hollywood's new young star, Judy Canova, will never have to worry about that. Judy is nobody's overnight discovery—she's been in there plugging since she was twelve.

She began her career by going on the radio and her hillbilly style of singing—it's essentially Judy's own and once you've heard it you won't accept any substitutes—was just about the most laugh-making thing that had ever happened to the air waves. That success would have been enough for most youngsters—but Judy, even at that age, was different. Instead of going to her head, success went to her feet; result, she worked like the little trouser she is at dancing lessons (there's nothing hillbilly about the Canova dancing technique) and singing lessons.

First thing she knew she was singing in New York night clubs and making vaudeville tours and literally slaying the customers. She went to England, too, and those staid English loved her.

On her return, Broadway became Canova-conscious through the hilarious hillbilly musical comedy, "Yokel Boy," with the lanky Buddy Ebsen. Then along came Republic and the picture "Scatter-brain." It was right up Judy's alley—and as a result of the drumbeating it rated Judy is going places very, very fast. Republic didn't lose any time about putting her into "Sis Hopkins," in which she played the title role, the same role which Mabel Normand had played when Judy was in pigtails. This picture was a riot and Judy was riotous.

Since she is a Southerner it isn't surprising that Judy has a gourmet's ideas

on food. More than that, stored away under that dark hair is information about what is good, what is good for us and how to prepare it.

"The most important thing about food," she told me while we were lunching at the Republic commissary a few days ago, "is eating the right thing at the right time. Like this," she indicated the bowl of crisp puffed cereal, served with sugar and milk—a favorite combination of hers—which she was eating.

"Cold cereals," she went on, "are good for breakfast, of course, but fine for a pickup when something heavier wouldn't be so good. I found that out when touring in vaudeville and also here when making a picture. Cereals give energy with no hangover of 'too well fed' feeling to interfere with work the rest of the afternoon or evening. And did you ever," she added, "use 'em in candy? Wonderful!"

Just to prove to you that Judy is right, here is her own recipe for puff balls.

#### PUFF BALLS

1 cup corn syrup  
1 cup sugar  
2 tbs. vinegar  
2 tbs. butter  
½ tsp. vanilla extract  
4 cups puffed cereal

Boil together syrup, sugar and vinegar until a drop of the liquid poured into cold water will form a brittle thread (265 to 270 degrees F.). Remove from heat, cool two to three minutes, then add butter and vanilla. Pour mixture onto puffed cereal, mix well and as soon as it is cool enough to handle roll into small balls. Place on waxed paper until hard.

Even in summertime we need hot dishes, but they must be light as well as nourishing, a combination which is easily achieved by serving lamb croquettes on pineapple slices.

#### LAMB CROQUETTES

½ cup chopped celery  
1 cup milk  
1 cup cold cereal  
2 cups roast lamb, chopped fine  
½ tsp. salt  
1 egg  
8 slices pineapple

Simmer celery in milk for three minutes. Remove from heat, add cereal, lamb and salt and mix thoroughly, then add egg which has been beaten lightly. Form into eight croquettes, using additional cereal if mixture is too moist to handle easily. Roll croquettes in crushed cold cereal, then dip into beaten egg to which has been added one tablespoon of pineapple juice, then roll in crushed cereal again. Arrange pineapple slices in shallow buttered casserole, top each slice with a croquette and bake in moderate oven (375 degrees F.) until golden brown. Serve with sauce made by cooking together over low flame one tablespoon flour, one teaspoon butter and one cup pineapple juice.

Another recipe which is a favorite of Judy's—and will be one of yours, too, as soon as you've tried it—is biscuit tortoni made with cold cereal.

#### BISCUIT TORTONI

2 egg yolks  
6 tbs. powdered sugar  
½ tsp. almond extract  
1½ cups cream, whipped  
½ cup crushed cold cereal

Beat egg yolks lightly, add sugar, almond extract and half the crushed cereal. Whip cream and fold into first mixture. Pour into small paper cups and sprinkle remaining crushed cereal on top. Place in freezing tray of automatic refrigerator until firm, about three hours.



# Out of Henry Fonda's Attic

(Continued from page 63)

St. Paul. Grandfather Jaynes, for whom Henry had been named, did much to encourage Henry in his first groping efforts to express himself and guaranteed a reward of ten cents for every letter Henry wrote him.

Grandfather Jaynes himself was something of a poet and many of his letters to Henry were in verse, a hobby Henry was quick to imitate. Long letters in rhyme, profusely illustrated with crayon sketches of the subjects touched upon, passed between the two. One of the drawings Henry sent his grandfather which brought the warmest praise was a sketch of ex-President William Howard Taft.

When Henry was twelve years old, he was a Boy Scout usher in the auditorium at some civic event which was addressed by the former President. All through the distinguished visitor's speech, Henry sat in the first row industriously sketching Mr. Taft. When the former President had finished his address, Henry climbed up on the platform and joined the dignitaries crowding around the guest of honor. Henry was the only boy on the platform. Mr. Taft noticed him and called him to his side and, on being shown the pencilled sketch, complimented Henry and autographed it for him.

**S**HYNESS was a word that just wasn't in Henry's vocabulary or make-up. Bob Ellick, one of his boyhood cronies, tells an amusing story of how Henry and he were riding on a trolley car one day when two quite elderly ladies got aboard and took seats directly opposite the boys. The women looked so much alike that Henry ventured a guess they were twins.

Bob was doubtful. Somehow the idea of twins seemed reserved for little girls with identical hair ribbon bows. A whispered but heated argument developed. To settle it, Henry suddenly jumped to his feet and walked over to the elderly ladies, who, Bob recounts, were at least sixty years old.

"Say," demanded Henry, "are you two girls twins?"

At this flattering designation of "girls," the two ladies giggled delightedly and announced they were indeed sisters the same age. So pleased were they at Henry's discounting their grey hairs in his salutation, they launched into a long family history that lasted until the end of the line, several stops beyond their usual point of alighting, Henry and Bob suspected.

In fact, nerve was Henry's strongest suit. It was Henry who always was first to dive from the highest board at the swimming holes, Henry who was given the meanest mannered pony to ride, Henry who tested the rafters in that exciting pastime of investigating buildings under construction.

There were four or five families, all with children about the same age, who lived in our immediate neighborhood and Henry was accepted as the leader of the "gang," if it might be called that. It was Henry who organized our backyard circuses and, dressed in the high silk hat and long coat of the ringmaster, directed the ambitious acrobatics performed on clothes poles by the rest of us.

That happy faculty of being able to organize and direct games was to stand Henry in good stead later on, for at the University of Minnesota he helped earn his tuition by acting as a resident director of Unity House, a boys' settlement house in Minneapolis. But even at college, Henry steered shy of any theatri-

cals that involved anything more professional in setting than a back-yard lawn.

In his freshman year he was approached by the director of the "Masquers," the college undergraduate dramatic organization, and asked to try out for a part. "I st-t-t-uh-uh-stutter," glibly fibbed Henry and thereafter his extracurricular activities at Minnesota were confined to an occasional drawing for the college paper and his exacting duties teaching wood carving, scouting and basketball to the youngsters at Unity House.

It was the summer of his second year at Minnesota that the incident occurred which was to change the whole course of Henry's life.

One of Mother's friends was Mrs. Sam Burns, a director in the Omaha Community Playhouse, the "Little Theater" group in Omaha. A week before the scheduled opening of the Philip Barry play, "You and I," the juvenile lead fell ill. Mrs. Burns prevailed upon Mother to send Henry down to the Playhouse and he, thinking the job they wanted him to do was something like painting scenery, reported at a rehearsal to find the whole cast waiting for him to read lines with them.

Henry declares he was so nervous he could hardly find his voice, but he managed to get through the first rehearsal and by opening night was taking the whole thing in his stride and waving his arms about in gestures that, if not eloquent, were at least energetic.

With the first layer of grease paint, Henry succumbed to the spell of the footlights and the land of make-believe. For the rest of the summer he spent all his spare time, away from his odd jobs as telephone "trouble shooter" and garage helper, at the Playhouse. He designed and painted sets, he helped with the costumes and played everything from walk-ons to leads.

When college reopened, Henry decided to stay in Omaha and go on with the Playhouse and by the end of the year he had been made assistant director of the company at a salary of \$100 a month.

He remained with the Playhouse three seasons, with a three-month interlude during which he toured vaudeville houses of the Middle West in an act with George Billings, the famous impersonator of Lincoln. It was in his Playhouse days that Henry was involved in two pranks that are still remembered in Omaha.

Shortly after his flight to Paris, Lindbergh came to Omaha and was honored by a parade and a celebration. Visiting Harriet at the time was a boy from Wisconsin, tall, blonde and very closely resembling Lindbergh.

Henry had an old ramshackle jalopy. He let down the homemade top in back to form a raised seat on which he placed Harriet's friend and, just as the crowds were gathering on Dodge Street to greet the famous flyer, Henry and this tow-headed Wisconsin boy drove down the line of march, bowing and waving and acknowledging the cheers of the eager public.

If memory is not remiss, Henry even stopped at one point and mounted the back seat beside his guest to give a glowing speech extolling the virtues of the Lone Eagle.

The other episode also concerned an early-vintage car.

At a picnic in Valley, a little town in Nebraska near Omaha, at which Harriet and Lida Whitmore entertained some

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Treasure from the Fonda attic is this family snapshot for which Henry, Mrs. Fonda, Harriet, Jayne and Mr. Fonda struck a parlor pose in their Omaha house

twenty-five or thirty young boys and girls, Henry organized an impromptu funeral procession for a mythical "Mr. Jones."

From the running board of an old car, followed by the rest of us in other machines, Henry set up a doleful dirge that "Jones is dead." From the other cars came a mournful echo, "Oh, no! Say it isn't so!"

"Yes, by gory, Jones is dead!" Henry shouted to a startled populace of peaceful Valley who, unable to determine whether this was one of those strange Irish wakes they had read about, or merely a noisy bunch of youngsters, summoned the town constable.

Henry and two or three other boys were arrested and languished in jail for several hours until parents summoned from Omaha bailed them out with promises to the town magistrate that fitting punishment would be meted out at home.

Although he was an excellent dancer and popular with the girls, it was not until he had gone East to storm the citadels of Broadway that Henry was what you would call much of a ladies' man. All through high school, and his years at the Community Playhouse, his dates were more scattered than serious.

In fact, often it was one of us that Henry squired to high-school dances. These events were always preceded by a formal invitation with Henry using the downstairs phone and one of us answering on the upstairs phone, while he very stiffly asked if Miss Fonda would do him the honor of accompanying him to whatever function it was.

FROM the University Players Guild at Falmouth, on Cape Cod, where Henry spent several summers acting with a group of Harvard and Princeton boys, Henry made winter sorties into the theatrical world of New York. But the going was hard the first few years. Walk-ons and tiny parts in shows that quickly closed were his meager fare until the winter of 1935 when his work with the Westchester Playhouse at Mount Kisco brought him the lead in "The Farmer Takes a Wife," from which Broadway hit he was catapulted to Hollywood.



Knee-pants view of Hank in a Buster Brown collar and a rural atmosphere: He feeds the chickens with Grandfather Ten Eycke Fonda and some assorted neighborhood small fry



Big-time star in small-town role: Hank plays in "A Kiss For Cinderella," done by the Omaha Community Playhouse. The girl is Dorothy McGuire, now starring in Broadway's "Claudia"

Those lean winters, during which Henry subsisted on rice and cereals, eked out a bare existence by writing and drawing for the *New Yorker* and other magazines to add to his slim earnings in the theater, have been widely publicized. What probably isn't so well known is the fact that he turned down several earlier film bids because of a tenacious desire to make good first in the theater.

Through it all, and through his subsequent success in Hollywood, Henry has remained the same earnest, hard-working and utterly uninflated person he was when he thought \$50 a week was a fortune and a single line in a review magnificent publicity.

Last year both of us visited Henry and his wife Frances in Hollywood. These days Henry's talk is not so much of timing in acting, but the proper spacing of trees for the new ranch he is building.

Always fond of children, Henry is effusively happy with "Lady" Jane Seymour, his four-year-old daughter, Peter Henry, his year-old son, and Frances Brokaw, his stepdaughter. If ever there was a man who was the symbol of a proud papa it is Henry and all the affection and spirit of family unity that he once showed in our closely knit family life in Omaha is now lavished on his wife and three children.

Mother did not live to see Henry realize his stage ambitions. She died just as he was rehearsing for his first big New York hit, "The Farmer Takes a Wife," and Father died shortly after Henry went to Hollywood. Father, however, lived long enough to see—on a special screen in his sick room here in Omaha—Henry's first two film triumphs.

Were they alive, I am sure they would join us in our answer to that oft-repeated question, "Has Hank changed much?"

No, he's still Hank . . . and a very lovable Hank!



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Beauty, you know, is only smile deep. A sparkling smile lights the plainest face—lends it priceless charm. Without one, the loveliest face is shadowed! *Help*

*your smile.* Never forget—a smile, to be sparkling and attractive, depends largely on *firm, healthy gums.*

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—make a date to *see your dentist* immediately. You may not be in for serious trouble—but let your dentist make the decision.

Very likely he'll tell you your gums are weak and tender because today's soft, creamy foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And, like thousands of modern dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the healthful stimulation

of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

**Use Ipana and Massage**

Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is especially designed to aid the gums to healthy firmness. Each time you brush your teeth massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. That invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage—means circulation is quickening in the gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get an economical tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today. Help keep your smile charming, attractive, winning.



**"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"**

*Beauty Experts of 23 out of 24 leading magazines agree*

Yes, of the nation's foremost beauty editors, representing 24 leading magazines, 23 agreed that a sparkling smile is a woman's most precious asset.

"Even a plain girl," they said, "takes on charm and glamour if her smile is bright and lovely. No woman can be really beautiful if her smile is dull and lifeless."

Start Today with  
**IPANA**  
 TOOTH PASTE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
**LION'S ROAR**

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

Boy, we're tired of the old high-pressure salesmanship. None of this hurry hurry hurry stuff for us.

We're relaxing during the dog days. Swinging in our old hammock and taking an occasional mint julep.



Yes, we're willing to talk but campaigning is out. Our voice is soft, cooing, mellow.

Especially since we're just going to drop a hint about two great films that are getting their final editing at those streamlined M-G-M studios.

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Lady Be Good." One is an unusually gripping drama, the other an unusually rippling musical. Opposite, but twin, poles.

Victor (GWTW) Fleming produced



Director Fleming

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," the famed Stevenson yarn. Of course, he had no talent to work with—only Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman and Lana Turner.

It is something to write home about, this Spencer Tracy interpretation. Or if you are at home, it's something to write away about. Mark our words.

And "Lady Be Good." Nobody in that one either. Only Eleanor Powell, Ann Sothern, Robert Young, Lionel Barrymore, John Carroll, Red Skelton, and Virginia O'Brien.



Norman (Comedy) McLeod has directed.

We told you to mark our words about "Dr. Jekyll." Mark 'em as well about "Lady Be Good."

We won't have to eat them.

Even though we like alphabet soup.

—Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

**PHOTOPLAY**  
combined with  
**movie**  
**MIRROR**

ERNEST V. HEYN

Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE

Associate Editor

AUGUST, 1941

VOL. 19, NO. 3

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial office, Chamin Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Executive office, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Director. Advertising offices, Chamin Building, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Chicago office, 221 North LaSalle St., C. H. Shattuck, Manager. Pacific Coast offices: San Francisco, 420 Market St.; Hollywood, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Lee Andrews, Advertising Manager of Pacific Coast office. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, Newfoundland and Canada \$1.00 a year; price per copy, United States and Canada, 10c. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and Possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, \$1.50 a year; all other countries \$2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



THE STAR-BRIGHT  
SONG-STUDED HIT THAT'S MAKING **KISS**STORY

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

★ **DON AMECHE**

AND

★ **MARY MARTIN**

IN

# "KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"

(But they always come back for more)

★ WITH **OSCAR LEVANT**

★ **CONNIE BOSWELL**

★ AND **ROCHESTER**

—And wait till you  
hear Connie and  
those 20 Singing  
Secretaries sing  
"Sand in My Shoes"

"Ah sure wishes  
Mistah Benny  
could see me now"

It's musical, it's comical,  
it's romantic, it's everything  
to make you kiss  
the blues goodbye.

**HEAR THESE HITS!**

- "SAND IN MY SHOES"
- "I'LL NEVER LET A DAY PASS BY"
- "FIND YOURSELF A MELODY"
- "KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"
- "THAT'S HOW I GOT MY START"

Raymond Walburn • Virginia Dale • Barbara Allen • Elizabeth Patterson  
Jerome Cowan • Directed by VICTOR SCHERTZINGER • Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Dwight Taylor • Based on a Play by Clare Boothe

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



# The SHADOW STAGE

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



A fine, intellectually told movie: Geraldine Fitzgerald and James Stephenson in "Shining Victory"



Number one funny man in a number one picture: Bob Hope and Dorothy Lamour in "Caught in the Draft"

### ✓ Shining Victory (Warners)

**It's About:** *The love story of a famous psychiatrist.*

**R**ATHER heavy in pace, a bit slow in its unfolding while skirting dangerously over the foreboding topic of insanity, this nevertheless emerges a fine, intellectually told movie. Whether it will appeal to audiences favoring whoop-de-la is problematical, but for those who relish well-done, deeply thought out stories, this is a treat.

James Stephenson as the surly doctor advances his cause in the direction of stardom one long step further. Mr. Stephenson is not only a splendid actor but a possessor of great charm. We predict an avalanche of approval will roll over his head after this picture's release.

Geraldine Fitzgerald is so very good as his assistant. Barbara O'Neil, Donald Crisp, George P. Huntley, Jr., all fellow doctors in the Scotland asylum, are splendid.

We cannot recommend this excellent movie too heartily, providing you like different and quiet pictures.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A capable picture capably acted.

### The Best Pictures of the Month

Blood and Sand	Shining Victory
Sunny	Billy The Kid
Caught in The Draft	

### Best Performances

Tyrone Power in "Blood and Sand"  
 Rita Hayworth in "Blood and Sand"  
 Linda Darnell in "Blood and Sand"

Anna Neagle in "Sunny"  
 Ray Bolger in "Sunny"

James Stephenson in "Shining Victory"

Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Shining Victory"

Bob Hope in "Caught in the Draft"

Robert Taylor in "Billy The Kid"

Abbott and Costello in "In the Navy"

### ✓ Caught in the Draft (Paramount)

**It's About:** *A movie actor, who lands in the Army.*

**B**OB HOPE is the Hope of the motion-picture industry, no matter how bad the pun. He's the number one funny guy on the screen today and people somehow just laugh to be in tune with the infectious good humor of the lad who so obviously enjoys his role of clown.

The very idea of Bob, a spoiled movie actor who is afraid of loud noises, getting himself hornswoggled into the Army, is funny to begin with. By the time Bob gets through with the infantry, the tank corps, the parachute division and the potato peeling brigade, the fun has grown into a mess of plain old hysteria.

It could have been funnier but it needn't be to pack in the customers. Hope is just that good. Dorothy Lamour, the Colonel's daughter, is Bob's girl friend; Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman, his pals. It's a picture that you won't want to miss.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A riot hits the Army.

(Continued on page 101)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 106

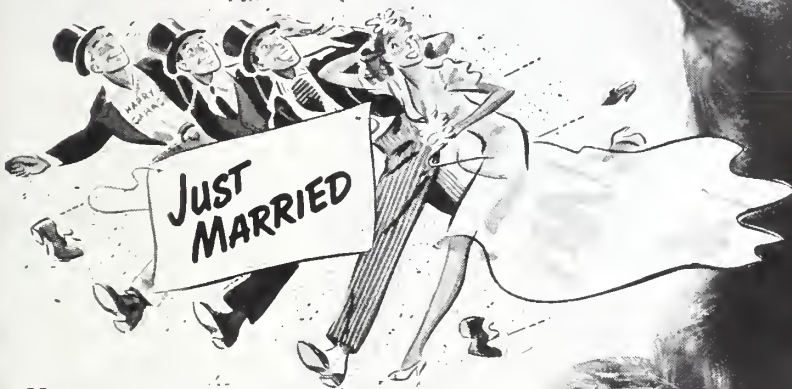


..“Kitty Foyle”...

..Academy Award...

..and now...The Picture of Her Dreams!

# GINGER ROGERS



# “TOM, DICK and HARRY”

with

**Geo. Murphy**  
**Alan Marshal**  
**Burgess Meredith**



*WE GUARANTEE*  
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN  
A LOVE STORY LIKE IT!



Directed by **GARSON KANIN**  
Produced by **ROBERT SISK**

Story and Screen Play by Paul Jarrico

# Inside Stuff

All you'll know after reading this is the "Keep-It-Quiet" news that you don't find in the papers

BY CAL YORK



They're saying . . . that this is the guy who has Mickey Rooney tearing his hair. An intrepid soul, Bob Jolley takes out Linda Darnell, the Rooney's best girl, has a wonderful time at the Cocoanut Grove

They're saying . . . that these two bluebloods are taking a romantic detour on the Hollywood road. They're Cobina Wright Jr., N. Y. deb; Bob Stack, Los Angeles socialite

**NEWS From the Heart Front:** Judy Garland is expected to announce her engagement to Dave Rose any minute. While all Hollywood concedes Dave is a fine fellow, they definitely feel the difference in ages is a difficult handicap to overcome. Dave, the divorced husband of Martha Raye, is quite a bit older than Judy, who has just turned eighteen. Sentimental and romantically minded Judy has worked long and hard to reach stardom. Her studio feels marriage right now to an older man would jeopardize her career. . .

Since the marriage of Alice Faye

and Phil Harris in Ensenada, Mexico, rumors are growing stronger and stronger that Lana Turner will announce her engagement to Alice's ex-husband, Tony Martin.

"No more elopements," Lana has promised, so we'll see. Lana's divorce from Artie Shaw will become final in September. . .

The newlyweds, Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, are living in a Beverly Hills apartment until their new home in Brentwood is completed. They couldn't be happier. . .

"No marriage," Priscilla Lane told us when we met her at the Warner

lot recently. The romance stories between Priscilla and John Barry, young Victorville newspaper man, have been growing warmer in Hollywood these days. "Besides, John is leaving for an Army camp soon," Priscilla said, "so this is no time to talk marriage."

But mark you, Cal has long since given up any Nostradamus claims. We're no prophets where the heart is concerned.

We only report the news as we get it. A lady can change her mind, you know. And some of them have, much to old Cal's embarrassment.



They're saying . . . that Ginger Rogers is a preferred name in French Jean Gabin's new English vocabulary. The way they look at the Rhum Boogie Club is the way they look any night at every night spot in Hollywood



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK



They're saying . . . that the girl Cesar Romero likes to sit next to nowadays at the movies is Carole Landis, the pretty who used to date Franchot Tone

**A Mystery—Solved:** "What happened to Shirley Temple at M-G-M?" has been the question of the month in Hollywood. Such great plans had been made at the studio for the little star when the contract was recently signed. But before we knew it, Shirley, with no picture to her credit, was no longer at the studio. What had happened to all those plans for a big musical with Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney, the town wondered. Vague talk of a picture called "Kathleen" was hinted at and there the mystery stood.

Well, the answer is simple. When

it came time for the tests, it was discovered Shirley had actually grown taller than the star, Mickey Rooney, and wham, the picture was dropped like a hot potato.

Shirley has now been signed by producer Edward Small, for (now hold on, everybody) a picture called, "Little Annie Rooney." Shirley can't get away from the little Rooneys, it seems.

**Events of the Month:** Testimonials, slapstick frolics, previews and parties filled the month with exciting interludes.

The most fun since the Keystone Cops tore down Hollywood Boulevard was had at Milton Berle's old-fashioned swimming party held at the Beverly Hills Hotel.

Clad in Gay Nineties bathing suits, the guests cavorted about as Grandma never did—we hope.

Judy Garland, who received a lovely gooey pie in her lovely young face, was the hit of the party. As long as boy friend David Rose threw the pies, it was okay with Judy.

Errol Flynn, Cesar Romero and that cute couple, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, were all over the place,



Two who came to buy peanuts from Henry Fonda, George Burns, Jack Benny and the other million-dollar butchers were Mr. and Mrs. John Payne



Two "dress-alikes" who showed off sequins at Hollywood Guild's Red, White and Blue Ball at the Ambassador: Norma Shearer and Sylvia Fairbanks

with Joan Davis and Billy Gilbert furnishing the comedy relief—the relief from Berle's comedy, as Joan put it.

And hey there, Mickey Rooney! Bob Stack was most attentive to your girl friend, Linda Darnell. You should have been there, Mickey. . . .

Ten years in radio was the reason for Hollywood's biggest turnout to honor Jack Benny, the ace of the air funsters.

George Burns and Gracie Allen rivaled Bergen and McCarthy for sheer wit and everyone voted Rudy Vallee the best master of ceremonies to date. Even Bop Hope whispered to us, "Hey, that guy's getting good."

Praise from Caesar, yet.

Greer Garson, her red hair dressed in a long bob, Judy Garland with her tresses tied with a ribbon, the Gary Coopers and Tyrone Powers, Claudette Colbert and just about every star in the business were there to pay tribute to Jack and Mary. Even Jimmy Walker, former New York mayor, was on hand for the occasion. And, oh yes, Rochester had a better time than anyone there. For once he didn't have to worry about Carmichael, Jack's polar bear.

The Long and "The Shorts" of It: Hollywood dotes on feuds. If there isn't a feud around handy, you can bet they'll whip one up, just for the fun of it. At the moment the question of who first thought up shorts for evening wear—Joan Crawford or Paulette Goddard—has become an issue of vital importance between two factions in movie town.



Two who came to listen to Bing Crosby and a host of other celebrities go corny for charity were Mr. and Mrs. Jon Hall. She is Frances Langford



One who came to be a streamlined part of the oldtime burlesque lineup was Marie Wilson, who had the first ten rows cheering lustily



Joan's loyal adherents claim she originated the idea over a year ago and Paulette's clique claim the outlandish idea is her very own. To cinch matters, Paulette appeared at a formal party recently in sequin shorts, if you can bear up under it. (See page 108.)

Joan in New York is silent on the subject of Paulette's appearance. All we can say is, formal shorts, in our opinion, is the silliest idea yet and in the wrong hands, or should we say, on the wrong legs, would add nothing to our national defense. Or would it?

Who Is Fond of Whom at the Moment: Norma Shearer has a new beau in Baron Hubert Von Panz. Only Norma could make the graceful leap from George Raft to a Baron and make it seem logically simple. . . .

Joyce Hunter becomes the bride of Mischa Auer when he is legally free. . . .

Odd situation, that of the Auers', ladies, and one to ponder over. The minute Mrs. Auer grew svelte and smart, Mischa roamed from home. To further complicate the problem, Miss Hunter is smart and svelte, too.

Cal gives up. . . .

Folk out here claim Cesar Romero's attention to Carole Landis is only a cover-up for his real heart interest, socialite Priscilla Stillman. Despite the fact, Cesar and Mrs. Stillman, recently divorced in Reno, are seen dancing together at all the spots.

(Continued on page 10)





Who...

ME?

**I**F SOMEONE told you that you were guilty of halitosis (bad breath), you'd probably feel humiliated beyond words.

Unfortunately, friends do not tell you . . . the subject is too delicate. So you go blindly on, perhaps offending needlessly. Remember, halitosis is one of the commonest and most offensive conditions which anyone may have. Every woman should realize this threat and do something about it. Clever ones do so and their reward is an easier path to popularity. Wall-

flowers who overlook it can't complain if wallflowers they remain.

#### *Take This Precaution*

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

Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions, but most cases, say some authorities, are due to fer-

mentation of tiny food particles on teeth, mouth, and gums. Listerine Antiseptic quickly halts such fermentation and then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath quickly becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

#### *A Hint to Men*

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

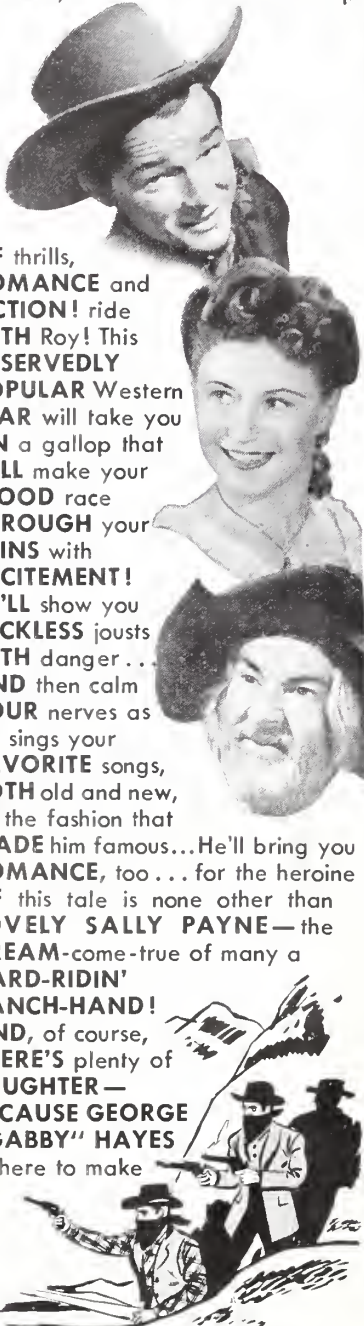


Let LISTERINE look after *your* breath



# Straight-Shootin' Talk about a BIG PICTURE

"NEVADA CITY"... in the days  
WHEN that was where the law  
STOPPED and adventure began...  
THAT'S where ROY ROGERS  
TAKES you for his newest round-up



OF thrills,  
ROMANCE and  
ACTION! ride  
WITH Roy! This  
DESERVEDLY  
POPULAR Western  
STAR will take you  
ON a gallop that  
WILL make your  
BLOOD race  
THROUGH your  
VEINS with  
EXCITEMENT!  
HE'LL show you  
RECKLESS jousts  
WITH danger...  
AND then calm  
YOUR nerves as  
HE sings your  
FAVORITE songs,  
BOTH old and new,  
IN the fashion that  
MADE him famous... He'll bring you  
ROMANCE, too... for the heroine  
OF this tale is none other than  
LOVELY SALLY PAYNE—the  
DREAM-come-true of many a  
HARD-RIDIN'  
RANCH-HAND!  
AND, of course,  
THERE'S plenty of  
LAUGHTER—  
BECAUSE GEORGE  
"GABBY" HAYES  
IS here to make

YOU chuckle even while you hold  
YOUR breath in tense expectation  
OF the action-filled moments that  
AWAIT you at every turn with ROY  
ROGERS in "NEVADA CITY"... It's

**A REPUBLIC PICTURE**



Table talk with a Spanish accent and important government undertones: Norma Shearer and Vice Admiral Jose Machado de Castro e Silva of Brazil

... and Loretta Young with Vice Admiral Jose Guisasa of Argentina at the M-G-M luncheon for Latin-American naval chiefs

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 8)

Cesar loudly (methinks the lad protests too much) proclaims the fact he is Mr. Stillman's friend, too, and there is no romance between him and Priscilla. Besides, Cesar claims, all these rumors may lead to Mr. Stillman's doubting Cesar's true friendship.

Why do things out here have to get so complicated? Tell us WHY, oh, pretty please. . . .

Wayne Morris announces pretty Pat Stewart will become Mrs. Morris, Number Two. Number One was pretty Bubbles Schinasi.

How's Your Emotional Reaction, Lady? Do you know they are actually measuring the emotional kick in kisses in Hollywood? Yes, sir, Professor Joseph Catron has invented a machine for measuring the—er—emotional reactions of a kiss, and they've tried it out on no less a person than Marlene Dietrich and young Bob Moore, a San Francisco State College lad. Zowie!

When the machine failed to register any emotion whatsoever for young Bob when kissed by the pretty co-eds of his school, the professor grew worried and brought both Bob and the machine to Hollywood to try it out with Dietrich.

The darn machine almost blew a fuse, Bob's reactions were so terrific.

Now, Dietrich says she's taken the machine home to try it out on—poor lamb—Jean Gabin.

Ooo-la-la-la.

Autographers Everywhere: Dorothy Lamour told us about an incident that happened recently while the star was vacationing at Arrowhead Springs. Early Sunday morning, Dorothy drove down to San Bernardino to church. A little girl in the seat ahead kept whis-



pering to Dorothy for her autograph. "Sh-h-h," Dorothy said, "I have no pencil."

Undaunted, the little girl leaned over and asked a well-dressed woman in the pew ahead for a pencil.

After church, Dorothy admonished the child, saying, "Aren't you ashamed asking Irene Dunne for a pencil in church?"

The child's mouth flew open. "Irene Dunne?" she gasped. "Say, if I'd known that was Irene Dunne I'd have borrowed a pencil from you to get her autograph."

Corporal James Stewart Reporting: All the trials and tribulations aren't confined to Army camps. Corporal James Stewart discovered recently on a week-end furlough home.

First, Jimmy had to spend most of his Saturday off at a luncheon where he delivered a speech on the spiritual and physical needs of the boys in camp. Sandwiched between generals, sailors and lieutenants (See picture on page 64) Jimmy stood up in the Biltmore Bowl where only a few weeks before he'd delivered a different sort of speech. On that occasion he'd accepted an Academy Award Oscar.

After the meeting Jimmy eventually made for his home in Brentwood, now occupied by his good friend, Burgess



Meredith. At the house, three dogs raced at him from several directions, barking, baring their teeth and blocking his path. Up on the roof sat a huge stuffed ape and over the door hung a sign, "Anti-War Headquarters."

Once inside, Jimmy discovered Meredith's tricks had backfired just a little, for the extra players hired by Burgess to litter the house had had such a long wait (Jimmy was detained) they and Meredith had imbibed freely and were feeling so-o-o good, no one wanted to leave.

That night he went out celebrating—no, not with Olivia de Havilland—but with one of his oldest friends—Henry Fonda.

**Tidbits:** The horn on Ginger Rogers' new car plays "The Old Oaken Bucket," if you can bear it. . . .

Men are rapidly becoming the best-dressed women in Hollywood. Jack Benny goes Gay Nineties in his female attire for "Charley's Aunt," Bill Powell goes ultramatronly in his feminine get-up for "Love Crazy," Bob Hope is too vampishly fetching in his marabou-trimmed negligee for "Nothing But The Truth" and Richard Carlson is a dream in his flannel nightgown for "The Little Foxes."

**Cal Reflects:** Beautifully arched eyebrows were lifted skyward over the recent court dispute between Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Sr. and Douglas Jr. concerning the amount of money due the widow each month from Douglas Sr.'s estate. . . .

Cinema town is becoming more and more curious over the "disappearance," as they term it, of Hedy Lammarr. On suspension from her studio



The pleasure was all his: Captain Julio Diez Arguelles y Fernandez Castro of Cuba, gets assigned table duty next to Marlene Dietrich at the M-G-M luncheon to the visiting chiefs of the Naval General Staffs of Latin America

# Guard your Charm all Day with quick, convenient Mum



**WHAT IS MUM?** Mum is a creamy deodorant that prevents underarm odor *without stopping perspiration*. So soothing you can use it immediately after underarm shaving.

**IN A HURRY?** Mum's speed is a marvelous help. Use it even after dressing. Mum in your purse or desk means quick protection for impromptu invitations—surprise dates.



**HELPS BATH FRESHNESS LAST.** Even the most glorious bath can't prevent risk of offending. A quick dab of Mum under each arm protects charm all day or all evening long.



**MUM HELPS SOCIALLY.** What use is your most glamorous make-up, your loveliest frock, if underarm odor is a constant threat? Play safe! Guard charm every day—with Mum.

## Prevent underarm odor—make a daily habit of Mum!

**YOUR CLOTHES,** your hats and your cosmetics. How careful you are to choose the alluring line, the smartest style, the most flattering shades to enhance your attractiveness. But are you as careful about choosing your deodorant—the safeguard of your daintiness and popularity?

Why take chances with your job—risk popularity—when Mum is so *quick*, so *safe*, so *sure*. One quick dab of creamy Mum under each arm after your bath—even after you're dressed—and your charm is protected all day or all evening.

Ask for Mum at your druggist's today. See if Mum's convenience, Mum's speed, Mum's effectiveness don't give you greater protection, a greater confidence.

**SO HANDY!** Only 30 seconds are needed to smooth on Mum, yet it guards bath-freshness all day or all evening.

**DEPENDABLE!** Mum is *sure*—prevents risk of offending—does *not* stop perspiration.

**SAFE!** Harmless to skin. Use it right after underarm shaving—after you're dressed. It won't injure fabrics, says the American Institute of Laundering.

**FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—**Thousands of women use Mum for this important purpose. Try safe, dependable Mum this way, too!

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION





**"POUR  
YOURSELF  
a pair of  
STOCKINGS"**

with MINER'S LIQUID MAKE-UP. Gives stockingless legs eye-catching glamour and the same velvety attractiveness it does to face, neck and arms.

Covers blemishes! Saves you "hosiery headaches", too! No runs... no twisted seams... when you "pour yourself a pair of stockings". Stays on for hours and hours! Will not rub off or streak! Waterproof!

Try "Hawaiian", the new Summer tone... or one of the other 4 flattering shades.



**MINER'S  
Liquid  
MAKE-UP**

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Hawaiian  Suntan  Brunette  Rachelle  Peach



"I never thought I'd live to see the day" picture: Priscilla Lane turns chorus girl in an Earl Carroll show. Star of Warners' "Million Dollar Baby," Priscilla had a conference with the show girls over the matter of the Warners' title, taken from the "Million Dollar Babies" club organized by Earl Carroll girls; was assured that all rights would be given graciously providing Pat became a show girl for a night and joined the club. This is the process of initiation with the Lane buried in a bevy of beauties. P. S. The audience never caught on!

due to a tiff over salary, the gorgeous Hedy has gone into complete retirement and emerges only rarely with John Howard, and, most recently, with Howard Hughes in hideaway spots.

Hedy's love for her adopted boy whom she nearly lost when she separated from Gene Markey is rather wonderful to see. . . .

Hats, big and small, are off to Annie Sheridan for her good sportsmanship in defending George Brent from those who would like to blame George for Ann's recent and prolonged lay-off. There are those who accuse George of having egged Annie on.

"The responsibility was mine and mine alone," Ann says. "I used my own judgment and if it was wrong, no one was to blame but me."

There's good sportsmanship for you. Incidentally, those marriage rumors between Ann and George continue to buzz about. . . .

**Love Me, Love Weedy:** Linda Darnell was mad as a wet hen—or no, an insulted rooster, shall we say—the day we met her out at Twentieth. She had just heard her neighbors were objecting to her housing her rooster, "Weedy."

"Why, I've had Weedy since he was a few days old," she stormed. "He's a member of the family and I won't get rid of him!"

Which reminds us of an amusing incident concerning Linda and Weedy. Linda, her rooster wrapped in a

shawl in her arms, was strolling on the lot when she met a famous Hollywood beautician. He all but burst with delight when she cried, "Oh, Mr. —, I want to tell you how wonderful I think your face cream is."

"Y-you really like it?" he gulped. "Oh yes," said Linda, "I use it every night on Weedy's comb. Just see how lovely it is!"

**Vas You Dere, Charlie?:** The flower show at the Uplifter's Club had all Southern California flower lovers, to say nothing of hundreds of tourists, in attendance.

A charming lady visitor stopped before the Charles Laughton display and spoke to the gardener (naked to the waist) bent over his work.

"Does Mr. Laughton do any of the actual work on his flowers?" she asked in a lingo supposed to be understood by our Japanese gardeners.

The gardener straightened up from his task and, wiping his perspiring forehead, replied in a cultured English voice.

"I assure you he does, Madam." She gasped a little, swallowed hard, walked away, came back, stared again and finally fled.

And Mr. Laughton giggled and went back to work.

**The Sight of the Month:** A small red motor scooter whooped into a Beverly Hills service station and the white-clad attendant rushed over to





A tut-tut attitude by Margaret Sullavan who lets the audience file out at the "Citizen Kane" premiere, stays to have her picture taken with her agent-husband Leland Hayward

get the occupant's order.

"Fill 'er up," grinned the rider, "and please hurry. Have an appointment at ten."

The tank filled, the little scooter shot down the boulevard and on its way.

The rider once drove an ambulance at the French front.

He was, to the amazement of passing motorists, Robert Montgomery.

**Whose Face Is Red Now Department:** When a man takes himself a wife and even a lovely little step-daughter, you'd think he'd at least have reached his full growth, wouldn't you?

Well, you can imagine the embarrassment of William Holden, who is about to marry Brenda Marshall, to discover he's still growing.

Bill, a lad in his middle twenties, had to face the disconcerting fact when he decided to save himself a lot of wardrobe fittings by using the Western costumes he wore in "Arizona," for his new picture, "Texas."

In the wardrobe department of Columbia studios, Bill tried on one outfit and looked in the mirror, aghast.

"This thing has shrunk," he said.

But every other costume revealed that, instead of the suit's shrinking, Bill himself had grown exactly two inches in a year, with no indication he's reached his full growth even yet.

"And I've been blaming the tailor for making my pants too short!" Bill said.

**The First Yearlings:** Remember how mother always said the first year of marriage was the hardest? How each

## Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

**Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!**

**YOU CAN BE lovelier!** You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.



**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the **CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET!**




Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse and then sixty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay.



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Lipstick  
Parching  
WITH "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 "gipsy" shade

**"Magnet Red"**  
a dramatic red red

**Dahlia**  
smart, flower-soft red

**Tamale**  
alluring "Latin" shade

  
**COTY**



Judy Garland and Dave Rose get togged up as a Gay Nineties bathing beauty and a Keystone cop, go to Milton Berle's old-fashioned swimming party at the Beverly Hills Hotel, do some clowning that makes Hollywood party history

CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

Leggy line-up at the party included Bonita Granville, mustachioed Jackie Cooper, Mary Anderson, Buster Keaton and hat, and Mrs. Keaton. The gentleman belonging to the garter at the left lost his head completely in the fracas



individual must learn to adjust himself to the other?

In thinking it over, Cal wonders if this new generation is remembering that warning, or if, perhaps, they just haven't Mother's stamina?

Now, take bride Nancy Kelly and her bridegroom, Edmond O'Brien, for instance. No sooner had they married than, boom, Nancy was home with Mother.

A clash of temperament? A struggle to understand each other better? Nancy and Edmond had known each other for years. They met back in New York when Nancy was doing radio work and Edmond was a young Shakespearian actor. They knew every trait, habit and characteristic of each other. Yet at the first clash—they separate.

Of course, they may go back together, but has their marriage been strengthened or weakened by such an early separation?

Another example: Arleen Whelan and Alex D'Arcy kept company for several years. We encountered Alex backstage one night after a personal appearance by Arleen. We've encountered them shopping together, with Arleen modeling frocks for Alex's approval. And yet, in a few months after their marriage, Arleen left his home for her home, though, again, reconciliation shortly followed.

Remember we are not scolding. We're only wondering if maybe even the older generation isn't making it easier for the younger to forget the old adage, "The first year is the hardest." Certainly running away from it won't help.





Home in Hollywood on a short leave from his post aboard a submarine chaser, one of the most dangerous jobs in the Royal Navy, Officer John Farrow now does his bit for Hollywood night life, takes his decorative wife, Maureen O'Sullivan, out dancing

**Last-Minute Glimpses of Hollywood:** The apparition on a bicycle dressed in full dress, his coat tails flying and one hand clutching his topper, turned out to be John Garfield riding to the set of "Out Of The Fog."

Olivia de Havilland, said to be suffering from a nervous breakdown, is really carrying a terrific torch for Jimmy Stewart, according to local and reliable reports.

Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray are killing the people by relaying director Mike Curtiz's recent request in "Dive Bomber." Mike, looking at the boys as cameras turned, commanded: "Both of you please sweat."

Joan Crawford's renunciation of Hollywood for New York as her permanent home after her greatest success, "A Woman's Face," has the town a-wondering. Incidentally, one hears Joan will adopt a little boy to keep daughter Christina company.

Mickey Rooney and Linda Darnell have made up their little spat and Mickey couldn't be happier.

**Cal Thinks Out Loud:** Funny what happened last night at the Mocambo: Cary Grant getting out of his car and asking the headwaiter kind of humbly if he and Miss Barbara Hutton might come in and dance without being photographed. And the grateful grin on Cary's bronzed face when he was promised they could.

Watching them dance together like that, so in love, we got to thinking about this rich girl—Barbara. Money hasn't brought much of anything but trouble to her. And now they say it's standing in the way of love again. That most of her money is invested in England and if she marries Cary, a British subject, she'll forfeit the bulk of it.

For one of the richest girls in the world, she even looks sad.

# COOL-WATER SOAP ENDS HOT-WATER FADING! TRY AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW!

**Ivory Snow bursts into suds in 3 seconds in cool water! Safer for bright colors!**

COLORS HAVE A BRIGHT FUTURE, with the new Ivory Snow to give them SAFE washing care! Ivory Snow's a brand-new soap that bursts into suds in 3 seconds in cool water! And cool water is safe for the bright colors of all your washables!

Imagine! Ivory Snow *doesn't need hot water!* So you don't risk the heartbreak of watching pretty colors fade out and get dull from hot water. Besides, Ivory Snow is pure! So colors get double protection—*pure suds and cool suds!* Ask for Ivory Snow today—in the large economy size or the handy medium size.



### 2-MINUTE CARE FOR STOCKING WEAR!

Plenty of cool, pure suds pile up in 3 seconds! (No waiting for hot water.) Nightly care with Ivory Snow helps stockings wear!



NEW FORM OF IVORY SOAP. 99 44/100% PURE



### WHAT A PICNIC FOR PRINT DRESSES!

Yes...Ivory Snow means happy days for pretty washables! Wash 'em time after time in those cool suds and see how colors stay bright!

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SAY goodbye to external pads on your vacation this year . . . Tampax helps you to conquer the calendar, because Tampax is worn internally. Even in a '41 swim suit, it cannot show through; no bulge or wrinkle or faintest line can be caused by Tampax. And you yourself cannot feel it!

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# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

. . . George Sanders, who plays the bad man instead of the girl-winner . . .



Shining examples of Hollywood oversights: George Brent in "They Dare Not Love" . . .

THE Hays office, that usually wise arbiter of movie morals, has, as you may have read, entered a verdict against "sweater girls" (see page 41) . . . Lana Turner, while she was still a beautiful unknown at Warners, was the original "sweater girl" and the meaning of the phrase was set at the time that Lana's first publicity portraits were taken . . . in Hollywood slang the phrase means a girl with a beautiful figure . . . not that Hollywood was then, or is now, concerned with sweater technique as a matter of mere beauty . . . to Hollywood such highly feminine architecture shouted sex appeal . . . and the extent to which Hollywood prizes a good figure as a standard of attractiveness . . . can be figured by the manner in which all the newcomers . . . and outstandingly Veronica Lake in "I Wanted Wings" and Jane Russell in "The Outlaw" . . . are constantly photographed to emphasize this phase of their appeal . . . let a star or a starlet arise who lacks in this department and nature's error is immediately corrected by the wardrobe department . . . to such an extent, frequently, that from the feminine fan's point of view, some newcomers are so buxom as to be ridiculous. . . .

Not that women think much about the figure business . . . women have always known that there are many varieties of sex appeal (thank heaven) . . . movie-makers never admit it but every woman knows from her own observation that men like short girls and tall girls and thin girls and fat girls just as they themselves like short or tall or thin or fat men . . . that undernourished, over-bosomed, hollow-cheeked movie girl ideal is just one of those unrealistic Hollywood standards (incidentally I've

heard more disappointment than cheers over the news that Sonja Henie has become thinner . . . I think Sonja's distinctive chubbiness was an important factor in her highly individualistic appeal) . . . but now the Hays office comes out and bans "sweater girls" . . . on the grounds that their photographs, widely circulated, endanger public morals . . . they claim that and then they let a picture like "A Woman's Face" get by. . . .

What kind of a moral yardstick arrived at such a measurement? . . . on the proven basis that most people are normal, surely the reaction to sweater girls will be in almost all cases a normal and sane reaction . . . yet this natural response is censored . . . at least censored to the extent of removing the cause of it . . . while the story of a perverse man and woman who plot to kill a little child for money is airily passed. . . .

SURELY the sickness that afflicts the world today . . . the war and death and destruction . . . comes much more from the poison that was given men's minds rather than any poison that was ever given their bodies . . . ours is, in fact, an era of physical health . . . and no nation has deified health more than the Germans have in the last decade . . . but the subtle mental poison that has been generated! . . . well, look at the results of that in the headlines and hear it in the newscasts on your radio every fifteen minutes day after day . . . !

The strange case of "A Woman's Face" is that it is in many ways a truly "artistic" picture . . . Joan Crawford rises to great personal heights in it . . . the sensitive, distinguished George Cukor blesses it with some of his most beguiling direction . . . the





BY  
RUTH WATERBURY

scholarly Conrad Veidt magnificently plays a villain without one redeeming speech, thought or action . . . but why Miss Crawford wanted to star in it . . . why Cukor consented to direct it . . . why Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer ever poured its gold into it . . . is completely bewildering . . . if the Hays office reasons that dressing a woman in a sweater is dangerous . . . what about the danger of making sympathetic a girl who is a black-mailer, in the power of a blackguard (and what his power over her is, you are never left in a shadow of doubt), a potential murderess, and finally the beloved of a married man . . . ?

It can't even be argued . . . as it sometimes is in the case of other uncomfortable stories . . . that this is "a slice of life" . . . it isn't . . . it's a slice of melodrama . . . it wouldn't, in fact, be worth talking about . . . if it didn't illustrate so sharply the way Hollywood sometimes misunderstands what we, the paying public, want to pay for . . . first, last and always, we will pay for good stories . . . we prefer to get good stars in good stories but if we can't have both . . . we'll take the story first and the star next . . . as witness the first Cagney picture . . . and the "Little Miss Marker" which launched Shirley Temple . . . and the *Hardy* series . . . so what does Hollywood do . . . (Continued on page 105)



. . . Laraine Day, who's the practically speechless Mary of the Kildare films

# Canaries

sing their way into the hearts of Hollywood Stars!



ROSEMARY LANE  
Lovely Star of Columbia's "Time Out For Rhythm" finds joy in the song of her Canary "Butch".

... AND IN HOLLYWOOD  
French's Bird Seed  
is the Favorite... 4 to 1



*Canaries* . . . Hollywood's newest hobby sensation! In the homes of screen stars—in studio dressing rooms and on movie sets—these happy little bundles of cheer have reached a new high in pet popularity! You, too, will find it a joy to own a Canary!

French's Bird Seed and Biscuit also is winning new popularity in Hollywood! That's because French's is a song-tested, proven

recipe of 11 aids to song and health! In every package is a French's Bird Biscuit (in itself worth 10c). Canaries love it—and it's so good for them! It gives their diet an extra *lift* and combines with French's Bird Seed to supply an 11-course balanced recipe meal—all in one package!

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The same beautifully illustrated 76-page book that movie stars keep handy for expert advice on the care, treatment and breeding of canaries. It's yours—Free! Simply mail Coupon, with your name and address.

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Lovely lips are keyed to costume colors, that's why the prettiest and smartest women are choosing Irresistible's complete lipstick color range. PINK ROSE, a rich, rosy red for an enchanting effect with pastels, flowery prints and off-whites! CANDY STRIPE, a brilliant red-red, for a doshing contrast with blazing white, novies and sheer summer blocks. WHIP-TEXT the secret Irresistible way to be creamier, smoother... to stay on longer and keep lips lovelier. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation. Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.

IT'S *Whip-Text*  
LASTS LONGER  
SMOOTHER



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# Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE  
You Can't Laugh That Off!

**W**HY this derogatory campaign against Shirley Temple? Do we *have* to wreck one star in order to build another?

Newspapers and magazines are flashing such captions as, "Exit Song and Dance Shirley! Enter a Natural!" and "'Bonnie Mae' Topples Queen Shirley." Then the writer proceeds to tell what the new star has that Shirley lacked. If she had weaknesses, then perhaps the new moppet should have a few. After all, Miss Temple had the unparalleled record of being box-office "tops" for three years. They can't laugh that off.

Unquestionably, Shirley's star has dimmed because of her normal growth from her winsome babyhood charm and beauty. We cannot recapture the lure of her onetime sparkle; and we dislike such pictures as "Susanna of the Mounties," which terrified children but wearied grownups with its superficiality.

Nevertheless, I see no reason for comparing every newcomer to Shirley by belittling her skill.

Yes, I know that admirers of "Curly Top" were supposed to be under twelve, over twenty-five, or just plain morons; but I resent stars who climb to heights on the shattered statues of another great artist.

LILLIAN HANSON,  
Lexington, Neb.

\$5.00 PRIZE  
Accent on Accents

**A** CLASSIFICATION of types would be interesting in regard to those who attend the movies, but I shall confine myself to one group only. This group is worth consideration. Their chief weakness is a desire for impeccable habits of speech both in themselves and others. They choose their words meticulously and are extremely susceptible to good diction as well as allergic to mispronunciations. They do not expect gangster films and Westerns to be free from jargon, but they do dislike hearing beautifully gowned women and handsomely dressed men in a supposedly cultural background say *exquisite* and *hospitable*!

I once started to count the number of times this offense occurred, but finding this to be the wrong road to



Question from Nebraska with a new Temple angle: Will Shirley be sacrificed so that some newcomer will get quick star rating?

happiness, I abandoned my crusade and am finally resorting to this letter instead, in behalf of all those purists who strenuously object to such liberties with our language.

Since movies are our chief diversion we wish to be released from the gripping fear that a lovely lady will ecstatically pronounce a gift from her lover to be *exquisite* or a genial host will be lavishly praised for being so hospitable.

MRS. G. L. BROWN,  
Hannibal, Mo.

\$1.00 PRIZE  
We Want Blondes

**L**AST week I went to see "I Wanted Wings." Since then, Veronica Lake hasn't vanished from my thoughts. She is, as I myself see her, the most beautiful thing alive.

She might not be such a great beauty, but that long blonde hair alone is a wow.

So now I can't see why Ginger Rogers, Joan Bennett and a host of other stars have changed from blonde to brunette.

Why don't we all get together and confess that a blonde is still the dream girl of nearly all Americans?

FREDDY WEIL,  
New York, N. Y.



If you're interested in reading more about Mr. Weil's *Veronica Lake*, "the most beautiful thing alive," turn to page 46.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Jolly Good Actor?

LET'S see more of Kay Kyser's pictures. Not only do I think that he is a born orchestra leader, but I think he is a born actor as well. I saw him in the movies and I also saw him during his personal-appearance tour when he stopped in Portland. Never have I witnessed a more jolly and perpetually high-spirited entertainer. He took special delight in kidding the audience. When one lady rose and made her way out of the auditorium, he spotted her. "Say, lady, it gets better after a while," Kay exclaimed. He stood in the center of the stage, blinking his eyes while he declared mournfully, "Golly, I'm hurt."

The auditorium fairly shook with laughter and applause and I'm certain he made numerous fans in Portland.

AGNES REHDER,  
Vancouver, Wash.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Roman-Coin Profile

HEDDA HOPPER came out recently in Photoplay-Movie Mirror for Bob Taylor as the "handsomest male" and for Errol Flynn as the one who "thinks he is." For my own choice I would go way into the upper reaches of the age-brackets and select C. Aubrey Smith and Lewis Stone. Can you imagine any face more impressive than that magnificent craggy face of C. Aubrey Smith's, especially when it tops a uniform, as in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Waterloo Bridge" (Continued on page 90)

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.

# BRIGHT YOU ARE, JOAN!



## JOAN BLONDELL

Star of Columbia Pictures

says "One of the **BIG** little things movie life teaches you is to keep your teeth spic and spruce . . . yes, I'm another Calox user!"



**NO ART CRITIC NEEDED** to point out how Joan's flashing smile perks up her pretty face. She's lucky to have good teeth, but her "beauty polish" anyone can use . . . it's Calox Tooth Powder, famous for its 5-way cleansing.



**STARS ARE ONLY HUMAN** . . . they like to use things they like, just as the rest of us do. The pleasant, refreshing flavor of Calox makes it a joy to use, keeps your daily brushings from being just a tedious chore. You'll like Calox!



## CALOX HELPS TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. **CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS.** A real beauty tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. **EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH** because it's 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.

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**New under-arm  
Cream Deodorant  
safely  
Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS  
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

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Triple-Tested  
CLEANSING TISSUES**

**softer!** Say "Sit-True" for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the cheek.

**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.



**Brief Reviews**

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED  
✓ ✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



A guy who rates a "best performance" by getting along swimmingly in his first Hollywood film: The Reluctant Dragon of Walt Disney's "The Reluctant Dragon"

✓ **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 Denning and Johnny Downs as the two older sons are splendid. (May)

✓ **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 examination and gets into plenty of trouble. It's a hundred per cent entertainment. (May)

✓✓ **BACK STREET**—Universal: Margaret Sullavan 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 selfish lover. It's a tear-jerker so bring plenty of handkerchiefs. (May)

**BAD MAN**—M-G-M: Wallace Beery's fans are going to be pretty disappointed in this story of a Mexican bandit who plays Cupid. Beery's performance throws the whole story out of gear and despite the presence of Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan and Laraine Day, it remains a fair-sized dud. (June)

**BLONDIE GOES LATIN**—Columbia: Dagwood's boss decides to take the *Bumpsteeds* 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 *Bumpstead* fans. Tito Guizar sings beautifully. (May)

✓ **BUCK PRIVATES**—Universal: Abbott and Costello find themselves in the Army in this hilarious comedy high-lighted by their amazingly funny routines. Wealthy Lee Bowman and his chauffeur, Alan Curtis, are also in the Army and the Andrews Sisters contribute plenty of songs. (May)

✓✓ **CITIZEN KANE**—RKO-Radio: The skill and artistry abounding in this absorbing tale of a man who bought a newspaper and created an empire of his own prove that Orson Welles, actor, writer, producer and director of this masterful picture, really is a genius. Joseph Cotton, Everett Sloane and Dorothy Comingore prove themselves brilliant performers. In fact, everything about the picture is wonderful. (July)

**COWBOY AND THE BLONDE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: When cowboy George Montgomery meets temperamental screen star Mary Beth Hughes and fails to yield to her charms, Mary Beth pursues him to his own corral in her efforts to get him. Both newcomers make a great showing and there's plenty of humor and romance. (July)

✓ **DEVIL AND MISS JONES, THE**—RKO-Radio: The riotous result of a sound story and grand humor, this is delightful entertainment. Charles Coburn is the wealthy owner of a department store who decides to become a clerk himself in order to find out why his employees hate him. Jean Arthur, as the clerk in love with Robert Cummings, head of the shoe department, helps to humanize the bewildered tycoon. (July)

**DOUBLE DATE**—Universal: Almost every possible laugh-getter has been thrown into this light-hearted little comedy about Rand Brooks and Peggy Moran's efforts to break up the romance of Edmund Lowe and Una Merkel. The result is really very funny. (June)

**ELLERY QUEEN'S PENTHOUSE MYSTERY**—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy is the famous detective who wades through danger and international intrigue to solve the murder of a ventriloquist on a secret governmental mission. Margaret Lindsay is his pretty secretary. (May)

**FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS, THE**—Universal: Marlene Dietrich is the beautiful adventures who descends upon New Orleans and captures the town's richest banker, Roland Young, by posing as her own sister. Bruce Cabot is the sailor who also falls in love with Dietrich. Although the film attempts to be naughty and gay, it's really much too dull and slow for good entertainment. (July)

**FOOTLIGHT FEVER**—RKO-Radio: A hammy little number, with Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride, both broke, trying to find a backer for Mowbray's play. They finally hit on Elizabeth Risdon, who sees through their schemes but becomes their angel. See it at your own risk. (July)

**FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK**—Warners: Errol Flynn's first modern picture in three years has him an amateur detective who runs headlong into a real-life murder and almost loses his life and his wife, Brenda Marshall. It's heavy-handed comedy and we prefer Flynn in his swashbuckling roles. (June)

✓ **GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB, A**—Harold Lloyd-RKO-Radio: Lucille Ball is the girl, Edmond O'Brien the guy and George Murphy the gob in this bright, amusing comedy that clicks in every department. It's packed with chuckles and good cheer; you'll enjoy every minute of it. (June)

**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)

✓ **GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and John Payne give us the story of the growth of radio in this tuncful and entertaining musical picture. John is the lad who wins Alice; Jack Oakie is responsible for its broad humor; and Alice puts over its catchy songs in fine style. The Wiere Brothers, the Ink Spots and the Nicholas Brothers add to the fun. (July)

✓✓ **GREAT LIE, THE**—Warners: Adult and sophisticated is this drama of two women, Mary Astor and Bette Davis, who both love George Brent. Mary all but steals the picture as the musician who marries Brent and then goes back to her career, but Bette, too, does great work as his second wife. It's one of George's best performances and the picture is a triumph. (July)

✓ **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, Susana Foster, from a raid and placing her in the camp, with havoc as the natural result. (May)



✓✓ **I WANTED WINGS**—Paramount: This thrilling story of men and planes, laid against the background of America's own flying fields, is a smash hit. Ray Milland, Wayne Morris and William Holden as the three young cadets who become fliers turn in their best work, as does Brian Donlevy as a flight instructor. Sirenish Veronica Lake makes her screen debut. (June)

✓✓ **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)

**LADY FROM CHEYENNE, THE**—Universal: Loretta Young, crusading suffragette for women's rights, defeats the town scoundrel. Edward Arnold, and helps women win the vote in Wyoming in the 1860's. It's a gay little Western and Loretta's very good in her determined role, as is Robert Preston as the hero who loves her and helps to foil Arnold's bandits. Pretty corny, but amusing. (July)

**LAS VEGAS NIGHTS**—Paramount: This tale of vaudevillians who go out West to secure an inheritance features the swell music of Tommy Dorsey and his band. Bert Wheeler and Virginia Dale supply the laughs; Constance Moore looks beautiful and Phil Regan is very good. (July)

**LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE, THE**—Columbia: No sooner does Warren William bet that he can keep out of trouble for twenty-four hours than he becomes embroiled in a mail robbery, a killing, a kidnaping and all sorts of mayhem that keep him dashing all around. Eric Blore is very funny, as usual. (June)

✓ **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 fiance John Howard suspects the worst. Brrrr! (May)

✓ **MAJOR BARBARA**—Gabriel Pascal—U. A.: Oddly different but compelling is this George Bernard Shaw picture which may confuse you because the theme seems blurred in purpose and too many words are substituted for action. Wendy Hiller as the Salvation Army girl who loses her ideals is superb, as is Robert Morley as her sophisticated father, Rex Harrison as a Greek scholar who loves her, and Robert Newton. (July)

**MAN BETRAYED, A**—Republic: John Wayne is the young lawyer who arrives in town to discover who murdered his friend in a gambling joint. He also discovers crooked politics and grafters. Besides that, he meets lovely Frances Dee, who provides the romance. (June)

**MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF, THE**—Universal: Pretty unbelievable is this farce about a wife who can't tell two absolutely strange men apart, even though they both look alike and live in the same house. Brian Aherne plays the dual role of the wealthy husband and his double, and Kay Francis is the bewildered wife. S. Z. Sakall is the scene-stealer. (June)

✓✓ **MEET JOHN DOE**—Warners: Another of Frank Capra's brilliant successes is this story whose theme is the power of love over hate. Barbara Stanwyck is superb as the newspaper girl who invents a *John Doe* and Gary Cooper's performance as the ex-ball player who's hired to be *John Doe* and becomes a great humanitarian is his best. Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan, James Gleason and Regis Toomey are also outstanding. (June)

**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 explanation, as who wouldn't? The whole thing gets battier by the minute, but it's full of laughs. (May)

✓ **MEN OF BOYS TOWN**—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the Boys Town mayor carry on the story of the previous Boys Town picture and again stir our emotions with their sincere performances. Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn and Darryl Hickman give the stars plenty of competition. (July)

**MR. DYNAMITE**—Universal: Baseball pitcher Lloyd Nolan goes out for an evening of fun and is tossed headlong into a sabotage plot and a murder charge. His amateur detective work involves him with secret-agent Irene Hervey, Ann Gillis and J. Carrol Naish are also very good and although the story's none too well constructed, it's acceptable entertainment. (June)

**MODEL WIFE**—Universal: The dire but hilarious consequences of a secret marriage are revealed herein when Joan Blondell and Dick Powell dare not reveal their marriage because they'd both lose their jobs. But Lee Bowman, the boss' son, falls in love with Joan and insists upon taking her out, much to her and Dick's dismay. (July)

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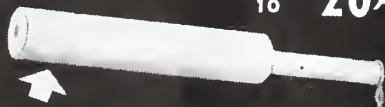
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**MONSTER AND THE GIRL, THE**—Paramount: Another horror tale, incredible and unbelievable but still pretty fascinating. A man's brain is transplanted into a gorilla's skull in order that the beast may avenge the man's murder. Ellen Drew, Robert Paige and Paul Lukas are very good. (May)

**MURDER AMONG FRIENDS**—20th Century-Fox: The beneficiaries to a multiple insurance policy die suddenly and mysteriously and John Hubbard and Marjorie Weaver race like mad from suspect to corpse to prevent more murders and solve the ones already committed. In spite of all the murders, it's a gay little offering. (June)

✓ **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)

**PENALTY, THE**—M-G-M: Edward Arnold is a ruthless criminal who teaches his son, Gene Reynolds, to follow in his footsteps, but Gene is sent to reform school and then released to farmer Lionel Barrymore where slowly he's regenerated. Veda Ann Borg is the moll. (June)

✓ **PENNY SERENADE**—Columbia: Simple and lifelike is this tender, human document of two people who adopt a child and find happiness and sorrow. Cary Grant gives one of the finest performances we've ever seen and Irene Dunne as his wife is not far behind. Edgar Buchanan also scores roundly. It's charming and heart-touching, a picture that you'll long remember. (July)

✓ **POT O' GOLD**—Roosevelt-U. A.: Lively and entertaining is Producer James Roosevelt's first full-length film all about how Jimmy Stewart and Paulette Goddard take over Charles Winninger's radio show and launch the famous Pot-O' Gold program. The music of Horace Heidt and his band is a treat for swing lovers. (July)

**POWER DIVE**—Paramount: Lacking the pretentiousness of most air pictures, this is nevertheless a mighty entertaining little number with a whiz-bang climax that's bound to thrill you. Richard Arlen is the aviator who tries to prevent his young brother Don Castle from following in his footsteps, and Helen Mack, Jean Parker and Cliff Edwards round out the cast. (July)

✓ **RAGE IN HEAVEN**—M-G-M: Gripping fare is this dramatic picture of a psychopathic case, played by Robert Montgomery, who marries refugee Ingrid Bergman and eventually involves her and his best friend, George Sanders, in a murder scandal. It's exciting and novel and the performances are outstanding. (June)

**REACHING FOR THE SUN**—Paramount: This comedy drama of a man's yearning to be away from the city of machines and out in the country is very interesting in spots, but in others, unbelievable and dull. Joel McCrea is the man who wants to get away from it all and Ellen Drew is his wife who tries to hold him to his work in a great automobile factory. Albert Dekker is the heavy. (July)

✓ **RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE**—Disney-RKO-Radio: Robert Benchley's roaming through the Disney Studios gives you a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the famous cartoon plant. It all begins when Benchley's wife insists he try to sell Disney the idea of filming "The Reluctant Dragon" and of course it ends with Bob in a projection room viewing the finished picture. The whole family will love this new, novel and different entertainment. (July)

**REPENT AT LEISURE**—RKO-Radio: It's all been told before, the story of the rich bride-to-be who walks out on her fortune-hunter fiancé and

marries the poor boy who loves her for herself, but the splendid performances of Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor redeem the timeworn plot and make it a pretty good little picture. (July)

**RIDE ON, VAQUERO**—20th Century-Fox: Cesar Romero, as the *Cisco Kid*, cleans up a band of kidnapers in his usual engaging way. Chris-Pin Martin is the Kid's dependable pal and Mary Beth Hughes again plays the dance-hall girl. (July)

**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)

**ROUNDUP, THE**—Paramount: Richard Dix again proves himself one of the best Western actors in this triangle picture of the old West. Preston Foster is the ex-fiance of Dix's wife, Patricia Morrison, and his return to see her creates doubt and jealousy. Betty Brewer and Ruth Donnelly add to the doings. (June)

✓ **SCATTERGOOD BAINES**—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)

**SCOTLAND YARD**—20th Century-Fox: Cops and Robbers in today's London, with Henry Wilcoxon as a crook who's wounded at Dunkirk and has his face remodeled to look exactly like lost banker, John Loder. Both Nancy Kelly, Loder's wife, and Scotland Yard are fooled by the impersonation until Inspector Edmund Gwenn gets on the trail. (July)

✓ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Warners: Too brutal for top entertainment is this remake of Jack London's sea story with Edward G. Robinson as the psychopathic, bestial captain who terrorizes his crew. John Lupino plays the derelict waif rescued by John Garfield, member of Robinson's crew. (June)

✓ **SIS HOPKINS**—Republic: Judy Canova sweeps this musical on to success as the Hoosier girl who goes to college with her rich cousin Susan Hayward, with Charlie Butterworth financing the education. The story's full of gags and Bob Crosby adds the music and Jerry Colonna the nitwit comedy. (June)

**SLEEPERS WEST**—20th Century-Fox: Lloyd Nolan, as detective *Michael Shayne*, does his sleuthing on a fast train in this second of a new series. Lynn Bari's the girl reporter, Mary Beth Hughes a defense witness, Edward Brophy and Don Costello detectives, but the plot's awfully complicated. (June)

✓ **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)



Two ladies with their minds on one man: Pat Marison and Madeleine Carroll cluster around Fred MacMurray in "One Night in Lisbon"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



✓✓ **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**—Korda-U. A.: Powerfully wrought and beautifully executed is this historical picture of a great and tragic love that defied traditions and nations. Vivien Leigh plays the beautiful and notorious Lady Hamilton who desperately loves England's naval hero, Laurence Olivier, and both their performances are magnificent. It's a great picture. (June)

✓✓ **THAT NIGHT IN RIO**—20th Century-Fox: Lavish color, risqué dialogue, Carmen Miranda's songs and much whoop-la are all part of this gorgeous musical that's a riot of fun. Don Ameche plays a dual role as an American entertainer who's hired to impersonate a South American baron. Alice Faye is the luscious wife of the Baron, which leads to many complications. (June)

✓ **THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING**—Lubitsch-U. A.: The Ernst Lubitsch touch is again evident in this gay, frothy comedy of marriage, with Merle Oberon as the wife who, hored with husband Melvyn Douglas, becomes infatuated with erratic pianist Burgess Meredith. Adult and sophisticated. (June)

**THEY DARE NOT LOVE**—Columbia: George Brent is an Austrian prince and Martha Scott an Austrian refugee who meet and fall in love in this tale of Nazi invasion, but the excellence of their performance cannot overcome the slow tempo of the picture and its faltering direction. (July)

✓ **TOBACCO ROAD**—20th Century-Fox: Vivid, though repellent, still-life sketch of the shiftless, ignorant people of Georgia's "Tobacco Road." Charley Grapewin as *Jeter Lester* and William Tracey as his son give great performances, but Gene Tierney has little chance to display her talent as the half-witted *Elle May*. Depressing. (May)

✓ **TOPPER RETURNS**—Hal Roach-U. A.: One third mystery and two thirds comedy is this newest "Topper" story, with ghost Roland Young aiding ghost Joan Blondell to solve the mystery of her murder. The two departed spirits materialize all over the place. Billie Burke is still the confused *Mrs. Topper* and Dennis O'Keefe and Carole Landis have the romantic leads. (June)

**TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN, THE**—M-G-M: Laraine Day proves herself worthy of complete stardom as 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, Frieda Inescort and the rest of the cast do fine work. (May)

**VERY YOUNG LADY, A**—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers deserves better than this modified remake of Simone Simon's picture, "Girls' Dormitory," in which she plays the schoolgirl who gets a crush on professor John Sutton. Jane's crush causes the faculty much concern and the audience no little amusement, but it's Nancy Kelly who gets Mr. Sutton. (July)

**WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT, THE**—Warners: This hackneyed story has Humphrey Bogart as the hard-boiled owner of a second-rate circus who picks up Eddie Alvert and makes a lion-tamer of him. But Eddie falls in love with Bogart's innocent little sister, Joan Leslie, so Bogart tries to get rid of him. Sylvia Sidney is the circus fortune teller. (July)

**WASHINGTON MELODRAMA**—M-G-M: When millionaire Frank Morgan befriends chorus girl Anne Gwynne, he finds himself blackmailed by Dan Dailey Jr. Not that you care very much, though, since this wobbly worn-out story should have been left on the studio shelves. (July)

✓ **WESTERN UNION**—20th Century-Fox: Good old rootin', tootin' Western, built to a formula that never fails—two men, Randy Scott and Robert Young, who love one girl, Virginia Gilmore, with marauding Indians, gun fights and plenty of excitement. (May)

✓✓ **WOMAN'S FACE, A**—M-G-M: You'll find yourself completely held by the gripping intensity of this almost repellent story. Joan Crawford is magnificent as the scarred woman who fights back at a world that shuns her and Conrad Veidt rates equal honors as the man who teaches her love. It's one of the best films to come out of Hollywood in a long time. (July)

**YOU'RE THE ONE**—Paramount: Bonnie Baker, the "Oh, Johnny" girl, and handsome Orrin Tucker are in this picture, but nevertheless it's a dull and silly movie. And that fine actor, Albert Dekker, is completely wasted. The plot's about a singer's attempt to land a job with a band. (May)

✓✓ **ZIEGFELD GIRL**—M-G-M: Lavish and gorgeous is this musical extravaganza which tells of three girls, Lana Turner, Judy Garland and Hedy Lamarr, who enter the Follies and meet happiness and defeat. Hedy looks beautiful, Judy sings two extravagant numbers, but Lana emerges a star. Jimmy Stewart, Charles Winninger, Philip Dorn and Ian Hunter are all very good, but it's Lana's picture. (July)

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"I'VE GOT YOU ALL  
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"HURRAH FOR TODAY"  
"KINDERGARDEN  
CONGA"  
"LOVELINESS and LOVE"  
"YOU STARTED  
SOMETHING"  
"SOLITARY SEMINOLE"  
"IS THAT GOOD?"  
"MIAMI"



PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



# For Freedom

In a recent striking article in *Fortune*, Edmond Taylor proposes that America can take the offensive in a gigantic propaganda program which will put emphasis where Hitler puts it: on political and psychological factors. His reference to Hollywood in this connection is strikingly unfavorable. The basic program seems to me to be so right and important that I want to quote that part of his article which considers the contribution motion pictures can make to his plan.

He says that when this "foreign-propaganda" service has been set up to work in close co-operation with the State, Navy and War departments, one of its important purposes will be as follows:

"A particularly hard-boiled section of the foreign-propaganda service should see to it that Hollywood produces American propaganda films of all kinds that really are American propaganda films—the present crop of semi-commercial, semipatriotic efforts from Hollywood is a menace to American morale and American propaganda abroad."

These are harsh words and I don't know to what extent Mr. Taylor is justified in his attack on the industry. I do know that, as I have indicated in a previous issue, the attempt at making Latin-American pictures to strengthen the friendship between South and North America has been a miserable failure. I know also that there was a very unfavorable foreign reaction to pictures like "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." It seems that when such apparently childish and haphazard devices as the filibuster are dramatized they become ludicrous to the modern world, with the obvious exception of our own country.

It may be that Mr. Taylor referred also to the anti-Nazi films, some of which may have been too obvious in their antagonism and therefore lost their propaganda

effect. My impression is that this would be an unfair accusation. I think the American people became thoroughly aware of Nazidom's cruelty as a result of pictures like "Escape" and "The Mortal Storm."

If I read the spirit of Hollywood right, there is practically a unanimous wish to contribute to the Government and the people of the United States all the resources of the industry—and I am certainly sure that all affiliated publications such as ours are anxious to contribute their resources—in the support of a "foreign-propaganda" service of the sort Mr. Taylor proposes.

When President Roosevelt said, "The nation will expect all individuals and all groups to play their full parts, without stint, without selfishness, and without doubt that our democracy will triumphantly survive," he offered a challenge to every industry and individual.

I have no right to speak for this industry, but I feel sure that the movie fans of America will support and the motion-picture industry will eagerly devote its energies to a dynamic program—if only the word is given.

Specifically, what kind of picture could be made in support of such a program? Well, perhaps an installment of the Hardy Family showing how each member devotes his time and energies to some aspect of our great national effort would do more good than any other. Perhaps a story which dramatized the real application in everyday life of "the four freedoms": freedom of speech and expression, freedom of every person to worship God in his own way, freedom from want and freedom from fear. Or even a dramatic picturization of how civilian defense can and must protect our cities in the event of attacks.

When will such a propaganda service begin? I'm in favor of it—right now.

I feel sure that the motion-picture industry awaits the call.

Ernest V. Heyn



# "MY BRIDE," Alice Faye -"

Photoplay-Movie Mirror is the first to record these frank statements made by handsome bandleader Phil Harris about his wife, "the only girl who ever made me cry"



Alice with Phil, a young man in his thirties who still says "Yes ma'am" and means it



**A**T 3 o'clock on a warm May day, Alice Faye became the wife of Phil Harris, the bandleader. The setting was Ensenada, Mexico, and no two happier people in all the world returned across the border that evening to these United States than Alice and Phil.

Theirs had been one of those love on sight, whirlwind courtships. So much in love were these two, in fact, they could not wait until Phil's American divorce from his former wife, Marcia Ralston, became final in September.

"We're going to be married all over again then," Phil told us, his grin wider than usual.

Several weeks ago, we sat with Phil in his dressing room at the Paramount Theater where he had a two weeks' engagement and talked of Alice, the girl he frankly admitted he loved. All about his dressing room were reminders of Alice, little things she'd bought for that dressing room, kidding signs painted by members of Phil's orchestra on doors and mirrors, a huge wreath of dried vegetables outside the door, a gag present from Alice to Phil, and something else, something almost indefinable—a feeling, or aura perhaps, of the happiness and joy that radiate from those who have found love.

And Phil Harris *has* found it in Alice. And Alice has found it in

Phil. "I know everything will work out," this famous bandleader told us, "but you see our love is so new and it happened to us so suddenly, and with Alice away for three weeks and me on tour, we can't seem to understand yet just what's happened to us."

That's how deeply in love Phil and Alice are, with each seeming to know and recognize this is not just the usual Hollywood romance with dates and gay times. It's more than just that. It goes deep into their hearts and a meeting ten years ago. It has its roots in an affinity of unspoken yearnings for companionship and home and simple things.

It's exactly as if, after a long and heartbreaking journey, Alice had come home at last.

She tried to express that yearning when she bought a ranch home out in the Valley. Alice, the bright-light girl from New York, on a ranch! It seemed incredible to Hollywood. But we who understand Alice Faye knew that some unexpressed longing for peace after storms, for rest after turmoil, was sending Alice in search of a permanent haven.

Now she's found it. Found it in a man who also came through success with all its accompanying noisy fanfare to find true happiness in the

simple things of a simple life.

They met for the first time ten years ago. Phil remembers everything about that meeting. It happened on the roof garden of the Pennsylvania Hotel when Rudy Vallee beckoned over the little blonde that sang with his band.

**A**LICE, this is Phil Harris. His band is going to follow ours here for an engagement." They sat down at a table, Phil recalls, and talked for fifteen minutes about nothing much at all. Alice was beginning her career then and so was the new bandleader. Neither knew or dared to dream of the success that lay ahead for each of them, of the amazing events that would carry them on. Certainly they couldn't foresee that ten years later, in a little Ventura Boulevard restaurant out in California, they'd look at each other over their midnight sandwiches and say "Hello" as if those ten years had never been.

They were neighbors in the village of Encino and yet they'd never met. Alice could look over from her garden and see Phil's place and yet their paths had somehow never crossed since that night ten years ago. Alice had gone on to stardom and Phil's band had become a part of Hollywood, appearing weekly on Jack Benny's NBC radio (Continued on page 74)

**BY SARA HAMILTON**




# You can't print that


**H**ARKEN to these tales of Hollywood, a town full of stories that can't be told with names because they're too true to print. Each and every one is about a star you know well. They are stories told over cocktails at bridge parties in Beverly Hills and whispered of over the mixed green salads of glamour girls lunching together, and talked about by firelight in the evening at a star's ranch in the San Fernando Valley.

And that's all right.

But you can't print them, sometimes because they are too intimate, sometimes because they would fashion an



The hostess opened the closet door and there, silhouetted in the light, stood . . .



**DON'T PRINT**

She fell madly in love with a young business executive, took him everywhere, introduced him to everybody who was Anybody. He had a wonderful time . . . then the inevitable happened

# about Hollywood!

Oh, can't we, though! A daring insider's glimpse of censorable facts

impression of Hollywood that isn't typical of Hollywood at all, often because the heroes and heroines of the stories have forgotten them and never want to recall them again.

O. Henry would have loved these tales. So de Maupassant would have. O. Henry and de Maupassant would have changed the real names to Mary and John and Celestine and Raoul, and told the stories anyway.

And that's what we will do.

So if you find in these accounts any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead—you've probably guessed right!

Barbara was considered by many the most beautiful star in Hollywood, Martin the most brilliant and promising young director. Barbara had a husband, Jim, whom she adored, but when she met Martin a new love flamed into the picture and the old domestic adoration grew stale.

But she never told Jim, and he never guessed. He was perfectly happy, as he'd always been—until the night on which this story begins and ends. . . .

It was one of those lavish Hollywood parties. After an excellent dinner, the proud hostess of the new mansion wanted to show her guests—

especially the feminine guests—the appointments of her beautifully decorated house. Her husband, and Jim and a few of the other boys stayed in the bar, chatting, while the rest of the famous assemblage went on the tour of inspection.

"This is the linen closet," explained the hostess. "It's padded with satin, and the light clicks on automatically when you open the door."

She flung open the linen closet door, and there, in the brilliant light, as in a crystal candy Easter egg, stood Barbara and Martin, in a close embrace. (Continued on page 108)

BY DOROTHY KILGALLEN

## THE AUTHOR

Twenty-seven-year-old Dorothy Kilgallen is one of America's foremost journalists, the girl who has had the most startling rise of any woman in the newspaper business. The first woman to fly around the world, she circled the globe in 1936, to win a time race over two male newspapermen competitors. Her daily column, "Voice of Broadway," is read from coast to coast; her radio broadcasts are favorite listening to millions of people; her articles and stories have appeared in America's leading magazines



**DON'T PRINT**



**DON'T PRINT**

She's in love with a lad who was just jilted by a prominent star. It's a romance all right—but not the kind her fan club imagines . . .

"Look," he bargained, "introduce me as a society pal from the East. I'll do some fast dealing and . . ."





Gathering place of the Ameche clan of fifteen is the pool, highlighted here by Don, father of Donnie, Ronnie, Tommy and Lonny

# How Don Ameche Lives

**I**F YOU should pass a house near Encino, from which sounds of uninhibited hilarity issue, it's probably Don Ameche's house. If you should sneak across the lawn and peer through the window, you might be greeted by some such spectacle as this.

The furniture has been pushed against the wall to clear a space for football practice. Brother Louis starts a ten-foot dash from the dining room. Don leaps at him for a flying tackle. Ameches of assorted sizes, shapes and ages form an interested audience. Prominent among them, because they squeal the loudest, are two towheaded youngsters. Grandpa has to hold their squirming bodies tight to keep them

from hurling themselves under their father's heels.

"Nuts!" says Don. "Louis's not heavy enough. Betty, you climb on his back."

Brother Jim's young wife is hoisted to Louis's back. Don leaps again and Betty takes a header into the fireplace. Honore—Honey to her husband, and well named both by reason of her hair and her disposition—is first to reach Betty's side. But not before that young lady has risen, dusted herself off and observed calmly: "Not so hot. Let's do it again." Honore departs for the kitchen, to help Irene and Annie rustle dinner for the mob.

The Ameche house is run for

Ameches, and not for show. It's a kind of rallying center for the whole clan, which is large enough to keep things lively. There are Don and Honore and their four young ones—Dominic junior, seven, Ronald, five, and Thomas and Laurence, two and one respectively on July 20—they were born just a year apart. Don's father and mother live close by. So do Jim and Betty, so do Louis and Polly.

Jim is the brother you've heard on the radio, whose voice sounds so like Don's. Louis is the brother who used to walk the floor with the first baby, so Don and Honore could catch a couple of winks. He was married a couple of years ago to nineteen-year-

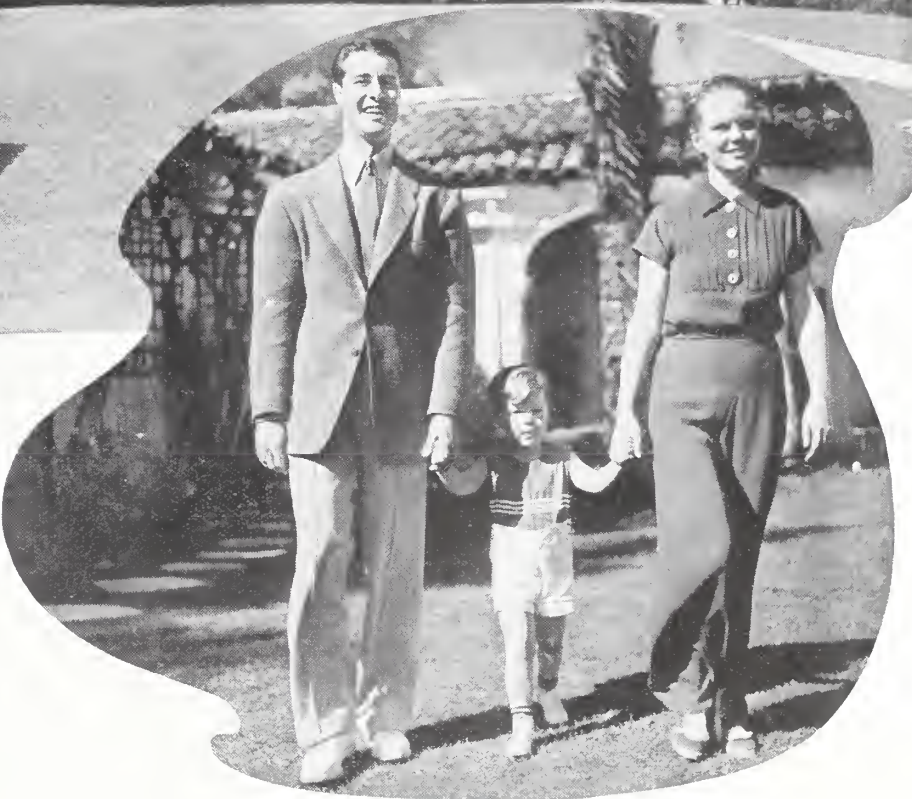


According to Hollywood Hoyle, a house is run for show. The Ameches play another way. This unceremonious visit lets you in on one of the most magnificent family performances you've ever seen

Another in our series —  
**HOLLYWOOD AT HOME**

Tough guy of the four Ameche sons is Ronnie (right, with Don and Honore). Usually mud-smearred, he calls himself "Butch," rates more attention in the woodshed than any of his brothers

**BY IRENE ZARAT**



old Pollyanna, with Honore's brother officiating and Don as best man. Polly was an orphan and can't get over the wonder of having a family.

Catherine and Mary Jane and Anne, Don's little sisters, go to boarding school, but come home for week ends. Only brother Bert, studying architecture in Paris, and a married sister in Kenosha are missing from the family circle. Intimates like Chet and Harriet Lauck—he's the *Lum* of "Lum and Abner"—trail in and out.

Irene and Annie and Gabe work there, "but they're not servants," says Honore. "They live with us and they eat with us and they're free to bring their friends in, like any member of the family." Honore took Annie on

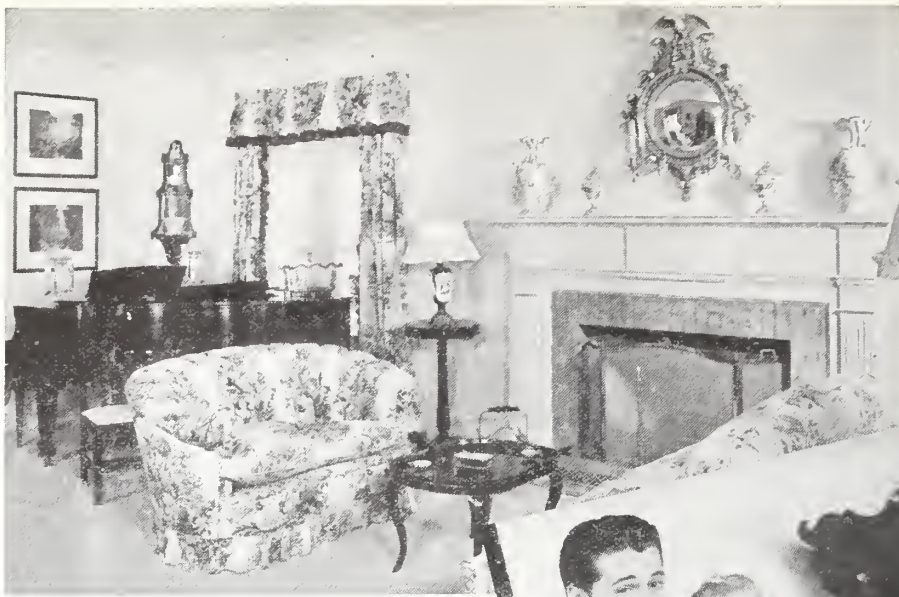
in Chicago as a mother's helper. Irene, Annie's friend, came to them two years ago to do the cooking. Gabe was a Belgian war baby, adopted by the nuns at the school Don attended in boyhood. They became close friends and when the Ameches were newly married in Chicago, Gabe would come in to wash windows for Honore. Once they were settled in Hollywood, they lost no time in sending for him.

To celebrate Don's first birthday after their marriage, Honore cooked a festive dinner, invited Louis and hired a little country girl to serve it. This essay into elegance was meant as a surprise to her husband. The effect was marred by the handmaid,

who entered giggling, spilled the soup, flopped a deprecatory hand and said, "Sha!" Instead of pretending with dignity that nothing had happened, Don and Louis exploded into yells of joy. "All right, my lad," thought Honore. "If you like it that way, that's the way we'll have it."

Actually, she takes no more kindly than does Don to formality. When formal entertainment is indicated, the Ameches go to the Vendome. The tempo of the house isn't suited to stateliness. They don't believe in shushing the kids. They want Grandpa to feel free to drop in for a game of Call Rummy when the notion takes him. If they're not in to play with him, Gabe and the girls will be. Soup





The tempo of the Ameche house, not suited to stateliness, is set by the chintz and sunshine atmosphere of the living room (left). Below: Don and Honore hold Tommy and Donnie respectively. Don, as a father, is ready for anything. "He'll fall flat on his face," says golden-haired Honore, "before he'll go to bed"

is no longer spilled, but at Christmas dinners, with thirty round the board, "we more or less throw things at each other."

Don is ready for anything at any hour. "He'll fall flat on his face," says Honore, "before he'll go to bed." A day at the studio doesn't begin to exhaust his energy. Turning in at the gate, he yells, "Hey, Pete! Hey, Mike!" and the kids come running for football. They're the footballs. "You threw him higher!" shrieks Ronnie. "Throw me again."

ON fight nights the radio is dragged into the dining room. After dinner they play games or dance. Since Don learned to tap for "Hollywood Cavalcade," they stage tapping contests. Later they'll sit down to a bout of Call Rummy. The big loser gets taken for as much as fifty cents. Or they'll run homemade movies. An outfit, supplied by Honore as a birthday gift, turned Don into a camera fiend, with the children as preferred victims. He'll lie in wait to catch Donnie's toothless grin or Ronnie, mud-smeared.

According to his mother, Donnie has a trace of manners. Ronnie's the tough guy. The tougher, the better, says Don, who can't abide a sissy. Not that his sons show any lilylike symptoms. But he feels you can't start them too young on the right track. He has exercise periods with Tommy and Lonny, who grab their father's fingers in manful attempts at jiu-jitsu. Thomas Anthony, by the way, was to have been Anthony straight, till his parents reflected on what his future schoolmates could do with "Tony Ameech." Laurence Michael was to have been Michael Joseph, but they decided his nose would be out of joint unless he had a nickname to

rhyme with those of his brothers.

At two and a half, Ronnie's head was a mass of fair curls. Unluckily for Honore, Don overheard a visitor's comment. "The little boy's cute, but the girl's a darling."

"Imagine calling that hulk a girl!" fumed his father. "Have those curls cut off right away."

Honore, who keeps her sentimental side under control, took Ronnie to the barber but quailed at sight of the shears and brought him home intact. Don sent him back in charge of Gabe.

"Have him just bobbed," Honore pleaded.

"Have him shaved," yelled Don. Trying to strike a happy medium, Gabe brought the lamb back well trimmed but with the shadow of a curl over his forehead. Don surveyed him that evening. "Come here, Booboo, I want to show you something." They disappeared into the bathroom and presently emerged with Booboo shouting, "Boy, do I look like Daddy! Am I cute!" Daddy had hacked at

his hair with a nail scissors till it resembled a nest of unrelated straw. His mother, who knows when she's licked, took him down to the barber herself next day.

If you want to curry favor with the boys, don't call them by their given  
(Continued on page 80)



## FRAME FOR FAME

Presenting, in our exclusive full-color portrait series, Claudette Colbert, now appearing with Ray Milland in Paramount's "Skylark"

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR





*Charlotte Colbert*



Leading "will they marry or won't they" couple is Judy Garland and Dave Rose. Her chart shows her husband must be a sophisticate. Does that mean Dave?



# What is Their ROMANTIC FUTURE ?

The stars say "no" to the Lana Turner and Tony Martin duet. Will it be marriage—and then divorce?



The eminent astrologer Blanca Holmes takes the seven top Hollywood couples, tells you whether they will or won't marry — and why

**B**LANCA HOLMES is one of the two or three top-flight astrologists in Hollywood. Her clientele embraces the most glittering names in the social and motion-picture world.

She is the wife of Stuart Holmes, who made a name for himself in silent pictures. In 1924 they moved into a house among the Hollywood hills, formerly occupied by the Krotona Institute, a theosophical society. Mrs. Holmes found herself poring over books on theosophy and astrology left behind by the previous tenants. Her interest was stirred, she continued to study and presently to teach. Occasionally, at the request of a student, she would write someone's chart. When 1928 knocked the pinnings from under the silents and 1929 from under the general financial structure, she could no longer afford to pursue her hobby as a hobby and turned it instead into a lucrative profession.

She's especially grateful to Mrs. Jack Warner, an eager student of astrology, who introduced Mrs. Holmes into her large and brilliant circle, and to Sidney Skolsky, the first columnist to remove his tongue from his cheek before writing about astrology.

She's small, dark, businesslike and serene-looking. The following article reports some of her findings on the romances of some of your favorite movie stars. Her conclusions are based solely on the readings of the celestial bodies. Astrology maintains that, according to planet placements, certain courses are likely and advis-

able at one time, unlikely and inadvisable at another.

Under this phase, an action may culminate favorably; under that phase, disastrously. There is nothing inevitable about either outcome. The stars, Mrs. Holmes says, don't cross us up. It's we who cross them up.

## Lana Turner—Tony Martin

**Mrs. Holmes Believes:** They will not marry. If, contrary to astral indications, they should, the union would be dissolved.

**Reasons:** Lana is an Aquarian, as



Most definite of all Mrs. Holmes' predictions is the one she makes about the future of George Brent and Ann Sheridan



Vividly attracted to each other now are Greg Bautzer and Dorothy Lamour. But the sarong queen is inclined to exaggerate her emotions greatly; so...



Not a good setup, according to the stars, is the Dolores Del Rio-Orson Welles combine. But Dolores' chart has a decisive factor that settles it

## BY IDA ZEITLIN

are half of the players under contract to Metro. She is best suited to a man born between the middle of February and the middle of March. Artie Shaw was born on May 23, Tony Martin on Christmas Day. Incidentally, on the heels of Lana's surprise marriage to Artie, Mrs. Holmes made two predictions: That they would be divorced and that Lana would waive alimony. Both forecasts proved accurate.

According to her own horoscope, Lana would be smart to postpone marriage for several years. She is entering a period crucial to her career, which is of the first importance to her and which promises to be highly successful. It was this which broke up her marriage to Shaw. Their temperaments clashed, it's true, but they clashed most fiercely against dat ole debbil, career, which meant more to each than the other.

Well, Tony was born under a sign which makes him even more ambitious than Artie and gives him greater faith in himself. He'll let nothing—but nothing—come between him and professional advancement. Temperamentally, too, he and Lana are opposed. He's cagey, deliberate, mulls things over, reaches conclusions through the processes of sober logic and careful thought. She's quick, impulsive and acts on instinct. Like her speech and gestures, her mind is abrupt. The stars say no to marriage with Tony, but Lana who, like all Aquarians, is somewhat erratic at times, might defy them and say yes. In which case, the marriage would be likely to peter out into a sister-and-brother (Continued on page 85)



Temperamentally suited like ham and eggs are Betty Grable and George Raft. But is their object marriage?



Oliver Hable







Rosalind Russell



# "I'M GOING TO BE SOMEBODY"

*The inspiring life story of Martha Scott*



She started out to be the first woman president. Which gives you a pretty good idea as to why this story of her life turned out to be such a riotous chronicle

BY

RUTH WATERBURY

They called her Martha Ellen Scott, the little angel. The redheaded little angel started telling fibs almost at once

**H**ER two grandmothers were hanging over her cradle on that mid-September day in 1915 when she was born, so they named the red-headed, precious curly-haired bundle from heaven Martha and Ellen after the two old ladies. Martha Ellen, they called her, Martha Ellen Scott, the little angel. Whereupon the little angel started lying and being a tomboy almost at once.

Being a tomboy was intentional. She wanted to keep up with her two small, excessively male cousins. The lying was mere dramatic instinct. She knew from the moment of her earliest consciousness that she was going to be somebody in this world. Her dreams then were even greater than

her present triumph that has made her, at the end of her first year on the screen, a candidate, if not a winner, for an Academy Award.

Today's Martha Scott, slim, small, and most deceptively delicate, gets a bit misty-eyed at the thought of all the acclaim that has come to her for "Our Town," "The Howards of Virginia" and "Cheers for Miss Bishop." She gets wide-eyed at the heights she is told lie before her. She gets starry-eyed whenever she mentions her husband, Carleton Alsop (which is every two sentences). But back there in 1915 and for the next twelve years onward, she expected to be nothing less than the first woman president of the United States. It was

this conviction of her spotlighted destiny that made her choose Gee's Creek, Missouri, as her birthplace.

Gee's Creek was not her birthplace. It was actually Jamesport, Missouri, a near-by and larger town. But Martha always declared, and even told her original Hollywood interviewers, that she first saw the light of life in Gee's Creek, because she thought that sounded better. Gee's Creek was just what you'd expect, a town with a store, a couple of streets and a little white church, much like "Grover's Corners" in "Our Town" which introduced her both to Broadway and Hollywood.

She had a wonderful little girlhood there on the farm in Jamesport and



An entrancing frills-and-lounces view of Martha, the worst tomboy on the block



she probably would have grown up and married and lived happily and unknown forever after if it hadn't been for her father's bent for machines and engines taking all the Scotts to Kansas City, and Martha's encountering love and an inferiority complex all at once.

In Jamesport, she had asked no more of life than the constant society of two little boy cousins and one "nintimate" girl friend. You know, perhaps, how it is with little girls. They find one other pal in school and sidle up to her and say, "Will you be my nintimate friend?" By which they mean practically a soulmate, who shares secrets and candy bars and walks home (*Continued on page 82*)

She gets misty-eyed and wide-eyed and starry-eyed by turn. You would to, if you had her past, present—and future





Am I too colorful -  
Bob  
Hofa





Villain at the bottom of this last-chance business is the Hays office who blew their censorial trumpet and banned sweaters from films forever. So gaze ruefully at Sheila Ryan. . . .

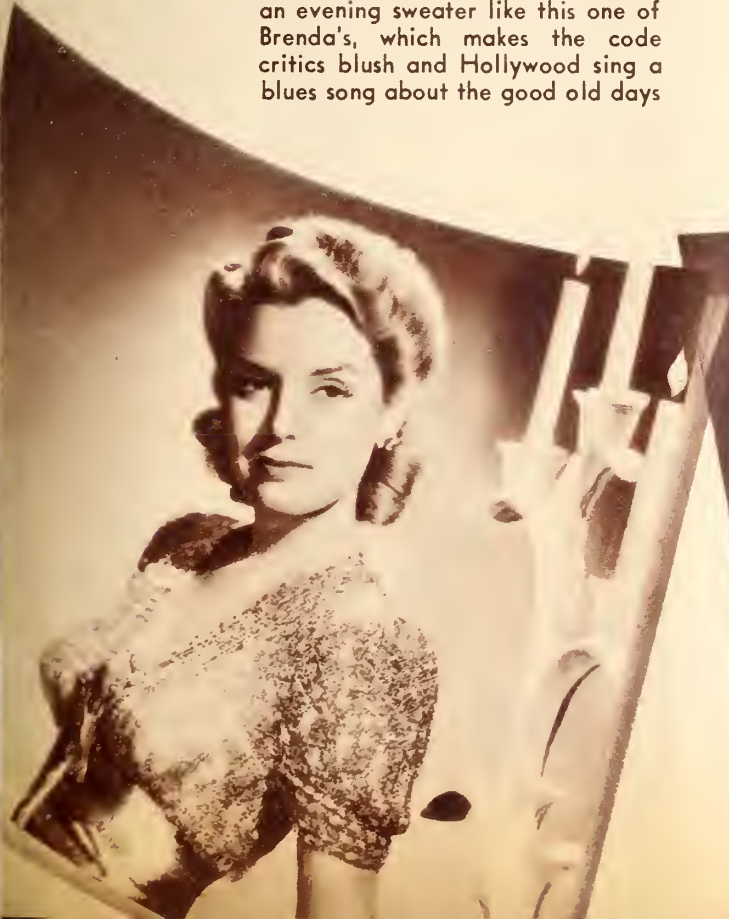


. . . and Brenda Joyce, who's all dressed up in what the censors call a degrading element. She's thinking of the days when the wardrobes of sirens were the bare essentials

# Last Chance at SWEATERS!

Forbidden fruit from now on is an evening sweater like this one of Brenda's, which makes the code critics blush and Hollywood sing a blues song about the good old days

Take a last-minute look at Brenda, then send your regrets to Hollywood—and Mr. Gable, who's now engaged in tearfully packing away all his favorite turtle-neck sweaters





# FLIGHT *into* NOWHERE

AT Gay Stevens' scream the hangar door opened and disappeared into a space at the left. Axel, the mechanic, stood there looking at her, his red-veined hands rubbing at his sleeping eyes, his mouth wide open. Anyone would have thought the scream had issued from his mouth, not from Gay's.

"Axel, warm up a plane."

Major Stevens, in dungarees and a woolen army shirt, appeared suddenly at Axel's side.

"The old O. J. is ready," he said. "Hop in."

Gay all but wept.

"That pile of junk? That's all you have?"

The Major patted the nearest wing and blew a tiny cloud of dust off it.

"It's all we need," he said calmly. "It's an old observation ship with a new radial engine in her and the Gay supercharger."

Gay stepped hastily into the plane. The pilot's cockpit was just below the wings, she saw. Her father seated himself, thrust his arms into an old leather coat and kicked the engine into life. The plane roared out toward the wide gray sea.

There was no moon and the stars were dull and gave no light. The heavens were littered with dark clouds, black against the dark gray of the sky. There was nothing but gloom ahead, nothing but gloom below, and to the right, and to the left. . . .

Gay's hands were cold and numb. She kept tight hold on the back of the pilot's seat. She had no words now, but little half-shaped prayers came tumbling up from the depths of her consciousness to warm her hopes. Would they ever find Bob Fuller, flying somewhere in the murky night, flying out to sea?

She lived over again in her mind those terrible moments at Hollywood's Mocambo where Bob had taken her to dinner that very night, saw again the stricken look on his face, when Muriel Cowley, the Muriel Cowley, brilliant film actress, had tried to take a white feather from a woman's hat and give it to him. Muriel Cowley, close friend of Bob's, whose name had been linked with his in the columns, should have known better. She must have known that the reason Hollywood's top male star wasn't in the draft was because he had injured his lungs saving a dog in a studio fire. She must have known, too, the unfair criticism he had had to stand just because he couldn't—or wouldn't—explain his deferment.

Gay was glad, now, that she had slapped Muriel. It had at least brought her to her senses again, for Muriel, drinking, was a hard person to manage. No wonder, Gay mused, when Muriel had threatened to divorce her husband, the husband had threatened to file an answer. She remembered reading that if the Cowley divorce went through, Muriel would marry Bob







Muriel threw herself at Bob as soon as he got out of the car. "Oh, Bob darling," she cried, "I think I should have gone stark staring mad if you hadn't come!" It was as though Gay and the Major weren't even there

Fuller, Hollywood's biggest male star. Was she out here, flying through darkness, trying to save a man from suicide just so that he could marry another woman? For Bob's mind was on suicide; she knew that. She could still see the look on his face as he had said good-by to her after he had flown her home to the little house in San Diego where she lived so quietly with her inventor-father, Major Stevens.

"It isn't fair," she'd said. "It isn't

fair that you should let people despise you. You could tell them the truth." "Sure, but who'd believe it?" His laugh had been bitter.

"It hurts that much?" she'd said. "It hurts so much," he'd answered her quietly, "that sometimes I wish I'd died in that fire."

Then he had bent and kissed her quickly and, without another word, had stepped into his plane and taken off.

Her mind in a whirl, she had

There is more than one way to defeat the "other woman." Gay knew them all. But this was something she, or any other honest girl, wouldn't even try to fight

watched the plane until it was almost a speck in the sky. And then she had screamed. For Bob Fuller wasn't flying back to Hollywood. He was headed out to sea!

SHE came back with a start to the present. The sky ahead was flooded with white light. It was the Major's new invention, destined for use in the Army—a beam that would light up the sky for thousands of yards ahead.

But there was nothing in the heavens—only cloud drifts.

The plane soared up to ten thousand feet and the beam was playing now in wide circles.

A spark drifted into her sight, high up and to the right; a sight as soul-stirring as the first glimpse of land must have been to Columbus.

"There he is," she cried, digging her fingers into her father's shoulders.

"Don't point," he said calmly.

"Thank God!" Gay whimpered and let the tears fall where they might.

"When a girl weeps like that," her father observed, "an old man begins to wonder how many grandchildren will bless his declining years."

"Do shut up," Gay gulped. "He doesn't see us. He doesn't see anything."

The Major indicated a receiver-like object over Gay's right shoulder. "There's a mike in it," he said. "Take it off the hook and speak into it naturally."

"And he'll hear me? Over the roar of two motors?"

"He'll hear you distinctly." The Major switched a beam of light full onto the red plane and Gay spoke into the mike. (Continued on page 87)





Popular member of a set that has plenty of sock appeal is Marilyn Thorpe, eight years old. Her assets are a pug nose, alluring freckles and a mother named Mary Astor. Her father is Dr. Franklyn Thorpe, Mary's first husband. The photographer is—Mary Astor



Wag of the major minors is Beverly Wills, whose airy nothings keep Hollywood supplied with after-dinner stories. Daughter of comedienne Joan Davis and ex-vaudevillian Si Wills, she made her screen debut in "Love Affair," poses here in approved Hollywood fashion with a grin and two pets, Sonny, a Boston bull, and the thoroughbred Big Boy



Good bet for a 1960 collar ad is Tono del Campo, two-year-old son of Mary Astor and Manuel del Campo, cutter for M-G-M. His golden-brown hair and dark Latin eyes rate him a good profit in the daily graham-cracker business

## MEET OUR CHILDREN



Thinking about spinach is Jackie Jones (left), three-year-old son of Allan Jones and Irene Hervey. He sings like Papa, looks a lot like Mama and wants to be a policeman when he grows up. Below: Standout in the class where dimples are a dime a dozen is Virginia ("Ginger") Gaines, bouncing-baby daughter of Brenda Marshall and her divorced husband Richard Gaines, New York stage actor







Brother and sister beach act by nine-year-old Shirley Anne and five-year-old Guy Jr., children of Guy Kibbee. Heavy press of business takes their minds off Papa Guy's camera at Laguna Beach, California, makes Mr. Kibbee a rival of Hyman Fink in the informal candid class. Kibbee offspring antics make Guy's eyes rounder than they ever were in movies



Woman of action is Susie Tracy, daughter of Spencer, who swings from trees with the greatest of ease. She's red-headed, goes for overalls and braids, concentrates on being a tomboy in all the San Fernando Valley back yards

Illustrated invitation from the star overlords of Hollywood to meet the people who lord it over them.

Private pictures taken by the stars themselves

Blondie's' brunette: Dorothy Stratten, five-year-old daughter of Penny Singleton, "Dee Gee" to the lollipop gang. The point of dissension between Blondie and the brunette is that Penny doesn't understand kindergarten French

Papa's pride and joy is Joan Benny, "Joanie" to Jack. She's a girl with the best radio tie-up in the world—her father always broadcasts good-night to her when he's away from home. Being a Benny, she plays backgammon at the tender age of six



Big shot of the carriage trade is year-old Daniel David, son of the Millands. Snapped at four months by his father, he is the reason why ladies check on babies' weights before sitting down next to Ray at any dinner table



# I Almost Gave Up

BY VERONICA LAKE

SOMETIMES in the midst of this strange, exciting existence that has been mine since I was given my role in "I Wanted Wings" and became a part of Hollywood, I stop and think to myself, *Ronnie, is this you?* And I marvel—not so much because I find myself in pictures at last after just about breaking my heart trying and never succeeding at all, but because it was after I had given up trying that I achieved the success I had strived for so long.

You see, there was a time when I said to myself, *Ronnie, my girl, you're a fool! The price on what you're after is too high. Forget the whole thing!* And I did. And then success sought me out. Hollywood came to me. That is the way things work, sometimes. You get what you want only after you've stopped caring whether you get it or not.

But I cared for a while. For two years and a half I cared. And because I did, I made sacrifices—not of money, perhaps, but of happiness and peace of mind. I suffered embarrassment and shame. I went through a good many trials I wish I might forget.

It is the story of those trials I should like to tell now. Perhaps some other girl may profit by my experiences. Perhaps some other girl may decide, as I did at last, that the game is not worth the candle. It so often isn't, you know—so terribly, heart-breakingly often.

True, my own case seems to contradict that, but it only seems to. I had my dreams and ambitions and bright hopes, but I lost them. Now, if life appears wonderful—and it does—career is not the sole reason, nor even the main reason. There is something else bigger and better. But I am getting ahead of myself. That comes later.

I was born at Lake Placid, New York, and my father is H. A. Keane, the commercial artist. Dad and Mother are the kind of people to whom a daughter was from the beginning someone, not to "bring up," but to make friends with. They never talked baby talk to me. They never "shushed" me when I asked embarrassing questions, as children will. They answered me honestly, seriously. Nor was I lectured on right

and wrong, with candy a reward for being good, spanking the penalty for naughtiness. It was just assumed around our house that because we three loved and respected each other we would be good—that we wouldn't hurt each other, wouldn't do anything shabby or mean.

Perhaps this may sound pretty far afield from my story, but I don't believe that it is. Because when we had moved to California and I became identified with the Bliss Hayden School of Dramatics and subsequently decided to try my luck in the movies, that background of affection and trust gave me something to tie to. And I needed something, at times.

MEAN in instances like this: Early in my pursuit of a career, it was suggested I hire an agent. So I did. Of course, I couldn't get a very important agent because I was an unknown, but I found this one and he said the very first thing to do in a campaign to win over Hollywood was to "be seen around."

"Go places and do things," he advised me. (Continued on page 97)

*I suffered embarrassment and shame. I went through a good many trials I wish I might forget... I wondered if the game were worth the candle*





Hand-picked member of the cast of "Sullivan's Travels": Paramount's new star, Veronica Lake



# To Make You Happier



## HOW TO BE A GOOD HOSTESS AND HOW TO BE A GOOD GUEST



Rosalind Russell: A prominent hostess who knows how to get the most out of party life



Myrna Loy: Leader in Hollywood's sophisticated set, she has miracle suggestions



Bette Davis: A hostess with a flair for informal entertaining of the "artiste group"

**N**OT only are you the star of your life but, for the most part, you write the story and direct the action, too. Consequently, life's going to be just what you make it—no better, no worse. Obviously, any good thing you don't reach for you're going to miss.

This brings us to social graces. For social graces lead straight to popularity, one of the shortest and surest roads to happiness. Also, to bring men into it, men are predisposed towards the girl who is popular and knows her way around socially—even the men who insist they don't care about such things. It's right they should be, too! For the girl who is socially well-adjusted makes the best wife. She can entertain her husband's

business friends. She can make a fine place for her family in any community.

Let's play Truth for a few minutes.

Are you one of those happy human beings who master social grace in all of its five phases? In other words:

Do you have pleasing importance in your community, church, club or school?

Do you have happy relationships with your friends?

Do you make a desirable impression upon acquaintances?

Do you shine as a hostess?

Do you find yourself sought as a guest?

If you can answer these questions with an honest affirmative, turn to the

next story, this isn't for you. If, on the other hand, your answers to these questions convince you there's something wrong somewhere, read on—it was for you we went to Hollywood to ferret out the social secrets of the stars.

It takes no social magic for a star to appear to social advantage on the screen. The supporting cast darn well have to buzz around her like bees around a big, fragrant flower. It's in the script! But off screen the stars, like everybody else, have their own way to make. It was those girls who make their way most brilliantly whom we sought, whose social life we dissected and whose clever tactics we preserved in shorthand notes in order





We think this is one of the most valuable articles that has ever been printed—the second in a signal series designed to show you how to find your place in the sun

BY ADELE  
WHITELY FLETCHER

ILLUSTRATION BY SI MEZEROW



**Claudette Colbert:** One of Hollywood's "400," she gives the dinner party perfect



**Joan Bennett:** Her hints are priceless for all married or about-to-be-married girls



**Ouida Bergere Rathbone:** Famous social leader, the gracious wife of Basil Rathbone

to help you get over on the happiness side, too.

One thing our investigation proved—definitely! When you're out of kilter socially a few minor adjustments usually will have you ready to take the toughest kind of a social grade in high. You don't have to be born with social grace.

First of all, say our Hollywood social leaders:

#### Be Somebody in Your Community

Don't be footless, like a gypsy. Make up your mind what you're going to do in the way of civic, charitable, church, or school work and do it efficiently and graciously . . . Rosalind Russell.

Fill out the various forms that are sent to you at different times and mail them—it won't kill you . . . Rosalind Russell.

Co-operate with your town by hanging out a flag on holidays and lighting the tree at your door at Christmas . . . Rosalind Russell.

#### Don't Be Proud

Beware of the stiff-necked pride that keeps you from making an effort to please people.

Take the attitude, "If people don't like me for myself I don't want their friendship" and you'll get nowhere—fast! People will like you for yourself only if they find you charming. And you won't be charming—count on

this!—unless you make an effort to please . . . Rosalind Russell.

Give people a chance to talk about those things which interest them and about which they talk well and be quick to applaud verbally, to say, "How very clear you make it!" or "I hadn't thought of that!" or something of the kind . . . Ouida Bergere.

When you're responsible for a charity bazaar or a club dinner or any similar activity ask people to help you. For when you try to do everything yourself you don't corner all the glory, you corner all the criticism, as you deserve to do. Be generous, too, with the credit you give those who do the least thing for you . . . Ouida Bergere. (Continued on page 77)





Study in strength:  
Joan Crawford, star  
of "A Woman's Face"





Study of a profile that is the inspiration for the "We Want Flynn" chant: Errol Flynn of Warners' "Dive Bomber"



# Sun Valley Serenade



—sung to the tune of skis, skates  
and hearts in this charm-packed romance  
of the little refugee skater who gets her man

## Fiction version by NORTON RUSSELL

Copyright 1941 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan.  
Produced by Milton Sperling. Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone

AT the time, adopting a refugee baby had seemed a smart way of getting publicity. Winchell had devoted a whole half-column to it. There was something irresistibly appealing about the thought of a dance band's opening its collective arms and heart to a little homeless tot from Europe. Nifty Allen, press agent and general roustabout for the Dartmouth Troubadours, was rather smug because the stunt had been his idea.

But all that was before the baby actually arrived. In fact, six months before. And when a man from the Immigration Service handed Ted Scott a paper saying that day after tomorrow he had to be at Ellis Island to receive his infant charge, it came as a shock, since everyone in the band had forgotten all about it.

"This was your idea," Ted, who played the piano and sang choruses, said darkly to Nifty. "And I'm stuck with the kid because I was the only

one in the outfit that had a fountain pen to sign the application. Well, it's out. We don't need the publicity now—we got a job. We'll tell 'em we don't want a baby."

"You can't," said Phil Corey, the band leader, blinking distressedly behind his spectacles. "You're responsible. It says so, right here on the notice."

Nifty tried to comfort Ted. "After all, didn't you tell me you wanted to be a father?"

"Yeah," Ted admitted. "But I want to do it *my* way."

Nevertheless, he was at Ellis Island two days later, backed up by the full personnel of the Dartmouth Troubadours and a brace of newspaper photographers. Solemn, quaintly dressed children, each with a big numbered tag attached somewhere, were being parcelled out to embarrassed American adults. When the loud-speaker trumpeted "Number thirty-six," Nifty

pushed Ted toward the gate. "That's yours," he said; then added, at Ted's glare, "I mean ours."

Ted's eyes focussed at about the distance from the floor you'd expect a four-year-old's head to be. All they found was a full skirt of green wool. Apprehensively, they traveled upward and discovered a blonde young person with dimples and a complexion you seldom see outside of a colored ad for cosmetics. Hanging from the lapel of a jacket that had obviously been made by hand was a tag which said plainly "36"

"This gentleman," a sour-faced official said, "is your sponsor"

"How do you do," the young person said to Ted, stepped forward, put her arms around his neck and kissed him on the cheek.

The photographers Nifty had brought along raised their cameras, flashed lights, and took pictures, grinning ghoulishly





"I'm sorry I made Ted late," said Karen in a small voice, trying in vain to break the rapidly forming ice of the rehearsal room as she continued to stare glacially at her

### THE CAST

- Karen Benson.....Sonja Henie
- Ted Scott.....John Payne
- Phil Corey.....Glenn Miller
- Nifty Allen.....Milton Berle
- Vivian Dawn.....Lynn Bari

The young person stood back and beamed, taking in Ted's flustered face with evident pleasure. "That," she announced, "is how we greet our friends in Norway. My name is Karen Benson."

Ted led his new acquisition back to the other members of the band. Something seemed to have happened to his vocal chords. They were paralyzed, or something. Nifty Allen rose to the occasion. He performed introductions all around, babbling only a very little, and finally gathered luggage and conveyed Ted and Karen to the ferry slip, where he pushed them into a cab.

Ted, crumpled into one corner of the leather-upholstered seat, realized that Karen was looking at him as if she were trying to commit his face to memory.

"You are very young," she said, "to have a wife and three children."

Ted jumped. "Where did you get that idea?" (Continued on page 92)

Ted had thought that taking a refugee baby would be a swell publicity stunt, but—





BY JOHN R.  
FRANCHEY



"PIXIE"



Her hair is red, her eyes are green and she's on speak-

ing terms with leprechauns. She's Geraldine Fitzgerald—

be careful or she'll git you ef you don't watch out!

**A** LADY who receives strangers in a blue and white pinafore and serves them potato pancakes of her own manufacture—young, redheaded and beautiful, though she be—is undisputably quaint.

A lady who yearns to spy on people behind lighted windows (especially where the shade is pulled down), who's eternally walking under ladders just to annoy the evil spirits, who's constantly straightening pictures in other people's houses and who's on more than mere speaking terms with the "little people" is a pixie and no two ways about it.

Multiply the two words and you get quaint pixie, an apt description of Geraldine Fitzgerald, the Warner Irish Rhapsody Number One who is with us once more, after taking time out to have a baby whose name, we may as well tell you, is Edward Lindsay-Hogg Jr. or just plain Ed, if you insist on being folksy.

If you think that Hollywood isn't delighted to have her around, you are, in all probability:

A. Positively loony.

B. Confusing a pixie with a wack, a specimen with which Hollywood is sure-enough surfeited.

Her champions are the screen's top names.

James Cagney admires her forsaking all others and hails her for her modesty and shyness, which commod-

ities, so he says, are sadly lacking in Hollywood.

John Garfield regards her as "quality" and wishes to heaven that Hal Wallis would let him do a picture with her.

Bette Davis calls her Fitz, describes her as *e pluribus unum*, which, according to a knowing friend of ours, means one among many.

Burgess Meredith regrets that the Honorable Edward Lindsay-Hogg met her first. Olivia de Havilland thinks she's "incredibly mad but wonderful." As for the rest of Hollywood which is not quite so eloquent, it is content to blink its collective eyes and pretend to be numb with astonishment, albeit pleasant astonishment.

That Geraldine Fitzgerald would never turn out to be your run-of-the-mine G-girl (G like in glamour) ought to have been evident right from the beginning.

Before she arrived in town for the first time, Warners, loath to overawe the new import, planned to give her a B-minus welcome. No point in spoiling the young lady, was there? Even if she had practically vanquished Broadway as an Orson Welles protégée. Which is how it happened that a brace of publicity boys—instead of the Warner high command—was on hand to meet the plane when it taxied to a stop at the Los Angeles airport to disgorge its pay load.

To the consternation of the greeting committee, the only likely girl on board was a radiant somebody with modulated curves and caparisoned in a gray-blue suit resembling a uniform,

the last passenger to pile out of the cabin. On close examination she turned out to be the flight hostess.

The denouement came on the following day, after Warners had sent out a general alarm. Miss Fitzgerald, seems like, had sneaked into town a day earlier and had been spending the time learning her way around town.

"But why all this excitement?" she calmly demanded of a frazzled Warner lieutenant.

After this little episode it was assumed by what is known as Hollywood society that Miss F. would settle down and live by the book, white polo coat, dark glasses, frantic kisses and "Darling, I'm so glad to see you's" every time she bumped into a friend, and, of course, a life membership in the Brown Derby.

**N**OTHING of the kind. Miss Fitzgerald promptly rented herself an unostentatious little manor house and began being herself in a fashion positively unheard of.

She tossed no spectacular party, held no Gargantuan open house, staged no mass interview for the press. In fact, she shied away from everything that even faintly resembled the world colossal and proceeded to acclimate herself in the gods' good time and in her own fashion.

When she (Continued on page 72)

She walks under ladders, entertains in gingham and is inordinately proud of her freckles and husband Lindsay-Hogg

When guests told the pixie her living room was lovely she twinkled, "It's lovelier upstairs—so much more shabby!"





# MAN-MAID Fashions

— or you could say "man-made," since you're going to analyze your men on the sly and come out with cues that will double your dates

## Fashion Quiz

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



*Does the man in your life ever wear a bow tie?*

If he does, comfort comes first to him; he wants to do just what he wants to do when he wants to do it. Better fit into his casual pattern or you'll find yourself at the end of his date line. If you want him, just relax and don't wear linen collars that you'll have to fuss about.

Clothes bait for him: He'll think you'll look fine and you won't have to worry about the park bench's being dirty if you get yourself an all-round summer dress of the new mattress ticking, gaily striped, easy to get into, easy to get around in.

*Is he apt to start casual conversations with strangers, any time, any place?*

This type is a wanderer at heart. He wants adventures and probably dreams about being a beachcomber someday in the romantic future. He'll ask you to comb beaches with him if you give him a lift and dream along too. If you turn your back on his fine-feathered pickups, you'll find his back turned on you.

Counteract for his impulses: Go practical when you buy, get yourself a standout dress that will keep his mind off his neighbors and on you. The dress for you is a summer piqué, cut smartly—but not in a pastel shade. Choose it in one of the new bright colors—orange, red, green—and watch him forget the strangers!

*Does he, at every opportunity, explain his point via the pencil and paper (or tablecloth!) method?*

If he does, he's a brass-tacks man. He's a lover of detail; he'll analyze and argue you right out of the picture unless you turn into a good little girl, speak only when you're spoken to and can't get out of it.

Clothes cue: You're lucky with this man when it comes to clothes. There's not one small thing about your outfit that escapes his analytical eye. So you can indulge your fancy, wear those new earrings—made of three gold links, each spelling out one letter of U. S. A.—and rest assured he'll notice them.

*Are his fingers short and squarish, or are they more on the long, thin side?*

If they're short and squarish, he's a practical man of action, the "I like a girl neat but not gaudy" type. You can have him humming love songs by wearing what most of your other sisters won't dare to wear this summer—a white blouse, dark skirt and a bright sash tightly girded about your midriff.

If his hands are longer and more tapering, he has a lot of the artiste in him even though he does get a haircut once a week. So here's your chance to wear the most romantic bonnet summer has brought forth—a soft white hat of Irish linen trimmed with Irish lace. It's a sure bet to satisfy his sensitive soul.

*Does he hold hands at the movies?*

He's the type that will never care what other people think, a man who has the courage of his convictions. He hates gossip, loves you and doesn't care who knows it.


As far as your clothes go, this type is a heaven-sent outlet. You can be as outstanding as you like and he'll love it, providing the men on the corner just look and don't go any further. So, with your white suit or dress, wear a big rolled-up-brim hat of black and white stripes that will leave a chorus of amazed and admiring Ah's behind you.





Davis

## DATE LINES



The Davis has a date for a party. Meaning that Bette Davis, star of Warners' "The Bride Came C.O.D.," is playing pretty hostess for a Sunday-night supper. Prime insurance that all heads will turn towards Mrs. Farnsworth is her summer marquisette formal: Sheer black top with deft little cap sleeves, skirt of black and white stripes; sash that's an inspiration—jade green and white stripes. It looks like Paris; it's from Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles


Photographs by Welbourne



Miss Davis has a date to talk about the rice in China. In other words, she's going to be the featured attraction at a "Help China" benefit. She goes on her spectacular way in a black linen dress that helps China too—by having the new Chinese motif scrolled in powder blue on a pocket that will be picked by all females. Her bolero jacket is of powder blue linen; so is her big coolie hat that will get more charity checks from more men everywhere







Miss Davis has an ax to grind. That is, she's going to a business conference with a few weighty male minds. Guaranteed to get the gentlemen's eyes off facts and onto figures is her banana yellow wool jersey suit. Female business strategy is the blouse of red tie silk splashed with white stars, with the red taking a bright encore as a headband on her natural straw hat. I. Magnin's, Los Angeles



Bette goes to breakfast of a Sunday morning. She never talks before she has her coffee; she doesn't need to say a word when she looks like this. The dress is a blue linen model with its eye on recreation. It has a square neckline, fitted bodice, full skirt and a design of white braid that will put any lass in the look-at-me class. From Louella Ballerino, Los Angeles





Bette goes dancing of a Saturday night. Sure sign of good evening technique for summer nights is her choice of white piqué with wonder-working wing sleeves, fitted bodice and full skirt. The trim is red, white and blue braid and red rick-rack, a touch that will make the stag line straighten its bow ties. Louella Ballerino, Los Angeles







# PHOTOPLAY- MOVIE MIRROR

## Dancing School

One night two newlyweds went dancing. They started to do the fox trot and . . . Look out that what happened to them doesn't happen to you!

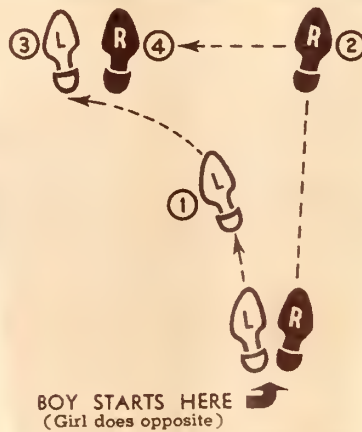
Conducted by **HOWARD SHARPE**

**H**ERE is a very modern 1941 fable for you: We once knew a young newlywed couple who felt that their great love and their superb pattern for the future lacked only one thing; they did not dance well together. Bob said it was his fault and Linda insisted it was hers—although each felt, secretly, that the other was simply inept and should take a few lessons.

Anyway, they decided, finally, to go to one of the Murray schools and brush up. Bob said to himself that he would just go along to make Linda feel better and Linda sincerely believed she was taking the course merely to keep Bob company.

So, in the next weeks, they learned the conga, and the rhumba, and some jitterbug steps, and the Viennese waltz and we don't know what all fancy turns. They didn't bother with the fox trot, of course, because that was basic and they knew it in any case; and the real trouble was (they felt) that perhaps they were bored

### THE MAGIC STEP



with the same old monotonous step.

Well, sir, on the day they finished the course, Bob and Linda rushed home, put on their best clothes, called up a downtown supper club to reserve a floor table and started gayly off to enjoy their new mutual accomplish-

ment. The music started, they looked at each other across the table, put down their napkins, stepped to the floor and started fox trotting.

They fox trotted, for that matter, most of the evening, for the simple reason that ninety per cent of the tunes that orchestra played were fox trots. Furthermore, Bob and Linda weren't dancing together any better than they had before. Of course, when a rhumba came on they were superb and you should have seen them during that one tango they requested.

Where there's a fable there's a moral, of course, and it is that you go on reading this dance lesson, which tells you some brand-new stuff about fox trotting.

We took our photographer, gathered up famous Broadway dancer Ray Bolger (who's co-starring now with Anna Neagle in RKO's "Sunny") and went out to Rita Hayworth's new house in Westwood to get the illustrations you see on these pages. Of course, Rita was a professional dancer,



o avoid crashing into tables when ou're fox trotting you do the Junior slide, shown to pretty perfection below by Ray Bolger and Rita Hayworth. See text for directions



We acknowledge with gratitude the careful check which was given this feature by the Arthur Murray Studios

Photographs by Powolny



Fox trot step with coy name but indispensable features is the Twinkle, illustrated at the right. For footwork see diagram above



oo, before the movies decided to make her a siren, and Ray and she had a grand time just relaxing with the fox trot. Bolger had been doing fancy eccentric stuff all day and Rita had been doing a cape dance for "Blood and Sand," with bullfighter Tyrone Power looking on.

Now for the first lesson, beginning with what Arthur Murray calls the Magic Step.

NO one appears to have broken down the modern fox trot into more essential shape than that Murray guy, who made a fetish (and several millions of dollars) out of simple everyday dancing. He announced that no matter how you do it, the fox trot is merely a matter of two slow and two quick steps. Speaking from the man's viewpoint, it amounts to this:

- You stand with your feet together.
- You step forward slowly with your left foot.
- You walk slowly forward with your

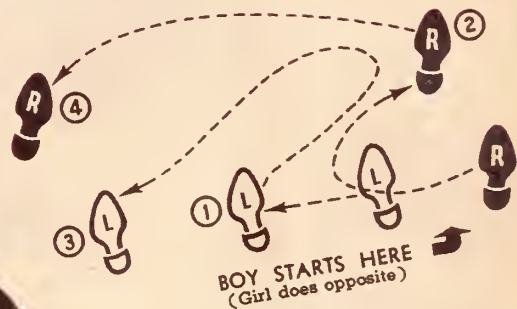
Something extraspecial to do is the Swing Step. Rita and Ray show it off here; the diagram at right shows you just how to "swing" it

right foot. Those are the two slow steps. In this position, you step quickly to the left side with your left foot and quickly draw your right foot up to your left. (See diagram on the opposite page.)

There, children, you have it. It sounds simple and it is simple. If you do it with the correct essential rhythm

(and all you have to do is put any reasonably fast contemporary fox trot on the phonograph or touch the radio push-button that'll bring you Glenn Miller or Artie Shaw) you are fox trotting. Of course, you are fox trotting in the vaguest possible manner and when you reach the end of the floor you will crash into a table, with no less than the boot from the headwaiter.

To avoid this contretemps you learn to turn out of the way of that table; which, of (Continued on page 76)





Getting into Fink focus—and into the Hollywood draft issue—is Orson Welles, seen here (and everywhere) with Dolores Del Rio. Will Citizen Kane become Private Welles? If not, why not?



Taken for granted by the American public is the probable deferment of Tyrone Power. Hollywood thinks differently, bases its decision on what Power has chosen to do every morning at sunrise

James Stewart's case put Hollywood on guard about the draft, accounts for the cover-up imposed by studios, disclosed now by "Fearless." Below: Face front to Hyman Fink's camera are William H. Freeman; U. S. N.; Jim; L. G. Lewis, U. S. M. C.





# THE TRUTH about the DRAFT IN

# HOLLYWOOD

BY "FEARLESS"



Is there anything strange about the conscription situation in the film capital? Are the stars you know being called? "Fearless" tackles Hollywood's touchiest subject

Is Hollywood doing its share in the draft?

Or are the stars getting preferred handling?

With a million and a half sweethearts and a million and a half mothers seeing a million and a half boys off to camp and an uncertain future, we have heard these questions asked with increasing frequency. They're natural questions, fair ones and, above all, important ones. For democracy is to continue as a good thing to live by, we cannot have a favored few getting the nod and the rest of us getting the dirty end of the stick.

"Sure," people say, "Jimmy Stewart's in the army. But who else?"

Offhand I venture to say hardly one out of ten of you can name another big star who has been inducted into Uncle Sam's service at the time I am writing this. So "Fearless" has made his business to check up on the film capital and give you a report without favor and without prejudice.

Let's begin with Tyrone Power, who is a fairly prominent young man around Hollywood, I'm sure you'll agree. Under ordinary circumstances he might expect to be automatically preferred. But he doesn't.

So what is he doing? Without waiting to receive his questionnaire and find out what his classification will be, he is driving ahead in preparing himself to become an aviator.

Ty's enthusiasm for flying has long been established. He was the first star to tour South America by air and his trip inadvertently turned into the granddaddy of the good-will "vacations." Later, Annabella and he were passengers on the first commercial flight of the Atlantic clipper. When he begins to punch Uncle Sam's time clock he wants to be sure he'll be in the branch of the service he loves—flying.

To that end he's taking heroic steps: A flying lesson at the airport every morning at six o'clock before checking into the studio at eight for his current picture, which in itself is not beside the point, being "A Yank in the R.A.F." Then two nights a week he has an instructor come to the house for studies in aeronautical navigation, meteorology and similar required subjects. Not easy to tackle these technical studies on top of a long day at the studio that was preceded by some two hours' work at the airport.

But young Mr. Power is determined to be a pilot. So without the flutter of a single flag, in fact, in the most matter-of-fact way, he is going about the business of making himself one by the time his Government taps him on the shoulder and says, "Okay, son. You're next."

Wayne Morris, the likable hulk flyer of "I Wanted Wings," is closer to reveille than any of the other

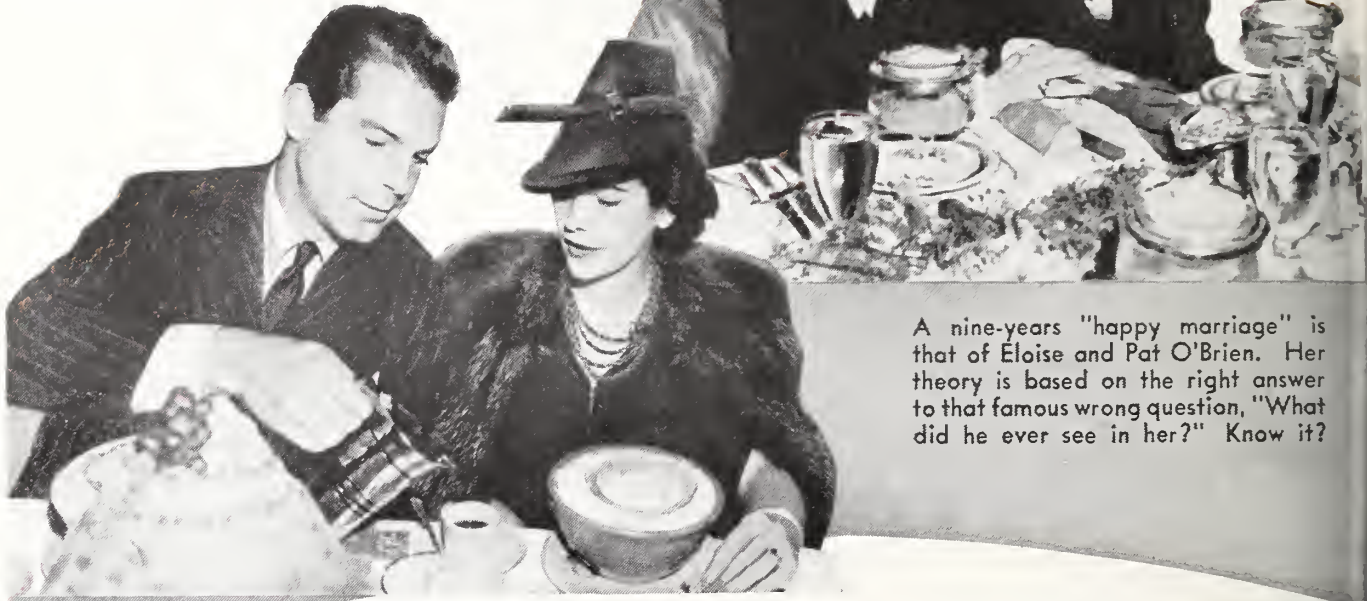
Hollywood boys. By the time you read this he may already be listening daily to the doughboy's dirge. More likely, Morris will aim for a berth in the Navy.

There is a fine irony to Wayne's case. After a spectacular start on his career in "Kid Galahad," he married the wealthy socialite Bubbles Schinasi without duly conferring with his studio. Warner Brothers raised a pained brow at the ingratitude of their young eligible upon whom they had spent so much publicity and decided to let him dangle. His pictures grew increasingly unimportant. But the joy of becoming a father took the sting out of his disappointment until it became evident that along with a languishing career his marriage also was languishing. At length Bubbles departed with the baby—and Mama—and life hit a new low for Wayne.

Meanwhile, Warner Brothers farmed out their once bright prospect to Paramount, who proceeded to make good use of the farming. They banged Morris into a couple of B pictures which nevertheless gave him a chance at the fans and the results were such that the studio determined to give him his break in "I Wanted Wings." His performance in that picture sent his stock soaring. Warners sat up, decided the harvest was over for their neighbor, Paramount, and promptly yanked back their property. Wayne was scheduled (Continued on page 75)



What every woman wants to be, Fred MacMurray's Lillian is—a successful wife. Her formula calls for a lot of talking on the woman's part



A nine-years "happy marriage" is that of Eloise and Pat O'Brien. Her theory is based on the right answer to that famous wrong question, "What did he ever see in her?" Know it?

# How to stay married

BY MARIAN RHEA

**E**LOISE O'BRIEN said, "You must never be jealous. . . ."

Lillian MacMurray said, "Forget your own ambition and be a wife, first, last and all the time. . . ."

Mayo Methot said, "I never let the sun set on a quarrel. . . ."

Joan Blondell said, "Home and children are everything. Careers must come second. . . ."

They call Hollywood "Heartbreak Town." They call it that not only because it so often spells broken ambition and shattered ideals, but because—or so they say—no happiness can live there long. They say love can't walk hand in hand with careers built on fame. When a star gets married, especially a male star, people shake their heads and say, "Too bad. He was going good. This will hurt

him at the box office." Or, "It won't last. She'll never hold him. Too much competition."

Well, maybe they're right. The problems of a movie star's wife are tough, sometimes—tough as they come. Still, Hollywood has its happy marriages! The only thing is, we don't read about them much because they aren't exactly news. Or perhaps not the kind that makes headlines. Because they are news, all right—news that is good to hear about, too, and from which every wife can learn a lesson. Because if a movie star's wife can make her marriage go, with all its problems and difficulties, other women can make a success of theirs.

So we give you the experiences of four wives of Hollywood screen stars, whose wisdom and tact have made

their marriages ideal and enduring. Mrs. Pat O'Brien, Mrs. Fred MacMurray, Mrs. Humphrey Bogart, whom you know as Mayo Methot, and Mrs. Dick Powell—Joan Blondell.

Eloise O'Brien, happily married for nine years, sat curled up in a great, deep chair in the library of the O'Briens' new home in Brentwood. She wore an exquisite ice-blue satin negligee. Her hair was as shining and as smartly coiffed as any glamour girl's. She was camera-slender. You wondered why she herself wasn't in pictures. She had been successful on the New York stage. She was charming, pictorial. But—she was telling you why not.

"Perhaps you know that, just as we were about to be married in New



It's not the quarrels in marriage; it's the making-up that matters. Promoter of a novel plan is Mayo Methot, clever wife of Humphrey Bogart

Girl who knows how to keep her husband dating her every evening is Joan Blondell, wife of Dick Powell



*to a movie star*  
—OR TO ANYBODY  
FOR THAT MATTER

York, Pat was offered a contract to star in the screen version of 'The Front Page.' Well, he came to me and said, 'Honey, shall I go to Hollywood?' and I said, 'Of course.' No, I didn't hesitate. I was sufficiently in love to let Pat's interests come first. And besides—" honestly, "I thought that I, too, might find a place in pictures. I didn't know—then—that if you want a real break in pictures you must let Hollywood come to you. "And so," she went on, "although I was happy in Pat's success, I was miserable, too, those first two years out here, because I could get nothing to do. I wept bitter tears and devel-

oped an oversized inferiority complex before I finally realized that, after all, it was nothing but vanity that made me want a career for myself, when Pat was doing so well. Now I would not go back to the other life for anything in the world! We have our home and children and—well, life seems very full and very good." "And easy, too?" we asked her. But she shook her head. "No, not easy. I don't believe being married to a celebrity is ever easy for any woman. There are always problems." "Such as—?" "Well, fans for one thing, especially women fans. You go to a premiere,

for instance, and they recognize your husband and think, because you are with him, you are Somebody, too. They ask for your autograph, but when you obligingly sign it, they say, 'Oh, that's nobody!' Or maybe, 'For the love of heaven, what does he see in her! He ought to be married to Hedy Lamarr!' "I used to get furious over things like that," she went on. "But Pat would be so upset and anxious and solicitous that—well, one night I suddenly made up my mind to stop being so silly! We had been to a preview. 'Why did he ever marry her?' some fresh little snip had said and I



had boiled over as usual. Then, as we were driving home and Pat was trying to console me, I remember the street light shone on his face. He looked so worried and harassed and unhappy that I stopped being sorry for myself and was sorry for him! He couldn't help it if the fans had mobbed him. It wouldn't have been very flattering if they *hadn't!* I stopped fuming and laughed.

"Incidentally, how do *you* feel about being married to a nonentity and a frump?" I demanded.

"Well, his relief at this new attitude of mine was so obvious I was thoroughly ashamed of my former tantrums. After all, any man loves peace and in my opinion, the surest way to lose one is forget it!

"Yes, of course, funny things have happened to me since. One night after we had been to the fights a woman caught me by the arm and whirled me around, demanding, 'Well, dearie, just what did you do to get him?'"

"And what did you say?" we asked Eloise.

"I told her I had baited a trap with cheese!

"After all," she added, "jealousy has no place in the lexicon of a movie wife. You might as well get used to that fact. Not only is your husband going to be mobbed by feminine fans, but he is going to be thrown with beautiful women in pictures. And if you can't laugh off that situation, too, you're lost.

"For instance, during the filming of a certain picture Pat was exceptionally helpful to a new player who showed a great deal of promise. Whereupon followed a period during which she was hovering around him every chance she could get, telling him about her progress, asking his advice, until at last she got a contract.

"As it happened, the next night or two Pat and I saw her at a night club. Immediately she sallied over to our table; spoke directly to me.

"'Oh, Mrs. O'Brien! I want to thank you for your husband, but now I give him back to you. I won't need him any more!'"

Eloise laughed, just, she said, as she had laughed that night. "Time was," she admitted, "when I probably should have wrung her neck. But I had learned restraint. And when I saw the relieved look on Pat's face, relieved because I hadn't said something nasty, I realized how much a man can suffer from his wife's jealousy, innocent though he may be. No, I am not one of those blind wives who would believe in her husband's faithfulness though contrary evidence

were flung in her face. But I do know that the average decent, self-respecting man is not going to chase around after every woman who makes eyes at him, be he in pictures or not. And I believe that he is still less likely to do it if his wife has faith in him!"

Lillian MacMurray, a happy wife for something over five years, says that her formula for a successful marriage is twofold: "Forget your own ambition; two careers in a family don't jibe." And . . . "Never neglect your appearance. *Never!*"

Like Eloise, Lillian had a career once upon a time. She was one of New York's most beautiful show girls. When she came to Hollywood (because Fred was out here), she had offers to go on the screen. But she

leading lady is going to steal the show or whether his latest picture was good or bad. He comes home at the end of a day and we sit in the garden, if it is summertime, or by the fire if it is winter and perhaps have a cocktail and talk about the news of the day or how the garden is doing, or maybe about the new Duncan Phyfe table I found in an antique store. I usually do most of the talking and he just stretches out in his chair and relaxes. I remember one day last summer, during some very hot weather . . . I had a change of clothing laid out on his bed upstairs and the cocktail shaker and glasses ready on a tray in the garden. He came home, went upstairs, showered and changed and came back to me. We just sat

there, not saying much of anything until I caught him looking at me rather strangely. When I asked him what was on his mind, he came over and dropped a kiss on my head.

"I'm glad I'm married to you," he said.

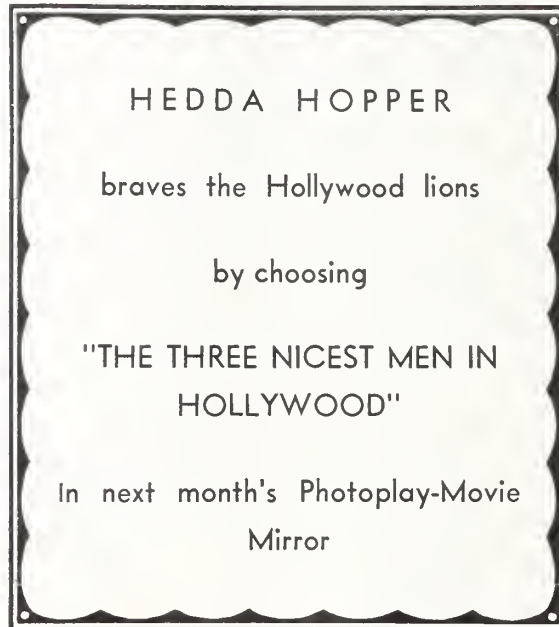
"Well, it was a little thing, but that quiet moment was worth all the careers I might have had. It made me feel happy and *safe*. Because I knew that he was happy."

Lillian smiled. "I don't think the wife of a movie star should ever feel too safe, though," she added, "competition being what it is. Therefore, I pay a lot of attention to my appearance. I don't forget that my husband meets dozens of girls, far better-looking than I, makes love to many of them on the screen. I

believe it is very foolish for any wife to neglect herself. A man is attracted to her in the beginning for a certain set of reasons. Quite possibly her appearance is one of them, and she shouldn't ignore this the minute she has him 'hooked.'"

Mayo Methot, blonde, voluptuous, intelligent, sophisticated, sat before the Bogart fireplace and admitted frankly, without crossed fingers, that her marriage is ideally happy. "And I mean to keep it so," she said simply.

Mayo believes that a marriage is a wife's responsibility. She believes in the essential decency of the average man—that decency which keeps him from philandering, "cheating" if you will, if all is right with wife and home. Furthermore, to her, "Bogie" is not a "celebrity" to be handled with kid gloves. He is just a sensitive, sentimental, attractive man—and her husband. But she doesn't just "blunder along" in steering her ship of marriage—not Mayo. She has a Plan. One of its mainstays is preventing the bitterness which colors every domestic quarrel (Continued on page 70)



and Fred were in love and were to be married soon. So she let her own career slip by. "And I've never been sorry," she says. "You see, husbands like to take care of their wives."

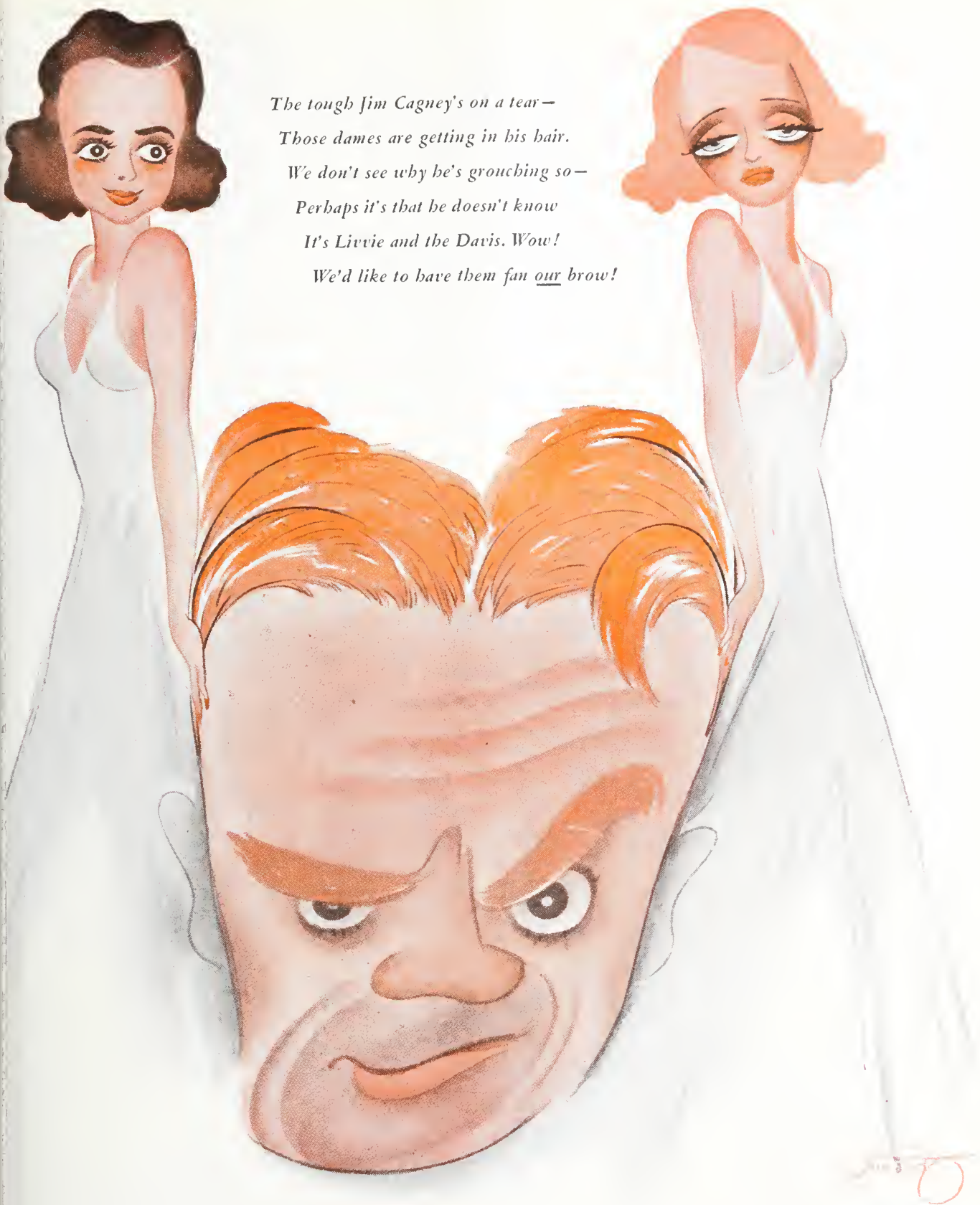
Rather tragically, fate put this theory to the test right after the MacMurrays were married. Lillian, still ailing from an appendectomy, became quite seriously ill and was in bed for months. But, she says, now that she is well again, she has never regretted it.

"Fred was so sweet to me. He took care of me as one would a child. And I have a theory that when a man must work extra hard for his wife, whether it is against financial odds or because she is ill and requires special attention, or for any other reason, she becomes extra important to him—that is, if he is the right kind of a man. And Fred is.

"Our marriage," Lillian said, "is rather peculiarly remote from Fred's work. To us, his career is a business at which he works as hard as he knows how. But we don't worry about the box office or whether his



*The tough Jim Cagney's on a tear—  
Those dames are getting in his hair.  
We don't see why he's grouching so—  
Perhaps it's that he doesn't know  
It's Livvie and the Davis. Wow!  
We'd like to have them fan our brow!*



Olivia de Havilland, who appeared with James Cagney in "The Strawberry Blonde"; James Cagney; Bette Davis, with whom Cagney is currently playing in "The Bride Came C.O.D."

DRAWN EXCLUSIVELY FOR PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR BY ARMANDO



(and she admits that she and "Bogie" have them, even as most married couples) from taking root.

"There is nothing that cannot be ironed out between two people who love each other," she told me, "and I never forget it. But I don't forget, either, that for most men it is difficult to say, 'I'm sorry.' So, I say it. Sometimes I say it even though in my heart I don't think I'm to blame. I remember one time in particular, although (and isn't it often the case?) I don't remember now what we quarrelled about. Anyway, Bogie was sorry and I knew it, even though he never put it in words. You see, his manner told me so—the way he looked at me, the way he spoke to me, the way he did things for me. So, after dinner, as he was sitting before the fire, I went over and sat on the arm of his chair.

"I'm sorry," I told him. And his arms around me and the way he said, 'Mayo, you're sweet,' told me I'd made things right in a way that a dozen apologies from him might not have.

"You see," she added, "I don't think pride—the kind of pride that needs must save its face at any cost—has a place in marriage. I know it's trite—but give and take has got to be the rule!"

**A**NOTHER old-fashioned rule of Mayo's for a successful marriage—and particularly a successful marriage to a movie star—is to make him a home. She has done that; you know it the instant you walk into their small but lovely living room. It's not so grand as half the homes in Hollywood, but it kind of reaches out and welcomes you.

"Bogie loves his home," Mayo said with quiet pride.

Yes, a success on the New York stage and in screen character roles as well, Mayo Bogart has, since her marriage, relegated her career to the background. "I learned that would be necessary not more than two weeks after our honeymoon," she said. "I had gone to work upon our return and it seemed I was late getting home every day. When I would finally arrive, there would be Bogie wandering around like a lost soul. Our houseboy told me, 'Mist' Bogart not enjoy hisself until you here.' And it came over me that a wife whose husband 'not enjoy hisself' until she is with him is luckier than the most successful 'career woman' in the world. So, now I work occasionally—this because I like to have my own money to buy Bogie's Christmas and birthday presents with—but that is all.

"Meanwhile," she went on, "I find my time as full as it ever was when I was working steadily. I plan the meals and do the marketing. I take care of Bogie's clothes—attend to buttons and mending like a most admirable *hausfrau*—" she smiled—"and I garden like mad. Bogie, who, until we were married, didn't know a chrysanthemum from a carnation—well, scarcely—is as proud as punch over my horticultural achievements. Just the other day, I heard him talking to Boris Karloff about them. 'That Mayo,' he was saying, 'she's a wonder. She grows petunias seven feet high!'"

"Yes, he meant hibiscus, but it gave me a warm comfortable feeling to hear him bragging about me. 'It's hard to be married to a movie star, isn't it?' some movie wives say to me. 'You never know when you might lose him to a more beautiful woman.' But I sort of think that as long as your husband is bragging about your seven-foot petunias, you're safe."



## Star Finds IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

**MONOGRAMANIA:** Anne Shirley goes in for monograms in a big way. Most original are the initials on her slack suit. Letters are made with rows of tiny white pearl shirtwaist buttons. Cute idea, and inexpensive, too.

**MOCCASINS**—that wash! It's an old American custom—wearing moccasins—that goes back to the Indians. The new, trim, wall-toed moccasins are designed for play clothes, slacks and sports dresses. They're com-



fortable, but not sloppy. Best of all, they wash as easily as a hanky. Called Kedettes, you'll find them for about \$2 at your local shoe or department store.

**BE A SISSY:** A froth of ruffles and dainty bows make Sissykins a charming bit of summer whimsy. It's a trim little pantie that controls your curves and fits your figure as if it were moulded on. It's cute and oh-so-feminine. Won't make a dent in your budget, either. Only 59c at your local store.



**SUMMER SORCERY:** Summer means a new shade of lipstick—one that makes your eyes brighter, your teeth whiter and your tan deeper. If you're the golden-girl type, Pond's Honey lipstick is a shade you'll want to wear and wear. It's a bright, sunny red. Creamy smooth in texture, it



will endear itself by staying on for hours and hours. Pond's Honey lipstick is 55c at drug and department stores and there's a trial size at the dime store.

**NATURALLY:** Practically every star you see has healthy, natural-looking eyebrows—heavy, even a bit shaggy. Evidently, Hollywood has turned "brows down" on thin, plucked-out-painted-in eyebrows. But you'll notice that the glamour girls of the screen are careful to tweeze out all straggling hairs. Try professional Twissors if you want to pluck out those offending hairs with hardly a twinge. 50c at department stores.

**A**T the Dick Powell residence in the Hollywood hills fully fifteen square feet of floor in front of the fireplace had been taken over by toys, including a most intricate electric railway system. "Dick's present to himself," Joan told us, "he says it was for Normie on his birthday, but you see who's playing with it."

I saw. Normie was engaged in piecing together a jigsaw puzzle. Miss Powell (Baby Ellen, aged two, is known in the household as Miss Powell, being too robust a personality for a mere Ellen, Joan and Dick contend) was scooting an automobile across the floor.

"I can't imagine a real home and real married happiness without this sort of thing," said Joan above the din. "Children are everything."

"No," she went on, "I don't lie awake nights figuring out rules and regulations to 'hold' Dick. We are just here in our home, with our children, and it is impossible for me ever to see us anywhere else. I can feel our roots digging in every time I see Dick put a caressing arm around Normie's shoulders or speak of him, proudly, as 'my son.' I feel it when I see him take Miss Powell in his arms and hold her close; when I see him look at her with love and pride written all over his face. I feel it when he reaches out a hand to me to draw me into our family circle.

"It is our home," this gesture says. "These are our children. And it is our love that is responsible!"

"No," Joan explained, "I don't think children can or should keep two people together who no longer love each other; who are quarrelling constantly; whose marriage has become bitter and hateful. But I do think that in a marriage made by love, children are the cement that strengthens and beautifies it.

"It seems to me," she said, seriously, "that it is little things building into big things which ultimately spells divorce. And it seems to me that children, the sense of responsibility they give any normal father and mother, is the greatest safeguard any marriage can have.

"Yes," she admitted, "the wife of a movie star has her problems. I remember one night when we were in Cleveland and Dick was acting as emcee at some sort of convention. During the evening, he introduced a young girl who had won a beauty contest.

"Of course, he took her hand and told the audience: 'Here is a very lovely lady whom I am privileged to introduce—' or something like that.

"Whereupon," Joan said, "a woman in the seat back of me gave me a whack on the head. 'Aren't you jealous?' she screeched. Everybody turned and stared at me. Well," Joan admitted, "this wasn't so very long before Miss Powell was born and I undoubtedly didn't look my best. It was a little hard to see those stares and to hear such remarks as, 'So that's the girl who got him!'"

"Still," she recounted, smiling, "I wasn't too upset. I knew how Dick felt about our having a baby. I knew he wanted one more than anything. I wanted to turn around and announce to those assembled, 'Yeh. I'm the girl who got him. And watch me! I'm the girl that's going to keep him!'"

"Of course, nothing ever is certain in this world," she concluded, "but"—with eyes on Dick and his electric train, Normie working on his jigsaw puzzle and Miss Powell throwing gleeful monkey wrenches into the whole setup—"dollars to doughnuts, if I had made that little speech, I would have been speaking the truth!"





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A THING OR TWO!  
**LUX SOAP** MAKES A  
WONDERFUL **BEAUTY**  
BATH—LEAVES  
SKIN **SWEET**



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NEGLECTS **DAININESS**.  
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BEAUTY BATH MAKES  
YOU **SURE**!



**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



got around to it, she began having people over for tea. Nothing pretentious, mind you. Quiet little affairs, old silver, Wedgwood china, bowls filled with wild flowers and wondrous odors escaping from the kitchen. No flossy maid came around every minute with crumpets. In fact, there was neither maid nor crumpets. There was, however, Miss Fitzgerald, demure and mischievous-looking in a dirndl or little gingham job, gliding about and distributing potato pancakes and Irish wit.

It was only natural that her departure from Hollywood after reeling off four superlative performances in "Dark Victory," "Wuthering Heights," "A Child Is Born," and "Till We Meet Again" should be sorely regretted. And it was equally natural that her return should touch off a minor Mardi Gras on the part of her admirers who looked forward to seeing her in "Flight From Destiny" and now "Shining Victory."

Warners' Geraldine Fitzgerald is a curious cocktail, part naïveté, part sophistication, part elf, and part ivory-tower princess (Irish) with a long dash of *joie de vivre*.

She is inclined to baffle casual callers—such as this reporter—by her contradictions.

For example, her wonderful pallor is set off by a myriad of freckles, of which, by the by, she is uncommonly proud. Again, her general air of reserve is foiled by the expression of her eyes, half critical, half arch. Poker-faced as Buddha at times, she can lapse into enthusiasms that remind you of Hepburn. On the other hand, when her face is lit up with a leaping smile she is quite apt to be talking in a voice that rings with mood indigo. This is the pixie in her, the mischievous element that delights in confounding people, especially strangers.

ONCE when an interviewer called on her, was struck by the quiet beauty of the living room—the colors, alive and harmonious; the furniture, gracious and comfortable; and, above all, by the cozy, lived-in atmosphere of the place—and piped up, "How simply lovely!" she hurdled the compliment in typical Fitzgerald fashion.

"It's still lovelier upstairs—it's so much more shabby," she remarked, eyes a-twinkle.

Shy and sensitive like no one else in Hollywood, she has a wonderful sense of humor, which she loves to direct against herself.

She loves to tell how, hard on the heels of their first meeting, Ida Lupino began yipping, "Geraldine, darling, you've just got to come over and meet my mother. You'll seem-plee love her." It went on for weeks, this invitation, until it got to be a major embarrassment. Finally, loath as she is to go calling, there was nothing to do but drive over to Ida's chateau to meet the dear old lady. All the way over she kept nervously fumbling with a nice bottle of cologne, just the thing for a giftie to a sweet, elderly matron.

Well, imagine her consternation when she met Ida's dear old mother, a glamorous somebody who looked like Ida's sister, none other than the former Connie Emerald, darling of British musical comedy, yesterday's toast of London and owner of the finest pair of legs in the kingdom. She, herself, can be whimsical.

One of the pixie's most frequent visitors is Olivia de Havilland. For Christ-

mas Miss de Havilland received an elegant kit, complete with toothbrush, her favorite powder, rouge, etc., and a key to the house.

The Fitzgerald sporting instinct is a little less than astounding.

A few weeks back she kept a dinner engagement at the Haywards in the teeth of a coming siege of influenza. When the chills hit her, she got up to leave. The guests protested. Louis Hayward (who is always saying, in jest, of course, that he's going to get wife Ida and husband Edward Lindsay-Hogg Jr. out of the way so that he and the pixie can be together forever) gallantly fetched a blanket and threw it over her. An hour later when her condition got worse, she started to beg off again. Mr. H. rustled up another blanket. Practically buried with blankets and miserable, she stuck it out right to the end, telling stories with the rest of them and laughing that hearty Irish laugh of hers, deep and gusty, that never ceases to amaze her hearers.

Not even her husband knows what she's going to do next. One week end last winter, the Lindsay-Hoggs Jr., Franchot Tone and date, *et al*, drove over to Lake Arrowhead to get away from everything. The Irish one had said she was out to be gay, to forget Hollywood for the nonce.

COMING

The complete story of

"THE LITTLE FOXES"

The most talked-of picture of the season with one of the most talked-of stars in Hollywood

All that Saturday night when virtually the entire movie colony whooped it up on the dance floor she just sat there at the table and watched. Mr. Lindsay-Hogg Jr. got to fretting. Where was all this gayety she wanted to unleash on the world?

He got his answer when everyone had gone. A signal from his lady and the orchestra went on playing. Then the quaint pixie got up to do her dancing. She did it solo, a curious little number, a melange of ballet, modern and satiric dancing. When it was over, Tone blinked.

"I didn't know you could dance," he said.

"Neither did I," she said gayly.

All things considered, you will not be bowled over by the information that orchids are her "least favorite" flower. She's devoted to camellias. With such a passion as to delight florists and bewilder those friends who receive their first Fitzgerald gift. All awards, presents and donations have a camellia pinned to them.

She's beautifully superstitious and talks of banshees, leprechauns and the "little people" of her precious Ireland as knowingly as if they were fellow toilers Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman. Her favorite lost cause is the Atlantis myth—that

somewhere there is a lost continent, that it will be found someday.

She may resemble an ivory-tower princess but incredibly enough she's a practicing mother in excellent standing. Her prelude to maternity Warner Brothers will never forget. According to the schedule, "Till We Meet Again" was to be finished in time to let Miss Fitzgerald and her husband, Edward Lindsay-Hogg Jr., take off for Ireland or some other safe haven, there to await the great tidings. But no! The "little people" suddenly got a peeve on. Whether it was against the studio or Miss Fitzgerald or both it may never be known. Anyhow, Miss Oberon up and took sick. The picture slowed down. Next, George Brent was stricken. The production began to crawl at a snail's pace. Then, to top things off, Director Goulding was attacked by the microbes. The opus bogged down completely. Weeks, even months passed.

When operations were resumed things were at a somewhat indelicate pass. At least as far as camera profiles and Miss Fitzgerald were concerned. For a moment the Warner minds were stymied. But a "conference" saved the day. Some wonderman suggested that they change the story around, so that instead of its being spring and Miss Fitzgerald traipsing around in flimsy little silk numbers, it would be winter and Miss Fitzgerald would be sporting a fur coat.

"Even at that," Miss Fitzgerald admits, "I had to stand behind chairs on the slightest provocation."

THE object of all this ingenuity, young Master Edward Lindsay-Hogg Jr., one year old, is his mother's delight. She's eternally disappearing from her social gatherings to sneak into the nursery to see that the "little people" are on the job. According to town wags she got her most enthusiastic gurgles from young Master Edward when she recited to him the fable of Orson Welles, whom she admires and defends against all comers, not only because he gave her the momentous part in "Heartbreak House," which made her, but because of what she regards as his "infinite worth."

Not given to party-going herself, she's fond of entertaining her friends. One of the favorite Fitzgerald whimsies is to round up these friends at a dinner party. The equilibrium of these carefully planned affairs is certain to be disturbed every other invitation by Burgess Meredith, who never fails to arrive on the scene with an uninvited, ravishing beauty. The last time he did it Miss F. counted heads and found they were thirteen. She sat on the edge of her chair, mortally certain that tragedy was in the offing.

It's three to one that the dinner would never have been served were it not for the intervention of her friends, the "little people," who arranged to have one of the male guests, a script writer, called to the telephone where he discovered that the studio wanted him to report back immediately for a story conference.

The only casualty of the evening happened when one of the lady guests dropped a spoonful of pudding into her lap—where a napkin wasn't.

As a result of which Mr. Burgess Meredith received a bill for the cleaning of one evening dress and, at Christmas time, the latest edition of Mrs. Emily Post's book on etiquette.

Who sent them to Mr. Meredith? The "little people," of course!



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## "My Bride, Alice Faye—"

(Continued from page 27)

show and playing nightly at the Wilshire Bowl.

After the Bowl had closed Phil would wander home by himself, stopping nearly every night at Charlie Foy's on Ventura Boulevard for a sandwich. One night Alice and her secretary were sitting by themselves in a corner. Alice had worked late at the studio making added scenes for "The Great American Broadcast." She was tired and weary; Phil looked over, grinned his wide friendly grin and said, "Hello."

"We're neighbors," Phil went on. "Strange we haven't run into each other before this."

Before she left Alice had been invited to Phil's for dinner and Alice promised, as soon as her picture was finished, she'd come.

Three weeks later he phoned her. "How about that dinner?"

Alice came the next night. She met Phil's mother. Then an event of deep importance happened to Alice.

She met Tookie.

Tookie is Phil's little boy, just six, with all the independence and self-assurance of a little boy who makes up his own mind about people. Never demonstrative, Tookie looked long and hard at Alice and Alice looked at Tookie.

He walked over and put his arms around her neck.

It's been Tookie and Alice ever since. "He never did that with anyone else," Phil said. "But right off he loved Alice and, of course, Alice is out of her mind about Tookie, loading him down with gifts and presents all the time."

"He's a swell little guy," Phil says, and then with a father's usual pride he tells of his boy's accomplishments. "The smartest thing I ever did was to have a sports instructor come out to the house three times a week to teach Tookie swimming, fencing and boxing. Why, he can dive right now into the nine-foot mark in the pool!"

Tookie, of course, will divide his time with Marcia Ralston, the former Mrs. Harris, screen actress who has recently been signed by Universal. But right now he's with Phil.

Almost instantly Alice and Phil's mother liked each other and now once every week Alice and Phil go over to his mother's house near her own little

corner grocery at Sixth Street and Normandie.

"Couldn't do a thing with her," Phil grins. "Brought her out to my home and begged her to stay, but no sir, she wanted a little business of her own and darned if she didn't buy a grocery on a corner that has chain markets on each of the other corners."

"Mother's putting them right out of business," he laughed, "because she thinks she's still in a little town back east. People come in on Saturday nights to pay their bills and mother never misses that sack of candy as sort of reward."

It's those small-town, homey, simple qualities of Phil's mother's character that have been passed on to one of the nation's leading orchestra leaders.

"Alice wants to do all the things I love to do—fishing and hunting. We're going to do them, too."

"Your marriage," we suggested, "will be like the Gables."

"That's what I hope for," he said, "sharing the same love for things like that."

**H**E means it. For years Phil has lived on his ranch, visited his neighbors, sat on fence rails at farm auctions with Gable and Andy Devine and bought farm tools and saddles. When his Wilshire Bowl stint was over Phil went home and no gay spots ever saw him. Now Alice, who spent so many years of her young life in night clubs, is eagerly following Phil in his life.

Free evenings—and they have been few—are spent visiting Phil's close friends, the Andy Devines and the Goffs (*Abner* of the *Lum and Abner* radio team).

Children, the Devine and Goff children, have taken Alice to their hearts just as Tookie has. Dinner and card games are about the wildest diversions on these ranches. Alice Faye has never known such content.

Alice's life with Tony Martin, her former husband, was a hectic, trying one. It began with ten strikes against it, with Tony and Alice constantly quarreling and making up and quarreling again.

Separation and Tony's spectacular and sudden success tore them farther apart than Alice's success ever could have and proved the finishing blow to their mar-

riage. Alice's divorce is now final. "It's like going back and living part of my life over," Alice told us during the struggle for adjustment in her marriage with Tony. "I've done and am finished with all the things that Tony loves—the night clubs and glitter. I want to go on from there."

And now Alice is going on—with Phil Harris.

"Alice Faye is the only girl who ever made me cry," Phil says quite unashamedly. "There has always been something about Alice on the screen that has touched me and I admit quite honestly, in that scene in the cab before Carnegie Hall in 'Alexander's Ragtime Band,' I wept right out with Alice."

For months Alice had begged for a vacation from the studio. She was tired, weary and wanted to go to New York. She wanted to stay there for three months and rest.

That was just before she met Phil. When her boat sailed through the Canal they both knew that their meeting just a week or two before meant something wonderful to each of them. Every day Phil telephoned the boat while he and his orchestra were making one-night stands throughout the West.

She stayed in New York—not three months but three weeks—and then came home to be with him.

"My Faye't is in your hands," "Faye as you enter," were some of the signs the boys of the band hung about to greet Alice when she stepped into that Paramount dressing room. Outside his door that monstrous horseshoe of beets, carrots and artichokes, all dried now, that Alice sent him on his opening day, still stands. Phil can't bear to let it go.

**T**HEY laugh at the same things. "We seem to have so much in common," Phil says. "And she's such a swell girl. From every side I meet people who tell me some story of Alice's kindness. I never knew or met a girl who thought constantly of other people the way Alice does. She's wonderful. I'm crazy about her."

Undoubtedly in the hands and heart of this boy from Nashville, Tennessee, the half-frightened, submerged ego of Alice's, that has endeared her to all of us who know her, will find a place to blossom. In the heart of that boy that still says, "Yes, ma'am," and means it.

Phil's story is the American way of success. While attending the Hume-Fogg military academy in Nashville, Phil and four other students organized a small orchestra and toured in the summer. In Denver, Colorado, a theatrical man heard the lads and later sent for them to play in his theaters in Honolulu. The boys left school and stayed a year in the islands.

Phil next became a drummer in bands up and down the West Coast and later organized his own band that opened so successfully at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco and then followed Vallee on the Pennsylvania Roof in New York. He's been a success ever since and is still a young man in his thirties.

His admiration for Jack Benny, his simpleness of heart and love for simple living, his music and his boy have been the biggest things in his heart.

But now it's Alice, his wife. And with Alice it's Phil—her husband.

Until September, they will live in their separate and neighboring estates with all Hollywood pouring upon them their best wishes for a happy, happy marriage.

She used to be the bright life of the night spots; now she's the companion of husband Phil Harris at the fights; at quiet visits on friends' ranches. Is Alice Faye happy? Look at the picture and, incidentally, at bridegroom Harris





# The Truth about the Draft In Hollywood

(Continued from page 65)

for another buildup at the Burbank lot, as well as another buildup at the romance business with Pat Stewart, whom he expects to marry soon, when along came the fruits of the selective service act. Now his buildup will be done under the auspices of forty-eight stars and thirteen stripes.

The case of Orson Welles has been watched with a good deal of interest. After two and a half years of being on the Hollywood firing line, where he good-naturedly bore the jibes of filmdom's bigwigs, he has now come into his own as the genius of "Citizen Kane," just released. Among the bids for his services pouring in from all the studios he received an inconspicuous invitation with a government stamp which took precedence over all others.

There was a possibility of his being deferred. Welles supports his three-year-old child, who is in the custody of his former wife, since remarried, and up to the time his picture was actually shown, he was virtually broke. For under the terms of his contract with RKO he received operating expenses only until the release of the picture, at which time he receives twenty-five per cent of the gross receipts. Curious to go around with your pockets full of glory and no money. The condition is being remedied by the popularity of the picture in the several key spots where it is being shown. However, Citizen Kane is not destined to become Private Welles, at least for a while. His physical examination disclosed an asthmatic condition and Uncle Sam has rated him in the 1-B class.

**T**HIRTY-THREE-year-old Fred MacMurray has not yet received his questionnaire. (This article was written before all questionnaires had been mailed out.) Fred, however, expects no deferment. Despite the fact that he has a wife who is a nonprofessional, the annuities which they have been carefully salting away will amply take care of "Lill," as Fred calls her.

Also, Robert Preston's wife, Kay Feltus, constitutes no deferment for him, since she is a Paramount contract player. Bob has received his questionnaire and doesn't anticipate difficulty passing his physical examination. He shouldn't!

Already Franchot Tone is listed as a casualty to Hollywood night life. He has received his questionnaire and, since he has no dependents and the pace he maintains precludes any question of his physical stamina, the girls and boys about town are lining up the entertainment committee for a royal send-off.

Cesar Romero, Hollywood's number one escort, is beyond the probability of being called because—oddly enough for a bachelor—he has dependents. Mother, father, sister, aunt, two uncles and a brother (he's putting him through college), all look to him for support.

This string of dependents is characteristic of many Hollywood celebrities. We might not unnaturally look to our heman cowboy stars as good rootin' tootin' defenders. But Gene Autry, the greatest cowboy bet since Tom Mix, is the support of a wife, a mother and father and numerous relatives. And there was a time not so long ago when you might also have included on the list his studio. However, Gene is anxious to help by



Don't worry, pal  
—I'll square it  
with **MOTHER!**

—Sure, you look a *mess*. Feel a little queer inside, too, don't you? But mother'll take care of your tummy and I'll have that suit looking like new before you can say *Fels-Naptha*

*Soap*. . . And if you get in any more 'jams', just remember those three words—*Fels-Naptha Soap*. They're wonderful for keeping mothers in a good humor. . . .

When you've a house and a family to keep spic-and-span, there's nothing like *Fels-Naptha Soap* to relieve the daily strain on your disposition. No washing job will worry you when the *two* *Fels-Naptha* cleaners—gentle, active *naptha* and richer, *golden soap*—are on hand to help.

With this cleaning combination ready to take over tiring tasks and do your dainty things with gentle care, you'll find your household ticking along like clockwork! . . . Next time you're at the grocer's, remember—

*Fels-Naptha Soap.*



Golden bar or Golden chips—  
**Fels-Naptha**

*Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"*







FOR  
*Body  
Beauty*  
**THE BRIDE WORE MAVIS**

to assure her comfort and feminine sweetness. Mavis is the talcum that clothes your skin in satin smoothness . . . makes you comfortable on warm days when you'd like to be wearing only your birthday suit. The flower fragrance helps you stay sweet as you are even when the thermometer sizzles.

Keep Mavis in your bathroom, always, and if you're a bride, be sure to take Mavis on your honeymoon.\*

In White, Flesh and BODITAN Shades, 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.

**P. S. Men like Mavis, too!**

**MAVIS**  
THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS  
*talcum*  
**V. VIVAUDOU, INC.**

taking on a heavy program of entertaining at the camps.

Two more sole-supporters are John Howard, who has a mother and father dependent upon him, and Glenn Ford, bright new star from "So Ends Our Night," whose mother is entirely dependent upon him.

Eddie Norris, last seen in "Here Comes Happiness," was so unprepared for the rapidity with which questionnaire, draft board summons and physical examination descended upon him that his board gave him six months' deferment. This was for the purpose of completing his course as an instructor of the air corps, because recruits are so badly needed in that field.

**R**OBERT CUMMINGS, whose career since "The Devil and Miss Jones" seems at last to have been unleashed from the bonds that held it back, is one of Hollywood's leading aviators. He now has his third plane, called *Spinach III*, has organized a group of friends to build hangars of their own, has just had a new flying field named for him and is a lieutenant in the reserve air corps. As such, he is subject to active duty at any time, despite the fact that he has a wife and mother dependent upon him.

Ray Milland and Stirling Hayden have both received their questionnaires, but Milland's number is very high, so he doesn't expect to be called for some time. Blond giant Hayden would make a monkey out of the toughest physical examination. He has, however, a mother to whose support he contributes.

Good-looking young Robert Stack has no dependents and no visible ailments. He should be a setup for the board and the joy of the camp, but not for a while

because his number is toward the end of the list.

And speaking of new husbands and wives, everyone has been wondering if the world situation was going to come knocking on the door of Deanna Durbin's honeymoon idyl. But Vaughn Paul's number, 8670, is so high—or so far down the list, if you want to put it that way—that in all probability he won't be called for a year.

There has come to my attention only one instance of a deliberate attempt on the part of a star to circumvent the draft. This young man, scared at the prospect of facing military action, hastily settled a dispute with his studio so that he could be thrown immediately into a picture. On that basis the studio got him a deferment. But deferments can't last forever! The ironic fillip of the incident is that one of the most effective parts the actor ever played was that of a real World War hero!

Bill Holden presents a welcome contrast. In spite of his impending marriage to Brenda Marshall and the happy new solution of his contract troubles with Paramount, Bill has been pestering his board to find out when he'll be called. Part of his eagerness is undoubtedly a desire to know how to plan his life for the immediate future. But the other part is an earnest conviction that there's a big job ahead and he doesn't feel at all put upon in being asked to do his share.

By this time you should have found the answer to how some of your favorite stars stand in the matter of the draft. The list is by no means complete, but it gives a fairly representative cross section of how Americanism is operating in Hollywood. You have the personal assurance of "Fearless"—it's okay!

## Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School

(Continued from page 63)

course, you do by putting your left foot back instead of forward and simply following it; and you also learn a variation called the Junior Glide.

Now that's a very fancy name for a very uninvolved step, so don't be discouraged. This is how you do it:

1. Do the Murray Magic Step.
2. Then, instead of going forward to repeat, do the same step backward—and as you start backward, lead your partner to your *left*, so that instead of simply following your feet she steps to the left of them. In other words, she dances under your left arm.

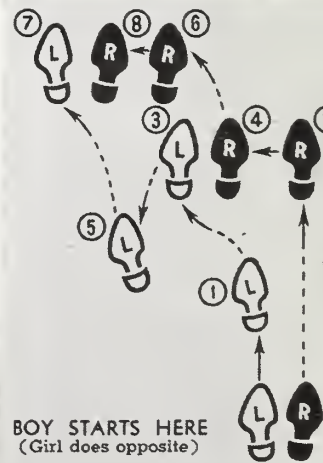
3. When you have completed the steps backward, start over again, moving ahead; and, having maneuvered your girl to the right, lead her in such fashion that she dances to your right—that is, you dance under her right arm and she dances backward under your right arm.

Vary this in any fashion you care to.

**T**HE next lesson brings you to what Mr. Murray, in his off moments, likes to call the "Twinkle." However coy and corny its name, the step itself is indispensable. We are still talking directly to the man: How else can you instruct



Pleasant variation in any dance but ultraspecial in the fox trot is a dip. Left: The facts of the Closed Dip, illustrated by Rita Hayworth and Ray Bolger; at right, the figures





the execution of a turn? And this is how he does it:

Stand with feet together.

Step forward on your left foot, slowly.

Walk forward with your right foot quickly and at the same time turn your body to the left.

Bring your left foot up quickly, turning to the left at the same time.

Cross your right foot over your left, to the left—turning your body at the same time.

Step left with your left foot and bring your right foot up to it, turning once again to face forward in the same direction in which you started.

**N**OW we come to the Swing Step. This little business is like eating shredded wheat to learn and like an extraspecial dancing sauce to do, actually. It gives beautiful service in getting out of the way of the inevitable other dancers who careen about and it's fun to do.

Step slowly to the left, with your left foot, swinging your right foot up to the left, but not stepping on it.

Step slowly to the right with your right foot, swinging the left foot up to the right.

Take two quick steps to the left, crossing your right foot over your left.

Repeat, with step to the left with the left foot.

There are at least three ways to dip, which is always a pleasant variation in any dance, but especially in the fox trot. We're going to show you two—the simple collegiate or closed dip, and the open dip.

Here's how you do the closed dip:

1. Slow walking step forward, left foot.  
2. Slow walking step forward, right foot.

3. Quick step to left.

4. Draw right up to left, quickly. So far this is the forward Magic Step.

5. Slowly step back on left, dip.

6. Slowly step forward on right, drawing left foot up to right.

7. Quick step to left.

The open dip is the same combination of steps, except that the girl goes to her partner's right and dips beside him.

## To Make You Happier

(Continued from page 49)

### Use Flowers for Your Ambassadors

Say it with flowers in my book is much more than a florist's motto to drum up trade. Flowers serve so many social exchanges. They give sincerity to the note with which you refuse an invitation. They please a hostess the day after her party. They say thank you, eloquently, when someone has done you a favor. And they work miracles for friends who have recently lost someone who was dear . . . Claudette Colbert.

When you send flowers to your friends don't let the florist scribble your message on a card. If you can't get a note to his shop ask him to stop for it. This seems trifling but remember how important trifles can be . . . Ouida Bergere.

A box of flowers, a basket of flowers, or, better still, a bowl of flowers arranged by the florist is a pleasant way of welcoming a friend visiting your city—whether your friend stops at a hotel or with another friend . . . Bette Davis.

When it comes to entertaining, our experts, as one woman, advise:

### Don't Pretend Beyond Your Income . . .

Learn to say, "I can't do that just now"

AUGUST, 1941



DRESS DESIGNED BY OMAR KIAM

## Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

**PUT FRESH #2** under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then . . .

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.
2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete under-arm security.
3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-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 rot even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.



**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. 4-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.



or "That's a little too grand for my budget" easily—even if you have to work on this the way you would work on the lines you were going to read in a play . . . Joan Bennett.

Apologies for anything that indicates limited circumstances are out of order—always! . . . Bette Davis.

When you shop for a present don't try to compete financially; realize how much imagination is worth. Don't say to yourself, "There's nothing I can give So-and-so." For even if So-and-so is a bird in a gilded cage and able to spend ten times for your present what you can spend for her present, you can charm her. Remember the random remarks she has made at different times and give her the crock of Cheddar cheese in port wine or the sachets she loves so well but never quite gets around to buying for herself. Or, if she lives in the country, give her a flowering shrub to plant beside her driveway or a baby apple tree . . . Bette Davis.

### Put On An Act

Unless you're a paragon of all the virtues, your social life, our mentors insist, will benefit tremendously by a little acting now and then.

Both happiness and harmony and resentment and anger are contagious things. If you've had a quarrel with the boy friend or the husband before a party, never let anyone guess it! Avoid acting cold or superior or strained. And don't take as much as one pot shot! Put on an act if it kills you! It won't. In fact, by the time the party is over your quarrel probably will be over, too . . . Joan Bennett.

When you have a difficult guest you must stick with him or her. And be very sure your eyes don't wander, longingly, toward a gay group at the other end of the room. The best approach to the difficult guest is a flattering one, something like, "At last I can come over and talk with you"—in a voice that suggests this is the thing you most want to do . . . Joan Bennett.

Train children to put on an act, to have party manners, and to bring them along when they come into the living room to meet your friends. Give the children pride in any entertaining that goes on in your house even when they have no part in it. And before children go to a party it's an excellent idea, instead of nagging about what they should not do, to say something like this: "I'm so happy you're going to this party because I know I'll get a telephone call this evening telling me how kind and polite you were." Children adore to show off. And they'll show off in a constructive way if this is suggested to them beforehand . . . Joan Bennett.

Don't gush. Gushing is nervous-making . . . Bette Davis.

### Set Your Stage

Give a thought to the colored paper streamers, the Jack Horner pies and the snappers that are so essential at children's parties. Then seek adult effects that will induce the same gala mood in your guests that these things induce in children.

Cocktails before dinner are a must! They need not be alcoholic. In a previous issue Photoplay-Movie Mirror published recipes for several teetotaler cocktails that are great favorites in Hollywood. Pull the curtains, light the lamps . . . and let your winter party open with cocktails by the fire or, in this

season, with cocktails in the garden . . . Myrna Loy.

A bowl of nuts in their shells, with nutcrackers handy, a bowl of chewing gum and hard candies, a bowl of chocolates, a bowl of fruit. . . Never underestimate the way such things will come to the aid of your party! Place them conveniently in your living room in the evening and irrespective of how much dinner was enjoyed you'll find your guests nibbling and there's something as relaxed and comfortable and friendly in the act as in the word . . . Claudette Colbert.

Candlelight in the living room as well as the dining room, even if it has to be supplemented by lamps, is a great asset. Candlelight is flattering, as every woman knows. So it puts the girls in a benign mood at once. And it also has the magic that causes people to talk intimately . . . Claudette Colbert.

It isn't how much money goes into a party, it's how much hostess. If a party is to be successful the guests must feel the thoughtfulness of their hostess everywhere—in the filled match boxes and cigarette containers, in the arrangement of the flowers, in the fresh cake of soap and the box of powder and the individual powder puffs and the supply of guest towels in the bathroom, in the porch lamp turned on to greet them, in the door's being flung wide as they approach . . . Ouida Bergere.

Consider the tastes and diets of your guests . . . Ouida Bergere.

Don't attempt to entertain formally or elaborately unless you're equipped to do this. Instead, lay your table with a bright cloth and gay dishes and let your guests help—really help! Give the girl or the man who boasts about the salad he or she throws together a bowl, salad ingredients, oil and vinegar, and the seasoning. Lead the man who knows how to broil steak so its charred a little on the outside and just rare enough in the center to your broiler. Heat potato chips or a casserole of macaroni au gratin that has been prepared beforehand. And arrange a large tray of assorted crackers and cheeses for dessert. If you'll do this no one will work hard, everyone will have fun and one or two friends will have a gorgeous chance to exhibit. However, insist the fine co-operative spirit end when dinner is on the table. The dishes should be your responsibility when the party is over . . . Rosalind Russell.

It's stupid to say the best parties are the hit-or-miss affairs that aren't planned beforehand. Sometimes a spontaneous party works out great fun. But the parties that have "laid an egg" because they weren't planned! It depends upon your guests whether bridge or another game or conversation is in order. Be prepared to direct your party along specific lines. But don't be arbitrary about this. If those people you expected to sit glum and silent begin to talk stimulatingly or amusingly cross your fingers and hide the parchesi board . . . Bette Davis.

A small table before the fireplace or in the garden is charming for a little luncheon or supper, for evening refreshments or for tea . . . Ouida Bergere.

### Cast Your Parties Carefully

The wrong guests will ruin a party as quickly and as thoroughly as the wrong players will ruin a picture.

Different friends appeal to different facets in our personality. But this doesn't mean—as you may have discovered—they always will appeal to different facets in one another's personality. Therefore,

any time you throw all of your friends together indiscriminately you can expect antagonism or yawns and early departures. It's much smarter to plan different parties for different groups and to be completely honest with your friends about this . . . Bette Davis.

Always invite one or two extroverts. Extroverts will talk about themselves, tell funny stories, play the piano, sing, stand on their heads . . . some way, somehow they'll entertain everyone and have a gorgeous time doing it. Whereas, if all your guests are introverts—the quiet type with no urge to exhibit—your party, very easily, can die a most unseemly death . . . Claudette Colbert.

If the guests at a large party don't divide into groups naturally a little stage direction is in order. Set up a bridge table and four chairs and lead the Culbertson addicts to it. Get the badminton or skiing or bicycling enthusiasts together in a comfortable conversational corner. Sort your guests! . . . Bette Davis.

Irrespective of how carefully you cast your party you're likely to have one guest who will arrive late. Don't delay dinner more than fifteen minutes. This saves your other guests from a dinner that has been kept in the warming oven and it saves your late guest greater embarrassment . . . Bette Davis.

### When You Accept An Invitation You Have a Job

What kind of a job? First Aide to your Hostess, of course.

Keep things pleasant. It's not up to you to check on anything that is said. Don't parade your memory by recollecting unpleasant or embarrassing incidents. And don't parade your honesty by saying disagreeable things. Kind and flattering incidents and comments are just as indicative of a good memory and honesty but, unfortunately, most people who pride themselves on their memory or honesty overlook this completely . . . Rosalind Russell.

When a game is proposed, never say, "Oh, are we going to play *that* again!" Get into the spirit of the party and you'll come out best three different ways . . . you'll be a joy to your hostess, you'll appear more attractive to the other guests and you'll have a better time . . . Rosalind Russell.

Whenever you find yourself left out of things, remember this doesn't indicate any inferiority on your part; it indicates, instead, inferiority on the part of those around you. Because they are being thoughtless or rude to you, another guest. Include yourself in a group or a conversation at any cost—and save your hostess the concern she would feel about you had you continued to wander around alone . . . Joan Bennett.

You're not chic or important when you're late for a party; you're rude and annoying. If you can't help being late, telephone your hostess, explain your difficulty and ask her to go ahead with bridge or dinner or whatever is scheduled . . . Myrna Loy.

When you're a house guest, whether your visit is to last a week end, a week, or a month, be self-sufficient! Don't trail your hostess all over the house. Sit down with a bag of needlework or a book, or take a walk. Look contented and comfortable . . . Bette Davis.

All right, you're on your own! We wish you luck. But with these social secrets of the stars stowed away in your bag of tricks we doubt that you'll need it.



# MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

GUEST EDITOR  
BUDDY PEPPER

Feather in Buddy Pepper's cap is this date with Jane Withers, her first unchaperoned one



## DEAR JUNIORS:

First of all I want to say "hello" to you for Jane Withers, who told me to be sure and do so because she made so many friends when she was guest editor of this department. Jane was the one who really got me my real chance in Hollywood and she and her family are swell people and real friends. I was playing in a revue, "Meet the People," in Hollywood and Jane and her mother came to see it. They told 20th Century-Fox about me and it was through that that I got the part of Jane's boy friend in "Golden Hoofs."

I've been in Hollywood a little over two years now; I came out when I was fourteen with Florence Pepper and the two of us did an act together. I was born in Kentucky and though there was

no theatrical background in my family, I played the piano and sang by ear and got on the radio when I was about eight.

Gus Edwards and his vaudeville unit came to Louisville when I was twelve years old and I got to meet him and joined the unit. Through him I met Jack Pepper and he and Florence and I put on our own act in which I sang and danced and played the piano. Florence worked as his sister and I was supposed to be his brother, so that's how both Florence and I got the name of Pepper. My real name's Jack Starkey, but I couldn't use Jack because that was Pepper's name. He wanted to call me Johnny, but we finally compromised on Buddy.

I'd like to change it again because I think I'm getting too old to be called

Buddy. It was all right when I was younger, but I'm sixteen now and I think I ought to have another name, don't you?

My first Hollywood break was due to our appearance on one of the Sunday night shows at the Trocadero. Joe Pasternak saw us that night and signed both Florence and me for Deanna Durbin's picture, "That Certain Age."

After "Golden Hoofs" I got into Walt Disney's new picture, "The Reluctant Dragon." I play the office boy who takes Bob Benchley through the studio. Benchley goes into every department trying to get away from me and in this way you see the whole Disney studio.

I hope you like me in the picture.

Sincerely,  
Buddy Pepper.

P. S. I think it would be swell if you'd all write to me, too. And I'd welcome your help in choosing another name. As I told you, I think I'm getting pretty old to be called Buddy, so if you'll write and tell me what you think about it or what name you suggest I take instead, I'll be very glad to hear from you. I'll give an autographed picture to the ten boys or girls who write in the most interesting letters and Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them. Please write to me in care of Movie Mirror Junior, 7751 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California, and be sure to mail your letter before July 25, 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.

## Vacation Days Are Here Again! . . .

Summer Days are Precious and Fleeting . . . So make the most of them! With Fibs (the Kotex tampon) you can wear a bathing suit or shorts every blissful, summer day . . . regardless of the calendar! Worn *internally*, Fibs can't show. And they mean no belt—no pins—no chafing—no disposal problem. No packing problem either! For a whole dozen Fibs take up less space in a purse than *one* sanitary napkin!



A Dozen Fibs Cost Only 20¢! (You get not 8—not 10—BUT 12.) And Fibs are *quilted* for greater comfort and safety . . . easy to insert without artificial means. (When you buy Fibs, you pay for no mechanical gadget to aid insertion . . . for none is needed!) Get a package of Fibs *today!* They're so convenient for motor trips . . . week-end visits . . . days at the beach. Inexpensive, too! And they'll bring you chafe-free comfort these hot, summer days.

FIBS\*—the Kotex\* Tampon

Not 8—Not 10—but  
12 FOR 20¢



★Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



## How Don Ameche Lives

(Continued from page 32)

names. Ronnie was Booboo till last year, but that's out. "I'm Butch, and he's Spike. Lonny, that's our brother, he's got a name, too. It's the Killer."

Spike is the gentler of the two. He mothered his mother before the baby was born. "Keep away from her, Butch. You're too rough." So long as he's fed and warm, nothing bothers Butch. His single weakness is Annie, whose special charge he's been from infancy. Temperamentally averse to sappy stuff, he will nevertheless lie abed like a lug in the morning and coo, "Annic dear, come fetch your baby."

The difference between the boys is well marked by an engagement which took place shortly before Honore went to the hospital. Knowing that their mother was less active than usual, they were more boisterous. They'd been quarreling all morning in the back yard. Fed up, Honore called from her bedroom window. "If you two don't quit that, I'm coming down and knock your heads together."

Spike lifted reproachful eyes. "Is that a nice way to talk to a little boy?"

"Don't you care," chortled his brother. "She wouldn't come down those stairs for anything."

Once Butch said, "I don't like you," and it sounded ugly. Honore spanked his hand. "I still don't like you." This went on for several minutes, while Butch's hand grew redder and he racked his brains for a method of saving said member without hauling down his colors. "All right, all right, you just wait and see if you come to my birthday party—if I have a birthday party," he faltered.

While their mother doesn't pull her punches, they realize that she can sometimes be charmed into laughter.

"I know you're acting," says Spike. "I see a little smile." And Butch will cock his head, the cherub complete with sun suit, to inquire winningly, "Aren't I the rascal, though?"

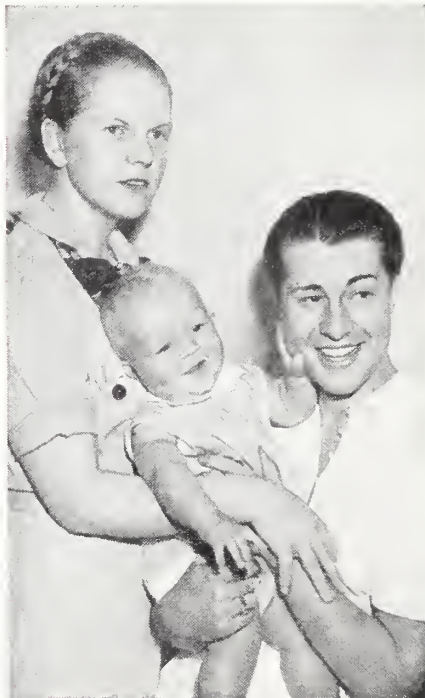
They also realize that these tricks make not the slightest impression on Daddy. "Of course they're smart," says their mother. "They don't do anything they shouldn't when he's around." But a promise made in the household is a promise kept. If Mamma says she's going to tell Daddy, she tells him. And if Butch takes doom by the forelock and murmurs, "I was naughty. Spank my hand," Daddy doesn't say, "How cute." He spanks it.

THE Ameches have reason to hope, however, that Butch has through sad experience attained the age of reason. He's huskier than Spike, also more impetuous. One day he socked his brother with a roller skate. This was serious. Don talked to him that night, explained the heinousness of his sin, told him that Spike was to be removed from his dangerous neighborhood and sent to stay with Grandma for a while. Butch bawled. When Spike returned, he treated him like a bijou wrapped in lamb's wool. Till there rose an argument over a toy steam shovel, which Butch settled by clunking Spike over the head with it. Now all either of his parents need say is: "Do you want Daddy to spank you the way he did that night?" "No," says young Butch, "did that hurt!" He's just started his formal education at nursery school. Honore is prepared to see him led home by the car any day, with a not too polite, "Here, you can have him."

Watching his father with his children, Don can only wonder. The senior

Ameche was in his day a stern disciplinarian. "I didn't dare look cross-eyed," complains his eldest. Now Grandpa's gone soft. He can't stand hearing his grandsons cry. "Ah, g'wan, he's only a baby, leave him alone." A wail from Lonny's bassinet and Grandpa lays down his rummy cards to sneak upstairs. He's not supposed to pick the baby up and meets all suspicious glances with the same grin and the same story: "I just look at him. He says, 'Okay, Grandpop' and goes to sleep."

Don thinks his father's the grandest guy he's ever known. "He was strict all right, but I've never heard him say or do a mean thing." He's not much of a talker, but his eyes are Italian, dark and expressive. "When he laughs," says his son, "they dance all over. When he gets mad, you get paralyzed." In this Don resembles him. Honore says she's seen him lose his temper only two or three times, but "when he does, watch out for him." Grandma's fair and blue-eyed, and there's nothing Italian about her but her spaghetti. Honore is also authority for the statement that when Don lifts his head, sniffs and streaks out of the house it's because the breeze has blown him



This scion of the Ameches is Tommy (above with Honore and Don) whose activities are as yet confined to playing jiu-jitsu with Father's fingers

a whiff from down the road of Grandma's spaghetti.

The elder Ameches live a quarter of a mile away in a white ranch house, built for them by Don long before he bought a house of his own.

Grandpa planted fruit trees and built chicken coops. At the moment he's flushed with creative pride, for after two years of sweat and strain he's produced a crop of prize tomatoes. He keeps the family supplied with plums and apricots, with fowl and eggs.

THE family is naturally grateful to Don, who considers that he's pleasing himself and there's nothing to be grateful

for. "He's a good boy," says Pop—his highest praise. Mom is more articulate. Because he's so much older and has lived apart from them so long, the younger children tend to put Don in a class with their father and he can't laugh them out of it. It's to Honoré they turn. It was Honoré's car Louis borrowed when he hadn't one of his own. It's Honoré who helps the girls with their dress and school and boy problems.

She has what some wise man called the grace of living—the humor to enliven routine existence, the courage to meet emergencies without losing her humor. Golden-haired and unruffled, she moves through life, creating a sense of strength and serenity on which others draw. And if this makes her sound like some remote goddess, then we've done her wrong. No one is warmer or more approachable than the gay Honoré.

She knew that Tommy would have to come by Caesarean birth. He was due about the middle of August. She tried to make a deal with the doctor to bamboozle Don and get him out of the way while she went to the hospital. The doctor refused the responsibility.

It happened, however, that Don was away on a fishing trip when Honoré, in her own words, started feeling goofy a month ahead of time. The doctor ordered her to the hospital. "What! And get stuck for two weeks?"

"You do as I tell you, young woman," he roared. "And—hey, wait a minute. Take some phenobarbital."

She took some phenobarbital. She took a shower. The girls were out. She called to Gabe to bring her bag up. Harriet Lauck helped her pack and drove her to the hospital. It was seven o'clock. Harriet was so jittery that Honoré sent her home. The doctor decided on immediate operation. "Better phone Don," he said.

"What for?" said Honoré calmly.

"Well, there ought to be someone—"

"Look, you're here, I'm here—that's all we need. What good will it do me to have Don chewing his fingers off in the corridor? I'll sign for the operation."

She was taken to the delivery room at eight. The baby was born at eight-forty. Don got the wire at camp next morning. "Honoré and baby son doing well."

With Lonny it went less easily. She was under anesthetics for two days before his birth and in the hospital for six weeks after. Despite which, she keeps talking about the girl they want and haven't got yet. Don says if they get her at all, it will be by adoption.

Butch and Spike got a little bored with the baby business. They were overheard discussing it. "Mom gave all of Bridget's puppies away. Why doesn't she get rid of a couple of the kids?"

Now that the kids have grown into recognizable individuals, they've changed their tune. What they're proudest of is the fact that their handprints in plaster cast adorn the wall of their father's dressing-room at Twentieth Century-Fox, where he is currently making "Week-end in Havana" after his successful voyage over to Paramount for "Kiss The Boys Goodbye." One day they came to their mother with a petition. "Can we give Daddy the kids' handprints for his birthday present?"

Honoré hasn't yet recovered from this display of sentiment in her two eldest. Four plaques now hang on the wall of Don's dressing room. Proving that as far as their brothers are concerned, Tommy and Lonny have made good.



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Rachel Hudson

is enraptured in her well-detailed frock with smart dolman sleeves, contrasted piping, costume pin.

STYLE 315

Binnie Barnes

is overjoyed with admiration of her new dolman-sleeved frock caught over at front.

STYLE 320

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# "I'm Going to Be Somebody"

(Continued from page 39)

from school while ogling the boys.

Martha was careful that her nintimate friend wasn't too pretty, or cleverer than she was; but it made a dandy foursome, the two boy cousins and the two girls, and her loveliest memory is the time she and her friend walked six whole miles over to the town where the boy cousins lived and they all swung from the barn pulley that was intended only to yank hay up into the haymow. Today, she shudders at the thought, not only of walking twelve miles to see any human being, but also at the memory of two little girls swinging up into the air, while the boys pulled the ropes, swinging up over pitchforks, and horses, and open holes in the hayloft through which they might have fallen and broken arms, legs and necks.

Ah, yes, life was perfect until she came to Kansas City, Missouri. Then it was heartbreak.

HE went into high school. She was that smart, even at twelve. She went with her hair in curls, twenty-six of them that her mother brushed each night and curled around her finger each morning. She went with her freckles all over her tiny nose, and her homemade dresses and her rambunctious manners, and she saw The Boy sitting there, the most popular "man" in the class, and she heard, too, the giggles of the other girls, who all had bobs, and city ways, and city clothes, and she wanted to die, between love and humiliation. She was too young, too sensitive, to know that their superiority came from the mere fact that they were all two or three years older than she. She was too young to realize he wasn't too bright, and certainly not as bright as she, being a freshman of fifteen to her twelve. She only knew that he was wonderful and that he didn't know she existed.

She got him to write in her memory book. He wrote, "Yours till a Hershey Bar becomes a saloon," and she thought it was the wittiest thing she had ever heard of. She got him to exchange a stamp with her and she put that stamp in her collection and voluptuously kissed it goodnight every night. She hung around after classes and sat in the seat he had sat in, just to get a sense of his nearness. But he simply continued to be unaware that she was within miles.

Her father, who had been wretched as a farmer, was supremely happy as the superintendent of the maintenance department of a Kansas City factory. To this day, Martha says, he can look at any piece of machinery and diagnose just which lost nut or bolt is putting it temporarily out of repair. Martha's small brother, whom she ignored because he was so much littler and got into her sphere of influence, was a riot in the city. But she continued miserable.

She tried going in for athletics because "her man" was the school's best athlete. But at games she was always the smallest one, right at the tag end of the line always. She was too feeble for tennis, not strong enough for basketball, though eventually they made her "running center" of the team, even though Martha can't recall what duties that entailed. She hated being short. She haunted the gymnasium and hung on the bars and at night she practically stretched herself apart in bed, hoping to grow, but she never did until she got into her first high-school play. Then she shot up, straight through scarlet fever, her infe-

riority complex and her love frustration.

She sincerely believes she started growing at sixteen because she suddenly found her personal means of expression, but just before it she nearly lost her life. She had been cast for the lead in the high-school play, opposite that Man of Her Dreams. She rehearsed frantically, magnificently, and then the day before the play was to be shown, she came down with scarlet fever. They told her that meant she couldn't possibly be in the play and her agony at that thought was so great that she sank into a coma and lay there, close to death, for days. Her parents were frantic. Her doctor was grim. The school authorities finally came to feel responsible. They put the play off and her teacher, Miss Thomas, came to her bedside and whispered that if she would only get well, she could play in the prologue of the show, which she had just written and in which Martha wouldn't have to say a word. That was when she started recovering and she was the star of the show in that speechless prologue. Heaven knows what she might have done then, if her father hadn't been taken to the Detroit branch of his factory to be superintendent and if the Scotts hadn't moved there and immediately encountered the great depression.

IF it hadn't been for the depression, she probably would have dashed for Broadway that summer when she graduated from high school and Kansas City and was sixteen. But because even her father's work seemed about to go glimmering, she faced a dreary future and, except for Miss Ida Lilly, she would have looked for any sort of job herself.

Miss Lilly was an ex-schoolteacher of Martha's and a distant relative besides. You've seen her on the screen, too, if you saw "Cheers for Miss Bishop," wherein Martha tried to reproduce her inspiration, her unselfishness, her instinctive nobleness of character. It was Miss Lilly who came forward and said Martha must go to college at the University of Michigan and who advanced her \$2,000 for that purpose.

Martha admits now that she has hitherto dramatized that story also in the telling. "What I didn't tell was that my parents put up an equal amount," she confesses. "That steady, selfless sacrifice that thousands of parents make for their children because it is usual, rather than rare, doesn't sound so wonderful, but they deserve that I give them all the wonderful credit that is due them, too."

She was in heaven and in love all the time she was at the University. She cut off her hated curls. (Her mother still has the whole twenty-six of them, carefully wrapped in tissue paper.) She grew straight and slim, if not very tall, and she was the uncontested ingenue of the University Dramatic Society and definitely a belle. There were always seven or eight boys pursuing her and even girls liked her; and life, except that there was almost no money at home, was completely blissful.

When she graduated, she got a chance at summer stock in Detroit and with two other girls (and whisper it, one of the boys from the University) she moved into an apartment and they all worked their heads off, and lived chiefly on cokes and hamburgers and dreams. All three of the girls, including Martha, thought they were in love with that boy, who slept on a couch in the front room and

shared a fourth of the expenses, so that made everything perfectly moral, for nobody dared try so much as a come-hither smile with the others always watching like hawks.

When the summer stock season ended, she got, magically, a chance at playing Shakespeare at the World's Fair in Chicago. The pay was infinitesimal; the work was prodigious. They did seven shows a day, seven days a week, and had a repertoire of eight Shakespearean plays. The big idea had been to bring Shakespeare to "the masses," but the result, as far as Martha was concerned, was to learn how to read lines rapidly but accurately; how to dress rapidly but accurately; how to eat rapidly and whatever was at hand; and to be everlasting in and about and of the theater, which she loved. Of course, she got no sleep and no rest, but she did learn. She put in two solid years that way, until the Fair closed.

She headed then for Broadway. Her cash capital was exactly \$150 and by the time she got her railroad fare out of it, she had only \$50 left. But she had heard of "The Rehearsal Club," that exciting, friendly club for theatrical aspirants that you saw on the screen when it was pictured in "Stage Door." She found she could live there for a whole month for that \$50, so she turned it over forthwith and went out to haunt the agencies. Here she was in America's biggest city, part of it, walking its streets, seeing its sights, listening to its romantic sounds. She adored her two roommates and thought every girl in the Club a darling. Life seemed utterly friendly and fascinating until she invaded the real managers' offices and then it was Kansas City all over again.

THERE in those majestic offices, her hair was once more grinned at, her definitely small-town clothes were smiled at. Whenever she could get past the office boys, she found her summer stock notices smiled at, but mostly, like her first love, these men ignored her. The end of her first month was only a few days away. She knew she couldn't send home for money—because there wasn't any there. She couldn't ask Miss Lilly for more, since that original \$2,000 loan represented all Miss Lilly's savings.

So finally when the new month dawned, she gave up her dreams. She had been a star in Detroit, but she was a flop along Broadway. She would renounce acting. She would get a job, any kind of a job. She haunted employment agencies and finally she got a job, as a salesgirl in Macy's basement, the lowliest department in New York's biggest department store. She stood on her feet for limitless hours six days a week and made only enough to exist on, and her seventh day she spent in bed, trying to rest. But she didn't cry any longer. She didn't do anything, because she had no feeling left. She was only twenty-two, an old maid. Her life was finished, and she was an absolute failure.

*The way Martha Scott finally got her first professional engagement; the way she got into her first Broadway show and became a star overnight; the way she came to Hollywood; and how she met Carleton Alsup and married him (the true story of which she says has never been told before) you will find in the concluding installment of Martha Scott's serio-comic life story in the next issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.*



# Love Is What You Make It!

## The Man Who Machine Gunned Children

With fanatical zeal, with blind, unthinking obedience to the "High Command" he flew to England, dropped his terrible bombs, machine gunned men, women, children, even babes in arms, returned to Germany and found himself a hero, and the father of a baby boy.

But it brought him little joy. He thought of the women and children in England whom he had seen writhing and screaming under his savage bursts of machine gun fire. He had a vision of his wife, his baby writhing and screaming. Thus was he awakened to the tragedy—the horror of modern war. And he made his decision, a mad, desperate decision which resulted in a true story being lived such as you have never read. It came to us from a Canadian prison camp and you will find it complete in True Story for August. You must not miss it. Love is indeed a great worker of miracles!

☆ True Story has been made over, modernized, revitalized, streamlined. Note its gorgeous cover, beautiful new art technique, its refined type effects. One of the most attractive magazines you ever saw. Get your copy today.

### LOVE ASKS NO QUESTIONS

She was a young school teacher, sheltered, protected. Until she met Jason Humphrey she had never been in love. But he was different from any man she had ever known, dark, polished, sophisticated, wealthy—and very much in love with her. He stormed the portals of her heart and won it. Later she learned he was one of America's most famous professional gamblers, in the underworld if not of it. But he loved her and she loved him and that was all she asked. "Love Asks No Questions" is the book length story of her life with Jason Humphrey. It will hold you spellbound from opening to closing word. Read it today complete, in True Story for August. Love is an amazing and sometimes terrible thing!

### Benny Goodman's Favorite Love Story

There's one love story that Benny Goodman loves because he knows it's true and because he feels that he personally had much to do with making it come true.

It's about a boy and girl who met by chance at a jitterbug dance where he was playing—about a quick wooing, a knock-down and dragout fight which, instead of winning the lady's hand, turned her heart against him. There came another night, though—but read "Call For Liza" as told by Benny Goodman in True Story for August. Heart-warming, blood-quickening, you'll love every word of it.

Love is a beautiful and wonderful thing!

**DO NOT MISS** "What Are Anne Lindbergh's Secret Thoughts?" Second of the "Mystery of Lindbergh and Anne" series which millions are reading breathlessly.



Now On Sale

August

# True Story





# What's Cookin'?

At the Jack Oakies' it's probably apple butter to be put up in jars by Jack himself

BY ANN HAMILTON

**M**AYBE the government never is going to get around to conscripting Jack Oakie—that decision probably will depend on whether the gold-braid boys think of him in terms of his *Napoleoni* in "The Great Dictator" or his new Warner Brothers assignment in "Navy Blues." But when and if they do conscript him, there's no sense wasting time wondering what to do with him. All they need to do is pop Jack—quick—into the Conservation Department.

For Jack is the best little conserver that ever conserved; he can't remember the date when he first canned a jar of fruit, but the good old-fashioned habit of preserving and canning fruits and vegetables has been his hobby for years.

Look wise if you want to and say this is just another "little-known hobbies of famous comedians" gag. This hobby of his certainly isn't well-known—but don't make the mistake of thinking it's a gag. In the kitchen of the new home in San Fernando Valley into which he and his wife, the lovely Venita Varden, have just moved, Jack conserves and preserves with the same skill which has earned him top acting honors. You're still skeptical? Then take another look—this time at the jars of canned fruits and preserves in the Oakie storeroom—every last jar put up by Jack according to recipes handed down by his grandmother.

**J**ACK'S apple butter specialty is quite a story in itself—Jack told it to me the other day at Warners.

"Long before anyone ever heard of Jack Oakie," he said, "my paternal grandmother made the name of Offield (Jack's name is really Lewis Offield, you know) famous throughout the width and breadth of Pettis County, Missouri, by copping the blue ribbon for apple butter seven years hand running at the Pettis County Fair.

"Shortly before my grandmother died she made a will leaving all her worldly goods to my father with the exception of her cookbook and cooking recipes, which she left to my mother. Among these was the formula for apple butter which in years to follow made my mother the unchallenged apple butter champion of

Pair with a nose for news—  
cooking news—Jack Oakie  
and his wife Venita Varden

Pettis County. Today, though far from the place of my birth, I intend to carry on the apple butter tradition."

Other delectable recipes from Grandmother Offield's cookbook are bread and butter pickles, and two desserts made of canned fruit—cherry cobbler and gingerbread peach shortcake.

## APPLE BUTTER

- 4 gals. prepared apples
- 1 gal. sweet cider
- 4 pts. sugar
- 1 tsp. allspice
- 1 tsp. cinnamon

Boil sweet cider until it is reduced to half its quantity. Peel, core and slice apples—there should be four gallons after slicing—and add to boiling cider. Cook over low heat, stirring frequently to prevent scorching, until mixture begins to thicken. Add spices and sugar and continue cooking slowly until a spoonful of the mixture will remain in a smooth mass when cooled on a saucer. Pour into sterilized Mason jars and seal.

## BREAD AND BUTTER PICKLES

- 15 medium-sized cucumbers
- 4 large white onions
- 1 sweet pepper
- ¼ cup salt
- 2½ cups sugar
- 1 tbls. mustard seed
- ½ tsp. tumeric
- ¼ tsp. ground cloves
- 2½ cups cider vinegar

Wash, but do not peel, cucumbers and slice very thin. Chop onions and pepper and add to cucumbers. Cover with salt and let stand three hours, then drain. Bring vinegar and dry ingredients to a boil. Add cucumber mixture and heat thoroughly but do not boil. Pour into hot sterilized Mason jars and seal.

## CHERRY COBBLER

- 1 qt. canned cherries
- 1 tbl. butter
- 1 tbl. cornstarch

- Sugar to taste
- 1 tsp. almond extract
- Biscuit dough

Drain cherries and place in casserole or baking dish. Blend cherry juice, butter and cornstarch (adding sugar if berries are too sour) and cook over low heat until thickened. Add almond extract and pour over cherries. Cover with biscuit dough and bake at 350 degrees F. until biscuit crust is done.

## GINGERBREAD PEACH SHORTCAKE

- 1 beaten egg
- 1 cup molasses
- ½ cup melted butter
- ½ tsp. salt
- 2 tsps. ginger
- 1 tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. soda dissolved in
- 1 cup boiling water
- 2 cups sifted flour
- 1 qt. canned peaches

Beat egg, beat in molasses, then butter, salt, ginger and cinnamon. Add soda dissolved in hot water. Add flour a little at a time. Beat until smooth. Bake in two buttered cake tins at 350 degrees F. until done (25 to 30 minutes). Spread well-drained canned peaches between layers and on top. Serve plain, or with whipped cream, while still warm.

*Would you like to know more about the delightful and practical art of home canning? Would you like to take advantage of bargain prices for fresh fruits and vegetables this summer by putting them up for winter use? It's easy if you will follow the recipes of canning experts in the booklet, "Ten Easy Lessons in Home Canning," containing methods of canning fruits, vegetables, jellies, juices, even meat and fish. This booklet, together with "Let's Eat," a collection of 300 new and delicious recipes, will be sent to you free of charge. All you need to do is mail your request for these booklets (a letter or postcard will do) to Ann Hamilton, Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.*



# What Is Their Romantic Future?

(Continued from page 35)

relationship and terminate in a good-atured divorce.

**Sidelight on Tony:** There's something in his chart which indicates that he wins is women by playing hard to get.

## Barbara Hutton—Cary Grant

**Mrs. Holmes Believes:** That there is no reason why they shouldn't marry and end themselves compatible in marriage.

**Reasons:** Cary was born under Capricorn, Miss Hutton has the Moon in Capricorn—which, according to astrology, constitutes a marked attraction.

Barbara has been criticized for marrying foreigners and for giving up her American citizenship. Mrs. Holmes considers such condemnation foolish. With planet placements like Barbara's, marriage to a foreigner becomes almost inevitable. As an Englishman, Cary falls within that group. And as to the surer of citizenship, Mrs. Holmes points out that Thomas Paine, born under Barbara's sign of Scorpio, said: "The world is my country, All mankind are my brethren, To do good is my religion."

Barbara's chart indicates that she will always meet the men to whom she's attracted through a mutual friend. Cary was introduced to her by Dorothy di Frasso. It also indicates that the toughest problem of her life has been and will be to find happiness in marriage. Because of a divergence in background and interests, this will hold true if she marries Grant. By the stars, however, she is better suited to her than either of her former husbands.

Like most Capricorns, Cary started at

the bottom. Capricorns, astrology says, are born with a broom in their hands. Which means that they have to hustle for what they get. Which gives them a sense of the value of money. Cary hung on to his till Britain went to war, then he donated his salary for "The Philadelphia Story" to the British War Relief Fund. Indicating that, Capricorn or no, he does recognize values beyond those of wealth.

Barbara, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, has always given lavishly and is now pouring out her shekels for the British cause. She has dignity, reserve and abhors familiarity on short acquaintance. She's distinguished, on the other hand, by an old-fashioned courtesy learned from the governesses of her childhood and rare in young women of today. She stands aside at a door, for example, to let older women precede her.

With people she cares about, she's generous to an extreme, meeting them not half but all the way. Cary is less outgoing. She loves Chinese poetry, the arts and all forms of culture. Cary, the earthy and practical, loves prize fights. Despite these differences, they are so strongly attracted that marriage may follow. At the present writing, Babs is still undecided. Unless they take the plunge within two or three months, another man may come along to change the picture.

**Sidelight on Cary:** His chart shows him to have supergood taste in clothes. Mrs. Holmes found him a somewhat skeptical subject. He answered questions warily and seemed to take the whole procedure with a certain lightmindedness.

## Dorothy Lamour—Greg Bautzer

**Mrs. Holmes Believes:** That they will not marry. If they do, the marriage won't last.

**Reasons:** The planets in their charts are moving toward a position where what was once an attraction might become a repulsion. A repulsion, that is, matrimonially speaking. They'd remain friends, because Bautzer is the kind of person who keeps the respect and liking of anyone who's known him and Dotty's the kind of girl who, exit romance, could still be a man's pal.

Dotty's inclined to exaggerate her emotions. Her friends are the most wonderful in the world. If they let her down, her disillusion is proportionately violent. Which doesn't keep the resilient sarong queen from forming new attachments, about which she's just as enthusiastic. Like Lana Turner, she's gregarious, enjoys a crowd better than a small circle, where friction is likely to develop.

In common with most Sagittarians, she has foresight and tolerance, and will defend your right to a viewpoint which clashes with her own. She's a nice girl, Bautzer's a nice guy, but they're not for each other. Stay a bachelor girl, Dotty, say the stars—for quite a while yet.

**Sidelight on Dotty:** As she grows older, she'll develop a certain eccentricity in dress.

**Sidelight on Bautzer:** He'd be a success in politics.

## Dolores Del Rio—Orson Welles

**Mrs. Holmes Believes:** That they are



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likely to marry and be happy.

**Reasons:** Dolores is a Leo and Welles a Taurus which, according to astrology, is not a good setup. What takes the curse off, however, is that Dolores has the Moon in Taurus and is therefore attracted to Taurus people, as they are to her. Each of their charts indicates marriage and, despite the surface opposition of their stars, they have something deep-seated in common.

Mrs. Holmes made a startling prediction to Dolores, whose chart she read at a garden party given by the Jack Warners. "You're going to meet another man and divorce your husband."

"But I'm a Catholic," protested the delectable Del Rio. Mrs. Holmes stood her ground. Dolores met Orson Welles, an electric current vibrated, Mrs. Gibbons sued for divorce, Jack Warner was converted to astrology. He says in some bewilderment: "I used to be interested only in the stars that walk around on their feet. But I heard it with my own ears."

Like Barbara Hutton, Dolores has charming manners. She's almost fanatically fastidious about her person, her clothes and the food she eats. The exotic and patrician in her appeal to Welles' complex nature. Mrs. Holmes lifts her brows at people who call Welles a genius, haha! There's no haha! about it. He is a genius. His horoscope says so. Despite the difference in their ages, these two should make a go of marriage, provided Dolores retains an eager interest in his work.

**Sidelight on Orson:** There's nothing he can't do. If he thought it would prove anything, he could even cut his own hair in the back and do a better job of it than Max the Barber.

### George Raft—Betty Grable

**Mrs. Holmes Believes:** That, like all of Raft's romances, this will terminate in nothing.

**Reasons:** Neither Betty nor George is taking it seriously. There is always the circumstance, of course, that Raft is still undivorced. Nor does marriage at the moment enter into Betty's scheme of things. Like Lana Turner, she's concentrating on career. Raft's chart indicates that when he falls hard, it's for Leo women. Virginia Peine and Norma Shearer are both Leos.

With him and Betty the object is gayety. They understand and feel at ease with each other, both knowing that neither seeks more than good companionship from the association.

George is a fatalist, doesn't believe in hoarding happiness and lives for the present. There's an honesty in Betty which responds to the honesty in him. They have lots of laughs together. In fact, temperamentally, they're suited like ham and eggs. But the stars say no.

**Sidelight on Raft:** His approach to women is such an expert blend of tenderness and he-man, consideration and authority, that few can resist him.

### Judy Garland—Dave Rose

**Mrs. Holmes Believes:** That Judy may marry Dave Rose but won't stay married to him.

**Reasons:** Her chart indicates a strong inclination to marry. It also indicates that she'll go to the altar twice, so the divorce prediction carries no reflection on her first husband, whoever he turns out to be.

When Judy's mother visited Mrs. Holmes to have her own horoscope read, she gave the astrologist the birth dates of two of her daughters, keeping mum

on which was whose. After a few moments, Mrs. Holmes tapped the paper that bore the date June 10 and said "This one could be famous." That happened before Judy's rise.

Later, having read her chart, Mrs. Holmes advised Judy not to marry too early. She thinks, however, that the little singer, romantic and emotional may ride down advice and marry Mr. Rose either this year or next. She's intense enough to believe that her first important romance will prove the one love of her life.

Her chart indicates with inexorable clarity that Judy will never be attracted by a boy of her own age. The man who moves her deeply must be one of experience and sophistication, preferably one who has been married before. Mr. Rose fills the bill. On the other hand far fields look greenest to Judy. She likes what she's not sure of. Once she gets it, she's not sure she wants it. Her turbulent spirit may be tranquilized by the disciplines of life, but not before she's taken some hard knocks. She'll take them with her chin up. The stars are wholly detached in their assurance that one of these knocks will lead her to see dissolution of the bond from Mr. Dave Rose or Mr. X.

**Sidelight on Judy:** An astrologist would hesitate to marry a girl with a horoscope like Judy's, because it indicates that she will be the boss.

### Ann Sheridan—George Brent

**Mrs. Holmes Believes:** That they should marry and that their marriage would literally be one of those made in heaven.

**Reasons:** Brent was born on March 15 Ann on February 21. Brent has the Moon in Pisces, Ann has the Sun in Pisces, than which there can be no stronger combination. These placements are even more favorable than those of Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant, for the signs are better when the man has the Moon in his horoscope.

With one exception, their likes and dislikes run parallel. Ann enjoys having a lot of people around, George doesn't. She wouldn't make an issue of it, however being good-humored and flexible enough to adapt herself to his wishes. If George couldn't get along with her, he could get along with no one.

She has no veneer, no affectations, no feminine coyness. If she likes you, she shows it. If she doesn't, she makes the plain. She dislikes few people and her weakness lies in allowing herself to be taken advantage of. To push herself either personally or professionally, go against the grain.

It was only after being pushed around beyond endurance that she feuded with the studio. The stars, incidentally, approved her course, though she took without consulting them. Eventually they say, her increased salary will make up for the time lost and she'll find her self riding higher than ever.

Brent is more complex, more difficult to get close to, but a fine character under his shell. Generous to a degree, he loathes having his generousities publicized. But he can't keep grateful people from talking. In helping people, he shows rare consideration for their self-respect. Instead of merely forking out money, he exerts himself to find them jobs.

Annie and Brent could hunt the four corners of the earth and find no mate so ideal as Brent and Annie.

"In fact," said Mrs. Holmes firmly, "I go on record." Which she hadn't said about any of the others. "It will be an astrological calamity if they don't marry."



## Flight into Nowhere

(Continued from page 43)

"Bob," she said. "This is Gay Stevens. You're going to get wet, travelling west. And I don't think you have an umbrella. Won't you turn back, please? I'll meet you at Clover Field. I want to talk to you, Bob. Please!"

Her heart was beating fast. She could hear it. If Bob Fuller hadn't waved a hand and banked his plane to the right, that heart might have choked her, she said—a long time afterwards.

To Gay's intense surprise the two planes were over the field in perhaps half an hour. They were only a hundred miles or so off the coast, though it had seemed to her they were almost in the middle of the ocean. She reflected they had flown northwest out of San Diego, whereas she had believed the course to be due west.

Robert Fuller was waiting at the side of the red plane when their ship landed. Gay wanted to run to him, but managed to control herself. Just barely managed, for her walk was almost as fast as a sprint.

"What do you mean, Bob Fuller," she demanded, "flying out over the ocean at this time of the night? Trying to kill yourself just because you can't stand the sight of a white feather?" The words were now tumbling out beyond her control. "And I said that I wouldn't pity myself if I were you! I take it back."

Bob's hands came down slowly onto her shoulders. They gripped her, and he looked at her. His face was impassive, but there were lines of bitterness on it.

"Snap out of it," he commanded. "Who said I was trying to kill myself?"

"Nobody," Gay said, still rocking under the pressure of his hands. "I just thought so, I guess."

"I wasn't even thinking of suicide. I was just—oh—making a flight into nowhere. Relaxing. Trying to think things out. I was in no danger. I had plenty of gas. And I had plenty of time," he finished shortly.

Major Stevens came forward, grinning. "Sorry you had all this trouble, Major," Bob said.

"It's all right. Girls will be girls. But forget about the beam and the loud-speaker, boy. Those are secrets the Army would give lives to keep."

"Right," Bob said. He shook hands with the Major and walked toward a bank of automobiles. "Good night," he called, as he got into a car. "And thanks for everything."

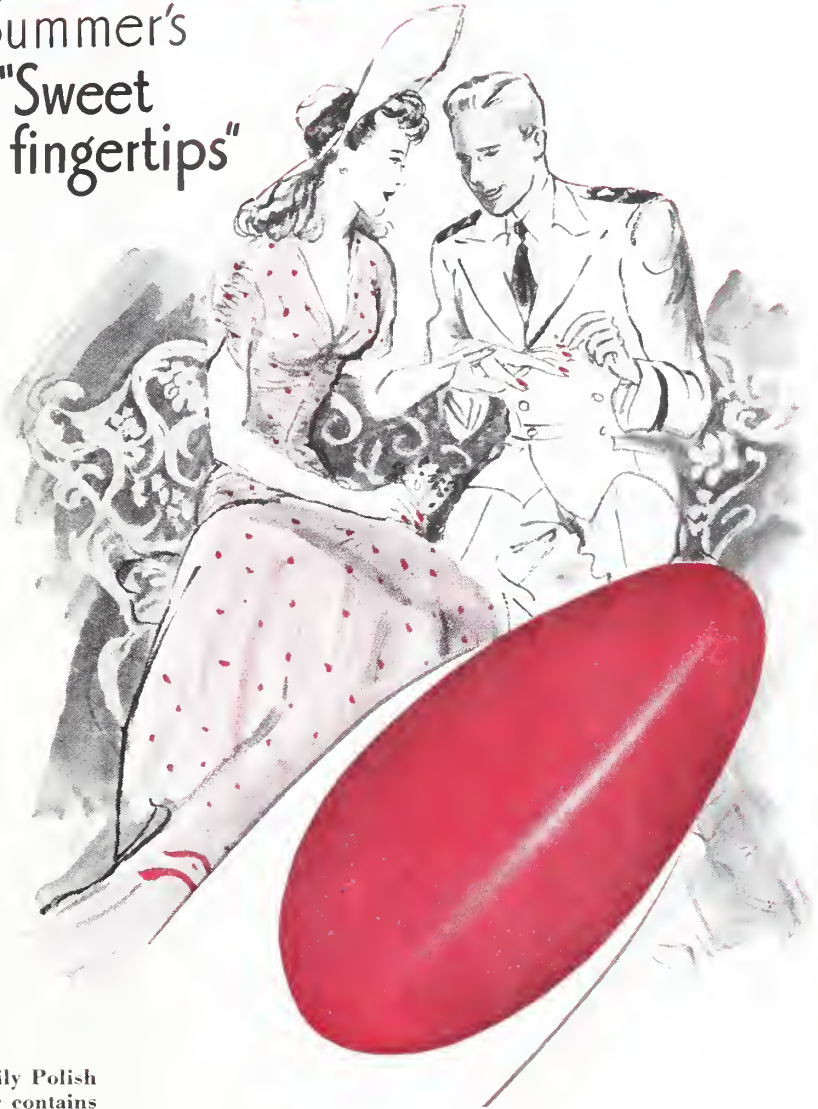
Gay's shoulders slumped as the car sped away, and she walked back to the Major. J. with her head bowed.

"I guess I had that coming to me," she confided to her father. "Once he thought he saved me from being charred to a crisp when I wasn't in any danger. And I bawled him out for it. Then I thought I kept him from killing himself when he had no idea of doing anything of the kind. And he bawls me out. Well, it's go home." Her voice trailed off in utter weariness.

On the days that followed, Gay spent much time at the Major's experimental hangar at the airfield. But she was of no help to her father. Each twenty-four hours was like the one before it. She awoke early in the little white house ten miles from the field and lay awake wondering until it was time to get breakfast for her father. She saw him off, pulled a chair to the window of the front room and tried to read the morning papers while she waited for the mailman. When

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he passed she went to the phone and told the long-distance operator to have all Hollywood calls transferred to the hangar number. Fine piece of optimism in view of Mr. Fuller's departure at Clover Field, she reflected, but put on her prettiest sports clothes, notwithstanding, got into her car and motored to the airfield. She returned in time to meet the mailman on his afternoon rounds. She told the telephone operator she was home, got dinner and read the newspapers until it was time to go to bed.

There were no letters from Hollywood, no telephone calls. There were no red planes flying into San Diego from the north. But there was news of Bob in the papers, sly cracks in the gossip columns, cartoons, comment in the editorials, letters from readers.

ONE morning, after the mailman had passed by without even looking toward her front door, Gay shrugged and went upstairs to dress. She put on a new blue polka-dot frock, then tore it off and kicked it under the bed. She went to the mirror and glared at herself.

"Now you know how it feels to be a sour old maid," she said. "You think you can't take it, don't you? But you'll take it and like it!"

She put on her old sprigged linen and drove slowly out to the field.

And there was Bob Fuller, talking to her father.

He turned quickly, hearing her step, and started toward her. She halted, frozen with joy too great to bear, and with fear that she might somehow reveal that joy to him.

"Oh," she said. "Good morning, Mr. Fuller. Nice to see you again. Hi, Major."

"Gay, don't be like that," Bob said. "I had to see you. I had to talk to you. I motored down last night."

"I don't mean to sound banal," the Major said, taking Bob by one arm and his daughter by the other, "but two's company and four's a crowd. Axel and I want to be alone."

Bob and Gay walked slowly to Bob's blue coupe.

"You don't believe in modern methods of communication, do you?" Gay tried to keep her voice light.

Bob's face was tense. "Blame it on rehearsals. Work. The draft board. Picking millions of feathers out of envelopes. It was frightful. I thought I'd never get away to see you."

"It was worse than frightful. I thought I'd never see you, either." Gay laughed shakily.

He helped her into the car and sat beside her.

"I couldn't bear going through all that again."

"Dodging people, you mean?"

"I mean not seeing you. Gay, I found out something during these last few weeks. I love you—love you more than any man in my position has a right to love a woman." His head was bent down close to hers, his eyes on her face like a hungry man at a feast.

"But I thought—that last time—you despised me," Gay breathed.

"That's because I was trying to get away from you and couldn't. Because I wanted so much, so very much, to marry you—and was trying to kid myself that I didn't. I felt that—if you should say yes and we did get married—every newspaper in the country would intimate I married you to keep out of the draft. You'd be hounded as I've been hounded." He captured her hand and carried it to his lips.

"It was all I could do, that night, to keep from picking you up, throwing you

into my plane and carrying you away some place, any place—say some little island where no one would ever find us."

"Why don't you do it now?" Gay's eyes were two naked stars.

FOR answer Bob turned the key in the ignition and stepped on the starter just as the Major came running toward him. "Your friend Scupper Davis is on the phone," the Major called. "He says he has something terribly important. You better talk to him."

Gay opened the door for her father and moved closer to Bob as the car shot across the field.

When Bob had left them, Gay whispered, "Dad, we're going to be married."

The Major's reply was in the twitching of his facial muscles. His daughter hadn't called him "Dad" since she was six. And now that he was going to lose her... "I'm very glad, Baby," he said. "God bless you both."

More they would have said, had not Fuller, anxiety and excitement written all over him, come rushing toward them.

"It's Muriel," he said. "She's on the rampage again. She's at my valley ranch with the baby. And a woman from the orphanage is on her way to visit her. She'll lose that baby sure. Major, is there a plane I could borrow or hire? I've got to get to the ranch as soon as possible."

Before Gay could volunteer to give him her plane, the Major spoke.

"The O. J. is gassed up; and it'll carry three."

"You'll come with me, you and Gay? That's swell. I'll need you. Both of you."

They were in the air before Gay assembled her thoughts. "Who is this woman, and what is she to him, that she can take him away from me like this?"

As they charged through the blue of the heavens, Gay felt that her newfound happiness was being mysteriously, wantonly, surely stolen from her; and that she could do nothing about it.

THIS feeling, crystallized when she came face to face with Muriel Cowley at the ranch house. Muriel was not intoxicated, as Gay had expected to find her. Nor was she so wild and hysterical as Scupper Davis had reported.

She was putting on an act, Gay surmised, to make Bob come to her. But why?

And, with a start that disturbed the rhythm of her heart beat, she realized for the first time that Muriel, in her smartly tailored pastel pajamas, looked young and unnaturally, diabolically beautiful.

Muriel threw herself on Bob as soon as he got out of the car.

"Oh, Bob darling, I'm so glad you've come. I've been in such a state. It's too quiet here. I couldn't stand it. I went all to pieces. I told Scupper not to bother you. I pleaded with him. But it's good he did. I think I should have gone stark staring mad if you hadn't come!"

"And maybe I'd be married now," Gay thought wryly.

"Miss Stevens!" Muriel almost shouted the name. "My dear, I didn't see you. How sweet of you! And Major Stevens. This is a most unexpected pleasure. A wonderful break in the monogamy, as one of my maids used to say." She turned possessively to Fuller. "Bob, dear, we must celebrate. Run in and tell Chico we have guests for dinner."

Bob, who had been as speechless as the others, laughed—and it seemed to Gay that he expressed a great relief with that laughter.

"You look all right now," he said.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



"Oh," Muriel said, with a sly look at Gay, "I began to be myself as soon as I heard you were coming." She released her hold on Bob, took Gay's hands and pecked at her cheek.

"Do forgive me for that night at the Mocambo and let's be friends."

"I'm sorry I slapped you," Gay said simply.

"I'm not sorry," Muriel answered. "Really, I'm not. It was what I needed."

"I have some news for you, Muriel," Bob said, looking not at her but at Gay, and at the Major.

"Not now, Bob dear, if you don't mind," Muriel said quickly, also looking at Gay and her father, and keeping her back to Bob. "Later. If it's bad news I can stand it better after dinner."

"But it isn't bad news."

"And if it's good news, I'm not in the mood to appreciate it now. I'm still a nervous wreck, but I'm simmering down. Do give me a chance. And do go explain to Chico. He doesn't understand a word I say."

"Chico's my Chinese-Mexican cook," Bob explained to Gay. "You'll get a kick out of him. And out of the kitchen. Come on, let's go talk to him."

"Why Bob," Muriel said, "how stupid of you. Gay's tired. She's had a long rip. Give her a chance to freshen up. Take the Major with you, and pour him a drink. I'll bet his throat is lined with alkali. Isn't it, Major?"

The Major looked helplessly at his laughter before he answered.

"I don't know how alkali mixes with Scotch," he said, "but I'm willing to find out."

"Gallantly said," cried Muriel.

She took hold of Gay's arm, cuddling against her, and led her toward the main building.

"It was ridiculous of me, creating all his furor. But when I heard that woman was coming here to see the baby, I was frightened. I'm afraid I made a dreadful scene. But I couldn't help it really. If that baby were taken from me—do you see what I mean?"

"Of course," said Gay, who didn't see it at all.

HE didn't like being so close to the movie actress. She didn't like the aroma of amber perfume and gin. She didn't like Muriel's syrupy accents. And he didn't like the way she had been separated from Robert Fuller. But what could she do about it?

She was silent, therefore, letting Muriel talk all the way up to the house.

"In just a moment you may have a shower, Gay dearest, if you like. But first, you must see my baby."

Her face lit up at that, Gay saw, and he felt that she, Gay, was a hardhearted and suspicious person.

"I'd love to see him," she replied.

Muriel rang for the nurse and led Gay across the room to an alcove that had been hidden from her by heavy drapes. The baby lay in a white wicker portable crib. He was awake, and laughing.

"He's adorable," Gay exclaimed. "Is he always like this? May I pick him up?"

Muriel took the child from the crib and put him into Gay's outstretched arms.

"Oh he's so warm and sweet," Gay said. The baby reached up a hand toward her face, and she bent and kissed his fingers and hugged him gently. Emotions strange to her stirred in her.

"You can see what he means to me now, and to Bob, can't you?" Muriel suggested.

"To Bob?" Gay stiffened.

"If they took that baby from me I think Bob would kill me," Muriel said



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earnestly. "It isn't me he cares so much about, you know. But the baby—you see how he flew to me the moment he heard about that woman from the orphanage."

"What are you trying to tell me?" Gay stared hard into Muriel's eyes and something in her attitude must have frightened the child for it waited.

The nurse entered just at this moment and Gay handed the baby to her.

"Take him into the other room and quiet him," she said, her eyes still boring into Muriel's. She waited until the maid had gone through the door.

"Now," she demanded, "tell me."

Muriel flared up passionately. "Why should I tell you anything?" she asked, larding her voice with rich insolence. "Who are you that I should make you my confidante? What do I care what you think? What do I care what anybody thinks? When two people love each other—"

She deliberately left the sentence unfinished. Her eyes ceased to flame. She looked at Gay with shocked surprise, then with understanding that shaded into pity.

"Oh you poor child," she purred. "You didn't even suspect, did you? And I thought everybody knew—about Bob and me. But you didn't even dream the baby was my own flesh and blood, did you?" She broke off abruptly. "You love Bob, don't you?"

GAY felt as though her knees had given way and fire and ice were fighting for control of her brain, while a voice within her shrieked, "No, no, no!"

She made no reply to Muriel. Calmly, proudly she walked away, rejoicing only in this, that she could be crushed so cruelly and not show it.

The Major and Scupper Davis were in the patio and Scupper was talking about Santa Anita.

"Will you drive us back to our plane, please?" Gay asked.

"Glad to," Davis said, yanking off his cap. "Car's right outside the gate. You

forgot something, I'll bet a dime. A suitcase maybe, huh?"

"Stormy weather, I see," the Major whispered as he escorted his daughter through the gate.

He saw her bite her lip to keep it from quivering. "As bad as that? But shouldn't you see young Fuller before you go?"

"Don't ask any questions. Please. Just get me out of here. Quickly. Before I blow up with a bang."

Scupper Davis seated them in the car and sauntered around to take his place at the wheel.

"Step on it, Mr. Davis, if you don't mind," the Major said. "We're in quite a hurry."

"You're the boss," said Scupper. "I'll give you all the speed the heap has—if you don't mind the dust."

"Dust!" Gay laughed at that. Her father thought she was crying, but she wasn't. She was really laughing. "Dust is clean compared to some things!"

Just as Scupper jammed his foot on the starter the kitchen door banged and Bob came running through the patio.

"Hey," he yelled. "Where you going?"

Gay gave one panicky look over her shoulder at his approaching figure. "Please, Scupper, get us out of here fast," she commanded.

Davis gazed dumbfounded from her to the rapidly nearing Fuller. "But Miss Gay—"

"Fast! Didn't you hear me?" she screamed.

Out of pure shock reflex Scupper shot the car forward.

When Gay comes face to face again with Bob Fuller, she will know much more about him than she knows now. In the next installment of this headline story, they meet dramatically and that meeting is marked by a hair-raising kidnap scene in the air. Watch for September Photoplay—Movie Mirror.

## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 19)

or more benignly urbane than Lewis Stone's as he smiles benevolently on Mickey Rooney's escapades in the *Hardy* Series? It's easy to be handsome when you're young. But these two men have run the gantlet of the years and emerged with profiles as clean-cut as the images on Roman coins.

So, bottoms up to the two best-looking males in Hollywood!

RALPH M. JONES,  
Boston, Mass.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Admission—One Child

WHEN are the producers going to awaken to the possibilities in the field of children's movies?

Seven-eighths of the movies of yesterday or today are strictly suitable for adult entertainment only. There should be a children's theater or theaters in every town and city where pictures for their amusement and education only are shown. Adults could attend when accompanied by a child.

It seems to me there are tremendous possibilities in this field for the improvement of youth and with improved youth will come an improved world.

Mrs. M. S. SNOW,  
Alexandria, Va.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Love, Laughs—and Benny

LOVE is fine! So is Jack Benny! But mix the two of them in a movie and what do you get? Spinach!

"Love Thy Neighbor" might have been a grand picture, if it hadn't been for romance gumming up the works! Not that Jack can't handle the moonlight and roses. He can! But the public doesn't want that. We want what only Benny and a few others can give us these days—laughs, and plenty of them!

So please, Jack, leave the woo-pitching to juveniles who can't do anything else and go back into business at your old stand, cheering us all up!

MARIAN E. SMITH,  
Milford, Conn.

**HONORABLE MENTION**

VICTOR JORDAN'S prize-winning letter, complaining that the newsreels and movies depicting the horrible conditions in war-torn Europe depressed his delicate sensibilities made me see red. He asks: "Why must we have all this propaganda stuffed down our throats?"

Where does the gent get off calling this propaganda? How could anyone be so callous as not to care to know what's going on when civilization is crumbling?



Mr. Jordan asked Hollywood to stop war pictures and newsreels. I beg of them to give us more and more informative movies and newsreels to arouse the American people. FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

MINNETTE MILLER,  
Charlotte, N. C.

**HATS** off to Preston Sturges! I have just returned from seeing "The Lady Eve." It was terrific. Eugene Pallette's remarks were riotous. Henry Fonda excelled all his other performances. Barbara Stanwyck, to me, before the picture was just another actress. Now she is my favorite.

VIRGINIA WIGHT,  
Woodbridge, N. J.

**I** COULD be a lot more patient waiting for James Stewart's return to movies if George Murphy were given more and bigger roles in the meantime.

In my opinion, a smile as heart-warming and sincere as Murphy's should be shared with the world.

BERNICE HEARNE,  
Ajo, Ariz.

**HATS** off to the bold, eye-winking free thinker, Olivia de Havilland in "The Strawberry Blonde." She fairly brought the house down! I'm still laughing. Oh, she was good! And she has a demure sweet smile, too. I never would have believed it of her, if I hadn't seen for myself.

EVELYN BOEHMER,  
Seattle, Wash.

**BOUQUETS** are regularly handed to stars. Much is written about pictures. Producers who are mainly responsible for what's good in pictures get comparatively few bouquets.

But let a producer err with an off-color picture and the clean-up brigades are on the warpath. The producers should be praised for the remarkably clean quality of motion pictures. This may be forced on them. But isn't it odd we stand for censorship of pictures and not of the press?

PAUL J. LICHTENFELS,  
Hollywood, Cal.

**SO** now it's dentists. Three dentist films in a row I've seen—three! First "The Strawberry Blonde," in which James Cagney was an old-fashioned tooth-dranker; next "Murder Among Friends," in which one of the members of a tontine insurance plot was a dentist and we were treated to the all-too-familiar view of the waiting room; and third, "Footsteps in the Dark," in which Ralph Belamy played a nonchalant dentist who injected a fatal fluid through his novocaine needle. When I go to the movies I do not want to be reminded of the dentist.

ESTELLE L. KATZ,  
Brockton, Mass.

### CAN YOU STAND A STIFF SHOCK?

Then be prepared, for next month

"FEARLESS"

goes to town on the truth about the stars' figures—and we mean anatomical, not financial!



# 3 out of 5

## prefer the flavor of Beech-Nut Gum

100 out of 151 Lifeguards, who were interviewed in a recent coast-to-coast test, reported that they preferred the delicious peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut Gum.

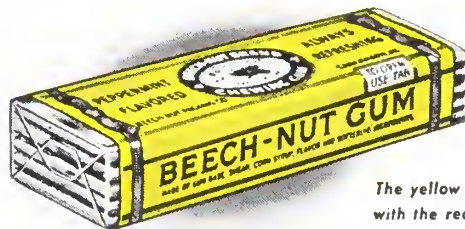
An independent fact-finding organization made the tests. Various brands of chewing gum of the same flavor were bought in local stores and identifying wrappers were removed. Each Lifeguard was given two

different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified) and was asked to report which stick he preferred. 3 out of 5 Lifeguards said that they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands.

Find out for yourself how delightful chewing gum can be. Get a package of Beech-Nut Gum. The chances are you'll prefer it, too.



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**PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR**  
205 East 42nd Street New York, N. Y.

**Sun Valley Serenade**

(Continued from page 53)

"Haven't you?" she inquired.

"Not yet."

She gave him a pleased smile. "Then you are single," she observed. After a thoughtful pause she added, "Perhaps it will be a burden for you to have one more mouth to feed."

"Well—nothing to worry about," Ted said uneasily.

"Oh, then you're rich!" she said happily. "I'm glad."

"Look," Ted said desperately. "That's the Manhattan skyline. Isn't it beautiful?"

"Yes," Karen said without taking her eyes off his face.

The taxi argued its way crossly through the Manhattan traffic and eventually stopped at the hotel where the band was playing before it left for a season at Sun Valley. Ted took Karen into the elevator and up to the room that had been prepared for her on the fifteenth floor. It was nicely furnished with a crib, teddy-bears, dolls, an electric train and a nurse in a starched white uniform. The nurse took one look at Karen and left in a temper.

"I'll have all these things—taken out," Ted offered. "We thought you'd be younger."

"It's beautiful," Karen said and kissed him again before he had time to ward her off. "It's going to be very pleasant for us here together," she continued.

"Only one of us," he said hastily. "I live upstairs." Obviously it was best to change the subject. "Now, Karen," he said briskly, "we have to think about your future—make plans for you."

"Oh," Karen said sunnily, "I have plans made already."

"That's fine. What are they?"

"I'm going to find a man I like and get married," Karen confided. "Isn't that what every girl should do?"

"Um—yes, sure. But what I meant was, what did you do back in Norway?"

"The same thing. Only I didn't find anyone I liked." She smiled winningly.

"But didn't you ever do anything like beating a typewriter, or working in a beauty parlor, or—"

"Oh, no," Karen said. "My father was a schoolmaster and I kept house for him. I'm a very good cook, you know. But when the war came, first I lost my father and then I lost my house. But I could learn," she said willingly, "to beat a typewriter, I think."

"Oh, no . . . no," Ted said. He backed to the door and retired, defeated, just in the nick of time. Karen had been about to kiss him good-by.

THAT evening, after she had had dinner in her room, Karen put on her best dress and went downstairs to the Lido Terrace, where the band was playing. The headwaiter glanced at her frostily and asked if she had a reservation. Of course she hadn't, but she told him that she was living with Mr. Ted Scott in the hotel. He looked shocked, but he led her to a table marked "Reserved" near the bandstand.

She watched Ted at the piano. After a minute he stopped playing and came to the microphone to sing. It was a very pretty song about a broken heart and he sang it well. Karen listened adoringly.

Ted came to the table and stopped in amazement when he saw Karen. "Didn't you have dinner?" he asked.

"Oh, yes. But I wanted to see you," Karen said. "I've made up my mind."

"You . . . have?"

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Karen nodded firmly. "And nothing will ever change it. I've found him!"

"Found who?"

"The man I'm going to marry."

"Already?" Ted was surprised, but relieved. "Well, that's swell. I'm sure you'll be very happy."

"You will be, too," Karen told him. "You'll make a wonderful husband."

Ted had been about to sit down, but the chair suddenly skidded out of his hand. "Hey! Wait a minute!" he said.

"I was sure of it when I first saw you," Karen said, "and just now when you sang that song I knew I was right."

Ted recaptured the chair and subsided into it, weakly.

"But I already have a girl!" he said in desperation.

"Only one?" she asked.

"Only one. And I happen to be very fond of her."

"You're not married yet," Karen said calmly. "There's always time for you to change your mind."

While he stared, opening and closing his mouth helplessly, a girl came up to the table. She was tall and slender in an evening dress that hugged her figure lovingly; she had coolly amused eyes and a sulky mouth and her complexion was as startling as Karen's, though perhaps not so natural.

Ted leaped to his feet. "Hello, Vivian," he said. "This is Karen Benson, the young lady I was telling you about. Karen—Miss Dawn. She sings with our band—she's going to Sun Valley with us tomorrow."

Karen looked at Vivian Dawn carefully.

"Why, Ted," Vivian said, "she's lovely! So pretty! You'll be terribly popular with your men friends, having such an attractive young—ward—in tow. I'll have to go along to protect her."

"I won't need protecting, thank you," Karen said.

Ted ran a finger around the inside of his collar, which fitted him perfectly and was not a bit too tight. "I think it's almost time for our next number, Vivian," he said.

AFTER that evening Ted had a private conversation with Nifty Allen. Nifty received strict instructions to take Karen the next morning to his Aunt Rosie's house in Weehawken, New Jersey, and leave her there. The band was to start for Sun Valley that night and Ted was determined to get Karen off his hands before then.

He breathed a sigh of relief when, late in the afternoon, Nifty reported that Karen had been safely delivered into the comfortable arms of Aunt Rosie. For a while, it had looked very much as if she would be a real problem.

Ted boarded the train to Sun Valley with a light heart. It was the band's first big break, this season's engagement at the Lodge. And Vivian, the most beautiful girl he had ever known, was going along.

They reached Ketchum Station in the late afternoon and it was dark by the time they had all driven to the Lodge. Early the next morning Ted was up, gulping down his breakfast and putting on ski clothes. Rehearsal wasn't until noon. There would be time for a good run down Mt. Baldy. Whistling, he popped down the corridor to Vivian's room. She was in front of her mirror, putting the finishing touches to a handsome ski costume. "Like it?" she said to Ted's admiring face.

"Like it! You look marvelous! Are our skis downstairs?"

Vivian laughed. "You don't really think I'm going out there sailing over

the hills and dales, do you?" she asked.

He made a puzzled gesture toward the ski costume. "Isn't that what you're dressed for?"

"Darling," Vivian said, "I never skied in my life and I don't plan on starting now."

"Why not let me teach you? Once you got the feel of it, you'd be crazy about—"

"That's right," Vivian said. "I'd be crazy. But," she added tolerantly, "I won't spoil it for you. Run along and play shoot-the-chutes."

Ted took her hand, looking down into her eyes. "You're the most regular girl I've ever met," he said feelingly.

"That's what I think of me, too." Her voice was light, caressing. He pulled her closer.

"Darling, what are we waiting for?" he pleaded. "Why don't you give in? Say yes and marry me."

"Aren't you afraid we'd spoil a beautiful friendship?"

"There's only one way we can find out."

Vivian reached up and patted him on the cheek. "Let's practice a little longer," she said. "Now run along and play. I'll see you at rehearsal."

OUTSIDE, the sun was dazzling on wide stretches of snow. The air stung dryly in Ted's nostrils and he felt light, as if he could fly. He took the lift up Mt. Baldy and when he got to the top stood still a long moment to look around in delight before poling off. After a preliminary run down the slope he paused again. Some fool in a green suit shushed down beside him and past, missing him by only an inch or so. He yelled angrily after the disappearing figure.

The next time he stopped, the same thing happened—same green suit, same speed, same frightening near-collision.

Five minutes later, he was herringboning up a hill when Green Suit shot down behind him and scared him into catching the edge of one ski on the other and toppling himself into the snow. This was too much. Angrily he started in pursuit.

Green Suit, who seemed to be a girl, was an astonishingly good skier. The chase led down practically vertical hills, through trees and brush, up and down and around and over until they reached the bottom of the lift. Green Suit skipped nimbly into a chair and Ted had to take the next one or lose her. Halfway up the slope her trailing ski caught in the snow and tumbled her out into a drift. Ted jumped out of his own chair. When she sat up he saw her face for the first time.

"How did you get here?" he asked incredulously.

"Hello," Karen said. "Didn't we have a wonderful chase? Let's do it again."

"Wait a minute." He laid a firm hand on her shoulder. "I said—"

"You're a wonderful skier," she interrupted. "Your people must have come from Norway."

"By way of Dublin. I picked it up when I was in college. Now—"

"I learned when I was in kindergarten," Karen said chattily. "I learned to skate then, too. I can skate better than I can ski." She dug her poles into the snow. "Are you ready?"

"You answer my question! How did you get here?"

Karen hung her head. "Nifty," she said defensively, "didn't have anything to do with it."

"So that's it," Ted said grimly.

"All he did was tell me which train to take and lend me money for the fare and tell me where to hide so you wouldn't see me," Karen said.



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating his Christmas pie. He found a package of Dentyne on his plate too, (Dentyne—the warmly delicious chewing gum that helps keep teeth bright).

"What's this?" said little Jack. And since no one answered, he went on: "Hm-m, nice looking package—flat—convenient to carry—easy to open."

He opened it. "Looky, six sticks—that's generous." Then he tasted. "Say—what a flavor—blended just right—not hot—not sweet—but mighty good and refreshing. That flavor lasts, too, not just a few minutes but as long as you'd want it."

Just then in popped his dentist. "Good boy, Jack," said the dentist, "chewing Dentyne is a pleasant, practical way to help keep your teeth clean and sparkling."

And little Jack smiled with satisfaction.

(Moral: You too will smile with satisfaction when you taste Dentyne's luscious goodness and see how it helps keep your teeth bright.)



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"I'll murder that guy," Ted promised. "He was going to tell you this morning. I was out on the rink skating and he was going to your room and just sort of happen to have you look out of the window, so you'd see me and recognize me," Karen explained. "But you'd already gone. So I did all my skating for nothing."

"Look here," Ted said, "haven't you any idea of the spot you've put me in? After all, I'm responsible for you."

"Won't it be easier to be responsible for me here than in Weehawken?"

"No!" he shouted. "People'll get the idea that—that— If you were a kid, it'd be different. But you're a grown-up girl!"

Karen eyed him innocently. "What can we do about it?" she inquired.

"Just as soon as I get paid I can send you back," he declared. "In the meantime I guess you'll have to stay. But don't get the idea I can spend all my time skiing with you. I've got a job—Great Scott!" he moaned. "I forgot rehearsal!"

There was a noticeable chill in the rehearsal room when they finally got there. Most of the frigid atmosphere came from Vivian, even before she saw Karen. After that she became positively glacial. Ted had to apologize several times for holding up rehearsal before she forgave him.

THE next day Karen and Ted skated. Karen had told the truth. She was even better on skates than on skis. The following day they skied again. The third day they skated some more, and the fourth day was Sunday.

On Sundays the band didn't play at the Lodge, so Ted invited Vivian, Nifty and Phil to dinner at the Round House on the slope of Baldy. He and Karen would take a short run Sunday afternoon and meet the others there, he said, about seven.

It was eight when they arrived.

"Gosh, I'm sorry to keep you waiting," Ted apologized. "But have we had a time! The snow's softening up on the other side of Baldy and that slowed us down. Then we got lost and—"

"Weren't there any wolves?" Vivian asked.

"No wolves. But Karen thought she knew a short cut back to this side and—"

well—we got lost."

Vivian glanced at Karen and Karen looked back at her in wide-eyed innocence.

"I'm so glad, darling," Vivian said, "that you didn't have to spend the night in a deserted shack. The hero always has to sleep outside in the storm, you know."

"It was all my fault," Karen said.

Ted put his arm around her, big-brother fashion. "No it wasn't," he insisted stoutly.

Vivian dug the burning end of a cigarette into an ash tray as if she were trying to poke a hole with it.

"Is there any reason now we can't eat?" Phil inquired pitifully. "I want a steak."

"And some champagne," Vivian said offhandedly.

Nifty whistled in amazement. "Whose birthday?"

"In Norway," Karen said, "we only have champagne for a christening or a betrothal or a wedding."

"Darling," Vivian said, "you're psychic. I'm going to let you all in on a secret. I've accepted Ted's proposal. We're getting married."

TED started, then began to grin in delighted amazement. Karen said nothing, while her head and shoulders drooped slowly and she took her hands away from the table and put them in her lap.

"I wish you all the happiness in the world," she said quietly. "Skajaara—that means good luck."

"Thank you, darling," Vivian said.

A waitress came up and apologized, "I don't want to hurry you, but if you want to use the lift you'll have to be ready in twenty minutes. They're only running it for one trip."

"Twenty minutes!" Phil growled. "I'll get indigestion!"

"Don't rush," Vivian advised. "It'll take quite a while for the lift to accommodate all these people."

Karen lifted her head. There was a kind of determined look in her eyes. "You and Phil and Nifty will have it all to yourselves. A skier never takes the lift unless he's carried down on a stretcher."

"That's right," Ted agreed. "It's an old Norwegian tradition."

Vivian said, "Haven't you had enough skiing for one day—and night?"



Warning! You'll be singing two songs this summer—the two Glenn Miller and his band bring to the big time in "Sun Valley Serenade." Above: The three headliners of the Twentieth Century-Fox film: Glenn Miller, Sonja Henie and John Payne



"It isn't that," Karen told her. "But everyone would think Ted was an ojaak-bergassum. That means a softy."

"There you are," Ted said with a smile to Vivian. "We'll meet you at the Lodge."

"But I'm a little worried about your skiing after dark."

"Think nothing of it," Ted said. "There's a swell moon tonight."

"That," said Vivian, "is what I'm worried about."

There was, as Ted had said, a swell moon. Its light was as crisp and sparkling as the snow under their skis when Ted and Karen started out, having seen the rest of the party into the lift chairs.

They made a short run. Then Karen stopped on a crest. "My skis are iced up," she said. "Will you fix them?"

Ted bent down and unclamped his own skis, stepping out of them to move more easily. Balancing on her poles, Karen lifted one leg so he could get at the underside of the ski.

Ted scraped at the ski. Karen swayed, then yelped as she overbalanced and slipped. As she fell, her foot hit Ted's discarded skis, and sent one of them shooting down the hill. Gathering speed, it soon disappeared from sight.

"Oh," Karen said. "What a shame! I'm so sorry! Couldn't we have the ski patrol bring you up another one?"

"I hate to make 'em all that trouble. We'll have to use the lift."

"It's stopped running. But I could ski down and ask them to start it, while you wait." She pointed to a shelter-cabin that stood, unlighted, a couple of hundred feet away.

"Umm . . . I guess you'll have to," Ted agreed. "But take it easy."

Ted waved good-bye to her before turning and floundering through the heavy snow to the cabin. There he set a match to the ready-laid fire and settled down to wait. He caught sight of a telephone on the wall and with an exclamation of annoyance went over to it. But it was dead.

LONG before he could expect the lift to start he heard Karen's voice outside, calling him. He opened the door to find her on the steps.

"My knee," she said. "I hurt it. The clamp on one of my skis broke and I fell."

He leaped to take her arm as she limped into the room. "Did you bang it up much?" he asked solicitously.

"It hurts when I walk on it. But it'll be all right if I don't have to use it for a couple of hours."

"In a couple of hours," Ted said gloomily, "the moon'll be on the other side of the mountain and we won't be able to find our way down the run." He thought a minute. "Are both your skis out there? If I could make your clamps fit my shoes—"

"You couldn't," Karen said. "Besides, the other ski is broken. I guess we'll have to stay here all night."

"Oh well," Ted said more cheerfully, "I don't suppose there's really anything to worry about. They'll wonder pretty soon why we don't come back and send the ski patrol out after us."

Karen started. "But they might search all over the mountain before they think of coming here . . . I think I'd better rig up a signal of some kind. There's a lantern outside I can put up high."

He started for the door. Karen sat up. "Oh—er—wait. You—might fall down," she said.

Ted grinned reassurance, shook his head and went on out. He saw Karen's skis a few feet from the door. One was



## So you look smart-EH?

**AND SO YOU DO!** But you're not at your best unless you're *comfortable!* Not even with that smooth new outfit and squiff hair-do that's the envy of every other girl in the block.

Shoes or girdle that are too tight might ruin your day, whether you're going out for new dance step or a breezy ride in an old jallopy.

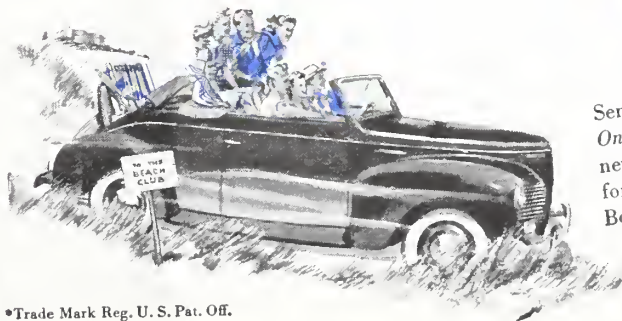
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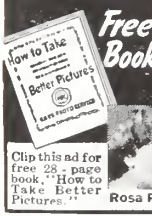
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broken, as she had said. He picked it up in both hands. It looked exactly as if it had been snapped over someone's knee. He thought a minute before he tossed it down and went around to the back of the cabin. A telephone wire dangled disconsolately from its insulator under the eaves. There were fresh ski tracks leading to the spot and away again.

He came back into the cabin. "Kick off your shoe," he ordered Karen. "And roll up your pants. I'm worried about that knee."

"I—I can't," Karen quavered. "They're too tight."

"Which knee is it?"  
"The—left one."

He bent down and quickly unlaced her shoe. One jerk ripped the trouser-leg open to the knee. He shook his head gravely. "Pretty bad. Looks inflamed. Hurt when I bend it?"

"Ow—no," Karen said.

"It needs loosening up," Ted diagnosed, working the leg up and down vigorously. After several minutes of this he left her, dug in the first-aid box and brought out some splints and gauze, with which he made a huge, ungainly bandage around her knee. "There—that's got it. Just rest until I get back," he ordered. "I'm going to walk down and tell the ski patrol where we are. I'll follow the lift, so I won't get lost. You'll be all right if you keep the doors and windows locked."

Karen started to get up. "I think I'll go with you."

"With that leg?" He pushed her back on the divan and went out, making sure the door was latched after him. Grinning, he crept around to the side of the cabin and after a minute's silence emitted a long, quavering howl. He hoped that was how a wolf sounded. He heard a startled gasp from inside and the scurry of feet. Going around back, where the windows were shuttered, he howled again.

CHUCKLING silently, he sat down on a pile of logs before continuing his impersonation. There was a snap, and the next second he was on his feet, howling some more, and this time not imitating anything except a man who has sat down on the jaws of a steel trap.

Simultaneously the shutters flew open and one of them caught him smartly on the side of the head.

"What's the matter?" Karen asked.

"Get it off!" He whirled to show her the trap. Karen rose to the occasion. She climbed out of the window and pried the trap loose.

"I suppose you're shaking hands with yourself," Ted said sourly when they were inside again.

"No," Karen said. "Why?"

"Didn't you frame this whole thing? Didn't you kick my ski away and cut the telephone wire and pretend you'd hurt yourself and break your own ski?"

"Oh yes," Karen admitted. "I did."

"And you have the nerve to stand there and admit it! If we stay here all night do you know what Vivian will think?"

"Yes," Karen said again. "That's why I did it."

Ted clapped a hand to his aching head. "Of all the cold-blooded confessions! Haven't you any shame? Don't you care what people say about you?"

"I hope they say bad things," Karen told him. "Then you'll have to marry me." She set an absurdly small jaw. "I don't care. If you marry that girl she won't make you happy. She won't let you have any fun. She doesn't want to do anything you like to do, and she wouldn't keep house for you."

"Can't you get it into your head I don't

want a housekeeper? I love her!"

"I don't believe it," Karen said, and added with an air of dismissing the whole subject, "Shall I fix you some supper?"

"I don't want any supper!" Ted said savagely. "Leave me alone."

Silence, except for the purring of the fire, settled down over the little cabin. Ted fidgeted under Karen's constant, adoring regard. Finally he stood up and arranged two chairs at one side of the hearth.

"If you think," he said, "I'm going to sleep outside and freeze, you're crazy." She got up eagerly. "Here. I'll help you."

"I can do it myself! Fix your own." "All right." She began to push the divan up to the hearth.

"That's close enough," he said suspiciously.

KAREN subsided. He blew out the lamp on the table and settled himself in one chair with his feet on the other. They were too close together and he tried to push the foot chair farther away without getting up. It went too far. In reaching for it he overturned the chair he was sitting in. A smothered giggle came from the divan.

Furiously, he grabbed the divan cover and yanked it, pulling Karen off onto the floor. She seized a pillow and fired it at his head. He caught it and threw it back. She tackled him around the legs. He realized he was laughing as they both rolled on the floor.

After a minute, Karen said softly, "You wouldn't have fun like this if . . . if you married someone else."

He might have answered. But the door of the cabin flew open.

"Well, how pretty!" Vivian said. Behind her were Nifty, Phil and two members of the ski patrol.

Ted scrambled to his feet. "We—had an accident," he said.

Phil cleared his throat nervously. "Well, I'm glad we found you. And—er—as long as Karen isn't compromised—"

"Oh, but I am," Karen said, from her position on the floor.

"Hey—wait a minute!" Ted cried.

"If I don't know what happened," Karen pointed out, "who does?"

"I think I do!" Vivian said. "It's obvious that you trapped Ted into this situation."

"Oh, he knows that," Karen said. "I told him."

Vivian advanced on Ted. "Either you send this designing little Scandinavian hillbilly back to New York—or I'll go instead!"

Phil moaned. "Tell her you'll send Karen away, Ted! We can't let Vivian go—the band needs her!"

Ted opened his mouth and shut it again. He looked at Karen, then at Vivian, then at Karen.

"Well?" Vivian said.

"Well," Ted said. "I'm sorry I caused you so much trouble coming up here, Vivian. But it's a lot better to get this thing straightened out. So let's be frank. . . ."

Vivian turned and walked out of the cabin.

"Now what'll we do?" Phil wailed. "Our star attraction's walking out on us!"

Nifty snapped his fingers excitedly. "Who cares? We'll put on a bigger show without her! There's lots of singers, but Karen's the only girl I know that can dance on skates. She's wonderful, Phil—honest, I've seen her—"

"Go away," Ted said to them all. "Please go away and leave us alone. I've got some unfinished business with the girl I'm going to marry."



# I Almost Gave Up

(Continued from page 46)

But since I was a comparative stranger in Hollywood, the question of an escort presented something of a problem. Finally, Mother suggested a certain "man out town" whom I had met shortly after my arrival here and who seemed to know everybody. He had asked to take me out several times previously, but I had always refused. Still—since he is so persistent, why not go with him?" Mother said. "Certainly it can't do any harm!"

But I didn't have a very good time! He was kind of fat and too bluff and breezy; the kind of man who always calls you "Baby" and just can't quite get his hands off you. Oh, yes, it was always in a very fatherly way. There was always an excuse for an arm around your shoulders—he was just helping you with your coat; or a plump hand on your elbow—he was just helping you cross a street. There wasn't a single offense you could put your finger on, really, but I didn't feel quite comfortable with him, somehow.

Still, we were "being seen" and my aunt was delighted with the arrangement. We would go to Ciro's, for instance, and he'd introduce me to producers and directors and other important people as "the little girl who is going to be a sensation." Whereupon, they'd look on over, often without the slightest sign of interest, and I'd feel like a monkey in a zoo. Or maybe some producer would seem flatteringly interested; would sort of move in on us and I'd think, Well, maybe you're getting somewhere. . . .

But all too soon I'd find that what I thought he was interested in and what he actually was interested in were two different things. So I'd put him straight. And after I had put him straight, he'd sort of fade away. And I'd go home that night not feeling bored and humiliated. But, of course, unless I was ready to give up, as I wasn't yet, I had to be "seen." My aunt was certain about that.

But I wasn't seen with that particular escort after a certain episode which, even though it took place a long time ago, is still a nightmare to me. This escort—I'll call him Joe—had won a lot of money in the races and he was determined to "celebrate." And "celebrate" he did, in spite of all I could say. I don't drink at all and I must say that I had never before seen him take more than a couple of cocktails, but now he seemed to be trying, deliberately, to get drunk. It was disgusting. Not that he was any noisier than usual. He was always noisy. But there was something revolting about the way he kept downing those cocktails, his face getting redder and redder and his eyes regarding me queerly. I tried to persuade him to take me home. He wouldn't do it.

"All right," I told him, "I'll go by myself." But—

"Oh, no, you won't, Baby," he told me. "You do I'll go after you and carry you back." And he reached a hand across the table menacingly. I felt faint all so furious at finding myself in a position like this I could scarcely keep my tears back. But I just had to sit there until suddenly his head slumped over on the table. I don't remember how I got out of there, but I do remember how I felt, riding home alone in a taxi— I wanted to chuck the whole Hollywood business, then and there. But I wasn't seeing things through, so I contented myself with the vow that I would

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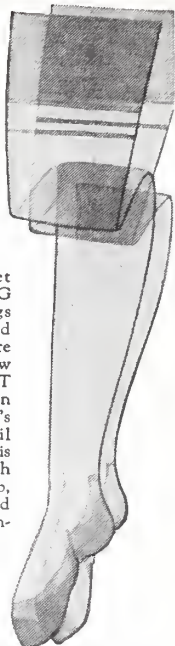


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never, never go out with anyone again, just for the sake of being "seen." I never have.

That resolve didn't seem to make things much easier, though. In fact, I had to be more persistent than ever, keeping appointments my agent made for me with casting directors, trying to speak up cleverly for myself, trying to gloss over my inexperience, trying to appear—well, how should a girl appear who is trying to catch on in the movies? "Glamorous," I guess, "individual," "successful." I don't exactly know. I don't believe anyone does.

I finally got a couple of bit parts—one in RKO's "Sorority House" and one in one of Twentieth Century-Fox's "Jones Family" pictures. I don't think anyone, not even the directors, knew I was on the lot. Then, one day, I went out to Metro for what they call a "group interview" in connection with the casting of "Forty Little Mothers."

With more than a hundred other girls, I stood on a low platform while directors, assistant directors, casting directors and so on—about fifteen in all, and all men—looked us over. Somehow, it was as though prize stock were being cut out of a herd. I felt the slow color rise in my face. I felt ashamed and a wild impulse came over me to run out of there, out of the Hollywood scene, and never come back. I think I might have done it, too, but just then I was "chosen." And I suppose that's fate.

NOT long after "Forty Little Mothers" was finished, I was sent by my agent to see a certain producer who was casting for a new picture. I shan't mention his name, nor even his studio. But he will know whom I mean if he reads this.

As it happened, I took Mother along that day. When I was ushered into his sanctuary, however, she remained in the waiting room. Well, this may sound like fiction, but it is the gospel truth. I hadn't been with him five minutes until he began to make advances. Not subtle advances, either. He came at me exactly like a movie bad man. I remember there was a bag of golf clubs standing in the corner toward which he was backing me and

it came over me that perhaps I could protect myself with a mashie. Then I had a better thought.

"Mother," I screeched. "Mother!" Mother came rushing in there like small cyclone. But—and I say this with pride—after she arrived and I knew I was safe, I recovered some of my poise. "Mother, I want you to know Mr. —" I said.

Well, it almost sent me into hysterics to see the amorous Mr. — gather himself together and shake hands with her. We all chatted, oh, so pleasantly for a few minutes. Then Mother and I left—without (need I add?) a role for me in his picture. Yes, we giggled over the incident all the way home, but just the same, I wondered again if a screen career were worth putting yourself in a position where such a thing could happen. I wondered again, if the game were worth the candle.

STILL, it was a very different circumstance that finally made me give up trying to have a movie career. It was the test I made at Metro, and what happened to it. While working in "Forty Little Mothers" I met Freddie Wilcox, Metro's test director, and Lillian Burns, the dramatic coach, and they both seemed to like me and to be interested in me. So much so, in fact, that they insisted I make a test and gave up many, many hours of their own time to help me prepare for it. You see, it wasn't to be just an ordinary test. It was to be one as perfect as time, thought and rehearsal could make it. They selected a scene from the English play, "Springtime," for me and, every day or so, when they'd have a minute to themselves, or at night when they'd finished work, they would give me a ring. Whereupon, I'd rush right out and we'd work until all hours.

It was scarcely remarkable, therefore, that when the test was finally made, it was good. That isn't my opinion, it was theirs. They were in ecstasy over it. "It will give you a contract! It will make you a star!" they told me jubilantly. They were as happy for me as though this good fortune they spoke of were their own. I was delighted, too, not alone



Cornering the glamour market: Ann Sheridan and Rita Hayworth caught talking tête-à-tête, two rivals in the siren field registering utter equanimity

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



because I seemed to be on the brink of success, but because I had found two such wonderful friends. *Hollywood is a grand place, after all, I told myself. . . .*

But I spoke too soon. You see, although most of the so-called "higher-ups" at Metro liked my test, there was a certain man, very powerful in the organization, who did not.

"That little blonde—a dime a dozen in Hollywood," he announced. "Phooey!" And so Louis B. Mayer, head of M-G-M Studios, never even saw my test.

And that, I said to myself bitterly, is *Hollywood! That is really Hollywood! You work and try. Your good friends help you, tirelessly, unselfishly—and one man kills your effort! Well—I don't want any more of it! There's no happiness in it. I am through!*

But the ways of fate are strange and inexplicable. A few weeks later, my telephone rang. It was Murray Feil, the well-known Hollywood agent. Freddie and Lillian had shown him my test, unbeknownst to me, and he had liked it and agreed to see what he could do for me. Now he said:

"Arthur Hornblow, of Paramount, has seen the test you made at Metro. He wants you for 'I Wanted Wings.' Meet me at Paramount as soon as you can!" As it happened, I was preparing to shampoo my hair and had it soaked in oil when his call came. So I bundled it up in a turban; slapped on some lipstick and presented myself at Paramount, where Murray took me in to see Mr. Hornblow. As I signed my contract, a drop of oil seeped from under my turban and ran down my cheek. We all laughed.

So that is the story of how I almost gave up my pursuit of a career, or rather, how I did actually give it up, and what happened then.

After I was signed at Paramount, they wanted to "build" me into a glamour girl.

"We must prepare the public for your screen debut," they said. But I set my foot down. I had been engaged for several months to John Detlie, an art director at Metro. And so, one day before "Wings" went into production, we slipped off and were married.

My bosses at Paramount were pretty outraged. Here they were about to launch a new "glamour girl," only to find she'd quietly become a married woman. But I think I made them see my point of view.

"If I'm good in 'I Wanted Wings,' I believe the public will be interested in me, anyway," I told them. "If I'm not—what's the difference?"

I told them something like that, when, just before I went to work in my new picture, "Sullivan's Travels," I broke the news that John and I are going to have a baby next October.

"I shall do my best in any role you may give me," I said. "I shall work and study and be on time every day and do what the director tells me. But I shall also reserve time for my marriage. I know that fame is fickle and fleeting. I know that it will trick you and hurt you . . . just as I know that the happiness that John and I have, the love and companionship and trust, will, if we cherish them, endure as long as we live."

True, I hope that for a time I can have both career and all of the beauty that marriage can give me. I hope that I shall be as successful in "Sullivan's Travels" as they tell me I was in "I Wanted Wings." But if I am not, it won't break my heart. I had a dream about Hollywood, once. But I haven't that dream any more. I'll never care too much again about what Hollywood has to give me.

I'll save my all-out regard for my husband and home.

# Watch your Step



Jean Seton of Arthur Murray's Fifth Avenue Studio, exquisite, fairy-like in her dancing, is the personification of daintiness.



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# She Had to Take No

Being the dramatic story of a girl who forgot the two "d's" of feminine nicety

**T**HE night was dark and stormy, but Mehitabel's mind wasn't on the weather, because Mehitabel had been asked to a party. Mehitabel is Our Heroine, a wistful golden-haired beauty with big blue eyes that you'd think would make any man put his hand to his heart, drop to his knees and do you-know-what.

Well, on this dark and stormy night Mehitabel was doing everything that everybody said any girl should do when she'd been asked out to drink some lemonade. That included relaxing in her bubble bath, creaming her face carefully, making up her face just as the beauty columns said. To top it all off, she used her new perfume, which was guaranteed to turn all heads like weathervanes. You see, this was sort of a Last-chance Gulch business for Mehitabel, because although she'd gone to a lot of parties, she'd never had any luck, if you know what we mean—and we think you do.

The time came and Mehitabel sallied forth with her umbrella (the night was dark and stormy—remember?)

and high hopes. She didn't bring her sewing because all the lovelorn columns said she should devote all her attention to Capturing the Male and Mehitabel was certainly sick of never having come within ten yards of a wedding ring. She was determined that this night something would happen. It did.

**T**HERE were a lot of nice men at the party and Mehitabel started out, in a ladylike fashion, of course, to snag one of them. But horror of horrors, she didn't make a dent.

That is, she didn't make a dent on anyone but the Villain, who had a big black mustache and a checked suit and one gold tooth that gleamed every time he smiled at Mehitabel.

She didn't like him, of course, but a girl just can't sit, so she rolled her eyes and rolled them again. It wasn't in vain. The villain took her and her umbrella home and there on the front porch he dropped to his knees, put his hand over his heart and . . . well, Mehitabel married him.

Pity, wasn't it, what happened to poor Mehitabel? But what would you have done? Well, not being a dope like Mehitabel, you would not have omitted the two basic "d's" in your make-up. You would have known that all the perfume in the world is of no use unless you have first used a deodorant. You would have known that sheer stockings won't do a thing for you unless your legs are smooth—meaning a depilatory—always!

You have your choice in the deodorant field—cream or liquid that can be applied as often as you wish; or liquid, one ap-



plication of which will last for two or three days. But unless you want to end up like Mehitabel, don't face hot-weather hazards without those two basic "d" treatments.

As Jean Parker says:

"I guess I have always been meticulous about little things. Maybe living in California helps to make you that way . . . We wear shorts and bathing suits out here and we do have a lot of grand hot weather—and you have to be careful then. I don't know what people did before they began making the good deodorants and depilatories we have now."

BY GLORIA MACK

The girl who could have tipped off poor Mehitabel: Jean Parker, appearing in Paramount's "Power Dive"



# The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 4)

## ✓ Billy the Kid (M-G-M)

**It's About:** *The notorious outlaw who takes the law into his own hands.*

WE seldom explain our rating of a picture. With us it either is or isn't. But this time we feel we should warn readers who use this department as their guide to movies that the award of "Best picture of the month" is based, not on the story, which is strictly hokumy corn, but on the sincerity of Bob Taylor's performance as Billy plus (of all things) the breath-taking scenery enhanced by Technicolor.

They have whitewashed, alibied and cleaned up the character of this notorious young outlaw who actually lived but refused to let live, until his own grandmother wouldn't know him. And still Bob Taylor makes him a convincing, understandable and even menacing character.

Ian Hunter, Brian Donlevy and Mary Howard are splendid as the people who befriend the outlaw. Gene Lockhart's villainy is somehow deadlier for his round-faced pudginess.

But it's the color, the purple-red of New Mexico's dramatic scenery that really catches the eye, holds the interest and sends one from the movie with a yearning in his heart for the old west.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A colorful melodrama.

## ✓ Adventure in Washington (Columbia)

**It's About:** *The reformation of a toughie through his work as a United States Senate page boy.*

THIS reviewer believes that any rancor felt in Washington's Capitol, especially in the Senate, over Columbia's picture "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" should be dispelled by this sincere story that deals obliquely with that great body of men.

The casting of the very British Herbert Marshall as a United States Senator is one of Hollywood's amusing little whimsies, but somehow, on the screen, Herbert's English accent is forgotten in his very fine performance.

But it's Gene Reynolds who steals the show as the wrong-side-of-the-track lad who is brought to Washington as a Senate page boy by Marshall. Gene chaffs at the demands of his job and finally brings disgrace to his benefactor.

The manner in which he redeems himself provides material for a heart-touching scene that Gene meets like a veteran. Here is a truly fine young actor.

Virginia Bruce, as a radio commentator, is very pretty.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A novel and tender story.

## ✓ Million Dollar Baby (Warners)

**It's About:** *A department store clerk who inherits a fortune.*

REMEMBER the old song, "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store?" Well, Warners have taken that startling statement and built it into an amusing little story of a pretty department store clerk who actually be-

came a million dollar baby.

Priscilla Lane is cuter than a bug's ear as the baby who becomes millionaireized when eccentric May Robson, in order to right a wrong done Priscilla's family, bestows upon the blonde head of the little clerk—one million smackers.

So what happens? So Priscilla discovers the money stands between her and her true but poor love Ronald Reagan, who runs away rather than marry money. The moral is, we suppose, money doesn't bring happiness, which should render us poorer mortals a bit more contented.

The story is punctuated with sock 'em down vitality that keeps it bobbing along. May Robson, Jeffrey Lynn and a grand supporting cast complement the splendid work of Priscilla and Ronald.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Daydreams become paydreams.

## ✓ Sunny (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** *Rich boy kisses poor girl. Rich boy marries poor girl.*

CHALK up "Sunny" as the best of Miss Anna Neagle's three musical pictures—the others being "Irene" and "No, No, Nanette." The music, so liltily gay and tunefully catchy, the dancing of Miss Neagle and Ray Bolger, the colorful settings, the gilt-edged work of the supporting cast, all tend to make this an event of complete charm.

Miss Neagle continues to amaze with her versatility. Her singing and dancing are superb. Ray Bolger all but steals the picture and the heart of the audience with his terrific stepping. John Carroll sings well and Edward Everett Horton clowns perfectly.

The Jerome Kern songs "Who" and "Sunny" bring back those nostalgic memories. Grace and Paul Hartman are a riotous dance team.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Bright and shining and "sunny."

## ✓ Love Crazy (M-G-M)

**It's About:** *A husband's attempts to thwart his wife's divorce.*

IT'S a Myrna Loy-Bill Powell special, with double whipped cream and literally polluted with nuts. In fact, it's so nutty the audience staggers out a bit dazed from laughter and half-mad at itself for howling at such silliness.

Still, it's funny, and a bit of fun never hurt anyone. However, in less competent hands, we're quite sure it could have been terrible, but the deft performance of Bill Powell keeps the comedy right on the beam.

Mr. Powell, a husband of four years' standing, is about to be divorced by wife Myrna for a slight case of cheating with lovely Gail Patrick. In order to thwart her plan, Bill pretends to be crazy and is committed to an asylum. He escapes dressed as his own sister and finds haven in Myrna's bedroom. Let your own imagination take it up from there.

Jack Carson as Bill's rival is good. Florence Bates as his mother-in-law is doubly good.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Laugh and grow happy.

ANNE SHIRLEY in "THE DEVIL AND DANIEL WEBSTER"

AN RKO-RADIO PICTURE



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Cream <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
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Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
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## ✓ Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *The rise and fall of a famous matador.*

**A** GAINST the trumping, tempting sounds of soft guitars, the louder beating, wailing throbs of Spanish music, the color, the glamour, the horror of Spain's greatest sport—bullfighting—is laid a story of a boy with one ambition burning in his heart, a boy who grew to realize that ambition and then to taste deeply the bitterness and loneliness of success.

Tyrone Power gives one of his finest performances as the ignorant, swaggering, defiant matador, the boy who grew to become Spain's hero—for one brief moment. The scene in the bull ring is one of great suspense, thrills and color. It will make the heart beat faster and pulses bound with something like horror. In this scene Tyrone is triumphant.

Rita Hayworth, the siren who lures Power away from his wife, Linda Darnell, is beautiful and alluring. Linda does her best work for our money.

Against any comparison to the picture made by Valentino, this one easily rates equal merit, and in many instances, surpasses it. John Carradine, Nazimova, Laird Cregar and J. Carrol Naish are perfectly cast. The musical score really lifts the story far above the level of average story-telling. It's the best music heard in a long time.

Your Reviewer Says: A double-check hit.

## ✓ One Night In Lisbon (Paramount)

It's About: *An American screwball who woos an English frigidaire.*

**M**AY we rise up on our two feet and demand to know why American young men abroad are constantly depicted on the screen as zany half-wits? Do we really behave so idiotically, imitating duck calls in London air raid shelters, lurching on sidewalks 'mid shot and shell, climbing in and out of strange windows à la Romeo?

Well, maybe if we don't we should, for audiences ate up Fred MacMurray's odd goings-on to the tune of much laughter, that's certain.

While we're quizzing, is it possible in this day and age, we wonder, for any young lady as comely as Madeleine Carroll to be so excruciatingly naive?

Well, maybe we're being a bit too fussy, for this odd adaptation of "There's Always Juliet" certainly has its gay, light and amusing moments. Interesting, too, is its locale of London in wartime, that swiches, in some queer manner, to Lisbon, Portugal, and ends up as the locale of a bedroom farce.

The dialogue is coy and suggestive. Fred MacMurray as the breezy (windy, even) American is appealing and John Loder as Madeleine's English suitor is something, believe us.

Your Reviewer Says: Incendiary love.

## Her First Beau (Columbia)

It's About: *Puppy love and its cure.*

**C**HALK this up on the black board as a Jane Withers' honey. Note, also, that Jane had to wander away from her own studio, Twentieth Century-Fox, in

order to get a vehicle halfway worthy of her.

While it pains the victim and is really no laughing matter, there is something screamingly funny to adults about puppy love. Poor Jane is its victim when her youthful uncle, William Tracy, brings around the handsome Kenneth Howell, who innocently steals Jane's heart.

Her first backless evening dress, the bewilderment of her steady beau, Jackie Cooper, the boy next door, her aggravated father, Addison Richards, all add to the hilarity.

Edgar Buchanan and Una O'Connor are swell. But it's Jane and Jackie who lead the grand march of fun.

Your Reviewer Says: A chuckle a minute.

## She Knew All the Answers (Columbia)

It's About: *The show girl, a playboy and his guardian.*

**J**OAN BENNETT is a show girl who sets out to convince old Mr. Stuffed Shirt, Franchot Tone, that she would make a proper wife for his ward, John Hubbard.

In order to be near Tone, the stern guardian, and thus be able to break down his resistance, Joan takes a job in his Wall Street office. From then on it's everybody for himself as far as the love interest is concerned. This isn't a very good movie nor is it a bad one. Nestling comfortably somewhere between these two extremes it's a cozy little picture with several good corny laugh-provoking moments.

Tone is outstanding and Mr. Hubbard threatens to be very good one of these days.

Your Reviewer Says: Good summer fare.

## The Black Cat (Universal)

It's About: *Murders in an old mansion.*

**I**T'S all been done before—the murders, the eerie old manse, the heirs who all become suspects, the blundering young man (this time it's a real-estate salesman) who eventually solves the mystery—but for some reason it still remains good entertainment.

It is even better entertainment than usual with such actors as Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Broderick Crawford and Bela Lugosi to raise goose pimples on the customers. Herbert, of course, tickles the funny bone when the others aren't "spooking," and even when they are, for that matter.

Gale Sondergaard, as the housekeeper, is the scariest dame you can imagine.

Your Reviewer Says: Boo! It's a scary-cat.

## Too Many Blondes (Universal)

It's About: *A jealous wife and singer husband who save up for a divorce.*

**T**HIS is definitely the worst picture to come out of Hollywood in a ripe old coon's age. It's simply unbelievable that anyone should expect customers to view this picture and not walk out. Here, in a nutshell, is the handwriting on the wall; Hollywood had better wake up to it and wake up fast.

Rudy Vallee, a nice guy and one we admire, should rush back to his radio microphone and stay there if this is a



... sample of his acting ability. Helen arrish, his jealous wife, has been badly ast and has no opportunity to click.

Whether the fault lies with the producer, the director or the story we couldn't know or care. All we're concerned with is the result and that, ladies and gentlemen, is nil.

**Our Reviewer Says:** Picture, stay 'way from my door.

### Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO-Radio)

**About:** Our small-town sage rescues runaway waif.

**BUY KIBBEE** is so human, so natural in his role of *Scattergood Baines*, the small-town Mr. Fixit, it's difficult to realize where *Scattergood* leaves off and Kibbee begins.

Second in the series, this story keeps pace with the first one and, in some instances, surpasses it. For one thing the story of a runaway boy (Bobs Watson) has many appealing possibilities and Kibbee and young Watson make the most of them.

Emma Dunn is very good in her role of *Mirandy*. The whole cast, in fact, fit their homey comfortable roles like gloves.

**Our Reviewer Says:** Something for big owners and small-townners alike.

### Affectionately Yours (Warners)

**About:** The attempts of a divorced husband to win back his wife.

**AS** Hollywood lost its fine old touch when it comes to farcical comedy? Certainly the recent crop of comedies would indicate this to be a fact, with *Affectionately Yours* one of the clumsiest, unfunniest of the lot.

For one thing, everybody tries too hard. Situations are so obviously and laboriously concocted the audience really feels sympathetically embarrassed for the actors.

The cast is good and even the premise is fair. It tells how Dennis Morgan, a foreign newspaper correspondent, tries and tries to win back Merle Oberon, who has divorced him. But, somehow, he misses, despite the splendid support of Ralph Bellamy, Rita Hayworth and James Gleason.

**Our Reviewer Says:** Frankly—no.

### Rookies on Parade (Republic)

**About:** Playboy, bad boy who becomes good boy, soldier boy.

**A** LOT of talented people mess around in this unimportant little movie that will do nicely for hot-weather trade—which means audiences won't be required to do a single bit of thinking. They can listen to Bob (Bing's brother) Crosby's warbling; laugh at the antics of Marie Wilson, Cliff Nazarro, William Demarest and Eddie Foy, Jr.; enjoy the singing of Ruth Terry and Gertrude Niesen; and then go home, if no wiser, at least a bit more refreshed.

The Army camp routines are cute. Bill Shirley, a newcomer, is the surprise of the show.

**Our Reviewer Says:** You've seen worse.

August, 1941



**... Returns from forbidden land to tell of strange experiences.**

## DO THE DEAD RETURN?

A strange man in Los Angeles, known as "The Voice of Two Worlds," tells of astonishing experiences in far-off and mysterious Tibet, often called the land of miracles by the few travelers permitted to visit it. Here he lived among the lamas, mystic priests of the temple. "In your previous lifetime," a very old lama told him, "you lived here, a lama in this temple. You and I were boys together. I lived on, but you died in youth, and were reborn in England. I have been expecting your return."

The young Englishman was amazed as he looked around the temple where he was believed to have lived and died. It seemed uncannily familiar, he appeared to know every nook and corner of it, yet—at least in this lifetime—he had never been there before. And mysterious was the set of circumstances that had brought him. Could it be a case of reincarnation, that strange belief of the East that souls return to earth again and again, living many lifetimes?

Because of their belief that he had formerly been a lama in the temple, the lamas welcomed the young man with open arms and taught him rare mysteries and long-hidden practices, closely guarded for three thousand years by the sages, which have en-

abled many to perform amazing feats. He says that the system often leads to almost unbelievable improvement in power of mind, can be used to achieve brilliant business and professional success as well as great happiness. The young man himself later became a noted explorer and geographer, a successful publisher of maps and atlases of the Far East, used throughout the world.

"There is in all men a sleeping giant of mindpower," he says. "When awakened, it can make man capable of surprising feats, from the prolonging of youth to success in many other worthy endeavors." The system is said by many to promote improvement in health; others tell of increased bodily strength, courage and poise.

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## Lady From Louisiana (Republic)

It's About: Lottery rackets of the Old South that rival modern racketeering.

**JOHN WAYNE**, given the proper vehicles, is a good actor, and Ona Munson a fine actress, but this one proved too much for both of them.

The color of the Southern city of New Orleans in the early '90's and even the climax when the mighty Mississippi floods its banks, fail to rescue this story from mediocrity.

Wayne, of course, is the upstanding young attorney who attempts to eradicate the lottery racket. Ona, with whom he falls in love, is the daughter of the main offender. Write your own ticket from there on in.

Your Reviewer Says: Much ado about nothing worth while.

## I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)

It's About: A smart young crook who finds refuge and love in the country.

**ALL** those who remember that tiptop picture, "Hide-Out," please hold up your hands. Good, you'll be happy to know it's here again—the story of a nightclub racketeer who flees the police and finally finds refuge on a Connecticut farm.

Robert Sterling is a sure-fire comer as the crook and Marsha Hunt is so good as the girl who cares for him. Virginia Weidler, Fay Holden and Paul Kelly add plenty of strength.

Your Reviewer Says: Human little document.

## The People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)

It's About: Dr. Kildare on trial.

**OUT** of the hospital and into the courtroom goes *Dr. Kildare* to stand trial for malpractice. The suit is instigated by Bonita Granville, an ice skater, who emerges from an operation a paralytic.

The unpleasant theme is relieved in odd spots by the comedy of Red Skelton and Eddie Acuff as internes, but for our money it's far below the standard of these series. Lew Ayes as *Dr. Kildare*, Lionel Barrymore as *Dr. Gillespie* and Laraine Day as nurse *Mary Lamont* stand up under the ordeal rather well.

Your Reviewer Says: Passing fair.

## Roar of the Press (Monogram)

It's About: Murder that interrupts a honeymoon.

**A** MAN can't even honeymoon in peace, according to the movies. Here's Wally Ford, for example, a crack newspaper reporter who marries his sweetheart, Jean Parker, and finds himself assigned to a murder story before he can so much as kiss the bride.

There's more darned complications always setting in that somehow, only don't press me for the details, get ironed out.

Wally Ford is a good actor and deserves better. For that matter, my friends, so do you.

Your Reviewer Says: Everyone means well, but—

## Naval Academy (Columbia)

It's About: Three boys who are "redeemed" by the Navy discipline.

**I**N the rush of pictures dealing with some phase of military service we find this one just one too many.

The story deals with three lads, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon and Billy Cook, who is each a problem child in his own right (or is it wrong?). Due to the strict discipline of a naval academy, they find themselves bigger and better boys, ready to carry on the work with new problem plebes.

The three boys are good. Unfortunately, the story isn't.

Your Reviewer Says: A weakie.

## ✓ In the Navy (Universal)

It's About: Pandemonium in the Navy.

**I**N which direction the wind is blowing can best be judged by the actual title of this picture which is "Bud Abbott and Lou Costello and Dick Powell in the Navy." Try that on your marquee.

Our contention is that while the boys are good they're not that good and unless snappier, more unusual routines are immediately forthcoming this sure-fire box-office team (don't ask us how Dick Powell landed in the title) will be deader than a dodo bird.

"In The Navy" is not quite so funny as "Buck Privates," the team's Army picture, but it's funny enough to keep any audience amused and entertained. Some of the gags are hilarious, such as Costello's nightmare.

Dick Powell, Dick Foran, the singing, stepping Andrews Sisters and Claire Dodd add class to the antics of this pair of nitwits.

Your Reviewer Says: A real blues-chaser.

## Time Out for Rhythm (Columbia)

It's About: Two New York agents who find success only as a team.

**H**ERE is a B musical with an array of talent from here to there that goes to town in a big way, only to leave the picture right where they found it—in the B minus bracket.

Rudy Vallee sings; Ann Miller, the hit of the show, dances; Glen Gray and his Casa Loma Band along with Eddie Durant's Rhumba Orchestra supply the rhythm; and Six Hits and a Miss contribute some fine warbling.

Brenda and Cobina and the Three Stooges annoy the audience with corny attempts at humor. Allen Jenkins surprises with his fast stepping. Joan Merrill sings well and Richard Lane and Rosemary Lane handle the straight parts.

With all those people you'd expect bigger and better things, wouldn't you? Well, brother, you don't get them.

Your Reviewer Says: Good talent wasted.

## Men of the Timberland (Universal)

It's About: A plot to despoil a timber tract.

**T**HE big outdoors is crowded into a little indoor movie that emerges well-meaning action drama. It has Richard Arlen, a forest ranger who singlehandedly frustrates a plot to despoil a timber tract, and Andy Devine as the lumber boss. Both are good.

Linda Hayes is a pretty heroine.

Your Reviewer Says: Little but peppy.



# Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 17)

it gives us, right now, Spencer Tracy and Lana Turner two very "today" personalities in that creaky old "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . can't the movie-makers realize that the basic thing that interests anyone in any story is "how does it come out?" . . . can anyone today save any doubt, after the number of times it has been made and remade, how "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" comes out?

The loss of a star's value by being cast in a bad story is almost impossible to overestimate . . . if you admire that great actress, Martha Scott, don't go to see "They Dare Not Love" (George Brent is also in this one, but Brent has already survived so many horrors as to be absolutely turkey-proof) . . . the throwing away of Humphrey Bogart in such stuff as "The Wagons Roll At Night" . . . the ignoring of thousands of women practically drooling every time Mr. George Sanders comes on the screen and yet casting him again and again as the heaviest of cads. . . .

WONDERED the other night as I sat at the terrific and amazing tenth anniversary dinner that NBC gave to Jack Benny . . . celebrating Jack's triumphant ten years in radio . . . what would happen to our movie stars if they could each of them have teams of writers working constantly and exclusively for them . . . as constantly and understandingly as Jack has had Bill Morrow and Ed Beloin working on his air shows . . . writers ringing out the star's best talents to maintain him year after year. . . .

Stars make mistakes on stories certainly . . . Carole Lombard, with absolute say-so on her vehicles, chose both those studs, "They Knew What They Wanted" and "Vigil in the Night" . . . but Irene Dunne and Cary Grant, together and separately, know how to cast themselves correctly . . . so does Charles Boyer . . . does the majority of stars who migrate from studio to studio . . . but the ones that are under contract all too often suffer . . . Walter Pidgeon, for example, after his delightful work in "It's A Date" could have done much better for himself than Metro did for him when they put him merely into another Nick Carter story, and a bad one at that . . . or when after Laraine Day's brilliance in "My Son, My Son!" they cast her once more as the practically speechless Mary in the "Wildfire" series. . . .

Of course, sometimes in their choice of roles there is more than meets the eye . . . as far back as two years ago Jeanette MacDonald was talking about doing a remake of "Smilin' Through" . . . talking about it . . . being for it . . . for the heart-breaking reason that she knew there was a fine role for Gene Raymond in it . . . Jeanette and Gene, both, want to work together to show the world one happily married Hollywood couple . . . just as recently, and so very successfully, Joan Blondell and Dick Powell revealed themselves in "Model Wife" . . . and as Ilona Massey and Alan Curtis will appear in "New Wine" . . . thus . . . even if our movie-makers balk at showing us love stories on the screen . . . at least we can take them off screen . . . which really does balance the threat of the "sweater girls" by more than enough to keep us all safe . . . just as our grandfathers survived the threat of the "bloomer" girls and if you can recall any of their pictures you will know how truly terrifying they were . . . whoops!

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"ONE NIGHT IN LISBON"—Paramount. Screen play by Virginia Van Dpp. Based on a play by John Van Druten. Directed by Edward H. Griffith. Cast: *Leonora Perrycoste, Madeleine Carroll; Driought Houston, Fred MacMurray; Catherine Enfield, Billie Burke; Peter Walmsley, John Loder; Florence, Dame May Whitty; Gerry Houston, Patricia Morison; Sausalito Joe, Akim Tamiroff.*

"PEOPLE VS. DR. KILDARE, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck and Harry Ruskin. Based on an original story by Lawrence P. Bachmann and Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Buequet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare, Lew Ayres; Dr. Leonard Gillespie, Lionel Barrymore; Mary Lamont, Laraine Day; Frances Marlowe, Bonita Granville; Molly Byrd, Alma Kruger; Vernon Briggs, Red Skelton; Mr. Reynolds, Paul Stanton; Fay Lennor, Diana Lewis; Dr. Walter Carew, Walter Kingsford; Nurse Parker, Nell Craig; Mr. Channing, Tom Conway; Sally, Marie Blake; Clifford Genet, Eddie Acuff; Conover, George H. Reed; Dan Morton, Chick Chandler; Mike Ryan, Frank Orth; Maisie, Gladys Blake.*

"ROAR OF THE PRESS"—Monogram. Screen play by Albert Duffy. Original story by Al Bloch. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: *Wally Hilliams, Wallace Ford; Alice Williams, Jean Parker; Gordon Maccawen, Jed Prouty; Angela Brooks, Suzanne Kaaren; Harry Brooks, Harlan Tucker; Louis Detmar, Robert Frazer; Robert Mallon, John Howland; Sparrow McGraun, Paul Fix.*

"ROOKIES ON PARADE"—Republic. Screen play by Karl Brown, Jack Townley and Milt Gross. Original story by Sammy Cahn and Saul Chaplin. Directed by Joseph Santley. Cast: *Duke Wilson, Bob Crosby; Lois Rogers, Ruth Terry; Marilyn Fenton, Getrude Niesen; Cliff Dugan, Eddie Foy, Jr.; Kitty Mulloy, Marie Wilson; Joe Martin, Cliff Nazarro; Mike Brady, William Demarest; Augustus Moody, Sidney Blackmer; Tiger Brannigan, Horace MacMahon; Bob Madison, William Wright; Tommy, Jimmy Alexander; Harry Haxom, Louis Da Pon; Bill, Bill Shirley.*

"SCATTERGOOD PULLS THE STRINGS"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Christy Cabanne, Bernard Schubert and John Kratt. From the stories by Clarence Budington Kelland. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Cast: *Scattergood Baines, Guy Kibbee; Jimmy Jordan, Bobs Watson; Ruth, Susan Peters; Urban Downs, James Corner; Mirandy, Emma Dunn; Pliny Pickett, Dunk Trout; Hipp, Paul White; Homer Savage, Gordon Hart; Clara Potts, Fern Emmett; Ed, Lasses White; Ben Mott, Monte Blue; Emperor, Rex; Squire, Carl Stockdale.*

"SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS"—Columbia. Screen play by Harry Segall, Kenneth Earl and Curtis Kenyon. Based on the story by Jane Allen. Directed by Richard Wallace. Cast: *Gloria Winters, Joan Bennett; Mark Willows, Franchot Tone; Randy Bradford, John Hubbard; Sally Long, Eve Arden; Benny, William Tracy; George Wharton, Pierre Watkin; Elaine Wingate, Almira Sessions; J. D. Sutton, Thurston Hall; Oglesby, Grady Sutton.*

"SHINING VICTORY"—Warners. Screen play by Howard Koch and Anne Froelick. From a play by A. J. Cronin. Directed by Irving Rapper. Cast: *Dr. Paul Venner, James Stephenson; Dr. Mary Murray, Geraldine Fitzgerald; Dr. DREWETT, Donald Crisp; Miss Leeming, Barbara O'Neil; Dr. Blake, Montagu Love; Professor Hermann Von Reiter, Sig Ruman; Dr. Thornton, George P. Huntley, Jr.; Dr. Hale, Richard Ainley; Dr. Bentley, Bruce Lester; Foster, Leonard Mudie; Mrs. Foster, Doris Lloyd; Dr. Esterhazy, Frank Reicher; Miss Hoffman, Hermine Sterler; Chivers, Billy Devan; Miss Dennis, Clare Verdera; Dr. Corliss, Crawford Kent; Jeweler, Alec Craig.*

"SUNNY"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Sig Herzig. From the musical comedy "Sunny." Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Cast: *Sunny Sullivan, Anna Neagle; Bunny Billings, Ray Bolger; Larry Warren, John Carroll; Henry Bates, Edward Everett Horton; Juliet Rannymede, Grace Hartman; Egghead, Paul Hartman; Elizabeth Warren, Frieda Inescort; Aunt Barbara, Helen Westley; Maj. Montgomery Sloan, Benny Rubin; Muggins, Muggins Davies; Reporter, Richard Lane; Queen of Hearts, Martha Tilton.*

"TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM"—Columbia. Screen play by Edmund L. Hartmann and Bert Lawrence. Story by Bert Granet. Based upon a play by Alex Ruben. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Daniel Collins, Rudy Vallee; Kitty Brown, Ann Miller; Frances Lewis, Rosemary Lane; Off-Beat Davis, Allen Jenkins; Joan Merrill, Herself; Mike Armstrong, Richard Lane; James Anderson, Stanley Andrews; The Three Stooges; Brenda & Cobina; Six Hits and a Miss; Eddie Durant's Rhumba Orchestra; Glen Gray and His Casa Loma Band.*

"TOO MANY BLONDES"—Universal. Screen play by Maxwell Shane and Louis S. Kaye. Original story by Maxwell Shane. Directed by Thornton Freeland. Cast: *Dick Kerrigan, Rudy Vallee; Virginia Kerrigan, Helen Parrish; Marvin Gimble, Lon Chaney, Jr.; Wally Pelton, Eddie Quillan; Ted Bronson, Jerome Cowan; Hortense, Iris Adrian; Hotel Manager, Edgar Kennedy.*

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# You Can't Print That about Hollywood!

(Continued from page 29)

The guests caught their breaths. One "friend" rushed down to the bar and said to Jim, "You'd better come and see what's going on upstairs!" Jim went up, and pulled his wife away from the party by her beautiful hair.

The next day, Barbara left home. A few weeks later, they were divorced, and the whole nation read of it with surprise over the breakfast coffee cups. Surprise, because no breath of scandal had ever touched either Jim or Barbara. They were supposed to be one of the few Very Happy Couples.

*But you can't print that. Those things happen in Oskaloosa, too, but people would never think of that. People would just say, "Well, there's Hollywood for you." And it isn't.*

**J**EANIE is the kind of girl you expect to know all the answers. For years she was the screen's foremost exponent of the good-natured, wisecracking, flip, glib, now-I'll-tell-one type of celluloid heroine. She won't see thirty again, and although she's smart and attractive, she's far from beautiful. And she's much too hail-fellow-well-met to be anybody's Dream Girl.

She should have known better, but three years ago Jeanie fell madly in love with a young business executive, and she wore her heart on her sleeve to the tune of headlines and romantic interviews in the fan magazines. Dick—the object of her affections—was so dazzled by the publicity and the reflected glory that he led Jeanie to believe he cared much more than he really did.

When he visited Jeanie on the Coast, she introduced him to everybody who was anybody—and partly because they adored Jeanie, partly because Dick was good-looking and a nice fellow, everybody took him up socially. He had a wonderful time, and the columns kept predicting wedding bells for him and Jeanie.

Then the inevitable happened. Dick, who loved the glamour of it all, met one of the most glamorous stars of all—let's call her Eve. Eve was everything Jeanie was not. She was beautiful, dreamy, wistful, and clinging. Dick fell madly in love with her. Their wedding was one of the most elegant ever to take place on the West Coast.

Poor Jeanie was so stunned by this sudden switch in events that she turned her back on her career in pictures and went to New York to forget. Before long, she had captured the star part in a Broadway show.

But she threw herself into her work with such a vengeance that she seemed to be on the verge of a collapse. The press agent of her show summoned a doctor to attend her—a nice friendly fellow named Dr. Smith. The doctor treated Jeanie, nursed her back to health, fell in love with her—and, to provide the happy ending, married her.

*But you can't print that. Dr. Smith knows he cured Jeanie's physical ailments. He's not aware that he mended a broken heart, too!*

**A** FEW years ago Red was one of our best known amateur sportsmen, a lad whose chief weakness was dice. Red's losses over the gambling tables mounted into thousands of dollars every year, and he was constantly looking around for new sources of income so he could pay his debts.

One day Ronald, a movie producer,

offered him a film contract at close to \$2,000 a week. Naturally Red grabbed at it. And equally naturally, the night before he was to leave for the Coast he visited a gambling room over in New Jersey and wound up \$14,000 in the red.

Jerry, who ran the gaming place, was known to be a bad boy when it came to handling welschers, but Red gave him some fast talk. He explained that he was heading for Hollywood the next day and would mail back a thousand dollars a week until the debt was paid.

After a month in Hollywood, Red found he was unable to pay even the first installment, thanks to a couple of Los Angeles dice games he had discovered. Jerry, furious by now, decided not to wait any longer. He flew to the Coast prepared to collect or pass out a bit of lead.

After some searching he located Red at a smart country club, where Red was playing poker with Ronald, his producer, and three other famous cinema biggies. When he saw Jerry, he excused himself from the game, pulled the gambler into a quiet corner, and began to unwind a long series of excuses.



Revolutionary fashion in Hollywood: Paulette Goddard's evening shorts

Jerry wasn't listening. "Who else is sitting in on that game?" he asked. Red named the players and pointed each out.

"Well, look," bargained Jerry. "I need some fast cash. None of these guys know me, so introduce me as a society pal from the East—I can get away with it. I'll do some fast dealing, and if I can knock off twenty thousand in the game we'll forget what you owe me."

Red agreed. Jerry sat in and started to use all the little tricks so easy for a professional gambler. It was easy to get the stakes raised, and within two hours he was ahead \$110,000, with Red and his boss, Ronald, still even, and the losses split among Ed, Dave and Abe, the other players.

That night Ronald summoned Red to his home. "That was a pretty dirty thing you did this afternoon—ringing in a professional card shark to take us," he said.

Red, flustered, protested, but Ronald brushed off his explanations. "In a way,"

Ronald said, "you did me a favor. Ed is short of ready cash, and he was cleaned out today. So now I can buy my way into his studio, along with Abe and Dave. I'm really not mad. But don't think I like what you did. You're finished in Hollywood as soon as you finish your picture."

Red figured he'd been let off easy. He was egotistic enough to think that once his picture had been released he'd be in demand at every other studio in Hollywood. But he reckoned without Ronald's contempt for him. Ronald released the picture—but before he did, he cut every good scene Red had played, and it was one of the year's worst turkeys.

Red never made another picture. But Ronald made plenty. He's now one of the industry's greatest producers.

*Still, you can't print that. It would shock the more upright members of the movie colony, who wouldn't consider it cricket for a lad—even a genius—to step into power because a friend had gone for a sleighride in a poker game. They might start snubbing Ronald, and he couldn't bear that. Because Ronald is a social climber. That's why he hired Red in the first place!*

**L**ITA'S fortune lies in her face and her form. On the screen she's a *femme fatale*, and when she kisses her celluloid sweethearts, brother, they stay kissed.

If you read the columns, you know that Lita has as many romances off screen as she has in pictures. In fact, a casual glance at the record would lead a gullible soul to guess that Lita makes Cleopatra look like a wallflower.

Well, newspaper chroniclers are kinder than you might suspect. Sometimes they choose not to print all they know, if the information isn't too important and if it would hurt someone's career. And thereby hangs Lita's tale. . . .

Lita was married to a husband she loved dearly, and she was thinking of quitting the screen and settling down to have a family when suddenly something happened. She and her husband were divorced, and before many months had passed he married a beautiful non-professional girl.

Lita fell in love then with a handsome orchestra leader who looked a lot like her ex-husband. This, she thought, was real. This would last. But it didn't. It was over before you could say, "What, again!" and a few weeks later the band-leader married a lovely blonde.

After a bit of torch-carrying, Lita fastened her heart onto her new leading man. He was charming, handsome, devoted. Everyone predicted they'd be married—you could see the lovelight in their eyes, couldn't you? Well, you could see it in Lita's. Not so brightly in the actor's. And after breaking it very gently to Lita, he eloped with another sweetheart.

As we go to press, Lita's in love again. This time it's a lad in the producing end of the business—a lad who was just jilted by a prominent star. He met Lita just after she'd been jilted, too, and they've decided they can forget with each other. Oh, it's a romance all right—but not exactly the kind Lita's fan club imagines.

*But you can't print that. Every school-girl in the country thinks Lita is a perfumed killer-diller, eligible for honorary membership in the Northwest Mounted Police. They'd never again believe her scenarios if they knew that actually, Lita is just another girl who's unlucky in love.*



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● Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn Ray Oglesby inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, before aging.

*"Luckies pay higher prices"*

"—to get lighter, milder leaf like this!" says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer of Winterville, N. C.

**L**ISTEN to the bidding at 'most any tobacco auction—and you'll see right fast that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, lighter leaf. Like any smoker, that's the tobacco I want—so naturally, I choose Luckies for my own enjoyment!"

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**1** Clare Potter is a great American designer. And she looks the part. Note her distinctive pill-box hair-do, sloping shirt-waist. She excels in designs that suit the needs of American living—sportswear, street suits, simple dinner clothes. For inspiration, she turns to fabrics...has prints and colors made to order.



**2** Unlike most designers, Clare Potter works on a living model...cuts her original pattern out of the fabric itself. At right, she rests...smokes a Camel...critically eyes pyjamas-to-be, as an assistant pins and measures. Says Clare Potter: "I like Camels best. They're *milder*—they contain less nicotine in the smoke, you know!"



# Clare Potter

## AMERICAN DESIGNER

"Camels give me what I want in a cigarette... real smoking mildness plus fine taste"

**3** "Persian Bouquet"—striking dinner-at-home pyjamas of printed sharkskin, a Clare Potter original. Here the finished design is being modeled for her approval while she enjoys another Camel. "I never tire of smoking Camels," she says. "They're the finest-tasting cigarette I could ever want."

Clare Potter is outstanding among designers who are making America the center of fashion. A hard worker, she spends week-days at the shop...week-ends at her farm. "My friends prefer Camel cigarettes, too," she adds. "So I buy Camels by the carton. More convenient!"

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# A Darling Girl...A new Party Dress— but the Same Old Question of a Date!



*No girl should risk underarm odor when Mum so surely guards charm!*

**N**O ART OF DRESS, no natural loveliness, no beauty aid a girl could command can make up for the fault of personal undaintiness—for the offense of underarm odor.

A girl may have an enchanting skin and lovely lips—clothes in the peak of fashion. But one offense against personal daintiness, one moment of unguarded charm and even the most eager admirer receives an impression that a girl may never change.

Too many girls trust a bath alone to keep free from offending. But no bath, however fresh it leaves you, can guarantee you lasting charm. A bath corrects the faults of past perspiration—it cannot prevent the risk of underarm odor to come. Unless you give underarms special care you can be guilty of offending and never know it.

That's why so many popular girls use Mum daily. A quick dab under each arm and your charm is safe—safe for business, safe for dates, safe all day or all evening long. Play safe—guard your precious charm with quick, safe, dependable Mum.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant. Housewives, business girls, movie stars and nurses know that their husbands, their jobs, their friends are too important to offend. They prefer Mum for:

**SPEED**—When you're in a hurry, Mum takes only 30 seconds to smooth on.

**SAFETY**—Mum won't irritate skin. And the American Institute of Laundering assures you Mum won't injure even fine fabrics.

**DEPENDABILITY**—Daintiness is lasting with Mum on guard. Without attempting to check perspiration, Mum protects against underarm odor for hours to come. Start now to guard your charm—get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today.

*FOR SANITARY NAPKINS—You need a gentle, safe deodorant for Sanitary Napkins—that's why so many women use Mum. Always use Mum this important way, too.*

## NO DEODORANT QUICKER...SAFER...SURER...THAN MUM!



# MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION





Left: Virginia O'Brien, who brought down the barracks at Camp Ord



Abbott and Costello, who won yells at March Field but missed out on whistles

## CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

**R**ECENTLY the MPTOA (that is, the Motion Picture Theatre Owners Association . . . or in simpler language, the exhibitors, those busy, hard-working gentlemen who own the theaters that show the movies in your town and mine) . . . met in Hollywood . . . they told the producers what was wrong with today's films . . . they gave their reasons for the box-office slump that is now hitting Hollywood . . . they blamed it on several causes . . . all the way from allowing critics to see previews (thus being able to warn you, the public, off the bad films) . . . down to that old bugaboo, the double bill (which the exhibitors started themselves and now seem unable to get rid of) . . . so here I come in with my two cents' worth . . .

I think I saw one reason for the box-office slump recently when I had the great good fortune to go to a couple of soldier camps near Hollywood while Hollywood shows were being given there for the amusement of our boys now in service. . . .

Certainly there couldn't possibly be an audience more hungry for laughter and entertainment . . . more eager to respond to performers . . . more naturally generous with their applause . . . than were those audiences of lads at Camp Ord and at March Field . . . there they were . . . receptive, youthful, eager . . . yet I saw them be bored . . . oh, so politely bored . . . by those whom Hollywood regards and rewards and coddles as



### BY RUTH WATERBURY

top performers . . . and be brought up standing with eagerness by players whom Hollywood neglects. . . .

Now these shows at Ord and March Field were merely the beginning of the shows that Hollywood is lining up for the various encampments . . . right now, the boys in the Hollywood vicinity are getting all the breaks . . . as the center both of radio and movie producing, a score of top names are always available . . . radio is doing more than its bit . . . it isn't prohibitively expensive, anywhere in California, for NBC or CBS to "put in a line" at a camp and let a regular broadcast go out to the air from there, while the soldiers can be "in on the inside" and watch the show as it goes out over the airwaves . . . it costs the movie studios nothing but player transportation to provide some stars . . . and as for the performers themselves . . . well, they are acting as performers have always acted from the beginning of time . . . they are

giving of their time, their money, their talent, their gift for laughter . . . without any thought of recompense . . . as for the boys in service in other parts of the country . . . I know, from talking to the generals in charge of the morale department, that a "circuit" is now being worked out . . . a "circuit" that will soon mean that every camp will have its regular quota of such shows . . . also the actors in Hollywood, particularly those belonging to the Screen Actor's Guild, are working along these same lines . . . so very soon, the fun will be equally shared . . . but right now, there isn't much of this all-star cast entertainment being shown far from Hollywood . . . but even the two shows I saw should be enough to reveal to the producers themselves several uncomfortable truths. . . .

Personally, I should be much happier if I could boast that I wasn't old enough to remember movies before sound came in in 1929 . . . but I am old enough . . . and I remember that at that time there was at the box office a situation that isn't unlike today's . . . there were fine pictures then . . . but there was a "slump" . . . prosperity was all over the place yet people weren't going to the movie theatres at all unless they provided a big stage show or something "extra" . . .

Well, at the top in 1929, there was a bunch of stars who had been at the top for a long while . . . at that time . . . just as now . . . top players had

(Continued on page 17)



**ALOMA... LOVE PRIZE OF THE ISLANDS!**

Men fight for her heart . . . kill for her kisses! Romance that sends your heart racing . . . excitement that thrills you to the marrow . . . in the screen treat that brings together again the stars of "Hurricane" . . . the love team you never forgot!

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS  
**DOROTHY LAMOUR**  
and **JON HALL** in

**"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"**  
IN GLOWING TECHNICOLOR

with  
LYNNE OVERMAN · PHILIP REED · KATHERINE DE MILLE  
FRITZ LEIBER · DONA DRAKE · Directed by ALFRED SANTELL

Screen Play by Frank Butler, Seena Owen and Lillie Hayward  
Story by Seena Owen and Kurt Siodmak  
From the Play by LeRoy Clemens and John B. Hymer



**SEE** the pagan rites of a South Seas wedding . . . ceremonies never before seen by white men!

**SEE** in exciting Technicolor, all the wondrous, lush beauty of a tropic paradise.

**HEAR** the pulse-racing rhythms of Dotty Lamour singing "The White Blossoms of 'Tah-Ni!'"

**SEE** the eruption of the huge volcano . . . a whole town buried under a sea of red-hot lava!

**ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING**



One Sunday afternoon theme: Hollywood turns out for the engagement party of Judy Garland and Dave Rose

BY  
CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
HYMAN FINK



Official Army inspection of the third finger, left hand was carried on efficiently by Jimmy Stewart, resplendent in a corporal's uniform

## Inside Stuff

Small-town gossip about big-time Hollywood from a veteran reporter noted for strictly private scoops

**JUDY Gets Her Ring:** It was a beautiful California day—a Sunday afternoon, to be exact—and Hollywood's youngest bride-to-be, Judy Garland, stood in the garden of her home and greeted the several hundred guests who came to help celebrate her engagement to Dave Rose.

Jane Withers, with Freddie Bartholomew as her escort, and looking as glamorous as any young sub-deb could, was all over the place. Lana Turner and Tony Martin couldn't wait until Judy opened their gift of cocktail mugs. Joan Crawford, glam-

orous in her latest finery, was on hand to shake Judy's hand—not the one that wore that big new diamond placed there by Dave, of course. Those in-love youngsters, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, with Bill Lundigan, Ann Sothern, that cute couple, John Payne and Anne Shirley, were all there to view the engagement cake.

And, oh yes, Acting Corporal Jimmy Stewart, resplendent in uniform, brought along his sister Virginia, visiting here from the East.

No one could have been happier than Judy, we promise you, and all

Hollywood, Cal included, wishes her a long and a happy life.

**Bette Takes the Spotlight:** The most talked-about star this month is our own Bette Davis who has been making "The Little Foxes" (see page 44) at Sam Goldwyn's studio.

When Bette retired from the set for a two weeks' rest in the midst of production, rumors flew thicker than swallows on their way to Capistrano.

"Bette has walked out and will not return. Bette's lawyers are consulting with Goldwyn's lawyers. Bette is feuding with (Continued on page 8)



WATCH THEM WHEN THEY COME

...WATCH THINGS BEGIN TO HUM!



EDWARD G.

**ROBINSON**

*(He's mad about Dietrich!)*

MARLENE

**DIETRICH**

*(She's mad about Raft!)*

GEORGE

**RAFT**

*(He's mad about the whole thing!)*

Filmdom's most dynamic threesome fuse all their force to tell the mighty story of

# 'MANPOWER'

The Sensational New Warner Bros. Hit

with ALAN HALE · FRANK McHUGH

Directed by RAOUL WALSH

Original Screen Play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald

See it girls—and see it now... it'll be ages before there'll be another picture this exciting!





Secretly engaged Bonita Granville and Jackie Cooper came to provide additional love interest to the Garland-Rose ring fête



Engagement gift of Tony Martin and Lana Turner to Judy was a set of cocktail mugs. The reception was held in the garden of Judy's home



## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The engagement ring, a square-cut diamond, was the center of attention—even took the spotlight away from Joan Crawford's matching jewel set

Director William Wyler. Bette refuses to take off her long false eyelashes. Bette is having a baby. Bette's marriage is on the rocks."

These were just a few of the juicy tidbits that cluttered up the atmosphere. Naturally, we couldn't let a situation like this hang up in the air unsolved, so we went over to Goldwyn's to have lunch with Bette in her portable dressing room.

The air most certainly was charged with unspoken and even unmentioned tenseness. Mr. Wyler, it seems, is a perfection fiend who imbues his cast with such a desire to come up to his

expectations that they sometimes overdo themselves. That's what happened to Bette in the case of the role of *Regina Giddens* (although she didn't say so). This, added to the uncomfortableness of her costume, sent her to the beach for a two weeks rest.

We can assure you Bette's marriage is sounder than a dollar in good times. "Companionship means so much," she said, "especially in Hollywood."

"We—er—hate to mention this," we finally hemmed and hawed, "but rumors have it—er—"

Bette grinned at our embarrassment. "You can say the only little things I'm knitting are these."

And she proudly held up a pair of socks intended for husband Arthur Farnsworth.

**Stars at Play:** When movie stars get together, it may not be fair weather, but it's fun, we promise that. No group of people anywhere works harder and plays harder, as witness the last costume party at the West Side Tennis Club.

First prize for the most original costume went (Continued on page 10)



# Ronald Colman TELLS ALL!

DOES THE WIFE  
GIVE FOR CHARITY  
- BUT **GIVE!**

(Like that  
\$500 kiss!)



The Cutest Little  
Bundle ever to come  
from Britain  
**ANNA LEE!**

DOES SHE FIND IT HARD  
TO GIVE ARTISTS THE  
**BRUSH-OFF!**

(That sculptor  
guy frinstance!)



TAKE A TIP ON  
**HOW TO RUN  
YOUR WIFE'S  
AFFAIRS**

FROM THAT  
SMOOTHIE THREAT  
TO HOME-WRECKERS...

*'That's Caroline -  
in love again  
with the last man  
to kiss her!'*

## RONALD COLMAN

IN A MODERN-DAY, ROMANTIC COMEDY  
FRISKY AS A FRENCH FARCE . . .

### *My Life with Caroline*

Introducing **ANNA LEE**

with **CHARLES WINNINGER** and **REGINALD GARDINER**  
**GILBERT ROLAND** • **KATHERINE LESLIE**  
**HUGH O'CONNELL**

Produced and Directed by **LEWIS MILESTONE**

Screen Play by John Van Druten and Arnold Belgard



A United Producers Production  
**WILLIAM HAWKS**  
Executive Producer





Jean Arthur, who seldom comes out to play, wins the costume prize, as Robin Hood, at the West Side Tennis Club party. Ida Koverman presents the present; Bob Montgomery m.c.'s

(Continued from page 8)  
to Miss Jean Arthur, who appeared as an alluring Robin Hood. Or should we say Robin Hoodess; and did Jean strut for that prize!

Robert Montgomery, as master of ceremonies, worked so hard at the job Mrs. Montgomery kept dusting her husband's perspiring brow with a hanky.

Among the merrymakers were that newest twosome, Laraine Day and Ray Hendricks, George Murphy as an English music-hall laddie, Cesar Romero with Priscilla Stillman, Ann Sothern and husband Roger Pryor, the Fredric Marches, Claire Trevor and, laugh of laughs, Ruth Hussey as a pickaninny. And if you think that party didn't last until dawn's early light, think again, kind friends.

The new Laraine Day-Ray Hendricks twosome had all romance reporters making swift notes on the cuff

**Cupid Reports:** Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville secretly engaged and so happy.

Roz Russell introducing Freddy Brisson to her family in the East. Could that mean . . . ?

The reason Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye can't make up their minds is family disapproval, so one hears.

Pat Dane, pretty M-G-M newcomer, is going to marry Cedric Gibbons when the divorce between him and Dolores Del Rio is final.

Everybody kept looking at her all night long—show-stealer Eloise Hart with Warners executive Bob Taplinger



**Cesar's Wife:** Ever since this magazine appeared with the story "Empty Bridal Suite" in which Cesar Romero revealed he had an empty bridal suite waiting to be filled by some young lady, letters have poured in upon the chagrined head of Mr. Romero.

Cesar, who is a good sport, as well as an eligible bachelor, withstood the avalanche of mail in good style until he came to one that stumped him. Cal thinks it so amusing we pass it on, omitting names, of course.

It reads in part:

"Dear Mr. Romero:

"I am thirty years old, modest, attractive and different from the women you meet in Hollywood. I have never had a drink in my life, but if you are as crazy about gin-rummy as I've read I might take one."

Incidentally, girls, Hollywood is pretty sure attractive Priscilla Stillman will be Mrs. Romero one day, so don't get up any false hopes.

**Young Fry Doings:** Well, we've given up. Just when Cal was sure this younger generation could never jolt our poor old minds again, out they come with a coon hunt yet. Yes man, we said coon hunt, with Jane Withers and Freddie Bartholomew as organizers.

The kids sent out invitations to the younger set to meet at a certain time at the Beverly Hills Hotel and to wear slacks and sweaters. From there they proceeded to a near-by canyon where the coon and hounds waited.

Once the coon was released the hue and cry of dogs and starlets startled the natives half out of their wits. Mingled with the yelping dogs were Freddie and Jane, Rita Quigley, Rand Brooks, Joe Brown Jr., June Carlson, Gene Reynolds and a dozen other teen-age kids.

(Continued on page 12)



One you'll guess, one you won't: Claire Trevor, a study in black and white; and the girl who skipped the white to win laughs—Ruth Hussey



“There she goes . . .

AND

GOOD RIDDANCE!”



“BEFORE trying to get *her* into the club, you’d think Agatha would have told her . . .”

“A delicate subject, my dear—and any woman her age who *has to be told* deserves what she gets.”

So it was “thumbs down” on the newcomer trying to make a place for herself and her family in the community that was to be their home. She had yet to learn the importance of first meetings, when the sizing up can be so critical . . . had failed to realize that one can’t be too careful in guarding against halitosis (unpleasant breath).

One little “slip” that you may never live down, is that of offending with unpleasant breath. And the insidious thing about this condition is that you yourself may not realize

when you have it.

Why not take the delightful breath-sweetening precaution that so many use—Listerine Antiseptic!

Some cases of bad breath are due to systemic conditions. But most, declare some leading authorities, are due to the fermentation of tiny food particles that cling to tooth, gum and mouth surfaces.

Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors it causes. Your breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

Remember, when you want to put your best foot forward, rinse the mouth with Listerine Antiseptic. It may pay you rich dividends in friendship and popularity.

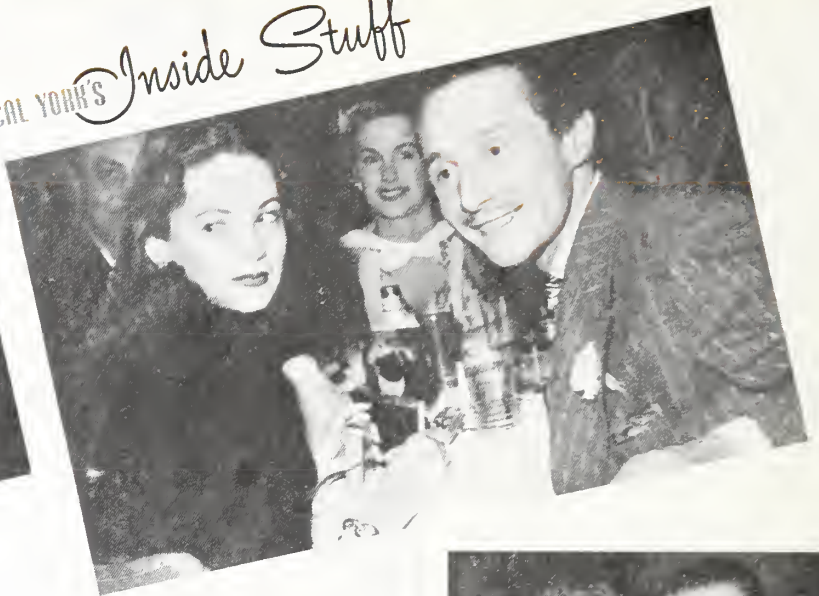
LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

*Before all engagements use Listerine to combat Halitosis (unpleasant breath)*





Footloose and fancy free: Mr. and Mrs. John Wayne leave the small Waynes home on parents' night out



Ciro customers look over Count Oleg Cassini, new husband—by elopement—of Gene Tierney, a marriage that rated some lively pros and cons



The honeymoon took the cake at the wedding of comedienne Martha Raye to Neal Lang, hotel man from Florida. See page 13 for a doleful sidelight

(Continued from page 10)

They had so much fun, in fact, that once the coon was treed they brought him back and started all over again.

Come to think of it, why not a coon hunt in your set? A note to Jane or Freddie will bring you details of this unusual barrel of fun, we're sure.

**Hollywood Incongruities:** Artie Shaw, ex-husband of Lana Turner, collaborating on a song called "If It's You" for Tony Martin, the present beau of Lana, to sing in a movie.

That feud between two top cowboy stars in Hollywood that reached such an impasse this month one star fired an extra for working in the other star's pictures.

After all, you'd expect the gals to feud, but the he-men cowboys—well!

Ginger Rogers, big star, writing a fan letter to Jean Gabin before he left France. A friend wrote it in French for Ginger. And then Gabin comes to Hollywood and, like any adoring little fan anywhere, Ginger meets her idol. They have dates every once in a while.

**Flashbacks:** Just when our superabundance of Hollywood beauties was preparing to pounce upon the returned prodigal, Victor Mature, after his New York stage success in "Lady in the Dark," he ups and marries Martha Kemp, the pretty widow of Hal Kemp, the orchestra leader who was killed some months ago in a motor accident. You never saw so many disappointed countenances in all your life as there are in Hollywood where bachelors are scarce and so much in demand. . . .

Dorothy Lamour's agreement to exchange letters with every soldier whose draft number corresponded to the number drawn in a lottery resulted in fifty boys' (so far) wildly cheering over the lucky draw.

The lucky number was 8962. But here's the kickback. Most of the boys who informed Dottie of their luck asked for a sarong worn by the star as a trophy. Now Dorothy's wondering how to scare up a couple dozen sarongs in a hurry.

**What Next Dept.:** Greer Garson tells it on herself and Cal thinks it's just too good to keep.

It seems when Greer and her mother were moving from one house to another she thought it would be a good time to send her two French poodles to school so they would learn good manners and how to act in the new house. Well, last week she brought the pups home, but coax as she would she couldn't make them obey a single command. So Greer called the school.

"Oh, you'll have to come to school here, too," airily explained the instructor. "We have ten days of training for dog owners so they can give commands the pups have become accustomed to!"

**Hollywood Is Talking About:** Bob Hope's indefatigable efforts to amuse the boys in local camps by riding long hours in buses with his entire radio unit for broadcasts at camps. And then riding all hours to get back before reporting on sets for early calls.

The happy grin on Errol Flynn's face when he talks of his new son, Sean Leslie, born to him and his wife, Lili Damita.

**Hollywood Street Scene:** It happened on the corner of Hollywood Boulevard and Highland Ave. with Cal a sidewalk observer.

Judy Garland and her mother were driving west on the Boulevard the day after Judy announced her engagement to Dave Rose. A newsboy, recognizing the star, called, "Hey, Judy, your picture's in the paper about getting married."

"Oh, quick, I want a paper," Judy said, fumbling for change. But she had none—nor did her mother.

"Oh, well," the kid grinned, "let me give you your first wedding present, Judy." With that he thrust the paper through the window as the car rolled on.

Cal hopes Judy remembers to send a "thank you" card.





Rumor—and Cal York—have it that the girl who'll hang the curtains in Cesar Romero's unfinished bridal suite (see June issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror) is Priscilla Stillman

**This Is Hollywood Department:** A pair of long legs that stretched out flat on the green and seemed to be utterly detached from their owner met the eyes of a certain visitor who was touring the Twentieth Century-Fox lot.

A movement among the bushes that hid the owner of the legs from view caused the tourist to pause and stare in amazement. Next, a long body wiggled out into view, shot up the steps of the dressing-room building and out onto the balcony.

"What—say—" the visitor stammered, struck dumb at the strange goings-on.

"Oh it's nothing," the guide said. "It's only Henry Fonda. You see, he comes to the studio every day to make home movies of a hummingbird family that nests under his dressing-room balcony. He likes to shoot them from every angle."

"Oh I see," said the visitor, but it was quite obvious he didn't see at all! A movie star filming a hummingbird family, indeed!

**Ding, Dong, Wedding Bells:** Martha Raye has taken unto herself a third husband in Neal Lang, a hotel man from Florida. Martha was previously the wife of Dave Rose, now engaged to Judy Garland, and Buddy West-

# New Loveliness can be yours— Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Frank Morell, Jr., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., says, "I'm really thankful that I went on a 'Mild-Soap' Diet. All my friends tell me how lovely my skin looks—and I'm sure it's largely due to Camay and the 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

**Try this exciting beauty idea—praised by lovely brides—based on the advice of skin specialists!**

SO MANY WOMEN dim the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. Others use a beauty soap not as mild as it should be. "My constant beauty care is Camay and the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet," says Mrs. Morell, a bride whose lovely complexion makes her an expert.

Leading skin specialists we've consulted advise a regular cleansing routine—daily cleansing with a *fine, mild soap*. And Camay is not only mild—but milder! Yes, milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps. That's why we say, "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Every single day—twice a day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. Don't miss a single day. It's the regular cleansing that will help you in a few short weeks to see a more appealing skin.



Trade Mark  
Reg. U. S.  
Pat. Off.

**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**



Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the  
**CAMAY**  
"MILD-  
SOAP"  
DIET!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay. Follow this routine faithfully.





Two who can't make up their minds about marriage: Eleanor Powell and Merrill Pye—and Cal finds out why



Two who do make up their minds about dates: Rand Brooks and Martha O'Driscoll at Coconut Grove

more, the fiance of Rosemary Lane. Just before Martha quit work in "Navy Blues" on a Saturday to fly to Las Vegas for the wedding, director Lloyd Bacon said, "Remember, Martha, be back on the set Monday morning at 8 o'clock."

"But what about my honeymoon?" Martha asked.

"Oh well," said Director Bacon, "make it 8:30 then."

Thus does Hollywood marry and honeymoon. Annie Sheridan flew with Martha to act as matron of honor.

The elopement of nineteen-year-old Gene Tierney and Count Oleg Cassini left both her parents in a rather unhappy state. Cassini (yes, he's a bona fide count) who is much older than his bride, is a dress designer and once ran a dress shop. Gene declares him one of the most perfect gentlemen she ever met.

Gene's former beaux, her studio and her parents couldn't be unhappier if they tried. Cal wishes both Martha and Gene much happiness.

**Too Busy for Courtship:** Of all marriage proposals received by Priscilla

## CAL YOUR'S Inside Stuff

Lane (and they are legion) the one found in her mail right after the release of "Million Dollar Baby" takes the cup custard.

Upon opening the letter Priscilla found a one-way train ticket to Cleveland.

The enclosed note read:

"I am a gentleman farmer and live on the outskirts of Cleveland. I haven't time to come to California so I am sending you a ticket for you to come to me. Will you marry me?"

Priscilla's answer was terse.

She returned the ticket with the enclosed message:

"I'm busy, too!"

What, Mr. Farmer? No time for romance!

**Breathless Moment:** Movie town just can't wait. The usually blasé burg is in such a dither over the announcement Garbo will wear a very scanty bathing suit in her next movie, as yet untitled! The suit will be midnight

blue, very snug in the—er—right places and, hold on everyone, it will disappear completely in the middle, leaving Miss Garbo bare in the midriff.

Oh yes, we know there's nothing new in bathing girls on the screen, but Garbo has become such a familiar figure in dresses cut like bags or sloppy slacks, wagers are going about there's no figure beneath the disguise.

Well, we'll see. And our money goes on Garbo's showing a figger to write home about.

**Stork News:** Not without reason do they call Paramount Studios The Stork Club these days what with practically all their stars about to become parents. The latest stork announcement comes from Robert Preston whose wife Kay Feltus will join Veronica Lake, Mary Martin and Constance Moore in becoming mothers. . . .

Very soon now the beautiful Virginia Bruce will become a mother. Virginia is married to producer Walter Ruben. Virginia has a daughter by her former husband, the late Jack Gilbert.

Putting up nice family front at the Ambassador: Gilbert Roland, sister-in-law Joan Bennett



Pulling down stares of approval at the Grove: Norma Shearer and dinner partner Charles Boyer





The happiest man in Hollywood these days is Broderick Crawford whose lovely little wife Kay Griffith will present Brod with an heir in a few months.

Brod is wearing a smile that can't even be blasted off.

**Tyrone Retrospects:** It was over the luncheon table at Twentieth Century-Fox Tyrone Power told us this story.

Only the day before, Ty said, he stood at his dressing-room window and watched a truck back up to the building. Then, one by one, pieces of furniture and personal belongings were carried out and stored in the truck.

"I had the strangest feeling as I watched," Ty said. "It was a feeling that part of my life was being blotted out, as if it hadn't been at all, for you see those were Sonja Henie's belongings and that meant Sonja was no longer here, with us.

"I thought back to the time four years ago when Sonja and Alice Faye and Don Ameche and I were all young hopefuls filled with ambition and plans and hopes. And how everything seemed so absolutely vital to our futures.

"And now—well, it's as though that part of my life had never been somehow, as if a circle of time had ceased to exist. Sonja's gone now and things have changed. The studio was young with us, too, for we all came in right after the merger. It doesn't seem possible that in so short a time things could have changed so quickly."

Ty and Sonja, Cal recalls, were romancing at that time and now each is happily married—Ty to Annabella, Sonja to Dan Topping. But they're still such good friends, and still bound by young hopes so fired with ambitions that even a moving van can't take them away.

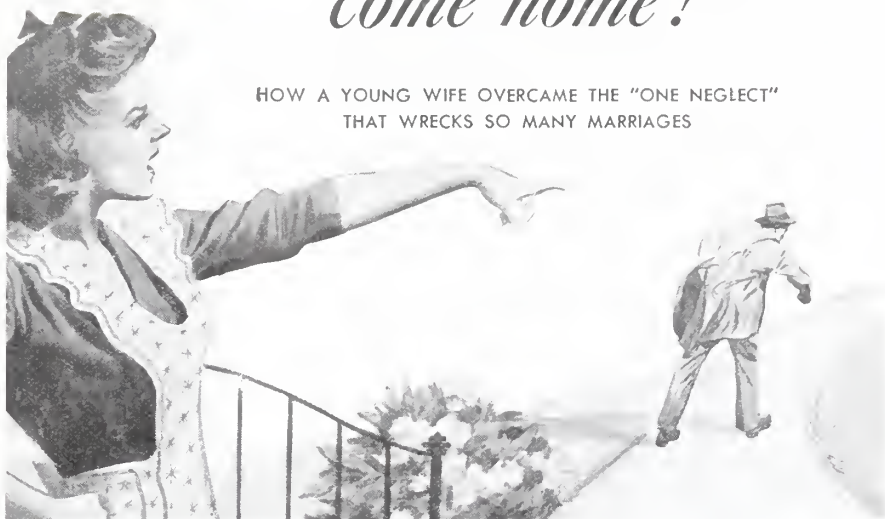
Good luck, Sonja, wherever you go. Cal knows Ty feels the same.



The team that gets Hollywood hand-claps gives them now in a rare double pose: Anna Neagle of "Sunny" and the man who's guided her career, Director Herbert Wilcox, at a charity swim meet at Beverly Hills Hotel

# "I don't care if you never come home!"

HOW A YOUNG WIFE OVERCAME THE "ONE NEGLECT" THAT WRECKS SO MANY MARRIAGES



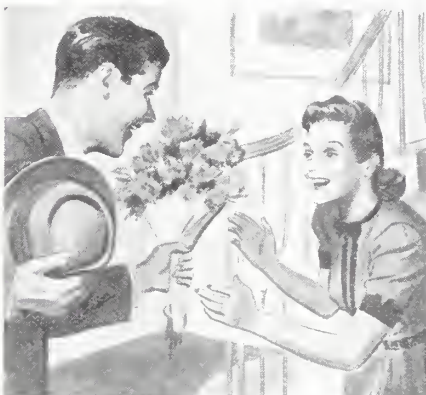
**1. I thought my husband** was all to blame. He'd been leaving me home alone night after night. Our once-blissful marriage seemed headed for the rocks. I was almost frantic.



**2. In despair,** I went to see my sister-in-law—Sarah's been so happily married for years. When I told her about our troubles, she said: "You may be the guilty one, Sis. Often a husband's love grows cold just because a wife is careless—or ignorant—about feminine hygiene. It's one neglect few husbands can forgive."



**3. "My own marriage** was once in danger," Sarah said, "until my doctor set me right. He advised 'Lysol' for intimate personal care. He told me it does more than cleanse and deodorize. Being an efficient germicide, 'Lysol' kills millions of germs instantly on contact, and without discomfort to you."



**4. I understand now** why so many thousands of modern women rely on "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. It's gentle—yet so effective. And costs so little to use. I'll never risk losing my husband again. Yes, he comes home now—and brings me flowers!

### Check this with your Doctor

"Lysol" is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—"Lysol" solutions spread and virtually search out germs in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. LASTING—"Lysol" keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use.

*Lysol*  
Disinfectant

FOR FEMINE HYGIENE



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# ASIDES to a Girl

## WHO WANTS TO SAVE FACE



The girl who made Fred Mac-Murray lose face in "One Night in Lisbon"—Paramount's Patricia Morison

WHEN your face looks dully out on the wrong side of life, give it a shining translucence by using two shades of powder, a dark one beneath, a light shimmering one on top.

Keep in mind that the surest way to lose face is to let your skin get clogged. So be sure you use enough soap on your face cloth to have a quantity of creamy bubbles that will seep into your skin.

If you'd like to be extra pretty, use pads of cotton to clean your face, a different pad for each section. That way, you won't spread soot and dirt from one section to another and you'll finish the cleaning job in double-quick time.

Once a week at least, tie your hair up under a shower mop cap, use your bath as a steam bath. Let the steam soak luxuriously and effectively into your face and neck.

Your neck will save face for you, too. Don't ever stop at the chin line in the make-up process. Cream your neck and throat carefully and watch how beautifully they respond to a little loving care.

Of course, you'll never apply powder over an old face; you'll always remove old applications before making up anew. And you won't be stingy with your cleansing cream either. You'll give your face two or more applications.

You'll use a little skin lotion after the cleansing cream treatment just so you won't miss that wonderfully stimulating tingle it gives.

You're an ostrich if you think you can apply powder without using a foundation of some sort. You must have a powder base always on hand—and on face.

When you hear people talking about a "matte" effect, you'll look wise and know that it means the type skin texture Patricia Morison has, a texture even and smooth. You can get the same effect by never forgetting foundation cream. If you haven't noticed this "matte" effect, don't tell anyone, but go see how pretty the Morison looks in "Government Girl," her new Paramount picture.

Perc Westmore, that Hollywood make-up expert, says that if you're bothered by a masky feeling after using a foundation cream, a nice way to get rid of it is to go over your face with a cool damp hand towel.

If you'd like your skin to look oh, so much clearer, you'll be sure to apply all your creams with a molding movement because that's the way you increase circulation and give your skin a gentle glow. To mold, you just use a gentle but firm pressure of the balls of the fingers, lifting the fingers from the face slightly after each pressure and working rhythmically.

Let all lights shine brightly when you're making up. And if you're wearing dark clothes you can use much more make-up than when you're wearing pastels, which call for sweetness and light.

Save your face every night by swearing on a stack of beauty columns that you'll never, never go to bed without a thorough soap-and-water cleansing.

Don't be a silly and think that no one looks at your elbows. Suds and cream them every day and watch them as carefully when it comes to make-up as you do your face.

You won't lose face ever if you lend an ear for a minute to what Patricia Morison says: "The English climate is so kind to one's skin I was a little afraid when I came over here that I'd have trouble with mine. But I didn't. I just kept on my usual routine of soap and water, for one thing, and a good cream powder foundation for another. Caring for one's complexion really is very simple, once the habit is established: complete cleanliness with the soap you find agrees with you, and good cosmetics. Fortunately, almost all cosmetics are 'good' nowadays, and safe to use."

BY GLORIA MACK



## Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

the power to get their own way . . . unknown players, not having this power, had to take what they could get . . . then sound came in . . . with its new players . . . the box-office revived and hadn't really slumped badly until recently when it has become very, very sick indeed. . . .

What I am trying to say . . . in this quite involved manner . . . is that today's screen is too loaded with too mature people . . . portraying too mature ideas, amusements, points of view . . . that what we need is youth . . . not in the actual performers themselves but also in the minds of the people who write their stories, who produce their pictures or their radio shows, in the people who dress them, and make them up, and exploit them . . . that is the thing that is visible as a fire on a prairie . . . if you listened carefully to the laughter and the applause of those military boys. . . .

A really terrific show went to Camp Ord . . . Colbert . . . Dietrich . . . the Ritz brothers . . . numerous others . . . but do you know who brought down the barracks? . . . it was Virginia O'Brien, that talented, pretty youngster whom Metro has had under contract for more than a year and buried twice in terrible B's . . . Virginia, who sings blues, completely dead-pan, but in the most beguiling voice . . . at March Field through the courtesy of NBC there were Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy . . . Donald Dickson . . . Robert Armbruster and his orchestra . . . Carmen Miranda and her South American way and South American band . . . those absolutely zany men, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello . . . so who wowed them at March Field? . . . some kids you never heard of . . . (neither did I until that afternoon) . . . five very young, very pretty girls known as Lorraine Pierce and her Saxophone Four . . . Lorraine was announced as the best girl hot trumpet player in the world . . . having heard her, I don't question that . . . nor did the boys . . . they screamed and whistled and whistled and shouted for more. . . .

Thus, I hope, from doing its good deed for our service lads, Hollywood will learn this much-needed lesson . . . give us more youth, treated youthfully on the screen . . . Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland are popular because they are young people, youthfully handled . . . Deanna Durbin has been kept such a real young girl on the screen that her public's loyalty never wavers . . . there can be more like them if Hollywood will only be smart enough to make gay, colorful, laugh-laden pictures for people as fine, healthy and natural as our wonderful young service lads of today.

MARY MARTIN  
Lovely Star of Paramount's  
"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"  
with her canary "Daffy"



# Canaries

## Captivate Hollywood Stars

...and in Hollywood French's Bird Seed  
is the Favorite...4 to 1

Canaries in the homes of Hollywood celebrities! Canaries in studio dressing rooms! Canaries on movie sets! Canaries everywhere, spreading cheer with their joyous song. Hollywood's newest hobby sensation—and one which all America can share. Feeding canaries is no problem for movie stars. *They use French's!* Yes, it's Hollywood's favorite...4 to 1...because

French's offers 11 aids to health and song. In every package of French's you'll find a French's Bird Biscuit (worth 10c). It gives the diet an extra lift and combines with French's Bird Seed to supply an 11-course balanced meal — all in one package.

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SEND FOR *Free CANARY BOOK USED BY STARS!*

Illustrated, 76-page book that movie stars keep handy for expert advice on care, treatment and breeding of canaries. It's yours—FREE! Simply mail coupon, with your name and address.



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# Brief Reviews

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED

✓ **ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON**—Columbia: Although very British, Herbert Marshall is cast as a United States Senator, his English accent is forgotten in his very fine performance, but it's Gene Reynolds as the tough lad who is brought to Washington as a Senate page boy by Marshall who steals the show. Virginia Bruce is very pretty as a radio commentator. (August)

✓ **AFFECTIONATELY YOURS**—Warners: Everybody tries so hard to be funny and the situations are so obviously and laboriously concocted, that the result is clumsy and very unfunny. The story's about how Dennis Morgan tries to win back his divorced wife, Merle Oberon. Despite the support of Rita Hayworth and Ralph Bellamy, the whole thing misses. (August)

✓ **BAD MAN**—M-G-M: Wallace Beery's fans are going to be pretty disappointed in this story of a Mexican bandit who plays Cupid. Beery's performance throws the whole story out of gear and despite the presence of Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan and Laraine Day, it remains a fair-sized dud. (June)

✓ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M: The character of the notorious young outlaw has been so whitewashed that you won't recognize him, but Bob Taylor's sincere performance makes him a convincing and understandable person. Ian Hunter, Brian Donlevy and Mary Howard are the befrienders of the outlaw and Gene Lockhart is the villain. See it for Bob's performance and for the breath-taking and dramatic scenery, enhanced by Technicolor. (August)

✓ **BLACK CAT, THE**—Universal: Nothing new about this—murders in a spooky old house, suspect heirs, a scary housekeeper, the blundering young man who solves the mystery—but it's still good entertainment, especially with such actors as Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Broderick Crawford and Gale Sondergaard. (August)

✓✓ **BLOOD AND SAND**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power as the ambitious, ignorant boy who becomes Spain's greatest matador, Linda Darnell as his loyal wife, and Rita Hayworth as the siren who lures him away from Linda, all give their finest performances in this colorful, glamorous and suspenseful picture of Spain's greatest sport, bullfighting. (August)

✓ **CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT**—Paramount: The very idea of Bob Hope as a spoiled movie actor who finds himself in the Army is funny enough, but what Bob does to the infantry and the tank corps and the whole Army is a riot; he herewith proves himself the number-one funny man on the screen today. Dorothy Lamour is his girl friend and Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman his pals. Don't miss it. (August)

✓✓ **CITIZEN KANE**—RKO Radio: The skill and artistry abounding in this absorbing tale of a man who bought a newspaper and created an empire of his own proves that Orson Welles, actor, writer, producer and director of this masterful picture, really is a genius. Joseph Cotton, Everett Sloane and Dorothy Comingore prove themselves brilliant performers. In fact, everything about the picture is wonderful. (July)

✓ **COWBOY AND THE BLONDE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: When cowboy George Montgomery meets temperamental screen star Mary Beth Hughes and fails to yield to her charms, Mary Beth pursues him to his own corral in her efforts to get him. Both newcomers make a great showing and there's plenty of humor and romance. (July)



This is the way a G-man goes to work on a spy: i.e. George Brent investigates Ilona Massey in Edward Small's "International Lady"

✓ **DEVIL AND MISS JONES, THE**—RKO Radio: The riotous result of a sound story and grand humor, this is delightful entertainment. Charles Coburn is the wealthy owner of a department store who decides to become a clerk himself in order to find out why his employees hate him. Jean Arthur, as the clerk in love with Robert Cummings, head of the shoe department, helps to humanize the bewildered tycoon. (July)

✓ **DOUBLE DATE**—Universal: Almost every possible laugh-getter has been thrown into this light-hearted little comedy about Rand Brooks and Peggy Moran's efforts to break up the romance of Edmund Lowe and Una Merkel. The result is really very funny. (June)

✓ **FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS, THE**—Universal: Marlene Dietrich is the beautiful adventuress who descends upon New Orleans and captures the town's richest banker, Roland Young, by posing as her own sister. Bruce Cabot is the sailor who also falls in love with Dietrich. Although the film attempts to be naughty and gay, it's really much too dull and slow for good entertainment. (July)

✓ **FOOTLIGHT FEVER**—RKO Radio: A hammy little number, with Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride, both broke, trying to find a backer for Mowbray's play. They finally hit on Elizabeth Risdon, who sees through their schemes but becomes their angel. See it at your own risk. (July)

✓ **FOOTSTEPS IN THE DARK**—Warners: Errol Flynn's first modern picture in three years has him an amateur detective who runs headlong into a real-life murder and almost loses his life and his wife, Brenda Marshall. It's heavy-handed comedy and we prefer Flynn in his swashbuckling roles. (June)

✓ **GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB, A**—Harold Lloyd/RKO Radio: Lucille Ball is the girl, Edmond O'Brien the guy and George Murphy the gob in this bright, amusing comedy that clicks in every department. It's packed with chuckles and good cheer; you'll enjoy every minute of it. (June)

✓ **GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and John Payne give us the story of the growth of radio in this tuneful and entertaining musical picture. John is the lad who wins Alice; Jack Oakie is responsible for its broad humor; and Alice puts over its catchy songs in fine style. The Wiere Brothers, the Ink Spots and the Nicholas Brothers add to the fun. (July)

✓✓ **GREAT LIE, THE**—Warners: Adult and sophisticated is this drama of two women, Mary Astor

and Bette Davis, who both love George Brent. Mary all but steals the picture as the musician who marries Brent and then goes back to her career, but Bette, too, does great work as his second wife. It's one of George's best performances and the picture is a triumph. (July)

✓ **HER FIRST BEAU**—Columbia: Jane Withers is the victim of violent puppy love when she meets handsome Kenneth Howell, to the bewilderment of her steady beau, Jackie Cooper, in this honey of a little picture. Jane's first evening dress, her aggravated father, Addison Randall, and Edgar Buchanan, all add to the fun. (August)

✓✓ **I WANTED WINGS**—Paramount: This thrilling story of men and planes, laid against the background of America's own flying fields, is a smash hit. Ray Milland, Wayne Morris and William Holden as the three young cadets who become fliers turn in their best work, as does Brian Donlevy as a flight instructor. Sirenish Veronica Lake makes her screen debut. (June)

✓ **I'LL WAIT FOR YOU**—M-G-M: Robert Sterling is the smart young night-club racketeer who flees the police and finds refuge and love on a Connecticut farm. Marsha Hunt as the girl who cares for him, Virginia Weidler, Fay Holden and Paul Kelly add plenty of punch to this human little document. (August)

✓ **IN THE NAVY**—Universal: Not quite so funny as "Buck Privates," Abbott and Costello's Army picture, this is funny enough to keep you amused and entertained. Some of the gags are hilarious and Dick Powell, Dick Foran, the Andrews Sisters and Claire Dodd add class to the antics of this pair of nitwits. (August)

✓ **LADY FROM CHEYENNE, THE**—Universal: Loretta Young, crusading suffragette for women's rights, defeats the town scoundrel, Edward Arnold, and helps women win the vote in Wyoming in the 1860's. It's a gay little Western and Loretta's very good in her determined role, as is Robert Preston as the hero who loves her and helps to foil Arnold's bandits. Pretty corny, but amusing. (July)

✓ **LADY FROM LOUISIANA**—Republic: Mediocre story laid in New Orleans of the early '90s, with John Wayne as the upstanding young attorney who tries to eradicate the lottery racket and Ona Munson as the daughter of the main offender. (August)

✓ **LAS VEGAS NIGHTS**—Paramount: This tale of vaudevillians who go out West to secure an inheritance features the swell music of Tommy Dorsey and his band. Bert Wheeler and Virginia Dale supply the laughs; Constance Moore looks beautiful and Phil Regan is very good. (July)



**LOVE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE. THE—**Columbia: No sooner does Warren William bet that he can keep out of trouble for twenty-four hours that he becomes embroiled in a mail robbery, a killing, a kidnaping and all sorts of mayhem that keep him dashing all around. Eric Blore is very funny, as usual. (June)

✓ **LOVE CRAZY—M-G-M:** You'll laugh yourself dizzy at this riotous bit of fun, with Myrna Loy about to divorce husband Bill Powell. In order to thwart her plan, Bill pretends to be crazy and is committed to an asylum. He escapes dressed as his own sister and the fun gets whackier. (August)

✓ **MAJOR BARBARA—Gabriel Pascal—U. A.:** Oddly different but compelling is this George Bernard Shaw picture which may confuse you because the theme seems blurred in purpose and too many words are substituted for action. Wendy Hiller as the Salvation Army girl who loses her ideals is superb, as are Robert Morley as her sophisticated father, Rex Harrison as a Greek scholar who loves her, and Robert Newton. (July)

**MAN BETRAYED, A—Republic:** John Wayne is the young lawyer who arrives in town to discover who murdered his friend in a gambling joint. He also discovers crooked politics and grafters. Besides that, he meets lovely Frances Dee, who provides the romance. (June)

**MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF. THE—Universal:** Pretty unbelievable is this farce about a wife who can't tell two absolutely strange men apart, even though they both look alike and live in the same house. Brian Aherne plays the dual role of the wealthy husband and his double, and Kay Francis is the bewildered wife. S. Z. Sakall is the scene-stealer. (June)

✓ **MEET JOHN DOE—Warners:** Another of Frank Capra's brilliant successes is this story whose theme is the power of love over hate. Barbara Stanwyck is superb as the newspaper girl who invents a John Doe and Gary Cooper's performance as the ex-ball player who's hired to be John Doe and becomes a great humanitarian is his best. Edward Arnold, Walter Brennan, James Gleason and Regis Toomey are also outstanding. (June)

✓ **MEN OF BOYS TOWN—M-G-M:** Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the Boys Town mayor carry on the story of the previous Boys Town picture and again stir our emotions with their sincere performances. Bobs Watson, Larry Nunn and Darryl Hickman give the stars plenty of competition. (July)

**MEN OF THE TIMBERLAND—Universal:** This action drama has Richard Arlen as a forest ranger who single-handedly frustrates a plot to despoil a lumber tract. Andy Devine is the lumber boss and Linda Hayes the heroine. All three are good. (August)

✓ **MILLION DOLLAR BABY—Warners:** Priscilla Lane, department store clerk, becomes millionaire when eccentric May Robson gives her a million dollars, but Priscilla finds the money stands between her and her true but poor love, Ronald Reagan. The story's got plenty of vitality that keeps it bobbing along and May Robson and Jeffrey Lynn complement the splendid work of Priscilla and Ronald. (August)

**MR. DYNAMITE—Universal:** Baseball pitcher Lloyd Nolan goes out for an evening of fun and is tossed headlong into a sabotage plot and a murder charge. His amateur detective work involves him with secret-agent Irene Hervey. Ann Gillis and J. Carrol Naish are also very good and although the story's none too well constructed, it's acceptable entertainment. (June)

**MODEL WIFE—Universal:** The dire but hilarious consequences of a secret marriage are revealed herein when Joan Blondell and Dick Powell dare not reveal their marriage because they'd both lose their jobs. But Lee Bowman, the boss' son, falls in love with Joan and insists upon taking her out, much to her and Dick's dismay. (July)

**MURDER AMONG FRIENDS—20th Century-Fox:** The beneficiaries to a multiple insurance policy die suddenly and mysteriously and John Hubbard and Marjorie Weaver race like mad from suspect to corpse to prevent more murders and solve the ones already committed. In spite of all the murders, it's a gay little offering. (June)

**NAVAL ACADEMY—Columbia:** Three problem kids, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon and Billy Cook find themselves redeemed and regenerated due to the strict discipline of a naval academy. The three boys are good, but the story isn't. (August)

✓ **ONE NIGHT IN LISBON—Paramount:** Fred MacMurray, zany American, chases aloof Madeleine Carroll all over wartime London and Lisbon in this light comedy. Although it's pretty farfetched, it has its gay and amusing moments. John Loder does a swell job as Madeleine's English suitor. (August)

**PELVALTY, THE—M-G-M:** Edward Arnold is a ruthless criminal who teaches his son, Gene Reynolds, to follow in his footsteps, but Gene is sent to reform school and then released to farmer Lionel Barrymore where slowly he's regenerated. Veda Ann Borg is the moll. (June)

(Continued on page 100)

# HOW YOU TWINKLE, PRETTY STAR!



**MERLE OBERON,** "LYDIA," star of the Alexander Korda production more to create a sparkling impression than teeth that simply glisten . . . reason enough for me to use CALOX TOOTH POWDER!"



**FANS ADORE** Merle's look of exquisite perfection. So between takes, her hair gets a new "do." Her make-up gets attention. And her teeth? Well, you may be sure they get the finest care Hollywood can provide . . .

**MERLE'S GLAMOR REGIME** is planned to include daily exercise, sensible diet, frequent check-ups with her dentist. And for daily care, a dentifrice notable for its superb polishing action—Calox Tooth Powder.



## CALOX HELPS TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. A real beauty tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's doubled-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.



# Speak

## FOR YOURSELF

### \$10.00 PRIZE

#### Eye Opener for Certain People

I HAVE just seen "The Devil and Miss Jones" and am more than a little disgusted with the whole picture. I have no sympathy with strikers who see an opportunity to cash in on a good thing; and I dislike more to see this condition presented sympathetically in a motion picture. With conditions as they are in the world today—London bomb-shattered, millions starving on the Continent and our own men and boys giving up good jobs and leaving families to serve their country for \$21 a month, I think it time these so-called "sympathetic strikers" wake up and realize just how precarious is our position in the world today.

Is it asking too much that each do his share to preserve this democracy of ours with as little grumbling as possible?

Too bad these strikers couldn't spend one night in an air-raid shelter only to emerge the next morning to find their homes and their possessions just so many ruins; or spend one week in one of Hitler's concentration camps. Perhaps then they would realize that a little sacrifice today insures untold benefits tomorrow.

MARION MORRISON,  
Rye Beach, N. H.

### \$5.00 PRIZE To the Stars

Because we cannot be  
Great stars as they,  
Burning a brilliant light  
Along our way,  
Gay, lovely women swathed  
In silk and gold,  
Men as alluring as  
The knights of old;  
Because we shall not ever  
See our names  
Spelt out in boldly bright  
Electric flames,  
Nor ever hear them whispered,  
Talked, and sung  
In every given land  
And spoken tongue;  
Because each day we may not  
Play some part  
Where youth and golden romance  
Fill the heart,  
And know that through the fragile  
Dream we build



"Tiny, but she'd never go unnoticed in a crowd," says Miss Galuska of Vivien Leigh

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, so 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.

A million joys are found  
And sorrows stilled;  
We love the stars for things  
We cannot do,  
But most because they're just  
Real people, too.

FRANCES LOVE,  
Georgetown, Texas.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### An Open Letter to Victor Jordan

IN the June issue of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR you bewailed the fact that Hollywood is putting far too much emphasis on the heroic struggle of Britain. Perhaps it has never occurred to you that movies are primarily adult fare and that any appeal to the intellect at all must be mature. "Grapes of Wrath" and Steinbeck's other book-movies, as well as "Tobacco Road," are much more morbid and depressing than any war movie so far released. Such movies as "The Primrose Path" and "Dead End" contained a very grim social significance that made them far from amusing. I'm under the impression, Mr. Jordan, that reluctance to face realities is at the bottom of your trouble. I suggest that you accompany your children to the next Gene Autry picture; I'm sure you will find that refreshing. And the news that Shirley Temple is making a comeback will doubtlessly thrill you no end.

Meanwhile, kindly permit Hollywood to make sane and mature pictures. I would rather see a bomb fall any day than have to sit through another one of those football-musical atrocities that were mass-produced a year or so ago. In "Escape" I saw an intelligent presentation of the graves problem in the world today and an earnest effort to bring the facts vividly before us who have not (Thank God, Mr. Jordan) had to witness them so far at firsthand.

DAVID EARLE LEWIS,  
Nova Scotia, Canada

### \$1.00 PRIZE

#### That Leigh Hamilton Woman

HONESTLY think the words have not been—shall we say—"invented" to describe and give justice to that charming person, Vivien Leigh. There is some almost ethereal quality about her, something deep and hard to reach that makes it an almost impossible



ask. Her physical qualities are simple enough to discern, after, of course, one gets over the shock of her first breathtaking appearance on the screen.

She's tiny, but she'd *never* go unnoticed in a crowd. Her heavenly ray-green eyes first draw, then hold our attention. They express her very mood—they are so dreamy, yet so alive.

Her hair is beautifully soft and dark. You'd imagine it smelling faintly of some dainty flower, lily-of-the-valley, perhaps. She's like a naughty child, sulky and pouting; she's like an angel, radiant and pure. There are so many sides to this quaint, restless creature. She gives you the impression of knowing some delightful little secret, but it is her smile, her absolutely *charming* smile, that completely wins you over.

And, to top all this, she can act! Really act! I don't think there is any actress on the screen today who equals Vivien Leigh, in either "looks" or ability.

HELENE GALUSKA,  
Clinton, Mass.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Fun Preferred

WACK OAKIE, you slay me! You ham and mug and are more fun than a half-dozen sad-eyed lovers. No one is safe in the same movie with you, for you steal scenes with the greatest of ease.

You are about as romantic as an overstuffed chair, Mr. Oakie, but you're an artist, a master of buffoonery. You have a swell sense of humor, a bag of tricks and you do me more good than the tonic the doctor ordered. Keep us laughing, Jack.

ETHEL MORRIS,  
Kansas City, Mo.

The Oakie keeps us laughing right now—on page 48.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Feel the Same?

QUITE often one hears a piece of music played intermittently throughout a production. Such music has haunted me for days because I could not think of the name of the piece; I have even lost the trend of the thought in the film trying to satisfy my curiosity about the music.

Couldn't there be a short explanation at the beginning of the picture, giving possible the history or connection—at least the *name* of the stock music used? The music is quite evidently played for a reason, so why not reveal it to interested movie fans?

SUE DE WEES HANCOX,  
Knoxville, Tenn.

(Continued on page 23)

and Mother, he says he loves my  
"peaches and cream" complexion



### Smart girls avoid unsightly complexion flare-ups caused by soap irritation. Thousands use mild, gentle Cashmere Bouquet

**A**FTER the heartaches that go with soap irritation—a trouble reported by one woman out of two—what a thrill to discover Cashmere Bouquet Soap may be your lucky skin care! So try the mild soap three generations of women have found agreeable to sensitive skin.

Daily refresh and rejuvenate your tired complexion with the Cashmere Bouquet Facial.

First: Cream your face thoroughly with the luxuriously mild lather of

Cashmere Bouquet. Work it gently, but well around large-pore areas of nose and chin.

Next: Rinse with warm water; then a dash of cold. Pat your face dry, don't rub. Now, skin is glowingly clean and refreshed.

For bathing too, the exotic lather of Cashmere Bouquet is heavenly. Leaves you scented all over with the fragrance men love.

Buy it today at 3 cakes for 25c.

*Cashmere Bouquet Soap*



WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



For more entertainment—  
**FOUR NEW SEASON HITS!**  
 Ask your local theatre when they're coming your way!

**JACK BENNY**  
 in  
**"Charley's Aunt"**

with  
**KAY FRANCIS**  
**JAMES ELLISON**  
 and Edmund Gwenn • Reginald Owen  
 Arleen Whelan • Laird Cregar  
 Ernest Cossart • Anne Baxter • Richard  
 Haydn • Directed by Archie Mayo  
 Produced by William Perlberg  
 Screen Play by George Seaton

**TYRONE** in **POWER**  
**"A YANK IN THE**  
**R.A.F."**  
 with **BETTY GRABLE**

and  
 John Sutton • Reginald Gardiner  
 Associate Producer Lou Edelman • Screen  
 Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg  
 Original Story by Melville Crossman  
 Produced by **DARRYL F. ZANUCK**  
 Directed by **HENRY KING**

**SONJA HENIE • JOHN PAYNE**  
 in

**"Sun Valley**  
**Serenade**

with **GLENN MILLER** and his  
*Orchestra*  
**MILTON BERLE • LYNN BARI**  
**JOAN DAVIS • NICHOLAS BROS.**

Produced by **MILTON SPERLING** • Directed  
 by **H. BRUCE HUMBERSTONE** • Screen Play  
 by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan • Story by  
 Art Arthur and Robert Harari • Lyrics and  
 Music by Mack Gardan and Harry Warren

**"BELLE STARR"**

THE BANDIT QUEEN  
 with  
**RANDOLPH SCOTT • GENE TIERNEY**

and  
 Dana Andrews • John Shepperd  
 Elizabeth Patterson • Chill Wills  
 Directed by Irving Cummings  
 Produced by Kenneth Macgowan

**IN TECHNICOLOR!**

*You'll be seeing them...*

He's the girl  
 of the year →

Jack Benny as  
 "Charley's Aunt"

Tyrone Power as  
 "A Yank In The R.A.F."  
 with Betty Grable

Sonja Henie and  
 John Payne in  
 "Sun Valley Serenade"  
 with Glenn Miller  
 and his Orchestra

Randolph Scott  
 and Gene Tierney  
 in "Belle Starr"





## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 21)

### \$1.00 PRIZE Beauty In Action

IF THE stars could only realize how weary their public is with sunken cheeks, pseudosoulful expressions, over-painted upper lips and protruding hip bones, they surely would snap out of it and go on a calorie spree or something! That is why Lana Turner, with her cocky little strut and deliciously feminine body, was the main eye-appeal in "Ziegfeld Girl." Even as to beauty of face, to my way of thinking, she far surpassed the immobile countenance of Hedy Lamarr. Without seeming too unkind, I must say I fail to appreciate the much lauded beauty of the latter. Hedy is good to look at, to be sure; but real beauty is as rare as a flawless gem and few women in Hollywood possess it.

Getting back to Lana, her dramatic depth in scenes where she depicted reticence or remorse was (again to my way of thinking) on a par with Davis or Hepburn. The girl has something—verve, personality, a sort of golden, sheeny dewiness. Don't let them tone her down into the usual tale Hollywood mold!

HELEN BARD,  
Grand Rapids, Mich.

### HONORABLE MENTION

LIKE a breath of reportorial fresh air after too much arsenic hypocrisy was the article, "The Truth About stars' Ages." The tragedy of it all is the Hollywood delusion that we fans associate the gay, the glamorous and the bright things only with youth. They forget how many of us are ourselves past thirty. We like to think that we, too, are living exciting and vital lives. Why don't the stars relax, celebrate their birthdays and look for an audience among their contemporaries?

MAE H. ASHWORTH,  
Mt. Vernon, Ind.

ORCHIDS to Ingrid. Enclosed find one triple wild orchid I found on the top of our iron range in payment for three beautiful performances by Miss Bergman: "Intermezzo," "Adam and Four Sons," "Rage in Heaven." Davis gives me the jitters, Sullavan makes me hungry. Then along comes normal, sane, healthy person with plain eyes—neither pop-eyed nor unken—who can act. Her hair is short and her legs are long—where, where has the glamour girl gone? Thanks, Miss Bergman, and may you be Maria in "For Whom the Bell Tolls."

OTTO J. BECKER,  
Minnesota Lake, Minn.

WHY, OH WHY? We go to a Fred Astaire show to see him dance and in "Second Chorus" we sit through two hours of pretended horn-tooting and get about fifteen minutes of dancing.

And George Murphy in "Little Nellie Kelly"—what happened? Nothing. The two grandest dancers in movies, doing everything except dancing.

We don't want to hear them sing—we don't care a thing about their acting—but we love to see them dance.

DONNA GALE,  
Seattle, Wash.



Pleasant subject of a reader's complaint is George Murphy, seen here with Charles Farrell who beamed Janet Gaynor in the good old screen days

WHY DO we still consider it a "treat" to see a play with live actors? The answer is—actors on the stage are aware of an audience they are trying to please. After a clever line they pause until the laughter dies down. But a talking picture "grinds on" like a phonograph record. We hear a funny line and the comeback is drowned in our laughter.

Do the actors in a movie have to keep talking every instant? We love a funny movie. Give us time to laugh.

EDNA SWIFT,  
Washington, D. C.

AS A FINAL tribute to one "real human" let us dedicate some token which will keep his greatness and courage in the heart of every American. Hollywood has thrilled us by depicting on the screen the lives of such people as Emma Hamilton,

Father Flanagan, Victor Herbert, etc., but now I am certain she will have a fine biographical film if she reveals on the screen the life of the "Iron Man of Baseball"—Lou Gehrig. The "Iron Man" may be gone, but what he has contributed to the world and us Americans will live until eternity.

NELLA SANTONI,  
Baltimore, Md.

LET'S GO American in the movies! Let's film American scenery, American people, American problems in American homes. No more foreign stories in across-the-ocean settings.

Everyone concedes the powerful influence movies have on our millions of movie patrons. Why not turn that influence into a more powerful weapon for American defense? Fans now, more than ever before, raise their cheers when the Stars and Stripes flash on the screen.

Please, Hollywood, fan this flickering flame!

MRS. MAUDE SMEIKE,  
Lambertville, N. J.

IF THEY'RE going to send convoys to Britain, I wish they'd bring back some English films with some advice to our Hollywood producers included! I believe in America First too, but when it comes to choosing between English pictures and ours—I'll take theirs anytime.

The British don't make the fatal mistake that we constantly do, of creating a star of someone simply because she is physically attractive. Why don't we take a tip from them and have a smaller star list with every one of them a real honest-to-goodness actor? Films such as "Night Train," "Vanishing Lady" and "Blackout" appeal to the public's intelligence and, what's more, they've got action, suspense and mystery.

JUNE EDMISTON,  
Maywood, Ill.

BEFORE it is too late I want to cry a halt to the revival of conventional film types who bored me even in their heyday twenty years ago.

One is the masterful caveman; the other is the gamin, spitfire, child of nature, hoyden, or French Canadian wildcat restored with such dreadful fidelity by Paulette Goddard in "Northwest Mounted Police."

The spitfire is in every sense impossible. Her mixture of fiery tantrums and naïve egotism are overdrawn and her pidgin-English is a most tiresome affectation.

Caveman and spitfire, avaunt! You died years ago; cease hauntin' us!

ELIZABETH FLETCHER,  
Blackpool, England.



# The SHADOW STAGE

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



A touching, sincere picture: Walter Pidgeon and Greer Garson in "Blossoms In The Dust"



Breezy, bright amusement: Mary Martin and Don Ameche in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye"

### ✓✓ Blossoms In The Dust (M-G-M)

*It's About:* A woman who devotes her life to nameless children.

TO Edna Gladney of Texas, M-G-M has erected a beautiful monument in the story of "Blossoms In The Dust." No finer actress than Greer Garson could have been chosen to enact Miss Gladney, the woman who devoted her life to providing homes for nameless children.

Miss Garson is not only beautiful, and doubly so in Technicolor, but seems to catch perfectly the deep heart motives of the mother who lost her own child and who henceforth sacrificed her personal life to the care and advancement of these little children, even to erasing, through state legislature, the word "illegitimacy" from their records. Walter Pidgeon as the hearty Westerner who woos and wins Miss Garson for his wife, Marsha Hunt as her dearest friend, Felix Bressart as the doctor, all create memorable portraits. In all, it's a touching, sincere picture that probes deep into the heart.

Your Reviewer Says: Tender and appealing.

### The Best Pictures of the Month

Sergeant York  
They Met In Bombay  
Underground  
Moon over Miami  
Shepherd of the Hills  
Man Hunt  
Blossoms In The Dust

#### Best Performances

Clark Gable in "They Met In Bombay"  
Philip Dorn in "Underground"  
Jeffrey Lynn in "Underground"  
Kaaren Verne in "Underground"  
Mary Martin in "Kiss the Boys Goodbye"  
Harry Carey in "Shepherd of the Hills"  
Betty Field in "Shepherd of the Hills"  
John Wayne in "Shepherd of the Hills"  
Beulah Bondi in "Shepherd of the Hills"  
George Sanders in "Man Hunt"  
Walter Pidgeon in "Man Hunt"  
Joan Bennett in "Man Hunt"  
Greer Garson in "Blossoms In The Dust"  
Bette Davis in "The Bride Came C.O.D."  
James Cagney in "The Bride Came C.O.D."  
Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York"  
Joan Leslie in "Sergeant York"

### ✓ Kiss the Boys Goodbye (Paramount)

*It's About:* The search for a Southern belle to star in a New York musical.

IF you've seen the stage play, just forget all about it, for Hollywood's "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" is something else again. Instead of the original's search for a *Scarlett O'Hara*, we now have stage producer Jerome Cowan, musical composer Oscar Levant and stage director Don Ameche searching for a naïve Southern girl for a Broadway musical show.

Of course, it goes without saying that Mary Martin, chorus girl out of work, goes back home to Dixie in time to stage a show that sweeps Mr. Ameche into a tantrum and Mr. Levant into a dither.

Audiences love Oscar, the incorrigible; Ameche rates cheers as well; but it's Mary's picture. Her Southern belle burlesque, her good looks and bright singing of the peppy songs bring the movie into the homestretch with bright, frivolous flags flying.

Barbara Jo Allen and Elizabeth Patterson are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Breezy as the sea air.

(Continued on page 96)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 104



EMARY LANE, lovely  
of Columbia's "TIME  
T FOR RHYTHM"

## For hair of radiant loveliness

*Completely enchanting*—hair that is soft and lustrous—radiant with sparkling highlights—gleaming with glorious sheen. Let Colorinse help *you* possess this glamorous feminine loveliness. Colorinse—the magic-like rinse made by Nestle, originators of permanent waving—gives hair a warmer, richer tone—fills it with dancing high-

lights—makes it silky soft, easier to comb, easier to manage. Not an ordinary dye nor a bleach, Colorinse does not brush or rub off but washes out easily with shampooing. Yes, there's a shade of Colorinse that will help make *your* hair more lovely. Take your choice from the 14 flattering colors on the Nestle Hair Chart. Try Colorinse today.

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

25¢ for 5 rinses at drug and  
department stores.

*For a perfect hair-do use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE—  
and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinse.*



# Nestle COLORINSE









## "Dearest Deanna" - and Benito

RECENTLY our little industry was suddenly grotesquely involved in the world news. There appeared in the daily press a letter which Benito Mussolini had supposedly addressed to the Italian people's favorite movie star—not a German, not an Italian, but a little Canadian-born girl who is now an American.

"Dearest Deanna," the letter began. "In the past we always had a soft place in our heart for you. However, today we fear that you, like the remainder of American youth, are controlled by the President and perhaps tomorrow will see fine American youth marching into battle in defense of Britain. If this is so, you don't yet know how hard life will be for the youth of tomorrow. Why doesn't American youth break the chains which are blindly dragging the entire nation into a war in which it will be defeated? To be able to gnaw the Axis, steel-tough jaws are necessary and not rosy ones used to chewing gum. If you only knew how good and beautiful are the children of Rome and Berlin and how much poetry there is in the youth of Europe, then you wouldn't listen to your and our enemies."

Many people reading this letter must have itched to reply to it for Deanna. Even Deanna herself must have formed answering phrases in her mind before she and her advisors decided they would not dignify the disparagement of our country with a response from her own lips.

The editorial staff of this magazine was in the process of obtaining a comment from her or concocting one of its own when it happened upon someone else's answer. Certainly, if Deanna had wished to acknowledge this typical propaganda epistle, she couldn't have chosen a better spokesman than Mr. H. I. Phillips who, in his daily column in the *New York Sun*, undertook an imaginary reply. He has given me permission to reprint it, and here it is:

"Dear Benito:

"I have received your letter to me through one of your newspapers chiding me for being among those young people of America who stand 100% behind the President, and it makes me feel quite uncomfortable. The idea of me, a little girl in the movies, getting a warning from a

great big dictator like you! It's all so sudden. I had no idea you cared.

"I always thought you were so busy answering orders from Hitler and trying to find out what you were expected to do next that you had no time for movie actresses. It would have made me awfully self-conscious just to have thought that, even on the screen, I was being glared at disapprovingly by you. I tremble even now.

"You say I am making a big mistake in being against the Axis because—you and Adolf are unbeatable, and that all Americans, like me will be left behind the eight ball, which hurts you because you like young people and hate to think of having to devour little American boys and girls. You think I should keep out of any anti-Nazi movements and set that kind of example for the young people of America. You say the boys and girls of Berlin and Naples are much happier and face a brighter future than those of my country. . . .

"YOU wouldn't fool me, would you? I hope not, but I have read about your Italian boys and girls. It seems to me I have read that boys are trained for war from the cradle up. I've seen pictures of little school kids drilling in the hot sun when they ought to be out making mud pies or laughing at Mickey Mouse. And haven't I read about the duty of a little Italian girl being to do all the housework early, marry young and have more children than the Old Lady Who Lived in the Shoe?

"Anyhow, Mister Mussolini, you are not half so sorry about me as I am about you. I know you are unhappy with Adolf. I know you would rather play in somebody else's yard.

"I'll bet you would like to be a little boy or girl and come right out and give your honest opinion about Nazism, Hitler and German aggressiveness. I'll bet that if you could do it without anybody's knowing it you would love to go into a movie theater and boo newsreels of Hitler.

"You're sorry for little girls like me, mister! Well, am I sorry for big boys like you!

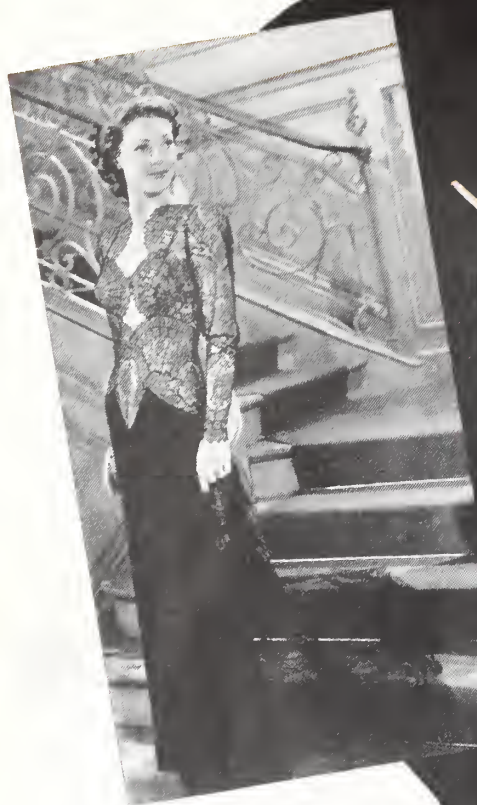
"Sincerely,

"DEANNA."

*Ernest W. Heyn*



A million men will be surprised when they read what "Fearless" has to say about Ann Sheridan. Gary Cooper (below with co-star Barbara Stanwyck in "Meet John Doe") always keeps his torso covered. Of necessity?



Loretta Young's figure is just exactly the way she wants it



# The Truth About Stars'

WHEN Loretta Young played in "Clive of India," she found great amusement in showing her girl friends who visited her at the studio the absolute construction job that had been built into the front of her formal evening costumes. It wasn't any conventional "padding" but a sort of satin bridge on which her pretty bosom could rest so that it might be pushed up into the plump and visible position demanded by dresses of the late Eighteenth Century, the time which "Clive of India" reflected.

Everybody in the studio—it was the old United Artists lot—was aware of this artistic deception. Everybody re-

garded it as an effect a girl achieved for that kind of a costume picture. Nobody dreamed those five short years ago that all this chest expansion was about to become something the director would order in every film, demand in every star, regardless of time, situation or the star's actual figure.

But it did so work out and just in case you have been wondering how it happens that every starlet coming into movies today, plus some stars long established, suddenly have the most wonderful sweater-fillers ever outlined, we rise to remark that it just ain't so, pal, it just ain't so. Loretta,

at least, was working with the real article, but today in Glamour Corners time and bosoms have changed.

There are Hollywood figures as made by nature and there are Hollywood figures as made in the fitting rooms and you'd be surprised how often the twain do meet. What's more all the fitted, and fitted-up, figures are not female.

There is many a he-man hero on the screen who off the screen and out of his rugged tweed coat and his slick slacks looks like a forgotten order of macaroni. You have often seen the Errol Flynn, the George Brent, the Clark Gable, the Tyrone





Stenographers and Myrna Loy have the same figure problem; but Myrna doesn't care at all



Joan Bennett (left) worries because she has something sister Constance hasn't; Jimmy Stewart (below) preferred bathrobe to bathing suit in the pool scene with Hepburn in "Philadelphia Story"

# Figures

Power, the Cary Grant torso exposed without even the benefit of undershirt, but have you ever seen Gary Cooper's or Jimmy Stewart's? (Even in that swimming pool scene in "The Philadelphia Story," you may recall, Jimmy was always snugly wrapped up in his bathrobe.) You have seen many a camera shot featuring Joel McCrea's trig waistline, but have you ever seen a camera linger on the midriff of Freddie March (in the last few years, that is)?

It is, however, much easier to cheat on a man's figure than on a woman's. A lot of shoulder padding, a good "drape" at (Continued on page 76)

A daring disclosure that calls a spade a spade, names names and reveals hitherto closely guarded secrets of the Hollywood fitting rooms

**BY "FEARLESS"**



# George Brent tells : "Why





# Ann Sheridan and I won't marry"



Ann and George, together at a studio party

Rarely has any Hollywood man made such a statement; never before has any star had the courage to give his reasons openly

**A**NN SHERIDAN and I are not going to be married!" With a

**BY MAUDE CHEATHAM**

with the world in this state of chaos? We don't know what will happen next week,

grin, George Brent was answering my question. "I say this," he added, "despite the persistent rumors that we are already married, or that we are about to elope.

let alone next year!

"We don't even discuss the question because we know the answer. We realize that the combination of a film career and marriage causes difficulties that few have been able to surmount. We've both tried it. We've both failed."

"Ann isn't looking for marriage," continued

The Sheridan-Brent romance has excited Hollywood—for Ann and George are such genuinely charming people, both on the screen and off. Now, for the very first time, the truth about this love story is being told.

George. "She has a brilliant career before her and is tremendously ambitious to prove herself. She has seven years to go on her present contract—when that is over, who can tell? It all depends on how this experience will affect her as a woman, what it will make of her.

"We're very happy as it is," George Brent said. "We are perfectly congenial and we have fun together, so why risk clouding a grand friendship by assuming new responsibilities? Happiness is more abiding if it can be spontaneous and not all tied up in 'musts' and 'don'ts.' No other profession absorbs one so completely as acting in motion pictures. It demands your time, your energy and your emotional resources and leaves little for a personal life. It is exhausting enough for a man, but it must be much more so for a girl.

"There is no doubt that if she is given half a chance she will become one of the foremost screen actresses. She has all the star qualities: beauty, vividness, intelligence, talent, and above all, a realness that the cameras capture. But there's hard work to be done, she knows this, and she would never be satisfied to give it up until she reaches the top. Who can blame her? Not I, because I understand her viewpoint. It's a colorful, exciting life. One can't toss it aside even when one knows the day of triumph is brief and that a long anticlimax awaits after the applause dies down.

"Ann and I are both under contract to Warner Brothers and working hard, going from one picture into another, so we have little time for plans. Anyway, what incentive is there to plan for a future

"Ann's not of a nervous, high-tensioned temperament so she will weather this screen life better than many girls. She's very wise. She never strains at the leash, never wastes energy over trivial issues, or makes demands. Instead, she takes and gives as it comes. Oh yes, she has her moods, but she quickly rises above them, for she has a boyish vitality and (Continued on page 89)





# Romance — as planned

BY BARBARA BERCH

**T**HEY live in a five-room cottage on the side of a hill in Los Angeles and are showing their neighbors, and the rest of the world, what this business of being happy is all about. They've cornered the market on it and since Julie Anne, their little blonde, now year-old youngster, has moved in with them, all an outsider can do is purr and beam and glow along with them.

Unbelievable, incredible, that they could have happened to Hollywood. They should be in Boise or Butte or Burlington, except that they're a little

more sunburned and a little less naïve. But they're just as stared at and just as revered in their own home town. Kids in love—attractive, bright-eyed, levelheaded kids—get their share of attention anywhere.

Everything about them, everything they do, everything they've done, is so right, so prearranged. They decided that after they were married a year they'd move into a house somewhere in the hills. They did, almost to the day. Then, after three years, they would have a baby. Check, Julie Anne. They can tell you exactly what

they'll be doing fifteen years from now, or how they'll be living when they're ninety-nine. Nobody doubts for a second that every part of it will come out as planned.

Even their house "happened" that way. They started to look for a comfortable place some ten months after they married. They motored through Bel Air, through Brentwood, out to the beach; not right. Then, one day, the house turned up sitting on the side of that particular hill and Anne and Johnny moved in.

They transformed the simple little



Married veterans like George Murphy and Bob Montgomery love to talk to the young Paynes. Matter of fact, all Hollywood loves to watch—and applaud—them



You'd never believe that love, marriage, happiness itself could come about this way. But it does—in Hollywood—with Anne Shirley and John Payne. It can happen where you live, too—if you'll let it

house into a functional, modern home, planted a garden, rigged up a pint-sized swimming pool in a few feet of empty ground they had in the back yard, tacked up rose trellises along the walls and then stood back and surveyed their work. Under their supervision and care, it had become a dream house, something a little out of the world. Especially when Johnny is pattering around with his car in the driveway and Anne is sitting on the fender, Julie Anne in her lap, watching him.

Anne loves to tell the story of how

she and Johnny met. Another one of those instances in which Fate was winking at her favorite children. She was all set to go to a picnic one Sunday afternoon, but since she had been out rather late the previous night, her mother decided that she had better sleep Sunday morning and get her rest. So, instead of the picnic, Anne went to a small party that afternoon—and there was John Payne.

Phyllis Fraser, who was living with Anne and her mother at the time, relates how Anne came home, literally danced home. "I met the most

wonderful man—wonderful," she gurgled. "He promised to telephone me this week." Anne stayed home every night waiting for his call.

"She just about died when Johnny didn't phone," says Phyllis. "Finally, the following Monday, she got some tickets to a preview and asked me if it would be all right for her to call him. I don't think she even waited for my answer, because she was already dialing his number. And he said he had another engagement! Anne broke down and wept, the only time I've ever seen her cry."



The next day a dozen gardenias arrived—from John Payne. And the following week, a dozen camellias, then a dozen orchids and then roses. Johnny claims he wanted to play hard to get at first, but once the campaign started, he wasn't fooling. He fell just as hard as had Anne.

IT'S a first romance for both of them, this great love affair that the town talks about in hushed whispers and muted sighs. Anne had had her share of dates, but nothing real until Johnny came along. As for him, he had never paid much attention to girls. Anne wasn't plain girl, though. She was—well—she was—you know—

They've been married almost four years now and they still act like newlyweds. You see them on Hollywood Boulevard walking along, hand in hand, dropping in to a movie, maybe, or just window-shopping. Or they stop at a drugstore and have a couple of ice-cream sodas, or hamburgers. If he's working, he calls her three or four times a day to see how she is, what she's doing, or to ask, "Is Julie Anne a good girl?" They call each other every day at lunchtime and if the shooting on his picture doesn't break until late, Anne waits for his call, regardless of appointments, business engagements, luncheon dates.

In their well-regulated household, Johnny is the boss. He hires the servants, takes charge of the bills, keeps the business machinery running smoothly. Anne orders the meals, watches over Julie Anne and keeps the house comfortable and right for him. Occasionally, though, when the baby wears her mother out, Johnny steps in and takes over. Friends who have seen him with her declare it makes the most amusing sight in captivity: Big, masculine Johnny Payne holding that baby in his two hands, singing to her, bouncing her, pinching her. Oh yes, he does all of these things, and with the proper amount of gusto. Call him on it and he'll come back with something like, "Julie Anne is a very special kind of baby. This won't spoil her."

Julie Anne's future will be hers to decide for herself. Her mother and father are not going to make an actress of her, or a writer, or a debutante—unless she chooses to be, when she grows old enough to decide for herself. She'll have proper schooling and guidance and advice, but she is going to be an individual and make her own life. Anne and Johnny will see to that.

"If anything ever happened between those kids," says Phyllis Fraser, who is Julie Anne's godmother and who knows the Paynes best, "I'll lose my faith in romance. There never was

anything like this before and there will never be anything like it again. They're perfect together. A whole complete little world in themselves."

If people invite them out, fine, they go. They're invited to the Jack Bennys', to the Barbara Hutton soirees, to all the right social functions. But people aren't essential to their happiness; unnecessary altogether if the two of them are not accepted as a singly functioning unit. The other night some old friends of Johnny's called up and asked him to join them at the fights and maybe for a poker game later on. "Sorry, fellows," he answered, "but I never go anywhere without Anne."

Julie Anne's arrival in July of last year is further proof that everything happens to them the way they want it to, the way it should. Anne knew she was going to have a daughter. So did Johnny. She was so sure that when Phyllis was betting another friend of theirs the baby would be a boy, Anne quickly called her into the house. "Don't bet on that, honey," Anne cautioned. "It's going to be a girl, Julie Anne." They already have the name selected for their next child, which, of course, will be a boy. They've decided upon Jonathan, a composite of both their names, and he'll be born in a couple of years, when everything is right and ready for him.

THEY'RE quiet people, these Paynes, living their lives fully and well. Johnny, in spite of his fame, his success, his talent, is a shy, somewhat untalkative boy. He knows what he wants out of life and he knows what he has to do to get it. Anne is quiet, too, but it's a different kind of quietness, a deep, almost spiritual quality. If she hasn't cured him of his inferiority complex (though why John Payne should have one is a major mystery) she has succeeded in submerging it, since he knows that he is the most important person in her life.

He doesn't make friends easily. He demands perfection and absolute loyalty, but once he makes a friend, he is as loyal and unswerving as he expects the friend to be. Phyllis may have been Anne's best friend, but Johnny had to know her and like her for himself before he could accept her, too. Now she's as close to both of them as she was to Anne, before. But she didn't fall into his affection through pull. She had to earn it.

Johnny had been looking for a girl like Anne all his life. He knew she would be about five feet two inches high, slim, fragile, lithe as a rod, with light brown hair and peachy skin and everything else that makes up Anne. Anne would have told you before she ever heard of Johnny that the man she was going to marry would be very

tall, very dark, very handsome, very strong, very much like John Payne. And either of them would have been just as quick to tell you all about Julie Anne long before she was born. She's no "little stranger" to them.

For all their youth, they're making perfect parents for that child. Johnny boasted that he would take no pictures of his daughter until she reached the photogenic age, say, of six or eight months. But, quite naturally, two days after her birth, papa Payne was photographing her from all angles.

Anne Shirley has changed, too. She has developed into a mature, beautiful woman, she wears her hair differently and she weighs 110 pounds, where she used to balance the scales at 96. It's made such a change in her that over at RKO, the studio where she was contracted as a child star some eight years ago and where she has lived most of her screen life, the head of the publicity department failed to recognize her. "Who is that gorgeous girl?" he asked someone, as she entered the commissary. This, from the man who took the first publicity stills of her as "Anne of Green Gables," replete with pigtails and middy waist!

Marriages in Hollywood, or anywhere else, come and go. So do film stars, and careers, and children, and love. But the John Paynes of Hollywood will probably go on forever.

They're that kind of people.

## Frame for Fame

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S

Exclusive

Four-Color Series:

*Linda Darnell*

Appearing in Twentieth Century-Fox's "Swamp Water" page 37

*Cary Grant*

Appearing in RKO's "Before The Fact" page 38

*Priscilla Lane*

Appearing in Warners' "New Orleans Blues" page 40





*Linda Darnell*



# The THREE NICEST MEN In Hollywood

This gay commentator foregoes the alkaline to become sentimentalist in naming her choices—but she can't count!



"More than just a nice man," says columnist Hopper of Edward Arnold. "Just listening to that laugh of his is enough to put you in good humor."

HEARD a good gag on myself the other night. A friend said, "Hedda, I know why you've never developed a double chin. It's because you stick your neck out so much."

Well, be that as it may, here I go again and I love it—I mean, sticking my neck out.

The three nicest men in Hollywood . . . that's a tall order because the woods are full of them. But if you'd pin me down, I think I'd pick Edward Arnold, Jimmy Cagney and Henry Fonda.

Edward Arnold is more than just

a nice man. He's about our most distinguished citizen, to boot. He's a good husband, father and a man with an active civic conscience and that's a rare animal in these woods. Elected president for the second time of the Screen Actors' Guild, Eddie is always in the forefront of any worth-while undertaking and has done fine work for the Community Chest, Motion Picture Relief and every cause for betterment of local conditions. He was also the originator of the "I Am An American" movement. In real life Eddie is the same bluff, jovial fellow

that he used to be on the screen before they began making him into those "economic royalists" that he seems always to play nowadays . . . I guess because he's so different.

I know how he feels. I played bad women on the screen for twenty years. Finally I begged Louis B. Mayer for a good-woman part and guess what he said. "A bad woman can't play a bad woman on the screen, Hedda. She'd be too unpleasant, our audiences wouldn't stand for it!"

Eddie's a man with whom you're instantly at ease . . . always brimful



by Hedda Hopper



Idol of the Twentieth Century-Fox lot from top executives down to the gateman is Henry Fonda, Miss Hopper's third choice, "the lovable type"

Label awarded Jimmy Cagney is "a big 'little guy.' Anybody can talk to Jimmy any time about anything and be sure of an interested audience"

of jokes, though just listening to that laugh of his is enough to put you in good humor for the rest of the day.

Jimmy Cagney is probably the most down-to-earth actor in town. Anybody can talk to Jimmy any time about anything and be sure of an interested audience. He almost never goes to the Warner Studio Green room, a private dining room reserved for the stars and executives. Jimmy either eats out with the hoi polloi or sits on the set during the noon hour, mending the rag with the workmen and sharing the lunch from their

boxes. They all swear by him and he does an awful lot of kind things for people in his own quiet way. He has the complete simplicity of manner that all "big people" share and his frankness is as comforting as a hand-clasp. Just a big "little guy". . . .

**H**ANK FONDA is the same lovable type off the screen as on. There's something perennially youthful about him without being the least bit sappy. His friendliness and unflinching thoughtfulness in small things have made him the idol of the Twentieth Century lot,

from the top execs down to the gateman.

Hank came up the hard way. He got his early training in stock with the "Falmouth Players" on Cape Cod in the summers, the same group who played in Baltimore during the winters under the title of "The University Players." Jimmy Stewart was in the same company and he and Hank are still buddies. Hank has never forgotten those early lean days and when any of his friends of that period are in trouble, Hank's always there to tide (Continued on page 87)





Cary Grant



# LET'S DANCE

## PAN-AMERICONGA



Three looks at two triumphs: A girl who's the hit of the Hollywood dance floor; and a dance that's destined to have you thinking in Spanish, talking in conga rhythm and being the life of any party. The girl is Ann Miller, a pretty little person who's stepping high in Columbia's "Time Out For Rhythm"; if you dance the Pan-Americonga the way she does you'll be able to start some Pan-American relations on your own





*Priscilla Lane*



# WHAT'S WRONG

with  
Hollywood Women?

BY HARMONY HAYNES



Dr. Gayelord Hauser, who has been Garbo's constant companion, exposes an ominous defect

**A**RE motion-picture stars more beautiful, more charming than women in other walks of life? Do they enjoy better health? Do they give themselves better care? Are they more poised or better able to cope with life?

Such questions as these have for years been argued pro and con by both experts and nonexperts. Now comes Dr. Gayelord Hauser, internationally famous dietitian, and casts his vote—No.

Now don't get the idea that Dr. Hauser is prejudiced against Hollywood. On the contrary, he loves it. His home is here and his friends in the picture city are numbered in the thousands. It isn't that he doesn't know beauty, glamour or charm when he sees it, for he is dietitian and personal friend, not only of screen stars, but of a great many glamorous ladies the world over.

At a luncheon given him by Lady Charles Mendl (Elsie de Wolfe) in Paris before the fall of France were the Duchess of Windsor, Lady Charles Cavendish (Adele Astaire), the Count-



Two years ago, Garbo went to Dr. Hauser to consult him about her health, a visit that was the beginning of a headline romance

ess Montgomery, Princess Karam of Kapurthala, Princess de Beaumont, Mrs. Harrison Williams, Mme. Keun Hedervary, wife of the Hungarian Ambassador to France, Mrs. Arturo Lopez, Mme. Andre Dubonnet, Princess de Faucigny-Lucinge and

Mme. Ralli, wife of the Greek Ambassador. How did those women internationally famed for their charm compare with the motion-picture stars?

Dr. Hauser, strikingly handsome on a six-feet-two-and-a-half-inch scale, smiles and shakes his head a bit sadly.

"I do not like to speak against Hollywood, but since you make it a general question, I feel that I must give an honest answer. No place else, and I do lecture all over the world, have I found such an appalling state of restlessness as I find among motion-picture people.

"They move to the beach, the hills, the valley, the desert, but they never quite get Hollywood, or should I say motion pictures, out of their systems. They never quite relax. Until they do they cannot hope to come under the heading of healthy people and without health they cannot radiate charm as we know it on the Continent. For every charming woman is a calm one and calmness seems foreign to Hollywood.

"Perhaps (Continued on page 77)



When Joan married  
Brian Aherne, she  
probably, for the  
first time in her life,  
got ahead of . . .



. . . sister Olivia, a  
bachelor girl who  
still lived in  
the little house  
they'd once shared



# Sister Act

There's intense rivalry and antagonism between them—Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland admit it. Here, for the first time, is the explanation of the paradoxical love that exists between Hollywood's most famous sisters

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

**D**URING the last year Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine have made the headlines. Newspaper and radio columnists have informed us there's no love lost between these sisters; that they are, in fact, having a feud. And, remarkably enough, ninety odd percent of all the incidents that have been quoted to prove this point have been true. There's no denying them. Even as children Olivia and Joan quarreled often and violently. But it wasn't because there was no love lost between them, ever. Rather it was because they loved each other exceedingly, were over-possessive and reacted to everything concerning each other far too violently. And all of this still is true.

Always when I read about the de Havilland-Fontaine feud I remember the Saturday afternoon John Swope took pictures of Joan to illustrate a story I had written for *PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR*. Brian was upstairs working with his secretary. Olivia, responding to the admiration in John Swope's eyes, was acting frisky. I can still hear her answering the telephone in a pseudo-elegant voice. And I can still hear Joan fussing, "Livvie, please! Brian doesn't like that sort of thing! And I don't either!"

That may seem trifling. That might be trifling to some sisters. But other

sisters—like Joan and Olivia—love each other in a way that makes them tinder boxes.

There was no further exchange between the girls that day. They wouldn't quarrel before John Swope and me. Their exceedingly beautiful breeding is evidenced always. But it was apparent that things weren't what they would have been if we hadn't been there. The atmosphere was as sultry as it is before a thunderstorm. And I think everyone was relieved when the tea tray arrived.

Brian came downstairs. Joan took her place behind the silver service, like a gracious queen. Olivia curled up in a corner of the cherry red sofa, nibbled speculatively at a sandwich and made outrageous eyes at John Swope. John, a little nervous, I thought, but with his eyes glued on Olivia, began telling how wildflowers now grow on the banks of Boulder Dam, once desert land. That somehow cleared the air and everybody relaxed. Whereupon Joan began telling charming stories about Olivia as a little girl. And Olivia began telling even more charming stories about Joan as a little girl.

Joan said, "I always admired Livvie so much. She always could prove the thing she wanted to do was the thing to do. Even then she had powers of logic and analysis which I, depending upon instinct, have always lacked.

Highly strung, volatile, Joan and Livvie are two of the most delightful and stimulating girls Hollywood has known

Photograph by  
John Swope

"Once, I remember, she decided we must clean our room—although it was ninety-eight in the shade on a July day. I was frantic when I couldn't find any way of getting out of helping her. And I started pummeling her."

Olivia interrupted, "I got more than one spanking for trying to bully Joanie. But even though those spankings were the result of Joanie's complaining to Mother about me she never took any satisfaction from them. She stood by, pale and trembling, beseeching Mother to whip her instead."

I began to wonder—this being my first encounter with these highly strung, volatile sisters together—if I hadn't imagined their flashing eyes, the anger ready to leap into their measured voices, the tension that had existed in that room only a few minutes before.

"Joanie's illness," Olivia went on, "was forever a thorn in my side. I've always been a ham at heart, I guess. I thought her illness made her romantic and interesting. It also got her out of things."

"Like that convent we hated so," Joan said. "I became quite ill and had to be sent home. The day I left we prayed Livvie would get ill so she would have to be sent home, too. But all our prayers produced for her was hives and she had to stay on."

Brian chuckled and passed his cup for more tea. (Continued on page 85)



# THE Little Foxes



Horace Giddens' soul turned over at the thought of Regina's forcing his lovely Zan to marry Leo

One of the most famous characters in the drama comes to the screen: Regina Giddens as played by Bette Davis

There is probably a woman like Regina Giddens in your town. You envy her her breeding, her position — but would you envy her her heart?

Fiction version by **NORTON RUSSELL**

Produced by Samuel Goldwyn. Directed by William Wyler. Distributed by RKO-Radia pictures. Screen play by Lillian Hellman from her stage success as produced by Herman Shumlin.

- THE CAST**
- Regina Giddens.....Bette Davis
  - Horace Giddens...Herbert Marshall
  - Alexandra Giddens...Teresa Wright
  - David Hewitt.....Richard Carlson
  - Ben Hubbard.....Charles Dingle
  - Oscar Hubbard....Carl Benton Reid
  - Leo Hubbard.....Dan Duryea
  - Birdie.....Patricia Collinge



**H**ORACE GIDDENS was coming home. For half a year he had been in a Baltimore hospital, being treated for the heart disease that had struck so suddenly and violently. He had found the hospital strangely restful. Away from Regina, his wife, away from his bank, he'd been able to think.

But now Regina had sent Alexandra, their daughter, to bring him home. "Mother misses you," Zan had said. "She wants you to come home." He almost believed it, because he wanted to believe it, but deep inside him he knew it was not true. Regina wanted him back for some purpose. Once he'd thought that Regina's beauty, her stately, gracious beauty, was a sign of inner loveliness, but twenty years of marriage had taught him that it was only a mask. Actually, Regina was as grasping as her brother Oscar, as hard as her brother Ben.

The journey down from Baltimore was long and tiring, and he and Zan stopped overnight in Mobile to rest. It was good, the next morning, to have only a short ride in the gritty, hot train before he was home, riding in a station hack up the quiet Southern street, stopping in front of his own house, having Zan and Addie, the colored housekeeper, fuss over him and install him in his old room, next to Regina's. That was a pleasant surprise. He hadn't slept there since—not for a long time. And now Regina had fixed the room for him herself.

Perhaps she really had missed him—

And then Regina was standing in the doorway, smiling, coming swiftly toward him with a rustle of silk skirts, kissing him and saying, "Horace! I'm very happy to see you. What happened to you and Alexandra—why weren't you here yesterday, when we expected you?"

"We stopped overnight in Mobile," he said. "I didn't feel good. Just a little weak, I suppose."

"Well," Regina said briskly, "you're going to get much better, now that you're home."

"I didn't have a bad time in the hospital," he said. "Oh, maybe at first—when the doctors told me—but after I got used to the idea, I sort of liked it there."

Regina bridled. "You liked it there?" she asked coldly. "You liked it so well you didn't want to come home?"

Thus, within a moment of their meeting, they were on the verge of a quarrel. It was almost with relief that he heard Ben and Oscar Hubbard, Regina's brothers, coming up the stairs. Ben, the elder, was grizzled and hearty and jovial—until he wanted something you had. Oscar was smaller than Ben, more pompous, with a way of meeting your eyes and then looking away quickly, as if afraid you'd see something there he didn't want you to see.

Southern aristocrats, 1900 style, Horace thought wearily, and no improve-

ment at all on the pre-Civil War type.

Birdie, Oscar's wife, who came rushing in soon after the others, was the real Southern aristocrat, and how they all despised her for it! Once Birdie's family had owned Lionnet, the biggest and most beautiful plantation in Paltou County, but first the war and then the reconstruction had ruined them, and now Oscar Hubbard owned both Birdie and Lionnet. She was a foolish, sweet, pathetic kind of woman. Horace had always felt sorry for her—for her gentleness which made her so vulnerable to Oscar's cruelty, for her periodic "headaches," and for the weak and vicious son, Leo, whom she and Oscar together had brought into the world.

Oscar rebuked her sharply, now, for having run across the street from their house wearing a kimono. When she had retired in confusion, Ben lost no time in looking meaningfully at Regina.

At the cue, she said, "I don't like to worry you today when you're tired, Horace, but there's something very important that Ben wants to talk to you about. And I think his news will be better for you than all the doctors in the world."

"I hope so," Ben said, adding insincerely, "but my news can wait."

Regina laughed. "What an old faker you are! You know it can't wait. You know that the deal has got to be closed."

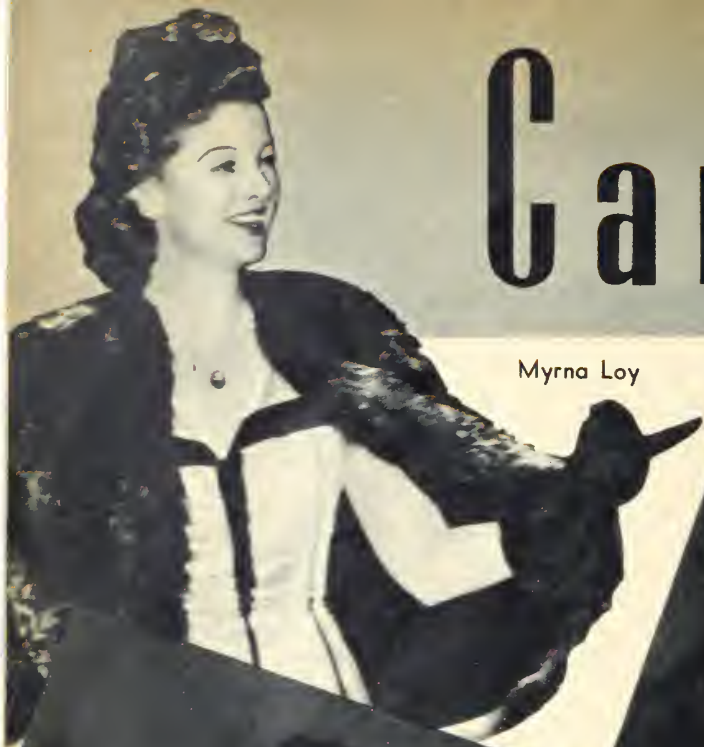
Horace leaned back in his chair and closed his (Continued on page 80)

Regina's voice sounded shrilly over Ben and Oscar's. "You're lying," she said. "You're just trying to scare me!"





# Cam eraman



Myrna Loy



In the flashlight's white glare at the Pirates Den are Mrs. Fred MacMurray and Henry Fonda. Entry into Hollywood night spots is assured Fink because he's always as well-dressed as the guests; is known as the photographer whose rule is: "Be square with the stars; show them off, don't show them up"



Completely natural is this pose of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul on their first date as "Mr. and Mrs." at the Coconut Grove. Reason: They know it's Fink shooting and that therefore they'll be given a chance to okay the finished picture before he releases it



After years' experience, Fink has ferreted out the places people go. Here he spots Tony Martin and Lana Turner in a gold-star pose at the fights. Stars follow such Fink cues as: "Take off that glittering lipstick, it will photograph black," knowing he is protecting them



# at work



Hyman Fink

'You can trust Hymie,' says Hollywood of Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Fink. That's why he has the stars' confidences — and that's why he can get you pictures like these!



In this one, Fink gets "bars down" study of Ann Sheridan and Charles Gleason rehearsing for a charity play. He releases it because he thinks it's a good "natural," —"I've probably expressed as many good shots as I've got out good ones"



Considered by Fink as the most beautiful woman in Hollywood and rating with Crawford on his preferred list is Marlene Dietrich, caught here with Jean Gabin at the Mocambo. She is grateful to Fink because he always keeps his camera high when shooting her. In any other position, she looks as though she had a double chin—which is an optical illusion



At the present writing, Hyman Fink has entry into every private home on the Coast except Garbo's, is welcomed at any public place. Here he gets a full-face front of Lupe Velez and John Shelton at Ciro's, a close-up that proves he is the top cameraman of Hollywood



# OAKIE —

## On the Spot

He's so honest, it'll make  
you blush. Some lively double-  
talk about — and by — the  
beloved "old Oakie bucket"

### THINGS WE LIKE ABOUT JACK

**T**HOSE clothes: The breath-taking nerve behind the man who dares wear them. His mugging. His "beeg mouf" good humor.

Those things we like about Jack Oakie.

Crazy as it seems, we go for his burgundy slack suits (red, neighbor), his red suede shoes (the glorious ham in him) and bright yellow scarf that sets the whole thing off like a cock-eyed sunset going down for the count of nine.

We like his outsized exhibitionism that livens up a town like the glow on W. C. Fields' nose. His never-ending flow of gab, a rich ripe humor that couldn't be shut off with Hitler's secret weapon, whatever that is.

His everlasting cry of "Well, this is show business for you," is as familiar

### BY SARA HAMILTON

to Hollywood as the call of the bull moose in mating season. We even get lonely for it when Oakie's not around.

We confess to a healthy respect for Oakie's ability as an actor and firmly believe, as do others, he knows more about the technique of motion-picture acting than most any other veteran in the business today. And as a scene-stealer, well, there's no one in the business can touch the old Oakie bucket.

He has no more dignity than a low-brow goat and on him it looks good. It tickles us pink, the way he shocks Hollywood with his easy familiarity with visiting dignitaries from the

outside world who never forget him.

Bosses, executives, big shots are all one and the same bag of peanuts to Oakie. He's as easy, as loud and raucous with his boss, Darryl Zanuck, as he is with the motorcycle cop out in the Valley.

You can't impress Oakie, the Mayor of old West Van Nuys, and people have simply stopped trying. They know only too well what will happen to portions of their anatomy.

Recently Lieutenant Colonel Zanuck brought onto the set of "The Great American Broadcast" his commanding officer, General J. O. Mauborgne, Chief Signal Officer of the U. S. Army. Oakie, always the first to greet all visitors, had no more idea that this man was an army big shot and Mr. (Continued on page 91)





## THINGS I DON'T LIKE ABOUT MYSELF

BY JACK OAKIE

As told to Sara Hamilton

**T**HE gal sits me down to a typewriter and says, "Now, Oakie, write down the things you don't like about yourself."

I give a quick double take and yell, "Hey, wait a minute, I'm an actor. What do you mean things I *don't* like about myself?"

You should have seen that Hamilton woman wither me with a glance. Well, make 'em up," she says and leaves me flat!

So here I am, an actor with pages to fill up about why I don't like me.

It's against nature, that's what it is.

Well, now let me see. I gotta put something down or that dame will kill me. I could put down I don't like myself for not wanting to get up in the morning, I suppose. Yep, I'll start out with that.

I don't like to get up in the morning and I don't like it because I don't.

Ingratitude in others is my first and

favorite hate. I don't like it in myself, either, so right here's a good time to express my gratitude to a couple of guys who helped me out of good jobs and into success. First is Paul Adler, who worked with me when I was a telephone clerk on the Stock Exchange. Yep, old Oakie, the Wall Street tycoon. My antics, especially the time I got mixed up in a fellow's order and sold instead of bought (will I ever forget it) must have tickled Adler or maybe he was trying to get rid of me. (Continued on page 91)



See-worthy: Ann Sheridan,  
who makes eyes at sailors  
in Warners' "Navy Blues"

*Madison Lacy*





Picture pretty as the  
poser, Merle Oberon  
of Korda's "Lydia"

*Coburn*







"The type every American mother would like for her son": Robert Stack of Universal's "Hellzapoppin"





# CASUAL CYCLONE

This is a story about a rising star. Neither story nor star will be what you expect. So take a deep breath—and meet Betty Field

**M**EET Betty Field for the first time and you feel a little cheated. She doesn't behave according to the formula. She doesn't even look the part.

By all odds, any twenty-three-year-old miss who has behind her a long stage history, but brilliant, and a screen debut so promising that she was immediately entrusted with the lead in Joseph Conrad's "Victory," opposite Fredric March, ought not to go around disillusioning people, even briefly. Especially those who happen to be awed by the fact that when Paramount offered her a job as a full-time star she said no dice and offered

a counter proposition (instantly accepted) whereby she'd toil six months annually for the studio and the other six for her true love, the stage.

Thus it happened that a short time ago, Broadway, the invincible, had been aglitter and ablush with the name Betty Field. On one side of the street a huge blue banner had shrieked her presence in the film "Of Mice and Men." Across the street a marquee had announced that she was starring in "Seventeen." And a few hundred feet north by east an electric sign had

**BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY**

twinkled brightly with her name in box letters under the legend, "Two on an Island," the Elmer Rice stage smash.

And here she was greeting us with a lackadaisical "Hi," after her brilliant stint in "The Shepherd of the Hills," which has thrown her up as a hot contender for the role of *Maria* in the famed "For Whom the Bell Tolls." She was caparisoned in a little brown suit with a white ascot tie and her honey hair tossed back over her head with such unpremeditated art that our mind wandered to Brenda Frazier and how she'd rather die than be caught with her hair so charmingly akimbo.

"Gad," we (Continued on page 94)



# How to Have Fun



The girl that sends hostess Maxwell out into the garden hunting roving males that are trailing her is not the glamorous beauty. She's three other things that pack a stagline smash

After reading this, all beautiful women will wish they weren't; all homely girls will be glad they are; and all men will shout, "Social leader Maxwell certainly knows her stuff!"

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

"If you really want to have a good time and be successful," advises Elsa Maxwell, "don't try to be beautiful. Because feminine beauty is the most overrated commodity in the world today. Pulchritude, glamour or whatever you want to call that thing so many women strive for won't help you have fun in life, be popular or win success.

"On the other hand, I claim that the girl without glamour, without much money, without ultra style and without scintillating brilliance can have more fun than any other person. Providing she has a sense of humor."

A radical statement, but coming from America's foremost authority on

how to be popular and have fun in life, it's one you can't laugh off. As for what this woman knows about winning success—well, let's take a peek at her accomplishments. Most of these, incidentally, are the fruit of her reluctance to accept maxims as gospel merely because they have whiskers.

She started disagreeing at the age of three, when she took exception to the way Adelina Patti, who was visiting her home, sang "Coming Through The Rye." So Elsa taught her how it ought to be sung. In return for her criticism she received a poke bonnet which the famous Patti sent her from Paris, with the hopes that it pleased her youngest singing teacher.

Elsa didn't agree that the French Riviera was exclusively a winter resort and set out to prove to the world that it was also a summer playground. Before she was through she was responsible for building the beaches, the tennis courts and summer pavilions at Monte Carlo and for bringing the smart set of Europe there for the summer as well as the winter. She didn't agree, either, that a certain patch of Florida wilderness was fit only for Seminole Indians, water moccasins and alligators. So she introduced Addison Mizner to Paris Singer, its owner, and the Everglades Club and Palm Beach resulted.

Elsa Maxwell started her varied



# Without Beauty



TIPS FROM ELSA MAXWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH ALSTON

career writing music, first in New York and then in London. Later she became a successful writer, specializing on the subject of human nature and how to enjoy life—at which she has always been an expert.

Staid English society took to her originality and humorous view of life and she soon became one of the "musts" at many English parties. Returning to America, she proceeded to introduce such novel and unusual parties to the social sets of New York and other American cities that she succeeded in breaking down the wall of distinction between the stiff shirts and the common people. As a result, she is credited with creating what is

now known as America's cafe society—a sort of blend of shirt sleeves and high hats.

Naturally, the unpredictable things she did convinced Hollywood that she was its kind of person and soon she was pitching filmdom's most ambitious parties.

Then the movies took a hand. Elsa put her writing, her social activities and her lecture tours on the shelf long enough to make "Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women" for Twentieth Century-Fox. Then Warner Brothers convinced her she should do a series of half a dozen shorts under the title "How to Get Fun Out Of Life." In these pictures she writes and stars

both. Meanwhile, Fox studios have signed her for two more pictures and she has a contract to go on the air.

When we asked Elsa Maxwell how she accounts for her own success, she replied with a knowing grin: "Oh, you mean in spite of my 200 pounds, my funny face and my fifty-six years?"

"Well, it's certainly not my sex appeal," she laughed. "And you wouldn't think it was my svelte grace, my glamour, my looks or my youth, would you? So it has to boil down to my sense of humor. I'm in this studio today, starring in my own pictures, because I never took myself seriously.

"YOU suggest I pass a little advice along on how to be popular and get ahead. I'll be glad to. I want to advise all girls, and women of all kinds, not to take themselves too seriously; and to understand people. Also, don't adopt a sophisticated attitude. Any time you have to affect sophistication you're being anything but that. Be unaffected at all times and see the other fellow's viewpoint. Get a sense of proportion. And get experience the natural way—by rubbing shoulders with people and learning to understand them.

"If you have a sense of proportion and a sense of humor you won't be handicapped by an inferiority complex, especially if you don't let not being beautiful worry you. You don't have to have beauty to get ahead. The most successful women I know are all plain. I think I'm a pretty healthy proof that you don't need 'looks' to be acceptable. (Continued on page 103)





"*I'm*

Lots of girls say that; few make it come true—but then, they probably wouldn't dare do what Martha Scott did

BY  
RUTH WATERBURY



# Going to Be Somebody"

IN the spring of 1935, toiling away in the basement of a gigantic New York department store, the obscure, ambitious Martha Scott refused to forget her dreams of theatrical triumph. She, who had been the pride of high-school plays in Kansas City, Missouri, the uncontested ingénue of the University of Michigan presentations, she who had done a season of Shakespeare at the Chicago Fair, now spent her mornings and afternoons selling kitchen utensils and her hurried lunch hours invading managers' offices.

She had moved from that shelter of unknown actresses, New York's Rehearsal Club, together with the two close friends she had met there, Joy Hathaway and Victory Abbott. Where it had cost each girl fifty dollars monthly to live at the Club, they now pooled their resources and found an apartment in an old brownstone house on Beekman Place, an aristocratic, old-fashioned street that faces New York's East River. This cost them

fifty dollars and they maneuvered their dates for most of their meals.

For all their penny pinching, life was very wonderful to the girls. They could sit in their tiny living room and hear the boats tooting on the river. When they gave their addresses at various agencies, they were aware of the elegant sound of it. They wrote home fulsome, glowing letters and they had, best of all, more dates than they could live up to. Joy was working quite regularly on the radio. Vicky became a fashion model. Martha threw into their pool her small department store wages, while they all waited for that eventual Broadway triumph that was to land them in lights, wealth and fame.

It was midsummer before Martha got her first break, a mere two weeks at the Dennis Cape Playhouse on Cape Cod. She threw up her department store job without hesitation and so good was she in those two brief weeks that she got hired, at the end of them, for another two at the Locust

Valley Playhouse, down on Long Island, and from there she got her first movie offer.

She was smart enough to turn it down. From the experiences of herself and Joy and Vicky, she knew of many other fledgling actresses who had gone to Hollywood, at their very first opportunity, only to get lost in the movie shuffle and to return to Broadway, defeated forever after. Besides, Martha was now sure that she would keep on working regularly.

But the two weeks at Locust Valley ended and nothing happened. She went the rounds again. She tried to see this manager and that. She got nowhere. Finally she landed a ten-dollar job opposite an unknown named Orson Welles. "Orson was frightening people even then," Martha now says. "He was doing 'The Sunday Night Ghost Stories' over CBS and I got the chance to be the girl who was scared to death by one of them."

Martha hoped that bit, with her summer stock (*Continued on page 92*)



Martha with Sol Lesser, who brought her to Hollywood for "Our Town," and husband Carleton Alsop (at her left), whom she first hated, then loved. Below: She and her mother visit James Gleason of "Mr. Jordan Comes to Town," starring Bob Montgomery, who wrote the tag line of this story





# Hearts and Flowers

How to say what you want to say  
when you want to say it—wordlessly

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



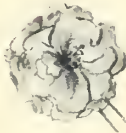
ILLUSTRATION BY  
MARY HORTON

*So you're a coquette at heart...*



Well, leave it to the primrose... You're not ready to settle down and you'd like to tell the constant suitor not to be so constant. So, next time he presses his suit too ardently, tuck a few fresh primroses in the belt of your dress or slacks. They mean "inconstancy" and with a bit of pointing up, he'll get the point, too.

*As a matter of fact, he'll probably retaliate with...*



A white camellia, which means "loveliness"—or why did you think they called Madeleine Carroll "camellia-puss" in "One Night in Lisbon"? You'll then wear the camellia as the only decoration on your starched black chiffon dress, plus a hat of black meline and black gloves to your elbow, thus bearing out every syllable of what the camellia says.

*Some day, some gentleman will give you a four-leaf clover...*



Which means, of course, "Be mine." If you're ready to cut the cake at his wedding, you'll sally forth to your next date dressed in a beige shantung suit and carrying a little bunch of rosebuds with myrtle, which is a confession of love. On the other hand, if you don't like the ties he wears, you'll put an end to this serious business by wearing a white carnation, which means disdain. You'll wear it the way clever gals are wearing their flowers—in a little gold flowerpot that looks like an important clip, but is so designed that it holds water, will keep fresh flowers fresh and will look knockout on your pastel linen suit.

*But if a male gives you a yellow rose...*



You'll know he's jealous of you. Now maybe he thinks he has reason to be. If he's wrong, you'll then unfurl your parasol—every summer siren carries a little printed one—and...

*Take some plain and simple daisies...*



Wire them on little invisible hairpins and tuck several of them in your hair. Thus, without a lot of expostulations, explanations and what-have-you, you'll get your point across, because a daisy always means "innocence."

*This, of course, will probably all end in...*



A present of deep red roses which says—ah, victory—"Will you marry me?" So you'll then assemble a trousseau which will include a bright flannel box-length coat and a Chinese house suit of shiny black cotton that you'll wear to bake your first biscuits. And on your wedding day you'll have the earrings that Hollywood is raving about—tiny ones constructed to hold water and fresh flowers. In them you'll have some lily of the valley which means, as Grandma would say, "You've fascinated me completely." But when you get to that point, you probably won't need the lily of the valley—you'll be talking double-talk yourself!





CLOTHES FOR

# Skylarking

This is the way a lady looks when she knows she's going to be looked at. Claudette Colbert takes the center of the stage in Paramount's "Skylark," has herself a wonderful time in a white suede crepe evening dress designed by Irene. The handclaps and hurrahs from the fashion-minded audience are due directly to adroit embroidery—a lotus design in gold and copper; and to the classic draping that says "Come follow me" to Miss Colbert's present co-star, Ray Milland, and a lot of other people





This is the way a lady can be cool, calm and collected when the thermometer starts playing tricks and takes a nose-dive at a summer eve. Miss Calbert wears the pride of Irene's heart—a waa' fingertip jacket and skirt suit of Indian brown overlaid on a beige background. If the "Skylark" customers can take their eyes off C. C. they'll see the way the plaids are matched; the diagonal treatment on the slit pockets and the lynx collar that will make the suit a special under an autumn moon.






... and this is the way to sally forth on a shopping spree and have all the shoppers wanting to buy your suit. This Irene offering is of autumn beige sheer wool marked by crescent pockets on a cutaway coat, a swirling skirt and two white piqué butterflies that catch the veiling of the off-the-face hat to the left shoulder of the suit. Carry a bronze bag to match your slippers and you'll set a suit style on any Main St. in the U. S. A.





This is the way to have your dancing partner want to cut capers with you—wear this black marquisette dinner dress. A leaf appliqué in black velvet is a stroke of Irene's genius, as are the high neckline, the little cap sleeves and the harem-type skirt that is overdressed in front and folded softly to below the knees in back. A delicate diamond necklace dresses a dress that will be one of the reasons you'll see "Skylark" over again





... and this is the way to pose informally of an Indian summer day—in a dove grey crepe slack suit with a tunic coat that buttons on the side and has an appliqué that is a dextrous accent by the deft Irene. The crisp white collar is just the touch for the square neckline; the wedge-soled grey shoes, laced ghillie fashion, match the pace Miss Colbert sets in "Skylark"





A miracle of science, of surgery, of faith is represented in Veda Ann Borg's face as it is today (above). Left: As she looked before the terrible accident

PHOTOPLAN combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# "I didn't have any face!"

A beautiful young girl . . . a swerving car—and tragedy. Veda Ann Borg speaks of it now for only one reason, a reason as inspiring as her story is appalling

**A**FTER the accident, they took me to the receiving hospital. I kept screaming for a mirror. Finally the nurse gave me one. She walked out of the room. They all left me, the two doctors, too. Hard-boiled as they were, accustomed as they were to the sight of pain and mutilation, they couldn't take it. I looked into the mirror. It isn't a pretty story to tell. It wasn't a pretty sight. *I didn't have any face. Not any face at all. . . .*

But that comes later. That is just one of the horrifying headlights in such a story of agony and courage, of ruin and of faith as I have never heard.

I said to the girl sitting opposite me,

fair as pale gold, and flawless, "Please, if you can bear it, begin at the beginning. . . ."

She did. I sat motionless, except for the moving of my pencil taking down every word she said. I spoke scarcely a word. I don't believe I breathed.

This is the story she told me:

Her face was all she had when she came to Hollywood. Her face and her figure. She'd had no dramatic experience of any kind. "I didn't even do high-school plays in Boston." She was doing commercial photography in New York. She needed only a face and a figure for that. Beauty, that was all she needed, anyway, wasn't it?

Then Paramount made a test of her.

They signed her to a contract and before she realized what was happening to her, she was on her way to Hollywood by plane.

She felt absolutely numb and she took it pretty big. She was very young, remember. And remember, most of all, that she was dazzlingly beautiful. She earned her living by her face. Now, on her way to Hollywood, she became even more conscious of a mirror than she had ever been before. Her hair had to be just so. A tiny mark on nose or chin were catastrophes. This was to make what happened later on all the more terrible, of course.

In a town where beauty-glutted eyes would look dully upon "the beauty that was Helen's," eyebrows lifted at the sensational sight of Veda Ann Borg. She was in Hollywood only three days when they handed her a script. She played the second lead opposite John Halliday in "Three Cheers For Love."

**A**T the end of six months, Warner Brothers signed her to a term contract. They started her off with second leads, in "San Quentin," "Kid Galahad," "She Loved a Fireman" and many others. They began to groom her for the build-up they later gave Ann Sheridan. The biggie executives had conferences with her and about her. She was told what to do and what not to do about her social life. No night-clubbing except with the right people. No romances in her life except such as the studio would "build" for her with the young men in her pictures. They began to send out publicity about her, all over the United States, South America, England. They had two or three pictures ready for her. One of them Ann Sheridan did later on—when Veda Ann was "written out of the script."

"I was riding the world and the bets were on the nose. I was sitting up there among the stars. Nothing could stop me. I bought clothes and more clothes. I did what many newcomers do in their first six dizzy months, I (Continued on page 72)

By **GLADYS HALL**

*To whom it may concern:  
You can have a new  
face too - there are other  
kinds of surgery besides  
plastic surgery: there is  
surgery of the mind and  
spirit. Here for the  
first time I am telling  
the complete story with  
the hope that it may  
give encouragement to  
those who need help as  
I needed it.  
Veda Ann Borg*



As the bomber rushed by, Gay screamed. "Bob!" she cried. "Something's wrong. That smoke. That's my father's signal!"



# FLIGHT *into* NOWHERE

*The story so far:*

Gay Stevens, who lives in San Diego with her father, Major Stevens, a retired Army officer, serves him as a test pilot in tryouts of his secret inventions for Army and Navy planes. She is in love with . . .

Bob Fuller, top Hollywood star, about whom there has been much gossip since his deferment from the draft. Only Gay and a few of his close friends know the truth—that Bob's lungs were injured in a studio

fire and that he is unfit for service. Gay had agreed to marry Bob and they were on their way to apply for the license when Bob was summoned to his Valley ranch by . . .

Muriel Cowley, Hollywood actress, with whom Bob's name had been linked. Muriel, on the verge of hysteria because the orphanage was sending an investigator to check up on the baby she had adopted, fell into Bob's arms when he arrived with Gay and the Major after a swift and nerve-

racking flight. But Gay realized that the hysteria had been merely a trick to bring Bob to the ranch. It was while Gay and Muriel were alone with the baby that the actress looked straight at Gay and said, "You're in love with Bob, aren't you—poor child. And I thought everyone knew about Bob and me. But you didn't even dream the baby was my own flesh and blood, did you?" Without a word Gay rose, walked out of the house and straight to . . .





She thought she could fly away from love. She didn't know that's one way a man finds out when a woman really cares

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER

Scupper Davis, Bob's pilot. Quietly she asked him to drive her and her father back to the plane. As Scupper jammed his foot on the starter, the patio door banged open and Bob came running after them. "Hey," he yelled, "Where you going?" Gay leaned over Scupper's shoulder, "Get us out of here fast," she said. "Do you hear me? Fast!"

IN the next few weeks Gay Stevens' white and gold plane kissed many landing fields in the West and the Midwest—kissed them, and held them a little while, and bade them farewell without regret.

And Gay wrote many postcards to her father. Messages like this:

"Having wonderful time in this quaint old city of Chicago. Please send check. Gay. Oh yes. P. S. How are you? Love."

She wrote these in lonely little hotel rooms late at night, or in strange and dreary hangars or airfield offices, or in such restaurants as served postcards with the menus.

Occasionally she wired.

"Ceiling zero funds ditto hope your erysipelas better moving on tomorrow love to Axel."

In Detroit she received a long letter from the Major which was all about his work on a new bomber, and which she hurried through until she found the important paragraphs.

"By the way, there was a red plane that used to fly in here every day, carrying a most importunate young man. At first I thought him a bill collector, he was so insistent on seeing you. I explained you were taking an extended course in geography, and he hasn't come back.

"When are you coming home? I'll bet the old folks miss you. And I'll bet you'd have a lot of fun helping your asthmatic old father in his work. The old boy hasn't been the same since you left. In fact, nobody has. And quit sending love to Axel. I had

to let him go. As I told you once before, he talks too much. Well, so do I. So be reasonable, and sweet, my dear. Come on home."

Gay read the letter in the lobby of her hotel, and went immediately to the telegraph desk.

"Will come at my own sweet time," she wrote. "See you at breakfast tomorrow."

As she finished writing she became aware that a man was looking over her shoulder, reading the message. She turned and looked into the face of Scupper Davis.

"Aw, Miss Smoky," he said, "I mean Miss Stevens. It's swell you're going home. The boss'll be glad when I get him on the phone."

"Down, fury, down," Gay said to herself.

Aloud she said, "How long have you been following me, Mr. Davis?"

"Only a few days."

Against her will, Gay laughed—and with genuine amusement. She suddenly realized that Scupper was a likable person.

"You might have let me know," she said. "We could have gone places. I'm really glad to see you, Mr. Davis. I didn't know a girl could be so lonesome."

Scupper thrust out a hand to her, a big red hand.

"And me thinking you a dumbbell," he grinned. "But then the way you lit out, without a good-bye or anything—and the way the boss went cuckoo—say, won't you say hello to him?"

Gay shook her head.

"That's all over, Mr. Davis. I don't want to talk to him, nor do I want to talk about him."

She had a sudden, and condensed, recollection of all the lonely hours in the last weeks when she tried not even to think of him and then went out to walk through the streets of some strange city to find herself staring at his name on the marquee of a theater; or picked up a newspaper to

lose herself and her own troubles for a little while, and saw his name or his picture staring at her.

"He's a sick man," Scupper said. "The papers won't quit riding him. People in Hollywood give him the ice when they don't turn on the heat. He still gets white feathers in every mail. He doesn't care about that. But when you walked out—"

"He sent you to find me?"

Scupper sighed. "And what a job! Look, can't you give the guy another chance? It looks to me like you ain't exactly having a picnic, running away. And here's how I figure it. If a dame really hates a guy she snoots him, but she sticks around the old diggings. She don't care whether she sees him or not. But when she wants to get far away, well maybe she can't trust herself being near him."

Gay looked at her wrist watch. "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll go up and pack, and comb my hair. I'll meet you here in the lobby in fifteen minutes. You can take me to the airport and buy me a hamburg and a cup of coffee. And when you see Mr. Fuller—"

"Yeah, I know," Scupper interrupted, "I'll tell him you're coming home—but you don't want to see him."

"Right. See you later."

Fifteen minutes later, as Gay and Scupper headed for a taxi, she stopped and bought a pipe for her father.

"The poor invalid," she said, "has four pipes now, and he calls them after the Evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. I guess we'll have to call this one Paul. You think he'll like it?"

Scupper examined the beautiful briar and lit a cigarette.

"I wouldn't know," he said. "The boss likes pipes. He's got a hundred at least, and he's always buying more. But me, I got to be careful of my health. So I smoke cigarettes."

In the taxi Gay started to sing;



and Davis joined in the song, surprising her with the sweetness of his voice.

"California, here I come  
Right back where I started from."

All the way across the skies Gay sang snatches of that song, shouted it to the brilliant stars and to the fallow moon. It made her happy, and it made her sad.

She tried to sing it as her plane landed at San Diego and she saw her father striding toward her. She tried valiantly. But a lump came into her throat and choked the song; and all she could do when she threw herself into her father's arms was to say over and over again, "Oh, it's so good to be home; it's so good to be home!"

EVERYTHING seemed so strange, in spite of the fact that it was so familiar. The house seemed to have shrunk, and to have grown more beautiful. The garden had never been so lovely, or so vast. And her father had never seemed so young, so gay, so very very dear.

"Everything is so different," she exclaimed.

"So? I hadn't noticed that. Except the hangar, of course. Our hangar."

"The hangar? What's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong, exactly. But we're taking no chances. We don't know what Axel may have told in his cups, or how many people he may have talked to. So we've taken most of the gadgets out and put them in the Army hangar, which is protected day and night. We have nothing but the old O. J. and the new bomber. The General's having them moved tonight. We'll put dummies in the hangar, and a cot."

"For heaven's sake, Major. A cot?"

"A man's got to sleep sometimes. I'll have to work nights now, at the Government hangar—and make believe I'm working all day in my own place."

"You think there are spies watching you?"

"Perhaps not. But we can't take too many precautions. Those two planes are loaded down with secrets. If any spy tampered with them or— or anything—"

"Dad! Why, I've never seen you so serious in all my life. You're really worried. I'm worried, too."

She shoved herself away from the table, pushed her father's chair out

and sat in his lap, as she hadn't done in years.

"You're keeping something from me," she accused him. "There's danger."

The Major stroked her hair and blew down the back of her neck and held her a little closer to him.

"No," he said. "Get that out of your mind. There's no danger, but I'll feel a lot better once the bomber and the pursuit ship are properly protected. There are things of incalculable value to the United States in those planes and nothing must happen to them. In an emergency, the planes must be blown up. They must never be captured!"

the receiver off the hook and smiled to see that Gay had not stirred. He spoke gently into the mouthpiece.

"Hello. Yes. Yes. All worn out, poor kid, but happy. Yes. Sound asleep. Oh, any time. I expected you sooner. Well, give her time to wake up and primp."

The receiver clicked. Gay opened her eyes and closed them again. "Why did you tell him to come?"

The Major spoke quietly. "Because I think my girl is a big enough woman to accept an apology."

"Whose apology?" said Gay cautiously.

It was a moment before the Major answered. He was, seemingly, intent on filling his pipe. Then—"Muriel Cowley's."

Gay jumped to her feet, faced her father squarely. "Dad," she said, "it isn't a matter of accepting anybody's apology. I just don't think or act or feel the way they do. They're in another world whose standards are different. I can't ever be a part of that world!"

"Oh, I don't know," said the Major quizzically. "Leaving Muriel out for the moment, I don't know that your standards are so much more exalted than young Fuller's."

Gay's voice was a whisper. "I don't know that they are either, Dad. But he's Muriel's. Or if he isn't, he ought to be."

"Not at all," said the Major, with surprising flatness.

"What do you mean?"

"Gay," said the Major, gazing out the window at a car that was pulling up on the field, "in the next few moments you're going to learn some interesting things. Your future happiness will depend on how good a sport you can be.

how big a person you are."

Gay's eyes followed his gaze out the window. The door of the car opened and with tight lips and a sinking heart, Gay saw Muriel Cowley get out. Hungrily she searched for another figure, but there was none.

"Snap out of it, Sergeant," the Major said softly. "And remember your dad would love to have you as an old spinster to keep his home all the days of his life."

Gay stepped through the door and with her father's words ringing in her ears, "Your future happiness—" moved forward. Trying desperately to sound cordial, she extended her hand to Muriel. (Continued on page 70)

## THE BIGGEST NEWS OF THE YEAR!

Photoplay-Movie Mirror has succeeded in capturing for its readers one of the prize plums of 1941. It's—

### I WAKE UP SCREAMING!

by Steve Fisher, young top-flight writer of Liberty and Cosmopolitan magazines.

● Twentieth Century-Fox Studio thinks so much of it that they are assigning a name-packed cast of their biggest stars.

● We think so much of it that we are bringing you the complete novel.

● You will think so much of it that you'll wake up screaming, too, when you read this most exciting story ever to be born of the flesh and bones of Hollywood in the

OCTOBER PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR

"The ships go to the army at sundown?" Gay asked.

"Figuratively speaking. As soon as it's dark. Want to go down to the hangar and wait with me? There won't be much to do except sit and read, but we'll have to stay there and pretend I'm working."

It was cool in the hangar, and quiet. Gay hadn't slept in twenty-four hours and now she fell quietly asleep. The Major pulled down a window blind to shade her from the too-brilliant sun and then tiptoed across the floor to the wall telephone, as though he expected it to ring.

It did ring, before he reached it. He looked guiltily around as he took



# Your January Face Powder is a "Beauty-Thief" in Summer!



**Last winter's powder** was right with your fairer winter skin. But as the summer sun deepens the tone of your complexion, don't cover its rich, new summer-time beauty with a pale winter-time powder!



**Dramatize your summer skin**... wear a powder that seems part of your new beauty. Put away that old winter face powder. Find your lucky summer shade *now* in Lady Esther Twin-Hurricane Powder!



## Find your Lucky Summer Shade In My Twin-Hurricane Powder

**H**AVEN'T you noticed how your complexion has changed in the past weeks—how it has deepened, taken on rich new tones?

Summer brings an exciting beauty of its own to the skin! But so many women innocently spoil this new beauty by fading it out with a winter-time powder.

This summer, be fair to your new beauty. Be *dazzling* instead of drab. Wear a powder that does things for you—that

really dramatizes your summer skin!

Years ago I was first to use a mighty air-current to refine face powder, to make it more enduring in its cling, more flattering to you.

**Blown to Exquisite Softness—  
by my Twin-Hurricane Method!**

Today, Twin-Hurricanes buff and smooth my powder to almost unbelievable fineness—making it softer and more even-textured than any I've ever known.

That's why my powder goes on so smoothly—why its clinging flattery stays with you 4 long hours or more.

Women by the thousands tell me that my Twin-Hurricane powder brings out all the natural beauty of the skin—makes

it look softer, smoother, fresher—yes, and even younger... sometimes *much* younger!

**Try all nine shades FREE**

Every shade of Lady Esther Face Powder is a miracle of color perfection. One particular shade will help to bring a magic glow to your face... new light to your eyes and hair... new loveliness to you! That is your *lucky* shade. Wear it gaily, happily. Send the coupon right now—and receive all nine shades FREE!



*Lady Esther*  
**FACE POWDER**

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER,  
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (71)  
Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your  
9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of  
your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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



## Flight into Nowhere

(Continued from page 68)

"It was good of you to take the trouble to come down here, Miss Cowley."

"Thanks," Muriel clung to the hand gratefully. She couldn't speak for a moment. "I couldn't have done what you just did if you had done what I did a few weeks ago."

"Let's not talk about it," Gay found herself swallowing hard.

"But that's what I'm here for," Muriel interposed. "I'll be honest with you. I probably wouldn't have come if Bob hadn't made me. He said I owed it to my baby to clear his name of that frightful mess I got us all into."

"Then suppose you tell the baby," Gav said, a little stiffly.

"No, please, Gay. I know who really needs to be cleared. It's Bob. He's been in hell ever since you went away—all on account of me. Muriel Cowley has found something she can't have and she's got to be fair enough to see that the woman who should have it gets it.

"YOU see," she continued almost pleadingly, "Bob and I are sort of thirty-second cousins. We were practically raised together. He's been a combination of big brother and beau to me ever since I can remember."

"But you married someone else, didn't you?" Gay prompted.

"Yes, Bob's best friend. Bob didn't approve of the marriage because he didn't think I was the type to make a go of it. Then when it showed signs of going on the rocks, Bob suggested adopting the baby. That baby has been the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me."

"Then the baby isn't really yours and—" Gay couldn't bring herself to say the words.

"No, Gay. I've never been so ashamed of anything in my life as I am of what I said that day. I don't know what got into me. Devils, I guess. I told a lot of half-truths that were horribly misleading. You see, I'd never seen Bob look at another girl as he did at you. I'd always considered him as my property in a sort of way. Well, that isn't right. It isn't fair to him—or you."

Muriel reached out an impulsive hand. "It's hope you'll be very happy, my dear."

Gay took Muriel's hand gratefully. She was about to reply when a voice spoke behind her.

"How's the appeasement party coming on?"

Gay whirled to find Fuller's powerful figure towering over her. "Wonderfully!" To save her soul, she couldn't have kept the glad leap out of her voice. "It's the most successful appeasement drive in history."

"Swell." His tone included both girls but his eyes were for Gay alone. "Look, Muriel, Scupper's due in any minute with the plane. How about—"

"I know," Muriel smiled gallantly. "Pardon me while I scan the skies." She walked away, pointedly swinging her parasol between herself and the two she had brought together.

"AH—SORT OF missed out on the kind of greeting old friends usually give each other when they haven't met for a long time." Bob's eyes were on Gay with the thirst a man brings to a cool spring.

Gay felt her face go crimson. "What kind of greeting?" she asked softly.

"This." He swept her into his arms and pressed his lips hard against hers. "Promise not to fly away again—at least,

not without me."

"Never," Gay whispered. "Hold me tight, darling."

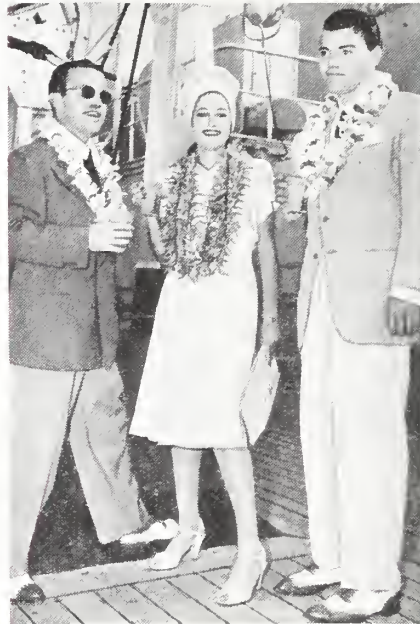
"I'll hold you forever and ever." Bob's voice was low and husky. "I'll never let you go again."

Gay managed to free a hand long enough to put a finger against Bob's mouth.

"Don't talk of that. Don't ever refer to what I've gone through, away from you. We have all the rest of our lives to live together, but not a minute to waste on the misery that has passed."

Bob kissed the finger, and spoke against it.

"If it was awful for you," he said, "think what it must have been for me. But no, you're right. We'll never have time to remember all that. After we're



Atmosphere as ordered: The romantic Dorothy Lamour and Greg Bautzer (at her left) get the traditional romantic welcome of leis and pineapple juice upon their arrival in Hawaii. They are accompanied by Jack Huber, a friend of Attorney Bautzer's

married—and what's the matter with being married today?"

Gay shut her eyes. "It's the most wonderful day ever made for a wedding," she said. "The most wonderful day ever made."

A sound from the direction of the hangar made her start suddenly. She looked over towards it and saw a number of men strolling in through the open door. One of the men, she noticed, was in uniform. Maybe that was the general her father had mentioned. He was too far away for Gay to note his rank.

She heard the sound of motors warming up inside the near-by hangar.

Yes, those must be the pilots the Major expected. But they were early. Hours early. She felt uneasy.

"Queer," Bob said.

"What's queer?"

"Your father's warming up the motors while the ships are in the hangar."

Gay laughed in her relief. "Oh, he always does that. He's been studying smoke and fumes for years. He has a suction gadget that draws up the smoke into some kind of tank. His idea is there may still be some value in it."

Over the sound of the motors, they heard Muriel's voice. She was walking towards them with Scupper Davis. "Look what I found," she called gaily.

"Well, well, well," Scupper shouted, waving to Gay. "Fawncy meeting you here. Everything okie dokie? Say—"

The bombing plane, a great gray monster, shot out of the hangar. It rushed across the field and was gone, leaving little jets of black thick smoke behind it.

Gay screamed and paled. "Bob!" she cried. "Something's wrong. That smoke. That's my father signaling."

She started running toward the hangar, Bob and Scupper keeping pace with her. There was blood on the cement floor and a man lying there.

"Axel!"

She shook him, hard.

"They shot me," he said. "But I got one of them. They made me bring them here. They made me, Gay."

"Spies," Bob said. "They've kidnapped the bomber."

He leaped toward the pursuit plane and saw a dead man there, slumped in the cockpit.

"My father's in that bomber," Gay said. Her voice was calm and steady. She was beyond all screaming now. She rushed toward the telephone. Scupper and Bob removed the dead man from the plane. Bob jumped in.

"The phone's dead," Gay called. "They cut the wires."

"Jump into the car and notify the Army."

"No. I'm going with you." "I'm taking Scupper. He can handle a machine gun."

For the first time Gay noted the old O. J. had been made into a two-seater, and that the rear seat was provided with an ugly-looking gun on a swivel.

"I can handle one too. And there are ten guns in the wings. You touch a button. You aim the plane and touch a button. Bob, that bomber must be shot down. You hear? My father's in it, but it must be shot down."

"We'll shoot it down. For God's sake, Scupper, get in. Get in."

"No," Gay said. "I'm going. Scupper, get out of my way."

Scupper brushed by Gay and pulled himself onto a wing. He motioned to someone back of Gay. Gay wheeled around, not knowing what to expect, and found herself in Muriel's arms. Before she realized it, the pursuit plane was streaking across the field. Gay broke away and ran after it.

"Follow the smoke," she screamed, "and leave some smoke of your own. There'll be a hundred army pilots looking for you in ten minutes."

She stopped running, and waited until Muriel reached her.

"They couldn't hear me," she said bleakly. "They couldn't hear me."

Don't miss the thrilling conclusion of this up-to-the minute story of Hollywood in the air. Watch for your copy of October PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR.

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# SHE'S FAMOUS - SHE'S BEAUTIFUL

Popular Girls Everywhere  
take her tip...

It's as simple  
as

1



I NEVER NEGLECT  
MY DAILY **LUX SOAP**  
**ACTIVE-LATHER**  
**FACIAL**. PAT THE  
LATHER LIGHTLY IN

2



RINSE WITH  
WARM WATER,  
THEN A DASH  
OF COOL

3



PAT YOUR SKIN DRY.  
NOW IT FEELS  
**SMOOTHER**, SOFTER.  
LOVELY SKIN  
WINS ROMANCE!

STAR OF RKO'S  
"MR. & MRS. SMITH"

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This lovely Hollywood favorite shows you how to give skin screen-star care right in your own home! Lux Toilet Soap's **ACTIVE** lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics—gives skin gentle, thorough care it needs. Why don't YOU try **ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS** for 30 days!

9 OUT OF 10 SCREEN STARS USE LUX TOILET SOAP



## "I Didn't Have Any Face!"

(Continued from page 65)

went hysterically Hollywood. I bought a silver fox coat the first minute I could. Why not? Lots more where that came from . . . I bought myself a beautiful diamond wrist watch.

"My agent told me, 'They're going to give you this build-up. You'll have interviews, they'll want home sittings, you'll have to entertain, you must live as a star should live.' That was fine with me. I went out to Toluca Lake and leased but a mansion.

"I was very gay. I went out with Eddie Norris, with Wayne Morris occasionally, was practically engaged to Everett Crosby, who has since married. I was reported engaged to Bob Ritchie. I didn't know the man, hadn't even met him. No matter, I was one of The Girls. I was walking along the highway Jean Harlow had walked before me, Joan Crawford, Ginger Rogers, Hedy Lamarr, all the beautifuls and brilliants.

"My mother advised me to take singing lessons, dancing lessons, advised me to 'better myself.' Did I? I did not. I thought I didn't need any 'bettering.'

"I was just five days in production on 'One More Tomorrow' when the accident happened. Someone on the set, I remember, made some crack about the title's being 'unlucky' because, they said, no one can be sure of any tomorrow, not even one. I tossed it off. Nonsense, I thought. I have millions of tomorrows.

"ON the night of the accident, I went to the fights with Dick Purcell. We had dinner at the Brown Derby first—everyone in Hollywood has dinner at the Derby on fight nights. George Raft was in there that night. He called over to me, 'Baby, you're looking wonderful!' Eddie Albert told me, 'Gee, you look marvelous!' I remember having a sudden realization of how divine it is to be young and to be considered beautiful.

"We went to the fights. After the fights, we stopped a couple of places and danced

and wound up for coffee at Travaligni's. Then we started home. I was dead tired. We were driving along Cahuenga Pass, about forty miles an hour, and just before you come to a drive-in called The Berries, there is a little red stoplight. We didn't stop. Not because we didn't see it, but because there seemed to be no other traffic and almost no one ever stopped for it, anyway.

"Then we saw one other car coming down the other side of the road, going toward Hollywood. I remember noticing the white line in the road between us. Then—something happened. What, we will never know. Not even at the inquest was the cause of the accident determined. It must have been that one of us skidded. The smash happened right in front of The Berries. It is a pretty long place, but when we came to a stop at last, we were 150 yards beyond it, headed toward town, having turned over and around three times.

"I was catapulted through the windshield which was not shatterproof glass. I snapped back out of that mess of broken glass and into the car again, with terrific force. Then my face smashed against the dashboard, then snapped back again and smashed against the handle of the door. I was knocked out. Unconscious.

"WHEN I came to, it was all very vague. I didn't know where I was. I didn't know what had happened. I heard voices all around me . . . now and then words would detach themselves from the hum . . . 'Oh, she must be dead' . . . 'She is badly hurt' . . . 'Look at all the blood' . . . 'If an ambulance doesn't come' . . . 'Poor thing' . . . I remember feeling a little sick, not so much from pain as from the gloating I seemed to sense in their voices . . . someone handed me a towel . . . I realized I was alone in what was left of the car . . . I felt a lot of holes in my face. But I still didn't

know . . . I kept going out and coming back again. . . .

"They took me to the receiving hospital. I still didn't get how badly I was hurt. Cuts, I thought vaguely, cuts . . . they kept mopping my face. Mascara, I heard them say, mascara is all there is left on her face. That must have been intended to be funny. Somebody laughed.

"I finally asked for a mirror. I still wasn't frightened, but I was curious. No one paid any attention to me. I said, 'Will you give me a mirror?' No one answered me. Two nurses and two doctors were working over me. They kept whispering, 'Get the sutures, get the clips, get the basins.' I said, 'I'm going to scream my head off if I don't get a mirror!'

"The nurse finally handed me a mirror, then she walked out on me while I looked. They all left me—the two doctors, too. They left me alone in there—without a face.

"Because I looked and I saw—what was almost hamburger, ground round I'm sorry to give such a gruesome description, but it's the only one that fits. And to understand the miracle that is to come, it is necessary to understand how bad it was. It was raw flesh, that's all. My nose was gone. My right eye was so badly cut it looked gone, too. Simply, there was no face there at all.

"Still it didn't really get through to me. I know, now, that I'd had a concussion and my mind wasn't functioning normally. Which was merciful.

"By the time my mother and father got there, they had sewn up my face. They took sixty-eight stitches. They had me bandaged. It was not possible to give me an anesthetic or even a shot. In accident cases, they are afraid to, for they don't know what condition the heart may be in.

"Meantime, they had got in touch with the studio. Instructions were given to take me to the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital where all emergency expenses would be taken care of. Meantime, also my own doctor had been called. I got to the Cedars about 4:30 in the morning. By 6:30 I was in the ambulance again, sirens shrieking, on my way to the Queen of the Angels Hospital where my doctor operates.

"I WAS not to leave that hospital again for thirty-two weeks.

"They got me up to the operating room at 10:30 that morning. I was there until 4:30 that afternoon. The most painful part was when he broke my nose and set it again. No, no anesthetic, no shots. I'd lose consciousness for a few minutes then come to again. I lost my fear of dying during those five hours. There is something so beautiful about release from pain and fear. Release from anything. I think, must always be relief. I knew then, that that is what Death is—release.

"And during those five hours, toward the end of them when it did begin to seem more than I could take, something happened to me. I don't know that I can describe it very clearly. I can only tell what I felt. And I felt as though something had been put into my hands, something tangible, something I could hold on to, something firm and strong. I don't know what to call it. I think I'd just name it Faith, faith that I would be all right, faith in miracles."

They took her back to her room after five hours of such torture as few human beings live to tell. And then, for two months, she didn't know anything at all. The concussion (Continued on page 74)



Double-punch picture: A close-up of Veda Ann Borg as she will look in her new picture, "Down in San Diego"; and a first look at a "first"—Ray McDonald, who has front offices concentrating on him as a result of his spectacular work in the newest Andy Hardy film





Off to ask a personal question. These girls are all professional investigators. Between May 23rd and June 9th of this year, they conducted a softness test in Erie, Pa. Over a thousand women made the test. They were asked to feel two napkins—and say which was softer. One was a leading brand of “layer-type” napkin. The other was Modess, a “fluff-type” napkin. All these women were users of the “layer-type” napkin. Yet 870 out of 1036 said, “Modess is softer”!

## These Girls Ask Questions for a Living!

In Erie, Pa., they found that 870 out of 1036 users of another napkin said, “Modess is softer!”



They didn't know which was which. Women making the test had no way of knowing which napkin they were voting for. All identifying marks were completely concealed. The investigator simply asked each woman to feel both napkins and say which was softer. And Modess won—870 to 166!



Investigator Arlene Larson relaxes while checking her reports. They so overwhelmingly favored Modess that each investigator was asked to sign an affidavit swearing her report was accurate and that she had conducted each test in an impartial manner. The investigators themselves didn't know who sponsored the test.



Astonishing figures. When the results were added up, 870 out of the 1036 “layer-type” users had said, after feeling both napkins, that the “fluff-type” napkin (Modess) was softer! Isn't it amazing that women could go on using one type of napkin without realizing that another and newer type might be softer?

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? That is something you can answer only by actually *trying* Modess. Buy a box of Modess today. Learn for yourself if it gives you the same comfort that has won millions of loyal users. You can buy Modess in the regular size, or Junior Modess—a slightly narrower napkin—at your favorite store.

# Modess

870 OUT OF 1036 ERIE, PA. WOMEN SAID—“IT'S SOFTER!”



(Continued from page 72)

caught up with her. She was more in coma than out of it. That, she believes, saved her nerves.

During that two months of almost total unconsciousness, they kept Veda's face bandaged because of the injury to her eye. When, finally, they took the bandages off, again she asked for a mirror, but this time she was afraid to ask. This time her mind was clear, the state of shock had passed. She said:

"They handed me a mirror. I can see myself now, sitting up in bed, bright sunlight painting the room, glinting on the mirror. It took me a long, long time to look into it. I'd raise it halfway to my face, then put it down again. I heard the nurse say, 'Shall I hold it for you?' Her voice didn't sound natural. I looked at her. She was standing with her back to me. That should have warned me. That, and the fact that the doctor, too, had gone after removing the bandages. It did, I think.

"I looked. I think that was the bravest act I ever did in my life. I looked and I could swear I screamed. But I couldn't have. The nurse didn't seem to hear anything. I think it is that the worst screams make no noise. My nose was all out of line, all crooked. The scars were bumpy and hideously disfiguring. The lid of one eye drooped because of the scar tissue that was pulling it down. I said to myself 'Cooked!'

"It's funny, the silly things you think of at such a moment. I thought of George Raft's saying, that last night in the Derby, 'Baby, you're looking wonderful! . . . the night before Winchell had had it in his column that 'Veda Ann Borg will never face a camera again' . . . I laughed when I read that. I felt like writing him that, for once, he didn't have the whole story; that he should have added, 'If she does, she'll break it!'

I began to get the going-down-for-the-third-time feeling. I had a living to earn and I had only one way to earn it—my face. So what? My father's business had gone absolutely to pot. It was up to me, all of it. True, the studio had been wonderful. They had taken up my option—and after the accident. That was more than a beau geste; it was a beautiful and a generous thing to do. But my option would expire at the end of six months. Not even a studio could continue to take to its heart a girl with a shockingly disfigured face.

Then, again, as if something had been slipped into my hand as I was drowning, something to hold on to, that Thing again, that strength, that Faith . . . and this time I actually seemed to hear words spoken, too. 'You've got a job to do,' the voice said, 'do it.' I knew what that meant. I did have a job to do, the job of getting myself a miracle.

"I LAID down the mirror (I must have been staring into it all that time) and said to the nurse, 'Send for Dr. Ginsberg, please, nurse.'

"At first I couldn't figure how I knew about Dr. Ginsberg, then I remembered words I had heard while I was semi-conscious, words that came back to me, then, in fragments . . . a name, the name of Dr. Ginsberg . . . 'He is really sensational, he can fix any face. . . .'

"Dr. Ginsberg was away, I was told. He would not be back for six weeks. I don't believe I'm exaggerating when I say those were the longest, the hardest, the most painful weeks of them all. Day after day, week after week, lying there alternating between hope and despair.

"All the while, a voice kept going on and on inside my head, saying, He will be able to help you!

"He came back. He came in to see me.



## Star Finds IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

**NEW HAIR-DO:** There's nothing that gives more lift to your spirits than a new hair-do. If you're seeking inspiration, look at Ginger Rogers in "Tom, Dick and Harry." Her top hair is brought forward in a bang and the ends slightly curled. Side hair is brushed up and ends turned forward to add to the curled bang. The back hair is brushed straight down and the ends curled casually for softness.



**KID STUFF:** If your little daughter persists in biting her fingernails or appears at the dining table with grimy hands and nails, take a tip from the child psychologists—appeal to her femininity. Few little girls can resist the manicure set the Cutex people have made especially for them. It holds cuticle oil, nail shampoo, hand cream, orange-wood stick, nail file and emery board. No colored polish, of course, but a buffer and some powder polish instead. Cutex Child's Set "Your Very Own" is \$1.25 at drug and department stores.



**DON'T GET THE CREEPS:** If a creeping collar gives you the fidgets, here's the answer: It's a Dickee-Bra—a combination collar-vestee and brassiere, all in one piece, designed to be worn with sweaters, street suits and slacks. It opens in back and is



slipped on so your hair is not disturbed nor lipstick smeared and it stays in place with nary a bulge or wrinkle. The Dickee-Bra, only \$1.00 at leading department stores.

**UNMASK YOUR BEAUTY:** It's a good idea to pamper your face occasionally with a mask treatment. Primrose House Make-Up Mask does wonders in erasing tired lines and smoothing the skin. You just smooth on the fluffy pink cream mask and lie down for fifteen minutes or so. When the satiny film is washed away, your face and neck will look fresh, dewy and radiant. Only \$1.25 for a fat jar holding at least a dozen treatments. At leading drug and department stores.

I hadn't had my face washed in two months. A nurse had been detailed to watch me while I slept just to make sure I didn't bump my nose. Dr. Ginsberg came in, pulled my face about, poked it and pushed it.

"Then he said, 'Dot's all right, I fix it.'

"There may be more beautiful words written, said or sung. But in all my life I shall never again hear words so beautiful to me."

Three days later, Veda went up to the operating room again. Dr. Ginsberg gave her a local anesthetic. He refractured her nose. He cut out a piece of cartilage behind her ear to remake her nose. It didn't grow. The next time he took a piece of her rib to make the new nose. In time, that did grow. Ten separate times she went into the operating room. The face, she explained, can stand only so much of the local anesthesia so that the work has to be done a little at a time. Sometimes she had to wait six to eight weeks between operations because, if they are done too closely together, the patient is liable to a condition similar to skin cancer.

During one of the waits between operations, Veda Ann went home for one week. The studio had begun to ask when she was coming back. Veda went to the studio, a veil covering the upper half of her face. She said, "They saw that I would never photograph again." She knew the work was progressing, she knew a miracle was slowly coming to pass because she knew what it had been like in the beginning. But there were still scars, some of them unhealed . . . and it had been a long, long while.

It was then that her studio dropped the option. A little more of her heart was broken. Because, although the break was made as kindly, as gently and as generously as possible—the studio paid her all she would have earned for the next six months—a dropped option is bitter medicine, however sugarcoded.

THEN, at last, at the end of thirty-two weeks, Dr. Ginsberg took off the last bandage. Then, for the third time, Veda Ann was handed a mirror. And behold, the miracle! A miracle of science, a miracle of surgery, a miracle of faith, too, and patience and pain borne without a whimper. For where there had been "no face at all," there was a beautiful face, more beautiful than the face that had been destroyed. This time, as Veda Ann stared into the mirror, the tears did come, tears which told the great plastic surgeon what words could never say so well.

"I . . . why, I looked younger." Veda Ann told me, almost whispering. "My face was softer than it ever had been before. My eyes seemed to be larger than they had been before. My nose was just a shade shorter, which was wonderful. And there was something in my face that hadn't been there before."

That "something" Dr. Ginsberg, great sculptor of human flesh though he is, did not put there, I'm sure. That was put there when Veda Ann, in the midst of tragedy, found something strong to hold on to, had faith enough and courage enough to hold on.

"So, at last, I went home," she said, "I was very happy about my face but very depressed about financial things. I still had a few scars and I didn't know how long it would take them to fade. I knew I couldn't do screen work. People have asked me, 'Why didn't you go back to Warners?' But Warners had Ann Sheridan by that time. I had been 'written out of the script.' I looked better than I had ever looked, true. But I knew, then, that beauty was not enough. And



that's all I was known for, pictorial quality. Ironically, I also knew now that I could act as I had not been able to act before.

"Now I wouldn't need directors to put emotions into me. They had been put there by the greatest Director of all. But how to prove it? I knew I couldn't model, either. Both jobs require the same thing—the face. I thought of trying for a salesgirl's job.

"Then I had my picture made for the doctor. It came out so beautifully that the photographer asked me if he might display it.

"So I could photograph, I did photograph . . . possibly, maybe, could it be that—Winchell was wrong?"

"A talent scout saw the picture and asked who I was. He came to see me. He was enormously excited when he knew who I was. He said, 'You can make a tremendous comeback.' He talked me into getting an agent. I still thought I had nothing to gain, but, on the other hand, I had nothing to lose, either. I got a small part in a picture called 'The Shadow' with Victor Jory.

"Then nothing happened except days and weeks of going from studio to studio, sitting in casting offices, being told, 'We have no okay to give you a test. Very sorry. Very sorry.'

"It was around the first part of last January that my agent, a new agent, called me. He said, 'Dress up as sharp as a tack and meet me at M-G-M in an hour.' I was there. Director Harold Bucquet interviewed me for the part of *Julie* in 'The Penalty', starring Lionel Barrymore and Edward Arnold. I found that Virginia Grey, who had been cast for the part, had been taken ill. Two other girls were up for the part and as I came out another girl went in. I went home wondering whether I'd had any answer to my department store applications.

"I just got in the house when the phone rang. I was told to return to M-G-M for a fitting.

"I was given a chance at the part. The arrangement was that I was to work the first day on a day-check. If I didn't suit them, they would get someone else. Next to the six weeks of days I waited for Dr. Ginsberg, that was the most nervous day of my life, I know. That was a Monday. On Tuesday, they saw the rushes. They must have liked me because on Wednesday I was signed to a thirty-day option. Thirty days is an awfully long time to wait, too, under such circumstances.

"The picture was previewed and the reviews the next day were terrific. I was 'sensational.' I was 'Queen of the Sweater Girls,' I was the 'Blonde Bomber.'

"Still nothing happened. Another tense week.

"Then a call from Mr. Benny Thau's office. Would I come over to see him? When I walked out of Mr. Thau's office, I had a seven-year contract in my hands.

"Now, once again," said Veda Ann, slowly, "thanks to a miracle, thanks to a great man, I am walking along the highway again, the highway Jean Harlow walked, and Joan Crawford, and the others.

"But now I walk at a different pace. Not only my face is changed. I am not so cocky as I used to be. Now I don't care any more about running around. Now I just want to work, that's all, just work. I want time to savor this miracle that has happened to me. I want time to thank the Great Director."



# What!

## NO DISHES?

You have just bought a piano, a living-room rug, a fine watch, or some similar, substantial adjunct to your home or your scheme of living. What extra inducement was "thrown in" to influence your choice?

The answer, of course, is—*nothing*. In fact, you'd be suspicious if something extra had been offered! You are satisfied the article itself is worth the price you paid.

Most Fels-Naptha Users feel the same way about laundry soap. They know that a bar or box of Fels-Naptha Soap is worth every penny of the purchase price—in *extra washing energy*. They don't want any other extras "thrown in."

As one woman aptly puts it, "the soap that's cheapest at the counter isn't always cheapest when the washing's done."





**"PIGTAILS, BUCK-TEETH  
AND FRECKLES...**

*I had 'em all"*



"WHEN I WAS 16 and ready to graduate from the awkward stage, I bought my first lipstick...TANGEE NATURAL. And I've used TANGEE NATURAL ever since! I'm always thrilled by the way it changes from orange in the stick until my own most flattering lip-tint of warm blush rose is produced."



"ON MY WEDDING DAY I gave each of my bridesmaids a beauty kit... a Tangee Natural Lipstick, the harmonizing rouge, and their own correct shade of Tangee Face Powder. To each of them Tangee Natural Lipstick gave a different lip color."



"TODAY, my 16 year old daughter and I both use Tangee Natural. Its pure cream base keeps our lips smooth for hours. And Tangee Natural is so economical—the new de luxe cases hold much more lipstick than before!"

**TANGEE**  
*Natural*  
"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (Stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

Peach  Light Rachel  Flesh  
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**The Truth about Stars' Figures**

(Continued from page 29)

the waistline will right most masculine wrongs, but when it comes to the dollies, you begin to understand how it is that Adrian and Travis Banton and Edith Head and Orry Kelly and the rest of the designers rate those salaries that run into thousands of dollars a week apiece.

All a designer has to do when confronted by Betty Grable, Claudette Colbert and Paulette Goddard is to say a prayer of thankfulness. Nothing needs to be added, nothing needs to be hidden away. However, it is something else again when you talk of Myrna Loy, Ann Sheridan, Hedy Lamarr, Rosalind Russell, Constance Bennett, Joan Bennett, Merle Oberon or some twenty odd others. And as for Mae West and Sylvia Sydney!

Definitely the bad figures of the latter two had much to do with their decline from popular favor. A nice point arises here. Neither was co-operative around her respective studio. Sylvia, in particular, was temperamental and somewhat antagonistic. Mae's temperament was never of that type. Hers was rather the stubbornness of a woman who, having been spectacularly successful on the stage and in her first picture, thought, therefore, she knew just how things should be done to make terrific hits.

Speaking entirely of Sidney for the moment, however, there had to be constant vigilance exercised in photographing her. Her face was enchanting, particularly when she smiled, but her figure was excessively top-heavy. It was an awful problem to dress her and a tougher one to photograph her. That was why the original Sidney pictures were so lavish with close-ups or very long shots. Her figure was kept out of camera range as much as possible. But when her pictures stopped drawing as well as they had, the cameramen stopped trying as hard as they had. You have to have people fighting all along the line for you, in any studio, to keep you at the top, no matter how big a star you are.

AS witness Myrna Loy. Myrna has a bad figure, too, but you never have noticed it because dress designers, leading men, cameramen, publicity boys, one and all they adore Myrna and work devotedly to bring out that warm charm of hers.

Myrna has bad legs, but those legs are not what drives her dress designer craziest. Myrna has hips. Myrna even has what is sometimes called "stenographer's spread." This comes from exactly the same cause it comes from with real stenos. Myrna is a sitter. Myrna is also an eater. Myrna loves her food and she is going to enjoy it if it means giving up all the roles in all the super epics ever devised. As it works out, the appealing Miss Loy is really sensible by being thus defiant of Hollywood's usual edict of diet or die out. She is one of the rare stars who look well-fed, content and happy. She is just that and it is the major factor in her very real charm. Still, that quite wide waistline, those definitely wide hips and that "spread" take real skill to conceal.

Of course, a dress designer can't do it all on his own, try as he will. There was, for instance, the case of Travis Banton vs. Alice Faye in "That Night in Rio." The Faye figure is basically pretty good, a bit overweight above the waist and a bit underweight below (a figure which is harder to dress, incidentally, than the reverse). Still, there is nothing to turn a designer grey about the Faye figure. What gets them is the fact that

Alice simply refuses to be fitted. She will make a dozen fitting appointments and break them all, then insist upon putting on the clothes "as is" and unless watched constantly she will get the "dressty" hat with the tailored suit and fur scarf on top the sweater frock.

Not so the clever Hedy Lamarr. She fits and fits and wears just what she is told to wear, and a very good thing, too.

In Hedy's case, apparently nature decided that having given her that face it was okay to relax. The Lamarr figure is no more the figure you see on the screen than Hitler is Santa Claus. Where Lamarr should be slender, that is in the hips, she is not, and where she should be rounded, that is in the chest, she is also not. But she is both slender and round in the right places when she gets on the screen. Yes, verily.

THE same goes for Rosalind Russell. Irene, who also dresses Loretta Young, Irene Dunne, Claudette Colbert and Marlene Dietrich, dresses Roz and what a build-up she has given Miss R. above the waistline! Irene it is who also knows how to "drape" Loretta and Marlene to conceal their absolute skinniness. With both these stars, the underweight is deliberate. Both think they look more distinguished and glamorous this thin. They do, too, in Irene's clothes. But in a bathing suit—ouch!

Also, though this may shatter a million men's dreams, the truth is that in a bathing suit you quickly see that Annie Sheridan's curves are largely something dreamed up in Warners' publicity department. Annie has a beautiful face, glorious hair and the most regular, warm personality in all Hollywood—but when it comes to those "dangerous curves" you don't even need to beware. She hasn't any more of them than an ironing board has except in front of the camera.

However, there is no thinness to equal Constance Bennett's. She outstrips all. Where sister Joan has to go to the most extreme lengths to conceal her curves particularly her definite top-heaviness above the waist, Connie has to be built up not only in the sweater department but also in that department that goes into chairs. The interior of Connie's screen costumes looks like the storage department of a baby pillow factory. When you realize that she is better than five feet four in height and yet weighs less than ninety pounds most of the time you'll know why this is necessary.

Completely the reverse was true of Mae West, however, throughout her whole movie career but particularly on her last picture for Paramount, "Everyday's A Holiday." Mae is a girl who is always looking on the table when it is loaded with calories and at the time of "Everyday's A Holiday" she was really puffed out. She was so overweight that not even the most artful corset, the most subtly designed gowns could conceal it. Every time she moved, it was as earth-shaking as a hill going out for a walk. Finally, in desperation, Travis Banton, the script writer and the set designer got together in a huddle. The script writer saw to it that Mae was always sitting, reclining or standing completely still in the various scenes. The scenic designer agreed to put her always against dark grounds and Banton planned all her clothes in dark colors, so that her outlines would be generally lost against the settings. It was up to the other actors in the film to do the moving around Mae.

Carmen Miranda does her own moving



around and plenty as you very well know if you saw "Down Argentine Way" or "That Night in Rio," but that slim, slender height of the Miranda's is all something she whipped up out of her own busy little head. It's all an optical illusion.

Maybe you remember that when Carmen and Alice Faye played scenes together the Brazilian Bombshell was just as tall as the songbird from New York. You could see it even in the long shots, but what you could not see were those four-inch-high-soled, six-inch-high-heeled shoes that Carmen wears. You probably didn't even stop to consider how those six to eight-inch-high turbans Carmen totes on her head give you the impression that her head is that high above her shoulders, too. Actually Miranda is less than five feet tall. On the screen or the stage she makes herself look five feet six or seven. No Hollywood designer gave her this routine. She had it when she landed here. Smart girl, Miranda!

But of all Hollywood stories about this kind of physical deception the best one concerns a new star, female, and an established star, male, meeting one morning on the same lot.

"I guess I'm going into a picture," said the girl star. "The front office just called me and told me to stop by the wardrobe for my figure."

"I know I'm going into a picture," said the man star. "This morning they delivered my new teeth and my new toupee at my house."

We swear that is a true story, but if you think we're going to tell you who those two stars were, you're crazy. However, the story does go to prove that there's a lot more to all stars' glamour than you see on the screen—more or less, that is.

In case you like puzzles we will give you a tip, though. The girl is considered one of the screen's leading figure girls and the man is regarded as one who makes women swoon with joy at mere sight of him.

## What's Wrong with Hollywood Women?

(Continued from page 41)

this tension has its roots in fear—fear of the camera which is, at best, an unkind taskmaster since it adds ten pounds and ten years. To remove the extra ten pounds as well as the ten years is really something to worry about, something to become upset and nervous over, because it means that the lady facing the camera must actually look ten years younger than she is and at the same time be ten pounds underweight.

There are, of course, a great many other fears in connection with the daily life of a motion-picture star. It seems that, for them, every day is just one fear after another—fear of what the public will think, fear of the candid camera, fear of kidnappers, robbers, everything. These combined fears result in anything but a calm person.

"Life is lived in Hollywood much faster than it is any place else in the world and by fast I do not mean immoral. I mean everything is speeded up to the nth degree as if there were no tomorrow coming and everything had to be accomplished today. They say that the average reign of a motion-picture star is five years. I am surprised that it lasts that many days at the rate they travel both physically and emotionally.



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*"To think these darling  
HANDS are mine!"*



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"My home is in Hollywood, away up in the hills a long way from any of the city's turmoil. If it were not, I could not live in Hollywood a week. One party, premiere, or concert wears me out. What must it do to those who are in the thick of things every day?"

"I HAVE a great many students among the screen stars. Every one of them is beautiful to look at, a joy to know, but they are not restful to be around because they radiate tenseness. My advice is always the same, 'Relax! Relax.' And the answer is always the same, 'I haven't time.' Nonsense—they should take time. Everyone in the world should take time to relax.

"People have queer notions of what the word means. To most of them it means a darkened room, a soft bed and a moist cotton pad on the eyes. If one can do that and force all worry from the mind, all right. But if one is going to lie there and worry, it doesn't do any more good than working.

"The Duchess of Windsor has an interesting way of relaxing. She leads a rather strenuous life, yet she is always poised and calm. Her plan is based on the old adage that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Every day that it is possible, she retires to the kitchen and busies herself with the preparation of some typically American dishes that delight her husband. That is not resting but it is relaxing.

"In all other ways, Hollywood women give themselves the best of care. For one thing, they know a great deal about diets. They gained their knowledge the hard way. Broken health and, in some cases, the death of a fellow star were their teachers. They've learned how to take the *diet* out of *diet*.

"THERE was a time, and not too long ago, when Hollywood women—and some of the men, also—embraced any new diet that came along. Imagine any one with intelligence enough to be a star thinking he or she could live for a week on three glasses of orange juice plus four ounces of castor oil a day and retain his or her health! Yet that diet was very popular a few years ago.

"Hollywood people eat more intelligently than do most other people and yet even they are not intelligent eaters. If that sounds as if I were contradicting myself, let me explain. In Europe a dinner is a festive occasion, in Hollywood it is very apt to be a business conference. And if one is conducting a big business deal over the dinner table what difference does it make that the food is selected to do the most good for the human body?

"If they do not happen to be carrying on business at the table, then they are cramming their food down in a hurry to get back to business. In either event, they are not getting the benefits they should from eating. The first rule they should learn is that eating is a most pleasant pastime. Forget about the interviews and the business deals and anything else that incites tension or fear and most particularly forget about the food. Know that it is right for you before you sit down before it and then know that diet is not denial.

"The rules of diet are easy to follow. My first rule is: Eat what you need. My second rule is: Eat what you want. A great many people seem to want what is not good for them, so by making them eat what they need first, they haven't much room or much taste left for what they want.

"Eating for normal people is very simple to teach. Have fruit for breakfast, any

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



fruit you want and as much as you want. Lunch time should always be salad time. Any greens that are in season can go into this salad.

Make a dressing of lemon juice and oil, a little vegetable salt, a bit of garlic if you like. Eat all you can hold—you cannot hold too much. Dinner naturally calls for proteins, but with it be sure you have plenty of vegetables, cooked or raw, and eat them first. Eat the starches and sugars last.

"For people who wish to lose weight, the diet is the same as for normal people except that the salad dressing should be made of two parts lemon juice and one part oil, all fat should be cut from the meat, leave out the nuts, and skip starches and sugars. From twelve to fifteen pounds should be dropped in a month on such a diet and that is a safe amount to lose.

"I find that many people, especially women, who are overweight have a sweet tooth. They crave candy and pastry, or think they do. What their system really needs is calcium—lots and lots of it. Three glasses of cabbage juice every day, taken between meals, will help to get rid of that craving.

FOR people who are trying to gain weight, and a great many motion-picture stars are, the diet is a bit different. Starch taken first thing in the morning is more fattening than it is any other time of the day because the body is better able to assimilate it. Oh, no, no, don't dash for the doughnuts and pastry; they won't give you anything but a dull headache. There is an old-fashioned Swiss breakfast which I have introduced to the ladies of the screen and they love it. So will you, and it is so easy to prepare. Soak over night one tablespoon of any whole grain cereal in three tablespoons of cold water. In the morning mash into the cereal any fresh fruit you like—white seedless grapes or bananas are most delicious—add a teaspoon of honey and as much cream as you want and there's your breakfast! A drop or two of lemon juice will give it a piquant flavor.

"Thin people should not eat so much at one time but should eat more often. At midmorning, midafternoon and before retiring at night, they should drink a large glass of fruit or vegetable juice, especially those rich in vitamins and sugars. Carrot juice is particularly beneficial; so is a banana whipped in pineapple juice.

"For luncheon they should stick to the salad but make the dressing of two parts oil and one part lemon juice. Add to this salad some starchy food with plenty of butter and honey.

"Dinner is the same as that for normal people with the starch added in the form of rice, beans or baked potatoes, all eaten with plenty of butter. Complete the dinner with some rich dessert such as custard or ice cream.

"Before starting any diet regimen, I recommend a seven days housecleaning and nothing but fruits and vegetables.

"All this looks like a far cry from the original questions as to whether or not motion-picture stars are more glamorous, more beautiful, more healthy, more poised and generally better able to cope with life than women in other walks of life.

"My original answer to those questions was no. But if they ever learn to relax, I'll be the first to change it to a great big yes because I have learned that what Hollywood needs is not so much a diet as a knowledge of how to relax."

"and your little satin-smooth  
FACE is mine to kiss!"



## The time to guard against early Dry-Skin Wrinkles is before they begin

"VERY DRY SKIN," a famous skin specialist says, "may tend to wrinkle early, and so look old too soon!"

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THE FRAGRANCE OF FLOWERS  
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## The Little Foxes

(Continued from page 45)

eyes. So this was it. He might have known. This was why Regina had sent for him, why she had put him back in his old room, knowing it would please him, why she had tried at first to be thoughtful and sweet.

Regina had written him about it. Hadn't she written! It was a scheme of Ben's. He and Oscar had interested a Northern capitalist in building a cotton mill here. The Northerner—Marshall was his name—was to put up \$400,000 as his share of the mill's cost. Ben and Oscar were to supply \$225,000 and what was politely called "certain benefits we can offer because of our local position." That meant free power, secured through some judicious bribery at the state capital. Marshall was to have forty-nine percent of the stock in the mill, the Hubbards fifty-one percent—a controlling interest.

And Regina wanted him to invest \$75,000 in the scheme—one-third of the Hubbards' total share.

It wasn't the money. In his strong-box at the bank, of which he was still nominally president, there were bonds worth \$90,000. He scarcely ever touched them, didn't want them. A dying man has little interest in money. But he knew what would happen. The mill would be built, and this sleepy, beautiful town that he loved would become a place of smoke and noise, of sordid shacks filled with half-starved, exploited, miserable people. It was no particular secret that one excellent reason for building a mill here was the local average wage scale, which was lower than any in the country.

He didn't want all that to happen here. He didn't want Ben and Oscar and—yes, and Regina!—to grow rich because it happened. They were all rich enough now—richer than they should be. And he was too.

"I'm tired," he said. "Let's not talk about it now."

"But you see, Horace," Regina said eagerly, "the deal is about to be closed and Ben must move quickly—so if you could just listen for a few minutes more, then I could take care of everything—"

"Not today, Regina," he said. "Some other time."

"Some other time!" she exclaimed, and he saw that her temper, never very sure, was beginning to go. "This is important. Important to all of us. Can't you understand? I've been waiting for months for you to come home—"

"So that you could invest my money," he said slowly.

Ben was quick to realize Regina's mistake. He rose, saying, "Well, we'll go now, Horace. There's time to talk about it tomorrow. Come along, Oscar."

The two men left the room. After one furious, impotent glance at him, Regina followed.

But she came back. Again and again. All week long. Arguing, cajoling, importuning, explaining, until his head ached with his heart.

A fact that Regina had evidently counted on as a trump card failed completely of its purpose. She revealed that she had bullied Ben and Oscar into agreeing that for his \$75,000 Horace should have a full half of their share of the mill, instead of a third.

"But—why?" he demanded, and Regina smiled complacently.

"Of course they don't want control of the mill to go out of the family. They need that \$75,000 badly. It's only right they should pay for it."

"Who's getting less, then?" he asked.

"Oscar."

At the time he had wondered how it happened that Oscar was suddenly becoming generous, but when black Addie dropped a hint that there was talk of Alexandra's marrying Leo, Oscar's son, everything suddenly became clear—disgustingly clear. Oscar could afford to give up some of his share if he could be sure that Leo and Zan would marry and thus bring him a much greater share, eventually.

HORACE GIDDENS' soul turned over at the thought of Regina's forcing Zan into a marriage with Leo. Zan—his lovely, innocent, gallant Zan—tied to that weakling! He knew Leo rather better than he liked. Nominally, Leo worked as a teller in the bank, but he didn't really give much thought to his duties there. Most of the time he was planning how to arrange surreptitious trips to Senateville, where girls and liquor could be had if you had money. . . .

Horace believed that Zan, though she did not know it, was in love with young David Hewitt, who wrote practically everything published in the Paltou County Press. He liked David. There was a quiet, clean strength about him, and the boy was intelligent. He would make Zan happy.

It took only the gossip about Leo and Zan—although Regina nervously denied its truth when he asked her about it—to harden his resolve not to invest in the mill scheme. On the night that Ben and Oscar and Regina came to him, saying that Oscar must leave for Chicago the next morning with the money, he gave them his final answer: a positive refusal.

Regina sent Ben and Oscar out of the room. She pleaded, then stormed. Pacing the floor, she spat insults at him. She called him a fool, a coward, an unnatural husband and parent because he would not provide for his wife's and daughter's security. To it all, his answer was still no and at last, speechless with fury, she left him.

His heart was laboring painfully and he felt as if all strength were gone from him, but after a time he rolled his wheelchair into the hall. From downstairs he could hear voices.

"You're lying!" Regina was saying. "You're trying to scare me. You haven't got the money. How could you?"

Ben's rumble: "Nevertheless, my dear Regina, Oscar is going to Chicago tomorrow with the \$225,000 for Marshall. We're sorry to see you lose such a good chance, but naturally we couldn't wait forever."

Regina's voice rose to a shriek. "Ben! Come back here! I don't believe you—I want to talk to you."

Ben said jovially, "You're getting out of hand, Regina. Since when do I take orders from you?" The front door closed behind him.

Horace looked over the railing at Regina. She was in the hall, staring at the door, her hands clenched into fists at her sides.

"It's a great day when you and Ben cross swords," Horace said quietly. "I've been waiting for it for years. And so they've found out they don't need you and so you will not have your millions after all."

At the sound of his voice, Regina had whirled to face him. Her head tilted back, she looked up and under the hall light her eyes sparkled venomously.

"You hate to see anybody live now, don't you?" she said through clenched



teeth. "You hate to think that I'm going to be alive and have what I want!"

"You think that's my reason?"

"Yes!" she cried strongly. "Because you're going to die and you know you're going to die!"

"Maybe it's easy for the dying to be honest," Horace told her.

He shuddered in a sudden burst of revulsion and then from his pale lips came all the bitterness that life with Regina had brought to his soul.

"I'm sick of you—sick of this house—sick of the kind of marriage ours has been. Sick of your brothers and their dirty tricks to make a dime. I'll take no part, Regina, in building sweatshops where men work for slaves' wages to make dividends for you to spend! You'll wreck the town, you and your brothers. You'll wreck the country if they'll let you. But not me! I'll do no more harm now. I'll die," he said, drawing himself up until his shape seemed to tower in the shadows of the upper hall—"I'll die in my own way. And I'll do it without making the world any worse. I leave that to you!"

Each word fell on her like a lash, but Regina did not cringe. She met them like a beautiful, malevolent goddess, her mouth twisting scornfully.

"I hope you die!" she defied him. "I hope you die soon! I'll be waiting for you to die!"

"Mama!" Alexandra, unseen, had opened her bedroom door behind Horace. Her voice was shrill with horror. "Don't! Don't talk that way! Mama—"

The passion faded from Regina's face. Again she was her controlled, cold self. Swiftly she came up the stairs and brushed past her husband, standing with bent head. She took Alexandra's arm. "Get to bed, child," she said harshly.

THE break between Regina and Horace was open after that. He moved back to the room he had occupied for so many years, a small and quite dreary one at the back of the house, and never came downstairs except when Regina was absent. Regina went about with a set, brooding face—a face behind which thoughts, schemes, plans writhed and turned like blind snakes. And Zan, frightened, said to David Hewitt:

"I don't understand, David. I don't understand the things that are happening in my own house."

"I could explain them to you, Zan dear," David said gently. "But you wouldn't like me if I did. You've got to find them out for yourself."

Zan's education was continued on a sunny morning when Regina was at her dressmaker's and Horace had his wheelchair pushed out to the lawn. Birdie came over and Addie brought out some cookies and a carafe of elderberry wine, setting them down on the little table at Horace's elbow, beside the bottle of medicine he always carried with him now, in case of a sudden heart attack.

Expanding under sympathy and kindness, as she always did, Birdie drank and talked, too, a little too much. Like a little girl telling a secret, she said, "You all want to know something? I don't like Leo! My very own son—and I don't like him. Why, I guess I even like Oscar better than I like Leo."

Abruptly, Zan asked, "Why did you marry Uncle Oscar?"

"That's no question for you to be asking!" Addie reproved her sharply.

"Why not?" Horace inquired. "It's time she was asking questions."

"I don't know," Birdie said. "I thought I liked him. He was kind to me then, because—" She tilted her head back, and spoke more slowly. "Because he wanted

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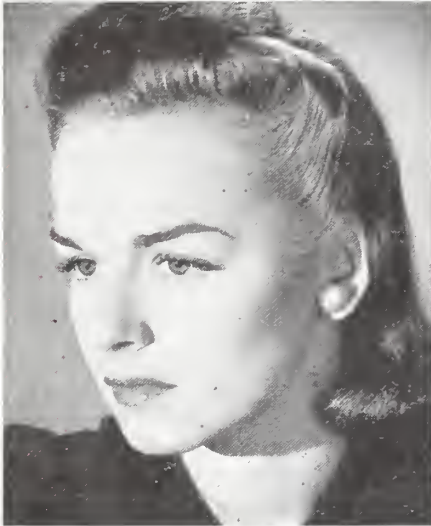


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*"I wonder!"*



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But in most cases where there is no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol *does* relieve the functional pain of menstruation to some degree, and *should* for you!

Understand, Midol may give you complete comfort. It has done this for many. But others experience only an easier time. Even so, isn't the measure of relief you receive well worth while—compared with the unchecked pain you've often suffered?

"Yes, but won't Midol form some habit?" Only the habit of avoiding suffering that is *needless!* Midol contains no opiates. One ingredient is prescribed by many doctors for headache and muscular pain, and another—*exclusively* in Midol—increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

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**Relieves Functional Periodic Pain**

to marry me! My family was good—that was part of it—but the cotton on Lionnet's fields was better. Ben Hubbard wanted that cotton, and Oscar married it for him. Everybody knew that was why he married me. Everybody but me. Stupid, stupid me."

"You go on talking this way, Miss Birdie," Addie warned, "and you get a headache sure."

Birdie whirled upon her. "I've never had a headache in my life! You know it as well as I do!" She began to cry. "That's a lie everybody tells for me. I drink. All by myself, in my own room, I drink. When they want to hide it, they say Birdie's got a headache again."

She was sobbing softly, pitifully. With a new, mature dignity Alexandra stood up and put her arm around Birdie's shoulders, led her out of the garden and into her house.

**H**ORACE watched them go. Quietly he said, "Have you read what it says in your Bible, Addie? It applies to people like the Hubbards, I think. 'Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes.'"

That afternoon—it was a few days after Oscar Hubbard had returned from his business trip to Chicago—Horace visited his bank. He was not well enough, really, but he wanted to get his will from the strongbox there and he had himself pushed downtown in his wheelchair.

The men in the bank—the clerks, the depositors, and old Sam Manders, the cashier, who had taken over most of Horace's duties as President when he had had to leave—clustered around him, smiling, shaking hands. In the background, Horace caught sight of Leo Hubbard; it crossed his mind that the boy was looking upset. Then Leo came up and added his congratulations to the rest, and Horace forgot.

In his private office he opened his strongbox and took from the miscellaneous papers it contained his will. He had just unfolded this when Leo burst into the room.

"Er—excuse me, Uncle Horace," he stammered, "I—I want to see you a minute."

"Yes?" Horace said pleasantly. "What about?"

Leo, his eyes on the litter of papers Horace had taken from the box and laid on the table, said, "About—about—about Bert Pembroke."

"Yes?"

"He's—er—one of the standing renters over at—"

"I know who Bert Pembroke is, Leo," Horace interrupted. "What about him?"

"It's—it's his note, sir." Leo nervously fingered the buttons of his coat. "I'm worried about it, Uncle Horace."

Absently, as he returned the papers to the box, Horace asked, "What's wrong with the note?"

"Why—I mean, do you think the crop lien is sufficient collateral to—"

The boy's babbling, Horace thought, closing the lid of the box and snapping it shut. "All right, Sam," he called to Manders, who was in the safe-deposit vault, "you can put this back now."

As Manders entered, he added, "I don't know anything about Bert's note, Leo." "What's wrong with it?" Manders asked.

Leo, who now seemed to be anxious to leave, smiled weakly and said, "Oh, it—it's nothing. I just thought—"

"Sam, Leo doesn't think the crop lien is sufficient collateral."

"What's the matter with you?" Manders inquired of the boy. "We haven't got a crop lien. We've got a chattel

mortgage. And Bert's met every payment so far. Why, that note will be amortized in sixty days."

Leo looked from one man to the other. "Why, yes—" Suddenly: "That's right. So it will!" He bolted for the door.

"Leo's facts seem a trifle hazy," Horace remarked when they were alone.

"It's not the facts that're hazy," Manders commented dryly. "It's Leo."

Horace was fumbling in the drawer of his desk. "Aren't my insurance policies in here, Sam?"

"Oh, I put them in the box." Horace reopened the box and picked out a bundle of papers tied together with tape. Suddenly he stiffened, untied the tape. These were not his insurance policies, as he had thought. They were his Union Pacific bonds—and there were only three of them, \$15,000 worth instead of \$90,000. "Anything wrong?" Manders asked, seeing him hesitate.

"No—oh, no—I—" His thoughts whirling dizzily, he dropped the bonds back into the box. "I just thought these were my insurance policies—"

He hardly knew what he was saying; all his attention was concentrated on the bonds. The keys to the box were always kept in Manders' desk—but Manders wouldn't—he was too honest, too faithful a friend. But anyone could have filched them.

Seventy-five thousand dollars worth of bonds missing. Not all of them, just \$75,000—

That was the sum Ben and Oscar had wanted from him, as his share of the mill scheme. Exactly the sum. And then they hadn't needed it, after all. He remembered, now, Leo's strange behavior—his ridiculous excuse for coming into the office, his obvious relief when the box had been closed.

It all fitted together. He knew, with terrible certainty, that Leo had stolen the bonds and Oscar had taken them with him to Chicago. Probably he'd put them up only as collateral; once the mill was running and making money they could be redeemed and replaced. As a rule he did not inspect the bonds more than once in six months. The deception could easily have been carried out without his knowledge.

Horace drew a deep breath. "On second thought," he said quietly to Manders, "I think I'll take the strongbox home for a few days."

**H**E made his plans. The important thing was that Zan should get away from her mother. That would not be easily accomplished. But he could count on David Hewitt, after he himself was gone, to help Zan.

That night, in defiance of Regina's wishes, he had himself wheeled and carried downstairs, into the living room, taking the strongbox with him.

"I felt I should tell you," he said to Regina, "that, after all, we have invested our money in Hubbard Sons and Marshall, Cotton Manufacturers."

She stared at him, her anger giving way to amazement.

"When did you change your mind?"

"I didn't," Horace said pleasantly. "It was changed for me." Emotionlessly, he explained.

When he had finished, Regina broke into a peal of delighted laughter. "Well!" she exclaimed. "This will make a fine little scandal. A fine little scandal to hold over their heads."

Horace smiled. "But I'm not going to hold it over their heads."

Regina stopped laughing abruptly. "What do you mean?" she asked apprehensively.



"I'm going to let them keep the bonds—as a loan from you. A loan, Regina, not an investment. An investment would mean a share in their profits. A loan is simply returned."

"I see," Regina said slowly after a moment. "You are punishing me. But I won't let you. If you won't do anything, I will."

"You won't do anything," Horace told her, "because you can't. You can't make trouble because I shall say and go on saying that I lent them the bonds. There is absolutely nothing you can do. Tomorrow I am going to make a new will, leaving you exactly \$75,000 in Union Pacific bonds. The rest, and my insurance, will go to Zan. In the meantime, Ben and Oscar will have returned the bonds, I'm sure—and be very grateful to you for the loan."

Regina nodded, not looking at him, her lovely profile sharp against the darkness beyond the lamp. "And you will never say anything."

"Never as long as I live."

"You must hate me very much."

Horace closed his eyes, as if in pain, and took a handkerchief from his pocket to wipe the beads of sweat from his forehead. "No," he said. "I don't hate you. Perhaps because I remember how much I was in love with you—once."

"I don't hate you, either," Regina said with a sigh. "I've only contempt for you. When I married you, I thought you'd get the world for me. But I was wrong. You've stayed what you always were—a small-town clerk, with small-town ideas. When I found out my mistake, it was—it was as if I couldn't stand the sight of you. I couldn't bear to have you touch me!"

"It was as bad as that," Horace said bitterly, almost to himself. He put his hand to his throat and glanced at his bottle of medicine, standing on a table a few feet away.

"But I'm lucky," Regina whispered, leaning forward in her chair, so that her shoulders seemed hunched. "I'm still young, and you have heart trouble . . ." Again Horace's hand went to his throat. Unable to move from his chair, he put out his other hand for the medicine bottle. Fumbling, he knocked it over and it fell, striking the projecting foot of the table and breaking.

He gasped. "Please!" he said in a choked voice. "The other bottle—upstairs!"

Involuntarily, Regina started from her chair. Then, checking herself, she sank back and turned her head away as if she had not heard him.

For an instant of thunderous silence Horace looked at her—her immobile body, her averted face. Then, in realization, he tried to scream for help, but only a panic-stricken whisper came from his trembling lips. Calling up all his strength, he leaped from his wheelchair. His impetus carried him as far as the staircase, up the first two steps. And still Regina sat there, the lamplight softly gleaming on her white skin, her eyes, ears and thoughts all shunning what was happening to him.

On the third stair Horace stumbled, clutching at the hand rail, his face distorted with agony. Hearing him fall, Regina felt her gaze pulled around to him. He could not speak, but it seemed to her she heard one shouted word clanging in the air:

"Murderer!"

Then his eyes closed and he slumped awkwardly on the steps. Regina stood up. She ran to him, calling, "Addie! Call Come here!"

The servants came running and be-

# Easy to Follow



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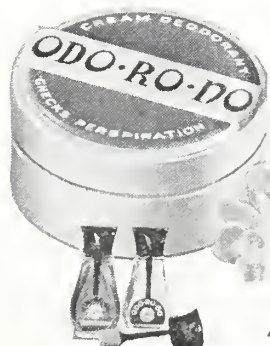
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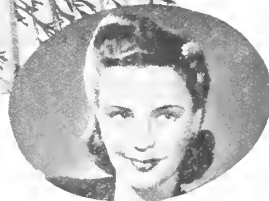


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Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT <input type="checkbox"/> DARK <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	WAXY <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT <input type="checkbox"/> DARK <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT <input type="checkbox"/> DARK <input type="checkbox"/>
Flaming <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark Green <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	LIGHT <input type="checkbox"/> DARK <input type="checkbox"/>
SWIM <input type="checkbox"/> DRY <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light or Gray <input type="checkbox"/>
Oil <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	WAXY <input type="checkbox"/>	If there is Gray, send Life Insurance form.

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tween them they got Horace into the bedroom next to Regina's.

Oscar and Ben and Leo came as soon as they heard. Edgily nervous, eyeing the strongbox which still stood on the table, they were in the living room when Regina came down. She interrupted their conventional words of sympathy:

"Horace told me about the bonds. He said Leo stole them and gave them to you and Oscar, Ben."

Leo burst out, "I don't know what you're talking about! What would I—why—"

Wearily, Regina said to Ben, "Isn't it enough that he stole them? Do I have to listen to him into the bargain?" There was silence, and Regina went on, "Then he told me that he was going to pretend he had lent them to you."

"I told you he'd lent them!" Leo exclaimed, but Regina ignored him.

"So I'm very badly off, you see," she said sadly. "As long as Horace lives he'll say he lent you the bonds." She took a deep breath. "But," she said in a new, strong tone, "Dr. Sloan doesn't think Horace is going to live. And if he doesn't, I shall want seventy-five percent of the business in exchange for the bonds!"

Ben whistled. In a voice he tried to make jovial, he said, "My Regina, you're greedy!" The attempt to be gay failed miserably; he faltered, and was silent. Regina's lips lifted in a demure, sweet smile.

"Leo," Ben said angrily, "stop hanging around. Go get Dr. Morris. He's a smarter doctor than that Sloan!"

But Dr. Morris was not able to save Horace Giddens. He died a few hours later.

Regina came downstairs with the news to the Hubbards, leaving Alexandra alone, at the girl's request, with her father.

"Horace is dead," Regina said coldly. "Shall we take up our conversation where we left off? I have already said I want seventy-five percent of the new firm in exchange for the bonds. This I have not said: if I don't get it I'm going to put all of you in jail."

Furiously, Oscar started to protest, but Ben cut him short. "And on what evidence would you put Oscar and Leo in jail?" he asked.

Regina laughed merrily. "Oscar, listen to him. He's getting ready to swear that it was you and Leo! But don't worry. I'll see that he goes with you."

"We'll deny that we ever—"

"Deny your heads off. The bonds are missing and they are with Marshall. That will be proof enough. If it isn't, I'll add what's necessary."

"I'm sure of that," Ben said dryly.

Oscar lost control of himself. "What kind of talk is that, Regina?" he screamed. "You couldn't do a thing like that! We're your brothers! How can you talk this way when upstairs not five minutes ago—"

"YES!" They all whirled. Alexandra was on the stairs. "Not five minutes ago, Mama!" she said, and laughed hysterically.

Oscar said with pious gravity, "We know how you feel, Alexandra. The whole town loved and respected your father."

Slowly, looking at each one in turn, Alexandra said, "Did you love him, Uncle Oscar? Did you, Uncle Ben? And you, Mama, did you love him, too?"

She came farther down the stairs, paying no attention to Regina's efforts to calm her.

Searchingly, she asked Regina, "What was Papa doing on the staircase?"

Regina stiffened. Ben, the muscles of his face tensing, looked at her, then at the stairs, then at the broken medicine bottle.

"Go and rest, Alexandra," Regina said. "I want to talk to you, Mama," the girl replied firmly. "I'll wait."

With a shrug, Regina turned to her brothers. "Well—where was I? Yes, they'd convict you. Now, I don't want to bargain any more. I'll take my seventy-five percent and we'll forget the story forever. That's one way of doing it, and the way I prefer. But you know me well enough to know I don't mind taking the other way."

After a second, Ben, mused, "None of us has ever known you well enough, Regina." He sighed. "Very well. Just as you say. I'll draw up the necessary papers tomorrow."

Oscar and Leo left, looking whipped. But Ben lingered a moment. "I agree with Alexandra," he said softly to Regina. "What was a man who couldn't get around except in a wheelchair doing on a staircase? I ask myself that."

"And what do you answer?" Regina challenged.

"I have no answer—yet." He smiled and patted her arm. "But when I do, I'll let you know. Remember that."

When he was gone, Regina faced her daughter. "You're tired, Alexandra," she said affectionately. "But don't grieve too much. You'll feel better when we get to Chicago. I'm going to get you the world I always wanted."

"I don't want the world, Mama." Zan's young face had become that of a woman who was strong, sure of herself. "I'm not going to Chicago with you."

"YOU'RE very upset, Alexandra. We'll talk about it tomorrow."

"There's nothing to talk about. I'm going away from you. Because I want to—and because I've got to."

"And if I say no?" Regina demanded. "Say it, Mama, say it," Zan told her. "And see what happens."

Regina, her hand on the newel post, swayed. "Alexandra. I've come to the end of my rope . . . I don't know—somewhere there has to be what I want, too. Somewhere . . . I'd like to keep you with me, but too many people used to make me do too many things. No, I won't make you stay."

"You couldn't, Mama," Zan promised her.

"Well . . . we don't want to be bad friends. I don't want us to be bad friends. Would you like to come and talk to me?" Regina asked, almost pleadingly. "Would you like to sleep in my room tonight?"

"Why, Mama?" Alexandra asked. "Are you afraid?"

Regina drew herself up. "I've never been afraid in my life," she said firmly.

"Then good night, Mama. David's here. I'm going over to stay with his mother tonight. Later, we're going to be married."

Without answering, Regina went on upstairs. In the dim upper hall she hesitated outside the door of the room where Horace lay, wanting to go on past. But she set her jaw and walked in to close windows and draw shades, keeping her face turned away from the silent figure on the bed. At the window she saw, through drifting rain, two people getting into a carriage outside—Zan and David. While she watched, the carriage drove away.

Regina was alone. Alone with the millions she would have someday very soon.



## Sister Act

(Continued from page 43)

"Which of you was more popular?" he asked.

"Joanie always made a better first impression than I did," Olivia said. "We were both frightfully shy. But she was more extroverted and so, of course, she showed to better advantage. Which made me even more miserable and self-conscious and filled me with a resolve to 'take her down a peg' immediately we were alone."

**O**PPOSITES attract but they rarely have a calm time together. . . .

Joan always wants to wear new clothes the minute she buys them—or Olivia buys them. Olivia likes to save things for special occasions, even Joan's things.

Joan goes shopping with a list of ten items. And she is on her way home while Olivia remains undecided about her first purchase. They wouldn't think of going on a shopping expedition in the same car. In fact, they've almost given up shopping together entirely.

Olivia loves adventure, but she wants security, too. So she's careful to put a little money aside. Joan's a complete gambler as far as life is concerned. She has no interest whatever in saving.

Joan is more conventional than Olivia. She also has a more active sense of social responsibility. She and Brian frequently visit in Saratoga where the girls grew up and where their mother lives. And sitting in the living room of one old family friend or another, sipping tea, she always manages to ask all the right questions. Olivia rarely goes home for a visit. And he lives in such a perpetual state of guilt about this that one word of reproach from Joan is likely to precipitate a quarrel that will last for days and resurrect a dozen past differences the girls had vowed to keep forever to themselves.

Both Joan and Olivia find the aftermath of quarrels pretty trying. When they were children and Olivia went off on a "huff" Joan used to follow her about and tease her, well aware if she could make her giggle they would be friends again—and ready for another scrap. Later, when they lived together in Hollywood and Joan came home from the studio and had her tray upstairs, Olivia would mope around trying to think up something that would force Joan to talk. In fact, they've frequently been known to resort to another quarrel solely for the sake of talking again.

There are, naturally, some ways in which "the girls," as their family friends call them, are alike. Both have a fine, realistic point of view. Both have great intellectual honesty. Unfortunately, these are not qualities with a pacific influence. Quite the contrary. They do, however, help to make them two of the most delightful and stimulating girls the film colony ever has seen or ever will see. The very fact that Joan and Olivia grew up possessive about each other and that the only qualities they have in common are aggressive qualities would make trouble enough. But they also are intensely competitive, eternally eager to score even a slight advantage.

When Joan married Brian Aherne she probably got ahead of Olivia for the first time in her life. Olivia, being a year older, went to school first and had the advantage all through childhood. She was the first to make a name in Hollywood, although the Saratoga neighbors had insisted it was Joan who would photograph and who should go after a movie career.

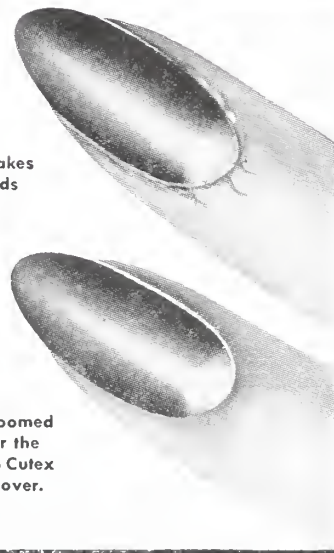
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Undoubtedly, as Olivia would be the first to admit, this last fact had a great deal to do with her giving up the Mills College scholarship she valued so highly and sticking at a picture career.

However, instantly Olivia was entrenched, the first to be on her way to fame, thereby showing the people in Saratoga they didn't know everything, she wanted Joan to have a picture career, too, and she had her mother and Joan come to Hollywood and live with her.

Joan, the beautiful sister of beautiful, successful Olivia de Havilland, had no difficulty whatever in getting a contract. But she didn't sign that contract Joan de Havilland. You wouldn't catch her giving anyone—Olivia especially—a chance to say she had coasted to success on Olivia's name. She borrowed her stepfather's name and signed her contract Joan Fontaine.

**E**VEN trifling issues find both girls with a fierce determination not to play second fiddle to each other. When they shared a room in a Hollywood hotel they argued for days over who should have the bed beside the window. Later when they rented a house together the battle as to who should have the bedroom with the biggest closet was unbelievably bitter and prolonged.

For a time, I think, Joan ruled it over Olivia because she was Mrs. Brian Aherne and mistress of a gracious Beverly Hills home while Olivia remained a bachelor girl, living alone in the little house they once had shared. If this is true there undoubtedly were more quarrels and more furious quarrels than ever. For Olivia would resent pressure from anyone, especially from Joan. And she's neither passive nor mute when her resentment is aroused.

Nevertheless, it's because Joan did marry that she and Olivia are now finding the friendship they always have wanted but never attained. Because they previously were so closely bound to each other and saw so much of each other that they never were able to regard each other objectively and, consequently, they got in each other's hair.

Recently, when Olivia was working at Paramount with Charles Boyer in "Hold Back the Dawn" and Joan was working with Cary Grant in "Before the Fact" at the RKO studios next door, Olivia often popped over to lunch with Joan, upon invitation. And when she didn't have to rush back she would go with Joan to see the rushes of the scenes Joan had done the day before. A year ago this would have been impossible! A year ago Olivia would have been sure to make suggestions. She will tell you herself, "I'm a very informative person." A year ago Joan would have resented the least thing Olivia said as patronizing. And there would have been fireworks.

It's ironic that it should be now, when Joan and Olivia are better friends than ever before, that there should be talk of their being enemies and feuding. It's also understandable. For all this talk stems from the time Olivia, convalescing from an operation, stayed with Geraldine Fitzgerald instead of with Joan.

The inside story of that episode is amusing.

Olivia first became ill at Santa Fe, New Mexico, where, with other Warner stars, she was scheduled to appear at the grand premiere of "Santa Fe Trail." When her blood count indicated a high white corpuscle content and the attending physician thought an emergency operation was indicated Olivia insisted upon returning to Los Angeles.

It was bad weather. All planes were grounded. The odds were against Olivia's

reaching California in time if she traveled by train. Frantic, she telephoned Howard Hughes and he had a plane released to fly her and Bob Taplinger, publicity chief at the Warner Studios home.

Taplinger, with a keen sense of new from way back, realizing this flight for life would put Olivia and her new picture, "Santa Fe Trail," on the front page of newspapers all over the country, indeed it did, wired his office to have reporters and news photographers at the airport and to ask Joan Fontaine to be there, too.

Taplinger's assistant, suspicious the whole thing was a publicity stunt, conveyed this idea to Joan. But just in case Livvie was really ill Joan and Brian decided to go to the field anyway.

**A**BOUT half an hour before we were due at Burbank," Olivia says, "began to feel much better. My fever went down and my pain grew less. Which made me feel guilty, considering all the excitement and expense I'd caused."

When she told Taplinger she was feeling better he groaned, not pleased at all. "Look," he said, "you'd better act sick and no fooling! If the newspaper crowd get any idea this was a frame-up they'll be off both of us for life."

Before Olivia had any opportunity to talk to Joan, the photographers crowded into the plane and took charge. "Hold Miss de Havilland's hand, please, Miss Fontaine," they told Joan. "Look down at her with concern, but smile a little. And Mr. Aherne, would you stand behind Miss Fontaine, please, and look down at Miss de Havilland, too."

Joan's eyes were blazing. She gripped Olivia's hand fiercely. "I think," she whispered, "this is perfectly horrible of you! Cheap, too! And most inconsiderate!"

Then Olivia's eyes blazed. She ceased feeling guilty. She remembered how desperately ill she had been a few hours before. "So sorry," she muttered. "I in



If Joan Fontaine weren't Mrs. Brian Aherne this luncheon date wouldn't have happened. Now she comes to visit Olivia de Havilland on "Hold Back the Dawn," an event that would have caused fireworks a year ago

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



convenienced you—by almost dying!" However, when the cameras clicked there was no sign of any quarrel. Olivia and Joan looked exactly as they were supposed to look under the circumstances and exactly as they looked—without benefit of theatrics—a few minutes later when explanations were made all round.

Olivia was fortunate. After a day's rest in the hospital she was able to return to the studios. However, her physician advised an operation immediately she finished the picture in production, to avoid a similar future experience which might very well end less happily.

She could have gone to her own house to convalesce. But she felt she would be happier and make a more rapid recovery if she had people about her. Geraldine Fitzgerald and her husband, Edward Lindsay Hogg, implored her to come to them. They pointed out they had a suite for her and her nurse, that she wouldn't upset their living arrangements in any way. The Ahernes, on the other hand, have no guest room and at that particular time Brian and Joan were doubled up in Joan's room because a house-guest had Brian's room.

Nevertheless, newspaper and radio columnists persisted in asking, "Why didn't Olivia de Havilland go to her sister's home to recuperate?" And, of course, stories of the battles royal Olivia and Joan have been having for years were all that was needed to substantiate the implication that Olivia hadn't gone to Joan's because they dislike each other intensely and are feuding.

"No use to deny the stories, denials never are believed," said Joan and Olivia, in complete accord for the moment. However, we offer no guarantee that one instant later, in complete disagreement about something else, they weren't ready to fly at each other again.

For that's the way it goes . . . . Olivia and Joan, dearly beloved enemies.

## The Three Nicest Men in Hollywood

(Continued from page 37)

hem over. He never figures he was anything but lucky. "I got all the breaks," he says, "they didn't." Whenever there's part for any of those former stock layers in his pictures, believe me, they get the jobs. He's taken people off relief, given house jobs to refugees. In fact he rehabilitated a whole family of "Okies" and I understand they're still with him. None of this gets into his press releases . . . he won't stand for it.

Hank's the secret heart throb of more girls than you can shake a stick at, because he's got that peculiar type of masculine helplessness combined with virility that all you gals . . .

I wasn't asked to give my choice of more than three of Hollywood's nicest men, but I've got a running start now and can't stop. You can't mention well-liked men out here without including Robert Montgomery. He kids with everyone on the set and the newsmen go for him because he's never in a rush to get away. The other day when workmen on his set were getting up a pool for the Kentucky Derby, Bob and the director each put up fifty dollars and then gave their chances back to the men. He has the breezy kind of personality which makes everyone glad to see him and happier still to work with him.

Gene Raymond has a talent for remembering names and the people who go

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## Why I switched to Meds



—by a model

Even on those "certain days," I have to parade around and smile. I just couldn't do it without *internal* sanitary protection. So when Modess came out with Meds—a new and improved tampon—I bought a box quick! What a blessing! I never dreamed I could be so gloriously comfortable! Meds make protection so sure, too—they're the *only* tampons with the "safety center." And thrifty? Say, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten—an average month's supply—or only 98¢ for a box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators are priced so low!



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with them. He is one of the most appreciative people I know and never forgets a kindness done him. He loves to pick up small gifts for people that strike him as appropriate and he doesn't wait for Christmas, either.

Here's a story about Gene that I think you'll enjoy. The mother of a little girl, an ardent fan, wrote to Gene, telling him that the child was in the hospital with a serious illness and asking for his photograph. Gene sent the picture and then phoned to ask if there was anything he could do. The mother replied that if Gene could drop in to see the child when she was well enough, it would make her deliriously happy. So, on the day she was ready to leave the hospital Gene arrived with an armful of gifts, carried the child down to the ambulance, rode home with her and carried her up to her room. And that's a day she'll never forget. Now, you know only your best friends will take time out to do things like that!

Victor McLaglen is another who is crazy about children. He has a "sports center" out at his ranch which he maintains for the really underprivileged children. He teaches them how to ride and do all sorts of healthful outdoor exercises and also teaches them to be good sports and self-reliant. Each year the kids take a trip to Catalina which Victor insists they must pay for themselves with money earned. So he helps them to put on corny little shows for which they charge a small admission fee, the proceeds being turned over to Victor for their "expenses." Of course they never know that what they make is only a small percentage of the cost. Victor makes up the difference, but the important thing is that the children feel they are paying their own way. . . .

LOUIS HAYWARD is another softie who gets a kick out of helping others. Not long ago he heard of a kid who was going through college on a scholarship and had a job waiting on tables but was handicapped by lack of decent clothes. Louis hunted him up and sent him an adequate wardrobe. He and his wife, Ida Lupino, are just as softhearted over animals. Their home is a real refuge for stray dogs and cats in distress and they fatten up the waifs and then find them good homes.

And here's a story I like about Otto Kruger, that quiet retiring soul who doesn't get nearly enough acting jobs for my pleasure. His hobby is gardening and his flowers are famous. Last year, just before Memorial Day, the papers carried a story that there would be few, if any, flowers on the soldiers' graves at Sawtelle. Otto and a little neighbor boy cleaned out his entire garden, canvassed all his friends' gardens and ended up by taking two station-wagon loads of flowers out to Sawtelle where they decorated every soldier's grave.

I can hear you say, "Has Hopper gone sentimental on us, or what?" Well, suppose I have . . . does us all good once in a while and I'm not ashamed of it. . . . Oh, sure! I can go on the alkaline side, too—but only when the subject warrants it!

The stories one could tell are as endless as the list of "nice guys" in our town. You all know Bob Hope, the time he so cheerfully gives to any benefit that asks his services, his unflinching thoughtfulness and generosity . . . Then there is Cary Grant who does so many generous things that don't get noised about. He's already given three parties for the crippled children at the Orthopaedic Hospital. . . . Edgar Bergen goes down himself, with his pal Charlie, to

help entertain the kids at hospitals.

Rudy Vallee is another who is not only generous with contributions but who has taken his whole troupe down to the hospital to give the kids a show. He's issued orders to Pat Hertzog, who works all of her time on behalf of these crippled children, that she is never to hesitate to call on him, as he considers it a privilege to give his time to such work. Clark and Carole Gable and Nelson Eddy are others who have also put on parties for these children.

And Kay Kyser, who is such a fall-guy for a sob story, is now, and has been for the past two months, entertaining our draftees in the various camps. Puts on his radio shows at flying fields or any place big enough for his gang and a microphone . . . Kay's a complete darling!

THERE'S Brian Donlevy, who came up the hard way and has never exchanged his old friends for a new set. He's a great homebody and loves to give stag dinners at which the guests include everybody he likes from prop men to top directors. You never see Brian's guest list in the society column—he's too busy remembering people who have been good to him in years gone by. No, that's not a Hollywood custom, but to do the men credit (and I'm not trying to curry favor, either), men in our town aren't nearly the snobs the women are. But then, society always has seemed a woman's game . . . guess they have more time for it. . . .

Fred Astaire, quiet and reserved, devoted to his family and almost never seen night-clubbing, is adored by all of his co-workers, who speak of him as "a real gentleman." Errol Flynn, who seems to be calming down from the "playboy" type, now that he's become a father, is well liked by his fellow workers. While in San Diego on "Dive Bomber" recently, he housed several of the workmen on his yacht.

Robert Taylor, Ronald Reagan, Fran- chot Tone, Bill Lundigan . . . all of them get high marks from those super-critics, the technical staff—and, believe me, they are a group that nobody can fool. You can have the best publicity man in the world and a fan mail that would choke a horse, but if you're not a "right guy" to the boys on the set, you're a bum and not getting by with the people who count.

My goodness! I almost forgot Guy Kibbee. Kind and jolly and generous to a fault. Years ago in a musical picture which wasn't very successful, I played Kibbee's wife and he stopped at my house every morning and drove me to location. One Sunday morning he phoned to ask if I could be ready a half-hour earlier. And what do you think we did? Drove all over town before finally locating a former actor pal who needed a financial lift. And Guy wouldn't go to location until he'd found him.

Here's another story on Guy that I got from a clerk in a sporting goods store. Guy's favorite pastime is fishing and every week or so he would come into the store and lovingly select the most elaborate equipment, enough to last him for years. Finally the clerk got so curious he asked Mrs. Kibbee about it. She laughed and told him that every time Guy goes fishing he runs across some young kid, a fellow enthusiast, fishing with the old string and bent pin equipment, with the result that Guy arrives home sheepish but happy, having taken a liking to the kid and presented him with his entire outfit!

Now, the next time you heave a rock at Hollywood, I hope you'll stop, look and listen . . . there's gold in them thar guys.



# George Brent Tells: "Why Ann and I Won't Marry"

(Continued from page 31)

a glorious sense of humor that keep her balanced."

So George Brent talked in his dressing room during the filming of Edward Small's picture "International Lady."

"The screen career girl," he went on, "is a special product of today. I've known many of them and their reactions are always the same. This career girl is absorbed in the excitement of her success and she basks in the dizzy independence it brings. Marriage must wait because it might interfere."

"Sometimes the career girl makes an attempt to leave her career, but seldom is it a success. The monotonous round of domestic duties and the simple pleasures afforded her in what we may call the ordinary life pall on her. She can't adjust herself to this new tempo and it proves a poor substitute for the thrills of acting in motion pictures."

"Film life is difficult, often it is cruel and heartbreaking, but it is never, never dull. It comes nearer spelling adventure than anything else that most people ever meet."

Once George told me that an important element in love was tenderness. As every woman knows, this is the vitalizing spark that imbues his film love scenes and today, talking to him, I caught his same persuasive quality. It spoke volumes for his understanding of feminine reactions.

Oddly enough, George Brent and Ann Sheridan were at the same studio for five years, seeing each other frequently, but never meeting. Then came the day when they were introduced and, suddenly, a spark flamed—they discovered each other!

There is no doubt that they are sincerely and deeply in love, but I really believe the foundation is a congenial friendship, made up of rare understand-

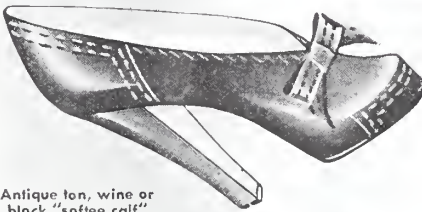


A figure that rates the whistles of all Saturday-afternoon knee-pants audiences: Buster Crabbe, starring in the Western series, "Adventures of Billy The Kid," for the Producers Releasing Corporation of America

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is PARIS FASHION SHOES," says Rita Hayworth... co-starring in "YOU'LL NEVER GET RICH" a Columbia production



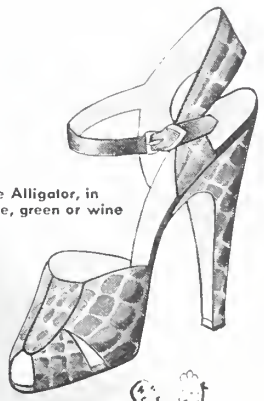
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ing, something very satisfying. Different in temperament, they yet share many of the fundamental qualities. Ann from Texas has won her own way. She's honest, frank, direct and devoid of all pretenses. She takes life as it comes without harboring the hurts and disappointments of yesterday. Brent from Ireland has touched life in its most exciting phases and now he is enjoying the comparative calm that comes after battle.

This romance has steadied Ann; she's gained poise and assurance from George's strength and masculinity. It has left its imprint on George, too. He's more approachable, laughs easily and often, and the old hurts seem to have faded away. I'd say that Ann is a sentimentalist who always keeps her sentimentalism under cover, while George is a romanticist touched with a bit of cynicism to keep his romanticism balanced.

**G**EORGE told me he had again leased the charming vine-covered English house on Toluca Lake, where he lived when he first started his film career at the near-by Warners studio.

He insists it is a happy house. He felt this when he first stepped into it years ago and even more definitely when he returned recently from his wanderings, which included owning a San Fernando Valley ranch and a Beverly Hills estate. It was like coming home and being welcomed personally by the cheerful living room that opens on tranquil gardens dipping into the tree-lined lake at the far end, the cosy dining room where dinner is always served by candlelight.

"I'm domestic in my tastes," George told me, "and I revel in the privacy of a home. Being quite self-sufficient I never become lonely. How could I when there are so many interesting things to read? I'm not good in a crowd where there are a lot of people milling around and I much prefer having a few good friends drop into my place to enjoy a congenial conversation."

"Ann's San Fernando Valley home is not far away and while we frequently dine out at some quiet spot where we can dance, too, we like having dinner at her place or mine. We ride horseback together and she's developed into a fearless horsewoman." Then, with a twinkle in his eyes, he added, "Ann is a grand little loafer, too. Thank heavens she's not one of these restless, chattering women who must be up and doing every minute. We take a couple of friends and slip down to my yacht whenever we have a chance and lazily cruise along the Coast or drop anchor over at Catalina Island. Complete relaxation! Believe me, there's nothing like it—the blue sea, the bluer sky, the sparkling sunshine, the salty air—it puts new life into you."

"I gave up my airplane a couple of years ago following a hunch. It was a good thing I did, for three men were killed in that very plane a few weeks later. So, more and more I am heeding my hunches. I can look back and see that every mistake I ever made was because I disregarded these silent warnings."

George has never seen Ann on the screen, although they made "Honeymoon For Three" together. However, he always visits her on the set when she is making a film.

"She's always fun," he said, "although she is an exciting personality she is also a most comfortable companion. The future? We'll wait until it catches up with us. But I repeat, Ann and I are not planning to be married. Instead we shall go right on being happy as we are."



## Oakie—on the Spot Things We Like about Jack

(Continued from page 48)

Zanuck's General than fly. It wouldn't have made any difference anyhow, for all Jack caught was the word General which he instantly abbreviated to "Gen." Good old "Gen."

Posing together for pictures, Jack threw the General into hysterics by con- sidering, "No use for you to try to look good. They'll only caption this picture, Jack Oakie and Friend."

His honesty is bigger than the man himself, in pounds and square inches. He actually had the hemstitched au- thenticity to try to steal scenes from Charlie Chaplin, the man who brought him back in "The Great Dictator." And he's so gosh-darned honest he sits up and tells you about it.

CHARLIE first suspected something was going on when he asked for a playback of some dialogue just spoken by him and Jack. The conversation prang forth from the machine while Charlie listened attentively. Finally, turning to Oakie, Charlie said, "What are you doing to me? Something's going on."

"Oh sure," Oakie grinned back. "I'm stealing your lines. You see, I begin my dialogue before you quite finish yours. That throws the attention to me."

From then on it was a race to see who could pick up the other's lines first.

Yes, we're dumbfounded at that honesty of his that has him saying, "Listen, honey, comedians are a peculiar tribe. They speak of each other as clever performers, but they don't like each other, never have, never will—and don't let anyone ever try to tell you differently."

Now you beat that one for freshness and deep-rooted honesty and we'll move out of town.

His patience! It's a revelation, really. We'll go over and over a scene with newcomers, anxious to help unless (and you newcomers note this) they feel they now enough to put one over on Oakie. And then heaven help them.

Recently a starlet giggled coyly, "You can't steal a scene from me, Jack Oakie. We got the camera right in front of me." Jack said nothing. When the scene was over the newcomer taunted, "Well, had you that time."

"You sure did, honey, only—" "Only what?" Her voice held a note of suspicion.

"Well, honey, I knew this was going to be a close-up and you see the close-up camera was right over here on my side all the time."

Without a word she walked away. Ladies should never try putting one over on Papa Oakie.

His patience in little things that usually upset a man, any man, is wonderful to behold.

We met at the Derby for lunch. For one thing, the table wasn't steady and tipped every time Jack touched it.

The waiter was nonplussed. "Now, my good man," began Oakie in a voice quiet as a bombardment over London, "I have a suggestion. A small suggestion. Let us say we take this piece of melba toast. Thus. Now, let us take the toast and place it thusly under this leg of the table. Presto, it works."

The table sobered up like a stew after ten bromides.

Then came annoyance number two. The Danish pastry he had ordered fixed just so (it was Jack's breakfast) turned out to be something else again. There were no complaints. He ate it. But about an hour later he quietly went through all the directions again and this time got it right. He ate that, too.

His generosity in the thing actors least like to give—their time—is another of the many reasons we like Oakie. He will and has sat for four hours with a writer in order to give a good story. And he never forgets to express his gratitude for a line, a word in a written paragraph.

His intelligence is an admiration-getter. He studies the psychology of every director under whom he works. He knows the type that encourages, the type that drives with mental whips as it were, the ones who withhold all comment until the shooting's over and then shower the deserving ones with praise.

He can analyze a scene and tell exactly what it needs, why it hasn't jelled, why it's off balance.

We like Oakie, too, for the lump that so obviously chokes his throat, that shuts off a stream of loud rowdiness as if a key had suddenly turned, the peculiar dewiness in the eyes set in that mugging pan when the name of his mother, the mother who adored him, is mentioned.

"It would have broken her heart to have known I was off the screen so long," he says. "I'm glad she never knew."

His bewildered hurt, the almost little-boy disappointment in not winning the Academy Award he so wanted and his friends hoped he'd win, endeared him to everyone.

"Beeg mouf" Oakie. Gay, spirited, childish-hearted, talented beyond our consideration, he'll remain forever a name not to be forgotten in Hollywood. A personality. A character. An actor.

For that we admire him.

Okay, Oakie.

## Things I Don't Like about Myself

(Continued from page 49)

Anyway, it was at his suggestion that I toddled up town to see May Leslie, who was putting on an amateur show for the Cardiac Society. Now that was what those wealthy Wall Streeters called their club. Don't look at me. I know they have no more heart than a rice pudding. All they do is cause the old pump to go down like an elevator when it could be going up. Anyway, Miss Leslie kinda liked my work and first thing I knew I took her advice and went on the stage. Yep, I left Wall Street flat and took what happened to it.

I don't like people who say they don't

like chorus boys. Why shucks, some of our best people have been chorus boys. Guys like Jimmy Cagney and Wally Beery and Pat O'Brien and yours truly, Louis Delaney Offield. That's my real name, you know. When the stage folks heard me talk so much about Oklahoma where I used to live they started calling me Oakie, even when Grapes of Wrath was still a line in a song. So I put the Jack in front of it and got kicked out of the chorus by Seymour Felix, the dance director. That's the second guy I'm grateful to.

Another of those "I don't like" things

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is being mean and bitter. Am I mean and bitter to Seymour for kicking me out of the chorus? Am I sore because he said I was ornery for trying to do a solo instead of keeping in step? Am I hurt because he hated me for trying to be an individualist and do a little specialty in the lineup?

Am I? Well, anyway I'm not ungrateful. For after that job I got to know an awful lot about dogs. Not that I had a pooch, but times was just so tough I got down to eating dog food three times a day. It got so I took to chasing cats in the neighborhood. Even the lamp-posts along Thirty-sixth Street—

LIKE a guy who is grateful to vaudeville, good old vaudeville that I helped lay in its grave, heaven bless it. I don't like those actors that turn up their done-over noses at the good old variety halls. They saved my life when Lulu McConnell engaged me as her partner and we toured the circuits.

Now right here I'd hate myself if I said Hollywood called. Why, it couldn't even yap in those days and it didn't even glance in my direction, either. But nevertheless, old not-too-daunted Oakie took a slow boat through the Canal for movie town.

I don't like myself for being modest. (I put that in for laughs.) I don't approve of modesty in others, either. So when I met Wesley Ruggles at a party I persuaded him I was the people's choice for his new picture, "Finder's Keepers," and I was on my way and his way and Clara Bow's way and every newcomer's way that came on the Paramount lot in those days.

Those were the days! Bing arrived and I went into his first picture. A Frenchie named Chevalier hit town and I went into his first picture. A team called Burns and Allen arrived and I went into their first picture.

I house-broke every newcomer on that lot. Once, when I misbehaved, they brought out a guy named Hope to take my place. I'm still going and so is he.

I don't like some of the things I did. I wouldn't like myself if I pretended I did. But we had fun in those days. We worked hard. I made something like seventy-five pictures in all and I'm just getting my second wind.

Maybe I shouldn't like myself for being called a scene stealer. But a fellow has to take care of himself out here and

there's some pretty stiff competition. Once I remember when I was giving Vic McLaglen the old shove-around, with my hand on his arm to kinda keep him off balance, he picked me up and slammed me through two tons of scenery.

Ned Sparks is another guy you gotta watch. He can take a fellow's scene just by giving him the old fish eye.

Here's one I should put myself in the corner for. It was in "Little Men" that we made recently. I felt there should be a close-up when I opened the safe. The director says no, so I reached for the knob of the safe with my left hand.

Well, of course, it didn't match any of the other scenes when it was all put together, so what was left to do? A close-up, that's all.

NOW I know you're wondering why I don't say I don't like myself so fat. Well, it ain't so bad. Course, it slows me up a bit in the strenuous scenes. I don't dive off cliffs more than once, but otherwise me and my 185 pounds manage to get around.

I don't like anything that keeps me from my golf—except work. I play thirty-six holes every day I'm not at the studio and I don't like it when my score climbs the eighties.

I don't like the idea of not having more time for my job as Mayor of West Van Nuys. It's the real McCoy, too, no kidding about it. I've even got stationary with my name—Jack Oakie—Mayor of West Van Nuys on the letterhead. We have meetings twice every week and I make speeches. One time I didn't like myself was when I was up there telling 'em how I was going down to the Los Angeles Council and demand a new street light and some guy from the audience yells, "Suppose they say no?" I couldn't think of a comeback fast enough.

I know this isn't the theme song of this story, but I must put in a do-like here. Here it is. I'm glad I like this simple, honest small-town way of life. Honestly.

I don't like unhappiness in others or in myself. I don't like to cause it, either. I wouldn't like myself two cents' worth if I didn't tell you the happiness you've given me in your welcome to me after my absence from the screen. You've been so wonderful I—well, do you mind if I just say, it's a bit too close to Mr. Oakie's Cardiac Club to even talk about?

Thanks, folks. Look for me in "Navy Blues."

## "I'm Going to Be Somebody"

(Continued from page 57)

experience, might turn the theatrical tide for her. She did get further, but widely spaced, radio jobs, but though she was often called to try out for Broadway shows, she was never chosen.

The Dennis Cape Playhouse, however, remembered the little Scott girl and when the summer of 1937 came around, she was signed as its leading lady. Immediately she was in heaven. "I was playing really big-time roles in a big-time company," Martha says.

It was at Dennis that summer that she met Evelyn Varden, the character actress, who was to see to it that Martha got the role of *Emily* in "Our Town," the role that was to make her a star both of the theater and Hollywood. Of course, neither Martha nor Miss Varden knew the miracle of "Our Town" was going to happen that summer and our small heroine went through an awful autumn, after the Dennis company closed, when once more she couldn't get a look-in. But finally, in the first week of January,

Martha Scott got engaged—but not signed—for her first Broadway show.

The show was being put on by an unimportant theatrical manager who was operating on a shoestring and playing safe by not signing up any of the actors who were rehearsing for his play. This left the manager free to hire or fire the actors as he might wish. It also left Martha free to walk out of the play, though neither the manager nor Martha dreamed such a thing would happen.

It did, though, through the intervention of Evelyn Varden and through Martha's meeting with Jed Harris, the producer of "Our Town."

Now the stage production of "Our Town" was a much more experimental proceeding than was the movie of the same story. Jed Harris, a strange, dynamic producer, who had made millions producing such sure-fire material as "Broadway" and other comedy-melodramas, saw in "Our Town" a poetic study of life and death. The most impor-



tant and terrifically difficult role in it was that of a young girl who grows up, marries and dies in childbirth. Harris knew he had to have an extraordinary, sensitive girl for this role. Evelyn Varden, already engaged for the play, told him about Martha Scott. Harris immediately sent for Martha.

In her wild excitement Martha forgot that she had eaten no breakfast or lunch that day and when she walked in and saw the whole company waiting for her at five, and looked hastily at the script of *Emily* and saw what a glorious part it was, she also forgot about dinner. The big scene of the play, the scene that would break it or make it, depending entirely upon the performance, was the graveyard scene, where *Emily* enters the world of death. It was this scene that Harris gave Martha to read.

She does not know now how she ever got through that scene or what kept her from fainting with hysteria at the end of it. She does know that her tears and her nerves were nearly out of control when she finished and she could not sleep at all, when she got home that night, with Harris' contract tucked away in her purse and the awareness of the awful scene she would have to face next morning when she told the other manager she was walking out on him.

Worse scenes were in prospect for her, however. Harris forged "Our Town" from the steel of Martha Scott's ambition and motions. The days passed over her like agonized dreams as hour after hour, day after day, Harris worked with her. The play was produced with no scenery and when the company went to Boston for the tryout they worked for two solid days and nights, with only three hours out for sleep. But Martha Scott was equal to it, more than equal, and by the

time the show got to Broadway all the street knew that a new star was born.

But for all its beauty and persuasion, "Our Town" was too saddening for a record-breaking run. This time when the movie offers came to Martha, she listened to them and signed with David Selznick to test for *Melanie*, in "Gone With the Wind."

"I CAME to Hollywood and just sat for three awful months," Martha says. She discovered she was merely one of a bunch of *Melanies*, who were thrown in with a bunch of *Scarletts*. Finally, at the end of a day, when some dozen other *Melanies* had been tested, she was put through her test. She was given a wig that was too big for her and a gown that was too small. Martha was as completely horrified as was Selznick at the result and she rushed back to Broadway, her newly found confidence once more completely destroyed.

Now before "Our Town," she had been a member of a radio serial called "Pepper Young's Family" and from that she had advanced to a serial written especially around her, "The Career of Alice Blair." She had given up *Alice* when she tried out for *Melanie*, but now she discovered through the producer of the show, Carleton Alsop, that he wasn't satisfied with the girl who had replaced her as *Alice* and that she, Martha, could have her old job back.

"It was so wonderful returning from that Hollywood snubbing to the warmth and friendliness of *Alice*," Martha says. "There I was, suddenly, Miss Importance. The writer of the show wanted to hear about my Hollywood experiences and wove some of them into the script of *Alice*. Joe Cotton, the leading man, was there, as he had been before, to help me

through all the scenes and tell me how wonderful I was, and there, for the first time, was Carl Alsop smiling at me a little. I had never liked him at all until then and he had never liked me either."

The thing was that handsome Carleton Alsop was bitter at that time with the tragic disillusion of an unhappy first marriage and wanted no part of romance. Martha, with a dozen swains dancing attendance on her, didn't have to bother flirting with a man who seemed hard to interest. Yet now, for the first time, she realized she had missed the guidance of Carleton Alsop all during her Hollywood stay and he realized for the first time that he had missed her on the show.

They began, then, a strange courtship. More and more, as the five-times-a-week show went on the air, little Martha Scott became aware that she was playing her scenes more to the tall man watching her in the control booth than she was to her invisible air public and more and more that man in the control booth became aware that he was listening to the sound of her voice, not with his detached critical mind, but with his rapidly beating heart.

ENTER now, Sol Lesser, who decided to make a movie of "Our Town" and who demanded, despite the awful *Melanie* tests, the original *Emily*. Martha and Carleton, facing another separation, talked it over with the sponsor of "Alice Blair" who promptly played Cupid and moved the whole radio serial to Hollywood.

That made everything wonderful, particularly since Martha went into "Our Town" and emerged a star. Frank Lloyd, seeing her, demanded her for "The Howards of Virginia" and she went into that

June Preisser, James Lydon and Mary Anderson appearing in "Henry Aldrich for President," a Paramount Picture.

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and emerged an even greater star. Neither picture was a box-office hit, but her personal triumph was terrific. "Alice Blair," however, had not benefited by the move to Hollywood. It was really too highbrow for the product it advertised and the sponsors decided to close it down. Anyhow, those kindly people probably decided Alice had served her real mission since by now Carleton and Martha were completely in love. When Frank Lloyd asked Martha to go to Virginia for personal appearances with "The Howards" there, she begged Carl to go too and, with her mother, they made a pilgrimage to that exquisite state. It was spring and they were young and by the time they got to New York, they knew their love could only be fulfilled by marriage.

They were married in the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, choosing it because it was the church across the street from the radio station where they had met.

They had to leave for the Coast that night, because Martha was due for "Cheers for Miss Bishop," and for the first five weeks after their arrival they never saw each other for more than five or ten minutes during the day, so busy were they. But they knew that none of that mattered, since they were going to have all their lives together. "Miss Bishop" emerged another Martha Scott triumph and she went hastily into "They Dare Not Love" at Columbia and one day Carleton rushed into the studio and onto the set, a thing he had declared he would never do.

## Casual Cyclone

(Continued from page 53)

murmured, taking a quick look at the Field face, almost without make-up, "wouldn't Wally Westmore throw a suit if he were here to see how Paramount's darling received a caller?"

If Miss Field does a spot of mind reading now and then, she chose to be gallant and ignore our thought waves. Instead, she motioned us to a nice comfortable seat. No odor of incense hung on the air; no phonograph record filled the place with Gilbert and Sullivan operettas; no evidence of last-minute prop-fixing, that eternal accessory of planned interviews, hit the reporter in the eye. Betty Field was going to play the role "straight."

We noticed that the lady has soft, doe-like eyes, high arched brows, a face nicely chiseled but angular and a figure that would rate a double look even by a man sprinting for a street car with the rain pelting him in the face.

HER manner is casual. She elects to plop down on a footstool over which there hangs a Picasso reproduction. Let her get started and in a trice she's galloping along with gusto on the theme of why I like New York, why I prefer it to Hollywood. Pin her down to her personal history and she's equally agreeable, although she's inclined to reel it off for you in a delicious clipped twang (a rare combination indeed!) one-two-three, telescoping important events into a single line and brushing aside high spots as if they were autograph hounds. This, mind you, from a girl so alive to dramatic values that as a moppet she rewrote Shakespeare so that she could play all the parts herself. The other kids were either extras or ticket sellers.

"It all started back in Morristown, New Jersey," Miss F. said, finally, submitting to the inevitable, "although if

"I've found it," he cried to Martha.

"Found what?"

"Our home. I've bought it. Can you get away right now to come see it?"

The director let her go and Martha rushed to their car. Carl drove some twenty miles away from Hollywood down into the peaceful Valley, to a spot where the mountains ring the cloudless sky completely, to a spot where the golden hills roll gently and where a nature seems to be singing an eternal love song. There on a hillside Martha saw a low white rambling ranch house being put up, with trees and a pool on one side of it and stables for two horses on the other.

"That's it," said Carl, watching her shining eyes.

"Oh, darling, it's perfect," said Martha as Carl, who is six feet three, carried her over the doorstep.

It is Bob Montgomery who provides the tag line to Martha Scott's story. Bob had come out to look at the Alsop ranch and Martha said they might buy an additional seven acres.

"All this and seven too," said the witty Montgomery.

So that, currently, is what Martha calls her home. The only change is that she and Carl have decided not to buy the extra seven acres. They are hoping for seven children instead.

For the brilliance of the career that lies ahead of her is assured. "So if I can just have Carl and children, it will be perfect. Though how it can be any more perfect than my life is now I can't imagine," says Martha Ellen.

you really want to be literal-minded you ought to say something about Boston, where I was born and Newton where I was educated—vaguely. We moved to New Jersey just in time for me to enroll as a sophomore in the Morristown High School.

"In Boston, come to think of it, I learned impromptu acting. I guess you call it that. Anyway, when I was eight maybe nine, I'd stop people on the street and pretend I was someone else. If they believed me, I knew my pretending was good. In time I got to feel like a nurse's edition of Helen Hayes. Once I pretended I was Uncle Tom, but instead of believing me the man only laughed. No flop heaven forbid—will ever be able to corner that moment of high tragedy.

"As a sophomore at Morristown High I must have traipsed around like a the logical student who has felt 'the cap. I knew Bernhardt's life history better than I knew the details of the War of the Roses or the list of American presidents as far as Abe Lincoln.

"Now and then touring companies Broadway shows would land in Morristown and there would be George Field's daughter lolling around the stage door waiting to catch a glimpse of the stars as they hopped into a cab or swung down the alley, like Bert Lytell, for instance, as you please and as friendly as well, a Fuller brush salesman.

"It got so that good folk in Morristown were offering up prayers for my speedy recovery, I guess. Meanwhile, the patient continued to grow worse.

"Then I took to writing letters—letters to anyone who had ever dreamed of being a producer. I'd write pages telling them about how I could act, how I did, give a fig about salary and always omitting the fact that I had just turned fourteen. Very seldom they'd write back



ostly they wouldn't. It didn't matter much. I kept up this literary blitzkrieg full tilt."

At this point, Miss Field interrupted her story to ask us how the writing trade was coming along these days. She was out to get started on Picasso when we d her back, subtly, to the subject at hand. But Miss Field had lost the spirit, developed. She was ready to complete her epic with:

"After that you might just say I was lucky. I did a few shows on Broadway, someone in the picture industry caught show one night and here I am."

From here on out it was strictly a struggle along, but eventually a wonderful story emerged.

Betty's parents emphatically did not want to call in a psychiatrist to mend their wayward daughter. Direct action was spared by a tip-off from one of Betty's friends that the secretary of Rowland G. Edwards, whose stock company was at that moment encamped in near-by Newark, lived next door to the theater. What did our Betty do? Why she wrote a letter, of course, a magnificent letter akin to the storied message that Leonardo

Vinci composed to a potential sponsor, describing the virtues, charms and attributes of the sender.

No message came by return post, carrier pigeon or dog sled. But these literary manners on the part of producers did not discourage Betty. It was old hat now. She was eating a piece of ice-cream cake one night at dinner when the telephone rang and she jumped up to answer it at her mother's suggestion. She could have swatted her down when she found out who was on the wire. It was Mr. Edwards' secretary, no less, and murmuring something like, "How would you like to be one of our extras next week? We're doing 'Shanghai Gesture'"

with Florence Reed and . . ."

"Sold," said Mistress Betty, hanging up on him.

Opening night Betty Field will relive until Gabriel blows his horn. There she was actually on stage, looking like a Shanghai little Miss Muffet, watching the dazzling Miss Reed reel off her celebrated interpretation of *Madame Goddam*. Our heroine was stationed there beside a latticework, hands in sleeves and swooning over the Reed lady's performance, when the aforementioned latticework came crashing to the floor, ker-plop. Not even that brought our Betty out of her trance.

THANKS to her colossal success as a mute celestial, the company director called on her often the next few weeks to help out. Her most spectacular role, with sound, no less, was in a whoopse-daisy thriller when Betty, playing an Irish maid, strolls into Suite 28-D and finds the mysterious guest a welter of gore and wounds. Whereupon it was her duty to come flying out and shriek, "Murder! Murder!"

It was this fat part that made up Betty's mind, which means that the wishes of her parents were as durable as cellophane. She bootied education out of her life. Instead of finishing up the curriculum of Morrissetown High, Betty Field, flushed with success, steam-rolled her father into sending her to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York, where, to say the least, a fourteen-year-old actress can do starring roles, even if they are only workshop propositions.

How much Betty Field got out of the American Academy can best be judged by this statement of hers:

"There I began to learn what real acting is."

On the other hand, directors over at

the Academy will regale you for hours on the theme of the little Morrissetown typhoon who zoomed through the place with such gusto that the faculty could never get enough of her. She listened to everything that was said in class as though it were scripture, turned in her assignments long before they were due and cavorted with such zest in the acting roles given her that you'd have thought she was playing to a first-night audience instead of some twenty supersophisticates.

The difference between Miss Field and her stage-struck chums at the Academy is that the little dynamo never showed up graduation night to get her diploma. The reason for her absence, as a proud director made quick to explain, was that Betty had her a job—on Broadway—and was probably right this minute on stage. Everyone cheered.

"Sing and Whistle" lasted just about that long and Betty Field, alumna of the American Academy, was on the loose again, hounding the producers' offices and telling about her triumphs in Madagascar, Madrid and Montevideo. In virtually no time she was signed up again. This time she was packed off to London, at sixteen, mind you, to do a few minor chores in "She Loves Me Not," all about those valiant Princeton men and what they wouldn't do for alma mater.

S. L. M. N. did not linger in London long enough for anyone in the cast to pick up a British accent. Betty was back before she had even gotten around to making that jaunt to Shakespeare's grave at Stratford-on-Avon.

She was hardly unpacked before she landed a job in "Page Miss Glory," a play with real speaking lines for Betty, according to the original script. By opening night her part was cut down to where she could recite her whole stint

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in fourteen seconds. But it didn't matter much. Miss Glory wasn't paged many nights, thanks to the lacing it took from the critics.

HERE the good fairies deserted her. Now were ushered in the years of the locust, when she lived the galling life of a fugitive from rent tariffs, food bills and assorted levies. Never one to take a rebuff lying down, she hunted up odd jobs, posing for fashion pictures and toiling as a model.

In time the pressure eased enough so that she was able to snag acting parts again. They were all understudy assignments. She didn't see an audience for almost two seasons.

What sent her soaring up into the stratosphere again was the announcement that George Abbott, her favorite producer, was sending out a road company of "Three Men on a Horse." Wasting no time, she barged in on Mr. Abbott, reminded him that she had been in "Page Miss Glory," which he had directed, and notified him that she wanted a part in the saga of the three men.

Mr. Abbott blinked with surprise. He was sure she had made a mistake.

"I was the girl in the green dress," she reminded him. "Now do you remember?"

Mr. A. grinned. "Of course, I do. You played the little sub-deb who lisped: 'Really, Mr. Schnitzel!'"

"The very one."  
"Do you have any particular part in mind, Miss Field?"

"Uh huh. The lead."  
Mr. Abbott almost choked on his cigar. Were his old ears deceiving him?

They were not, as his caller made quick to explain. But forcefully.

Betty Field got the job. George Abbott has never rued the day that Betty Field talked him into handing her a lead role in his boisterous comedy. Hinterland critics showered her with rave notices. Audiences guffawed at the antics of the demi-soubrette. She even panicked the actors with her constant ad-libbing.

When she returned from the grand tour,

her acting career was settled for good. Over the next three or four years she appeared in six Abbott productions, important roles every last one of them. The goofy waitress in "Boy Meets Girl," who longs to go to high school as soon as she's had a baby; the wacky dame in "Room Service," who doesn't know from nothing; the silly, diffident maiden in "What A Life," who makes life so hectic for Henry Aldrich. Et cetera. Et cetera.

It was her department in "What A Life" that sent Paramount scouts to the telegraph offices with frantic memoranda that both play and leading lady be bought and signed up, respectively. The S.O. brought quick results.

THE day Paramount snared Miss Betty Field her heart, emphatically, did not stand still as she set down her autograph on the contract. As a matter of fact, she was wondering how long it would be before she would be back in New York, top-drawer town in the Field notion of life.

This same nonchalance she carried with her to Hollywood. She did not roam into town. She did not bring along retinue. She did not hire an advance man.

Betty Field dropped into Hollywood as casually as a summer cloud drifts over a green field, as they say, put up at a sepulchral residential hotel and reported for work.

That was before "What A Life," "Seven Enten" and the magnificent "Of Mice and Men," which catapulted her across the public ken. And before "Victory" which clinched her reputation. Not to mention, "Shepherd of the Hills," which outlined it in red.

Today it's the same Betty Field who backs in Hollywood to do "New Orleans Blues" for Warners.

She's totally unknown in the night-club sectors. She does not belong to the dawdler patrol that greets the California sun dressed in white tie and long dress. She makes none of the la-de-da parties. She steers clear of gossip columns. She is not going steady. She's not engaged. In fact, she's not even in love.

Betty Field is busy being an actress.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

### ✓✓ Sergeant York (Warners)

It's About: The life of America's great hero of World War I

EVEN if being an American has never given you any special glow, we guarantee you'll go forth from this picture ablaze. The story of Alvin C. York, simple-hearted Tennessee farmer, who single-handed cleaned out a nest of German gunners, killing twenty and capturing 132, has been told many times but never with the driving conviction of this superb film. As a conscientious objector at the start, York's experience is all the more powerful to those of us who have questioned war as a moral solution.

Gary Cooper, as York, portrays the living hero with moving dignity. You'll spot a new star in lovely Joan Leslie, his sweetheart. Walter Brennan, as pastor of the hills, Margaret Wycherly, as Ma York, Stanley Ridges, as York's commanding officer, in fact the entire cast are splendid.

Seeing "Sergeant York" is an adventure into the soul of America.

Your Reviewer Says: One for the Hall of Film Fame.

### ✓ Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount)

It's About: The return of a father to the mountain folk who hate him.

STRAIGHT from Harold Bell Wright's beloved novel come the people of the hill country to tell their story of love and hate, superstition and greed, with a softening of purpose or aim.

Harry Carey, the Good Shepherd who comes home to find hate for his desertion of a girl and her son, years before is perfectly cast. Carey is the Good Shepherd. John Wayne as the son grows with one purpose—revenge on the man who deserted his mother—is forceful in his simple directness. Betty Field, the girl who loves Wayne, Beulah Bondi, the aunt who instills hate in him and Ma Lawrence, the simpleton of the family are just about tops.

Coupled with the tremendous simplicity of story is the beauty of the color shots. Seldom has there been such technical perfection on the screen.

It's a different story, something to take one out of today's chaos and one we feel you'll thoroughly enjoy.

Your Reviewer Says: A straight-to-the-heart film.



✓ Out of the Fog (Warners)

It's About: *The revolt among the weak and the long-suffering.*

IRWIN SHAW'S play, "The Gentle People," has been rewritten and re-themed, may we say, to fit the needs of the screen. It emerges a beautifully executed picture, splendidly acted and directed, vitally conceived and sustained. But whether it will satisfy your entertainment hunger is another question. It is a bit on the arty side, you know.

Gentle little people are Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen, who find themselves at the mercy of a cheap racketeer, John Garfield. But Garfield doesn't stop at his bleeding of the pair—oh no, he must add to their troubles by upsetting the happiness of Mitchell's daughter, Ida Lupino.

When the pair can endure no more, Fate steps in and helps, as we are led to believe it always does with gentle people. Eddie Albert is good in a small role.

Your Reviewer Soys: Thought-provoking fare.

✓✓ Underground (Warners)

It's About: *The operators of the illegal radio in Germany.*

ONE of the best of the so-called propaganda pictures dealing with conditions in Germany is this story telling of that brave band of German men and women who fight against the Nazi system. It is good because its premise is built on fact we know to be true. There are no attempts made to color conditions or to exaggerate brutality. In a straightforward manner the story tells of a young German chemist, Philip Dorn, who, unknown to his family, is the voice of the illegal radio, that voice that speaks out of the night telling honest Germans of their betrayal. When Dorn's brother, Jeffrey Lynn, returns from the front, he falls in love with Philip's accomplice and in an attempt to rescue her from the underground workers he unknowingly plunges his brother and family into horrors.

It's gripping, timely, thrilling from the very first moment to the last. But we must warn those who will have no part of pictures dealing with subversive activities, this is a picture of Germany and its times. If you welcome that sort of fare, prepare for a fine treat.

Your Reviewer Soys: A chiller.

✓ Moon over Miami (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *Poor girls in search of rich husbands.*

A TYPICAL Hollywood musical of the better type, bright, gay, glittering, glorifious, with hummable tunes and eye-filling color is Mr. Zanuck's box-office darling, "Moon over Miami."

The story has Betty Grable and Carole Landis, Texas car hops, inheriting just enough long green to get them, in company with Auntie Charlotte Greenwood, to Miami in search of a rich husband for Betty. Sister Carole acts as secretary, Aunt Charlotte as maid.

Who should be in Miami ready and waiting for the harvest time but Robert Cummings and his friend Don Ameche, play boys extraordinary. Just which girl gets which is something you'll find out for yourself. Anyway, the story itself is

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sublimated to music, rhythm, color, song and such scenery!

The cast is just right for its roles, with Jack Haley a comic riot.

Your Reviewer Soys: The musical of the month.

✓ **Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox)**

It's About: *The Nazis pursue an English big-game hunter.*

FOR sheer melodramatic tenseness, you can't beat this edge-of-the-seat-picture.

The direction of Fritz Lang, himself a German who fled the Nazis, is brilliant. English George Sanders plays the Nazi who pursues Walter Pidgeon (an American who plays an Englishman) better than any German could possibly play it. Pidgeon will soar right to the top after this one. Surprise of surprises, Joan Bennett, as the little Cockney who befriends Pidgeon in his escape from Sanders, rates a "best."

We won't reveal the plot, but you'll go home with something you didn't bring with you and that, my friends, will be goose pimples. That we promise you.

Your Reviewer Soys: A thriller-killer.

✓ **They Met In Bombay (M-G-M)**

It's About: *The adventures of jewel thieves in the far East.*

FOLK, we'll be honest and tell you right off it's the same old story of two jewel thieves, a glamour gal and a he-joy boy, trying to outsmart each other and ending up regenerated as all get out. In fact, we've lived all through it in many a little B. But you put Gable in there with Rosalind Russell as a partner and you have a picture the audience will love.

There are several amusing twists involving Gable with an English garrison in China. In fact, spots of freshness keep popping out at the most unexpected moments.

Your Reviewer Soys: Amusing, tongue-in-the-cheek entertainment.

✓ **The Big Store (M-G-M)**

It's About: *The Marx Brothers carry on in a department store.*

IF THIS really be the cinema swan song of the Marx Brothers, as threatened, they are retiring on a high note of comedy and one they can be proud of. It's the Zanies at their best with plenty of able support in the golden-voiced, melting-eyed Tony Martin, the stony-faced, warbling thrush, Virginia O'Brien, who kills 'em with her "Go to Sleep, My Baby" number, to say nothing of side-wheeler Henry Armetta.

The plot? Since when have Marx riots had plots? Anyway, this time the boys find themselves in a department store, so Heaven help the working girls, is all we can say.

Chico and Harpo give out with a terrific piano duet, Groucho sings and contorts weirdly (could that have been dancing?) and Harpo harps delightfully.

Your Reviewer Soys: A panic in every department.

✓ **The Get-Away (M-G-M)**

It's About: *A secret agent who poses as an imprisoned criminal.*

A REMAKE of the old picture, "Public Hero Number One," this rapid-paced, snappy-acted prison drama is still

good entertainment. It's good not only because the story still bears up but because it is so very well acted by such newcomers as Dan Dailey Jr., Donna Reed and Robert Sterling. Here are three winners or we miss our guess.

Charles Winninger, the drunken doctor, plays the role made so memorable by Lionel Barrymore and Charles plays it for all it's worth. Sterling is the young agent who makes a prison friend of Dailey and even escapes with him in order to discover the top ringleader of the mob. Dailey is a most convincing thug.

It's chockful of suspense and twisty plot corners and unless you're too fed up with gangster fare, you'll like it.

Your Reviewer Soys: Cops and Robbers, only more so.

**West Point Widow (Paramount)**

It's About: *A nurse who conceals her motherhood to protect her husband.*

A VERY nice little movie that gets a very nice little pat on the back—that's our verdict. Anne Shirley is pretty, attractive and talented. As the nurse who keeps secret her motherhood in order that her West Point husband may graduate, Shirley is very good. Very nice, too, is Richard Carlson as the amorous young interne who has no idea of Anne's dilemma. And very cute are Sharon Lynne and Deanna Jean Hall who play Shirley's baby at various ages.

Richard Denning is quite handsome as the West Pointer. We admire the cute little romantic twist at the end of the story, too.

In fact we are quite pleased and content with such a goodish little "B."

Your Reviewer Soys: A well-behaved and well brought-up little movie.

✓ **Tight Shoes (Mayfair-Universal)**

It's About: *The awful consequences of wearing shoes that pinch.*

IT'S a small-sized panic, a Damon Runyon click, translated to the screen with all the Runyon flavor intact. Even gangster Broderick Crawford talks like a Runyon-conceived racketeer and the results of Crawford's purchase of a pair of too tight shoes from shoe clerk John Howard are typical of Damon's special brand of droll nonsense.

The rise of Howard to a position of political achievement, his near marriage to the wrong girl, Binnie Barnes, that results in a bride and groom free-for-all, are plain ridiculous. Anyway it tickled us pink and left us with a jolly, to say nothing of a contented feeling that all was right in the little world of the B movies.

Crawford is too wonderful in his role. Anne Gwynne is cute as Howard's girl.

Your Reviewer Soys: If this shoe pinches put it on immediately.

**Knockout (Warners)**

It's About: *The ups and downs of a young fighter.*

ARTHUR KENNEDY seems hardly the type to be playing a hard-fisted young fighter, yet he comes through in believable form. Anthony Quinn as the manager who double-crosses young Kennedy when he marries Olympe Bradna and retires from the ring is quite a menace.



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If all this sounds overly familiar to you, believe me you're not imagining it. This is probably the oldest movie formula in existence.

Your Reviewer Soys: Little programmer.

## Angels With Broken Wings (Republic)

It's About: A couple who can't marry.

JUST everybody at Republic, it seems, is in there, including Mary Lee, Billy Gilbert, Jane Frazee, Leo Gorcey, Tom Kennedy and Leni Lynn. The ado concerns a couple in love, Sidney Blackmer and Katharine Alexander, who are afraid to marry for fear Sidney's Mexican divorce from his former wife, Binnie Barnes, proves illegal.

The way everybody pitches in to straighten things out is a caution.

Your Reviewer Soys: Stay home and knit.

## The Richest Man in Town (Columbia)

It's About: Small-town rivalry between banker and publisher.

CERTAINLY there are no such goings-on as these in small towns.

Oh well, who cares, when Frank Craven and Edgar Buchanan people the cast. In fact, these two old rivals in love and civic affairs make up for the puny little story that ain't worth a nickel.

Your Reviewer Soys: The poorest story in town.

## The Parson of Panamint (Paramount)

It's About: The adventures of a fighting parson in the great West.

HOLLYWOOD'S little white father of the Old West stories, producer Harry Sherman of the "Hopalong Cassidy" series, has brought us another grand story of the West, a story dealing with a young preacher who dares to do his duty among the best and worst of the people of a small Western town.

Phillip Terry as the fighting, fearless parson is a comer if we ever saw one.

Your Reviewer Soys: A new idea in Western drama.

## Paper Bullets (Producers' Releasing Corp.)

It's About: The ultimate fate of three orphanage children.

IT ISN'T such a very bad little picture despite its short scope, its tiny budget and its cast without a draw name. The story follows the life thread of three people who, as children, lived in an orphanage. Jack LaRue becomes a racketeer, Joan Woodbury serves a prison term for the worthless playboy she loves and John Archer becomes an engineer. Linda Ware sings two songs that could have been left unsung as far as the picture's advancement is concerned.

Your Reviewer Soys: Nothing to write home about.

## San Antonio Rose (Universal)

It's About: How entertainers revive a night club.

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**T**HE Merry Macs and their distinctive vocalizing carry most of this musical picture and if you're fans of theirs, then you're bound to enjoy it.

When a night club is closed by a band of racketeers, an orchestra consisting mainly of the Merry Macs and Robert Paige take over the place and with the help of Jane Frazee and Eve Arden, chorus girls, they manage to put it over. The night-club background serves as a good excuse for the almost uninterrupted singing and music.

Jane Frazee and Robert Paige as the hero and heroine are both very attractive and their singing, too, is very charming. The comedy is carried capably by Eve Arden and Shemp Howard.

Your Reviewer Says: No plot, much music.

### I Was a Prisoner on Devil's Island (Columbia)

It's About: The eternal triangle on, of all places, Devil's Island.

**Q**UITE a lot takes place in this incredible little melodrama, all about a sailor, Donald Woods, who's sentenced to three years on Devil's Island; the crooked prison doctor, Edward Ciannelli; and the doctor's unhappy wife, Sally Eilers, who is in love with Woods. Everybody has a terrible time until a fever epidemic breaks out on the Island and it's dis-

covered that the doctor has been selling the drug needed to cure the epidemic.

Both Sally Eilers and Donald Woods are okay in their roles, but their dialogue doesn't make the story believable.

Your Reviewer Says: Dull thriller.

### ✓ The Bride Came C. O. D. (Warners)

It's About: An aviator and an eloping heiress stranded in the desert.

**H**EADLINES—Bette Davis goes slapstick! What's more, Bette never pulls a single punch—falling into cactus beds, seat first; having cactus needles extracted from her—er—posterior; howling and yowling and carrying on like crazy. With her in bedlam is Jimmy Cagney, the aviator who agrees with Bette's father, Eugene Pallette, to foil his daughter's elopement with Jack Carson, stuff-shirt orchestra leader. When Jimmy's plane bearing the bride-to-be comes a cropper in the desert, the pair seek refuge in a ghost town. Even the ghosts are dumfounded at the ensuing proceedings.

It's not the best comedy in the world by a long shot, but it will do until a better one comes along. Harry Davenport is a love of an old desert character.

Your Reviewer Says: Bright as the desert sun.

## Brief Reviews

(Continued from page 19)

✓ **PENNY SERENADE**—Columbia: Simple and lifelike is this tender, human document of two people who adopt a child and find happiness and sorrow. Cary Grant gives one of the finest performances we've ever seen and Irene Dunne as his wife is not far behind. Edgar Buchanan also scores roundly. It's charming and heart-touching, a picture that you'll long remember. (July)

**PEOPLE VS. DR. KILDARE, THE**—M-G-M: Far below the standard of the *Kildare* series is this installment. *Dr. Kildare* goes into the courtroom to stand trial for malpractice, the suit being brought against him by ice skater Bonita Granville who emerges from an operation a paralytic. Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore and Laraine Day do their best. (August)

✓ **POT O' GOLD**—Roosevelt-U. A.: Lively and entertaining is Producer James Roosevelt's first full-length film all about how Jimmy Stewart and Paulette Goddard take over Charles Winninger's radio show and launch the famous Pot O' Gold program. The music of Horace Heidt and his band is a treat for swing lovers. (July)

**POWER DIVE**—Paramount: Lacking the pretentiousness of most air pictures, this is nevertheless a mighty entertaining little number with a whiz-bang climax that's bound to thrill you. Richard Arlen is the aviator who tries to prevent his young brother Don Castle from following in his footsteps, and Helen Mack, Jean Parker and Cliff Edwards round out the cast. (July)

✓ **RAGE IN HEAVEN**—M-G-M: Gripping fare is this dramatic picture of a psychopathic case, played by Robert Montgomery, who marries refugee Ingrid Bergman and eventually involves her and his best friend, George Sanders, in a murder scandal. It's exciting and novel and the performances are outstanding. (June)

**REACHING FOR THE SUN**—Paramount: This comedy drama of a man's yearning to be away from the city of machines and out in the country is very interesting in spots, but in others unbelievable and dull. Joel McCrea is the man who wants to get away from it all and Ellen Drew is his wife who tries to hold him to his work in a great automobile factory. Albert Dekker is the heavy. (July)

✓ **RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE**—Disney-RKO-Radio: Robert Benchley's roaming through the Disney Studios gives you a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the famous cartoon plant. It all begins when Benchley's wife insists he try to sell Disney the idea of filming "The Reluctant Dragon" and of course it ends with Bob in a projection room viewing the finished picture. The whole family will love this new, novel and different entertainment. (July)

**REPENT AT LEISURE**—RKO-Radio: It's all been told before, the story of the rich bride-to-be

who walks out on her fortune-hunter fiancé and marries the poor boy who loves her for herself, but the splendid performance of Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor redeem the timeworn plot and make it a pretty good little picture. (July)

**RIDE ON, VAQUERO**—20th Century-Fox: Cesar Romero, as the *Cisco Kid*, cleans up a band of kidnapers in his usual engaging way. Chris-Pin Martin is the Kid's dependable pal and Mary Beth Hughes again plays the dance-hall girl. (July)

**ROAR OF THE PRESS**—Monogram: Newspaper reporter Wally Ford finds himself assigned to a murder story right after his marriage to Jean Parker, with complications setting in one right after the other. Wally Ford's a good actor and deserves better; as a good audience, so do you. (August)

**ROOKIES ON PARADE**—Republic: You'll listen to Bob Crosby's warbling, laugh at the antics of Marie Wilson and Cliff Nazarro, enjoy the singing of Ruth Terry and Gertrude Niesen and go home refreshed. The Army camp routines are very cute and newcomer Bill Shirley is the surprise of the show. (August)

**ROUNDUP, THE**—Paramount: Richard Dix again proves himself one of the best Western actors in this triangle picture of the old West. Preston Foster is the ex-fiance of Dix's wife, Patricia Morrison, and his return to see her creates doubt and jealousy. Betty Brewer and Ruth Donnelly add to the doings. (June)

**SCATTERGOOD PULLS THE STRINGS**—RKO-Radio: Second in the series, this story of a runaway boy, Bobs Watson, maintains the high standard of the first. Guy Kibbee is so human and natural as *Scattergood Baines*, the small-town Mr. Fixit, that it's a homey, comfortable picture everyone will enjoy. (August)

**SCOTLAND YARD**—20th Century-Fox: Cops and Robbers in today's London, with Henry Wilcoxon as a crook who's wounded at Dunkirk and has his face remodeled to look exactly like lost banker, John Loder. Both Nancy Kelly, Loder's wife, and Scotland Yard are fooled by the impersonation until Inspector Edmund Gwenn gets on the trail. (July)

✓ **SEA WOLF, THE**—Warners: Too brutal for top entertainment is this remake of Jack London's sea story with Edward G. Robinson as the psychopathic, bestial captain who terrorizes his crew. Ida Lupino plays the derelict waif rescued by John Garfield, member of Robinson's crew. (June)

**SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS**—Columbia: Showgirl Joan Bennett takes a job in stuffy Franchot Tone's Wall Street office in order to convince him that she'd be a proper wife for his ward, John Hubbard, but before she gets through, Tone is



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humanized and his office nearly wrecked. It's good summer fare. (August)

✓ **SHINING VICTORY**—Warners: Although rather heavy and slow in pace, this love story of a famous psychiatrist is a fine, intellectually told movie. James Stephenson as the surly doctor is a splendid actor and shows much charm; Geraldine Fitzgerald, as his assistant, Donald Crisp and George P. Huntley Jr., as fellow doctors in the Scotland asylum, are all excellent. (August)

✓ **SIS HOPKINS**—Republic: Judy Canova sweeps this musical on to success as the Hoosier girl who goes to college with her rich cousin Susan Hayward, with Charlie Butterworth financing the education. The story's full of gags and Bob Crosby adds the music and Jerry Colonna the nitwit comedy. (June)

**SLEEPERS W'EST**—20th Century-Fox: Lloyd Nolan, as detective Michael Shayne, does his sleuthing on a fast train. Lynn Bari's the girl reporter, Mary Beth Hughes, a defense witness. The plot's awfully complicated. (June)

✓ **SUNNY**—RKO Radio: The gay, lilted music, the dancing of Anna Neagle and Ray Bolger, the colorful settings, the singing of John Carroll and the clowning of Edward Everett Horton combine to make this a picture of complete charm. (August)

✓ **THAT HAMILTON WOMAN!**—Korda-U. A.: Powerfully wrought and beautifully executed is this historical picture of a great and tragic love that defied traditions and nations. Vivien Leigh plays the beautiful and notorious Lady Hamilton who desperately loves England's naval hero, Laurence Olivier, and both their performances are magnificent. It's a great picture. (June)

✓ **THAT NIGHT IN RIO**—20th Century-Fox: Lavish color, risqué dialogue, Carmen Miranda's songs and much whoop-la are all part of this gorgeous musical that's a riot of fun. Don Ameche plays a dual role as an American entertainer who's hired to impersonate a South American baron. Alice Faye is the luscious wife of the baron, which leads to many complications. (June)

✓ **THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING**—Lubitsch-U. A.: The Ernst Lubitsch touch is again evident in this gay, frothy comedy of marriage, with Merle Oberon as the wife who, bored with husband Melynn Douglas, becomes infatuated with erratic pianist Burgess Meredith. Adult. (June)

**THEY DARE NOT LOVE**—Columbia: George Brent is an Austrian prince and Martha Scott an Austrian refugee who meet and fall in love in this tale of Nazi invasion, but excellent performances cannot overcome the slow tempo. (July)

**TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM**—Columbia: Rudy Vallee sings, Ann Miller dances, Glen Gray and Eddie Duchin's orchestras supply the rhythm. Brenda and Cohina and the Three Stooges are pretty corny, Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane supply the love interest, but all this good talent is wasted in this B musical. (August)

**TOO MANY BLONDES**—Universal: One of the worst pictures to come out of Hollywood in a long time is this bad little number about a singer, Rudy Vallee, and his jealous wife, Helen Parrish, who save up for a divorce. (August)

✓ **TOPPER RETURNS**—Hal Roach-U. A.: One third mystery and two thirds comedy is this newest "Topper" story, with ghost Roland Young aiding ghost Joan Blondell to solve the mystery of her murder. Billie Burke is still the confused Mrs. Topper and Dennis O'Keefe and Carole Landis have the romantic leads. (June)

**VERY YOUNG LADY, A**—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers deserves better than this modified remake of Simone Simon's picture. "Girls' Dormitory," in which she plays the schoolgirl who gets a crush on professor John Sutton. Jane's crush causes the faculty much concern and the audience no little amusement, but it's Nancy Kelly who gets Mr. Sutton. (July)

**WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT, THE**—Warners: This hackneyed story has Humphrey Bogart as the hard-boiled owner of a second-rate circus who picks up Eddie Albert and makes a lion-tamer of him. But Eddie falls in love with Bogart's innocent little sister, Joan Leslie, so Bogart tries to get rid of him. Sylvia Sidney is the circus fortune teller. (July)

**WASHINGTON MELODRAMA**—M-G-M: When millionaire Frank Morgan befriends chorus girl Anne Gwynne, he finds himself blackmailed by Dan Dailey Jr. You won't care very much. (July)

✓ **WOMAN'S FACE, A**—M-G-M: You'll find yourself completely held by the gripping intensity of this. Joan Crawford is magnificent as the scarred woman who fights back at a world that shuns her and Conrad Veidt rates equal honors as the man who teaches her love. (July)

✓ **ZIEGFELD GIRL**—M-G-M: Lavish and gorgeous is this musical extravaganza which tells of three girls, Lana Turner, Judy Garland and Hedy Lamarr, who enter the Folies and meet happiness and defeat. Jimmy Stewart, Charles Winninger, Philip Dorn and Ian Hunter are all very good, but it's Lana's picture. (July)

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# How to Have Fun without Beauty

(Continued from page 55)

"I've been overweight all my life and heavens knows I'm nothing to look at, but I've always had fun. That's because I didn't waste my opportunities in front of a mirror.

"You simply can't be yourself and have a balanced sense of values if you must keep scanning yourself in the mirror all the time, looking for something wrong and wondering if you are as glamorous as Sadie Glutz down the block. It isn't smart to make your face and body your whole world.

"Let me give you a very valuable tip: The less you think of yourself, the more interesting and popular you are going to be and the more fun you're going to get out of life.

"A glamour girl is always a damper because she introduces too much self-consciousness. She can't feel natural herself and no one feels natural around her. She is also the target of envy and spite. Unconsciously we all build up our resistance at the sight of a beautiful woman. Cattish, perhaps, but true.

"You disarm people when you have a sense of humor, when you can laugh at yourself and when they feel you are unaffected and natural. After all, the most important thing in the world is friends. And a plain girl always seems to have the most friends. Did you ever wonder why?"

"Well, anyone can have friends by putting people at ease. So I say that if you are too beautiful you should conceal the fact; if you are too clever you should hide it. Never allow the world to suspect you're playing down to it. Humans resent that.

"How can a plain girl be successful and popular? By making herself liked by other women. No woman can have social success or true happiness in life by being liked by men alone. In the old days women got ahead by being the favorites of men and by being admired by men. Today that doesn't help a girl. She must build on a less tricky foundation and be liked and respected by

women to gain real popularity. She must have the backing of women to be successful.

"A girl can gain the friendship of women by being unaffected, jolly and considerate, by thinking less about her beauty and more about how to please others. In doing so she can have a grand time herself. Any girl can be a success who will remember this."

When asked what was the essence of giving a good party, Miss Maxwell said: "Discretion. By selecting your guests with great care. This is the one time to forget friendships. Each guest must mean something to your party. There will be many people who feel they should be invited and may be hurt because they are not—but in this you must be firm, if you want your parties to be popular.

"PICK people you know will be congenial. Be sure they are good mixers and that among them are those who have something to give to the others. Remember that a keen sense of humor is a golden asset for any guest to possess. Never forget that the responsibility for your guests' entertainment is yours alone and that the time to meet it is when you make out your invitation list, not after you are stuck with a roomful of people whose ideas, ideals and likes are as far apart as the poles."

"But," we suggested, "suppose a girl wants to be popular with the men. Some of them get that way, you know."

"Yes," agreed Miss Maxwell a bit dryly, "it seems I've noticed that in the darker corners of some of my parties. And it also seems to me that it's the girl or woman with the ready wit, the ability to be natural and to give and take that raises Ned with my squires and sends me out into the garden hunting for roving males that are trailing her. Look about you. Who is it that makes the best marriage, who has the best job, who is always welcome for the week end? The glamorous beauty? Not where I've been—and Elsa's been around."



A word to the wise is sufficient, but Elsa Maxwell takes no chances and herewith backs it up by taking glamour for a ride on a bearskin rug

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**FILM SHOWS**  
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**T**HE part the American Red Cross plays in national defense is graphically depicted in the one-reel film, "Marching With Old Glory", recently released. With Narrator Lowell Thomas, this ten-minute panorama of the Red Cross in action provides a conception of this great humanitarian organization which, to many, comes as a complete revelation.

It goes into army camps and homes of draftees and shows how the Red Cross maintains a close link between the two. It goes into hospitals caring for the sick and disabled service men and shows Red Cross nurses, called to the colors, ministering to the men, while volunteers of the organization's Hospital and Recreation Corps provide entertainment and recreational programs for the convalescent. It goes into the thousands of Red Cross workrooms and shows how 1,000,000 volunteers are preparing 40,000,000 surgical dressings for the Army and Navy, and providing many articles for Uncle Sam's fighting men as well as for war refugees abroad. And it shows how the Red Cross is establishing a reservoir of 200,000 units of blood plasma for use by the Army and Navy in emergency transfusions.

Excepting foreign war relief, which is financed from special funds, Red Cross activities are supported from annual membership dues and gifts. This past year tasks confronting the Red Cross have grown tremendously with further expansion in sight. This year's membership campaign is the most important since 1917, as millions of members are needed to help carry on the work. During the annual Roll Call November 11-30 everyone throughout the country is invited to join the Red Cross and, should any persons be missed, they are urged to call their Red Cross chapter and arrange for membership.

**Casts of Current Pictures**

"ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS"—Republic. Screen play by George Carleton Brown and Bradford Ropes. Original story by George Carleton Brown. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. Cast: *Sybil Barton*, Binnie Barnes; *Don Pablo Vincente*, Gilbert Roland; *Mary Wilson*, Mary Lee; *Billy Wilson*, Billy Gilbert; *Jane Lord*, Jane Frazee; *Steve Wilson*, Edward Norris; *Charlotte Lord*, Katharine Alexander; *Punchey*, Leo Gorcey; *Lois Wilson*, Lois Ranson; *Leni Lord*, Leni Lynn; *Marilyn Lord*, Marilyn Hare; *Guy Barton*, Sidney Blackmer; *Gus*, Tom Kennedy.

"BIG STORE, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Sid Kuller, Hal Fimberg and Ray Golden. Original story by Nat Perrin. Directed by Charles Riesner. Cast: *Wolf J. Flywheel*, Groucho Marx; *Ravelli*, Chico Marx; *Wacky*, Harpo Marx; *Tommy Rogers*, Tony Martin; *Joan Sutton*, Virginia Grey; *Martha Phelps*, Margaret Dumont; *Mr. Grover*, Douglass Dumbrille; *Fred Sutton*, William Tannen; *Peggy Arden*, Marion Martin; *Kitty*, Virginia O'Brien; *Guiseppi*, Henry Armetta; and Six Hits And A Miss.

"BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST"—M-G-M. Screen play by Anita Loos. Story by Ralph Wheelwright. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Cast: *Edna Gladney*, Greer Garson; *Sam Gladney*, Walter Pidgeon; *Dr. Max Breslar*, Felix Bressart; *Charlotte*, Marsha Hunt; *Mrs. Kahly*, Fay Holden; *Mr. Kahly*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mrs. Keats*, Kathleen Howard; *Mr. Keats*, George Lessey; *Allan Keats*, William Henry; *Judge*, Henry O'Neill; *Damon*, John Eldredge; *Zeke*, Clinton Rosemond; *Cleo*, Theresa Harris; *G. Harrington Hedger*, Charlie Arnt; *Mrs. Gilworth*, Cecil Cunningham; *Mrs. Loring*, Ann Morriss; *Sammy*, Richard Nichols; *Tony*, Pat Barker; *Helen*, Mary Taylor.

"BRIDE CAME C.O.D., THE"—Warners. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein. Directed by William Keighley. From the story by Kenneth Earl and M. M. Musselman. Cast: *Joan Winfield*, Bette Davis; *Steve Collins*, James Cagney; *Tommy Keenan*, Stuart Erwin; *Lucius K. Winfield*, Eugene Pallette; *Allan Brice*, Jack Carson; *Pecwee*, George Tobias; *Pop Tolliver*, Harry Davenport; *Sheriff McGee*, William Frawley; *Hinkle*, Edward Brophy; *Judge Sobler*, Harry Holman.

"GET-AWAY, THE"—M-G-M. Screen play by Wells Root and W. R. Burnett. Story by J. Walter Ruben and Wells Root. Directed by Edward Buzzell. Cast: *Jeff Crane*, Robert Sterling; *Dr. Josiah Glass*, Charles Winninger; *Maria Theresa O'Reilly*, Donna Reed; *Warden Alcott*, Henry O'Neill; *Sonny Black*, Dan Dailey, Jr.; *Jim Duff*, Don Douglas; *"Moose"*, Ernest Whitman; *Parker*, Grant Withers; *Sam*, Chester Gan; *Hutch*, Charles Wagenheim.

"I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND"—Columbia. Screen play by Karl Brown. Story by Osso and Edgar Van Eys. Directed by Lew Landers. Cast: *Clair*, Sally Eilers; *Joel Grant*, Donald Woods; *Dr. Martel*, Edward Ciannelli; *Guissart*, Victor Kilian; *Commandant*, Charles Halton; *Jules*, Dick Curtis; *Gerault*, John Tyrrell.

"KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE"—Paramount. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Dwight Taylor. Based on a play by Clare Boothe. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: *Cindy Lou Bethany*, Mary Martin; *Lloyd Lloyd*, Don Ameche; *Dick Rayburn*, Oscar Levant; *Queen Abbott*, Virginia Dale; *Myra Stanhope*, Barbara Jo Allen; *Top Rumson*, Raymond Walburn; *Aunt Lily Lou*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Bert Fisher*, Jerome Cowan; *Polly*, Connie Boswell; *George Rochester*; *John Scott Trotter*, John Scott Trotter; *Uncle Jeff*, Minor Watson.

"KNOCKOUT"—Warners. Screen play by M. Coates Webster. From a story by Michael Fessier. Directed by William Clemens. Cast: *Johnny Rocket*, Arthur Kennedy; *Angela Grinnelli*, Olympe Bradna; *Gloria Van Ness*, Virginia Field; *Togo*, Anthony Quinn; *Pinky*, Cliff Edwards; *Tom Rossi*, Cornel Wilde; *Allison*, Richard Ainley; *Louis Grinnelli*, William Edmunds; *Denning*, Frank Wilcox.

"MAN HUNT"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Dudley Nichols. Based on the novel by Geoffrey Household. Directed by Fritz Lang. Cast: *Captain Thorndike*, Walter Pidgeon; *Jerry*, Joan Bennett; *Quince Smith*, George Sanders; *Mr. Jones*, John Carradine; *Vaner*, Roddy McDowall; *Lady Risborough*, Heather Thatcher; *Lord Risborough*, Frederick Worlock; *Captain Jensen*, Roger Imhof; *Whiskers*, Egon Brecher; *Major*, Lester Matthews; *Farnsworth*, Holmes Herbert; *Postmistress*, Eily Malyon; *Police Lieutenant*, Arno Frey; *Ambassador*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Umbrella Man*, Lucien Prival; *Reeves*, Herbert Evans.

"MOON OVER MIAMI"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Vincent Lawrence and Brown Holmes. From a play by Stephen Powers. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: *Phil O'Neil*, Don Ameche; *Kay Latimer*, Betty Grable; *Jeffrey Bolton*, Robert Cummings; *Susan Latimer*, Charlotte Greenwood; *Jack O'Hara*, Jack Haley; *Barbara Latimer*, Carole Landis; *Connie Fentress*, Cobina Wright, Jr.; *Jennie May*, Lynne Roberts; *Mr. Lester*, Robert Conway; *William Bolton*, George Lessey; *Specialties*, Condos Brothers; *Jack Cole & Co.*; *Brearley*, Robert Greig; *Reynolds*, Minor Watson; *Mr. Pretto*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Proprietor*, George Humbert; *Postman*, Spencer Chartres; *Band Leader*, Mel Ruick.

"OUT OF THE FOG"—Warners. Screen play by Robert Rossen, Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. From the play, "The Gentle People," by Irwin Shaw. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Cast: *Stella Goodwin*, Ida Lupino; *Harold Goff*, John Garfield; *Jonah Goodwin*, Thomas Mitchell; *George Watkins*, Eddie Albert; *I. Quotpatin*, George Tobias; *Olaf Johnson*, John Qualen; *Florence Goodwin*, Aline MacMahon; *Assistant D.A.*, Jerome Cowan; *Caroline Pomponette*, Odette Myrtil; *Eddie*, Leo Gorcey; *Officer Magruder*, Robert Homans; *Sam Pepper*, Bernard Gorcey; *Judge Moriarity*, Paul Harvey.

"PAPER BULLETS"—Producers' Releasing Corp. Original story and screen play by Martin Mooney. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: *Rita Adams*, Joan Woodbury; *Mickey Roma*, Jack LaRue; *Donna Andrews*, Linda Ware; *Bob Elliott*, John Archer; *Scribbler*, Vince Barnett; *Jimmy Kelly*, Allan Ladd; *Kurt Parrish*, Gavin Gordon; *Harold Dewitt*, Philip Trent; *Chief Flynn*, William Halligan.

"PARSON OF PANAMINT, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Harold Shumate and Adrian Scott. Based on the novel by Peter B. Kyne. Directed by William McGann. Cast: *Chuckawalla Bill Redfield*, Charlie Ruggles; *Mary Mallory*, Ellen Drew; *Reverend Philip Pharo*, Phillip Terry; *Bob Deming*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Jonathan Randall*, Porter Hall; *Judge Arnold Mason*, Henry Kolker; *Mrs. Tweedy*, Janet Beecher; *Crabapple Jones*, Clem Bevans; *Chappie Ellerton*, Douglas Fowley; *Jake Waldren*, Paul Hurst; *Joquin*, Frank Puglia.

"RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, THE"—Columbia. Screen play by Fanya Foss and Jerry Sackheim. Story by Jerry Sackheim. Directed by Charles Barton. Cast: *Abb Crothers*, Frank Craven; *Pete Martin*, Edgar Buchanan; *Mary Martin*, Eileen O'Hearn; *Tom Manning*; Roger Pryor.

"SAN ANTONIO ROSE"—Universal. Screen play by Hugh Wedlock Jr., Howard Snyder and Paul Gerard Smith. Original story by Jack Lait Jr. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: *Hope Holloway*, Jane Frazee; *Con Conway*, Robert Paige; *Gabby Trent*, Eve Arden; *Jigsaw Kennedy*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Benny the Bounce*, Shemp Howard; *Mona Mitchell*, Mary Lou Cook; *Harry*, Joe McMichael; *Ted*, Ted McMichael; *Phil*, Judd McMichael; *Hil-loughby*, Richard Lane; *Alex*, Louis DaPrun.

"SERGEANT YORK"—Warners. Original screen play by Abem Finkel and Harry Chandlee and Howard Koch and John Huston. Based upon the diary of Sergeant York. Directed by Howard Hawks. Cast: *Alvin C. York*, Gary Cooper; *Pastor Rosier Pile*, Walter Brennan; *Gracie Williams*, Joan Leslie; *Major Buxton*, Stanley Ridges; *"Pusher"* Ross, George Tobias; *Ike Botkin*, Ward Bond; *Mother York*, Margaret Wycherly; *Rosie York*, June Lockhart; *Buck Lipscomb*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *George York*, Dickie Moore; *Bert Thomas*, David Bruce.

"SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS, THE"—Paramount. Screen play by Grover Jones and Stuart Anthony. Based on the novel by Harold Bell Wright. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Cast: *Young Matt*, John Wayne; *Sammy Lane*, Betty Field; *Danie*, *Hozvitt*, Harry Carey; *Aunt Mollie*, Beulah Bondi; *Old Matt*, James Barton; *Andy Beeler*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Granby Becky*, Marjorie Main; *Wash Gibbs*, Ward Bond; *Pete*, Marc Lawrence; *Coot*, John Qualen; *Mr. Palestrom*, Fuzzy Knight.

"THEY MET IN BOMBAY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Edwin Justus Mayer, Anita Loos and Leon Gordon. Based on a story by John Kafka. Directed by Clarence Brown. Cast: *Gerald Meldrick*, Clark Gable; *Anya Von Duren*, Rosalind Russell; *Captain Chang*, Pete Lorre; *Duchess of Beltravers*, Jessie Ralph; *The General*, Reginald Owen; *Inspector Cressney*, Matthew Boulton; *Hotel Manager*, Edward Ciannelli; *Maitre d'Hotel*, Luis Alberni; *Carmencita*, Rosina Galli; *Bolo*, Jay Novello.

"TIGHT SHOES"—Universal. Screen play by Leonard Spiegelglass and Art Arthur. Original story by Damon Runyon. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. Cast: *Jimmy*, John Howard; *Sybil*, Binnie Barnes; *Speedy*, Brod Crawford; *Ruth*, Anne Gwynne; *Amalfi*, Leo Carrillo; *Grover*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Okay*, Shemp Howard; *McGrath*, Richard Lane; *Mrs. Rupert*, Sarah Padden; *Blooch*, Ed Gargan; *District Attorney*, Selmer Jackson.

"UNDERGROUND"—Warners. Screen play by Charles Grayson. Story by Edwin Justus Mayer and Oliver H. P. Garrett. Directed by Vincent Sherman. Cast: *Kurt Franken*, Jeffrey Lynn; *Eric Franken*, Philip Dorn; *Sylvia Helmut*, Kaaren Verne; *Fraulein Gessner*, Mona Maris; *Alex*, Peter Whitney; *Heller*, Martin Kosleck; *Dr. Franken*, Erwin Kalser; *Frau Franken*, Ilka Gruning; *Professor Baumer*, Frank Reicher.

"WEST POINT WIDOW"—Paramount. Screen play by F. Hugh Herbert and Hans Kraly. Based on a story by Anne Wormser. Directed by Robert Siodmak. Cast: *Nancy Hull*, Anne Shirley; *Jimmy Krueger*, Richard Carlson; *Rhody Graves*, Richard Denning; *Daphne*, Frances Gifford; *Mrs. Willis*, Maude Eburne; *Mrs. Graves*, Janet Beecher; *Dr. Spencer*, Cecil Kellaway; *Joe Martin*, Archie Twitchell; *Sophie*, Lillian Randolph; *Miss Hinkle*, Patricia Farr; *Jennifer*, Sharon Lynne and Deanna Jean Hall; *Mr. Metapoulos*, Eddie Conrad.



# She Scorned the Neighbors Who Loved Her...

WHEN city-bred Christine Lawson settled down in Oakdale she detested the straight-laced traditions, the prying eyes of this dreary town. Why, she asked, must everyone know what she eats, how she lives, what she does? Her good-natured neighbors were ready to accept her, but they were small town folk and she snubbed their offered friendship. But disaster was inevitably hers . . . and when death threatened to crush her entire world, how did those neighbors answer her frenzied call? What did they say to the woman who ridiculed their most sacred customs. And how did Christine Lawson painfully learn that the love of a neighbor is the greatest asset a man or woman possesses?

Don't miss "LOVE THY NEIGHBOR" a stirring, meaningful, and true story, combining heart-warming devotion and heartless bigotry. Read it today in the September TRUE ROMANCES Magazine, and thrill to the heroic proportions of small-town simplicity!



She made up her mind in advance that she could never learn to like her neighbors in Oakdale.

## AIR CORPS SWEETHEART

Here is a story of the courageous women behind the pilots who man our great air defenses . . . about the women who are taught to swallow all tears and defiantly grin over broken bodies, broken planes . . . and broken hearts. This is the human side of the air force, a picture we seldom see. And we see it from the inside, for this is a tale by a gallant colonel's daughter so madly in love with the most reckless flyer in the force that she challenged the very creed she was reared on to keep him near her! It is truly a great tale of great people!

Begin this thrilling true story in the September True Romances Magazine. Read part one of "AIR CORPS SWEETHEART", the most absorbing, fiery serial you have ever seen. Remember, the first installment appears in the new True Romances Magazine. It's on sale now! Don't miss it!

*These are just a few of the many absorbing true stories—exciting, heart-warming, delightful tales of young love—appearing in the September True Romances Magazine. Get your copy today!*

## HONEYMOON FOLLY

It's usually customary for a girl to make up her mind she loves a man *before* she marries him. But once, with her new husband beamingly sitting beside her, a two-hour-old bride thought of things far apart from her honeymoon—sat longing for the arms of another man! And she thought: "How can I ever answer that yearning look in my husband's eye when I know I don't love him?"

But do not miss the whole throbbing story of what happened on this strange and awkward honeymoon. Read "HONEYMOON FOLLY" in September True Romances Magazine and know from her own lips how this young bride who thought she had stumbled into a loveless marriage learned that the matchless devotion of a good man can crash the portals of a woman's heart.

# True Romances

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OCTOBER



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WHO HATES WHOM IN HOLLYWOOD BY "FEARLESS"



# Canaries ★ HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST HOBBY SENSATION!



**PENNY SINGLETON**

*Star of Columbia's "Blondie" pictures, enjoys the song of "Dickie" her pet Canary!*

**C**ANARIES for companionship . . . canaries for cheer . . . canaries for sunshine and song! Canaries in the home—in studio dressing rooms—on movie sets! *Canaries!* Hollywood's newest and most fascinating pet hobby—one that you, too, can enjoy! Another Hollywood favorite is French's Bird Seed and Biscuit—the time-tested, proven recipe of 11 aids to song and

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*Even if you weren't Born to Beauty—*

**YOU'LL WIN HEARTS.. if your Smile is Right!**

**Your smile is a priceless asset. Help to keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.**

EVERY attractive woman isn't really pretty. Every movie darling isn't a classic beauty. But take to your heart this true observation—you can seldom find fault with their smiles.

So take hope, plain girl, take hope! Even if you weren't born to great beauty—you can have compliments, 'phone calls and dates. Make your smile the real, lovely YOU. *And remember, healthy gums*

are important to a bright, sparkling, attractive smile.

If you've seen a touch of "pink" on your tooth brush—do the right thing today. *See your dentist!* His verdict may be that your gums have become sensitive because today's soft foods have robbed them of work. But don't take chances—let him make the decision. And if, like thousands of others, your dentist suggests Ipana and massage—take his advice and get Ipana at once.

For Ipana Tooth Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with mas-

sage, it is specially designed to help the health of your gums as well.

**Try Ipana and Massage**

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping your gums to new firmness.

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



**"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"**

*say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

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

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

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METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
**LION'S ROAR**

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

O sweet and lovely  
Lady be good.  
O Lady be good  
To me.



We are in voice today. It's not that hint of autumn in the air. Nor is it the pretty compliments we've been receiving from the public about "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

The fact is that we've been vocally hypnotized by Ann Sothern's song efforts in "Lady Be Good". So please pardon our Sothern accent.

You've seen her as "Maisie". But did you know she could sing like that? Neither did we. In case you don't get around to the picture, here's the way she does it.

I'm just a lonesome  
Babe in the wood,  
So Lady be good  
To me.



What a film! What a fine film! What a mighty fine film! It has a plot that's hot, a cast that's fast, comic scenes that are anatomic, and throngs of songs.

Eleanor Powell has never been better. Toe, ankle, leg, thigh, torso, arms, shoulders, head. All dance together in real rhythm.

Jack McGowan wrote an original. Then he and Kay Van Riper and John McClain fashioned a screen play. Then Norman McLeod directed. Result—Oo-la-la!

Add music by George Gershwin, Jerome Kern and Roger Edens, lyrics by Ira Gershwin, Oscar Hammerstein and Arthur Freed. Then serve.

Footnotes: Robert Young turns in a stunning co-starring job. Lionel Barrymore is still the old master. John Carroll is a discovery. Red Skelton is Joe Comic. Virginia O'Brien is a bright flash in the dead pan.

Fan song: *O Leo be good  
To me.*

—The Maestro

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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**M I R R O R**

ERNEST V. HEYN  
Executive Editor

HELEN GILMORE  
Associate Editor

OCTOBER, 1941  
VOL. 19, NO. 5

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COVER: Irene Dunne, Noturol Color Photograph by Roy Jones

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial offices, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Executive office, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Advertising offices, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Chicago office, 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office: San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, Newfoundland and Canada \$1.00 a year; price per copy, United States and Canada, 10c. In Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British Dutch and French Guiana, \$1.50 a year; all other countries \$2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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GREAT THINGS CAST THEIR SHADOWS AHEAD! WATCH FOR IT!

*Spencer*  
**TRACY**  
*INGRID*  
**BERGMAN · TURNER**  
*LANA*  
in VICTOR FLEMING'S PRODUCTION of  
**Dr. JEKYLL**  
**and Mr. HYDE**

with  
DONALD CRISP · IAN HUNTER  
BARTON MacLANE · C. AUBREY SMITH

Screen Play by  
JOHN LEE MAHIN  
Based on the Novel by  
Robert Louis Stevenson

Directed by  
VICTOR FLEMING  
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer  
Picture



The strange desires in every man's mind... To the world he was a gentleman, cultured, handsome, suave... But inside his mind there lurked nameless compulsions, secret longings, hidden loves. The most startling story ever told... an outstanding motion picture triumph.



# CLOSE UPS

# AND LONG SHOTS



He had to be coaxed to play the role: Gary Cooper in Warners' "Sergeant York"

They thought this would flop: Russell and Gable in "They Met in Bombay"



This surprised even M-G-M: Joan Crawford and Conrad Veidt in "A Woman's Face"

**T**HE longer I live in Hollywood, the more I wonder if anybody in this town . . . or out of it . . . knows anything positive about making pictures . . . for a great picture is now being shown in our biggest cities . . . and will presently be shown in the smaller cities . . . an inspired, inspiring, spiritual picture . . . made by a producer who everybody in Hollywood has said for the last several years was a man who was "through" . . . the man is Jesse Lasky, one of Hollywood's true pioneers, and the film is "Sergeant York". . . .

Hollywood has tried many times to get the true feeling of religion on the screen . . . the most recent trial was "Strange Cargo," which missed completely . . . two earlier (silent) attempts were De Mille's productions, "The Sign of the Cross" and "The King of Kings" . . . years ago there was "Ben Hur" . . . but no film has ever so captured the simple faith of a simple man . . . the absolute portrait of "the pure in heart" . . . as "Sergeant York" captures it. . . .

Yet Jesse Lasky, who has been kicked around by several studios in the last several years, who was scorned by a lot of johnny-come-latelys who weren't really worthy to be in the same room with him, has had the idea for this film for more than twenty years . . . has tried to sell the idea to studios for more than twenty years . . . has seen in the epic story of one of America's greatest soldiers



## BY RUTH WATERBURY

the qualities that make stories live forever. . . .

Even when he did sell the far-seeing Warners on the idea of making the story of Alvin York . . . which, incidentally, was produced by Lasky in collaboration with another far-seeing gentleman, Hal Wallis . . . he still had to sell Gary Cooper on the idea of playing the role . . . Gary was afraid of the very simplicity of the part . . . yet in it, he gives his supreme performance . . . even greater than *Mr. Deeds* . . . and distinctly the performance he meant to give as *John Doe* . . . and didn't . . . just as "Sergeant York" contains the message that "Meet John Doe" was meant to contain . . . and didn't . . . the message of the spiritual greatness of the humble and meek . . . in fact, "Sergeant York" looks like the finished production of the film that "Meet John Doe" was a rehearsal for . . . not that the stories

of these two films are similar . . . they are totally unlike . . . but the message and the spirit behind each of them are the same. . . .

It hasn't the romance or the color of "Gone With the Wind" . . . but I think "Sergeant York" will come within shooting distance of its box-office record . . . and will have much more influence on all our lives in these frightening days . . . it is a great thing to have been done by a man who was "through" . . . it is a credit to the movies . . . to Jesse Lasky . . . to Hal Wallis . . . to the Warner Studio . . . and most distinctly praise must be given to Howard Hawks, for his direction, at once sensitive and dynamic . . . and to young Joan Leslie for her sweet, tender performance of a girl in love. . . .

**O**N the other side of the ledger . . . and still talking about nobody's knowing just what is what with pictures in Hollywood . . . there is the comparative flop of "The Devil and Miss Jones," that enchanting, Jean Arthur starring picture that the whole industry thought would be a hit . . . and the hit of "They Met in Bombay," the Clark Gable-Rosalind Russell starrer that everybody, including Gable and Russell themselves, thought would be a flop . . . and which, by the way, took a lashing from the critics everywhere . . . and speaking purely personally, there is my own (Continued on page 85)



# MASTER OF LOVE!...

His Words of Love Set All Women's Hearts on Fire!

"All these years without you, I've dreamed of being in your arms again, my love!"

*Paulette*

"He made me afraid of myself . . . afraid to see the deep longing he had put in my heart!"

*Olivia*

Only Boyer, suave, sophisticated . . . only fresh, lovely DeHavilland . . . only sultry, beautiful, Goddard, could bring this hauntingly beautiful love story to you . . . played in the exciting atmosphere of a Mexican border town!

*Charles* **BOYER**

*Olivia* **DE HAVILLAND** ★ *Paulette* **GODDARD** in

## "**HOLD BACK THE DAWN**"

with **VICTOR FRANZEN** • **WALTER ABEL** • Directed by **MITCHELL LEISEN**  
Written by **Charles Brackett** and **Billy Wilder** • From a Story by **Ketti Frings** • A **Paramount Picture**

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



# The SHADOW STAGE

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



Delightful and brilliant: Evelyn Keyes and Bob Montgomery in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan"



Film bargain of the month: Ann Sothorn, Bob Young and Eleanor Powell in "Lady Be Good"

### ✓✓ Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia)

**It's About:** A spirit that occupies several furnished bodies.

ONE of the most farcical, delightful and imaginative stories ever to hit the screen is "Here Comes Mr. Jordan."

Now don't get the idea it's a spooky, symbolic affair. Far from it, for prize fighter *Joe Pendleton*, played so perfectly by Robert Montgomery, is one of the most natural, lovable guys in the world. When Bob's plane crashes, Edward Everett Horton, an old snooper from Heaven, gathers up Bob's soul before he's dead and carries him off. Heaven is in a quandary, for Bob isn't scheduled to arrive there for fifty years. So Eddie and Bob hurry back to his body to discover, alas and alack, it's been cremated. To Bob's rescue comes *Mr. Jordan*, a kindly understanding chief from up above, who helps him find a new body—two bodies, to be exact.

Claude Rains, as *Mr. Jordan*, is marvelous and Jimmy Gleason, Bob's befuddled manager, is terrific. Evelyn Keyes is star bound for her beautiful performance. Al Hall has done a brilliant job of directing. Don't miss it.

**Your Reviewer Says:** It's new, it's funny, it's delightful.

### The Best Pictures of the Month

Here Comes Mr. Jordan  
Tom, Dick and Harry  
Charley's Aunt  
Lady Be Good  
Hold Back the Dawn

#### Best Performances

Robert Montgomery in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan"  
Claude Rains in "Here Comes Mr. Jordan"  
Ann Sothorn in "Lady Be Good"  
Ginger Rogers in "Tom, Dick and Harry"  
Jack Benny in "Charley's Aunt"  
Abbott and Costello in "Hold That Ghost"  
Charles Boyer in "Hold Back the Dawn"  
Paulette Goddard in "Hold Back the Dawn"  
Olivia de Havilland in "Hold Back the Dawn"

### ✓✓ Lady Be Good (M-G-M)

**It's About:** A song writing team that can't make love rhyme with marriage.

IT'S a parade, a parade of M-G-M personalities through a George Gershwin musical with names, specialty numbers and music that haunts, all passing in quick review. In short, it's a snappy, peppy, gorgeous musical with Ann Sothorn and Robert Young the song writing team from Tin Pan Alley that hit the divorce courts twice before things work out.

We give you some idea of the value you'll receive for your money when we tell you Eleanor Powell, executing several clever dance routines, along with Dan Dailey Jr., Lionel Barrymore (as the judge), Red Skelton (the Bob Hope of M-G-M), John Carroll, Virginia O'Brien (a dead pan in a Tin Pan), Rose Hobart and many others flit in and out of the story. The music is delightful, especially Ann Sothorn's singing of "The Last Time I Saw Paris." In fact, it's Annie's picture despite the terrific competition and we look for more big-time musicals for Miss Sothorn.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Here's the bargain of the month.

(Continued on page 103)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 115



# JUST LOOK AT THESE COMING ATTRACTIONS!

Here they are! The Choice of all of Hollywood's offerings for this month and the near future! Better check them off—you'll want to see every one!

**GARY COOPER**  
as  
**"SERGEANT YORK"**  
with  
WALTER BRENNAN  
JOAN LESLIE  
GEO. TOBIAS • STANLEY RIDGES  
A HOWARD HAWKS PROD'N




ERROL FLYNN  
FRED MacMURRAY  
**"DIVE BOMBER"**  
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ  
IN TECHNICOLOR, with  
RALPH BELLAMY • ALEXIS SMITH  
Robert Armstrong • Regis Toomey  
Allen Jenkins



**"NAVY BLUES"**  
ANN SHERIDAN • JACK OAKIE • MARTHA RAYE • JACK HALEY  
and the  
**BEAUTIFUL "NAVY BLUES SEXTET"**  
Herbert Anderson • Jack Carson • Jackie C. Gleason  
Directed by LLOYD BACON




BETTE DAVIS • ANN SHERIDAN • MONTY WOOLLEY  
**"THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER"**  
From the play by GEO. S. KAUFMAN & MOSS HART  
with Jimmy Durante • Reginald Gardiner • Richard Travers  
Geo. Barbier • Laura Hope Crews • Directed by WM. KEIGHLEY



**"INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON"**  
with  
RONALD REAGAN • OLYMPIA DUKAKIS  
JAMES STEPHENSON • IDAN PERRY  
WM. LUNDIGAN • REGINALD BERRY  
Directed by LEWIS SEILER



**"THE PRIME MINISTER"**  
with  
JOHN GIELGUD  
and  
DIANA WYNYARD  
and  
Will Fyfe • Owens Nares • Fay Compton  
Directed by Thorold Dickinson  
Produced at Teddington Studios



FREDERIC MARCH  
MARTHA SCOTT  
in  
**"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"**  
From the Novel by Hartzell Spence  
Directed by Irving Rapper



**"THE MALTESE FALCON"**  
HUMPHREY BOGART  
MARY ASTOR  
Gladys George  
Peter Lorre  
Directed by John Huston  
Based upon the novel by  
DASHIELL HAMMETT



**"NEW ORLEANS BLUES"**  
with  
PRISCILLA LANE  
BETTY FIELD  
RICHARD WHORF  
LLOYD NOLAN  
JACK CARSON  
ELIA KAZAN  
Directed by Anatole Litvak



Do you know that every wonderful one of these are **WARNER BROS. PICTURES!**

"Let's make a date now to see 'em all, Sue."

"My darling! Almost as much as I want to see them, I want to see you!"





# Inside Stuff

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY  
HYMAN FINK



Helping hands: Nelson Eddy, Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck help the U.S.O. air show to glory, then are helped to beans served Army style. (Below) Bette Davis, Roz Russell and Loretta Young—U. S. O. rooters and bean-eaters



"Don't say no  
To the U. S. O."  
So the stars let go  
With a bang-up show!

A sure-cure remedy for curiosity, compounded of choicest Hollywood tidbits; to be taken once a month and guaranteed to make you movie wise

**J**UDY Becomes Mrs. David Rose: They sat at a cozy table for two at Romanoff's and talked it over, Judy and Dave. Judy had a few free days at the studio, and Dave was on his vacation. "Let's get married now," Dave suggested. "Why should we wait when it may be a long time before we're both free again?"

There was absolutely no doubt in Judy's heart. And so, as we predicted, in our May story, "The Marriage Dilemma of Judy Garland," when it came to the crucial decision Judy chose Dave above any objections

friends or studio may have offered. "Let's go," Judy said. Without waiting to finish their dinner, they rushed to Judy's home where her mother and stepfather agreed to accompany them to Las Vegas.

Her mother gave Judy her own wedding ring, the one worn when she married Judy's father, and with the flowers from the judge's desk, Judy Garland became Mrs. Rose. Judy explained that all her dreams of orange blossoms and church weddings suddenly seemed unimportant compared to her love for Dave.

"Being Mrs. Rose means more to me than anything else," Judy told Cal over the phone. And from the breathlessness in her voice, we believe it. After a week end spent at El Rancho Vegas near Las Vegas, the couple returned to Hollywood to find themselves overwhelmed with good wishes from a town which had really been expecting this marriage since Dave Rose's divorce from Martha Raye last March. Cal says, "Good luck, kids!" . . . and Hymie gets their picture (see page 12).

(Continued on page 10)



...and this was to  
have been *Lydia's*  
Wedding Night!

Yes, Lydia learned all about  
love . . . but it took four men  
to teach her. Vividly, unfor-  
gettably, her story is revealed  
in this, the thrilling drama of  
a free woman!

Alexander Korda  
presents

# Lydia

The Love Drama for

which You Will Remember 1941  
starring

**MERLE OBERON**

ALAN MARSHAL · JOSEPH COTTEN

HANS YARAY · GEORGE REEVES

with JOHN HALLIDAY · SARA ALLGOOD

and **EDNA MAY OLIVER**



Directed by Julien Duvivier · Original story by Julien Duvivier and L. Bush-Fekete · Screenplay and dialogue by  
Ben Hecht and Sam Hoffenstein · Released thru United Artists





High pressure U. S. O. sales force: Tyrone Power, Jane Withers (Hut Sut singer and our latest selection for the glamour girl stakes) with Orson Welles. His reading of a Walt Whitman poem was one of the dramatic high spots

Brother act gets ready for action: Lionel and John, at the House of Barrymore, warm up for their U.S.O. chores by putting on one of their famous ad lib sessions



(Continued from page 8)  
**The Good Old U.S.O.:** When Hollywood gets into a helping mood it helps in a great big wonderful way. The United Service Organization benefit at the Hollywood Bowl, a benefit to raise funds to build entertainment centers for soldiers, was a star-studded affair which rivaled the real sparklers in the blue heavens above.

Nelson Eddy's ringing voice, Norma Shearer's plea, Loretta Young's fine appeal, Hattie McDaniel's heartwarming talk and the joint talk of Bob

Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck were high lights of the affair.

Orson Welles read with feeling a Walt Whitman poem. Gene Autry with his guitar and Jane Withers' singing of the "Hut Sut" song brought echoes of applause from the surrounding hills.

Bette Davis, always ready when needed, added her few words to Tyrone Power's. That wholesale love scene between Rosalind Russell and Cary Grant, Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer, pleased the audience, who were more like customers at a three-ring

circus—they couldn't tell where to look next.

Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman, both Englishmen, of course, helped along the cause for Uncle Sam's boys by purchasing several thousand dollars' worth of seats to be used by soldiers brought in from near-by camps, and Eddie Robinson capped the climax by contributing \$100,000.

Altogether, it was the event of the month and that buffet of army-cooked beans, shared by all the stars afterwards, was the treat of the evening.

Yes, when (Continued on page 12)



OKAY, SUGAR!



# NO WONDER THE BOYS GOT "JUMP FEVER"

When They Tackled Uncle Sam's  
Most Dangerous Game!



LOOK OUT BELOW! . . . WHEN AMERICA'S NEW AIR FIGHTERS INVADE THE SCREEN WITH SENSATIONAL NEW SKY-HIGH THRILLS, SHOT ON THE SPOT WITH THE BOYS WHO LIVE TOO DANGEROUSLY TO MISS A LAUGH OR A DATE!

# ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ PARACHUTE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ BATTALION

Starring **ROBERT PRESTON** · **NANCY KELLY** · **EDMOND O'BRIEN** · **HARRY CAREY**

with **BUDDY EBSEN** · **PAUL KELLY** · **RICHARD CROMWELL** · **ROBERT BARRAT**

**And Uncle Sam's Own Parachute Troops**

Produced by **Howard Benedict**

Original Screen Play by **John Twist**



Directed by **Leslie Goodwins**

and **Major Hugh Fite, Air Corps**





Newlywed west: Brenda Marshall and William Holden as they landed from their desert town elopement by airplane. (Below) Newlywed east: The Victor (Martha Kemp) Matures, who were married in New York, are now honeymooning in Hollywood



(Continued from page 10)  
Hollywood is called upon to do its bit it responds one hundred per cent. That's what makes it such a grand place in which to live.

**Last Minute Happenings:** The Gold Cup Ball was the event of the month, with such stars present as Claudette Colbert (with a longer bob), Ty and Annabella (with longer hair and an upsweep coiffure), Kay Kyser and his lovely Ginny Simms, Victor Mature and his perfectly charming bride, Martha Kemp, Gene and Jeanette in one of their rare appearances, Mary Benny, whose husband was in the East, escorted by Cesar Romero, and Mickey Rooney grinning and happy with the lady of his heart, Linda Darnell. In fact, we caught Linda whispering a very sweet nothing in Mickey's ear, and motioned Hymie to snap them.

And, of course, there was Bob Hope to manage the mythical horse races that were run off for sweet charity's sake.

It was gala and gay, and all Hollywood was there.

Mrs. Lou Gehrig, who will act as supervisor on the film dealing with her late husband's life, won all hearts at a party given for her by producer Sam Goldwyn.

Mrs. Gehrig, whose husband, known as the Iron Man of baseball, will go down as one of the immortals of the game, is honest, straightforward, and herself.

When asked why she herself didn't play Lou's wife in the picture, she smiled and said:

"Oh, I'm not the type."

**Brenda and Bill Get Married:** Well, the lovebirds, Brenda Marshall and Bill Holden have finally taken those marriage vows, as we predicted in an article on their romance 'way last December. But here are the details about the wedding.

Three weeks before Brenda's divorce became final on June 15th, Bill slipped an engagement ring on her finger. Brenda, however, wore it tied with a ribbon about her neck until she was free to show it to the world. And then several weeks later Bill and Brenda hopped a plane and headed for Las Vegas, Nevada. A startled Justice of the Peace was awakened at three in the morning to perform the ceremony.

Brenda, who was married once before to actor Richard Gaines, wept all through the ceremony. William, who was facing matrimony for the first time, was cool as a cucumber.

The problem of where to live had been a subject of much concern for both Brenda and Bill had leases on their homes. They compromised by giving up both houses and renting a brand-new one which they are now furnishing, with an extra special

And brand-newlyweds: Dave Rose and Judy Garland Rose at their Mr. and Mrs. debut

room for Brenda's three-year-old daughter.

The best wedding presents of all were renewed options for both the stars—Bill's from Paramount and Brenda's from Warners.

"I'll feel so free now," Brenda told Cal, "having someone to lean on. The feeling of belonging somewhere is wonderful."

Cal wishes them both luck for no two grander kids can be found anywhere.

(Continued on page 14)



*Why Can't  
men understand?*

★ that the past—those memories of romantic moments—cannot be erased by a new love?

It's what every woman knows—and won't tell!



Produced and Directed by

GREGORY

LA CAVA

With all the grand comedy of his "MY MAN GODFREY"...all the poignant drama of his "STAGE DOOR"...all the heart-lifting romance of his "PRIMROSE PATH"...

UNIVERSAL PICTURES presents

*Irene*                      *Robert*  
**DUNNE** *and* **MONTGOMERY**  
*in*

*Unfinished  
Business*

*with*  
**PRESTON FOSTER**  
Eugene Pallette    Esther Dale  
Walter Catlett    June Clyde  
Dick Foran    Samuel S. Hinds

SCREEN PLAY BY EUGENE THACKREY



# CAL YORK'S *Inside Stuff*

(Continued from page 12)

**More About Marriages:** Old Cal seems to be wading knee deep in wedding bells this month so forgive us if we seem a bit monotonous.

This time we want to talk about Victor Mature, the conquering hero, who returns to Hollywood fresh—well almost fresh—from his stage triumph, "Lady in the Dark."

Victor, the sensation and groom of Martha Kemp (widow of orchestra leader Hal Kemp, who died in California this winter), returned to Hollywood brideless. What's more he took



Gold Cup Ball celebrants: Gene and Jeanette MacDonald Raymond with a pair of grins which prove that their honeymoon isn't over



Gold Cuppers in the super-junior brackets: Linda Darnell gives an exclusive to boyfriend Mickey Rooney and our own Hyman Fink

up his abode in a maid's room (empty) over the garage of a friend's home.

To thicken the plot, he seemed most vague about his bride's return which set everyone to wondering. Then the story which drifted back from New York, that Victor hadn't showed up for his own church wedding, but had been married several days later, had the town in a stew. Anyway, Vic was reported back on the old round of night spots in no time and the town could make out none of it.

Martha, his wife, finally joined him in Hollywood and the pair announced they were house-hunting and would soon bring out Mrs. Kemp's little daughter. The rumors then quieted down a trifle.

It's marvelous! A boy who hadn't had one socko screen success behind him becomes the sensation of Broadway and now Hollywood: a boy who only two years ago lived in a back yard tent and swept out the Pasadena Y. M. C. A. for his meals. It's too wonderful, too land-of-the-free-and-home-of-the-brave to be believable. In short, it's marvelous what dark curly hair will do.

**This Show Called Garbo:** If there is one woman who can and does upend Hollywood (and we mean the stars,



Star-finder and starlet: Hal Roach with Marjorie Woodworth, of his forthcoming "Niagara Falls"

not the fans) on its dainty ears, it is Greta the Grim.

The minute the Gawky Swede begins a picture, stars who usually behave with dignity become possessed with odd urges. Ruth Hussey, for example, went so far as to make a bet that she could crash the forbidding portals of a Garbo set. She hied herself to the sound stage and confidently sent in a note to George Cukor who had directed her in "Philadelphia Story." Not a word came back. Another note followed, labeled "Urgent." Again silence was the answer.

Ruth had to pay the wager.

Joan Crawford, who has a bowing acquaintance from the first neck joint

up with Greta, marched defiantly past the doorman who was too awed at Joan to protest. Strolling over to the star, with intentions of warmly welcoming her back to the lot, Joan smiled and said pleasantly, "How do you do?"

"How do you do?" came back the air-cooled answer and there the conversation died a sudden and rather horrible death. Joan beat it.

The four Western Union boys had a mite more success. Unaware whose set it was, the boys marched in to sing "Happy Birthday" greetings to Director Cukor. Halfway through the first line four pair of eyes lit on Garbo

(Continued on page 16)



It's annoying when folks just drop in . . . *but*

# infectious dandruff

*is more annoying still!*



Get after it with **LISTERINE**  
at the first sign of trouble

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

If you're troubled in this way, look out—you may have this common form of dandruff, so act now before it gets worse.

#### Has Helped Thousands

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

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

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

#### Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

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

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

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

#### THE 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*







Hollywood blackout: Huge new hats worn by Carole Landis (left) and Norma Shearer almost block out Doug Fairbanks Jr.'s view of Ciro's



Jeffrey Lynn (Cal still prefers him sans mustache) and Margaret Hayes (the former Dana Dale) have the Los Feliz Brown Derby habit

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 14)  
at one and the same time. A slight gurgling sound told the story of a song that died a-borning.

Cukor took command this time and invited the lads to stay for cake and ice cream.

Roland Young, who is playing with Garbo, used to rush from the set at every opportunity to visit Ann Sothorn on the "Ringside Maisie" set. "It's so wonderful here," he kept saying, "everyone is so alive." And yet Roland is the actor who once proclaimed the Garbo too great an artist to make light of.

We recite these various Garboisms because we think you fans will get a kick out of the stars themselves caught in the hero worship act, and appreciate how they must feel to get such an icy reception.

**Hollywood Knock-Knocks:** Judy Canova, who got hit over the head with a soft moon in Honolulu and suddenly married Corporal James H. Ripley, who is stationed there, is staging one of those "why should the press bother me about it" things since her return. Shucks. We say since Judy seems unhappy, judging from the fact that she has sued for divorce or annulment, and obviously leaped before looking, let *her* do the worrying. When the press ceases being concerned maybe Judy will wake up.

When Rita Hayworth and husband Ed Judson suddenly sold their carefully planned new home, after living in it only eight days, the hammer carriers were out in full bloom with the verbal knocks having Ed and Rita separated.

A word with Rita reassured Cal that all was well. Rita felt the responsibility of running a large home too much for her, she explained.



Pan (bewildered) and pot (aluminum) department: Mischa Auer with part of the aluminum drive spoils. That's a Vu!tee Valiant training ship behind him

Well, that's that—B-U-T this is Hollywood, remember, where rumors and facts have an odd way of merging, though right now we're taking Rita's word and wish both Rita and Ed well.

**Here Comes the Bride for a Retake:** An enormous box of flowers, with the enclosed card reading, "Come out to the studio to see me soon, Alice Harris," and a letter from Laramie, Wyoming, of all places, from bridegroom Phil Harris, reveals to Cal that this pair is the happiest couple to take the fatal step in a long time.

Nothing gives us such a good healthy glow around the ticker. Two right people who have found the right people in each other.

"I'm going to marry Phil all over again in September," Alice Faye Harris told us. "His divorce will be final in California then. What's more I want to tour with him as much as

I can during the summers. My picture schedule will have to be arranged that way."

Alice has learned from her former marriage to Tony Martin, you see, that absence only makes the heart grow sorer, not fonder, and with these two so much in love, they intend to keep that way.

Knowing Alice and Phil as we do, our money is on Happiness to win by a length.

**Bob, the Unpredictable:** Hollywood never knows where Bob Montgomery will bob up (pun premeditated) these days. His sudden decision to become an ambulance driver in France while abroad last year, left his studio in a high-class dither.

Now comes another surprise. Bob has offered his services to the government, has been accepted and has already been ordered to report for active duty as assistant naval attaché at the United States Embassy in London. When it comes to ship business, it won't be such a new experience, for the actor, many years ago, won an able bodied seaman's rating when he went to sea as deck hand on an oil tanker.

Incidentally, Hollywood is finding out Uncle Sam is one not to be dickered with these days. Needing Robert for a few more scenes in his latest pic, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan," Columbia contacted the Navy Department and literally got rocked back on its heels when the answer came back that Lieutenant Robert Montgomery was now, under Navy orders, already on his way to take up his London Post.

For once, Hollywood is having to play second fiddle and, what's more, it likes it.

(Continued on page 18)



# STRETCH and COUNTER-STRETCH

*achieve new figure flattery  
in the "Side-Slicer"*



A NEW type of pantie-girdle designed by a prophetess of figures *not* without honor in her own country. It answers the long-felt need for a garment to flatten the side-hip-bulge with which every figure, no matter how slender, has to contend. The "Side-Slicer" is fashioned of satin and lace, with cotton, rayon and "Lastex" yarns. It has Mabs' patented Unit-Control† panel, which extends in one continuous piece from front to back, insuring a figure-conforming crotch and longer inside leg. To which add a positive flattening of the sides, due to the stretch and counter-stretch of vertical and two-way stretch panels. In tearose or white, sizes Small, Medium, Large, at from about \$3.50 to \$7.50. Worn here with Mabs' Brassiere in rayon satin, also with "Lastex" yarn, sizes 52 to 58, at about \$1.95. The "Side-Slicer" principle is also applied to Leotards, as Mabs calls the one piece bra-and-pantie garments she originated, at from about \$7.50 to \$15.00. At distinctive stores throughout the United States.

Mabs  
OF HOLLYWOOD  
Original



made with

**Lastex**  
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

... THE MIRACLE YARN THAT MAKES THINGS FIT

† REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.  
‡ U. S. PAT. NO. 2,125,482  
HOLLYWOOD SILK MILLS,  
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

An elastic yarn manufactured exclusively by United States Rubber Company, makers of "Laton" yarn, 1230 Sixth Avenue, Rockefeller Center, New York City.







# The Nearest Thing to Natural Curly Hair



Frederics—one of the great names in permanent waving — announce another notable new discovery! A permanent wave that looks and acts like natural curly hair!

This wonderful new Frederics Permanent Wave contains **NO** beauty-stealing, metallic salts whatever — cannot possibly dry your hair or make it frizzy, dry or brittle. There is no set "permanented" look — even the first day.

And while you're getting this natural-looking permanent, there are no disagreeable chemical odors; no possibility of dizziness or headaches — no painful pulling or stretching of the hair. It's so quick, so cool, so comfortable, you hardly know your hair is being waved.

Don't guess, don't hope, don't wish! Say to your hairdresser, "I want a Frederics Tru-Curl permanent." Then see that the Tru-Curl wrappers and lotion are taken from a sealed individual package. In this way you will know that you are getting what you pay for . . . a Genuine Frederics Tru-Curl Permanent . . . America's Finest Permanent Wave.

• Frederics Tru-Curl permanent waves, when given with a Frederics controlled-heat permanent waving machine, are 50% cooler—50% more comfortable. Waving with low temperature protects the hair, preserves its life, lustre and lveliness. See that a Frederics machine is used.



## frederics tru·Curl permanent wave

E. FREDERICS, INC., (Dept. 211), 44-02 11th St., L. I. City, N. Y.

Send me a list of Frederics Franchise Salons in my community. Also **FREE BOOKLET** which reveals the "inside story" on permanent waving.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....

P.S. Send 10c (in coin) for a Salon Size bottle of Frederics famous Color-Perfect Nail Enamel, "It stays beautiful longer". (Specify shade polish you now use.)



## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Irene Hervey, Ann Miller and Marie Wilson at Martha Raye's swim party . . . nobody could see the tree for the limbs . . . (Below) Ann Sheridan, guest-of-honor Monty Woolley, Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Sara Hamilton and hostess Bette Davis. Ann and Bette will appear with Mr. W. in the film version of his "The Man Who Came to Dinner"



(Continued from page 16)

**Cal's Favorite Laugh of the Month:** Stu Erwin's young hopeful provided our best laugh of the month. Stu and his wife, June Collyer, were proudly seated in the audience of parents at a children's traffic school listening to the youngsters recite traffic regulations.

When it came his turn, young Erwin arose and with his eyes glued on his parents recited, "Always give Presbyterians the right of way." It broke up the meeting.

**Cupid's Ups and Downs:** Like wild-fire the rumor spread through Hollywood that Barbara Hutton had transferred her affections in a direction directly opposite to Cary Grant, and that Cary was once more courting his former love, Phyllis Brooks.

"Nothing to it," Cary told us. "I merely ran into Phyllis and a friend at Romanoff's one night and sat down with them for a sandwich. That's all there is to it."

But gossip still has it Barbara and Cary no longer care so terribly. Anyway we know they are both intelligent enough to manage their own hearts, and there we'll leave it.

**News From Two Fronts:** The stars who return from their entertainment stints at the various camps all report

on Corporal James Stewart stationed at Moffett Field. Jimmy, if you please, has been made drill master and every new recruit at that camp reports to him for drill. And if you think feminine fans were avid in their adoration of Jimmy, you should know how those young flyers-to-be admire the lanky corporal who puts them through their rightabout-faces.

The reports have Jimmy looking worn and those who hoped the regimented outdoor life would do wonders for him are disappointed to find him thinner than ever. But not a word or hint of complaint does anyone hear from the corporal who is taking his job seriously. Incidentally, on a recent furlough in Hollywood Jimmy dined with Lana Turner, but don't get any ideas about it. While there are rumors of Lana's and Tony Martin's cooling, Jimmy is just a friend. We hear from Olivia de Havilland her romance with Jimmy is on ice. In fact, she hasn't even glimpsed him in nine months.

And by the way, Ensign B. D. Morris is handsome in his Navy uniform. We knew him, of course, as Wayne Morris but there's no monkey business with names where Uncle Sam is concerned. Wayne is called by his right name, Bêrt De Wayne Morris.

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR





Look alike: Robert Taylor and his mother, Mrs. S. A. Brugh, at a Hollywood Stars baseball game

From overseas we hear distressing news from David Niven, whose wife was expecting the stork. They have lost their expected baby and no two people could be unhappier. Two hours after David fetched his wife home from the hospital it was bombed out of existence. So there is always something to be thankful for.

David still keeps his lively sense of humor. Nigel Bruce was telling us of a letter he'd received from Niven which read: "The woods in Kent are full of primroses and England never looked lovelier. The only trouble is that in Kent you can almost smell that blankety Hitler."

Another Nivenian touch is displayed on his stationery, across the top of which is printed:

Major David Niven

By Courtesy of Sam Goldwyn.

**A Comeback and a Comb-Back:** It's not just the fans who are excitedly welcoming the return of Gloria Swanson to the screen. Hollywood itself has enjoyed a warm pleasure at seeing this chic star of yesteryear stride briskly out of obscurity to give a stunning performance with Adolphe Menjou in "Father Takes a Wife."

Proof of how highly most Hollywood folk regard the well-groomed woman who was the symbol of glamour in the 'twenties, was contained in an incident in New York the other evening.

Norma Shearer, in Manhattan for a round of show-shopping, took her seat at a Broadway musical comedy and recognized the lady directly in front of her. Norma leaned forward, tapped the woman on the shoulder and said, "Hello, Gloria! How nice to see you!"

Referring to her high coiffure, Miss Swanson said, "I hope this won't annoy you."

"Not at all," responded Norma. "Even seeing the back of your head is exciting!"

## Two office bachelors — but no date for Joan!



### Popularity and Jobs are Safer if a girl remembers to use Mum every day!

**T**WO attractive bachelors—both marked for success. And they picked Joan for a honey the very first morning on her new job. But why no bantering—no bids to lunch—none of the attention the other girls received? Well, Joan, the truth, the tragic truth, is—the girl guilty of *underarm odor* doesn't get or deserve the *breaks*.

Joan would be amazed if you mentioned her fault—if you deliberately said "Mum." She bathes every morning, of course. But she needs Mum to protect that after-bath freshness, to keep her safe all day—or all evening long.

Many smart girls—eager to get ahead

in business or socially—make Mum a daily habit. They wouldn't dream of taking chances with charm when Mum is so quick, so safe, so easy to use!

**MUM IS QUICK!** A touch under each arm, before or after dressing... in 30 seconds charm is protected.

**MUM IS GENTLE!** Use it right after underarm shaving. So safe for fine fabrics that it has won the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering.

**MUM IS SURE!** Mum makes odor impossible all day or all evening, yet does not stop perspiration. Get Mum today!

### LIFE'S MORE FUN WHEN MUM GUARDS CHARM!



#### For Sanitary Napkins

Mum is so gentle, so safe that thousands of women prefer it for this important purpose. Use Mum this way, too.

A Product of Bristol-Myers Company

# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION



# IRRESISTIBLE *Glamour*



## YOURS WITH *Irresistible* **RUBY RED**

Jewel-tone lipsticks flash into the limelight. Leading star of this dramatic mode is **IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED**... o deep, rich, sparkling red which blends brilliantly with all the new fashionable clothes colors. Softer, smoother, longer-lasting, thanks to our secret **WHIP-TEXT** process. Matching Rouge, Powder and Foundation. Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

IT'S *Whip-Text*  
LASTS LONGER...  
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

"A symbol of present-day Britain": Henry Wilcoxon (with Joan Woodbury Wilcoxon) of "That Hamilton Woman"



# Speak FOR YOURSELF

\$10.00 PRIZE  
Potential Oscars

IT MAY be early but I have already docketed two of my selections for the 1941 Academy Award.

Best Male Star: Laurence Olivier in "That Hamilton Woman." Olivier could have played Nelson as a Hollywood Prince Charming with dexterity on view 100% of the time. Maybe that would have pleased better some reviewers who evidently were under-read on Nelson. To his credit, he made the "Little Admiral" a historically veracious figure . . . stern and grim but with the inner glow of suppressed fire. I reached this opinion after reading more than fifty books about Nelson.

Best Supporting Role: Henry Wilcoxon as *Captain Hardy* in "That Hamilton Woman" . . . despite the limitations and brevity of his role. He'd be my choice even if my judgment weren't backed up by the remarkable effect he had on the audience. I was at the preview in Baltimore which was attended by British sailors from a warship then in port. There was no demonstration when Nelson died. But when Wilcoxon, overcome by tears, described the scene at Trafalgar to Miss Leigh, those sailors cried with him unashamed . . . not a bunch of sentimental matrons, mind you, but tough seafaring mugs! There is nothing

so moving as a truly strong man in tears, and Wilcoxon had created a mood in that audience of personal grief. With his Homeric physique, rugged, honest face, and manly sincerity, he must have seemed a symbol of present-day Britain to those men . . . mighty Britain in her hour of anguish. Wilcoxon will probably get no recognition from Hollywood (he seems the most unappreciated actor there) but his greater tribute has come from the weeping hearts of those hard-boiled, heroic warriors. I wish he had been there to see it.

THELMA SNOW,  
Mt. Rainier, Md.

\$5.00 PRIZE  
A Plea for Variety

WOULDN'T it be wonderful if Hollywood thought up some new way to indicate the passing of time? We are a little bored with calendar leaves falling like a snow storm and rapidly moving clock hands.

Some day before old age creeps upon us, we have hopes of seeing a Western in which the hero does not vault on his horse to chase or be chased. We'd even like to see him vault right over the horse and fall on the other side—old meanie that we are!

When A hits B on the head with a chair we would like to see the



chair remain unharmed instead of splintering to pieces. Ever try to break up an old chair even with an axe? It's not easy.

We girls would be quite pleased if the lovely heroine returned from a speedboat ride with her hair looking the way ours does after such an occasion. Not very glamorous, though!

Why is the movie effect of a blow on the head always indicated by the sound of twittering birds? We've had some nasty bumps in our day but we never heard a single twitter.

ALBERTA ORMSBY,  
Hornell, N. Y.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**  
Old Favorites and New

**T**HIS is something like! At last a fresh supply of leading men.

What a relief finally to see a few pictures in which Cary Grant, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas don't appear! Not that I have anything against these gentlemen. Indeed, the contrary. I like them (especially Cary) but after all variety is the spice of life—and movies—and new faces occasionally are a bit of a thrill, particularly when they belong to such attractive lads as some of the new crop. Glenn Ford, for instance. And Richard Denning. And Edmond O'Brien. And John Carroll.

I am elated, too, to see Nils Asther once more in the running. There's a star. Or should be. Goodness knows he has all the requirements—including personality, looks, acting ability, humor and intelligence.

Welcome, boys, you're swell.

DEE CHAPMAN,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

We're helping the cause with a Glenn Ford story on page 38.

(Continued on page 108)

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.

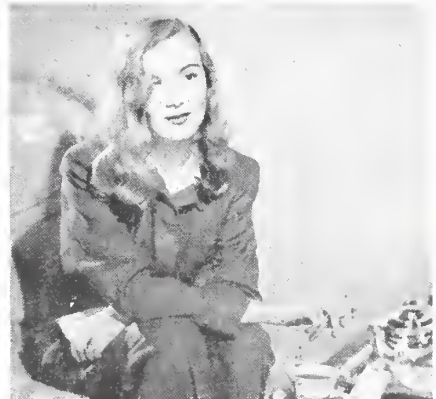
# LOOKS LIKE A "GLITTERING" FUTURE, VERONICA!



**VERONICA LAKE**, star of the forthcoming Paramount picture "**SULLIVAN'S TRAVELS**" says: "Bright today and dull tomorrow isn't good enough for Hollywood. Teeth have to glisten always."... Yes, that's why so many stars use CALOX.



"ONCE I FELT NERVOUS about all those powerful lights," Veronica confessed. "But movie people are wonderful—they have developed a regular technique for looking one's very best." Calox is part of many a great star's daily good-looks technique.



"IT ISN'T VANITY...it's just plain common sense for any man or woman to take the trouble to know how to look immaculately groomed," says immaculate Veronica. Since fresh, sparkling teeth do so much to create that "polished" look — why not try CALOX Tooth Powder?



## CALOX HELPS TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. A real beauty tooth powder, promotes a brilliant gloss!
2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's doubled-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.
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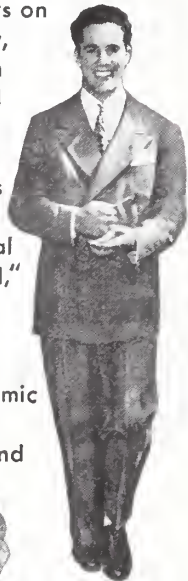
McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



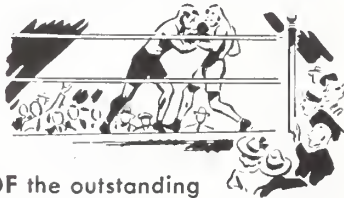
# HARD-HITTING TALK about a BIG PICTURE

**BIG** news! Republic has **SCOOPED** all of Hollywood **TO** bring you handsome **BILLY CONN**, the man who **SHOOK** the heavyweight **CROWN** that rests on **JOE LOUIS'** brow, **IN** his first motion **PICTURE** . . . And **IT'S** great! From **OCTAVUS ROY COHEN'S** famous **COLLIER'S MAGAZINE** serial **STORY**, "Kid Tinsel," **COMES "THE PITTSBURGH KID,"**

A smashing, dynamic **ROMANCE** filled **TO** the final second



**WITH** tense, exciting action! . . . **BILLY** will be the outstanding **SCREEN** discovery of 1941—that **IS** our confident prediction. He is **AS** much at home on the studio **STAGE** as he is in the ring—and **THAT'S** saying plenty! And this **GRAND** story is made to order for **HIS** talents. Playing opposite **BILLY**, you'll find lovely **JEAN PARKER** . . . and the rest



**OF** the outstanding **CAST** includes **ALAN BAXTER** and a host of **YOUR** screen favorites! . . . So **BE** on hand when the bell **RINGS** for **BILLY CONN** in **"THE PITTSBURGH KID"** . . . **IT'S** a knockout . . . and it's

**A REPUBLIC PICTURE**

# BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford, Greer Garson and Herbert Marshall—bagged by M-G-M in a super-talent round-up for "When Ladies Meet"

✓ **ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON**—Columbia: Although very British, Herbert Marshall is cast as a United States Senator, his English accent is forgotten in his very fine performance, but it's Gene Reynolds as the tough lad who is brought to Washington as a Senate page boy by Marshall who steals the show. Virginia Bruce is very pretty as a radio commentator. (August)

✓ **AFFECTIONATELY YOURS**—Warners: Everybody tries so hard to be funny and the situations are so obviously and laboriously concocted that the result is clumsy and very unfunny. The story's about how Dennis Morgan tries to win back his divorced wife, Merle Oberon. Despite the support of Rita Hayworth and Ralph Bellamy, the whole thing misses. (August)

✓ **ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS**—Republic: Sidney Blackmer and Katharine Alexander can't marry because they're afraid his divorce from Binnie Barnes is illegal, so everybody, including Mary Lee, Billy Gilbert, Jane Frazee, Leo Gorcey, and Gilbert Roland pitch in to straighten things out. (Sept.)

✓ **BIG STORE, THE**—M-G-M: This is supposed to be the Marx Brothers' last picture, and they're retiring on a high note of comedy. It's the Brothers at their best, with plenty of able support from Tony Martin and Virginia O'Brien. Margaret Dumont hires Groucho and Harpo to protect her nephew, Martin, from harm; and the picture takes them on their zany way through a department store. (Sept.)

✓ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M: The character of the notorious young outlaw has been so white-washed that you won't recognize him, but Bob Taylor's sincere performance makes him a convincing and understandable person. Jan Hunter, Brian Donlevy and Mary Howard are the befrienders of the outlaw and Gene Lockhart is the villain. See it for Bob's performance and for the breath-taking and dramatic scenery, enhanced by Technicolor. (August)

✓ **BLACK CAT, THE**—Universal: Nothing new about this—murders in a spooky old house, suspect heirs, a scary housekeeper, the blundering young man who solves the mystery—but it's still good entertainment, especially with such actors as Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Broderick Crawford and Gale Sondergaard. (August)

✓✓ **BLOOD AND SAND**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power as the ambitious, ignorant boy who becomes Spain's greatest matador, Linda Darnell as his loyal wife, and Rita Hayworth as the siren who lures him away from Linda, all give their finest

performances in this colorful, glamorous and suspenseful picture of Spain's greatest sport, bullfighting. (August)

✓✓ **BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST**—M-G-M: No finer actress than Greer Garson could have been chosen to portray Edna Gladney of Texas, the woman who devoted her life to providing homes for nameless children, in this tender and appealing picture. Walter Pidgeon as the Westerner who marries Greer, Marsha Hunt, and Felix Bressart also create memorable portraits. (Sept.)

✓ **BRIDE CAME C.O.D., THE**—Warners: Jimmy Cagney, aviator, foils Bette Davis' elopement with Jack Carson by stranding her in a desert ghost town, to the accompaniment of all kinds of slapstick. Bette even falls into cactus beds, and in general carries on like crazy. You'll get a bang out of the comic proceedings. (Sept.)

✓ **CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT**—Paramount: The very idea of Bob Hope as a spoiled movie actor who finds himself in the Army is funny enough, but what Bob does to the infantry and the tank corps and the whole Army is a riot; he herewith proves himself the number-one funny man on the screen today. Dorothy Lamour is his girl friend and Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman his pals. Don't miss it. (August)

✓✓ **CITIZEN KANE**—RKO-Radio: The skill and artistry abounding in this absorbing tale of a man who bought a newspaper and created an empire of his own proves that Orson Welles, actor, writer, producer and director of this masterful picture, really is a genius. Joseph Cotton, Everett Sloane and Dorothy Comingore prove themselves brilliant performers. In fact, everything about the picture is wonderful. (July)

✓ **COWBOY AND THE BLONDE, THE**—20th Century-Fox: When cowboy George Montgomery meets temperamental screen star Mary Beth Hughes and fails to yield to her charms, Mary Beth pursues him to his own corral in her efforts to get him. Both newcomers make a great showing and there's plenty of humor and romance. (July)

✓ **DEVIL AND MISS JONES, THE**—RKO-Radio: The riotous result of a sound story and grand humor, this is delightful entertainment. Charles Coburn is the wealthy owner of a department store who decides to become a clerk himself in order to find out why his employees hate him. Jean Arthur, as the clerk in love with Robert Cummings, head of the shoe department, helps to humanize the bewildered tycoon. (July)



**FLAME OF NEW ORLEANS, THE**—Universal: Marlene Dietrich is the beautiful adventuress who descends upon New Orleans and captures the town's richest banker, Roland Young, by posing as her own sister. Bruce Cabot is the sailor who also falls in love with Dietrich. Although the film attempts to be naughty and gay, it's really much too dull and slow for good entertainment. (July)

**FOOTLIGHT FEVER**—RKO Radio: A hammy little number, with Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride, both broke, trying to find a backer for Mowbray's play. They finally hit on Elizabeth Risdon, who sees through their schemes but becomes their angel. See it at your own risk. (July)

✓ **GET-AWAY, THE**—M-G-M: Unless you're fed up with gangster fare, this remake of the old picture, "Public Hero Number One," will entertain you, for it's a rapid-paced, action-full prison drama, well acted by such newcomers as Dan Dailey Jr., Donna Reed and Robert Sterling. (Sept.)

✓ **GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST, THE**—20th Century-Fox: Alice Faye, Jack Oakie and John Payne give us the story of the growth of radio in this tuneful and entertaining musical picture. John is the lad who wins Alice; Jack Oakie is responsible for its broad humor; and Alice puts over its catchy songs. The Wier Brothers, the Ink Spots and the Nicholas Brothers add to the fun. (July)

✓✓ **GREAT LIE, THE**—Warners: Adult and sophisticated is this drama of two women, Mary Astor and Bette Davis, who both love George Brent. Mary all but steals the picture as the musician who marries Brent and then goes back to her career, but Bette, too, does great work as his second wife. It's one of George's best performances and the picture is a triumph. (July)

**HER FIRST BEAU**—Columbia: Jane Withers is the victim of violent puppy love when she meets handsome Kenneth Howell, to the bewilderment of her steady beau, Jackie Cooper, in this honey of a little picture. Jane's first evening dress, her aggravated father, Addison Randall, and Edgar Buchanan, all add to the fun. (August)

**I'LL WAIT FOR YOU**—M-G-M: Robert Sterling is the smart young night club racketeer who flees the police and finds refuge and love on a Connecticut farm. Marsha Hunt as the girl who cares for him, Virginia Weidler, Fay Holden and Paul Kelly add plenty of punch to this human little document. (August)

✓ **IN THE NAVY**—Universal: Not quite so jummy as "Buck Privates," Abbott and Costello's Army picture, this is funny enough to keep you amused and entertained. Some of the gags are hilarious and Dick Powell, Dick Foran, the Andrews Sisters and Claire Dodd add class to the antics of this pair of nitwits. (August)

**I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND**—Columbia: The eternal triangle again, this time on Devil's Island. Donald Woods is a sailor sentenced to three years, Edward Ciannelli is the crooked doctor, and Sally Eilers his unhappy wife in love with Woods. Everybody has a terrible time until a fever epidemic breaks out which fixes up everything; not that you'll care much. (Sept.)

✓ **KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE**—Paramount: Stage producer Jerome Cowan, musical composer Oscar Levant, and director Don Ameche search for a naive Southern girl for a Broadway show, and they discover ex-chorus girl Mary Martin for the role instead. It's breezy and gay, and Levant and Ameche rate cheers, but it's Mary's picture. (Sept.)

**KNOCKOUT**—Warners: Arthur Kennedy is a young fighter who marries Olympe Bradna and retires from the ring, only to be double crossed by his manager, Anthony Quinn. Virginia Field is the hussy who takes Kennedy from his wife when he returns again to the ring. (Sept.)

**LADY FROM CHEYENNE, THE**—Universal: Loretta Young, crusading suffragette for women's rights, defeats the town scoundrel, Edward Arnold, and helps women win the vote in Wyoming in the 1860's. It's a gay little Western and Loretta's very good in her determined role, as is Robert Preston as the hero who loves her and helps to foil Arnold's bandits. Pretty corny, but amusing. (July)

**LADY FROM LOUISIANA**—Republic: Mediocre story laid in New Orleans of the early '90s, with John Wayne as the upstanding young attorney who tries to eradicate the lottery racket and Ona Munson as the daughter of the main offender. (August)

**LAS VEGAS NIGHTS**—Paramount: This tale of vaudevillians who go out West to secure an inheritance features the swell music of Tommy Dorsey and his band. Bert Wheeler and Virginia Dale supply the laughs; Constance Moore looks beautiful and Phil Regan is very good. (July)

✓ **LOVE CRAZY**—M-G-M: You'll laugh yourself dizzy at this riotous bit of fun, with Myrna Loy about to divorce husband Bill Powell. In order to thwart her plan, Bill pretends to be crazy and is committed to an asylum. He escapes dressed as his own sister and the fun gets whackier. (August)

(Continued on page 110)

# Bright Years Ahead

when skin looks like "peaches and cream"



If soap irritation  
mars your complexion,  
try gentle, agreeable  
Cashmere Bouquet Soap

YOU'RE never too old or too young to love owning a skin like "peaches and cream". And if you're the one woman in two who says some soap or other irritates her skin, perhaps you'll find Cashmere Bouquet Soap mild and agreeable to a sensitive complexion.

So use this Cashmere Bouquet Health Facial, daily.

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An ideal bath soap, too, because Cashmere Bouquet Soap is scented with the fragrance men love.

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WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE





**TYRONE  
POWER**

**A  
YANK  
IN THE  
R·A·F·**

**BETTY  
GRABLE**

The aerial battles in "A Yank in the R.A.F." are authentic, and were filmed over Germany, France and England with the full cooperation of the British Air Ministry!

JOHN SUTTON • REGINALD GARDINER  
 PRODUCED BY DARRYL F. ZANUCK • DIRECTED BY HENRY KING  
 Associate Producer Lou Edelman • Screen Play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg  
 A 20TH CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

**Watch for "HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY"**



# PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



## Let's Compare Mental Notes

IT'S fun to keep track of your reactions to movies, especially the individual performances and the high or low spots in the story development.

I wonder if we agree on certain points about pictures which we've seen in recent months?

In my mental notebook I find that—

While "Tom, Dick and Harry" was in many places a vastly amusing fantasy, I was appalled at the picture it drew of a supposedly Typical American Girl. Does the T.A.G. really think so much about getting married that she discusses her chances with a stranger while bowling or blatantly tricks another stranger into a proposal in an airplane? I wouldn't know.

The funniest moment in that picture was when Tom said, "If you don't say yes, I'll just commit suicide," and Janie, with great interest, said, "How?"

And—still speaking of the Typical American Girl—

I never grew to like the character Bette Davis portrayed in "The Bride Came C.O.D." Her four-day romance with the fatuous radio singer, ending in elopement, wouldn't exactly endear her to an audience, it seemed to me, and this estimate of the girl was confirmed when subsequently she married the dope, although supposedly she had fallen for the Jimmy Cagney character. Of course it was not a legal marriage and it's all meant to be a jolly farce—but I maintain that characters must be believable and sympathetic even in farcical situations.

Items from the other side of the ledger: I should like to think that the little schoolteacher in "Hold Back the Dawn," played so sensitively by Olivia de Havilland, is far more nearly our T.A.G. Her clean-swept honesty,

her sound judgment and above all her generosity in meeting the supreme ordeal of her life made her a human being to be proud of.

Returning to the subject of farces, I found that "Love Crazy," which was as heartily damned by the critics as "Tom, Dick and Harry" was praised by those gentlemen, was really a much more amusing experience. Certainly Bill Powell topped all his previous comedy characterizations. My one reservation was that the selfsame farce disregarded our sensibilities by making light of one of America's most serious problems: proper handling of the mentally ill.

THE one spot in Disney's lesser achievement, "The Reluctant Dragon," which I should like to see again—and again—is the riding scene. I found the battle between the horse and the man lots more sidesplitting than the one between the dragon and *Sir Giles* in the later sequence.

In "Sergeant York"—otherwise almost perfect—the scene in which York's superior officers reason with him in the struggle between his religion and his patriotism strained my credulity. Would they have had time to talk a private into accepting promotion? Admittedly a small point in the face of bigger news, which is:

Gary Cooper is probably the finest actor on the screen today. (Who would have thought such a thing five years ago!) I had fault to find with his somewhat exaggeratedly languorous portrait of *John Doe*—but as Sergeant York I thought him flawless. No wonder he is the first important candidate for next year's Oscar!

... Or so it is written in my mental notebook.

Ernest V. Heyn



# Skeletons in Hollywood



Lionel Barrymore's closet is a shrine



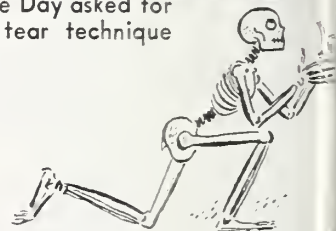
Hedy Lamarr admitted what makes her weep when . . .



. . . Laraine Day asked for a tip on tear technique



By Hedda Hopper



WELL, here I am back again to rattle some bones. When two skeletons found each other in a Hollywood closet, one said to the other, "If I had any guts I'd get out of this!" Well, if I had any sense I'd never have got into this. Still, where there's no sense, there's no feeling—or am I becoming a bit confused?

Hollywood has an elegant variety of skeletons. Some of them I can tell you about, others I can't. There's the one belonging to a glamour girl, now happily married, who took on her first husband because he had a Rolls Royce. She was just dying to ride in one, but after they'd pledged their vows, she discovered the Rolls wasn't nearly so comfortable as her old Leaping Tuna she'd rattled around in for years—and had the marriage annulled.

Hedy Lamarr's skeleton still has plenty of flesh on its bones. It's that Czechoslovakian picture she did called "Ecstasy." There's a funny story about that one. Laraine Day, one of our up-and-coming actresses, can't cry for the screen. Hedy can turn on the tears at a moment's notice, and Laraine, who was dying with envy, said to a friend, "Gee! If I only knew what Hedy thinks about that makes her cry so easily!" Hedy, overhearing her, said, "'Ecstasy,' my dear, 'Ecstasy!'"

Myrna Loy still wakes up screaming over the memory that as a flapper, she posed for a life-sized statue in scanties, which stood as a symbol

of youthful pulchritude outside the Union High School in Venice. Finally some kind friends got together and persuaded the school authorities to give it decent burial down in the furnace room. If you want to make Myrna say "uncle," just sidle up to her and mention Venus from Venice!

Claudette Colbert hasn't got skeletons in her closet, but snakes. Claudette was just about fed up with pictures because she always played the sweet young maidens. She said if she could only play the wickedest woman in the world, she felt she could really make good in a big way. Along came C. B. DeMille and said he'd found just the thing for her—Poppaea, the wicked empress of Nero in "The Sign of the Cross." She did it, and got her contract renewed. But then followed "Cleopatra"—and Claudette has a deadly fear of snakes. All through the picture she was a nervous wreck, anticipating that well-known scene where she was supposed to neck with an asp. So C.B., who'd been out on his Paradise Ranch, brought in a huge king snake, harmless but revolting to look at, and when the great day came he walked casually over to Claudette's death couch with the monster coiled around his arm. Clutched firmly in the hand behind his back, he held the small garter snake which was the double for an asp. Claudette took one look at the king snake and began to yell bloody murder, upon which the

old maestro said, "Well, if you're so frightened of this, I guess we'll have to use the other one." Then he presented the peewee garter snake, which by that time looked pretty good to Claudette. She said she'd settle for the peewee if he'd only remove the other from the set, so he did, and she did, and that's how Cleopatra finally got it in the neck!

Norma Shearer's ever present nightmare is the very slight cast in one of her eyes. Normally you'd never notice it, but when she gets overtired, that eye goes off by itself on a tangent.

Lionel Barrymore's skeleton is a beautiful house in Beverly Hills, complete with swimming pool and gardens, where he lived happily with his last wife, Irene Fenwick. When Irene died, Lionel moved out, leaving everything just as it was—her clothes hanging in the closets, perfume bottles in place, cigarettes in the boxes. He has a caretaker who keeps everything in perfect order, and once a month he revisits her shrine, spending an hour or two in silent reverie.

Jack Barrymore's skeleton is more like a bone pile, but then what the heck! He had a lot of fun collecting them, and their rattles never rattle Jack.

Everett Crosby, Bing's older brother, really had the voice of the family, but funds were low and he had to stick to his job of driving a truck. So he took (Continued on page 82)



# Closets



Our gossip hostess invites you to peek over her shoulder as she opens the door on some filmland secrets



... his grandson, Wally Reid, Jr.

There was real drama when Harry Davenport first met ...

I were being married in my village—side Vilma Winky said to bridegroom La Rocque



Claudette Colbert, Henry Coxon in "Cleopatra"



All you have to do to make Myrna Loy say "uncle" is to sneak up and mention Venus from Venice



# Your Wardrobe Tree

Do you sometimes buy "boners"? You won't this fall if you follow designer Edith Head, who shows you how to have a wonder-working wardrobe as distinctive as a Hollywood star's



## BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

DRAWINGS BY THELMA MORTIMER

Edith Head, designer for Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard and Madeleine Carroll is noted for her ability to create ultrasmart "young" clothes

**T**HE traditional time for resolutions is New Year's Eve, but we'll bet a Lily Daché hat, a party at the Mocambo or a subscription to PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR that there are as many resolutions made—on the distaff side, anyway—at the beginning of every autumn.

All summer we relax in the sun. Then—and usually it happens overnight—a tang comes into the air and we find ourselves sitting up and taking notice—of an inadequate wardrobe, among other things. This inevitably proves most alarming because, our ambition revived by a summer furlough, we plan all kinds of interesting things and dream of ourselves as the center of attraction while we do them.

Anticipating this perennial state of affairs, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR asked Edith Head to plan a wardrobe that would do things for a girl, see her through every possible occasion with a flourish and leave her enough money to meet her fixed expenses and even buy a government stamp now and then.

Edith Head, who is fashion designer at the Paramount Studios where she's designed clothes for Claudette Colbert, Carole Lombard, Paulette Goddard, Barbara Stanwyck and Madeleine Carroll, among others, is noted for her

ability to create ultrasmart young clothes and to high-light conservative costumes with imaginative touches.

One glance at her wardrobe tree will show you the first thing with which you must concern yourself is the bare bones of your wardrobe. The wardrobe skeleton illustrated here consists of a three-piece beige suit, including a topcoat, a basic black dress and a long black dress. (Beige and black Edith Head rates extra smart.) She maneuvers these three items, plus whatever boleros, hats and other costume accessories your budget will permit, so that overworked phrase, "I have nothing to wear," will disappear from your speech entirely. Oh! Happy Day!

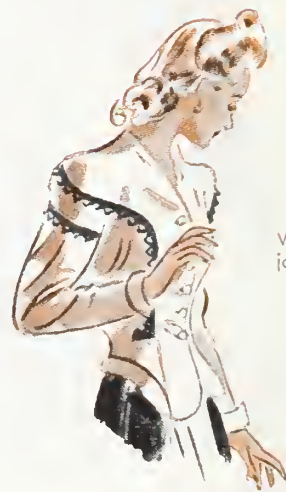
**N**OW for Edith Head's exciting color suggestions. She says:

¶ With the basic black dress I suggest a butter yellow jacket, or a wool-trimmed jacket in chartreuse and black.

¶ Suede belts in two tones of black and coral or black and yellow will do wonders for both the basic black dress and the suit. You might also try leather belts with metal buckles and studs.



Basic black dress



Wool-embroidered jacket over basic black dress



To alter the looks of the black hat: A jaunty scarlet quill . . . or a big black velvet bow . . . or jeweled hatpins



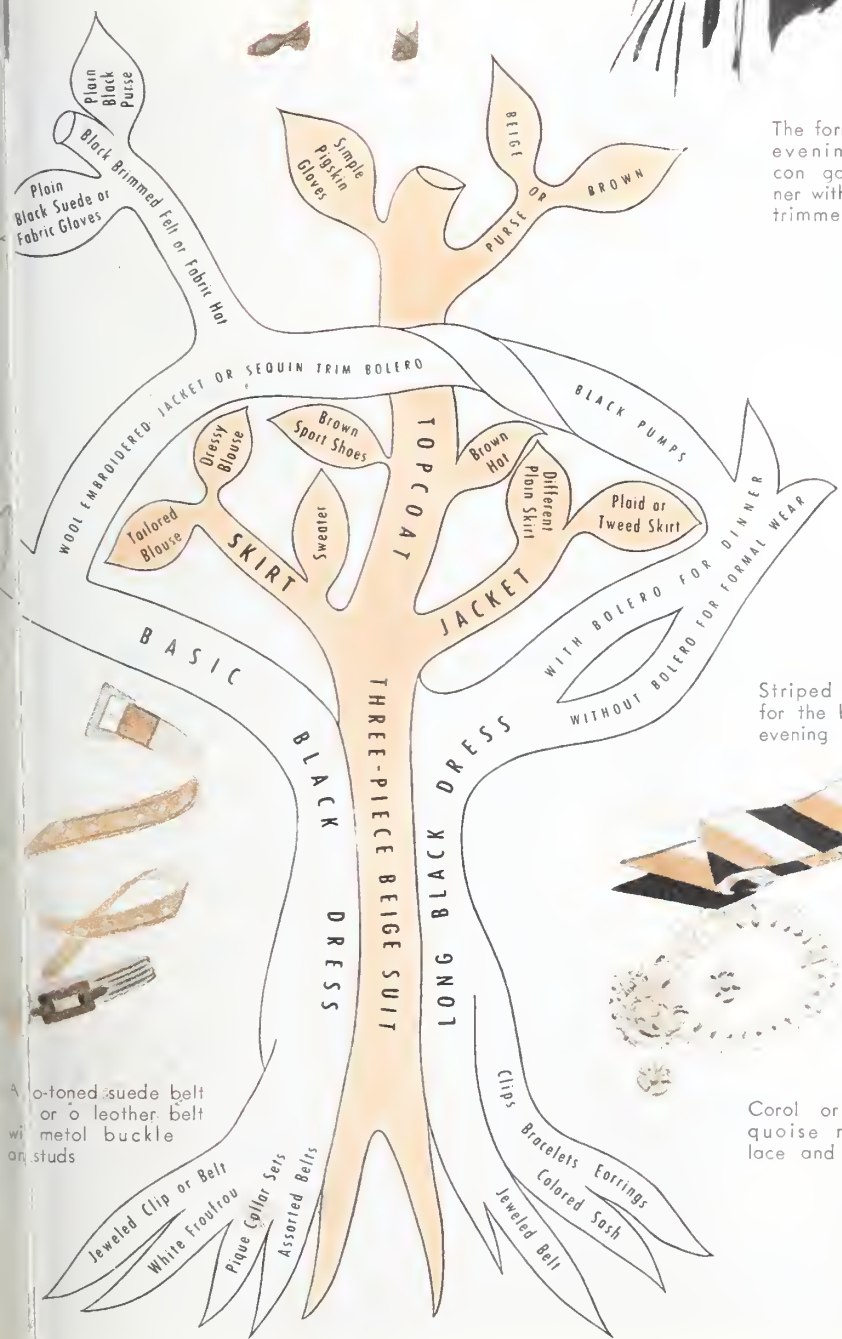


A basic three-piece beige suit

A striped silk blouse for the beige suit



The formal black evening dress can go to dinner with a jewel-trimmed bolero



Striped sash for the black evening dress



Coral or turquoise necklace and clips

¶The appearance of the black hat will be changed if you'll stick a scarlet quill in the hat band, jauntily . . . wear a jeweled clip . . . and a black velvet bow . . . attach some veiling . . . or anchor the hat with gay jeweled hatpins . . . depending, of course, upon the occasion and the accessories you're wearing with the basic black dress.

¶Sweaters worn with the beige suit should be coral, lime green, or black. With the black sweater, shoes, bag and gloves also should be black—to emphasize the black and beige motif.

¶Blouses to be worn with the suit should be washable white crepe or striped silk in combinations of black, coral and white, or scarlet and beige.

¶To change the appearance of the brown hat worn with the beige suit wrap a paisley scarf around the hat band and wear a matching paisley ascot.

¶Additional skirts for the suit should be beige and brown tweed or plaid. The pattern and colors of the plaid must be dictated by the slimness you've maintained or attained—it doesn't matter which. It's also attractive to pick (Continued on page 97)



# I Wake Up

It was a hot Saturday night and I wore white flannels and one of those blue sport shirts and sat in the Roosevelt Hotel's Cine-Grill drinking Bacardis. Across the street at the Chinese they were having a minor premiere for the newest *Dr. Kildare* picture. Arc lights were swinging back and forth, limousines arriving, and cops holding off the crowd. I heard the noise and I was excited. At the same time I felt lonely. That sweet, hot

loneliness that's like music. I was twenty-seven, had a play on Broadway, and now a studio contract. Those first hard years were over. This was it, I thought. *This is the works!*

On Monday morning I reported to the studio for work. The story editor was a nice guy. He said I should stand by for an assignment and gave me a load of shooting scripts to read. He conducted me to a nice big office with a couch and brown Venetian blinds.

For days I was afraid to leave the office because the thought haunted me that while I was out a producer might ring. I read all of the scripts. I ate big lunches and took naps on the couch. I became so bored that I began to practise pitching pennies against the wall. Later, I used to prop my door open—so I could hear the phone—and wander up and down the hall.

It was in the hall that I saw Vicky Lynn.



I knelt down, trembling . . .  
then I heard the scream



# Screaming!

In Hollywood everyone is supposed to say "yes" to everything. But here was a girl who said "no." To men, to dates—until one man discovered the reason

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON

My first thought was that she was some star who, by mistake, had gotten lost up here in the Writers' Jungle. But she was a secretary. Her hair was golden and blonde like an ad and came to her shoulders. She was wearing a soft, pleated blue skirt, and a white middie blouse. I heard her laugh that day, warm, rich laughter, and I shivered.

That night I rode down in the elevator with Lanny Craig. He was a big

guy with thick eyebrows, graying hair and a limp. He had started out in Greenwich Village, but he was not what even *he* would call a success. Here in the studio he was simply a three-hundred-dollar-a-week dialogue factory in the fast diminishing B unit.

"I'm playing polo Sunday—why don't you come out?"

"I'll try," I said. "Listen, that's really a honey upstairs, isn't it?"

"Who—Vicky Lynn?"

"Is that her name?"

"Yeah. Vicky Lynn." He laughed. "If you've an idea you can date Vicky it's a sad thing indeed. We've all tried, kid."

On Friday I talked to Vicky for the first time. We were in the switchboard room and I said something about the weather, and then I asked her if she had ever thought of writing a story. It was the old line. She said she'd written a story, or was writing one. I was too excited to get it straight.

For three days nothing happened. Then she came in, shyly, a four-page thing in her hand. Our eyes met only once, and she flushed, embarrassed, and I thought: She knows, and I know, that this is a game, and in the end it will mean a date. When she had gone only an hour I telephoned her and said that I wanted to discuss the story. I said it would be better if we talked outside of the studio. She hesitated, and I pretended it made no difference to me.

"All right, then," I said, "never mind." That was when she agreed to meet me.

I PICKED her up on a street corner and we went to the Beachcomber. We had a side table and the lights were soft. Polynesian waiters swished past and there was Island music. Vicky sat there shyly, and I was

awkward, saying a lot of fool things that echoed back in my ears. You know how it is sometimes with a girl that's really terrific. I couldn't get started. My fingers walked back and forth on the tablecloth. The waiter came and I ordered Zombies.

About halfway through the first Zombie we were doing swell. Vicky laughed in sheer relief, and now she was gorgeous. I began to talk like a love scene.

"You're beautiful, Vicky! You're ineffable!"

"You aren't exactly fat and bald yourself," she said. "You're the youngest writer in the studio—except for the fifty-dollar-a-week junior writers. But we're starting the wrong way! A girl doesn't tell a man what she thinks—even in Hollywood! We're going to spoil everything, aren't we?"

"Of course not!"

"But we will! People always tell polite lies to each other at first—and we've been so frank—you'll hate me!"

"Sure," I said. "I'll hate you in heaven." We were merrier than Disney's mice by now. "Look, shall we have dinner?"

"All right."

"Here—or elsewhere? Name your favorite hash house, Vicky."

"It doesn't matter," she said. Then: "Would you like me to cook? I'll cook for you if you want."

"Ah—a girl scout!"

But it was a lovely idea. We left the Beachcomber and I drove to her apartment. It was a place on Franklin—you know, the stone statue on the lawn spurting water into a goldfish pond—and she shared two rooms on the fourth floor with her sister. It was average. About fifty-five a month. There were knick-knacks around, a portable radio, and a pretty, gaudy rag doll that sat on the floor, its head askew. I helped her fix dinner—chops







As we were driving back to town, Vicky said, "Haven't you noticed, baby? Jill's in love with you." Jill just sat there and didn't say anything

and fried potatoes and salad. When it was ready I pulled back a chair.

"Voulez-vous?"

She sat down and I scrambled into the built-in seat opposite her.

"You're such an elegant guy!" she said.

"You're such a pretty baby, gee—"

"No." She shook her head. "It's my sister that's pretty. She sings with a band. You'll have to meet her."

"I certainly will."

"She's three years older than I am—I'm twenty-two—and not engaged or anything." She paused, engrossed. "Of course—she's chased by Paul. He's our community millionaire. Every blonde knows one. One Sunday when she wouldn't see him he sent over roast pheasant and champagne—imagine Jill and I sitting here alone, eating a dinner like that!" She looked up. "And once he sent Jill a mink coat—she returned it, of course. She's like that."

"Would you have returned it?"

Vicky laughed. "I don't know!" She went on: "I don't think Jill's ever been really in love. I suppose one day she'll fall in love so hard she'll never get over it. Am I boring you?"

"In an enchanting sort of way."

"What a silly person I am! I'll drive you from the place screaming!"

**W**E finished the coffee and went into the other room. I sat with the long-legged rag doll on my lap and asked all about her.

"How come you took a studio job?"

"I always wanted to get in the movies. I thought that might be a way."

"Is it?"

"Apparently not. But a director took me to dinner once."

"Who?"

"His name is Hurd Evans."

"What was wrong?"

"He—well, you know how it is. And

I—I just couldn't stand him."

"The heel." I looked up at her. "Listen—you're marvelous, see? You'll get in pictures and it won't have to be through the back door."

I was just talking. But it suddenly occurred to me that I had something. I felt a quick surge of excitement.

"I'm going to see about it," I said.

She frowned. "You don't have to say that. Everybody out here makes promises!"

"Yes—sure, but—you've got the groceries, Vicky! With a little grooming—it's personalities they want and—you know, I really think—"

I ran away with myself. We began talking about it. I'd hire a press agent. I'd send her to dramatic school. I knew an artist who'd paint her for a magazine cover. Then I thought of the idea of getting a couple of guys to go in with me as her sponsors. That would be the ticket!

She was a star when I finished talking. We were shouting promotion ideas back and forth. We acted scenes we remembered from pictures. We walked up and down reading Shakespeare.

Suddenly we had stopped the rehearsal and I was holding her in my arms. It was two in the morning. She clung to me and whispered she loved me, and she was crying. I laughed because I was happy. I kissed her warm lips. I told her she was Cinderella.

**I** MET her sister the next day. It was Saturday and I came up at noon. Jill was there. She wore a blue lounging robe and there wasn't any make-up on her face, but she was pretty. Her hair was yellow and came short of her shoulders. She was slender, taller than Vicky. I had a little florist's box in my hand but I stopped in the middle of the room and stared at her. She looked at me the same way. For a moment I felt a chill.

She looked *very* familiar. It was as though I should kiss her and say, "Darling, I've been a long time away. How are you?" But then it passed. I imagine it'd just been that she resembled Vicky. When she spoke her voice was pleasant. It was a low, very soft voice.

"Hello. Vicky's talked about you all night and (Continued on page 112)

## Frame for Fame

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S

Exclusive

Color Portrait Series:

Mary Martin

Appearing in Paramount's  
"Birth of the Blues"  
page 33

Robert Cummings

Appearing in Universal's  
"Almost An Angel"  
page 36

Brenda Marshall

Appearing in Warners'  
"The Smiling Ghost"  
page 37

Joan Leslie

Appearing in Warners'  
"The Male Animal"  
page 40





Mary Martin





by Bette Davis

As told to Harmony Haynes

Das a

**T**IMES have changed. The feminine world is no longer narrow, nor is it separated from the masculine world by the high walls of convention. Women are no longer looked upon as the weaker sex. They have proven that they are strong, capable and pretty well able to look after themselves in the field of endeavor. Yes, pants have had to make way for petticoats. Girls have proven men's equal in business, sports, politics. They are not only as capable and intelligent as men but they are as brave and daring. They fly planes across the ocean and hunt lions in Africa. In fact, they do so many brave deeds collectively that one is apt to forget that individually they are still very feminine and resent such cracks as, "The hand that rocks the cradle shocks the world."

Outwardly girls have changed. Inwardly they have not. They still want the same feminine things from life that Grandma wanted—a great love, a happy home, a peaceful old age. And they know in their hearts that the best way to get the most out of life is to "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever."

Many girls do seek fame and fortune on their own. They work steadily and faithfully toward the top of the ladder of success, shoving aside everything that seems to stand between them and their chosen goal. When they reach the top, they realize that

Every girl will want to save



# girl's past ever her own?

the happiness they sought is not there and once more they become just girls, impatiently awaiting the great love that seemed so very unimportant only a short while before.

This is still a man's world in spite of the fact girls have pretty generally invaded it. Since it is a man's world, men usually own the ladders of success that girls must climb. They can, and sometimes do, tilt that ladder in the girl's favor and make her climb either easier or more rapid. It's a great temptation not to take the easier route, but the girl who does finds herself pretty unhappy when she is perched on the top, looking backward and knowing that past indiscretions cast shadows on future happiness.

**G**IRLS, in general, could never be called bad, but many of them are rather careless. They just "don't think" or they think "it doesn't matter." They go blindly along until something happens to make them think and then they realize that the things that didn't seem to matter then matter very, very much.

There comes a time in every girl's life when she realizes that the only precious gem she ever possessed was her good name. She knows that her reputation is a lovely, beautiful thing. The thing she did not realize was that it is also very fragile. If that same girl owned, for instance, the Hope

Diamond, she wouldn't put it on the floor for others to stumble over, to step on, or to kick about. No, indeed, she'd put it in a velvet box, lock it up in a vault and insure it for all it was worth. Yet a diamond, while beautiful and lovely, is definitely not fragile. It is one of the hardest substances known to man. Why should it have greater care than a reputation? A diamond can be replaced—a reputation cannot. Remember when you were in school you learned to quote: "Who steals my purse steals trash . . . but he that filches from me my good name robs me of that which not enriches him and makes me poor indeed."

Perhaps it seems rather old-fashioned and foolish to be good when all about you there are girls literally "getting by with murder." Look at Mamie! She was the town's bad girl and she wound up with a millionaire husband, a sable coat and a private yacht—maybe Diamond Lil was right when she lisped, "Goodness had nothin' to do with it, dearie." Yet, before you make any rash decision, why don't you take a look into Mamie's heart—maybe she isn't one bit happy—maybe she would trade all her worldly possessions for the one thing she lost—her good name. Every day of her life she is suffering for her former indiscretions. She never knows from one moment to the next when something in her past is going to

bob up and knock her present and her future right out from under her.

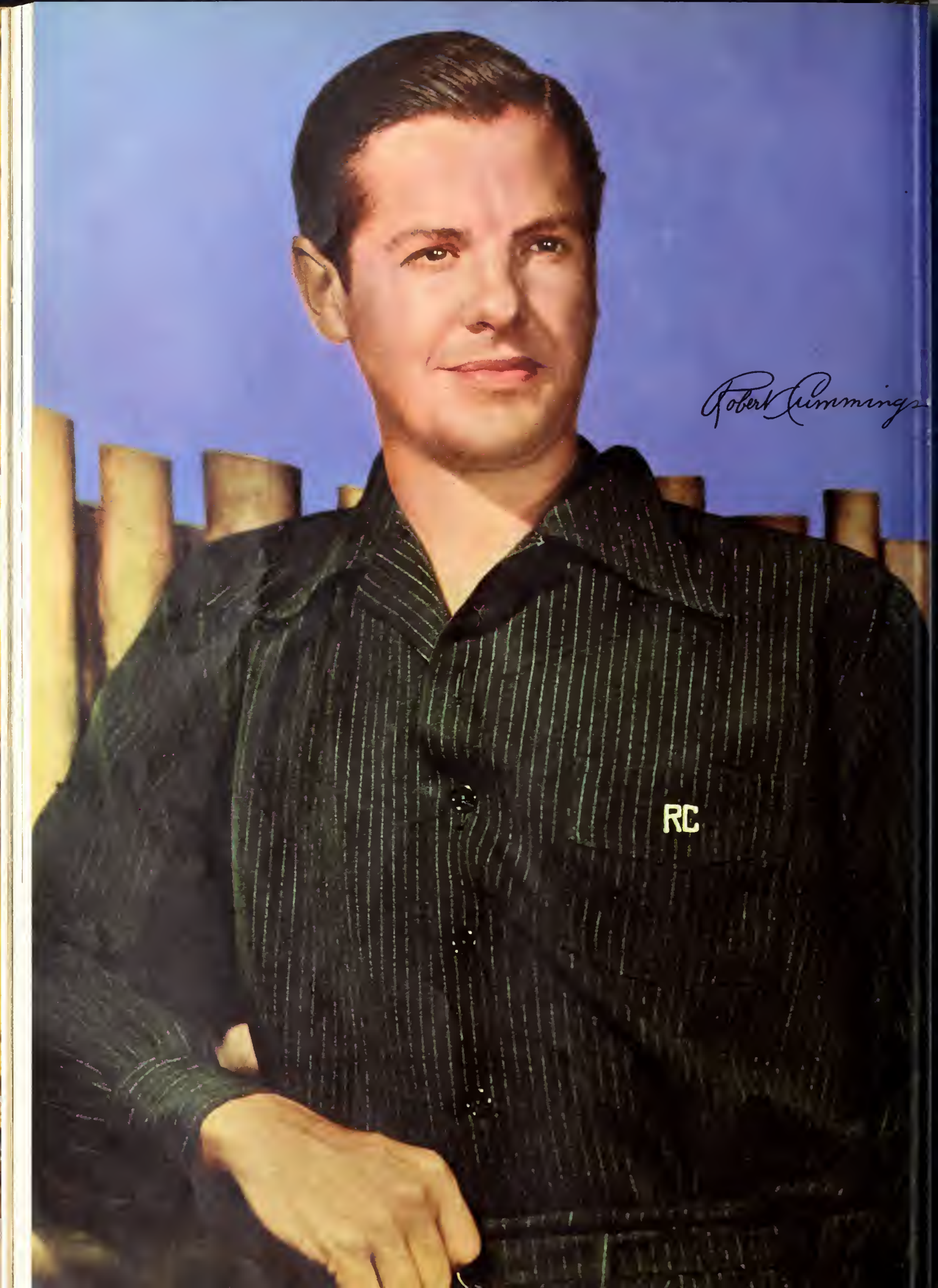
Fate, that horrid little trickster, seems to be custodian of the past. How else can you explain why Joe Doakes, an old flame of your hey-hey days, should suddenly appear in Akron, Ohio, on the night of August 12th just as you are having a quiet dinner with a brand-new beau? Oh, Joe is a nice enough fellow. Any other time you might be glad to see him. You could talk over old times, part and forget. But tonight! If Joe starts talking of old times—and he will—that wonderful new beau will get the wrong impression. He'll think you were really bad when, as a matter of fact, you were only foolish.

**O**F course, you hadn't considered it foolish at the time. You were lonesome and Joe invited you out with his gang and you went. There was no harm in it at all. You didn't really have a good time but it was better than sitting home alone . . . or was it? A good name, like a bad name, has its price. Often the price is loneliness, because too many girls do not seem to understand that goodness can and *should* demand attention.

That sounds like a very complex statement, but let's tear it apart and see what there is to it. In the first place, I never met a good person who was dull. Did (*Continued on page 74*)

this. She will read it again and again. Someday she will show it proudly to her husband





*Robert Cummings*

RC





nda Marshall



# NO SEX APPEAL?



He was too ugly for women to like, they said. So Glenn Ford turned out to be what every woman wants to marry!

**I**T HAS been a long time since Hollywood has housed a personage like Glenn Ford.

There are those reckless enough to go back to Rudolph Valentino for comparisons. Others who are less impressionable call him a Francis Lederer gone spiritual. A third group swears that he is Tyrone Power crossed with Paul Muni. About the only thing these curbstone psychiatrists have in common is the young man under the microscope.

Strangely enough it is the male animal that wastes time analyzing Glenn Ford. The female of the species is content with admiring him. Perhaps content isn't quite the word. Or admiring either. But the fact remains that right this minute young Mr. Ford could pick up the telephone and line up a date with almost any unattached lady in town. Not necessarily because every unattached lady in Hollywood goes to bed praying that the good Lord will arrange it so that Glenn Ford will knock her down gently the next time he drives his Cadillac roadster up Sunset Boulevard. A good deal of the local interest in the Ford lad springs from the dilemma "What Makes Sammy Run?"

Everyone in town, for instance, knows that when the bevy of belles



by  
**JOHN R.  
FRANCHEY**



It's the men who stop to analyze Ford; the women just admire him. Above: He plays tennis with starlet Patti McCarty

from snifty Stephens College (where Joan Crawford once studied the poetry of Byron, Keats and Shelley) came to Hollywood last spring and were asked by a wag to name the cinema idol with whom they'd love to get lost somewhere in the bayous of Burbank, the choice was Glenn Ford in a walk. What everyone in town doesn't know is that a young lady from Stephens lost a ten-dollar wager all because Glenn Ford didn't report to the studio on the day in question. She had bet her roommate that Emily Post or no Emily Post she was going to plant a refined smack on the proper spot of the Ford features as soon as he showed up. And what was Mr. Ford doing while scores of brave hearts were breaking and a determined little blonde paced the sidewalk in front of Columbia Pictures? He was spending a quiet day at home playing some records he had just bought, mostly Debussy and Tschai-kovsky, on which composers he is something of a connoisseur.

That Stephens girls are as one with their sisters under the skin can be vouchsafed by the boys who toil in the mailing room of Columbia Pictures, the lucky employers of young Mr. Ford. Not in recent studio history has there been such a deluge of fan

mail as is pouring in, some of it sweet, some sophisticated, some sizzling and some startling. In the wake of his toils and tribulations as the victim of Nazi persecution in "So Ends Our Night," the country's womenfolk want to make it up to the poor boy. Some talk of marriage. Others are less conventional. A third group would delight the psychologists. These are the ladies who want to mother Glenn. They send him fruit cake and peach preserves. They write and beg him to let them know what his draft number is and to tell them they have their fingers crossed. And they implore him not to go Hollywood.

Both species of fans crave photographs. The loot in a single batch of mail examined by this reporter was forty-four quarters and ninety-one dimes, which even Nelson Eddy will tell you is phenomenal. Mostly Glenn Ford sends pictures to all interested parties, dime or no dime. And unlike almost everyone in Hollywood he autographs every picture himself, instead of either turning the chore over to a relative or using one of those handy rubber stamps that produces signatures which look like the real thing. Operators of longer standing are ready to lay ten to one odds that Ford will mend his ways before the

year is out and learn to cut corners. If they are right he will probably part with another of his charming habits which Hollywood finds even more incredible. Asked to sign an autograph, he does so with apparent joy and not the usual look of bored duty.

The topper to this is that the fabulous Ford never omits thanking the interloper, including the bore who hit him up for an autograph one night when he was having dinner with a young lady, was greeted so courteously that he stayed on and on, and even ordered a spot of dessert at Ford's suggestion. He probably would have accompanied Ford and friend to the movies if the lady hadn't risen to her defense and said to the dope, under her breath: "Beat it or I'll commit murder."

Young Glenn Ford, 1941's brightest comet, is a six-foot-one gentleman who doesn't look quite that tall. In a bathing suit he looks a trifle underweight. But don't go to fretting. Friend Ford is an assassin with boxing gloves, a brilliant horseman and a fierce fencer, so fierce in fact that he wishes his next picture would be a costume epic so that he could duel with Errol Flynn. Not that he dislikes Mr. (Continued on page 77)



Prize role was the lead opposite Cooper in "Sergeant York." It went to Joan Leslie, sixteen years old



# The Love of



*Joan Leslie*



# THREE SISTERS



You think she's the tops—Joan Leslie of

"Sergeant York." But wait until you

meet the other two and hear what happened

BY GLADYS HALL

The three musketeers from Michigan: Betty, Joan ("the kid"), Mary

**T**HIS is a different kind of love story. It isn't the boy-and-girl kind. Perhaps it is misleading to call it a love story at all. But love can wear many faces and if the story of the one-for-all and all-for-one devotion between three sisters doesn't deserve the name of love—well, we think it does.

It is as pink-cheeked and bright-eyed, this story, as the cheeks and eyes of the three sisters. And as sturdy as their hard work and hard knocks and ambition. It does your heart good to hear it, this story of the three young musketeers from Michigan who struggled, three abreast, to conquer the world and reach the stars.

In their home town of Detroit, schools, banquets, clubs, Amateur Nights and Opportunity Nights came to know them as The Brodell Kiddies. Later, vaudeville in small towns knew them as The Brodell Kids, The Brodell Sisters and eventually, long before they reached New York, as The Three Brodell Sisters.

Hollywood knows them as Mary Trent, Betty Brodell and—Joan Leslie.

Which means that Hollywood knows only one of them very well, has taken only one of them to her gemmed bosom. But no matter. It is still all-for-one . . . and it is, equally, the story of all three. For without this unity, it can be doubted that "one" would have so soon become a rising star.

On the sound stage of "Sergeant York," Joan Leslie, happy tears in her eyes, went into the arms of Gary Cooper. The big love scene. She was

acting. On the sidelines, happy tears in their eyes, Mary and Betty watched the scene. They were not acting. And the tears in their eyes were as self-forgetting tears as ever were. Because Mary, also under contract to the Warners, has only played bits in pictures thus far, has not yet had her chance. And Betty, who hopes to be under contract to Warners or some major studio someday, is studying dramatics and singing nights at Lindy's cafe.

When, a year ago, Joan's agent phoned the news that Warners had signed Joan to a term contract, the sisters, all three of them, joined hands with Mom and Pop and danced around the dining-room table, an old Brodell custom when the breaks come.

When Joan was assigned the role of the crippled girl in "High Sierra," when she played important parts in "The Wagons Roll At Night," "Thieves Fall Out," "The Great Mr. Nobody," there were more ring-around-a-rosie celebrations in the modest little rented house in Burbank. (So modest, indeed, was that house that when the studio wanted to make the first "home sitting" of Joan, the prop department had to take over chairs and drapes and rugs and practically refurnish the house so that "people will believe it's a star's home.")

When it was announced that comparative newcomer, Joan Leslie, "that sixteen-year-old kid, migolly!" would play opposite Gary Cooper, Hollywood screamed, "Gary Cooper, the lead with Gary Cooper! That's reaching the top! Does the child wear Seven

League Boots?" Her sisters, alone, were not surprised. No, they tell you, not Seven League Boots; Joan wears sturdy, many times resoled little shoes, shoes that have trudged long and patiently the uphill route.

"We are not surprised," said Mary, "because ever since we started to work in the theater, when Joan was three and we were eight and ten, it was about Joan that people were always making prophecies. Old performers we met on the road, wise in the ways of show business, would tap their foreheads significantly and say, 'The little one, it is there, she will go a long way!' Betty and I felt it was 'there,' too. You see, she was so sure of herself. Not smug or anything like that. But when she stepped out on that stage, she had it!"

Now, undressing together at nights, helping Mom clear the table, sewing on the buttons Pop busts off his vests, he is so proud, the sisters reminisce about "the good old days" (all of a couple of years ago!). They laugh and cry together, saying, "Remember this . . . oh, gee, kids, remember that. . ."

**T**HE "nice house" in Detroit where they were born. Piano lessons and dancing school "just like other girls." Nineteen-twenty-nine—and the crash. How Pop lost his job at the bank. How they lost their home. Mom going about with an anxious expression in her eyes. And two little girls who knew it was somehow up to them to be the moneymakers of the family. At (Continued on page 95)



# How to get a Fan Letter Answered

A correspondence course in writing to the stars for which your diploma will be a shiny bright letter from your favorite

BY VIRGINIA WOOD



Jeanette MacDonald dotes on letters that help her to plan her concert programs. Thanks to a fan, John Payne (left), cured his "athletic eyebrows"



Eleanor Powell took a tip on feet from a fan

**A**RE you one of those people who write fan letters to the stars in which you are continually asking favors? Or are you the type that coyly addresses the envelope in which you send your letter by using a rebus, a sketch, or something equally confusing and then complains violently because your letter was mailed a month ago and you haven't received an answer?

These are just two of the common mistakes fans are making every day in corresponding with the stars.

We're going to try to give you a few pointers as to why your letters fail to receive a reply.

First of all, we want to say that the stars enjoy receiving your letters. Unlike stage actors, movie stars get

no applause when working before the camera, regardless of how fine a performance they give. Their only applause is the sincere appreciation expressed in your letters. And they love it—each and every one of them!

Naturally, most of the big stars employ secretaries or delegate someone in the studio to help them with their fan mail. When you consider that the average number of letters received by the stars range all the way from 1,500 to 5,000 a month, you'll realize they wouldn't have time to eat, sleep or act should they attempt to answer each and every letter without some assistance.

However, the secretaries of the stars are pretty intelligent people. They have to be. Sorting the fan





Bing Crosby's "Criticism File" is a very important part of the day's business



Jane Withers is an enthusiastic exception to the "don't ask for favors" rule. Jane even sends buttons off dresses on request



Claudette Colbert: "Only through the medium of letters can we know when we please or displease our public"

mail is one of their most important duties. Requests for pictures are turned over to the Fan Mail Department, as a general rule, and orders are filled automatically from the stacks of personally autographed pictures the stars have supplied.

Some of the stars send free pictures upon request. These are usually the post card or snapshot size. If you wish an 8 x 10 or 11 x 14 portrait, you are requested to send 25 cents for the 8 x 10 or \$1.00 for the 11 x 14. This is because the stars themselves have to pay for all fan pictures and if you were in Clark Gable's boots, for instance—he sent out 156,000 pictures last year—you would see what an expensive proposition that would be.

For some strange reason—or maybe

it's just human nature in the raw—the percentage of honest-to-goodness sincere letters is in the minority. In trying to work out some kind of a percentage, we find it works out something like this:

- Requests for photographs.. 50%
- Flattering letters requesting money, clothing or some favor ..... 35%
- Letters asking for advice about careers ..... 10%
- Sincere fan letters..... 5%

From the above, you can figure out for yourself why more letters do not get a personal response.

At a glance, the stars have learned to tell the difference between an honest-to-goodness fan letter and one

that is filled with flattery which is used for the sole purpose of obtaining a favor. Put yourself in their places. Suppose you should receive a letter, for instance, reading something like this:

"Dear Alice Faye:

"I think you are the most beautiful actress on the screen. I have never written a fan letter to a star before and you are the only one I am ever going to write to.

"Will you please send me the diamond bracelet you wore in 'One Night in Rio'? I am sure you have so many bracelets you wouldn't miss just one and it would mean so much to me to have it just because you wore it."

Then, suppose (Continued on page 87)





The way George met his wife, Julie, is another example of the dance-happy creed. One day when she was Juliette Johnson, the actress. . .

**G**EORGE MURPHY has a creed. He believes dancing is a positive cure for almost every ill that comes along in an average day's work. He believes that if you are worried, sad, perplexed, you can shed worries, sadness, perplexities if you will just dance as hard as you know how for even five minutes. And the star of "Ringside Maisie" and "Tom, Dick and Harry" knows whereof he speaks—but definitely!

On the subject of his creed Mr. Murphy goes to town, with infectious enthusiasm. "Look," says he, those Irish-blue eyes of his putting in a lot of crinkling at the corners, "just look! When your feet start to patter, and your arms start to swing, and the blood goes coursing all through you as it is *meant* to course, I defy anybody to cling to a case of the blues. Get on your feet, in your own room, in the kitchen, in the back yard. Doesn't matter what kind of dancing you do—imagine you are in the arms of a partner, and whirl into a waltz. Or tap out a routine or two, if that happens to be something you can do. Or let your arms swing easily, loosely from the shoulders, and just move around doing casual steps. Try it! And when you stop, those mouldy blues will have jumped out of the nearest window—or I'm a Dutchman."

That is George Murphy's creed. He lives up to it, himself; and his energetic, busy life has proved that by dancing on, undefeated, a man can arrive at the top of the tree. He

needs pluck, and stamina, too, of course. But according to George the pluck will come, and stay, if you make up your mind to dance the willies out of existence. As for the stamina, that goes with dancing, when you take it up in the professional sense. For dancers are the healthiest folk alive; they *have* to be! They are also the happiest, nine times out of ten.

George and Julie Murphy live in a small house, in the less fashionable section of Beverly Hills. Since their son, Dennis Michael, was born in November, 1938, they have added just one room to the house, for a nursery.

As in most Irishmen, there is a strong streak of sentiment in George Murphy. He is tremendously proud of the fact that his dad was the famous Michael Charles Murphy, athletic coach for many years at the University of Pennsylvania, and also coach for the Olympic Games. In a household devoted to health, strength, and athletics George grew up. To be in training seemed perfectly natural to him. His dad saw to it that his son kept every muscle as it should be, with the help of workouts in the big family garden. George remembers that garden as the best part of their home in New Haven.

George and Bob Montgomery are two of Hollywood's closest pals. Let's give the lowdown on their friendship and admit that they went to school together. At Pawling School, about sixty miles outside New York and not

very far from the place where Bob has his farm today, young Mr. Montgomery took a dive into scholastic studies a trifle ahead of young Mr. Murphy; and consequently left school ahead of him. They saw nothing more of each other, though they had been good friends at school, until George was dancing with his wife at a New York night club.

Whirling in the spotlight's glare it is hard to recognize faces grouped round the tables. So George never knew who was there, until it was all over. Came one evening when, as they were dancing, the orchestra did a sudden dip from fortissimo into pianissimo, for a certain effect. In the abrupt lull a clear voice was heard announcing crisply—"It is Murphy!" And there was Bob, enjoying the show at a ringside table! That was their reunion. And now, they are two members of a little quartette that might well be named "Hollywood's Four Musketeers." The names? George Murphy, Robert Montgomery, James Cagney and Elliott Nugent.

When the Murphy-Montgomery-Cagney husbands-and-wives sextette puts in an appearance at an opening, in Hollywood, the fans get full value for their patience. Elliott Nugent, since he has been so busy on the stage in New York and points East, does not show up so often as the others. But he is one of The Gang, none the less. In his own house, or in the houses of other members of The Gang, George (Continued on page 79)



# DANCE

if you're blue



Go on—try it! Dance as hard as you can for five minutes. Then you'll frame this story about George Murphy

BY MARGARET CHUTE





To remind Ray Milland of Hollywood that he was born Ray Mullane of Wales is the 18-carat gold ring worn on his little finger. Given to him by his father when he was but fifteen, it is a crest ring of the Mullanes

# Give me a Ring

Ring five for this prize item in Martha Scott's jewel box. An old-fashioned gold ring of Hungarian design, it has five separate bands, the outer circles set with rubies, the center band diamond-crested

Christmas graft is Barbara Stanwyck's topaz ring, a last year's Christmas tree present, with a matching bracelet, from husband Robert Taylor. The stone is a topaz; the setting is of rubies and diamonds



A-1 cowboy Gene Autry is an A-1 Mason who wears his ring steadily. Given to him by his wife when he took the 32nd degree, the ring is silver, has the Masonic double-eagle emblem on a separate diamond-set top





Pet of jewelry designers is Mary Martin, who adores novel rings. This one was a gift from her husband Richard Halliday. It is a special Paul Flato design composed of a tiny gold branch with diamond leaves



Third finger (but the right hand) decoration for Dorothy Lamour is this small old-fashioned round-cut diamond set in gold given to her by Greg Bautzer. Once his mother's, it is now Lamour's favorite jewel

Heart-on-hand pose of Joan Bennett gives a good close-up of the ring that Joan prefers to wear above all others. Of a delicate heart shape, it has a large diamond surrounded by red rubies

Some gems of pictures that will give you a ringside look at your favorite stars in some of their more sparkling poses

A third-finger left-hand man is Robert Young, who is seldom seen without the ring that marks his marriage to Betty Young. Of gold and platinum, it is made of a series of tiny, fine, very flexible links





First-fiddle cast for  
a first-run picture:  
Bob Montgomery, Irene  
Dunne, Preston Foster



# Unfinished Business

She loved one man, but she married another, which was very stupid. But the way she squared things up was very wise. Matter of fact, it was stupendous!



## THE CAST

Nancy Adams.....Irene Dunne  
 Tom Duncan.....Robert Montgomery  
 Steve Duncan.....Preston Foster  
 Elmer.....Eugene Palette  
 Aunt Mathilda.....Esther Dale  
 Clarissa Smith.....June Clyde



## Fiction Version by LEE PENNINGTON

A Universal picture. Screen play by Eugene Thackeray. Produced and directed by Gregory LaCava.

The train gave another lurch as Nancy turned to face him. "Here," he said, "let me run interference for you"

"YOU'RE on your way to New York and adventure," sang the wheels of the Chicago to New York express as it pounded through the deepening Midwestern dusk. "You're on your way—"

"—to New York," a soft voice took up the refrain, began humming in rhythm with the speeding wheels, "and adventure." The voice belonged to a blue-eyed, honey-blond girl who was struggling against the frenzied swaying of the express in an effort to get to the diner. "I'm on my way," she hummed joyously, but even as she repeated the words over and over Nancy Adams could hardly believe that they were true; could hardly believe that at last she had left behind the staidness and dullness of Messina, the small town which was her birthplace; could hardly believe that she had exchanged the security of her aunt's and uncle's home—which had been home for Nancy and her younger sister Kathryn ever since their parents' death—for a new and independent life of her own.

As far back as she could remember Nancy had dreamed of adventure in far places of the world, of thrilling huge audiences with the beauty of her voice as she had for so long thrilled Messina audiences, but always her dream had seemed impossible of attainment. Then came the day when Kathryn married, thus releasing Nancy from her self-imposed task of mothering the younger girl and leaving her free to start out on her own. Messina had melted into the horizon, New York lay ahead and "I'm on my way," Nancy sang contentedly.

Another lurch of the train almost pitched her into the arms of a passing porter. When she recovered her balance she asked him the way to the

diner, but before the man could answer a deep masculine voice from behind her said, "Let me show you. I know where it is."

Nancy turned to face the speaker. He was a tall, bronzed young man with a devil-may-care smile.

"It shouldn't be difficult to find." She tried for a note of dismissal and didn't succeed too well. "I suppose it's on the train somewhere."

"I'm not so sure," he grinned in mock doubt, "the way we've been bouncing around."

"I imagine we're still on the track, though," Nancy observed tartly.

The train obstreperously rounded a curve. "Here," he said, "let me run interference for you," and somehow, Nancy was never sure how, he had taken her by the arm and was steadying her on her journey through the aisles.

"This is the first time," she gasped as the train went into another trembling fit, "that I've ever been on a train with square wheels."

Almost as an answer to her slur, the train gave a vicious jerk, throwing her off her feet and twisting her ankle so painfully that for a horrible black moment she thought the agony of it would make her faint.

Instantly the young man was all concern. "I say, I'm sorry," he cried, steadying her with a protective arm while she tried her weight on the injured ankle. The effort brought a grimace of pain and the man said decisively, "My billet's in the next car," and before she could protest he had half-carried, half-led her to his compartment.

"Please don't bother," Nancy said, "I don't want to put you to any trouble." But he paid no attention to her, as he seated her carefully on the

low, wide seat, then dropped down onto the floor and began to examine her foot.

"A beautiful ankle," he observed, twisting it back and forth in strong, tanned hands. "The ankle of a thoroughbred."

"What are you?" Nancy laughed. "A horse doctor?"

He shook his head. "No, but I can recognize a thoroughbred when I see one. There's no damage," he looked up, his examination over, "that a few hours' rest won't cure. I shouldn't advise trying to walk back to the diner, though," he went on, "so why not begin the rest cure by having dinner here with me?"

SOMEWHAT to her own surprise Nancy found herself accepting his invitation and when they had finished dinner she realized, with even greater surprise, that she was telling Steve Durfan all about herself—about her drab life in Messina, about Kathryn and Kathryn's recent marriage and about her own determination to go to New York to try her luck at a career. She talked eagerly, leaning forward and fingering the three strands of pearls which encircled her neck.

Steve's eyes strayed from her animated face to the necklace and the soft white flesh beneath it. "Why," he asked, "do you wear those pearls? Why do you hide such a lovely throat?"

Nancy drew back, a little frown of annoyance between her eyes. "You certainly," her tone was resentful, "have a line."

"It isn't a line," Steve's own tones were serious.

Nancy was spared the necessity of making a reply by the arrival of the dining-car (Continued on page 98)






"Coop" of Hollywood: Gary Cooper, whose friends are legion, whose talent, displayed in Warners' "Sergeant York," is unsurpassed

Welbourne



A black and white close-up portrait of Ginger Rogers. She has dark, wavy hair styled in a classic 1940s fashion, with a side part and a large, rounded top. She is looking slightly to the left of the camera with a soft, pleasant expression. She is wearing a light-colored, possibly white, garment with a ruffled or lace collar. The background is a plain, light color.

Bergman,  
heart

The little girl with the twinkle:  
Ginger Rogers, called "the rich  
man's Alice Faye," now playing  
in RKO's "Tom, Dick and Harry"

Miehle



# NORDIC NATURAL

Number-one new rage  
in Hollywood today is  
Ingrid Bergman of  
"Adam Had Four Sons"  
and "Rage In Heaven"



BY KIRTLEY BASKETTE



"Better keep quiet about those things!" said the publicity men. But Ingrid Bergman, victorious newcomer, doesn't see why she shouldn't discuss what is closest her heart

IT TOOK a World War to bring a new deal in feminine charm to Hollywood. Ingrid Bergman is a Nordic natural who is going to make things a little tough for Hollywood's synthetic glamour girls from now on out.

Ingrid doesn't use make-up, false eyelashes, trick hair-dos, seminude evening wear, or a so-tired-of-it-all face. She doesn't need them. She's fresher, more beautiful in her unredecorated state, more unspoiled and real than any screen newcomer in a year of Sundays. She's a beauty who blushes, smiles and twinkles her eyes without realizing it—and the effect is devastating.

After "Intermezzo," two years ago, Ingrid Bergman was vaguely disturbing to Hollywood. But outside of that one picture she was only a lovely legend. No one knew her when she made it and she vanished back to Sweden the day it stopped shooting. But by now, after "Adam Had Four Sons," "Rage in Heaven," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and the war-isolated state of Sweden have kept her around long enough for a good look, well—

Hollywood knows something has indeed hit it.

Ingrid Bergman is the number-one new rage in Hollywood today. And the current movie parlor pastime is analyzing just why. It's a little baffling to the home folks why this twenty-three-year-old foreign mother with long limbs and dairy-maid cheeks who has no pretentious tricks or publicity poses has lifted the limelight right over to her natural light-brown waves. For lack of a better answer they're saying she's a second Garbo.

We've just spent a swell afternoon with Ingrid Bergman and for our two cents worth on this pressing question, let us say that if she is the second coming of Garbo then Ernest Hemingway—who likes her too—is Little Boy Blue.

Ingrid Bergman (who calls it Eengreed Bare-mahn) is slim and tall and straight, with deep blue eyes and a throaty voice that registers, the sound men say, like Greta's. She can act like divinity and she's also a native daughter of Stockholm. But if she is another Garbo, she is a Garbo who laughs, a friendly Garbo who's full of

fun and a good sport. She's a Garbo with genuine frankness and womanly charm. She's a Garbo with a heart.

A picture of Ingrid Bergman's heart is pasted on the inside cover of her make-up kit, ready to smile up at her every time she powders her face. She rushed from the last take of "Intermezzo," in costume and with tears streaking her cheeks, to board a train and journey to it. She came back to America last year carrying her heart off the boat in a little wool-lined knapsack slung over her shoulder.

Ingrid's heart is named Pia. The "P" and the "a" are for her father's first two names, Paul Aaron, and the "i" is for Ingrid. Pia is Ingrid Bergman's daughter, two years old now, golden-haired and sunny.

Nothing explains Ingrid's warm, natural charm more than her devotion to Pia and her husband, Dr. Peter Lindstrom. At the same time, nothing symbolizes more acutely the heart-rending conflict her Hollywood success has persistently posed between Ingrid's career and her private happiness.

The other (Continued on page 86)

Says Spencer Tracy of co-star Bergman in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde": "This girl is great—and you know how seldom I use a two-dollar word like that!"





# Fashion Fables

From Foxy Grandpa's gay-blade grandson,  
who knows all about women

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



## The Fable of the Hook, Line and Sinkers

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl with a big waist. She thought she had to follow, to the word, everything written about styles, whether or not they suited her. So she did what that autumn fashion picture called for—had and she bulged and bulged. Naturally, she couldn't hook anything (or anyone) with that line and she ended up by having to eat her sinkers all by her lonesome for the rest of her unnatural-born days.

Moral: Waist effort.

## The Fable of the Veil of Tears



ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who knew everybody said black was smart to wear. So she fitted up her closet like a funeral parlor and always went everywhere and did nothing togged up in black. Now it so happened that all black did for her was to make her look like a not-so-merry widow. So everybody started to cry when she came around and even the wolves shied away from her because, as history has it, they like little girls in red capes or night clubs and you can't get to a night club if you look like an ad for widow's weeds!

Moral: Black gets the bird.

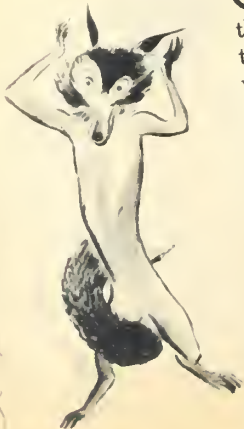


## The Fable of the Sour Grapes

ONCE upon another time there was a little girl who had green eyes (but she wasn't jealous, she was just dumb) and who blushed easily, which was very effective when she wore pink dresses that matched the blush. But she saw a pretty picture of a new autumn dress, a luscious shade of grape, the new fall color. So she went and bought it. And no one said she looked nice. She didn't. Every time she blushed—well, did that grape go sour!

Moral: You sometimes see red where there's purple.

## The Fable of the Bad Crop




ONCE upon a time there was another little girl (that's two of them, kids), with two little curls that hung down over her ears, which were just like little Red Riding Hood's grandmother's, the big fake. She read where new hair fashions called for hair no longer than three inches and curled up. Alas and alack, her curls were three and a quarter inches, so she had her hair cropped short. From then on her auricular effects were terrific. But I ask you, what man, even if he were foxy, would want to whisper oracles into auricles (get it, kids?) like that?

Moral: Ear-muffed.

Yours,  
Foxy, Jr.





The mode of the moment is military; Deanna Durbin cashes in on it with a striking white broadtail evening cape. Effective style strategy is the wide epaulet top with its stand-up collar that can be detached and worn over high-style suits or afternoon dresses. New husband Vaughn Paul approves the new hairdress; all girls endorse the jewelry—pink tourmaline leaf clip and a pink gold bracelet featuring emerald-cut amethyst, round diamonds and rubies; the Army will sanction the cape, a telling feminine maneuver on the autumn style front

*Ray Jones*


FOR FALL FASHIONS

YOUNG

Mrs. PAUL

PREFERS —





Mrs. Paul takes an option on black crepe for afternoon, selects a dress with self-belted girdle waistline, modified dolman sleeves and a gathered bodice to set off her brilliant diamond pin. A little black velvet calot with white ostrich plumes and starched black mesh veiling shows smart Durbin headwork and is a perfect pretty for p.m. fun





An "I must have" dress for the star of an "I must see" picture, Universal's "Almost An Angel": A Harvest Gold wool two-timer with dress and jacket that work overtime in fall weather. A tailored high-neck dress is worn beneath a self-buttoned collarless jacket that rates a second look because of its pin-tucked pockets set up high on the bodice





Deanna makes up her mind, but definitely, about a new fall fashion—lounging shorts that belong in any bride's trousseau and in every girl's closet. Tailored to fit a mood of formal informality are the new long black velvet shorts and the gay silk blouse patterned in tropical flowers—a combination that's purely party-minded.



A double-entendre dress is first choice of Mrs. Paul for dinnertime dates. She goes sophisticated in black velvet, then causes a bit of delightful confusion by wearing her hair little-girl fashion and by preferring demure sleeves and white eyelet-embroidered lace inserts on her skirt. Which all ends up in high applause for the newest hostess among the young marrieds of Hollywood





Gay landed on a rocky slope, cutting her hands, but she didn't know it. All she knew was that Bob was coming towards her, calling her name



# FLIGHT *into* NOWHERE

BY EDWARD DOHERTY



She was flying blind into nowhere, searching for him. And all she had to guide her was that strange and unearthly dream . . .

ILLUSTRATION BY CARL MUELLER

**T**HE telephone in the Stevens house rang shrilly.

Muriel Cowley leaped out of her chair. Gay merely opened her eyes.

"I'll get it," Muriel said.

"Thanks."

Muriel spoke in low tones into the mouthpiece. Gay closed her eyes again and Muriel, after she had put down the receiver, looked at her through a mist of tears.

"They've found his body?" Gay asked.

"No. But they've found pieces of the plane. The bomber. Army officers have identified it."

"In the ocean?"

"Yes. Five hundred miles off San Francisco."

Muriel went to the window and ran up the shades.

"Dawn. Can't I make you some coffee, Gay darling? And maybe you'd like some breakfast with it. You haven't eaten in two days. You haven't slept more than twenty minutes."

"I'm not hungry, Muriel."

Gay arose and circled the room slowly, looking at the newspapers that littered the floor, and at the pictures of her father, and Axel, and Robert Fuller that stared up at her, looking at the black headlines above the pictures.

"No news of Bob?"

"No," Muriel said. "I listened on the radio a little while ago. But he's a hero, thank God. The biggest hero in America. Nobody'll call him yellow now."

"No," Gay repeated blankly. "Nobody'll call him yellow now."

Suddenly Muriel burst out, "Oh Gay, if you could only scream, bite your fingers, go stark, staring crazy—then you wouldn't suffer so."

Gay stopped a moment in her walk. "I know that my father is dead," she said softly. "The kindest, nicest, gentlest, funniest, most gallant man that ever lived. And I can't weep for him. He died as a soldier should, as I know he always wanted to die. Giving his life for his country. I knew they'd find pieces of that plane. I knew he'd manage somehow to blow it up, if Bob didn't shoot it down. There's a sort of glory about his death, don't you see?"

"No. I don't. If it were my

father—" Muriel shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know what I'd do. I wouldn't just sit, and listen to the radio, and wait for the phone to ring, and read the newspaper stories over and over and keep fondling that old pipe."

Gay took the pipe out of her bathrobe pocket, thus being reminded of it, and caressed its bowl.

"It was still warm when I picked it up," she said. "He must have laid it down there on the workbench when those men came in."

She moved to the window and looked up into the serene blue sky.

"I had a dream last night," she said.

"About Bob?"

"Yes. He was flying out over the ocean. In the dark. I called to him, and he disappeared. I hunted through the clouds for him and looked down at every bit of the earth below. I sailed over mountains, but he wasn't there. And suddenly the mountains disappeared and there was nothing ahead of me or around me but smoke. Black smoke."

"Gay!" Muriel was alarmed. "You look like a woman in a trance. Snap out of it."

"**S**MOKE," Gay repeated. "Thick, black smoke." Suddenly she said, "That's it—smoke. He'll make smoke signals, wherever he is. I'll take his plane and find him. He'll recognize his own plane, won't he, if he sees it? Sure he will. And he'll signal me if he can. With smoke. That was how we met. In a cloud of smoke."

Muriel let the papers drop from her hands.

"Gay, listen. Every available Army and Navy pilot of California is looking for Bob Fuller. One of them is sure to find him. The phone will ring any minute to say he's been located—and if you're not here when it rings—"

Gay shook her head and started to the closet where her flying suit hung.

"No. It won't ring. I've got to find him, or try to. It may be a flight into nowhere, but I've got to make it, or never know peace again."

The red plane flew north over the mountains, circling, peering down into the valleys, skimming the tops of white and green and sun-seared peaks, scudding low over patches of woodland and (Continued on page 70)

### The Story So Far:

Gay Stevens, fiancée of Hollywood star Bob Fuller, is the daughter of Major Stevens, retired Army officer. Carefully guarded in the Major's hangar are two important planes equipped with some inventions of the Major's that are of incalculable value to U. S. defense. On the afternoon of the day they are to be delivered to the Army, several strange men enter the hangar and kidnap the bomber and Major Stevens. Bob Fuller and his pilot, Scupper Davis, pursue them in the other plane, leaving Gay in the care of Bob's friend, Muriel Cowley. Two days have gone by with no word. Gay waits dully for the news that she knows must eventually come. . . .



Arthur Kennedy; Acting with his whiskers on in "They Died With Their Boots On." (Right) Anne Gwynne: A Texan, which makes her a natural for "Ride 'Em, Cowboy"



# ROUND-UP OF PACE

Coming up! The latest data about the newest hopes of Hollywood, that will have you saying, "So that's why they hit the jackpot!"

## Blond, Tousled and Going Places:

Jimmy Cagney saw him at The Lambs, famous theatrical club in New York. Arthur Kennedy, young, blond, and a mite shy, sat quietly through the get-together and spoke hardly a word. But you know old never-miss-a-trick Cagney. He remembered the lad after he returned to Hollywood and suggested him for the role of his musician brother in "City for Conquest." Arthur made an impression with his work in that picture, and has been here ever since, making "Knock-out," "High Sierra" and "Strange Alibi" and is now enmeshed in the strangest lot of whiskers, sideburns and eyebrows you ever saw for his

role in "They Died With Their Boots On." He grew them all by himself, too.

Behind him are four years of good sound solid dramatic training at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh. He had no idea of becoming an actor until he got hold of a pamphlet from Carnegie Tech and his eagle eye fell on the drama courses. No math, no sciences, no monkey business with the two sides of a right angle equalling something pretty gruesome on the other side, were included. And that settled it then and there for Arthur, to the astonishment of his parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Kennedy of Worcester (where Arthur was born), there hav-

ing been no actors in their family.

Immediately upon graduation he joined the same Shakespearean troupe that gave Martha Scott her training. It was the purpose of the group to streamline the Bard into forty-minute versions; *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Macbeth* and the rest of the Gloomy Gusses could jolly well get across their belly-aching in forty minutes or stop their yammerings.

They were really good, these kids. They worked like demons, giving seven or eight shows a day in Dallas, Cleveland and New York, and people paid cash on the line to see them even though the troupe needs must compete with the summer attractions



(Left) Ray McDonald: The grin and the boy behind it are features of "Down in San Diego"  
(Below) Kay Harris: It takes a "bright girl to play a dumb one" so Kay has what it takes to be "Tillie the Toiler"



# SETTERS

BY  
SARA  
HAMILTON

that surrounded them in the various parks, piers and fairs where they played.

Arthur remembers one performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." They were in Cleveland, playing in an open-staged theater. Suddenly it began to rain in torrents and to the astonishment of the audience—under cover, fortunately—out came the actors, each with an umbrella over his head. Imagine Puck chasing down stage, umbrella aloft, chirping, "Lord, what fools these mortals be."

Arthur's wife is blonde Mary Chefey, also a graduate of Carnegie Tech. Her greatest concern is getting used to her husband's (Continued on page 90)



Ray Middleton: Muffles his superb baritone voice to play "Hurricane Smith"

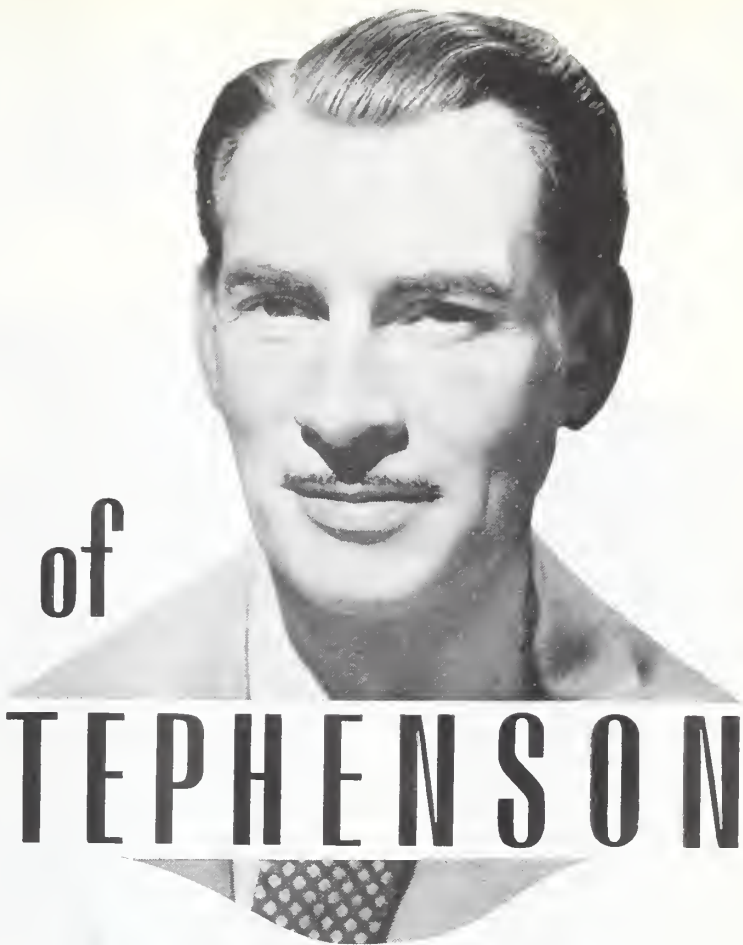




"Sundown" scene: Gene Tierney as the East African native girl in the Wanger film



When a man has been loved by all who saw and worked with him, then suddenly passes beyond, everyone wants to know when — how — why



# The last hours of JAMES STEPHENSON

BY IDA ZEITLIN

HE had taken out his first citizenship papers. He loved America and what he loved most about it was the absence of such class distinctions as exist in England. These he deplored as deeply as he delighted in the shoulder-rubbing we take for granted here. "The newsboy, the man at the gas station, the fellow who delivers the milk, they're so friendly," he said once. "You're their equal as a matter of course. It's heart-warming. If any good thing comes out of

the hell of this war it will be the disappearance of social distinctions."

There was nothing flamboyant about his feeling for people. He didn't talk about it. He had the Englishman's traditional reserve. To put what he felt into words was difficult. To translate it into acts of courtesy and consideration was instinctive. People recognized and responded to the warmth behind his reserve.

He'd been on the Warner lot three years when his performance as *Howard Joyce* in "The Letter" catapulted him into the limelight. Before that happened he didn't whine; after it happened he gave himself no false importance. The minor workers on the lot, often badgered by the ways of stars, rose up and called him blessed. He was always prompt for appointments; they could always get him on the phone. He thanked them for doing what it was their job to do. At all points his sense of appreciation was active. He got round an official ruling that fans were to be charged for autographed photographs by paying the charge himself. "They've paid at the box office once," he said, "that's enough."

Asked for a contribution to his fan club paper he wrote: "When the chance I'd been hoping for came at last in 'The Letter' I was a shivering mass of nerves. Two grand people

took things in hand—Bette Davis and Bart Marshall. I shall never forget the help and encouragement these two gave me during the eight weeks of shooting; the complete unselfishness which allowed me every chance I was capable of taking. If only to be able to say so, I want to thank you for letting me write this letter."

Only a little over a year ago life seemed fresh with new promise. He was given the kind of role he'd been hungering for. And Peter, his baby, was born. He'd taken the news of Peter's coming with a calm which moved his wife to indignation, but she got her own back when he turned doting father. He was in the nursery one morning and she in the adjoining bedroom. Suddenly her face appeared in the doorway. "What did I hear you call that child? Not Coojy Woojy!" Caught red-handed he tried to be airy about it: "And what's wrong with Coojy Woojy?"

SIX months brought a cloud to the horizon. He'd been working hard, going from "Shining Victory" to the picture that was to be his last, "International Squadron." He was turned down on additional life insurance. His doctor assured him it was nothing serious; advised him to avoid strenuous exercise. It was characteristic that he (*Continued on page 109*)



"The chance I'd been hoping for . . ." James Stephenson and Bette Davis in "The Letter"



# Who Hates Whom



The word "flame" had special meaning for Marlene Dietrich and Bruce Cabot in "The Flame of New Orleans"

**A**S LONG as there are such things as temperament, ambition and competition, as long as frailties like jealousy and selfishness and egotism alloy human nature, as long as there are stars in Hollywood, there will be a certain amount of discord among them! Being, for all their glamour and exalted position, just people who live on this plain old earth and not in Utopia, it couldn't be otherwise.

All of which philosophizing is calculated to keep your spirits up and your dander down when, as you read on, you find out that that passionate kiss your favorite screen lover bestows upon your adored screen glamour girl may well have taken place

in the middle of a rip-roaring row; that those screen pals, tried and true, really hate each other like poison; that those screen fights which you tell yourself were just good jobs of acting and directing were jolly well on the level!

In the first place, there are Ida Lupino and Humphrey Bogart. They've been feuding ever since the day "They Drive By Night" went into production. It began, as many feuds do, with a tiny, insignificant circumstance. Ida was sitting in a chair near her dressing room, studying her lines. Humphrey came hurrying by. Just as he passed her, she dropped her script and he kicked it, sending it skidding across the floor. But he went right

on. No doubt he didn't even notice what he was doing. After all, all kinds of things lie around on the floor of a set. But Ida was annoyed. She muttered to herself about it. Came time for their first scene together. Ida, an unusually talented actress, did her part so well that Humphrey's "dead-pan" lines seemed to Director Raoul Walsh dull in contrast.

"Get into this scene, Bogie, or she'll take it away from you!" he remarked with more emphasis than tact. Color rising, Humphrey looked at Ida and she looked smug; or so he decided. Irritated at her and at Director Walsh as well, he put so much "into it" that he garbled his lines and they had to do the scene over. Whereupon, Ida



# in Hollywood

## BY "FEARLESS"

Starlighted feuds begin even as yours and ours—sparks set off by rubbing our neighbors the wrong way until the blaze gets out of control



A kick which the script didn't call for started the famous Ida Lupino-Humphrey Bogart battle



"Last man wins" was the cockeyed but grim basis of the Alice Faye-Betty Grable war. (At right) Anna Neagle's reserve plus John Carroll's pep clouded up the "Sunny" set

tried that old, maddening trick of the stage—she moved upstage, thus forcing Humphrey to turn away from the camera. That made Humphrey wild and he complained to Walsh. But the latter liked the new effect; he let it stand.

Came lunch time. Still ruffled but valiantly trying not to allow their differences to get the better of them, Humphrey and Ida ate at the same table with some others—and got into a political argument! Well, political arguments are dynamite these days, anyway, and with tension already between them, they were soon at swords' points.

And that was the way it went throughout the picture. Nor was this

situation alleviated in "High Sierra." To the contrary. So when Ida was assigned to "Out of the Fog" and she learned Humphrey was slated for the male lead, she got on her high horse and refused to be in it if he was.

She won. John Garfield was substituted.

And so Ida and Humphrey still are—well, at outs. Funny how feuds start, isn't it? If Humphrey hadn't accidentally kicked Ida's script that day . . . But he did. And temperament and temper, assisted perhaps by plain allergy, did the rest. The Lupino-Bogart feud is one of Hollywood's liveliest.

There are also Anna Neagle and John Carroll (Continued on page 82)







## THE MAN

# Kathryn Grayson Married

A CAR pulled up cautiously in the electric-lighted shadow of a tree in one of Hollywood's residential streets. The young man with dark hair glanced nervously at his wrist watch before switching off his motor. Presently his eyes picked up the slender figure of a girl rounding the corner. With one last glance over her shoulder she broke into a run for the car. Their greeting was brief as he swung open the door for her, then slid the car into motion. The sleepy street relapsed into silence, oblivious to the storm that was to center about the girl and boy who had used it as their trysting place.

For storm there certainly was, not only in the Hedrick home, but also within the giant den of Leo the Lion at Culver City, not to mention Holly-

wood police headquarters.

Meanwhile the car, bearing two excitedly happy youngsters, sped across the old 66 trail laid down by the pioneers across the continent so many years ago. At Barstow they skirted the Mojave Desert, heading for the Nevada line, and after five hours of wind and starlight pulled into the gaudy wastelands of Las Vegas, boom town of Boulder Dam.

It was well after midnight. A county clerk had to be routed out to witness between yawns their signatures on the license: Zelma Kathryn Elizabeth Hedrick and Edward F. Price. By special eloquence Dr. Albert C. Melton of the Inmanuel Congregational Church was induced to marry them at one-thirty in the morning.

Two who are young face Hollywood together—John Shelton and golden-voiced Kitty

BY JANE ANDERS

With the final "I do," the bridegroom took into his arms his young bride, kissed her gently, tenderly, and shoulder pressed to shoulder, John Shelton and Kathryn Grayson started the long grind home.

There a sort of well-ordered pandemonium reigned. Not without reason were (Continued on page 93)



# PROTECT YOUR NAILS

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Founded by E. T. Reynolds

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD



solate dark ravines. In mid-afternoon it landed at an airport north of San Francisco, a field Gay never could recall, refilled its tanks and took to the air once more.

Toward sundown the sparkling majesty of Mount Shasta came into Gay's vision and she thought, "I've failed."

For the last time she reviewed the calculations that had taken her on this course. The nearest point of land—starting from the X that marked the spot in the ocean where the wreckage of the bomber had been found—would be Cape Mendocino. Bob, Gay figured, would make for that Cape, especially if his gas were getting low. Then he would come down the coast, west of Shasta, and south, bearing east toward San Diego.

She soared up to an elevation of 15,000 feet and circled the mountain. There was no wreckage to be seen. She banked and started down, meaning to head for the landing field at Yreka. There might be news of him there. She looked into the glory of the sunset, and sudden warm tears gushed out of her eyes.

"Oh, Bob darling," she cried out, "where are you?"

She brushed the tears away and set her jaw. "Wherever you are, in heaven, or on earth, I'll find you, Sweet," she promised.

"Gay," she heard his voice saying faintly.

It was a trick of her imagination, she knew, but she answered, "Yes, Bob. I hear you. If I could only see you."

And then it came to her, electrifying and glorious. She had not just made up this voice out of her desperate need.

"The sky phone," she cried. "He's talking to me through the sky phone!"

"Gay!"

"Oh my father," she breathed, "how wonderful you were to invent that miracle. Thanks with all my heart."

**S**HE could not tell from what direction the voice came. She could see nothing below her but lengthening shadows and dying sun and great deep patches of black night.

"Gay Stevens. Attention. If you hear me, dip your wings."

Frantically Gay rocked the ship. "Look for the smoke, darling," the voice commanded.

Gay looked everywhere, but the sun was in her eyes. She banked, headed south-southwest. And there was the column of smoke, black and thick, rising straight into the still clean air.

"That's it," Bob's voice said. "You're heading right toward us. We're all right. Only Scupper's wounded and needs help. I can't leave him. Make sure you locate us properly, Gay, and then get help."

Gay swooped down as low as she dared and the voice came to her more clearly.

"Don't try to land. You can't land. Circle around. Take landmarks. Come back tomorrow morning. You're lovely, Gay. I love you. Signing off, now. Bob Fuller."

Gay zoomed up again and tried to take her bearings. But she couldn't. The sun and the tears in her eyes, the tears she couldn't dam with her will or brush away with her hands, all but blinded her.

She circled the smoke column, two thousand feet above the mountain tops, three thousand, five thousand. And it grew fainter and fainter.

"It isn't evaporating, as it did in my dream," she thought. "But the darkness is hiding it. In a few minutes I won't be able to see it at all."

Her mind was made up in an instant. She would not try to take any landmarks. She would not leave Bob alone down there with his wounded friend. She made sure her chute was properly



## Star Finds IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

**GLITTER AND GLAMOUR:** Quivering, jeweled floral sprays in simulated sapphires, emeralds and rubies, and percupined pin cushions for day and evening wear are destined for fall popularity. You'll wear shimmering spray pins with your simple black dress. You'll pile on glitter with a plain wool dress. Karu's Pin Cushion sparkler retails for \$2.00 and the bracelet for \$3.00 at leading department stores.



**AN UPLIFTING IDEA:** Gently sloping

shoulders, lowered waistline, uplifted, rounded bosom—that's the new autumn silhouette. Hickory's Perma-Lift Brassiere gives a fetching feminine outline. Made of sheer nylon with a cushion inset, it holds that firm, rounded contour without cutting into pretty white shoulders. \$1.50 at department stores and specialty shops.

**BREATHTAKING LIPSTICK:** Here's a boon to onion lovers, cocktail sippers, and chain smokers—a lipstick with deodorizing qualities. It does a good job of coloring your lips a luscious red and keeping your breath as sweet as a baby's. The name of this new aid to a sweet breath and appealing lips is Priscilla Parker. It comes in seasonal shades and in three sizes—50c and \$1 at department stores and 20c at the dime store.

**IT GOES TO YOUR HEAD:** Just because you have a cold or you're traveling, or haven't time for a shampoo and wave, are no reasons why you should put up with hair that hangs in limp, lank strands—not if you know about that dry shampoo called Minipoo. You just rub the dry shampoo preparation through the hair and



remove it with the terry cloth mitt provided. Presto! Dust and oil are removed as if by magic and in almost no time, your hair is clean and polished. \$1.00 at most department stores.

adjusted and headed the plane directly into the smoke. Then, at the right moment, she jumped.

There was no panic in her, as she had always feared there would be should she ever find herself compelled to bail out. It seemed to her the most natural thing to do.

She counted up to ten, pulled the ring and presently found herself floating down into the darkness.

She landed on a rocky slope, cut her hands and her ankles slightly, and didn't know it. All she knew was that Bob was coming toward her, scrambling up the mountain side, calling her name.

They stood a long time after he reached her, saying little, Gay's hands wandering over his arms, his shoulders, his face, as though to make sure he was real and unhurt; his arms holding her.

**A**FTERWARDS they climbed down toward a small bonfire.

"There's a highway not ten miles from here," Bob said. "I could see it. Right through there. But I didn't dare leave Scupper. I had to trust to luck that someone would see my signals and come rescue us. A pillar of smoke by day. A beam of light by night. But you're the first one to see anything."

Scupper lay near the fire, asleep and swathed in blankets.

"He got it pretty bad, but I managed to stop the blood and make him comfortable. He's tough. He'll pull through, if I can get him to a hospital quick."

"I'll go. I'll find the road."

"I'll have to let you try it."

They drew together again, and Gay said, "My father is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, Gay. We picked up the bomber half an hour after we took off and Scupper and I both fired a couple of bursts. But there must have been armor plate on that ship. There was none on ours. That's where Scupper got it. The bomber machine-gunned us and flew away. It never let us get near again. About an hour or so out, we saw a tanker. At its side was a long wide landing platform. Moored there. I didn't know what it was at first. Scupper said, 'Look, a sidewalk on the ocean. What's the gag?' We circled around, to get away from the tanker's anti-aircraft. But the bomber floated right on down. A perfect landing. Right on that strip of wood or cork or whatever it was. How they must have planned this job!"

"It rolled along, slowing. Then, just as the derricks were starting to work, there was an explosion. When the smoke lifted, there was nothing below but driftwood."

Gay drew in her breath and shut her eyes tight. She remembered the Major's voice, "That ship must never be captured! In an emergency, it must be blown up!"

"I made for Cape Mendocino," said Bob, "to land Scupper. But I missed it in the fog. I didn't know where I was until I saw Shasta. And then I discovered the tanks were empty. I'd forgotten all about gasoline. So here we are. Lucky your father equipped the O. J. with such wonderful landing lights. Only for them I surely would have crashed. As it is I just washed out the undercarriage."

"Thank God," Gay said, and held up her lips for a kiss. She pressed her father's pipe into his hands. "Sit there by the fire, and rest, and smoke. And keep the fire blazing."

Scupper Davis woke and saw the two standing in a long embrace.

"Well how do you like that?" he said. "Company for dinner! Got any hamburgs with you, Sister?"

"Two with onions, coming up," cried Gay, and hurried down the incline to find the highway.

The End.



# How Old does your Face Powder Whisper you are?



## Can your Face Powder Keep a Secret?

Of course your age is your own affair! But can your face powder keep a secret? Can it hide those first signs of age? Or does it cruelly accent every tired line—make you look a little older? Find your LUCKY SHADE—find your most flattering shade—in my new Twin-Hurricane Face Powder!



*Lady Esther*

When someone asks your age, do you hesitate, just an instant? Do you drop off a year or two? It's no crime, you know... everyone wants to look young!

But if you want to look younger, more attractive—why use a shade of powder that may age you—even a tiny bit?

Are you *sure* that the shade you are using is the perfect shade for you? Some shades can hide your loveliness and charm—just as certain harsh, unflattering lights can. But the *right* shade of powder

can give your skin new softness and freshness—enchanting new glamor!

I hope you don't choose your powder by looking at the shade in the box. You must try different shades on your own skin before you decide which shade is yours, which makes you look your youngest.

That's why I offer you this gift; I'll send you FREE all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all—let your mirror tell you which is yours!

What is the secret of Lady Esther Face Powder? It's the new way it's made—the first really *different* way in generations. It's blown and buffed by Twin Hurricanes until it is softer and smoother by far than any powder made the ordinary way. You'll love it! It goes on so smoothly

and evenly, and clings 4 long hours or more. Women by the thousands say it's as loyal and flattering as any face powder they've ever used!

### Try All 9 Shades FREE!

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder—without guesswork and without cost. Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier! Mail this coupon now, before you forget.



*Lady Esther*  
FACE POWDER

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (72)  
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

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

**FLASH!** Beginning September 15th, Lady Esther announces ORSON WELLES in an entirely new kind of radio entertainment. Columbia network, Manday evening. See your local paper for time.



# Who's Ahead?

BY GLORIA MACK

*Well, you are, if . . .*

. . . you're thinking about your hair. You should, you know, because it's the one thing men's eyes light on first and the subject that women always talk about. It's always bothering you because lots of things get in your hair—ends that are so brittle they break off and leave you looking like a peevish shorn lamb; ends that turn temperamental and fuzz up blithely in damp air or shamelessly turn to fuzz right in your own bathtub, for that matter; hair that keeps its set for about twenty-four hours and then disintegrates weakly into a kinky mass of nothing, leaving you grinding your teeth in desperation.

Well, you can stop ruining your inlays and start being happy because you now can have a soft wave that behaves itself beautifully and never cuts up. You can thank a newly perfected permanent process for that. It's the new tru-curl process and it does a lot of things: It does away with chemical odor when the operator is giving you your permanent; it shortens the time you sit under a heating machine and most of all it gives you hair you yourself can do anything with at any time.

*Put on your thinking cap . . .*



Joan Blondell, one of the "Three Girls About Town"

. . . and listen to Joan Blondell, who shops around when she buys a permanent, as every woman should. She wants a soft wave that she can brush and brush without having it go fuzzy. She also wants a wave that the studio hairdresser can play with and delight her womanly soul—and the director's—by fixing it in as many different ways as he has ideas without the slightest danger of its looking stiff as the proverbial ramrod.

So Mrs. Powell gives you this kernel of thought on permanents: "I couldn't possibly get the effects I like with my hair if I didn't keep a soft permanent in the ends, though I can't imagine this is news, as everyone in Hollywood does the same thing, whether she has a natural wave or not. Of all the time-savers and beauty-makers that modern science has given us, the permanent wave is certainly one of the best!"

*Ride the crest of this wave . . .*

. . . This is one of the newest coiffures in the hair-styling business. It's a slick three-in-one that works in the morning, has fun in the afternoon and goes dancing at night. All you need is a tru-curl permanent that you can handle yourself, and these simple directions:



#### A. M.—Pure and Simple

Using a good stiff brush, smooth the top crown section, then brush the front and side wave pompadour upward and blend together over the left hand placed flat on the head. The right side is brushed back, then up, while the nape hair is fluffed out.



#### P. M.—Suntime

Holding the front forelock section with the left hand, brush forward and upward. Then comb it smoothly over the back of the hand, holding the strand ends with thumb. Place hand at hair line and remove from the side of the bang pompadour and push slightly to accent wave impression.



#### P. M.—Moonlight Merrymaking

Brush the forelock back and upwards. Side sections are brushed in a definite upward line rather than back from face. The back crown and nape sections are brushed up diagonally from right to left with strand ends curling to the right. Hold in place with combs.

*Come on, be an eavesdropper . . .*

. . . Women are always skeptical, the perverse creatures. They sometimes don't believe what they hear, but they will swear by what they see. At the right is a picture of one of the fair sex equipped with a tru-curl permanent. We showed the picture to a young college boy. Said he, grinning, "It's about time the gals got wise and didn't wear those sausage curls!"



Photograph courtesy Frederics Permanent Wave Company

We showed it to a young businessman who immediately said please could he take it home to show his bride the way he'd like to have her do her hair.

We showed it to a young career girl. She wasted no time. She asked us what kind of permanent the girl in the picture had. We told her about the tru-curl process. She came right back at us and asked us where she could get it. We told her. We'll send you a list, too, if you'd like, of the salons in your community where you can go feeling like satan and come out looking like an angel.





**"I do solemnly swear..."**

**BOSTON, MASS.: INVESTIGATORS TESTIFY THAT 892 OUT OF 1019 USERS OF ANOTHER NAPKIN SAID, "MODESS IS SOFTER!"**

**Professional visitor.** This woman is a professional investigator. She is swearing to the results of an amazing "softness test" conducted in Boston, Mass.

1019 women made this test. Each was a user of a leading brand of "layer-type" napkin. Not a single user of Modess, the "fluff-type" napkin, was allowed to make the test. Yet 892 of the 1019, when asked to feel these two napkins, said Modess, the "fluff-type" napkin, was softer!



Those little kits carried by investigators held the napkins so that all identifying marks were completely concealed. Women making the test could not see which was which. The investigators themselves did not know for whom the test was being conducted.



What could be simpler? "Just feel these two napkins and tell me which is softer." That's all there was to the test. The only napkin these women might possibly recognize was the one they habitually used, and no Modess user made the test. Yet Modess won by a staggering majority.



On the night of May 27th, when the final results were in, 892 of the 1019 women had said that the "fluff-type" napkin (Modess) was softer. And remember—these were all women who were users of the "layer-type" napkin. Amazing, isn't it, that women could go along, overlooking the fact that another and newer type of napkin might be softer?

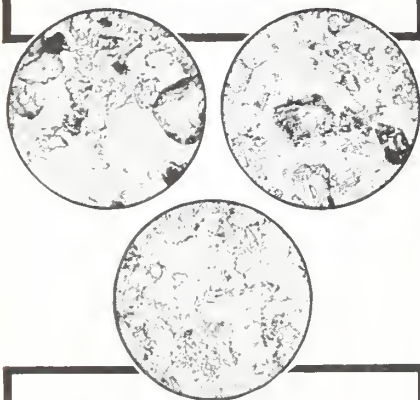
Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? That is something you can answer only by actually *trying* Modess. Buy a box of Modess today. Learn for yourself if it gives you the same comfort that has won millions of loyal users. You can buy Modess in the regular size, or Junior Modess—a slightly narrower napkin—at your favorite store.

# Modess

**892 OUT OF 1019 BOSTON, MASS. WOMEN SAID—"IT'S SOFTER!"**



# What baby powder is smoothest?



These photographs show how 3 leading baby powders look under the microscope. Note the superiority of Mennen (at bottom). It is smoother, more uniform in texture, because it is made by an exclusive Mennen process, "hammerizing."

Being smoother, Mennen gives better protection against chafing. Being definitely antiseptic, it helps protect baby's skin against germs. And you'll like its new, delicate fragrance.

**MENNEN**  
BORATED POWDER  
(Antiseptic)

## "I Paid HITLER'S Way to POWER!"

Fritz Thyssen, who as Germany's

greatest industrialist poured millions into the Nazi regime, almost single-handedly financed Hitler's maniacal scheme to bring chaos to the modern world. Although Thyssen has mysteriously vanished, he has given the world a priceless document—his historic memoirs, and secret papers about Nazism as only he knew it!

And Liberty is now publishing this extraordinary expose for the first time in the world. Read this history-making news—the unblanched truth about Hitler—in Liberty today.

Get the Latest Issue Today

**Liberty 5¢**

## Is a Girl's Past Ever Her Own?

(Continued from page 35)

you? They always have something to talk about that seems worth listening to. They lead interesting lives. They are always doing something worth while and, since they have nothing to hide, they can share their deeds and thoughts with others.

Here's another thing for good girls to think about. I never met a man, in any walk of life, who wasn't honestly and sincerely glad to meet a good girl. Now, don't misunderstand me. That same man might be temporarily disappointed to discover that the girl present was good because a good girl could not possibly fit in with his plans for the evening—he probably had a bit of deviltry on his mind. But, nevertheless, right down in his heart he's tickled and sooner or later he'll call that girl for a date and when he does it will be for a date in keeping with her goodness.

Does the word "prude" make you cringe? It should make you beam with pride because when someone shouts "prude" at you, you know that the shouter has recognized in you something lacking in his (or her) own make-up. Goodness, you know, always rankles with the not-so-good and the only way they can cover up that feeling of inferiority is to sneer, "prude."

Too many girls stake their popularity on the fact that they are recognized as "good sports" and never stop to realize that they are also staking their reputations on the same thing. When the expression first originated, it probably had a very flattering meaning, but today it is used to cover up most any act and therefore it is no longer a genuine compliment. When you hear some girl referred to as a "good sport" you don't know whether she is being praised because she has just played an excellent game of tennis or whether she is being excused because "she'll try anything once."

It seems to be an accepted fact that "good sports" are popular and "prudes" are not. Nothing could be more untrue—in the final analysis. Good sports are dated every night in the week—prudes are saved for special dates. Good sports get plenty of rings on the telephone, but prudes get them on the finger. Men take good sports out—they take prudes home,—yes, right home to Mother and Dad and all the neighbors.

**N**OW we come to the question of just what we mean by goodness. It isn't easy to explain, but maybe this will help. There is only one person in the world with whom you must live the rest of your life. That person is yourself. Be sure that you are the sort of girl with whom you won't mind living forever. At all times you must like yourself because you cannot be very happy living with someone you don't like. Whenever you are about to do something tonight just pause long enough to consider whether or not you will still like yourself tomorrow.

Now, we're all human; therefore, none of us is perfect. We all have foolish faults and annoying habits. Don't be too strict with yourself. Give yourself the same tolerance you would give your best friend. There are times when you might be forced into a situation that shows you in a bad light. If it isn't your fault and you can't do anything about it—then don't brood about it, but see that it doesn't happen again. Anyone is apt to make a mistake, otherwise experience would not be the great teacher that she is, but if you keep on making the same

mistakes, you're a pretty dull pupil and teacher is apt to assign you a lesson that you'll never forget.

Woodrow Wilson used to say, "The truth needs no defense. It is strong enough to stand by itself." That may be true provided the truth is known, but circumstantial evidence is pretty strong, too. If you're seen with a rowdy crowd, you're pretty apt to be considered rowdy by those who do not actually know you. So you not only must be good—you must look good.

That's where doors come in handy. You can close your door against people who would ruin your good name. And don't be afraid to close it! Suppose you do sit there alone once in a while—isn't it better to be alone in your own house than alone in a crowd? People should appreciate doors much more than they do because doors can be opened to happiness and can be closed upon unhappiness.

A little while ago I said that we all make mistakes, but I feel that we can be forgiven any mistake that did not seem wrong at the time it was made.

**O**FTEN the question arises: Should a girl tell her past to the man she loves?

Yes, I think so, especially if it contains the sort of mistakes we just mentioned. If she does not tell she is always running the risk that someone else will. That someone else might not be so tactful in the telling and the knowledge would come to the man as a shock. A confession can usually be forgiven—that is not so true of a shock. Of course, no person, man or woman, ever tells *all*. He or she might honestly try to, but there is always something held back—something personally emotional that cannot be shared with anyone else. Perhaps it is better to reveal the facts of the case and not attempt to turn your soul inside out for the world to see.

Will the man forgive you? If he truly loves you, I'm sure he will. He should. For, after all, when a man asks a girl to marry him it goes without saying that he also automatically asks her to forgive his past indiscretions.

Some girls make the mistake of thinking they can run away from a past, or separate it from a future. To attempt such a thing is folly. It will only arouse unnecessary suspicion. Sooner or later, Joe Doakes will show up. If you refuse to introduce him, you'll find your man of the moment thinking, "Now, just why doesn't she want me to meet Joe?" You can cope with an open mind that knows the truth, but you'll be pretty helpless against a mind filled with doubt and suspicion.

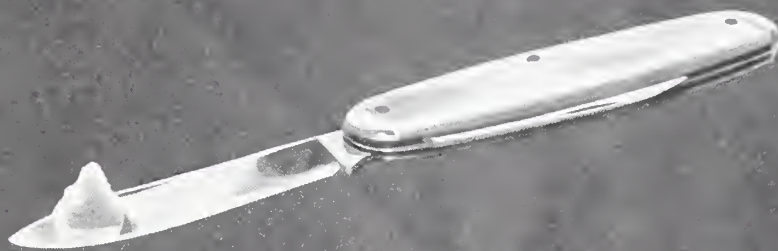
Sometimes I think it is too bad that a man cannot look deeply into the heart of the girl who loves him. If he could he would realize that no matter how many men she may have known in the past, she now regrets them all and wishes that he were the only man she had ever known.

It is too bad that girls cannot look into their own hearts. If they could they would realize that all the time they are seeking popularity, they are actually seeking love—and when love comes, popularity is a burden and a bore.

You have asked if a girl's past is ever her own. I would say "yes," all her own—her own problem. No one else has to answer for it. No one else has to bother with it. Very, very lucky, indeed, is the girl whose past doesn't bother her.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR





# FIRST LACK OF DEFENSE

You hear a lot today about a shortage of aluminum.

You hear of bottlenecks in the defense industry . . . of a scarcity of planes and tanks.

But one of the greatest deficiencies in our national defense is a white crystalline powder—a tasteless, odorless, colorless food ingredient that is as vital to our national strength as battleships or TNT.

This ingredient is Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>.

WITHOUT VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub>, human muscles tire easily, the brain does not think well, appetite fails, we become moody, sluggish, even lose courage.

The strength of the nation lies in its man power, and the power of men, we have come to know, depends to a great extent upon Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>. A national deficiency in this essential, therefore, means a serious shortage in national energy—and we *have had* a national deficiency!

American bakers now have ways to supply Vitamin B<sub>1</sub> and other members of the B-complex "family" plus food iron in "Enriched Bread."

You will find "Enriched Bread" so labeled regardless of who the baker is who bakes it. This is the signal to you that this *white* bread has been given certain qualities of the whole-wheat grain heretofore lost.

This "Enriched Bread" looks and tastes exactly like ordinary white bread, yet it adds to *your* diet precious food elements that everyone must have.

WHERE YOU SEE "Enriched Bread" displayed, where you see "Enriched Bread" advertised in counter and window signs, those bakers and grocers are contributing to our national strength.

This advertisement is approved by the Bureau of Home Economics of the United States Dept. of Agriculture. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

## THE MAGIC FOODS

"Man does not live by bread alone." But it takes only a few kinds of simple foods to provide a sound foundation for buoyant health. Eat each of them daily. Then add anything else you like—which agrees with you—to your table.



**MILK**—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein and calcium. "Irradiated" milk—for Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

**EGGS**, lean meat and sea food—for proteins and several of the B-complex vitamins; eggs and lean meat also for iron.



**GREEN AND YELLOW** vegetables—for Vitamin C, Vitamin A and minerals.

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



**BREAD**, whole grain or enriched, for Vitamin B and other nutrients.

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

# Food will build a NEW America



Brenda Joyce's short cut to happiness is fruit in a glass jar



Scene: The Owen Wards' kitchen.  
Stars: Brenda Joyce's sister-in-law, Janet Ward, and Mrs. Ward

BY ANN HAMILTON

I'll never get over being amazed at the versatility of our young Hollywood stars, their superb ability to combine a career with a number of other interests and do a bang-up job on all fronts. Brenda Joyce, for one. Here's Brenda starring away like mad out at 20th Century-Fox, finishing up "Private Nurse" and going into "Marry the Boss' Daughter" with hardly time to catch her breath in between—and it really isn't any wonder that when I went out to see her the other day I sorta expected that she might be doing a heavy job of relaxing in the latest fluffiest lounging attire and that she would talk about her career. I was mistaken.

Brenda herself opened the door and instead of frou-frous she was wearing something very trick indeed in the way of a house dress, topped by the snappiest looking fruit- and flower-motif apron I've ever seen. Career? Nary a word did she say about it. She just chattered away a mile a minute about her husband, Owen Ward; their recent camping trip up the Kern River and their new home.

The new home is really a gem. It's a three-room apartment, as modern as tomorrow's newspaper, and Brenda is going about the business of home-making in just the competent, gracious way you'd expect her to. She thinks the essentials for pleasant living are comfort, beauty and usefulness and everything in the apartment must and does live up to these requirements. Glass, of all materials, seems to Brenda to combine efficiency and beauty to the best advantage so she has used glass in a variety of intriguing ways—mirrors to catch and reflect the light and so give additional spaciousness and brightness to a room, ornaments and gadgets to contribute gaiety and sparkle. Her dining table has

a glass top. On it is an inverted bowl of glass, filled with water to magnify the flowers which float within it. And the cupboard shelves in her small and ship-shape kitchen are filled with fruits in glass jars.

When I commented on this Brenda admitted that she preferred them to any other kinds of canned fruit. "Only the finest 'Grade A, Fancy, Government Standard' fruits are used," she explained, "so you know you are getting the very best, even if you couldn't see the fruit itself before you buy it. But I'd have them, anyway," she added with a smile, "because they're so decorative. And I'm mad about the mint and cinnamon pears for dessert."

These pears, incidentally, played an interesting part in the young Wards' camping trip. The trip was really an adventure. They had to go in on horseback, since the country is too rough for motoring, and besides the horses they rode they had a pack mule who carried ample provisions for the trek. Then along came trouble—one of those unexpected and unseasonable bouts of cold weather, with more snow than there had been in that section for thirty years and a very fancy bit of nose diving on the part of the thermometer. It was so cold, in fact, that it was unsafe for Brenda and Owen to sleep out in the open, but fortunately they were able to find refuge with Forest Ranger Rust and his wife.

"They were so nice to us when we dropped in like that, half frozen," Brenda told me. "Well, we'd had some of the pears with us on the trip and I gave Mrs. Rust some and she liked them so well that I sent her a case of them."

If you've tried these super-duper fruits in glass you can appreciate Brenda's enthusiasm for them. She has devised a

number of recipes based on them and the ones I like particularly and believe you will like too are the pork chops with apricots, a jellied fruit salad and cherry and cantaloupe dessert.

#### PORK CHOPS AND APRICOTS

6 pork chops  
1 jar apricots  
Salt and pepper to taste

Brown the pork chops and place in buttered casserole or baking dish. Cover with a layer of apricot halves, pour on a cup and a half of apricot juice and cook, covered, in a 350-degree oven for 45 minutes. Serve with sweet potatoes or rice and a green vegetable.

#### JELLIED FRUIT SALAD

1 package lime-flavored gelatin  
2 cups fruit salad  
Hot water (if necessary)

Drain fruit salad and heat juice, adding hot water to make one pint of liquid. Dissolve the gelatin in the hot liquid, allow to cool and when mixture begins to thicken fold in fruit salad. Turn into ring mold and chill until firm. Unmold onto crisp lettuce leaves or watercress and fill center with mayonnaise.

#### CANTALOUPE AND CHERRY DESSERT

2 cantaloupes  
1 jar white cherries  
Juice of fresh lime

Chill cantaloupes and cut into halves. Chill and drain cherries. Fill cantaloupe centers with cherries, squeeze a few drops of lime juice over each portion and serve immediately.



# No Sex Appeal?

(Continued from page 39)

Flynn. It's only that dashing Errol is one of the choicest swordsmen in Hollywood and Ford likes them choice.

The Ford face is no particular masterpiece of nature. It's the Ford eyes and the Ford smile that are the chief diversifications. The eyes are dark and flashing. The smile is boyish and friendly. The Ford voice, while we're doing a catalogue of charm, is more or less *ne plus ultra*. It's low and slow. And not overworked. Mr. Ford can sit back and listen. There is no glamour whatsoever to the Ford hair. It is inclined to be stringy and the coiffure casual, the kind you attend to by giving the head a sudden jerk upward or maybe by passing a hand through it.

Glenn Ford is not your prattling pretty boy who breaks his neck trying to sound like Oscar Levant. Nor does he douse his lady with compliments, ply her with praise. He's more apt to volley words back and forth on impersonal subjects. The R.A.F. in which organization he has a cousin, or Henry Fonda, his favorite actor, whom he would like very much to meet some day.

He doesn't like to dance—especially the rhumba. This deficiency in the rhumba Rosemary Lane, whom he admires no end, tried to iron out one night at the Mocambo by giving him a couple of lessons. They didn't take. He has never rhumbaed since.

For a young man who preys upon the thoughts of our American womanhood, the Ford person can scarcely be called typical. Far from owning a smart apartment with pictures by Picasso hanging on the walls—as members of the *Isn't Ford Fun Club* of Smith College are certain he does—Columbia's pride and profit lives with his widowed mother in a modest apartment out in Santa Monica. There are no servants. Nights when he makes the long voyage home from the studio he is apt to make a small detour so as to drive by the villa of Joan Crawford in Brentwood and honk just for the heck of it. They met before the Ford fixation hit our country. Miss C. thinks his work is "sensitive, warm, and imaginative." He saw "A Woman's Face" two times.

Some Ford partisans are a little sore at Hollywood for taking so long in getting around to Glenn. Not Glenn. An optimist from the word go, he thinks that Hollywood probably knows best. That is the way with Ford. Everything is for the best, he believes, in this best of all possible worlds. When he talks like this, part of Hollywood wonders aloud whether he's sincere. Another part wonders if he isn't naïve.

THE Ford sincerity is beyond question. New York reporters, notorious ribbers of young actors who come up overnight, were all prepared to give him the works when he hit town. But five minutes with Ford were the tip-off. The first thing he did was to tell the writing boys how swell he thought they were coming over to interview him. After that he launched a rhapsody on the subject of Margaret Sullavan and Fredric March who, he thought, were wonderful to put up with an unknown like him in their picture. He was going strong on the humanitarian producers David Loew and Albert Lewin who were nice enough to put up almost a million dollars to make the picture when the reporters saw the error of their ways. They halted his talk cold and quizzed him about himself. In their articles which appeared the next day they



YOU'RE GOING TO  
LEAD A CLEAN LIFE,  
YOUNG MAN!



At least you are while  
that wise mother of yours has  
anything to say about it . . .

That funny white thing she just pinned around your middle was washed with Golden Fels-Naptha Soap. No wonder it feels so good and soft. It's completely, sweetly clean.

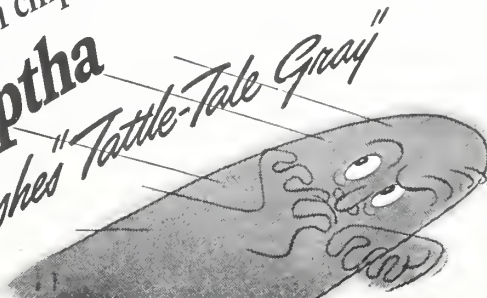
No half-way washing will do where your clothes are concerned. No half-way soap is going to leave dirt in your dainty things.

Fels-Naptha's two busy cleaners—gentle naphtha and richer, *golden* soap—help your mother every wash day. They do the hard work that really gets the dirt out. That's why mother's face is so lovely and gay. That's why her arms are never too tired to pick you up and play.

You're in luck, young man. We'll bet when you get big enough for 'baby-talk', the first words you say will be 'Fels-Naptha'!



Golden bar or Golden chips—  
**Fels-Naptha**  
—Banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





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Engel Art Corners Mfg. Co.,  
Dept. 70-X, 4721 N. Clark St., Chicago.

sounded like a bunch of press agents. His debut as an actor his mother remembers very well. He was five when the symptoms first appeared. Mrs. Ford walked into the living room one day to find that her scion had spread a newspaper on the floor, had assumed an oratorical stance and was ranting at the top of his voice, waving his hands in the approved fashion of speechifying hams. The malady looked pretty serious for a couple of months there. The climax came when he was making twenty speeches a day, mostly on the same subject. He outgrew this flare for solo work when he turned seven and the family moved from Quebec province in Canada (where he was born) to Los Angeles.

The Fords quit Canada for California because Ford père felt that it offered better opportunities for his son. In California the elder Ford who had been an official of the Canadian Pacific Railroad found no opportunities for himself, alternated his talents between manufacturing knickknacks and, later, acting as foreman for a bus line while his son was getting educated. The self-sacrifice of the elder Ford (who never so much as mentioned it to his son) was made all the more poignant by his sudden death just about the time that Columbia decided to put Glenn under contract.

It was the faith of the elder Ford that made possible the interminable theatrical grooming that the younger Ford received. Once he was graduated from the Santa Monica High School, where he was Commissioner of Entertainment and a ranking actor, he made an assault against the little theaters of Southern California, being at one time embroiled in the activities of seven amateur companies at a single time. The siege was pretty long. He must have done something like 150 plays before a Los Angeles producer named Homer Curran got tired of saying "No!" to him and gave him an inconsequential part in a West Coast production of "The Children's Hour," marking Glenn's first appearance as a professional on the stage. He got rave notices for his bit.

He was doing a stint in a play called "Petticoat Fever," for one of the amateur theaters, when a Paramount scout spotted him, plunked him into a silly short subject called "Night in Manhattan." Young Ford, who was twice as unworldly-looking then as he is now, played a sappy-looking and sappy-talking master of ceremonies of a New York night club. He got twenty-five dollars for working almost a week, paid out eight dollars to the man who rented him the tails he wore in the picture. The short was a terrific flop.

A Metro spy discovered him in "Parnell," another little theater opus, and invited him to visit the studio talent department. When he did, the gentleman had a change of heart. Seems that Glenn was nowhere near the bargain in real life that he was in grease paint.

They charted his ailments as follows:

- A. Subject too ugly.
- B. Subject minus sex appeal.

The Metro diagnosis didn't bother him much. A few weeks a third discoverer hove to. He was direct from Darryl Zanuck and offered Ford a test, which, of course, he took. The Fox people weren't very happy over the test but they

went ahead and put him in "Heaven with A Barbed Wire Fence," which everyone liked but Ford. He took one look at the phoney glamour boy which the make-up department had created and he walked out on Mr. Z. In fact, he served notice on his agent, Gummo Marx, that he was through with the movies. Gummo asked for ten days, promised him a contract. He kept his word. On the tenth day Columbia was ready to sign Glenn Ford. The starting price was \$75 a week. But strangely enough the contract provided that Glenn Ford would do leads. Not in A pictures, to be sure. But leads—not bits. He had seven pictures behind him, including his performance in "The Lady In Question," his best work under the Columbia banner, when Loew-Lewin picked him for that memorable role in "So Ends Our Night."

The Glenn Ford whom you will next see in the Columbia picture "Texas" is the same Glenn Ford who got shoved around by three major studios. If anything, he's a trifle shyer. Not one to harbor any grudges, he visits the Paramount commissary for lunch when he isn't working and is promptly surrounded by a half-dozen chums: Martha O'Driscoll who thinks he's "peachy"; Susanna Foster who once had tea with him at the Brown Derby and describes him as "super"; Don Castle who hails him as "Little Paul Muni"; and even wee Betty Brewer.

These are his idiosyncrasies, his quirks, his habits: He likes ice hockey, saw a half-dozen games at Madison Square Garden when he came East last winter. He collects pipes, smokes one that costs \$1.50. He retires early, stays up late reading. He has never seen an opera and he isn't sure he's sorry. He likes dogs, isn't fond of cats, although he makes it a point never to shoo any of the animals out of his way. He dislikes gabby people, dislikes them so much that he is silent out of a fierce determination not to offend in this manner himself. He loves the smell of bread baking, the touch of fine leather, the sight of a sleek thoroughbred hunter. Although he doesn't have an inamorata at present, he prefers the blonde of the species to the brunette, as witness the English beauty, Evelyn Ankers. He thinks redheads are provocative. (Of what, Mr. Ford?) He'd walk a mile to see a good musical comedy, would love to disenfranchise movie-goers who repeat all the dialogue that the characters are spilling off on the screen. People whom he could get along without most handily are phoneyers. After knocking on the gates of Hollywood for six years he's sure he can spot one a mile off. He isn't too fond of actors. Most of his friends are out of the profession. Flashy clothes he doesn't like. His wardrobe consists of two suits and an odd sports jacket for which he paid \$65. He has no full dress get-up. Santa Monica he wouldn't trade for Beverly Hills. "I'm one of the boys at Santa Monica and I want to stay that way." He doesn't think he's an actor—yet.

Philosophy of life? He isn't too sure he has one. About all he expects out of life is a chance to put a lot into it. What he manages to get back in return isn't too important.

"It's the game that counts—not the score."

Personal to House-Hunters:

HOW LINDA DARNELL LIVES

Come and meet the family, the pets and the personal problems of this charming young star in next month's Photoplay-Movie Mirror



## Dance if You're Blue

(Continued from page 44)

Murphy frequently demonstrates his theory that dancing is swell for what ails you. With Cesar Romero as his assistant he does excruciating burlesques of the De Marcos and of Veloz and Yolanda.

The idea is to snatch all the silver foxes in the powder room, turn the lights low and stage an entrance that is better than anything the famous dance teams ever dreamed up. George and Cesar twist and twirl, twirl and twist, until George does a couple too many twirls and starts to shout, "Butch! Butch! Save me!" But as a rule he shouts in vain; and ends up by taking a nose dive over the nearest piece of furniture, collapsing in a welter of silver foxes and laughter.

The story of the way George met his pretty, popular wife—whose stage name was Juliette Johnson, and who is known as Julie to all and sundry—is another example of George's faith in dancing. George was being very active as a runner on Wall Street, having tried life as a coal-mining engineer and left it because a cage descended when it had no right to descend and cracked him up in a revoltingly hardhearted way. While putting his heart and shoe leather into being a Wall Street runner George met Miss Juliette Johnson and liked her.

ONE day she told him she was going into a musical show, at fifty dollars a week. It was to open at Palm Beach. "Huh!" mused George. "Just going to put yourself in with a bunch of ordinary chorus dames. I don't like it! Besides, the money is far too little. You are worth a lot more than that."

What, Miss Johnson wanted to know, would Mr. Murphy suggest as an alternative? George replied, "We'd better do a dance act!" Coming out of the blue this was startling, but interesting. So Miss Johnson made a bargain with Mr. Murphy. She would give up the show if he could land a job for both of them by the time rehearsals ended. Fair enough? Swell deal, was George's opinion. So he planned a campaign to sell himself and partner to night spots and other places where they dance. Each morning before leaving on his travels he put in some vigorous dancing in his room and walked out treading on air, convinced he would win. After scouring every available emporium and failing to hit the jackpot, he marched into Number 10 East 60th Street, a very high-class tea dancing spot, and emerged with a job dancing with Emil Coleman's famous orchestra.

"It came because I managed to sell myself to the manager," is George's explanation. "When I told Julie she gave in her notice and then our headache was to find a place to practice and some music to swing us along. Having neither a practice room nor music I tackled the manager of a Chinese restaurant and offered him our services, free, as exhibition dancers, for two weeks. He swallowed the bait; so Julie and I put in our hours of practice under the noses of hundreds of cash customers. Little did they guess that the couple they watched dancing so earnestly to the music of a good band were really rehearsing for an act with which they intended to crash the big money."

In 1927 George and Julie were married. Later they went to England with the gay musical show called "Good News." Julie had a part; George just did a dance with her and understudied



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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 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 it to FRESH, Dept. 6-D, Louisville, Ky. We'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.



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with your HANDS!"*



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There's Sally in her "twenties"—but don't her hands look older? That's because they're so often rough. But busy Mrs. B. in her "fifties" has the gracious soft, smooth hands that are charming, romantic, at any age. Her secret? Just—simple, regular care with Jergens Lotion!

It's almost like professional hand care. Two ingredients in Jergens Lotion are used by many doctors to help hard, harsh skin to rose-leaf smoothness.

Your poor hand skin—so often water-dried, wind-dried! Jergens Lotion furnishes new softening moisture it needs. No stickiness! Easy and quick! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—\$1.00, at beauty counters. Start now to use this favorite Jergens Lotion.



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"This life line is very interesting," says Sonia Barrington, well-known New York palmist. "It indicates a changeful, colorful life."

Miss MARGARET WATSON, herself, writes from Chicago, "I had a problem to keep my hands smooth until I began to use Jergens Lotion."

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the juvenile lead. The show went to Manchester, to open; and George, a keen golfer, was delighted to find some good courses close at hand. On their third day the manager asked George if he knew the juvenile lead's part. "Why?" inquired Mr. Murphy. "Because you will have to play it tomorrow night!" was the answer.

"Couldn't you put it off until the next night?" was Mr. Murphy's plea. "I've arranged to play golf all day tomorrow, so I couldn't rehearse."

The answer was a somewhat violent no. George, therefore, tried to forget about his golf date, like a good little understudy. All night, after the show, he worked away at the juvenile lead's role, assisted by Julie and two girls from the company, who volunteered nobly to come to his aid. The next night he went on for the part and says he remembers absolutely nothing about the show, nor what he did in it, from the moment the curtain went up. He must have done fairly well because the man he understudied never came back. So George played the part for the remainder of the tryout and right through the long run in London.

While the show was running in London George and Julie met Sir Francis Towle, a very big hotel magnate. He invited them to dine one Sunday and during the evening they heard him inquiring if they would be interested to do a dance act in a night club. "But that's how we started. How did you know?" said George. "I didn't!" replied Sir Francis. "But I have a spot open and waiting at the Mayfair Hotel, if you'd care to step in there tomorrow."

Things happened quickly, after that. Sir Francis telephoned Ambrose, famous dance band leader, who was playing at the hotel; told him to hold his men when the Sunday evening concert ended, as two new dancers were coming down to run over some numbers ready to open the next night. A taxi took them all to the Mayfair. Ambrose and his merry men were there; and to their exhilarating music George and Julie swung into their routines. The next night, without



Very decorous is this George Murphy-Cesar Romero dance—but in a moment George will yell, "Save me, Butch!" and then will come the fireworks

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



any more rehearsal, they opened!

George thought it would be wise to put a few new routines together for the Mayfair, so what they did should not be too like their work in the show. They practiced hard all day Monday; and when they hit the Mayfair dance floor they got through the first two new routines without a flaw. Then they blew up! It was useless to go on; so they stopped, and George stepped forward, nervously, to make a little speech of apology. He explained how the breakdown had happened and asked the audience to be kind and let them all get nice and intimate and friendly. They cheered, both then and later; and from that night onwards George had to make his diffident little speech at every performance. He says that was the beginning of his labors as master of ceremonies.

George is proud of the fact that he is the first person, on stage or screen, to be Eleanor Powell's dancing partner. When they came to work out that big number they did in "Broadway Melody of 1940," the lovely dress made for Eleanor looked fine but was long and clinging and got in the way. It was George who suggested putting several weights round the hem, to make it swing out as she moved. It worked like a charm. The weights did their job, and the dress took on a new graceful sway-movement that had the cameramen raving.

FOR that same dance, George made up his mind that he wanted some long slides built into the set, so that he and Miss Powell could stand still at moments in their dance and go sliding down to a lower level. The studio's arguments against this idea were many and strong. The set was practically ready; the slides might be dangerous; the extra cost would be high. "All right—I'll pay for them myself," said George.

The slides were built; and George did not pay for them. They proved the most sensational and original part of the dance. In the same film Fred Astaire and George worked together like a couple of demons on all their own dances and on those they shared with Miss Powell. The toughest number was the one Fred and George did as a pair of hoofers, in a night club, near the opening of the film. It began well and moved along easily; but they could not get a real punch into it for a finale. For days those two experts walked about carrying canes—the canes being part of their evening-dress outfit, anyway.

Finally, as they were walking along one of the studio streets to the practice stage, George dropped his cane, Fred dropped his cane; they picked them up and suddenly started using them as foils; like a couple of fencers. "That's it!" yelled two voices, as a single yell. To the stage they raced; and within five minutes they knew they had found their finale—the canes being used as crossed swords. The idea was so good that they undid all their earlier work and started to rebuild the entire number around those canes.

Speed is George Murphy's idol. Give him swiftness of movement, either on his own feet, or in a car, or on skates or skis. Not long ago he founded the world's first Water-Ski Club, along with Frank Shields, the tennis genius, and Courtland Hill. Their headquarters are at Lake Arrowhead; and there they ride on ordinary skis lashed behind speed boats. It's a dangerous, thrilling sport. George says it almost beats dancing for giving you that glorious feeling of pep which makes you know you can fight the entire universe—and win!

OCTOBER, 1941

"Your little FACE feels like satin to kiss—"



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**CLEANSING TISSUES**

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**more absorbent!** They drink in moisture. Ideal for beauty care. Useful everywhere.



**Skeletons in Hollywood Closets**

(Continued from page 26)

Bing by the back of the neck and made him dig in on his voice and Bing thanks him for it to this day. It was Everett's determination and patient driving that made Bing get there. And now Everett's one ambition is to foster the musical education of his wife, Florence George, and someday have the thrill of hearing her sing at the Metropolitan. When that time comes, believe me, the happiest person in that team will be, not the prima donna, but Everett, who all his life wanted to sing, but kept his talent hidden under a bushel in order to foster the success of those he loved.

John Payne paid his way through college singing in a Broadway burlesque house for twelve dollars a week, though that isn't exactly a skeleton, 'cause he's proud of it and I don't blame him. Still, I'll bet that's the reason he hates night clubs so. In his youth he saw enough of "Main Street after Dark" to last him a lifetime.

**A** VERY funny skeleton, if you could call it that, is in the closet of one of our old-timers. When Vilma Banky married Rod La Rocque, she got more presents than this town had ever seen. She was Sam Goldwyn's top star, and he not only gave her the wedding, but she had twenty-two separate showers beforehand. Vilma, a very simple Austrian girl, was so dazzled by the splendour that she wanted to rent the window space of the biggest department store in the city and place all her presents on display along with the names of the donors. They finally convinced her it couldn't be done, but Vilma stuck to her guns. She said, "If I were being married in my own village, you bet I'd do it!"

Recently at a benefit, I saw as dramatic an incident as was ever flashed on any screen. Harry Davenport, that grand character actor, and Wally Reid Jr., were to appear, and although Harry is the boy's grandfather, they'd never met. Wally walked over and offered his hand. "I think we should know each other, sir," he said, "I'm Wally Reid Jr." Harry

shook hands, said, "How do you do? I'm very glad to meet you." And walked away. Here's the story:

Years ago, Harry Davenport was divorced from his first wife and lost touch with that branch of the family. His daughter, Dorothy Davenport, after the death of her famous husband, Wally Reid, has brought up her son without any help from anyone, and how she's worked to do it! She's one of the most courageous women in this or any other town, and few people know what a struggle she's had. But you realize it's all been worth her while when you see Wally Jr. I'll never forget the sadness in his voice when he said to me that night, "My father and grandfather were great men, Miss Hopper. The world knew them well and loved them. I never did."

There's no end to our Hollywood skeletons. There are the ones that have kept Conrad Nagel and Fred Niblo off the screen for 10, these many years, because they fought for the underdog and spoke out of turn at the right time for the actors—which was the wrong time for Conrad and Fred. There's the story of why William S. Hart dropped from sight fourteen years ago—one of the most amazing things in all the annals of Hollywood history. But that skeleton isn't in Bill's closet. It's in the closet of one of the higher-ups of Hollywood and, when the time comes, somebody's going to write a picture around it and it will be put on the screen for all the world to see!

And how about the death of that famous director and soldier of fortune, William Desmond Taylor? The death of Paul Bern? And the so-called suicide of lovely Thelma Todd, whose name still hangs above a cafe along the great Pacific, as a sad reminder of a youthful flame which was quenched before her radiance had dimmed? One could go on and on indefinitely.

But my time's up now. Some day I'll tell you about our mummies. There are more of them around this town than skeletons, and they're more fun to talk about!

**Who Hates Whom In Hollywood**

(Continued from page 67)

who played opposite her in "Sunny." Anna is dignified, impersonal, reserved as only a well-bred British girl can be. John is bluff, devil-may-care, in awe of nobody. It was natural maybe, that they should clash. And clash they did.

It happened when one bright sunny morning, John arrived for work feeling particularly merry and exuberant. Long before he appeared on the set, you could hear him coming. "Good morning, good morning, GOOD MORNING!" A slap on the back for the gateman; a rousing "Hi" for the studio cop; a tweak for the ear of the script girl and—a *whack*, gentle and affectionate, but a *whack*, nevertheless—for the—er—back of the dignified Miss Neagle!

Well! She drew herself up, while those present held their breath.

"Hiya, Annie!" roared the ebullient Mr. Carroll, wholly ignorant of any breach of etiquette. Chummily, he went into the subject of what a swell day it was and how swell he felt and what a time he'd had at the races the day before. "There was a certain nag name of—" he began.

But he never finished. Miss Neagle

didn't say a word. But quietly with majestic disdain, she went into her dressing room and closed the door. She didn't even slam it. But Mr. Carroll realized he'd been out of line, all right. He grinned uncertainly; took out his handkerchief and wiped his suddenly perspiring brow.

"I get it," he remarked. And then, with characteristic jauntiness, "Th' heck with it!"

And so, throughout the production of "Sunny" the chill never thawed out between Miss Neagle and Mr. Carroll. It hasn't yet.

Another pair of screen lovers who actually would rather throw things at each other than embrace are Marlene Dietrich and Bruce Cabot who, as you may remember, were in "Flame of New Orleans" together. I am not taking sides but I do know that Bruce had about two strikes on him as far as Marlene was concerned before he ever reported for work in this picture. You see, Marlene didn't want him for the role of the swashbuckling sea captain who ultimately wins her heart. She wanted a bigger name—someone along the Clark



able line, if possible. But Producer Joe Pasternak thought differently. He wanted Bruce and Bruce it was . . . All of which put Miss Dietrich into a pet and she proceeded, apparently, to take it out on Bruce. When he was introduced to her, she put on the *grande dame* manner, and, as the days went by and you'd have thought they could have at least built up a speaking acquaintance, she could never seem to remember his name. If it were necessary to speak to him about anything, she'd either call him "Mr. Calvert" or "Mr. Campbell" or some such name, or she'd hesitate after the "Mr." as you do when you've met someone once but can't for the life of you place him. She even did it before their big love scene. "Come on, Mr.—er—Mr. . . ." she said, as she took her place before the camera.

All of which was pretty devastating to Bruce, aware that in this picture was the best break of his career. At first he fussed and fumed plenty. But finally, he decided he'd beat her at her own game, and he did. When he answered her summons for the scene just mentioned, he stuttered over her name! And moreover, by the time the picture was finished, he had stolen it from under her nose. "Flame of New Orleans" was not a great success, but it did a lot for Bruce Cabot. He now has a contract with Walter Wanger and a starring role in what promises to be one of the best pictures of the year—"Sundown," which you'll be seeing in due time.

**BETTE DAVIS** and Jimmy Cagney don't like each other either, and don't let anyone tell you to the contrary. Their feud began when they worked together in "The Bride Came C.O.D." which, incidentally, Jimmy's brother, Bill Cagney, produced. At first things went very pleasantly. Bette thought Jimmy was wonderful and, frank and generous as she is, was prompt to say so. She actually announced that he helped her with her acting—which is something from an Academy Award winner twice over, wouldn't you say? But as time went on, discord put in appearance. Jimmy, for instance, with his brother's okay, began to change lines in the script, even Bette's lines—a word here, a line there, a whole speech elsewhere. Bette didn't like this a bit and with usual Davis frankness told him so. He argued with her and she came back with a feminine but nevertheless telling remark: "I'm so sorry I never thought to fix it so my sister could produce pictures! Perhaps if I had, I could change scripts, too!"

Which of course, made red-headed Jimmy furious and the feud was on. He continued to change lines, perhaps more than he would have if he hadn't had a "peeve" on. And Bette, who couldn't seem to do anything about it, withdrew into a shell of reserve—but reserve. She'd do her best in each scene. Bette Davis could not do otherwise. But away from the camera, she ignored Jimmy as though he were a prop. She'd even knit when the two of them rehearsed their lines, which seemed particularly to annoy him.

On the other hand, with that photostatic memory of his, Jimmy would read his script once and be letter perfect—and very smug when Bette needed more time to memorize hers.

Oh, they had a lovely time—those two famous, talented stars! Of course, usually, they managed to confine their animosity to icy silence, or at most, brief, barbed comments. But they had a real row over their lines just before making that scene where Bette throws the pan of water in

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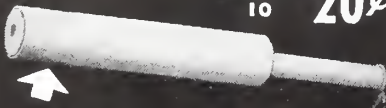
## Why I switched to Meds



—by a doctor's wife

As a doctor's wife, I've known about *internal* sanitary protection for a long time—and used it. Then, I recently heard that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon! I tried Meds—and believe me, they are a discovery! Such comfort! Meds make you feel as free as on any other day. And such grand protection—because Meds are the only tampons, with the "safety center." And best of all, Meds cost only 20¢ a box of ten, an average month's supply—only 98¢ a bargain box of sixty! No other tampons in individual applicators cost so little!

BOX OF  
10 20¢

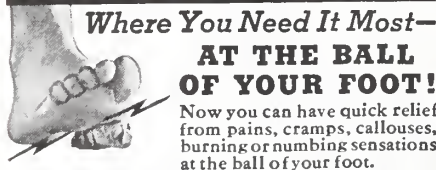


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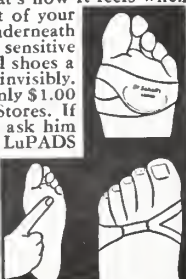
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Jimmy's face. Remember the gusto with which she did it? Well, she meant it, all right! She loved it!

Ann Sothorn and Eleanor Powell didn't get along very well, either, while "Lady Be Good" was in the making. Ann is quiet, sophisticated and reserved. Eleanor is exuberant, loquacious, very much the "good trouper" type. She is always humming a tune, or jiggling, or perpetrating some gag or other upon someone or other. Like a true trouper she is also possessed of a healthy jealousy of a professional rival . . . Which probably explains why she seemed at times to be "moving in" on Ann. I mean, when Ann would have a conference with Adrian about clothes, for instance, it inevitably seemed necessary for Eleanor to call him away. When Ann was discussing something with Director Norman McLeod, Eleanor always seemed to find something which required his immediate attention. When writers and visitors came on the set to see Ann, Eleanor in a ladylike but efficient manner usually managed to capture the limelight.

Ann, on the other hand, reticent as she is, couldn't compete at this kind of thing. Therefore, like Bette, she retired into a shell of reserve, emerging occasionally to snipe at the lively Miss Powell, sweetly but effectively. To wit:

Eleanor (breezily to the assembled cast): And how do you all like my new lip rouge? Elegant, isn't it? And a swell brush came with it!

Ann (whose own mouth is a perfect Cupid's bow): Yes, when you have to change the shape of your mouth, it is much easier to use a brush, isn't it, dear?

Of course, jealousy between equal rivals is only natural, human nature being what it is. There is also that perpetually recurring situation in Hollywood wherein an older, or at least a well established, star becomes jealous of a newcomer. There is the case of Alice Faye and her new rival at Twentieth Century . . . Well, could you expect Alice to embrace with open arms so obvious a rival as Betty Grable? Just take stock of the two of them. Alice is blonde, so is Betty. Alice has a lovely, curvaceous figure; so has Betty. (Do I hear you adding a fervent "And how?") Alice can sing; so can Betty. Alice can dance; so can Betty. Put the two of them together in the same studio, sometimes in the same picture, and it is natural that they should mix like oil and water.

Of course, such a set-up was a natural for the publicity department when the two went to work in "Tin Pan Alley."

A rarin', tearin' feud! Good copy, even though the wisecracks of the press didn't take it very seriously. But it was true, all right, and because of it some funny things happened.

For instance, I walked on the set one morning to find Director Archie Mayo raving. Here he was, ready to shoot, and the two feminine stars hadn't appeared.

"First one is late and then the other," he stormed. "And each morning, they are later than the last. What's got into those two?"

Well, the answer was simple. It is the prerogative of the star to be the last one arriving at work. Alice and Betty knew it. Only there was the little problem of *who* was that star with the right to be the last! The upshot was that each tried her darndest to out-do the other in the matter of tardiness.

Honors were about even the morning I speak of. They arrived at the same time. But what Archie Mayo said to both put a stop to such monkey business. An idle camera is one expense no director will tolerate; it looks too bad on his cost sheet.

You undoubtedly heard much about a feud between George Raft and Eddie Robinson in "Manpower." The big fight in that picture was another "natural" for a publicity department. But in that case, too—and I'm not kidding—there was plenty of real trouble between them.

In the first place, long before the famous fight scene, Robinson kept adding to his lines, which made George mad. In retaliation, he, too, would try to add to *his* lines, but George isn't very good at that sort of thing and so the additions didn't get by the director. Then George tried every other trick he knew in scene stealing, but again he was blocked because Robinson, experienced stage actor that he is, knew all the answers.

So it seemed that all George could do was a slow burn—until came a certain day when Director Raoul Walsh asked Robinson to give up one of his lines to an extra. "Why should I?" Eddie remarked.

Of course, one line doesn't seem very important. Nevertheless, if the extra could have spoken it, his pay for the day would have been upped about fifteen dollars. So here was George's chance to tell Eddie what he thought of him without appearing to be merely jealous. He did tell him, not mincing words. When he had finished, Eddie was red and sputtering and it was open war between them. It will be from now on.

This month we told you about who hates whom in Hollywood. Next month "Fearless" will reveal who loves whom in Hollywood—secret, heart-warming friendships you don't know about

"Defense for America" is the stirring title of Paramount's patriotic short with young Peggy Fitzgerald and Artie Quinn as stars



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

colossal boner in thinking that "A Woman's Face" wouldn't be a hit . . . it is . . . a terrific one . . . and about the only thing I can say in self-defense is that at least that one surprised Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, too . . . and for an interesting reason . . .

As you are perfectly well aware, if you are any kind of movie fan, Metro have always made Joan their super-duper glamour girl . . . Joan is a glamour girl, in fact . . . so naturally Metro have always sold her to the public on that basis . . . it remained for a Detroit theater manager and "A Woman's Face" to show them that maybe they weren't entirely right . . .

This is how it came about . . . when "A Woman's Face" was first released, it was advertised as "a psychological study of a woman's soul" and words to that effect . . . it went into the de luxe houses and it didn't do so well . . . until the Detroit theater manager, having booked the film, took matters in his own hands . . . and words . . . and advertised . . . "A Scarred She-Devil" . . . "A Female Monster" "A Soulless Woman" . . . and such epithets . . . and brought the public into his theater in mobs . . . Metro used that form of advertising thereafter . . . dropping the glamour-girl angle entirely . . . and they've coined money, as the result . . .

THE war is really beginning to get in at Hollywood . . . and through the casting department as well as through taxes . . . with Jimmy Stewart and Richard Greene gone . . . with Robert Montgomery signed up with Washington and Wayne Morris in the Navy . . . with directors like Woody Van Dyke under constant call . . . and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. on South American good-will missions, and John Farrow stationed in Canada . . . picture production is really getting into a snarl . . . yet some things go on untouched by time or war . . .

An honestly delightful touch is the dignity of our younger set . . . and in this case I do mean young players . . . like the set in which Miss Jane Withers is the reigning sub-deb, whose pleasure is sought by such varied swains as Mr. Freddie Bartholomew, Mr. Jackie Searle, Mr. Joe Brown Jr., and Mr. Buddy Pepper . . . for while I think Hollywood would lose much of its color if all its inhabitants got so dignified, it still is true that no art can survive for long if it and its practitioners are not in tune with their times . . . these are serious days, days in which we are all learning new and simpler values—or at least the virtues of old values we had somewhat discarded . . . the values of our homes, our friendships, of uncostly fun . . . and this attitude on the part of its younger generation shows that Hollywood is learning that lesson too . . .

Besides, the wild and colorful people always pop up, no matter what the times or the social pressures . . . rise up and capture our wild hearts and dreams, too . . . perhaps this is exactly why the best beloved of Hollywood's younger crowd are Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney . . . Mickey, the madcap, and Judy, whose heart is wrong because she couldn't have the kind of wedding or the kind of publicity that Deanna had . . . since she married a divorced man . . .

Which, I suppose, simply means that life keeps on being just the same . . . even in Hollywood . . .

But I still am not sure that any of us out here knows what makes hit pictures!

RITA HAYWORTH

Co-Starring in Columbia's

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"Your skin really looks lovelier than ever today..."



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YOUR SKIN will look lovelier the very first time you make up with face powder created by Max Factor Hollywood. You'll like it because . . .

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Send Purse Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and illustrated "Instruction Book," The New Art of Make-Up. . . . ERF 25-10-69

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Fair . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Green . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Sallow . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Black . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	OLIVES (color)	REDHEAD . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>
Olive . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark . . . . . <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, Check <input type="checkbox"/>
Daily <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	18-25 <input type="checkbox"/> 26-35 <input type="checkbox"/> 36-45 <input type="checkbox"/>



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That's why every "Sub-Deb" Lipstick contains an added ingredient to help keep your lips adorably smooth as satin. Coty "Sub-Deb" gives you not only exciting color... but also valuable protection against parching. Try Coty "Sub-Deb," and soon you'll be telling others of its blessed magic. \$1.00 or 50¢.



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- Dahlia a flower-soft red... very young
- Tamale new "Latin-American" shade

COTY

Nordic Natural  
(Continued from page 53)

day in Reno, where Ingrid had flown on her first Hollywood vacation for some mountain skiing, reporters besieged her en masse. A few blurted, "Are you in Reno to get married?" and others, "Are you in Reno to get a divorce?" Ingrid blushed, speechless, and her eyes filled. It shocked her to realize that, despite her new Hollywood fame, the greatest thing in her life was still unknown in America, in fact, almost a secret.

INGRID BERGMAN is an orphan. Her parents died when she was a small girl. She grew up in girls' schools—one, prophetically enough, called "Flickor" (although the term is Swedish and has nothing to do with the movies). Her teens were spent in the Royal Theatre of Dramatic Arts and within the walls of the Swedish film studios. Although Hollywood thinks of Ingrid as a discovery, she made eleven Swedish pictures before she was twenty and starred in nine of them. "Intermezzo," which brought her to Hollywood, was originally made in Sweden.

All her life Ingrid has been storing up the maternal affection denied her in childhood. When she married Peter Lindstrom, a young Stockholm surgeon, success and fame were old stuff to Ingrid. She yearned, as every actress yearns, for more and greater triumphs. But she also desperately wanted the undisturbed happiness of motherhood and the arrival of her daughter was set to seal her happiness.

At that point Hollywood interrupted. Of course, David O. Selznick had no idea Ingrid was about to have a baby. He'd merely seen her in the Swedish "Intermezzo" and decided that both picture and actress were what he needed for Leslie Howard. Ingrid's first urgent Hollywood summons arrived almost in the maternity hospital. Naturally, she never considered accepting it. It was impossible.

But after Pia arrived, the cables grew more insistent. And soon Selznick's representative, Katherine Brown, showed up in Stockholm personally to apply her persuasive powers. "I have a home, a husband and a wonderful new daughter," Ingrid told her. "Why should I ever leave them?" She honestly thought she never would.

But seven months later she was traveling alone, bound for a fantastic, frightening place she had never seen, thousands of miles from what she loved most in all the world.

Her bewildering struggles with American, as she is spoke, make her chuckle today. On the funny side, too, were Ingrid's ghastly fears of a Hollywood remodeling job on her features. Hadn't every European star returned practically unrecognizable? "I walked trembling into the studio the first day," Ingrid grinned, "and when the make-up man said, 'Step this way, please,' I almost fainted. I knew they were going to pluck my eyebrows, dye my hair, lift my chin and do all sorts of horrible things. I resolved to fight to the finish. Imagine my surprise when Mr. Selznick looked me over and said, 'H-m-m-m-m! You won't need any make-up.' This couldn't be Hollywood!"

In Sweden, mothers are proud of their babies and love to talk about them. Here in this strange Hollywood studio publicity men frowned slightly, shook their heads and said, "Better not." Ingrid couldn't understand. When something lies always on your heart it's hard to keep it forever

to yourself. Ingrid was puzzled but she said nothing. She would soon leave, anyway. She was in Hollywood, all told, three months, and then she went home—to a Sweden isolated from the world, almost, by Hitler's hostilities.

The local picture industry, never exactly big-time, had shrunk under the shadow that hung over Sweden. Ingrid did one picture at home, discovered that both husband Peter and daughter Pia had thrived very nicely without her, and wondered, on second thought, if it had been Hollywood that was so lonely—or just herself. When David Selznick kept cabling for her to return and do "Joan of Arc," a part she had always been dying to do, Pia was old enough to travel and husband Peter confessed he had always dreamed of studying medicine in America.

Adding all that up explains why Ingrid Bergman is in Hollywood apparently to stay. For her, it is indeed a wonderful new career, a thrilling new life. In a few short weeks she has become the talk of all the movie-conscious world. Not through "Adam Had Four Sons" and "Rage in Heaven"—her cheering section in America, while vociferous and solid enough, was still small until Ernest Hemingway wrote a phenomenal book called "For Whom the Bell Tolls" and the movies snapped it right up like a second "Gone With the Wind." Parlor casting parties gathered all over the land. Then Mr. Hemingway had his official say.

He said Gary Cooper was his idea of Robert Jordan, one central character in the book. For the other, Maria, the only girl in the world was Ingrid Bergman. In fact, Hemingway allowed that he wouldn't cooperate with the filming of his masterpiece unless Ingrid played the part. And he sent her a copy of FWTBT inscribed thus on the flyleaf, "To Ingrid Bergman, who is the Maria of this book."

But after all Paramount paid \$150,000 plus for the novel and they'll have something to say about who plays Maria. Already they're testing every actress in town.

Meanwhile, everywhere she goes in Hollywood Ingrid is making friends and influencing people. What particularly appeals to everyone is Ingrid's natural humanness, if that's strictly correct grammar. She's naive and girlish, and at the same time worldly. She sees the funny side of everything, but her heart is sensitive. She can break into tears at the tiniest sadness and giggle like a schoolgirl the next moment. She's a great actress and a wonderful sport at the same time—something you very, very rarely find.

As for the acting: A gentleman who should know, Spencer Tracy, told us this about Ingrid. "When you see 'Jekyll and Hyde' you're not going to know I'm in it. This girl is great—and you know how seldom I use a two-dollar word like that!" That's the sentiment all over Hollywood. But Ingrid isn't letting it throw her. If you mention salaams like that to her now, she just chews her blackjack gum (which she adores) a little more furiously, blushes and changes the subject.

She dresses her five feet eight-and-a-half inches and 130 pounds in smart feminine fashions which she adores, slipping into slacks, sweaters and plaid sports coats only in her at-ease moments. At the same time she can laugh at her size without self-consciousness. Ingrid has taken quite a beating in "Jekyll and Hyde." In one scene she wrestled around with Slats Wyrick, a



former UCLA football tackle. "Look out, Slats!" the camera crew yelled. "Don't get hurt!" Ingrid thought that was very funny.

Yes, it would take plenty to make Ingrid Bergman good and mad in Hollywood at this point. She has both Pia and Peter with her now. She's only a few hours from the best ski slopes (she's swell on skis) and the outdoor life she loves is all around her—swimming, tennis, riding and the sea. She has a brand-new bright red roadster which she drives herself and a cozy apartment. You aren't going to hear any beefs out of Bergman. Nor is her sensible head likely to turn with time in Hollywood.

## How to Get a Fan Letter Answered

(Continued from page 43)

you discovered the same person had written a similar letter to Betty Grable, Claudette Colbert and Bette Davis?

You wouldn't feel a bit flattered, and if you were in the star's shoes you'd do just what she has already done, or had her secretary do for her—throw the letter in the waste basket!

On the other hand, if you had written Alice Faye, for instance, to tell her how much you enjoyed her performance in the picture, that you thought she looked lovely in Technicolor and should do more pictures in color—or even if you threw in a little honest criticism—you'd not only get a courteous reply from Alice, but might be doing her a good turn in the bargain. Because fan letters pertaining to certain pictures or roles are carefully noted and the results turned over to the heads of the studios periodically, so the producers can find out what you fans really want to see in the way of motion picture fare.

One of the most important things to remember, when writing your favorite star, is to be sure both the star's address and your own is legible. Don't try to be tricky when addressing the envelope—unless, of course, you don't care whether your answer is delayed. Thousands of letters go astray every year because the postmaster doesn't know to whom the letter is addressed or because you haven't written your own name and address plainly. If your handwriting isn't so hot, ask your big brother or your girl friend to address the envelope and write your return address on the letter inside. And write, don't print, whenever possible.

The postage is important, too. Be sure you put enough stamps on your letter before you drop it in the box. This goes for packages, too. Many gifts are lost or mutilated because they are held at the post office for postage, or because the wrapping paper has been torn off in transit.

And while we're on the subject of gifts, if you send a gift to a star, be sure and send a letter at the same time, explaining that it is a gift. And don't, for heaven's sake, send candy, cake and other perishables. Marlene Dietrich would just love to sample your homemade angel food, but can you imagine what it would taste like after knocking about in a freight car or mail delivery truck for a week or so?

An awfully good practice, although you probably won't believe us, is to address your letter to the star in care of the Fan Mail Department! You think the star will never see your letter and it will be answered by some clerk in the studio. And that's where you're wrong! We have seen many of the stars receive



## "A DARK SUSPICION HAS JUST CROSSED MY MIND!"

"WONDER IF GRANDMA could have forgotten the rub-down after my bath this morning!!!

"I'll admit I was still too worked up about the soap in my eye to worry about powder at the time . . .

"By Jupiter, though, come to think of it—I *didn't* get a rubdown! It was right out of the tub and on with my shirt! Not a particle of that delicious Johnson's Baby Powder did I have! Not even so much as a hasty dusting!

"I remember now—I thought 'This dressing business is going mighty fast' . . . *Fast*—I'll say it was!

"The idea of Grandma thrusting me into a romper without even one little sprinkle of Johnson's! I'd just like to tell her how smooth and slick and comfortable I *haven't* been feeling all day!

"Believe me—this is the last time I go visiting without a can of downy-soft, soothing Johnson's clutched in my fist. A baby can't be too careful!"



"No doubt about it—Johnson's Baby Powder is the loveliest stuff that ever soothed a baby's prickles! Fine for chafes, too. And really very inexpensive."

## JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER



and answer stacks of their letters in their studio dressing rooms, where they are delivered daily by the studio messenger boys. This practice is infinitely safer than sending mail direct to some address which you hope and believe is the star's home. The star may have moved by the time your letter arrives—and surely he or she *must* move if an unfriendly magazine publishes a supposedly confidential address—or he may be on a three-month vacation. Meanwhile, your letter remains unseen and unacknowledged. When sent to the studio, on the other hand, instructions are always left as to where the star may be reached at all times.

Most of you don't do the following but a word in passing may throw a little light on the subject. If you expect an answer to your letter, don't ask for money, clothing, and so on. In the first place, no one but a fool would mail out checks and money orders to a perfect stranger just because he asks for them. And the stars aren't fools. All of them have their money distributed at regular intervals to worthy charitable organizations, figuring that the really needy will receive their share by making application for it in the proper way.

As far as clothes are concerned, most of these are owned by the studio to which the star is under contract. After the star has finished with a costume, it is returned to the wardrobe department, where it is passed on to the smaller player, then to the extras, finally ending up in a bundle for a charitable organization. The stars' personal wardrobes are invariably also turned over to charities, many of which supply clothes to young people who are trying to get a start in pictures.

Another important "don't" is, "Don't ask the stars to get you into pictures!" For one thing, most of the stars do not have this authority. Every studio in Hollywood has a talent department. Talent scouts are searching the country daily for new faces and promising young actors and actresses. This is their job, not the job of the stars.

ON the other hand, many of the stars are willing and ready to give you the benefit of their experience if you ask for advice. But when you write, be specific. Don't just say: "How can I become an actor?" Go into detail and tell something about your background, what facilities you have for studying and why you think you have talent.

Eleanor Powell gives an example of the kind of letter for which a star is truly grateful. One of her fans wrote her criticizing her tap shoes. Eleanor hadn't realized until she received his letter that her shoes were bunglesome and unattractive on the screen. As a result of this intelligent criticism, she had a new pair of shoes designed for future use.

Don't be unfair in your criticisms, though. Remember that many of the stars do not select the roles they play on the screen but are required to act in the screen plays that have been selected for them. Some of the bigger stars, however, are permitted to have a hand in story selection. These people are more than grateful for your suggestions.

On the other hand, don't send stories to the stars to read. It is a rule of every studio—and the stars observe this as well—to return, unopened, all unsolicited manuscripts.

Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy are particularly grateful for suggestions from the fans as to musical selections.

"The only trouble is," Nelson complains, "I never will get around to singing everything the fans have requested.

All I can do is try and select the ones requested by the largest number of people and hope to get them all in eventually."

Jeanette loves to hear from the people she meets while touring the country and welcomes each and every letter which suggests new musical numbers they would like to hear her sing.

"It's a tremendous help, when planning a tour, to find out just which songs people like the best," she says. "Covering the whole country, as I do, I never seem to get enough material in advance to see me through."

Jeanette, also, is always on deck to help people who ask for advice about careers. Her little book, "No Royal Road to Stardom," which she has had specially prepared, has been mailed to hundreds of people all over the world.

Here's a tip which we almost guarantee to bring results: write the stars about their favorite hobbies. For instance, when you know that Carole Lombard and Clark Gable are interested in fishing and hunting, spend a little time and effort in finding out a good place for them to go on their next vacation. Or if you've heard of a new gadget in connection with camping equipment, Clark would be most grateful if you'd pass it on to him.

Wally Beery, for one, admits he hasn't



Star and guest-star: Louella Parsons of Radio's "Hollywood Premiere" and Herbert Marshall

gone on a vacation in years that hasn't been suggested by his fans.

"The fans seem to know that I like out-of-the-way places for vacations," says Wally, "especially where the fishing is good. I'm always grateful for any new suggestions."

As another example, Jimmy Cagney and Errol Flynn are both gun collectors, as is Gary Cooper. If you have any inside tips on a new type of rifle, send them along to Jimmy, Errol or Gary and they'll be duly acknowledged and appreciated.

Most of the feminine stars, we find, appreciate more than anything a word of advice from the women fans about clothes, coiffures, make-up and other such personal and feminine interests.

"We who work in pictures," says Claudette Colbert, "know that the films are being made for the public, but ordinarily our time will not permit us to meet and know these people. Through the medium of their letters, we know when we please our public and when they are displeased we then have the opportunity of correcting our mistakes."

It's a well-known fact that Bing Crosby has his "Criticism File," which receives his personal attention. Bing's father has charge of his fan mail and goes over each letter carefully. The letters of criticism, however, are put to one side and these Bing answers faithfully.

Ever since Deanna Durbin has been on the screen, she has had all her fan mail sent directly to her by the studio. She reads each and every letter and answers as much of it personally as time allows. Through her fan club, Deanna has enabled many young people to correspond with one another, introducing them by letter. These she calls her "Pen Pals." She was deeply gratified the other day to receive a letter from two of them, saying they had met and were engaged to be married!

LITTLE Gloria Jean receives an amazing amount of fan mail from children all over the world. These letters she is delighted to receive. Gloria has a passionate desire for knowledge, and she feels they have given her a true picture of conditions as they exist in other parts of the world which she would never have learned in any other way. Gloria also loves to receive birthday cards.

Incidentally, you'll find that most of the stars are most appreciative of greeting cards on holidays and birthdays. They're a sentimental lot at heart and it's a real thrill for them to know their admirers don't forget these dates.

Another little hint we want to pass on to you fans is to be sure you have spelled the star's name correctly. Most of us are rather proud of our names and it's most annoying to have even our best friends misspell them, as sometimes happens.

John Payne is extremely grateful to the young lady who called his attention to a mannerism of which he was not aware.

"Even though I enjoy your performances," she wrote, "I've noticed one bit of overacting you do. Couldn't you do something about those athletic eyebrows of yours?"

Johnny hadn't noticed that he had a very bad habit of working his eyebrows as he talked, but through this sincere fan's criticism, his attention was called to it and he has now overcome the habit.

If you're a "shut-in," Don Ameche and Betty Grable will give your letters their preferred attention. Both Don and Betty have been corresponding with a number of these lonely people and feel that they have become really friends.

"Besides," Betty explains, "many of these letters are brilliantly written. They're the kind of letters that make you want to take the time to sit right down and answer them."

Jane Withers, whose fan letters number up in the thousands each month, adores answering them with the help of her secretary and friend, Jo-Jo. And Janie, being a collector herself, never fails to oblige her fans who write to ask for some small object such as handkerchiefs or buttons off dresses she's worn.

As a parting warning, remember these important points:

1. Don't ask the stars to do the impossible.

2. Be sure your letters are addressed properly and have enough postage on them.

3. Wherever possible, address your letters to the star in care of The Fan Mail Department at his home studio.

And, kids, don't ask Jimmy Stewart and Lana Turner to marry you! If all the unmarried stars in Hollywood were to accept one out of every ten proposals, they'd be polygamists!



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# Signet

FRUITS IN GLASS

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## Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 63)



**JOIN THE MILLIONS  
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**W**OMEN who discover Tampax usually want to tell it aloud from the housetops . . . And why not? It permits any kind of costume to be worn without a bulge or "edge." And it brings a new sense of glorious freedom to the wearer.

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change of names. At college he was John Arthur Kennedy, and on the stage he was just John Kennedy. But there were two other John Kennedys on the New York stage, and Arthur's agents, who were pleased with the lad's success on Broadway, persuaded him to change to J. Arthur Kennedy. The "J" disappeared altogether when he came to Hollywood, and even Arthur doesn't know where it went or what might happen next.

He likes to swim and looks the swimming type. The studio likes him because he offers not one word of objection to the little B's they shove him into every time he's caught looking the other way.

High on a hill over Hollywood is his house where he lives with his wife, a couple of dogs and a Persian cat that has just had kittens. They called the first born "Jocsur." The last born is called, appropriately enough, "Caboose."

### Sure-to-Win Gwynne:

On that bet we lay our last dime. The tenacity, the determination, the do-or-die spirit that permeates Anne's blonde loveliness will reap her a golden harvest one day, you mark our words. In fact, she is well on her way right now, bringing in such sheaves as "Nice Girl," "Tight Shoes," "Spring Parade" and "Ride 'Em, Cowboy" with Abbott and Costello. Incidentally, Anne in her out-west costume is something to see.

**A**NNE'S the kind of kid that deserves the breaks and had everyone on her side right from the start. Born down in Waco, Texas, she went in for declamations and recitations all over the place. Once she lost the declamation contest by one vote, coming in second. "I'll get you next year," she stormed inwardly and with that Texas determination of hers, she did.

When her parents moved to St. Louis, Missouri, in 1936, Anne entered Stephens College in Columbia, Missouri, and went in for drama in a big way. She was wild with joy when Miss Maude Adams took over the drama department. During a summer vacation in Los Angeles, Anne was offered a job as a model. In the evenings she attended the Bliss-Hayden Little Theater and worked in the plays. It was there a Universal scout spotted her and sent for her to visit the studio.

Anne was signed to a long-term contract after the shortest interview imaginable. It consisted of exactly three questions.

"Have you ever acted on the stage professionally?" she was asked.

"No," said our Annie.

"Have you ever been in pictures?"

"No."

"Would you like to be in pictures?"

"Yes," howled Anne, and signed the paper.

Her greatest disappointment to date came when she was too ill to rehearse her role as bridesmaid at Deanna Durbin's wedding. But when the time came for Anne to march up that aisle, she never missed a beat.

She has no intention of becoming a bride herself until she gets that career of hers firmly under control. "Besides," says Anne, "I'd be afraid to marry right now for fear the man might be drafted. And one thing I wouldn't do is marry a man to keep him out of the draft. And anyway, I haven't met the fellow."

Her studio gives her a gold star daily for cooperation. Anne will cheerfully break a date to make publicity pictures

any time she's asked. She never wastes a minute foolishly but studies and watches other players at work.

She rides well, swims, lives with her mother in a Hollywood apartment and works, works, works. That's why we know she'll win. Her one bright consoling thought is that no one so far has comforted her with, "Oh well, Gwynne and bear it."

### An Imp on Wheels:

Young Ray McDonald, about nineteen years old to be exact, is really just a grin with a boy behind it; a sort of composite picture of every kid you've liked well enough to remember and one who says "Sure" to practically everything. Highlighted with that grin, it becomes a one-word riot.

"Sure," he says and grins. It's worth paying good money to see. And you will be paying good money to see him when "Babes on Broadway" hits the screens. Ray is the long-legged dancing kid who is teaching Judy Garland her first real dance routine and will dance with her in the film.

A nose exactly like Mickey Rooney's, hair as shaggy and uncut as Buddy Ebsen's, that grin, dancing feet like Ray Bolger's—that's the nifty package labeled Ray McDonald. Roger Eden, M-G-M musical coach, found him during rehearsals of "H'ya Gentlemen," the Max Baer revue that didn't hit, and arranged a test for him that turned out to be this side of terrific. No one enjoyed the results more than Ray. "I didn't care for the dancing and singing," he says, "but I sure enjoyed the acting." The studio enjoyed it too—all of it, in fact—and here he is in Hollywood living with his mother and dancing like a wild man.

His father, circulation manager for a theatrical trade paper in New York, was determined his two youngsters should have a stage career, which is reversing the usual situation a bit. Both Ray and his sister Grace were more than willing so they whipped up a dancing and singing act, and first thing you know there they were at fourteen and sixteen entertaining at Leon and Eddy's, one of New York's biggest night spots. Around about four or five each morning, Ray and Grace would trek home and always the same milkman would stand and watch them, in dumfounded amazement. He never could understand such goings-on for two such obvious youngsters.

**R**AY'S biggest break was a good role in the big-time musical, "Babes in Arms" that Broadway loved. After that there came a series of shows that ranged from not-so-good to plain stinky, but Ray kept right on grinning—and look where it got him. Sister Grace is also making pictures, so it's still a double success.

He was born in Boston, but his family moved to New York when he was a mere babe-in-arms (no relation to the play of the same name) and between Ray's hoofing and acting he managed to get himself graduated from Cathedral High School. He claims he isn't such a hot shot of a ballroom dancer because he always wants to put in his own variations.

His one great idol is Fred Astaire. "If I could meet Fred Astaire," he says, "I'd—well, of course I won't," he concludes, putting Freddie somewhere in the realm of the unapproachable.

He still can't get over having seen and



spoken with Eleanor Powell. That's the kind of kid he is.

When he wants to create new steps he hires space in a dancing salon and "knocks his brains out," he says.

"Gee, this is fun," he kept saying during our interview. "I thought it would make me nervous. Gee, this is great."

"It says here in your biography your career was 'nipped in the bud,'" we said. "Could that be possible?"

"No," he replied, "or I'd have felt it."

**O—Kay, Tillie:**

She came out with her glasses on! No one had told her that Penny Singleton and her husband, Producer Robert Sparks, were interested in her as a potential screen star. Miss Wheeler had said merely, "I want you to meet Miss Singleton and Mr. Sparks before they leave," and without waiting for make-up, a quick glance in the mirror, or even to remove her glasses, Kay Harris came out of her office to say hello.

She actually said "hello" to Hollywood, to a brand-new career in movies, and to the role of Tillie in Columbia's newest serial, "Tillie, the Toiler." Only, of course, she didn't know it then.

It all happened when Penny and her bridegroom were on a honeymoon tour and had stopped off for a visit in Cincinnati. Naturally the radio, because of Penny's "Blondie" programs, seized on her for a broadcast and celebration afterwards.

"You should see my secretary," said the sponsor of the Marsha Wheeler program, when Penny spoke of Columbia's long search for a Tillie. "Or is that merely a publicity stunt?"

**PENNY** assured her it wasn't, and agreed to see the secretary; brought her husband along, in fact. And they knew, when Kay—glasses, shiny nose and all—emerged from her office, Columbia had found Tillie.

"Will you come for a test at our expense?" read the telegram that reached Miss Harris two weeks later, and feeling there was nothing to lose, Kay and her mother started for Hollywood.

The test was awful. Kay didn't mind too much. After all, she had a good job in Cincinnati. But Producer Sparks knew the slender, dark-haired, dark-eyed Kay had something, and personally supervised Kay's second test. It was perfect, and Kay stepped into the famous comic strip role of Tillie. It seems fitting somehow that *Blondie*, another famous funny-paper idol, should be the one to discover a Tillie.

Kay Harris, a one-hundred-percent American small town girl, was born in Elkhorn, Wisconsin, on August 18, 1919. Her father is vice-president of United Milk Products there, and after Kay was graduated from high school, he sent her to Milwaukee Downer College in Northfield, Minnesota.

Kay agreed to two years of college before she attempted the stage career she longed for, and when they were over, she joined a little theater group in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin and Grand Tower, Illinois. When the season was over, Kay stayed with her aunt in Chicago, modeling for Marshall Field until the radio job opened for her in Cincinnati.

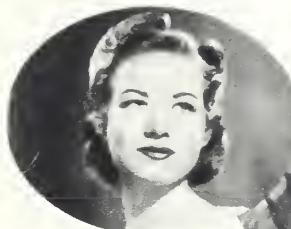
Besides being secretary to Miss Wheeler, it was part of Kay's job to write and sometimes deliver commercials, to take part in radio sketches, and interview interesting visitors in the city.

Kay is one of those wholesome, unharried girls in Hollywood, that the town loves and respects.

Naturally, she hopes very much to

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for her  
Daintiness  
Routine**



**Jean Bjorn**, Nassau teacher, holds all partners entranced by her exquisite daintiness.



**Marcia Lewis**, of Pittsburgh, keeps that "early-morning freshness" through the day.



**Erminie Dougherty**, of New York—exquisitely dainty, winter or summer!



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## BEHOLD THE WOMAN By BETTE DAVIS



OCTOBER

A splendid story by Bette Davis whose written word will fascinate you as deeply as her screen portrayals is another scoop for October **TRUE STORY**. Others are Rapture—a gripping book length novel by Nina Wilcox Putnam • Wendell Willkie's personal hero • A.W.O.L.—a soldier boy gives some lessons in love; and many other magnificent stories of real life, plus the usual delightful departments of home and national interest.

ON SALE AUGUST 29.

# True Story

make good in pictures. If she doesn't, no worlds will end, no comets fly. Because she can go back to her radio job.

Her wardrobe remains about as casual and slender as it did the day she arrived, her naive, straightforward honesty constantly baffles reporters, and her good manners won the respect of the wolves and the lambs. Fraternity dances and quiet parties at friends' homes comprise her night-life.

The instant her picture was finished she went back to Elkhorn to visit her family and friends. In fact, Kay is the only young actress in a long long time to go Elkhorn instead of Hollywood.

### Tall, Single and Terrific:

Well, sir, girls, let us tell you about a lad out here in Hollywood that the Ciro-going blondes haven't got hold of as yet. As he stands (and he goes up in the air about six feet and then some) he's the most eligible bachelor in the whole town and why he hasn't been grabbed off is beyond us.

Of course, now, Ray Middleton ain't purty, you understand. But he's got a man's face, a man's ways and a man's good healthy approach to life. And he's out here in Hollywood, making such pictures for Republic as "Gangs of Chicago," "Lady from Louisiana" and "Hurricane Smith," none of which gives him any opportunity to display his very wonderful baritone voice, inherited by the way, from an uncle who was a celebrated opera star.

**B**ORN in Chicago, he was graduated from the University of Illinois with a degree in music and a fellowship at the Juilliard School of Music in New York. When the play "Roberta" was the hit on Broadway, Ray Middleton played the lead with actor George Murphy and an up-and-coming comic, Bob Hope, to aid in the proceedings. A year or two later Ray felt his luck had surely played out, for after road-touring with the show, there were no more jobs. And that's where his voice came in for Ray gave concerts here and there and finally joined the St. Louis Opera Company.

During the winter of 1936 he sang with the Chicago Opera Company and then toured with the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. That's just how good he is.

In fact, Ray finally had to choose between the Metropolitan Opera Company in New York and a Hollywood contract. He made a mistake and chose the latter. We say mistake for things didn't turn out so well and Ray soon returned to New York for an engagement with Walter Huston in "Knickerbocker Holiday," then into George White's "Scandals" and "American Jubilee."

As a radio star, Ray takes a back seat for nobody and has starred on the General Motors, the "Pursuit of Happiness" and the "Honest Abe" programs. He gave that up for another Hollywood venture, and starred in the singing spot in the Chase and Sanborn hour until Nelson Eddy returned from his concert tour.

He swims a lot, eats Chinese food for six and even seven nights in a row, loves the zoo in New York and has watched every animal baby there grow up into adolescence.

He has unactorish brown hair, doesn't even dress like the Hollywood lads, has a good Illinois twang to his voice and is so American somehow it makes you want to wave flags. He's waiting for the draft board to get around to his number, but in the meantime he's going ahead with his career, enjoying the climate and maybe, for all we know, waiting for the blondes to catch up with him.



# The Man Kathryn Grayson Married

(Continued from page 68)

Mother and Father Hedrick a little frantic—their carefully reared nineteen-year-old "Sissy," as the family calls her, out all night! The police were asked to watch for accident reports. And, of course, the studio would have to be notified of the disappearance of the girl whom they considered their greatest singing property since Deanna Durbin slipped through their fingers. What they would say, Mrs. Hedrick, whose heart is wrapped up in her daughter's career, shuddered to think. Studios don't like their young innocents to dash off and become young matrons.

The morning papers solved the problem. Sharp-eyed reporters had picked up the innocent-looking names of Hedrick and Price and recognized at once their significance. John and Kathryn had thought they might keep their marriage secret for a month or so until they could prepare their two families for the shock. But all this was abandoned when, as Sissy stood uncertainly on the threshold, Mrs. Hedrick advanced, eyes red-rimmed but a smile on her lips, and gathered the little bride to her with a prayer of thanksgiving.

And what did she see when she beheld the upstanding young son-in-law who had made such a promising name for himself in "We Who Are Young"? Obviously she saw the height of him, topping six feet by an inch, and the breadth of him, with his Gablesque shoulders; the brown hair and blue eyes of him. But these were not enough to bowl over her quaint, sober-minded Sissy with the golden voice and platinum future.

Could she have looked with the eyes of Kitty at the man who had suddenly become a magic thing in her life—her husband—she would have seen way, way back a bright little boy, romping the sun-showered streets of Los Angeles and learning to hold his own with the bigger kids by his native gift of commerce.

"I did regular business with the junk man," John spoke frankly of those years "I could spot a milk bottle a block away

and beat any kid in the neighborhood to it. The bottle business carried over to Venice where we used to spend our summers. I'd pick 'em up on the beach and set them down in neat rows for the customers to knock down. Coronado was the next jump when I was twelve. I used the bottle scheme for a concessions stall and business was so good I was soon hiring three other kids to help me."

John's mother was Madge Sheppard Price who appeared in the theater under David Belasco's banner and from the moment her son, at the mellow age of four, recited a poem for a woman's club program, life held but one ultimate aim—to be an actor. His father, a substantial Los Angeles attorney, didn't share that aim and John had to realize his goal by whatever devious paths presented themselves. Devious indeed they proved to be—everything from digging ditches in Tahoe to thumbing his way east. But let not the lowly thumb be underestimated. It got John his first job in the theater, for the man from whom he got a hiteh hike had a stock company in Ogden and took on his enthusiastic passenger for the rest of the season.

THEREAFTER, John tried stock companies in various parts of the country, finally turning to radio as one of "The Three Chords." The boys managed to get themselves on the networks in both New York and then Los Angeles, at which latter point they lost one chord—the main one. He thought he was good enough to go on the air alone.

Out of this unhappy predicament came John's first real break. Lela Rogers, Ginger's mother, conducted the drama school on the RKO lot. When she didn't have enough students inside the studio, she brought in likely youngsters from the outside. One of these was John Shelton. Pandro Berman, then head of the studio, saw the lad and word got about that John was to play the boy in "Winterset," a plum indeed if only it had ripened. But Berman flew east and came back with Burgess Meredith.

After several such instances Shelton got himself an agent who signed him up with Warner Brothers. It would have been an unimportant episode, because he was presently dropped by the studio along with thirteen others of his agent's clients, except that you can't call an episode unimportant which brings about a man's marriage. The young lady was Sally Sage, Bette Davis' stand-in, so you may know she is little and blonde. They met on the set of "Kid Galahad" where John was playing a newspaper reporter and Sally was playing a secretary. Their courtship was quick, their wedding quiet, their marriage short-lived.

Not that they didn't try and try hard. But working wives and out-of-work husbands never made for happiness anywhere. John made desperate efforts to make ends meet. He went into the agency business. He opened a vocal school. He even tried Culver City politics—civic, not studio—and was well on the way to becoming councilman when the petition of names necessary to be filed before he could run for office was stolen from him. The resending of failures was too much for the marriage. Sally took the train to Reno and, after one last fling at pictures in "Dramatic School," John hitchhiked to New York.

In New York he again ran into Lela Rogers. She still had faith in his ability and arranged for him to meet the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer talent scout. Once more



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Eye-to-eye and heart-to-heart: Kathryn Grayson and John Shelton at Ciro's after their elopement



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the picture game's enigma of East vs. West was enacted. Shelton, who couldn't give his services away when he was in Hollywood, was signed in New York and shipped back with a contract to play juvenile leads for the biggest motion picture studio in the world.

This time he determined to forestall the chances of oblivion by seeing to it that he got plenty of practice between pictures at his chosen profession. So he sought out Lillian Burns, M-G-M's talented dramatic coach, and offered his services in making tests for other players.

"In that way," he said, "I played the parts taken by Gable, Tracy, Taylor and all the best actors. Then I could go into the projection room, see my faults and attempt to correct them. There was only one bad feature to the plan. When someone was tested for a part and failed, I felt that there must have been something I could have done to have helped him or her succeed."

It was in his work with Lillian Burns some two years ago that John first met Kathryn Grayson. There was nothing in the least arresting about her appearance except perhaps the wide-set gray eyes. But the earnestness of this seventeen-year-old about her singing made a deep impression on him. Miss Burns' moan about Kitty was that she didn't want to act, didn't like to act and probably wouldn't act when the time came. Then what of the long year's preparation for the promised test?

YOU see, Kathryn, when she was still Zelma Kathryn Elizabeth Hedrick, had come to the studio on the strangest agreement ever to be witnessed by the picture industry. It all came about when someone in the neighborhood who had connections at M-G-M heard Kitty singing away in the kitchen as she washed the family dishes in their Hollywood apartment. In due time the Hedricks were astounded to receive a request that their daughter come out and audition for no less a person than Mr. Louis B. Mayer.

Kitty was the least impressed of all. What earthly good would it do for her to sing for a movie mogul when her goal was grand opera? Five long years ago she had decided on that course when Frances Marshall, Chicago Civic Opera star, had caught the child singing on the empty stage of the St. Louis Municipal Auditorium just for the lark of it and had given her the only music lessons she had ever known.

Besides, she wouldn't be any good in pictures, Kathryn reasoned; not with her homely face. But this was a chance to sing and Kitty, who always sang just for the inexhaustible love of it, decided to brave the meeting.

When she finished her aria from "La Traviata," Mr. Mayer began to talk soft words about a contract. Kitty listened politely and said, "No." But, argued Mr. Mayer, she would receive instruction in French, dramatics, piano, dancing, plus the finest voice coaching in the country—and be paid while she studied! Still Kathryn demurred. Finally he dragged the reason from her: It was her horror of the camera. All right, said Mr. Mayer who is one of the best gamblers in Hollywood as well as the smartest psychologist, she would not have to go before a camera, even for a test, until she had had a full year of training.

That was too much. One whole year of training before they threw her out after seeing her test! Kitty succumbed with a conscientious statement that she was sure the investment would prove unprofitable to the studio.

But one year later the bet Louis B. Mayer laid on Kathryn Grayson to win

paid off handsomely. For the test she was sure would be atrocious was so good that the studio put her into "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary" and her glorious singing won spontaneous applause at every showing of the film.

However, neither Kathryn nor John could know all this that first day when Lillian Burns introduced them. John only knew that he was desperately unhappy over his career and the way things were going with the picture he was then making, "We Who Are Young," ironically the finest opportunity he has yet had. Evidently the wide gray eyes got in their work for he found himself telling Kitty all his troubles. Fortrightly she launched into the very heart of his problem—he must do this, he must do that.

Amazed to find her advice absolutely sound, John made occasions to seek her out for other conferences, not so much in the first six months they knew each other, but with increasing regularity toward the end of the year.

Knowing studio policies, they kept their meetings out of the limelight; mostly swam, played golf and went to the movies. On the one night when they sallied forth to the Mocambo each received a solemn summons from the front office and was told that Kathryn Grayson must not be seen in night clubs. Thereafter John did his night clubbing with current attractions like Ruth Hussey, Carole Gallagher or Lupe Velez, to whom he was reported to have become engaged.

But all this time John was growing more and more emotionally dependent upon Kathryn. Each day that he didn't see her, he would call three or four times on the phone.

On one of these calls some six months ago John suddenly had an inspiration. The day was a dream. He was sitting out on the lawn of his Westwood home, talking to her over the wire. Why should they be separated like this? "Let's get married," he urged.

More than once in the following weeks Kitty considered the excitingly practical details of whether there would be time enough for a round-trip elopement. Finally on the night of Friday, July 11, they climbed into John's car and sped across the State of California to become Mr. and Mrs. Edward F. Price.

BUT the great problem lies ahead for these two youngsters, and their friends in Hollywood are distinctly worried. What happens to young married love in the eyes of the studio?

For John, the issue is not so pressing. Five months ago M-G-M, who are strictest about their young stars, sold his contract to Twentieth Century-Fox with the understanding that they could borrow him whenever necessary to continue the "Keeping Company" series.

But how about little Kitty Grayson and that wonderful future Louis B. Mayer dreamed for her?

Those who are most concerned point to the parallel case of Jean Parker. Jean, after a brilliant start at the same studio in "Rasputin" and her delightful performance in "Sequoia," found her option quietly dropped after her runaway marriage to George MacDonald. Despite talent and charm, she has never since been able to hit her stride on the other lots where she has worked.

Is this to happen to that heavenly voice of Kathryn Grayson's? Earnestly we hope not. With all due sympathy for the investment the studio has made not only in training her but in buying stories to build their girl-star singer which may not now apply, we still believe little Kitty Grayson has too much joy to give millions of movie-goers to warrant oblivion.



# The Love of Three Sisters

(Continued from page 41)

first, it was just Betty and Mary. They had studied ballet which gradually involved clog and tap. They had entertained at school and now they began to appear at clubs and banquets. They graduated to Amateur Nights. They became professionals, The Brodell Kiddies, entertaining at the big theaters during Christmas vacations and week ends.

But then . . . remember? . . . Joan was two and stood in the wings of the Michigan Theater in Detroit one night, watching her sisters' act. The manager stood there, watching, not the act, but Joan. He asked the girls, "The baby, can she do anything?" "No," the girls said, "she can't, she's only two." "Pity," said the manager, reflectively, "if she could do something, we could use her."

"We were only kids ourselves," Betty says, "but I think we heard premonitory bells ring in our little belfries that night. I think that was our first inkling that managers and producers would always say of Joan, 'We can use her.'"

The next year in the same theater, little Joan, aged three, made her first appearance on the stage. She made her initial bow to the public singing, "Let A Smile Be Your Umbrella." She did a hula. She danced the Merry Widow Waltz with a blade of four done up in military costume. She also did a little Bowerly dance, as tough a little toughie as ever did a boogie beat on the famed street. Then, as now, she handled a repertoire of moods as dexterously as a juggler manipulating a whole set of china.

Years later, in Hollywood, on the set of "Men With Wings," Director William Wellman was to point to the lovely Mary and ask Joan, "She your sister? Can she act?" and Joan was to answer, "Can she act? Sure. She taught me how to act."

For a time the baby Joan worked in the same show with her sisters, but separately. Later they decided to "incorporate" and it was then they became The Three Brodell Sisters. Then, too, that they took their sacred ritualistic oath one windy night by candlelight, to be "one-for-all and all-for-one—for-ever."

"The three of us—or nothing," intoned Mary, administering the oath, "let this be our slogan—always."

"A-men," chorused Betty and Joan, faces solemn above flannelette nighties.

SUMMERS on the road, then. During the winters, school, St. Benedict's Convent, with week-end engagements at local and neighboring theaters. Winters and summers, they practised four to five hours a day. "We worked out our routines by ourselves, usually." Joan began to do her impersonations. "The regular rigmorole," she laughs, "Zasu Pitts, Garbo, Luise Rainer in her telephone scene from 'The Great Ziegfeld,' Katharine Hepburn." When, not often, they had a little extra money, they would hire a coach to help them smooth out their routines.

"Mary always wanted to be a ballet dancer, remember . . ." says Joan, "and Betty thought she would like to sing on the radio. But I always wished to be a movie star. I never dreamed it would come true, though. I used to stand out on the sidewalks and spin round and round and round until I was dizzy and then I'd fall flat and I'd lie there, thinking. *Maybe a big talent scout will come along and see me and say, 'Why, this is just what I want!'*"



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The Kiddie Revue, then, remember . . . and the road. How Mom made all their clothes, for the act and for street wear, too. How Mom did most of the cooking, too. When they could, they took small apartments instead of going to hotels so that Mom could make her old-fashioned Irish stew. They did their own laundry . . . gosh, all the fire escapes where their costumes hung to dry between shows! They dried their hankies on mirrors and window panes. They hung their silk stockings, a whole pair apiece when they were lucky, over the gas heaters.

The group of boy musicians who joined the Kiddie Revue and how the girls had to learn to play instruments, too. Mom decided that Mary should learn saxophone, Betty the banjo and Joan the piano-accordion. The time when Mary and Betty were doing a novelty dance which wound up with a baseball act. At the end of the routine, Betty made a slide for home base. During the supper dance, she came in two meters ahead of time and, in no time at all, an irate orchestra leader was backstage, demanding, "What's the matter with you, little one? Why didn't you follow the boom? Tonight you make your fall before the boom, what's the matter, huh?" And Joan, piping up, "Mr. Leader, I'm awful sorry, but you don't understand. We are Artists. We don't do everything on schedule!" ("She pronounced it 'skedgeool,'" shriek the girls.) And how funny "Mr. Leader" looked as, eyeing the embattled midget with some alarm, he backed away, muttering feebly, "Better she fall with the boom!"

They had to learn to handle people. "They got pretty annoyed with kids in show business," Joan says. "We'd come into a theater and there'd be thirty men in the orchestra. They'd settle back in their chairs and you could see them thinking, *Ouch, another kid act!* Mary thought up things to put them in good humor. She'd draw cartoons on the backs of our sheet-music—remember, Betty?—and we'd hand down our sheets of music and they'd all begin to laugh. You've got to pretend to know a lot you don't know when you're kids in show business. That's why we're so old for our ages, I guess."

SO the road unwound, year after year, and time, too . . . and the kids grew up. A vaudeville unit; eventually, New York . . . Ben Marden's Riviera, the Park Central Roof, the Club Paradise. But in between these engagements, long, lean intervals of days spent seeing agents. Until that night the M-G-M scout saw them at the Paradise, made tests of all three of them and—signed Joan.

"We insisted that she go," said Mary. "She was offered \$200 a week, more than all three of us were making together. When she left, she made you go with her, Betty, remember? She said, 'Come out with me and I'll pay a singing teacher for you,' and you said, 'Okay, and when I get a job, I'll pay you back.'"

Three months. And the kids back in New York, disillusioned about Hollywood. M-G-M let Joan go, after one bit in 'Camille.' They'd let Deanna Durbin go, too. But that wasn't much consolation.

In New York, Joan got a short to do at the old Biograph Studio. It lasted two days. She came home in tears. "I'll never be that happy again," she sobbed. Mary said, "Then I knew she really loved it, that this was her work."

Mary went to Hollywood and sent for Joan and Mom. She got enough jobs to keep them going. She went in and fought for Joan. At Universal, she interviewed

Casting Director Kelly, urging him to give Joan a chance in a Durbin picture. "She isn't young enough to play a little kid or old enough to play an ingenue," objected Mr. Kelly.

"My word," cried Mary, "you make people up for character parts, don't you? Why can't you make her look younger or older? She's got the stuff, I tell you!" And Casting Director Kelly said, gently, "What about your own career, Mary?"

She talked Director Chuck Riesner into giving them both small parts in "Winter Carnival." When it went into production, Mary lost her part to Virginia Gilmore. But no matter, Joan got hers.

Joan made "Laddie" for RKO. She was beginning to go places. She got a part in "Men with Wings." Posing as eighteen, her real age was discovered, which meant that she could not work for more than an hour at nights. Mary took Joan to the airport where the night scenes were being shot and where Director Wellman was going crazy because he needed more time with Joan. His only alternative was to find someone who sufficiently resembled her, same coloring, red hair, blue eyes, natural wild roses for cheeks.

It was then he spotted Mary and said, "Your sister, you say? Can she act?"—and Mary pinch-hit for Joan. A Technicolor picture, it might well have been Mary's chance. Her skin texture, hair, all perfect for color. The night of the preview, Mary fought her way into the theater to see herself. Her part came in the last reel. But before they got to that last reel, "The End" flashed on the screen. The cutting room had run its scissors through another young heart.

"That night," remembers Mary, "I wanted to make a hole in the river, I admit."

But next day, the reviews commended Joan. Her part, that of Ray Milland's daughter, had been good. So, no matter.

NOW things were gaining momentum for Joan. Betty had a job with a name band in New York, but Mom thought she should come to Hollywood, that they should all be together, as always. Betty came. If the kids wanted her . . .

When Mary got a job singing in San Diego, an agent handled Joan. Which brings us to the moment when the news came, "Joan's got a contract!" Mary came up from San Diego and the sisters joined hands with Mom and Pop, dancing around the dining-room table.

In San Diego, while Mary was singing there, some of the kids on location with a Warners picture had told her she should be on the screen, they were going to root for her . . . Bill Orr and the others. She was calling herself Mary Trent then and it was as Mary Trent that the Warners signed her, never dreaming she was Joan's sister.

Now it is said they are interested in Betty, too. And who knows but what, in time, The Brodell Kiddies may be playing the Lane Sisters' screen children, grown-up?

Now they need scrap no longer over the one "good pair" of hose; now each girl has her heart's desire.

Mary has a silver fox jacket . . . "I got it down to \$45.00 this week. Two more weeks and its mine, all mine."

Betty is "working towards" a lynx coat. And Joan has her own car, "with a radio in it." The other morning, before breakfast, Mary found Joan in the front seat of her new car, in her nightgown, the dog beside her, the radio playing. "You'll catch your death of cold," snapped Mary, crossly, then stopped.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



The child's face was radiant. She was saying, under her breath, "Isn't it wonderful!"

"The Rise of the Sun Goddess," the sisters say, kidding, when they talk about Joan's success . . . to Joan. She doesn't wear Seven League Boots, but she's not going to wear a ten-gallon hat, either, not if they know it.

"When it was announced in Louella Parsons' column that Joan was a star," laughs Mary, "we ribbed the poor kid for a whole week. 'Miss Leslie,' we'd say, 'how does it feel to be a star?' We'd step back and, with low bows, let her enter a room ahead of us. If ever she loses her temper around the house, we hold our noses and scream, 'Ugghh, Miss Leslie—Cut!' She really takes it.

"The day she was photographed as the Sun Goddess, she was so tired when she came home, she forgot to take off her crown and wore it to dinner. We kept saying, 'Look at Queenie' and 'Your Maj-esty!' And when we poured the tea, we served her first, saying, 'The Queen first, remember—Royal Etiquette!'

"She finally got wise to the fact that she was wearing the crown and did she rip it off! We went a bit too far that night, though. She cried. So we took her to the corner drugstore and blew her to a soda, just like old times—a soda will fix anything for Joan. We blew her to two sodas, in fact, and it was all right."

"But what of you?" the girls are asked, as they stand on the sidelines, watching "the kid" working with Gary Cooper. Then Joan comes off, says anxiously, "Did I do all right in that scene, kids? Say, Mary, will you look at my rushes with me? Say, kids, will you go shopping with me tomorrow?" And they go into a huddle, so all-for-one you can't tell which is which . . . and Mary looks back to answer, "Me? Oh, I believe the kids will help me if I ever need help."

A story that deserves the name of love, we said . . . what do you think?

## Your Wardrobe Tree

(Continued from page 29)

up one of the colors in the plaid skirt and match it with a blouse or sweater.

¶ The belt for the black evening dress should be jeweled to match the evening bolero. Both bolero and belt can also be worn with the basic black dress.

¶ Striped sashes in combinations of black, white, and yellow or gold and scarlet would be very smart to wear with the long black dress.

¶ As for your jewelry, choose it for color. And remember always, one stunning clip is a thousand times more effective than a necklace, earrings, bracelet and clip worn all at the same time. With the suit use gay clips of wood or enamel. With either of the black dresses wear pearls or coral or turquoise beads. Wear jewelry that is frankly costume jewelry—and no fooling!

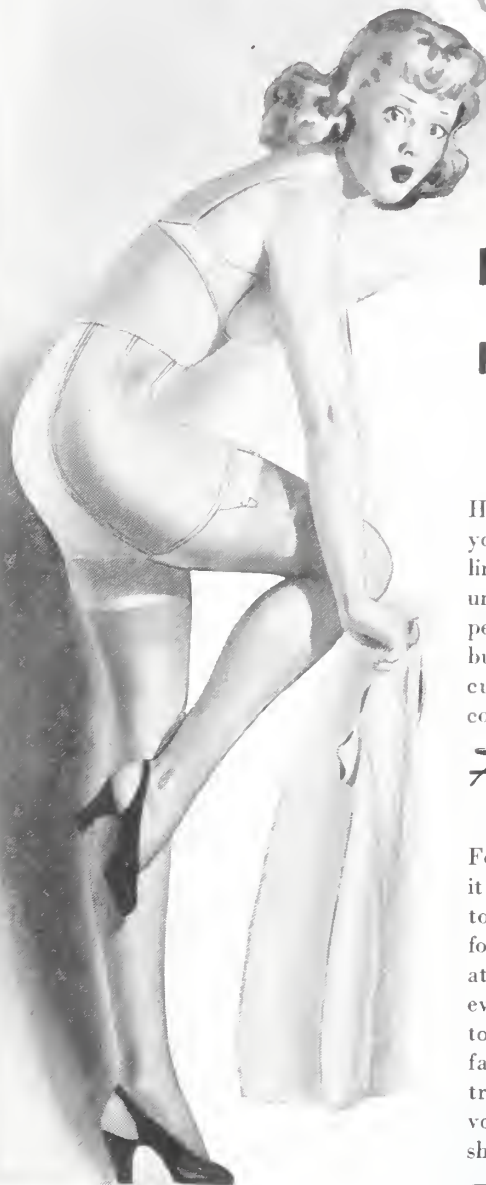
¶ Purses should be of medium size and as plain as possible.

¶ Gloves, unless you can indulge in good suede, should be the best quality washable fabric gloves, handstitched. Pigskin gloves with the suit, by all means.

IN summation Edith Head says: "You're well-dressed when you're attractive but not conspicuous. The colors you use can be outstanding but they should supplement you, not dominate you."

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## Unfinished Business

(Continued from page 49)

waiter to remove the dinner dishes. While Steve was engaged with the waiter Nancy furtively removed the pearls.

"I suppose you think I'm silly," she began nervously. "That it's hopeless for a small-town girl to go to New York and try to find a career."

Steve didn't answer right away. His appraising eye noticed the absence of the pearls. He dropped onto the seat beside her and drew her slowly into his arms. "I don't think you're silly, Nancy," he said at last. "I think you're very lovely—and very sweet," and he tilted her face so that her lips met his own.

NANCY dreamed about Steve all night long and in the morning when the train reached Grand Central she looked eagerly for him in the crowd. At last, disappointed, she went to the small hotel he had recommended and waited there for him to telephone her as she was sure he would do. But he didn't phone, that day or the next. It wasn't until three days of unhappiness and worry had passed that she understood the reason for his strange silence, for it was then that she read in a society column the announcement of his engagement to Sheila Winthrop. "The engagement," the item said smugly, "comes as no surprise to their friends."

"No surprise to their friends." The words brought heartbreak and bitterness to Nancy, for they told her that even while he was making love to her he had known—must have known—that he was going to marry Sheila. The caresses which to Nancy had been a promise of love and happiness forever had been, to Steve, only an amusing way to break the boredom of a long train journey.

Almost as heartbreaking as her sorrow about Steve was the discovery that the career which had seemed so certain when she was in Messina was farther away than ever now that she had reached New York. She went bravely, doggedly, from audition to audition, only to receive the same discouraging verdict after each one: "Your voice is very promising, but it needs more training." Then came the terrifying realization that her money was almost gone and the frantic search for a job—any job—which would enable her to live even though it couldn't provide the voice training she should have. Final humiliation was the job she finally got at the Kohinoor, New York's newest and smartest night club, for instead of being hired as an entertainer, she was cooped up at a telephone switchboard where she had to answer calls by singing:

"This is the Cafe Kohinoor  
Sterling 8-5234."

One evening when she'd sung this inane musical greeting until her throat ached, she was startled to hear a masculine and not too musical voice sing:

"Crenshaw 9-0130

Into which booth do I go?"

She turned coldly to face the singer. He was tall and lithe and his eyes and mouth quirked amusingly in a face so tanned that it reminded her stabbingly of Steve's. He was slightly, but amiably, sozzled and he grinned at Nancy as if he were a little boy on Christmas morning and Nancy a festive-looking package.

She ignored the grin, plugged in the number he had sung out and said in her most businesslike manner, "Booth 2, please." Then she forgot all about him when a waiter came up to tell her that the boss was waiting for her in the pantry with a birthday cake to be presented to one of the diners.

When she reached the pantry, Ross pointed out the man to whom she was to give the cake. He was seated with his back to Nancy and there was a girl with him. The young man she had left in the phone booth was just slipping into the third chair at the table. The orchestra began to play "Happy birthday" and Nancy picked up the cake. The lights had been turned off and a spotlight shone on her as she crossed the floor.

"Happy birthday to you," she sang. "Happy birthday to you. Happy birthday from Club Kohinoor—" she came to a stop at the table and the man turned so that his face was revealed in the spotlight. For one awful moment Nancy thought she was going to drop cake, candles and all, then she pulled herself together and placed the flaming offering in front of the man. It was Steve Duncan and he gave her a sickly smile.

"Happy birthday—to—you—" she finished in a sob, then she ran back to the shelter of the switchboard.

"NOW what did that lug of a brother of mine say to you to make you cry?" came an angry voice from behind her. Nancy lifted her tear-splotted face from her hands and turned to see the young man who had been at the table with Steve.

"He's not a lug," she sobbed. "And he didn't say anything at all—that's the trouble." She was too shaken to know or care what she herself was saying. "Is he really your brother?" she sniffled.

The young man leaned over the railing. "You don't suppose I'd say so if he wasn't, do you? It's not the kind of thing I'd boast about. Steve," he explained, "is the whited sepulchre of the Duncan clan and I'm Tommy, the black sheep. Need I add, we don't love each other?"

Nancy didn't say anything; she was too busy sniffing into her handkerchief to pay any attention to him. At last he burst out, "Why don't you go off somewhere and have yourself a good cry?"

Nancy shook her head. "I can't leave the switchboard without Mr. Ross' permission."

"I'll fix it up with Ross, then," Tommy said, "and we'll go for a ride.

And fix it up he did, so that a few minutes later they were in a taxi, winding through the curving driveways of Central Park, with Tommy's arm around Nancy and her tears making a wreck of his collar. At last her sobs quieted and then Tommy said, "I don't know what it's all about, but it's pretty obvious that you've met Steve before and that you've been carrying the torch for him."

"Yes," Nancy admitted forlornly.

"Well, you might as well forget about him. He's going to marry the girl who was with him at the Kohinoor. And Steve," Tommy added bitterly, "is a guy who always does what he's going to do."

"I know." Nancy's voice was a faint whisper in the darkness. "But how," she asked mournfully, "do you make yourself forget about somebody?"

Tommy thought it over, then said, "Liquor helps."

"Then," Nancy cried in reckless desperation, "lead me to it."

And Tommy did. They went to a night club in the East Fifties and drank milk punch. They went to another one in Greenwich Village and drank more milk punch. When they were in the third one, Tommy said abruptly, "You know, Nancy, maybe you'd forget about Steve quicker if you'd marry somebody else."



Nancy's blue eyes grew thoughtful. "Who, for instance?" she asked.

"Me, for instance. I'm free, white and twenty-one—and a very nice fellow."

Suddenly Nancy felt almost light-hearted. "You are a nice fellow, Tommy," she said warmly. "But how," she teased, "can I be sure you're free?"

Grinning, Tommy pulled an assortment of papers from a pocket, shoved one across the table. It was a legal-looking document and it informed Nancy and the world at large that in consideration of \$100,000 Clarissa Smith had withdrawn her breach of promise suit against Thomas Duncan.

"That certainly seems to take care of that," she agreed.

"Then what about it, Nancy?" Tommy's voice was eager. "I know a chap who has a plane. He'll fly us down to South Carolina and we can be married tonight."

Nancy shook her head. "Thanks, Tommy," she said gently, "but I don't want to marry—anybody. I want," she forced laughter into her words, "excitement—fun. I want to go places and do things—crazy things I've never done before."

"Marry me and we'll do them together."

"But we don't love each other, Tommy," Nancy protested. "We don't even know each other."

"We don't need to be in love with each other," Tommy retorted with a laugh. He caught her hands and cupped his own around them. "Come on, Nancy," he urged, "let's take that plane."

Something of his own eagerness was transferred to Nancy. She'd wanted love, adventure, excitement, she reminded herself. She couldn't have love, but was that any reason why she shouldn't have the other things? She made up her mind swiftly, then jumped to her feet. "All right, Tommy," she cried recklessly.

THE weeks that followed Nancy's marriage were the gayest, maddest, most unbelievable she had ever known, and perhaps the most unbelievable feature of all was Elmer. Elmer was a large, lugubrious individual who had, some years earlier, attached himself to Tommy as cook, butler, chauffeur and valet, with occasional dashes of best friend and severest critic. He was devoted to Tommy—and promptly bestowed on Nancy the same devotion.

Life was so different from anything Nancy had ever known that at times she couldn't really believe it was her own. Shopping for clothes and furs and jewels, a round of theaters, concerts, cocktail parties and night clubs; all helped mercifully to ease the aching memory of Steve, helped her to put him into the back of her mind, "where he rattles around," she confessed dolefully to Tommy one day, "like a piece of unfinished business."

She saw Tommy's lips tighten as they always did at mention of his brother and she asked almost timidly, "Why do you dislike Steve so, Tommy?"

"Dislike is hardly the word," Tommy corrected. "I hate the guy. Always have. He always had first choice of toys because he was older. He always maneuvered to find out which one I was crazy for, then he chose that particular one. And when he got tired of it, I'd get it. Everything I wanted I got only after Steve had discarded it first."

He broke off and looked at Nancy shrewdly. "I suppose this all sounds rather childish to you?" he said questioningly. Nancy nodded. "Well, I began to think so, too," he grinned sheepishly. "I decided it was silly to live in the same house with him and spend my time hating him, so that's why, as soon as I came into my own money, I got this apartment

**1** FURIOUS AS KITTEN TIPS OVER WASTE-BASKET ON JUST-VACUUMED RUG, TWO MINUTES BEFORE GUESTS ARE DUE

**2** BUT CALMS DOWN WHEN NEW BISSELL WHISKS UP MESS QUICKLY, THOROUGHLY, EASILY

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**4** THINKS "THANK GOODNESS, BISSELL'S 'STA-UP' HANDLE STANDS ALONE" AS SHE RUSHES TO GREET GUESTS

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**TEETHING LOTION**

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of my own. I hadn't even seen him for a year, until that night of his birthday celebration at the Kohinoor. And I hope," he added decisively, "I never see him or hear about him again."

THEN came the night when Tommy astonished her by dropping wearily into a chair in front of the fireplace and asking whimsically, "Would it be too disastrous if, instead of going out, we'd just sit at home and relax?"

"I've spent all my life sitting at home," Nancy objected.

Tommy shrugged in resignation. "All right," he said. He bent over and began poking at the logs in the fireplace. "But you can't," his eyes were intent on the flames, "go on this way forever. You ought to give your real self a chance."

Nancy leaned forward so that the firelight made a golden halo of her hair and turned her eyes into deep shadowed pools. "I'm not sure," she said in a bewildered little-girl voice, "that I know what my real self is any more."

Tommy stood up so abruptly that the poker clattered onto the hearth. "Then I'll tell you." He leaned on the mantel, looking down at her with eyes which were suddenly serious. "Your real self is sweet and generous and fine. It's that real self that I love, Nancy," he finished tenderly.

"No, Tommy," Nancy protested. She jumped up in agitation. "You mustn't fall in love with me," she added unhappily. "We weren't supposed to fall in love."

"Are you sure, Nancy?" Tommy asked. "Are you sure," his voice was low, "that it wasn't always meant to be—like this?" He kissed her then, his lips eager, possessive against her unresponsive ones. Then suddenly her unresponsiveness melted and she was returning his kisses with an ecstasy that was sweet and new.

A few weeks later Tommy decided to give a party. His Aunt Mathilda and her daughter Nell, Tommy's only relatives aside from his brother Steve, had returned from California and Tommy was anxious for them to meet Nancy. Nancy thought it was a fine idea, but she insisted that Steve and Sheila Duncan, who had just come back from their honeymoon, be included. At last Tommy gave in, his only stipulation being that since Nancy wanted Steve, he should be al-

lowed to invite his ex-flame, Clarissa.

Nancy was ready for the party ahead of time, and she went into Tommy's room to show him her new dress.

"It's a good thing you have such a nice back," he commented, "since you're showing so much of it." He kissed her lightly, then said, "Go away and leave me alone. A white tie requires solitude and prayer."

Nancy wrinkled her nose at him and flung herself into a chair, pointing to a furry toy which stood on his dressing table. It was a black cat; its back was arched, its tail was bottle-brushed and its lips were drawn back in a lifelike snarl. "That's a very disagreeable-looking cat," she remarked.

Tommy grinned at her in the mirror. "That cat," he said, "illustrates the Thomas Duncan face-the-facts-and-lick-'em school of philosophy."

"You sound a trifle sozzled, darling."

"No," Tommy contradicted, "cold sober. When I was little," he explained, "I was afraid of black cats—terrified by them. Well, one day Aunt Mathilda decided to cure me. She collected black cats by the dozen. Simply filled the house with them." He reached for his vest and coat.

"Go on," Nancy prompted.

"I got so I wasn't afraid of them any more. I'd simply," his mood changed swiftly from gaiety to seriousness, "got so I could face the fact of a black cat—and then I wasn't afraid of them any more. So then I got this fellow to be a mascot. He sits there yowling at me all the time and whenever I want to I can yowl right back at him. Like this"—he gave an ear-splitting howl. "And now, Mrs. Duncan," he was gay again, "let's face the fact that we have guests."

THE party was one of those gay riotous affairs where everybody knows everybody else. Nancy liked Aunt Mathilda and Cousin Nell. She talked music with the old lady, screaming through her ear trumpet; she talked horses with Nell, night clubs with Clarissa, current novels with Sheila.

It wasn't until late in the evening that she found herself alone with Steve. For a moment mutual embarrassment held them silent and during that moment Nancy automatically began comparing Steve and Tommy. It was Steve who



Nancy lifted the baby in her arms. "He's had a little cold," she told Tommy worriedly, "but he's all right now"



suffered by the comparison. Where Tommy was warmth and generous good nature, Steve, she sensed now for the first time, was cold and selfish. And since she realized this, it was silly for the old "unfinished business" of Steve to pop back into her mind and begin to nag her again.

AND she didn't want it that way, she told herself. She didn't want her old memory of Steve now; she wanted only the present—and Tommy.

At last Steve spoke, a stilted, "Hello, Nancy," that was no more constrained, after all, than her answering: "Hello, Steve," or than the silence which immediately engulfed them again.

Then suddenly, Nancy's thoughts went back to Tommy's black cat theory of facing the facts and she began to wonder crazily whether, if she were to feel again the reality of Steve's embrace, she would then be able to drive the haunting memory of him away for ever. If she could do that, if the real Steve could dispel the ghostly Steve of her imagination, if . . . impulsively she decided to try the experiment and she threw her arms around his neck.

She felt Steve tense with surprise, then she felt his arms clutching her and his hot kiss on her mouth. For a moment she clung to him, unable to believe at first that the miracle had happened. But it *had* happened! There was no thrill for her in his caress, only a glorious sense of freedom from him.

"Thank you, Tommy's little black cat," she giggled wildly.

From behind her there came Clarissa's high, piercing voice. "Tommy! Sheila!" she shrieked. "Come look. Nancy and Steve are playing post office!"

The scene that followed was a nightmare. Tommy lunged at Steve, accusing

him of making love to Nancy, then he turned on Nancy just as furiously and accused her of two-timing him with his own brother. Sheila, too, divided her accusations between Nancy and Steve, then she went into hysterics. When she recovered she dragged Steve out of the apartment and then, one by one, in great embarrassment, the other guests left.

As soon as everybody had gone, Nancy said contritely, "I'm sorry, Tommy. I didn't mean to start a scene that would spoil the party."

Her remark seemed to infuriate him. "Oh, you're sorry you spoiled the party, are you?" he shouted. "You don't seem to care about spoiling our marriage. That's not important to you, now that you've got Steve back!"

"But nothing's happened to our marriage," Nancy said soothingly. "I haven't got Steve back," as you call it. I've—"

"That's fine!" Tommy blazed. "My wife's in love with another man, but that's not supposed to make any difference to our marriage, because she can't get the other man. That makes everything just dandy."

"Tommy!" Nancy was half-frantic with her failure to make him listen to her. "You've got to let me explain," she said. "It was just your black cat theory—you know, facing facts so you'll never have to be afraid of them again? I thought if I kissed Steve I'd know once and for all whether he means anything to me or not. And I found out—"

"It's no use, Nancy," Tommy interrupted bitterly. "No woman like you ever kisses a man unless she's in love with him." She tried to stop him, tried to put her arms around him, but he ignored their appeal. "It's been Steve all the time," he went on harshly. "I knew that the first time I saw you and I was

a fool to forget it or to think you had."

He pushed her arms away then. "All my life I've taken what Steve has discarded. But I'm damned," he went on violently, "if my wife is going to be one of his discards!" and he stormed out.

"Tommy, Tommy," Nancy called, "I have forgotten Steve. I've forgotten everything except that you and I love each other. Please come back, Tommy, so I can make you understand."

But he didn't come back, and at dawn Nancy, carrying a small suitcase, crept stealthily out of the apartment.

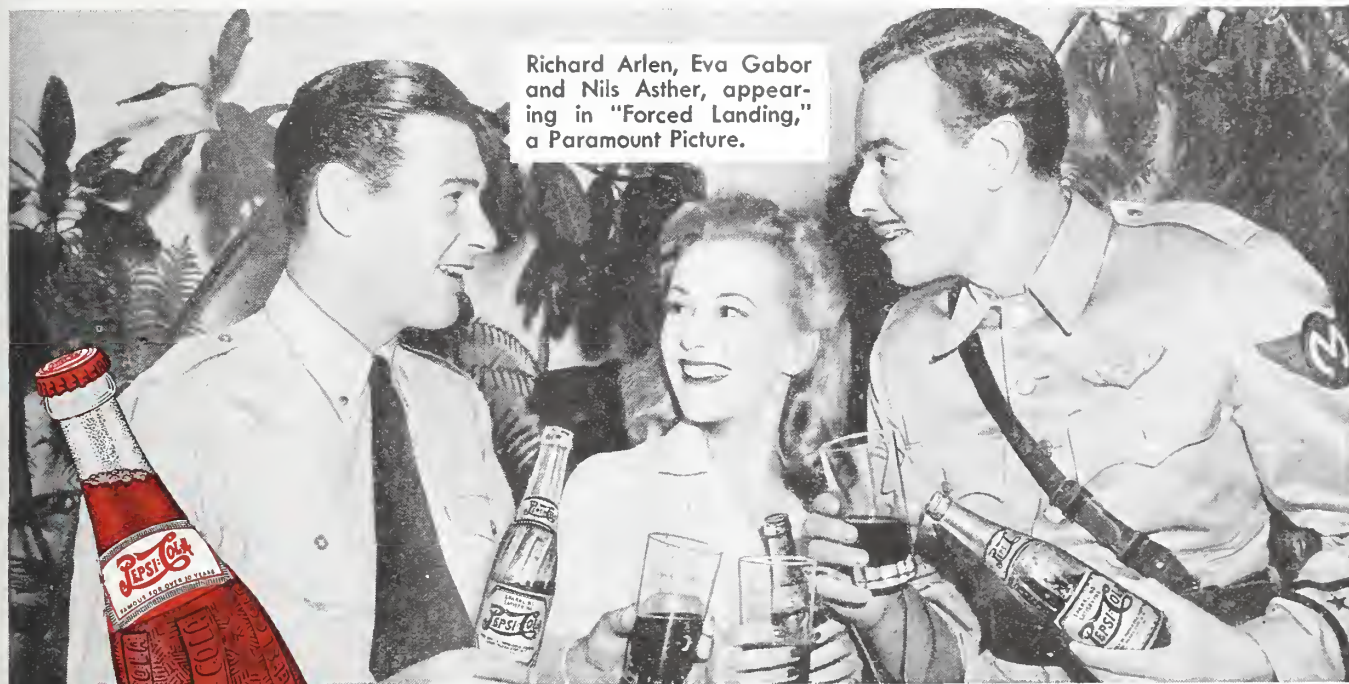
A LITTLE more than a year later, Tommy dropped off a train at Pennsylvania Station. After Nancy had walked out of his life he had endured a torture of self-reproach and heartbreak. He had hired detectives, but none of them had been able to find her. At last he'd gone off and got blindly tight, climaxing the binge by enlisting in the Army. He had spent the succeeding months at camp and this was his first furlough.

The night before he was to return, he took Aunt Mathilda to the opera. He yawned through the first act and part of the second, then Aunt Mathilda thrust her opera glasses into his hands and pointed excitedly at the stage. "Second row, fourth from the left," she whispered.

Tommy took the glasses and peered apathetically at the figure she had indicated. As he looked his apathy vanished and for the first time in months there was hope in his heart. He was shoving his way out of the box when Aunt Mathilda whispered anxiously, "Was I right? Is it—Nancy?"

Tommy nodded, then patted her on the shoulder. "Thanks, old girl," he said.

When Nancy came out of the stage entrance Tommy was waiting for her.



Richard Arlen, Eva Gabor and Nils Asther, appearing in "Forced Landing," a Paramount Picture.

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They rushed toward each other joyously, eagerly—then they were suddenly, painfully constrained and their "Hellos" were subdued, their conversation noncommittal during the short ride to Nancy's rooming house. When they entered the hall, Tommy said, "May I come up? There are things I'd like to talk about."

"I—I'm afraid not," Nancy said in confusion. "I share a room with somebody and—she'll be asleep now."

"Then we'll talk here," Tommy said determinedly. "I've got to know about—us, Nancy. Are we still married or not?"

"That's up to you, Tommy," Nancy replied slowly.

"It can't be up to me, Nancy," Tommy said wretchedly. "It's up to you and the way you feel about—Steve."

"Tommy," Nancy began eagerly, then she stopped. A girl had come in the door and started up the stairs. Halfway up she paused.

"Nancy," she called, "how's Mr. Duncan's cold?"

For a moment there was sharp aching silence, then Nancy said almost inaudibly, "Better, thank you," and the girl disappeared up the stairs. Nancy turned to Tommy again and started to speak, but he didn't give her a chance.

"I understand everything now," he said hoarsely, "including why I couldn't come upstairs." He was white-faced, working himself into a rage to conceal the suffering within him. "There's somebody waiting for you upstairs—and 'Mr. Duncan' has a cold!" He started to pass Nancy and go up the stairs. "All my life I've wanted to punch Steve's head."

In the upper hall a young man appeared and started down the stairs. "What's the matter, pal," he asked, "your girl giving you the air? Well, mine did, too. Let's go out and get a drink, pal, and forget about 'em," and he linked

his arm chummily through Tommy's.

Nancy grabbed his other arm and it was as though her touch, once so dear to him, had become hated. He felt all energy, all hope, even all desire to fight Steve drain out of him and he wanted only to get away from her, to forget what she had meant to him and could never be again. He said to the stranger:

"Lead the way—pal."

THE next morning, after he was dressed and ready to take the train, Tommy told Elmer to pack up all the clothes and jewels Nancy had left behind her and take them to her rooming house. When Elmer returned, he seemed ill at ease and at last he burst out, "When I took the things down to Mrs. Duncan, I saw—I saw," he gulped, "Mr. Duncan."

"What?" Tommy shouted. "You saw that—that—" he broke off, then ordered, "Get the car. That lug is going to get the beating of his life."

Ten minutes and two traffic tickets later Tommy banged into Nancy's room without knocking. Nancy was sitting at the window. She jumped up in amazement when the door flew open and color flooded her face. "Oh, Tommy," she breathed happily.

"Where is he?" Tommy demanded. "Where's Steve?"

The color, the happiness drained out of Nancy's face. "I've tried to tell you—" "Wait a minute," Tommy interrupted. He was staring at a child's crib in the corner. In the crib was a very small baby, waving his feet aimlessly in the air and trying to catch them as they went by. "Who—who's—that?" Tommy asked.

"That," Nancy answered serenely, "is your son." She lifted the baby in her arms. "He's had a little cold," she said worriedly, "but he's all right now."

For a moment Tommy just stood there, looking blankly from Nancy to the baby,

then with a strange sound which was half sob and half a shout of joy he caught them both in his arms.

"Hey," Elmer warned from the hallway. "What about that train?"

Tommy groaned, pulled his lips away from Nancy's and freed his hair from his son's determined fingers. "Train leaves in an hour," he said, glancing at his watch. He lifted the baby awkwardly onto his shoulder. "I'll take care of this fellow," he told Nancy proudly, "while you and Elmer pack."

"Where?" Nancy demanded, "am I going?"

"CAMP." Tommy shifted the baby to the other arm. "With me. I can't have my son grow up without his father." He looked at Nancy then, all his love and longing in his eyes. "You will go with me, won't you," he pleaded, "give me a chance to make up for—everything?"

Nancy kissed him swiftly. "I'll go with you," she said, "anywhere, any time."

"Elmer!" Tommy shouted. "Come in and start packing. And," when Elmer appeared, "meet my son."

"I met him this morning," Elmer said blandly. "Hello, Mr. Duncan."

Mr. Duncan! Suddenly a host of disconnected thoughts began to chase through Tommy's brain. Somebody had been asleep in Nancy's room last night—that was the baby, of course; he remembered how Nancy had tripped over saying "she's asleep." The baby had had a cold. "Mr. Duncan" had had a cold, too. Elmer had seen "Mr. Duncan" this morning—and now he had called the baby "Mr. Duncan." Tommy looked at Nancy, happily and feverishly hurling things into bags. He opened his mouth, started to speak, then closed it again. He looked at the baby in his arms.

"Hello, son," he said softly. "Hello, Mr. Duncan."

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

### Arizona Bound (Monogram)

**It's About:** A retired marshal who returns to duty to solve stagecoach robberies.

THREE favorites, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy and Raymond Hatton, band themselves together for a little old-time out-west shooting, scrapping, riding, and a-carryin' on. That Buck and Tim are about tops in their roles of Western heroes and Raymond the best old laugh provoker in the whole gol-derned West is evidenced by the audience's enjoyment.

The street fight with Buck riding pell-mell through a window is a corker.

Your Reviewer Says: A good Western.

### ✓ Hold That Ghost (Universal)

**It's About:** A pair of comics who inherit a haunted gambling house.

THEY'RE back again! Those two men who rioted the customers in "Buck Privates" and "In the Navy"—Abbott and Costello, the laugh clowns laugh of 1941.

What, when, how or where this newest spasm is all about, we can't quite make out. We don't even care, for that matter, for wherever—whatever—these two are up to, they're man-sized panics. From waiters to gas station attendants to heirs of a deserted gambling establishment, with roulette wheels springing out of space every second—the boys traipse their merry way.

Mischa Auer, in a wasted bit, Ted Lewis and his entertainers, plus the singing

Andrew Sisters and Joan Davis, are all wrapped 'round in a woolen string that somehow knits itself into a garment of hilarious nonsense. Richard Carlson and Evelyn Ankers are the sweethearts, but Bud and Lou are still the heartbeats of the laugh-hungry.

Your Reviewer Says: A howl.

### ✓✓ Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** A girl who must choose between three suitors.

WELL, it's priceless. A precious glimpse, really, into the motion picture future, for we're positive with such smart young newcomers as Garson Kanin to direct (too bad Uncle Sam grabbed him off) and Paul Jarrico to write, the old movie formula is bound to give way. And about time, if you ask us.

Here we have Ginger Rogers, so very, very good as the little telephone operator, trying to decide between violent young business genius George Murphy; deliciously zany and poverty-stricken Burgess Meredith, and charming and very rich Alan Marshall. Her future with each is imagined by Ginger and pictured on the screen.

The little touches, the trimmings, the deftness are what really make the picture so doggone cute. And everybody in it is just right for his role. Ginger's kid sister, Lenore Lonergan, is one for the book, really. Her scene with Burgess Meredith is a riot. Ginger, by the way, is just

about the slickest young comedienne on the screen

Your Reviewer Says: A cloudburst of fun.

### Accent on Love (20th Century-Fox)

**It's About:** The rebellion of a young executive against his work and marriage.

GEORGE MONTGOMERY is just handsome enough, young enough and vital enough to carry this message-laden story on his two broad shoulders. But he won't carry it far, for the story just isn't there.

George rebels against his life and his marriage that can't be dissolved through reasons of family pride. So one day George jumps into a ditch and starts digging. He never stops digging until he's straightened out all the social and personal problems that have troubled him.

Osa Massen, J. Carrol Naish and Cobina Wright Jr., are nice people to have in a movie.

Your Reviewer Says: Too symbolic to amuse.

### Forced Landing (Paramount)

**It's About:** The attempts of enemy agents to wreck defense constructions.

THE two young producers, Bill Pine and William Thomas, who created "Power Dive" on a shoestring, have made this, their second picture, on practically the same length shoestring and turned out another bang-up little movie.

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## FOR 5 OUT OF 7 GIRLS

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Beauty experts say your powder, lipstick and rouge must "go together." Yet recent studies reveal that 5 out of 7 girls use makeup that lacks this color harmony—the secret of natural beauty.

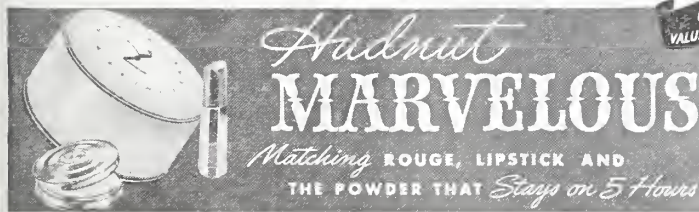
Richard Hudnut has solved this problem by developing a new idea in cosmetics—"matched makeup." And based on this idea, has created *Marvelous Matched Makeup*. Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in beautifully harmonizing shades!

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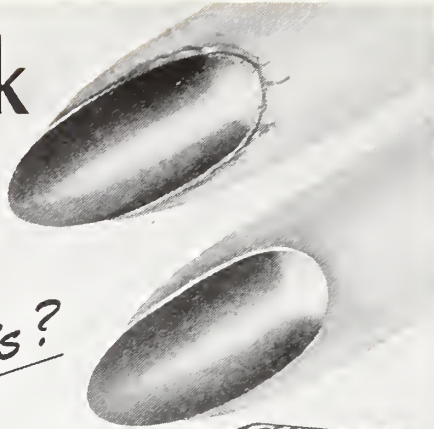
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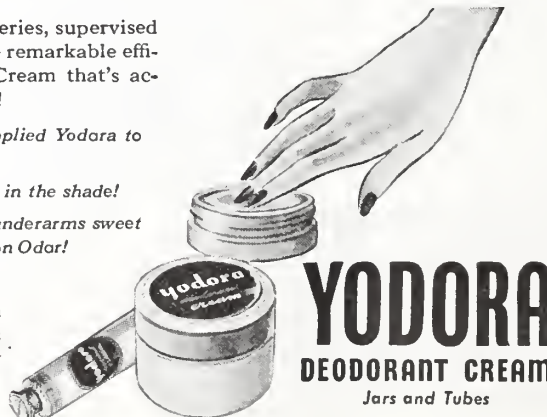
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DEODORANT CREAM  
Jars and Tubes

For one thing it's crowded with action—sky action, most of it, with Richard Arlen again the hero aviator. This time, Richard plays havoc with enemies against our government. With a beautiful blonde newcomer, Eva Gabor, to provide the love interest, what more can one ask?

J. Carrol Naish and Nils Asther are strong additions to the exciting goings-on.

Your Reviewer Soys: Entertainment made to order.

## Bachelor Daddy (Universal)

It's About: Three bachelors who find a lady baby on their hands.

YOU never saw as many comics in one picture work so hard and come forth with so little comedy. Baby Sandy who walks, talks, makes eyes and raises h—we mean heck, is cuter than pie and makes up for a lot of the unfunny episodes that miss fire in all directions.

Kathryn Adams, Sandy's mother, has the bright idea of sending the child to the Smith brothers (no relation to the cough drop boys) to keep, while she is involved with the law. You can imagine the ensuing commotion when I tell you the Smith lads are none other than Edward Everett Horton, Raymond Walburn and Donald Woods. Others present are Bert Roach and Franklin Pangborn. And still it isn't very funny!

Your Reviewer Soys: For Sandy fans only.

## Manpower (Warners)

It's About: Power line men at work and in love.

THIS is the usual triangle love affair with George Raft and Edward G. Robinson, two tough power line repairmen, fighting it out on the screen for the affections of a very sexy looking Marlene Dietrich, who doesn't seem worth it all, for our money.

When Marlene's father, also a repairman, is killed on the job, Robinson befriends her. He does more than that—he marries her. And right away Raft sees her and wants her but loyalty keeps Marlene tied to a man she doesn't love until a fatal accident clears the path for the two lovebirds.

The dialogue is lively and quite occasionally off the color standard. Alan Hale is terrific as a big lug of a practical joker.

Your Reviewer Soys: Hot stuff.

## Parachute Battalion (RKO-Radio)

It's About: Parachute jumpers in the U. S.

AN interestingly done little movie of those lads who leap from planes in Uncle Sam's behalf, and bearing the dignity of authorized authenticity, is this story featuring Robert Preston as the cocky, sure-of-himself recruit, and Edmond O'Brien as the boy who fears fear.

Paul Kelly and Harry Carey are very good in made to measure roles. It's good to see Buddy Ebsen back on the screen again, looking more than ever like an animated chrysanthemum.

Nancy Kelly (now divorcing the above mentioned Edmond O'Brien) is the girl in the lives of Preston and Kelly.

Your Reviewer Soys: Timely and interesting.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



## Ringside Maisie (M-G-M)

**It's About:** Maisie, a young prizefighter and his manager.

**W**E kept waiting for *Maisie* to get back into film, but the gal we've grown to love like a blood relative certainly seemed to be everywhere but in the picture, with Robert Sterling, a wholesome young fighter, taking over three-fourths of the story. It's okay for M-G-M to build up their fledgling star, Mr. Sterling, but not at *Maisie's* expense please—or it gives murder, that we promise.

Ann Sothern, whose opening scene is as a taxi-dancer, is the same whole-hearted, on-the-level "woiking goil" who loses two jobs before she meets Sterling and his suspicious manager, George Murphy. There are several exciting fight sequences, the usual hospital scene (all movie fighters get knocked into operations) and a whole truck load of sentimental bunk that has no place in our *Maisie's* life.

Maxie Rosenbloom as a trainer and Margaret Moffat as Sterling's mother are both splendid.

**Your Reviewer Says:** The weakest in the series.

## ✓ Father Takes a Wife (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** A man who takes a bride, a honeymoon and a new lease on life.

**G**LORIA SWANSON returns: That's about the biggest news of this picture. That Gloria has all she ever had, which is plenty, makes it good news, indeed.

La Swanson is perfectly cast as the stage star who retires to marry Adolphe

Menjou, expecting a life of peace and rest. Instead, she reaps a harvest of mad nonsensical goings-on for Adolphe is a man with young ideas, a man who turns over his shipping business to his serious-minded son, John Howard, so he can cut capers with his bride. The contrast between playboy dad and stolid down-to-earth son, a unique reversal of the usual, is comically stressed.

Swanson looks beautiful, and acts the same way. Desi Arnaz creates a Cuban riot with Helen Broderick not so far behind with her particular brand of rioting. Florence Rice and Neil Hamilton are happily cast, but it's Adolphe's and Gloria's show.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A little honey-bun.

## Murder By Invitation (Monogram)

**It's About:** A newspaper columnist who solves a murder mystery.

**A**LTHOUGH this thriller has the conventional old plot of heirs trying to get a millionairess declared insane so they can acquire her wealth, it's suspenseful and fast moving and will hold your interest throughout.

When the court rules that Sarah Padden, the rich aunt, is sane, she invites her heirs to her country home for a visit. No sooner do they all arrive at the stipulated time, midnight, than several murders follow, with almost the whole family engaging in suspicious acts, and therefore all suspect. Wallace Ford is the columnist, who gets in on the house-party by the invitation of Gavin Gordon, and Marian Marsh is Ford's assistant. Both do good effective work, as does Miss Padden.

**Your Reviewer Says:** An excellent supporting feature.

## Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** An alibi that backfires.

**L**EON ERROL shoulders the responsibility of this clippity-clop comedy that moves like a freight train in quick stops and starts of comedy.

The story is a thrust at snobbery and grows quite hilarious when Errol, in order to alibi himself, invites the Vice-President of the good old U.S.A. to a party and three phonies plus the real V.P. show up.

Errol's legs collapse on all occasions, of course, and the audience roars at every fold-up. Mildred Coles as Errol's daughter and Kenneth Howell as her pie-wagon boy friend are very good. Cecil Cunningham is an overpowering, browbeating wife.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A little laugh now and then.

## Barnacle Bill (M-G-M)

**It's About:** The reformation of a likable old rascal.

**W**ELL, here he is again, folks, good old Wally Beery with the pie dough face and the ornery but fetching ways. If our first-ten-at-the-boxoffice hero sounds out to pattern, believe me he is, with all the old familiar mannerisms that made him a favorite in the Marie Dressler days.

Marjorie Main, the capable character actress, is Wally's foil in this story of an old waterfront rapsallion, perpetually in difficulties until Wally's daughter, Virginia Weidler, transforms her dad into something fairly respectable. Naturally

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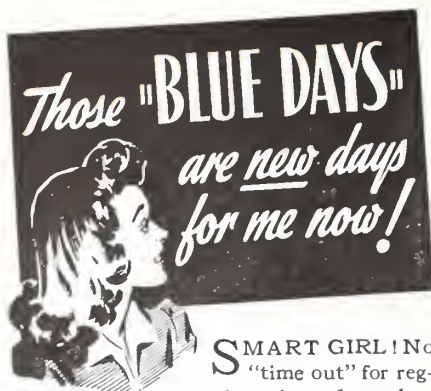
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Miss Main lends a large and willing hand in the process.

Donald Meek and Leo Carrillo are mixed up in the amusing and, at times, very funny proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Rough - and - ready fun.

**Blondie In Society (Columbia)**

It's About: Blondie's crossing up Dagwood at a dog show.

THOSE delightful *Bumpsteeds* are with us again funnier than ever and all mixed up in dogs to their eyebrows. It all happens when *Dagwood* accepts an enormous Great Dane in lieu of a fifty-dollar loan with the promise not to place the pedigreed animal in a dog show. But poor *Blondie*, unaware of the deal, trots off the elephant on wheels to the dogshow and what follows shouldn't happen to a dog.

*Baby Dumpling's* sage remarks are killing and *Alvin's* blank countenance somehow kills us. Penny Singleton is better than ever as *Blondie* and Arthur Lake grows more *Dagwoodish* every day.

While they may not cause any riots among the upper bracket hits, we definitely like the *Bumpsteeds*.

Your Reviewer Soys: Fun for the family.

✓ **Here Is a Man (RKO-Radio)**

It's About: The redemption of a man who sells his soul to the devil.

HERE is a picture that for sheer novelty takes its place among the best of its kind. But whether its kind is good box-office entertainment is something else again.

Taken from Stephen Vincent Benet's story, "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the film has been given a strong cast, a weak title, and superb direction by William Dieterle.

James Craig is a sturdy young farmer who sells his soul to old man Satan, symbolized by farmer Walter Huston, in exchange for seven years of wealth and prosperity. When it comes to paying up, Craig tries to get out of his bargain and is saved only by the supreme oratory of a risen Daniel Webster before a jury of departed souls. Make of that what you will and stop shaking. Nobody's behind you.

Walter Huston gives a swell performance. Edward Arnold is an impassioned Daniel Webster, Anne Shirley a sweet and solicitous wife to poor Mr. Craig; Simone Simon is the devil's henchwoman. That will give you some idea of the worthy cast that contribute their talents to a picture that will leave you either intensely entertained or in a strictly "oh nuts" mood.

Your Reviewer Says: It's so-o-o-o-o different.

**The Officer and the Lady (Columbia)**

It's About: A policeman, a schoolteacher and several crooks.

BANG, bang, bang and the cops are chasing the robbers again. Or in this instance, the robbers chase the cops.

Rochelle Hudson is a pretty schoolteacher who refuses to marry Officer Bruce Bennett, lest he also be injured in a gun battle as her father was. She has something there, for Officer Bennett almost gets his when gangster Sidney

Blackmer escapes from prison and starts prowling.

Roger Pryor is a very naughty boy throughout the whole chase-and-be-chased story.

Your Reviewer Says: Too many bad men spoil the broth.

**Lady Scarface (RKO-Radio)**

It's About: A honeymoon couple who innocently lift "hot" coin.

THE last thing we expected to see in this world was Judith Anderson, tops in emotional stage drama, lost in a funny (well, no, not funny) little B about cops and thieves and the inevitable detective who is harassed in his work by the female photo magazine snapper. What's more Judith as the leader of such thugs as Marc Lawrence, Horace MacMahon, and Arthur Shields is simply swell.

Money, loads of it, mailed to a New York hotel and picked up through an error by a honeymooning couple, Rand Brooks and Mildred Coles, motivates all the chasing and tearing around.

Eric Blore provides a comedy bit. Dennis O'Keefe and Frances Neal provide the fight and kiss sequences.

Your Reviewer Says: Rough stuff.

✓ **My Life With Caroline (RKO-Radio)**

It's About: The trials and tribulations of a husband with his frivolous wife.

THE one check is for Ronald Colman and the Colmanish charm. Sorry! We just couldn't resist it. And while we're alibiing, we'll say that moreover, there is a lot of quaint charm about this story that could easily rate that check, too. Now, have we convinced you?

The story is a bit of fluff about a husband's attempts to keep his wife from eloping with her various admirers, chief among them Gilbert Roland and Reginald Gardiner—both admirable gentlemen. But why the heck she should want to ditch Colman, who never looked handsomer, for less attractive men, is something none of us could make out.

A blonde and foreign newcomer Anna Lee, plays Colman's flutterbly wife and seems most attractive and capable. Hugh O'Connell is so marvelous as the butler (like the frog footman in "Alice in Wonderland") who is constantly on the wrong side of the door.

Your Reviewer Says: Very sophisticated comedy, indeed, my deahs.

✓✓ **Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount)**

It's About: The struggle by immigrants to enter the United States from Mexico.

CHARLES BOYER, at last, finds a role tailored to his measure, his best since "Algiers," in this Ketti Frings story of immigrants in Mexico.

The romance, the glamour, and all the things women seem to adore in Mr. Boyer are very present indeed, and Charles makes the most of every situation.

Not far behind is Olivia DeHavilland, as the schoolteacher from Azusa, whom Boyer marries in order to gain entry into the States. And very good indeed, is Paulette Goddard, as the nasty foreigner who attempts to weave Boyer into her schemes. The way this lass has pro-



gressed as an actress is a caution. Walter Abel, as the immigration officer, is vigorous and typically American. There is suspense, drama, and love in this story that is sure to make every American appreciate more fully the blessed gift of Americanism and the privilege it is to live openly and freely within its bounds.

Your Reviewer Says: Different, interesting, dramatic.

✓ **New Wine**  
(Gloria Productions-U.A.)

It's About: A romantic interlude in the life of Composer Franz Schubert.

FOR the glorious flood of music, the beauty of Ilona Massey, and the settings, we give this our one-check blessing. The story is inconsequential, and at times seems little needed with the music and Miss Massey's beautiful singing of Franz Schubert's *Ave Maria* to the accompaniment of a symphonic orchestra and boys' choir.

Alan Curtis is a handsome, believable Schubert, aided and encouraged by Miss Massey who believes so firmly in his genius and talent. In Vienna financial trouble continually beset the composer, who has left off his job as professor of mathematics to compose his lovely music.

A touching and memorable incident occurs when deaf Beethoven is given the manuscript of Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony* by Miss Massey. Out of the air pours the flood of music, while the audience realizes this is all comprehended in the mind of Beethoven who pronounces Schubert a genius. Albert Basserman is superb in this brief scene as Beethoven.

Bits of comedy are injected by Billy Gilbert, Binnie Barnes, and Sterling Holloway, but it's the music that seizes the attention and rivets it there in a glorious burst of sound.

Your Reviewer Says: For lovers of good music.

✓✓ **Charley's Aunt**  
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The farcical troubles of a young man masquerading as a maiden lady.

IT gets funnier every generation. Granddad adored it. Dad howled at it. Now comes the latest version of the beloved story of *Charley's aunt* (who is from Brazil where the nuts grow) to panic the younger generation.

Jack Benny is at his very funniest as *Lord Babbs*, Oxford student, who is forced to play the aunt of a fellow student. There is a howl every minute with Jack in corsets, panties and petticoats galore. Complications set in like measles plus whooping cough when the real aunt, played by Kay Francis, shows up on the scene. Laird Gregar is clever as Richard Haydn's father, Reginald Owen amusing as the faculty president and Edmund Gwenn marvelous in a repulsive sort of way as the fortune-hunting guardian.

No need to tell the old story of the two Oxford lads, Richard Haydn and Jimmy Ellison, in love with the two beauties, Arleen Whelan and Ann Baxter. It's been told so many times but never, we guarantee, as howlingly funny as this version. For the best laugh you've had in years by all means see "Charley's Aunt." It will keep you cheered for weeks.

Your Reviewer Says: The panic of the month.

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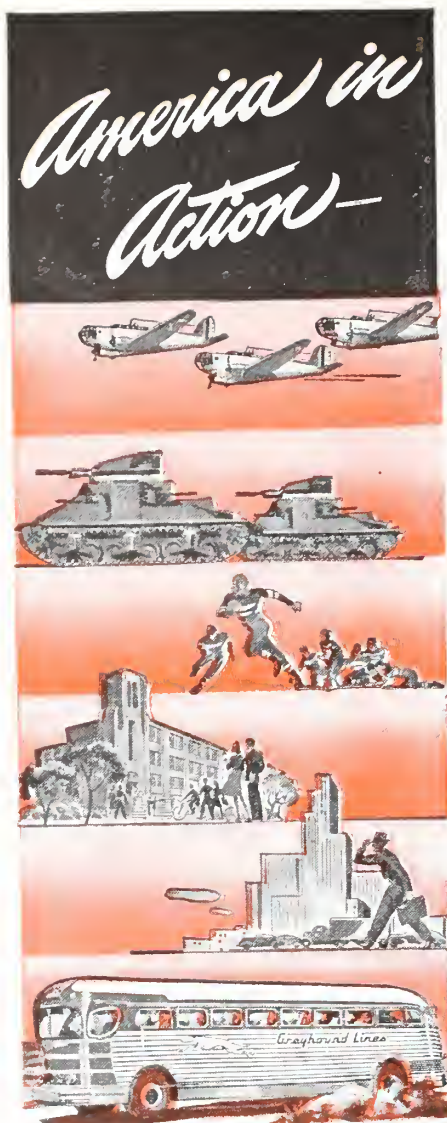
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**Speak for Yourself**

(Continued from page 21)

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**Not a Copy But a Composite**

**T**HIS is my heated response to the letter authored by an unthinking, disputation movie-goer who inveighed against "Meet John Doe."

She said, "'Meet John Doe' was a carbon copy of 'Mr. Deeds' and 'Mr. Smith.'" Well, I don't know what is better to repeat than "love"—and I don't mean romance. "Love thy neighbor"—that's for me!

I am more in accord with the reviewer who said, "When the great American picture is made Mr. Capra will probably make it and Mr. Cooper will probably star in it."

Rather than a carbon copy of "Mr. Deeds" and "Mr. Smith," "Meet John Doe" is a happy, successful composite of the two with the distinctiveness of the first and the impetus of the second. I hope it takes five Oscars—best picture, director, writer, male star and supporting male star (I refer to Mr. Gleason in the last case).

KEITH McLARTY,  
Sacramento, Cal.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**Autry Fan Clubs Take Note**

**I**HAVE just come home from another Gene Autry movie. The more I see of that man, the more I am convinced that he deserves a break. He can act. (Wasn't his part in "The Cowboy and the Lady" in DeMille's Lux Radio Theater some time ago proof enough of that?) He has given entertainment pleasure to thousands of kids the nation over. He does spell box-office pull at any theater.

Why, then, this constant procession of third-rate vehicles for a first-rate human being? For that is the secret of Autry's success. He is completely believable, utterly human, off screen as well as on. That is why he is the idol of so many. It is hard to admire screen stars and then find that they have turned snobbish on their fans. Not so Autry. He will always be as natural as he looks.

Instead of working his head off, as he does, on so many pictures a year, I'd like to see Gene Autry make at least one worth-while movie a year, borrowed for the purpose by some other producer, perhaps. He could still make his hero-stuff if necessary, but I am hereby issuing a call for all Gene Autry fans to band together and insist that he get a break.

RACHEL VALENTE,  
Paterson, N. J.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**Share the Spotlight**

**T**WO items in the movie news interested me today.

1. The Marx Brothers announce that "The Big Store" is their last film. They confess having "lost our appeal and the public is tired of us."

2. "In the Navy," Abbott and Costello film, breaks box office records.

Abbott and Costello are today the No. 1 comedy team; they stand at the peak where the Marx Brothers did a few years ago. Let them not commit the major mistake of the Marxes. So far they are not guilty but dwelling in higher altitudes sometimes makes stars lose their balance.

The Marx Brothers are an exceedingly funny trio; if the public tired of them, it was only because they hogged all their films. No player in their cast was ever given a chance to be anything but background. On or off screen, the life of the party can't continue to be popular if he doesn't allow anyone else at the party to show any life.

Ever hear of a Marx film creating a new star? Consider Bette Davis, who seems destined for a long reign. Other players in her films get a chance. "The Letter" brought out James Stephenson. "The Great Lie" resurrected Mary Astor.

Sharing the spotlight is wonderful!  
EMILY LEE DOVE,  
Washington, D. C.

**\$1.00 PRIZE**

**Open Letter to Mickey Rooney**

**M**ICKEY-WICKEY, you make me sick and tired in more ways than one! Perhaps your studio or the script calls for all those anything but cute pictures you make on the sets, but why spoil our magazines—which can't afford to put a taboo on your photos—with that definitely silly, wild-eyed, high school freshman, stage-struck look of "not really!" when a mere publicity shot is being made. I certainly do not expect everything you do to be different and I'm almost positive the public as a whole doesn't, so won't you, for the sake of readers of Hollywood magazines, stop acting like a sick horse each time you are shot?

L. T. SPROUSE,  
Ennis, Tex.

**HONORABLE MENTION**

**H**ERE'S my hearty congratulations to Ian Hunter, the best supporting actor in Hollywood! Your name in the cast always assures me of good entertainment, no matter how far down it is. I shall never forget your performance in "Strange Cargo."

BERTHA A. CAMPBELL,  
Springfield, Mo.

**T**HIS is something I'd like to see, and so would countless other movie fans—shorts showing the comings and goings of the stars as your magazine pictures in "Inside Stuff" and in other articles. We'd really enjoy seeing movie shorts of "Joan Crawford at Home," "An Evening in the Brown Derby," "A Day at Santa Anita," "Carole and Clark on Their Ranch," etc., etc.

We're all curious about the private lives of the stars, or is that nice!

MRS. A. H. MIDDLETON,  
Brewster, Kans.

**R**E the loud howl emanating from South America about our "good neighbor" pictures: As is suggested in an open editorial in a Brazilian daily, directed to Douglas Fairbanks Jr., they'll be glad indeed if we'll give them good pictures of New York and Hollywood and let them make the South American epics. To me that makes sense. Each would be doing what they know, and any writing tyro could have told the producers it is almost impossible successfully to fake background and color. The country's stake in this matter is too great to allow any further long-haired experimenting!

GAY ANN JOHNSTON,  
Detroit, Mich.



# The Last Hours of James Stephenson

(Continued from page 65)

should have kept this information to himself. His agent couldn't understand why Stephenson, the least grasping of men, should with a sense of almost feverish pressure start campaigning for more money. He attributed it to the fact that Jimmy had sent a large share of his savings to his brother Alan, destitute as a result of the Coventry bombings. No one suspected the urgency that was on him to provide for the future of his wife and child.

Last month the family went to Arrowhead for a week's holiday. Stephenson didn't feel well there. A few days after his return he dropped in at the office of his business manager. They noticed that he didn't seem up to par, that his color wasn't good, that his dry banter was conspicuous by its absence.

What they didn't know was that he drove from there to a specialist for a cardiograph, then home to rest. The specialist phoned Stephenson's own doctor to report his findings which weren't so good. They agreed to wait till next morning before telling Jimmy that he'd have to quit work for three months.

After dinner that night he called his secretary, Maud Bowman, laid up at the hospital with a broken pelvic bone. He'd been visiting her two or three times a week. That afternoon he'd sent a basket of fruit. He wanted to know if they'd got the cigarettes in it. He apologized for not having been down—he didn't feel quite fit. He'd come in a couple of days. Then he went to bed. During the night he awoke with a sense of oppression in his chest. Mrs. Stephenson sent for the doctor. An oxygen tank was ordered but by the time it arrived Jimmy no longer had any need for it.

He was buried quietly at Forest Lawn the day after his fifth wedding anniversary. There had always been an understanding between him and his wife that when either died what remained to be done should be done simply. They didn't care why people should be burdened by the heaviness of funeral ceremonies. "I'd rather have them remember me," Stephenson once said, "as they last saw me—if I'd gone off on a trip."

The most grievous loss is Lorna Stephenson's. Peter will never know the mother who called him Coojy Woojy when she thought no one was listening.

As for the rest of us, our sense of bewilderment, if less acute, is as real. His death brought a pang of personal grief to even his most casual associates.

Sam Wood, directing "King's Row," in which Stephenson was to have played actor Tower, reached the studio early that day. He was having his shoes shined when the studio cop told him of Stephenson's death. He spoke for us all when he said: "I was inexpressibly shocked and grieved. I hadn't known him long, we hadn't worked together except on tests, but I don't remember anyone I've met in the profession to whom I've taken a deeper liking. He had that combination of strength and gentleness which is so hard to find—gentleness, not softness—of a kind that comes of breeding. I'll never forget him and I'll never stop being sorry that he went too soon."

We, too, have lost our share in a kindly gentleman; knowing we shall not see him in the grave sweetness of his smile, will not exchange the few words that days left a pleasant taste in the heart. He is so much the poorer. Good-by, Jimmy Stephenson.



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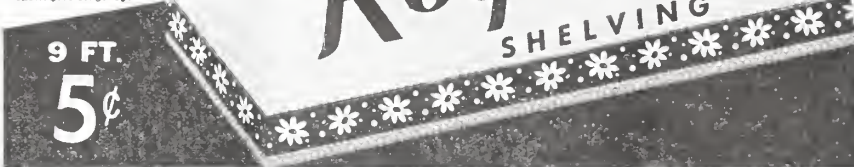


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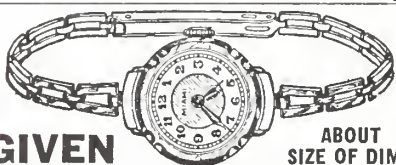
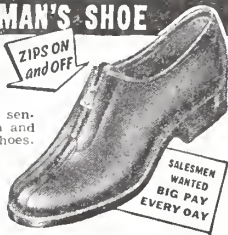
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**Brief Reviews**

(Continued from page 23)

✓ **MAJOR BARBARA**—Gabriel Pascale—U. A.: Oddly different but compelling is this George Bernard Shaw picture which may confuse you because the theme seems blurred in purpose and too many words are substituted for action. Wendy Hiller as the Salvation Army girl who loses her ideals is superb, as are Robert Morley as her sophisticated father, Rex Harrison as a Greek scholar who loves her, and Robert Newton. (July)

✓ **MAN HUNT**—20th Century-Fox: For sheer melodramatic tenseness, you can't beat this exciting thriller. English sportsman Walter Pidgeon is caught taking a pot shot at Hitler, and the Gestapo hunts him through Germany and England. George Sanders plays the Nazi who pursues Pidgeon, and Joan Bennett is the cockney who befriends him. The direction and performances are brilliant. (Sept.)

✓ **MEN OF BOYS TOWN**—M-G-M: Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan and Mickey Rooney as the Boys Town mayor carry on the story of the previous Boys Town picture and again stir our emotions with their sincere performances. Bohs Watson, Larry Nunn and Darryl Hickman give the stars plenty of competition. (July)

**MEN OF THE TIMBERLAND**—Universal: This action drama has Richard Arlen as a forest ranger who single-handedly frustrates a plot to despoil a timber tract. Andy Devine is the lumber boss and Linda Hayes the heroine. All three are good. (August)

✓ **MILLION DOLLAR BABY**—Warners: Priscilla Lane, department store clerk, becomes millionaired when eccentric May Robson gives her a million dollars, but Priscilla finds the money stands between her and her true but poor love, Ronald Reagan. The story's got plenty of vitality that keeps it bobbing along and May Robson and Jeffrey Lynn complement the splendid work of Priscilla and Ronald. (August)

**MODEL WIFE**—Universal: The dire but hilarious consequences of a secret marriage are revealed herein when Joan Blondell and Dick Powell dare not reveal their marriage because they'd both lose their jobs. But Lee Bowman, the boss' son, falls in love with Joan and insists upon taking her out, much to her and Dick's dismay. (July)

✓ **MOON OVER MIAMI**—20th Century-Fox: A typical Hollywood musical, this, with music, rhythm, color, song and scenery. The story has Carole Landis and Betty Grable inheriting enough money to get to Miami in search of a rich husband for Betty. There they find playboys Robert Cummings and Don Ameche as well as much fun and excitement. With Charlotte Greenwood and Jack Haley. (Sept.)

**NAVAL ACADEMY**—Columbia: Three problem lads, Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon and Billy Cook find themselves redeemed and regenerated due to the strict discipline of a naval academy. The three boys are good, but the story isn't. (August)

✓ **ONE NIGHT IN LISBON**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray, zany American, chases aloof Madeleine Carroll all over wartime London and Lisbon in this light comedy. Although it's pretty farfetched, it has its gay and amusing moments. John Loder does a swell job as Madeleine's English suitor. (August)

✓ **OUT OF THE FOG**—Warners: Although this is a beautifully executed picture, splendidly acted and directed, we rather doubt if it will completely entertain you. It's a bit on the arty side. Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen find themselves at the mercy of a cheap racketeer, John Garfield, who also upsets the happiness of Mitchell's daughter, Ida Lupino. With Eddie Albert. (Sept.)

**PAPER BULLETS**—Producers' Releasing Corp.: The fate of three people, who as children lived in an orphanage, is followed in this not-bad little movie. Jack LaRue becomes a gangster, Joan Woodbury serves a prison term, and John Archer becomes an engineer. Linda Ware sings two songs which have nothing to do with the story. (Sept.)

✓ **PARSON OF PANAMINT, THE**—Paramount: Another good Western, packing plenty of punch and dealing with a young preacher who dares to do his duty in a small Western town. Philip Terry shows plenty of talent as the fighting fearless parson, and Charlie Ruggles, Ellen Drew, and Porter Hall contribute to the entertainment. (Sept.)

✓ **PENNY SERENADE**—Columbia: Simple and lifelike is this tender, human document of two people who adopt a child and find happiness and sorrow. Cary Grant gives one of the finest performances we've ever seen and Irene Dunne as his wife is not far behind. Edgar Buchanan also scores. It's charming and heart-touching. (July)

**PEOPLE VS. DR. KILDARE, THE**—M-G-M: Far below the standard of the *Kildare* series is this installment. *Dr. Kildare* goes into the courtroom to stand trial for malpractice, the suit being brought against him by ice skater Bonita Granville who emerges from an operation a paralytic. Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore and Laraine Day do their best. (August)

✓ **POT O' GOLD**—Roosevelt-U. A.: Lively, entertaining is Producer James Roosevelt's full-length film all about how Jimmy Stewart, Paulette Goddard take over Charles Winninger's radio show and launch the famous *Pot O' Gold* gram. The music of Horace Heidt and his band a treat for swing lovers. (July)

**POWER DIVE**—Paramount: Lacking the seriousness of most air pictures, this is nevertheless a mighty entertaining little number with whiz-bang climax that's bound to thrill you. Richard Arlen is the aviator who tries to prevent young brother Don Castle from following his footsteps, and Helen Mack, Jean Parker and Edwards round out the cast. (July)

**REACHING FOR THE SUN**—Paramount: A comedy drama of a man's yearning to be away from the city of machines and out in the country is interesting in spots, but in others unbelievably dull. Joel McCrea is the man who wants to get away from it all and Ellen Drew is his wife who tries to hold him to his work in a great automobile factory. Albert Dekker is the heavy. (July)

✓ **RELUCTANT DRAGON, THE**—Disney Radio: Robert Benchley's roaming through the new Studios gives you a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the famous cartoon plant. It all begins with Benchley's wife insists he try to sell Disney's idea of filming "The Reluctant Dragon" and of course it ends with Boh in a projection room showing the finished picture. The whole family will love this new, novel and different entertainment. (July)

**REPENT AT LEISURE**—RKO-Radio: It has been told before, the story of the rich bride who walks out on her fortune-hunter fiancé and marries the poor boy who loves her for herself; the splendid performance of Wendy Barrie and Kent Taylor redeem the timeworn plot and make a pretty good little picture. (July)

**RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, THE**—Columbia: This weak little story of a small town community deals with the rivalry between a banker and a fisher. Frank Craven and Edgar Buchanan, and two old rivals in love and civic affairs, make up this puny, unreal little plot. (Sept.)

**RIDE ON, VAQUERO**—20th Century-Fox: Cesar Romero, as the *Cisco Kid*, cleans up a band of kidnapers in his usual engaging way. Chris Martin is the Kid's dependable pal and Mary Kay Hughes again plays the dance-hall girl. (July)

**ROAR OF THE PRESS**—Monogram: News reporter Wally Ford finds himself assigned to a murder story right after his marriage to Joan Parker, with complications setting in one after the other. Wally Ford's a good actor and deserves better; as a good audience, so do you. (August)

**ROOKIES ON PARADE**—Republic: Listen to Boh Crosby's warbling, laugh at the singing of Marie Wilson and Cliff Nazarro, enjoy the mingling of Ruth Terry and Gertrude Niesen and get refreshed. The Army camp routines are very good and newcomer Bill Shirley is the surprise of the show. (August)

**SAN ANTONIO ROSE**—Universal: The Macs and Robert Paige take over a nightclub with the help of Jane Frazee and Eve Arden; they manage to put it over. This background serves as a good excuse for the almost uninterrupted singing and music, but if you're fans of the Merry Macs then you're sure to enjoy it. (Sept.)

**SCATTERGOOD PULLS THE STRING**—RKO-Radio: Second in the series, this story of a runaway boy, Bohs Watson, maintains the high standard of the first. Guy Kibbee is so humanly natural as *Scattergood Baines*, the small-town fixit, that it's a homey, comfortable picture and one will enjoy. (August)

**SCOTLAND YARD**—20th Century-Fox: Mac and Robbers in today's London, with Henry Cavon as a crook who's wounded at Dunkirk, has his face remodeled to look exactly like a banker, John Loder. Both Nancy Kelly, Lora Lee, and Scotland Yard are fooled by the deception until Inspector Edmund Gwenn gets on the trail. (July)

✓ **SERGEANT YORK**—Warners: This picture is an adventure into the soul of America and a "must see" for all. Gary Cooper portrays World War hero who entered the war as an unscientific objector with moving dignity. Paulette Goddard as his sweetheart, Walter Brennan as his father, and the entire cast are splendid. (Oct.)

**SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS**—Columbia: Showgirl Joan Bennett takes a job in stuffy Franchot's Wall Street office in order to convince him that she'd be a proper wife for his ward, John Hubbard, but before she gets through, the humanized and his office nearly wrecked. It's a summer fare. (August)



**SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS**—Paramount: Straight from Harold Bell Wright's beloved novel comes this story of the people of the hill country, with Harry Carey as the man who comes home to find hate for his desertion of a girl and her son years before. John Wayne is the revengeful son and Betty Field the girl who loves him. It's a different story, and one we feel you'll thoroughly enjoy. (Sept.)

**SHINING VICTORY** — Warners: Although rather heavy and slow in pace, this love story of a famous psychiatrist is a fine, intellectually told movie. James Stephenson as the surly doctor is a splendid actor and shows much charm; Geraldine Fitzgerald, as his assistant, Donald Crisp and George P. Huntley Jr., as fellow doctors in the Scotland asylum, are all excellent. (August)

**SUNNY**—RKO-Radio: The gay, lilting music, the dancing of Anna Neagle and Ray Bolger, the colorful settings, the singing of John Carroll and the clowning of Edward Everett Horton combine to make this a picture of complete charm. (August)

**THEY DARE NOT LOVE**—Columbia: George Brent is an Austrian prince and Martha Scott an Austrian refugee who meet and fall in love in this tale of Nazi invasion, but excellent performances cannot overcome the slow tempo. (July)

**THEY MET IN BOMBAY**—M-G-M: Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell are a couple of jewel thieves in the far East, trying to outsmart each other, with amusing results. There's nothing very new about this old plot, but the two principals give a big-time air, and there are several laughable scenes. Jessie Ralph and Peter Lorre contribute strong moments. (Sept.)

**TIGHT SHOES**—Mayfair-Universal: This Dan Runyon panic has been translated to the screen with all the Runyon flavor intact, and you'll be artfully amused at the awful consequences of wearing shoes that pinch. Broderick Crawford is the gangster who buys a pair of too-tight shoes from clerk John Howard, and Brod gives a swell performance. With Binnie Barnes and Anne Gwynne add to the fun. (Sept.)

**TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM**—Columbia: Rudy Vallee sings, Ann Miller dances, Glen Gray and Edie Duchin's orchestras supply the rhythm, Brenda and Cobina and the Three Stooges are pretty corny, Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane supply the love interest, but all this good talent wasted in this B musical. (August)

**TOO MANY BLONDES**—Universal: One of the first pictures to come out of Hollywood in a long time is this had little number about a singer, Rudy Vallee, and his jealous wife, Helen Parrish, who are up for a divorce. (August)

**UNDERGROUND** — Warners: Gripping, tely, thrilling is this picture dealing with that vile band of German men and women fighting against the Nazi system by means of the illegal flo. Philip Dorn, unknown to his family, is the ace of the radio, and Jeffrey Lynn his brother who is in love with Dorne's accomplice, with resulting tragedy. (Sept.)

**VERY YOUNG LADY, A**—20th Century-Fox: The Withers deserves better than this modified remake of Simone Simon's picture, "Girls' Dormitory," in which she plays the schoolgirl who gets crush on professor John Sutton. Jane's crush causes the faculty much concern and the audience a little amusement, but it's Nancy Kelly who gets it. Sutton. (July)

**WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT, THE**—Warners: is hackneyed story has Humphrey Bogart as the debbled owner of a second-rate circus who picks Eddie Albert and makes a lion-tamer of him. Eddie falls in love with Bogart's innocent sister, Joan Leslie, so Bogart tries to get rid of him. Sylvia Sydney is the circus fortune teller. (July)

**WASHINGTON MELODRAMA**—M-G-M: When lionaire Frank Morgan befriends chorus girl Anne Gwynne, he finds himself blackmailed by a Dailey Jr. You won't care very much. (July)

**BEST POINT WIDOW** — Paramount: Anne Prentiss plays a nurse who keeps secret her mother-in-law in order that her West Point husband, Richard Denning, may graduate, and Richard Carlson an amorous young interne who has no idea of his wife's dilemma in this very pleasing little movie. (July)

**WOMAN'S FACE, A**—M-G-M: You'll find yourself completely held by the gripping intensity of this. Joan Crawford is magnificent as the scarred woman who fights back at a world that shuns her and grad Veidt rates equal honors as the man who loves her love. (July)

**ZIEGFELD GIRL**—M-G-M: Lavish and gorgeous is this musical extravaganza which tells of the girls, Lana Turner, Judy Garland and Betty Hutton, who enter the Follies and meet happiness and defeat. Jimmy Stewart, Charles Winninger, Philip Dorn and Ian Hunter are all very good, but it's Lana's picture. (July)

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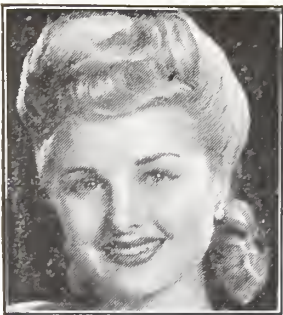
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## I Wake Up Screaming!

(Continued from page 32)

most of the morning. How are you?"

"Fine," I said. "I'm glad to know you, Jill."

Vicky came in then, wearing white silk slacks, and I gave her the florist's box. She opened it, very carefully, and then she took out the flower. It was a white orchid with a deep scarlet center.

"That's funny," she said. "Nobody ever bought me a white orchid!"

"What's it for?" said Jill. "You two going out?"

"I don't know." My cheeks were hot. "I was just walking along and saw a shop and went in and bought it. I don't know what it's for."

Jill sat down. She had the morning paper. I looked at her.

"I understand you sing?"

"A little."

"I always wanted to meet a torch singer."

"That isn't what you call it," Jill said. "That's old." She seemed nervous. She kept watching me. It was the strangest thing I've ever experienced.

When I arrived at the studio on Monday the story editor called me in and said the screen play they'd sent for me to polish had been temporarily shelved and he had a much better job. They had just bought a story. It was about a winter in Paris. There was a boy and girl, as in "Seventh Heaven," only it was an American boy caught in Paris when the Nazis marched in. He and the girl were trapped. They were hunted. It was poignant and beautiful. In the end the girl died. It was magnificent! I was to do the shooting script.

The story editor blew his nose. He had reached the zenith of his emotions.

"I won't see you any more," he said. "From now on you'll work directly with your producer. But I'll always know what you're doing. By option time," he went on ominously, "there'll be a dozen reports about you on my desk. One thing more. Always remember that your conduct is unimportant. You can go to the races or spend your time in Malibu. Nothing counts except your dialogue, continuity and timing."

I went back to my office and wrote at white hot speed on a typewriter until it got dark outside and the studio cop came around locking doors, and the switchboard girl asked me if I wanted a night trunk line.

I CALLED Vicky and told her I was going to be busy. But I didn't do any more work after all. I was restless and excited and I drove down to Los Angeles and walked the streets, thinking about the story. I was on Main Street and I stood in front of a hock shop window. I saw a pair of ancient brass knucks and, remembering a friend in New York who collected items like this, it occurred to me that these would make a good Christmas present. So I went in and bought them and put them in my pocket. I got back into my new Lincoln and drove to Vicky's apartment.

There was a kid at the switchboard half asleep. He was big, and he had a face like cold cream. He wore heavy, thick lens glasses, and his eyes were monstrous—or so it seemed—behind them. They were round, yellow eyes, and he turned and stared at me blankly. I looked over my shoulder to see whether it was me he was looking at or an escaped gorilla. It was me.

"Well?" he said. His hands were huge and hairy.

"I'd like to see Vicky Lynn."

"At this hour?"

I said: "What do I need—your permission?"

He plugged in angrily. But when Vicky came on his voice was hoarse. "Shall I throw him out?" he asked... he jerked out the plug. "You can go up."

Vicky had been preparing for bed as she wore a fuzzy blue robe and sh white mules. She said, "Hey, it's midnight"; then she said, "But it's all right. Hony." So I kissed her.

We made some coffee and sat in the kitchenette pushing conversation around. I told her about my run-in downstairs with the switchboard.

"Oh, you mean Harry Williams," she said. "He isn't quite bright. Night before last the manager came home and found him asleep on the board. Poor Harry! He said he didn't have to work in a joint like this. He said he'd a cousin from a distant cousin up in Doris and by heaven, he could always get a job there. A man's job."

She shuddered. "Jill thinks Harry has a crush on me!"

"Competition, eh?"

Vicky laughed. We talked a while longer. I was ready to go when she came home. She wore a blue evening gown and looked terrific in it. She took my hand.

"Hello, Peg."

"Why the Peg?" I asked.

"Short for Pegasus," Jill explained.

"That's a funny name." For the moment I couldn't see the tie-up between me and a flying horse.

"Well, aren't you our muse of inspiration around here?" she kidded.

I grinned a little uncomfortably. "I was just going," I said.

"Don't," she said. She talked about the band. "Vicky, the band's going to break up. I don't know how soon." She looked at me. "Don't go yet." But I turned around and kissed Vicky and left. The only trouble was, it was Jill I was thinking about.

THE next morning I went to Lanny Craig.

"Lanny," I said. "I'm in love."

I began telling him my idea about sponsoring a girl in pictures. Finally he told him it was Vicky.

"What?"

"Yeah. Vicky Lynn."

We started talking fast. We tried to analyze Vicky's defects. We couldn't remember any. She was perfect—mechandise. All we had to do was write her in glamour. Lanny picked up the phone and put through an inter-studio call.

"Hurd? Lanny. Meet me in my office, will you, pappy?" He hung up.

"Who's that?"

"Hurd Evans. He directs the picture. I write and he'll go for this idea. He's in a slump and it'll get him publicity."

"Listen, not him—he's a wolf," I said. "I belong to that club myself," I saw Lanny. "We'll tell him she's your personal property and to lay off."

Hurd Evans was a dandy little guy with slicked-down brown hair, and an angelic face. On his wrist he wore a heavy slave bracelet. I didn't like him.

Lanny told him about the proposition and I kept still. He revealed that the Little Lady we had in mind was Vicky Lynn. Hurd Evans looked as though he had swallowed an avocado pit. I glanced at me.

"There's a fence around her," I said.

"Oh, sure." He laughed.



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"Barbed wire," Lanny added. "So how about it? It may mean putting up coin, you know."

"I've got a nickel saved," Hurd replied.

"Oke. You're in."  
 We all shook on it, and then the three of us went over to the commissary for lunch.

We had just finished soup when Robin Ray came in.

Robin Ray was a young juvenile. If you've ever seen him on the screen you probably forgot it an hour later. He doesn't make much impression. He was dressed now in a checked suit and there was a heavy silver ring on his finger. He asked if he could sit in with us. If you sit alone in the commissary people think your option is being dropped. That was how he happened to climb on Vicky's bandwagon.

"We've got a scheme," Lanny said. "You're just the boy we need."

We four sat around a table and made Vicky the biggest thing in pictures.

We'd put her under our personal management for the next five years. It was decided that I'd take her to the highest priced flack in town late that afternoon and get things started. Her name would be linked romantically with Robin Ray. I protested, but they said a writer didn't have enough glamour. They said Robin would take her to big functions. Laughter and champagne copy. We sat there in the commissary until two-thirty, and by the time we left she was a star.

I NEVER knew what glamour could do. You'd think I'd have had sense and realized it was all faked. But no. Vicky was confused and scared more than happy. But I regarded her differently. I couldn't believe she was quite real. There is the story of the press agent who built up a girl, then fell in love with the glamour he'd made. It was going to be like that. I could feel it already.

Jill was at the apartment that night and she ate dinner with us in the kitchenette. The band had broken up. Jill just listened to everything we told her and she seemed to be transfixed. Her hair was copper under the electric light and her eyes were very blue. She thought it was wonderful. She wasn't a bit jealous. She wore a yellow house dress and a white apron. She cooked the dinner.

"You're swell, Peg," she said.  
 "But this is going to be fun."  
 "I don't care. You're swell."

We were all crazy the next few weeks. History was made in Hollywood. A magic legend was created and her name was Vicky Lynn. These are the things I remember:

Hurd Evans: "Yes, I discovered her. She was singing with a band in Glendale . . ."

Vicky: "It was Mr. Evans who saw me first. It was at a navy party in Coronado."

The flack: "No, she was never a secretary. Who ever said she was a secretary? She never saw a typewriter in her life!"

Robin Ray: "When I saw her I knew she'd be the girl. It'll be Vicky and me from now on. No, we haven't set a date. Her career, you see—"

Jill: "You're swell, Peg. You're real."

Midnight lights. Dancing lessons. Singing instruction. Vicky in blue tights and a white jacket, tap dancing, worn out, but laughing. Vicky in Victor Hugo's with Robin. At the Grove with Robin. At Dave Chasen's with Robin.

Vicky: "Baby, you and I can't be seen anywhere. If they thought this romance

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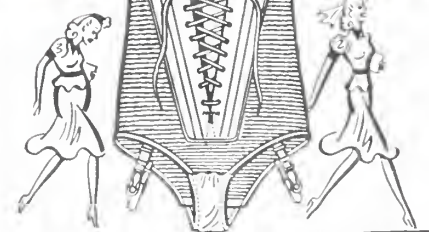


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was a press build-up—they're so sick of phony romances, and so suspicious!"

Vicky: "No, I didn't kiss Robin. Except goodnight. That's why my lipstick is smeared."

Vicky: "Darling, tomorrow I get a screen test!"

REMEMBER the night before the screen test. Everything was very quiet. It was the lull before the stardom. I went up to her apartment.

I said: "Vicky, cook us some dinner." She stared at me. Tomorrow she might never have to cook a dinner again. But I saw that she was pouting. I was kidding her, and she'd grown angry.

So Jill and I started dinner. Vicky got feeling sheepish and came out and volunteered to help. We wouldn't let her. But before the meal was over we'd laughed it off.

After dinner we went for a drive. We took Jill. I drove down Wilshire to the beach. We saw the lawns and the still palms and the stars gaudy in the sky. It was October, and warm, an Indian summer, and I thought of Victor Herbert's beautiful song. I was glad all the clamor of the build-up was over.

"If the screen test gets you a contract, you won't have to see Robin any more, will you?" I said.

"Oh, it wouldn't be right to break off so quickly." She was sulky.

"No, I guess it—it wouldn't be right." I looked over at Jill. "Will you sing, Jill? It's so quiet it would be nice."

Jill sang. Her voice was soft and rich. She had gotten a job singing fifteen minute spots on the radio. But this was different and better. Pretty soon we were all singing, very softly, and we drove along the Palisades, and down past the beach, the waves crashing on the sand, and the moon running across the water. We sang and we didn't talk any more. But when we were driving back to town Vicky said:

"Haven't you noticed, baby? Jill's in love with you."

It was as though someone had hit Jill.

"Don't be silly, Vicky," I said.

"No, really. I've known for a long time. She's tried to cover it up. But I've known."

"You're jealous," I said, "and silly. Besides, I don't love Jill. I don't love her at all."

The silence was terrible. Jill just sat there and didn't say anything. She tried to hum but she couldn't. We were all very quiet, and the car seemed empty and dark, and the stars were white and naked, and there was no breeze in the palms at all.

The next day it rained and I wore my old gray suit to the studio. I didn't wear that suit much any more—but today it felt good. Nothing was right. I sat and watched the rain. A block or so away Vicky was in another studio. She was on a sound stage. The cameras would be ready. They'd put a male stock player with her. Vicky wouldn't be nervous. She was too well trained to be nervous

now. She was smooth and polished. That studio was getting a break! I had a hundred moods one after another. Ours was rage. I sat at the desk and scrawled a note to Vicky. I said that if she loved Robin I'd want to kill her. I said that she was my day and night obsession that there wasn't anything without her. But it was no good. I balled up the note and jammed it into my pocket. I had turned in my script and it wasn't like the producer would call me on it that day. I decided to go home.

Vicky called in the morning. "Honey, it was okay! I sign the contract at two o'clock this afternoon."

"How much?"

"Three hundred a week to start." "Swell," I said, "you're on your way now, kid!" I tried to hold my voice up. But it sagged all over the place. It'd be Vicky and Robin now. Goodbye, I thought. I wish you were a secret again.

"Honey, I've got so many things to do—meet me at the apartment at four."

"All right. Gee, I'm happy for you, kid!"

I GOT to the apartment at six o'clock and used the key and went in. I remember it was quiet. Then I saw her. She was lying on the floor, one arm stretched out. She wore a light afternoon dress and her figure was beautiful. She was as white as marble but she looked lovely. Her hair was sprayed out in fine strands of gold, and her lips were bright, rich red, and there was a green eye-shadow on her eyelids. You could see that because her eyes were closed and she was lying very still. She was lying still and she wasn't breathing.

I moved slowly and numbly across the room and then I knelt down, empty and trembling, and touched both of her shoulders.

Dead. Dead! Dead!

I heard a key in the lock.

"Peg!"

I straightened up. My back was stiff and full of electricity. My back was like the back of a cat. I heard Jill's footsteps across the room. But it was a room somewhere else. It was a hollow room made of metal. I heard her scream.

A long time passed. Ten years passed. The room was quiet. It was quiet and dark. The windows off the fire escape were open and the wind was cold. The night was cold. Traffic swished by on Franklin Avenue.

"You killed her!"

Jill, grief-stricken, accusing me of killing Vicky! I could have turned on her with the same charge. But murder had never been anything to me but a word in the newspapers. I was soon to feel its blinding light in my eyes, its scorching fire on my finger tips. Which still didn't answer—who killed Vicky and Jill—what was she to be to me in the fear-driven days to come?

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## Casts of Current Pictures

**"ACCENT ON LOVE"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by John Larkin. Original story by Dalton Trumbo. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: John Worth Hyndman, George Montgomery; Osa, Osa Masson; Manuel Lombroso, J. Carrol Naish; Linda Hyndman, Cobina Wright, Jr.; Patrick Henry Lombroso, Stanley Clements; Teresa Lombroso, Minerva Urecal; T. J. Triton, Thurston Hall; Mr. Smedley, Irving Bacon; Flowers, Leonard Carey; Magistrate, Oscar O'Shea; Wardman, John T. Murray.

**"ARIZONA BOUND"**—Monogram. Screen play by Jess Bowers. Original story by Oliver Drake. Directed by Spencer G. Bennett. Cast: Buck Roberts, Buck Jones; Colonel, Tim McCoy; Sandy, Raymond Hatton; Taggart, Tristram Coffin; Red, Slim Whitaker; Mack, Gene Alsace; Pete, Ben Corbert; Bunion, Horace Murphy; Ruth, Luana Walters; Miranda, Kathryn Sheldon; Joe, Dennis Moore; Rogers, Jack Daley.

**"BACHELOR DADDY"**—Universal. Original screen play by Robert Lees and Fred Rinaldo. Directed by Harold Young. Cast: Sandy, Baby Sandy; Joseph Smith, Edward Everett Horton; Edward Smith, Donald Woods; George Smith, Raymond Walburn; Beth Chase, Evelyn Ankers; Elicanor Pierce, Kathryn Adams; Williams, Franklin Pangborn; C. J. Chase, Jed Prouty; Ethelbert, Hardie Albright; Judge McGinnis, George Meader; Louie, Bert Roach; Girl, Juanita Quigley; Boy, Bobby Larson; Landlady, Mira McKinney.

**"BARNACLE BILL"**—M-G-M. Screen play by Jack Jevne and Hugo Butler. Based on an original story by Jack Jevne. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Cast: Bill Johansen, Wallace Beery; Marje Cavendish, Marjorie Main; Pico Rodriguez, Leo Carrillo; Virginia Johansen, Virginia Weidler; "Pop" Cavendish, Donald Meek; John Kelly, Barton MacLane; Mamie, Connie Gilchrist; Aunt Letty, Sara Haden; Joe Pettilo, William Edmunds; Dixon, Don Terry; MacDonal, Alec Craig.

**"BLONDIE IN SOCIETY"**—Columbia. Screen play by Karen DeWolf. Story by Eleanor Griffin. 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; J. C. Dithers, Jonathan Hale; Alvin Fuddle, Danny Mumert; Waldo Pincus, William Frawley; Doctor, Edgar Kennedy; Cliff Peters, Chick Chandler; Mailman, Irving Bacon; Announcer, Bill Goodwin.

**"CHARLEY'S AUNT"**—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by George Seaton. Based on the play by Brandon Thomas. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: Babbs, Jack Benny; Donna Lucia, Kay Francis; Jack Chesney, James Ellison; Amy Spettigue, Anne Baxter; Stephen Spettigue, Edmund Gwenn; Mr. Redcliffe, Reginald Owen; Sir Francis Chesney, Laird Cregar; Kitty Verdun, Arleen Whelan; Charley Wykenham, Richard Haydn; Bassett, Ernest Cossart; Harry Stafford, Morton Lowry; Babberly, Lionel Pape; Messenger, Will Stanton; Elderly Man, Montague Shaw; Spectators, Claud Allister and William Austin; Octogenarian, Maurice Cass.

**"FATHER TAKES A WIFE"**—RKO-Radio. Original screen play by Dorothy and Herbert Fields. Directed by Jack Hively. Cast: Senior, Adolphe Menjou; Leslie Carter, Gloria Swanson; Junior, John Howard; Carlos, Desi Arnaz; Aunt Julie, Helen Broderick; Enid, Florence Rice; Vincent Stewart, Neil Hamilton; Tailor, Grady Sutton; Henderson, George Meador; Secretary, Mary Trean; Miss Patterson, Ruth Dietrich.

**"FORCED LANDING"**—Paramount. Screen play by Maxwell Shane and Edward Churchill. Directed by Gordon Wiles. Cast: Dan Kendall, Richard Arlen; Johanna Van Deuren, Eva Gabor; Andros Banshek, J. Carrol Naish; Colonel Jan Golas, Nils Asther; Doctor's Housekeeper, Evelyn Brent; Christmas, Mikhail Rasmuny; Hendrick Van Deuren, Victor Varconi; General Valdane, John Miljan; Zomar, Frank Yaconelli; Petchnikoff, Harold Goodwin; Felig, Thornton Edwards; Nando, Bobby Dillon; Major Xanders, John Gallaudet; Doctor Vidalek, Harry Worth.

**"HERE COMES MR. JORDAN"**—Columbia. Screen play by Sidney Buchman and Seton I. Miller. From the play, "Heaven Can Wait," by Harry Segall. Directed by Alexander Hall. Cast: Joe Pendleton, Robert Montgomery; Bette Logan, Evelyn Keyes; Mr. Jordan, Claude Rains; Julia Farnsworth, Rita Johnson; Messenger 7013, Edward Everett Horton; Max Cokle, James Gleason; Tony Abbott, John Emery; Inspector Williams, Donald MacBride; Lefty, Don Costello; Sisk, Halliwell Hobbes; Bugs, Benny Rubin.

**"HERE IS A MAN"**—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Dan Totheroh and Stephen Vincent Benet. Story by Stephen Vincent Benet. Directed by William Dieterle. Cast: Babez Stone, James Craig; Mary Stone, Anne Shirley; Daniel Webster, Edward Arnold; Mr. Scratch, Walter Huston; Ma Stone, Jane Darwell; Belle, Simone Simon; Squire Stossum, Gene Lockhart; Miser Stevens, John Qualen; Justice Hawthorne, H. B. Warner; Sheriff, Frank Conlan; Daniel Stone, Lindy Wade; Cy Bibber, George Cleveland.

**"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"**—Paramount.

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### YOU'RE THE DOCTOR

By Victor Heiser, M. D.

One of the highlights of the new October PHYSICAL CULTURE is a condensed version of "You're the Doctor" by Victor Heiser, M.D., famous author of the best seller, "An American Doctor's Odyssey". No woman can afford to miss it.

### Also in the October Issue

Is Your Thyroid Sleepy ● Steps For Growing Younger ● If We Are Bombed ● Wake Up Smiling ● I Never Gave Up by Gloria Swanson ● I Was Warned Not To Have a Baby ● How To Make Him Live Longer ● What You Don't Know About Caesarian Births ● Faces Made Over By Dental Magic ● Menus and Recipes for Vitamin C.

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Screen play by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder. From a story by Ketti Frings. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Cast: Georges Iscovescu, Charles Boyer; Emmy Brown, Olivia DeHavilland; Anita Dixon, Paulette Goddard; Van den Luicken, Victor Franzen; Inspector Hammock, Walter Abel; Bonbois, Curt Bois; Berta Kurz, Rosemary DeCamp; Joseph Kurz, Eric Feldary; Flores, Nestor Paiva; Lupita, Eva Puig; Christine, Micheline Cheirel; Anni, Madeleine LeBeau; Tony, Billy Lee; Mechanic, Mikhail Rasumny; Mr. Saxon, Mitchell Leisen.

"HOLD THAT GHOST"—Universal. Screen play by Robert Lees and Fred Rinaldo. Original story by Robert Lees and Fred Rinaldo. Directed by Arthur Lubin. Cast: Chuck Murray, Bud Abbott; Ferdinand Jones, Lou Costello; Doctor Jackson, Richard Carlson; Camille Brewster, Joan Davis; Gregory, Mische Auer; Norma Lind, Evelyn Ankers; Charlie Smith, Marc Lawrence; Soda Jerk, Shemp Howard; Bannister, Russell Hicks; Moose Matson, William Davidson; Ted Lewis; The Andrews Sisters.

"HURRY, CHARLIE, HURRY"—RKO Radio. Screen play by Paul Gerard Smith. From the story by Luke Short. Directed by Charles E. Roberts. Cast: Daniel Boone, Leon Errol; Beatrice Boone, Mildred Cecil; Jerry Grant, Kenneth Howell; Mrs. Boone, Cecil Cunningham; Horace Morris, George Watts; Wagon Truck, Eddie Conrad; Poison Arrow, Noble Johnson; Michael Prescott, Douglas Walton; Josephine Whitley, Renee Haal; Mrs. Whitley, Georgia Caine; Frozen Foot, Lalo Encinas.

"LADY BE GOOD"—M-G-M. Screen play by Jack McGowan, Kay Van Riper and John McClain. Based on an original story by Jack McGowan. Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Cast: Marilyn Marsh, Eleanor Powell; Dixie Donegan, Ann Sothern; Eddie Crane, Robert Young; Judge Murdoch, Lionel Barrymore; Buddy Crawford, John Carroll; Joe "Red" Willet, Red Skelton; Lull, Virginia O'Brien; Mr. Blanton, Tom Conway; Bill Pattison, Dan Dailey, Jr.; Max Milton, Reginald Owen; Mrs. Carter Wardley, Rose Hobart; Master of Ceremonies, Phil Silvers; The Berry Brothers, (James Berry, Warren Berry, Nyas Berry); The Singer, Connie Russell.

"LADY SCARFACE"—RKO Radio. Screen play by Arnold D'Usseau and Richard Collins. Directed by Frank Woodruff. Cast: Lt. Mason, Dennis O'Keefe; Slade, Judith Anderson; Ann Rogers, Frances Neal; Mary Powell, Mildred Coles; Mr. Hartford, Eric Blore; Lefty Landers, Marc Lawrence; Onslow, Damian O'Flynn; Seidel, Andrew Tombes; Ruby, Marian Martin; Jimmy Powell, Rand Brooks; Matt, Arthur Shields; George, Lee Bonnell; Semenov, Harry Burns; Mullen, Horace MacMahon.

"MANPOWER"—Warners. Original screen play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald. Directed by Raul Walsh. Cast: Hank McHenry, Edward G. Robinson; Fay Duval, Marlene Dietrich; Johnny Marshall, George Raft; Jumbo Wells, Alan Hale; Omnia, Frank McHugh; Dolly, Eve Arden; Smiley Quinn, Barton MacLane; Eddie Adams, Ward Bond; Sidney Whipple, Walter Catlett; Scarlet, Joyce Compton; Flo, Lucia Carroll; Pop Duval, Egon Brecher; Cully, Cliff Clark; Sweetney, Joseph Crehan; Al Hurst, Ben Welden; Polly, Barbara Pepper; Wilma, Dorothy Appleby.

"MURDER BY INVITATION"—Monogram. Story and screen play by George Bricker. Directed by Phil Rosen. Cast: Bob White, Wallace Ford; Nora O'Brien, Marian Marsh; Aunt Cassie, Sarah

Padden; Sheriff Bogas, George Guhl; Judge Moore, Wallace Clark; Garson Denham, Gavin Gordon; Maxine Denham, Minerva Urecal; Troubridge, Arthur Young; Eddie, Herberth Vigran; Mary Denham, Hazel Keener.

"MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE"—RKO Radio. Screen play by John Van Druten and Arnold Bergard. Produced and directed by Lewis Milestone. Cast: Anthony, Ronald Colman; Caroline Anna Lee; Phyllis, Charles Winninger; Paul, Reginald Gardiner; Pato Del Valle, Gilbert Roland; Helen, Katherine Leslie; Muirhead, Hugh O'Connell; Jenkins, Murray Alper; Walters, Matt Moore.

"NEW WINE"—Gloria Productions-United Artists. Original screen play by Howard Estabrook and Nicholas Jory. Directed by Reinhold Schunzel. Cast: Anna, Hona Massey; Franz Schubert, Alan Curtis; Countess, Binnie Barnes; Beethoven, Albert Basserman; Poldi, Billy Gilbert; Bookkeeper, Sterling Holloway; Hasslinger, Richard Carle; Clerk, John Qualen; Duke, Barnett Parker; Maestro, S. Z. Arno; Principal, Gilbert Emery; Miti, Marion Martin; Moritz, Forrest Tucker; Peppi, George O'Hanlon; Wilhelm, Maynard Holmes; Karl, Erno Verebes; Foreman, Paul Sutton; Soldier, Lou Merrill; Young Girl at Carnegie Hall, Ann Stewart; Young Man at Carnegie Hall, Kenneth Ferrill; Playboy, Lane Allen; Playgirl, Patricia Farr.

"OFFICER AND THE LADY, THE"—Columbia. Screen play by Lambert Hillier and Joseph Hoffman. Story by Lambert Hillier. Directed by Sam White. Cast: Helen Regan, Rochelle Hudson; Bob Conlon, Bruce Bennett; Johnny Davis, Roger Pryor; Ace Quinn, Richard Fiske; Blake Standish, Sidney Blackmer; Bumps O'Neil, Tom Kennedy; Dan Regan, Oscar O'Shea; Frank, Joe McGuinn; Captain Hart, Charles Wilson; Dawson, William Hall.

"PARACHUTE BATTALION"—RKO Radio. Original screen play by John Twist and Major Hugh Fite, Air Corps. Directed by Leslie Preston. Cast: Donald Morse, Robert Preston; K; Richards; Nancy Kelly; Bill Burke, Edmond O'Brien; Bill Richards, Harry Carey; Jeff H. Ili; Buddy Ebsen; Tex, Paul Kelly; Spence, Richard Cromwell; Col. Burke, Robert Barrat; Chief of Infantry, Edward Fielding; Pa Hollis, Erville Alderson; Thomas Morse, Selmer Jackson; Captain, Grant Withers; Private, Jack Briggs; Medical Officer, Walter Sande; Ma Hollis, Kathryn Sheldon; Private, Lee Bonnell; Private, Robert Smith; Staff Officer, Gayne Whitman; Radio Announcer, Douglas Evans; Recruiting Sergeant, Eddie Dunn.

"RINGSIDE MAISIE"—M-G-M. Original screen play by Mary C. McCall Jr. Directed by Edwin L. Marin. Cast: Maisie Racier, Ann Sothern; Sheets Maguire, George Murphy; Terry Dolan, Robert Sterling; Virginia O'Brien, Virginia O'Brien; Cecelia Reardon; Natalie, Thomasina M. Dolan; Margaret Moffat; Chotsie, Maxie Rosenbloom; Ricky Du Prez, Jack La Rue; "Rags" Ragland; Conductor, Oscar O'Shea; Peaches, John Indrisano; Jitterbug, Roy Lester; Jackie-Boy Duffy, Eddie Simms; Dr. Kramer, Johnathan Hale; Dr. Taylor, Purnell Pratt.

"TOM, DICK AND HARRY"—RKO Radio. Story and screen play by Paul Jarrico. Directed by Garson Kanin. Cast: Janie, Ginger Rogers; Tom, George Murphy; Dick, Alan Marshall; Harry, Burgess Meredith; Pop, Joe Cunningham; Ma, Jane Seymour; Babs, Lenore Lonergan; Paula, Vicki Lester; Ice Cream Man, Phil Silvers; Gertrude, Betty Breckenridge.

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COVER: Claudette Colbert, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial offices, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Executive office, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Advertising offices, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Chicago office, 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lothen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office, San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews, Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, and Newfoundland, \$1.00 a year; price per copy, United States, 10c; Canada, 15c. In Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, \$1.50 a year; in other countries \$2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and expired name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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with IAN  
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An M-G-M Picture • Directed by Frank  
Borzage • Produced by Victor Saville

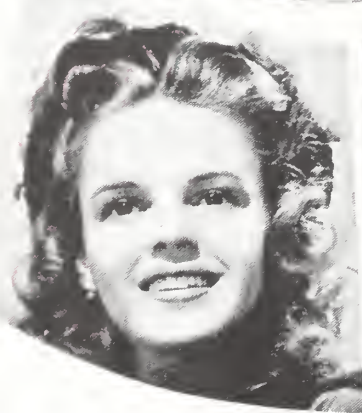
Miss MacDonald sings  
*Smilin' Through*  
*Just A Little Love,*  
*A Little Kiss.*  
*The Kerry Dance*  
*Drink To Me Only*  
*With Thine Eyes*





Deanna Durbin's story-book wedding was an influencing factor in . . .

# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



You won't believe it but: Dietrich's present career problem is the result of Kathryn Grayson's marriage



. . . Judy Garland's sudden elopement to Las Vegas with bandleader Dave Rose

Kathryn Grayson, who eloped with John Shelton and thereby mixed up Marlene

BY RUTH WATERBURY

**E**VERYTHING in Hollywood . . . but everything . . . is interrelated . . . that is both the strength and the weakness of the movie capital . . . and that is why there is always much more than meets the fan's eye in any story that gets into the headlines. . . .

As, for instance . . . you read about Marlene Dietrich's breaking her ankle on a movie set right down to the last detail . . . but you never heard a whisper about the connection between Kathryn Grayson's elopement and the Dietrich career . . . and there is a connection, an astounding one. . . .

You might not realize that the entrancing dignity of Deanna Durbin's wedding was the influencing factor in Judy Garland's cloping to Las Vegas . . . but it was. . . .

You probably would never connect the fact that Wendell Willkie's having been nominated for the Presidency last fall had a lot to do with Robert Montgomery's now shelving acting to become a naval lieutenant on the staff of the United States Embassy in London . . . yet the two events are definitely connected. . . .

And the real reason that Rosalind Russell, offered terrific contracts by

every major studio, has decided to free-lance instead . . . well, let me tell you the first three stories, and then I'll tell you about Roz. . . .

There is no minimizing the shock that the Grayson-Shelton marriage was to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . there have been a lot of harsh stories written about studio interference with players' romances . . . but the honest fact that Metro didn't want Kathryn Grayson, who is still in her teens, to get married is very understandable. . . for one thing they felt she was too young to know her own mind . . . for another, they have had her under contract for two years, during which time she has not only been paid a good salary but has had a fortune invested in her . . . in voice training . . . in acting lessons . . . in general education . . . in exploitation . . . and the like. . . .

Enter, now the plot and Miss Dietrich. . . .

Over at Universal, Joe Pasternak, the producer, was making a million every few months with Deanna Durbin . . . the girl Metro has never been allowed to forget having dropped from their payroll . . . Metro believed they

had a second Durbin in Kathryn Grayson . . . so they began casting covetous glances at Pasternak and Pasternak began casting interested glances at Metro because his Universal contract was about to run out and he didn't know whether or not he wanted to sign up again at that particular shop. . . .

Along with his success with Durbin, however, Pasternak was regarded as the individual most responsible for the Dietrich "comeback" in "Destry Rides Again" . . . true, this had been followed by "Seven Sinners" and "The Flame of New Orleans" which had died at the box office faster than you can say Douglas Fairbanks Jr. . . . but still, Pasternak believed in Dietrich and Dietrich believed in Pasternak to such an extent that Dietrich signed up with Universal to do still another picture, "Hilo Hattie" . . . at which time, Pasternak did move to Metro, with the announced intention of making the same prima donna of Miss Grayson that he had made of Deanna Durbin. . . .

But now the little girl whose scripts were to present her as dewy Miss Innocence is (Continued on page 94)



CHARLES BOYER says:

"I am a man  
of many loves!"

CHARLES BOYER tells about his newest picture, "HOLD BACK THE DAWN."

"I am a man of many loves in 'Hold Back The Dawn'—a sort of international 'heel'—a man who lives by his wits and his way with women . . .

"Frankly, I was worried about playing a role which could be compared to my Pepe le Mokoin 'Algiers.' But when *Mitchell Leisen* told me the entire story...how the rogue, Georges, who has known many loves, is at last taught the meaning of true love by the sweet, unsophisticated Emmy . . . then I knew that the role promised to be one of the best I have ever had. I was sure of it when *Mr. Leisen* cast lovely *Olivia de Havilland* as Emmy . . . and the fiery *Paulette Goddard* to play the role of the dancer who plays such an important part in Georges' life.



"'HOLD BACK THE DAWN' is finished now . . . and I am proud to have had a part in its making, for Paramount feels that this is one of the greatest emotional dramas ever to be put on the screen."

CHARLES BOYER

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND · PAULETTE GODDARD

in

"HOLD BACK THE DAWN"

with VICTOR FRANCEN · WALTER ABEL · Directed by MITCHELL LEISEN  
Written by Charles Brackett and Billy Wilder · From a Story by Ketti Frings · A Paramount Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



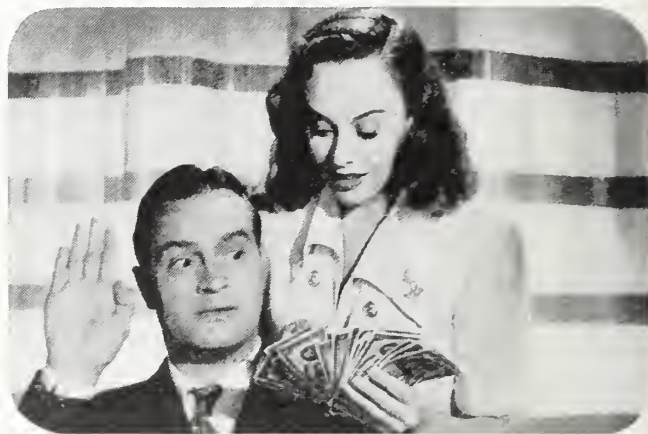
# The SHADOW STAGE

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



Enchantingly fresh little comedy: Fred MacMurray and Mary Martin in "New York Town"



A laugh-provoking winner: Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard in "Nothing But The Truth"

### ✓ New York Town (Paramount)

*It's About:* A New Englander who learns the ropes of Big Town from a seasoned New Yorker.

FRESH as a daisy, well-scrubbed behind the ears and wholesome as mush and milk, this enchanting little comedy takes Mary Martin out of the "Heart Belongs to Daddy" theme and places her, a naïve little girl in big old New York, in the field of straight comedy drama. She has never been better, and no wonder, for look who awaits her in the very first reel—none other than clever, likeable Fred MacMurray, as a sidewalk photographer. He shows Mary how to eat free, gather together free raiment and live off the town, as it were. When Fred attempts to marry her off to prosperous Robert Preston, he learns *all* the best things in life are really free—L-o-v-e among them.

Akim Tamiroff, an alien who wants to become an American, and Lynne Overman as the cheerful but crippled war veteran aid MacMurray in his happy work of getting Mary citified.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A little honey-bun with currants.

### The Best Pictures of the Month

Dive Bomber

Lydia

Life Begins for Andy Hardy

The Little Foxes

When Ladies Meet

#### Best Performances

Merle Oberon in "Lydia"

Alan Marshal in "Lydia"

Joseph Cotten in "Lydia"

Hans Yary in "Lydia"

Bob Hope in "Nothing But The Truth"

Bette Davis in "The Little Foxes"

Teresa Wright in "The Little Foxes"

Charles Dingle in "The Little Foxes"

Herbert Marshall in "The Little Foxes"

Greer Garson in "When Ladies Meet"

Joan Crawford in "When Ladies Meet"

Robert Taylor in "When Ladies Meet"

### ✓ Nothing But The Truth (Paramount)

*It's About:* A man who wagers he can tell the truth for twenty-four hours.

OVER Paramount way they've taken their knock-'em-dead comedian, Bob Hope, who, alas, is growing stouter by the minute, and set him squarely into the midst of a 1916 farce. The result is neither fish nor fowl. What was screamingly risqué then seems as antiquated now as a red plush album, but for all that, and in spite of the bewhiskered story, Hope brings in the picture—a laugh-provoking winner. All credit is due Hope, not the story.

He's silly enough, this funny man, to bet \$10,000 of Paulette Goddard's money that he can tell the truth for twenty-four consecutive hours. Maybe you think Edward Arnold, Leif Erikson and Glenn Anders, who took the bet, don't crowd our hero into one tight corner after another.

Paulette Goddard improves with each film, but it's Hope's picture and, brother, he makes the best of it.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Mama, that man is here again.

(Continued on page 95)

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 104





**HEADS UP!**



**HEARTS UP!**



**THUMBS UP!**

Here's the *first* story! Here's the *furious* story! Here's the *screaming* story of the RAF's daredevil Aces in Exile. From every conquered corner of the globe they come—avenging 'angels' sky-writing their heroic history!

*If you never climbed a plane 5 miles up . . . then streaked it earthward 500 miles an hour . . . If you never loved and laughed one moment though you were "going up" the next . . . then you can't possibly imagine how exciting a picture this is!*

THEIR COUNTRIES CONQUERED, BUT NOT THEIR COURAGE

It's the role that zooms Ronnie to the heights of stardom!

**RONALD REAGAN**

OLYMPE BRADNA • WILLIAM LUNDIGAN • JOAN PERRY  
REGINALD DENNY • Directed by LEWIS SEILER

Screen Play by Barry Trivers & Kenneth Gamet • Suggested by a Play by Frank Wead

INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON

The 'Foreign Legion' of the RAF

WARNER BROS.' THRILLING NEW TRIUMPH!



Jacques, of BELGIUM  
the never-say-die ace!



Nick, of GREECE  
striking back with relentless fury!



Michele, of FRANCE  
fighting-mad, fighting for freedom!



Josef, of POLAND  
avenging his home 5 miles high!



Olaf, of NORWAY  
flying hero of a heroic land!



Jan, the CZECH  
settling a score in the sky!



# Inside Stuff

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Grin extempore:  
Gary Cooper and  
Claudette Colbert  
in a Ciro's scene



Same place: A funny  
ha-ha look at Bill and  
Diana Lewis Powell



## IMPROMPTWOS

Bringing to light all the items Hollywood has been  
whispering about for these eventful thirty days

**E**VENTS of the Month: A gala night at Ciro's after the premiere of "Charley's Aunt" found all Hollywood wining, dining and gossiping. Anne Shirley and John Payne were the center of the "younger married group"; Joan Bennett, with her new short bob, and Barbara Stanwyck, with her new coiffure, attracted the most attention, with arguments pro and con as to which is more becoming—the short or long hair-dos. Cal refused to be drawn into it. Proud parents Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman,

and Corporal Jimmy Stewart with lovely Frances Robinson in tow, had the most fun.

Incidentally, Jimmy and his erstwhile girl friend, Olivia de Havilland, accidentally met in the foyer.

"Why, Jimmy, you've lost weight," Olivia exclaimed.

"And you've gained some," Stewart came back, "and it's very becoming."

That was all. Each went on to his separate table. . . .

The Chinese Moon Festival in downtown Los Angeles, with three

nights of gala festivities in old and new Chinatowns, had most of Hollywood riding in the parades and aiding in the cause of Chinese relief.

Betty Grable and George Raft brought loud cheers from the fans, with Judy Garland and Bob Young, Alice Faye and Cesar Romero, Fred MacMurray and Dietrich signing autographs like mad. Handsome Charles Boyer with dignified Irene Dunne, John Payne and Anne Nagel, Henry Fonda with Marjorie Weaver, Joan Bennett and (Continued on page 10)





## ...THE EPITAPH OF A NICE GIRL

Everybody in town liked Ivy. Then behind her back they began to give her a sinister nick-name. It was "Poison Ivy"—and every one knew what it meant but Ivy herself. Slowly but certainly that nasty whispered epigram became her epitaph. Socially she was simply finished. Men no longer sought her company. Too often for her peace of mind she was left out of parties that in the past she could have counted on.

People were cool in their attitude and sometimes dropped her without a word of explanation. Hurt and puzzled, she sought for an answer but found none; people with that sort of

trouble\* rarely do.

Few things are as fatal to friendship, popularity, and romance, as a case of \*halitosis (bad breath), yet anyone may be guilty at some time or other—*without realizing it*. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition.

Consider yourself. How do you know that at this very moment your breath is not on the offensive side? How foolish to guess . . . to take needless chances!

Why not let Listerine Antiseptic help you. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant, you know. While the condition

is sometimes systemic, food fermentation in the mouth is the major cause of bad breath according to some authorities. Listerine quickly halts this fermentation and makes your breath sweeter and purer.

Simply use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements at which you would like to appear at your best. If you want others to like you, never, *never* omit this delightful precaution.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.  
St. Louis, Mo.

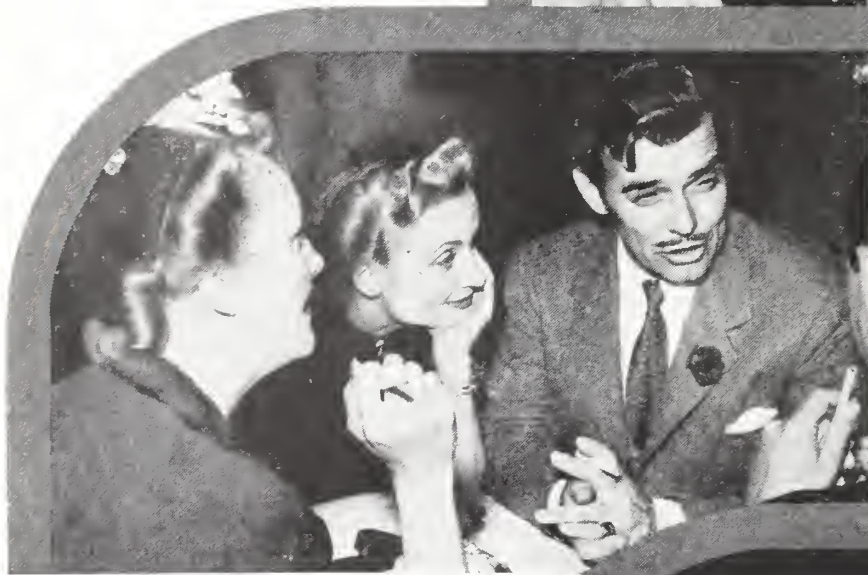


Before all business and social engagements let LISTERINE take care of your breath



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Complacency, or Rooney conquers the lemon: Mickey and his Ciro's date, Mary Lou Cook, in an intimate moment of a man's life



Gable grinned when he saw this Fink picture: He looks obliquely across a table at Ciro's. Lombard knows all, sees all, says nothing



## IMPROMPTWOS

Interested in the Ciro's tablecloth is John Carroll; interested in Mr. Carroll is Lorraine Gettman

Ralph Bellamy gathered in their share of yens. Linda Darnell had all the young swains on the sidelines mooning like calves. No doubt of it, Linda was the belle of the Festival.

**Oddments:** Martha Scott couldn't be happier. Martha and her husband, Carleton Alsop, expect the stork after Christmas. . . .

To turn another page, Thomas Mitchell and the wife from whom he's been divorced for twenty-five years have recently remarried. . . .

(Continued from page 8)

Mary Martin and her husband, Richard Halliday, will call the new baby, due most any time now, Heller, of all things. Boy or girl, it's to be Heller, simply because Mary likes the name. Cal hopes it isn't—a Heller, if you know what we mean. . . .

Gloria Vanderbilt, just seventeen, startled all Hollywood by appearing at the "Charley's Aunt" preview with a six-inch-high pompadour atop her pretty head. On her arm was George Montgomery, ex-Montana cowboy, who was even prettier. Incidentally,

this Montgomery lad is the favorite swain these days, even handing Bobbie Stack a back seat. . . .

Wayne Morris in his Navy outfit is the handsomest actor in uniform. If you'd like an official look at him, turn to page 26.

**Favorite Stories of the Month:** Ginger Rogers had just returned from the beach and stood by the RKO newsstand looking over the magazines. Her rather thin hair was stringy, her (Continued on page 12)



# LADIES!

## Here Is Such A Special Introductory Offer To Readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror

### WE HOPE YOU DON'T MISS A WORD OF IT

LADIES . . . have you ever wished to own an expensive diamond ring? Well, you know that the marching armies of Europe have brought the diamond centers of the world to a virtual standstill. With genuine diamond prices shooting skyward, it might be a long, long time before your dreams came true. But here's amazing news. If you act now, today, you can obtain a beautiful solitaire replica diamond ring, nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  karat solitaire, one of America's greatest imitations, in a gorgeous sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, during one of the greatest value-giving advertising offers in all history! Simply mail the coupon below. Inspect this remarkable solitaire replica diamond, wear it for 10 days. If you aren't delighted in every way, you need not lose a penny!

### Have You Ever Wished To Own A Beautiful Expensive Looking Replica Diamond Solitaire?

JUST think! No other type ring so beautifully expresses the sentiment of true love as a Solitaire . . . a replica diamond solitaire, gleaming in its crystal white beauty . . . exquisitely set in a sterling silver or yellow gold-plate ring that proudly encircles "her" finger . . . the perfect symbol of life's sweetest sentiment . . . an adorable token of love and affection. Replica diamonds are decidedly new and very

fashionable. So closely do they resemble real diamonds in flaming, dazzling colors, the average person can scarcely tell them apart. So you, too, should inspect this replica diamond solitaire. Mail the coupon, see for yourself that it is one of the world's most popular ring styles. Consider your replica diamond on-approval for ten days. If it doesn't amaze you and your friends, return it and you aren't out a penny.

## SEND NO MONEY . . . MAIL COUPON TODAY

### —TEST 10 DAYS ON GUARANTEE OF FULL SATISFACTION OR MONEY BACK

THE beautiful, sentimental solitaire has a gorgeous, brilliant center replica, nearly  $\frac{3}{4}$  karat size and two dazzling replicas on each side. The mounting reproduces in fine detail the same popular ring styling which has been the rage from Miami to Hollywood. It is the ring of youth, of love, of affection. You have your choice of genuine sterling silver or yellow gold-plate mountings. Remember, we're not trying to tell you these are real diamonds. The originals would cost \$100.00, \$200.00 or perhaps more. But these replica diamonds ARE one

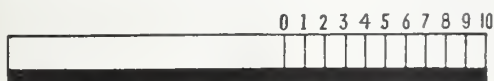
of America's greatest imitations. Not too big, not too flashy, it takes the closest inspection to tell the difference. Stage stars, celebrities, social leaders and millionaires don't risk their precious originals but wear replica diamonds without fear of detection. The Solitaire is offered to you for only \$1.00. The solitaire and wedding ring to match are specially priced at only \$1.69 . . . the perfect pair for only \$1.69. Send no money. Just mail the coupon below and deposit \$1.00 for the solitaire alone or \$1.69 for both the solitaire and wedding ring,

plus postage charges. Inspect these beautiful replica diamonds. Wear them, see how real-like they sparkle, how amazingly brilliant they are, how envious your friends may be. Convince yourself—compare these replica diamonds with originals. Consider them on-approval, on free trial for ten full days. Then if you can bear to part with your ring, if you aren't satisfied in every way, return them and get your money back for the asking. Don't wait but mail the coupon, today!

#### "The Perfect Pair"

THE solitaire replica diamond ring, in either a sterling silver or gold-plate mounting, is offered at \$1.00. The wedding ring to match is only 69c extra, both the solitaire and matching wedding ring for only \$1.69. Mail the coupon today.

For Ring Size . . . Use the chart below. Cut out the strip accurately, wrap tightly around middle-joint of ring finger. The number that meets the end of the chart strip is your ring size. Mark it down on the coupon.



### CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

**The Diamond Man, Dept. 41, 207 N. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.**

Send for my inspection and approval, replica diamond rings as checked below. I will pay postman amount indicated plus postage on arrival on the understanding I can return the rings for any reason in 10 days and you will refund my money immediately without question.

Replica Diamond Solitaire—\$1.00  
 Replica Diamond Solitaire and Matching Wedding Ring—  
 Both For \$1.69

Size  Sterling Silver  Yellow Gold Plate

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 10)

nose peeling, her skin red. Finally, Ginger pointed to a gorgeous picture of herself on a magazine cover.

"Gee," she said, "if I could only look like that."

An actor, jobless at the moment, sat in Romanoff's staring at Barbara Hutton, the heiress, and her swain, Cary Grant.

"Look at them," he sighed. "Cash and Cary."

Bob Montgomery, accompanied by a friend, was on his way East to join the Navy when a dignified elderly man approached and reached out his hand to Bob.



They go out to dinner at the new Copacabana: George Raft and Gary Cooper, Fink's tight-collar lad

**Hello There, Miss Dunne:** Irene Dunne heard that a certain driver of a sight-seeing bus for tourists in Hollywood was dropping the most scandalous tidbits as he pointed out the stars' homes.

So, disguised with dark glasses and a scarf over her head, Irene boarded the bus. The driver, while not enthusiastic, very kindly pointed out each home.

"And now," he finally said, "on the left is the home of the beautiful Miss Irene Dunne and her husband, Dr. Griffin. They are the happiest and most popular couple in Hollywood. And what's more, Miss Dunne is my favorite actress."

Irene gloated behind her dark spectacles. Wait until she told her friends about this.

At the end of the trip, she stepped down blithely with the other passengers.

"Well, good-by, Miss Dunne," called the driver, grinning from ear to ear. "But you should *really* hear what I say on your block sometimes."

Frustrated, Irene stormed home.

Note to Hollywood Chamber of Commerce: Why not investigate those sight-seeing busses? Many stars have complained about the chatter handed out by the drivers.

(Continued on page 14)



These two rise and shine at the Moon Festival in Chinatown for Chinese Relief. Marlene Dietrich and Fred MacMurray. Below: Three lucky strikes at the ball game—Daisy, Larry Simms, Cesar Romero

"Hello, Freddie," he said.

"Freddie?" asked Bob's friend, puzzled.

"Yes, Freddie March, my favorite actor."

"Why, this isn't Fredric March," said the friend. "This is Robert Montgomery."

"Don't tell me," said the now indignant gentleman. "I know Fredric March. Why, I wouldn't walk across the street to see Robert Montgomery!"

**Getting Down To Facts:** Cal has an interesting telephone conversation to report. It took place between the editor of Photoplay-Movie Mirror and Mae Murray.

Said Miss Murray: "A lot of publications have made incorrect statements about my name and my age. I have only one name—Mae Murray—and only one true birth date: May 10, 1898."







# STRAW MEN

Without meat, milk, eggs, fish, America could never have an efficient army—in the field—on the farms—or in the factory.

For these foods contain vital elements which men need for the hard work the nation must perform.

FROM LEAN MEAT come several members of that amazing vitamin family we call B-Complex. Lean meat is muscle—rich in strength-giving proteins. Lean meat is a fine source of mineral substances—of iron and copper, for example, without which good red blood cannot exist. Don't forget liver or kidneys either. In some ways they surpass the lean cuts. And the fat from meat is nature's most concentrated form of food energy.

Milk and eggs are also important foods, contributing much to a well-balanced diet.

From fish also we get needed proteins, minerals and parts of the Vitamin B-Complex.

You know how Uncle Sam is bet-

ting on the stamina and courage and alertness of all his nephews and nieces now. Don't let him down.

Proper food, we all know, can make the difference between men and women of straw and men and women of iron!

**WHERE YOU SEE** meats displayed, where you see them advertised in counter and window signs, your merchant is aiding our government's program to make the nation strong. Meat, eaten regularly, helps to build up the individual—helps to build up America's defense.

This message is approved by the office of Federal Security Administrator, Paul V. McNutt, Co-ordinator of Health, Welfare and Related Defense Activities. It is brought to you as our contribution to National Nutritional Defense by Photoplay-Movie Mirror

## THE MAGIC FOODS

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



**MILK**—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein and calcium. "Irradiated" milk—for Vitamin D—the "sunshine" vitamin.

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



**GREEN AND YELLOW** vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C, and minerals.

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




**BREAD**, whole grain or enriched, for B Vitamins and other nutrients.

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

# Food will build a NEW America





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 "gipsy" shade

"Magnet Red"

a dramatic red red

Dahlia

smart, flower-soft red

Tamale

alluring "Latin" shade

COTY



CAL YORK'S  
Inside Stuff

Ciro's sees why Lana Turner, here with Judy Garland, is known as one of the most daringly dressed women in Hollywood

(Continued from page 12)

**Out for the Count of Nine:** When Gene Tierney eloped with Count Oleg Cassini, Hollywood dress designer, her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Tierney, were furious. But their amazement was nothing compared to Hollywood's when the parents sued to prevent Twentieth Century-Fox from signing a new contract with their daughter, plus a \$5,000 damage claim. It seems the parents were a corporation that was to receive twenty-five percent of Gene's gross earnings.

Well, you could have knocked Hollywood down with the proverbial feather when that bomb burst, seeing as how Mr. Howard Tierney is a man of considerable means.

Anyway, we are happy to report:

1. The case was dismissed by Superior Judge Robert L. Munger.
2. Gene has hired a new agent, Leland Hayward (Maggie Sullavan's husband), to replace her parents in the handling of her affairs.
3. She has moved into the small apartment occupied by her husband and his mother.
4. She swears she loves her husband.
5. She swore she loved handsome Robert Sterling a few months before and almost married him.
6. The young lady is undoubtedly in love with love and under the circumstances you can't blame Daddy and Mother for being in arms.
7. Her career is zooming, Gene dashing from "Sundown" to "Shanghai Gesture."
8. Her brother, the Harvard lad, planned to Hollywood to beg Gene to give up her count. She refused.
9. Hollywood is quite frankly dis-

appointed over the whole thing, but then everybody got married to somebody in Hollywood this summer, or so it seems to Cal.

10. Anyway, it's none of our business and we wish Gene and Oleg much happiness.

P.S. Incidentally, don't be discouraged, girls, if your legs are a bit on the too-plump side. Miss Tierney possesses a pair that is much too heavy and look how she gets by. Gene concentrates on her face and hair and thereby takes everybody's mind off the lower extremities. Or nearly everybody's, that is.

**Temperature—Zero:** We walked onto "The Man Who Came for Dinner" set and stopped in our tracks—our mouths gaping. We'd heard those rumors that Bette Davis and Ann Sheridan were feuding, but never had we expected to encounter the iciness that seemed to fill the very air. Bette and Ann were before the camera waiting for the director to give the word to go ahead, when suddenly Bette turned to Ann.

"Since we're feuding," she said coldly, "I may as well tell you I think you stink."

Ann looked Bette up and down. "And may I say I think you stink, Miss Davis?" she said.

Not a soul spoke a word for a full minute, which aged your old Uncle Cal ten years. Then, just when we could bear it no longer, the two girls burst out in laughter.

They'd been clowning, of course. But you should have seen their faces later when they glimpsed us and you should have heard their frantic explanations lest we really think they



## Girl meets Boy—Girl wins Boy Girl guards her Charm with Mum!



Holding hands at Ciro's: Ginger Rogers and George Montgomery, a question-mark couple. For inside news, see the story on page 31

meant it. That's where we got even with them.

**Friendship, Marriage, Romance:** Olivia de Havilland never missed a day visiting Franchot Tone while he lay ill in the hospital. This is one of those "perfect friendships" that sometimes develop between a man and woman. Franchot, incidentally, is well again after a serious illness. . . .

The bride wore a very sore throat. In Las Vegas, Nevada, Ellen Drew rose from her bed of illness to marry writer Cy Bartlett, Alice White's former husband. Despite the cold, Ellen and Cy went through the ceremony that had been postponed so many times due to picture engagements. Ellen, one of Hollywood's best young actresses, has been married once before and is so proud of her seven-year-old son. All Hollywood wishes the couple happiness—even if the bride did "dak dru her nose" when she said her "I do's". . . .

"I'd certainly like to know how Bonita feels about marriage three years from now," Jackie Cooper told Cal. "We're much too young even to think of marriage now," he said. "Bonita and I are both eighteen and eighteen is too young for so serious a step."

There's an aura of sadness about young Cooper these days because his beloved "Mom" is so very ill. It's a shadow that even his happiness with Bonita can't dispel.

**And It Wasn't Harpo Marx:** As a rule Betty Grable is kind to autograph hounds. But there is one she would like to strangle with her bare hands. Betty is one of the few stars who drives her own car at night and on the way home recently her heart leaped into her throat when she realized she was being followed by a man in a black sedan. When she speeded up, the other car speeded up. When



### Keep your Charm your winning asset— prevent underarm odor with Mum!

**S**OME GIRLS live alone and like it. Others marry their second best choice. But happy Sue nailed the man of her heart's desire and better still, she plans to keep him. Sue knows that personal daintiness is one asset a girl *must* have. And *every day* she guards her charm with Mum.

She knows that even the most refreshing bath can't prevent risk of underarm odor to come. *Mum does.* A quick, daily dab under each arm and you know that your daintiness and charm are secure, all day or all evening long.

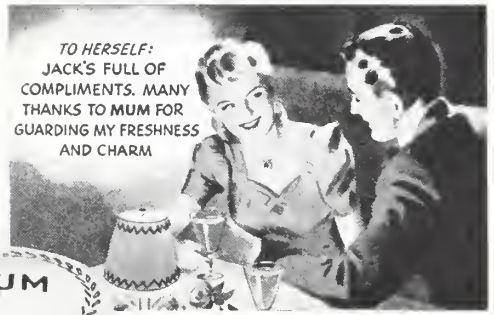
More girls use Mum than any other deodorant. You'll like it, too, for—

**SPEED**—Only 30 seconds to prevent underarm odor for hours!

**SAFETY**—The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric . . . so gentle that even after underarm shaving, it won't irritate your skin.

**LASTING CHARM**—Mum keeps underarms fresh—not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor. Guard your charm—get Mum at your druggist's today.

#### CHARM IS WORTH GUARDING . . . PLAY SAFE WITH MUM!



#### For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe . . . guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

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# MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

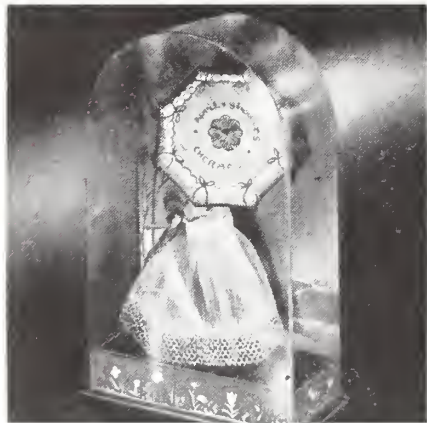




Girls who use April Showers Talc find that its sweet freshness lingers on... all through the hours of that important date! Whispering of romance... creating an aura of delicious femininity. *Exquisite but not Expensive.*



NEW . . . April Showers Perfume Girl



Beneath the umbrella, the shy young lady reveals her true identity... a generous bottle of your favorite April Showers Perfume! An adorable gift—for yourself or anyone else. . . . only \$1.00

C H E R A M Y p e r f u m e r

**APRIL SHOWERS**

Men Love "The Fragrance of Youth"

# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Expressedly for charity: Olivia de Havilland and Margaret Lindsay go into motion at Basil Rathbone's home to plan a British relief event



she slowed down, it slowed down. So Betty put her hand on the horn and drove down Sunset Boulevard like a fire truck. The racket attracted a motorcycle cop who stopped her and, after listening to her story, he approached the driver of the other car. "I don't know what's the matter with her," said the "mystery man" who turned out to be a fifteen-year-old youth. "I just wanted her autograph!"

Betty's face is still watermelon pink. She solved the problem, however, by giving the cop her autograph.

**Cal Whispers:** Alexis Smith, Warners' hopeful, is the blonde of the hour; Pat Dane, M-G-M's tamale, is the brunette of the moment. . . .

Richard Travis, discovered by Bette Davis and placed in "The Man Who Came to Dinner" cast, is causing many a backward glance among the young and beautiful. Watch for him. . . .

Tom Harmon, All-American football star from Michigan, could scarcely get the stardust from his eyes. Tom came to Hollywood to make "Harmon of Michigan" and rushed the beauties right and left. And vice versa, Cal may say. . . .

The R.A.F. boys from England, stationed near Hollywood for flight training, are the pride of the Hollywood stars, who take turns entertaining the lads. But those boys have their minds on their work and so far no Hollywood beauty has invaded the hearts of these stout British lads, hearts that so obviously belong to England. . . .

Mickey Rooney requests there be no more remarks made about his shortness. Reason: Mickey claims he's actually growing.

**Fun with a Fin:** Errol Flynn knows the smartest sailor in the United States Navy.

Flynn met the boy, Emmet Rogers, while on location at the naval air base in San Diego with Warners' "Dive Bomber" troupe.

Rogers, one of a crowd of sailors besieging Flynn for autographs, presented two dollar bills for the star to sign. Flynn hesitated, then signed. The next day the sailor stuck two five-dollar bills under Flynn's nose and asked him to sign those.

Flynn balked and wanted to know what went on.

"Well," said Rogers, "I sold those two one-dollar bills in San Diego last night for \$1.25 each. I ought to get six apiece for those two fives."

**Sailor—Beware:** The yacht that Jimmy Cagney had hoped would bring him so much pleasure rests alone and forlorn on the waves of Balboa. Jimmy can't use it for a most embarrassing reason—he gets violently, overwhelmingly, actively seasick.

He gave the boat to brother Bill, who promptly gave it back. The upkeep was too terrific. Besides, Bill's wife, Boots Mallory, also suffers from mal de mer.

So there it rests in its lonely beauty, unused, month after month. For heaven's sake, wouldn't you think



Jimmy could make some use of a boat so beautifully equipped?

**Cupid Angle:** The reports have Lana Turner and Tony Martin marrying almost immediately. Well, Cal observes, if they quarrel as constantly after marriage as they have before, it will be one long grand Civil War.

**Cal's Rambles:** Billy Conn, "The Pittsburgh Kid" (see page 74), sat in the ring ready to deliver a K.O. to his thugish-looking opponent over on a Republic set. We had a good chance to study Billy, a handsome blue-eyed curly-headed youngster, who took his first movie adventure with all the non-chalance of a veteran and who promises one and all next time he'll beat Joe Louis.

"Mr. York, here, is from your home town of Pittsburgh," Jean Parker said as Billy came out of the ring. He didn't say anything. He didn't look at us. His mouth was ever so slightly ajar and his blue eyes fixed on some vague distant horizon. Cal hopes it was on a cinched championship, or otherwise we'll think Billy has inhaled a whiff too much of that Pittsburgh smoke. . . .

A lemonade on a warm afternoon with the young *Parson of Panamint*, Phillip Terry, brings news for you gals. Phillip, tall, dark-haired and brown-eyed, is a bachelor, and one you will be seeing more and more from now on. We tell you about Phillip so you can get in on the ground floor, for if the fan mail isn't pouring in in that direction very soon we'll be surprised.

And when has old Cal ever failed to spot a winner, eh?



Newest movement in Hollywood is David Selznick's series of plays. Star of the first was Ingrid Bergman; of the second, Geraldine Fitzgerald. After opening night, there was open house at Ronald Colman's new restaurant

# Find your way to new Loveliness Go on the Camay "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. Allen F. Wilson of Detroit, Mich., says: "I'm thrilled by what the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for me. It's simply wonderful! I'm telling all my friends about this wonderful way to help keep their complexions beautiful."

**Try this exciting idea in beauty care—based on the advice of skin specialists—praised by lovely brides!**

**YOU CAN BE lovelier—you can attain a fresher, more natural-looking beauty by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.**

How often a woman lets improper cleansing cloud the natural beauty of her skin...and how often she uses a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be!

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than ten other popular beauty soaps tested. That's why we say—"Go on the 'Mild-Soap' Diet!"

Twice every day—for 30 days—give

your skin Camay's gentle care. Be constant—it's the day to day care that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to see a lovelier, more appealing skin!



Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the  
**CAMAY**  
"MILD-SOAP"  
**DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.





Many girls do not realize that the scalp perspires just like the rest of the skin—and that oily hair, particularly, absorbs unpleasant odors.

If you want to be popular—guard the fragrance of your hair. To be sure you don't offend, make this test—check up on your hairbrush, your hat, your pillow.

There's a simple, pleasant way to be certain that your hair can stand a "nasal close-up". Just shampoo regularly with Packers Pine Tar Shampoo.

This shampoo was scientifically developed to keep your hair and scalp fresh and sweet-smelling. The pure, medicinal pine tar it contains works wonders—helps your hair become soft and lustrous. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears. Start the Packers habit today!



**PACKERS**  
*Pine Tar*  
**SHAMPOO**

Try new Million Dollar  
**LIPSTICK**  
Ten Cents  
For Trial Size  
it Stays On—new  
**DON JUAN**  
Looks Better

... stays on though you eat, smoke, drink or kiss, if used as directed. Lasting loveliness for your lips... natural and soft looking, appealing... Not smearing—not drying. Vivacious, seductive shades \$1 De Luxe Size. Refills 60¢.  
**ROUGE AND POWDER TO MATCH \$1 EACH.**  
Large Trial Sizes at 10¢ Stores. Try Today.



NEW SHADES!  
Military Red  
Real Red Red  
No. 7 Dark Raspberry

# BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



When is a chamber of horrors comical? When Virginia Grey, Red Skelton and Ann Rutherford wander into it in M-G-M's "Whistling In The Dark"

**ACCENT ON LOVE**—20th Century-Fox: When George Montgomery rebels against his life and his marriage that can't be dissolved because of family pride, he just ups and becomes a ditchdigger and digs until he's straightened out all his problems. Osa Massen, J. Carrol Naish and Cobina Wright Jr. are all very nice, as is Montgomery, but the story's too laden down with message to be very entertaining. (Oct.)

✓ **ADVENTURE IN WASHINGTON**—Columbia: Although very British Herbert Marshall is cast as a United States Senator, his English accent is forgotten in his very fine performance, but it's Gene Reynolds as the tough lad who is brought to Washington as a Senate page boy by Marshall who steals the show. Virginia Bruce is very pretty as a radio commentator. (Aug.)

**AFFECTIONATELY YOURS**—Warners: Everybody tries so hard to be funny and the situations are so obviously and laboriously concocted that the result is clumsy and very unfunny. The story's about how Dennis Morgan tries to win back his divorced wife, Merle Oberon. Despite the support of Rita Hayworth and Ralph Bellamy, the whole thing misses. (Aug.)

**ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS**—Republic: Sidney Blackmer and Katharine Alexander can't marry because they're afraid his divorce from Binnie Barnes is illegal, so everybody, including Mary Lee, Billy Gilbert, Jane Frazee, Leo Gorcey and Gilbert Roland, pitches in to straighten things out. (Sept.)

**ARIZONA BOUND**—Monogram: A good old-time Western about a marshal who solves a series of stagecoach robberies. Three favorites, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy and Raymond Hatton, band together in this picture for some out-west shooting and riding. Buck and Tim are tops as Western heroes and Hatton is a fine laugh-getter. (Oct.)

**BACHELOR DADDY**—Universal: Baby Sandy gets cuter with every picture and in this one she makes up for a lot of unfunny episodes. Kathryn Adams is Sandy's mother and she sends the child to Edward Everett Horton, Raymond Walburn and

Donald Woods to keep while she's involved with the law. Even with Bert Roach and Franklin Pangborn in the cast, it still isn't very funny. (Oct.)

**BARNACLE BILL**—M-G-M: Rough-and-ready fun, with Wallace Beery as an old waterfront rascalion always in trouble until his daughter Virginia Weidler succeeds in reforming him. Marjorie Main lends a willing hand to the process, and Donald Meek and Leo Carrillo are also mixed up in the proceedings. (Oct.)

✓ **BIG STORE, THE**—M-G-M: This is supposed to be the Marx Brothers' last picture, and they're retiring on a high note of comedy. It's the Brothers at their best, with plenty of able support from Tony Martin and Virginia O'Brien. Margaret Dumont hires Groucho and Harpo to protect her nephew, Martin, from harm; and the picture takes them on their zany way through a department store. (Sept.)

✓ **BILLY THE KID**—M-G-M: The character of the notorious young outlaw has been so white-washed that you won't recognize him, but Bob Taylor's sincere performance makes him a convincing and understandable person. Ian Hunter, Brian Donlevy and Mary Howard are the benefactors of the outlaw; and Gene Lockhart is the villain. See it for Bob's performance and for the breath-taking and dramatic scenery, enhanced by Technicolor. (Aug.)

**BLACK CAT, THE**—Universal: Nothing new about this—murders in a spooky old house, suspect heirs, a scary housekeeper, the blundering young man who solves the mystery—but it's still good entertainment, especially with such actors as Basil Rathbone, Hugh Herbert, Broderick Crawford and Gale Sondergaard. (Aug.)

**BLONDIE IN SOCIETY**—Columbia: The *Bumpsteeds* get in a jam again when Arthur Lake accepts an enormous great Dane dog but promises not to place it in a dog show and Penny Singleton unknowingly enters it in a show. What follows shouldn't happen to a dog, but it's a lot of fun for the audience. (Oct.)

✓✓ **BLOOD AND SAND**—20th Century-Fox: Tyrone Power as the ambitious, ignorant boy who

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



becomes Spain's greatest matador, Linda Darnell as his loyal wife, and Rita Hayworth as the siren who lures him away from Linda, all give their finest performances in this colorful, picture of Spain's greatest sport, bullfighting. (Aug.)

✓✓ **BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST**—M.G.M.: No finer actress than Greer Garson could have been chosen to portray Edna Gladney of Texas, the woman who devoted her life to providing homes for nameless children. Walter Pidgeon as the Westerner who marries Greer, Marsha Hunt and Felix Bressart also create memorable portraits. (Sept.)

✓ **BRIDE CAME C.O.D., THE**—Warners: Jimmy Cagney, aviator, foils Bette Davis' elopement with Jack Carson by stranding her in a desert ghost town, to the accompaniment of all kinds of slapstick. You'll get a bang out of the comic proceedings. (Sept.)

✓ **CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT**—Paramount: The very idea of Bob Hope as a spoiled movie actor who finds himself in the Army is funny enough, but what Bob does to the infantry and the tank corps and the whole Army is a riot. Dorothy Lamour is his girl friend and Eddie Bracken and Lynne Overman his pals. Don't miss it. (Aug.)

✓✓ **CHARLEY'S AUNT**—20th Century-Fox: "Charley's Aunt" gets funnier with every generation and this latest version is a panic. Jack Benny as the Oxford student who is forced to play the aunt of a fellow student is at his very funniest. Complications set in like mad when the real aunt, Kay Francis, shows up on the screen. See it for the best laugh you've had in years. (Oct.)

**CRACKED NUTS**—Universal: A hollow robot, with Shemp Howard concealed inside, convinces Stuart Erwin that robots are a good investment, so crooked promoters Mischa Auer and Bill Frawley promptly take Stewart for all he's got. How he gets it back forms quite a cute finish. With Una Merkel.

**ELLERY QUEEN AND THE PERFECT CRIME**—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy as the overly clever detective, *Ellery Queen*, proves there's no perfect crime when he solves the death of a promoter who has ruined H. B. Warner and his daughter Linda Hayes. Margaret Lindsay is *Queen's* capable secretary.

✓ **FATHER TAKES A WIFE**—RKO-Radio: Gloria Swanson's return is the biggest news of this picture, and it's good news indeed. She's perfectly cast as the stage star who retires to marry Adolphe Menjou, expecting a life of peace and rest. Instead, Adolphe turns out to be a playboy and his son John Howard is the serious-minded one. Desi Arnaz, Helen Broderick, and Neil Hamilton are also happily cast. (Oct.)

**FORCED LANDING**—Paramount: Richard Arlen is the hero aviator of this bang-up little movie that's crowded with action. When enemy agents attempt to wreck defense constructions, Dick steps right in and plays havoc with them. Eva Gabor, a beautiful blonde newcomer, provides the love interest. (Oct.)

✓ **GET-AWAY, THE**—M.G.M.: Unless you're fed up with gangster fare, this remake of the old picture, "Public Hero Number One," will entertain you, for it's a rapid-paced, action-full prison drama, well acted by such newcomers as Dan Dailey Jr., Donna Reed and Robert Sterling. (Sept.)

✓✓ **HERE COMES MR. JORDAN**—Columbia: This is one of the most delightful and imaginative stories ever to hit the screen. It's all about how heaven makes a mistake and takes Bob Montgomery's soul before he's due to arrive there, so they have to find him a new body to inhabit. Edward Everett Horton, James Gleason and Claude Rains, as an understanding chief from up above who helps Bob, are wonderful. (Oct.)

✓ **HERE IS A MAN**—RKO-Radio: Here's a picture that for sheer novelty takes its place among the best of its kind. James Craig is the young farmer who sells his soul to Satan, symbolized by Farmer Walter Huston, and then tries to get out of his bargain. Edward Arnold is Daniel Webster, Simone Simon the devil's henchwoman and Anne Shirley is Craig's devoted wife. (Oct.)

**HER FIRST BEAU**—Columbia: Jane Withers is the victim of violent puppy love when she meets handsome Kenneth Howell, to the bewilderment of her steady beau, Jackie Cooper, in this honey of a little picture. (Aug.)

✓✓ **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**—Paramount: Suspense, drama and love abound in this picture about the struggle by immigrants to enter the United States from Mexico. Charles Bover is an immigrant who marries schoolteacher Olivia de Havilland in order to gain entry into the States and Paulette Goddard is the foreigner who attempts to weave Bover into her schemes. It's different and interesting. (Oct.)

✓ **HOLD THAT GHOST**—Universal: You won't care what Ahhott and Costello are up to as they wend their way from waiters to gas station attendants to heirs of a deserted, haunted gambling house, because they're man-sized panics all the way through the hilarious nonsense. (Oct.)

**HURRY, CHARLIE, HURRY**—RKO-Radio: Very funny in spots is this Leon Errol comedy, with Errol inviting the Vice-President of the



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in

You'll Never  
Get Rich



ROBERT BENCHLEY  
JOHN HUBBARD • Osa Massen

Original screen play by Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano  
Produced by Samuel Bischoff • Directed by Sidney Lanfield

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



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**Cream Deodorant**  
*safely*  
**Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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Arrid is the largest  
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AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS  
 (Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

**DON'T SAY TISSUES**

**SAY...**

**SITROUX**  
*Cleansing* TISSUES  
 PRONOUNCED  
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**softer • stronger**  
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AT 5 & 10¢ — DRUG & DEPT. STORES

U. S. to a party and three phonics plus the real V. P. show up. Mildred Coles is Errol's daughter and Kenneth Howell her boy friend. (Oct.)

**I'LL WAIT FOR YOU**—M-G-M: Robert Sterling is the smart young night-club racketeer who flees the police and finds refuge and love on a Connecticut farm. Marsha Hunt, as the girl who cares for him, Virginia Weidler, Fay Holden and Paul Kelly add plenty of punch. (Aug.)

✓ **IN THE NAVY**—Universal: Not quite so funny as "Buck Privates," Abbott and Costello's Army picture, this is funny enough to keep you amused and entertained. Some of the gags are hilarious and Dick Powell, Dick Foran, the Andrews Sisters and Claire Dodd add class to the antics of this pair of nitwits. (Aug.)

**I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND**—Columbia: The eternal triangle again, this time on Devil's Island. Donald Woods is a sailor sentenced to three years, Edward Ciannelli is the crooked doctor, and Sally Eilers his unhappy wife in love with Woods. You wouldn't care much. (Sept.)

✓ **KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE**—Paramount: Stage producer Jerome Cowan, musical composer Oscar Levant, and director Don Ameche search for a naive Southern girl for a Broadway show and they discover ex-chorus girl Mary Martin for the role instead. It's breezy and gay, and Levant and Ameche rate cheers, but it's Mary's picture. (Sept.)

**KNOCKOUT**—Warners: Arthur Kennedy is a young fighter who marries Olympe Bradna and retires from the ring, only to be double crossed by his manager, Anthony Quinn. Virginia Field is the hussy who takes Kennedy from his wife. (Sept.)

✓ **LADY BE GOOD**—M-G-M: It's a parade of star personalities through a Gershwin musical, with Ann Sothern and Robert Young as a song-writing team who hit the divorce courts twice before things work out. Eleanor Powell, Dan Dailey Jr., Lionel Barrymore, Red Skelton, John Carroll and others all add to this big-time musical. (Oct.)

**LADY FROM LOUISIANA**—Republic: Mediocre story laid in New Orleans of the early '90s, with John Wayne as the upstanding young attorney who tries to eradicate the lottery racket and Ona Munson as the daughter of the main offender. (Aug.)

**LADY SCARFACE**—RKO Radio: Packages of money mailed to a New York hotel and picked up in error by honeymooning Rand Brooks and Mildred Coles motivate a lot of chasing and tearing around. Judith Anderson is the leader of a group of thugs. (Oct.)

✓ **LOVE CRAZY**—M-G-M: You'll laugh yourself dizzy at this riotous bit of fun, with Myrna Loy about to divorce husband Bill Powell. In order to thwart her plan, Bill pretends to be crazy and is committed to an asylum. He escapes dressed as his own sister and the fun gets whackier. (Aug.)

✓ **MAN HUNT**—20th Century-Fox: For sheer melodramatic tenseness, you can't beat this exciting thriller. English sportsman Walter Pidgeon is caught taking a pot shot at Hitler and the Gestapo hunts him through Germany and England. George Sanders plays the Nazi who pursues Pidgeon, and Joan Bennett is the cockney who befriends him. The direction and performances are brilliant. (Sept.)

✓ **MANPOWER**—Warners: George Raft and Edward G. Robinson are tough power line repairmen who fight it out for the affections of B-girl Marlene Dietrich. When Marlene's father is killed, Robinson marries her, but she falls in love with Raft. The power line repair scenes are excellent and Alan Hale as a practical joker does swell work. (Oct.)

**MURDER BY INVITATION**—Monogram: Although this thriller has the same old plot of heirs' trying to get a millionairess declared insane, it's fast-moving and suspenseful. Wallace Ford is the columnist who solves the murders and Marian Marsh is his assistant. (Oct.)

**MEN OF THE TIMBERLAND**—Universal: This action drama has Richard Arlen as a forest ranger who singlehandedly frustrates a plot to despoil a timber tract. Andy Devine is the lumber boss and Linda Hayes the heroine. All three are good. (Aug.)

✓ **MILLION DOLLAR BABY**—Warners: Priscilla Lane, department store clerk, becomes millionairess when eccentric Mav Robson gives her a million dollars, but Priscilla finds the money stands between her and her true but poor love, Ronald Reagan. The story's got plenty of vitality and May Robson and Jeffrey Lynn complement the splendid work of Priscilla and Ronald. (Aug.)

✓ **MOON OVER MIAMI**—20th Century-Fox: A typical Hollywood musical, this, with music, rhythm, color, song and scenery. The story has Carole Landis and Betty Grable inheriting enough money to get to Miami in search of a rich husband for Betty. There they find playboys Robert Cummings and Don Ameche as well as much fun. With Charlotte Greenwood and Jack Haley. (Sept.)

✓ **MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE**—RKO-Radio: Light, sophisticated comedy about a husband's efforts to keep his wife from eloping with various

admirers, including Gilbert Roland and Reginald Gardiner. Anna Lee is the fluttery, attractive wife, although why she should want to leave husband Ronald Colman is beyond us. (Oct.)

**NAVAL ACADEMY**—Columbia: Three problem lads. Freddie Bartholomew, Jimmy Lydon and Billy Cook, find themselves redeemed and regenerated due to the strict discipline of a naval academy. The three boys are good, but the story isn't. (Aug.)

✓ **NEW WINE**—Gloria Productions-U. A.: Alan Curtis plays the composer Franz Schubert who is aided and encouraged by Ilona Massey in the troubles that beset him. Although the story is inconsequential, the glorious flood of music and Ilona's beautiful singing of the "Ave Maria" are well worth your time. Albert Basserman contributes a memorable scene as Beethoven. (Oct.)

**OFFICER AND THE LADY, THE**—Columbia: Rochelle Hudson is a pretty schoolteacher who refuses to marry Bruce Bennett for fear he'll be killed in a gun battle. He almost is, too, when gangster Sidney Blackmer escapes from prison. With Roger Pryor. (Oct.)

✓ **ONE NIGHT IN LISBON**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray, zany American, chases aloof Madeleine Carroll all over wartime London and Lisbon in this light comedy. Although it's pretty far-fetched, it has its gay and amusing moments. John Loder does a swell job as Madeleine's English suitor. (Aug.)

✓ **OUT OF THE FOG**—Warners: Although this is a beautifully executed picture, splendidly acted and directed, we rather doubt if it will completely entertain you. It's a bit on the arty side. Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen find themselves at the mercy of a cheap racketeer, John Garfield, who also upsets the happiness of Mitchell's daughter, Ida Lupino. With Eddie Albert. (Sept.)

**PAPER BULLETS**—Producers' Releasing Corp.: The fate of three people, who as children lived in an orphanage, is followed in this not-bad little movie. Jack LaRue becomes a gangster, Joan Woodbury serves a prison term, and John Archer becomes an engineer. Linda Ware sings two songs which have nothing to do with the story. (Sept.)

**PARACHUTE BATTALION**—RKO-Radio: An interestingly done movie of those lads who leap from planes in Uncle Sam's behalf. All sorts of boys who enter the service are revealed in the unfolding of the story, including Robert Preston as the cocky recruit and Edmond O'Brien as the boy who fears fear. Nancy Kelly is the girl. (Oct.)

✓ **PARSON OF PANAMINT, THE**—Paramount: Another good Western, packing plenty of punch and dealing with a young preacher who dares to do his duty in a small Western town. Phillip Terry shows plenty of talent as the fighting fearless parson, and Charlie Ruggles, Ellen Drew and Porter Hall contribute to the entertainment. (Sept.)

**PEOPLE VS. DR. KILDARE, THE**—M-G-M: Far below the standard of the *Kildare* series is this installment. *Dr. Kildare* goes into the courtroom to stand trial for malpractice, the suit being brought against him by ice skater Bonita Granville who emerges from an operation a paralytic. Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore and Laraine Day do their best. (Aug.)

**RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, THE**—Columbia: This weak little story of a small-town community deals with the rivalry between a banker and a publisher. Frank Craven and Edgar Buchanan, as the two old rivals in love and civic affairs, make up for this puny, unreal little plot. (Sept.)

**RINGSIDE MAISIE**—M-G-M: Weakest in the series is this installment, with Ann Sothern as the good-hearted taxi-dancer, *Maisie*, who meets up with prize fighter Robert Sterling and his suspicious manager, George Murphy. Young Sterling takes over most of the picture and there's not nearly enough of *Maisie*. (Oct.)

**ROAR OF THE PRESS**—Monogram: Newspaper reporter Wally Ford finds himself assigned to a murder story right after his marriage to Jean Parker, with complications setting in one right after the other. Wally Ford's a good actor and deserves better; as a good audience, so do you. (Aug.)

**ROOKIES ON PARADE**—Republic: You'll listen to Bob Crosby's warbling, laugh at the antics of Marie Wilson and Cliff Nazarro, enjoy the singing of Ruth Terry and Gertrude Niesen and go home refreshed. The Army camp routines are very cute and newcomer Bill Shirley is the surprise of the show. (Aug.)

**SAN ANTONIO ROSE**—Universal: The Merry Maes and Robert Paige take over a night club and with the help of Jane Frazee and Eve Arden, they manage to put it over. This background serves as a good excuse for the almost uninterrupted singing and music, but if you're fans of the Merry Maes, then you're sure to enjoy it. (Sept.)

**SCATTERGOOD PULLS THE STRINGS**—RKO-Radio: Second in the series, this story of a runaway boy, Bobs Watson, maintains the high standard of the first. Guy Kibbee is so human and natural as *Scattergood Baines*, the small-town Mr. Fixit, that it's a honey, comfortable picture everyone will enjoy. (Aug.)



✓ **SERGEANT YORK**—Warners: This superb picture is an adventure into the soul of America and a "must see" for all. Gary Cooper portrays with moving dignity the World War hero who entered the war as a conscientious objector. Joan Leslie as his sweetheart, Walter Brennan as pastor of the hills, and the entire cast are splendid. (Sept.)

**SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS**—Columbia: Showgirl Joan Bennett takes a job in stuffy Franchot Tone's Wall Street office in order to convince him that she'd be a proper wife for his ward, John Hubbard, but before she gets through, Tone is humanized and his office nearly wrecked. It's good summer fare. (Aug.)

✓ **SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS**—Paramount: Straight from Harold Bell Wright's beloved novel comes this story of the people of the hill country, with Harry Carey as the man who comes home to find hate for his desertion of a girl and her son years before. Tom Wayne is the revengeful son and Betty Field the girl who loves him. It's a different story, and one we feel you'll thoroughly enjoy. (Sept.)

✓ **SHINING VICTORY**—Warners: Although rather heavy and slow in pace, this love story of a famous psychiatrist is a fine, intellectually told movie. James Stephenson as the surly doctor is a splendid actor and shows much charm; Geraldine Fitzgerald, as his assistant, Donald Crisp and George P. Huntley Jr., as fellow doctors in the Scotland asylum, are all excellent. (Aug.)

✓ **SUNNY**—RKO Radio: The gay, lilting music, the dancing of Anna Neagle and Ray Bolger, the colorful settings, the singing of John Carroll and the clowning of Edward Everett Horton combine to make this a picture of complete charm. (Aug.)

**STARS LOOK DOWN, THE**—Grafton Film—M-G-M: A. J. Cronin's novel comes to the screen with an English cast under the guiding hand of director Carol Reed, who turns from the suspense film he does so well to move his camera into the lives and hopes and dangers endured by the people of a Welsh coal-mining district. With Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and Emyln Williams, it's gloomy but moving drama.

**SWEETHEART OF THE CAMPUS**—Columbia: This is all about an orchestra that invades a technical college and we shudder to think what would have happened to this picture without the music of Ozzie Nelson's orchestra or the tap-dancing of Ruffy Keeler, because it's dull enough even with them.

✓ **THEY MET IN BOMBAY**—M-G-M: Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell are a couple of jewel thieves in the far East, trying to outsmart each other, with amusing results. There's nothing very new about this old plot, but the two principals give it a big-time air and there are several laughable twists. Jessie Ralph and Peter Lorre contribute strong moments. (Sept.)

✓ **TIGHT SHOES**—Mayfair-Universal: This Damon Runyon panic has been translated to the screen with all the Runyon flavor intact and you'll be heartily amused at the awful consequences of wearing shoes that pinch. Broderick Crawford is the gangster who buys a pair of too-tight shoes from clerk John Howard and Brod gives a swell performance. With Binnie Barnes and Anne Gwynne to add to the fun. (Sept.)

**TIME OUT FOR RHYTHM**—Columbia: Rudy Vallee sings, Ann Miller dances, Glen Gray and Eddie Duchin's orchestra supply the rhythm, Brenda and Cobina and the Three Stooges are pretty corny, Rosemary Lane and Richard Lane supply the love interest, but all this good talent is wasted in this B musical. (Aug.)

**TOM, DICK AND HARRY**—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers is the little telephone operator who must choose between three suitors, business genius George Murphy, zany, poverty-stricken Burgess Meredith and rich Alan Marshall. Ginger dreams of her future with each and her dreams are priceless fun, as is the entire movie. You'll love it. (Oct.)

**TOO MANY BLONDES**—Universal: One of the worst pictures to come out of Hollywood in a long time is this had little number about a singer, Rudy Vallee, and his jealous wife, Helen Parrish, who save up for a divorce. (Aug.)

**TWO IN A TAXI**—Columbia: Russell Hayden, an independent cab driver, gets in so much trouble all because he and his girl friend, Anita Louise, try to scrape up \$300 to buy a gas station. Noah Beery Jr., is in it, too, but see it at your own risk.

✓ **UNDERGROUND**—Warners: Gripping, timely, thrilling is this picture dealing with that brave band of German men and women fighting against the Nazi system by means of the illegal radio. Philip Dorn, unknown to his family, is the voice of the radio and Jeffrey Lynn his brother who falls in love with Dorn's accomplice, with resulting tragedy. (Sept.)

**WEST POINT WIDOW**—Paramount: Anne Shirley plays a nurse who keeps secret her motherhood in order that her West Point husband, Richard Denning may graduate; and Richard Carlson is an amorous young interne who has no idea of Anne's dilemma in this very pleasing little movie. (Sept.)

# "My Husband fell out of Love"



How a wife overcame the  
**"ONE NEGLECT"**  
 that often wrecks romance

I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND IT when Paul's love began to cool.

We'd been so gloriously happy at first. . . . But now he treated me as if . . . as if there were a physical barrier between us.

Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. "Your marriage problem is quite a common one," he told me.

"Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife's neglect of feminine hygiene. That's one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive.

"In cases like yours," the doctor went on, "I recommend Lysol for intimate personal care. It's cleansing and deodorizing, and even more important—Lysol solution kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissues."

I bought a bottle of Lysol right away. I find it gentle and soothing, easy to use. Economical, too.

No wonder so many modern wives use Lysol for feminine hygiene. And . . . as

for Paul and me . . . we're closer than ever before.

**Check this with your Doctor**

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. **EFFECTIVE**—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). **SPREADING**—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. **ECONOMICAL**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. **CLEANLY ODOR**—disappears after use. **LASTING**—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely, no matter how often it is uncorked.



*Lysol*  
 Disinfectant

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LINIT gives tubbable blouses—silk, satin, spun rayon, cotton, linen—long lasting daintiness, freshness.

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# Speak FOR YOURSELF



Inspiration for five dollars worth of delightful verse: Charles Boyer, now appearing in "Hold Back The Dawn" with Olivia de Havilland

### \$10.00 PRIZE

An Open Letter to Winston Churchill

DEAR MR. C.:  
You should be warned of the subtle pro-Nazi propaganda being spread by some of our nicest villains. It goes like this: The hero is being knocked around by the Gestapo and I'm all worked up. Then in comes George Sanders as the head Nazi—and, gosh, I'm sunk. You can see it's a serious situation, Mr. Churchill. Conrad Veidt murders babies and I like it; Martin Kosleck beats up the heroine and I sigh happily; Paul von Herrried cocks an eyebrow and I murmur, "Heil Herrried!"

And, gee, I'm worried about this guy Bogart too. He isn't a Nazi yet, but he obviously has the wrong attitude. And if he goes Fascist—well, there goes my neutrality! You'd better work fast, Mr. Churchill. I still wear the Union Jack, but someone's sabotaging my heart!

MARY HUNTINGTON,  
San Francisco, Cal.

### \$5.00 PRIZE

Sing a Song of Boyer

HE'S coffee laced with cognac,  
And gray gloves at a tea;  
He's faintly Eastern music,  
And "hands across the sea."  
He's gay, exciting Paris,  
And a gypsy violin;

His eyes reveal a story quite  
As thrilling as a sin.

He's caviar at breakfast,  
And a hansom cab at dawn,  
A staid and solemn portrait  
Or an etching, subtly drawn.  
He's mystery and enchantment  
And a memory still new;  
Mr. Boyer, I would love just holding  
Back the dawn with you!

MARY LOUISE SLAUGHTER,  
Philadelphia, Pa.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

Thanks to Veronica Lake . . .

VERONICA LAKE in "I Wanted Wings" reminded me somehow of a wistful, hurt child who had just been told there is no Santa Claus. When I read her article "I Almost Gave Up" I began to understand the reasons for her plaintive look and I surely admire her pluck in sticking it out, and also her generosity in sharing with the public her experiences in gaining Hollywood recognition which her acting showed she richly deserves.

Her article will undoubtedly save many ambitious but not so talented young girls from the heartbreak and disillusionment they would experience in trying for similar honors in Hollywood and in my own sphere as teacher of Dramatic Art in a small school, I am using Miss Lake's article to emphasize what I've preached for the last five years—that a youthful face and



figure, plus twenty lessons in acting, are not an open sesame to Hollywood's almost closed-shop. Already this article has helped me with my pupils, but because your magazine has a wide circulation, it will undoubtedly help many other girls, too.

RUTH J. BUTNER,  
Marydale School,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

### \$1.00 PRIZE

Keep the Stars on the Screen!

WONDER if movie moguls and stars realize that many of those stars who make personal appearances in those theaters where their pictures are shown are stripped of glamour and box-office appeal by this very means they believe is increasing their popularity? Or at least that is my impression after hearing my young neighbor boys, all movie fans, comment upon a certain star's speaking so elegantly in all his pictures and then saying "I done" in a personal appearance.

One of these lads volunteered, "If he's like that I don't want to see any more of his pictures." Certainly many of the stars belong to fine families and are well-educated, but it does seem that the majority of those sent out to build up box-office sales are the sort who should be groomed in manners and speech. I think it is better to make no impression at all than a bad one.

Too, young people who are steadily growing into older fans are thrilled by mystery and inaccessibility. So keep the stars where they belong—on the screen!

MRS. SAM THORNE,  
San Angelo, Texas

(Continued on page 103)

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.



*Confidentially—*  
only one woman in two  
escapes soap irritation!

If your skin is sensitive, try the mild, gentle soap preferred by women of three generations—Cashmere Bouquet.

It's surprising how quickly your skin may improve when you find the soap that's right for you.

So, if you dream of having a skin like "peaches and cream," why not take a tip from the thousands of women who have such good luck with Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

Yes, though other soaps may have proved irritating you too may easily find your answer in a daily Cashmere Bouquet facial. Cream your face and neck with the gentle

lather of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Work it well around the large-pore area of nose and chin. Rinse with warm water, then a dash of cold. Pat your face dry, don't rub.

That's the Cashmere Bouquet Health Facial, a grand tonic for complexions.

As a bath soap, too, Cashmere Bouquet Soap, with the fragrance men love, is luxury itself. Yet it costs only 25c for 3 generous cakes, wherever good soap is sold.

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**Soap**



WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE



ROMANCE!  
GAIETY!  
MUSIC! COLOR!



*Week-End  
in Havana*  
IN TECHNICOLOR!



And there's  
"that kind" of music!  
"THE MAN WITH THE  
LOLLYPOP SONG"  
"A WEEK-END IN HAVANA"  
"TROPICAL MAGIC"  
"WHEN I LOVE I LOVE"  
"THE NANGO"  
"ROMANCE AND RHUMBA"

starting  
**ALICE  
FAYE**  
...looking for romance!  
•  
**JOHN  
PAYNE**  
...accommodating fellow!  
•  
**CARMEN  
MIRANDA**  
...looking for Romero!  
•  
**CESAR  
ROMERO**  
...looking for an out!

Cobina Wright, Jr. • George Barbier • Sheldon Leonard  
Leonid Kinskey • Chris-Pin Martin • Billy Gilbert

Directed by WALTER LANG • Produced by WILLIAM LeBARON

Original Screen Play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware • Music and Lyrics by Mack  
Gordan, Harry Warren and James V. Manaco

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



# PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



## To the Navy!

**W**HO would have thought six months ago that Wendell Willkie would have to be called in by the motion-picture industry to defend Hollywood against the accusations of war propaganda by the Wheelers and the Nyes? Yet that is precisely what has happened. Filmdom, no longer able to stand by in silence while the senatorial pugilists deliver blow after blow, has turned for a champion to the man who won one of the largest popular votes ever to be cast in the history of unelected presidential candidates.

To our way of thinking nothing could be more unjust than these Wheeler-Nye attacks. Hollywood has of course stepped into line with the times and tried to gather the facts for a war-conscious people. For one thing, Hollywood has in its defense a most significant virtue over the propaganda-couched pictures of the totalitarian countries—humor; a virtue born of the very blood and bones of America. The biggest box-office smashes of recent months have been "In the Navy," "Caught in the Draft," "Buck Privates." Can you imagine Germans laughing at the antics of their own draft-dodgers or, what is more important, being given the opportunity of doing so? But America has faith in its sons and Hollywood has faith in America—they dare to laugh.

Mirth-provokers, however, are by no means the total

score of Hollywood's contribution. There is "A Yank in the R. A. F.," "International Squadron," "Parachute Battalion" and among many others, the spiritual sermon of "Sergeant York." The fact that the American people want to see the serious side of life in the service is indicated by the success of "Dive Bomber," which, far from over-emotionalizing martial glory, is more like a newsreel of the unselfish efforts of medicine to bring health and comfort to the men who live and die in the clouds.

**A**S a voice of the industry, Photoplay-Movie Mirror has been able to present on a recent cover the famous motion-picture star, Olivia de Havilland, in the uniform of a volunteer Red Cross nurse to remind you of the importance of giving to the cause during the nationwide November drive of that splendid organization.

Now, through the fine co-operation of Lieutenant Commander Walter Winchell, we have the privilege of bringing you on the next page his proud personal report on Hollywood's contribution to the Navy.

So while the good senators rail and mouth false accusations against the industry, we are happy to dedicate this issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, without the fear that it will sound like pro-war propaganda, to the greatest fleet in the world—the U. S. Navy!

*Ernest V. Heyn*



# Hollywood

America's ace columnist gives the lowdown

BY WALTER

New role: Winchell as a Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve



Wayne Morris traded his dinner coat for the khaki of a naval aviator, works as a reserve Ensign at the Long Beach, Cal., Base. Giving the greatest performance of his career is Robert Montgomery, a naval attaché at the American Embassy in London

GOOD evening, Mr. and Mrs. America, and all the ships at sea . . . especially the ships of the United States Navy.

In honor of Navy Day, October 27, the editor of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR has dedicated this issue of the magazine to the hundreds of thousands of film fans, ashore and afloat, now wearing the uniform of the United States Navy or Marine Corps. And because I have just finished serving a month of training duty as a Lieutenant Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve, he has asked me to report on the new and closer tie that exists between Hollywood and the sea arm of the service.

The Navy's interest in the movies has always been keen. On shipboard, and at shore training stations, the frequent showings of films have been one of the most important items on the program of recreation and morale for the enlisted men. Hollywood has gained the further high regard of the Navy, over the years, with such fine pictures of service life as "Hell Divers," "Submarine" and, more recently, "Flight Command" and "Dive Bomber."

Now Hollywood has won a new salute from the service. More than a dozen of the top figures in the film business, while others were sitting around talking about it, have taken off their coats and personally gone to work to help the Navy.

Just a few weeks before he joined the Army, Jimmy Stewart was handed an "Oscar" by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, Hollywood's highest honor to an actor. When the Academy meets again this year, I have a proposal for its members.

How about awarding "Oscars," or

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# Joins the Navy

on the higher-ups of Hollywood who are now wearing the Navy blue

## WINCHELL

at least some sort of recognition to the other movie men who have traded their make-up kits and megaphones for duffle bags?

Take Robert Montgomery, for example.

Right now Bob Montgomery is giving the greatest performance of his life in the most dramatic show the world has ever known. Deserting the screen at the very moment when he was climbing back to the peak of popularity, Bob applied for a commission as a Lieutenant in the U S. Naval Reserve, flew the Atlantic by bomber and is now stationed in London as one of the naval attachés in the American Embassy

Originally granted a fourteen-week leave of absence from his contract with M-G-M, Montgomery recently cabled a request that his leave be extended indefinitely and will probably stay in the service for the duration of the emergency

As one of the naval attachés of the American Embassy in London, a diplomatic post requiring a talent for tact and a capacity for shrewd observation, Bob daily is being called on to exert the same winning manner which has marked his screen performances. There is one great difference, though, between his new and his old career

There'll be none of the ballyhoo about Bob's dealings with the British Lion that once colored his association with M-G-M's Leo. His billing, once splashed on billboards the size of a house, will be confined to initials at the bottom of official reports.

Just before he left America, Bob was quoted in a garbled news story as saying he was "washed up" in the movies. We doubt Bob said this. We know it isn't so.

There isn't (Continued on page 72)



Personal emissary of Mr. Roosevelt to South America was Douglas Fairbanks Jr., now a Lieutenant in the Reserve. Lieutenant Commander Wallace Beery is one of Hollywood's best pilots



NO SECRET





# MARRIAGE THIS TIME

Priscilla Lane's first marriage, hidden from the world, kept her under a cloud for one long year. That's why she is determined everyone shall know the facts of this romance—right down to the last intimate detail

BY RILLA PAGE PALMBORG



"I figured he was the kind of man who would never want an actress for a wife," says Pat of her fiance, John Barry, newspaper publisher

THE morning papers had carried the announcement of Priscilla Lane's engagement to John E. Barry, owner, publisher and editor of the "Victor Press," Victorville's only weekly newspaper. One hundred and twenty miles east of Hollywood, this lively Western town has long been the trading center of the cattlemen and cowboys who ride the range. It is on the north side of the San Bernardino mountains, that towering range that forms a wall between the rich citrus groves of San Bernardino and Riverside counties and the vast cattle ranges of the Mojave desert. The long row of cattle pens along the railroad track, the high board fence enclosing the rodeo grounds set in the center of town, the tanned, lean cowboys, with bright kerchiefs tied around their necks, their high-heeled, spurred boots clicking against the pavement as they hurry about their business, give Victorville an air of old frontier days.

"That night two years ago, when John and I met in the dining room at Yucca Loma, I had no idea we would ever fall in love," said Priscilla. "I had just finished thirteen weeks on a picture. Nervous and worried over the outcome of my unhappy, secret marriage, I had taken Bonnie, my

friend and stand-in, to this guest ranch, six miles beyond Victorville, for a quiet vacation. I liked the homey stone bungalows set half a block apart. There were a swimming pool and a tennis court. The combination of desert and mountains had all the peace and seclusion I was looking for.

"That night, as far as I was concerned, John was just one of the other guests. We all sat around one long table and helped ourselves to the platters of fried chicken, mashed potatoes and hot biscuits, served family style. It wasn't until several months later—about my fourth visit to Yucca Loma—that he stood out as a personality.

"One night after dinner, Bonnie and I walked over to the game room. It's a large living room in one of the bungalows, where everyone goes to play cards and backgammon. John stood looking over my shoulder while I read Bonnie the names in the guest book. 'Clark Gable, Beulah Bondi, George Cukor. I don't know any of them,' I said. John said he thought that was funny since we all worked in pictures. Before we knew it, he and I were deep in a discussion of the book everyone was talking about, 'Gone With the Wind.' That was the

beginning of our 'talk fests' that have been going on ever since.

"Two days later he asked Bonnie and me to go to a dance. It was held over a store in Hesperia, a little community some sixteen miles up the highway. I had never danced square dances before. I found myself laughing and having fun. No one knew or cared that I was a picture actress. That was the beginning of our Saturday night dances. We followed the 'Three Sage Hens'—there is a violin, piano and drums—from one grange to another. We are still doing it.

"Driving home that night, John told me about his newspaper. How he had gambled all he had on it, built the office building in Victorville, set up his own press. How he and his two assistants gathered the news, wrote the articles and printed the paper. He wanted me to let him know what I thought of his own particular column, 'Desert Sage.' Later I learned that excerpts from this column had been reprinted in New York newspapers and in Walter Winchell's column. Through this column, which deals in the desert of today, written in desert rat vernacular, John had already made a name for himself. He invited me to drop into his office the next





John Barry, of Victorville, Cal., had never seen Pat on the screen, fell in love instead with the girl who loved roughing it at Yucca Loma, desert retreat

time I was in Victorville.

"As the days went by I became a frequent visitor at his office. He asked me to help him read proof. I commenced to drive around the country with him when he was on the trail of news.

"I'll let you in on a secret," smiled Priscilla. "For nearly a year I have been writing most of the beauty articles for the 'Victor Press.' I have learned to set type. I poke around the press so much that Ada Henry, the business manager, calls me the printer's devil.

"I'll never forget the first 'steak bake' John took me on. That Sunday I didn't do a thing except eat. Now we have everything down to fine team work.

"'Deep Creek,' high in the mountains, is our favorite spot. We leave the car at the side of the road. When we get to the creek we take off our boots. With boots and packs on our backs, we wade up stream. John carries the specially made tin-lined box, packed with tomatoes, onions and radishes and the thick, juicy steaks and a bottle of milk, wrapped in dry ice. The gun and Indian blanket are strapped to my shoulders.

"While John builds the fire, I clean the vegetables in the stream. Once I forgot to take the milk out of the dry ice and it froze. Another time I forgot to tie the milk bottle to a branch when I set it in the stream. It was carried away in the current and broken against a rock.

"It takes a good half-hour for the fire to burn down to embers perfect for broiling. While we are waiting, we load our pistols and practice target shooting.

"Steak sizzling over hot coals, mixed with cool mountain air, will set anyone's appetite on edge. When the meat is ready, we spread down the paper it was wrapped in for plates. We can't be bothered with dishes, knives or forks. Like the cowboys do on the range, we pick our steak up in our hands. We dip the vegetables, crisp from the cold mountain stream, into the salt. It beats any banquet I ever sat down to.

"**W**E had known each other for nearly a year before I realized John had never seen me on the screen. What's more, he said he didn't want to. That he was interested in Pat Lane, the girl who liked to rough it on the desert, not Priscilla Lane, the movie actress. As none of my pictures had been shown in the one movie theater in Victorville, neither John nor any of his friends thought of me as an actress."

"Pat" stopped talking. There was a faraway look in her eyes.

"It never occurred to me that John would fall in love with me," she continued. "I figured he was the kind of man who would never want an actress for a wife. He didn't like city life. Except when he went to Stanford University and the year he spent abroad, he had lived most of his life

right there on the desert.

"He nearly bowled me over the night he told me he loved me. We had put the car in the garage. John said he was hungry, so the three of us, Bonnie, John and I, stopped at the kitchen and raided the icebox, as we often did. Bonnie said she was tired and went on ahead. It was a beautiful moonlight night and, as we walked over to my bungalow, I told John how much I loved the desert, what coming to Yucca Loma meant to me. I guess he thought, 'Perhaps Pat could like it down here after all. Maybe she could be happy living down here.'

"We went into my sitting room and sat down on the couch in front of the fireplace. I didn't know what to say when John told me he had been in love with me for months. That he was afraid telling me would spoil our friendship. 'If you don't love me, we'll keep on just as we have been,' he said. 'Nothing must interfere with your coming down here.'

"After he left, I sat on the couch for nearly two hours thinking over what he had said—what it would mean to my future.

"When we met the next day John acted as though nothing unusual had happened. The following evening I drove back to Hollywood to start a new picture.

"That was when John commenced coming into Hollywood to see me. He met my family and I met his mother and sister who live in Los Angeles. I was happy the night he said he wanted to see one of my pictures. 'I better find out what this Priscilla Lane is like,' he laughed.

"The only picture of mine showing was 'Four Wives.' The idea of John's seeing me on the screen for the first time as a wife didn't appeal to me, but there was nothing I could do about it. His only comment after the picture was, 'You are far sweeter and much prettier off the screen than on.'

"As usual, as soon as the picture I was making was finished, I hurried down to Yucca Loma. One evening, sitting in front of the fire, we started telling what we wanted most out of life. Suddenly I realized that I was in love with John. That life with him was what I wanted more than anything else.

"We made no promises. Wedding plans were not discussed. Neither of us wanted to rush into marriage. We wanted to go on just as we had been doing. 'If this lasts, we will know it is real,' we said.

"Then Warner Brothers sent me to New York on a personal-appearance tour. I plunged into an entirely different life. Publicity, theaters, night clubs, limelight. I was showered with the attentions (*Continued on page 79*)



# Round-Up of Romances

BY RUTH WATERBURY

You've heard eyebrow-raising rumors about these five couples; here are the facts

**M**R. ED JUDSON was waxing philosophical at Ciro's. "What fun does she see in that?" he asked.

By "she" Mr. Judson meant the eye-beguiling Rita Hayworth, his young wife. By "that" he meant the new seriousness of Miss Hayworth regarding her career, a seriousness that makes her want to stay in at night studying, rather than going out to night clubs to see and to be seen.

Home to Mr. Judson is strictly a place for sleeping, making appointments and changing clothes, an accommodation, in other words, and not a retreat. But lately, since her triumphs in "The Strawberry Blonde" and "Blood and Sand," Rita has been re-retreating. Recently she has preferred to remain, night after night, curled up with a good script. Recently she has yearned for rest, rather than play. She has been given to sharp, driving thoughts about ambition, not to the easy ways of laughter and dancing.

"And what fun is that?" asks Mr. Judson, who is a big businessman, but who drops his business like a tweed coat at five P.M. when he goes home to don a dinner jacket for the later evening's dancing.

Well may Mr. Judson ask, but right there you get the fundamental difference toward careers between Hollywood's men and women. Hollywood's male stars can take their careers up until six o'clock and then let them alone for the evening. But once a girl gets really hit by stardom, it becomes like a jealous god to which she must, and will, sacrifice everything. When love gets mixed up in all this, it is just too bad for love.

It isn't that the course of true love—like the old ungrammatical proverb—doesn't run smooth in Hollywood.

Lili Damita and Errol Flynn both claim the break is final. Is it?



Half of Hollywood says Roz Russell is Mrs. Fred Brisson. She says . . .





It was common knowledge that all had not been so blissful as it once was in the Rita Hayworth-Ed Judson household. The cause of the complications can be easily traced

Love in this town sure does run, and is it smooth! Boy, and howdy. Love is terrific, wonderful, thrilling, glorious, deathless, until it lands up in front of a shooting schedule. One touch of production delay and love goes all to pieces—or to the divorce court.

Which is why Photoplay-Movie Mirror, as your authentic guide to glitter, knows it is necessary to keep you posted periodically on who is playing Hollywood hearts with whom.

The five big heart headline couples at the moment are Rita Hayworth and Ed Judson; Lili Damita and Errol Flynn (again!); Rosalind Russell and Fred Brisson; Ann Sothorn and Roger Pryor (also again!); Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton; and this is Ruth Waterbury, the old feedbox, reporting.

There are rumors of possible trouble in the Judson-Hayworth household. Definitely things are not as blissful over there as they were and the cause can most certainly be traced to Miss Hayworth's increasingly busy acting schedule. Quarrels there have been between these two recently. Talk there has been about the attentions of a flirtatious actor-about-town to the charming Rita. But the quarrel—and the flirtatious gentleman—will probably be forgotten by the Judsons since actually Rita and Ed also have much in common.

Older, more poised, Ed Judson does understand the demands of Rita's career. He it is who originally counselled Rita to be always friendly and co-operative to publicity people, reporters and photographers. To Rita's credit be it said that she has lived

up to this good advice. She is definitely one of the most gracious and sweet girls in the whole film colony. Personally I think she is smart enough to realize that she is primarily a publicity-made star just as Ann Sheridan is. Equally, however, if she wants now to pause in that publicity campaign of being dressed, photographed, interviewed and stay home to study singing, voice production, dramatic acting, which lessons she does take daily, that, too, is understandable. However, the trouble is Mr. Judson doesn't find that staying home any fun at all. He is not interested in an acting career and if Rita gets interested in hers to the extent of twenty-four hours a day it may get to be too much for both of them. I hope it doesn't, for they are two very nice people who, so far, have shared a lot of happiness.

On the subject of her possible elopement with Fred Brisson, Rosalind Russell gets violently emphatic, even emphatic for a girl who is even emphatic about the number of sugar cubes she will take in her coffee.

"I am not going to elope," Roz practically screamed at me in answer to my direct query. "You know the kind of family I come from, a rather old-fashioned family. When I get married; when I fall in love, I'll do it in an old-fashioned way. I'll send out announcements. If I ever get to the wedding stage, I'll have the photographers down while I sign the license. I'll want to invite everybody to my wedding. In other words, I'll be proud to be in love and I'll tell the world. As for Fred Brisson, he is my good

friend and also my agent. Right now when I've decided to free-lance instead of being under contract to Metro, it has been necessary for me to see more of him in the last few weeks than I have seen of him for months before. Since I have been working for the past year without any kind of a break, the only time I've had to discuss business with Freddie has been over a dinner table, or possibly out in a night club, or maybe driving back and forth to the studio. But none of that dating means that I am eloping. We may have been observed a dozen times practically talking our heads off, but I assure you it has been business we've been discussing, not love, and most certainly not elopements. I'm not going to elope, no matter what the newspapers say."

WHEN it comes to the Ann Sothorn-Roger Pryor whispered trouble, Ann offered Hollywood this explanation. She said she had been having house trouble, so Roger had moved out of the house and into a hotel. Ann insisted that was all there was to it, and one could only assume that this forthright girl who had always been utterly honest on all other occasions was still being utterly honest on this one. (Continued on page 80)

## Frame for Fame

### PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S Exclusive Color Portrait Series:

*Deanna Durbin*

Appearing in Universal's  
"It Started With Adam"  
page 33

*Stirling Hayden*

Appearing in Paramount's  
"Bohama Passage"  
page 35

*Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.*

Appearing in Small-United Artists'  
"The Corsican Brothers"  
page 38

*Lucille Ball*

Appearing in RKO-Radio's  
"Look Who's Laughing"  
page 40





Deanna Durbin



# Could you tame STIRLING HAYDEN?

He's restless, a rebel and a rover—and he's a challenge to every woman. Whether or not you could conquer him depends on your reaction to this story

BY ROBERTA ORMISTON

**T**HE HOLLYWOOD girls are *that way* about Stirling Hayden. Only a few have actually met him. He doesn't go out much, but that doesn't matter—stories still get around. And the girls, having heard Stirling is restless and a rebel and a rover, rise to the challenge, think "I could tame him!"

We talked to Stirling in one of the Paramount offices the other day. His hair, burned light and bright by the sun, fell over his forehead in curls. It sounds odious, but it wasn't—far from it. His blue eyes had sun wrinkles around them. His skin had a bronze cast. He was wearing an old sweater and slacks and white socks

wrinkled around his ankles. He talked, tersely, of putting into strange ports, of being dead broke and cooking a can of beans over a fire and sleeping under the stars; and he talked of Hollywood.

When we asked Stirling how he felt about his movie career he said: "I'm leery about it. You can pay too much for money, I figure. Life itself, for example, is much too much to pay for it. But that's exactly what you give unless you work at the thing you want to do most. More than anything else I want to sail a boat!"

"So—the way I look at it—I'll gain nothing by staying in pictures once I get an annuity for my mother and a schooner for myself. Because with

my schooner I can make any dough I need—I don't need much—and be doing the thing I want to do at the same time."

The boy is father to the man . . . When Stirling was nine years old, living in a New York suburb, it filled him with horror to watch his father and his father's friends go into the city on the same train every morning and come home from the city on the same train every night.

"After dinner," he says, "they'd water the lawn. Saturday afternoon they'd tinker with their cars. Saturday night they'd play cards or go to the movies. Sunday they'd take long rides to get arbutus or bittersweet. And Sunday night they'd go to bed early to be ready for the same business all over again."

His voice betrayed the fear he feels for any part of such an existence.

"If any one of them had ever wanted anything different," he concluded, "he'd long since forgotten all about it."

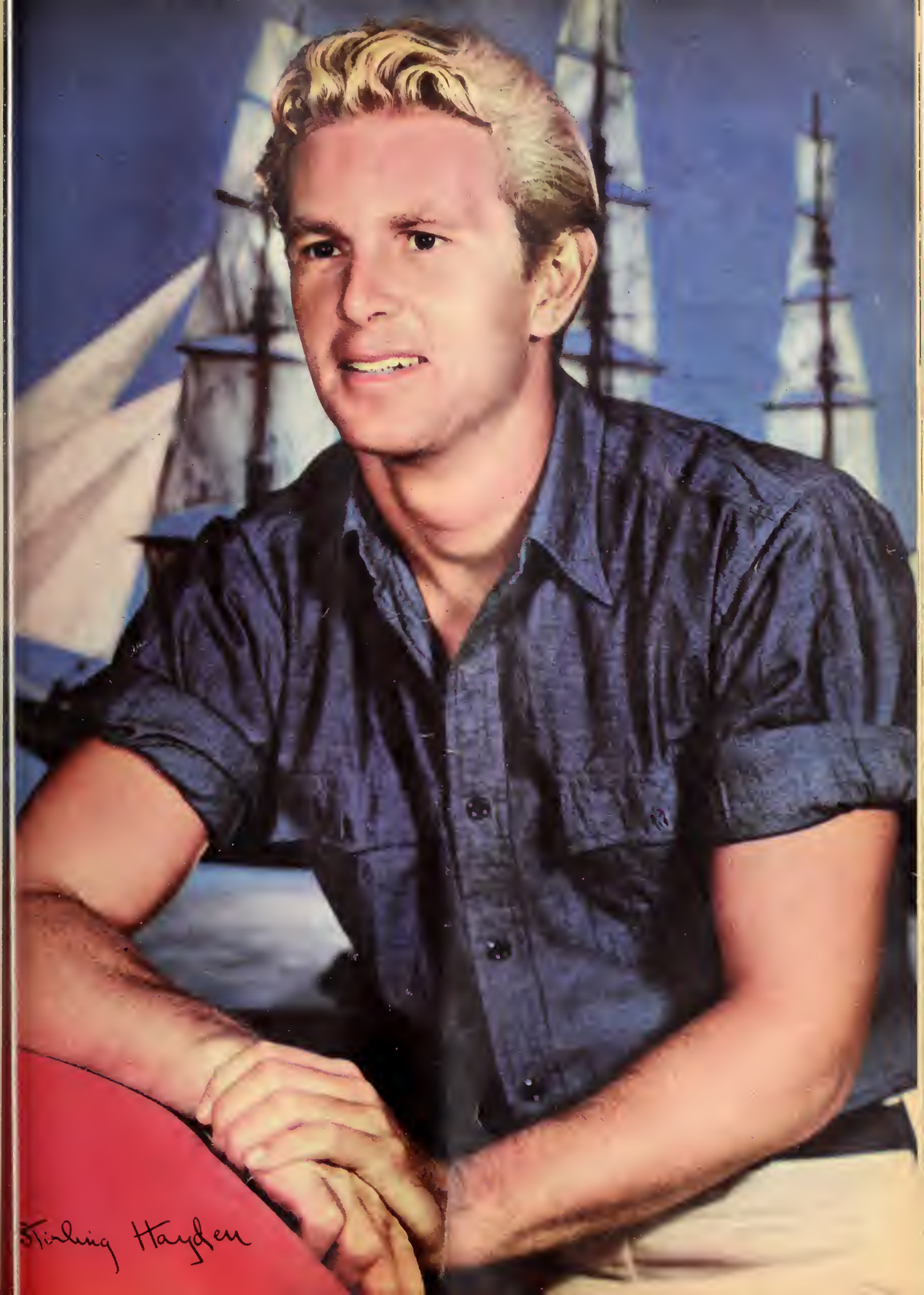
He's a strange blend, Stirling Hayden. He talks well, wears his clothes casually, and has easy manners. He has all the unmistakable signs of breeding. But there's also something unconventional and hard about him. It's as if his experiences, like a vice, had tightened up his personality as well as his features.

Stirling grew up in a charming home in a distinctly upper-class suburb. He went to Wassookeag School, "an institution," he says "with twenty-four students and twenty-eight automobiles." It wasn't until '31, when he was fifteen, that the fortune his father had left crashed, together with a lot of other (Continued on page 66)



Said Stirling Hayden when a movie career was first mentioned, "I'd feel like a fool making faces in front of a camera, making love to dolls." This is what happens in "Bahama Passage" with Madeleine Carroll





Stirling Hayden



# Are You Afraid TO WALK ALONE ?

Read this and you'll find yourself giving up  
some of your pet ideas. But if they're the  
kind we suspect, they should be abandoned!

BY  
HELEN LOUISE WALKER

So you wonder why you don't get ahead in business? Ann Sothern can—and does—tell you what's probably wrong. Follow Bette Davis (below) and you'll be criticized—but that's a worthy point in this new theory

**L**ORETTA YOUNG was entertaining a young friend in her dressing room. She shook her head at her despairingly and then smiled.

"So!" she said. "So you think you simply can't bear it if you can't have a dress 'just like all the other girls have' for the party. And your hair. I suppose you want that in a starched little roll exactly like Sylvia's. And gold sandals like Amy's. And I suppose if the boy friend doesn't send you four gardenias in a prim row exactly like all the other rows of gardenias on all the other shoulders, you think you'll die.

"Well, look here. I've ordered some dresses sent in and you and I will pick one out. But I do hope they won't send us a single dress that is a bit like a frock that any other girl may possibly be wearing to the party. We want something that will be *you*."

The young thing looked so apprehensive that Loretta laughed. "Never mind, honey," she said. "We won't get anything that you don't like and that you won't be happy in. That's part of the art of selecting a frock. You must like it. But, honestly, you're not the candy-box type and I do want you to find it out before you go making yourself look silly in a white bouffant number with satin bows looping up the lace ruffles. Not you—with those lovely long legs and that tumbly red hair and those green eyes. I'd like—let me see—a dull gold, maybe, with a draped bodice and a very full plain skirt. And tiger lilies. . . ."

The girl began to relax. "I hadn't thought of anything like that," she admitted. "It sounds lovely."

"I don't suppose you have," Loretta

said. "So many girls and women, too, don't bother to think about those things. They just see what 'everyone else' has and does and think they have to have it and do it, too. You're lucky, really. You *can't* be like everyone else. You can't be an indistinguishable member of a herd. You're too distinctive to begin with. You have no idea how grateful you should be. Other women—intelligent ones—have to work for individuality that counts."

Watching and listening to all this we had a feeling just here that Loretta would have liked to shake all the copy-cat women. This is a subject close to her heart. She has always been so interested in her sisters that this concern has overflowed the family boundaries and come to include various protégées, like the tousled red-head she was lecturing at the moment.

"The thing is," she went on, getting quite heated about it, "*have you the courage to walk alone?* If you haven't, then you'll never be anything but a carbon copy and maybe a rather smudgy one. You've worked in an office and you know that the carbon copy never goes anywhere. It gets tucked away in a file on a shelf somewhere while the original goes off through the mails to sell a bill of goods or at least to have an adventure!"

She took a deep breath. "Gracious!" she said. "That's rather good, isn't it? An epigram or something!"

She went on, her enthusiasm growing. "When my sisters and I first started in pictures we looked and acted and talked as much alike as three little tomatoes on a vine. Three of us were as similar as all five of the Dionnes (*Continued on page 101*)







Next time you get gardenias you won't be flattered. You'll be thinking of the story Loretta Young tells







# IF I WERE EDITOR

Douglas Fairbanks, at our request, suggests something new for Photoplay-Movie Mirror

Dear Ernest Heyn,

I CAN well imagine myself as a citizen of, say Kansas, and thumbing through the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. After a time I am sure I would say, "Must get out to that Hollywood place some day. Streets are full of stars. Stumble over 'em everywhere."

To some degree I think we can charge the persistence of that myth to publications specializing in Hollywood personalities. The emphasis is always on the star. Quite naturally, one gets to suspect that the town has nothing else.

Too much of one thing is likely to become a little monotonous. My conclusion is that your articles concerning men and women before the cameras would be even more interesting if you told us something of the folk behind the cameras. Among the thousands of behind-the-scenes workers in Hollywood are stories, live stories, interesting ones, and diverse points of view that are worth telling. As a single reader, I raise my voice to ask for more about them.

Before you offer me an associate editorship, however, let me illustrate from just a few of the meager observations I have been able to make.

There is a make-up woman in Hollywood who has lived a more interesting life than any star. Every so often, with just a couple of hundred dollars for initial capital, she packs

her make-up kit and sets off around the world. With her curling iron alone, she earns her way from one country to another, having a glorious time and learning more about people and customs than could any first-class traveler.

What are the beauty secrets of the various nationalities? What do people in different countries think of Hollywood and motion pictures? Our lady with the traveling make-up kit can answer them all.

To carry on with another example: I heard an ace cameraman not long ago telling a group of visitors something about the secrets of lighting. He was illustrating, with diagrams, how it would be possible for the average woman to appear twenty percent more attractive in her own home merely by changing the electric lighting. I think this cameraman is worth investigation, from a story standpoint.

There is another gentleman in town who has an army of "movie mercenaries" trained to fight with any and all weapons, in the style of any army past or present. Some of this may come under the heading of trivia, but surely to your busy staff there must be many better examples available. Naturally, you'll know more about that than I.

That's my say.

Sincerely,



We gave Mr. Fairbanks' idea to author Harmony Haynes; this is the illuminating result

DO THE teens in your town part their hair in the middle and just let it sort of hang loose, shoulder-length à la Hedy Lamarr? If so, blame Hazel Rogers, globe-trotting hair stylist of Hollywood, because she brought the style back from the South Seas and introduced it to Hedy for her role in "Lady of the Tropics."

Anyone might think that dressing stars' hair was excitement enough for any young girl, but Hazel found it a bit boring at times. One day she mentioned this to Lilyan Tashman.

"If I had your money," she told Lilyan, "I'd travel around the world."

"And if I had your talent, I'd travel without money," Lilyan came back.

Hazel went home, packed up her curling iron, drew her \$325 out of the savings bank and bought a ticket for Germany. She found enough work

on the boat to buy a ticket to some other spot and so on around the world. She carried a sketch book and sketched every hairdress she found, no matter how weird, from the steppes of Russia to the Fiji Islands. After several years she came back to Hollywood and once more took up the task of dressing stars' hair. She had a lot of new ideas on the subject. She became so popular that stars actually fought over her.

Hazel takes a trip every once in a while—sometimes on her own—sometimes at the expense of the studio because a star on location in the South Seas needs her hair dressed just as well as a star on the home lot and who could better do the job than Hazel Rogers?

You'll admit that in "Gone With the Wind" one of the most spec-

tacular scenes was that of the mounted troops dashing through the city of Atlanta. This was not a trick shot—those men actually rode at top speed through streets filled with screaming people, fear-maddened citizens, dying soldiers. They are part of a real Hollywood army, a private army, selected, trained, owned and operated by Captain Richard von Opel.

Captain von Opel, a small dark mild-mannered man, is an American-born Austrian. When the World War broke out, he joined with the Austrian troops as a cavalry captain. When the United States entered, he re-enlisted with his native country. After the war he returned with his company to the United States and started riding schools, five of them, for Eastern blue-bookers. The stock market crash ruined his (Continued on page 81)






Lucille Ball



# Whose Back ?

Some fast back talk from Hollywood—five stars conceal their identities by going into reverse. Can you name them? If your backfield game falls short, they all do a rightabout-face for you on page 48



The lady with the pleated skirt is a first-rank star, a brown-eyed beauty with one sister and no husband. She has a cute nickname, a cuter face and she played in a picture whose theme song you're singing now. The strong silent gent at the right comes from a large family, is an ex-vaudevillian and in his last film double-crossed a blonde



If you've been doing your Photoplay-Movie Mirror homework you'll know the lady above. She faced you, in the same costume, in a recent issue, her real name is Gladys Greene. The twosome at the left have two things in common: They played together in a recent thriller; and both their last names begin with "T"



# CLAMOR BOYS



Bud and Lou  
pool resources;  
the fish catch  
on to their line



What's that loud noise you hear? It's probably your sides splitting. Then again it may be the uproar caused by this zany explosion of Abbott and Costello into print

BY IDA ZEITLIN



WE SAT down to lunch with Abbott and Costello. Abbott's the thin one, Costello's the fat one—to be known hereinafter respectively as Bud and Lou. Formality doesn't suit their type.

"Where's my cutlery?" Bud demanded.

Lou began tossing knives and forks at him. "Cutlery!" he sneered. "For Photoplay-Movie Mirror he's gotta have cutlery. For other magazines he uses his fingers—"

"I'd hate to tell her what you use your fingers for—"

"Go on, tell her. I'm not ashamed of my habits."

"Your habits!" Bud ignored him to get confidential with me. "Look, honey, every habit he's got the goniff swiped from me. Now I can't get 'em back—"

"Back and Bill went up the hill—" Lou hummed.

By this time Bud was moaning because the kitchen was out of tripe.

"You're just the tripe to like that stuff," murmured his partner.

"It's the first time they had it on the menu and now they haven't got it—"

"So all right," stormed Lou. "So I like women. So you think I can

have 'em every time I want 'em? How about some carrots? How about some? How about?"

"Look!" If this were a picture, this is the part where Bud's palm and Lou's cheek would have met. "Will you live your life and let me live mine?"

"Ya-a-h, carrots! Carrots make you beautiful, he eats carrots, he looks like a slug, carrots make you look like a slug, Q.E.D., that's Latin, in English he looks like the same slug, unquote, period." And to the waitress: "Bring me some ice cream. Then bring me some spaghetti and meatballs. Then bring me some fruit cup." The waitress, who's used to them, took their orders calmly and departed.

"He eats upside down," said Bud, not without a certain pride.

Lou turned momentarily glum. "It's my own patent, so Bill Powell swipes it for 'Love Crazy.' I'm suin'."

"One thing let me ask you," said Bud coldly. "For yourself, you can choke. But the lady has a book and a pencil, see 'em? She's takin' you down. So for the team and dear old Universal and the love of Mike, will you kindly eat like a human being?"

Lou laid down his spoon and spoke with a soft, ominous deliberation. "I should eat like a human being?"

"You heard me. This guy," he explained in a courteous aside, "eats like somebody's going to steal his food. He cuts a steak in four hunks and swal-

lows it whole. He's unnatural—"

"I'm unnatural." Lou was still speaking softly. "Who never had a pain in his stomach in his life? Me. Who is forever and constantly taking pills? You. There is such a thing as eating slow, I admit. There is also such another thing as abusing it." He removed his empty ice-cream glass, sliced an insignificant corner from my roast beef and placed it in the exact center of his plate. At this point, the silent became a talkie, slow motion.

"No, that's too big," he says, so he goes like this." Prissily he cut the beef into four invisible segments. "Then he forks it up. On top goes a little bitty bread, little bitty mashed potatoes, little bitty peas, flypaper, matches, dust, whatever stuff's layin' around. Then he opens his mouth till you can't see his face and drops it in. Then he starts chewin'. In a six-day masticatin' marathon, that guy could give odds to a cow and make her look sillier than he looks right now. By the time he gets round to swallowin', it's tomorrow. Then he takes a sip of water. Then he starts the whole business over again. Then he takes a pill. Then—"

"I'll deny it in the next issue," said Bud.

"With your puss in this one, there'll never be another, heaven forbid."

They keep it up interminably. They've done it so long on the stage and air that (Continued on page 83)

The two members of Hollywood's greatest present-day comedy team caught when they're not clowning: Lou Costello (below, left) with Mrs. Costello and daughters Carole Lou and Patty on their new North Hollywood estate; Bud and Betty Abbott in the dining room of their home







# I Wake Up Screaming!

She hated him, and feared him. Yet she wanted to protect him. Could that be love? The strangely thrilling story of two who were frightened by something stronger than themselves

I WAS a writer on the lot, fresh from New York, and Vicky was one of a hundred studio secretaries, but she was blonde moonlight to me—or so I thought.

The first time I kissed Vicky she went to my head like a Beachcomber's zombie. Suddenly I had the idea of making her a star. I didn't have enough cash to do it alone, but why not sell some of the other boys at the studio a quarter interest in Vicky, Star-to-be? Fantastic? I thought so too until they fell like ninepins slugged by a baseball bat. First Lanny Craig, veteran writer just turning passé. He needed a boost. Twenty-five star-shares might do the trick, especially if he got the inside track on doing her material. Lanny sent Hurd Evans, director, who wasn't passing up the publicity break of "discovering" another Jean Harlow. We needed one more partner to round out the budget necessary to launch the Vicky campaign. Robin Ray, one of those almost-good-enough male stars, fell into the net. His career badly needed to make the romance columns. Vicky, he figured, would supply the heartbeat. I didn't like that, but she was so warmly reassuring that I swallowed my doubts.

It was Jill, Vicky's sister, who made me uneasy. Not because of anything she said or did. She called me Peg, short for Pegasus—some crazy notion that I was the flying horse of inspiration because I had had the idea of starring Vicky. But after I would spend the evening with Vicky I would find it was Jilly I was thinking of.

Vicky's build-up was terrific. She was seen everywhere with Robin Ray while I moped around alone. That didn't improve my morale. With the psychology of the guy who's losing, everything took on a personal slant. When the dumb guy on the night

## BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON

switchboard of Vicky's apartment, Harry Williams, tried to stop me from going up to see her, I almost committed murder, with him as the corpse. Jill laughed it off by saying he had a mild crush on Vicky, like a lot of others.

Then came the day when Vicky phoned me. "Come to the apartment, darling. We're celebrating. My test has been okayed." At first I thought I wouldn't go. I'd seen so little of her the past weeks—and Robin had seen so much. I wandered along the street, stopped at a tiny shop and bought a pair of brass knucks for a friend of mine in New York. They'd make a nice Christmas present, I thought. Then I went into a bar. But this was being childish. Maybe Vicky hadn't changed as much as I thought she had. She'd be waiting for me. . . .

I used the key to the apartment the girls had given me for emergency business meetings, opened the door—and then I saw her. She was lying on the floor, eyes closed—and she wasn't breathing! Through an ice-cold vacuum I finally moved across the room to her. Then I heard a scream. "Peg—you killed her!" It was Jill. . . .

I DIDN'T say anything. A long time passed. The room was quiet. It was dark and quiet. "You killed her! . . . Do you hear me?"

"Yes—yes, and do you think that I—I could—" My voice choked off.

Jill was standing over me now. She was there and I could see the outline of her face in the light from the street. Then she was down beside me, pulling on my arm and crying.

"Forgive me for even thinking it!

Will you forgive me, Peg? I knew Vicky so well. I loved her so much. Can you ever forgive me?"

"Listen, Jill, listen," I said. "Stay away from me. I don't want anybody around. I don't want—will you take your hands off me!"

My face came up, bright and wet and hard, and I could see in the darkness. Jill took her hands away and sat on her legs, sobbing. We sat motionless and silent and the sodden sounds from the street crept up to us on an echo and chattered with the tick of the kitchen clock.

"You'd better call the cops," I said.

The light was bright and hot and my eyes burned and there was sweat on my face. They kept smoking cigarettes and talking. I tried to make answers but my lips were parched and stuck together.

Now they jerked me to my feet and took me out into the hall. Somebody hit me. It felt like my jaw was broken. They picked me up and knocked me down again. I had a mouth full of ache. My tongue was cut. My eyes were swollen. Some guy held me by the front of my shirt. He pushed me backwards into the same room with the light. They sat me down.

"You're going to hang, mister. Make it easy on yourself. Why'd you kill her?"

"I didn't kill her."

"Tell us everything. Tell us what you did all day."

"I—have. I've—told you."

"Tell us again, mister."

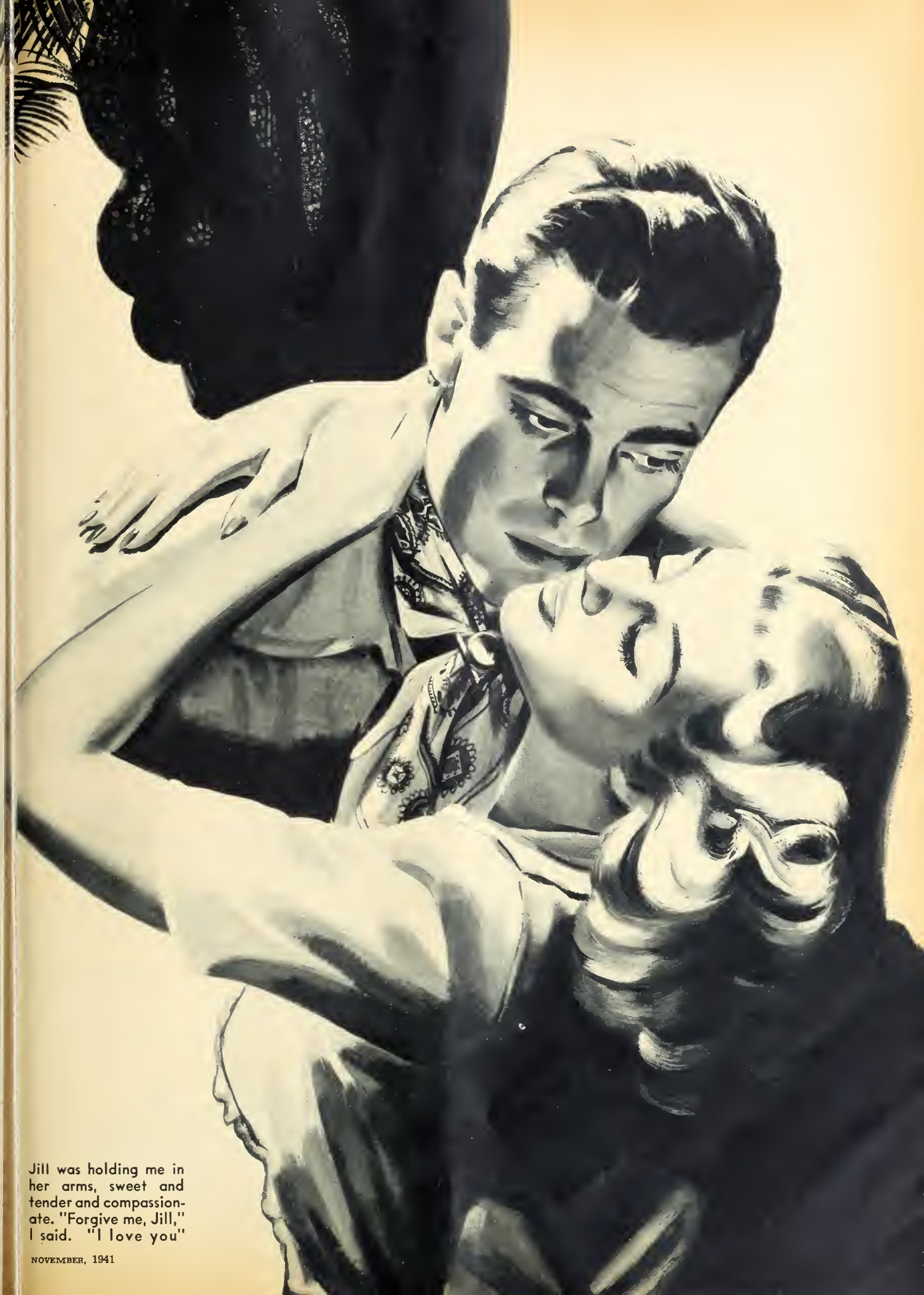
"I woke. She telephoned. Promised to see her—four o'clock. I started to go to work but didn't. I didn't feel like it."

"You didn't feel like it because you thought she was in love with this actor. This Robin Ray."

"Maybe."

"Put that (Continued on page 74)





Jill was holding me in her arms, sweet and tender and compassionate. "Forgive me, Jill," I said. "I love you"



# How Linda Darnell Lives

**H**OUSES can be two-faced. There are serene white Colonial houses that belie the dissension and loneliness that exist behind their placid facades. And there are gloomy piles of Victorian masonry which house families disastrously carefree. Some houses, on the other hand, flaunt the life that is lived in them. . . .

In Brentwood Heights, California, there's such a house. Passing it you'd be sure it was crammed with happy, warm activity. There's something about the way the branches of the pepper tree are allowed to sweep the roof, the little balcony opening from a bedroom, a casement window flung wide to the sweetness of the jasmine vine, the sturdy little boy who scampers across the lawn after a white rabbit that looks, for all the world, as if it had escaped from the pages of "Alice In Wonderland," the pretty girl in slacks who slides off her bike at the rural mail box on which black letters spell D A R N E L L.

It's here Linda Darnell lives with her mother, her twelve-year-old sister, Monte, and her nine-year-old brother, Calvin, never called anything but Bubber. Occasionally, when Mr.

Darnell can get away from his duties as a postal clerk in Dallas, Texas, he lives there too. While Undine Darnell Hunter, Linda's twenty-two-year-old sister, and her husband and baby, from near-by Alhambra, are frequent visitors.

There also are the Darnell pets. These are strange and many and dearly beloved and never parted with until, their short life over, they are buried with tears and flowers in the garden.

There's the aforementioned rabbit, Bunny Boy. There's a cat and varying numbers of kittens. There's Tony Martin, who lives in a cage in the east window of the dining room and pours forth such cascades of song that you tremble lest his golden throat will burst. There's Toby, a silky collie, guardian of the Darnell flock. There's Missy, a white rat who inherited Tony Martin's old cage when Linda bought him a new one with a Chippendale influence. And turtles, snails, guppies and fantailed fish live a communal life in an aquarium.

Recently, when Linda and Mrs. Darnell were house-hunting, they couldn't find a one-story house to ac-

commodate them. They wanted a bungalow because of Monte and Calvin. Monte and Calvin, born and reared in a bungalow, were frightened of the big house in which Linda lived when they first joined her in California. In fact they were always so certain that any sound which emanated from the mysterious regions overhead came from either a ghost or a goblin that Linda had to move immediately. Now, grown a little older, they accept houses having a second floor. For days after they moved into this house they tramped up and down, up and down the curving stairway, singing marching songs and laying ghosts.

Actually Mrs. Darnell now has difficulty keeping Monte and Bubber downstairs. Whenever they are suspiciously quiet she is certain they are upstairs peering admiringly into Linda's room. They love Linda's room, so beautiful with its blue broadloom carpet and natural chestnut furniture, with light cream curtains at the windows and a white candlewick spread tufted in pale rose on the bed, with her dressing table topped by three large mirrors and a cedar chest

Surprise contents of Linda's treasure chest: Dolls in native dress of many countries

BY ADELE WHITELEY FLETCHER

(Left) Something for the tired career girl is the bedroom of blue, cream and rose where Manager Linda does family accounts. (Below) The Darnell "front room" has maroon-printed curtains with white Chinese rugs chosen by Linda, and a corner already waiting for a Christmas tree





Ringin' doorbells is fun when it's the Darnell  
home and the whole family comes to greet  
you with that old Texas hospitality

ANOTHER IN OUR SERIES

## Hollywood at Home



Father (he's mostly in Texas) and Mother Darnell, Monte, Linda and Bubber, christened Calvin for his dad, not because of his silence!



(Left) Linda is a Tony Martin fan—Tony, in case you don't know, being her pet canary. (Above) Monte, Bubber and Linda play circus with their menagerie—everything in feathers and fur, featuring Missy, the White Rat



at the foot of the bed and the little balcony beyond the French door. They're permitted in this room, however, only when Linda is there—which makes it even more wonderful. For here Linda keeps her treasures. In the cedar chest she has a collection of dolls dressed in the native costumes of many countries. On shelves are the books that are important to her, "The Nazarene" most important of all.

"I got as much out of 'The Nazarene' as I got out of the Bible," Linda says. And Linda knows whereof she speaks when she talks of the Bible. Mrs. Darnell required all her children to read one chapter of the Bible every night before they went to bed. Until they could read themselves she read to them. And they all had perfect Sunday school records to boot.

**C**ALVIN DARNELL, a quiet man, has had the same job for many years. He sees no sense in giving it up because his daughter acts in pictures. At times he misses his family frightfully. But he isn't much at home, especially in the hunting season. And if he can't get to California for some special occasion, Mrs. Darnell joins him in Texas. Last spring he took his summer vacation early so he could stay with Monte and Bubber, while Linda and Mrs. Darnell went to Mexico.

Without embarrassment or dramatics Linda admits she went to Mexico to see her old sweetheart, Jaime Jorba. Jaime is a Spanish refugee who was forced to leave Spain because of his father's political ideas. He and Linda met when they were in the same class in a Dallas school. They hadn't seen each other for two years, however, until Linda went to Mexico where Jaime lives now with an uncle who is in the hemp business.

"Jaime's one of the men who interest me," Linda began. Then she changed her mind and decided to be wholly honest. "Jaime's the one person who really intrigues me," she said. "He has high ideals and a superior intellect. But I know, in spite of this, that nothing ever can come of our feeling for each other. Jaime never would comprehend Hollywood or my career. He's extremely jealous. He would want his wife at home. I would have to give up all the life but the one I could live around him. And I couldn't do that now—now that I've been shaped by my work and the

success I've had in it."

Frances Klampf, who is a charge of the studio school, comments on Linda: "If Linda didn't want a motion-picture career she could write. She has an immensely fertile imagination and a fine general curiosity. She might even be able to earn her living as an artist. She does lovely light things with pastels and her pencil sketches have real individuality."

Last spring Linda was graduated from high school. Because of her career she will not be able to go to college. And from now on the studio will not sit back, as the law required them to in the past, and wait for Linda to complete certain hours of study every day. However, with Frances

Every night she goes over the bills that have come in, makes out checks and leaves them in the letter box in stamped addressed envelopes.

"That's the easiest way to keep things straight," says Linda, who now earns seven hundred and fifty dollars a week, "and stay out of debt. It's difficult staying out of debt. I know how ridiculous that would have seemed to me once, considering my income. But it is, really.

"You see the California law requires that fifty percent of my salary be deposited in a trust fund. I don't even see it. It will be wonderful when I get it at twenty-one, of course, but in the meantime the going is a little lean at times. Out of the three hundred and seventy-five dollars I get I have to pay the income tax on my entire salary which is a very great deal of money, give ten percent of my entire salary to my agent and one percent to social security. I have to contribute my share to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. And I have to keep up the appearances which my studio position calls for.

"In fact," she went on, a slight pucker between her velvet-brown eyes, "we all had to use the family car until I bought a roadster a month or two ago. The old car finally reached the state where I couldn't drive it to the studio any more. You know, we've transported children and pets in it, and soda pop and hot dogs and honey corn do leave spots on upholstery no matter how careful you try to be.

"Now, of course, we'll have to have someone to do the family driving. I guess we'll get a couple. But I dread it. I don't like having servants around—probably because I've never been used to them. They never do things to suit us somehow. And until now we've

managed well enough with a woman coming in to do the cleaning and the laundry."

Like most working girls, Linda finds clothes a problem. By the time her taxes, commission and overhead expenses are paid there's not much left for clothes. And, of course, she must look fresh and chic always. She's constantly on parade.

"So," she says, "I live in slacks. I never wear a dress to the studio unless something extra-special is going on. And my only fur is a white fox I bought in a burst of self-indulgence. (Continued on page 91)

## ANSWERS TO

# Whose Back?

(page 41)

Right: Olivia ("Livvie") de Havilland, star of "The Strawberry Blonde"



James Cagney, who kidnapped Bette Davis in the Warners film, "The Bride Came C. O. D."



Below: Spencer Tracy and Lana Turner, who appeared together in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"



Jean Arthur, a prize-winner at a costume party, with her husband, Frank J. Ross



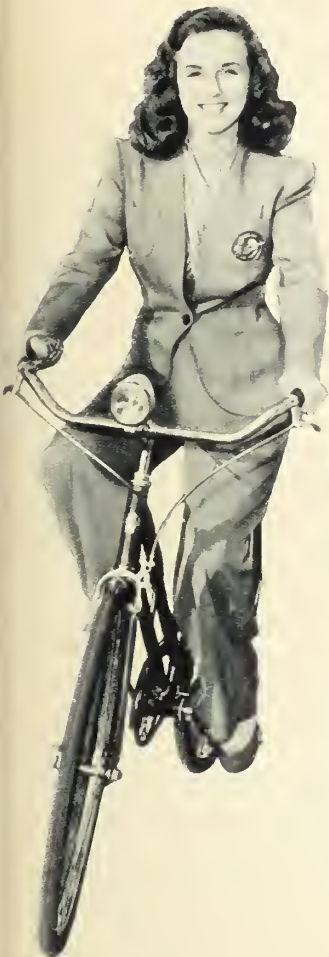
Klampf's help, Linda has outlined her plan for further education.

"In my own time," Linda explained, indicating a large package of books that had just arrived, "I'm going to study psychology. It's so important to know *why* you do things. I've had four years of Spanish and I'll continue with it and take a year or so of French, too. I definitely want to go on with my art."

**B**ESIDE Linda's bed there is a night stand where her mail is left for her. Much of Linda's mail is bills, for she handles all the household finances.



A lone wolf at heart is Tyrone Power who takes to the desert to do his cycling. On vacation with Annabella at Palm Springs, he spends his mornings burning up the sands



In the first row of the headlight parade at Universal is Deanna Durbin who cuts a fancy curve for Hyman Fink's benefit. Right: Best cyclist at M-G-M is Joan Crawford who wheels around from work on "When Ladies Meet" to tell a good story to Clark Gable on the "Honky Tonk" set



# BIKE HIKERS

Everybody knows the stars go on cycles, but seldom are they caught doing it. That's why these Hymie Fink exclusives — with handlebars down—will get a whirl from coast to coast

A vision on wheels is Mickey Rooney, the nonconformist who turns his handlebars up, gets his teeth into the job and leaves the rest of the boys behind in a cloud of dust



Moneymaking: Robert Taylor, who will put dollars in the M-G-M bank by some personable maneuvers in "When Ladies Meet"  
Carpenter







*Richmond*  
Merrymaking: Paulette Goddard of DeMille's "Reap The Wild Wind," one reason why "Daisy" is a gentleman's favorite tune



Reward for being natural:  
Mr. Scott gets a lead role  
in Fox's big "Belle Starr"





# YOU CAN'T COUNT HIM OUT!

Most Hollywood people would condemn him for what he did. But it takes a man like Randolph Scott to know that what seems like a detour at first is sometimes the shortest road to happiness

BY JOHN R. FRANCHEY

WITH his stock now being quoted at an all-time high, he is taking it all very calmly, which is definitely the wrong attitude for a man whom the local "experts" had counted out some two years back.

That makes twice.

He was equally baffling when his career was at low tide and his agents were getting the brush-off at the studios. He took it all very calmly then. You couldn't tell that his days were numbered just from looking.

The explanation is very simple. It is bound up with Randolph Scott's fatalism: What is to be will be.

Heavens knows he hadn't the slightest intention of becoming a movie star when he took off for a trip West the summer of 1928. Fashionable Woodbury Forest prep school, as befits a young Virginian . . . a trick at Georgia Tech . . . transfer to the University of North Carolina . . . a brief intermezzo with a lady he was later to marry . . . a short turn or two in business . . . and then that trip West with a friend named Jack Heath.

They didn't even know they were coming to California. Ardent golfers, they stopped off at Dallas, Texas, were received with open arms by Dallas society and the dazzling Dallas debbies, and were sorely tempted to camp there for a century or two. But wanderlust urged them still farther West and inevitably to Hollywood.

Arrived in Hollywood, the two Virginians discovered that they were in clover: No less than two fancy golf tournaments were scheduled to be played off within the next six weeks. They took a small apartment and prepared to stay until October.

It was Jack Heath who remembered that they had a mutual friend in town, the-then wife of Howard Hughes. They gave her a ring. Being the lady she was, she invited the boys to dinner. Also to meet her charming husband.

They were sold on Mr. Hughes from the start: He was an ardent golfer, when he wasn't producing pictures. They became a golfing threesome right then and there.

Late in October, they reluctantly began packing their bags, arranged for their final tour of the links with Hughes. They were on hole 17 when Scott remembered all of a sudden that here they were going back to Virginia and they hadn't seen the inside of a studio. It might be pretty embarrassing when they got back and everyone started asking questions. He said something about it to Hughes.

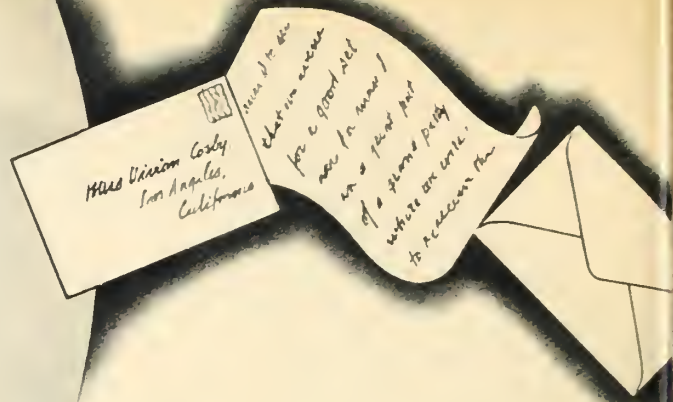
"How would you boys like to work in a picture?" Hughes came back. "That would be better than taking a Cook's tour, wouldn't it?"

You know, of course, what the boys said.

Well, the next day it came off on schedule. Randolph Scott and Jack Heath were over on the Fox lot, working as one-day extras. They had identical roles, if you could call them roles. Dressed in the dashing getup of Australian army officers, hats turned up rakishly on one side, their chore was to suggest "complete abandon." How complete the Scott abandon must have been you can guess from the following: James Ryan, casting director for Fox, called him over and invited him to make a screen test. He was so flabbergasted that he said he'd do it, although on the way home that evening he was mentally composing the polite no-thank-you letter which he planned to send Ryan later that night. He never sent the letter. Waiting for him at the apartment was a message to get in touch with the great Cecil B. DeMille.

DeMille, apparently, had received a glowing report from someone on the Fox lot. At any rate, he rolled out the red carpet for Scott and told him frankly that he had him in mind for the lead in "Dynamite," his next picture. Negotiations were proceeding fine until C. B. discovered that Scott was (Continued on page 92)





To my Lady

The courage my friend Barbara Stanwyck mentions in her letters has been given to me by her staunch friendship and kind thoughtfulness

Vivian Cosby

EDITORS' NOTE: Vivian Cosby, Broadway playwright, had just begun her new work in Hollywood when, on the morning of New Year's Day, 1939, her dress caught fire. Ablaze from head to foot, she fell unconscious to the floor. . . . When word went out from the hospital that she would live but that she would be a shut-in for many months, maybe years, Hollywood's most famous stars flocked to her bedside to pay tribute to the courage of this woman who could come up fighting after such an ordeal. Foremost in this legion of new friends has been Barbara Stanwyck. Without adding any words of our own we are going to let these letters, published with the permission of both, tell you of a moving side of Hollywood you rarely have an opportunity to glimpse. . . .

July 25, 1939

**M**Y DEAR VIVIAN:  
I'm so glad you liked your room—and you don't need courage—you have enough for a whole army. As a matter of fact, I took some away with me!

I shall come in and see you one of these days. I'm at work again, but if I get a day off, then I'll drop by.

Bless you,  
Barbara.

Feb. 14, 1940

My dear Vivian:  
I'm so glad you are getting along as well as you say. Let's hope and pray things will be brighter for you from now on. The public at large seemed to like "Remember the Night"—and I was rather pleased with it. I'm doing another in a week or so with the same director, Mitch Leisen—and I do enjoy working with him. Thanks for writing to me. I do appreciate it, and excuse my scrawl. Since the hand injury I don't write

very well any more. I guess I rate a penalty for not having sense enough to know that you shouldn't hit a window glass with your hand when the window sticks.

Good luck, Vivian, and bless you,  
Barbara.

Feb. 27, 1940

Dear Vivian:  
You were sweet to be worried about that rumor, but don't worry about things you hear. Imagine putting a sinister conception on my window opening attempt. I tried to open the window, it stuck. I carelessly hit it with the heel of my hand. The glass broke and my wrist was badly cut. It was bleeding, and everyone was excited, and all I could think of was not bothering Bob, who was working. They took me to the hospital for the stitching that was necessary.

So I now hear the gossips tried to make something out of the fact that I didn't broadcast my stupidity. Well, I'm not the morbid type, and if I were,





had me write  
Miss Vivian Cosby,  
Los Angeles,  
California.  
I am in  
wonder again  
of how we are  
there are more  
but of how could be  
in their letters

of courage from  
Barbara Sawoyek

what in heaven's name have I to be morbid about? I'm lucky and happy and I know it!

As for you, don't believe anything you hear in this day and age. That's a rule you can't lose on.

Bless you,  
Barbara.

March 8, 1940

My Dear Vivian:

I'm so delighted with the news of your radio job. Isn't that just grand! Good for you. This will really make you feel ever so much better in every way. Let's hope it will mean bigger and better things for you.

I have not started work as yet. The stories just haven't panned out as I expected and I want to do a good one not just a fair one. So I'll wait around. I shall love to send you a picture.

Now don't get too excited on this writing job and ruin your health—take it easy and everything will be fine for you.

Always the best to you.

Bless you,  
Barbara.

May 9, 1940

Dear Vivian:

So glad you enjoyed the radio broadcast—and how grand your material for Robinson went so well.

I am delighted you are getting better. It sure has been an awful grind for you, but your rewards will come soon, I know.

The photograph shall be sent to you, Vivian; it's just that I did not have any that I liked very much. But now I have.

Thank you for your nice letter and lots of love,

Barbara.

June 5th, 1940

Dear Vivian:

What a soldier you are.

I've been playing a lot of golf—all of it bad. I went to practice places and hit bucketfulls of balls by the

hour. My enthusiasm failed to grow so I thought I should get out on a course. Bob was divinely patient—golf being his great enthusiasm at the moment (and he's not bad, not bad at all), but I'm not going to be a golfer and we both know it now. I never could get to care how seldom I hit the ball. I've convinced Mr. T. he should golf alone or with someone who can be as intent as he is on cutting down the score. My scores read like the national debt and, also like the debt, kept getting higher and higher. Maybe I should take up bowling. A high score is something to work for there.

Do tell me about yourself.

I'll be in to see you one of these days when you feel like seeing me.

As always,  
Barbara.

July 3, 1940

My Dear Vivian:

Thank you so much for your sweet and gracious (Continued on page 70)



# Maid into movie star

BY MARIAN H. QUINN



Close your eyes and pretend you're a  
Hollywood star. While you're in this million-  
dollar trance, check yes or no on

these questions. They're the eye openers

that will give you a cinema-queen outlook on yourself

*Are you apt to be rather uncommunicative before you've had your breakfast?*

*Do you prefer, in general, men to women?*

*Will you do a thing over as many times as necessary to make it perfect?*

*Does a picture that's hung crookedly upset your equilibrium?*

★

*Do you like to collect items like small china figurines?*

*Can you talk to strangers easily?*

*Do you, as a general rule, act on impulse?*

*When you are depressed, does it pep you up to go out and buy something new?*

★

*Do you scoff at superstitions?*

*Do you enjoy getting up very early in the morning?*

*Are you interested in astrology?*

*When you get home from a date do you put your corsage in water to preserve it?*

★

*Would you stop wearing red nail polish if your best beau didn't like it?*

*Do you sometimes like to sit on the floor?*

*Are you interested in cooking, making menus, running a house?*

*Do you get quite upset when someone criticizes you?*

If you had a majority of "yes's" in the first set of questions your movie-star prototype is Bette Davis because she tallies "yes" on all of them. In other words, if you were a Hollywood queen, you'd be like her—a crisp, practical, hard-working person with a sensitive talent and a flair for smartly conservative clothes. This autumn, you'd probably invest in the new knicker blouse, a one-piece affair with shirtwaist top and knicker bottom that's perfect under your woolen skirts and pinafores. You'd like jerkins instead of sweaters because they're easier to get into; you'd pay your last penny for a coat like the one on page 58.

If you nodded your head vigorously to most of the questions in the second set, you'd be the Lana Turner type movie star, a vivacious little person

with a flair for clothes, a love of experiment with all the new fashion foibles. This fall, you'd probably be sporting the new ankle-length fur boots; or maybe you'd wear bright fireman-red galoshes. You wouldn't wear your conservative black crepe for a special date, but you'd go gay in a white wool jersey dress that would startle your man into some extra-special action.

A majority of "yes's" on the third set means—get ready for a shock—your personality is like that of Hedy Lamarr's. You'd be a colorful movie star and your clothes would usually be in contrast to your very feminine personality. For instance, right now you'd probably be daring enough to wear men's patent-leather pumps, in a boy's size, for your evening tripping of the light fantastic. Or you might

look very feminine in a very masculine fleece-lined pilot's coat of whipcord. You'd never be frilly in the evening—you'd prefer, instead, the new tailored dinner dresses with the ultrasmart long sleeves.

If you ended up by seeing the fourth set of questions in an affirmative light, your movie double is Joan Fontaine, a childlike, naïve person who looks like a little girl and is really an ultrasophisticate. Your clothes would be naïve, too—you'd be smart enough to know that dirndls, that new fall fashion revival, were made for your type. You'd pull an Eton cap over your bob to give you a puckish look and you'd have a black velvet suit, a white blouse with a turned-down childish collar and a red cummerbund, an outfit that would make you the wisest little star in Hollywood.



TAKE FALL

IN YOUR STRIDE

### Footnotes on Notable Feet

Catching on as quickly as an autumn bonfire is this new idea of snapped-in coat linings to match the dress—or the occasion. Look longingly at Ellén Drew, Paramount star of "The Remarkable Andrew," in her short, collarless beaver coat with its wide full sleeves and its bright plaid lining designed by Edith Head. The coat tops a suit of beige, all-out color for fall; it's topped itself by a sleek militarized little beaver cap



Sound footing: V-throat lizard-trimmed brown "Spec" pumps of elasticized suede

Miss Drew's Paris Fashion shoes were selected from the Vanity Slipper Shoppe, Hollywood





Autumn walks are fun, this polo coat makes them fashionable—a soft, natural-colored wool with large patch pockets, wide revers and a sash belt. You'll be talked about in the right way if you follow Ellen Drew and wear a red felt pork-pie that's at home on every campus from east to west, is a heady complement for any girl's wardrobe



News below: A "lo-heeler" bow tie pump of perfed and elasticized Antique Tan calf with flat bow






Stride down the street in this brown and white herringbone tweed and you'll be invited for more hot chocolates than you can drink. Designed by Edith Head, it has a slightly flared skirt, natural shoulders and bracelet-length sleeves. Flair plus fashion: The white piqué collar and cuffs, the beige felt with its brown band trim



Supporting role is played by a "Wall Toe" tailored pump of Antique calf





Look like this and Main St. will think you're a movie star. Ellen Drew wears a mustard-colored sheer wool outfit—a long slim tunic with a set-in belt over a pleated skirt. The attention-getters are the hand-stitched yoke; the sable bands on the dropped shoulders; the huge muff; and the sable hat with its back drop of mustard wool



Underfoot: "Four-Leaf Clover" pumps of elasticized suede





Mark of the fashion connoisseur is a coat dress; this one of Ellen Drew's is of soft black angora wool with a straight skirt and full sleeves. A vest of leopard matches the softly draped muff; the whole outfit is an Edith Head inspiration. A flange of black grosgrain ribbon on the large black felt is your card of admission to the best places—with the best people



Groundwork: "Button Bow" pumps of black elasticized Chiffon Suede, flaring bows





"Since you children will be affected," said Mr. Randall, "I thought it only fair you should have a vote in the matter"

## Fiction version by NORTON RUSSELL

**P**ATRICIA RANDALL performed a neat raffle on a snare drum made out of an old kettle with a piece of inner tube stretched over the mouth, accented the effect with two light taps on the water pitcher, and topped things off with a thunderous kick of her right foot against the wash boiler. Chauncey Jones, sitting on the back steps of the Randall home, looked at her adoringly, oblivious of her round, horn-rimmed corrective spectacles and the gleaming gold braces on her teeth. He was used to such disfigurements; after all, he wore their twins himself.

"We could hike up to the old gravel pit," he said wistfully, "and go swimming. It's full of water now."

"Wouldn't I look cute hiking in my bathing suit!" Pat said in disdain.

"But Pat, you could wear your suit under your hiking things. What's



Chauncey looked at Pat adoringly—horn-rimmed corrective spectacles, gleaming braces on her teeth



"Who, me?" Jane  
said in amazement.  
"Certainly you,"  
grinned Jack.  
"Come on!"

# SMALL TOWN Deb

The saga of what happens  
when a woman turns sixteen,  
forgets about banana  
squashes and begins con-  
centrating on weightier things

A Twentieth Century-Fox picture. Screen  
play by Ethel Hill. Original story by Jerrie  
Walters. Directed by Harold Schuster.  
Copyright 1941 by Twentieth Century-Fox  
Film Corporation

wrong with that?"  
Pat sighed tolerantly. "Look, Chauncey, when a woman gets to be sixteen—"  
"Fifteen," Chauncey said.  
"That was last summer," Pat informed him coldly. "I was a child then. Chauncey, you've gotta quit living in the past—that's kid stuff."  
"Well, why—if it's fun?"  
"There you are!" she said. "That proves we have no common ground, even mentally." She lifted, with an air of dismissal, the big kitchen spoon which served her for a drumstick.  
"Well," Chauncey tried a new tack, "then how about a banana squash with whip cream and cherries—with some pecans on top?"  
"Since when have Tracey's been putting pecans on a banana squash?" Pat inquired.  
"They don't. I just thought it up."

"Well . . ." For a moment Pat weakened, then remembered herself and her dignity. "No, Chauncey," she said firmly.  
"Won't you quit calling me Chauncey?" he begged. "You could call me Bill, or Windy—or anything—"  
"I'm sorry," Pat said. "Every time I think of you, I think of Chauncey."  
The screen door behind Chauncey opened and Katie, the Randalls' cook and housekeeper, lowered her massive bulk down the steps. With a set jaw, she began dismantling Pat's drumming equipment.  
"In the first place, Maestro," she said, "with your very kind permission—I need these things. And in the second place—how's for a little help with supper, huh?"  
Pat giggled. Katie, she had learned long ago, was outwardly fearsome, actually her (Continued on page 85)

- ### THE CAST
- Patricia Randall.....Jane Withers
  - Katie.....Jane Darwell
  - Jack Richards.....Bruce Edwards
  - Helen Randall....Cobina Wright Jr.
  - Mr. Randall.....Cecil Kellaway
  - Mrs. Randall...Katharine Alexander
  - Tim Randall.....Jack Searl
  - Chauncey Jones.....Buddy Pepper





# Cowboy WITH SEX APPEAL

He's the man who made all the maidens mourn when they discovered he had been a husband for four secret years. His name is Roy Rogers and when columnist Louella Parsons published the sad news, his studio, Republic, was deluged with the written lamentations of disappointed females. The outcome? Well, the audience of Rogers is today predominantly admiring ladies—those who play with dolls and those who don't. He's the boy from Cincinnati who started out to be a dentist and ended up in Hollywood as the star master of Trigger; the head of a small Valley ranch where he lives with his wife and adopted daughter Cheryl; the right kind of guy who is first in the hearts of his countrywomen.



# HOLLYWOOD'S UNKNOWN FRIENDSHIPS



They were schoolgirls together: Mrs. John Wayne, Loretta Young

## BY "FEARLESS"

Uncovering the secret and sometimes amazing relationships in the stars' private lives

**E**VER since Hollywood was a straggling settlement along a cow trail that meandered west from Los Angeles toward Santa Monica—but never got there—we have heard about Hollywood feuds. This big star "at outs" with that one. This one insulting that one. Jealousy or egotism or whatever it is that makes an actor "touchy," rampant!

However, it is not Hollywood feuds that I have on my mind today, but something better, I think, and just as entertaining. I mean Hollywood friendships.

True, you've heard about the palships of, say, Clark Gable and Andy Devine, Joel McCrea and Gary Cooper, Carole Lombard and "Fieldsie." Everyone knows about them. But there are others, a good many others, of which you've probably heard little or nothing.

I mean friendships like that of Ann Sothorn and Mal Milland. Maybe you don't know it, but two better friends never traded hats, recipes and confidences. "Myrt and Marge," they call themselves.

They met about four years ago when a mutual friend brought Ann over to the Millands. Those were troublous days for quiet, lovely Muriel Milland. Ray was just climbing to the top and she was learning what it means to be married to a celebrity. It was exciting and interesting, of course, but terribly difficult, too. She wasn't an actress. She didn't understand show (Continued on page 89)

Ann Sothorn and Mal Milland, known as "Myrt and Marge" to husbands Ray Milland and Roger Pryor



One of the strangest combines: Ouspenskaya and Eddie Albert (with Jean Cagney)



One of the closest friendships: Errol Flynn, Bruce Cabot

Man who can make Fred Astaire laugh most is Jerry Asher



Barbara Stanwyck and Hollis Barnes; They cried together





## Could You Tame Stirling Hayden?

(Continued from page 34)

American fortunes. "I'll take a position so you can keep on with school, public school of course," his mother told him.

The time had come to break away from the routine that would lead to days spent in an office, a house in some suburb and a commutation ticket that would entitle him to take the same train every night and every morning. And he knew it.

"I'm going to sea," he told his bewildered mother.

"If you want to go to work. Stirling," she protested, "why don't you try to do something here?"

He didn't argue or raise his voice the way boys do when they're unsure of themselves. "I can only do best what I want to do," he said, "and I want to go to sea."

HE booked on a freighter out of Gloucester at one dollar a month. He scraped decks. He washed dishes to get enough to eat. He worked in shipyards. He was cooler on a ship that sailed to the British West Indies.

"I've never worried about being broke," he said, "unless I was in a city. It isn't fancy to be broke in a city. You have to stick around in dirty places, eat in them, sleep in them."

He stretched. He walked over to the window. He came back and sat on the edge of a desk. It was then that he spoke of that girl in Tahiti. . . .

In 1937, after he'd gotten his papers as master of sailing vessels, he shipped as mate on the schooner *Yankee*. In Tahiti he met Marguerite Mersman, daughter of the American consul. Practically nothing is known of their friendship. Stirling won't talk much about it. He says, "We wrote each other for a year or more, then we quit. I guess you always quit when you don't get the breaks that make it possible for you to be together." Then he's silent.

However, his words and manner make it clear he loved this girl. And the facts that lie unalterably behind his words make it clear that not even for her or himself could he abandon his roving ways. For he didn't settle down in the South Seas as a merchant, an exporter, or a hotel man. And he didn't return to New York intent upon engaging in some business and having Marguerite join him. Instead he told her to wait, that he would come back with a boat, inaugurate a freight and mail service between Tahiti and Honolulu, and they would be married and live in a house beside the sea.

He had no difficulty getting his boat. Paradoxically enough, he's a good businessman, like his father. But on his way back to Marguerite he was wrecked off Ha-tetas in the hurricane of '38.

THE time that followed is one of the few times when Stirling was unhappy because he was poor. The Coast Guard picked him up and took him into Charleston and he got to New York somehow. In New York he and Larry O'Toole, a newspaper artist who once had been a shipmate, shared a furnished room on West Fifty-second Street. Stirling managed to earn enough to keep them alive by modelling for tobacco advertisements.

It was at this point that Larry O'Toole decided, since a Hollywood income would solve all problems, that Stirling should be in pictures. He deluged film friends and strange casting directors with formal and informal photographs and rhapsodic



## Star Finds IN THE STORES

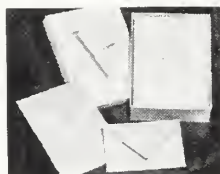
BY MARION HAMMON

**KEEP NEAT KIT:** Princess Pat has the right idea about complexion care—everything you need, when you need it. The "Keep Neat Kit" holds eight important preparations, plus a complexion sponge and handy tissues. The utility of the ensemble gives it instant

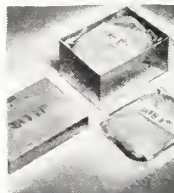


appeal and at no great strain on your pocket-book. Princess Pat "Keep Neat Kit", \$1.50 at most drug and department stores.

**DOT-DOT-DOT-DASH!** The Victory Symbol is the symbol of all freedom-loving people. Newest contribution is Eaton's fine writing paper with an enormous V shadow-printed over the face of the sheet. The envelope flap, too, is imprinted so that your letter will leave a Victory greeting with everyone who handles the mail. Grand for writing to the boys in camp. Eaton Victory Paper, \$1 at McCreery's, N. Y.



**GOOD CLEAN FUN:** Bathasweet, known for their bath pleasures, have two new products—A bubble bath that piles the tub high with rich bubbles and makes you fragrant and satiny smooth. Eight ounces of the precious stuff for only 50c. For shower addicts there are the Bathasweet Shower Mitts, made of plump terry-cloth, and filled with powdered perfumed soap. Three mitts for \$1. You'll find both at drug and department stores.



**AS YOU LIKE IT:** Whether you wear your hair in a pompadour, rolls, puffs, or curls, there's an ingenious little device that keeps it lovely longer. Called "Grip-Tuth", it looks very much like the old-fashioned tuck comb, but each tooth is split, so that it holds the simplest hair-do or most elaborate coiffure firmly in place. Grip-Tuth comes in a variety of sizes and colors to match almost every hair shade. Nice for anchoring those pert bows. 25c at notion counters.

descriptions of the Hayden charm. And nothing happened.

"Only a balmy guy like you ever would have thought I'd have a chance," Stirling told Larry. "And even if I got to Hollywood I wouldn't last long. I'd feel like a fool making faces in front of a camera, making love to dolls."

And Stirling was off, on his way to a national magazine that planned to use a layout of pictures taken on a West Indies cruise.

If he could land this job it would, he decided, be something like it. It would take him to the Indies and give him a chance to look over a schooner he'd heard about down there and it also would put enough money in his pocket to take him and Larry out of their immediate difficulties.

"We've practically decided on someone else," the pictorial editor of that magazine told Stirling reluctantly. For the minute Stirling had come into his office he'd known he was the man to do the job. Besides, he guessed from the way Stirling's face fell how much he had counted on it. And in the next breath he was canceling the mental commitment he had made with the other fellow and giving Stirling the job.

It was the layout of this cruise, with Stirling the central figure, that attracted E. H. Griffith and resulted in Stirling's taking a screen test.

He had no idea of staying in pictures indefinitely, of becoming a star. He thought of pictures as a stopgap, something that would get him out of the jam he was in and help him finance another schooner.

IT happens, however, that the camera, in its mysterious way, caught Stirling's roving spirit. His career, consequently, was zooming and his producers were doing everything they could to keep him happy and put!

As a rule producers get what they want. But they knew, nevertheless, that they really couldn't tell about Stirling Hayden.

It was just a few weeks ago that he said something that should have forewarned Paramount.

"Heaven knows," he said, "I don't want to wake up some fine morning and call myself a fool for quitting the studios, for not knowing a good thing when I had it. But if I'm a success—and there wouldn't be any point in staying if I'm not—I know I'll find it increasingly difficult to get away long enough to make any voyages. And—even if I should make five thousand dollars a week—if I became a guy who was always so busy doing everything a dozen people told me to do that I never had time to do what I wanted to do I wouldn't be impressed with myself. Not even a little bit!"

"So it looks as if my best bet was to get that annuity for my mother and that schooner for myself and"—he whistled sharply—"to blow, be on my way."

Then it happened. One morning Hayden walked into Paramount's front office and quit pictures cold. He was leaving that night, he announced, chucking everything, his rising career, the promise of wealth and fame, to do his bit in these days of emergency.

A man like that would probably do a more thorough job of taming a girl than she would of taming him. But before you answer the challenge in the title of this piece you will want to read the story in December Photoplay-Movie Mirror. It will give you the man's reasons for the momentous decision he has just made—and it comes directly from Stirling Hayden himself.



# Here's proof my Face Powder makes Skin look Younger!



## "ELBOW TEST"

shows instantly how new  
kind of powder makes skin  
look smoother, fresher.

By *Lady Esther*



Wouldn't you like to see, with your own eyes, how much *younger* your skin can look—how much lovelier and more glamorous?

You can—so simply and so easily—and without cost! Make the test that is thrilling women everywhere... the Lady Esther ELBOW TEST!

You know how rough and coarse the skin of your elbow is. Well, I'm going to send you some Lady Esther Face Pow-



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

der FREE. Just take a little on a puff and pat it gently on your elbow...

See what happens! See how the coarse skin of your elbow suddenly looks soft and smooth—how the lines and roughness seem to ease away.

If my powder can do that to the abused skin of your elbow—just imagine what it can do for the skin of your face! Imagine how it can hide tired lines—skin-faults and imperfections—big pores!

You see, my powder is different because it's made differently. It's blown by Twin Hurricanes until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary powder. It goes on a new, *smoother* way—more flattering to the skin than words alone can describe! You must see it with your own

eyes—that's why I ask you to make the interesting Elbow Test.

### Try All 9 Shades FREE

Your name and address on the coupon below will bring you all 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. You not only can make the interesting Elbow Test—you can also try all 9 shades on your own skin, before your own mirror, and see which one is your best shade—your Lucky Shade. Mail the coupon NOW.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER, (73)  
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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

*Lady Esther*  
FACE POWDER



# PHOTOPLAY—MOVIE MIRROR

## JUNIOR

GUEST EDITOR — MARY LEE

DEAR JUNIORS:

The way I got into pictures was really a streak of pure luck. I was singing with Ted Weems' orchestra at the time and we were playing an engagement at the Strand Theater in New York. Although we didn't know it, Gene Autry and Mr. Yates, president of Republic Studios, were in the audience and heard me sing. After the show, they came backstage and arranged for me to fly to Hollywood immediately for Mr. Autry's new picture, "South of the Border."

Well, I simply can't tell you how thrilled I was. The studio put me right in the picture as soon as I got here, with no test of any kind first. We went on location to the desert right away and almost the first thing that happened was that I got terribly sunburned.

After I faded out to almost my normal color again, I had to ride a horse for a scene. I hadn't been on a horse many times before that and while I wasn't exactly afraid of it, still I was pretty uneasy. It looked awfully big to me, but after I had mounted it I felt a little safer.

I thought it very interesting when I found out that horses that are used in movies are trained to follow the camera car. As long as the camera car's running, the horse will keep on galloping. When the car stops, the horse stops. In my first picture, the horse ran away with me, so I yelled at the camera to stop, and then the horse stopped too.

SINCE "South of the Border" I played the role of *Patsy* in Gene Autry's pictures, and I've enjoyed every minute of it. He's wonderful to work with and has been so kind to me. He's my favorite movie star. My big sister, Vera, is his secretary. Norma Jean, my younger sister, is only eleven years old. Her nickname is Buckshot, but don't ask me why. Not even my mother can remember why we call her that. It's been her nickname ever since she was a baby. She still goes to school. Of course, I do too, but I have a teacher on the set, most of the time, and in between pictures I go to the Mar-Ken school for professional children. It's the first private school I ever went to, and I'm in the eleventh grade. English is my favorite subject, but spelling throws me.

Ottawa, Illinois, is my home town. I used to sing at school there and at



Mary Lee, delightful junior angel of Republic Pictures' "Angels With Broken Wings"

Dad's lodge meetings although I never thought of doing it professionally. I just thought it was a lot of fun, even though I never took singing lessons. But when I was twelve years old, Ted Weems and his band came to Ottawa. We heard Mr. Weems was looking for a girl singer and I finally got my parents' permission to let me try to get an audition with him. He was very nice and I landed the job.

I had to finish out the term at school, but two months later, when school was out, I joined the band and toured the country with them for almost two years. Everyone in the band was wonderful to me and I was crazy about them.

Ever since I can remember, I'd wanted a wrist watch that was small enough to fit a dime over it, although I never expected to get one. You know, it was just one of those things you dream about. The boys in the band found out about it and on my fourteenth birthday they gave me one. It was one of the highlights in my life.

When I'm between pictures, I go back to Mr. Weems and sing with the band again. It's like going back home to visit your family because in a way

I feel as though they were my adopted family.

My real name is Mary Lee Wooters, but I dropped my last name when I was with Mr. Weems because they thought just Mary Lee sounded more professional. Besides playing in Mr. Autry's pictures, I've also been in "Sing, Dance, Plenty Hot," "Barnyard Follies" and now "Angels With Broken Wings" for Republic Studios, where I'm under contract.

I like ice skating and roller skating, but my favorite sport is swimming. Mr. Autry lets me come over to his pool whenever I want to and I'm learning how to dive there. He lets me ride his horses too. He's really one of the kindest men in the world.

My hobby is collecting autographs and pictures of stars and famous people and I get a kick out of every new one I get. Besides that, I have a little camera and I love to take snapshots. I'd like to learn about photography.

I'm not exactly superstitious, but I wear a wooden horseshoe on my lapel and I think it brings me good luck. It's funny that almost all the good things that have happened to me happened when I was wearing the horseshoe.

It was fun to write to you, and it would be nice if you'd answer this letter. After talking so much about myself, I'd like to know all about you Juniors too.

Yours,  
Mary Lee

P. S. I think almost everyone has a pet superstition, don't you? I've told you what mine is, and I wish you'd tell me about yours. If you'll write and tell me about it, I'll give an autographed photograph to each of the ten boys or girls who write the most interesting letters about their superstitions. Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them, and please write me in care of PHOTOPLAY—MOVIE MIRROR Junior, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood California. Please be sure, however, to mail your letters before October 25, 1941. I'm looking forward to hearing from you!

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.



# IT'S *GLAMOUR NEWS!* —in Hollywood



**JOAN BENNETT**  
Star of  
20th Century-Fox's  
"Confirm or Deny"

I'M A SCREEN  
STAR. I USE LUX  
SOAP EVERY  
DAY BECAUSE—



I CAN'T FACE A  
MOVIE CAMERA  
UNLESS MY SKIN  
IS SOFT AND  
**SMOOTH**

## —in your own home town!



I'M A BRIDE



I USE LUX SOAP  
EVERY DAY BECAUSE—



I WANT TO KEEP  
ROMANCE!

**MILDER!  
COSTLY PERFUME!  
PURE!  
ACTIVE LATHER!**



**CLEVER WOMEN EVERYWHERE** take Hollywood's tip—find ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS with Lux Toilet Soap a wonderful beauty aid! "Here's all you do," says lovely Joan Bennett—"Smooth the lather lightly in. Rinse with warm water, then cool. Pat to dry." Try this gentle care for 30 days!

**9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap**



## To My Lady of Courage

(Continued from page 55)

write-up in Photoplay. You are much too good to me. You who deserve so very much more.

I'm getting ready to go to work Monday on the Capra picture and I am not really of this earth at the present time. I'm so excited I can hardly contain myself.

I haven't forgotten the picture, Vivian. You shall have it soon.

My best always,

Barbara.

August 5th, 1940

Vivian, dear:

So you got out! But that's marvelous. How, why, when and where? I am so happy that you did have a change.

The picture is going along just fine. Everybody is so nice and so terribly interested in his work, it's a pleasure to be there each day. And, of course, Capra is in a class by himself. There's no one really quite like him and when people ask, "What's so different about him?"—you just answer, "He's Capra, that's all." You make other pictures to live, but you live to make a Capra picture.

Do tell me about yourself, Vivian—how you're getting along.

Bob's picture, "Escape," was sneaked at Long Beach Friday night. I did not see it, of course, but the reports are glowing. Let's hope so. He did work so hard on it.

My best to you, Vivian, and when you have time write me.

As always,

Barbara.

August 18, 1940

Dear Vivian:

My goodness, didn't you have yourself a time! I am so glad you are getting better. And as far as the pain—why you can do anything! I call you Courage Cosby. You'll lick that in no time.

We've been working in the ice house in Los Angeles. Capra built a roof-set of an office building there and it's supposed to be Christmas Eve—very cold. And, my little one, I thought I would freeze to death.

Swell to hear all about your "doin's" and hope you have more grand times.

As ever,

Barbara.

September 3, 1940

Dear Vivian:

Well, aren't you getting to be the best dressed woman! My goodness—Crawford will have to look to her laurels.

My eye is better and I return to work today. It was a silly thing, a little painful and most annoying.

My son came home from summer camp yesterday and he has grown so much and his freckles are something! Not an inch of white on his face and does he hate that.

Well, I must get to work. We are going outside tonight and work in the rain.

Best to you always,

Barbara.

September 21, 1940

Dear Vivian:

Such lovely writing! Thank you for sending me your article. I shall keep it—if you don't mind.

The courage I've always admired in you shines forth beautifully.

My eye has cleared up. I have finished "John Doe" but for retakes—if any—and am now getting ready for "Lady Eve," written and directed by Preston Sturges. That starts in October. And I like it ever so much. I believe Sturges has a wealth of talent and he shall be one of our "biggest" some day.

Thanks again, Vivian, I've learned another lesson.

Fondly,

Barbara.

October 14, 1940

Vivian, dear:

Well, here I am on another picture. This time at Paramount with Preston Sturges writing and directing. It's fun and very pleasant.

Bob is taking his flying lessons seriously—books and much studying and all that. He will be a very good flyer some day and I shall be very proud and casual about it, but truthfully, right now it

does scare me a little.

I'm an utter coward about flying myself. So, of course I keep on flying. Once I'm in the air I expect to relax, but I don't and I grin all the time to prove I'm not afraid at all. Flying to me is a pounding heart, an ice-encased body, and a petrified grin. Someday I'll laugh in the air as comfortably as I do at the end of every trip. I hope the next flight will be the one I fly out of my fear on.

Bob, of course, is completely at home in the air. And I've never bothered to tell him how I feel. I can't abide scared women, and I'm sure no one has any right to keep others from doing what they want to do. Particularly wives shouldn't try to have their own way all the time.

Course I've always thought it might be fun to "queen" it over the household for a day, but my family'd probably stop such goings-on by noon.

How I do run on. All I really started out to say was I hope you liked the candy. If there's any special kind you like please tell me.

As ever,

Barbara.

November 13, 1940

Dear Vivian:

So you've read "John Doe." Now you know why I was so excited about the whole deal. You know we never did shoot an ending on it as yet. The picture ended as Cooper carries me off the roof, and I'm just as curious as you are as to how they are going to end the whole thing.

This one, the Preston Sturges picture "Lady Eve," is going along just fine.

We call Sturges the "Mad Genius." You never know what he'll do next. Wore his hat all day the other day "so we'd recognize him." Came on the set the day we were working in my bedroom wearing a horrible-looking bathrobe! Hope people will like the picture as much as we've liked making it.

Do you want any books, Vivian? I thought maybe you would. Let me know.

Fondly,

Barbara.

January 3, 1941

Vivian, dear:

The sweater is simply beautiful and I can't tell you how pleased I am with it and how proud to think you took all that time to make it for me. Thank you so much.

I have had the flu all during the holidays—Dion got it first, then me. So our Christmas was a little spoiled—especially his. I've been up for two days now and feel fair.

Just wanted to send this off today and do hope and pray this New Year will be the one for you, Vivian.

As always,

Barbara.

Tucson, Arizona

Dear Vivian:

Of course you'll lick every problem. I've seen enough of your courage to know that no setback will discourage you. It may be that you would have tried to do too much if you'd not had this disappointment. It's funny the way things add up to blessings—after they're over! Maybe someday we'll be smart enough to recognize blessings no matter how disguised they come. On the other hand, maybe all of us being that smart would make for pretty dull living. (Stop the



Barbara Stanwyck looks at Ronald Reagan; everyone else at Ciro's looks at the new Stanwyck hair-do



philosophy, Stanwyck, you're getting confused!)

I came down here to visit Bob on location. I never thought I'd do that, but Bob was so sweet about insisting upon it that I didn't waste any time on resolutions, and here I am.

Well, my ideas about a warm and sun-drenched Arizona have evaporated. It's rained and been cold all the time. The company couldn't shoot, so Bob and I have motored all over the place.

I came for a week end and have been here ten days. The weather is clearing now and I'm leaving tomorrow as I have to start tests for "The Great Man's Lady." Two weeks of them. From sixteen to one hundred and nine is quite a trek in make-up—or any other way. Wonder what anyone who's lived one hundred and nine years really thinks of us today. Well, I'll know when I play the part.

Is there anything you want, Vivian? When I think of you—chin up—my admiration goes to you without limit.

God bless you,  
Barbara.

February 1, 1941

Vivian, dear:

Your letter was wonderful! Just think how you inspire people. I look at it a little different than you. You say *we* help you—not quite that. You bring out the best in "we people" and it's really your courage that brings out our little messages—whatever they may be.

A year does seem a long time to an ordinary person—but I do not consider you as such. Therefore in a trite manner I shall say—a year passes quickly. It will for you, Vivian, and each day will bring added health and strength to you.

I do think of you always, and if thoughts will do it you shall run in a year. I feel it.

You don't need courage—just patience.

Love,  
Barbara.

February 22, 1941

Vivian, dear:

How about our little flood? Cute? I dare them to say it's a "California mist."

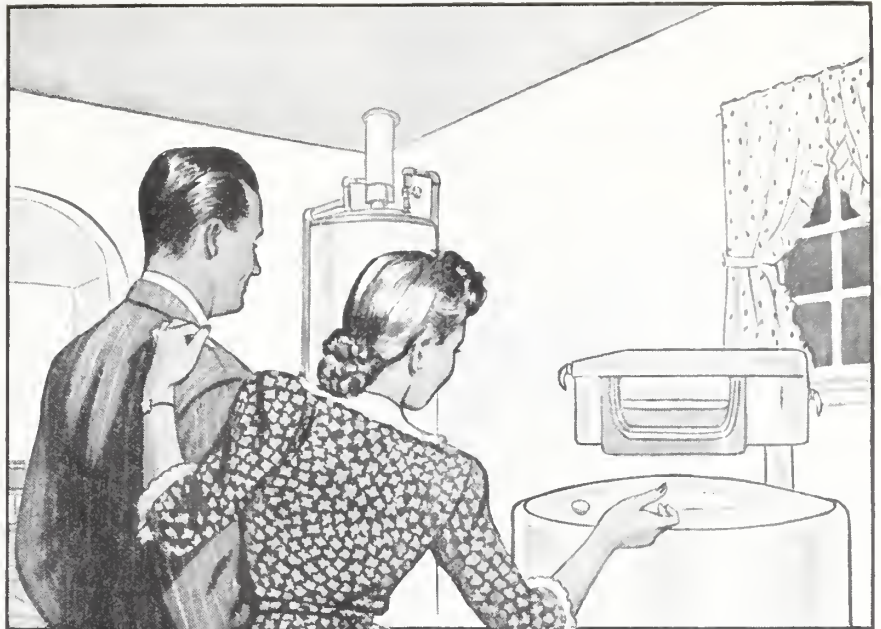
Well, I am working very hard with "The Great Man's Lady." But it's fun. Wild Bill, one of my "best beloved" people is a joy. He keeps us all on our toes and he just bubbles all day long. Joel is in my "BB" group, too. He belongs right near the top. We are all enjoying every second of it.

You know I get up to a hundred years old in this film, and Bill and I visited the Eastern Star Home and talked to several old ladies from seventy to ninety-seven years old. And the house mother told me this particular one was ninety-seven—she was as spry as a colt and had a great sense of humor. We had a long talk and finally at the end she told me the house mother was wrong about her age—she was eighty-six. So you see—it's never too late to cut years! They were all pretty cute and said what a wonderful home that was and how happy they all were. They told me I'd better be a good snappy old lady and not a "picture old lady" who looked like she had one foot in the grave. They don't like that. And by golly none of them out there looks it. So I have my directions from the old gals!

And how are you, my lady of courage? I expect to give you tango lessons one of these days, so don't let me down. Not that you would.

My love, Vivian, and let me know if you want anything.

As always,  
Barbara.



"Now we  
will use  
Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Dirt is a destroyer . . . as this wise, young matron knows. The need to preserve the lovely things that suddenly are hers is as keen as the joy of ownership. As naturally as breathing, she plans to keep this new home *clean* with Fels-Naptha Soap.

No more shabbiness . . . This man of hers shall have the whitest shirts to wear. Her precious linens shall sparkle like new. Paints and porcelains must gleam, endlessly . . .

. . . and so that this bright dream shall reach reality, she has already told her grocer—"Now we *will* use Fels-Naptha Soap!"

Golden bar or Golden chips—  
Fels-Naptha  
banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"





"I'm living my whole life over again!"



**WATCHING MY DAUGHTER** make-up for the first time brought back memories of my first lipstick. How thrilled I was when Tangee Natural changed as I applied it—producing a rich, warm rose shade—even though it was orange in the stick.



**I THOUGHT OF MY** marriage day. Wore mother's wedding gown and, as always, Tangee Natural Make-up. The pure cream base kept my lips soft and smooth all through the ceremony and the reception. The matching rouge harmonized perfectly, glowing softly through Tangee's clinging, un-powdery, Face Powder.



**MY DAUGHTER** is 15 today—and the proud owner of her first Tangee Natural Lipstick. Her excitement and pleasure took me back over the years since I first entrusted my make-up to Tangee. And I know that she will depend on Tangee as I have... for natural loveliness.



**TANGEE**  
*Natural*

"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

The George W. Luft Co., Dist., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City. Please rush "Miracle Make-up Kit" of sample Tangee Lipsticks and Rouge in both Natural and Theatrical Red Shades. Also Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:  
 Peach  Light Rachel  Flesh  
 Rachel  Dark Rachel  Tan

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print)

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State \_\_\_\_\_ MAIL

## Hollywood Joins the Navy

(Continued from page 27)

a studio in the business that wouldn't swap six glamour girls and an option on Hemingway's next three novels for Bob's services today.

But Lieutenant Montgomery likes his new casting director. Uncle Sam seldom makes mistakes in the roles he hands out and Montgomery's assignment to London was no accident. In the year he spent in England making films, the actor became one of the most popular Americans ever to carve his own niche in London life. The very men he is dealing with on an official basis today are the young Englishmen with whom, two years ago, he was batting cricket balls and shooting grouse.

If and when Goering's gangsters rain bombs on London again, it won't be the first time Bob Montgomery has been under German fire. Last year he drove an ambulance in France and twice, during the Nazi push around Amiens, Bob's mercy wagon was raked by machine guns. He came home when France fell, applied for a reserve commission in the Navy and, at the conclusion of his last film job, asked for active duty.

No hero's part he ever assumed in motion pictures rates more raves than Bob Montgomery's real-life role as ambulance driver, naval officer and diplomat.

**SPEAKING** of diplomats, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., who is a Lieutenant (junior grade) in the U. S. Naval Reserve, already has carried out with stunning success a major mission to the South American Republics.

Doug's tour of South America was no mere good-will gesture by movie makers seeking to promote box-office returns. Young Fairbanks, who has all of his father's flare for meeting and mixing with people, visited seven Latin American capitals as a personal emissary of President Roosevelt. In line with the Administration's desire to strengthen cultural relations as well as economic and military agreements between the Americas, Fairbanks spent two months talking with the top men of Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Peru, Uruguay, Paraguay and Panama and returned to give the White House and the State Department a confidential report on what the political and intellectual leaders of Latin America are thinking.

That Doug discharged his delicate mission with dignity and diplomacy is best attested by the fact that the foreign office of one of the countries he visited, Brazil, inquired unofficially of our State Department if the friendly film actor could not be sent back as a permanent member of the Ambassador's staff.

It is quite possible that Doug will return to South America on another official errand. Next time he soars South perhaps, like Montgomery, he will go as a naval attaché to one of our embassies. The reserve commission in the Navy for which Doug applied the day war broke out in Europe was recently signed by the President, and Lieutenant Fairbanks,

when he completes his present studio chore, probably will ask for active duty.

The third actor to trade his dinner coat of dress sets for the khaki jacket of a naval aviator's duty uniform is Wayne Morris. Not many months ago Morris was filming the excellent air picture, "I Wanted Wings." He's got them now. Navy wings. And as a reserve Ensign he is serving as procurement officer at the Long Beach Naval Reserve Aviation Base.

The 26-year-old actor was a private pilot with about 80 flying hours to his credit before he put in his bid to the Navy for a commission. In July he was called up for duty for the duration and assigned to the California base.

It is gratifying to note that Morris, who has symbolized the rugged young American in so many screen tales, should be one of the first actors to prove they can duplicate in reality the roles they romanticize in Hollywood's land of let's pretend.

**I**F there is anything of which big, blustering Wallace Beery is almost as proud as he is of his young daughter, Carol, it is the prized parchment which proclaims him a Lieutenant Commander in the United States Naval Reserve. Several years ago Wally, one of Hollywood's best private pilots, joined the Naval Reserve as a Lieutenant. Recently he was promoted to Lieutenant Commander.

Wally's initial interest in naval aviation came when he made "Hell Divers," a vivid picture of Navy aces which disclosed for the first time many of the activities aboard aircraft carriers and the dive bombing tactics invented by the Navy's air arm. In this connection, it is an interesting aside to note that when the picture was released in Europe, British military experts requested that certain scenes of highly complicated maneuvers be eliminated. The suggestions for the cuts came too late, however, and in Washington they'll tell you that the first military adaptation of the dive bombing methods shown in "Hell Divers" was made by the Russian air force, from whom the technique was borrowed and developed by the Nazis.

Regular officers of the Navy's air corps on the West Coast voice the hope that Beery will be assigned to a California base, if he is called up for active duty. He's a mess-mate they'd be proud to welcome, they say.

Another reserve Lieutenant Commander from Hollywood already has received his orders to report for duty. He is Gene Markey, writer-producer, and ex-husband of two of the most glamorous figures in the film capital's gallery, Joan Bennett and Hedy Lamarr.

One of the movie colony's more able yachtsmen, Markey has been a reserve officer for eight years. He joined the Atlantic Fleet in September and is now a deck officer on one of the big battle wagons based in the Panama Canal Zone.

Three other men whose fame in film-

### INVITATION TO SMARTNESS

Five pages of some of the most exciting clothes of the fall season, chosen for a special preview showing in Photoplay-Movie Mirror, modeled for you by

**MAUREEN O'HARA**

Watch for them in the December issue



land has come from their activities behind rather than in front of the camera are reserve officers in the Navy, now awaiting possible calls. They are John Ford, who has directed several excellent sea pictures, including "Men Without Women" and "The Long Voyage Home"; Gregg Toland, crack cameraman; and Lloyd Bacon, another veteran director. Ford and Bacon, who served in the Navy in the last war, are Lieutenant Commanders; Toland, a Lieutenant in the photographic branch of the Naval Reserve.

Hollywood is represented in the Marine Corps by Captain James Roosevelt, the President's eldest son, who was fast making a reputation as a film producer before his return to active military service. During the time he was attached to the White House, as a secretary and aide to his father, Jimmy Roosevelt held a Lieutenant Colonel's commission. He resigned from this higher rank and took a captaincy when he went into active training at San Diego about a year ago and it was as a Captain that he made his extensive observation trip recently in the war zones of the Far East and Europe. Captain Jimmy's superior officer at San Diego was Woody Van Dyke, known to film-goers as the director of the "Thin Man" series, who, after serving a tour of duty as a Major in the Marines, was retired for reasons of ill health and returned to his studio job.

Another marine of the first World War, who became somewhat better known for his fighting in the smaller arena of a prize ring, has shifted from the Marine Corps to the Navy. As Director of Athletics for all the Navy's training stations, Gene Tunney holds the rank of a Lieutenant Commander. His contact with Hollywood came in the days when he was still world's heavyweight champion and made a successful serial called "The Fighting Marine."

**A**NOTHER Lieutenant Commander in the Naval Reserve, who might lay claim to being a Hollywood "veteran" by reason of appearing in two pictures, "Wake Up and Live" and "Love and Hisses," would probably meet with violent protests from that landlubber Ben Bernie, did he also claim to be an actor.

Your correspondent, having enlisted as an apprentice seaman and served on the U.S.S. *Granite State* from April, 1917, to December, 1918, during World War 1, applied for a reserve commission in 1934, and was made a Lieutenant.

Advanced to the grade of Lieutenant Commander this summer, he spent a month on active duty and in four weeks learned more about just how great a service we have as our first line of defense than he could hope to tell you in four years.

But the story of the United States Navy isn't told in words. It's written in the skies by the slashing strokes of fire from the exhaust of fighting planes, by the rolling smoke screens that mask our mighty battleships on parade, by the faultless ranks of sailors and marines drawn up at attention when a President of the United States meets a Prime Minister of Great Britain in a history-making conference at sea.

Most deeply, perhaps, is it written in the proud stirrings in the heart of every American who, on October 27, toasts the greatest fleet afloat and realizes that to the officers and men aboard its ships every day is Navy Day.

For the motion-picture industry's contribution to that Navy, both in manpower and morale, here's a salute and a toast from your New York correspondent, Walter Winchell: "Here's to the land you love—and the love you land!"



## 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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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.



# I Wake Up Screaming!

(Continued from page 44)

**Mary's  
no longer  
contrary**



Of course Mary's garden was beautiful—all silver bells and cockle shells—and pretty maidens in a row. But she still was glum and contrary.

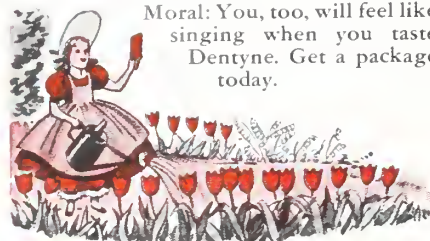
You see Mary liked to chew gum. But she never could find one that was just right.

One day her dentist suggested she try Dentyne. He told her Dentyne's pleasant firmness would be good for her teeth.

So Mary got a handy, flat, favorite package of Dentyne—and promptly tried one of the six individually wrapped sticks. When she tasted that temptingly different, uniquely warm and delicious Dentyne flavor she stopped being contrary in exactly one-tenth of a second. "This is *my* chewing gum," cried Mary. "I'll never chew anything else."

And now Mary sings as she gardens.

Moral: You, too, will feel like singing when you taste Dentyne. Get a package today.



**6 INDIVIDUALLY WRAPPED  
STICKS IN EVERY PACKAGE**



**HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE**

down. He was jealous of this actor. Go on. You didn't go to work. Where did you go?"

"I walked. I walked out Sunset and took a bus back. I had lunch. After that I went to the newsreel theater on Hollywood Boulevard. I came out. I didn't know what time it was."

"It didn't occur to you to look? You had a date with the woman you loved. But it didn't occur to you to look and see what time it was?"

I couldn't see this guy that was talking but I felt him and I knew him. I knew him inside and out. I knew his name and all about him. In the hours these things had come to me. His name was Ed Cornell and he was a homicide detective. He was about thirty. He had red hair and thin white skin and red eyebrows and blue eyes. He looked sick. He looked like a corpse. His clothes didn't fit him. He wore a derby. Nobody in California wears a derby but Ed Cornell wore one. He was a misfit but the rest of them thought he was smart.

I said: "When I first met her she wouldn't give me a tumble until I pretended indifference. I thought I would see what she would do if I didn't show up."

"So you went to a bar."

"I went to a bar."

"You went to a bar on Hollywood Boulevard," said Ed Cornell, "but the waiter doesn't even remember seeing you."

"Well, it was a dark bar and it was crowded."

"Then what did you do?"

"I thought."

"What did you think?"

"I thought today Vicky would be very happy and it would be a lousy trick for me not to show up and congratulate her."

"In other words you changed your mind?"

"Yes."

"You didn't wait for her outside of her agent's office on Sunset and pick her up at, say—three-thirty?"

"No."

"You didn't pick her up and take her to her apartment and kill her?"

"No."

"Did you ever argue with her about Robin Ray?"

"Yes, plenty."

"What did you hit her with this afternoon?"

I tried to look at him but I couldn't see anything. "Why don't you change the needle," I said. He slapped me. He picked up my hand and put out the lighted end of his cigarette in the palm of it. I didn't move.

"Why don't you talk, mister?"

I didn't say anything.

"You're smooth but I know personally that you killed her. I don't care what the rest of them think; I've never been wrong in my life. I'm going to hang you, mister. Now or later I'm going to hang you. I'm going to build up an air-tight case. I work when I'm off duty. I never stop working. You're such a smooth baby. But you'll see. Ed Cornell will put a noose around your neck. Open your eyes and listen to me! You'll never get away. As long as you live you'll never get away!" I keeled over.

THE assistant D.A.'s office was bright and sunny. He sat across from me in a swivel chair. He was tapping a pencil on the desk blotter and he looked upset. "There's been a terrible mistake," he said.

I didn't say anything.

"Are you—interested in the names of the men who—who questioned you last night?"

"No."

"That's sensible. I can assure you that at least two of them will be demoted because of it. It seemed logical that you were the guilty one."

"Doesn't it now?"

He put down the pencil and folded his hands. "No," he said. "We think we know the identity of the killer. A man named Harry Williams. He's been missing since five-thirty last night."

"Harry Williams! The switchboard guy?"

"Yes. It's our theory that he saw Miss Lynn come in and followed her upstairs. He had a pass key at his disposal. He tried to embrace her and she fought him. In his rage he picked up something and hit her with it. The coroner tells us that she was hit by something much harder than just a fist. Whatever this object was, Williams must have taken it with him. We put out dodgers on him. He's being word-mugged on teletype all along the line—all state and local gendarmes. The little rat hasn't a chance. . . ."

REMEMBER that the fresh earth beside the grave was brown and wet, and that the black coffin was shiny in the sun. I remember that I did not cry, but just stood there, even when the men with the spades went away, and then, after that, I do not remember at all the things I did that day.

For a while I escaped. I remember now that for a long time I wasn't myself. I was a guy caught up in a glorious vortex. I was mad and gay and that isn't me at all. I was in the middle of a silver cyclone and the days and the nights whirled by with a shrill musical screaming. I was carried along in a clique of crazy people and I didn't have to think.

But I began thinking of Jill. I didn't want to see her again. I didn't want to hear her name. But in the middle of a party I would think of her. When I drove in my car and saw the palms and the stars I thought of her. When I kissed girls that didn't mean anything to me at all I remembered Jill. I don't know why. Because I hated her. I was scared, thinking of her. Maybe she killed Vicky! Maybe it was Jill!

Twice I ran into Ed Cornell. I ran smack into him on the street. I do not



Picture with a punch: Billy Conn, prize-ring sensation who makes his movie debut in "The Pittsburgh Kid," with his wife Mary Louise

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



remember what he said either time. I didn't think about him after he was gone. I thought only of Jill.

Then I could stand it no longer. I drove over to the apartment. She had moved to a one-room single on the second floor. It was not nearly as nice as the other apartment. Jill opened the door. She was wearing a red silk dress and an apron over it. She didn't say hello and I didn't speak. Now she stood in the middle of the room and looked at me.

"Hello," I said at last.

"You shouldn't have come." She said it so low I scarcely heard.

"Didn't you want me to?" I said.

"No."

"You were thinking of me."

"That's something else," she said. "I didn't want you here."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she said.

"A long time ago Vicky said you were in love with me."

"It wasn't true. It isn't love."

"What is it?"

"I don't know. I wish you'd go."

She scared me. "You've been talking to Ed Cornell," I said.

"Yes."

"You shouldn't listen to him, Jill. He's a hysterical fool."

"I know." She looked up. "It isn't Ed Cornell. That isn't what's wrong with me."

"Then what is it?"

"I don't know. It started even before Vicky was killed. It started the first time I ever looked at you. You came into the room, and I was there and you stopped and we stared at one another. It was as though—we'd met before. It gave me a chill."

"I remember," I said. "But I didn't know you'd felt that way."

"Now I remember you all the time. And I hate you. But I have an insane impulse that makes me want to protect you. I don't know why. It's just there. It's like you're afraid in the dark and I'm telling you it's all right." She leaned forward. "Are you ever afraid in the dark, Peg?"

"Jill, stop it!"

"It isn't pleasant," she said. "It's turned my life into hell. Perhaps it'll be better now that I've said it all. I don't know why I should want to protect you. You don't need it."

"No."

"Do you think we can forget?"

"I think so. I think so now. You had to say some ugly things. Ugly things get in your soul and make you wretched. It's because you've been under a terrible strain. Vicky's death and everything."

"That must be it."

We sat on the divan. The room was depressing. I was afraid of Jill and I talked much about nothing. Then she got up to get a book to show me. She walked across the room. I got up and she handed me the book and I put it down. She looked at me, frightened. But we just stood there. My heart was beating so fast that I had to lean against the wall.

Now she came to me. She didn't touch me but she stood very close. I felt cold sweat on my face. She put her hands on my shoulders and put her face very close to mine. I drew her hands down. My throat swelled up with a scream. I choked it off.

"Jill—you look like Vicky!"

"You must be wrong."

"No, you do. Jill—I'm afraid!"

"Are you afraid, darling?"

"Jill—"

She was shaking me: "Darling! Darling!"

I looked at her, and it wasn't Vicky at all. It was Jill—sweet and tender and

Jean Parker and Chester Morris appearing in "No Hands on the Clock", a Paramount Picture. Thousands of loved girls keep their hands enchanting with Jergens Lotion.



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# GIRL BAIT

Amazing Confessions of a Murder, Inc., Henchman

**F**OR months you've read about smashing the nation's most sinister crime syndicate—Murder, Inc. And you were shocked to learn that many of these gunmen were mere boys—a legion of innocent youths recruited into a vicious army of crime menacing our young men and threatening our freedom as surely as an invading horde!

"Girl Bait" is the astonishing confession of a former teen-age Murder, Inc., gangster with an illuminating introduction by Austin McCormick, well-known crime commissioner. Begin it now in True Story for November!



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Also  
In This  
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- ★ Eddie Cantor's Favorite Love Story
- ★ Life With Benny—by Mory Livingston
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and a host of fascinating True Story features and departments

November

# True Story

compassionate. Jill was holding me in her arms and it was all right. All at once I knew that it would always be all right so long as I was with her!

I knew that . . . and I wanted to shout, shout! But instead, I choked up and began crying like a baby.

"Forgive me, Jill," I said. "I love you!"

"Do you sweet?" She was whispering.

I nodded, unashamed of the wet that was on my face. I was glad and crazy and mixed up—and in love as I had never been in love before in all my life!

**I**T WAS a fine California winter, the days bright and warm, and the nights crisp with wind and crystal clear. I bought a season ticket for the Coliseum and Jill and I went every Saturday.

One evening we decided to drive down to Laguna for dinner, but the car raced through the night, making scarcely a sound, and we went on to San Diego. The streets were thick with sailors and girls. Welcome Navy signs appeared everywhere.

Jill and I ate dinner and drove to the harbor. Warships lay at anchor, side by side. Destroyers, four abreast; long, sleek submarines; cruisers and tenders. Their yardarms blinked; searchlights combed the sky. A night squadron of Navy Boeings roared overhead.

We were silent, just sitting there in the car, and then Jill spoke very softly.

"California's beautiful, isn't it? It's pretty . . . and has sunshine, and some very nice people in it."

"—Such as Jill Lynn."

"You're sweet! Only—I was thinking of Vicky."

"Oh."

"She'll always be between us, won't she? We both loved her, and she'll be there. . . ."

"Jill?"

"Yes?"

"I—want you to know something." I was turned toward her, my elbow on the steering wheel. "Vicky was all honey and silver. She was laughter at midnight. Only she wasn't the first girl I ever had

—but you *are* the first, because it's all different . . . I'm supposed to be eloquent. But I don't know how else to tell you!"

She was looking down. "It's—nice of you to say that, darling. Even if you don't mean it."

"But I do!"

She was crying suddenly. "Do you know—I believe it!"

"Drive, darling," she said a bit later.

"Drive along the shore."

"Okay, and you sing."

I drove down the long ribbon of road, the headlights glowing through the night, and Jill sang. The sky was silver with dawn when we arrived back in Hollywood. The streets were still and the rows of tall palms stood like lonely totems. I pulled up to the apartment and saw her to the door. I walked back to the car, whistling.

Ed Cornell was sitting in the front seat.

**H**E WORE a thin, shabby topcoat, and he sat there shivering, his hands jammed in the pockets.

"Isn't it rather early in the morning for ghouls, Mr. Cornell?"

His white face was gaunt and haggard. "I've been waiting for you since midnight," he said. "I was over there—across the street. You didn't even see me when you drove up."

"What do you want?"

"The usual things." He coughed. "You—you can drive me—to my hotel—if you will. I think I've caught pneumonia waiting for you. The cars haven't begun running yet. I can't afford taxi fare. It's five miles."

"You've got nerve, I'll say that."

"I've spent too much of my own money following you already."

"I'm crying."

"But they'll reimburse me when I bring in the material for your trial. They usually do in these cases." He had begun snuffing. "You'll drive me, won't you?"

I started the car. I hated his high-pitched voice. It was a sort of nasal tenor, all one tone.

"I hope it isn't pneumonia," said Ed



The Jill and Peg of Photoplay-Movie Mirror's "I Wake Up Screaming" as the screen will see them: Betty Grable and Victor Mature get set for Fox's "Hot Spot"

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



Cornell. "I've got you just about where I want you and this is no time to stop. I could arrest you today, for that matter, but you'd get some hot-shot lawyer and you might wriggle out with life instead of the death penalty."

"You're crazy!"

"Sure. They all think I'm nuts. And I never get tired seeing the surprise when we come up with Exhibits A to Z."

"Listen—" I sucked for breath. "Listen—I'm not guilty of anything! If—if you persecute me it'll be wrong."

"Thank you, mister."

"For what?"

"That's the first time you've flattered my ego with fear. I've made progress."

There was a street car on Seventh Avenue and I raced a block ahead and stopped.

"You can catch the trolley," I said.

"Very well, mister. Thank you for the ride. I hope you aren't angry. I'm only following my conscience to the—"

I jerked the door out of his hand and slammed it shut.

"THAT'S very queer," the assistant D.A. said. "Cornell has said nothing at all to me. This office has concentrated on Harry Williams. Cornell has no right to molest you. Of course, he's doing it on his own time."

"What do I care whose time he's doing it on?"

"Ah—you seem upset." He was playing with a pencil. "And isn't it strange Ed Cornell should bother you? He has taken a similar interest in cases of this sort in the past. But he's never failed to turn in a brilliant case record." He paused. "He's a queer chap, all right. One-track mind—with a noose at the end of the track."

He rattled the pencil. "Of course we will surely prosecute if he brings in a case. I may as well tell you that."

"You mean to say—"

"We'll check the facts, naturally. This office isn't against you. But—"

"You'd just as soon hang me, and close the books."

"I didn't say that."

"What about Harry Williams?"

"I imagine we'd have to assume he was dead if—"

"You make me sick," I said.

"Well, Ed Cornell *can* be wrong. But the fact is—"

"He's never been wrong yet!"

"I was just going to say that. How did you know?"

On Hollywood Boulevard all of the street signs were changed, and now they read "Santa Claus Lane." At night people came from everywhere; they packed the sidewalks, they jammed the streets. They crowded into the bright shops. Shops all decorated with Christmas, dolled up like pretty girls, doors open wide, every clerk busy, wrapping packages in scarlet and blue and silver paper.

"Darling, this is a nice cafe. But I'm not hungry at all. I'm just kind of tired. It's—nice sitting here where you can rest—and sort of watch the boulevard."

"Shall I order a bottle of champagne?"

"No. This is fine."

"Jill—"

"Yes?"

"Let's get married!"

"When?"

"Tonight. We'll fly to—"

"No—in January. The old year's been sad. I'd rather start new."

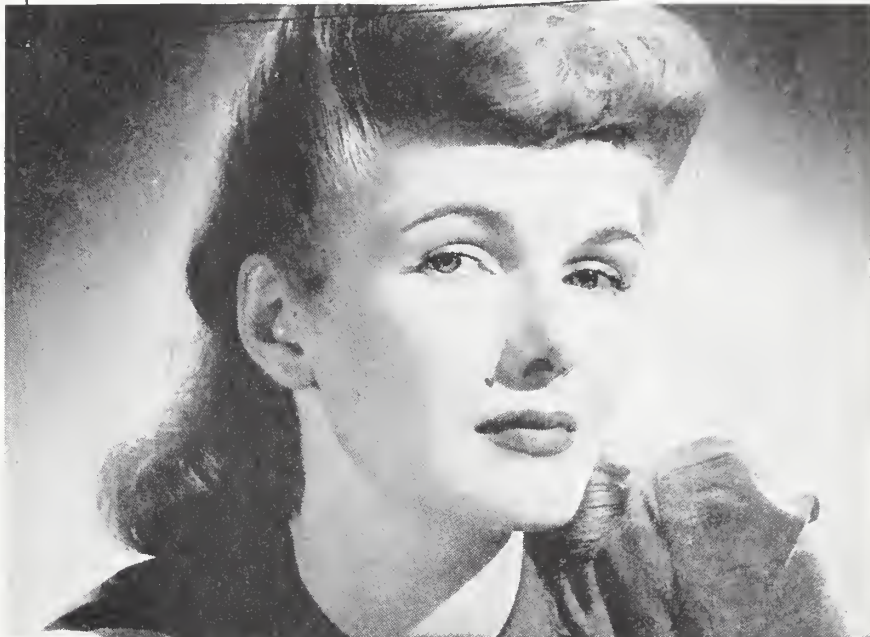
"It's a date, Miss Lynn. New Year's Eve in Las Vegas!"

"Oh, that's thrilling!"

"Merry Christmas then—from me to you, with love."

"What is it? . . . Peg! Oh, darling! It's

*Is it later  
than you think?*



**EVERY** day your skin is different from what it was the day before. Slight changes, indiscernible except perhaps through the microscope, gradually encroach . . .

Until a day comes when a too-candid mirror shows blemishes you've always hoped you might somehow escape—enlarged pore openings, oily shine, blackheads, excessive dryness.

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—by a society editor

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such a beautiful ring! When did you get it?"

"Hey, Jill, you're crying. . ."

"Shut up, you idiot! Don't you know Christmas isn't for eight days yet? Eight more shopping days— Look, the ring fits!"

"Must be some mistake. I'll send it back."

THE sky was gray and heavy, and the lot was quiet, the little streets dark and empty, and yet it was a fraud, for the sound stages were alive; you could see the wagging signal and the light flashing red.

Outside of the door of stage ten the red signal was wagging, and I waited until it stopped, then went in. Almost the moment I was inside the bell sounded again and they had resumed shooting.

Robin Ray, wearing a hockey outfit, came striding in talking.

I heard Hurd Evans' irritable, haranguing voice.

"Cut!"

The main arc lights snapped off and I moved forward. I could see the whole set now. Hurd Evans sat up on a high stool near the camera. He was wearing gray slacks and an open shirt. His brown hair was stringy and his face was covered with sweat. They'd evidently been over this scene a number of times.

"What was wrong?"

"What was wrong? You can't even remember one line at a time, can you?"

"You don't have to get nasty," Robin Ray said. He looked very young and handsome in the heavy tan make-up. He looked like a champion hockey player.

I felt a tap against my arm. It was a messenger. "There's a guy on the lot looking for you," he said.

"Who?"

"I don't know. Funny guy, though. He must be drunk. He says he's going to arrest you for murder."

"He says what?"

"That he's going to arrest you for murder."

"Is his name Ed Cornell?"

"He didn't say."

It's Cornell all right. He's completed his case. It must be a pretty thing. And he'll hang you! Don't fret about that. He's been after you for a long time.

The scene had started again. Cornell couldn't get into the sound stage while the camera was in motion. There was a side door.

I knew there was this side door. But I couldn't move. There was a ringing in my ears. *Merry Christmas*, people would say. *You're a cooked goose. We're very sorry for you.*

Wasn't it too bad about him, though? This they would say afterward. *He was such a nice chap. Didn't look like a murderer, did he? I was at the trial. They had a beautiful case. A really beautiful case. The prosecution was brilliant. He's in the death house now. They say he's writing letters to everyone he knows. He writes fine letters but they won't do him any good. He's going to die on Wednesday. I see by the papers—*

I was at the side door. My hands shook so that I could scarcely throw back the bolts. I wanted to run. But you can't run on such wobbly legs. *Run where?*

The darkness had come. It was black and lovely. The little studio lights were on. The secretaries were streaming out of buildings and going toward the main gate.

I walked right through the main gate. Nobody stopped me. My car was in a parking lot on the corner, but I didn't dare take it. I got into a cab, gave the driver the name of my hotel.

The hotel lobby was crowded. But it

suddenly struck me what a fool I was! The cops would expect me to come back here.

I needed money. I had less than twenty dollars in my wallet. I moved to a writing desk, sat down and scribbled a check. I got up and walked across to the grilled window marked *Cashier*.

"I wonder if I could get a little cash?"

A girl wearing horn-rimmed glasses looked at me. I took my credit card out of my wallet and dropped it there beside the check. I was trying to smile.

"Oh, yes." She read my name. She reached for the cash drawer, and then she glanced at my name again.

"Just a minute," she said.

"Sure."

She left her cubicle and moved toward the desk. I turned on my heel and started in the direction of the revolving door.

The cops had tipped off the hotel! But I wasn't having any. *No thanks, sister!* I arrived out on the sidewalk in a cold sweat, made a run for a cab. I got in and slammed the door. The driver turned around and stared at me.

*If I don't give an address he'll think it's fishy.*

I gave him the address of Jill's apartment. I didn't know why. I wasn't even thinking now. Five minutes later the switchboard kid plugged in Jill's phone and announced me.

"She says come right up."

"Is there anyone else there?"

"No," he said. "At least I didn't see anyone."

*I could take a chance! I had to see her!*

I couldn't go away without that. I went up the stairs three at a time, and down the hall. I knocked at the door.

Ed Cornell opened it.

*There is one way out for Peg now—but will he take it? Will Jill want him to? Watch for the next installment of this exciting story in December Photoplay—Movie Mirror.*



"Definitely a find" is the way Betty Bryant of "Forty Thousand Horsemen" is labeled. The film, a first World War epic, is the first Australian picture to be shown in the U. S.

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR



## No Secret Marriage This Time

(Continued from page 30)

every actress receives, but everywhere I went I wished John were with me. I couldn't keep him out of mind. I could hardly wait to get home.

"The first night upon my return, we talked seriously about marriage. Had we been on the desert, doing the simple things we loved, there would have been no misunderstanding. But we were in Hollywood where life takes on a different perspective.

"I guess the atmosphere of the luxury and extravagance of my New York trip still clung to me.

"Instead of Pat Lane, the girl with whom John fell in love, I was Priscilla Lane, the movie actress.

"John showed little enthusiasm for the extravagant plans I mapped out for our future.

"He had nothing to say to my, 'I want this. We must have that.' He knew the things I was planning would not bring lasting happiness.

"There was no arguing, no scolding. John is the most unselfish and understanding person in the world. He said he didn't want to stand in my way. That I had a right to do and have what I wanted. But he thought, under the circumstances, it was best to call the whole thing off.

"I'll go back to the desert,' he said. 'You will always know where I am if you want to get in touch with me.'

"I was miserable. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep.

"In three days I knew that nothing or no one counted but John. He was in Hollywood in less than three hours after I telephoned him.

"SINCE then there have been no more doubts, no more misunderstandings. The way ahead lies straight and clear. Each of us has certain work to do, obligations that must be fulfilled.

"John respects and admires anyone who accomplishes something worth while, whether it's making hats or acting before the camera.

"He is proud of my success and eager to help me, just as I am proud of his success and eager to help him.

"He doesn't want a housekeeper for a wife. He knows I will never be the little woman who stays home to make the beds and wash the dishes.

"He understands what my home in Hollywood means to me. The home Rosemary and I gave Mother. He knows it is here I will live while I am making a picture. That it is the place he will share with me when I am working.

"Our home—John's house and mine—John will build on a high knoll overlooking Yucca Loma. We have gone so far as to stake out the big front room, the dining room and the bedrooms. There will be a patio and a big lawn and a flower garden.

"That is as far as we have planned. Until John knows where he stands in the draft, we can do nothing more. Neither of us thinks it wise to marry if he is called into the Army. Since he is thirty-five years old, it may be that he will not be called.

"Whatever comes, this we know: We have set a firm foundation for our life together and waiting will not weaken it. We will be married as soon as the time is right—married in this room, with both our families present. When that time comes we will be so happy that we will want all the world to know."

## IN COIFFURES IT'S

*Personality*



## IN FOUNDATIONS

IT'S *Fit*

Each of the 572 Formfit models can be said to have a personality because each has been designed to fit a specific figure type.

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Style, value, long wear are essential points to consider in purchasing a foundation, but above all these factors, a comfortable fit is most important. Visit your favorite corset department or shop and know the joyous comfort of a perfect fitting Formfit.

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OVER 500 DIFFERENT MODELS  
ONE FOR *You*

MADE BY THE FORMFIT COMPANY • CHICAGO • NEW YORK



## Round-Up of Romances

(Continued from page 32)

EX-LAX MOVIES

COLD LOGIC



**JIM:** Gosh, this cold's got me down. I'd better have that prescription filled.

**MARY:** Yes, and remember, the doctor said to take a laxative if you need one.



**JIM:** A laxative! You know how I hate to take that awful stuff.

**MARY:** You won't hate *this*, Jim. It's Ex-Lax! It tastes just like chocolate.



LATER

**JIM:** Boy, that Ex-Lax sure did the trick! It worked like a charm!

**MARY:** That's the nice thing about Ex-Lax. It gets results — without upsetting you!

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle*! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right*. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

**EX-LAX** The Original  
Chocolated Laxative

**"GAS"? HEARTBURN?** For fast, longer relief from acid indigestion, heartburn and other discomforts, due to excess stomach acid, try **JESTS!** Mint-flavored. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10cA ROLL—3 for 25c



**FREE ENLARGEMENT**

Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Send it today.

Geppert Studios, Dept. 746, Des Moines, Iowa

Hollywood did know that Roger's ten-year-old daughter by his former marriage had been visiting them. Just prior to the little girl's arrival, Ann had had her bedroom newly decorated. The house only has two master bedrooms and no sooner did Ann get her bedroom done than it burned up. This is literally true, and a rather funny story. Ann was so crazy about the new decorations that she wouldn't even let her maid clean up the room. She did it herself each morning and locked the room when she went to the studio. One morning, apparently, she left a lighted cigarette behind her. When the frantic maid finally smelled the burning hangings, got Ann at the studio and Ann got home with the key, it was all too late.

Naturally no movie star can be expected to sleep in a gutted-out bedroom, so Annie had moved into the other bedroom with her stepdaughter and Roger had gone to a hotel.

That was the way things stood until not so many days ago there appeared in the newspapers this bombshell—a statement that she and her husband were separating. "Due to our widely divergent actions," she said, "problems have arisen which we felt might more easily be solved by a trial separation."

Ann and Roger, as you can see, are still fighting for their marriage. But at this point not even they can prophesy the outcome.

The break-up of the Errol (Fighting) Flynns so immediately after their first baby was born was really shocking to Hollywood. Despite the numerous separations and reconciliations of this pair, Hollywood had maintained the belief that theirs was really a love match, no matter how stormy. Therefore, where on all other occasions Hollywood has always laughed and said Lili and Errol would be back together again soon, this time it says just the opposite. Lili and Errol both say it is all over. Perhaps it is, but you can't be certain.

You can't be certain, either, in the case of Lana Turner and Tony Martin. Their friends say you can expect them to be married any day soon. But these two quarrel and make up, make up and quarrel, with Tony being now under the same handicap with Lana that he was with Alice Faye.

Tony's strongest medium is not dramatics. He is a personality, he is handsome, he has a swoon-making voice. In radio, in personal appearances, he's tops, but in pictures he's far from appearing at his best. Meanwhile Lana gets increasingly more important. It made a tough setup with Alice. It will probably mean a tougher setup with Lana, because Lana and Tony quarrel more. Even if they do marry, nobody in Hollywood

would give you a plugged nickel on the success of the union.

You can tell, however, about Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton, or, in other words, unless all signs fail, there is nothing to tell. Despite their recent trip together into Mexico, this is one of those "as is" romances, similar to the Brent-Sheridan romance, the George Raft-Betty Grable romance. In the latter case, of course, nothing can be done. George is still undivorced. In the former two, Hollywood thinks nothing will be done.

You can discount that chatter about Laraine Day's marrying Ray Hendricks, the singer, any day now. The slim Miss Day knows how marriages slow down young actresses' careers and she wants nothing whatsoever to slow down hers. Don't put too much stock, either, in those Ginger Rogers-George Montgomery datings. They are intense and night-after-night currently, but it is often thus with Miss Rogers.

She seems to have as keen an ability to get in and out of romantic complications as does the aforementioned Mr. Brent. Perhaps she even learned the trick from him, for once upon a time they two saw quite a bit of one another. Or maybe she learned some of it from Howard Hughes, to whom she was supposedly engaged a year ago, this same Mr. Hughes who lately has been ringing Miss Hedy Lamarr's doorbell, and prior to either Hedy or Ginger has dated every leading glamour girl in turn.

Of course, other gentlemen ring Miss Lamarr's doorbell, too. There is Mr. John Howard, who still calls frequently; Mr. Reginald Gardiner, who calls very occasionally, and amusingly enough, Mr. Gene Markey, who is an ex-husband, who has lately been re-calling. But Hedy's heart belongs to Johnnie. It honestly does. Johnnie is the only person that Hedy cares for passionately and completely. In case you have forgotten, Johnnie is the little boy she adopted nearly two years ago. Because of her divorce she still hasn't his legal custody. Until she has, you may be sure that there will be no romance in the Lamarr life. It is one of those unbelievable things that a girl like this should turn out to be all-mother, but it is absolutely true.

That's the current romance round-up, affairs of the Hollywood heart brought right up to the minute. Of course, I don't know how long this minute will last. They do say that Brent and Sheridan . . . they do say that that producer and his wife . . . no, no, I do not mean Arthur Hornblow and Myrna Loy . . . ah, well, I'll have to check up on those and tell you more in another couple of months, when I come back again armed with my beaux and arrows

"WHAT KIND OF A HOUSE DO THEY LIVE IN?"

That's what many readers ask us in their letters about Hollywood stars

NEXT MONTH

in an intimate and exclusive feature we give you a picture of Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward as they really are in their own home with special photographs by Photoplay-Movie Mirror's own photographer



(Continued from page 39)

business. It was about this time that Prince Lichtenstein came to Hollywood with the Austrian riders who were to compete in the Los Angeles Olympics. He asked Von to come with him and take charge of the troops.

But it was Erich Von Stroheim who was responsible for getting Von started on the job of technical advisor in cavalry pictures. His first was leading the charge in "Charge of the Light Brigade." In that charge there were thirty-eight casualties, and sixty-five horses killed.

"Had any general suffered such a loss there would be nothing left for him to do save drink a bottle of warm champagne and blow his brains out. I determined that never again would I work with untrained troops, no matter how well they could ride."

The only way Von could have trained troops was to pick his men and train them. With all the extra boys in Hollywood and all the cowboys, that seemed like an easy task. It wasn't. The extra boys were doing all right without training and the cowboys laughed at the idea that they could be taught anything about riding. As a last resort, Von visited the university and put his idea up to the young men about to graduate. Out of the hundreds who volunteered, Von picked only forty tall handsome fellows. He rented a field and a horse apiece and started in to drill according to Army rules.

He not only taught them to ride in any territory, to jump, carry guns, spears, flags, but he also taught them how to walk like a soldier, salute, sit down, stand up, enter a room, leave a room, put on a glove, take it off, remove a cap, address a superior, a lady, an underling. In other words, when Von got through, those boys were soldiers for close-ups as well as long shots—for the ballroom as well as the field of battle.

"Our first job, as a troop, was 'Maid of Salem,' and we've never been out of work since," says the proud Von.

WHEN Hollywood couples grab a plane and hop over the state line to find a minister, did you ever give a thought to the pilot of that plane? You should, because in nine cases out of ten he is Hollywood's own handsome, debonair "Honeymoon Express Pilot" Paul Mantz! Paul is dark and handsome and thirty-six; if he had liked acting as well as he does action he'd have given Gable plenty of headaches.

"I'd rather give 'em thrills and chills," Paul laughs, failing to mention that once in a while he gives 'em a few spills as well. You see, helping cupid tie knots is the least of Paul's work—most of it is done for air pictures. No stunt the gag men can think up is too tough for Paul and his boys.

Paul, who became a pilot at the age of sixteen, headed for Hollywood after he heard about Dick Grace, veteran stunt pilot who used to crash planes for pictures at \$1,500 a crash. Paul knew all about crashes—he had experienced plenty of them but never got a dime. He headed west and spent two years banging at studio doors before anyone gave him a tumble.

One of his first stunts was to fly through a hangar and just miss Slim Summerville when he flew out. He explained to Slim about that blind spot on the plane.

"You'll have to use your own judgment about ducking in time because I won't be able to see you."

## "Lasso" Boots to wear over shoes!

"Sufferin' Snakes! It's made of rubber!"

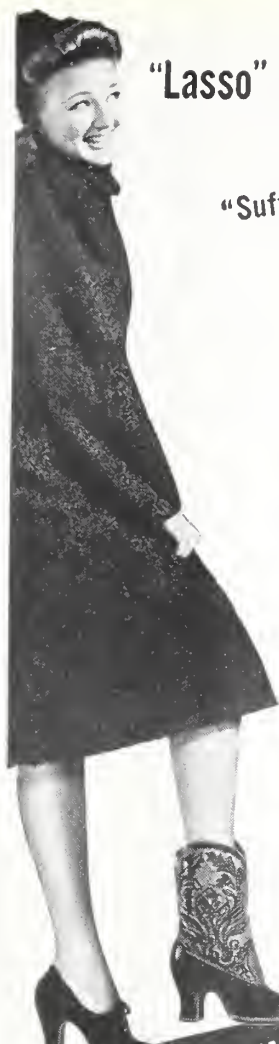
**NO WONDER** he's bemused... these new rubber boots *do* look just like real cowboy boots!

**CALF-SKIN** and "tooled" leaf pattern are faithfully simulated—(thanks to the patented Textran process!)

**SUPPLE!**—Lasso Boots by B. F. Goodrich pull on smoothly and easily...

**HEEL HEIGHTS**—there's a *boot* heel to fit any shoe heel—"spikes," "cubans" or the flattest of "flats"!

**IF YOU'RE A SWAGGER TYPE**—then "Lasso" Boots were made for you!



Lasso Boot by B. F. Goodrich



2 SMART NEW BOOT STYLES  
BY **B.F. Goodrich** WATERTOWN, MASS.

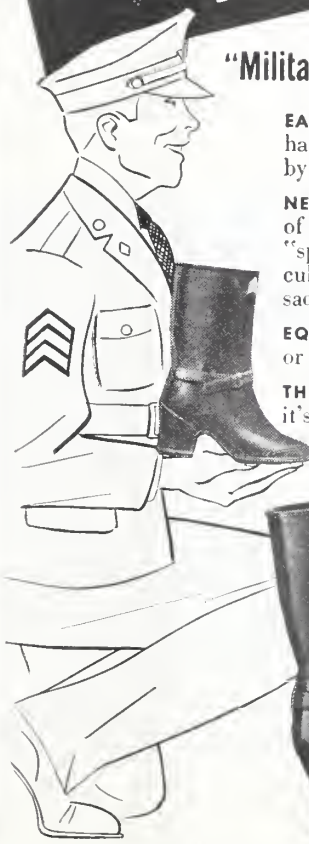
## "Military Boots" that go over your shoes!

**EASY ON! EASY OFF!** No tugging or hauling!—the new Military Boots by B. F. Goodrich slip on in a flash!

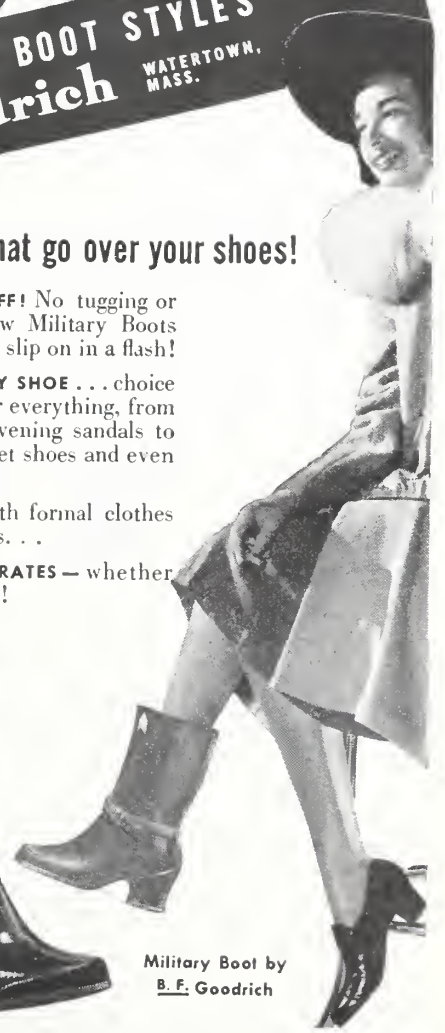
**NEAT FIT FOR ANY SHOE**... choice of heel heights for everything, from "spike" heeled evening sandals to cuban-heeled street shoes and even saddle oxfords!

**EQUALLY NEAT** with formal clothes or campus casuals...

**THE "MILITARY" RATES**—whether it's boots or dates!

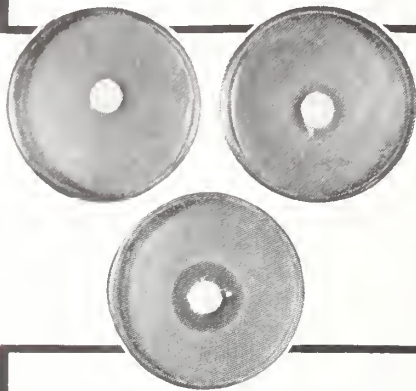


Military Boot by B. F. Goodrich





# What baby powder is *most* antiseptic?



These photos show standard laboratory tests of antiseptic properties of 3 leading baby powders. Width of the dark area around center of plate shows power to prevent growth of germs. Only the bottom plate, holding Mennen powder, shows definite antiseptic value.

Being antiseptic, Mennen helps protect baby's skin against germs. Made by exclusive Mennen process, "hammerizing," it is smoother, more uniform in texture. And you'll like its new, delicate fragrance.

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BORATED POWDER  
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Fresh AS A MORNING GLORY

See how gloriously young your skin looks with HAMPDEN'S powder base! It helps hide blemishes, faintly 'tints' your complexion, and keeps it flower fresh for hours and hours.

**POWDER-BASE**  
*hampden*

25c also 50c & 10c sizes  
Over 15 million sold

"You can't tell me nothin' about duck-in," Slim bragged. "I began by duckin' custard pies."

Pies sail through the air at fifteen miles an hour, a plane at a hundred. Slim didn't duck; he was so scared he sank to the ground and the plane skimmed on over him. Six years later, the same thing occurred in Canada on one of the Quint pictures, only this time Paul managed to tip tilt the wing over Slim's head. Slim isn't exactly sore at Paul, but he just "ain't gonna tempt fate agin."

When Paul isn't on a picture he still is not idle. He is the very active head of a charter plane service out at the Union Air Terminal in Burbank, California. He and his boys contract to fly anything or anybody any place in any weather.

THE next time you sit in a theater watching an air picture and you find yourself ducking because the plane seems to be coming right at you, just pretend you're up there in the air with cameraman Elmer Dyer and that you can't duck! If you do there won't be any picture because the greatest air stunts in the world wouldn't add much to the picture if the camera failed to catch them. They can't all be taken from the ground—and that's where Elmer Dyer comes in.

Elmer started out to be just another cameraman, but it was pretty dull work until one day, way back in the days of early war pictures, when Dick Grace invited him to go up and shoot some air stuff. They were trying to photograph the walls of a solid rock canyon. Dick realized that the plane wouldn't make it and yelled to Dyer, in the back cockpit, to sit down because they were going to crash. They crashed. When Dick came to, he looked around for Dyer. Cold sweat poured from his face when he saw that back seat folded up like an accordion. Then something told him to look in the opposite direction. There on a broken wing sat a very foolish but very calm-looking Dyer, staring stupidly at the camera crank in his hand.

"Gosh," he apologized, "I guess I lost the camera."

After that Dyer was a hero—the bravest cameraman in town. He still is. If a stunt has to be photographed, Dyer is the man to do it. He and Paul Mantz have chased clouds from Hollywood to Denver to get a particular effect. Once

they flew right into a cloud that was black as ink. Worse than that, it was a complete vacuum inside. Down, down, down the plane dropped until it hit the bottom of the cloud, which was air. They flew out upside down but otherwise unscathed. "But there's just nothing like having some good solid ozone under your wings," Elmer insists. "A little in your lungs doesn't hurt either!" Paul adds.

THE next time you sit in a theater and gasp because the lady on the screen is so beautiful that she quite takes your breath away, just give a word of praise to the man who made her that way.

Leon Shamroy says boldly, "All women are beautiful!" Then, with a twinkle in his brown eyes, adds, "That's what I had to learn in order to become a first-class cameraman. No matter what a face looked like I had to make it look beautiful. At first I thought the studio was handing me all the difficult faces in the world and then I learned a neat little trick—you don't light the lady; you light the wall behind her."

Indirect lighting is the secret, according to Leon, who insists that few women are so beautiful that they can stand direct light. If you would be beautiful in your own home, get rid of all those overhead and wall-bracket lights and resort to lamps. Place the lamps where you are apt to sit, that is beside or behind chairs and sofas. Light your walls rather than yourself. See if you cannot so arrange your lamps that they will cast some interesting shadow upon the wall just back of the spot your head will occupy.

"If a screen star has a bad left cheek. I don't concentrate on the cheek," says Leon, "I just toss a baby spot to the wall back of the cheek and the audience is so busy looking at the wall that they never even see the cheek."

All you have to remember is to have the light behind your head, shining upon your hair and not upon your face. Many a not-too-pretty woman has been stamped as "beautiful" because she was smart enough to halo-light her hair, thus forming a flattering frame for her face.

"Of course, make-up has a lot to do with beauty," Shamroy admits, "but Colonial ladies caught their beaux by moonlight and held them by candlelight. Just take a tip from great-great-great grandma and never go near a harsh, bright light."



This is the end of the table you didn't see on page 70; Robert Taylor, Jimmy Stewart and a nice little smirker, Frances Robinson, help Bob celebrate his birthday at Ciro's



## Clamor Boys

(Continued from page 43)

it's become the natural medium of communication between them. Professionally, Bud's the sharp guy, Lou the innocent forever smacked down, forever bobbing hopefully to the surface. In real life he gives as good as he gets. That's the chief difference. Also their private cross-fire is more casual, more effortless, almost absent-minded, but marked by the same undercurrent of tacit loyalty. However choice the invective they toss at each other, the mildest attack on either by a third party brings them shoulder to shoulder against the world. In a scene for "Ride 'Em, Cowboy," Bud had blown his lines a couple of times.

"Want to rehearse it?" asked Arthur Lubin, the director.

"No."

"Will you forget it?"

"Who's got a better right to forget it?" bawled Lou. "Look at his profile. Why'ncha get him a blackboard?"

To try wringing from them a rational account of their life and times is labor wasted. We can vouch for the bare facts, which we obtained elsewhere. The boys vouch for the embroidery they contributed. They raised pious hands, spilled salt over their shoulders and offered to drag in a notary to attest the truth of each syllable. What you choose to believe is up to you.

**C**OSTELLO was born Louis Francis Cristello in New Jersey, of Irish-Italian parentage. He worked as a stunt man in Hollywood, doubling at one time for Dolores Del Rio. (Yes, that's true, I didn't get it from Lou.) Abbott was born William under an Atlantic City circus top. His mother was a bareback rider, his father advance man for Ringlings. In 1930 he and Lou met at a Brooklyn burlesque house—Lou a small-time vaudeville comic, Bud the theater's cashier.

"My straight man doesn't show up," said Lou. "So I walk into the box office—"

"To borrow a couple of tickets—"

"Wanna be an actor?" I said. At the time he appealed to me. Later I found out different—"

"I jumped in to save the guy. The customers were throwin' eggs at him to make ham and eggs—"

"You're gettin' the wrong story, honey. The boss won't pay you." The waitress brought his spaghetti. "Continue, Bud. I can't eat without a thing on my stomach."

Cheated of argument, Bud lost interest too. "So they liked my pretty face and the rest is history."

"You spelled history wrong there—"

Lou pointed a kindly finger.

From across the room a big shot waved at them. "Hiya, neighbor," called Bud. "We gotta be nice to him. We're trying to promote a couple of trailers for dressing rooms— Hey!" The impact of an idea hit them at the same moment. His eyes questioned Lou, who nodded vigorously. "How's about some publicity?"

We didn't get it. "Photoplay-Movie Mirror!" cooed Lou. "Nice Photoplay-Movie Mirror, good Photoplay-Movie Mirror, sweet Photoplay-Movie Mirror. It comes out in Photoplay-Movie Mirror like this: Wouldn't it be cute if Universal gave the boys a trailer?"

They knocked around together in tab shows, burlesque and small-time vaudeville till about six years ago when Edward Sherman, the agent, cottoned to their corny charms, took them over and

# A Q U I Z Z

## WITH BUT ONE ANSWER

- Do you know how to get 100 cents' worth of value for every dollar you spend?
- How can you be sure you get the *same* high quality every time you buy?
- Do you know how to recognize a *guaranteed* bargain?
- How can you be sure you receive full weight and measure for your money?
- How can you be sure the products you buy will live up to the claims on the label?
- How can you be sure the products you buy are made by a dependable manufacturer?
- How can you be sure the products you buy are fresh and fully potent when you buy them?
- Do you know how to be a thrifty shopper?

## THE ANSWER IS:

(Turn magazine upside down)

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**BUY NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS**

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Enjoy both kinds of heat—with this one Coleman Radiant-Circulator. Gives you warm floors, steady circulating heat in one to four rooms!... Plus "Hot Stove" radiant heat close up!

Perfect low-cost heating for "hard-to-heat" rooms, small homes, garages, stores and stations.

Complete with automatic fuel and draft controls; high efficiency Coleman burner. Big output—30,000 heat units per hour; 11,000 cu. ft. warm air flow per hour! WITH NEW COLEMAN BLOWER. ONLY \$49.90. See your Coleman dealer now!

FREE! Mail postcard for FREE "Hot News" folders, and name of nearest dealer! (Address nearest office.)  
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# Coleman

## OIL HEATERS

"Keep Warmer This Winter"

**FREE!**  
... enough  
**MAPLEINE**  
to make 2 pints syrup

Discover syrup savings with Mapleine. Learn how you can create tempting syrup quickly, easily, only 1/3 the usual cost. Write your name and address on penny postal, mail to Crescent Mfg. Co., Department P, Seattle, Wash. We'll send free enough Mapleine to make 2 pints delicious, golden syrup. And... Mapleine transforms desserts, main dishes! At grocers.

**MAPLEINE**  
IMITATION MAPLE FLAVOR

little by little worked them into the classier houses. In 1938 Ted Collins, Kate Smith's manager, caught them at Loew's State in New York and signed them for a single appearance on her broadcast. They stayed three years. "Hiya, Neighbor" and "I'm a Ba-yad Boy" became household words. Under Bud's hectoring, Lou struck his form-fitting theme line hot off the anvil one night. Bud's "Hiya, Neighbor" stems from practical roots. He can't remember names, but figured—correctly—that a guy couldn't get sore at a guy who grinned and addressed him by so friendly an appellation as neighbor.

In the Shubert show, "Streets of Paris," they drew such belly-laughs from a Universal executive that he waited only to pick himself off the floor before signing them for "One Night in the Tropics." The rest is history, whichever way you spell it. "In the Navy" is topping the fabulous record of "Buck Privates." Theaters scream for them, audiences at them.

They're both married to ex-show girls. "That's his argument," says Bud. "Between you me, his wife cleaned the theater—"

"Sure. She swept your wife out. That's how you found her—"

"Seriously—" they chorused, and stopped. Bud gave Lou the high sign. "Seriously," Lou went on seriously, "they were having a fist fight. We pulled 'em apart. Then we played meeny-miny-mo to see who got which. He got Betty, I got Anne—"

"With an e. Since they came out here they stuck an e on it. For Ann Sheridan it's good enough without an e—"

"Quit pluggin' Warners. Listen, honey, we're both married seven years. The only difference is, my wife was at the wedding—"

"Don't pay him no heed, honey. The only difference is, I love my wife—"

Lou threw up his hands. "He loves his wife and he's got three dogs. I don't love mine and I've got two children. You figure it out—"

"Sure, and what good are they? You sit around, waitin' till they get married and walk out on you. I can get new dogs. Can you get new kids?"

"I got new kids. Patsy's four, Carol's two, so he calls them old. What good are your dogs? Can they say, 'Good luck on your broadcast, Daddy?'"

TO return to sanity for a moment, Uncle Bud's as fatuous about Patsy and Carol as their father. He encourages their humor by pretending to sit down on the tacks they plant in chairs. He gave the kids a couple of placards reading, Papa Unfair to Organized Babies and taught them how to picket. "He buys them toys and wears 'em out himself. The kids stand around beggin', 'Papa, lemme ride in the swing.' He says, 'Papa's in the swing, honey. You push me first.'"

Their homes provide the boys with material for a running gag, of which they never weary. Lou starts it. "Why should I tell you, and I won't tell you, that my house is best. I'm keeping it a secret from the whole world, that my house is best."

"It's not bad" Bud flaps a magnanimous hand. "When he goes away week ends, I let him keep it in my icebox."

"My place is three blocks long—"

"And an inch wide. He raises lead pencils. I raise raspberries. They're so big it takes a derrick to pull the pimples off—"

"You should see his furniture. His wife lets him pick it—"

"What's wrong with that?"

"The way it looks, it looks it. Take us. We go to a nice store—"

"Then they go to another and another and another. He sits on a chair, then she sits on a chair, then they sit on a chair together. They don't go to buy furniture, they go to neck, they go to wear out other people's furniture. They sample it, they take bites out of it, then they come over and sit down on mine."

As a matter of fact, the Abbots and Costellos bought modest places, for which they paid identical sums. We saw them the day after a columnist had accused them of going Hollywood, because they'd put in pools. The charge bewildered them. Through years of hotel living and one-night stands, they had dreamed of a house and garden and swimming pool—to swim in, not to show off with. Lou in particular had yearned for flowers. All he knows about them is that he likes them bright, so he goes to a nursery, points and says, "Give me some of those." As to the pools, it had never occurred to them in their innocence that they ought not spend their hard-won cash to suit themselves. The pleasure they'd taken in the pools was a little dashed that day.

"Maybe we better not tell her about the mermaids," said Lou gloomily.

"They're only tile anyway," muttered Bud.

Lou perked up. "But mine has a longer tail—"

"But mine has green tights—" Bud murmured absently. His heart wasn't in it.

COSTELLO would rather go to a ball game than eat and regards the Yanks as his children. Joe di Maggio is one of his closest friends. Abbott has a mania for collecting doodads. He's a sucker for anything he can get gypped on. One item he doesn't get gypped on is clothes. He knows them, likes them, wears them well and makes judicious comments on those of his partner. "Omar the Tent-maker makes for him, who else would? They cut the stuff in London during a blackout, throw him in, sew him up and parade him down the boulevard as a model of what the well-dressed garbage man threw out last year."

Ten years ago they started playing knock rummy and have never stopped. They'll play for five minutes between takes, or all night on a plane. Lou's the heavy winner, and smug about it.

"Every time there's no groceries in the house, how's about a little rummy, and there's three hundred dollars worth of groceries in the house, all on account of a little rummy. Money you get like that isn't really worth while. You can't spend it, so you just run down to the market and exchange it for cans—"

"But when I win two bucks, do you pay me?"

"No," conceded Lou modestly. "I figure where's the sense in paying a guy two bucks?"

They're cheerful but self-contained about their success, having developed through the uncertain years what they describe as cauliflower hearts.

"Anyway, how do we know we're good? Does Universal tell us? No. We gotta read up about ourselves in literature like Photoplay-Movie Mirror—"

"We love Photoplay-Movie Mirror, does Photoplay-Movie Mirror love us? Put it down—"

"Put down about the trailer—hey!"

For the second time their glances met and locked in perfect understanding. "How's about Photoplay-Movie Mirror giving us a trailer?" they yelped in happy unison.



## Small Town Deb

(Continued from page 63)

adoring slave. Chauncey tried once more. "They got a swell show at the Palace tonight."

"I don't want to go to the Palace," Pat said. "I don't want a banana squash—with or without nuts. I just don't wanta. And quit nagging me!" The screen door slammed behind her.

"You're not getting anywhere, Windy," Katie said to the crestfallen Chauncey. "Why don't you date some of the other girls?"

Chauncey sighed, and got up to go. "That'd be treason," he said simply.

Pat was saved from having to help Katie fix supper by the arrival home of her father. She met him in the hallway and held out a glass in which she'd just stirred some liquid with a spoon. At sight of the glass, Mr. Randall said quickly, "Hello, Baby. You're looking mighty sharp today—new dress, isn't it?"

"Yeah, it was," Pat said dryly. "Six years ago when Helene first got it." She poked the glass under his nose.

"Never looked that good on Helen," Mr. Randall said. "You give it a certain charm."

"Come on, now," Pat ordered. "Bottle the rose oil and drink this."

"But there's nothing wrong with me."

"Then why were you scouring around for bicarb at twelve o'clock last night?"

Mr. Randall took the glass, making a face. "It's getting so a man can't even have his stomach to himself, any more."

Pat watched him affectionately while he drank the medicine. Her private opinion was that her father was the only member of her family that had any sense. Mother was all right, only she let Helen,

Pat's older sister, lead her around by the nose. Helen, who upon reaching the age of eighteen had demanded to be called Helene, never thought of anything except clothes and boys. And Tim, seventeen—well, the way he went all gooey over that drip Sue Morgan simply curdled her, that was all.

**H**ELEN, as usual, was late for dinner. They were all at the table when she came floating in, her blonde loveliness set off by the new dress she'd worn that afternoon to the tea Mrs. Richards had given in honor of her grandson from New York.

"Ah, here comes the Duchess!" Pat said sourly. "And how was the tea, old thing, old thing?"

Helen ignored her. "Mother, the party was simply out of this world!" she enthused.

"You mean they held a seance?" Mr. Randall inquired.

"Of course not. I mean it was heavenly—those tiny little cakes—the pink centerpiece— And that young Mr. Richards!"

"Hm! Now we're getting some place!" Pat commented.

"Pat!" her mother reproved, in the same tone of voice she used toward her younger daughter at least twenty times a day. "Is he attractive, Helene?"

"Oh, Mother, you've never seen anything like him. He's simply something from the Arabian Nights! So good-looking. He's a medical student—but it seems he's been studying too hard, that's why he's here. Needs a complete rest."

"He better take the next train back!" Pat said.

Helen looked exasperated, and Mr. Randall said placatingly, "Now, Baby—" "He's coming over to play tennis tomorrow," Helen added.

"The guy's dying," Pat said, "and she asks him to play tennis!"

"He is not dying! He's simply overworked. We can play a set or two and then sit around on the lawn."

"That reminds me," Mr. Randall said significantly. "Tim, our lawn's *that way* again."

"I'll take care of it tomorrow," Tim promised with a meek acquiescence which was fully explained by his next remark. "I was wondering, Dad—"

"The answer," Mr. Randall said, "is no!"

"But, Dad—it's jam session night!" "It's always jam session night and you can not have the car!"

Pat brightened. "Can't I go with you—just this once, Tim?"

"Got any more funny ideas?" he asked witheringly.

"It won't hurt the whole family," Mr. Randall said desperately, "to stay home for one night."

"But Henry," Mrs. Randall said, "surely you haven't forgotten you're taking Helene and me to the Alexanders' musicale?"

Her husband groaned. "Mary, sometimes I think you women just sit around and figure what will make a man most miserable."

"But, Henry—" "I'm sorry, Mary." Suddenly, Mr. Randall looked tired. "I had to bring home some work from the office. Tim can drive you to the Alexanders'."

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Tim, realizing that his father had been trapped into letting him have the car, gurgled delightedly.

"And I'll go with Mom and Helen!" Pat exclaimed.

"You will not," Helen said. "There aren't going to be any children there."

Pat's face grew stormy. "Children! It's always the way—whenever I want to do anything I'm either too young or too old. What'm I supposed to do? Climb in a hole like a bear and sleep for a couple of years?"

"That's a marvelous idea," Helen said. "But why stop at two years, pet?"

"Make it ten and I'll dig the hole myself," Tim promised.

In the end, everyone went out except Pat and her father. Mr. Randall had a briefcaseful of papers which he spread out on the table after dinner. Pat, watching him, suddenly realized that he often brought home work. And tonight he seemed to be particularly tired, even worried. Instead of starting on the papers, he sat for a while in deep thought, his hand pressed against his forehead, abstracted.

"Pop," Pat said softly, "is everything okay? At the office, I mean?"

Mr. Randall straightened in his chair. "What, Pat? . . . Oh. Oh, yes, sure. Why?"

"Oh, you've seemed a little beat down lately—sort of off the beam. You know—worried."

"Maybe the heat's got me down." Pat looked thoughtfully at her right foot. "Where're you going this vacation?" she asked.

"Why—I thought I'd replant my rhododendrons and just putter around the yard."

"You mean like last year, when you painted the kitchen and cleaned out the basement! Look, Pop, how about going out camping on our land? That'd be keen!"

Her father looked at her briefly, then averted his eyes. "Punkin—we may not have the land by that time."

"Why not?"  
"That's a long story," he evaded. "Come on—want to help me with these figures?"

couldn't keep him waiting around!  
It was an hour and a half and several stiff sets later that they returned to the Randall house. Jack's hair was mussed, his flannels were dusty and his handsome face gleamed warmly.

"You're going to have to face the music alone," Pat warned him. "I'll finish the lawn."

Katie admitted Jack to the house and showed him into the living room. There was a comfortable sofa there. He sat down on it and promptly went to sleep. Helen, looking cool and lovely and grim, waked him up.

"I'm sorry," he apologized. "I guess I really overdid the tennis thing. That sister of yours is a human dynamo."

"Do you mean you've been playing tennis all the time I've been waiting for you?" Helen demanded indignantly.

Jack grinned sheepishly. "Look," he said, "I'm awfully sorry. We seem to have gotten off to a bad start. Let's try again tonight. We could go dancing at the Inn?"

Helen brightened. "Formal?"  
"I'd even put on a monkey suit for you. Date?"

"Date," Helen said, all forgiving smiles. On his way out, Jack winked at Pat. "It's okay," he whispered. "I'm taking her out dancing tonight."

"Dancing! I thought you were all in." "Don't worry about me," he said gaily.

"Well, somebody better!" Pat muttered. While she was finishing the lawn Chauncey Jones came by, wistfully mentioning a banana squash at Tracey's, but she sent him off about his business. She had more important things on her mind. Here was Jack Richards, a perfectly swell guy, and apparently interested in Helen. Why he should be beyond Pat, but anyhow . . . And Helen was such a dope she was going to keep him running around to tennis matches and dances, just to show him off to the other girls, when he should be resting. Pretty soon



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he'd get sick of it all and give Helen the air. It wasn't as if Helen could afford to wait, either. She was practically twenty already, and not a proposal in sight.

PAT felt perfectly justified, that evening when Jack called for Helen, in making him promise to leave the dance and be in bed by ten o'clock. The poor guy already had a bad Charley horse from the tennis game. Helen looked daggers when Pat extracted the promise and Pat knew she'd catch it the next morning.

She did. Helen and Tim both ganged up on her—Tim still smarting from what he considered an exorbitant price for cutting the lawn—and Mrs. Randall promised them to speak to Pat severely.

"Though I'd like you two to remember," she pointed out, "that we had our troubles with you, too. Your father and I used to be afraid, Tim, that you were a throwback to the monkey age—and there was a time, Helen, when we wondered whether you were just a quiet child, or not quite bright."

Nevertheless, she talked to Pat and laid down the law: Pat obviously didn't have enough responsibilities, from now on she was to pay more attention to the cultural things of life, mind her own business, not talk back to her elders and help Katie in the kitchen.

Pat, depressed, sought comfort with her father. "Can I help it if I get in their hair?" she demanded. "They don't treat me like a person!"

"How about the way you treat Helen and Tim?" Mr. Randall asked amusedly. "Those drips!"

"Well, punkin," advised her father, "why don't you fool everybody? Go out of your way to be pleasant. Since you're going to be forced to it anyhow, be a

good soldier and get some fun out of it."

"Okay," Pat said dubiously, "but I don't know how funny it's going to be."

She tried. She really tried. She stopped in at the music shop and bought, with her own money, a new swing record for Tim; and she bought a style magazine for Helen. The recipients of the gifts were so surprised and suspicious that they forgot to thank her. But, Pat thought forgivingly, Rome wasn't built in a day and you couldn't expect drips to respond to kindness overnight.

But she forgot all her good resolutions a night or so later when her father called a family conference and revealed, at last, just what had been troubling him lately. The taxes were due on the large tract of land to the north of town that he'd bought some years before and he didn't have the money to pay them. If they could only hold on to the land, he explained, there was a good chance that he and his partners in the venture could persuade the Government to take it over for an airfield. But in the meantime it would mean cutting down family expenses to pay the taxes.

"And since you children will be affected, I thought it was only fair to let you have a vote in the matter," he finished.

Pat, looking at Helen and Tim, knew how they'd vote, and she rushed into action. "Listen, Pop," she cried, "you know you don't want to let that land go! You believe in it! So we do without things for a while—why not? We won't have a car and Tim can do his necking in the park instead of the privacy of the back seat. And nobody in this family's too old to walk!"

"Now, wait a minute—" Tim interposed.

But Pat had turned on Helen. "I've heard Mom say that all those clothes

she buys for Helen are an investment. Well, if this isn't as important as that I'd like to know what is! Pop, you hang onto that land!"

Mrs. Randall said, "Why don't you go to Chicago yourself, Henry, and have one last try at seeing the regional board about putting the airfield here?"

"But the taxes are due next week," Mr. Randall remarked.

"You could be back before then—and we could wait until after your trip before making a decision."

THAT was the basis on which it was finally left. But Pat noticed that Helen, in the meantime, went right ahead with her plans for a party in honor of Jack Richards. And on the night the party was held, in the Randall garden, Pat was strictly forbidden to attend. Feeling left out of things, she watched from the shrubbery.

The shrubbery turned out to be not such a bad place after all. Toward the middle of the evening Jack Richards took refuge there, looking completely exhausted. Pat bossily led him to a farther corner of the garden and made him stretch out on a bench.

"What's your father going to think when he gets here and sees you looking all worn out like this?" she fumed.

"I'll fool him," Jack said. "I'll puff out my cheeks."

"You can't puff out those hollows under your eyes. Mister, you've got to stop this running around, morning, noon and night."

"Yes, I know. But how?"

"You say 'no,'" Pat advised.

"Have you ever tried looking into Helene's blue eyes and saying 'no'?"

"It's a cinch for me," Pat said, "but I suppose it's too much to ask of you."

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"I think I'd better take the next train back to New York," Jack said gloomily. "The whole thing is, Pat, the first requirement of a doctor's wife is self-sacrifice—and Helene isn't geared for anything like that."

So he's really gone on her, Pat thought. Well, if it's serious. . . .

"Much as I hate to admit it," she said, "if you think that about Helen you just don't know your girl. Give her a few days to cool off and see things the right way—"

"Fine chance. If I'm here, I'll see her."  
"But you won't be here," Pat said excitedly. "I know just the place for you. It's on some land my dad owns, there's a shack there, you can sleep eighteen hours a day and you won't even have to shave!"

JACK'S sudden departure on what he announced as a fishing trip, keeping Pat's connection with it a closely guarded secret, left Helen without a date for the big dance of the year, the Country Club Annual. Tim, too, was left high and dry, his adored Sue Morgan having left to spend the summer with her great-aunt in Springfield. Providence came to Helen's rescue when Dave Barton blew into town and called her up the day before the dance, but frenzied telephoning failed to help Tim's situation.

"Why don't you take Pat?" Mrs. Randall suggested calmly.  
Tim choked. "Her?" he trumpeted wildly.

"Certainly. If you take your sister, you've a perfect excuse for not taking Sue Morgan or any other girl."

Tim proved his desperation by considering the suggestion. "Well . . . if she left off those spectacles. . . ."

"And with a different hair-do," Helen mused, while Pat, speechless with amusement, looked from one to the other.

"Okay," Tim said grimly. "You can go with me. But understand—I shake you the minute we get there."

Pat drew herself up. "Just what makes you think I'd go any place with you?" she inquired. "I appreciate you all taking such an interest in me now, but it wasn't so long ago that you all voted to put me in irons."

"Aw, Pat, it wasn't my idea. . . ."

"I don't care whose idea it was. You can run my daily life, but my social life is my own."

With dignity, she marched into the kitchen, where Katie whispered, "That's tellin' 'em! You play hard to get and they'll come a-begging."

They did, particularly Tim, and eventually Pat allowed herself to be persuaded. She even agreed to let Tim take her downtown to a beauty parlor and pay for having her hair waved and combed up to the top of her head.

In the midst of the day's preparations for the dance, Mr. Randall returned from Chicago, with a bad cold and the news that the board had provisionally approved his site for the airfield, but that nothing could be done until Eustace Richards returned from a vacation trip.

"But Pop!" Pat yelled. "He's Jack Richards' father—and he's right here in Elmhurst now!"

"Now, we're not going to take advantage of Jack's interest in Helen to influence Mr. Richards," Mr. Randall warned her sternly. "You just run along downtown and buy a new dress for that dance."

Pat obeyed, but on her way through the kitchen she asked Katie, "What kind of a dress would be likely to wow an old man with lots of money?"

After a busy afternoon in the beauty parlor and the dress shop, Pat was ready for the dance. Her hair still tightly con-

lined in pins, she was in her room, prouetting before the mirror, when Katie came in.

"Prepare yourself for a shock, honey," Katie said sympathetically. "That Sue Morgan just called up. She came back into town and Tim's going to take her to the dance."

Pat sank down on the bed, speechless with disappointment. Tim rushed into the room and out again, calling, "I'll take you to the Prom next season, Pat—honest I will!"

Pat picked up a fold of the dress and looked at it, her lips quivering. Then a last, forlorn hope came to her. Chauncey! Twice he'd asked her to go to the dance and she'd refused him. But a telephone call to his home brought the information, from his mother, that Chauncey was taking his cousin Eloise.

Pat hung up the receiver, stark tragedy in her eyes.

All dressed up and no place to go, she thought. A pretty dress, a stunning hair-do, and no way to exhibit them. For a little while, people had liked her, wanted her to look nice and have a good time. But the minute something better offered they forgot all about her. The only person who really liked her was Jack Richards. . . .

Her eyes opened wide and she jumped up from the telephone stand. If only she could get the car before Tim did!

TWO hours later she strolled onto the dance floor at the Country Club, leaning on Jack Richards' arm. Her hair waved softly about her face and the new dress fell in soft, sophisticated folds. She looked three years older than she had that morning, and she knew it. She glanced around the dance floor with an air of elegant boredom that didn't quite succeed in hiding the bubbling delight inside her.

Jack led her up to a good-looking middle-aged man—his father. And after a moment she found herself dancing with this distinguished person, while Jack went off to find Helen and make his peace with her.

It was all exactly like a dream.

And Mr. Richards was a perfect peach. It was so easy to talk to him that in ten minutes she'd told him about the airfield and the regional board and he'd promised to see her father the first thing in the morning.

Then came a horrible moment. She and Mr. Richards finished their dance and he took her to a chair in the lounge, then talked a minute, excused himself and left her. Pat awoke to the realization that, suddenly, she was all alone. Jack and Helen were dancing. So were Tim and Sue. Dave Barton, Helen's original escort, seemed to have disappeared entirely.

In a panic at being a wallflower, Pat stood up and looked around for some refuge—the powder-room, perhaps. Her eyes fell on a slim young man, distinguished in a beautifully tailored mess jacket. There was something vaguely familiar about him as he came toward her—but his hair was combed and he didn't wear any spectacles, or braces on his teeth—

"Chauncey!" she gasped.

Chauncey eyed her up and down and evidently found her pleasing. "This is my dance, Patricia," he said firmly. "And no cracks."

"Why, Chauncey!" Pat said again.

"Now look here, Patricia," he growled menacingly. "I want you to call me Bill!"

Pat gulped. And then she smiled, dazzlingly.

"Yes, Bill," she said meekly.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# Hollywood's Unknown Friendships

(Continued from page 65)

business. She was just a "Hollywood wife." No one was interested in her—so she thought.

Then Ann Sothorn came to call. As they all sat there talking—Mal and Ray, Ann and some others—Ann's blue eyes kept watching Mal, quiet, self-effacing as always. Suddenly, Ann spoke up:

"Why, you're beautiful, Mal Milland!"

Just like that. And Mal, with her prematurely white hair, her lovely clear skin, her direct gray eyes, blushed as though the compliment had come from a man. But her answering smile was pleased and graceful. Someone was liking her for herself.

So began the friendship which has since grown into one of Hollywood's truest. They now see each other daily unless Ann is working. They go to movies together. They go shopping together. They borrow clothes from each other. That's the kind of friendship it is.

ANOTHER filmland friendship of which the world knows little is that of Carole Landis and Victor Mature. Theirs is a platonic friendship and I mean platonic! There has been no romance between them in the past and there certainly isn't now with Victor a newly married man. But they've been pals ever since an eventful day a long time ago when both were working in "1,000,000 B. C." at the Hal Roach studio. The weather was frightful—hot and sultry. The company was tired, uncomfortable and on edge. Nothing seemed to go right.

Suddenly, trouble flared openly between Vic and the assistant director. One word led to another. Victor, beside himself with rage, doubled up his fists. "I'll teach you to talk to me like that, you —!" he roared.

He let one go, but the blow never hit its mark. Instead he found his arm caught between a couple of slender hands belonging to a beautiful girl clad in the 1,000,000 B. C. version of a sarong. Carole Landis.

"Skip it, pal," she told Vic. "You want to make the grade in pictures, don't you? Well, this is no way to do it!"

She was smiling all the while and her tones were like honey. But her grip on Vic's arm was persuasive. He looked down at her, first angrily, then sheepishly.

"Guess you're right," he muttered.

So they became friends, the hotheaded Vic and the beautiful Carole, feminine to the finger tips, but whose mind clicks like a man's. They've never had a social date, but many's the time since "1,000,000 B. C." that they've gotten together to compare career notes and to exchange advice. So, one night at Ciro's shortly after Vic's marriage and his return to Hollywood from New York, they gave people something of a shock when they embraced like long-lost brothers and, forgetting their respective parties, spent the evening tête-à-tête. The columnists saw it and made sly allusions. Vic was already forgetting his wife! Scandal, scandal!

But, I'm telling you straight. There wasn't any scandal and there isn't any scandal. Carole Landis and Vic Mature are just friends—all the better friends because there has never been anything else between them!

There is heartbreak, though, in the story of Madeleine Carroll and young Stirling Hayden. They met during the filming of "Virginia," in which Madeleine,

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you remember, was starred and Stirling played his first screen role. This being in a Hollywood movie represented the worst kind of a "jam" Stirling had ever been in. He was scared green.

He was even more scared—at first—when the beautiful, the glamorous Madeleine offered to help him. But that was only at first. Madeleine has poise and charm and tact. Almost before he knew it, Stirling Hayden not only was at ease with her, but was falling in love with her. By the time "Virginia" was finished, he was head over heels.

Whereupon, fate laughed sadistically and turned a knife in his heart. Though Madeleine would never, could never feel anything but friendly affection for him, Stirling was cast with her in "Bahama Passage" and the two of them went with the rest of the company to the West Indies on location. There they were together constantly, of course—in the daytime because they were working together; during those long, languorous Caribbean evenings because the "Bahama Passage" company was small—and isolated—and a man in love is drawn to his adored as steel to a magnet. But when "Bahama Passage" was finished and the company came home, Madeleine left immediately for Montreal to meet the handsome French captain who has owned all of her love since the summer of 1939, when they first met in Paris. And young Stirling Hayden was left in Hollywood, a star, yes, but with a scar on his heart which fame and success can never erase.

ONE of Hollywood's strangest friendships is that of Eddie Albert and—Madame Ouspenskaya! Believe it or not! It began when Eddie, burning with the desire to play Edgar Allan Poe in a picture, enrolled in Madame Ouspenskaya's dramatic school for coaching. Soon they discovered all kinds of mutual interests—music, books, sailing, even dancing! That is, Madame doesn't dance, herself, but she expressed a desire to see real jitterbugs in action and so Eddie took her to the Los Angeles Palladium where they had so much fun they made a date to do it again.

Pretty soon, Ouspenskaya-Albert dates became a habit. They went to Ciro's. They had each other to dinner at home. Eddie taught her Portuguese songs and to play the guitar. She taught him Russian songs. They had a wonderful time and all the while they were building a friendship which will last them a lifetime. I saw them only the other Sunday morning riding horseback—tearing along the bridle trail on Sunset boulevard, Madame ahead, Eddie racing to catch up with her. And they were laughing as only tried and true friends can laugh.

It was common misery that first drew together Barbara Stanwyck and Hollis Barnes, the attractive hairdresser. It happened on the "Annie Oakley" set at RKO. Barbara, married then to Frank Fay, was bitterly unhappy. And it seemed on a certain day that she could bear it no longer. After a scene which had gone badly because her mind and her heart weren't in it, she walked into her dressing room and burst into tears.

"What shall I do?" she begged the quiet, attractive girl waiting there to give her a new coiffure. And then, suddenly she saw that this girl, whom she knew then only as "Miss Barnes," was crying, too.

"What shall I do?" Hollis Barnes sobbed back.

And so they had a cry and then they hashed over their troubles; gave and took advice; finally laughed and kissed each other and decided things could be

worse. And Hollis has been Barbara's dearest friend ever since.

The friendship of Fred Astaire and Jerry Asher dates back to "know when" days. Jerry Asher is a writer, one of the most popular in filmtown. He is a chap with a salty wit and a flair for anecdote. He entertains Fred as few others can. I've seen the latter throw back his head and laugh at something Jerry has said until the tears ran down his cheeks. But the roots of their friendship go deeper than that. They had their beginning when Fred first came to Hollywood and was doing some work at Metro and Jerry was a publicity man there. One day, Jerry, hurrying across the lot, was accosted by a quiet-spoken chap, loitering in front of a sound stage.

"Say, could you get me inside?" he inquired. "I'm supposed to see the director."

Jerry looked at him in amazement. "Cripes, man, just tell 'em who you are! They'll let you in!"

But still the other hesitated. "Maybe they don't know me."

"I think they will," Jerry told him. "I think they will know Fred Astaire."

But he took the latter in, anyway, and at Fred's anxious request met him outside the studio every morning afterward for a week and passed him through the gate. To this day, the two have remained fast friends.

John Wayne and Ward Bond (the movie menace), another pair of Hollywood pals, knew each other "when." They went to the University of Southern California together, joined the same fraternity (Sigma Chi), played football together and shortly after their graduation stowed away together on a ship bound for Honolulu. Not that they got very far. They were soon discovered and ignominiously transferred to a California-bound ship while the assembled passengers and crew of both ships looked on and made facetious remarks. They laugh about this and a dozen other similar escapades every time they get together, which is often.

John's wife, the beautiful Jo Saenz Wayne, daughter of the former Cuban Consul to Los Angeles and his French countess wife, is Loretta Young's best friend. The two attended Ramona Convent in Alhambra (near Los Angeles) together when they were little girls. Loretta is the godmother of the Waynes' eldest boy, Michael, and Jo was one of Loretta's bridesmaids when the latter was married last year.

THEN there are Errol Flynn and Bruce Cabot. Their friendship isn't as old as many in Hollywood, but born of mutual tastes and temperament, it is one of the closest. They swim, hunt, fish, sail, play golf and tennis, fly together. They go to parties together. They take trips together. They are thoroughly compatible.

Then there is the friendship between George Murphy and Cesar Romero. You know a bit about that from the story, "Dance If You're Blue" in October PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR. George and Cesar knew each other "when" and between them, forged of shared trials and hopes and defeats and triumphs, is a bond which nothing can break.

Julie Murphy is a part of this friendship, too. While Cesar was building his new house, she gave him a "kitchen shower." She is always trying to find the "right girl" for Cesar. Not that he has trouble getting dates, but Julie will never rest until he is married. And Cesar, every time he dates a new girl, brings her over to the Murphys' first.

I think it's all very swell. Don't you?



## How Linda Darnell Lives

(Continued from page 48)

"Sometimes," she concludes, "I really don't know where to turn. For no matter how careful I try to be about money my mother, who doesn't understand the expenses entailed by our scale of living today, is convinced I must be throwing money away."

Mrs. Darnell's room and bath adjoin Bubber's red-white-and-blue room on one side and the rosebud chintz room that is Monte's pride and joy on the other side. Her room is the master bedroom. For in spite of Linda's importance in the studio and outside world—importance that will be increased by her splendid work in "Rise and Shine"—Mrs. Darnell maintains her position as head of her house.

In true Southern style the Darnells call their living room "the front room." Their "front room" is lovely. Linda insisted its Spanish beams be painted white. She chose ivory chintz printed in maroon for the windows and blue and white Chinese rugs for the floor. The sofa is maroon. There are two chairs of delft blue. There's a grand piano. The white walls are a charming background for the dark mahogany. And already Linda and Mrs. Darnell are planning how the Christmas tree is to stand close by the big fireplace. Christmas is a big day for the Darnells, as it is for most happy families.

"ON Christmas," Linda says, "my father will come on from Texas, I hope. And Undine will be here with her husband, Harry, and, of course, Harry Wendell Hunter, Junior. He's the pride of our lives. Even when I'm in production with practically no time to myself I manage to see him two or three times a week.

"Monte insists Harry is big enough to have a hobbyhorse this year. And Bubber can't decide whether to give his white rabbit to Harry or Father. Father will win in the end, I'm sure, for he can't possibly take care of a rabbit back home, away all day as he is, so he'd naturally leave Bunny Boy here."

She smiled gently, the way people smile when they're basically contented and secure and happy, irrespective of the difficulties that may ruffle the surface of their lives occasionally.

We mentioned this to her. She agreed, gratefully.

"This is the best time of my life, I think," she said. "Professionally I can see I'm getting somewhere. Quite suddenly I realize the wonderful, exciting things I can do for Monte and Bubber. And I've learned enough to know how much more I want to learn and what subjects I want to concentrate upon."

The rays of the sun sent a low shaft of gold over the garden. Just before we turned into the main road when the house would be hidden from view we waved again at Linda. She stood in the doorway, her arms about Monte and Bubber who were on either side of her, having rushed out the minute they heard the crunch of gravel and knew her "company" had gone.

The little Texas bungalow in which the Darnells used to live and the charming house in Brentwood Heights are very different in some ways but quite the same in others. For no house in which they live ever will be two-faced. They're a family who put their mark upon a house. You would know, looking at any house in which they lived, that theirs is the American way of life, that theirs is a life warm and active and abundant.

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## You Can't Count Him Out!

(Continued from page 53)

totally innocent of acting experience. He recommended a dramatic school. And Randolph Scott, amazing himself more than he did Jack Heath, decided to take the advice.

HE put in eight months of apprentice work at the Pasadena Community Theatre under Gilmor Brown. He was no meteor. A chance meeting with a lady he knew gave him a hot tip that landed him the juvenile role in "Under A Virginia Moon." The play was a miserable flop. But not for Randolph Scott. He was spotted by a producer who was reviving "The Broken Wing." He got the lead.

"The Broken Wing" made him. He was deluged with offers; he signed with Paramount.

His first three pictures were only moderately successful. Then Paramount clapped him into an outdoor saga. He was an overnight sensation as a man of the West. He did nineteen pictures one year, most of the purple-sage epics. He thundered through eighteen of Zane Grey's novels.

It was inevitable that Westerns and outdoor spectacles should pall on him and that he should demand and obtain more variety. Musical comedy, drawing-room pieces, deft comedy—he tried them all. Here and there he came out on top, but mostly he didn't. Suddenly the Scott stock began the toboggan ride. At which the experts began counting him out—washed up.

They failed to reckon with the Scott sanity and levelheadedness. Mulling it over, he reached two conclusions: He had been trying to accomplish with an acquired talent dramatic feats possible only to natural-born specialists in the particular fields. Moreover, he had been ignoring his true forte, naturalness.

In this frame of mind he tackled his chores in "Western Union" with the result that critics hailed him as "a new Randolph Scott, back in his true milieu, the great outdoors." More to the point, Darryl Zanuck, impressed no end, put him under contract to T.C.-Fox, presented him with the male lead in "Belle Starr" and promptly blocked out a program of picture-making which will take Mr. S. well into 1942, the first of which chores, a throbbing tale known as "Sioux City," to begin just as soon as our hero reports back to Zanuck after tarrying at Universal in "Paris Calling," opposite Elisabeth Bergner, no less.

TO get a glimpse of the "new Randolph Scott" at close hand we trekked out to Santa Monica where T.C.-F.'s strong, silent man is bivouacked these days.

Villa Scott By-The-Sea, if you like details, is a man's manse, a snug harbor that would delight so seafaring a man as Stirling Hayden. The motif is nautical. Lamps and woodwork and even the prints on the walls glorify the seven seas. Once the place housed Bebe Daniels who still owns it. But it has been redecorated. Mostly by Mr. Scott.

The living room is not so spacious as it is charming. The atmosphere is virile and lived-in. Book shelves hug the walls. "How Green Was My Valley" was lying spread out in a divan. Pipes were laid out neatly on the desk. A huge phonograph, obviously not a very late model, was flanked with countless albums of records. There were albums of swing music, you noticed, but they were by far in the minority.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting," Mr. Scott said, appearing out of nowhere and dressed in a lounge model blue suit, white shirt and foulard tie, a far cry indeed from the typically Hollywood getup of slacks and sports coat.

North of a notebook, this reporter is happy to observe, Randolph Scott behaves beautifully. He does not parry questions. Nor does he, as is too often the Hollywood custom, get awfully confidential, pour out his soul and then let you know that "all this is strictly on the cuff and definitely not for publication." To this good day he finds interviewing something of a cross to bear. All interviewers, he maintains, write the same story, whether they call it Valiant Virginian or Southern Gentleman. And he resents it. Why? Well, for one thing, he has a contempt for a professional Southerner. Secondly, he admits that willy-nilly he has lost much of his Southern individuality, which is understandable considering that he has spent the last third of his life in the West.

"Why I should baffle anybody, least of all this knowing little community called Hollywood, passeth understanding," he began, tackling the question head on. "I consider myself a perfectly normal individual. If I am 'reserved,' as some insist, it is because I was raised in the school of suppressing the emotions, through which people have drawn various conclusions. There are those here in Hollywood who feel happier when they are dramatizing their feelings. I think that is their privilege.

"YOU could boil it all down to this, I guess," he went on. "I happen to be an introvert. And I am happier behaving in that fashion."

How one particular introvert behaves Mr. Scott proceeded to unfold for the next hour or so.

He does nothing so spectacular as pearl fishing, sailing a huge yacht (of which he has none) into uncharted Mexican waters and scaring the pants off the poor studio. Anything that smacks of exhibitionism he avoids like a plague.

For excitement he rides horseback, rides (as has been hinted at) like the wind. On the aquatic side, he lives more intimately with the sea than your showy dude yachtsman. He swims constantly. A distance swimmer, he can battle even the Santa Monica tides for longer periods than he has time to spend. It helps to keep his weight at 187 dripping wet.

"I was born under the sign of Aquarius, the swimmer," he says by way of explanation.

This business of keeping in form is the closest he comes to departing from the legendary Scott sanity. When he worked for Paramount, he spent anywhere from eighteen to twenty hours working out in the studio gym. Now he uses his own gadgets, which are set up in the basement.

One of the millions, he is fond of bridge. He plays it for money and for free. He plays it well. His favorite partners are the Fred Astaires and Walter Van Pelt. When the Van Pelt gentleman is busy, Bruce Cabot fills in.

At least three nights out of the week he spends at home. He likes it. He reads his way through 100 books a year and subscriptions to twelve magazines. Of late he finds that his reading list is getting heavier and heavier. Serious books on economics and the world crisis weigh it down. This "twilight of the gods is certain to brighten into burning day-



light," he says. "But it will have a terrific impact on our lives." This is a sample utterance of Scott the thinker.

With a library of 1,500 records to choose from, his automatic phonograph is placed constantly in use, flooding the place with Beethoven, Wagner and Strauss or with Shaw, Lombardo, King (Henry) and Goodman, when he's in that kind of mood.

NEVITABLY you lead up to his romantic life. For a while it looks as if you are going to hit a snag. He sits there studying the matter for ten seconds maybe before beginning.

"One aim I have always had in the back of my mind—and I realize I represent the minority—is to detach my private life from my public life." Another pause. "I married a nonprofessional (Mariona Du Pont Somerville) and she dislikes publicity. True we are separated. I don't know how much that ought to alter cases." Another pause. "We're still friends. We correspond, not necessarily with any intention to carry on with the marriage."

The short-lived marriage to the Du Pont heiress he will not dwell upon. He presents only the lady's side of the matter. She had devoted all her life to breeding horses and racing, had invested a fortune in her stable and was a prominent figure in the horsey set back in Virginia. The collapse of the marriage was a case of not being about to reconcile two life patterns so unsympathetic and far apart—in more ways than one—as Hollywood and, say, White Sulphur Springs.

The horsey set, by the way, is no term of sneering sarcasm. Randolph Scott, himself, speaks of it with respect. Breeding a horse which was later to win—and

to be the only American horse to do it—the Grand National in England is to Randolph Scott a rousing feat indeed, especially since it was accomplished by Mariona Du Pont Somerville Scott. If anyone leaves R. S. five million yen, that will be the life for him. Meanwhile, he will go on working for a living.

Separated from his wife, Randolph Scott, naturally, gets his quota of romance. You don't see it recorded by the camera. Mostly he goes out to enjoy himself and not to waste photographer Hymie Fink's nice plates, when they could be used to such good advantage recording the social life of, say, Errol Flynn or Tony Martin.

"I go to Ciro's just often enough to enjoy it," he says, which means every three months or so.

HIS lady friends are about on a par with each other. If there is any current favorite, he won't say. He doesn't think it's the thing to do. "Perhaps the lady would prefer not having her name linked with mine," he says very gallantly. This may be Southern chivalry or Scott reserve. Or a combination of both. For instance, all during the filming of "Belle Starr" he referred to Gene Tierney as "the little lady," which is indeed "Gone With the Wind" politeness.

You would think that anyone who had lived the bachelor life as long as Randolph Scott, including eight years or so with Cary Grant, would be thoroughly sold on it. He is and he isn't. He'd marry tomorrow (well, maybe not tomorrow; a Scott looks before he leaps. Besides, he's still married) if an "impossible she" came along, a lady with some glamour, more gusto, and still more grace.

However, he isn't keeping a light burn-

ing in the window for this creature. Why? Let him tell it: "I think I'm unlike most bachelors in that I happen to be self-sufficient. People are not vital. I'm a firm believer that a man is happier doing something, even if it's reading and thinking."

Even those lighthearted days, dating from the time he and Cary Grant shared a modest apartment in Westwood right up until the time they parted last year, after six years of life together in a seaside manor a few houses away from where Scott now lives, were not exactly a constant Mardi Gras. They were lighthearted days but not frivolous, Scott explains. Economics had brought Cary and him together in the beginning. Habit had prolonged the stay.

Their seaside menage at Santa Monica provided paragraphs with good copy (and better speculation). It was a perfect setup: Two handsome bachelors, one gay and impulsive, the other dashing and reserved; a lordly house leased to them by Constance Talmadge; a private ocean not accessible to photographers; and a guest list right out of a Mickey Rooney dream.

Those six years of life on the half shell may have been interesting and memorable but they affected Randolph Scott not one bit.

"Cary and I led our own lives and respected each other's privacy. Some friends we shared. Others we did not. Some things we did together. Others we did on our own. We agreed right from the start that a human being must, at all costs, retain his individuality. And I think we succeeded."

If the Scott individuality is sanity and levelheadedness, the gentleman certainly has a good case.

Too good a case, if you ask Hollywood!



Vera Vague, Jerry Colonna and Dorothy Lewis, starring in Republic's "Ice-Capades of 1941".



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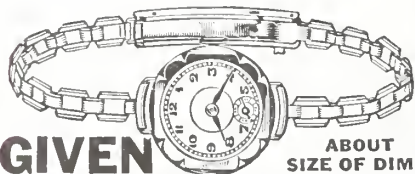
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**10c** Complete, tube in vanity

## Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

a married woman . . . now it is said that Dietrich doesn't want to do "Hilo Hattie" if Pasternak isn't there to oversee it all . . . and all this jumble can be blamed on young love not having good business sense. . . .

Does it mean that Pasternak will be dropped . . . or Dietrich . . . or Miss Grayson. . . ?

**W**ELL, there's one story . . . and here is the second one . . . about Judy Garland, this one. . . .

There was never a girl more in love than was Judy with David Rose . . . yet over her romance from the first there fell two shadows . . . the bright shadow of Deanna Durbin and the mocking shadow of Martha Raye. . . .

Judy yearned to make her romance just as perfect as the story-book blending of Deanna's love story . . . but the glamour that surrounded Deanna's simply wasn't possible to Judy's love story because Dave was a divorced man . . . divorced from Martha Raye . . . it just wasn't in the lines for Judy to be able to copy Deanna's wedding . . . she wanted to . . . she's just as romantic as Deanna . . . but she knew, all too well, that the comparisons between the two stories were always being made . . . so she eloped. . . .

The case of Robert Montgomery is a much more subtle one . . . Robert Montgomery has long been a thorn in the side of Hollywood . . . and all because he thought too much . . . he talked too much . . . and he was a very good actor and a very public-spirited citizen. . . .

If he hadn't been such a good actor, it would have been easy to have disposed of him . . . bury him in some bad pictures until the public forgot him . . . then either make him come back begging and promising to be good and revive him with good pictures . . . or if he wouldn't be good, drop him altogether. . . .

The tried-and-true disposal method was put into effect on Mr. Montgomery . . . but no matter how awful the picture, Mr. Montgomery was always good . . . this was largely because he, himself, couldn't help it . . . he was plenty disgusted . . . and said so . . . that was the trouble . . . lots of actors are disgusted with the roles they play . . . but mostly

they don't say so . . . at least they don't say so in places where they will be overheard . . . but Montgomery said so in places like the *Herald Tribune* Forum in New York City . . . from which he could practically be heard around the whole United States. . . .

This *Herald Tribune* Forum speech came a year ago last summer just after Mr. Montgomery had returned to Hollywood from driving an ambulance in France . . . Hollywood hadn't known what to do about that . . . here was its general pain-in-the-neck turning out a hero . . . so when Bob came back the producers decided to forgive and forget . . . they patted him on his fine, broad back and expected him to play the angel child . . . the only trouble being the *Herald Tribune* asked Bob to talk . . . and Willkie was nominated. . . .

**I**T can be told now that Hollywood told all its people to vote for Roosevelt . . . but Mr. Montgomery was pro-Willkie . . . he organized committees . . . he talked for Willkie . . . it was freely said in Hollywood that now they would really "get" Montgomery . . . but then the election came . . . and the heat of the battle was forgotten . . . and "Rage In Heaven" came up . . . and over at Columbia a weird, amazing, rather beautiful story now called, very ineptly, "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" . . . no actor but Bob Montgomery was willing to play the leading role in this latter picture . . . it being the role of a dead prize fighter . . . but he wanted to play it very much indeed . . . so he did . . . and he's played it magnificently. . . .

It finished up his contract, too, this picture . . . studios started bidding for him . . . but, just as he had promised his more intimate friends last winter, he did not re-sign with anyone . . . for Robert Montgomery is rabidly American . . . he felt he had a duty to help somehow in this war . . . and that is why he is now far away in London working on the staff of the United States Embassy. . . .

Fascinating, isn't it, these stories behind the stories . . . Kathryn Grayson . . . Judy Garland . . . Robert Montgomery. . . Oh, yes, and Roz Russell . . . well, I'll tell you that story some other time . . . I promise. . . .



Jack Benny watches the passing *Ciro* scene with a fond eye. His pretty dinner-party partner is Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 6)

### ✓ Unfinished Business (Universal)

**It's About:** A woman who marries for spite.

It has a measure of gaiety, charm and sophistication but not nearly so much as it could have. We felt, somehow, the necessary "oomph" that lifts a picture from the amusing to the hit class was missing. Yet, make no mistake, it's definitely a good little movie and one you'll undoubtedly enjoy.

Irene Dunne, a small-town girl enroute to the city, meets debonair Preston Foster, who completely sweeps her off her feet and just as promptly forgets her. Out of spite, she marries his brother, Robert Montgomery, while both are in their cups, but never forgets Preston, who involves her in a romantic moment during a party given by the newlyweds. The two, Foster and Dunne, caught kissing by kitty-cat June Clyde, are denounced by the spiteful wench, which sends Bob off to the Army and Dunne to the chorus, their marriage a wreck.

A year later Bob returns, still convinced his wife loves Foster. A surprise really jars him into the real truth—he's the head man in his wife's heart.

Foster is the outstanding performer of the picture, turning in a grand performance.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Amusing fare and fairly amusing.

### ✓ Belle Starr (20th Century-Fox)

**It's About:** A notorious woman bandit of the 1860's.

WHEN Hollywood is through whitewashing historical characters of unsavory fame, their own mothers wouldn't know them—or even like them. Here comes "Belle Starr," for example, a hard-fighting lassie of Grandma's time, who turns out in pictures to be Gene Tierney, if you can believe it, a gently bred Southern girl who undertakes to refight the Civil War after it's already been fought and lost.

In her agony for revenge, Belle joins up with a Southern rebel, Randy Scott, marries him and participates in his escapades, believing the old South is about to be avenged. When she discovers that the cause in behalf of the old South is only a front for thieving and killing, she washes her lily white hands of it all and gets herself killed by an ornery no-good.

Miss Tierney does a pretty good job of it, too. In Technicolor, she and some beautiful scenery vie with each other for top honors, she's that pretty. But must the poor old Northerners constantly be made to seem such heels, we rise to ask? Wasn't there a gentleman among the lot of them—or whom is Hollywood trying to please?

Dana Andrews as a Yankee Major and John Shepperd as Gene's brother are very believable and quite good. But when you boil it all down, it's the same old movie you've seen a dozen times with all its punch and power lost in Belle's needless whitewashing.

**Your Reviewer Says:** The same old story.

### ✓ Lydia (Korda-U. A.)

**It's About:** A flashback review of the suitors in one woman's life.

NOVEMBER, 1941

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THE celebrated French director, Julien Duvivier, makes his first Hollywood picture in "Lydia" and turns in a heart-warming story that women will love and men will find tauntingly intriguing. How a suitor really seems to a woman deep in her heart is bound to be piquantly interesting to both sexes, especially the male.

Merle Oberon, as the elderly spinster who looks back over the romantic years of her life and lays bare her real feelings and emotions before the men in her life, is a treat and a surprise. Miss Oberon emerges a superb actress, who outshines all previous efforts for sheer technique and skill.

With such players as Edna May Oliver and John Halliday as competition, Miss Oberon is a standout. The men who loved Merle but failed to win her are Joseph Cotten, the faithful and devoted young physician, George Reeves, her first love, Hans Yary, the blind musician, and Alan Marshal, to whom she gave all her love and who failed her.

Yaray turns in a terrific performance, with Alan Marshal the surprise of the picture.

An album of memories brought to life, with no emotions hidden, "Lydia" is a different and fascinating movie.

Your Reviewer Says: A tale told with the heart.

### ✓ Whistling in the Dark (M-G-M)

It's About: The kidnapping of a radio crime story writer.

LADIES and gentlemen—Red Skelton. If M-G-M can introduce their new prize comedian by way of the screen, we can introduce him by way of PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR pages and, take our word for it, you'll be glad to know Red from now on, for Mr. Skelton is a comic that will give all other comics a first-class run for their money.

"Whistling In The Dark" is no great shakes of a howler, serving solely as a vehicle to present Red to the public, but with Mr. Skelton's very funny presence, the picture certainly takes on a certain hit appeal.

Red is the author of perfect crime stories written for the radio. In fact, his plots are so good he finds himself kidnapped by Conrad Veidt, rascally cult leader, who forces Red to work out a perfect crime that will erase a young man that stands between Mr. Veidt and a fortune. That Ann Rutherford and Virginia Grey, Red's sweetheart and the sponsor's daughter, get kidnapped along with Red doesn't make him any happier.

Anyway, it's corn, canned and scalloped, we admit, but it's funny and gay and what more could we ask?

Your Reviewer Says: A new comic makes comical news.

### Flying Blind (Paramount)

It's About: Spies and intrigue on a honeymoon air express.

GOBS and gobs of plot, loads and loads of noise, thrills galore and romance abloom everywhere, went into this potpie of a B thriller, the third in the aviation series starring Richard Arlen.

When Richard, pilot of a honeymoon air express, neglects his romance with air stewardess Jean Parker, she threatens to elope with another man, but instead finds herself in a plane with hero Arlen, villains Roger Pryor and Nils Asther, who are attempting to steal an important military secret, and a daffy bride,

Marie Wilson, and her husband, Grady Sutton. The climax is a thriller-diller with more whoop-do-do than you can shake a stick at—all of which spells entertainment with a carnival spirit.

Your Reviewer Says: Action in the air.

### World Premiere (Paramount)

It's About: A movie producer that runs afoul of saboteurs.

JOHN BARRYMORE plays John Barrymore as John Barrymore, a hut-nut movie producer who pilots a movie troupe to the nation's capitol for the premieres of his picture. Thinking to bolster his product, producer Barrymore orders his press agent to hire a couple of extra players to pose as saboteurs determined to destroy the picture. Oh, sure, they turn out to be real saboteurs. Barrymore, believing it all a publicity stunt, couldn't be happier as their insidious plots mount and mount.

Ricardo Cortez is the picture's star, who makes life one merry chase for Virginia Dale, the heroine. Eugene Palette is the financial backer of the movie, who wishes with all his heart that he weren't.

It sounds funny, and should be funny, but the truth is, my friends, it isn't. It's a washout with a capital wash.

Your Reviewer Says: Not funny, Barrymore.

### This Woman Is Mine (Universal)

It's About: A smuggler aboard a Western trading vessel.

WE pause to shake our weary, graying head at the vagaries of Hollywood. Into our midst, for example, comes the luscious Carol Bruce of "Louisiana Purchase" fame. What does Hollywood do with this eye-filling beauty but cast her as a stowaway on a trading vessel bound for Oregon ports during the 18th Century. Nothing transpires but a lot of unfunny chit-chat among Franchot Tone, representative of the company that financed the expedition, John Carroll, who assured Miss Bruce she was bound for Paris and a singing career, and poor Bruce herself. Walter Brennan as the ship's captain carries on a great deal when he discovers the stowaway, but finally saves the heroine and Tone from invading Indians by blowing up the ship. The last scenes depicting the conflict between the Indians and the white men are the only exciting moments of the picture.

Nigel Bruce just went along for the ride.

Your Reviewer Says: Just another uninspired movie.

### Scattergood Meets Broadway (Pyramid-RKO)

It's About: Scattergood helps the village playwright present a smash success on Broadway.

EVEN better than its predecessors in the series is this latest installment in the life of Scattergood Baines, the Mr. Fix-it of a small town. Its homey flavor is embellished by moments of bright comedy and some corny gags that are still good.

When William Henry, one of the village boys who has written a play, goes to New York and falls into the hands of Frank Jenks and Bradley Page, a couple of slick but engaging crooks, Scattergood



follows to help him out of a jam and even ends up as producer of the play himself.

Guy Kibbee fits the role of the shrewd, honest merchant to perfection and Mildred Coles is charming as the girl friend of Henry. Joyce Compton as a showgirl is excellent, as are the rest of the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Pleasant fare.

✓ **Dr. Kildare's Wedding Day**  
(M-G-M)

It's About: *Tragedy in the life of a young doctor.*

IT comes as a shock that jars the emotions—the sudden, tragic death of Laraine Day as *Nurse Lamont*, the beloved of Lew Ayres, the famous *Dr. Kildare* of this popular series. Although we'd been forewarned, it still seemed a rather brutal demise for a character so beloved. Whether Miss Day has made a mistake in insisting upon her release from this series or not remains to be seen, but we definitely feel her exit need not have been so shockingly conceived.

Through the solicitous comfort offered by Lionel Barrymore as *Dr. Gillespie*, *Dr. Kildare* is finally able to return to his work after his grievous loss. All the characters so beloved in this series are present. Nils Asther as the orchestra leader whose hearing is affected is very good. But all incidental counterplots are lost in the tragedy of Miss Day's passing.

Your Reviewer Says: Emotion hits the *Kildare* series.

**Wild Geese Calling**  
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: *A boy with wanderlust who finds a permanent haven through love.*

HENRY FONDA can and does get himself involved in some of the slowest, dullest, most aimless pictures of any actor we know. The miracle is he survives, all of which is a tribute to a talent so fine it can't be downed no matter what.

"Wild Geese Calling" has Henry a likeable, naïve sort of goof, bitten by the wanderlust and encouraged in his inability to stay put by the eternal flight of wild geese on the move.

In Seattle, Henry runs into *Blackie*, a disreputable character played by Warren William, and Joan Bennett, a waterfront chorus girl whom he marries. But the geese overhead bid him follow in *Blackie's* trail to Alaska and there he meets disillusionment that peels down eventually to contentment.

Joan Bennett wins a prize as the most miscast actress of the month. Ona Munson, as usual, is one of those "tough babies." It's draggy, shiftless and simply about nothing in particular.

Your Reviewer Says: A washout.

✓ **Sun Valley Serenade**  
(20th Century-Fox)

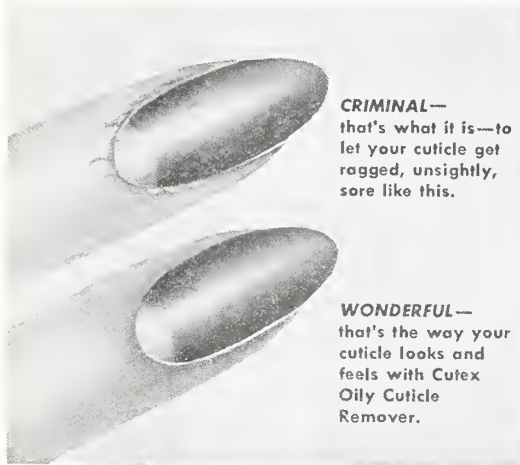
It's About: *A band that adopts a refugee.*

SONJA HENIE returns to the screen, a svelte, sly little puss, who enchants with her skates and skis, her smiles and charms. Her two skating numbers, especially the grand finale, are sleek, smooth, smart.

The story is a snug little bug-in-a-rug idea, with Sonja a Norwegian refugee who is adopted by John Payne, pianist with Glenn Miller's orchestra. Johnny, of course, expected a baby, but not quite

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so grown-up a baby as Sonja.

When the band moves on to Sun Valley, Sonja trots along, determined to marry John. In order to accomplish this, she must first break up the romance between her foster parent and Lynn Bari, singer with the band. How she finally lands her man is quite a cute story, interestingly interspersed as it is with wonderful sports scenes in beautiful, enchanting Sun Valley.

Lynn Bari is a coming star if ever we saw one. The music of Glenn Miller's orchestra, plus the clowning of Milton Berle, gives the story the dash it needs.

Your Reviewer Says: A glamorized sports picture

## Tillie The Toiler (Columbia)

*It's About: A dumb but beautiful stenographer who revolutionizes an industry.*

**B** LONDIE herself (Penny Singleton) discovered *Tillie*, another comic-strip character, in a Cincinnati broadcasting station and brought her to Hollywood.

Miss Kay Harris, who is *Tillie*, is worth discovery. She is pert, pretty, talented, and makes an ideal *Tillie*. William Tracy is *Mac*, even to the rigid forelock. Jack Arnold is a smug *Mr. Whipple* and Daphne Pollard a cute and tiny *Mumsy*.

The first of the series flounders around a bit due to poor writing and direction. But give *Tillie* time. She's always a winner, isn't she?

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to the other series.

## Our Wife (Columbia)

*It's About: The battle between an ex-wife and the fiancée of one man.*

**W** H Y in the world Columbia hasn't called this "Our Husband" instead of "Our Wife" is a mystery to us. After all, there is but one husband, Melvyn Douglas and, of the two women concerned, one is an ex-wife who won't be shaken loose and the other is the fiancée who won't be sidetracked.

The story has Douglas, an inebriated musician aboard the same ship as Ruth Hussey, a scientist; her scientist father, Charles Coburn; and her non-scientific brother, John Hubbard, who went along for the laughs. The scientists befriend Douglas and he in return befriends them until ex-wife Ellen Drew steps in and attempts to win him back with a nasty ruse. The dialogue leaps out like a tongue of flame occasionally, bringing a lot of laughs.

Your Reviewer Says: A pocket edition of a laugh riot.

## Our Little Foxes (Goldwyn-RKO-Radio)

*It's About: The ruthless greed of a family set against itself.*

**T** H E gripping melancholic tale of the greedy avaricious *Hubbards* has been told with a perfection seldom equaled on the screen. Whether the public will welcome so much brooding heaviness is problematical, however, but no one can deny the magnificence of the acting, writing and directing.

Bette Davis, as the cruel *Regina*, holds her own with such members from the New York stage cast as Patricia Collinge, Charles Dingle, Carl Benton Reid and Dan Duryea. Herbert Marshall is perfect as the sick husband whom Bette permits

to die rather than lift a hand to help. Teresa Wright, a newcomer, is Hollywood's next young star.

In all departments the film is perfection itself, the screen presenting an even stronger version than the stage.

Your Reviewer Says: An Academy Award contender.

## Life Begins for Andy Hardy (M-G-M)

*It's About: A boy's first encounter with the world.*

**A** N D Y H A R D Y grows up—the hard way. With high school behind him, Andy can't quite make up his mind about college. First he'd like a fling at earning his own living in New York, so reluctantly but wisely *Judge Hardy* and his wife stand by while hunger, a golddigger and the tragic death of a friend teach Andy a much-needed lesson.

As usual, Mickey Rooney is tops as *Andy* and Judy Garland perfect as the annoying girl friend. Pat Dane, a newcomer, is really the big news of the picture, with Ray McDonald rating plenty of raves on his own.

Your Reviewer Says: One of the best of its kind.

## Dive Bomber (Warners)

*It's About: The experimental work of flight surgeons in the Naval Air Corps.*

**W** A R N E R S have added a new twist to their perennial aviation story that makes it a brightly interesting document of our own air forces at work.

A feud between Flight Surgeon Errol Flynn and Flight Commander Fred MacMurray that eventually grows into friendship is a framework upon which is draped some of the most beautiful aviation shots ever shown on the screen.

Alexis Smith has little to do but registers as a comer. Ralph Bellamy and Regis Toomey lend grand support.

This is the picture made on location at San Diego's Naval Base with the permission of Uncle Sam.

Your Reviewer Says: Timely, informative and entertaining.

## When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)

*It's About: A wife, a husband, the other woman and a lover.*

**O** N C E in a while—and not often enough—Hollywood comes forth with a star-studded picture, smart, ultra chic and even lush in all departments. When it does, the results are worth your time.

"When Ladies Meet" is real honest-to-goodness movies at their best. It talks neither of socialistic problems, propaganda, messages or whimsy-poo. It has a lot of great big names, Joan Crawford, Robert Taylor, Herbert Marshall, Greer Garson, behaving up to the truest movie standards; Joan, an authoress in love with publisher Herbert Marshall, who is married to Greer Garson. Taylor is, of course, the lad in love with Joan. The sets, the clothes, the chitchat, will draw in the customers like flies.

Honors are divided between Miss Garson and Miss Crawford. Both girls do splendid jobs. But there's no question of divided honors for Bob Taylor, who walks away with every scene.

Your Reviewer Says: A real hit.



## Tanks A Million (Hal Roach-U. A.)

It's About: *A boy genius in the Army.*

FOR five reels or about fifty minutes running time, a very amusing little something happens on the screen in "Tanks A Million."

The fun is all about a draftee, a former railway information clerk, William Tracy, who annoys his superior officers by spurning from memory long passages, giving sections and even pages from the Army Manual.

James Gleason, as the enraged officer, and Elyse Knox, as the eye-filler, fill in the vacant spaces. But it's *Private Tracy's* picture and he makes the most of it.

Your Reviewer Soys: Small-sized panic.

## The Blonde From Singapore (Columbia)

It's About: *An adventuress in the Far East.*

THOSE jewels are here again and so are those inevitable jewel thieves that keep prowling around our movie plots.

Florence Rice, a scheming actress, who poses as a missionary's daughter, swipes the pearls (hot property) from Leif Erikson and Gordon Jones. Then she sets out to woo Alexander D'Arcy, only to find herself out on a limb with the bewildered audience.

Your Reviewer Soys: "We are not amused."

## ✓ Badlands of Dakota (Universal)

It's About: *A love triangle in the raw old West.*

EVERYBODY and everything that belonged to our historical and even hysterical old West have been incorporated in this shoot-'em-dead movie.

Robert Stack is a handsome young Easterner who does a Horace Greeley, meets his brother's (Broderick Crawford's) fiancée, Ann Rutherford, marries her himself and starts all the rumpus. Richard Dix is Wild Bill Hickok, Frances Farmer is Calamity Jane and Addison Richards is Custer. It's just a straight-from-the-shoulder Western and as such you can take it or leave it.

Your Reviewer Soys: We'll take it.

## ✓ Aloma of the South Seas (Paramount)

It's About: *A jealous lover in the old South Seas.*

AS long as there are movies there will be the same old South Sea romance, it seems. And Dorothy Lamour in her imitation sarong will be the beautiful native girl.

Technicolor has stepped in and colored this one into a thing of heavenly beauty. The scenery alone is worth the price of admission. The story has native Jon Hall returning from the States with his newly acquired education to take over his post as ruler at his father's death and marry his betrothed, Miss Lamour. But jealous Philip Reed has other ideas and it takes the inevitable volcano in eruption to change his mind.

We have a feeling Paramount never intended this to be anything but a visual treat, and with Dorothy and Jon in sarongs they've achieved their aims.

Your Reviewer Soys: The eyes have it.

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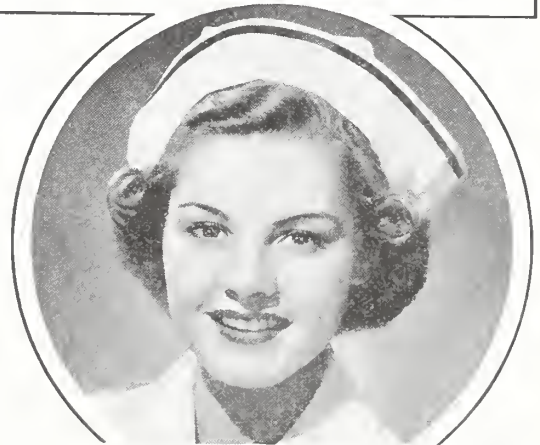
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- ✓ Rough, "dried-out" skin?
- ✓ Chapped skin and lips?

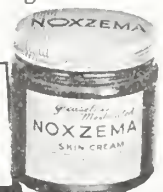


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Ida Lupino, who does some things with cereal that make husband Louis Hayward ask for more, please

# Porridge Preferred

—which means that cereal is tops not only for breakfast but for lunch and dinner too

WE'RE no prophet, but we're willing to bet next week's breakfasts against a used postage stamp that no Ida Lupino performances will ever be labeled type casting. The reason? Just think of the pictures she's been in lately, the meanie roles she has played with restraint, gusto, madness or whatever they called for and contrast them with the real Ida and you'll see what we mean. For instance, currently she and husband Louis Hayward are high-lighting Columbia's "Ladies in Retirement," a cheerful little opus centering on the body of a murder victim sealed up in a house and—well, on second thought better wait until you see it to find out what the Haywards have to do with things. Don't look for any romance between them in the picture, though; although it's their first film together, they oppose each other from start to finish.

Following "Ladies," Ida is scheduled for Warners' "The Hard Way," in another one of those non-sweetness and light characterizations she does so superbly and eventually for the same company's "The Corn Is Green," if rumor can be believed. We hope it can; the picture of Ida busily undoing all schoolteacher Bette Davis' highminded efforts to improve the lot of underprivileged Welsh miners is one we'd like to see.

But the picture of the off-screen Ida is something else again. Call on her as we did at the charming California type farmhouse in Brentwood where she and Louis live and you'll find it hard to believe that the on- and off-film Idas are the same. She may be concentrating at the piano (her major hobby is composing music), working in the garden (she knows every flowering gizbo and gimmick by name) or as I discovered her casually slack-suited, her hair tucked little-girl fashion behind her ears, romp-

ing on the wide rolling lawn with Dutchess, the police dog. No matter what she's doing she's pretty as a picture and so cheerfully good-natured and, yes, downright domestic that you'd think she'd never heard of meanie roles.

She's serious as anything about the domestic business—runs the house and plans the menus herself and on occasion can and does prove that she's a "home cookin' mama with a fryin' pan" by whipping up a meal—a darned good one, too—from start to finish. Being British, she and Louis have an inherent fondness for English food, but Ida qualifies their traditional preferences by saying, "I love American food and I must say I even prefer the American version of good old English porridge. Maybe cream of wheat is especially good for children, but Louis and I eat it, too, lots of different ways—sometimes with honey or maple syrup or fruits and then back to plain cream."

If you haven't tried cream of wheat for some time, why not get a box of it and discover—or rediscover, most likely—the reason why the Haywards rate it so highly? Don't make the mistake of considering it simply as breakfast food. Ida says it's equally delicious for other meals; she serves it as a dessert pudding, as a luncheon casserole and as a substitute for potatoes.

#### AS A DESSERT PUDDING

1½ cups cream of wheat.  
 ⅓ cup sugar  
 ½ tsp. cinnamon  
 ¼ tsp. ground cloves  
 ¼ tsp. mace or nutmeg  
 2 eggs

1 qt. milk  
 4 bananas

Cook the cereal in boiling salted water as directed on the package. When done, stir in spices and allow to cool. When cool, beat eggs, beat in sugar and add with milk to cereal mixture, stirring well. Slice bananas and fold in, then turn into buttered baking dish and bake at 375 degrees F. until firm. Serve hot or cold with cream.

#### AS A LUNCHEON CASSEROLE

2 cups cooked cream of wheat  
 1 tbl. butter or margarine  
 ½ cup grated cheese  
 2 tbl. minced onion  
 1 cup condensed tomato or mushroom soup  
 Salt, pepper and paprika to taste

Place a layer of cream of wheat in a buttered casserole, cover with soup, sprinkle with cheese and onion, dot with butter and seasonings. Repeat alternate layers with remaining ingredients and bake at 325 degrees F. until cooked through and brown on top. For variety, add a layer of diced cooked bacon or chopped green peppers, or put in a pinch of marjoram, savory or basil. If preferred, combine the ingredients and use as filling for stuffed baked green peppers.

As a substitute for potatoes, the cream of wheat should be poured into a long narrow loaf pan while warm and allowed to cool. When cool, cut into half-inch slices and panfry on both sides in hot fat (dip each slice in flour if mixture is too moist to fry evenly) or place slices around meat in roasting pan and allow to brown. Panfried cream of wheat is something to remember when served with jelly, honey or syrup or fresh or stewed fruits.

BY ANN HAMILTON



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## Are You Afraid to Walk Alone?

(Continued from page 36)

were a few years ago. What's more, we were almost exactly like all the other girls in our classes at school.

"Well, it didn't take us very long to discover that we didn't like it when people couldn't tell which one of us they were talking to. Girls who were getting somewhere in pictures had some individuality—some qualities which set them apart from other girls—and it took us only a short time to decide that we wanted a slice of that apiece, too.

"It doesn't matter much whether you are trying to be a success at school or in a job or just in your particular small set. Maybe you just want to be popular, to attract men—or to attract one special man. You'll have much better luck if you make the most of your own special assets than you will if you merge into a common background, made up of all the people who are exactly alike.

"So-o-o, you'll have to take inventory of yourself and your assets. And your liabilities. Don't use your favorite movie star or your best friend as a yardstick while you're doing this measuring—please! Find out what you have.

"I mean that if your hair won't go into those starched little rolls, like Sylvia's, find out what you can do with it. Your face isn't a bit like Sylvia's. Why should it have an identical frame?

"Remember to start with the little things. The frock, the hair, the hat. It will take some initiative just at first. Then you'll find it's fun and that it pays. Just pluck up courage to walk alone for a very little while and you'll find a lot of people wanting to trail along with you!"

Incidentally, if you want a good example of what individuality did for Loretta Young, get a good look at her in Columbia's "Bedtime Story."

**ANN SOTHERN**, of M-G-M's "Panama Hattie," enters this discussion right here and with excellent reason. Ann really had to work to make her individuality register. She worked and studied for nearly ten years before she was sufficiently sure of her own, rounded-out personality to begin to battle for the sort of parts she wanted—to make the place she wanted for herself on the screen.

So, you see, Ann knows what it is to "walk alone."

"It's the inventory that's important," she insists. "Tot up your assets and liabilities—ruthlessly, without coddling yourself or your vanity. But don't be too hard on yourself. Remember that what you want may have some bearing on what you should do and be. If you look like a fluffy little number and still have a strong desire to do a mean rumba—by all means experiment with the rumba and see how you come out.

"It doesn't make much difference what your job is," Ann says. "Acting isn't very different from any other sort of job. I knew a girl who was a stenographer—a good one. But what she wanted to be was a crackerjack private secretary—as who wouldn't? In the office where she worked there were ten or twelve stenographers and two really high-powered, high-salaried secretaries—one who looked after the Big Boss and one who served his assistant. One day my little friend took that necessary inventory. 'What have those two women got that I haven't got?' she asked herself.

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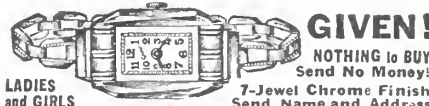
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"Checking up, she found that she dressed nicely, met strangers pleasantly, had an engaging voice on the telephone. She did her work swiftly and neatly. What more could a man want? Well, one day when she was taking letters from a minor executive she remembered that she had taken letters from him the day before. He had contradicted himself somehow and she plucked up courage to tell him about it—and to hunt up the carbon of his first letter to show him. He was delighted and was thanking her effusively for saving him from a stupid error—she was feeling pretty hotly about the whole thing—when he said, suddenly, 'What's your name? I want to ask for you again—but I can never tell all you pretty little girls apart!'

"That did it. 'He didn't even know my name!' she said. 'And I'd been working there for months. When I went back to the big office I looked around and realized why he couldn't tell us apart. All the stenogs and the switchboard girls were just "pretty little girls" and not one of us was a person. Those secretaries were people. They had poise and they had opinions and they expressed them. They didn't even look like the rest of us. When we were all working on our page boy bobs in the rest rooms, the boss' secretary was wearing her hair parted on the side and in a smooth little knot on her neck. We had giggled and said, "She's trying to be quaint." Now I knew she hadn't been trying to be anything but herself. And I knew, too, that no one—ever again—was going to get me mixed up with a whole herd of girls just like me!'

**A**T this point, Bette Davis, the star of Warners' "The Little Foxes," a girl who also ought to know, rises to remind you that if you make up your mind that it's worth the struggle to be yourself, to live your own life, to mark your own path, you'll also have to make up your mind that you will be criticized and misunderstood. "You will be," she says, darkly, "a target. You don't have to follow the mob. You don't have to be 'one of the crowd.' It's fear that makes you try to follow a pattern. Fear of not being liked by everyone, fear of being thought 'queer.' Fear, really, of the spotlight.

"There's a funny thing. If you are really ambitious to succeed at something—almost anything—the spotlight is what you really want. But you're afraid of it, too. That little circle of white light looks a pretty lonely spot and you run from it and hide in the shadows of everyone else!"

Someone asked Bette if she hadn't ever felt this fear, herself. She was forthright. "Certainly I have. And don't bother to tell me that because I am successful in my field now, I can afford to be different! I had to learn to afford to be different before I could tackle trying to be successful. Let's take an up-to-date example. It would have applied to me with different names.

"Suppose you were a girl who wanted to be an actress and you admired Hedy Lamarr. If you wanted to be like Hedy, the first practical thing you'd find out would be that Hedy doesn't want to be like anyone else! The last thing she wants to do is imitate anyone in the tiniest fashion. Hollywood can make wonderful use of one Hedy, one Claudette Colbert, one Carole Lombard. It would have no use at all for two of any of these women.

"If you looked exactly like the gorgeous Hedy, you'd be awfully lucky if you

could find one little peculiarity to make your own. You'd have to build your whole personality, stake everything, on that one difference. Well, suppose you don't look a bit like Hedy. You look a good deal like a great many other people. Hunt for your peculiarity and try to make capital of it. You can't make much capital of a face, figure or even talents which too many other people possess.

"I learned first to look different from other people—and not to mind. After that it wasn't quite so difficult to learn to behave differently, too. To manage my life in my own way. I lived for a while in a modest house on a modest street in Hollywood. You would have thought—almost—that I had affronted someone, that I had let down some important tradition of the acting profession doing that. I was once discovered staying at an auto camp when I was on a trip and apparently people were shocked at my doing that after I had become a star. The reason I was doing it was that one member of the party couldn't afford to stay at a more expensive place. Anyhow, I rather like auto camps!"

"Didn't you mind at all? The people's being shocked?" we asked her.

Bette's honesty is one of her most engaging attributes. "I minded a little bit," she admitted. "If I hadn't, I wouldn't be recalling it to tell it to you now. But I knew I shouldn't mind. And I wouldn't today. You see, one of the important things you have to learn is that if you make up your mind to be an individual, then you will be a target for criticism—often.

"Sometimes this is because people can't understand and sometimes it is because they don't want to. But you can't let this sway you. I knew that that was the right thing for me to do at the time. If you decide that about any issue, no matter how big or how trivial it seems to outsiders, then you must stick with your guns. You must be criticized for being genuine. But you'll be liked and respected, too.

"It takes courage. At first you think you are completely alone. Can you take it, you wonder? Walking alone? Honestly, it's worth it!

"Some of the most pathetic people I have ever known have been people with plenty of money. Money blocks them so if they don't understand it. They spend most of it trying to ape someone who has a little bit more money. I know a woman who has more money than most of us ever heard of. She sometimes buys a dress she likes and wears it, whenever she feels like it, for several years. It suits her. It makes her comfortable. She looks and feels well in it. She doesn't care who knows how old it is. That's true freedom. Her money will never make her miserable because it will never rob her of that important quality which is herself. She's a good showman. And she knows that even with all the wealth in the world it sometimes takes a bit of courage to walk alone. It's a challenge and she likes it and people love her for it."

"Someone," we suggested, "might raise the point that it isn't so difficult to dare to be different when you are successful Bette Davis."

"Well!" said Bette, firmly. "I do wish that everyone who reads this article would take some time off—a month, perhaps—and stop trying to be what she isn't and try to find out what she is—whatever her circumstances. She will probably find—and she may be surprised—that she's very nice and that people are glad to know her.

"But it will take courage—just at first—to walk even that little way alone!"



## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 23)

### \$1.00 PRIZE

THERE'S one comedian that I'd like to rave about. Her name is Judy Canova. One dull week end I saw one of her pictures and was she good! She's really one of the best.

You don't have to wait till she says something to laugh. Just a look at the clothes and shoes that she wears in her pictures is enough to make you roar (although when she's dressed properly she's quite attractive). And her singing! I'd rather listen to one of her sour hill-billy songs than a dozen sweet populars. Prescription to the sad and blue: See a Canova movie.

MISS M. SKOZLEK,  
Fairhaven, Mass.

### \$1.00 PRIZE Speaking Freely

I AM an ardent movie fan, but I wonder if I might speak freely on a subject that has bothered me considerably, namely, glamourizing noted criminals.

My youngsters react these pictures in their play and why they should be led to believe that Jesse James and others were heroes is beyond me.

Recently I saw "Billy the Kid" which I enjoyed immensely and in which Taylor and Donlevy both played magnificent parts. It was "Kiddie Show Day" and I couldn't blame the children for thinking Billy must have been wonderful; but what was the effect on their young, untrained minds?

A few years ago a little boy was tied to a post and burned by his companions in imitation of a movie they had seen.

Why cannot this practice be stopped and our children given some real heroes to worship? It is not too much to expect that our grandchildren may some day see pictures in which Dillinger and other criminals may be depicted as martyred heroes instead of dirty rats.

It would be grand if parents, magazines, actors and producers would co-operate to give our children something better to follow.

DOLORES L. GRAHAM,  
Wilksburg, Pa.

### \$1.00 PRIZE Down with Dead-Pan Dick

BEING a Dick Powell fan from way back, I hope we have seen the last of these Blondell-Powell marital comedies (?) in which Dick serves as nothing but a dead-pan stooge for flamboyant Joan. Those critics who used to rap Dick for being "too cute" should see him now—he's almost in the Ned Sparks class. Oh for the singing, smiling, gaily confident Dick Powell of "Thanks A Million"!

MISS M. L. DAILEY,  
Racine, Wis.

### HONORABLE MENTION

AN open letter to Marion Morrison: In the September issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror you were so kind as to attempt to enlighten me with a few overly used patriotic American facts which are obvious to every American but which are totally irrelevant to the point stressed in the picture, "The Devil and Miss Jones."

This picture was not intended to repre-

sent or exemplify a communistically or radically instigated strike against production or defense as you intimated. It simply illustrated very clearly the problem of the little man and how he is used for the purpose of satisfying the whims and egotistical desires of those who delight in making the most of their supposed superiority. This unjustifiable situation, which is very common in everyday life, was very delightfully portrayed and a child could easily have understood the idea of the story.

JOHN FRANK LASELL,  
Hollywood, Cal.

WHEN I go to see a "Western" I leave the man of me at the theater door; I'm no longer in my late thirties but a boy again. I don't care if the plot is hokum. I don't care if Hoppy's six-gun shoots twenty times without reloading. I don't care if he licks ten men in a fight and comes out of the battle without a scratch. I don't care because I'm a boy again—a boy in the saddle—riding alongside Hoppy, with the wind in my face, a popping six-gun in my hand and the rustlers just ahead.

LUNDY HOWELL,  
Emmett, Idaho.

COULDN'T there be better roles for George Sanders? This is a selfish plea, for I am grievously wearied by the stale repetitions fobbed off on the customers as fresh triumphs by the present stars. Of those stars now getting the cream of the leads, each has a small stock-in-trade, a little bag of tricks—and nothing more.

Now my nominee, Sanders, has imagination, versatility, shading, change of pace; he brings to each role a conception not of George Sanders but of the character he's playing. He can be suave, brutal, humorous, hateful, romantic. His voice is singularly full, his pantomime graphic. In short, he's tremendous.

ANTON DI ROSSO,  
New York, N. Y.

NOW that Melvyn Douglas is nearing the top of the ladder of success, don't you think he would double his box-office appeal by appearing a few pounds lighter in his next picture?

KATHLEEN CORCORAN,  
University Heights, O.

I WANT to thank the moving-picture industry and their designers for the wonderful ideas that I get for my own wardrobe. From the pictures that I see during the year I create my own clothes and all the compliments that I receive on them go to the credit of these designers. Of course, I don't wear them just as I see them on the screen. I deglamorize them some and add a practical touch here and there.

PAT PHILAPY,  
Oklahoma City, Okla.

WHY don't some of those Hollywood big-wigs recognize the merits of that fine young actor Gene Reynolds? In "The Penalty" Gene's name was stuck so far back in a corner it looked as though he were just a bit player when he was really one of the stars.

Any boy who can steal a picture from such fine actors as Edward Arnold and Lionel Barrymore deserves a break, don't you think?

BEVERLY-ANN SALTER,  
St. Charles, Mo.

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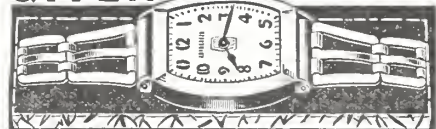
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## Casts of Current Pictures



Rallying for relief: Charles Boyer, who's seldom photographed without a hat, and Irene Dunne at a Chinatown benefit festival

"ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS"—Paramount. Screen play by Frank Butler, Scena Owen and Lillie Hayward. Story by Scena Owen and Kurt Siodmak. From the play by LeRoy Clemens and John B. Hymer. Directed by Alfred Santell. Cast: *Aloma*, Dorothy Lamour; *Tanoa*, Jon Hall; *Corky*, Lynne Overman; *Revo*, Philip Reed; *Kari*, Katherine deMille; *High Priest*, Fritz Leiber; *Nea*, Rita Shaw; *Tarusa*, Esther Dale; *Raati*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Ikali*, John Barclay; *Aloma* (as a child), Norma Jean Nelson; *Nea* (as a child), Evelyn Del Rio; *Tanoa* (as a child), Scotty Beckett; *Revo* (as a child), Billy Roy; *Moukai*, Noble Johnson.

"BADLANDS OF DAKOTA"—Universal. Screen play by Gerald Geraghty. Original story by Harold Shumate. Directed by Alfred E. Green. Cast: *Jim Holliday*, Robert Stack; *Anne Grayson*, Ann Rutherford; *Wild Bill Hickok*, Richard Dix; *Jane*, Frances Farmer; *Bob Holliday*, Brod Crawford; *Rocky*, Hugh Herbert; *Spearfish*, Andy Devine; *Jack McCall*, Lon Chaney, Jr.; *Hurricane Harry*, Fuzzy Knight; *General Custer*, Addison Richards; *Chapman*, Bradley Page; *Uncle Wilbur*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Mercer*, Carleton Young; *Russell*, Glenn Strange; *Joe*, Don Barclay; *Benson*, Emmett Vogan; *Chinaman*, Willie Fung; *Judge*, Edmund Fielding; *The Jesters*, Dwight Latham, Walter Carlson, Guy Bonham.

"BELLE STARR"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Lamar Trotti. Story by Niven Busch and Cameron Rogers. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: *Sam Starr*, Randolph Scott; *Belle Starr*, Gene Tierney; *Major Thomas Craik*, Dana Andrews; *Ed Shirley*, John Shepperd; *Sarah*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Blue Duck*, Chill Wills; *Mammy Lou*, Louise Beavers; *Jasper Tench*, Olin Howland; *Seracant*, Paul Burns; *John Cole*, Joseph Sawyer; *Jim Cole*, Joseph Downing; *Colonel Thornton*, Howard Hickman; *Colonel Bright*, Charles Trowbridge; *Sergeant*, James Flavin; *Carpenter*, Charles Middleton.

"BLONDE FROM SINGAPORE, THE"—Columbia. Screen play by George Bricker. Story by Houston Branch. Directed by Edward Dmytryk. Cast: *Mary Brooks*, Florence Rice; *Terry Prescott*, Leif Erikson; *"Waffles" Billings*, Gordon Jones; *Seracant Burns*, Don Beddoe; *Prince Salt*, Alexander D'Arcy; *Sultana*, Adele Rowland; *Sir Reginald Bevin*, Lumsden Hare; *Tada*, Richard Terry; *Captain Nelson*, Emory Parnell.

"DIVE BOMBER"—Warners. Screen play by Frank Wead and Robert Buckner. From a story by Frank Wead. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Cast: *Doug Lee*, Errol Flynn; *Joe Blake*, Fred MacMurray; *Jance Rogers*, Ralph Bellamy; *Linda Fisher*, Alexis Smith; *Art Lyons*, Robert Armstrong; *Tim Griffin*, Regis Toomey; *Lucky James*, Allen Jenkins; *John Thomas Anthony*, Craig Stevens; *Chubby*, Herbert Anderson; *Senior Surgeon at San Diego*, Moroni Olsen; *Swede Larson*, Louis Jean Heydt; *Corps Man*, Cliff Nazarro.

"DR. KILDARE'S WEDDING DAY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck and Harry Ruskin. Story by Ormond Ruthven and Lawrence P. Bachmann. Based upon the characters created by Max Brand. Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Cast: *Dr. James Kildare*, Lew Ayres; *Dr. Leonard Gillespie*, Lionel Barrymore; *Mary Lamont*, Laraine Day; *Connie Briggs*, Red Skelton; *Molly Byrd*, Alma Kruger; *Dr. Stephen Kildare*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Constance Labadi*, Nils Asther; *Dr. Walter Carew*, Walter Kingsford; *Mrs. Martha Kildare*, Emma Dunn; *Dr. Lockberg*, Miles Frank Orth; *Conover*, George H. Reed; *Sally*, Marie Blake; *Mrs. Bartlett*, Margaret Seddon.

"FLYING BLIND"—Paramount. Original screen play by Maxwell Shane and Richard Murphy. Directed by Frank McDonald. Cast: *Jim Clark*, Richard Arlen; *Shirley Brooks*, Jean Parker; *Eric Karolek*, Nils Asther; *Veronica*, Marie Wilson; *Rocky Drake*, Roger Pryor; *Riley*, Eddie Quillan; *Bob Fuller*, Dick Purcell; *Chester Gimble*, Grady Sutton; *Miss Danila*, Kay Sutton; *Corenson's Secty*, Charlotte Henry; *Nunnally*, Joe Crehan; *Lew West*, William Hall; *Leo Qualen*, Dwight Frye; *Dispatcher*, James Seay; *Police Officer*, George McKay; *Jerry*, Pat West; *Scout Leader*, Darwood Kaye; *Pilot*, Bill Kellogg; *Telephone Operator*, Gayle Mellott; *Messenger Boy*, Scotty Groves; *First Business Man*, Bob Ireland; *Second Business Man*, Raymond Cooper; *Saleswoman*, Mildred Shay; *Colonel*, Sam Flint; *Justice*, Frank Darian; *Murph Corenson*, Dick Keane.

"LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY"—M-G-M. Screen play by Agnes Christine Johnson. Based upon the characters created by Aurania Rouverol. Cast: *Judge Hardy*, Lewis Stone; *Andy Hardy*, Mickey Rooney; *Betsy Booth*, Judy Garland; *Mrs. Hardy*, Fay Holden; *Polly Benedict*, Ann Rutherford; *Aunt Milly*, Sara Haden; *Jennitt Hick*, Patricia Dane; *Jimmy Frobisher*, Ray McDonald.

"LITTLE FOXES, THE"—Goldwyn-RKO-Radio. Screen play by Lillian Hellman. From the play by Lillian Hellman. Directed by William Wyler. Cast: *Regina Giddens*, Bette Davis; *Horace Giddens*, Herbert Marshall; *Alexandra Giddens*, Teresa Wright; *David Hewitt*, Richard Carlson; *Birdie Hubbard*, Patricia Collinge; *Leo Hubbard*, Dan Duryea; *Ben Hubbard*, Charles Dingle; *Oscar Hubbard*, Carl Brent Reid; *Addie*, Jessie Grayson; *Cal*, John Marriotti; *William Marshall*, Russell Hicks; *Manders*, Lucien Littlefield; *Mrs. Hewitt*, Virginia Brissac; *Julia*, Terry Nibert; *Harold*, Henry "Hot Shot" Thomas; *Simon*, Charles R. Moore.

"LYDIA"—Korda-U. A. Screen play by Ben Hecht and Samuel Hoffenstein. Original story by Julien Duvivier and L. Bush-Fekete. Directed by Julien Duvivier. Cast: *Lydia*, Macmillan Merle Oberon; *Granny*, Edna May Oliver; *Richard*, Alan Marshal; *Michael*, Joseph Cotten; *Frank*, Hans Vray; *Bob*, George Reeves; *Butler*, John Halliday; *Johnny's mother*, Sara Allgood; *Johnny*, Bill Roy; *Old Ned*, Frank Conlan.

"NEW YORK TOWN"—Paramount. Screen play by Lewis Meltzer. Based on a story by Jo Swerling. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: *Victor Ballard*, Fred MacMurray; *Alexandra Curtis*, Mary Martin; *Paul Bryson*, Jr., Robert Preston; *Stefan Janowski*, Akim Tamiroff; *Sam*, Lynne Overman; *Varian*, Eric Blore; *Gus Nelson*, Fuzzy Knight; *Shipboard Host*, Cecil Kellaway; *Bender*, Oliver Prickett; *Master of Ceremonies*, Ken Carpenter; *Toots O'Day*, Iris Adrian; *Brody*, Edward McNamara; *Henry*, Sam McDaniel.

"NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH"—Paramount. Screen play by Don Hartman and Ken Englund. From the play by James Montgomery and the novel by Frederick S. Isham. Directed by Elliott Nugent. Cast: *Steve Bennett*, Bob Hope; *Gwen Saunders*, Paulette Goddard; *T. T. Ralston*, Edward Arnold; *Tommy Van Deusen*, Leif Erikson; *Dick Donnelly*, Glen Anders; *Linda Graham*, Helen Vinson; *Mrs. Bishop*, Grant Mitchell; *Mrs. Donnelly*, Rose Hobart; *Samuel*, Willie Best; *Donnelly*, Mary Forbes; *Mrs. Van P. Van Deusen*, Clarence Kolb; *Mrs. James P. Van Deusen*, Catherine Doucet; *Dr. Lothar Zarak*, Leon Belasco.

"OUR WIFE"—Columbia. Screen play by P. J. Wolfson. From the play by Lillian Day and

Lyon Mearson. Directed by John Stahl. Cast: *Jerry Marvin*, Melvyn Douglas; *Susan Drake*, Ruth Hussey; *Babe Marvin*, Ellen Drew; *Professor Drake*, Charles Coburn; *Tom Drake*, John Hubbard; *Dr. Cassell*, Harvey Stephens; *Hattie*, Theresa Harris.

"SCATTERGOOD MEETS BROADWAY"—Pyramid-RKO-Radio. Screen play by Michael Simmons and Ethel Stone. From the stories by Clarence Budington Kelland. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Cast: *Scattergood Baines*, Guy Kibbee; *Mirandy*, Emma Dunn; *Diana*, Joyce Compton; *Bard*, Bradley Page; *Bent*, Frank Jenks; *Davy*, William Henry; *Peggy*, Mildred Coles; *Hipp*, Paul White; *Quentin*, Chester Clute; *Squire*, Carl Stockdale; *Ella*, Charlotte Walker; *Rhumba Dancer*, Sharon Mackie.

"SUN VALLEY SERENADE"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. Sotry by Art Arthur and Robert Harari. Directed by H. Bruce Lumbarstone. Cast: *Karen Benson*, Sonja Henie; *Ted Scott*, John Payne; *Phil Corey*, Glenn Miller; *Nifty Allen*, Milton Berle; *Vivian Daven*, Lynn Bari; *Miss Carstairs*, Joan Davis; *Specialty*, Nicholas Brothers; *Murray*, William Davidson; *Specialty*, Dorothy Dandridge; *Nurse*, Almira Sessions; *Band Leader*, Mel Ruick.

"TANKS A MILLION"—Hal Roach-U. A. Original screen play by Paul Gerard Smith, Warren Wilson and Edward E. Seabrook. Directed by Fred Guiol. Cast: *Dodo*, William Tracy; *Barkley*, James Gleason; *Charlie*, Noah Beery, Jr.; *Sergeant Ames*, Joe Sawyer; *Jeanne*, Elyse Knox; *Captain Rossmad*, Douglas Fowley; *Radio Announcer*, Knox Manning; *Skivie*, Frank Faylen; *Menkman*, Dick Wessel; *Cleary*, Frank Melton; *Lieutenant Caldwell*, Harold Goodwin; *Major Green*, William Gould; *Major*, Norman Kerry.

"THIS WOMAN IS MINE"—Universal. Screen play by Seton I. Miller and Frederick Jackson. Based on a novel by Gilbert W. Gabriel. Directed by Frank Lloyd. Cast: *Robert Stevens*, Franchot Tone; *Ovide de Montigny*, John Carroll; *Captain Jonathan Thorn*, Walter Brennan; *Julie Morgan*, Carol Bruce; *Duncan MacDougall*, Nigel Bruce; *Second Mate Mumford*, Paul Hurst; *First Mate Fox*, Frank Conroy; *Anous McKay*, Leo G. Carroll; *Lamazie*, Abner Biberman; *John Jacob Astor*, Sig Ruman; *Roussel*, Morris Ankrum.

"TILLIE THE TOLLER"—Columbia. Screen play by Karen DeWolf and Francis Martin. Story by Karen DeWolf. Directed by Sidney Salkow. Cast: *Tillie Jones*, Kay Harris; *Mac*, William Tracy; *Simpkins*, George Watts; *Mumsy*, Dabne Pollard; *Whipple*, Jack Arnold; *Bubbles*, Marjorie Reynolds; *Glennie*, Bennie Bartlett; *Ted Williams*, Stanley Brown; *George Winker*, Ernest Truex; *Perry Tweedale*, Franklin Pangborn.

"UNFINISHED BUSINESS"—Universal. Screen play by Eugene Thackery. Directed by Gregory La Cava. Cast: *Nancy Andrews*, Irene Dunne; *Tommy Duncan*, Robert Montgomery; *Steve Duncan*, Preston Foster; *Elmer*, Eugene Pallette; *Frank*, Dick Foran; *Aunt Mathilda*, Esther Dale; *Billy Ross*, Walter Catlett; *Richard*, Richard Davies; *Katy*, Kathryn Adams; *Uncle*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Clarisse*, June Clyde; *Sheila*, Phyllis Barry.

"WHEN LADIES MEET"—M-G-M. Screen play by S. K. Lauren and Anita Loos. Based on the play by Rachel Crothers. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. Cast: *Mary Howard*, Joan Crawford; *Jimmy Lee*, Robert Taylor; *Clare Woodruff*, Greer Garson; *Rogers Woodruff*, Herbert Marshall; *Bridget Drake*, Spring Byington.

"WHISTLING IN THE DARK"—M-G-M. Screen play by Robert McGunigle, Harry Clork and Albert Mannheimer. Based upon the play by Laurence Gross and Edward Childs Carpenter. Directed by S. Sylvan Simon. Cast: *Wally Benton*, Red Skelton; *Joseph Jones*, Conrad Deidt; *Carol Lambert*, Ann Rutherford; *Fran*, Post, Virginia Grey; *Sylvester*, "Rags" Ragland; *Philip Post*, Henry O'Neill; *Buzz*, Baker, Eve Arden; *Jennings*, Paul Stanton; *Gordon Thomas*, Don Douglas; *Noose*, Green, Don Costello; *Robert Graves*, William Tannen; *Beau Smith*, Reed Hadley; *Hilda*, Mariska Aldrich; *Uphsue*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Deputy Commissioner O'Neill*, George Carleton.

"WILD GEESSE CALLING"—20th Century-Fox. Screen play by Horace McCoy. Based on the novel by Stewart Edward White. Directed by John Brahm. Cast: *John Murdoch*, Henry Fonda; *Sally*, Joan Bennett; *Blackie*, Warren William; *ClaraBella*, Ona Munson; *Pirate Kelly*, Barton MacLane; *Len Baker*, Russell Simpson; *Mazie*, Iris Adrian; *Mack*, James C. Morton; *Manager*, Paul Sutton; *Jennie*, Mary Field; *Delaney*, Stanley Andrews; *Headwaiter*, R. Bert Emmett Keane; *Guide*, Michael Morris; *Mahoney*, George Watts.

"WORLD PREMIERE"—Paramount. Screen play by Earl Felton. From the story by Earl Felton and Gordon Kahn. Directed by Ted Tetzlaff. Cast: *Duncan DeGasse*, John Barrymore; *Kitty Carr*, Frances Farmer; *Gregory Martin*, Eugene Pallette; *Lee Morrison*, Virginia Dale; *Mark Saunders*, Ricardo Cortez; *Franz von Bushmeyer*, Sig Ruman; *Joe Bemis*, Don Castle; *Luther Skinkley*, William Wright; *Muller*, Fritz Feld; *Signor Scalfiti*, Luis Alberni; *Peters*, Cliff Nazarro; *Nixon*, Andrew Tombes.



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 Wash and core 8 medium sized apples. Do not peel. Place in saucepan; add 8 whole cloves, 1 piece stick cinnamon, 1 1/4 cups water and 3/4 cup KARO (red label). Cover, and cook very slowly for one hour, or until tender. Makes 8 servings—Less than 3/4¢ a serving.

**KARO COTTAGE PUDDING**  
 Combine 1 c. KARO (blue label), 1/2 c. sugar, 1 tbsp. cream, 1/4 tsp. salt, 1/4 tsp. vanilla. Cook 5 minutes; remove from heat, add 1 tbsp. butter, and stir until dissolved. Pour over eight squares of plain, "one-egg" cake. (There's a good recipe in "KARO KOOKERY"... Cost of cake and KARO Sauce less than 4¢ a serving.

*There's Flavor Plus Food Value  
 in these Tempting Desserts*

**M**OST desserts look good, taste good—but what about their food value? Karo recipe desserts do more than tempt the eye, thrill the taste. They actually supply substantial food energy. For there's DEXTROSE in Karo Syrup. And Dextrose is food-energy sugar. That's why the Quints have thrived on this fine syrup.\* Karo may be served in many, many ways other than desserts. And you'll always enjoy its fine flavor—and benefit by its food value. You'll find a variety of exciting Karo recipes in "KARO KOOKERY", a beautiful new cookbook. All the recipes are easy to make, economical. The coupon below will bring your copy free—postpaid.  
 \*Dr. Daboe says: "Karo is the only syrup served the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

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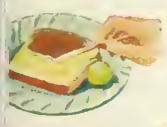
**YVONNE**  
 likes Karo spread on bread...Everybody does!

**ANNETTE**  
 prefers Karo on applesauce... Says it's wonderful!

**CECILE**  
 enjoys Karo on French toast... Your family will, too!

**EMILIE**  
 dotes on Karo Butterscotch Sauce on Cottage Pudding!

**MARIE**  
 finds Karo delightful sweetening for fruitjuices... Try it!



**KARO IN GLASS IS THE SAME DELICIOUS SYRUP YOU'VE ALWAYS ENJOYED...SAME PURITY, BODY, FINE QUALITY.**

**Free!** CORN PRODUCTS SALES CO., P. O. Box 171  
 Trinity Station, New York, N. Y.—Dept. C11  
 Please send me my copy of "KARO KOOKERY"  
 without cost or obligation.

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 STREET \_\_\_\_\_  
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Karo is sold by grocers everywhere

Rich in Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose

Rich in Dextrins, Maltose and Dextrose



● Actual color photograph of tobacco hanging inside curing barn—J. M. Talley inspects a leaf of fine, light tobacco, be

# Lucky Strike means fine tobacco

"Take my word for it—tobacco like this is plenty expensive!" says J. M. Talley, tobacco warehouseman of Durham, N. C. "But that doesn't stop Luckies. I've seen them go after this finer leaf in my warehouse again and again—and pay the price to get it!"

Smokers, the higher-priced tobaccos Luckies buy are worth the money be-

cause they're milder and better-tast—just naturally more enjoyable smoke than the ordinary kind.

Wouldn't you like these tobacco your own cigarette?"

Remember: the independent tobacco experts see who's best. And with these men and war

**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—**

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DECEMBER



LANA TURNER  
BY PAUL HESSE

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Exclusive!—STIRLING HAYDEN TELLS WHY HE QUIT HOLLYWOOD





Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Talcum, Single Loose Powder Vanity \$5.00



Purse Flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne and Talcum \$1.50



Purse Flacon of Perfume, Face Powder and refreshing Eau de Cologne \$2.50



Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, Talcum \$1.25

Triple Loose Powder Vanity Others \$1.25 and \$2.00 \$2.95



Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Rouge, Lip stick and Talcum \$2.95

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WITH  
*Evening in Paris*



CREATED BY  
**BOURJOIS**



Evening in Paris Talcum and sparkling Toilet Water in gift package \$1.85



Purse flacon of Perfume, Eau de Cologne \$1.00

Popular Evening in Paris Perfume \$1.25



Evening in Paris Face Powder, Eau de Cologne \$1.65



Evening in Paris Perfume, Separate atomizer, Delightful holiday package \$1.75



Perfume and atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum and Single Vanity \$4.00





*Even if Heaven denied you Beauty—*

## **YOUR STAR IS LUCKY.. if your Smile is Right!**

**Your smile is YOU! Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter with Ipana and massage!**

**Y**OU don't have to be a beauty to have beauty's rewards—popularity, success, the man you want most to win.

Even if you're "plain" let your hopes soar high. Fortune can be more than kind... fortune can be lavish if your smile is right! A lovely smile is a magnet to others... the charm that wins hearts—and holds them.

So help your smile to be at its best.

But remember healthy *gums* are important if you want your smile to have brightness and sparkle. That's why it's so unwise ever to ignore the first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

### **Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"**

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush... see your dentist. He may merely say your gums have become tender because today's soft foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean and refreshing taste. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile that lights up your loveliness!



**"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"**

*say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines*

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

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

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**IPANA**  
**TOOTH PASTE**

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S  
**LION'S ROAR**

Published in  
this space  
every month



The greatest  
star of the  
screen!

Nut-brown October finds the motion picture theatres doing very well, thank you.

For "The Chocolate Soldier" (not propaganda for candy or warriors) comes singing to the screens of America.

A lusty duet when Nelson Eddy joins with the sensational new star Rise Stevens.



Miss Stevens is unquestionably a thrush. Her voice has the liquidity of a babbling brook. Although unlike the famed stream of Tennyson it only goes on to the ultimate convincing note.

There has been some curiosity about this new excitement. It is a blending of two famous works.

Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman" has been embellished and enriched with the historic score of Oscar Straus' "The Chocolate Soldier".

It might well have been called "The Chocolate Guardsman".

But be that as it may it will unquestionably be called a great hit.

Eddy is in rare form. Director Roy Del Ruth gets a half-Nelson on his audience with a whole Nelson on his screen.

This is a film to see and to hear. To see beauty in the unstinted M-G-M manner.

And to hear "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier" and other Straus songs of romance, as well as stirring pieces from Wagner, Schubert, Bizet.

In the cast also are Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates. Victor Saville's is the producing hand.



To be not brief but all-inclusive, "The Chocolate Soldier" has everything from A to...

Zip and zest.

—Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

# PHOTOPLAY

combined with

ERNEST V. HEYN  
Executive Editor



HELEN GILMORE  
Associate Editor

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COVER: Lono Turner, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR is published monthly by MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC., Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial offices, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Executive office, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. O. J. Elder, President; Haydock Miller, Secretary; Charles H. Shattuck, Treasurer; Walter Hanlon, Advertising Manager. Advertising offices, 122 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Chicago office, 221 North LaSalle St., E. F. Lethen, Jr., Mgr. Pacific Coast office, San Francisco, 420 Market St., Lee Andrews Mgr. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1931, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions, and Newfoundland, \$1.00 a year; price per copy, United States, 10c; Canada, 15c. In Canada, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana, \$1.50 a year; in other countries \$2.50 a year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted at the owner's risk, every effort will be made to return those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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Her First Picture Since Famed "Ninotchka"

# Garbo at her Gayest!

**SHE RHUMBAS**



**SHE SKIS**



**SHE SWIMS**



**GARBO**  
**MELVYN DOUGLAS**  
**TWO-FACED WOMAN**  
CONSTANCE with ROLAND  
**BENNETT • YOUNG**  
ROBERT STERLING • RUTH GORDON

Original Screen Play by S. N. Behrman,  
Salka Viertel and George Oppenheimer  
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture  
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR  
Produced by GOTTFRIED REINHARDT





# CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



BY RUTH WATERBURY



Below: Jane Russell—a publicity campaign got too much of a head start



Roz Russell: If she's as shrewd in 1942 as in the past she'll be a top-ranker



They used to say Mickey Mouse was the perfect star. Now they say . . .



WALT DISNEY

Paulette Goddard:  
She didn't waste  
any time pouting

EVERY wise movie fan knows that that old, old legend about "Miss So-and-so's stealing the picture" is simply not true . . . as readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, you are only too aware that scenes are too well written, too well directed and, most importantly, too well cut for any bit player to outsmart a star at the box office. . . .

But as for "careers" being stolen . . . that can be done . . . not only can it be done but it is done . . . done through this device that critics continue to fall for . . . through this device of bit players' apparently stealing scenes . . . or whole films . . . or whole studios for that matter. . . .

On the surface it all looks spontaneous and natural . . . yet in truth nothing is less simple or more unnatural . . . for every move in the Hollywood game is a move plotted out long in advance. . . .

It is these moves and countermoves that inner Hollywood discusses now, as the winter of 1941 closes in . . . now while the curtains are drawn against the rain and the fogs of Hollywood's late autumn and while the fire of the eucalyptus logs burns low on a dozen hearths in a dozen important producers' houses. . . .

Gathered around those hearths are groups of men almost entirely unknown outside Hollywood . . . the "big" agents . . . the men who "control properties" . . . properties that range all the way from the acting brains of Mr. Cary Grant to a poem by Alice Duer Miller . . . from Mr. Gable's dimples to the lilt of Connie Boswell's voice. . . .

If once you can listen in on their conversations, you know who is going to be starring, not in 1941 or 1942 but probably in 1945 . . . you know, too, who will probably be "through" in 1943 and 1944, no matter what their box-office rank is today. . . .

Yet no matter how much they plot and they plan . . . these inside gentlemen of inside Hollywood . . . they still have to do their work with human beings . . . wild, beautiful, young, impassioned human beings who will persist upon doing wild, beautiful, mad, young impassioned things and thereby upset the finest maneuvers. . . .

They are, these nights, for instance, discussing that very new leading man and that glamour girl who loves them and leaves them . . . the fellow has a great big glittering future if . . . if he survives this first great love that has captured him . . . they are talking about casting him in a really terrific role . . . but is it safe, they wonder. . . .

They talk about the indomitable will of Paulette Goddard . . . how she won't let anything, including her own anger and disappointment, get her down . . . they say this particularly after looking at "Hold Back The Dawn" in which Paulette was originally cast for the lead that Olivia de Havilland now plays (and beautifully) but in which Paulette finished by playing the much smaller role of Charles Boyer's ex-girl friend . . . did Paulette waste time pouting when that change was made in the casting? . . . yes, she did . . . for about five minutes . . . after that she was too busy . . . too busy with her singing lessons, her diction lessons, her dancing lessons, her hunt for utterly chic clothes, her interviews, her being Mrs. Chaplin, her entertaining . . . and most importantly, too busy playing the smaller role magnificently . . . you can't keep a girl like that down . . . inner Hollywood recognizes that fact these evenings and therefore reckons on Miss Goddard for many years to come. . . .

THEY speculate, however, on the case of Jane Russell and a publicity campaign gone wrong for the simple reason that "The Outlaw" after being held for months is not being released until December . . . will the public be tired of this girl before it has ever seen her . . . or will it eventually take her to its heart and its box office? . . .

They watch the careful grooming that David Selznick has given his two potentially great stars, Ingrid Bergman and Alan Marshal, and great is their admiration for the patient shrewdness of this producer who always accomplishes just what he set out to accomplish . . . they look at the box-office statements on "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" and "When Ladies Meet" . . . two remakes that are doing terrific business and they wonder if that is the answer (Continued on page 83)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



THE GREATEST MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT  
SINCE THE BLUES WERE BORN!

15-count 'em-15  
of the Greatest  
Songs Ever  
Written, Sung  
and Swung as  
Never Before!  
**IT'S A BLUE  
HEAVEN!**

"MY MELANCHOLY BABY"

"MEMPHIS BLUES"

"SHINE"

"ST. JAMES INFIRMARY  
BLUES"

"TIGER RAG"

"CUDDLE UP A LITTLE  
CLOSER, LOVEY MINE"

"BY THE LIGHT OF THE  
SILVERY MOON"

"WAIT TILL THE SUN  
SHINES, NELLIE"

"AT A GEORGIA  
CAMP MEETING"

"WAITING AT  
THE CHURCH"

"AFTER THE BALL"

"ST. LOUIS BLUES"

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

"THE WAITER AND THE  
PORTER AND THE  
UPSTAIRS MAID"

"PADEREWSKI MINUET"

# "BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

**"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"**  
with **BING CROSBY · MARY MARTIN**  
**Brian Donlevy · Carolyn Lee · Rochester**

J. CARROL NAISH · Directed by Victor Schertzinger · A Paramount Picture  
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Walter DeLeon · Story by Harry Tugend



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING



# Speak FOR YOURSELF

## \$10.00 PRIZE A Boo for an Encore

**W**HY all the remakes of pictures still easily remembered by most movie-goers?

For example, three of the current important pictures are: (1) "Smilin' Through"—which I've seen and cried over in two versions and don't care to sit through again in spite of Jeanette MacDonald; (2) "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde," which won Fredric March an Academy Award not so many years ago—and which I couldn't stand again, and (3) "When Ladies Meet"—charming fare but not important enough to waste admission on a second time.

Doesn't Hollywood have any original stories left? Hasn't the public indicated that the story is the important thing—regardless of stars—and no matter how good a story is, it gets stale with too much retelling?

Now, if the powers-that-be insist on remakes, why don't they go a little further back into the years? A revival of "Peter Pan," for instance, would thrill everyone who has ever read this immortal story and would incidentally help the crying necessity for suitable juvenile films.

For a good, exciting comedy, I would suggest that Paramount dig out of its files a little number titled "Seven Keys To Baldpate," put Bob Hope in the leading role and then it would have something worth reviving. This picture has been forgotten by all but a few and would be something new to the present generation.

The trouble with "Smilin' Through," "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" and "When Ladies Meet" is that they can be remembered by too many people. Might as well start remaking "San Francisco" or "Naughty Marietta"—they were good, too, the first time.

SUE ANNA,  
Lexington, Ky.

## \$5.00 PRIZE Flynn Heads the List

**M**AKE this an open letter to press agents. Hey, fellows! How about some new angles for 1941? I mean—

we're not biting any more on the following dead fish: Flynn's hair-raising personal adventures, Lamour's sarongs, Sheridan's oomph, Raft's heart affairs and John Garfield's sessions in the doghouse. There are others, but these will suffice as examples of endurance tests to which we fans are put.

How about a little more tom-tom stuff about a player's acting? After all, a shoemaker is supposed to stick to his last and he's judged on the quality of his work, not on the style of his smock or the number of his amours.

G. RAYNE,  
Vancouver, Canada.

## \$1.00 PRIZE Sound Familiar?

**B**ELIEVE I shall go placidly balmy if something isn't done soon about the so-called "classic" expressions that are worn threadbare by constant use in various pictures, i. e.:

1. "This is bigger than you or me. It's bigger than both of us."

2. "You're through, washed up, finished."

3. "This isn't like you. After all we've been to each other. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"

4. "You're good and clean and fine, but I can never love you. I'll marry you if you still want me and I'll try to make you a good wife."

5. "But you don't know what you're saying. You must be mad." "Mad? I'm sane for the first time in my life."

6. "I'll print a story that will rip this town wide open."


7. "It's the only decent thing that's ever happened to me. I'm in love for the first time in my life and nothing is going to happen to change that."

8. "We can lick this thing together."

9. "We're up against a pretty tough team, boys. I've taught you all I know about football, the rest is up to you. Now go out there and fight!"

10. Etc., etc., etc.

Even Shakespeare's supremacy would have been short-lived had his



A Canadian comments on Errol Flynn, now flying high in "Dive Bomber"

famed expressions become standard equipment with him.

SARAH D. PASSAFIUME,  
New York, N. Y.

## \$1.00 PRIZE Quick-Change Livvie

**GET** tired of seeing Hedy Lamarr | being Hedy Lamarr and of Rosalind Russell playing the ever suave Miss Russell. Even the great Davis is sometimes a little too Bette-ish. But there's one gal in Hollywood that can't be typed—Olivia de Havilland is never herself. She is genteel *Melanie* ("G. W. T. W.") or reckless *Amy* ("The Strawberry Blonde") with equal ease. She is a competent and versatile actress who can change her personality to fit the part, rather than change the part to suit (*Continued on page 95*)

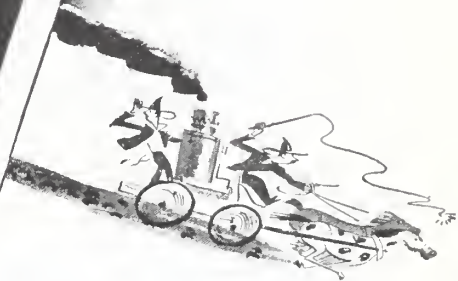
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**MAN!**  
**What a Man**  
**IS**  
**FATHER!**



Sis doesn't chase  
the fellows...  
Father does!



Brother has an eye  
for girls... Father has  
his eye on brother!



But to Mother—  
Father's just  
her biggest baby!  
... He always has  
one foot in heaven  
—and the other  
in hot water!



WARNER BROS. delightfully present the most affable, laffable family that ever stepped out of America's screens . . . into America's heart!

FREDRIC  
**MARCH**  
MARTHA  
**SCOTT**

*In the big new hit based on the year's most celebrated best-seller!*

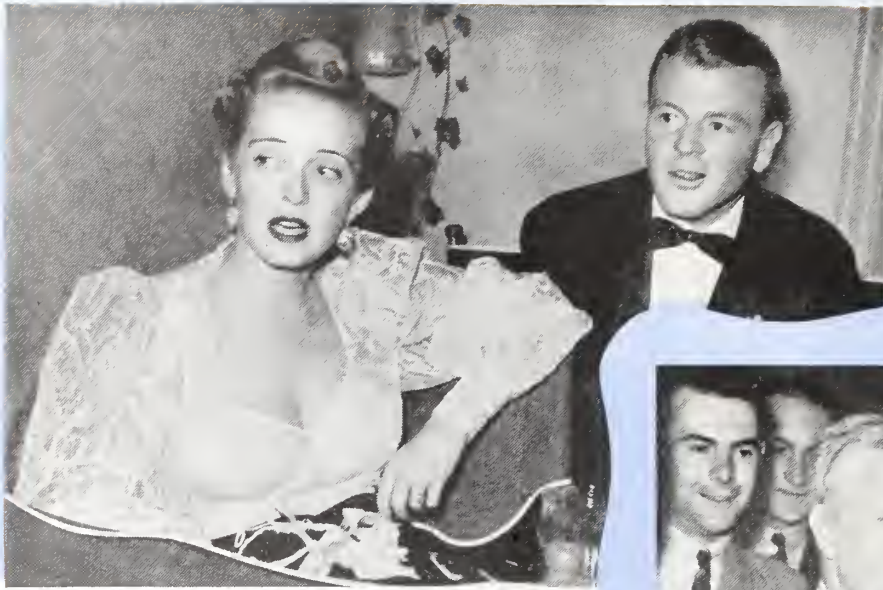
**"ONE FOOT  
IN HEAVEN"**

With BEULAH BONDI • GENE LOCKHART  
ELISABETH FRASER • HARRY DAVENPORT  
LAURA HOPE CREWS • GRANT MITCHELL  
Directed by IRVING RAPPER

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Book by Hartzell Spence  
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. First National Picture







Most impressive relief party of the season was the concert sponsored by Mrs. Basil Rathbone at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel: Left: Bette Davis and husband Arthur Farnsworth came early, listened intently to the magnificent program

Right: Spotlight target was Norma Shearer's new hair-do. Charles Chaplin was host to R.A.F. student pilots



More people looked at Goddard than at the models: Paulette talks of furs and feathers with designer Irene at the latter's Bullock's Wilshire show

# Inside Stuff

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The best way for you — and the stars themselves — to find out about those undercover items Hollywood hushes up

**INSIDE SECRETS:** Those four boys of the Crosbys' are more than four little lively children. They are blessings in disguise, for Cal hears it's due to that quartette's forming a strong firm bond that the Crosbys' marriage has endured.

It hasn't been smooth sailing for Bing and Dixie, any more than it has for any other couple. It's true, Bing is a very rich man, but he's a selfish man in a way, too, devoting almost all his spare time to golf, his horses and

his race track. He cares little about night life or any kind of party, has little interest in clothes and usually is seen wearing the most casual of sports clothes.

Family relatives, we're told, entered into a lot of the squabbles—just as they do in your marriage, and yours, and yours. But Bing has such quantities of them, it seems, all wrapped up in his business enterprises.

Religion is another factor, with Bing and his four boys going their way and

Mrs. Crosby hers. Discipline of the children is also a constant bone of contention, with Bing's devotion to his own interests leaving most of it up to Dixie.

"You've got to take a hand right now," a friend overheard Dixie say to Bing one day.

"Well, our mother brought up all us kids all right. Why can't you?" Bing challenged.

Only, as the friend suggested, the Senior Mr. (Continued on page 10)





**NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS**



**BEFORE**

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



**AFTER**

**AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT—Listerine, QUICK!**

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders" . . . the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

Its value as a precaution against colds and sore throats has been demonstrated by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and treatment.

*Ten Years of Research*

Actual tests conducted on employees in several industrial plants during a ten year period of research revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

*Kills "Secondary Invaders" on Tissue Surfaces*

This impressive record is explained, we

believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

*Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces*

When you gargle with Listerine, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders" on those areas—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane may often be halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reduc-

tions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

**WATCH YOUR THROAT**

Where illness often starts

GENUINE DU PONT  
"LUCITE"  
ILLUMINATOR

**LISTERINE  
THROAT  
LIGHT**

ONLY 75¢

BATTERIES INCLUDED



# ALL OUT for a BIG PICTURE

WHEN the unusual story OF Republic's new hit, "LADY FOR A NIGHT," WAS first discussed at the STUDIO, it was AGREED that it DEMANDED a CAST of truly DISTINGUISHED TALENTS... a CAST of top-RANKING stars — EACH one CAREFULLY SELECTED with A particular CHARACTER in MIND... First, THERE was the GLAMOROUS SOUTHERN SHOW-BOAT SINGER — The girl WHOSE charms BROUGHT all Dixie TO her feet in HOMAGE. Who could be better SUITED to that role than vivacious JOAN BLONDELL, star of a score OF screen triumphs! And when IT came to the two handsome BLADES who were rivals for her LOVE — Republic shat the WORKS again!



AND so you will see tall, branzed JOHN WAYNE pitting his suit AGAINST RAY MIDDLETON... WHAT a threesome! Star CASTS like these are FEW and far between! BUT this story — this DRAMATIC romance OF the land that lies BELOW the Mason-Dixon LINE — could only be dane JUSTICE to by just such A group of your favorite stars!... SO don't miss "LADY FOR A NIGHT," STARRING JOAN BLONDELL, JOHN WAYNE and RAY MIDDLETON... it's



**A REPUBLIC PICTURE**

## NEW YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 8)



Right: Mrs. Pat Stillman, the man in her life, Cesar Ramera, and Edith Fellows at the final tennis matches

Crosby failed to devote his spare time almost exclusively to golf, horses and racing.

There are two sides to every marriage, of course, but we're only reciting these incidents to assure you the stars have their marital heartaches, too.

With Bing in South America at the moment and Dixie reported on her way to join him, this vacation from the woes of home cares may bring a fresh new happiness to Bing and Dixie. As someone said, it would be a blow to the whole industry if the Crosbys should part.

Let's hope the four little Crosbys keep on being that tie that binds.

**Events of the Month:** The opening of John Anderson's Wilshire Bowl Theater Restaurant was the sensation of the month, with all the favorites of yesterday occupying the stage and the favorites of today applauding them from the audience.

Clara Kimball Young, she of the big brown eyes, brought loud applause from Lana Turner and Tony Martin, Alexis Smith, John Shelton and his bride Kathryn Grayson; the stars of today greeting the stars of yesterday.



Betty Compson, slim blonde and beautiful, brought cheers from Mae West, bediamonded Lil, from her box. John Barrymore gave a hand to Bryant Washburn; W. C. Fields, making one of his rare appearances, gave every one of the beloved old-timers a loud cheer.

It's a great show and one Hollywood is taking to its heart.

**A Quiz:** What is Hollywood's favorite game? It's tennis, my friends, and no two ways about it. The annual fall tennis matches brought the usual stream of greats and near-greats to watch the professionals smack their way to fame.

Mickey Rooney, one of the best players in this or any other town, was

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR





The man who usually sits at Greer Garson's right at a dinner party is Benny Thau, M-G-M producer

there every day. The Gary Coopers and William Powells scarcely missed a match. Pat Dane and her intended, Cedric Gibbons, turned bright eyes left to right—and right to left. Jeanette MacDonald and husband Gene Raymond were one of the most popular couples at the games. As for Rudy Vallee, he lived there. He must have. He never missed a single second of the sport.

**Listen, Fans:** Here's your chance to own a souvenir of your favorite star. Anne Lehr's Hollywood Guild Memento Mart makes this possible. By donating personal souvenirs, with an autograph, for Anne to sell to you, many stars provide milk for babies in the Guild nursery. Souvenir prices range from fifty cents to five dollars plus ten cents for handling. Get an initialed gear shift knob of Nelson Eddy's (\$5); some china novelty of Jane Withers' (\$1); earrings of Ann Sheridan's (\$4); a cartridge of Gene Autry's (50c); a necklace of Jeanette MacDonald's (\$5); a belt of Gary Cooper's (\$2); handkerchiefs of Joan Blondell's (\$1); a John Garfield rolled gold chain (\$4); a bracelet of Martha Scott's (\$2.50); a tie of Ralph Bellamy's (\$1.95)—and so on.

It's a wonderful idea! "I have had untold pleasure in owning Bette's amber bracelet," writes one of Bette Davis' fans. You can have the same thrill.

Send ten cents for a catalogue to: Anne Lehr, Hollywood Guild Memento Mart, 1284 Crescent Heights Blvd., Hollywood, California.

**Cal's Report Card:** With that first month's report card about due, you lads and lassies all over the land, Professor York S. D. (snooper dooper)

## Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

**Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!**

**YOU CAN BE lovelier!** You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.



**THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN**

✓ Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the  
**CAMAY**  
"MILD-SOAP"  
**DIET!**



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and then 30 seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.



# CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Familiar look on a familiar face: Carole Lombard always looks like this at Ciro's with husband Gable



In a formal-fete mood: Jean Arthur and bandleader Kay Kyser don their whites for a British Relief event

gets ready his first grades of the term. So all you Hollywood students stand by while Photoplay-Movie Mirror's bulletin board records the grades.

To Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier for their bravery in becoming parents during the most hazardous moments in their England's history—one hundred percent.

To Director Joseph Von Sternberg (who has been handed another chance by Hollywood) for his haughty imperial manner of forcing studio people who wish to consult him to write their names on a blackboard—a long session after school while Professor York carefully explains this is America, pal, the land of the free and equal.

To Linda Darnell for her heart-whole loyalty to her Texas high-school beau Jaime Jorba—a place at the head of the class.

Favorites of today, John Shelton and bride Kathryn Grayson, watch favorites of yesterday at the opening of...

To Errol Flynn, for his ill-timed leaving of wife and baby and his refusal to reconsider—a very black mark.

To Sol Baiano, Warner talent scout, for his eagerness in helping every newcomer and discovering Alexis Smith—a round red apple from teacher.

To Twentieth Century-Fox for casting Jack Oakie as a freshman in "Rise And Shine," which boosts Linda Darnell as a senior—er—well, gosh, what would you do in a cast like that? Right—let's call recess.

What? No Manicure? Some movie friends of Henry Fonda were on a fishing trip with him recently and brought this story back to Hollywood. On a rather dull day, when the fish weren't biting too hard, Hank offered cheerily to cut everyone's hair. They took him up on it, submitted with grins. But to their amazement, Henry did the neatest bit of barbering they'd ever received.

Now comes the funny part. Shortly after their return, Cameraman Gregg Toland needed another hair trim. He sent word to Henry just as a gag. To the delight of the entire "Ball Of Fire" cast and crew, and to the consternation of Toland, Fonda showed up on the set and proceeded to trim Toland's locks.

Home at Midnight, Little Cinderellas? Hollywood or Podunk—it's the same problem everywhere. We mean the old one: "How long should a girl be allowed to stay out on dates at night?"

Linda Darnell, who was eighteen on October 16, has declared a rebellion against her date programs. Hitherto Mrs. Darnell has insisted her daughter be home at eleven-thirty sharp.

(Continued on page 14)

... the Wilshire Bowl Theater Restaurant. Linda Darnell likes the star attraction—a Dietrich dummy







**"Isn't It Wonderful To Be in the Movies, Fibber Dearie?"**



**"Molly, it's Positively a Pleasure to Perform for our Palpitating Public in Person!"**

*My Dear - They're Here In Their First Starring Picture!*

**See Radio's Big Four All In One Big Show!**

**Fibber McGEE & MOLLY  
Edgar BERGEN & Charlie McCARTHY  
and Lucille BALL**



in  
**"Look Who's Laughing"**



**T'AIN'T FUNNY, McGEE—IT'S HILARIOUS!**  
With Gildersleeve, Mrs. Uppington, and all the other famous characters who make life blissful in Wistful Vista.

**Produced and Directed by ALLAN DWAN**

Story and Screen Play by James V. Kern





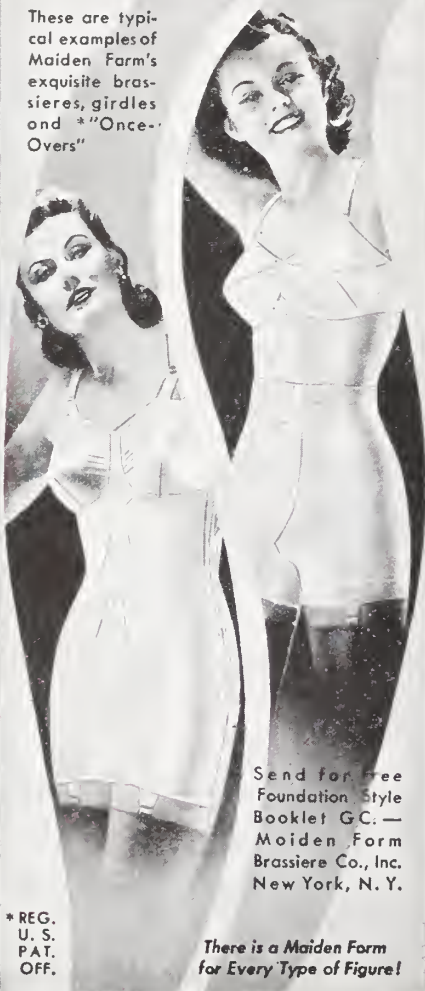
Let This  
Name



BE YOUR GUIDE TO A  
Better Figure

This name stands for style, for satisfaction and for skill. Created by a sculptor-designer who knows *figures* as well as *fashions*, foundations by Maiden Form are made only from the finest of materials, by the most skilled of workers. Maiden Form's brassieres, girdles and one-piece foundations are designed to mould to perfection—and to *continue* to do so, even after months of wear. No wonder so many thousands of women insist on seeing *this* name, when buying foundation garments.

These are typical examples of Maiden Form's exquisite brassieres, girdles and "Once-Overs"



Send for free Foundation Style Booklet G.C. — Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc. New York, N. Y.

There is a Maiden Form for Every Type of Figure!

\* REG.  
U. S.  
PAT.  
OFF.



Scoop view of two famous foursomes spending their money for fun and British Relief. Left is Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, Mr. and Mrs. Colman in an "Our Gang" mood



Right: Two plus two makes a prize picture at the same event. Orson Welles elbows Dolores Del Rio; Arthur Hornblow, Jr., faces front; his wife Myrna Loy gives a special grin for Fink

CAL YORK'S  
Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 12)

"Now that I'm eighteen, I think I should be permitted to stay out until one or one-thirty. I care nothing about staying out until two-thirty or three o'clock in the morning and have no idea of doing so, but if a girl is asked out dancing she can hardly leave at eleven in order to get home by eleven-thirty. I think one or one-thirty a reasonable hour for an eighteen-year-old girl."

Of course, Jane Withers is a mite younger, being fifteen, but Mrs. Withers solves Jane's date problems by going along unless it's a crowd of young people together.

Lana Turner at eighteen almost ruined her career by spending late hours in night clubs. On the other hand, friends suggest if M-G-M had permitted Kathryn Grayson to go out more, she might have met other men besides her one secret beau, John Shelton, and not become a bride at eighteen.

So it's a problem. Is Linda right? Is Mrs. Darnell right? Or what's the wise middle ground, mothers?

News From Lt. Richard Greene:  
At last Cal has an answer to those

who have written for news of Richard Greene. A friend who received this letter from Dick has given us permission to print it. Hope it cheers all you thousands of Greene fans who can't forget.

It reads:

"I enlisted on Friday, Sept. 13, 1940, and spent three months as a rookie in the tank corps. I got up at 6 a. m. and swept, scrubbed and peeled potatoes. Then I was sent to Sandhurst for four months in an officer's training school. Now I am a second lieutenant in the Lancers, a mechanized regiment in the Royal Armored Corps.

"When I left Twentieth Century-Fox, I was getting \$1500 a week. My salary as a rookie was \$.20 a day and my present salary is \$2.25 a day.

"Never again will I take comforts for granted. It's a good thing, though, that the war carried me away from Hollywood. I shudder to think what would have happened to me, with all the adulation that a film player received. Looking back over my time in the Army, I realize that it has done me a tremendous amount of good."

Cal's Monthly Tidbits: Robert Taylor took his mother plane-riding the other day—her first time in the air, too. Mrs. Brugh said afterwards she was afraid to look up, down or over and could only keep staring at the back of Bob's head as he sat in the





A wife kibitzes—on invitation: Mrs. Spencer Tracy listens in on a business conference between Spence and M-G-M's talent scout Grady

pilot's seat and wishing she were in Nebraska—or some place on the ground. Bob received his new pilot's license recently.

Bride and bridegroom Judy Garland and Dave Rose have become Mr. and Mrs. Hero to the parents of the five children they pulled out of Lake Arrowhead. The children had gone out beyond their depth when Judy and Dave, in their speedboat, came to the rescue.

The town is breathless over the romance of seventeen-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and agent Pat di Cicco, who is fifteen years older. Pat, a former husband of the late Thelma Todd, has been assiduously courting little Gloria, who has recently renounced a formal coming-out party.

The town places little credence in the announced dramatic meeting of Betty Grable, George Raft and his wife in Chicago. That George is attracted strongly to Betty, no one doubts. That he will get a divorce, everyone doubts. Odd, isn't it, that plain little, wiggling-for-her-living Betty should have more appeal than the glamorous, ultra Norma Shearer who never got quite that far with Georgie. Or on second thought, it isn't odd. Men like their gals down to earth, and that's Miss Grable, folks, down to earth.

'Tis rumored Jimmy Stewart will be among those draftees over twenty-eight years of age who will be mustered out in November. The town couldn't be happier if it's true, but some say Jimmy will stay on anyway.

Let's hope he comes home. He's done his duty. He's been swell about it and we need him in pictures to keep up our morale. What say, folks?

**The Bride Goes A.W.O.L.:** Rumors thicker than pea soup have been floating through the village concerning Deanna Durbin's reported unhappi-

Meet the Bride who  
wouldn't stay for  
Breakfast!



A joyous reunion of the stars of "THE LADY EVE"  
**BARBARA STANWYCK** ★ **HENRY FONDA**  
 in Wesley Ruggles' *You belong to Me*

with **EDGAR BUCHANAN**

Roger Clark · Ruth Donnelly · Melville Cooper

Screen play by Claude Binyon

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES · A COLUMBIA PICTURE







*The GIRL you'd  
LIKE TO BE!*

HERE you are, and there *she* goes again . . . the girl you'd like to be!

How you envy her *buoyancy* . . . her *sparkle!* That wonderful ability to *do* and *go* whenever she desires—never saying “no” to invitations, keeping active, living without discomfort in spite of the “time of month.”

Isn't it time you learned what she already knows . . . that much functional menstrual pain is *needless?*

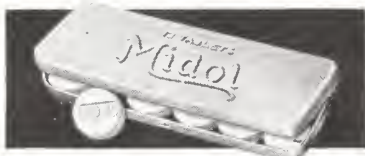
With the trustworthy help of Midol, millions of women of menstrual age have proved this to their own satisfaction and comfort. Broken the bonds of the calendar, and regained many “lost days” for active living.

If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make you the “girl you'd like to be”—taking the dread from trying days, giving welcome relief throughout the period.

You can put confidence in Midol, for it contains no opiates. One ingredient is often prescribed for headache and muscular pain. Another ingredient, *exclusively* in Midol, increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

There's only one way to discover the comfort in Midol. *Try* it! Among thousands of women recently interviewed, more reported using Midol to relieve functional menstrual pain than all other preparations combined. And 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective.

If you don't see Midol on your druggist's counter, ask for it. The large size, a trim aluminum case to tuck in purse or pocket, is only 40¢; the small size, 20¢.



*Relieves Functional Periodic Pain*



Left: In case you can't guess, Gene Markey and the two gentlemen are talking about nuts and bolts—or the equivalent. Miss de Havilland doesn't like n. and b. Now . . .

## CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

ness over her latest picture, “It Started With Eve.” Our “inside” friends tell us all has been far, far from serene on the Universal front with Deanna's chin (which is surer than a weather indicator that a storm is a-brewing) becoming firmer with every scene. And Universal knows so well what it means to have Miss Durbin displeased.

“Home with a cold,” was the explanation given by the studio for Deanna's absence from the set—which undoubtedly was true. But home with a peeve was also undoubtedly true, too, for old Cal discovered the unhappy atmosphere was generated by Deanna's belief that hubby Vaughn Paul wasn't getting enough credit for his work on the picture. It seems Mr. Paul had quite a bit to do with the development of the story and Deanna thinks he should have screen billing (his name flashed on the screen) as assistant producer.

This fighting for hubby's rights is an admirable thing and Cal's all for it, but—and we make it a big but—knowing something of the sensitiveness of Mr. Paul, of his reticence and honest desire not to push himself ahead too fast, but to grow and develop on a slower but surer foundation, we're wondering if Deanna's well-meant insistence will not one day reap a reverse harvest.

On the other hand, it's every man for himself in this politics-ridden town of Hollywood and one almost has to have someone higher up do a bit of scheming in order to get ahead.

But will Mr. Paul like his wife to do the shoving, Cal wonders. Doesn't it take something from a marriage to have the wife the aggressor, as it were?

Anyway, we may be wrong about the whole story and, frankly, we hope



. . . the conversation switches to Olivia's new hat. Result: The lady takes a new hat-titude

so. The picture as it now stands isn't one to our particular liking. What do you think?

**Cal's Chuckle of the Month:** Wrapped in his sarong, dark and handsome Philip Reed made quite a hit with the lady reviewers in the audience at the preview of “Aloma Of The South Seas.”

“Gee, he's terrific,” one blonde whispered to her friend, unaware that right next to her sat the handsome Phil in person, pleased as Punch.

“Where's he been all my life?” the other cutie asked. “I could certainly give up Joe for that guy. Wouldn't it be wonderful to meet a fellow like that? Just to speak to him!”

By the time the picture was over, Phil, who has waited a long time for his chance, was so overcome with it all he stumbled over the blonde's feet in getting out.

“Pardon me,” he stammered and waited.



She fixed him with a glassy eye and snapped, "Listen, Jack, pick up your feet, see."

Phil thinks now it was just the sarong. But the police won't let him wear it to previews.

**Farewell, A Long Farewell:** They came into town together. Tall, thin, and a bit on the gawky side, they came job-hunting from up Montana way. Frank James Cooper and his partner Slim Talbot. Frank got a job selling photographic coupons to anyone who wanted his picture taken. No one did.

Sheepishly, they talked over this movie-acting business. Shucks, they couldn't act, but they could ride, by golly, so they got jobs as extras. Then a director chose Frank to play a small scene in "The Winning Of Barbara Worth." But then a funny thing happened about that scene. When the picture was released, people, especially women, all over the country asked about the strange, shy cowboy and instantly producer Sam Goldwyn placed him under contract and changed his name to Gary Cooper.

"Slim goes with me." Gary tried to explain. "We're a team."

Go together they did on every picture Gary made since that day in 1925, with Slim as stand-in and Gary, almost from the first, as star, until after "Ball Of Fire" was completed. Then Slim told Coop he'd been offered a job as foreman of a 1000-acre property in Oregon and he wanted to go. Coop was for it, although a part of all the things that had touched Coop left with Slim.

But a crossroads had come in the lives of these two men and each had to go his way, still loyal, still friends, still pals. They always will be.



Front-row fans at the Ice Follies.  
Virginia Grey with Richard Arlen



## "My Mom's a Modern!"...

**M**Y MOM knows the answers... and tells 'em to me! She's a good sport... that's what makes it so swell!

For instance, a fancy new hair-do wouldn't stop her from taking a quick trip on a toboggan with the crowd. And she can skate circles and figure-eights around me any winter day!

When the big holiday doings come up, Mom spends hours helping me pull myself together... fixing me up from nails to nylons so I can't help but click.

She taught me the trick of never missing any fun that's coming my way, too—even on those trying days of the month.

You see, Mom took me in hand early... told me about Kotex sanitary napkins. How Kotex is *more* comfortable because it's *less* bulky... *less* apt to rub and chafe.

### *She doesn't just dish things out in headlines!*

It was Mom who put me wise to the fact that Kotex has a moisture-resistant "safety shield" and flat, pressed ends (they mean a lot to a girl's confidence in these days of bias-cut clothes). I always know my secret is safe with Kotex.

Of course, Kotex in 3 different sizes—Junior, Regular, and Super—is swell. To me they're just like play-suits, date dresses and formals: each one suits a different day's needs—perfectly.

But I was talking about Mom. She's a modern like me... isn't she a peach?

### **Be confident... comfortable... carefree**

**— with Kotex\*!**



**Completes a girl's education.** Send today for the new free booklet "As One Girl To Another". It gives the answers to your intimate questions... tells what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Just send your name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MW-12, Chicago, Illinois, and you'll get a copy FREE.

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)





# IRRESISTIBLE

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WITH  
**Irresistible**  
**RUBY RED**

Glorious doring red for your lips with **IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED** Lipstick... o color that floses like precious rubies. Wear this richest of reds as o brilliant accent to all costumes. Ruby Red Lipstick is **WHIP-TEXT** to be softer, smoother, non-drying, and keeps your lips lovelier longer. Matching Rouge, Face Powder ond Foundation. Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

IT'S *Whip-Text*  
LASTS LONGER...  
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

# BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED  
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Hollywood version of "The New York Story"; Laraine Day, Edward G. Robinson and Edward Arnold line up for the M-G-M film of newspaper life

**ACCENT ON LOVE**—20th Century-Fox: When George Montgomery rebels against his life and his marriage that can't be dissolved because of family pride, he just ups and becomes a ditchdigger and digs until he's straightened out all his problems. Osa Massen, J. Carrol Naish and Cobina Wright Jr. are all very nice, as is Montgomery, but the story's too laden down with message to be very entertaining. (Oct.)

✓ **ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Paramount: Dorothy Lamour is back again in Technicolor and her sarong. Jon Hall is the native who returns from the states with his new education to take over his post as ruler and marry his betrothed, Miss Lamour. But jealous Philip Reed has other ideas and it takes the inevitable volcano in eruption to change his mind. (Nov.)

**ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS**—Republic: Sidney Blackmer and Katharine Alexander can't marry because they're afraid his divorce from Binnie Barnes is illegal, so everybody, including Mary Lee, Billy Gilbert, Jane Frazee, Leo Gorcey and Gilbert Roland, pitches in to straighten things out. (Sept.)

**ARIZONA BOUND**—Monogram: A good old-time Western about a marshal who solves a series of stagecoach robberies. Three favorites, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy and Raymond Hatton, band together in this picture for some out-west shooting and riding. Buck and Tim are tops as Western heroes and Hatton is a fine laugh-getter. (Oct.)

**BACHELOR DADDY**—Universal: Baby Sandy gets cuter with every picture and in this one she makes up for a lot of unfunny episodes. Kathryn Adams is Sandy's mother and she sends the child to Edward Everett Horton, Raymond Walburn and Donald Woods to keep while she's involved with the law. Even with Bert Roach and Franklin Pangborn in the cast, it still isn't very funny. (Oct.)

✓ **BADLANDS OF DAKOTA**—Universal: Straight-shooting Western, with Robert Stack as the Easterner who marries his brother's (Broderick Crawford) fiancée, Ann Rutherford, which starts all the rumpus. Richard Dix is Wild Bill Hickok,

Frances Farmer is Calamity Jane, and Addison Richards is Custer. (Nov.)

**BARNACLE BILL**—M-G-M: Rough-and-ready fun, with Wallace Beery as an old waterfront rascalion always in trouble until his daughter Virginia Weidler succeeds in reforming him. Marjorie Main lends a willing hand to the process, and Donald Meek and Leo Carrillo are also mixed up in the proceedings. (Oct.)

✓ **BELLE STARR**—20th Century-Fox: The notorious woman bandit of the 1860's has been so whitewashed that much of the punch of the picture is lost. Gene Tierney plays *Belle*, who turns out to be a gently bred Southern girl who attempts to re-fight the Civil War. She marries Southern rebel Randy Scott and participates in his escapades until she finds out his cause is only a front for thieving and killing. With Dana Andrews, John Shepperd and Technicolor. (Nov.)

✓ **BIG STORE, THE**—M-G-M: This is supposed to be the Marx Brothers' last picture, and they're retiring on a high note of comedy. It's the Brothers at their best, with plenty of able support from Tony Martin and Virginia O'Brien. Margaret Dumont hires Groucho and Harpo to protect her nephew, Martin, from harm; and the picture takes them on their zany way through a department store. (Sept.)

**BLONDE FROM SINGAPORE, THE**—Columbia: The ever-present jewel thieves are here again in this tired plot, with Florence Rice as a scheming actress who swipes the pearls from Leif Erikson and Gordon Jones, and then sets out to win Alexander D'Arcy, only to find herself in a spot. (Nov.)

**BLONDIE IN SOCIETY**—Columbia: The *Bumpsteeds* get in a jam again when Arthur Lake accepts an enormous great Dane dog but promises not to place it in a dog show and Penny Singleton unknowingly enters it in a show. What follows shouldn't happen to a dog, but it's a lot of fun for the audience. (Oct.)

✓✓ **BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST**—M-G-M: No finer actress than Greer Garson could have been chosen to portray Edna Gladney of Texas, the wo-

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



man who devoted her life to providing homes for nameless children. Walter Pidgeon as the Westerner who marries Greer, Marsha Hunt and Felix Bressart also create memorable portraits. (Sept.)

✓ **BRIDE CAME C.O.D., THE**—Warners: Jimmy Cagney, aviator, foils Bette Davis' elopement with Jack Carson by stranding her in a desert ghost town, to the accompaniment of all kinds of slapstick. You'll get a bang out of it. (Sept.)

✓✓ **CHARLEY'S AUNT**—20th Century-Fox: "Charley's Aunt" gets funnier with every generation. Jack Benny as the Oxford student who is forced to play the aunt of a fellow student is at his funniest. Complications set in when the real aunt, Kay Francis, shows up. See it for the best laugh you've had in years. (Oct.)

**CRACKED NUTS**—Universal: A hollow robot, with Shep Howard concealed inside, convinces Stuart Erwin that robots are a good investment, so crooked promoters Mischa Auer and Bill Frawley promptly take Stewart for all he's got. How he gets it back forms quite a cute finish. With Una Merkel.

✓✓ **DIVE BOMBER**—Warners: Timely, informative, and entertaining is this picture about the experimental work of flight surgeons in the Naval Air Corps. A feud between Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray is the framework for beautiful aviation shots. Alexis Smith registers as a comer, and Ralph Bellamy and Regis Toomey lend grand support. (Nov.)

✓ **DR. KILDARE'S WEDDING DAY**—M.G.M.: The sudden, tragic death of Laraine Day, fiancée of Dr. Kildare, on her wedding day comes as a jarring shock. Through the comfort offered by Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie, Lew Ayres as Kildare is finally able to return to work after his grievous loss. Niles Asther is very good. (Nov.)

**ELLERY QUEEN AND THE PERFECT CRIME**—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy as the overly clever detective, Ellery Queen, proves there's no perfect crime when he solves the death of a promoter who has ruined H. B. Warner and his daughter Linda Hayes. Margaret Lindsay is Queen's secretary.

✓ **FATHER TAKES A WIFE**—RKO-Radio: Gloria Swanson's return is the biggest news of this picture, and it's good news indeed. She's perfectly cast as the stage star who retires to marry Adolph Menjou, expecting a life of peace. Instead, Adolph turns out to be a playboy and his son John Howard is the serious minded one. Desi Arnaz, Helen Broderick and Neil Hamilton are happily cast. (Oct.)

**FLYING BLIND**—Paramount: Loads of noise and thrills and romance are packed into this thriller about spies and intrigue on a honeymoon air express. Richard Arlen is the pilot who neglects his romance with Jean Parker until they find themselves in a plane with villains Roger Pryor and Nils Asther, and daffy bride Marie Wilson. (Nov.)

**FORCED LANDING**—Paramount: Richard Arlen is the hero aviator of this bang-up little movie that's crowded with action. When enemy agents attempt to wreck defense constructions, Dick steps right in and plays havoc with them. Eva Gabor, a beautiful blonde newcomer, provides the love interest. (Oct.)

✓ **GET AWAY, THE**—M.G.M.: Unless you're fed up with gangster fare, this remake of the old picture, "Public Hero Number One," will entertain you, for it's well acted by Dan Dailey Jr., Donna Reed and Robert Sterling. (Sept.)

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

✓ **HERE IS A MAN**—RKO-Radio: Here's a picture that for sheer novelty takes its place among the best of its kind. James Craig is the young farmer who sells his soul to Satan, symbolized by Farmer Walter Huston, and then tries to get out of his bargain. Edward Arnold is Daniel Webster, Simone Simon the devil's henchwoman and Anne Shirley is Craig's devoted wife. (Oct.)

✓✓ **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**—Paramount: Suspense, drama and love abound in this picture about the struggle by immigrants to enter the United States from Mexico. Charles Boyer is an immigrant who marries schoolteacher Olivia de Havilland in order to gain entry into the States and Paulette Goddard is the foreigner who attempts to weave Boyer into her schemes. (Oct.)

✓ **HOLD THAT GHOST**—Universal: You won't care what Abbott and Costello are up to as they wend their way from waiters to gas station attendants to heirs of a deserted, haunted gambling house, because they're man-sized panics all the way through the hilarious nonsense. (Oct.)

**HURRY, CHARLIE, HURRY**—RKO-Radio: Very funny in spots is this Leon Errol comedy, with Errol inviting the Vice-President of the U. S. to a party and three phonies plus the real V. P. show up. (Oct.)

# Rubber Boots to wear over shoes!



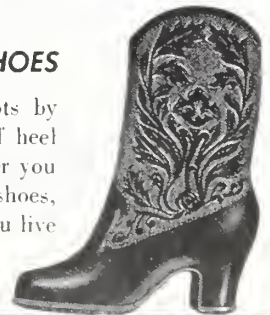
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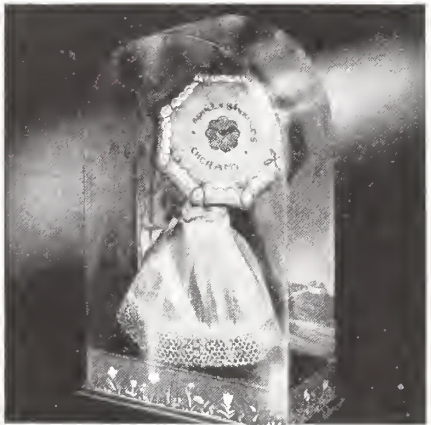




The fragrance of April Showers Talc... delicate, provocative... "the fragrance men love"! Dust it on after your bath... let its sweetness linger about you... through the romantic hours of your date with Him. You'll find it *Exquisite but not Expensive*.



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The most adorable gift you've seen! What appears to be a coy young miss is in reality a generous bottle of delightful April Showers Perfume! Give it to others... and to yourself... only \$1.00

C H E R A M Y p e r f u m e r  
**A P R I L S H O W E R S**  
 Men Love "The Fragrance of Youth"

**I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND**—Columbia: The eternal triangle again, this time on Devil's Island. Donald Woods is a sailor sentenced to three years, Edward Ciannelli is the crooked doctor, and Sally Eilers his unhappy wife in love with Woods. You wouldn't care much. (Sept.)

✓ **KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE**—Paramount: Stage producer Jerome Cowan, musical composer Oscar Levant, and director Don Ameche search for a naive Southern girl for a Broadway show and they discover ex-chorus girl Mary Martin for the role instead. It's breezy and gay. (Sept.)

**KNOCKOUT**—Warners: Arthur Kennedy is a young fighter who marries Olympe Bradna and retires from the ring, only to be double-crossed by his manager, Anthony Quinn. (Sept.)

✓✓ **LADY BE GOOD**—M-G-M: It's a parade of star personalities through a Gershwin musical, with Ann Sothern and Robert Young as a song-writing team who hits the divorce courts twice before things work out. Eleanor Powell, Dan Dailey Jr., Lionel Barrymore, Red Skelton, John Carroll and others all add to this big-time musical. (Oct.)

**LADY SCARFACE**—RKO-Radio: Packages of money mailed to a New York hotel and picked up in error by honeymooning Rand Brooks and Mildred Coles motivate a lot of chasing around. (Oct.)

✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY**—M-G-M—Andy grows up the hard way when he takes a fling at earning his own living in New York; and hunger, a gold digger, and the tragic death of a friend teach him a much-needed lesson. Mickey Rooney is tops as Andy, as is Judy Garland as the annoying girl friend. Pat Dane and Ray McDonald rate plenty of raves. (Nov.)

✓✓ **LITTLE FOXES, THE**—Goldwyn-RKO Radio: An Academy Award contender is this gripping tale. Bette Davis as the ruthless Regina holds her own with such members of the New York stage cast as Patricia Collinge, Charles Dingle and Dan Duryea. Herbert Marshall is perfect as the sick husband and newcomer Teresa Wright is a coming star. (Nov.)

✓✓ **LYDIA**—Korda-U.A.: Different, fascinating and heart-warming is this flashback review of the suitors in one woman's life. The men who loved Merle Oberon but failed to win her are Joseph Cotten, George Reeves, Hans Yarrow and Alan Marshall. All give fine performances. (Nov.)

✓✓ **MAN HUNT**—20th Century-Fox: For sheer melodramatic tenseness, you can't beat this exciting thriller. English sportsman Walter Pidgeon is caught taking a pot shot at Hitler and the Gestapo hunts him through Germany and England. George Sanders plays the Nazi who pursues Pidgeon and Joan Bennett the cockney who befriends him. (Sept.)

✓ **MANPOWER**—Warners: George Raft and Edward G. Robinson are tough power line repairmen who fight it out for the affections of B-girl Marlene Dietrich. When Marlene's father is killed, Robinson marries her, but she falls in love with Raft. The power line repair scenes are excellent. (Oct.)

**MURDER BY INVITATION**—Monogram: Al though this thriller has the same old plot of heirs' trying to get a millionaire declared insane, it's fast-moving and suspenseful. Wallace Ford is the columnist who solves the murders and Marian Marsh is his assistant. (Oct.)

✓ **MOON OVER MIAMI**—20th Century-Fox: A typical Hollywood musical, this, with music, rhythm, color, song and scenery. The story has Carole Landis and Betty Grable inheriting enough money to get to Miami in search of a rich husband for Betty. There they find playboys Robert Cummings and Don Ameche as well as much fun. (Sept.)

✓ **MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE**—RKO-Radio: Light, sophisticated comedy about a husband's efforts to keep his wife from eloping with various admirers, including Gilbert Roland and Reginald Gardiner. Anna Lee is the fluttery, attractive wife, although why she should want to leave husband Ronald Colman is beyond us. (Oct.)

✓ **NEW WINE**—Gloria Productions-U. A.: Alan Curtis plays composer Franz Schubert who is aided and encouraged by Ilona Massey. Although the story is inconsequential, the glorious flood of music and Ilona's beautiful singing of the "Ave Maria" are well worth your time. Albert Basserman contributes a memorable scene as Beethoven. (Oct.)

✓ **NEW YORK TOWN**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray, a sidewalk photographer in New York, shows naive New Englander Mary Martin how to live off the town. But when he tries to marry her off to prosperous Robert Preston, he learns that all the best things in life are free. Akin Tamiroff and Lynne Overman aid MacMurray in this enchanting comedy. (Nov.)

✓ **NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**—Paramount: In spite of its bewhiskered story, Bob Hope makes this picture a laugh-provoking winner. He bets \$10,000 of Paulette Goddard's money that he can tell the truth for twenty-four hours. So Edward Arnold, Leif Erikson and Glenn Anders crowd him into one tight corner after another, with howls of laughter as the result. (Nov.)

**OFFICER AND THE LADY, THE**—Columbia:

Rochelle Hudson is a pretty schoolteacher who refuses to marry Bruce Bennett for fear he'll be killed in a gun battle. He almost is, too, when gangster Sidney Blackmer escapes from prison. (Oct.)

✓ **OUR WIFE**—Columbia: All about one husband, Melvyn Douglas, and his troubles with two women, one an ex-wife, Ellen Drew, and the other his fiancée, scientist Ruth Hussey. Charles Coburn is Ruth's father, also a scientist, and John Hubbard her non-scientific brother. It's got a lot of laughs. (Nov.)

✓ **OUT OF THE FOG**—Warners: Although this is a beautifully executed picture, it's a bit on the arty side. Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen find themselves at the mercy of a cheap racketeer, John Garfield, who also upsets the happiness of Mitchell's daughter, Ida Lupino. With Eddie Albert. (Sept.)

**PAPER BULLETS**—Producers' Releasing Corp. The fate of three people, who as children lived in an orphanage, is followed in this not-bad little movie. Jack LaRue becomes a gangster, Joan Woodbury serves a prison term, and John Archer becomes an engineer. (Sept.)

**PARACHUTE BATTALION**—RKO-Radio: An interestingly done movie of those lads who leap from planes in Uncle Sam's behalf. All sorts of boys who enter the service are revealed in the unfolding of the story, including Robert Preston as the cocky recruit and Edmond O'Brien as the boy who fears fear. Nancy Kelly is the girl. (Oct.)

✓ **PARSON OF PANAMINT, THE**—Paramount: Another good Western, dealing with a young preacher who dares to do his duty in a small Western town. Phillip Terry shows plenty of talent as the fighting fearless parson, and Charlie Ruggles, Ellen Drew and Porter Hall contribute. (Sept.)

**REG'LAR FELLERS**—P. R. C.: The cartoon strip characters, played by Billy Lee, Alfalfa Switzer, and Buddy Boles, are back again for another series of fun. It's a picture for kids. (Nov.)

**RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, THE**—Columbia: This weak little story of a small-town community deals with the rivalry between a banker and a publisher. Frank Craven and Edgar Buchanan, as the two old rivals in love and civic affairs, make up for this puny, unreal little plot. (Sept.)

**RINGSIDE MAISIE**—M-G-M: Weakest in the series is this installment, with Ann Sothern as the good-hearted taxi-dancer, Maisie, who meets up with prize fighter Robert Sterling and his suspicious manager, George Murphy. Young Sterling takes over most of the picture and there's not nearly enough of Maisie. (Oct.)

**SAN ANTONIO ROSE**—Universal: The Merry Macs and Robert Paige take over a night club and with the help of Jane Frazee and Eve Arden, they manage to put it over. This background serves as a good excuse for the almost uninterrupted singing and music, but if you're fans of the Merry Macs, then you're sure to enjoy it. (Sept.)

**SCATTERGOOD MEETS BROADWAY**—Pyra mid-RKO: Scattergood Baines, the small-town Mr. Fix-it played by Guy Kibbee, helps William Henry, the village playwright, outwit Frank Jenks and Bradley Page and present a smash success on the Broadway stage. Its homey flavor is embellished by some bright comedy and corny but good gags. (Nov.)

✓✓ **SERGEANT YORK**—Warners: This superb picture is an adventure into the soul of America and a "must see" for all. Gary Cooper portrays with moving dignity the World War hero who entered the war as a conscientious objector. Joan Leslie as his sweetheart, Walter Brennan as pastor of the hills, and the entire cast are splendid. (Sept.)

✓ **SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS**—Paramount: Straight from Harold Bell Wright's beloved novel comes this story of the people of the bill country, with Harry Carey as the man who comes home to find hate for his desertion of a girl and her son years before. Tom Wayne is the revengeful son and Betty Field the girl who loves him. It's a different story, and one we feel you'll thoroughly enjoy. (Sept.)

**STARS LOOK DOWN, THE**—Grafton Film-M-G-M: A. J. Cronin's novel comes to the screen with an English east under the guiding hand of director Carol Reed, who turns from the suspense film he does so well to move his camera into the lives and hopes and dangers endured by the people of a Welsh coal-mining district. With Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and Emlyn Williams. It's gloomy but moving drama.

✓ **SUN VALLEY SERENADE**—20th Century Fox: Sonja Henie is a Norwegian refugee adopted by band player John Payne, who's in love with Lynn Bari, the band singer. When the orchestra goes to Sun Valley, Sonja goes along, determined to marry John. Sonja's enchanting and her skating numbers are excellent. The story's cute and the sports scenes are wonderful. (Nov.)

**SWEETHEARTS OF THE CAMPUS**—Columbia: This is all about an orchestra that invades a technical college and we shudder to think what would have happened to this picture without the music of Ozzie Nelson's orchestra or the tap-dancing of Ruby Keeler, because it's dull enough even with them.



**TANKS A MILLION**—Hal Roach-U.A.: Running about fifty minutes, this small-sized panic is all about a draftee, a former railway information clerk, William Tracy, who annoys his superior officers by spouting from memory long passages from the Army manual. James Gleason is the enraged officer and Elyse Knox the eye-filler. But it's *Private Tracy's* picture. (Nov.)

✓ **THEY MET IN BOMBAY**—M-G-M: Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell are a couple of jewel thieves in the far East, trying to outsmart each other, with amusing results. There's nothing very new about this old plot, but the two principals give it a big-time air and there are several laughable twists. Jessie Ralph and Peter Lorre contribute strong moments. (Sept.)

**THIS WOMAN IS MINE**—Universal: Luscious Carol Bruce is a stowaway on a trading vessel during the 18th Century with John Carroll, Franchot Tone and Walter Brennan all on the ship. The only exciting moments in the picture are the last scenes depicting the conflict between the Indians and the white men. Otherwise it's completely uninspired. (Nov.)

✓ **TIGHT SHOES**—Mayfair-Universal: This Damon Runyon panic has been translated to the screen with all the Runyon flavor intact and you'll be heartily amused at the awful consequences of wearing shoes that pinch. Broderick Crawford is the gangster who buys a pair of too-tight shoes from clerk John Howard and Brod gives a swell performance. With Binnie Barnes and Anne Gwynne to add to the fun. (Sept.)

**TILLIE THE TOILER**—Columbia: First of a new series, this introduces Kay Harris, who is pert, pretty and talented and makes an ideal Tillie. William Tracy is *Mac*, Jack Arnold the smug *Mr. Whipple*, and Daphne Pollard *Mumsy*. It flounders around a bit due to poor writing and direction, but give *Tillie* time. (Nov.)

**TOM, DICK AND HARRY**—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers is the little telephone operator who must choose between three suitors, business genius George Murphy, zany, poverty-stricken Burgess Meredith and rich Alan Marshall. Ginger dreams of her future with each and her dreams are priceless fun, as is the entire movie. You'll love it. (Oct.)

**TWO IN A TAXI**—Columbia: Russell Hayden, an independent cab driver, gets in so much trouble all because he and his girl friend, Anita Louise, try to scrape up \$300 to buy a gas station. Noah Beery Jr., is in it, too, but see it at your own risk.

✓✓ **UNDERGROUND** — Warners: Gripping, timely, thrilling is this picture dealing with that brave band of German men and women fighting against the Nazi system by means of the illegal radio. Philip Dorn, unknown to his family, is the voice of the radio and Jeffrey Lynn his brother who falls in love with Dorn's accomplice, with resulting tragedy. (Sept.)

✓ **UNFINISHED BUSINESS** — Universal: You'll undoubtedly enjoy this gay movie about small-town girl Irene Dunne who meets and falls in love with debonair Preston Foster who promptly forgets her. Out of spite she marries his brother, Robert Montgomery, but she can't forget Foster, who is the outstanding performer of this picture. (Nov.)

**WEST POINT WIDOW** — Paramount: Anne Shirley plays a nurse who keeps secret her motherhood in order that her West Point husband, Richard Denning, may graduate; and Richard Carlson is an amorous young interne who has no idea of Anne's dilemma in this very pleasing little movie. (Sept.)

✓✓ **WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M: A star-studded picture, this, smart and entertaining. Robert Taylor is in love with authoress Joan Crawford who is in love with publisher Herbert Marshall who is married to Greer Garson with obvious complications. Both the girls do splendid jobs, but Bob Taylor walks away with every scene. (Nov.)

✓ **WHISTLING IN THE DARK** — M-G-M: M-G-M's new prize comedian Red Skelton, is introduced to you in this comedy, and Skelton proves himself a prize indeed as the radio crime story writer who's kidnapped by Conrad Veidt in order to create a perfect crime for Mr. Veidt. It's corn, we admit, but it's funny and gay. (Nov.)

**WILD GEESE CALLING**—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda is the boy with wanderlust who meets Joan Bennett, waterfront chorus girl, and marries her. But he follows disreputable Warren William to Alaska and meets disillusionment before he finally finds contentment. It's slow and aimless and dull, and Joan Bennett is thoroughly miscast. (Nov.)

**WORLD PREMIERE**—Paramount: John Barrymore is a movie producer who takes the cast of his movie, including Ricardo Cortez as the star and Virginia Dale the heroine, to Washington for the world premiere. A couple of sahoteurs get mixed up with the troupe, but Barrymore happily believes it all a publicity stunt. It should be funny, but it turns out to be very unfunny. (Nov.)



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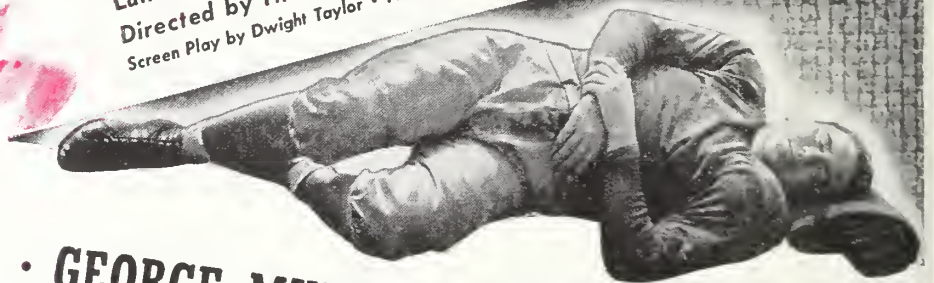
**THRILLING CAROLE LANDIS**



Together in the most exciting picture you will see this year!

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Directed by H. Bruce Humberstone • Produced by Milton Sperling  
Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • From the novel "I Wake Up Screaming" by Steve Fisher



**JACK OAKIE • GEORGE MURPHY • LINDA DARNELL  
WALTER BRENNAN • MILTON BERLE**

in Mark Hellinger's

**RISE**

and

**SHINE**

THEY'RE ALL COMPLETELY WACKY  
... BUT, OH, WHAT FUN THEY ARE!

THE LAUGHS COME LOUD, LONG . . . AND CLOSE TOGETHER! AND THERE'S MUSIC, TOO!



Sheldon Leonard • Donald Meek • with Ruth Donnelly • Raymond Walburn  
Directed by Allan Dwan

From the story by JAMES THURBER



# The SHADOW STAGE

## REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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



Emotional masterpiece, "Rebecca" style: Cary Grant, Joan Fontaine in "Suspicion"



Exciting and timely show: Tyrone Power, Betty Grable in "A Yank in the R. A. F."

### ✓✓ Suspicion (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** *A naïve English girl who marries a lovable ne'er-do-well.*

ALL the disturbing and magnetic qualities of "Rebecca," a picture that brought fame to all concerned and especially to its director, Alfred Hitchcock, are embodied in this emotional masterpiece, brought to the screen by the same director, a past master at the art of suspense in pictures.

Here, my friends, is intelligent, brilliant movie-making. Here is an example of what can be done when time, talent and intelligence are brought together.

Again Joan Fontaine creates that feeling of helpless hopelessness that marked her work in "Rebecca." A naïve English girl, carefully brought up by her parents, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Dame May Whitty, Joan falls head over heels in love with Cary Grant, a scamp, a playboy and a bit of a scoundrel.

It's not until their honeymoon is over that Joan is brought face to face with her husband's weaknesses, his lying, embezzling, worthlessness, all relieved by his complete loveliness. Then a darker, more evil thing creeps into their lives, tearing them asunder

### The Best Pictures of the Month

Ladies in Retirement

Suspicion

A Yank in the R. A. F.

Sundown

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

### Best Performances

Ida Lupino in "Ladies in Retirement"

Louis Hayward in "Ladies in Retirement"

Joan Fontaine in "Suspicion"

Cary Grant in "Suspicion"

Tyrone Power in "A Yank in the R. A. F."

Betty Grable in "A Yank in the R. A. F."

Ingrid Bergman in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

Lana Turner in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

with dread and suspicion. The ending is weak. It should, to our notion, go on to its inevitable climax. Desperation does bring on fearful, undreamed-of consequences. Why not have them completed, rather than leave the audience wondering as to what eventually did come about?

However, this is the picture's only fault and one that may be remedied before its release.

So see it, rejoice at its emotional beauty, its shading, its lights and its so dark shadows.

**Your Reviewer Says:** A triumph of direction and acting.

### ✓ A Yank in the R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox)

**It's About:** *The amorous and armorous adventures of an American lad in London.*

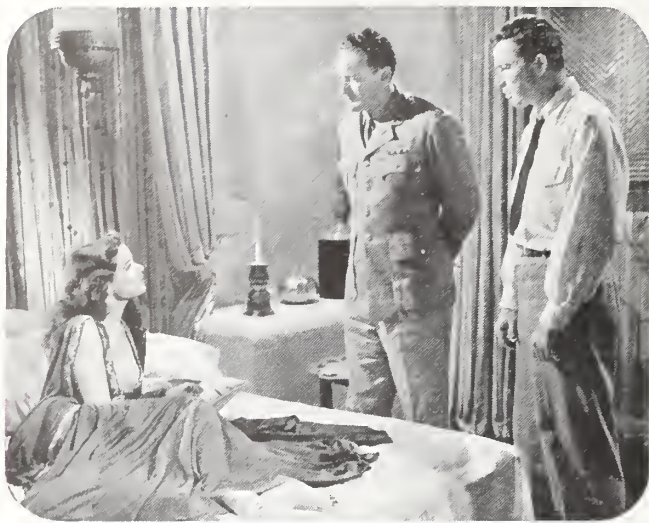
HISTORY, incorporated in a slapping love story, adds up to pretty good entertainment with Ty Power, the fearless, cocky, gum-chewing American, joining the R.A.F. and wooing night-club dancer Betty Grable on the side.

The pamphlet-dropping flights over Berlin, the tremendous scenes at Dunkirk, glimpses of London's first-aid

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 106



# THE SHADOW STAGE



Off-the-beaten-path drama: Gene Tierney, George Sanders and Bruce Cabot in Wanger's "Sundown"



Riotous: Molly McGee, Lucille Ball, Fibber McGee and Edgar Bergen in "Look Who's Laughing"

stations and the R.A.F. quarters are intriguingly interesting.

There's the eternal triangle, of course, with Betty, the little American in London, charming the English officers right out of their jolly senses. Reggie Gardiner, who tries desperately to meet her, and John Sutton, who not only meets her but almost wins her, are so very good.

People from Oklahoma aren't going to be happy over an aspersion made on their general vicinity, but with that exception, it's an exciting and timely show.

**Your Reviewer Says:** An up-in-the-air, up-to-the-minute movie.

## ✓ Sundown (Wanger)

**It's About:** *Guarding the far-flung outposts in Africa.*

**D**RUMS beating out the mysteries of Africa mount to a quick tempo of sustained action in this story of a British government outpost. In fact, the picture at times almost loses itself in a whirlwind of shooting, spying and gun-running. Still, with George Sanders, Bruce Cabot, Joseph Calleia, Reginald Gardiner and Gene Tierney to inject some fine acting, "Sundown" emerges a worth-while epic.

The black and white of the picture fails to do it justice, for the scenery fairly cries out for color. Bruce Cabot as *Commissioner* of the post steals most of the honors, with George Sanders shining in a dramatic death scene. Reggie Gardiner, as usual, went along for the laughs.

Miss Tierney stars in this picture, made outside her own home studio. As the supposedly half-caste girl, she

is very beautiful. Carl Esmond turns in some good work as the gun planter.

It's off the beaten path and, at times, exciting. We think for these reasons you'll like it.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Something different under the sundown.

## ✓✓ Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)

**It's About:** *One woman's terrific sacrifice for those she loves.*

**I**N A subdued and quiet vein the stage play, "Ladies in Retirement," translated to the screen in a superb manner, creeps up on its audiences slowly, eerily, stealthily. We are tensely aware, long ahead of their culmination, that dreadful things are about to happen and yet the suspense never relaxes for a moment when they do transpire.

Ida Lupino, we feel, is responsible in a great measure for this compelling quality of repulsion and sympathy, equally blended, that runs hand in hand throughout the story. Ida has learned the lesson of quiet underplaying and although she ruthlessly murders in order to provide a permanent home for her mentally ill sisters, never once does she lose the sympathy of the audience. And that's play-acting, brothers and sisters, what is play-acting.

Louis Hayward (Miss Lupino's husband in private life) easily rates second honors as the rascal who, in conjunction with the maid, Evelyn Keyes, uncovers Miss Lupino's dark secret. Miss Keyes is very good herself, progressing rapidly as an actress of ability.

We especially liked the work of Isobel Elsom, the victim, and Edith Barrett as one of the demented sisters. Both were splendid. Less convincing, we felt, was Elsa Lanchester as the second sister.

The moors of England, misty, scary and weird, provide fitting atmosphere for the dark story.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Brilliant tale-telling.

## ✓ Look Who's Laughing (RKO-Radio)

**It's About:** *A radio entertainer who goes to a small town for a vacation.*

**L**AUGHS follow one after the other at the comic antics of Fibber McGee and Molly, and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy in this riotous, unsophisticated comedy.

Edgar Bergen's a radio entertainer who with Charlie McCarthy lands in a small town for a vacation, leaving his devoted secretary, Lucille Ball, at home. Fibber McGee is president of the Chamber of Commerce of the town and, with the help of Molly, is trying to get Neil Hamilton, head of an airline, to buy the local flying field for an airport. But a couple of land sharks want to get the field for themselves and it requires everyone's combined efforts to thwart them. On this slim thread of plot is built a combination of gags that, though corny, are always good for a lot of laughs. One of the most hilarious scenes is one in which McGee is at the controls of a runaway airplane.

**Your Reviewer Says:** Good, clean wholesome fun.

(Continued on page 100)



# Picture Book Glamour



## *Sugar Plum and Gingerbread*



new nail shades  
by **CUTEX**

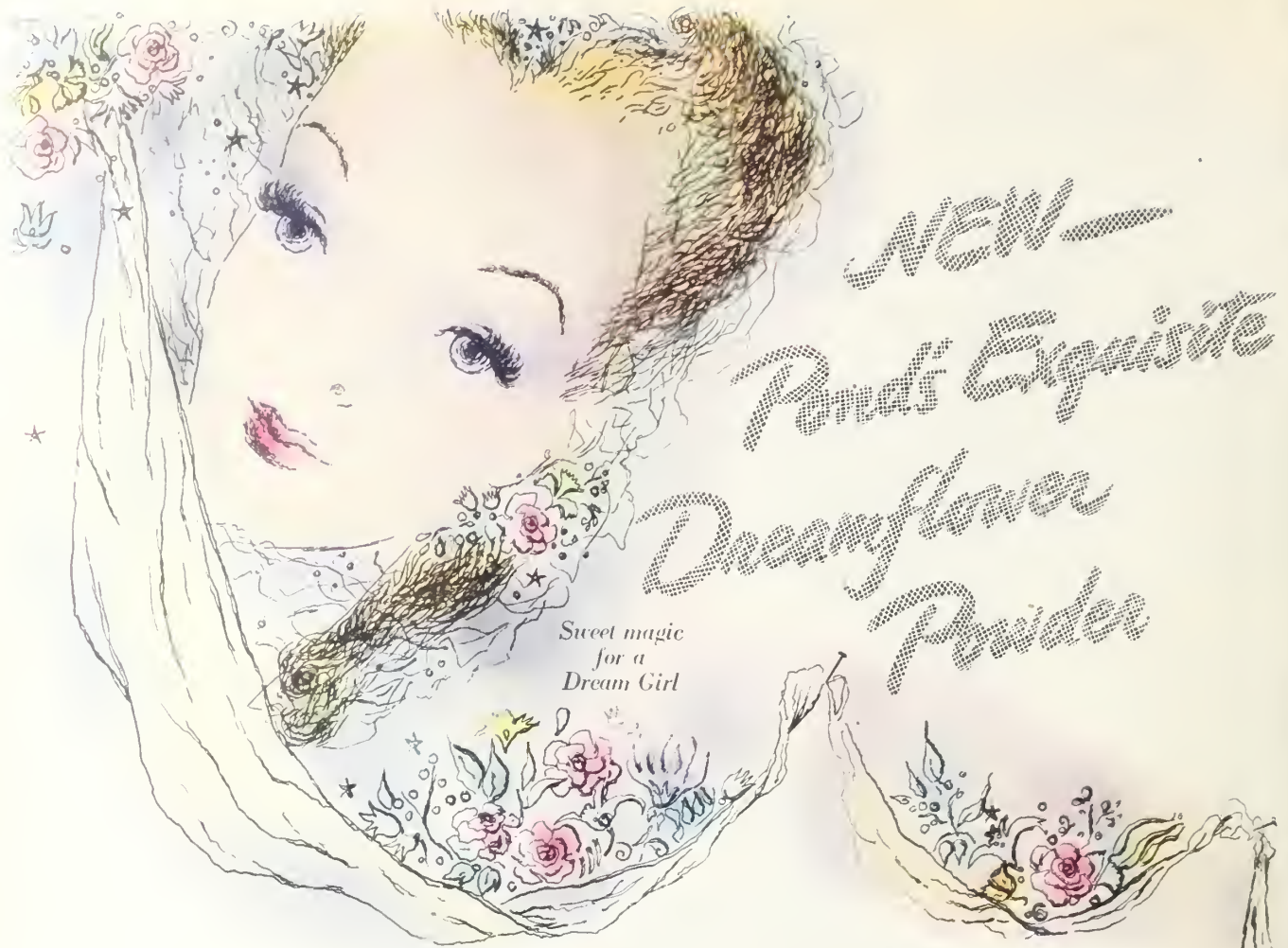
For that "Professional Look"—and Longer Wear USE 2 COATS

*Cutex on her fingers, Cutex on her toes, she shall have fun wherever she goes . . . in these gay new picture-book nail shades by Cutex.*

**SUGAR PLUM**—a real fairy-princess color—deep, dark, exciting! **GINGERBREAD** warm and amber-tinted—a cunning new snare for your dashing prince charming! There's fairy-tale magic, too, in the way Cutex flows on . . . in its sparkling, flattering lustre! Only 10¢ in the U. S. If you go in for "simpler sophistication," try the new Cutex charmer—**SHEER NATURAL**.

Northam Warren, New York





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for a  
Dream Girl



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**New Dreamflower Smoothness**—ethereally soft and clinging. Gives your face a dreamy "soft-focus" quality . . . an all-over smooth look almost too good to be true!



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"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is heavenly! Among those luscious new shades you can't help finding a flatterer. And such unbelievably silky texture!"

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**Free—All 6 Dreamflower shades**

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My name \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

(This offer good in U. S. only)





## After One Year

**T**HIS is the twelfth issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. Do you mind leaving the Hollywood scene for a few minutes to come into my office and get a glimpse of what has happened to the magazine that so many of you write me is your favorite?

If you will look at the cover of this issue, you'll see the line "Largest Circulation of Any Screen Magazine." That claim is based on the latest figures released by the ABC, which is the nickname we editors and publishers give to the Audit Bureau of Circulations. The first six issues of Photoplay-Movie Mirror acquired a total monthly sale of 743,934 copies. Our next closest competitor, which formerly could claim the largest circulation, had over 120,000 less monthly for that same period.

Latest reports indicate that our circulation is now well over 800,000.

Recently at a convention of Pacific Coast distributors I was asked to tell why I thought Photoplay-Movie Mirror had succeeded.

When we merged Photoplay and Movie Mirror we determined that it would really be "two great magazines for the price of one," and our publishing house allocated many thousands of dollars to the color section which was added to the book. In addition I was allowed to purchase the work of the finest writers in America, including Hedda Hopper, Faith Baldwin, Louis Bromfield, Ruth Waterbury, Sara Hamilton, Dorothy Kilgallen and others. The figures show that more readers went out and bought copies of our September issue than were bought by the readers of both Photoplay and Movie Mirror a year ago.

Yes, Photoplay-Movie Mirror tries to be a bargain—but more than that, we try to be a magazine you can thoroughly believe.

I don't pretend that Hollywood likes all the things that "Fearless" writes, because as you who follow his stories know, "Fearless" is not a great respecter of persons. However, he does try to be fair, truthful and, far from

trying to break down reputations, he wishes merely to show that Hollywood stars are human beings just as we are. We are not perfect physically, we get irritable and have fights with our associates, we have friendships we don't often talk about, we have our little pride about our age and we have our problems with our relatives. That doesn't make us bad people; it does make us understandable people.

The same is true of the candid writings of Hedda Hopper and Dorothy Kilgallen. Miss Hopper has just agreed to do a new series for you and I hope to offer you many more stimulating articles by Miss Kilgallen.

**A** LETTER reached my desk the other day which is so much like many others we have been receiving that I shall be immodest enough for the magazine to print it. It comes from Marjorie Giroux of Vancouver, British Columbia, and she says:

"I guess I'm one of the many, many thousands who have written you concerning your super-elegant movie magazine, Photoplay-Movie Mirror. I usually look inside a movie mag to see if there are the kinds of stories and photos of stars I like in it before I purchase it, and to be frank, I used to do that with Photoplay-Movie Mirror. But since the last seven issues I've had no cause to. It's just pure confidence. I know there are in it the things I like to read. I buy an extra copy to send to a pen-pal of mine overseas. . . ."

There are things about this publication, I know, that some of you don't like; I welcome your frank criticisms. But I do hope you will continue to go along the road with us as hearteningly as you have in our first year of life. I like to think that we have carried out our promise to give you two great magazines for the price of one.

*Ernest W. Heyn*



Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, human, hearty, forthright pastor of a New York church, who watched the stars as they worked, as they romanced, then decided to inform the public



Dr. Peale with Mrs. Peale, Margaret Ann and John Stafford. Dr. Peale was technical advisor on "One Foot In Heaven," saga of an American preacher with Fredric March, Martha Scott

BY WILBUR MORSE JR.



## A Minister

"**M**OVIE stars work too hard to do much sinning!" He grinned a little as he said it, this genial, easy-mannered minister who had climbed down from his pulpit in a fashionable Fifth Avenue church to spend two months in Hollywood as a technical director on "One Foot In Heaven," Warner Brothers' saga of an American preacher.

Hollywood has been pictured in a dozen different ways by visitors returned to their normal day-to-day existence after a whirl on the merry-go-round of the movies. Some have labeled it phony. Others have called it chaos. To some it is wild and wicked and to as many others it is a veritable paradise, where every passer-by on the sidewalk is a glamour girl and gold pours out of bottomless baskets like jellybeans from a slot machine.

But to Dr. Norman Vincent Peale,

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR





Below: Martha Scott, Fredric March and Dr. Peale talk with Mrs. William H. Spence, widow of the minister whose life March portrays in the picture

Above: Asked a leading question by Dr. Peale, the frank Bette Davis did not hesitate to answer, gave him a startling insight into the life of an actress



# Looks at Hollywood Morals

human, hearty, forthright pastor of New York's Marble Collegiate Church, Hollywood was none of these. It was, he said, as if he long had heard legends of a land, then visited it himself to find it utterly different from anything he had expected. The lotus land of rumor proved, on inspection, to be a country of conscientious, hard workers.

Hollywood and the movies for years have patiently borne with blue-nosed investigators from one religious organization or another who have peered at its people and its product with a "holier than thou" attitude and then pompously issued pronouncements that lashed at its morals or manners.

It was, therefore, something of a pleasant shock to have one of America's best known and most widely respected clergymen turn public defender of filmdom's reputation. It was even more of a novelty to have a

leading churchman not only defend Hollywood but lay a large and lofty bouquet at its feet.

After mingling with hundreds of Hollywood celebrities for two months, diligently reporting for duty on a movie set six days a week, meeting the stars at their parties, watching them as they romanced and relaxed, Dr. Peale prepared a list of "Hollywood Discoveries" that should interest every film fan who has ever dreamed of the capital as a gay, abandoned, modern version of a frontier dance hall.

"I have made ten discoveries about Hollywood that I believe are contrary to the average layman's impression of the place," said Dr. Peale.

"1. A minister can feel very much at home in Hollywood.

"2. It is the hardest working place I ever saw.

"3. I found its people not blasé and sophisticated, but wholesome,

friendly, home-loving folks.

"4. The handful of actors who have bad reputations, the few irresponsibles, do not represent Hollywood and are frowned upon by the motion-picture community.

"5. It is more than a money-making industry, for its leaders and personnel find a satisfaction in getting over a message of Americanism and the better things.

"6. It is a vast, efficient place of business, where a great commodity is being produced for the pleasure of 80,000,000 American movie-goers and not a scene of revelry.

"7. To watch the making of a movie is one of the most interesting and fascinating experiences any man can have and one marvels at the ingenuity and resourcefulness, the infinite patience and skill required. One's respect for the people who make movies increases every day.

"8. Holly- (Continued on page 84)



# Exclusive! THE REAL REASON WHY

It was almost impossible to get this story, for the boy himself wouldn't talk. But we finally uncovered this amazing truth

BY HELEN GILMORE



**H**AS Stirling Hayden really quit Hollywood? Or is it just a publicity stunt? Or will he change his mind, as any man has a right to do, and return after all?

We give you the answer on the best authority in the world, the man himself. Young

Hayden has quit Hollywood. It is not just a publicity stunt. When you know a little more about him you'll understand why this lad would never lend himself to such a—well, "phony" is the word he would use to describe such a setup.

As for changing his mind, you can bank on this: He won't change it while the world is the kind of a place it is today. This doesn't mean he will never go back. Never is such a long, long word. But for the present and for many moons to come young Hayden has locked his Hollywood door and thrown the key away.

Everyone is asking why. Why, with fame served up like a golden oyster before him, has this blonde young giant chosen to turn his face away from the Hollywood feast?

A lot of people would like to know and a lot of people haven't been able to find out. The boy isn't talking. His studio isn't talking.

In fact, there is no more difficult story to get in all Hollywood today. We bring it to you culled from many sources, from friends, from fellow

workers, patched together out of a crazy quilt of the boy's own thoughts expressed and half expressed. And they all add up to the likeness of a man. heartening, inspiring.

In order to get a proper understanding of the picture you must bear in mind that Stirling Hayden went to Hollywood for one single purpose: to make some money. "Sure," he says with that grin that loses its hardness by its sheer honesty, "everybody goes there for that reason." Well, not quite. Stirling. A lot of people go there because they like to act.

Not so our young viking. Stymied for the time being in his efforts to pursue the seafaring life for which he had equipped himself, and needing cash to meet his own expenses and those of his mother, he took the chance Hollywood offered, the part in "Virginia" which in that single picture was to make him one of his studios most valuable properties.

But as for being an actor—"I'm no actor! I'm a sailor," he snorts. "I wasn't acting when I appeared in 'Virginia' and 'Bahama Passage.' I did the best I could. But I couldn't get used to having a guy follow me around, powdering my face before every 'take,' combing my hair, fixing my necktie, brushing my clothes. I couldn't get used to standing there before the cameras, saying the same lines over and over, making the same gestures. I couldn't get used to sitting in some projection room watching myself in the 'rushes.'"

Other young actors feel much the same way when they first start their studio life, but they get used to it. Hayden never did—not quite. By

spells he'd sell himself on the idea that he too was getting used to it. But underneath it continued to gripe and went right on griping until it became one of those nebulous contributing factors when the moment for his big decision came.

**W**HEN the papers broke the news of his departure, harsh comments went out in certain quarters that he couldn't have chosen a more melodramatic gesture than to fling his California license plates into the Atlantic Ocean when he reached Gloucester, which was his old sea-going stamping ground. In simple justice to the boy let it be said what he did was a most natural thing for him to do. He wouldn't be driving a car again in California for a long while so his license plates were no longer of any use to him. He took them off and, since at the time he happened to be standing on a wharf, he simply dropped them overboard into the ocean. There was no thought of melodrama about his action. Anyone with the most elemental knowledge of human psychology who had ever met Stirling Hayden would never have made the accusation. He doesn't think that way.

Yes, Hollywood has bitten Stirling deeply. When he left, the town's cynicism came to the surface. Some said it was all sheer publicity—a press agent earning his beer. Others said it was Madeleine Carroll—that their romance had hit a snag and Stirling was no guy to stand around and take it. Still others opined he was bound to run away (*Continued on page 76*)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



# STIRLING HAYDEN QUIT HOLLYWOOD







Barbara Stanwyck: Far and away she is one of the three "best sufferers" on the screen today



Jimmy Stewart: "I never heard any movie fan, man, woman or child, say, 'I don't like Jimmy Stewart'"



Irene Dunne: "Of all the actresses who emote through clenched teeth I think she is the best"

nerisms at you on the slightest provocation . . . I've never heard any movie fan, man, woman or child, say: "I don't like Jimmy Stewart." . . . I guess in real life George Raft must be as much of a killer-diller with the Sweet Sex as he is with a machine gun on the screen. Any lad who can get himself linked romantically with Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich and Betty Grable all in the same year certainly deserves the title of Hollywood's Most Glamorous Grandpa . . . Phooey on remakes.

For sheer whimsical charm on the silver screen, Burgess Meredith takes the fudge cake . . . Seeing "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde," which Victor Fleming was responsible for, made me decide that those other four directors must have done most of the work on "Gone With The Wind" . . . Hollywood names are often deliciously incredible. My favorite monickers on the screen title sheets are Van Nest Polglase, Omar Kiam, Pandro Berman, Hermes Pan and Slavko Vorkapich . . . Errol Flynn gets braver and braver in every picture I see. He's just not afraid of sleet or storm or villains or wild horses or crashing airplanes. Gosh, he's wonderful . . . Bank nights, Wallace Beery and "Blondie" pictures chase me out of theaters . . . I love movies with duelling scenes, especially when Basil Rathbone or Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is doing the duelling.

I think the "Dr. Kildare" pictures are pretty good entertainment . . . I think Ilka Chase looks like Virginia Weidler grown up, or vice versa. And their acting has a great deal in common. That minxy, witchy tang, junior and senior . . . I wish stars, semi-stars and starlets would stop announcing at intervals to the press that they are dying to marry their current flame, Joe Schmaltz or Lizzie Zilch, and would hop off to Yuma on the very next skyliner were it not for the

devastatingly unfortunate fact that their contracts forbid them, in stern black and white, to marry before five years are up. If that's all that's holding up the orange blossoms, they can hop right to it. Any lawyer would tell them that a contract forbidding marriage is against public interest and would be null and void in any state in the union.

I guess John Ford will never make a picture without a rainsoaked street, a pipe-smoking fellow silhouetted against a thick white mist, a blind man singing a falsetto ballad, a silent scuffle in the dark. Any more than Ernst Lubitsch will ever make a film without a shot of a champagne cork popping, a foreign-brand limousine, or the flash of a French maid's petticoats . . . Most dour actor I ever encountered was Maurice Chevalier . . . I've been to plenty of rodeos but I've never seen any cowboys who looked like Gary Cooper. Maybe that's what's wrong with the Lone Prairee . . . Most exciting thriller film this year was "Man Hunt" . . . Cary Grant looks prettier than any of the boys in a pork pie hat.

I miss John and Elaine Barrymore's comic entrances to and exits from the front pages. They were cheering pinches of fluff in gazettes forced to mirror gore, horror and tragedy . . . I haven't really roared at a Bob Hope picture since "The Ghost Breakers." That really topped them all . . . If any foreign correspondent behaved the way Joel McCrea did in "Foreign Correspondent," he would be an ex-foreign correspondent within twenty-four hours. A short cable from the home city desk would do it . . . I never saw any platinum blonde hair that looked real, except Jean Harlow's . . . I've often wondered who selects those "Selected Short Subjects." My guess would be a guy with a grudge (Continued on page 68)

## Frame for Fame

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page 35

#### Joel McCrea

Appearing in Paramount's  
"Sullivan's Travels"

page 38

#### Jeanette MacDonald

Appearing in M-G-M's  
"Smilin' Through"

page 39

#### William Holden

Appearing in Paramount's  
"The Remarkable Andrew"

page 42



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Loretta Young









Men marry her: Carole at the time she was the wife of Willis Hunt

# Glamour Girls ARE SUCKERS!

by Carole Landis

as told to Gladys Hall



Men like her: Enthusiastic cadets at Fort Ord gave her a puppy after a personal appearance

They let men hurt them because they don't know how to handle men. A startling confession by a girl who sees her mistakes

**A** SUCKER? Me? Listen! A great, terrific constant thing came into my life. A man, of course. For obvious reasons I can't use his name, but he is an actor and—it was love I felt. Real love. I knew it and I still know it. There I was, there was little Carole being so happy, so ecstatic, so delirious, so willing to forsake all others (again) and all that!

Glamour girls are hard, eh? Glamour girls are self-sufficient, vain, pampered, flattered, foolish, spoiled, popular, too popular to care whether Tom walks 'out or not because Dick and Harry, twenty of each, are lined up to take his place?

Let me tell you this: Every girl in the world wants to find the right man, someone who is sympathetic and understanding and helpful and strong, someone she can love madly. Actresses are no exceptions; glamour girls are certainly no exceptions. The glamour and the tinsel, the fame and the money mean very little if there is a hurt in the heart.

Most of us have hurts in our hearts—don't you think otherwise.

Why all you have to do is think us over . . . think of Marlene Dietrich, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner. For all of Marlene's beauty and exoticism, for all the adoration she has from men, what is her deepest concern, her dearest love? Her daughter Maria, as everyone who really knows Marlene will tell you. Hedy is simply lacquered with loveliness and acclaim, but what does she do? She adopts a little son who is her whole life. Take Lana—the romances she has had! Yet I know she really wants marriage. She's told me so. Marriage and home and stability, that's what Lana talks about when we're just two girls together.

If glamour girls are so smart, so shrewd, so devastating to men, why don't we have home and love and marriage? Or, having them, why don't we hold them?

*Glamour girls are not smart with men.* In many other ways, yes, but

not with men. I give you the story I started to tell as proof: There I was, as I said, but in love. This went on for months. We were constantly together every possible moment. I felt this, at last, was it. I saw no one else, didn't want to see anyone else. I lived in a dream when, suddenly, a little girl, a nonprofessional, not pretty really, clothes just so-so but not chichi, vivacious perhaps, but that was all, stepped in and—here I am!

No such thing as a broken heart, the medicos say. Well, maybe not. . . .

To continue my demonstration of how un-smart I was, when I first met X., as I'll call him, I was going with another fellow who was simply magnificent. He was fine, substantial and devoted. So I meet X. and, bang, out the door goes the other fellow! I threw out a wonderful future and (here is where I show myself up as a candidate for the giggle-house) I told X. what I had done! That's not being very smart, that's being very dumb. For (Continued on page 77)





Joel M. Coe






J. Macdonald

*Julie Macdonald*





"I wanted to kiss you and you wanted me to," Candy said. "There's no sense at all fighting it, honey."



# HONKY-TONK

A girl has to use her head to get what her heart wants—especially when a man's like Candy, "not the marryin' kind"

Fiction version by  
LEE PENNINGTON

## THE CAST

Candy Johnson.....Clark Gable  
Elizabeth Cotton.....Lana Turner  
Judge Cotton.....Frank Margan  
Gold Dust Nelson.....Claire Trevor  
Mrs. Varner.....Marjorie Main  
Brazos Hearn.....Albert Dekker  
Sniper.....Chill Wills

Screen play by Marguerite Roberts and John Sanford. Directed by Jack Conway. Produced by Pandora S. Berman. Copyright 1941 by Loew's Inc.

AS the train for Yellow Creek pulled away from the water tower two men jumped from their hiding place in the scrub brush and swung onto the last car. Their bodies, one lithe and one burly, were silhouetted against the evening sky, clearly visible to another group of men running across the tracks. The newcomers—one carrying a smoking pail, another a pillow which was rapidly losing its feathers—streaked after the first pair, screaming vigorous western oaths and cries of "thief," "crook" and "cardsharp." A few drew guns and fired after the now rapidly moving train. At the shots, the burly man ducked abruptly into the car; his companion, in mocking enjoyment of the pursuers' rage, blithely thumbed his nose at them and then followed his friend through the car door.

"This being run out of some little one-horse town by a tar and feather party is becoming altogether too frequent, Candy," the burly man complained when they had found seats, "we'd better lay low for a while."

Unexpectedly, Candy Johnson nodded agreement. Candy didn't mind being called a cardsharp—in his estimation the world was made up of suckers and those who were not suckers and the suckers were the legitimate prey of the non-suckers—and he got as much satisfaction from depriving his victims of revenge as he did from acquiring their money. But the eternal necessity for flight was growing monotonous.

"You're right, Sniper," he said slowly. He pulled a paper sack from his pocket and began munching a caramel. "I've been thinking that the thing to do is get myself a town, run it to suit myself. That way, if anybody gets chased it'll be some other fellow, not me. Now I figure—" he broke off as he glimpsed a girl seated at the opposite end of the car. Returning the candy to his pocket he rose and sauntered with casual purposefulness down the aisle.

The girl gave no sign that she was aware of his presence. She was looking out the window, her hair a vibrant golden halo against the dust-grayed glass. As Candy hesitated, wondering whether to base his approach on the primness of her dove-colored traveling dress or on the voluptuousness of the figure which it accentuated rather than concealed, her handkerchief slid to the floor. Candy smiled knowingly.

"Your handkerchief, ma'am," and he handed it to her with a bow as confident as it was graceful.

Elizabeth Cotton whirled away from the window, her face coloring in confusion. "Why—why, thank you." For a moment blue eyes looked deep into blue eyes, then Elizabeth's went back to the window.

Candy dropped into the opposite seat. "It's a nice new handkerchief," he observed, "for such an old trick." There was no escaping the meaning in his soft voice or, when she faced him, the sardonic amusement in his eyes.

"You seem (Continued on page 86)



"For such a little thing, she's sure spunky," Candy summed up Elizabeth





*William Holden*



Poetically Speaking—

# MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN

A merry tale all told in rhyme  
Of love and bugaboos and crime.  
Max Fleischer made it up one day  
And Paramount said, "That's okay!"

... they've got us rhyming too!



I  
Hoppity loved Honey Bee  
Asked her to a nitery,  
Little knowing also there,  
Would be Bugville's Dead-End pair.



II  
Smack, mosquito, Swat, the fly,  
Had been hired for to spy  
By that dreadful Mr. Beetle  
Whom you won't like, not a leetle.



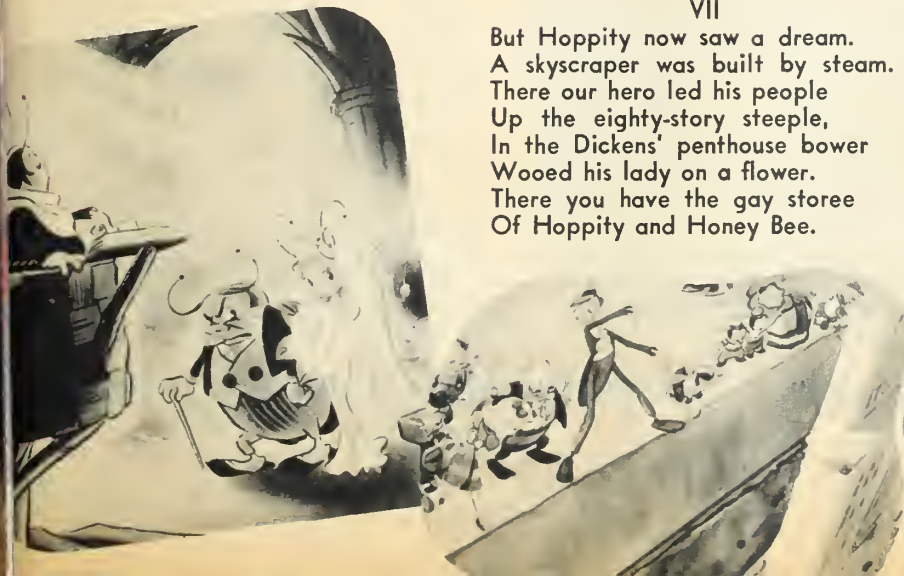
III  
He was jealous as could be  
Of Honey Bee and Hoppity.  
So when Swat and Smack reported  
How they danced, why, Beetle snorted!

IV  
Hoppity fell down a wall,  
Found a garden home for all.  
But the Dickens' sprinkler system  
Soused the Bugs until they hissed 'im.



V  
Now, then, Beetle loudly cried  
Honey Bee must be his bride  
Or her honey shop he'd close.  
Honey donned her wedding clothes.

VI  
In the middle of the church  
Suddenly there was a lurch.  
All the Bugs began to whoop  
At the excavator's scoop.



VII  
But Hoppity now saw a dream.  
A skyscraper was built by steam.  
There our hero led his people  
Up the eighty-story steeple,  
In the Dickens' penthouse bower  
Wooed his lady on a flower.  
There you have the gay storee  
Of Hoppity and Honey Bee.







# SURPRISE ROMANCE—

## How Ginger Rogers

It was Ginger who lost her heart first. She saw George on the screen, arranged

**A** FEW weeks ago Hollywood was agasp over a brand-new romance. Agasp, because the lady in the case was no other than Ginger Rogers and the man a tall, shy, cowboy who wasn't as yet within shouting distance of Ginger's pinnacle of stardom. But George Montgomery and Ginger were being seen everywhere together. Romance rumors spread thick and fast.

Then the town, sniffing the signs, as it thought, decided with the speed for which it is noted that the moonlight and roses for Ginger and George were over.

But for once Hollywood is mistaken. Not that this charming romance is the most serious in the world, for there are certain counts against it, as there are in all such sentimental matters. Likewise there are some facts in its favor on which you can bank.

George Montgomery is head over heels in love with Ginger and has already asked her to be his wife when and on that word "when" hangs the story of this Montana cowboy.

And Ginger—what about her answer? Well, you can take our exclusive word for it that when her stalwart young man saw her off on the streamliner headed east to visit her aunt and uncle in Kansas City, Ginger was, doing some concentrated thinking about him.

The job of making these two talk about themselves hasn't been easy. But after a mellowing luncheon George did let down some of the bars.

"I think," he said frankly, "Ginger is the loveliest girl I have ever met." As far as Ginger is concerned, George is her ideal come true.

It all happened at the movies, of all things. Ginger and a friend had gone to a neighborhood theater to see "The Cowboy And The Lady." From the screen stepped forth a six-foot-two, blue-eyed young man—and like thousands upon thousands





# and George Montgomery Fell in Love

a meeting. Now he's asked her to marry him when — but this is what happened

of other fans the nation over, Ginger, a star and an Academy Award winner, sat enthralled before the spectacle of this handsome movie hero.

She went home with her heart in her throat. No difference that she herself was a star of the first magnitude, no difference that in a precious niche in her home rested the Oscar given her for the best performance of the year, no difference that she had received thousands of letters herself that began, "Dear Ginger: I saw you in a movie last night and I can't forget you. . . ." No, no difference, for now, at last, it was happening to the star herself. She couldn't forget her movie hero, either.

She telephoned her agent, Leland Hayward (Maggie Sullavan's husband), next morning and asked that he arrange a meeting with Montgomery. There, alas, is where Ginger leaves her little movie-fan sisters behind. They cannot telephone a meeting with dream lovers, but this is Hollywood, of course, where anything can happen. Ginger's agent, in turn, telephoned George's agent, Johnny Maschio, who sauntered out to Twentieth Century-Fox to arrange a meeting. A few nights later Ginger's telephone rang. It was that boy from up there on the screen, and he was asking for a date. He got it. With agent Maschio and his lovely wife, Constance Moore, they went to *Ciro's* and danced.

**I**T MAY have been Ginger who lost her heart first, but George was not far behind. This was the girl he'd been waiting for and he'd known some lovelies. Only a few nights before he had escorted Gloria Vanderbilt to a swanky premiere, amid the "ohs" and "ahs" that went up from the storming tourists. George himself, just twenty-five, and Gloria, a fresh seventeen, were a handsome pair. Very quietly, (Continued on page 93)

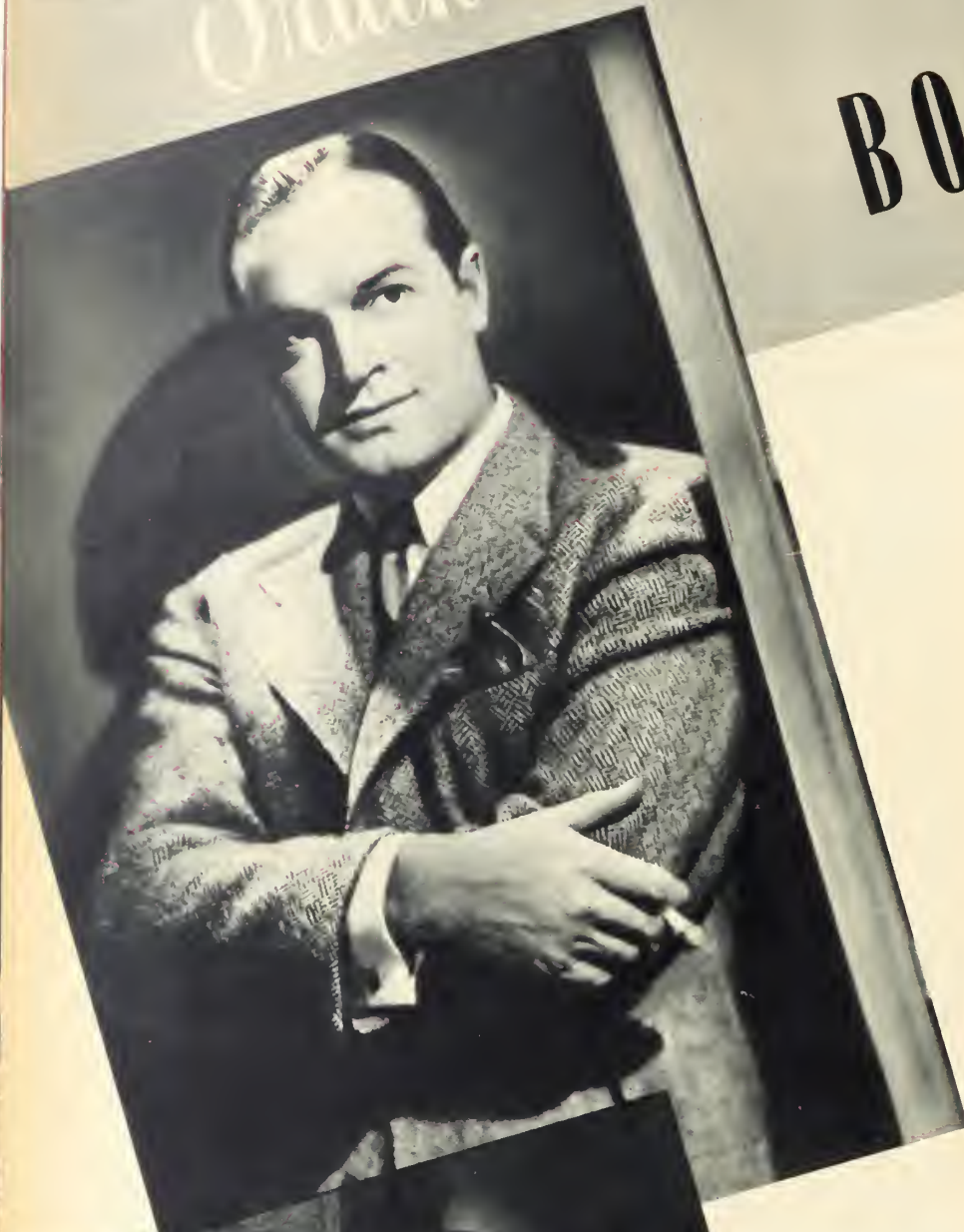




PLAY

# Truth and Consequences

WITH  
**BOB HOPE**



You're familiar with the game, but you never heard such questions and answers as these. Bob tells all—or pays a penalty we impose on him. Out of thirty questions he balked at four—just look at the consequences!

1. (Q) Have you ever been deliberately rude?

(A) Well, I wasn't exactly friendly with that salesman trying to peddle me a lot in a local cemetery. Struck me he was a bit previous.

2. (Q) Of what are you most intolerant?

(A) Crosby's horses. That's my shirt waving from the flagpole at Santa Anita.

3. (Q) What is your honest opinion about working wives?

(A) Indispensable, particularly in the event of a lapsed option! But kidding aside, if there are no children and her work does not interfere or disrupt normal home life, I say okay.

4. (Q) What is your best parlor trick?

(A) I have a jolly little something I do with three hard-boiled eggs from my last radio script and a few bars of Beethoven's Fifth.

5. (Q) How did you propose to your wife?

(Bob took the consequences. Give us a fashion portrait modeling one of Crosby's loudest shirts.)

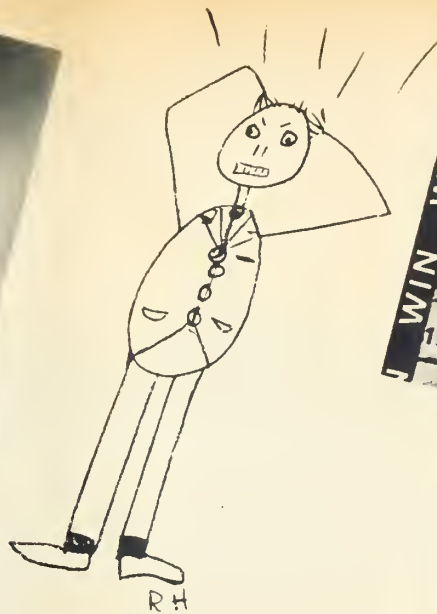
6. (Q) Do you have any special phobia about women's dress?

(A) I don't like green, and I don't like slacks on the street. And let's say I don't like clothes to hide too much.

The first question Hope refused to answer had to do with his wife Dolores

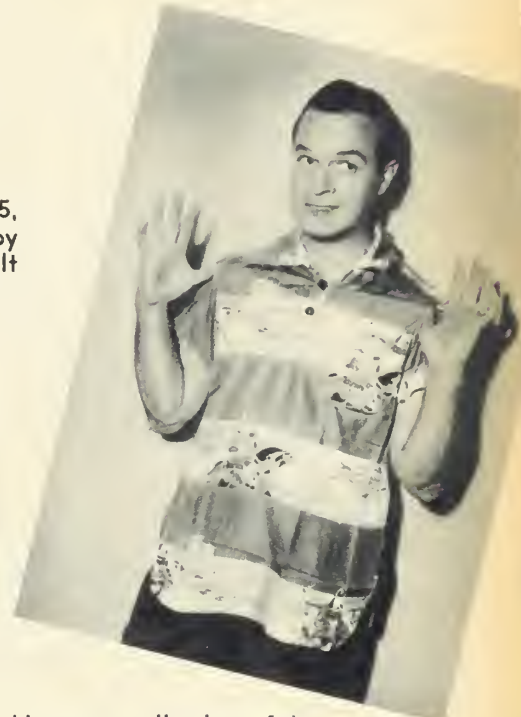






Rather than answer question 15, Bob proved he'd bet on a Crosby horse, then sketched the result

This is the Hope's idea of illustrating the spirit of one of his best gags, penalty for No. 10



Hope turns all colors of the rainbow in one of Crosby's shirts as a penalty on No. 5

## GAME CONDUCTOR: KAY PROCTOR

7. (Q) What happens most frequently in your nightmares?

(A) Believe it or not, I'm going up in an elevator in my long underwear. Don't ask me why; I like to guess.

8. (Q) How long did you keep the last book you borrowed?

(A) I still have it, as Bette Davis can testify.

9. (Q) Do you peek at the ending of mystery stories?

(A) Guilty! Knowing what buzzard killed Mamie at the crossroads is one temptation I can't resist.

10. (Q) What is your pet peeve in the picture business?

(Bob took the consequences. Illustrate for us the spirit of one of your best gags.)

11. (Q) Are you a putter-offer?

(A) No. I always say, "Never put off till tomorrow what Madeleine Carroll wants to do today."

12. (Q) What was your greatest extravagance?

(A) A huge, cream-colored, nickel-plated Packard which I bought secondhand in my not-so-palmy vaudeville days. Every ham has to get a Packard out of his system. This little secondhand number eventually cost me twice as much as a new one by the time I got it in running order. Darned thing leaked four gallons to

the mile. I well remember the time it stopped dead in the middle of the Holland tunnel. It cost me fifteen bucks to have it towed out and the cop's parting shot was, "Did you have to come all the way from Ohio to do this?"

13. (Q) Do you have to be coaxed to perform in private?

(A) How private?

14. (Q) Do you squawk about a bad bargain?

(A) I yell bloody murder for thirty seconds and then forget all about it.

15. (Q) How badly has Bing Crosby beaten you at golf?

(Bob chose the consequences. Give us proof you bet on a Crosby horse and a sketch of the immediate result.)

16. (Q) Are you a good bluffer? Tell us about one you pulled.

(A) I do okay. How do you suppose I convinced Dolores I was a good bet for a husband?

17. (Q) What is your theory about training children?

(A) I don't believe they should be permitted in the company of grown-ups too much; it's too easy for them to pick up smart-aleck talk and ideas from their elders and I hate precocious kids. I think military school is good for boys (Continued on page 97)

Ode to Madeleine Carroll  
by  
Robert Hope  
To fall in love with Madeleine  
Carroll,  
Is as easy as shooting fish in  
a barrel  
Her face is fair, her grace  
divine  
The trouble is, she won't  
be mine!

An "I won't tell" attitude on query 27 ended in Hope's having to dash off this masterpiece



# How Mr. and Mrs.

This is what any young couple would say they'd wait five years to have.

P.S.: Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward did

The British Mr. Hayward swore he would never marry the British Miss Lupino until he was sure he wouldn't be "Mr. Lupino." He isn't. They live a life of give-and-take out in this Brentwood house, have fun doing it, think the five years they waited for marriage worth it





# Hayward Live

Well-grounded is the Hayward home; the garden is Ida's hobby. The combination den and library (opposite page) is their favorite room, holds their books, records, radio and games. They both dote on two possessions: Duchess, their police dog, and their oversized fireplace



This game of gin rummy goes on forever. Ida and Louis play at the drop of any one of Louis' cherished old hats; settle their accounts weekly. Stanley Lupino, famous English comedian, was the father of Ida; Hayward's father was a mining engineer in S. Africa

Special trivia on Mr. Hayward is that he must have his cup of tea before arising in the morning and that he holds a pilot's license. Currently working together in Columbia's "Ladies In Retirement," Ida and Louis are both serious actors valued by Hollywood

Photographs by Schafer





A rather silent and serious guy: Bruce Cabot of Walter Wanger's "Sundown"





A picture to remember: Alice Faye of "Week End In Havana," in the last screen-star portrait taken of her before she announced, as Mrs. Phil Harris, her retirement from films to devote a year of her life to motherhood



# Round-Up of PAGE SETTERS



Teresa Wright: She overheard a conversation, found out exactly what she wanted to know about her role of Bette Davis' daughter in "The Little Foxes"



Phillip Terry: He likes acting, toy trains and keeping bachelor quarters. He almost got married recently, but changed his mind, which is one reason for the long line at the "Parson of Panamint" box office. Right: Alexis Smith: She's glad she's tall because she can wear smart clothes and look men in the eye





## Five flashes in the Hollywood heavens that promise to maintain a steady beam! Photoplay-Movie Mirror puts out this special extra on their reflected glory

### A DARLING LITTLE FOX:

THE room clerk looked over the guest list and reiterated there was no Teresa Wright domiciled within the hotel walls.

It was too much; the last doggone straw. First Miss Wright, who shook us all out of our doldrums as the daughter of Bette Davis in "The Little Foxes," had been too ill to see us. Then, at our apologetic insistence she had agreed to a meeting at Mr. Goldwyn's fine studio on Sunset Boulevard in exactly thirty minutes. We tore down Fountain Avenue to the studio. Only Teresa wasn't there. Three-forty-five came and departed, and she still wasn't there. At four she telephoned. The studio car hadn't yet arrived. "Tell her we'll go out there," we yelled at Mabel, the publicity secretary, and tore off. And still, after all that, she wasn't even registered.

"There's a Miss Muriel Wright here," the clerk suggested. "Muriel T. Wright. Could that be the one?"

It was. And in no time at all we were having tea around the gorgeous blue outdoor swimming pool of the

hotel with that tiny five-foot-two-inch hazel-eyed, brown-haired Muriel T. Wright.

Her real name is Muriel, too, only there seemed to be another Muriel Wright on the stage at the time of her debut, so they chose her middle name, "Teresa." That, of course, was when she became a part of the New York hit, "Life With Father," which is still going, by the way.

Teresa had had the experience of seasons of summer stock and the role of *Emily* in the second company of "Our Town" behind her when she was given that "Life With Father" role. She had read five times for Oscar Serlin, the producer, before he finally decided upon her. It was in that play that Mr. Goldwyn saw her and begged her to come to Hollywood.

"Will I have to pose in bathing suits, and make leg art, and just sit about?" she asked, and Mr. Goldwyn assured her she wouldn't, that a wonderful chance awaited her. So she came, and you who have seen "The Little Foxes" know the rest.

Bette Davis is her idol. Odd that her apprenticeship should have been

served at the Wharf Summer Theater in Provincetown where Bette Davis also served. While Bette ushered in theaters, Teresa, who was there on a scholarship, waited on tables and made herself generally useful. From that experience came the chance to understudy the role of *Emily* in "Our Town" which she later played.

Shy, nonaggressive, not pretty but with a distinct quiet charm of her own, Teresa Wright is the type of young lady who talks little of herself and her plans, but keeps them locked quietly within. Around her neck she wears the same tiny old-fashioned, heart-shaped locket she wore all through "The Little Foxes." One of the cast of "Life With Father" gave it to her. The old-fashioned bracelet she picked up in a little jewelry shop on Hollywood Boulevard to wear through the picture still adorns her left wrist. She wears no make-up but lipstick and looks a mere pocket edition of her screen self. To be honest, Teresa looks as little like her screen self as it's possible to believe.

Her plans are hanging in the balance at the (Continued on page 80)

### BY SARA HAMILTON

Left: Nils Asther, a Swedish edition of Boyer with a French-English accent that's oo-la-la and a flair for acting that's tops. Below: Pat Dane, who was tossed out of M-G-M and coaxed back in a week. That's what a girl gets for being beautiful





# Hymie Fink ON THE JOB!

You'll get the idea quick as the flash —

it's our Fink at work and the stars at play



Caught in a corner: Ronald Colman and Olivia de Havilland plot and plan a British Relief at Basil Rathbone's. Outstanding Hollywood social center, the Rathbone home is open house for all charity group meets

First nighters after a first big event in their lives are Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, who have a Ciro's celebration of the birth of Maureen Elizabeth. They were so sure it would be a boy they didn't even have a name chosen but rallied quickly and are now top proud parents of Hollywood





Greg Bautzer's grin is for Fink; the handshake is for a Copocabana pal. Left to right: Killer Mack Gray, side kick of George Raft, attorney Bautzer, sidekick of Dorothy Lamour



One of the best liked young couples in Hollywood takes in a formal night at Ciro's. From two appearances, the subject of the John Payne-Anne Shirley conversation is daughter Julie Anne



The latest bit of N. Y.-Hollywood news concerned this Ciro's couple. Report is that Buddy Rogers may do a play on Broadway and that wife Mary Pickford may be his backer



Young marrieds and young "may be" marrieds double-date at the new Copocabana. Judy Garland and Dave Rose look at the floor show; Tony Martin and Lana Turner just look. Lower right, Jimmy Stewart jaws about something terrible to the table at large; his date, blonde Frances Robinson, carries on behind his back





# I Wake Up Screaming!

IT was a great idea that Lanny Craig, the writer, Hurd Evans, the director, Robin Ray, the juvenile lead, and I, the newest writer at the studio, had—to make a star of Vicky Lynn. Vicky had the stuff for stardom and with the publicity buildup we four gave her, Hollywood was soon talking fast about her. The only trouble was that she was going places with Robin Ray—just for publicity, she said; but I'd fallen in love with Vicky and I was jealous.

I wondered, though, if I did love Vicky or if I was just fascinated by the magic legend I'd helped to create. That was after I met Jill, her sister. Jill's face stayed with me morning and night and even when I was kissing Vicky I caught myself thinking of Jill.

It was only after the terrible tragedy that I realized the truth—that I was in love with Jill and never had really loved Vicky at all. It was Jill who got me through the awful days that followed Vicky's death. I get groggy even now when I think of the afternoon I walked into the apartment to keep a date with Vicky and found her lying still and cold on the floor—murdered.

But Jill and I found our way out together and gradually we began to plan for happiness—our marriage, all the things we'd do together once the new year came. If it hadn't been for Ed Cornell that's the way things would have happened, too. Ed Cornell was the detective on the case and though the D. A. had told me they had a fair idea the murderer was Harry Williams, the kid on the switchboard who'd had a crush on Vicky and had disappeared the day of the murder, Ed Cornell haunted me. He was a crazy guy with just one crazy idea—that I had killed Vicky. And he meant to get me for it.

It was while I was on the set watching Hurd Evans direct a new picture that a messenger told me there was a guy outside waiting to arrest me. I got panicky then—I could see Ed Cornell's pale, drawn face, could hear him saying, "You're cooked, baby! I'm going to make you fry!"

My first thought was to get to Jill, somehow. I bolted from the studio by a side door, grabbed a cab and went to her apartment. The fellow at the switchboard plugged in Jill's phone and announced me. "She says come right up," he reported. I took the stairs three at a time. I knocked at the door.

Ed Cornell opened it.

HE didn't look any different, just tired. The old derby was shoved back a little, and the white skin of his face seemed dead. His eyes were dull. There was no light of victory in them, no surprise. It was as though he had expected me to show up.

"Hello," he said.

A big, heavy-shouldered, plain-clothes man stepped out from around the corner. He moved up, jerked my wrists together. There was a click, and I was wearing handcuffs. I looked down at them.

"Listen, how—did you know—I was coming here?"

"I know everything you're going (Continued on page 70)

**BY STEVE FISHER**

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON





"I was very wise yesterday and very clever," she said to him. "But today is different. Today I'm afraid." He knew then that she was realizing both of them were trapped




It was quite dark there, but I saw him go for his gun. Jill began to run. I didn't wait. I didn't think. I hit him






Be a bright little patriot and take your color cue from your state flower for the gayest-hued season that's ever dazzled America

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

 **Alabama** goldenrod  
A bright gold wool furless coat with a taupe belt

**Arizona** saguaro cactus  
Be as draught-resistant and as showy in the Lasso boots on page 60—maybe a pair of red ones


**Arkansas** apple blossom  
The apple-blossom pink and blue wool striped collars and cuffs on your wool dress

 **California** golden poppy  
The gold buttons you'll wear on anything; maybe they'll be massive carved ones for your suit

**Colorado** columbine  
A purple crepe lining for your black day suit


**Connecticut** mountain laurel  
The new plaid combination—purple with mountain-laurel pink, navy blue and white

**Delaware** peach blossom  
A wool dress the color of peach blossoms under your dark coat

 **Florida** orange blossom  
A needlepoint purse worked in orange-blossom pattern

**Georgia** cherokee rose  
A simple white crepe dinner skirt; a sweater of yellow paillettes

**Idaho** syringa  
White or cream rayon slipper satin waltz dress; wear a black snood and black gloves with it

 **Illinois** wood violet  
Violet silk stockings (honest!) with your violet evening dress


**Indiana** zinnia  
Be as vivid in a bright orange or red hat worn with black

**Iowa** wild rose  
Sequins forming a pattern of roses all over your evening bag

**Kansas** sunflower  
Bright woolen jacket of orange; matching orange gloves

**Kentucky** goldenrod  
Circular yoke of gold crocheted yarn topping a black wool


**Louisiana** magnolia  
Magnolia-pink rose on the big pillow muff of black lace you'll carry with your chemise dress

 **Maine** pine cone  
New combination of pine-cone brown with baroque pink

**Maryland** black-eyed susan  
Smart suit: A black jacket with a yellow skirt

**Massachusetts** mayflower  
Interpret it broadly; be shipshape in a wine middy-top dress

**Michigan** apple blossom  
Pale pink crepe blouse; deeper pink jacket; black skirt

 **Minnesota** moccasin flower  
Soft-soled moccasins of gold-trimmed white kid for dancing


**Mississippi** magnolia  
Pink velvet piping on your black dress

**Missouri** hawthorn  
A waist-length red velvet cape trimmed with jet for evening


**Montana** bitterroot  
A whole suit of peachy pink for the tea-dancing hour

**Nebraska** goldenrod  
The gold service insignia of your beau on the left-hand (nearest the heart) glove

**Nevada** sagebrush  
Sage-green shoes to go with a sage-green monotone costume

 **New Hampshire** purple lilac  
Clogs of purple satin for your purple dance dress


**New Jersey** violet  
A purple felt hat with your dark blue wool suit

 **New Mexico** yucca  
A creamy white dog collar of pearls to make you as imposing

**New York** rose  
Red-as-the-rose red with black; perhaps knitted red gloves

**North Carolina** oxeye daisy  
A snow-white angora felt cloche with a yellow grosgrain band


**North Dakota** wild prairie rose  
Belt with a buckle that's made of a cowhide prairie-wagon wheel

 **Ohio** scarlet carnation  
Carnation-red wool jacket piped in black to wear with a black skirt

**Oklahoma** mistletoe  
The dress on page 63; wear it and see what happens.

**Oregon** Oregon grape  
A grape-colored suede bag, only contrast to an all-black outfit


**Pennsylvania** mountain laurel  
Pink brushed-wool hat for your dark suit

 **Rhode Island** violet  
A violet plaid tweed coat

**South Carolina** jessamine  
Over your black dress wear a tight-waisted tunic of yellow wool


**South Dakota** pasqueflower  
A purple wool suit and its sure-fire accessory—a yellow sweater or blouse

**Tennessee** iris  
The lining of the black peplum on your black wool, a blue as deep as the iris

 **Texas** bluebonnet  
Blue suede gloves, blue velvet bag as an accessory team


**Utah** sego lily  
The white and orange cockade of finely pleated ribbon on your red velour hat

**Vermont** red clover  
A clover-red corduroy dress

 **Virginia** dogwood  
A creamy satin waistcoat to wear over a black-velvet skirt

**Washington** rhododendron  
Deep pink snakeskin gloves to match the belt on a black dress

**W. Virginia** great rhododendron  
Combine a pale pink with Dublin green in a jacket; wear it over a nut-brown dress

 **Wisconsin** violet  
Dog collar of purple velvet on your beige dress

**Wyoming** Indian paintbrush  
A harlequin necklace; one side orange-red, one side green





*Invitation*  
TO SMARTNESS

**Stop, Look and Stare** at this gala dress worn by Maureen O'Hara of Fox's "How Green Was My Valley." Chalk-colored sequins glitter on white chiffon to catch the compliments of the crowd for this standout Marie Miller creation with its triangle midriff and its padded slit hemline

Photographs by Powolny





B. F. Goodrich  
Lasso boot



**Rain, Rain,** don't go away—just stay around and watch Maureen O'Hara chase raindrops in this flared and hooded raincoat of self-polka-dotted white oiled silk. Newest of new is her footwear—brown rubber galoshes chased around the tops like a cowboy's boot. Over her shoulder is a trim brown silk umbrella with a white handle, a pretty frame for a pretty face





**Cross Your Fingers** and hope you'll have a fall outfit like this: a black silk crepe by Filbert with a brief apron peplum in front, decorated with jeweled buttons of gold, aquamarine and topaz colored stones; a copper colored velvet bonnet to go to your head





**Talk of the Town** at twilight: A black wool suit with pockets beautifully embroidered in white, silver and gold threads. With this Filbert model, Maureen O'Hara wears a medallion necklace of Mayan inspiration, a puckish little hat of black velvet and maline with long maline streamers



**Perfect for a Proposal** on the stairs—or anywhere else: A printed satin and silk jersey evening dress for festive eves.

Enormous black tulips are etched on the white satin skirt; the bodice is softly draped black silk jersey. The dress is from Raab and Harmell; the fashion preview by the titian-haired O'Hara





# ONE-MAN CAVALCADE

A story that has the sweep of years behind it—a colorful nostalgic account of Wallace Beery and of some exceptional telling incidents he remembered not to forget

BY MAY MANN

Milestone in Beery's film life was his role of the German officer in "The Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse"



THE big low-slung sports car was ambling down the Sunset Strip where Beverly Hills meets Hollywood. The hour was well after midnight. Only occasional nodes of night-spot trade showed signs of activity along the winding foothill boulevard which otherwise was devoid of traffic. As the driver of the car was smoking comfortably, he noticed a powerful sedan bearing down on him. Hastily he swung his wheel to give the other car additional room, but, instead of passing, it drew alongside, forcing him over to the curb to avoid a crash. He didn't need a blueprint to tell him this was a stick-up.

Quickly his eye took in the situation. No help in sight. But the car had been stopped in front of a vacant lot. With a swift movement he yanked the ring off the little finger of his right hand and tossed it over into the lot with nothing but the briefest flash to bespeak the three magnificent diamonds it contained.

"Come on, Beery," one of the men

snapped. "We've got you covered. Hand over your wallet and watch and no funny business."

With his famous deadpan expression Wallace Beery obediently reached into his pocket, passed over his wallet and removed his wrist watch. The heavy car jerked into motion and sped down the road. A wily grin broke across Beery's broad face. He kissed his hand to the vacant lot. "I'll be back to get you tomorrow, sweetheart," he said.

Next day passers-by paid no attention to the huge hulk of a man bent double while he searched the ground of a vacant lot. Presently he straightened up. Wallace Beery had had the incredible good fortune to find his diamond ring.

You see, to him it has always been more than just a ring. "Guess you'd call it a symbol of some sort," Wally says. "Thirty-six years ago when I hit Broadway via the freight route I swore if I ever got my name up in lights I was (Continued on page 98)



Across the street from this marquee sat young actor Beery, drinking sodas by way of celebration at his bright-lights debut at the Astor on Broadway

Essanay's swashbuckling star and director (at left) poses with his brothers. Noah had come West from Broadway: Willie was Wally's assistant







Lieutenant Commander Beery of the U. S. Naval Air Reserve with his inseparable companion, adopted daughter Carol Ann who worships him. "I'm going to make a real first-class star out of her," Wally says firmly



The laugh riot of the old Essanay days was big burly Beery as a Swedish housemaid



Above: The "happiest man in the world" and his wife, Gloria Swanson, the little extra girl at Essanay, whose wide eyes, curls and petite figure completely upset the equilibrium of the rough-and-ready Wally. Left: The fightingest kids on the Kansas City block were Policeman Beery's three sons, tough about everything but their mother





She is the lighthearted lady of a lighthearted comedy; she is the conservative gone radical with a new hair-do; she is the provocative woman in Melvyn Douglas' screen life—Garbo in her new motion picture



# THE TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD RELATIVES

BY "FEARLESS"

Have you heard about that star with the amorous mother? Or about that movie wife and her mother-in-law? Well, listen . . .



Rare exception is Claudette Colbert's brother, who refuses to use her name, works as Charles Wendling



Independent, too, is actor Joe Yule, former husband of Mickey's mother and real father of Rooney



. . . the charges of Mrs. Bernstein's son, Jackie Coogan, now in the Army. Coogan lost

**U**NDoubtedly you remember every sensational word of the bitter court battle Jackie Coogan waged, and lost, with his mother, Lillian Coogan Bernstein, over an accounting of the \$4,000,000 he had earned as a child. You probably know, too, that that case resulted in the passage of the Coogan Law, by which fifty percent of every minor's earnings must be deposited by the studio in a trust fund for him. Because of that law, Jackie Coogan's name will never be forgotten by the state of California.

You may recall the Freddie Bartholomew fight with his parents after he had struck fame and gold in Hollywood, or Mary Astor's defending herself against her parents' suit, when she wanted to sell the house in which they were living, a house which she had bought and paid for while she was still in her earning teens. You may possibly even recollect Maurice Costello's suit against his daughter, Dolores, for nonsupport, or Hal LeRoy's attempt to get back his dancing wages from his father.

Yet probably, reading these occasional stories, you regard them as exceptions to the rule that have produced the Selznick brothers, the devoted Lanes, the happy Ameches, the adoring Cagneys and such.

Oh, yeah?

Those stories are not exceptions—or they are exceptions only because they got in print. It's the loving families that are exceptions. The sponges are the usual ones.

Have you ever heard, for instance, the (Continued on page 104)

One of the family feuds that did hit the papers: Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein who denied in court . . .



## Speaking for Myself

(Continued from page 34)

against the customers . . . I can take Charles Laughton only in small doses, and when I'm feeling very strong. I can't remember suffering through any picture the way I suffered through "Rembrandt"—unless it was "Flame Of New Orleans," which Laughton had nothing to do with.

I never understood why Ginger Rogers got the Academy Award for her performance in "Kitty Foyle," a mediocre picture. But if she won an Oscar for her work in "Tom, Dick and Harry," I'd cheer. That was a honey of a picture . . . They might just as well stop casting Robert Taylor as a gun-totin' bad man. I just refuse to believe it . . . I've always adored Eugene Pallette's version of the dumb, exasperated, blundering, heart-of-gold detective . . . I can't define it, but there's a quality about Rosalind Russell that makes me certain that if she and her leading man took an i. q. test together, she'd get the highest score . . . I think Ingrid Bergman is an excellent actress, but I can't see her as *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls," although I know that Ernest Hemingway can. I think Annabella would be more the type. And she looks so wonderful with a cropped coiffure.

I'm not too impressed by Jean Gabin in his French movies, so I'm anxiously waiting to see what Hollywood makes of him . . . I think movie trailers are wonderful. They pack more suspense, trenchant dialogue, fast action and oomph in three minutes than a lot of films produce in eight reels. . . . Sometimes the movies do a fine job in translating a novel to the screen; other times the result makes you gnash your teeth. "Little Women" was one of the excellent jobs; "My Son, My Son!" one of the worst . . . I love those new Puppets, but I'd like to see the artist make some of the characters (the heroines, maybe) pretty . . . I never saw Walter Pidgeon give a bad performance.

The Wheeler-Nye investigation of the movie industry strikes me as absurd on the face of it. I can't see why the motion-picture producers shouldn't be free to follow the proclaimed national policy of the United States Government, which is anti-Nazi and has been virtually from the hour Hitler came into power. I can't see why motion pictures should not reflect national public sentiment, which is certainly anti-Nazi. I can't see why a medium as important as the cinema shouldn't have as much freedom of expression as the press is allowed. And above all, I don't see why the movies, a theatrical medium, should be forbidden to borrow from current history the greatest "natural" villain since Simon Legree: the Nazi ideologist.

My favorite Deanna Durbin picture was her first—"Three Smart Girls" . . . I'm in accord with whoever it was who said a Hollywood producer could make a fortune with a film in which the frail, lovely heroine goes running through the haunted house carrying a gorilla in her arms! . . . I could stand seeing more of Geraldine Fitzgerald and less of Ellen Drew . . . Norma Shearer looks younger



## Star Finds IN THE STORES

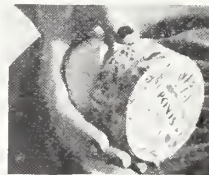
BY MARION HAMMON

**A LOVE OF A GLOVE:** Make your own leather gloves! That's the newest fad and a practical one too. You get a package containing leather cut to your correct glove size, sewing silk and a blunt needle. Each piece is numbered and the edges are perforated to making sewing easy. Just follow directions and in a few hours

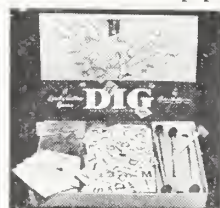


time, you have a handsome pair of hand-sewn gloves. Make-A-Glov costs \$3 a package; is sold at leading department stores.

**FANCY DRESS:** Here's an old favorite in fancy dress—Pond's new Dreamflower Powders, new lovelier shades, flower-light texture, warmer tones, in a new package feminine and blossom-sprayed. The dreamflower theme of the box is taken from a 17th century French brocade—a white ground spattered with blossoms. Pond's Dreamflower Powders, 10c, 25c and 49c at toiletries counters everywhere.



**MORE FUN!** All Hollywood is playing Dig, a game based on the gold rush technique. It's a new kind of spelling game that can be mastered in a minute and builds up party morale easily



and inexpensively. Dig is one of the Parker Brothers games, fun for grownups and children alike, costs \$1 at game counters.

**HEADY FRAGRANCE:** There's much more to hair care than a new coiffure. Keeping your hair clean and sweet-smelling is even more important. Just get a good shampoo and use it regularly. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo, for instance, is splendid for that purpose. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears, leaving the scalp clean, the hair soft and fragrant. A small bottle of Packers Pine Tar Shampoo costs a dime at 5c & 10c stores and there's a large size at drug stores, too.

and prettier today than she did ten years ago—and she's still the most band-boxy of all the glamour girls . . . I hope before I die I will get to attend a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Easil Rathbone . . . Mickey Rooney makes me grit my teeth.

I get Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Betty Grable, Alice Faye and Artie Shaw all mixed up, because their romances are all so mixed up with each other . . . I never can understand why the B picture-makers don't crash through more often with a corking good murder-mystery film. There are certainly millions of murder-story fans—whodunit novels sell like hotcakes—and they're inexpensive to make. I guess the trouble is there aren't enough Alfred Hitchcocks to direct them . . . Claudette Colbert looks better than anyone else in a *tailleur* . . . Edna May Oliver rarely fails to amuse me.

I wonder why the movies—so flexible and so adept at trickery and fancy camera work—have never succeeded in doing a good job on big dance production numbers. Most of those Busby Berkeley effects are so silly they lose all semblance of reality without achieving good fantasy . . . I wish there were some way of dubbing in Spencer Tracy's acting with Nelson Eddy's voice . . . Far and away the best *sufferers* on the screen are Margaret Sullavan, Irene Dunne and Barbara Stanwyck. They're all four-handkerchief girls. But Sylvia Sidney, when she was torturing the celluloid, gave them all a run for their money . . . All Warner Brothers starlets look alike.

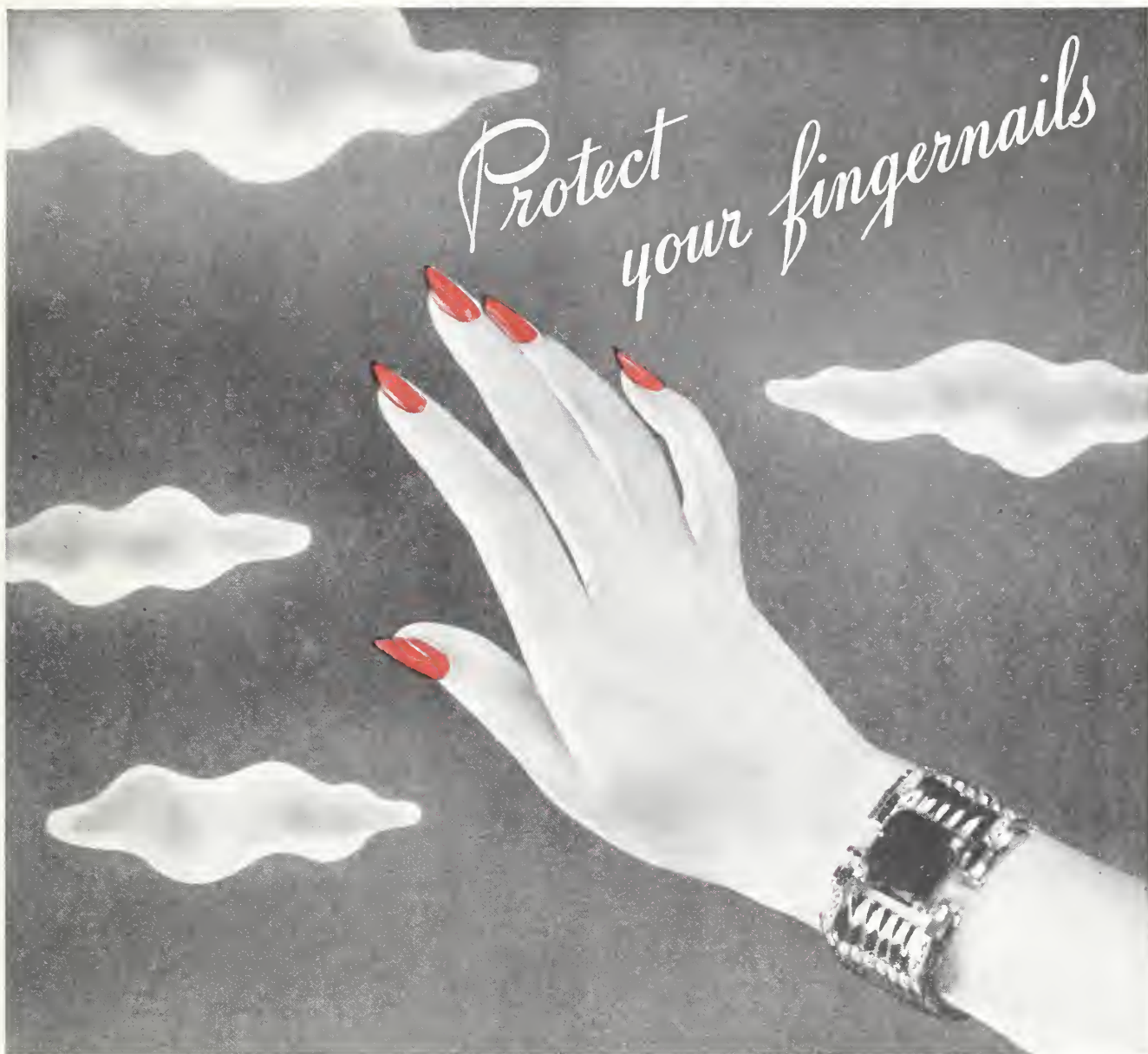
I'm sure that in real life I'd be mad about Edward G. Robinson; he sounds intelligent, affable and charming, from all I've heard. But in the movies he tires me with all those fake mannerisms . . . I think the most wonderful picture I've ever seen, for brilliance and imagination and good taste and sheer entertainment, is "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" . . . I never played Screeno in a theater, never will . . . I wonder why nobody's ever thought of sending Shirley Temple on a Peace Mission to war-torn Europe. She, if anyone, ought to be able to end World War II. Look what she did in all her cinema plots for show business, the Civil War, the Old Homestead and the British Empire! . . . I'm a pushover for a Jimmy Cagney picture, but I didn't like "Strawberry Blonde."

"The Little Foxes" was a flawless motion picture, if you are looking for an example of what the screen can do to rival anything ever done in the theater. . . . I like Myrna Loy, especially when she plays with William Powell . . . I think it would be a swell idea if Hollywood made another sequel to "The Invisible Man" with the transparent terror doing fancy espionage and sabotage stuff all over Europe, maybe as an agent of the British Intelligence—a sort of invisible Noel Coward . . . And speaking of Noel, one of the all-time movies of all time was his "The Scoundrel," for my money . . . Don Ameche is prettier off screen than on. So is Cesar Romero . . . I would rather see a good single feature at a neighborhood cinema than do almost anything else except take a stratosphere flight, eat a hot dog with mustard at a Yale-Army football game, or watch Tallulah Bankhead on the stage.

The End.



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your fingernails



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Someday you're going to take the trip of your dreams . . . someday you're going to do something wonderful, spectacular . . . but today, *now*? What are you doing to make yourself the sort of person to whom things just naturally happen? •

Your hands, your fingernails, do they invite adventure? Give them a chance—Dura-Gloss will give you the most beautiful fingernails in the world, will lend your nails *personality*, high color, brilliance, shimmering, shining, sparkling, beauty, help you find the excitement, the fun that is rightfully yours. There's a big bottle of Dura-Gloss waiting for you in your favorite shop . . . why don't you go get it *now*?

**DURA-GLOSS**

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD





Playing out one of the most intriguing mystery novels of 1941: Victor Mature and Betty Grable as Peg and Jill in Fox's "Hot Spot," film version of "I Wake Up Screaming!"

## I Wake Up Screaming!

(Continued from page 56)

to do," Ed Cornell said. He talked in the old way, that dry, nasal voice, the tone of which never changed. "I know you like a book, mister. We may as well get moving."

"Wait a minute."

"For what?"

I swallowed. "I'd just like to see—" I nodded toward the door. "You won't mind?"

Ed Cornell shot the plain-clothes man a look. "We'll be out in a minute."

Jill sat limply in a big cushioned chair. Her face was deathly white, and her hair looked yellow. She wore a green dress, and green sandals. We just looked at one another. There was in her look misery and compassion and tenderness. Ed Cornell began to talk.

"It wasn't her fault . . . the kid sending you up. We told him what to say."

See, her eyes said, *see, darling?*

"I would have nabbed you on the studio lot," Cornell went on, "but the cops have a deal with film executives. They don't want any arrests on the lot."

Jill was motionless, immobile, watching me.

"So I sent one of the messengers to say I was looking for you. If you stopped to reason . . . no cop about to make an arrest would announce it like that. I simply wanted to get you off the lot. You were a cinch to either come here or go to the hotel. We had you both places."

Jill's eyes were watching mine. I spoke to her.

"You—you don't believe him, do you?"

"No. But he says—you haven't got a chance."

"No." I turned on Cornell. "This guy's so smart! Haven't you heard about him? He gets perfectly marvelous cases into court. Foolproof. What have you got, Cornell? Material proof?"

"Do you think I'm lying, mister? Do you think I've worked all this time," he said, "to have the thing fall through? No. You were intensely jealous of Vicky Lynn. I have witnesses who'll testify to it. *Friends of yours.*"

"That's not true."

"On the day Vicky Lynn was getting her screen test you wrote her a note.

You said that she was your day and night obsession. You said *if she loved Robin Ray you'd kill her!*"

Jill turned from the window.

I remembered the note. But I'd never sent it. I'd balled it up and jammed it in the pocket of my suit.

I'd worn the suit only because it was raining that day. It was an old suit and it had hung in the closet ever since. Cornell must have searched my room.

"That fixes the motive," he said.

"I have the rest, too," he went on. "You didn't show up at the studio that day, remember? They pay you almost a hundred and twenty-five dollars a day for your services . . . but you didn't show up."

"I was upset."

"Certainly! The jury will love that! You arrived here early in the afternoon. You had a key Vicky had given to you. Have you missed the key lately? I found it in your hotel room one day."

Jill crossed the room, restlessly.

"You let yourself in with that key. The apartment was empty and you decided to wait for Vicky. Lanny Craig arrived at five o'clock with the switchboard kid. At that moment you were hidden in a closet."

"That's fantastic"

"Is it? I have a shoe that belonged to Vicky. It had been in the closet. Somebody had stood on it and it's crushed. Moreover, there was a cigarette stub mashed out in a corner of the closet." He looked at me coldly. "You wanted material evidence. I've got a barrel of it."

JILL suddenly walked to a closet door, turned the key in the lock, and put the key in her pocket. Her unexplained movement upset Cornell and he watched her curiously. She walked past him and out into the kitchen. I heard running water. Then I saw her drinking.

Good Lord! *Doesn't she even care!*

"Well, we'll get this over," Cornell said. "I'll construct the picture briefly:

"You were in the apartment when Vicky came in. There was a bitter scene over Robin Ray. In a fit of jealous rage you killed her." He paused. "But the very fact that you were in the apartment

waiting, that you had in your possession the lethal weapon with which to kill—"

"The—lethal weapon?"

Ed Cornell nodded. "All of these things add up to the one word: premeditated. That promotes the murder to the first-class degree, and fries you in oil."

The iron bands were burning against my wrists. In the kitchen Jill was taking in the garbage pail. You could hear her banging around.

"After the murder you left the apartment," Cornell went on. "But you met Harry Williams in the hall. You were on the spot. Williams would testify he'd seen you leaving the scene of crime. You had to get him out of the way."

"It doesn't matter," I said. I was thinking of Jill.

"It does to me," said Cornell. "Once we get you to headquarters, mister, you're going to tell us exactly where you buried him!"

Jill had come back into the room. There was a row of books on the desk and she fussed about, straightening them up.

"You figured," Cornell said, "that it'd look as though Williams had done the murder and lammed."

"But *how* did I kill these people?"

"You don't remember?"

"No!"

"Brass knucks," Ed Cornell said. "They were the first thing I came across when I searched through your stuff. Remember Vicky was hit just behind the ear, with a weapon the size of a fist, but much harder—"

I felt as though I were going to collapse. If he'd held out any hope that I could puncture his story, it was gone. I had bought the brass knucks in a hock shop on Main Street, meaning to send them East as a Christmas present.

I could see the whole setup. It would look as though I had bought the things for the express purpose of murder. Cornell's case was complete. *I was through!*

He watched me for a minute, his face very white.

"Let's get going," I said.

He shrugged and turned to open the door.

I SAW Jill move across the room. I saw the thing in her hand. I tried to shout but it was too late. She'd knocked Cornell's derby off and come down with a terrific blow at the base of his skull. She was using a flat metal bookend.

Ed Cornell's knees buckled. His eyes flickered, and he looked at me. Jill was backing up. I saw blood run in a little stream down around Cornell's neck. Till the very last moment he kept watching me, almost as though he were shaking his head, repeating again and again, *You'll never get away.* Then he hit the carpet with a thud. Jill was bending over him.

"He'll be all right. A doctor told me once how to hit a person."

"Jill, *listen*—you can't—can't do this! It makes you an accomplice! Besides, there's another detective in the hall."

Her face was white. But there was no hysteria. She had planned this.

"The kitchen," she said. "The cubicle where we put the trash at night to be picked up. There's a door that opens on the hall. You can squeeze through."

"But this other cop—"

"I'll take care of him," she said. "I'll meet you on the steps."

"Jill—" I was wretched. "I can't let you do this."

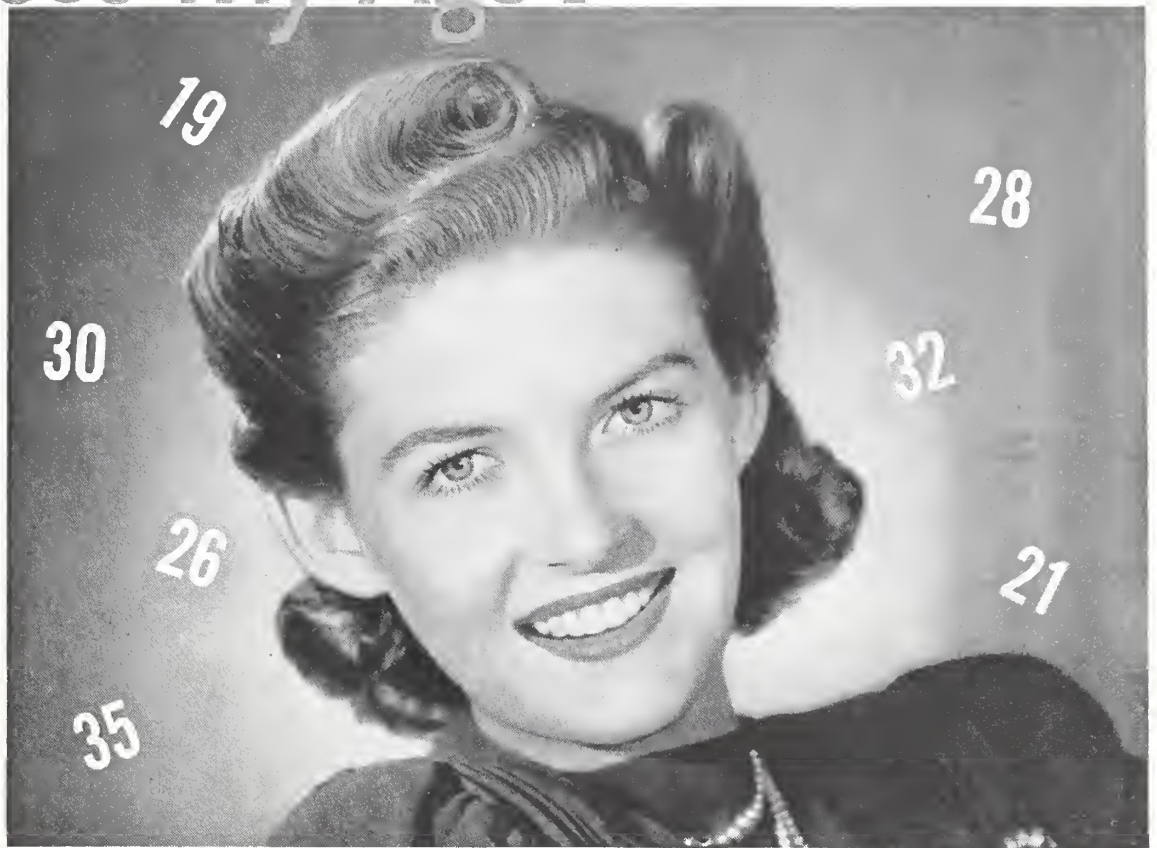
"Hurry!" she said.

She had pulled in the garbage pail, and the door was open. It was just large enough to crawl through.

(Continued on page 72)



# "Guess My Age!"



## New kind of Face Powder makes her Skin look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

Once this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age...

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin

fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores, made them look bigger.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Is she 20—30—35?

She has found her lucky shade of face powder! She has found the shade that makes her look young and enchanting.

**How old does your face  
powder say you are?**

Are you quite sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit *older*?

Why take that chance? Why not find your *lucky shade*—the shade that makes you look your youngest and loveliest?



Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther Face Powder than any other kind.

*Lady Esther*  
**FACE POWDER**

Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them all, one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way. It's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer and smoother by far than any ordinary powder. That's why it clings so long—and that's why its shades and texture are so unusually flattering.

**Try All 9 Shades FREE**

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder! Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier! Mail the coupon below now, before you forget.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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



In the other room Jill had opened the door. She was calling the detective in from the hall. I heard her say:

"He's in there, officer! In the bedroom!"

The apartment had none, of course. But the detective didn't know it. He was already throwing his shoulders against the closet door. I got down on my hands and knees and began wriggling through the cubby hole.

I landed out in the hall and struggled to my feet.

The apartment door stood open and I could see the detective crashing against the closet. Jill slipped into the hall. The cop was so busy he didn't notice.

Jill joined me, and I followed her down the stairs to a side exit.

We started in the direction of Western Avenue. It was four blocks, and the sidewalks were dark. Jill and I were half running. Somebody was out walking his dog and we slowed down our gait as we passed him. The guy turned around and stared after us.

"Do you suppose he saw—"

We stopped. Jill gazed down at the handcuffs. I was wearing slacks and a tan sports coat. Jill jerked the coat back off my shoulders. She had me duck down, and taking the back of my coat she swung it up over my head. It was off now, except the bottom of the sleeves, and it hung in front of me. It was turned inside out, but she folded it neatly.

With a little imagination it would seem as though—because it was a hot night, which it wasn't—I was carrying my coat. The handcuffs were entirely hidden.

A block from Western a siren screamed in our ears. We stood back up against a dark store front. A police car, red headlights shining, raced past.

The detective must have discovered the ruse. We reached Western.

"Walk slowly," Jill said.

We crossed the sidewalk and she opened the door of a taxicab. I got in and she climbed in beside me.

"Sixth and Vermont," she said.

"Jill—"

"Yes, darling?"

"Why'd you do it? Do you know what the cops will do to you for this?"

"Of course—Oh, Lord!"

"What's the matter?"

"My ring!" she said. "Our engagement ring . . . I was washing out some stockings when Ed Cornell came and I'd taken it off. It's on the bathroom shelf!"

"Shall we go back?"

"Darling, it's serious! We could have pawned it. How much money have you?"

"Just a few bucks," I said.

"I've got fifteen dollars."

"Then we're practically set for life."

"Don't worry, Peg! We'll be all right."

"Sure, we'll be swell! But we won't. What am I doing in a jam like this? And why did I have to get you in it? After all that guy's evidence how can even you trust me?"

"Because I would anyway. But also, I know that Vicky intended to give up Robin Ray. She told me."

Suddenly that was a scene too: *Vicky telling Jill she was going to give up Robin Ray.* I couldn't think any more.

"Did you tell Cornell she said that?"

"Yes. He didn't believe it."

"It is good having you here. . . . I don't know where we'll go. But we'll get married. See, Jill—we'll—"

"No, we won't."

I looked up.

"They'd find us right away if we tried to get married," she said. "Don't worry about that."

In the interurban station Jill went to the information booth and I sat down on a waiting room bench. A train was

being called. Now I saw Jill. I saw the neat green sandals with the red cork heels, and my eyes came up.

She had tickets in her hand. I rose and followed her. We were going toward a gate marked San Pedro.

I couldn't use my hands and I was clumsy getting on the car. We found a seat, and I took the side by the window. The coat looked all right now in my lap. I watched everybody that came in. Then the train began to move. . . .

We took a room in a shabby hotel in San Pedro. It was musty and the wallpaper was stained where rain had dripped down from the roof, but it had the air of cleanliness, with a big old-fashioned bed and a small rickety cot in a little alcove. It would do nicely for both of us.

Jill had no trouble in picking the lock of the handcuffs with a hairpin and when they were off, I rubbed my wrists for a very long time, and stretched my arms.

In the morning the winter sun was feeble on the windows; the harbor was the color of slate, and choppy. The room reeked with an old wooden smell. Jill came in with a tray covered by a napkin and I sat up in bed. I needed a shave.



The fashion is Free France; the model is Joan Leslie. The new Saphi Scarf was originated by the Free French Committee. Sales percentage goes to French refugees in Africa: Americans get the fun of wearing it

But the winter morning felt good and the surroundings were strange and pleasant.

"This is a quite wonderful breakfast,"

I said. "How much did it come to?"

"Sixty-five cents. It leaves us thirty-one dollars and fifty-two cents."

"Spoken like an adding machine!"

She grinned, sipping her coffee. But she looked worried.

"What's the matter, Jill?"

"Nothing," she said. "I think we'd better move to another room."

"Why?"

She handed me the morning paper.

"Hey—this is swell!"

"What's swell?"

"My name in big type like this," I said.

"Darling, would you mind very much sobering up? Do you realize half the state is looking for us? What are we going to do?"

"I asked you that yesterday. You said

we'd just be careful of the police."

"I know. I was very wise yesterday and very clever. Today it's different. I'm scared, Peg!"

"I'm glad we have that emotion at separate times."

"You aren't scared today?"

"Well, I wasn't. I was just thinking how nice the harbor looked. I forgot I was me."

THE darkness came at five, and at six we left the hotel. The day had been very long, and we had not eaten since breakfast. The street was dark with lamp posts only at the corners.

We walked over the railroad tracks down to the old Fifth Street Landing. Near by there was a hamburger stand.

We ordered bowls of chile con carne and hamburger steak on a plate with two fried eggs each. After we had started to eat the counterman turned on a dinky radio. He leaned on the counter and began talking about football. He was very much concerned about the Rose Bowl game. I kept saying "Yeah," and "You're certainly right about that." The first thing I knew we were going over the fine points of the Notre Dame game, and then he began talking about Rockne.

He would not stop talking and I was suddenly trying to listen through his voice to the seven o'clock news. I could get whole chunks about the international situation. But when it became local the counter man was shaking a pancake turner in my face. He had actually seen the four horsemen on the gridiron. It had been in the Coliseum, and he remembered the occasion very well. "Let's see, how many years has that been?"

Just as he said that I heard my name on the radio. I lost all of what followed until the announcer said: "*Jill Lynn, who is with the fugitive, will be charged with—*" then the four horsemen, and after that: "*—posted a five thousand dollar reward for the pair. Mr. Cornell, active as a homicide detective—*"

"I tell you they don't have games like that any more."

"No, I guess not."

The news went off. There was a station announcement, then the theme of a dance band came on.

When we walked off the band was playing "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

"Did you hear the news?"

"I got a little of it."

"There's a reward."

"Yes, I heard that part."

We were walking across the tracks.

"We'd better get another room."

"Yes, I think we should."

"We'll find one right away," Jill said.

We walked up a very dark street. There were old buildings on it and a big, gaudy clothing and jewelry store.

I didn't see the man who stood in the doorway until he stepped out. He was big and heavy-set. "Got a match, buddy?" he said. Then I saw the way he was looking at us, trying to make sure.

He was a cop!

It was quite dark here, but he must have decided that we were the McCoy because I saw him go for his gun. I didn't wait. I hit him. The guy's head jolted back against the window.

Jill and I were running. On the nearest corner there was a taxi. The taxi was big and very old. When I was inside, on the back seat, I almost passed out.

Jill was leaning forward and shaking the driver. Jill was saying: "Long Beach."

We took a small apartment in Long Beach. I paid nine dollars for two

(Continued on page 74)





"Please give me your honest opinion. Just feel these two unidentified napkins and tell me which is softer."

In city after city young investigators like Miss Gordon made this request to more than 10,000 women. One napkin they showed was a leading "layer-type" napkin. The other was Modess—a "fluff-type."

805 out of 1016 women in Shreveport, La., said Modess was softer. In Charlotte, N. C., 606 out of 1023 picked Modess. In Boston, Mass., 892 out of 1019! There were ten cities in the test and when all the figures were added, the results showed that 3 out of every 4 women had voted for Modess!



Not in every home was this softness test made. Only users of the "layer-type" napkin which was being tested were asked to take part. You'd expect most women to choose the napkin they were already using—yet Modess got 3 votes out of every 4! Out of 10,302 women, 8102 said Modess was softer!

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? Well—we believe it does. And we're willing to back our opinion in this way—we'll take the loss if you don't agree! Buy a box of Modess napkins today. If you're not *completely* satisfied with Modess, just send the unused napkins to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J. We'll gladly refund the *full purchase price*.

## "Which is softer?" asks Carrie Gordon

— and 3 out of every 4 women who made this softness test answered, "Modess is softer!"



"I do solemnly swear." All investigators were put under oath. Each swore before a notary public that her figures were accurate, and that she had conducted the test in a fair and impartial manner.



Comparing notes at the end of the day. The girls found that the figures, of course, varied from city to city. But the final tabulations showed that 3 out of 4 women picked Modess as softer. Isn't it amazing that women could go on using one type of napkin without realizing that another and newer type might be softer?

# Modess

"It's Softer!"—said 3 out of every 4 women making the softness test



# "My Ring on your soft little HAND—"



## Romance is ageless as the "Eternal Feminine" of soft, smooth hands

KEEP THIS AGELESS CHARM in your hands! Have almost professional hand care right at home, by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Jergens treats your skin with 2 ingredients, so "special" for helping soften and smooth harsh skin that many doctors use them.

Your hand skin may lose its youth-like pliancy from constant work with water. (This tends to dry out nature's softening moisture.) But every use of Jergens supplements nature's moisture. Easy! Jergens Lotion isn't sticky. Get this favorite Jergens Lotion today.



"MRS. SIKES HAS A 'LOYAL' HAND," SAYS SONIA BARRINGTON, NEW YORK PALMIST

"This hand indicates an enthusiastic, spontaneous and very honest nature," the famous palmist says, "with a lively, friendly interest in people."

MRS. SIKES, Atlanta, Ga., writes, "Regular and generous use of Jergens Lotion has made my work easier and my hands noticeably soft."

### FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE

MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

(Paste on a penny postcard, if you wish)

The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 3526  
Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)  
Please send my free purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

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# JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

(Continued from page 72)  
weeks' rent and a dollar deposit on the electric lights.

By Christmas my beard was very good and I put on a pair of dungarees and a seaman's woolen cap that Jill had bought at a rummage sale and went out on the street in daylight. It was a cloudy day, almost gray, and the air was crisp and cold. Jill would not let me spend money on food but I bought a little table-sized Christmas tree that had been marked down to fifteen cents.

Jill made popcorn and these white puffs I hung on the small branches with strips of tinsel. It took me a long time to complete the job; when I was finished the tree was all white and silver. The early darkness had come outside, and it looked very pretty.

"Oh, Peg, it's beautiful! How did you ever dress it like that?"

"It's nothing, really, Miss Lynn. Give me a string of popcorn and I'll do as much for you."

She laughed. "Supper's on. And please hurry, darling. This is our Christmas dinner."

She had turned off the lights in the kitchenette and lighted little five-cent candles. They were red candles and they flickered very brightly, one at my place, and one at hers. I sat down, and Jill brought the first course. It was a bowl of bread and milk on which she had sprinkled some sugar.

"I think on Christmas we should say grace."

"All right."

She bowed her head and folded her hands. There in the candlelight it seemed to me that she looked very lovely.

"Dear God, we thank You for the food we are about to receive. And we thank You for—" She looked up. "Oh, Peg! I am thankful!" Tears splashed down her face. "Do you know something? This is the loveliest Christmas I've ever had!"

We ate the bread and milk and when we were finished she brought on white flakes of tuna fish which was meant to be the turkey. We stayed in the kitchenette drinking our coffee until very late and the radio across the court was tuned to Christmas carols. The carols sounded clear and sweet. Our candles burned down to fat red stubs and we blew them out and went into the other room.

ON the third of January we ran out of money and there was not enough food left for supper. Less was printed about us in the papers these days. The only news items were those concerning gasoline station attendants who claimed they saw us.

Jill and I did not talk about the food situation. We agreed that we should not appear together outside any longer, it was too dangerous. When I left that day I said I was going to try and find some kind of a job.

"Peg, be careful."

"I will. But there should be some kind of a job I could do. I'll take a walk along the waterfront."

She was picking at a thread on her skirt. "What time will you be back?"

"In time for—" I caught myself.

"Say it, Peg! In time for supper."

"There'll be supper," I said. "You wait and see!"

All of that morning I marched doggedly from place to place. I went into lumber yards and shipyards, and to factories. In the late afternoon I was hungry and very tired. I walked along the beach and after a while I lay down on the sand and closed my eyes.

There was a cooling breeze from the ocean. It felt very good and I began to think of Hollywood. Could Lanny Craig



have killed Vicky? Somehow I was unable to entertain the thought. Robin Ray had been in love with Vicky. Jill had said that Vicky was going to tell Robin she was leaving him for me.

I suddenly sat bolt upright.

I remembered it had once been in the gossip columns that Robin Ray was incapable of holding his women. He had been thrown over by a couple of second-rate stars and it embarrassed him very much. If it happened again it could hurt his career.

I was on my feet.

I recalled that day in the commissary we had first discussed promoting Vicky. There had been a big, shiny ring on Robin's finger. He wore it constantly; yet I hadn't seen it since the day of the murder! We had hit her—

I paused. Could this have happened in his car?

Yes, that was it! He had picked her up on Sunset after she signed the contract. They could have argued and in a wild rage he could have hit her.

All of the scattered thoughts that had been in my mind were falling together and I was beginning to see the picture they made. Now one more link dropped into place.

"I'll drink to the dope that put a new windshield in my car and didn't make it shatterproof glass. I'll drink to him." Robin had told me one day in a bar.

"Did you break your windshield?" I had said.

"Yes, that was about a month ago."

The murder had been committed a month before he said that!

I thought it out slowly. There could have been the argument in the car. He had lost his temper and hit her. In the excitement he had let go of the wheel and swerved against the curb, and the windshield had shattered. Vicky was unconscious or dead from his blow. His only thought was to get her home.

He had carried her up the back steps. If by this time he realized she was dead, it was too late to change his course.

He had to get her into the apartment somehow and he must have searched her purse for the key. He wouldn't have found it. She had given it to me. What had he done? There was a fire escape on that side of the building.

The fire escape windows in the apartment had been open when I found Vicky's body!

Robin must have left her there on the floor and gone into the hall. But Harry Williams had been coming down the hall. Robin had been in the position Cornell had charged me with facing.

It was complete now. Complete! But how could I prove it?

I didn't know. I wanted to talk to Jill about it. The apartment was several blocks from the waterfront and I was already out of breath. The street was crowded with people, and I brushed past them. I was late. Jill would be worried.

That last block was awful. Then I came in through the little courts and to the door of the one which belonged to us. I unlocked it and went in. The room was empty. I glanced toward the kitchenette. There was no one in it.

"Jill," I said. I was suddenly scared. "Jill!"

There was no answer.

Why didn't Jill answer me? What was the meaning of this deadly silence? Could something terrible have happened to her? The cops, for instance—had they got hold of her, and if they had, did it mean third-degree torture for her? If it did, I just couldn't go on!

Concluded in December  
Photoplay—Movie Mirror

# "My Kisses on your satin-smooth FACE—"



## Watch out for mean little Dry-Skin Lines before they start

YES, A VERY DRY SKIN may tend to wrinkle early! Does this worry you?

Then give thanks to Jergens skin scientists! They've made a new face cream for you—Jergens Face Cream—that helps you have skin like satin, so fine and smooth.

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# The Real Reason Why Stirling Hayden Quit Hollywood

(Continued from page 30)



*F*air lady...do you dream of glamorous hair—sparkling with seductive lustre—surrounding your face with an aura of loveliness? Nestle Colorinse will help your dream come true. This magic-like rinse—created by Nestle, originators of permanent waving—reveals loveliness you may never have realized your hair possessed. Colorinse brings dancing radiance to your hair—a new warmth of color—a richer, lovelier tone. You'll thrill to the silky softness, the glamorous sheen that Colorinse imparts. You'll like the way it makes your hair easier to comb, easier to manage. Colorinse will not brush or rub off but it washes out easily with shampooing. Whatever the color of your hair, you'll give its beauty a touch of glamour with Nestle Colorinse. Choose your own shade from the 14 flattering colors on the Nestle Hair Chart. For a perfect hair-do—use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinse.



someday—any man with the sea in his blood and sails in his heart would do the same. Very little help that the studio in a handsome gesture had offered him the wherewithal to buy a yacht. "To go where? Catalina?" Hayden is reported to have said as he rejected the offer with thanks.

Then he made his flight back to Hollywood from Gloucester, a story which the newspapers didn't carry but the local grapevine did. Hayden back? Ah, said the bright boys, so it was just that old Hollywood ailment, contract trouble.

But they weren't quite right. Stirling came back at the urgent request of his studio to "talk things over." When, after a friendly conference with studio heads, he still felt he must hold to the course he had mapped out for himself and explained why, Paramount was glad to give him a long leave of absence.

Once more he left Hollywood to the confoundment of the wisecracks who couldn't conceive of a man's turning his back on fame and fortune—not a man in his right mind.

But Stirling Hayden is most definitely in his right mind. You can be mighty sure he knows what he's doing and he knows why he's doing it. Remember this. He's been a sailor since he was fifteen years old, sailing the seas of the world as almost everything from cabin boy to skipper. He has owned and operated his own schooner. His papers permit him to take any boat up to seven hundred tons—that is, prior to the war situation.

And by his own definition of himself, even now, he is a sailor.

Then consider the daily cry of newspapers, broadcasts, newsreels, Presidential appeals: Ships and more ships if the present world crisis is to be saved for everything this country holds worth

while. Such urgency could not indefinitely fall unheeded on the ears of a sailor. Mark our words, they haven't fallen unheeded on Stirling. Not that he'd do what he's going to do because of any politician's mouthings. You can be sure it will be done because he's worked it out in his own hard-hitting, clear-thinking way.

What is this next step? We believe he knows. But he can't and won't talk about it. In these days of international trouble there are many posts which a man is under oath not to reveal—at least until the period of decision and danger is over. More power to Hayden for keeping the trust.

But one thing is sure. There can be no doubt as to his motives. Although no man in shoe leather detests what he thinks is flag-waving with quite the degree of hatred that Stirling does, he broke down his carefully guarded wall of reserve one day to say to a friend that a man can't stand by forever and watch the world he knows blown to bits. The time comes when he has to do something about it. It may not be an ideal world—the setup could stand a lot of improvement—but it's the best he's seen to date and a person could do worse than get in there and pitch.

For the sake of the man who hates flag-waving we'll let those words stand without any embellishing. They do a pretty good job by themselves. Big news may be crackling around Hayden's head any day, any minute. Or the job ahead may be part of the silent sea that takes its men unheralded and lands them in ports of storm unsung. But as we go to press this is the latest word.

Whatever comes, PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR wishes Stirling Hayden the best of everything with his new bosses.

Good luck, sailor!

The girl at whom everyone will be looking takes a look at herself: Jane Russell, who makes her bow in "The Outlaw," poses with famous artist James Montgomery Flagg and the drawing he made of her. Labeled Hollywood's newest find, Miss Russell has been a "talked about" for the past six months, is at present the subject of speculation by front offices. For a better close up on this new long shot, see page 4



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



(Continued from page 37)

the minute you let a fellow know so completely that he's the whole floor show, you're sunk.

Then, when it happened, when this other girl moved in, I was as deaf, dumb and blind as any novice in a nunnery could ever be. When, instead of his saying, "Dinner tonight?" he said, "I have a conference," I believed him. The same old homespun line, without so much as a gold tassel at the end of it, and I let him hang me with it!

When it began to be one of those things where the phone just doesn't ring, the flowers don't come any more, I still believed in—well, I don't know in what I believed. Perhaps I should say I still hoped.

Then the good old grapevine of Hollywood began to give out code messages: Other fellows would tell me they'd seen X. with this girl, dining and dancing here and there, what fun they were having, how "serious" it looked. I said the usual banal things: "Well, why tell me about it? We were just good friends." No one believed me any more than I believed myself.

I swear that I have never in my life been so terribly unhappy as I was during the X. interlude. I have been married twice and twice my marriages have failed. Twice before then, I had felt let-down and miserable, but this hurt me more than I can find words to say.

I married, the first time, a boy I'd known at home in San Bernardino. It was an average everyday-girl marriage, but it didn't work. Then, when I had become a so-called glamour girl, a "rising star," I married Willis Hunt. That wasn't a success, either. Let the blame, if any, fall where it may; we won't go into that. But I do say this: If I had been the super-smart gal a glamour girl is supposed to be, I would have made my marriages successful.

So you might rightly hail me, "Hi Sucker!" because, as the nicks on a gun indicate how many men a killer has got, nicks on the heart of a glamour girl indicate how many men she didn't get!

There is very little I can do about it, either. Being a glamour girl doesn't help any. I can only do what other girls do, cry my eyes out at night, hope and pray, pretend I don't care, do the best acting job of my career for the benefit of friends and family, for the sake of my own pride.

I THINK I have always been a sucker. By a sucker I mean someone who is very vulnerable, who wears her heart on her sleeve, who is easily hurt, who, in fact, almost asks to be hurt.

I was brought up, most of my life, in San Bernardino, here in California. My folks moved from Fairchild, Wisconsin, where I was born, to San Diego and then to San Bernardino where I lived until, at the age of sixteen, I climbed aboard a bus for San Francisco to make my fortune as a torch singer.

You always hear a lot of talk about all the people, usually men, who "discover" glamour girls. Well, let me tell you this: Carole Landis "discovered" herself! She even rechristened herself. Born Frances Ridste, I figured that Ridste would be a hard name to pronounce. I wanted something sort of flowy and graceful and made up Carole Landis.

From the age of seven I was stage-struck. Since that time when I knew I wanted to be an actress to the present day when I am one (I hope, I hope) in "Hot Spot" at Twentieth Century-Fox, I



## Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

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3. See how *gentle* FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreading vanishing cream is not greasy—not gritty—and not sticky.
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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.





Head of the sirens-in-socks bicycle brigade is Jane Withers. Fink catches her starting out on a bike hike, with her mother helping pack lunch—and kitten. The Withers has three bicycles in her barn, one equipped with a radio

painstakingly made me what I am today, take it or leave it.

I worked in the dime stores, waited on table in cafes after school (my father was a machinist, not a millionaire) until I had saved enough for my bus fare to San Francisco—and a job. I didn't try Hollywood then because I thought I wouldn't have a chance here. Glamour girls are vain, you think? Oh, little do you know!

I landed in San Francisco with \$16.72 in my dollar purse. I stayed at a cafe job in San Francisco until I had saved \$100 which, I decided, was enough for a siege of the screen ramparts. In Hollywood, I was a little hungry. I made friends (not with millionaires, as fiction would have it) but with chorus girls, extras and bit players who would be able to tell me where to go for work. That's how I landed in the chorus Busby Berkeley was training for "Varsity Show" at Warners. I finally did a solo dance in that, not because I was a smart little glamour-digger who knew her onions but because the star didn't want to do it and someone had to.

That's how I began. Then I tried the stage. Being seen in a Los Angeles company of "Roberta," featuring Bob Hope, gave me a break at a Broadway show which was a flop. Eventually, after a lot of crying-far-into-the-night routines, I returned to Hollywood.

D. W. Griffith, the old Maestro, was seeking a cavewoman for "One Million, B.C." I didn't think I looked much like a female Tarzan, but D. W. hired me. Then I landed in "Turnabout," "Road Show" and "Topper Returns." Then Twentieth Century-Fox bought up half of my contract, I made "Moon Over Miami," "Dance Hall," now "Hot Spot"—and here I am!

HERE I am. That's the way one "glamour girl" got that way and I tell it hoping to prove that I discovered me. I trained me in the way I wanted to go and, with the exceptions of one topaz bracelet and one diamond wrist watch, I covered me with such diamonds, minks and other luxuries as I possess.

Glamour girls, to smash another popular misconception, are not so dumb about getting along in the world. But they are dumb with men.

We "do" for men rather than demand from them. When I was married to Willis Hunt, I give you my word I'd up and light his cigarettes for him. I'd come home from work and rub his back when it hurt him. I should have been the one to be pampered. I wasn't. Marlene, I know, does the same sort of thing. After hours of work, instead of being entertained, she often takes the pains of entertaining men at her home, mixing the drinks, waiting on them.

WHAT is more, we not only do not demand attentions from men, but we don't demand gifts. In fact, we make it very clear we don't want them. We make it even clearer that our affections are not to be had by bribes, however costly.

Instead of "demanding" to be taken to Ciro's and other expensive places, we say—I've said it myself a hundred times—"Oh, no, no, let's have a quiet little dinner at some tired little drive-in somewhere and just go to a show."

But we are constantly seen at Ciro's and similar places, you may say. Yes, we are, quite a bit. But not always of our own volition or choosing.

So many men in this town want to go out with us just because we are glamour girls. That's another reason why we're suckers—we go out with them! They want to go out with us, not because they are fascinated with us, let alone in love, but so they will get their names in the papers the next morning. It's like a man's buying expensive champagne not because he really likes or appreciates the wine but because the label is impressive.

I had an experience of this kind that is really something. A wealthy New Yorker called me on the phone one night, mentioned a mutual friend in the East who had asked him to call me, asked me if I would go out with him, seemed to be a very nice person. No reason, surely, why a man like that would take out a girl for any ulterior motive.

Well, we went to Ciro's. He didn't

like to dance and so, when someone asked me to rhumba, I asked to be excused and accepted. When I came back to our table this man said, "Look I brought you—remember? But if you dance with another man, no one will know I am with you!"

I should have known. After all, he couldn't have been attracted to me personally; he had never laid eyes on me before. I certainly should have known, but we fall for it time and time again.

We fall for it because, I think, we so much want to believe we are not just make-believe to men, not just mannequins, not just the equivalents of shiny, chromium-trimmed cars, sleek yachts, Chauvet ties or other expensive accessories with which men advertise their importance to the world.

Who wants to be an accessory?

Well, I've learned one lesson now—these days, unless I go out with someone bigger than I, a bigger name, someone established (Gene Markey is an example of the kind of man I mean). someone who can gain nothing by being seen with me, I don't go out!

Now that I have convinced you, I hope, that glamour girls are suckers, with men at any rate, I'll give you my opinion of why we are:

I THINK it is because we want so badly to have some sort of natural, normal life, to be just Two People who are just two people. Because we want this so much, we overdo it, we overdo everything—the wrong way. When we are publicized glamour girls a man expects us to be exotic, aloof and expensive. Wants us to be, I bet! But we bend over backwards, if we like a guy, to be just a person, an average girl. Believing, wanting to believe that's what he really wants. We are as simple as curds and whey and hence the little girl who doesn't have the glamour buildup can walk right in—and does.

If we were not suckers, we would learn to play the parts men seem to expect us to play and put the sucker's shoe on the other foot. But no, not us, we never learn.

And another thing: Glamour girls, you may have noticed, marry and keep on getting married. Other women have one, at most two unfortunate experiences and, very often, remain single thereafter. I've heard many such women say, "No more marriage for me, I've learned my lesson!" But glamour girls keep right on altar-hopping and hoping.

Maybe, too, the men have a great deal to do with the lack of luck-in-love sustained by glamour girls. They are never natural with us. They figure, Here's a glamour girl. I must handle her differently from other girls. So many men want her. She is so sure of herself, so flattered and spoiled.

Men are afraid. So they act indifferent to us, cool, casual or downright cruel, thinking not only to "handle" us by these means but also to demonstrate their own dominance and superiority. And in the "handling" everything gets mixed up and unhappiness for all concerned is the result.

But results mean nothing to us. We can't read the writing on the wall. So listen! Listen hard and, so help me Hannah, you'll hear me falling in love again! You'll hear marriage bells ringing out again one day, sure as shooting. For here is the pay-off. Here is the tag line. Here, heaven help me, is the truth: Right now I want marriage more than I want anything in the world. I want love, marriage, home, children.

... A sucker? Who? Me?

THE END





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## Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 53)

moment. It will either be the Lou Gehrig picture for Goldwyn or the Molnar play, "The King's Maid," in New York.

She was born in New York City on October 27, but spent most of her life in New Jersey, attending grade school in Orange, New Jersey, and high school in Maplewood, where she graduated. She is alone in the world, it seems, except for her daddy, an insurance broker. He was so eager to have Teresa attend with him the New York premiere of "The Little Foxes," but Teresa, who was playing summer stock in Gloucester, demurred.

"I want to go when no one knows me," she explained, "when I can get honest criticism from audience reaction."

So a week after it had opened she went to an early show and took a seat in the balcony.

When the final scene was flashed on, a woman sitting behind her said to her friend, "Is that the end of the picture? Well! Anyway, I don't care what anybody else says, I don't like the girl."

Teresa got her honest criticism. She got a chuckle for herself, too. And oh, yes, it's a secret, but she has a beau out here in Hollywood. He's a secret, too.

### Tall, Tan and Terrific:

**E**YES of brown, hair the same,  
He's a bachelor—what a shame!

Or is it? Maybe these Hollywood beauties, and we fans, too, for that matter, need a bit of bachelorism sprinkled among our eternal benedictism. At any rate, from now on you are going to hear lots and lots about Phillip Terry, the hero of "The Parson of Panamint." So let's catch up on our Terryana.

A native son he is, born in San Francisco but yanked off, when just a child, through all the boom towns of the West, for his father's business was oil—Terry Sr. invented the present method of "cracking" gasoline.

In Iona, New Jersey, Terry received his high-school education. Then, back home on the Coast, he entered Sacred Heart College in San Francisco where he managed the football team and ran like fury on the track team.

Then rah, rah, Stanford became his alma mater, with Terry working in the oil fields during summer vacations. At Stanford he received the first intimation from his inner self that he wanted to be an actor. Wanting to be—and being—Phillip soon discovered were two different things, so after college he sailed for England and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

For five years Terry toured the provinces of England, acted on the London stage and finally returned home with an accent you could cut with a dull razor blade. No jobs were available. But with that fascinating voice he had no trouble crashing radio and signed with a Hollywood Columbia Broadcasting System company, consisting of Thomas Mitchell, Ian Keith, Walter Abel and Burgess Meredith, to put on Shakespearean dramas. A movie test, which by mistake found its way to the wrong studio, won him a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he played small parts in "Yellow Jack," "Thunder Afloat" and others. Then came a Paramount offer, a small role in "Northwest Mounted

Police," a good role in "The Monster and the Girl" and then the role of the young parson of Panamint. Now he goes into "Torpedo Boat" at Paramount and "Public Enemies" at Republic.

A licensed airplane pilot, with his own plane, he's a skyrider of the top rank. He adores toy electric trains and spends half his life snapping switches and causing all sorts of collisions on his living-room rug.

He lives alone, likes it, almost got married a few months ago—but didn't (goody goody). He's about thirty-three years old and so gentle with annoying waiters you can't believe it.

In short, Terry is exactly what the doctor ordered for adoring young things. And those not so young.

The line forms to the write. Enclose stamps, please.

### Tall, Blonde, and Alexisfying:

We wrote a note, quite sharp in tone, to the principal of the Hollywood High School. Lookie here, it said in content, no more of this business of beautiful girls' getting themselves graduated from your school, going into movies and doing so well that busy women like us just can't ignore them.

Anyway, we added, after Lana Turner, what business have you in turning out another beautiful and talented girl like Alexis Smith?

It's a good thing Lana went straight from school to movies, while Alexis remained to graduate and go on to Los Angeles City College for two years. At least it gave us so much time to get our breath.

You know whom we're talking about, don't you? You've surely seen Alexis in "Dive Bomber," with Errol Flynn, and playing bits in other pictures, haven't you? Well, anyway, she's marvelous.

Tall, five foot seven, and a natural blonde who can act. Will that girl go places!

So many times we've heard tallish girls despair of their height, so we asked Alexis about it. "Oh, I never think of it," she said. "It never occurs to me I'm quite tall. Besides, look at the advantages—being able to wear smart clothes and look men in the eye."

Her real name is Smith. The Alexis is Dad's disappointment over a boy to call Alexander.

She was born in Penticton, British Columbia, but when she was five her father, who is sales manager for a dessert company, moved the family to Los Angeles and Alexis embarked on the business of becoming a genius, either as a dancer or a concert pianist. She does both well today, but during her high-school days she acquired a taste for dramatics and that's where she detoured. In fact, she even won the declamation contest in the State of California, playing a scene from "Queen Elizabeth." At one of the City College plays (she majored in drama) Solly Baiano, Warners' talent scout, sat out front and watched her. At the end of the performance he invited her to Warners where she won a contract. Blessed be Solly, we always say.

Freckles go hot-footing it across her nose and forehead like fury. Her hair is silky fine, she isn't concerned with being a beauty or anything but an honest hard-working girl. She's a bachelor girl, too.

When her six-months' contract threat-

ened to expire in six weeks she pestered the directors on the lot until they gave her bits to do and kept her busy. Warners rewarded her with a new contract and "Dive Bomber."

But we're warning that principal, enough is enough. After Lana and Alexis, anyone else is bound to be an anticlimax.

### Unsolved—One Handsome Mystery:

Want to solve a real mystery, one where no one really gets murdered but a lot of people should? All right then, find out why Nils Asther isn't the biggest, box-office, sex-appealish hit of the day.

In true mystery-novel fashion, let us give you the facts: Nils is Continental, but not too much so. Just enough to give him that intrigue and quality women love. He's tall, six feet or so, amazingly slender, dark, gray-eyed, gallant, natural, with an accent ooo la la, viva la Sweden, the land of his birth. He acquired that English-French accent by years of travel in both lands. There isn't a trace of "I van't to be alone" in it. And on top of all this, he can act like nothing you've seen this side of heaven. If you remember, "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (or "My Bitter Yen for General Tea," as we call it), you'll agree with that statement.

So, with this vivid Swedish edition of Boyer in their midst, what does Hollywood do? They let him get out of town for six years to travel the world over as he willed, India, Morocco, Egypt. Then, when he finally returned, they almost let him get away again before someone (we'll remember that guy in our prayers) put him in a small role in Universal's "The Man Who Lost Himself." From there he went to Paramount for "Night Of January 16th," followed by "Forced Landing" and then over to M-G-M for the last "Kildare" picture. All good little movies, we agree, but, brother, what he could do with Lamarr and a boudoir scene.

But does the New York state, the Guild and Helen Hayes recognize his worth? Are they on their toes? You can bet they are, for Nils himself showed us the wire wanting him for Miss Hayes' newest hit, "Candle In The Wind." Unfortunately, illness prevented his accepting.

The strife and strain of constant concern over his mother, ill in Sweden, brought on his illness. It was impossible for him to get a visa to fly through Germany to Sweden, but while he waited for it, hoping against hope, his mother died. He is only now recovering from the shock.

Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director who discovered Garbo, also discovered Nils—flying down a mountainside on a pair of skis—and instantly engaged him for pictures. Nils had already served his term on the Swedish stage, having become a member of the Royal Theater in Sweden.

In 1927 he was brought to America for his first picture, "Sorrel and Son," and then over to M-G-M he went, to play with Greta in "Wild Orchids" and "The Single Standard." He left Hollywood after firmly establishing himself with his fans and returned last year to be with his nine-year-old daughter Evelyn. He was divorced several years ago from Vivian Duncan.

He never remarried. (The mystery



thickens by the minute, with all these married heroes to frustrate our hopes.) He lives quite alone now after a summer spent in the Valley with his daughter.

So there are the clues. Add them up and, please, if you ever get near the answer to Hollywood's ostrich-like behavior, let us know.

And oh, yes, he pronounces his name—Neels Astor.

### The Unmelancholy Dane:

Oh, what beeg eyes you have, honey chile! And how they flash and melt and grow limpid in turns. Too bad the movies fail to do justice to their startling beauty; otherwise, folks would realize the camera just had to have Pat Dane and those eyes.

M-G-M just had to have her, even after they'd tossed her right out of their own studio and said, "And don't you ever come back, see?"

Then they went right out and coaxed her back. That's the way Pat is. Take her or leave her. They took her.

Their ire was stirred when Miss Dane was chosen as a Ziegfeld Girl for the picture of the same name. Halfway through, Pat decided the whole business of rising at the horrible hour of six in order to be made up and on the set at nine wasn't worth it. Anyway, she'd been out the night before with Howard Hughes or Pat di Cicco or Rudy Vallee, or some other Hollywood eligible, cavorting about Ciro's, and the six o'clock business, under the circumstances, was impossible.

So after holding up sets a couple of times they yelled, "Out with you, bright eyes," and she out-ed.

Mervyn LeRoy saw her the following week end and, not knowing of Pat's indifference, invited her to act in pictures at—of all places—M-G-M. Pat laughed and told LeRoy her story. He, in turn, went straight to headquarters and begged to have her reinstated. So, because she was so "booful" and because she promised to take picture-making more seriously, they shot her straight into "Life Begins For Andy Hardy" and then into a top-spot role with Robert Taylor and Lana Turner in "Johnny Eager."

Pat's an incongruous lass. She talks like Vassar 1940 until midway in the conversation; then a bit of Main Street bar-room creeps in and before one can catch his breath, she's talking away again, in that slow drawl of hers, exactly as if nothing had happened.

She was born Patricia Byrnes, down in Jacksonville, Florida. She idolized her dad and traveled with him during all the school vacations when he made the rounds for a large insurance company. School she loathed. How she even managed to get through the Andrew Jackson High School and two years at the University of Alabama is a mystery to us. She might have finished college if she hadn't had the brilliant idea of going on to New York and designing clothes professionally, instead of whipping up sketches for her sorority sisters.

For a year and a half, Pat designed and modeled for a large wholesale house in New York and did all right for herself, too. On the side, she dabbled in poetry and the handsomest men in town. It was while she was holidaying in Hollywood that she decided to try movies and you know what happened there, which, more or less, brings us right back to where we started. Except she's settled down to a steady beau now, Cedric Gibbons, ex-husband of Dolores Del Rio, whom she will marry after Christmas. So say they.

THE END

# "My Husband fell out of Love"

HOW A WIFE OVERCAME THE  
"ONE NEGLECT"  
THAT OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



1. I couldn't understand it when Paul's love began to cool. We'd been so gloriously happy at first. Then, he began treating me as if . . . as if there were a physical barrier between us.



2. Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. "Your marriage problem is quite a common one," he told me. "Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife's neglect—or ignorance—of feminine hygiene. That's one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive."



3. "In cases like yours," the doctor went on, "I recommend Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol solution does more than cleanse and deodorize. It kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissue. Lysol spreads easily into crevices, so virtually searches out germs."



4. You can bet I bought a bottle of Lysol right away. I find it gentle and soothing, easy to use. Economical, too. No wonder so many modern wives use Lysol for feminine hygiene. And . . . as for Paul and me . . . we're closer than ever before.

### Check this with your Doctor

Lysol is NON-CAUSTIC—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is *not* carbolic acid. EFFECTIVE—a powerful *germicide*, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.). SPREADING—Lysol solutions *spread* and virtually *search out germs* in deep crevices. ECONOMICAL—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution for feminine hygiene. CLEANLY ODOR—disappears after use. LASTING—Lysol keeps full strength indefinitely no matter how often it is uncorked.

.....PASTE THIS COUPON ON A PENNY POSTCARD!.....



### What Every Woman Should Know

Free Booklet Sent in Plain Wrapper  
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Send me (in plain wrapper) free booklet on  
Feminine Hygiene and many other Lysol uses.

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Copyright, 1941, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE **Lysol** Disinfectant





# FRUITS OF VICTORY

*You can marshal an army of thin-veined and undernourished men. But you can't win a victory with such an army.*

*Strong bodies and sturdy hearts are as important to America today as are big guns and powerful planes.*

*And part of the strength of men grows on trees and in gardens—if we only know where to look for it!*

*(Did you know tomatoes are fruit? They're not vegetables—they're berries!)*

**F**RUITS—fresh, dried or canned—and fruit juices—fresh or canned—are sources of Vitamin C, minerals and other vitamins. Many are alkaline in reaction. Many provide needed bulk and roughage. All are nourishing and stimulating.

And because fruits are so tasty and contribute in such a variety of ways to an adequate diet, they are just as good for national strength as they are welcome to the national palate. There is all-out

aid to the nation's man power to be harvested from the orchards and the gardens of America.

It isn't only the boys in camp who need their top strength for defense today. This is a time to muster the physical and mental resources of every man, woman and child of this nation for the protection of America.

Proper food will mobilize the strength of individual Americans, so that, all together, we can give our nation her maximum strength.

**YOUR FAVORITE FRUITS** contain dietary essentials you can't see or taste, but that you need as much as you need fresh air, to keep healthy. Stores which feature fruits are aiding our government's program to make the nation strong.

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

## THE MAGIC FOODS

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



**MILK AND CHEESE**—especially for Vitamin A, some of the B vitamins, protein calcium, phosphorus. Vitamin D milk for the "sunshine" vitamin.

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



**GREEN AND YELLOW** vegetables for B vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.



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



**BREAD**, whole grain or enriched, and cereals with milk or cream, for B Vitamins and other nutrients.

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

# Food will build a NEW America



## Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

on remakes . . . to reverse the usual procedure and make them more expensively the second time than they were made originally . . . or is the success of these pictures a mere matter of timing . . . getting out just after the stars of them have all just been in good strong pictures and therefore are in strong popular favor. . . .

They argue as to whether or not it will affect the future of Bette Davis that Warners wouldn't pay the extra \$2,500 that Metro paid . . . over and above \$35,000 . . . for a story that Miss Davis wanted . . . a novel called "Marriage Is A Private Affair" . . . and which will now be played by Myrna Loy . . . and they say that if Rosalind Russell is as shrewd in the future as she has been in the past at selecting her stories she will be in the top-ranking ten before another year is finished . . . but they wonder if Martha Scott can survive both the awful casting she has had so far plus the absence from the screen she will have to take before her baby is born . . . they speculate as to whether Metro is right in its theory that Abbott and Costello will hit the peak of their popularity with their sixth picture . . . for which sixth picture, "Rio Rita," Metro has borrowed these two clowns. . . .

**T**HESSE are some of the subjects they talk about inside Hollywood . . . these "big" men of whom the general public knows nothing, hears nothing . . . and listening to them you do not wonder that love has such a hard time surviving in Hollywood, or innocence, or trust . . . for emotional things are not "properties" . . . they are hard to make "deals" about . . . and they so seldom let the big boys collect their "ten percent." . . .

Yet in the end, for all their strategies, these big boys have to depend on those very same qualities to save them their tremendous incomes . . . their futures . . . the movies' future depends upon stars' having "color" of temperament, of rebellious hearts and flashing minds . . . for it's the colorful Gable and not the sober MacMurray who is top at the box office . . . it's the wacky Rooney not the polite Freddie Bartholomew who draws the younger set . . . it's color you and I want and all the little people like us who pay our money at the box office and take our choice. . . .

They used to argue that Disney had the best stars . . . the ideal stars . . . Mickey Mouse and Pluto and Clarabella and the whole cute crowd of the Silly Symphonies . . . perfect stars, the big boys used to argue . . . weren't alive . . . couldn't talk back . . . no moods, no nerves . . . wonderful for the producers.

So what happens? . . . so Disney's, though it is now reopened, was the one studio that closed down temporarily due to labor troubles . . . the human element, you see. . . .

Crazy place, Hollywood, but wonderful . . . when you're on the inside of it. . . .

THE END

### Attention, Reagan Fans!

You've been asking for a break on your favorite, Ronald, and his pretty wife, Jane Wyman. Next month we're giving it to you—

LOVE AMONG THE REAGANS

# What a Baby dreams about..



"Look here—you dream-angel!" Baby said.

"You know I ought to be home in bed.

Why, what if my parents could see me now!

Say—where are you taking me anyhow?"



"Oh dear, what's wrong with him? Can't we help?

It's awful to see an angel yelp!

By Jove! I see! It's a clear-cut case

Of wing-chafe. Look at this tender place!"



"Good thing my Johnson's was here at hand.

For chafes and prickles that powder's grand!

It's soft and silky, and what it's got

Makes angels of babies who are not!"

P. S. If you've got a baby who's prickly or hot,  
Try Johnson's! It doesn't cost a lot!



## Johnson's Baby Powder

"IT'S HEAVENLY SOFT"



## A Minister Looks at Hollywood Morals

(Continued from page 29)

Fragile  
**LINGERIE**  
that  
wrinkles easily



has "body" and  
lustrous finish



when starched with  
**LINIT**

"The Friend of Fine Fabrics"

Cheer up! Even the sheerest lingerie stays fresh, sleekly smooth, clean looking longer if you wish it in a thin solution of Linit—a teaspoonful to a gallon of lukewarm water. Linit restores the original "dressing". It penetrates the fabric, not merely coating the surface. Linit does a beautiful job on any starchable fabric!



## FREE HOLLYWOOD ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted, we will make a beautiful PROFESSIONAL enlargement of any snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print, or negative to 5 x 7 inch FREE. Please include color of eyes, hair, and clothing for prompt information on a natural, life-like color enlargement in a FREE FRAME to set on the table or dresser. Your original returned with your FREE PROFESSIONAL enlargement. Please send 10c for return mailing—Act quick.

HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS  
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HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

wood is on the way to learning there is a high resourcefulness that need not drag in a drinking scene to fill up a dull spot in action.

"9. The public doesn't know Hollywood and should demand a more accurate account than is usually pictured. Hollywood needs a campaign to sell it to the country as it actually is. I believe the people are tired of the doings of a few empty-headed glamour boys and girls who give the wrong impression of a great and decent industry. Hollywood would gain in public favor and so in business and influence if the country could be shown its real character.

"10. Hollywood is a mine for sermonic material and it will live in the sermons of this one parson for days to come."

NEVER before had "wicked" Hollywood been given such a tribute by a member of the clergy and it was natural for one to wonder whether the good doctor had been shown only the most appealing side of the film capital while being carefully kept away from any phase or personality that would have offended him.

Dr. Peale was quick to dispel any such suggestion.

"Naturally, at first people were conscious of my being a minister," he said, "and acted with some restraint. But soon they began taking me for granted, being on the set every day, and were themselves. And at the end of two months of intimate association with them, I had just as high an opinion of Hollywood folk as I did when I first walked on the set."

Nor were Dr. Peale's commendations for the movies and the men and women of the film colony to be taken as any sign that he did not think Hollywood had room for improvement.

"I think I ought also to say," explained Dr. Peale, "that I am strongly opposed to the inordinate and unnecessary use of drinking as stage business. I lay the fact to some producers and directors who are probably 'cafe-minded'. I also feel that the general attitude in Hollywood toward divorce is too easy and lax due probably to the high-strung life and temperamental characteristics of the actors.

"Some moral stiffening would be in order and a new emphasis upon the permanency and sacredness of marriage."

Dr. Peale's impressions of the stars he met were just as vivid as his reactions to Hollywood as a place.

Bette Davis, he found: "A girl with a great spirit; alert, eager, vital."

"I asked Miss Davis," recalled Dr. Peale, "what she considered had been the secret of her success.

"I'm just a girl who loves to act," she told me. "The way to succeed in anything is to love it and then work your head off at it."

Jimmy Cagney, to Dr. Peale, was: "Surprisingly quiet, likable, rugged."

Ann Sheridan told Dr. Peale she herself wasn't sure what being an "omph girl" meant. To the minister, however, the actress appealed as "a hard-working, slightly reticent person, with a great respect for her profession."

Aware that when he returned to his pastorate, the younger people of his congregation would besiege him with inquiries about the personalities of the stars and the stories behind their success, Dr. Peale explained that he had asked everyone he met the same leading question, how he had achieved his fame.

It was from Olivia de Havilland, whom he regarded as "pretty, enchanting, modest and humble," that Dr. Peale received his most intriguing response.

"She told me," he reported, "that she felt there had been something almost supernatural in her success, that it had seemed that one door after another was opened to her as if by the hand of some unseen guardian angel. There is a great spiritual quality to that girl!"

Fredric March, whom Dr. Peale came to know best of all the Hollywood stars he met by reason of the fact that March was playing the role of the minister in "One Foot In Heaven," was: "a man I was proud to make my friend. He has great intelligence and great sincerity.

"Now and then in this life we meet people for whom we form a very deep affection and such was my reaction to March. I worked intimately with him for two months and am not overstating it when I say I think he is truly a great man.

"I base this respect not only upon his genius as an actor, but also upon his consideration and his desire that everyone have full credit for his or her part. I also noted his infinite patience and his humble willingness to take suggestions. He has a genuine interest in people and everywhere on the set and in the studio when people spoke of him they did so with an obvious enthusiasm. 'He's a great fellow,' they would say, or 'He's a wonderful man.'

"I have a tremendous admiration for Fredric March and am pleased that universally people have agreed with me that he is the most perfect choice of an actor to play the leading part in the first great picture about a clergyman. March himself considers 'One Foot In Heaven' one of the greatest films he has ever made. In many respects it is the high spot of his career to date.

"As the Reverend William Spence, strong, forthright, interesting and sincere minister of the gospel, Fredric March will walk straight into the hearts of the American people."

MARTHA SCOTT, who was cast opposite March as the quiet, patient minister's wife, won Dr. Peale's enthusiastic tribute. "Completely captivating, cultured, alert, active and tremendously accomplished," was the minister's memory of the young star. "Everyone in Hollywood loves her. She will, I believe, become as famous a figure in her era as Maude Adams or Mary Pickford were in theirs.

"Her husband, Carl Alsop, told me a story about Martha Scott which I believe illustrates her sweet simplicity, her innate modesty. At a preview of one of Martha's pictures, just as she was becoming the most talked about and sought after young actress in Hollywood, Martha, who herself was the target of everyone's attention, looked around the theater and excitedly asked her husband: 'Are there any celebrities here?'"

Although he was working on the set with scores of famous film folk, lurching every day with hundreds of others in the studio's storied "Green Room," Dr. Peale confessed that during his stay in Hollywood he himself was just like any other eager tourist when he happened to pass some star whom he long had admired on the screen.

"The one man I'd always wanted to meet, the one actor I've always enjoyed, is William Powell. And I never did get to meet him," said Dr. Peale.



"I saw him, though," added the mellow minister, with a little self-deprecatory smile, and a laugh at himself in his eyes. "He passed within just a few feet of me!"

The account might have been that of an adolescent autograph hunter, instead of a mature man who himself is a celebrity, and Dr. Peale was the first to recognize and laugh at his own naïveté.

Among the other stars whose work he respected, whose personalities he admired, but whom he met only casually or saw at one of the innumerable Hollywood functions he attended, were Spencer Tracy, Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman.

Errol Flynn impressed the observing parson as "a symbol of the soldier of fortune, a handsome, rollicking romantic." Dr. Peale reported how he had watched with fascination a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl fan approach the personable actor and ask for an autograph. "She was trembling, actually trembling with excitement as she talked with him," the preacher related.

Joan Leslie was "fresh, sweet, sincere," Dr. Peale declared and then added an inside story of how the girl came to be cast as the feminine lead in "Sergeant York." Sergeant York himself, it seems, had insisted that whoever was chosen must be a girl who did not smoke. Few actresses in Hollywood could meet such a restricting requirement.

**M**ENTION of smoking prompted a request to Dr. Peale to elaborate on Hollywood's morals and manners in general.

"Hollywood has been libeled too long," the rector responded. "It is not at all the immoral place it has been pictured.

"There is a certain free and easy atmosphere that is misunderstood for immorality. The 'dears' and 'darlings' that are so carelessly exchanged are not signs of promiscuity but merely a gay companionship that prevails in the studios.

"To begin with, the stars work too hard to do much sinning! After a long day at the studio, they're too tired to gallivant. And besides they couldn't face the camera if they led as wild a life as they're reported to do. Debauchery would show in their faces and the camera can't be fooled.

"Hollywood is just as healthy morally as any other community.

"Indeed, I was surprised at the deep undercurrent of religious principles of many of the men and women in the studios. Time after time, I would get into a general conversation with a star, a writer or a director, only to have them switch the talk to religion and reveal their private beliefs which guided their behavior.

"One of the most inspiring incidents was the day I talked with Hattie McDaniel. In her rich resonant voice, which could be heard all over the set, she began to tell me about her religious convictions.

"Her father had been a Baptist minister and had molded her in a faith that had lasted all through her life."

"My father was quite a preacher," Hattie told the New York clergyman. "And he was quite a pray-er, too. There never was a man who could pray so long! Sometimes when he'd start sayin' grace, he'd go on and on until my mother would say, 'While you're prayin', the rest of us is goin' to get eatin'."

"And how about you, Hattie, do you pray, too?" Dr. Peale asked the big, hearty colored woman.

"Does I? Does I!" cried Hattie. "I gets up in the morning and I goes out on my porch and I looks at the beautiful day

# TANGEE

## *Red-Red*... **ACCLAIMED** **THE NEWEST AND TRUEST** **OF REDS**

Here is the long-sought *true* red... a red so clear and pure it is a perfect foil for *all* fashion shades — an exquisite complement to this year's lavish furs. And Tangee's pure cream base helps protect your lips against splitting, peeling, coarsening — keeps them smooth and lovely. Try both lipstick and rouge in the Tangee Red-Red shade. Try Tangee's Famous Face Powder, as well. It is clinging, lasting, *un*-powdery.

Another Tangee Lipstick Favorite — THEATRICAL RED... a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.





DOES YOUR

*Hair  
Offend?*



If you're attractive, yet still lack partners at a dance—perhaps there's a reason. Does your hair offend?

You must know that your scalp perspires, too, and that oily hair, in particular, collects unpleasant odors. Check up on your hat, your hairbrush, your pillow.

You can play safe so easily. Simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo was especially developed to keep your hair and scalp fresh and clean. Since it contains pure, medicinal pine tar, it works wonders for oily hair and scalp odor.

The delicate pine scent in Packers Pine Tar Shampoo does its work—then disappears. Start the Packers habit tonight—be sure your hair can stand a "nasal close-up"!

**PACKERS**  
*Pine Tar*  
**SHAMPOO**



**EXPECTANT?**

Pregnancy is made much safer by consulting a doctor regularly. Accumulation of poisons, dizziness, high blood pressure, other dangerous developments are often prevented by regular monthly examinations. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on infant feeding.

**HYGEIA**  
**NURSING BOTTLE  
AND NIPPLE**  
SAFER...because easier to clean  
See Your  
Doctor Regularly



and I thanks God for the sun and the sky and the flowers... why, I thank God for everything good that happens to me every day!"

"It was thrilling," declared Dr. Peale, "to find a woman so vigorous in her faith, so reverent and so unashamed in her fervor. Everyone on the set could hear her, but she wasn't ashamed. She was proud of her faith. And I know those men and women on the set respected her all the more for it.

"THERE was another day that a little incident gave me an insight into the serious and sincere side of the men and women who make up a studio. Fredric March, as the Methodist minister in the picture, was talking to Martha Scott, citing some of the principles for which they stood in their little Iowa community.

"High on the electricians' platform above the stage, I noticed one electrician, or 'grip' as they are called, listening to the speech with particular intensity. Later he came to me and said: 'That minister, he had something he really believed in, didn't he? He had something he could hold on to, no matter what happened. I'd like to get something like that... something that would fill my whole life.'

"A great many of the men and women out there in Hollywood, who have been held up as empty-headed, loose-living

wasters, are making the same secret search for an anchor, that 'something they can hold on to.'

"I believe 'One Foot In Heaven' is going to be a tremendous influence on a great many people who see the picture. For the first time, the movies have presented a minister who is a virile, vigorous, straight-shooting man.

"Too often the preacher is depicted in the movies as a weak, bloodless, sissy sort of person.

"This story by Hartzell Spence, the biography of his own father, a Methodist minister, gives a true picture of what the average small-town American minister is like; his life behind the walls of his parsonage, the sacrifices he must make, the courage he commands.

"More than that, 'One Foot In Heaven' shows America at its best, the philosophies, the principles, the American way of life we want to defend.

"I believe this film will attract to the motion-picture theaters a whole great new audience of people who will learn for the first time that Hollywood can turn out fine pictures which can be entertaining and at the same time inspirational.

"It was a privilege to have been a part of its production and a pleasure to have known and worked with those really splendid people who make up the movie colony."

## Honky-Tonk

(Continued from page 41)

to think," she accused him, "that I dropped it on purpose." Candy smiled gently. "To give you a chance to speak to me, I suppose," she added indignantly. "Well," crushingly, "I didn't!"

"Now, wait a minute, honey," Candy soothed. "Don't get mad just when we're getting acquainted. Tell me about yourself." There was no answer. Candy grinned and said craftily, "I expect you're from back east—Maine or New Jersey?" he paused questioningly and involuntarily Elizabeth answered:

"Boston."  
"Boston," Candy repeated smoothly. "Your father probably lost his money—" again the inquiring pause, but this time Elizabeth clamped her full red lips together and did not reply "—and you came out West." Candy continued speculatively, "to get a job." Still no answer and Candy, tiring of roundabout methods, switched to a direct attack. "I suppose you spent your last nickel to get here and that you could use—oh, ten dollars, say, until you get a job."

For a moment Elizabeth didn't understand, then as the full meaning of his suggestion swept her mind, sheer rage possessed her. She turned on him furiously, but before she could speak she saw, walking through the aisle behind him, a Salvation Army woman. She was passing a tambourine, taking up a collection, and that gave Elizabeth an idea. Swiftly the anger left her face and she turned on Candy a smile so dazzling that he leaned forward eagerly.

"You're right," she told him. "I could use ten dollars."

Triumphantly Candy held out a bill, thrilling at the touch of her fingers against his own, but his triumph turned to bewilderment when Elizabeth, signaling the Salvation Army woman, dropped it into her tambourine. Thanking her profusely, the woman thrust the tambourine at Candy, and Candy, with Elizabeth's disdainful eyes on him, could only add another ten to the collection. The woman disappeared down the aisle

and so, before Candy recovered from his daze, did Elizabeth. It wasn't until she was gone that Candy realized that for the first time in his life he had been taken for a sucker—and that he was liking it.

CANDY'S first few hours in Yellow Creek told him that it was a typical honky-tonk, gold-rush town, peopled largely by prospectors, grubstakers, gamblers and women with light morals and dark pasts. The sheriff, Brazos Hearn, had elected himself by pinning a badge on his vest and he ran the town as despotically—and as crookedly—as he ran his saloon, the Placer.

At the Placer Candy ran into two old friends, Gold Dust Nelson, whose brassy hair and flamboyant figure marked her as a typical dance-hall girl, and Judge Cotton. The Judge—he'd given himself the title years before—was a talkative, persuasive old reprobate, usually tight.

"I have to stay sober now, though," he told Candy sadly. "My daughter came out from Boston—got here this evening—" with a start Candy realized that the Judge's daughter was the blonde who had played him for a sucker on the train—"and she thinks I'm a real judge—and respectable." He sighed. "Elizabeth being here sure puts me in the hole."

"Afraid the girls won't like you when they find out you've got a grown daughter?" Candy asked.

"Worse than that," the Judge explained. "I set myself up as a justice of the peace for a while. It wasn't much of a job—one of Brazos Hearn's boys would have got it if it had been—and it wasn't long before the pious people in town put their own man in, but I collected a few fines. And now people are asking what happened to the money. Well," resignedly, "it's gone—and it looks like a case of me skipping town or being run out—and with Elizabeth here—" he shrugged expressively, then asked, "Could you let me have enough money to pay up, Candy? It's only \$500."

Candy fingered the hundred-dollar bill



in his pocket—all that remained of his last three-card monte winnings—and was about to refuse. Then he had another idea. The Judge had been useful in the past, might be useful again, and he had a sneaking fondness for the old coot. Besides it wouldn't be a bad notion to have the blonde girl's father under obligation to him. So he said, "Sure, Judge. I haven't got it now—but I'll get it."

SINCE Brazos Hearn was the only man in town with real money he was, Candy figured, the logical man to get money from, so a few hours later, Hearn's fumbling hands and his bluster having proved poor opposition to Candy's supple fingers and nerve, Candy left the Placer with \$5,000 of Hearn's money in his pocket. Sniper was with him and between them they supported the Judge who, in relief at Candy's helping him out of his difficulties, had forgotten about staying sober.

It was when Candy delivered the Judge to his lodgings that he saw Elizabeth for the second time. She took one horrified look at the Judge's swaying figure, then ran to help him into the house. In a moment she was back, facing Candy in the shadows of the shabby little porch.

"You had no right to come here," she blazed. "We're not the same kind of people, you and I."

"For such a pretty little thing you're sure spunky," Candy said admiringly, then, seriously, "I think we *are* the same kind of people, honey. That's why I came."

"Why—you—of all—" Elizabeth gasped. Candy didn't let her finish. He pulled her roughly into his arms and she felt the hard almost brutal pressure of his lips. "Because," releasing her, "I wanted to kiss you—and you wanted me to." He laughed as she struggled futilely against the strength of his arms, but his voice was gruffly caressive when he said, "You're crazy about me, honey, just as I am about you. And there's no sense fighting it."

SHE did fight it, though, during the next few weeks; fought every effort he made to break down her resistance. Candy accepted her rebuffs with sardonic good humor, only reminding her occasionally that someday she would give in. Meantime, however, he was busy with his own affairs, for with the money he had won from Brazos Hearn he was beginning to take Brazos Hearn's own town away from him; to run it, as he'd once vowed to Sniper he would do, to suit himself.

From the start the going was easy. With the exception of Hearn and Elizabeth everybody in town was rooting for him. The law-abiding minority, headed by Mrs. Varner, approved him because he financed a mission for her. Mrs. Varner, hard-voiced and soft-hearted, was the widow of a minister who had hoped to reform Yellow Creek. Since his death she had run the boardinghouse where Elizabeth and the Judge now made their home, and had tried to carry on his work. Candy's gift of a mission was the first substantial aid she had received and because of it she blinked her eyes, though she couldn't close them entirely, at his second contribution to Yellow Creek. That was a new saloon and gambling house, the Square Deal.

"It seems monstrous," Elizabeth fumed one day to Mrs. Varner, "that that person—should build a mission and then—this," she pointed angrily at the Square Deal which they were passing on their way to the grocery store. She added irrelevantly, remembering Candy's kisses, "He's a beast."

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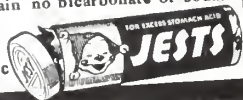
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"Candy?" Mrs. Varner asked. "Why Candy's like most men. And most men," she reflected, "are like bacon. 'Streak of fat, streak of lean; streak of good, streak of mean.'"

"But what," Elizabeth asked woefully, "if a girl's a vegetarian?"

Mrs. Varner snorted. "A vegetarian has a tough time in this country. 'Bout as tough as you've had trying not to fall in love with Candy. You'll marry him yet," she prophesied.

"No you won't," a grim voice said behind them. They turned to see Gold Dust emerging from the Square Deal. Ever since Candy's arrival in Yellow Creek Gold Dust had tried to stake a claim to him; she was jealous of his preference for Elizabeth and Mrs. Varner's remark brought her jealousy to the boiling point.

"In Boston, maybe, when a guy hangs around you the way Candy does, you're safe to figure that he's going to marry you," Gold Dust said insolently. "But out here things are different. Men are different, too—especially Candy. Candy's just not the marrying kind."

The light of battle flared in Elizabeth's eyes and she said scornfully, "When a man isn't the marrying kind it just means that he isn't married yet."

"Not Candy," Gold Dust contradicted. "A fancy room in a fancy hotel's more his style," she taunted and disappeared into the Square Deal again, leaving Elizabeth white with mingled rage and determination.

Not the marrying kind? she inwardly challenged Gold Dust. Well, she would prove that he was—and from that time on her attitude to Candy began to soften. Then came the night when instead of evading his kisses she returned them with an ardor she hadn't known she possessed, the night when she was forced to admit to herself that she wanted to marry him not to defy Gold Dust but because she was in love with him.

Candy sensed her responsiveness and said huskily, "Let's go to Sacramento, honey. We'll get you some black lace stockings and diamonds to sparkle in your hair. You'll knock their eyes out at the Sierra Palace hotel."

Elizabeth's own eyes clouded; she remembered Gold Dust's "Fancy room in a hotel," but she murmured complaisantly—almost too complaisantly—"Anything you say, Candy." She drew herself out of his arms then and turned to a cupboard in the wall. "Mrs. Varner keeps this for emergencies," she smiled, bringing out a bottle of whisky, "but she won't care if we drink some of it for a toast to—Sacramento."

Candy eyed her quizzically. "Aren't you forgetting, honey, that I don't drink?"

Elizabeth hadn't forgotten; that Candy didn't drink was one of the things that always puzzled her about him, but she said in pretended surprise, "Don't you, Candy? Why not?"

"I like it too much," Candy said frankly. "If I have one drink I want two and if I have two I want three. And after three drinks I don't remember anything—but I always wake up and find Trouble sitting on the bedpost."

"But one drink, Candy," Elizabeth said persuasively, "just one little toast to—Sacramento?" She held out a brimming glass, standing so close to him that he could feel the soft warm flesh of her arm beneath her thin silk sleeve. For a moment they stood there, then Candy took the drink and downed it in one gulp. "To Sacramento," he said.

**B**UT they didn't go to Sacramento. They went, after Candy had had several drinks over the three, only as far as the new justice of the peace who, grumbling at being disturbed in the middle of the night, finally consented to marry them, and then back to Elizabeth's room at Mrs. Varner's.

When Candy waked up next morning he had no memory of the ceremony. His startled eyes encountered Elizabeth, who smiled at him inscrutably, and then, at the foot of the bed, a strange creation which reminded him vaguely of himself. It wore his clothes but its body was the bedpost and the knob that served as its head was crowned with his own hat.

"What's that?" he demanded groggily. "That's Trouble," Elizabeth answered. "Trouble sitting on the bedpost. We had



Ever since Candy's arrival in Yellow Creek Gold Dust Nelson had tried to stake a claim on him—and Gold Dust was the kind of gal who could do that to perfection



a lot of fun building him last night." She laid her left hand caressingly on the creation and Candy saw, on her third finger, a signet ring he himself had worn for years. He raised his eyes to her face. It still wore the inscrutable expression but now she was whistling. The tune was "Here Comes the Bride." Slowly the truth dawned on him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Johnson," he said levelly. Elizabeth's answering good morning was wary and Candy went on, as though to himself, "I always like to figure that a door works both ways. When I walk into a room I want to know I can walk out again."

Elizabeth tilted her chin. "The door to this room," she said stormily, "works both ways."

"Well, as long as you remember that," Candy observed philosophically, "there's no reason why this marriage should go to waste, even though I was conned into it." He leaned forward before she could make any answer and, touching the pink ribbons at the neck of her nightgown, he said, "I always did like pink ribbons."

A smile twitched at Elizabeth's lips. "Better than black lace stockings and diamonds?" she asked pertly.

Candy grinned delightedly. "You'll have those too, honey," he promised and held out his arms.

**A**FTER Candy's marriage his life was one of those spectacular shots to power that leaves everyone gasping. He could have had any political office he wanted, but he was too shrewd to accept any of them; instead he put men of his own choosing in office and they carried out his orders so well that soon, for every dollar spent in the town, half of it went, eventually, into Candy's pockets. Brazos Hearn hired an out-of-town gunman to kill him, but the plot was so badly planned that even though Candy killed the would-be assailant it was clearly a case of self-defense and he emerged a greater favorite than ever. He could, of course, have run Hearn out of town after that, but he let him remain and from then on Hearn, too, took his orders from Candy.

Strangely enough, it was the Judge who proved to be his greatest opponent. Elizabeth's arrival in Yellow Creek had stirred in her father some latent spark of decency and paternal protectiveness and her marriage nearly floored him. He tried to break it up, tried to convince her that Candy's money, hence her own, was made dishonestly, but Elizabeth wouldn't listen; it was as though her love for Candy had blinded her to everything but his love for her. Finally the Judge gave up talking to her, but he devoted every effort to wrecking the empire Candy had built up, in the hope that if it fell Elizabeth would come to her senses and leave him. Sniper tried to warn Candy against the Judge's enmity but for Elizabeth's sake he refused to take any drastic steps against his father-in-law.

For if Elizabeth was blind in her adoration of Candy, he was equally slavish in his devotion of her, especially after their realization that they were to have a baby. Candy had never thought much about children, never cared especially for them and certainly had never planned on having a family, but from the moment he knew that a child of his own was on the way he could talk of nothing else. Although their elaborately turreted house was only recently completed he made plans for a new nursery wing for his son—he never doubted that the baby would be a boy—plans for his education, for his future. His son should have everything that money could buy—and to get the money he called together his puppet offi-

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cials and ordered them to increase the take on every business in town, legitimate or otherwise.

"But you can't get away with it now, Candy," Joe Kendall, the Mayor, protested and District Attorney Adams backed him up with, "Everybody's squawking already about taxes and rents and food prices."

Candy looked up from the heap of glittering jewels on his desk. Elizabeth's birthday was coming soon and he was determined to get her the biggest diamond Yellow Creek had ever seen. "Then it's up to you," he told Kendall, "to see that we do get away with it. And to you," he turned to Adams, "to stop their squawks." He tossed a ring to the jeweler who was also the City Clerk. "One like that," he said carelessly, "but twice as big. And be sure it's ready Tuesday. The Governor and a couple of senators are coming to dinner and I want to make their eyes bug out."

The protests continued, though, increased in volume until the town, once so solidly behind Candy, was just as solidly opposed to him and his political machine. Finally a town meeting was called to discuss ways and means of breaking down his organization. Sniper learned that the Judge had promised to appear at the meeting and disclose all the graft and corruption in the town's political organization and he persuaded him to get the old man out of town. The Judge consented readily to taking a trip, as Candy suggested, then forestalled the plan by getting off at the next station and returning.

He arrived when the meeting was in full swing and marched determinedly toward the speakers' platform. Brazos Hearn watched him. In another minute the Judge would reach the platform, would make the speech that would end Yellow Creek's graft—and Hearn's easy money—forever. There was only one way to stop him. Hearn leveled his gun at the old man and pulled the trigger.

ELIZABETH'S baby was born that night—born prematurely. It lived only a few minutes. Elizabeth's life, too, was despaired of and for hours Candy paced the hallway outside her door, refusing to listen to Sniper's plea to "Come down and do something before the whole town blows wide open."

For the Judge's murder was the match that set off the fireworks in Yellow Creek. The whole town was up in arms at the realization that a murder had been committed and that no attempt had been made to arrest the murderer. Candy was the only one, Sniper urged, who could hold the townspeople in check; moreover, he warned that Kendall, Adams and the others were getting out of hand. "If you don't start giving them orders," he reported, "Brazos Hearn will. He's already got them half believing that he was acting in their interests when he killed the Judge." But Candy wouldn't stir from the house while Elizabeth was in danger.

At last she rallied sufficiently for him to see her and he tiptoed, more noisily than with his usual catlike stride, into her room. She turned a grief-worn face to his when he dropped to his knees beside her. "I lost our baby, Candy," she said dully and her apathy tore at his heart more than anger or bitterness would have done.

He took her hands in his and held them against his cheek. "You didn't lose yourself though, honey, and that's all that counts."

After a moment she whispered, "Why did that have to happen to Papa?" There was no reproach, no hint that she held forces which Candy had set into operation

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responsible for her father's death, only bewilderment which was harder to bear than direct accusation would have been.

"The Judge figured that there was something that was right for him to do," he said heavily, "and he got hurt doing it."

Elizabeth nodded wisely. "He said you weren't good for me," her faint voice continued. "He said it would be right for me to leave you. But that would have hurt, too—hurt so much that I—I couldn't do it. I could never leave you, Candy. You know that, don't you?"

"I know it, honey," the words came with difficulty past the sob in his throat. He kissed her then—lingeringly, tenderly, as though it were the last kiss they would ever share—and got slowly to his feet, forcing himself to leave her.

By the time he started downtown with Sniper a law and order party had been organized; it was fully armed and it outnumbered the town officials who had barricaded themselves inside the courthouse before which the armed citizens crowded threateningly. At first they refused to let Candy and Sniper pass, then one of the ringleaders said, "All right—go in. And tell those highbinders in there that we want Brazos Hearn for killing the Judge. The rest of 'em can leave town if they go with their hands up and their pockets empty."

But the officials in the courthouse had no intention of leaving town or of sending Hearn out to meet the mob. As Sniper had prophesied, they were now taking their orders from Brazos Hearn; Adams, Kendall and the rest already had become resentful of Candy's highhanded control; Hearn had played on their resentment and had finally convinced them that their only chance to save their own skins was to turn against Candy and

accept Hearn himself as their new leader. Contemptuously, he explained the new situation to Candy, then in triumph he pulled his gun and ordered, "Reach for the sky, Candy."

As though in fright Candy slowly raised his hands. But suddenly one fist shot out, catching Hearn on the jaw. Hearn fired, but since he was off balance his shot went wild. Before he could fire again Candy's own gun was out and his shot went straight to Hearn's heart.

FOR a moment there was silence in the room, then Kendall said, "Killing Hearn's your business, Candy, but what happens from now on is our business. There's just one thing we want to know. Are you with us—or with that mob outside?"

"With you," Candy declared unhesitatingly. "With you every step of the way." He studied the faces before him for a moment, then added, "We'll sure make things hot for the militia."

"Militia?" Kendall and Adams spoke together.

"Sure." Candy pulled a telegram from his pocket and passed it over. It was from the Governor, offering to send militia to quell the Yellow Creek disturbance. Candy had received it just as he was leaving the house and hadn't bothered to reply, but as he saw Adams and Kendall bent over it, a scheme began to form in his mind.

"I wired him to send 'em along," he lied.

"Then I reckon there's nothing to do but wait till they get here and watch 'em shoot down that mob out there," Kendall said smugly.

Candy shook his head. "But they'll be firing in here," he said regretfully. "You see," he was rapidly making up a story,

"not being here I didn't know what was going on. I thought—I'm sorry, boys—but I thought the mob had taken over the courthouse and were inside and that you fellows were out there trying to force them out. So I told the Governor to have the militia take the courthouse and let the folks outside alone." He stopped. No one spoke. No one seemed even to breathe, but every face showed fright.

"Of course," Candy went on slowly, "everyone's in front of the courthouse and it's getting dark now, so maybe we could get out the back way—" he stopped again, hardly daring to believe the mounting terror in the men around him. "But that's not our way," his voice suddenly was a call to battle. "This is our town—we've got the politics and the money sewed up and we'll fight to keep them sewed up—even if it means a bellyful of lead for every one of us!"

Incredulous silence greeted his outburst. Kendall was the first to break it. "Anybody that wants to get a bellyful of lead saving this town for Candy Johnson can do it," he snorted. "As for me, I'm getting out the back door before that gang out front remembers there is a back door."

Five minutes later when they were alone except for the body of Brazos Hearn, Candy signalled to Sniper and together they walked out the front door. The crowd moved toward them threateningly, but apparently forgot all about them when Candy, pointing at the courthouse, said carelessly, "You'll find Brazos Hearn inside. Dead."

When they'd walked a short distance Sniper remarked, "Politically, as far as this town goes, you're dead." Candy only shrugged. "Yes, sir," Sniper grumbled, "you sure committed political suicide."

Candy didn't reply. He was thinking of

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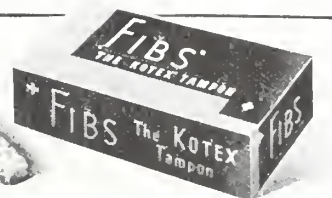
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another suicide—the Judge's—for the Judge must have known that not only Hearn but any other of Candy's hand-picked political henchmen would have shot him rather than risk his telling all he knew about their methods of mulcting the town. And since, knowing that, the Judge still came back, it meant only one thing. He thought Candy was such bad medicine for Elizabeth that he was willing to risk his life to give her a chance at freedom from him. He hadn't succeeded; Candy knew that Elizabeth would never leave him, no matter what had happened. But this knowledge, instead of comforting him, only forced him to face the decision he'd been trying to fight off ever since the Judge's death: If Elizabeth was to have her chance, her chance at a decent life free from the taint of her husband's misdeeds, Candy himself would have to do the leaving. Unconsciously he squared his shoulders.

"Now that you've given the town back to the suckers," Sniper's cynical voice brought him back to earth, "we'd better clear out—fast. That mob won't be satisfied with Hearn very long. They'll be after you next. Better start running, Candy."

Start running. Yes, he'd run, as he had so often in the past, as he had sworn he would never run again. But not from the mob this time. This time he was running for a different reason, a reason which Sniper would never understand.

If Elizabeth had been a weakling the shock of Candy's disappearance would have resulted in complete collapse; instead, it filled her with determination to find him again and this determination was greatly aided by an astute post card from Sniper who figured Candy was a mighty unhappy man.

Her unexpected arrival in the small dingy hotel room in Pocatello left Candy speechless for a minute. Then controlling his desire to take her in his arms he demanded with false belligerence, "What are you doing here?"

Elizabeth ignored his question to ask one of her own.

"Why did you leave me, Candy?"

"Why? You ought to be able to guess that without me telling you. It's just that I got around to looking for that door that opens both ways." Elizabeth's quizzical expression told him that his story wasn't getting across and with an effort at harshness he said, "I'm a guy that likes excitement—and all at once you just weren't exciting."

"You're lying, Candy," Elizabeth said softly, "but not very well. You left because you thought I'd be better off without you."

Candy stiffened. "Why should I pull a sucker trick like that?" he shouted.

Elizabeth smiled, the patient, tender smile of a mother for a child. "Because," she said, "you're in love with me." Her arms crept around his neck. "I know you are, Candy. That's why I came."

Candy shoved her aside roughly. "That's not the reason you came," he yelled. "You came because you're crazy about me, just as I—" he checked himself frantically. He hadn't meant to let her know he was still crazy about her. On the contrary, he'd meant to make her think he no longer cared; ever since she'd been in the room he'd been forcing himself to stay away from her, in the belief that her pride would at last force her to leave him, as he knew she should do—"just as," he gulped, then finished savagely, "—as you always were and always will be."

Elizabeth smiled again, but this time it was the triumphant smile of a woman gloriously, crazily in love, a woman who knows her man loves her no matter how he pretends otherwise. "Sure, Candy," she said softly. She placed her arms about him again and her voice was muffled against his heart. "Sure I'm crazy about you. Just as you are about me. And there's no sense fighting it."

No sense fighting it, he said to himself, and suddenly knew that she was right. There was no sense in fighting when her arms were close about him, when her lips, warm and red, were eager for his own. So he stopped fighting and began kissing her instead. It was much nicer that way.

THE END



A hero in their midst: Hostess Louella Parsons, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Mrs. Herb Stein with the lion of the Hollywood moment, Errol Flynn, at a party given for Ben and Bebe Lyons. Flynn was the center of congratulations, the grinning recipient of handshakes on his recent informal encounter with a Hollywood columnist

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR



## Surprise Romance

(Continued from page 45)

from time to time, he had been seeing Hollywood's loveliest redhead, Miss Greer Garson—and incidentally, this will come as a surprise to those who little dreamed of this friendship.

So George was acquainted with the loveliness of beautiful women and radiant young girls. There was no need to be swept off his feet by Miss Rogers, who is not one of Hollywood's beauties; no need to feel awed by her superb talent, for Miss Garson is one of Hollywood's finest actresses; no need to be impressed with her wealth and possessions, for Gloria Vanderbilt is one of our richest heiresses. No need—well, anyway, he met Ginger and, despite everything in the world, knew she was the girl for him.

"If I thought marriage meant a constant dull round of paying back dinners, paying calls because someone called on us, of dull routine living, I wouldn't want it," George told us.

"Well," we said, "it wouldn't be with Ginger, you know. She isn't very social-minded, gives few parties and goes to few, lives pretty much to herself."

His eyes were warm as he spoke. "I know it," he said. It was plain he'd thought it all out and found one more point in favor of marriage with the woman he loved.

"Just what kind of girl do you want?" we asked point-blank.

"A truly old-fashioned kind," he answered. "A one-in-a-lifetime kind. A girl who neither drinks nor smokes."

"If my marriage lasted but a few years it would still be my last," he went on. "I figure on having one marriage in my life. None of this marrying after three weeks' courtship and then divorcing in six months. I'm just not that kind."

"Is it possible to be happily married in Hollywood, do you think, George? Really happy?"

"Yes, perfectly," he answered. "Certainly it's possible."

"Well" (and we got right down to solid foundation here), "do you think an actor and actress can marry and be happy?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm sure of it."

All thought through carefully, you see, to the very finish. His life and Ginger's mentally placed and put—waiting for the day.

THEY saw each other the very next night after the first date. For that matter, we saw them together, too, at—of all things—a drive-in hamburger stand. George Montgomery with a hamburger in his perfectly huge hand was looking at Ginger as no man with a hamburger clenched in his fist should look. It was our first intimation that a romance was brewing.

They met the following night at Johnny Maschio's for dinner. A foursome at the Ice Follies, swimming in Ginger's pool for George and Ginger, tennis and long talks led to the Labor Day week end.

To our notion, the one enormous factor that cinched George Montgomery's heart was Ginger's ranch just over the California state line in Oregon. George himself, out of his small earnings, has made down payments on two ranches of his own up in Montana. A woman who also loved ranches and the get-away-from-it-all life was—well, it was a blessing from above, that's all.

George drove up to join Ginger at her ranch for a four-day holiday.

"We fished, took walks, loafed, rested and talked," George told us. "It was really swell to get away, to get really



## Mrs. Chelsea's Daughter Was Dancing Alone!

*Strange things can happen to Romance when a girl neglects her hands*

This is called "the fade-out." Mother may not have warned you, but frequently the male is quite peculiar. He may discount all your other charms—if your hands are not alluring.

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in winter weather—(2) fast-finishing "SPECIAL" for less dry, less sensitive skin and for mild weather, mild climate use.

People change diets and clothing with the seasons. One person requires a "hard" toothbrush—another "soft." One person demands tooth powder—another paste.

So Campana has left the "old-fashioned groove" and—for the first time in hand lotion history—offers you "2 KINDS" of CAMPANA BALM. To serve every skin. In any season. In any climate!

*Double Action in every drop*

*Softening action—plus protecting action. Softening is not enough. You also need to protect your skin against outside irritants!*



"Housework doesn't exactly groom your hands for a party," I thought—as Dick telephoned for a date.



"Thank goodness for Campana Balm," I said. "No hangnails, no roughness to snare my sheer, silk hose!"

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for CHAPPED skin



"All is well! Dick says I have winsome hands. He treasures their softness—I safeguard it with Campana!"



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**RIT**  
TINTS & DYES

acquainted. When the vacation was over we drove back to Hollywood together. No, better not say that." He thought a moment. "Heck, why not?"

We looked at this big handsome lad, so out-of-place in the blasé, sophisticated atmosphere of Hollywood, and saw Gary Cooper as he had been ten or even fifteen years before—shy, unsure of himself, a bit scared, maybe. Only Gary had had a home of some means behind him. George, one of an enormous brood, was born to Russian parents who spoke with thick accents and who had come to the New World to make a home on the Montana cattle ranch they leased.

When it came time for high school, the family moved into Black Eagle and George Montgomery Letz (his real name) trekked across the river to Great Falls to school, where he starred on the football and baseball teams. He enrolled at the University of Montana to study interior decorating, the only outlet he could think of for his talent for drawing and sketching—another interest he and Ginger have in common. Then he came to Hollywood to be with an older brother and began looking for a job. He found one, decorating the walls of a cafe at \$10 a week.

He tried movies and they would have none of him. He was twenty, shy, uncertain of himself.

He did double in trick riding shots, riding up stairs on horseback, performing difficult stunts. Between efforts he found a job, a strange job for a twenty-year-old Western kid. He became a bartender in an out-of-the-way cafe. Finally, a chance came to make a test for one of the Lone Rangers out at Republic. The test was pretty awful. "Well, don't worry," the director said, "we'll try again after lunch."

"I sat out in the car all through lunch hour and sweated," he said. "It was awful." But he got the job and was killed off in the Fifth Episode.

It got so bad finally he went home to Montana. When his engineer brother sailed for South America, George came back to Los Angeles to see him off and, because he no longer tried, Hollywood came to George. An agent saw him, signed him, sold him to Twentieth Century-Fox where, to the amazement and envy of every male on the lot, George became the object of every female's devotion. They mothered him, looked after him, despaired because of him.

That's the man at whom Ginger Rogers, older than George, looks with a significant light in her eye: a man who had never been east of Black Eagle, Montana, until he recently made a personal-appearance tour to Dixon, Illinois, with Louella Parsons.

Yet they are alike, these two—Ginger and George. Both are from ranch states. (Ginger comes from Texas.) Both are shy of people, both retiring, both idealists.

Two discrepancies face them—age and fame. Ginger is older than George, but history records that many successful marriages have surmounted this obstacle. As to the inequality of fame, things are being done about that. After "Cadet Girl," George will be raised to the rank of top leading man when he plays in "My Gal Sal."

When plans materialize to co-star George and Ginger in her Twentieth Century-Fox picture, "A Self-Made Cinderella," the time will be at hand for these two idealists in a strange land to come to a final decision about each other.

Our bet is—well, you don't care about that anyway!

The End.



## Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 6)

her personality. For beauty and real acting ability, she gets my vote. Oscars to Olivia!

MRS. RODNEY SURGI,  
Vicksburg, Miss.

### \$1.00 PRIZE Inspiration

IN your October issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror I read the article, "How to Get a Fan Letter Answered." In it Nelson Eddy told of how he couldn't sing all of the songs his fans wished. This gave me an inspiration.

Why can't Hollywood have a picture just for this purpose. There could be gathered a group of singing stars, among them Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Kathryn Grayson, Judy Garland, etc. No story—nothing but singing. The stars could take turns in singing.

If this plan should ever be taken up I would be very grateful if Nelson Eddy would sing the song about the Cossacks from the picture "Balalaika."

SYLVIA GOLDBERG,  
Perth Amboy, N. J.

### \$1.00 PRIZE From England to Hollywood

I CAME over here from England some time ago and I want to express my feeling of gratitude toward such gay film stars as Jeanette MacDonald, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, etc., whose happy faces for a time helped to dispel the gloom of war. Owing to the danger involved if one ventured out at night, one had to snatch pleasure during the day and not only I but my friends were and always shall be grateful for the gaiety of the comedies produced by your American studios.

It was from the people mentioned that we gained even more courage and happiness. Please keep on giving England light comedies, for in times like these I know they will be appreciated.

JULIETTE GARVEY,  
Verona, N. J.

### \$1.00 PRIZE Spec-ulation

WHENEVER the screen wants to de-glamorize one of their queens they stick a pair of specs on her nose and let us know that this makes her an ugly duckling. Then, when the plot thickens and the time is ripe she whips them off and lo! she dazzles our hero with the beauty they had heretofore hidden, at the same time sweeping the floor clean with her inches-long eyelashes.

But what about us poor things who must wear specs and who can't whip them off when the time is ripe. How do you think we feel when we realize the heroine is telling us she was unpopular with the boys and that they all laughed 'til she whipped off her specs and became the belle of the ball. Does that mean I'll never git me man because of my multiple eyes? 'Tis a fate worse than death.

LILLIAN HOUTWED,  
New York, N. Y.

### HONORABLE MENTION

THANK you, "Fearless," for your article "The Truth About the Stars' Figures." We poor housewives get pretty tired of being unfavorably compared with those paragons of feminine perfection that flit about on the screen.

Now I like Hedy Lamarr and I think Ann Sheridan is wonderful, but any wife likes to be able to find some flaw in another woman her husband especially admires, even if she is a movie star!

MRS. RONALD K. FIELD,  
Kila, Mont.

AS a movie exhibitor I want to thank you for the boost you gave Kathryn Grayson in your last issue. Too many young stars are dropped by their studios because of the fact they fall in love and want to lead a happy married life the same as you and I. Kathryn Grayson has the qualities our customers want.

MRS. B. P. VIETHS,  
Hawley, Minn.

MUST Henry Fonda be forever cast as a clumsy, girl-shy moron? He is a very fine actor and it's about time he was given a break. I'd like to see him in a part he could sink his teeth into.

E. S. GLASCOE,  
Missoula, Mont.

WE miss you, Mr. Fitzpatrick. We miss colorful travelogues that transported us to every romantic spot on the globe.

Everyone is patriotic these days—everyone is proud of America, yet many of us are familiar only with our own little immediate world. I think it would be a splendid tribute to our freedom if you would give us a series of short subjects based on "Getting Acquainted With America."

MISS TRACY KENYON,  
Woodhaven, N. Y.

WHAT a relief it was to see Ralph Bellamy in a legitimate role in "Dive Bomber." His work as a flight surgeon in this picture was splendid and should open the gates to better parts in the future. Those wealthy, country-hick roles he had fallen into were getting very monotonous.

THELMA LOUISE SMITH,  
Memphis, Tenn.

IT was interesting to read about a prominent star's working as a clerk in the basement of a well-known store to gain experience for a picture. She should have learned from the other clerks one point invaluable to all movie actors—to greet the public with a smile. Wise is the star who remembers that a pleasant smile in public and courtesy toward the fans makes someone like a foot-weary clerk more eager to spend her money at the box office.

DOROTHY F. RAY,  
Pasadena, Cal.

WHAT about Alan Hale? Is there an actor in pictures who has more consistently pulled mediocre movies out of their ruts? Time and again I've seen him put realism and meaning into a role that actually could have been left out entirely but through his artistry outshone the starring part. Whenever you see his name in the cast you know you can expect at least one good performance—he's never given a bad one.

Then why not give him a real opportunity? Surely there are great stories to be filmed that demand a mature and characterful leading man, rather than the usual "glamour boy."

I want to see him where he deserves—in the lead!

MRS. M. E. CARLISLE,  
Long Branch, N. J.



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# facing facts

Some incidental thoughts about the power behind the powder puff, including a few dressing-table tricks

## BY GLORIA MACK

● Be a magician and play some tricks with powder. All you need to know is that dark powder conceals, light powder accentuates. For instance, if your jawline makes you look like a too-determined woman, soften it by first powdering it with a shade the color of your neck. Then cover your whole face with a light glowing powder. You'll look nice and pretty if you use two shades of powder always, a darker one over a lighter or vice versa, depending on the time of day or night and on the effect you want.

● Don't get confused at the powder counter. It's simple to know what shade you should wear. Just remember always to choose a tint that is two shades lighter than your skin tone, a shade with life in it. But if you're a high-colored person, you're an exception to this general rule; then you'll match the shade of your powder exactly with your skin tone.

If you're on the pale lily-white side, choose a delicate pink shade; if you're too sallow, get a deeper shade of pink.

If you can't find just the shade you want, buy a lot of boxes and do some experimental mixing. That way, you'll never have to be a compromiser.

● Keep your powder under control. Don't sally forth with your eyebrows sprinkled with white. Use an eyebrow brush after every powder application. Unless you want to look like a candidate for the circus, be sure the powder in your compact is the same shade as the box on your dressing table. Hang your head in shame if you keep on using the same box of powder all year long. That will never do because your skin changes tone constantly. Have a variety of powder shades on your dressing table and see that they correspond with the seasonal changes of your skin during the year.

● This is the girl Gene Raymond thinks is the nicest person in Hollywood—his wife, Jeanette MacDonald. They live happily together, are appearing just as happily in "Smilin' Through," their first co-starring picture.



Jeanette  
 MacDonald

On the subject of the dressing table, Miss MacDonald has this to say: "Like any art, the art of the powder puff has its rules and a badly powdered face is—well, you've seen them. Since the keynote of powdering is daintiness, make very certain the puff and the compact are both dainty and fresh."

● Be a power behind the powder puff and learn how to use it correctly. Never drag the puff across your face; you'll come up with streaked make-up. Instead, press in your powder with up and down strokes of the puff. If you're going to be stingy about using powder, you might as well not use it at all, because you'll shine through in about five minutes unless you apply it heavily and thoroughly. But don't walk out looking like a circus rider; there's another step that is an essential—the powder brush, with which you brush off all surplus powder to give you a nice even glow.

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**MORE ABSORBENT** Drinks in moisture. Ideal for beauty care and a thousand and one uses everywhere.

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# Play Truth and Consequences with Bob Hope

(Continued from page 47)

and girls should be taught to be useful.

18. (Q) Who disciplines your children, you or Dolores?

(A) Unfortunately, that task has fallen on Dolores because I'm not home enough. As it is, I get up half an hour earlier in the morning to play with Linda and Tony so they'll know who I am.

19. (Q) Have you ever lied out of a tight spot? What was it?

(A) During "The Ghost Breakers" I pinched Paulette Goddard's scooter and went flying around the lot. Going down a hill I did a nose dive over the handlebars and ruined the suit I was wearing in the next scene. I walked back to the stage and when I got within sight and hearing, I pretended to fall and got up audibly apologetic for the hole I just tore in my trousers.

20. (Q) If a neighbor's dog kept you awake, what would you do?

(A) Feed it one of my relatives! But I'm a fine one to talk with the Great Danes, cockers and Scotties I keep around my place!

21. (Q) If you could do it, what change would you make in your appearance?

(A) Another pair of eyes in the back of my head, so I could be in the other fellow's close-up; and stronger wrists, so I could hit that white pill farther than Crosby on the sixteenth.

22. (Q) Have you ever attempted to reform another person and what were the results?



Bob Hope looks at Madeleine Carroll with a gleam in his eye; you'll know what that means when you play "Truth And Consequences" with him on p. 47

1. UPSET AS HUSBAND SAYS OFF CHRISTMAS TREE, MESSING UP NEWLY VACUUMED RUG

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(A) Yes, Madeleine Carroll. The result? She still won't talk to me.

23. (Q) Given the opportunity, do you think you would make a good screen lover?

(A) Why not? What's Gable got I couldn't get from a plastic surgeon and I don't mean Carole.

24. (Q) What was the first joke you told as a professional comedian?

(A) "We call our cat Carbine because it has a-cet-y-lene kittens." Need I say I worked behind a net at the time?

25. (Q) Are you sentimental about keepsakes? Which ones do you cherish?

(A) Very sentimental. Two of my most cherished possessions are my mother's old-fashioned sewing machine which she brought from England, and Dolores' baby ring. She gave it to me just before we were married and I wear it constantly, on and off screen.

26. (Q) What was the best business deal you ever turned?

going to get me a sparkler like all successful show folks had in those days. I was a chorus boy in Raymond Hitchcock's show, "The Yankee Tourist," when he fell suddenly ill. The curtain had to go up, so they threw the part at me and I had gall enough to take it. From chorus boy to star in fifteen minutes.

"Things aren't geared to operate as fast as that nowadays," reflected the lovable scamp of a hundred pictures as he sat in his shirt sleeves on the breakfast porch of his Beverly Hills home. "But they did then. Seeing my name up in lights on Broadway gave me the biggest thrill of my life. I sat across the street from the Astor Theater, looking at the marquee and drinking ice-cream sodas by the peck. Then I went out and bought my sparkler and I haven't been without it since."

Neither has Wallace Beery been without his stardom. Not a single other top name of his first starring era—Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, even Charlie Chaplin, if considered as a star and not a producer—remains to join him on the list of ten biggest money-makers at the box office. But to the astonishment of all, up pops Wally as a record-maker.

Or is it astonishing? There is a human, earthy quality about the man and what he does that endears him to all erring mankind. We love his naïve scallawagery, as eloquently exemplified in his latest picture, "Barnacle Bill," and rejoice in his vast good-natured strength. Perhaps it's because we sense that a deal of living has gone into this man, happy and otherwise, since the days when he and his brothers, Willie and Noah, were the three young sons of Policeman Beery in Kansas City.

**WITH** that pumpkin-pie grin of his, Wally recalls, "Some folks declared I was the orneriest kid on the block. Willie and Noah and I were always in fights. We were tough about everything but Mother; pretty soft about her—even took piano lessons just to please her.

"But the piano lessons were what finished me off. No real he-man, even if

When I borrowed \$35 bus fare to California. I'm only kidding; I came first class on the Chief. It's one of the finest trains I've ever ridden under.

27. (Q) What endearing nickname does Dolores have for you?

(Bob took the consequences. Write a poem to Madeleine Carroll.)

28. (Q) What was your prize flop?

(A) A benefit I played at Madison Square Garden in front of 20,000 witnesses. I spent a good ten minutes on the buildup for the best gag in my collection, only to have it murdered by the impressive entrance of Governor Lehman. That cured me of being a Democrat.

29. (Q) What is your definition of a glamour girl?

(A) Mascara, wired for sound.

30. (Q) Name the three most alluring actresses in Hollywood.

Madeleine Carroll. Madeleine Carroll. Madeleine Carroll.

THE END

## One-Man Cavalcade

(Continued from page 64)

he was only twelve, could sit and poke ivories. I ran away and rode the rods to Memphis and rode 'em back again when the jobs didn't keep up with my appetite.

"I started off as engine wiper down in the railroad yards and then Willie, who was with Ringling Brothers' Circus, got me a job manicing the elephants.

"One day Noah wrote saying he was making twenty-five dollars a week on Broadway. Sounded like good money to an eighteen-year-old, so I jumped a freight train headed for New York. I managed to get a job in the chorus of 'Babes in Toyland' and after a couple of seasons of musical comedy as seen from the chorus lines the Raymond Hitchcock chance came along."

**A** FEW years later the Essanay Studio in Chicago, which had developed the biggest and most popular stars of the day, Broncho Billy Anderson, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, offered Wally a year's contract at seventy-five dollars a week to play comics and later to direct. As the Swedish housemaid who leaped from burning buildings and jumped out of runaway wagons, big burly Wally became the laugh riot of the hour.

In the very midst of all this slapstick Wally found his love idyl. She was fifteen-year-old Gloria Swanson, then an extra at Essanay. Her wide smoky gray eyes, curling brown hair and petite figure completely upset the equilibrium of the rough-and-ready Beery. She, on the other hand, was flattered by the attentions of Essanay's swashbuckling star and director and they could be both seen and heard in his bright yellow roadster with its flashing silver trimmings and loud horn that resounded out over Lake Michigan.

When Wally went to California with Broncho Billy Anderson he kept the mails boiling to Gloria. But he was determined that the first to share his good fortune must be his parents. After he was able to bring them out and set them up in a cozy white bungalow with a red geranium hedge he sent for Gloria



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Pinkham's Compound is made especially to relieve such female distress—it helps build up resistance against such tired, nervous feelings. Hundreds of thousands of women remarkably helped. Follow label directions. Try it!



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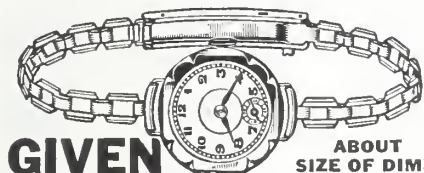
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Lips  
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# Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess acids, poisons and wastes in your blood are removed chiefly by your kidneys. Getting up Nights, Burning Passages, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Nervousness, Rheumatic Pains, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, and feeling worn out, often are caused by non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles. Usually in such cases, the very first dose of Cystex goes right to work helping the kidneys flush out excess acids and wastes. And this cleansing, purifying Kidney action, in just a day or so, may easily make you feel younger, stronger and better than in years. A printed guarantee wrapped around each package of Cystex insures an immediate refund of the full cost unless you are completely satisfied. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose under this positive money back guarantee so get Cystex from your druggist today for only 35¢.

and her mother. Wally and Gloria were married and the girl who was soon to be one of Hollywood's greatest glamour queens of all time contented herself with cooking and sweeping and making Wally the happiest man in the world.

Or perhaps contented wasn't quite the word in the light of events.

Proud of her beauty, Wally showered his fascinating little wife with clothes and expensive baubles. An amusing warning of ructions on the home front came when Wally, delighted with a robin's egg blue Easter ensemble Gloria had designed, bought her a new car to match it. Carried away by her new grandeur, Gloria stepped out of the Alexandria Hotel, in those days the Ambassador of Hollywood, and, regally settling herself in the back seat of the car while motioning Wally to the front, said, "Home, James." Like a flash Wally reached over and bodily pulled the startled Gloria over to the front seat. "Don't ever give me that 'Home, James' stuff!" he roared.

But the incident didn't end there. Ridden by dreams of stardom, Gloria besieged and beseeched every director on the lot to give her a chance in pictures. Her beauty and magnetism won out. Over the protests of Wally, who loved a simple home life, more and more film opportunities began to come to her. This created a home vs. career situation and Gloria definitely chose the career. Finally, it became obvious that there was no course left but divorce.

"That was the end of the real romance of my life," Wally admits.

Heartbroken, he went completely berserk, openly neglecting the studio and spending days at a time fishing in the mountain streams.

A year later found him in Japan, making movies for the Japanese, no less. America's entry into the first World War brought him back to this country, but the day he reported at camp the Armistice was signed.

BEERY, who had been one of the most popular figures in pictures, then spent months looking for a job. By a strange irony it was Mickey Neilan, then Gloria Swanson's heart interest, who offered Wally his comeback in American films as the German officer in "The Unpardonable Sin."

So able an actor did he prove himself that he became greatly in demand. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, monarch of the studios, succeeded in capturing his contract. He has just completed his fourteenth year on that lot and signed a new long-term contract.

In the meantime Wally met Rita Gilman, a tall willowy blonde who played extra parts in his pictures. After eight months of courtship he asked Rita if she loved him enough to give up thoughts of a career and make a home. She accepted and for fourteen years their marriage lasted.

It was through Rita that Wally met Carol Ann, who is the niece of Rita's aunt. The baby's mother had just died and Wally offered to take the child.

"Carol Ann is the happiest thing that ever happened to me," Wally says simply.

The three were inseparable companions for years. Then one morning two years ago, just before Wally's birthday, Rita Beery walked into the room and said, "Wally, I want a divorce."

Wally was flabbergasted. "I just want my freedom to begin a new life," she continued.

She had been ill for several years and he humored her in this, as he had in everything else. They agreed on a \$100,000 settlement and sharing the custody

# NOW I FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

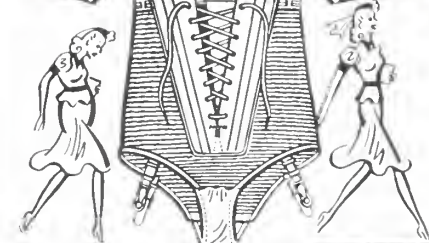
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Tum-E-Lift is scientifically constructed to provide perfect comfort, perfect support. Lightweight—amazingly strong! Adjustable front panels, of firm, rich broadcloth, control your figure the way you want it—merely tighten or loosen the laces—and presto! your mid-section is reshaped to a slenderized, healthful, flat-fronted posture!

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of Carol Ann. Wally drove his wife and adopted daughter to the station and returned to his house, which now seemed empty and hollow.

Five weeks later, Rita returned. "Have you changed your mind?" Wally asked eagerly. But it seems she had merely come back to ask an additional \$50,000 in the settlement. Wally gave it to her.

"But the greatest shock of my life was when I picked up the paper and read that my wife had married another man just one week after the divorce," Wally declares.

For days he moped about the house, swept by one wave of loneliness after another. When he could stand it no longer, he jumped into his plane, flew to Reno and humbled his pride by pleading with Rita to let Carol Ann return with him for a visit. Carol Ann has been Wally's constant joy ever since.

It is heart-warming to see the worship that shines from the child's eyes as she

gazes at the man who has always within her memory been father to her.

Wally says fondly, "I'm going to try to make a real first-class star out of Carol Ann."

Recently Wallace Beery, the one-man cavalcade of motion pictures, experienced the proudest moment of his life. It was the day when commissions were being handed out by the Navy to those men who had earned them and his name was called strong and clear.

"Lieutenant Commander Beery, United States Naval Air Reserve!"

A fifty-six-year-old man, resplendent in a new naval officer's uniform over his powerful frame, stepped forward, saluted smartly and turned away quickly to hide the blur in his eyes. Wallace Beery's country had just bestowed upon him the greatest honor which in his opinion it could offer: it had accepted him as a defender in its Naval Air Reserve.

Happy landings, Commander!  
THE END.

## The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

### ✓ Skylark (Paramount)

*It's About: A dissatisfied wife who remodels her husband.*

THE premise is way, way off the beam in this meant-to-be-big-stuff movie. In this day and age one can't imagine a wife's walking out on a husband who provides lavishly and loves deeply simply because his business entanglements prove annoying. Who does she think she is, for heaven's sake? In this case, she's Claudette Colbert who listens to the siren song (in deep bass) of the other man, Brian Aherne, and almost succumbs, leaving her desperate and adoring husband Ray Milland in a snit.

American businessmen such as our advertising executive Mr. Milland do, we admit, find themselves torn between new accounts in business and old accounts at home—and what a home, by the way. But wouldn't you think a wife would understand the situation? Well, anyway, everyone at the preview was mad at Claudette for her inconsistent behavior (she was most unfunny in the comedy sequences, too) and sour at Paramount for miscasting Brian Aherne, who is anything but the "listen, chum" guy they tried to make him.

But we did like Milland; and Walter Abel, when he stayed sober; and the beautifully appointed and unstinted accessories, all of which win our one-check approval.

Your Reviewer Says: A big A that turned out to B—unfunny.

### ✓ Birth of the Blues (Paramount)

*It's About: A young Southern gentleman who organized the first "Blues" band.*

IT'S cozy, that's what it is, with all those old familiar numbers from way back to "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie" up to "Melancholy Baby" to conjure up dreams and memories.

In fact, there's a Bing Crosbyish air about the whole picture, slow, easy-going, good-natured and lackadaisical. You just can't help liking every minute of it, the music, the cast, including Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn Lee, Rochester and J. Carrol Naish.

Bing, a down-South lad, wants to play Negro music, hot and wild. After many

setbacks, he finally rounds up his first white band to play blues and, through the aid of Mary Martin's singing, gets a hearing.

In no time, he's a sensation and so, you see, that's how blues music was born.

Your Reviewer Says: Mighty lak a cute little picture.

### Mexican Spitfire's Baby (RKO-Radio)

*It's About: A war orphan who almost wrecks a marriage.*

THERE are too many things going on to find out just what this is all about. As nearly as we could make out, however, Leon Errol attempts to soothe the troubled waters between Lupe Velez and hubby Buddy Rogers by having a war orphan brought over from Europe. He hopes the little thing will make all things right.

The "little thing," however, turns out to be a glamour girl, orphaned from War Number One, but despite this, or maybe because of it, the story gets duller and duller and funnier and funnier.

Even Zazu Pitts isn't funny.

Your Reviewer Says: Phooey!

### The Pittsburgh Kid (Republic)

*It's About: A girl manager and her fighting prodigy.*

YOU just know sport-minded fans are going to hurry off to the movies to see Billy Conn, the guy that nearly kayoed Joe Louis for the championship. What they are going to see is the usual prize-fight picture, relieved in its monotonous plot by the casting of Jean Parker as a fight manager.

But—and here comes the good news—they are going to be agreeably surprised at Billy. As a screen personality, he's not half bad at all.

The women will admire his handsome physique, his curly hair and naive manner, which he carries around off the screen as well.

That Parker's a cute trick, too, and turns in a grand performance.

Your Reviewer Says: I'll be home soon, Mom, after the picture.



# Hold Your Man!

IS THERE a sure way to hold the affection of your sweetheart or husband? Should you meet him more than half way? Or will he love you better if you treat him like a little boy? Do you forgive and forget or rise up and stand firm on your rights? Lawrence Gould, noted psychologist, gives a delightful recipe for a more understanding home—shows how to keep your man from slipping from under your wing—presents many fascinating clues to everlasting happiness. Don't miss "He's Yours Forever" in the December Physical Culture . . .

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 Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg 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 your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

DECEMBER, 1941

## ✓ Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde (M-G-M)

It's About: The supremacy of evil over good in a scientist.

DESPITE all the reports you've heard to the contrary, this is a gripping, compelling, interesting picture. True, it loses something of its value for having been made three times for the screen; true, too, that the Fredric March version (John Barrymore made it first) was a more grotesque and shocking interpretation. But it's still a good movie and always will be as long as people are fascinated at the morbidly repellent.

Spencer Tracy, as the scientist, seems a bit old for his passionate love for Lana Turner and in one or two instances seems to overact considerably; but on the whole it's the best scary-cat fun we've had in a long time and as such we enjoyed it.

Lana is convincing and beautiful, but it's Ingrid Bergman who walks off with the honors. As unfortunate Ivy, the barmaid who falls victim to the evil Mr. Hyde, Miss Bergman turns in her best performance.

It's a pretty gallish dish of storytelling, as you know, but who can resist the horrible fascination of exploring the unknown recesses of a man's baser self?

Your Reviewer Says: A frightening, thought-provoking horror.

## Sing Another Chorus (Universal)

It's About: A college show, a rascal and a fashion review.

COLLEGE shows, especially movie college shows, are eternally trying to hit Broadway, it seems, with enterprising young people such as Johnny Downs behind the movement, aided by snappy feminine admirers—to name Jane Frazee as one.

There's that ubiquitous villain, this time played by Walter Catlett, and his voluptuous co-worker Iris Adrian to throw a monkey wrench or two into the works. But you know how it is; everything just ends up too dandy for words, with members of the audience kinda looking around guiltily at each other when the lights go up for having sat through an hour of such folderol.

The story and the comedy are a bit on the odorous side. But the music is fair.

Your Reviewer Says: Give your eyes a vacation and listen to the music.

## The Kid From Kansas (Universal)

It's About: Trouble on a banana plantation.

ABLIGHT, sabotage and every kind of conceivable trouble hit the banana plantation of Leo Carrillo, threatening to put it completely out of business. Foreman Andy Devine and his nomad friend from Kansas, Dick Foran, receive the blame for all the pesky trouble until Foran, escaping from the jail to which he has been confined for murder, uncovers the real rascals and, after a stiff fight, subdues them.

A lot of action is mixed up in the story, which moves along right friskily. In fact, the trio of actors, Devine, Carrillo and Foran, are slated for more such action pictures, which should be good news to those who enjoy this type of entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Yes, we have some bananas.



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But Overlooks Nothing Else

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## The Outlaw Trail (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A young bandit who turns marshal.

**YOUNG TIM HOLT** is a personable young lad who finds himself in considerable deep water for the first half of this film. Intending to aid in a bank robbery, Holt turns hero instead when he aids the Marshal in catching the band of robbers. When the Marshal dies from wounds, Holt takes over his job and turns good boy from there on in. The transition—from robber to Marshal—is so fast one can't be sure which side of the morality fence young Holt is on. But he's a likely enough lad, either way, and fans are sure to go for him.

Like his famous father, Jack Holt, Tim seems destined to be a Western star to reckon with one of these days.

Your Reviewer Soys: A Western for small-circuit theaters.

## Niagara Falls (Roach-U.A.)

It's About: A meddlesome honeymooner and a quarreling couple.

**THE** names Slim Summerville and Zazu Pitts should be enough to bring on several loud guffaws. You can expect nothing of the sort in this sad little weak-tea story of a honeymooning couple, Slim and Zazu who, after a twenty-year courtship, arrive at a Niagara Falls hotel for their honeymoon. Unable to keep his nebbly nose out of other people's business, Slim maneuvers a quarreling couple into a bedroom for a night's duration and keeps guard over them, hoping they'll make up.

His own bride is left—as Keats would put it—"alone and palely loitering." The couple, Tom Brown and Marjorie Woodworth, turn out to be—unmarried.

Sounds comic, but, brethren and sisters, it ain't.

Your Reviewer Soys: Run by this one quickly.

## Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)

It's About: The famous detective solves a hospital murder.

**ALL** Hollywood, or all of it who saw the preview of this *Ellery Queen* story, is talking about the side-splitting performances of two dumb bunnies, Paul Hurst (a fine actor) and Tom Dugan, who play their roles straight. They will simply roll you in the aisles, these two. They

prove to be far and above the story that surrounds them and should be grabbed up as a team by some smart producer.

Ralph Bellamy is again the detective, *Ellery*, whose exploits lead him into the realm of medication with the strange murders of Blanche Yurka, hospital owner, her son and a nurse. It's all pretty mysterious until those two pop up—and then it's plain riotous.

Your Reviewer Soys: The comedy relief is such relief.

## Gentleman From Dixie (Monogram)

It's About: Dark doings in the deep South.

**AFTER** his release from prison, Jack La Rue returns to his brother's stock farm down South to find villainous John Holland, the man who framed him into prison, up to his old tricks.

Jack, permitted to remain on the farm as a trainer by his brother's wife, Marian Marsh, earns the love of little Mary Ruth, Marian's stepdaughter, and remains to straighten out the nasty undercurrents of deviltry.

Mary Ruth, an M-G-M contract player on loanout, is an accomplished musician. Her performance on the piano is the highlight of the picture.

Your Reviewer Soys: A child's talent makes it all worth while.

## Burma Convoy (Universal)

It's About: Men and trucks traveling the Burma Road to bring supplies to the Chinese Army.

**FAST-MOVING**, timely melodrama is this well-plotted movie that deals with the truck caravans along the dangerous Burma Road and the attempts of spies to get information as to their movements in order to plot guerrilla attacks.

Charles Bickford is the leader of the truck drivers who wants to return to the United States. But when his younger brother, Frank Albertson, tries to join the caravanners and is killed because he has discovered who's responsible for the leak of information to the enemy, he sets out to avenge his death.

Evelyn Ankers provides the heart interest as the daughter of a canny Scotchman, Cecil Kellaway, who shines in a small part. Keye Luke as a Chinese investigator, Truman Bradley and Willy Fung are also very good.

Your Reviewer Soys: Dramatic and exciting mystery melodrama.



IF—

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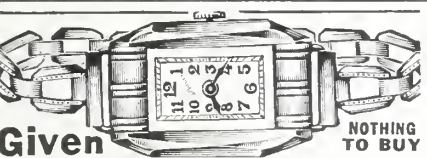
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**Mr. Celebrity (Producers Releasing Corp.)**

It's About: *The efforts of a young veterinarian to keep the custody of his nephew.*

**A YOUNGSTER**, Buzzy Henry, is the outstanding player in this warm sentimental little story and you'll be charmed by his ingratiating and sincere performance. With his ability and poise, he's bound to go far.

When his grandparents attempt to get him away from James Seay, his young veterinary uncle, Seay takes Buzzy to Celebrity Farm to hide out. There they find that several notables who have been living on the bounty of a wealthy eccentric are about to be evicted. Among them are Francis X. Bushman, Clara Kimball Young and Jim Jeffries, who'll bring you nostalgic recollections of their past glories. Several exciting horse races are interpolated in the story and it's a horse trained by Seay who saves the day for all.

It's packed with hokum, yes, but it's a lively and heart-warming picture, and Seay and Doris Day are very pleasing.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll like this.

**Week End In Havana (20th Century-Fox)**

It's About: *Romance in Cuba.*

**CUT** to the Zanuck pattern of musicals that literally abound with color, dancing, music and Carmen Miranda, "Week End In Havana" is frothy, gay and tuneful, a pleasant treat for the eyes and ears. Laid in colorful Cuba, the sights, especially that Miranda, are something to see.

A good strong breath would blow away the featherweight plot that has Alice Faye, a New York shop girl, enjoying a Havana vacation at the expense of a steamship company.

John Payne, executive of the company, endeavors to extract a waiver from Alice that will free his company of all blame for a grounded ship. What he does extract is romance that takes like a vaccination.

Cesar Romero, as Carmen's flirtatious manager, is clever and the Miranda songs are hot-peppery as usual.

Your Reviewer Says: Enjoy the sights, sounds and the heartbeats of Cuba.

**Two Latins from Manhattan (Columbia)**

It's About: *A feminine song and dance team who take the place of a Cuban sister team in a night club.*

**THIS** tried so hard to be sparkling and gay, but it fell down miserably. It's trite and corny and the musical numbers seem to drag out forever.

Joan Davis is the press agent of a New York night club. When two Cuban entertainers, imported for the floor show, fail to show up Joan persuades her roommates, Joan Woodbury and Jinx Falkenburg, who are down on their luck, to substitute for them.

Of course, the real entertainers finally arrive and then everything gets very complicated.

Despite her lack of screen experience, Jinx is very charming and should do very well. She and Joan Woodbury are a pair of very attractive pseudo-Latins and it's too bad their material in this picture is so slight.

Your Reviewer Says: Uninspired.



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# The Truth about Hollywood Relatives

(Continued from page 67)

story of that movie wife and her mother-in-law? Or the story of another glamour girl and her mother who married a man younger than the daughter? Or the one about the glamour girl and her stepfather? Or the one about the executive with a brother, a brother who sends around pep memos to the big brother's office force? Those memos are written on a distinctive blue paper the big brother provided for the younger brother. In private Mr. Big explains to the hired help that blue is just to flag them, to let them know any orders written on such tinted paper are to be strictly disregarded! Do you know—well, listen. . .

The truth about Hollywood relatives is that practically every star has at least one blood relation and often five or six leaning luxuriously against the bank roll, refusing to work and constantly threatening that if they are not supported in a style to which they never could have attained through personal endeavor, they will turn on the heat of bad publicity.

Of course, some of the Hollywood relatives work. There is the pleasant and amusing case of Mr. Pankey and Mr. Yule, respectively stepfather and real father of that gay young man, Mickey Rooney. Mr. Pankey is Mickey's mother's present husband; Mr. Yule is her ex-husband and the father of Mickey; both gentlemen are on the M-G-M pay roll. Joe Yule is there as an actor, and a good one when it comes to playing character comics. Mr. Pankey is in the Metro accounting department. It makes for peace all the way round and a nice kind of plenty, too. Mickey lives with his mother but is good friends with his dad, and everybody's happy.

The Crosbys are a wonderful mob, too. Larry and Everett are both in the agency business, though naturally Bing works through that agency on all his vast financial dealings and the "ten percent" from these movie-radio-record earnings alone are enough to keep the brothers in platinum pin money for life. But they represent a lot of other actors and singers, too. Bob Crosby does okay with his Bobcats, his band and occasional pictures. Pa Crosby keeps an eye on Bing's horses (which isn't hard as long as he doesn't look too much at the winner's circle) and the bookkeeping on the Crosby stables. There is a whole crop of younger Crosbys coming up, Bing's four, Ev's one, Larry's two; and not one of these small fry has any idea except that some good "show business" work lies ahead of him.

Claudette Colbert's brother is so completely independent of her that he refuses to use either her professional or their family name but works as an agent under the name of Charles Wendling. It is true that he works through the same agency that handles Claudette's affairs, but he handles other personalities and not his famous sister.

Maybe these cases of independence are based upon the relatives concerned being male. On the whole, the male relatives aren't so bad. When you come to the women—well, let's start with that mother-in-law.

The man involved is an important star who until recently had never married. His mother was very proud of this fact. "I'm his best girl," she always beamingly boasted as they attended parties together. That no mother should be a mature son's best girl seemed to be a healthy idea that never entered her tightly waved head.

The son, periodically, fell in love. But he never stayed in love long. Mamma saw to that. They were almost without exception dominant girls he fell for, but Mamma could outmaneuver them, nevertheless, until one girl, an absolute dove of a creature, came along. She looked gentle. She was gentle and that, apparently, was what fooled Mamma. Probably she figured such a guilelessly little thing wasn't worth worrying about. So imagine her feelings when one night she got a phone call from Yuma, a phone call from her son and the dove, asking her blessing on their union.

Mamma tore her hair. Mamma wept her eyes out. In vain did the son, returning to Hollywood next day, assure her that he was making over to her the luxurious house they had lived in, that he was establishing a trust fund for her, that he would see her daily, that he would always care for her. Mamma said she wanted no part of all that. What she demanded was an annulment of the marriage.

The little dove ignored that gently. As the star's wife she saw to it that they got a home immediately. It was a home no bigger than the mother's home, no more luxuriously furnished. It didn't even have a swimming pool as the other house had. In fact, the girl started right there and continued to do everything humanly possible to make the mother feel not only equal to her, but her superior. That did no good, however. The mother went about Hollywood telling everyone how marriage was bound to hurt her boy's career, how neglected she was, how lonely. She began to get various illnesses, or at least she said she did. She didn't stop at inferring that it was her son's apparent heartlessness that was making her ill; she told the town so in so many words.

The wife, however, had one weapon that the mother could not lick: her absolutely unselfish love of the man they both wanted.

By her very telling the star that whatever was his happiness was her happiness, she blunted every attack of the mother's upon her. The son, hitherto blindly devoted, began clearly seeing his parent's selfishness. The mother still has her big house and her steady, luxurious income, but the son has stopped seeing her, no longer goes to call. The son continued to call for the first year or two, until his mother simply got too bitter and shrill. The marriage is an ideally happy one.

Then there is the story of the star who is one of three sisters, all of whom came to Hollywood hoping to land in glory. Only one of them, after a hard struggle, clicked. The others kept on trying their luck until the girl signed her first important contract. Then they relaxed. "Why should we work?" they ask. "Sis has plenty." So the star supports them. It makes her angry and outraged, but she has no recourse unless she wants to take some bad publicity. For instance, once she refused to give one sister an extra large check, so the sister turned up on the set of her picture the next day, doing a stint of extra work for \$5. She let it be whispered about that she was picking up that \$5 because of the star's lack of generosity. That star said to me, "I don't mind the money half so much as what it is doing to those girls' characters, being supported and being willing to be supported by me. Gosh, they are only in their twenties and yet they are deliberate



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parasites. It makes you feel that that old gag about blood being thicker than water should also read that it's not so clean as water, either."

There is also the case of the star with the amorous mother. This star has the power to pick her own casts, with the result that a lot of ambitious boys, unable to make the grade with the daughter, began courting Ma, thereby hoping to get not only in the star's good graces but also in her pictures. This didn't fool the star at all, but Ma fell for the flattery and began believing she was irresistible, so much so, in fact, that when one smart young man came along and proposed to her, she quickly married him, not stopping to think that he was younger than her child and had no visible means of support. He has now, though, for the star had to come through with a house and an income, an income large enough, apparently, for him to feel that work is something like Ol' Man River that can forever stay away from his door.

Another nice complicator is relatives who look on the bottle when it is full and who keep on looking until it is empty. There are two stars in town, male stars, who each have a brother to fit this description.

Both these minor brothers go around the local bistros crying in their beer, or anybody else's beer, about how their famous brothers neglect them. One brother in particular is famous for landing roundhouse punches where they will do the least good except for giving his stellar brother the worst paragraph in the next morning's paper.

For, of course, the headline always reads "Joe Blank's brother in night-club brawl."

**S**HEER courage would do away with much of this relative blight, the sheer courage that Paulette Goddard showed when she sued back at her stepfather when he brought her into court on a charge of nonsupport.

In the case of procedure, Paulette pointed out that she had not only supported herself since she was sixteen, but also supported her mother, who was still then married to the hurt Mr. Levy, who was no relation to Paulette herself whatever.

Most stars won't do that, however, and it is a harder thing to do when an elderly mother or father, a crippled sister or a weakling brother is involved. One major star even has a heck of a time with his grandparents, who spend money like water and weep crocodile tears in public about how abused they are.

Rather than have such troubles aired to the public most stars pay and pay and pay.

So the next time you hear all those charges of nepotism in Hollywood, listen to them with a certain degree of cynicism. It's true that there are brothers and sisters and first cousins and in-laws on all the studio pay rolls, but it is often true because that is the only way to keep these bad actors away from the court of uninformed public opinion.

Once when the late Jean Harlow was having a dress made, she told the designer, "I want this cut so tight that you can see my muscles ripple when I move."

It's too bad that the stars can't have their bank rolls cut that tightly too. They'd cut a better figure when their careers are over if they could. They'd have some reserve left in the bank to live on in the lean years. But they can't do it now. Their relatives won't let them; they're too busy making hey-hey while the spotlight shines.

THE END

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Tennis-match twosome were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Powell. If you want to read about whom they saw, see page 11

## Casts of Current Pictures

**"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"**—Paramount. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Walter DeLeon. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: *Jeff Lambert*, Bing Crosby; *Betty Lou Cobb*, Mary Martin; *Memphis*, Brian Donlevy; *Aunt Phoebe Cobb*, Carolyn Lee; *Louey*, Rochester; *Pepper*, Jack Teagarden and His Orchestra; *Tuxedo*, J. Carroll Naish; *Lampy*, Warren Hymer; *Wolf*, Horace McMahon; *Ruby*, Ruby Elzy; *Deek*, Danny Beck; *Suds*, Harry Barris; *Leo*, Perry Botkin; *Henri Lambert*, Minor Watson; *Piano Player*, Harry Rosenthal; *Skeeter*, Donald Kerr; *Maizie*, Barbara Pepper; *Grant*, Cecil Kellaway; *Jeff* (as a boy), Ronnie Cosby.

**"BURMA CONVOY"**—Universal. Original screen play by Stanley Rubin and Ray Chanslor. Directed by Noel Smith. Cast: *Cliff Weldon*, Charles Bickford; *Anne McBrogal*, Evelyn Ankers; *Mike Weldon*, Frank Albertson; *Lloyd McBrogal*, Cecil Kellaway; *Victor Harrison*, Truman Bradley; *Smitty*, Willy Fung; *Maizie*, Viola Vaughn; *Lin Tai Yen*, Keye Luke.

**"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"**—M-G-M. Screen play by John Lee Mahin. Based on the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Directed by Victor Fleming. Cast: *Dr. Harry Jekyll*, Spencer Tracy; *Mr. Hyde*, Spencer Tracy; *Ivy Peterson*, Ingrid Bergman; *Beatrix Emery*, Lana Turner; *Sir Charles Emery*, Donald Crisp; *Dr. John Lanyon*, Ian Hunter; *Sam Higgins*, Barton MacLane; *The Bishop*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Poole*, Peter Godfrey; *Mrs. Higgins*, Sara Allgood; *Dr. Heath*, Frederic Worlock; *Interne Fenwick*, William Tannen; *Marcia*, Frances Robinson; *Freddie*, Denis Green; *Mr. Welley*, Billy Bevan; *Old Prouty*, Forrester Harvey; *Colonel Weymouth*, Lumsden Hare; *Dr. Courtland*, Lawrence Grant; *Constable*, John Barstow.

**"ELLERY QUEEN AND THE MURDER RING"**—Columbia. Screen play by Eric Taylor and Gertrude Purcell. Story by Ellery Queen. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Ellery Queen*, Ralph Bellamy; *Nikki Porter*, Margaret Lindsay; *Inspector Queen*, Charley Grapewin; *Miss Tracy*, Mona Barrie; *Page*, Paul Hurst; *Sergeant Velez*, James Burke; *Dr. Janney*, George Zucco; *Mrs. Stack*, Blanche Yurka; *Thomas*, Tom Dugan; *John Stack*, Leon Ames; *Alice Stack*, Jean Fenwick; *Dr. Williams*, Olin Howland; *Dr. Dunn*, Dennis Moore; *Miss Fox*, Charlotte Wynters; *Crothers*, Pierre Watkin.

**"GENTLEMAN FROM DIXIE"**—Monogram. Original story and screen play by Fred Myton. Directed by Al Herman. Cast: *Thad Gerrill*, Jack La Rue; *Margaret*, Marian Marsh; *Jupe*, Clarence Muse; *Betty Jean*, Mary Ruth; *Lance*, Robert

Kellard; *Browley*, John Holland; *Warden*, Herbert Rawlinson.

**"KID FROM KANSAS, THE"**—Universal. Screen play by Griffin Jay and David Silverstein. Original story by Griffin Jay. Directed by William Nigh. Cast: *Kansas*, Dick Foran; *Panch*, Leo Carrillo; *Andy*, Andy Devine; *Smitty*, Ann Doran; *Cesar*, Francis McDonald; *Walker*, James Seay; *Linda*, Marcia Ralston; *Jamaica*, Nestor Paiva; *Chief of Police*, Antonio Moreno; *York*, Leyland Hodgson; *Russell*, Wade Boteler; *Maloney*, Guy Usher.

**"LADIES IN RETIREMENT"**—Columbia. Screen play by Garrett Fort and Reginald Denham. From the play by Reginald Denham and Edward Percy. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: *Ellen Creed*, Ida Lupino; *Albert Feather*, Louis Hayward; *Lucy*, Evelyn Keyes; *Emily Creed*, Elsa Lanchester; *Louisa Creed*, Edith Barrett; *Leonora Fiske*, Isobel Elsom; *Sister Theresa*, Emma Dunn; *Sister Agatha*, Queenie Leonard; *Bates*, Clyde Cook.

**"LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING"**—RKO-Radio. Screen play by James V. Kern. Directed by Allan Dwan. Cast: *Edgar Bergen*, Edgar Bergen; *Charlie McCarthy*, Charlie McCarthy; *Fibber McGee*, Jim Jordan; *Molly*, Marian Jordan; *Julie Patterson*, Lucille Ball; *Jerry*, Lee Bonnell; *Marge*, Dorothy Lovett; *Gildersleeve*, Harold Peary; *Mrs. Uppington*, Isabel Randolph; *Bill*, Walter Baldwin; *Hilary Horton*, Neil Hamilton; *Cudahy*, Charles Halton; *Mr. Collins*, Harlow Wilcox; *Hotel Manager*, Spencer Charters; *Mayor*, Jed Prouty; *Kelsey*, George Cleveland.

**"MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S BABY"**—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Charles E. Roberts and Jerry Cady. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: *Carmelita Lindsay*, Lupe Velez; *Matthew Lindsay*, Leon Errol; *Lord Epping*, Leon Errol; *Dennis Lindsay*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Aunt Della*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Fifi*, Marion Martin; *Pierre*, Fritz Feld; *Lady Epping*, Lydia Bilbrook; *Chumley*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Miss Pepper*, Zasu Pitts; *Hotel Clerk*, Jack Arnold.

**"MR. CELEBRITY"**—Producers Releasing Corp. Original story by Martin Mooney and Charles Samuels. Screen play by Martin Mooney. Directed by William Beaudine. Cast: *Danny Mason*, Buzzy Henry; *Jim Kane*, James Seay; *Carol Carter*, Doris Day; *Mr. Mason*, William Halligan; *Travers*, Gavin Gordon; *Johnny Martin*, Johnny Berkes; *Judge Calpepper*, Jack Baxley; *Cardo the Great*, Larry Grey; *Francis X. Bushman*, Francis X. Bushman; *Clara Kimball Young*, Clara Kimball Young; *Jim Jeffries*, Jim Jeffries.

**"NIAGARA FALLS"**—Hal Roach-U. A. Screen play by Paul Gerard Smith, Hal Yates and Eugene Conrad. Directed by Gordon Douglas. Cast: *Mary Blake*, Marjorie Woodworth; *Tom Wilson*, Tom Brown; *Emmy Sawyer*, Zasu Pitts; *Sam Sawyer*, Slim Summerville; *Potter*, Chester Clute; *State Trooper*, Edgar Deering; *Chuck*, Ed Gargan; *Trixie*, Gladys Blake; *Head Waiter*, Leon Belasco; *Honeymooners*, Rand Brooks and Margaret Roach; *Clerk*, Jack Rice.

**"OUTLAW TRAIL, THE"**—RKO Radio. Original story by Arthur T. Horman. Screen play by Norton S. Parker. Directed by Edward Killy. Cast: *Steve Haggerty*, Tim Holt; *Ellen Grant*, Janet Waldo; *Smokey*, Ray Whitley; *Whopper*, Lee "Lasses" White; *Red Haggerty*, Morris Ankrum; *Tom Haggerty*, Edward Waller; *Idaho*, Glenn Strange; *Joel Nesbitt*, Roy Barcroft; *Andrew Grant*, Joseph Egerton; *Clemens*, Carl Stockdale; *Sheriff Saunders*, Merrill Holmes; *Kurt Holladay*, Ethan Laidlaw; *John Davis*, James Farley; *The Mayor of Remington*, Guy Usher.

**"PITTSBURGH KID, THE"**—Republic. Screen play by Earl Felton and Houston Branch. Based on a novel by Octavus Roy Cohen. Directed by Jack Townley. Cast: *Billy Conn*, Billy Conn; *Patricia Mallory*, Jean Parker; *Cliff Halliday*, Dick Purcell; *Joe Barton*, Alan Baxter; *Barbara Ellison*, Veda Ann Borg; *Mar Ellison*, Jonathan Hale; *Facts Johnson*, Ernest Whitman; *Knockout Riley*, John Kelly; *Maqenta*, Etta McDaniel; *Garvey*, Dick Elliott; *Mornie*, John Harmon; *Declin*, Robert Barron.

**"SING ANOTHER CHORUS"**—Universal. Screen play by Marion Orth, Paul Gerard Smith and Brenda Weisburg. Original story by Sam Robins. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: *Andy Peyton*, Johnny Downs; *Edna*, Jane Frazee; *Stanislaus*, Mischa Auer; *Mr. Peyton*, George Barbier; *Francine La Verne*, Iris Adrian; *Peggy*, Sunnie O'Dea; *Ralph*, Joe Brown, Jr.; *Theodore Gate-son*, Walter Catlett; *Ryan*, Charles Lane; *Morris*, Peter Peters; *Boris*, Ronald Peters and Rosario and Antonio.

**"SKYLARK"**—Paramount. Screen play by Allan Scott. From the play produced by John Golden. Based upon a play and novel by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Cast: *Lydia Kenyon*, Claudette Colbert; *Tony Kenyon*, Ray Milland; *Jim Blake*, Brian Aherne; *Myrtle Vantine*, Binnie Barnes; *George Gorell*, Walter Abel; *Federick Vantine*, Grant Mitchell; *Charlotte Gorell*, Mona Barrie; *Theodore*, Ernest Cossart; *Ned Franklin*, James Rennie; *Maitre D'Hotel*, Fritz Feld; *Jewelry Clerk*, Leonard Mudie.

**"SUNDOWN"**—Walter Wanger-U.A. Screen play by Barre Lyndon. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Cast: *Zia*, Gene Tierney; *Capt. Bill Crawford*, Bruce Cabot; *Major Coombes*, George Sanders; *Dewey*, Harry Carey; *Pallini*, Joseph Calleia; *Bishop Coombes*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Kuypens*, Carl Esmond; *Lieut. Turner*, Reginald Gardiner; *Hammud*, Marc Lawrence; *Ashburton*, Gilbert Emery.

**"SUSPICION"**—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson, Joan Harrison and Alma Reville. Novel by Francis Iles. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Cast: *Johnnie*, Cary Grant; *Lina*, Joan Fontaine; *General McLaidlaw*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Braky*, Nigel Bruce; *Mrs. McLaidlaw*, Dame May Whitty; *Mrs. Neuscham*, Isabel Jeans; *Ethel* (Maid), Heather Angel; *Isobel Seabush*, Auriol Lee; *Reggie Wetherby*, Reginald Sheffield; *Captain Melbeck*, Leo G. Carroll.

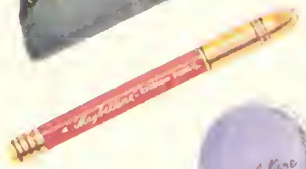
**"TWO LATINAS FROM MANHATTAN"**—Columbia. Original screen play by Albert Duffy. Directed by Charles Barton. Cast: *Joan Daley*, Joan Davis; *Jinx Terry*, Jinx Falkenburg; *Lois Moran*, Joan Woodbury; *Armando Rivero*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Don Barlow*, Done Beddoe; *Marianela*, Marquita Madero; *Rosita*, Carmen Morales; *Tommy Curtis*, Lloyd Bridges; *Felipe Rudolfo MacIntyre*, Sig Arno; *Charles Miller*, Boyd Davis.

**"WEEK END IN HAVANA"**—20th Century Fox. Original screen play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: *Nan Spencer*, Alice Faye; *Rosita Ricas*, Carmen Miranda; *Jay Williams*, John Payne; *Monte Blanca*, Cesar Romero; *Terry McCracken*, Cobina Wright Jr.; *Walter McCracken*, George Barbier; *Barry*, Sheldon Leonard; *Rafael*, Leonard Kinsky; *Driver*, Chris Pin Martin; *Abolado*, Billy Gilbert; *My Marks*, Hal K. Dawson; *Captain Moss*, William Davidson; *Taylor*, Maurice Cass; *Passengers*, Harry Hayden and Leona Roberts.

**"YANK IN THE R.A.F., A"**—20th Century Fox. Screen play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg. Original story by Melville Crossman. Directed by Henry King. Cast: *Tim Baker*, Tyrone Power; *Carol Brown*, Betty Grable; *Wing Commander Morley*, John Sutton; *Roger Pillsby*, Reginald Gardiner; *Corporal Harry Baker*, Donald Stuart; *Squadron Leader*, Morton Lowry; *Al*, Ralph Byrd; *Thorndyke*, Richard Fraser; *Flight Lieutenant Redmond*, Denis Green; *Flight Lieutenant Richardson*, Bruce Lester; *Wales*, Gilchrist Stuart; *Group Captain*, Lester Mathews; *Canadian Major*, Frederick Worlock; *Mrs. Fitzhugh*, Ethel Griffies; *Headwaiter*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Instructor*, James Craven; *Radio Operator*, G. P. Huntley; *Intelligence Officers*, Stuart Robertson, Dennis Hoey.



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