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

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

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

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

"That was four years ago, now.

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

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

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

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

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

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

LISTERINE FOR HALITOSIS
BAD BREATH
HIS EYES SAID:

"You're my Dream Come True!"

UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!

Don't risk the charm of your own precious smile. Help keep your gums firm, your teeth sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

IN HIS EYES she saw her hopes come true! And her heart beat fast to read his thoughts..."How lovely, how truly lovely you are!"

Her moment of magic—but then she smiled...and lost! For dull teeth...a lifeless smile...are a poor invitation to love and romance.

YES, IT'S TRAGIC INDEED for a girl to let her beauty be dimmed by a dull and dingy smile! And often so needless! If you would make yours a smile that invites and never repels, heed this expert advice: Give your gums as well as your teeth regular daily care...and never ignore the warning of "pink tooth brush"!

THAT TINGE OF "PINK" may not mean serious trouble...but the minute you see it, see your dentist! He may simply tell you that your gums, denied hard chewing by today's soft foods, have become weak and flabby from lack of exercise. And, like so many dentists these days, he may suggest, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is specially designed to aid the gums to health as well as clean teeth thoroughly. So, every time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Feel that invigorating "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It tells you that gum circulation is improving—stimulating gum tissues—helping gums to sounder health.

TRY IPANA TOOTH PASTE today. And begin now the faithful, every day use of Ipana and massage. See for yourself how much this sound and sensible dental habit helps make your gums stronger and firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile more radiantly attractive.

Get the new D.D. Tooth Brush too—specially designed with the twisted handle for more thorough cleaning, more effective gum massage. A "plus" for aiding your smile.
Hi! Gang! Come over to Janie's!

Ruth Waterbury

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With the Gratefully Acknowledged Cooperation of the
*UNITED STATES NAVY*
METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER
presents

ROBERT TAYLOR
FLIGHT COMMAND

THE FASTEST THING ON FILM!

THE PICTURE OF THE MONTH!

Ever since M·G·M gave to the public its memorable production "Hell Divers", this famed studio has sought a drama equally thrilling and romantic, with a spectacular background of America's fighting ships of the air. Here it is, surpassing highest hopes for a successor! It is the story of the "Hell Cats" of the Navy's Armada of the skies...excitingly filmed at Pensacola, San Diego and Pearl Harbor...a romance of air-devils and the beauties who love them...a picture that will electrify America with its breath-taking unfolding!

WITH RUTH HUSSEY * WALTER PIDGEON
PAUL KELLY * SHEPPARD STRUDWICK * NAT PENDLETON
A FRANK BORZAGE PRODUCTION

Screen Play by Wells Root and Commander Harvey Haislip
Directed by Frank Borzage • Produced by J. Walter Ruben

WALTER PIDGEON
as the Commander and...

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

JANUARY, 1941
**CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS**

THIS weird and wonderful town of Hollywood recently threw off a week more terrifically terrific than any which its most veteran old-timers could remember... for it was a week in which every element of Hollywood life was manifested—two of its pioneers died—Tom Mix, suddenly, on the side of an Arizona desert road where a too swiftly driven car had hurled him... generous, colorful, husky Tom, dying with his diamond-studded belt on and his still handsome face buried in the great white sombrero he had always worn... and tired, saddened Berton Churchill, dying in a New York hospital, a day or so before he hoped to "come back" on the Broadway stage... It was the week in which Shirley Temple signed to carry on her career with M-G-M; it was the week in which love flamed more brightly for those newest romancers, Lana Turner and Tony Martin (with everyone wondering if it would be flaming the same way for those two the following week)... it was the week that Mickey Rooney got back from his fantastically successful personal-appearance tour and started playing golf to "reduce," believe it or not... it was the week that Lucile Fairbanks got married in the garden at Pickfair with Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers giving the wedding party with Sylvia (Lady Ashley) Fairbanks in attendance... It wouldn't have been a true Hollywood week without a "big" divorce... This week there was Mrs. Hal Roach's suit for separate maintenance, after a marriage of twenty-four years. And... and most important, it was the week in which nine pictures were previewed... starting with "The Long Voyage Home" one Monday afternoon and ending with "The Great Dictator" the following Monday evening, and in between showing "Dancing on a Dime," "They Knew What They Wanted," "Third Finger, Left Hand," "A Little Bit of Heaven," "The Thief of Bagdad," "Moon Over Burma" and "The Hit Parade of 1941"...

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

Let me start with "The Long Voyage Home"... I hope I do not sound as though I feel superior when I say that I was more deeply moved and stirred and disturbed by "The Long Voyage Home" than by any film I have seen since "The Informer"... and while saying that, say in the same sentence that I do not think it will be a "smash hit"... that, in other words, I think only a few thousands in all the movie-going millions will react to its truly beautiful art... Just as in "The Informer," Director John Ford and screenwriter Dudley Nichols had a great original drama to work from... in this case of "The Long Voyage Home" they had the four original plays by Eugene O'Neill... from them these two Hollywood men have fashioned so compassionate, so lyrical, so true a story of men against the sea that your heart is both saddened and exalted by the ageless beauty of it... "The Long Voyage Home" is magnificently photographed, too, by Greg Toland and excquisitely played by Thomas Mitchell, John Wayne, John Quine, Barry Fitzgerald... in fact, by every member of its cast... so excquisitely played that you forget about its being acting, or its being a movie.

Now it has always been a puzzle to me why, when Hollywood deliberately attempts to get a spiritual quality on the screen, it so seldom achieves it... in the old, silent days De Mille tried it both in "The King of Kings" and "The Sign of the Cross"... and, in my opinion, did not achieve it... and in this week of which I am writing, Garson Kanin tried to convey it, through the performances of both Frank Fay and Charles Laughton in "They Knew What They Wanted"... and again, in my opinion, this further attempt failed...

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

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

... Paramount has actually got Jack Benny and Fred Allen to appear together on the screen for the first time in Paramount's big holiday show, "Love Thy Neighbor." Yes, and they've finally agreed to bury the hatchet... in each other's necks!

... Paramount has the first picture in which Paulette Goddard dances... and, do you know whom she's dancing with? Fred Astaire! Wait'll you see them do the "Dig It" in Paramount's big New Year's show, "Second Chorus."

... Yes, and did you know these big musicals are coming to your favorite theatre right in time for the Christmas holidays. You sure can do your Christmas movie shopping early!

Paramount presents

FRED
BENNY • ALLEN
in
"LOVE THY NEIGHBOR"
with MARY MARTIN • Verree Teasdale
The Merry Macs • Virginia Dale
and "ROCHESTER"
Produced and Directed by
MARK SANDRICH

Paramount presents

FRED
ASTAIRE • GODDARD
in
"Second Chorus"
with ARTIE SHAW and his Band
CHARLES BUTTERWORTH
BURGESS MEREDITH
Produced by Boris Morros
Directed by H. C. Potter

JANUARY, 1941
WOMEN IN HOLLYWOOD'S SPOTLIGHT: Hedy Lamarr, who has completely forgotten her nervous jitters and the family troubles that tore at her heart, has become a fun-loving, chattering, prank-playing imp on the "Comrade X" set. And all because that irresistible Gable has kidded Hedy out of those self-conscious blues into being a real and natural human being. It's a new Lamarr, take our word for it.

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

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

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

Mrs. Gary Cooper—because she is different.
Ann Sothern—because of her wit.
Deanna Durbin—because she is so beautiful.
Claudette Colbert—because of her taste in clothes.

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

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

REPEATED PERFORMANCE: Diners at the Brown Derby sat up and took notice when Artie Shaw and a brimful walked in and stood waiting for a table. Instinctively, every eye turned toward the booth where Lana Turner sat gazing into Victor Mature's eyes. Steaks grew cold as diners watched Lana's exit. She could have chosen the Vine Street door and thus avoided Shaw altogether. But she didn't. She marched past him, into the Bamboo Room, with eyes straight ahead. The temperature dropped to zero. Artie laughed.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CUPID PREDICTIONS: Those in-the-know who bet Stanley will one day wed Harmon Nelson, her ex-husband.

"There never has been, and I'm sure there never will be, another man in

(Continued on page 8)
Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul: Their behavior at a preview settled all doubts

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

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

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

First nighters: The Ameches take a public bow on the birth of their fourth son
Cal York's Inside Stuff

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(Continued from page 6)

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

What's more, we hear Ham wears a new assurance these days now that he's made a name for himself as a writer on the Fred Allen show. So watch this carefully and be among the "I told you so-ers."

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

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

The "Bundles for Brittain" group (more B relief) including Loretta

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

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

1. This suave English actor once earned his living by selling life insurance:
   Herbert Marshall Leslie Howard Basil Rathbone Ronald Colman

2. And this English actor once sold neckties:
   Richard Greene Alan Mowbray Cary Grant Brian Aherne

3. Can you name two fathers of four sons?

4. A broken ankle ended her dancing career, so she turned to the drama with great success:
   Miriam Hopkins Joan Crawford Marlene Dietrich Claudette Colbert

5. Name the former feature player whose smash success in a Broadway musical brought her back to Hollywood a star:
   Mickey Rooney Jack Benny Paul Muni George Raft

6. He was once mascot of the New York Yankees baseball team:
   Mike Rooney Jack Benny Paul Muni George Raft

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

8. An ex-collie field worker, his most recent starring picture deals with oil:
   John Garfield Clark Gable Pat O'Brien George Brent

9. The divorced husband, a playwright, of a foreign star now active in pictures is sinuously dating another star who was not really widowed. Can you name all three so far?

10. Two of these three actors have played the roles of the Cinema Kid on the screen:
    John Wayne Gary Cooper Warner Baxter Cesar Romero

(Continued on page 61)
It's Here!
The thundering story that challenges all filmdom to match its excitement!
"Iron Rails to Kansas . . .
Iron Nerves from there on!"

WARNER BROS. PRESENT
ERROL FLYNN
OLIVIA DEHAVILLAND
in
Santa Fe Trail
A thousand miles of danger with a thousand thrills a mile!

with RAYMOND MASSEY
RONALD REAGAN • ALAN HALE
Wm. Lundigan • Van Heflin • Gene Reynolds
Henry O'Neill • Guinn 'Big Boy' Williams
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CURTIZ

Original Screen Play
by Robert Buckner
Music by Max Steiner

JANUARY. 1941
DEAR JUNIORS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

We got a job singing on a radio station here for practically pennies, but anyway it was money coming in. That was fine for a while, but after eight weeks we got tired and times got pretty hard. Dad couldn't find work, even though he spent every day trying to get something and we were pretty desperate.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Every week, Betty Brewer takes us behind the scenes at Hollywood's most famous studio. This week, she shares the story of how she got her big break and the adventures that followed. From vaudeville stages to radio stations, Betty and her siblings worked hard to make ends meet. It wasn't until they entered a contest and won a trip to San Francisco that they were discovered by Warner Brothers. Despite the challenges, they persevered and eventually landed a spot in "Rangers of Fortune."

Betty's experiences offer a glimpse into the competitive world of Hollywood during the 1930s, where young talent was eager to make it big on screen. Her story is a testament to the determination and hard work required to succeed in such a competitive field. As Betty's career continued to flourish, she encouraged others to follow their dreams and pursue their passions, no matter how humble the beginnings.

Sincerely,

BETTY BREWER.

P.S.—I'd like to know who your favorite actor is, too, so if you'll write and tell me who he is and why. I'll give ten autographed photographs to the ten boys or girls writing in the most interesting letters. Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them and please write me in care of Movie Mirror, Junior, 7731 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, but please be sure to mail your letters before December 25th, 1940.

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

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


PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR

GUEST EDITOR

BETTY BREWER

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

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

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

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

I enjoy writing to you and it would make me very happy to have you write to me too.

Sincerely,

BETTY BREWER.

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

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

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

Gene Towne presents

Louisa May Alcott's

"LITTLE MEN"

with

KAY ("IT'S A GATE")
FRANCIS

JACK ("THE DICTATOR")
OAKIE

GEORGE ("WHEN THE OALTONS RODE")
BANCROFT

JIMMY (AMAZING YOUNG CHARACTER ACTOR)
LYDON

ANN ("ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER")
GILLIS

CHARLES (HOLLYWOOD'S NEWEST HEART-THROB)
esmond
d and for the first time on any screen

ELSIE ("WHAT HAS SHE GOT THAT GETS THEM")

THE COW

the glamour girl who captured the hearts of the nation at both World's Fairs!

Directed by Norman Z. McLeod. Produced by Gene Towne and Graham Baker • Screen Play by Mark Kelly and Arthur Caesar
MIRROR, 122 East 42d St., New York City, N. Y.

$10.00 PRIZE
No Rehoersal

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

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

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

The priest shook hands with us as we left the church and, laughing, said—

"This was one morning when the collection basket wasn't ignored!"

Grace M. Hulet, R. N.
Santa Monica, Cal.

$5.00 PRIZE
Horse of a Romantic Color

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

But the newest, most pleasant things I've ever read in Photoplay or any other motion-picture magazine in regard to any actor are the three, written about the Gable form. Not that I feel Clark should enray with romance through the fields of mind and slip for witness in the country—but with his income, the up-to-date paraphernalia and what-not, his form is a wonderland and it is credit to his wisdom to live that clean, wholesome, sane life.

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

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

Sybil Leach
St. Joseph, Mo.

$1.00 PRIZE
Apple of a Monly Eye

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

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

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

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

Fred B. Max
Danville, III.

$1.00 PRIZE
Oh me, Oh my,
Oh, what a Day!
Alarming and charming
And here to stay
Oh, lovely, lovable,
Laraine Day.

Who is the "find of the year"? This is a very difficult question to answer, for never has the screen offered a larger or more promising field than that of this year. Take a pencil and paper and see how many names you can list that could be considered for this honor. The number of names will surprise you.

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

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

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

W. F. McGuffe, Jr.
Little Rock, Arkansas

$1.00 PRIZE
National Defense Plan

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

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

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

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

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

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

EDITH L. KOERNER
Patchogue, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE

Limelight Line-up

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

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

Quarterback........Jimmy Cagney
        Remarks: T.N.T. (Terror's Nasty Tot)
Right Half.......Jimmy Stewart
        Remarks: Feet, do your stuff!
Left Half........Cary Grant
        Remarks: The fighting clown
Fullback..........Clark Gable
        Remarks: Triple threat anywhere
Coach...........Pat O'Brien
        Remarks: Who else??

TRAINER...........W. C. Fields
        Remarks: Spike the water-buckets
SUBSTITUTE.........Charlie McCarthy
        Remarks: He'll give the bench splinters.

JOHN HAMMETT
Washington, D. C.

$1.00 PRIZE

Thought for the Day

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

MILDRED ANN FAGG
Cottonwood Falls, Kansas.

HONORABLE MENTION

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

CHARLES SHEPARD
Belleville, Ga.

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

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

BETTE DOLL
Branch Hill, O.

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

L. STANTON
Los Angeles, Cal.

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

Camay now
Milder than other Leading Beauty Soaps!

"I'm just thrilled by new Camay's wonderful mildness," says Mrs. F. M. Smith, Jr., Jackson Heights, L. I. "I always take extra care with our skin—so I like a very mild beauty soap. New Camay is so mild it actually seems to soothe my skin as it cleanses. And that new fragrance is just marvelous."

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

No wonder women everywhere are talking about this wonderful new Camay—for tests against 6 of the best-selling beauty soaps we could find proved that new Camay was milder than any of them, gave more abundant lather in a short time. If, like many beautiful women, you have a skin that seems rather sensitive, try new Camay. See for yourself how much its extra mildness...its more gentle cleansing...can help you in your search for a lovelier skin!

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

January, 1941
THE SHADOW STAGE
REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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

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

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

✓ The Thief of Bagdad (Alexander Korda)

You'll See: Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, John Justin, Rex Ingram, Miles Malleson, Morton Selten.

It's About: Arabian Nights story of how a young thief helps a king to find his love.

FANTASY in the most spectacular manner, this charming fable is so lavishly dressed in gorgeous color and amazing technical effects that it takes you into a dream world where pure beauty, black villainy, true love and magic hold sway.

Sabu is utterly delightful as the youthful thief of Bagdad who gives up his own dreams of adventure to help the king overcome the villainy of Conrad Veidt in order to rescue the lovely princess June Duprez.

Veidt, by the power of his droll magic, blinds the king and transforms Sabu into a dog in his attempts to secure Miss Duprez for himself. But when Sabu liberates the powerful genie of the bottle and steals the all-seeing eye, the fantastic adventure becomes even more exciting.

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

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

Your Reviewer Says: See it by all means.

✓ The Great Dictator (Chaplin-U. A.)

You'll See: Charles Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, Jack Oakie, Reginald Gardiner, Henry Daniell, Billy Gilbert, Grace Bradley.

It's About: A barber who is mistaken for a dictator.

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

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

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

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

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

Your Reviewer Says: So different.

✓ Honeymoon For Three (Warner)


It's About: An author, the women who mob him, and his secretary.

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

George Brent, handsome and fan-plagued author, is engaged to his secretary, Ann, whose business it is to keep the adulatory females out of his hair. She does fine at this until they arrive in Cleveland on a lecture tour and Osa Massen, an old college flame of George's, tries to renew their old romance. Osa's husband, Charles Ruggles, doesn't object to this, but Jane Wyman and Bill Orr do, since they're afraid of a scandal.

When George and Osa disappear together, Ruggles finally gets furious and slaps an alienation of affections suit on George and names him as correspondent in his absence. This at last is too much for Ann so she quits her job. Although George is depending on her.

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

Your Reviewer Says: Fast and funny.

(Continued on page 86)

See Pictures in the Cutting Room on Page 88. For Complete Casts, See Page 92
Dear White Collar Girls:
Here's the first real honest-to-Pitman picture of you—you fighting for love and a living in a man's world—you in your slip and your hair in curlers, all alone by a telephone that never seems to ring. It's as candid as the Boss when he bawls you out—as true-to-life as the talk in the Ladies' Lounge. It's the big romance you've either had or dreamed about—from the big best-seller of the year.

—Kitty Foyle

GINGER ROGERS
In the First Great Romance of the White Collar Girl
"KITTY FOYLE"
Christopher Morley's Natural History of a Woman
With
DENNIS MORGAN • JAMES CRAIG
Eduardo Ciannelli • Ernest Cossart • Gladys Cooper
Directed by SAM WOOD
Who Made "Goodbye, Mr. Chips"
RKO RADIO PICTURE

Produced by David Hempstead • Harry E. Edington, Executive Producer • Screen Play by Dalton Trumbo and Donald Ogden Stewart

JANUARY, 1941
The musical of our exciting times!
Big as its stars! Great as its songs!

Alice FAYE
Surpassing her "Alexander's Ragtime Band" success!

Betty GRABLE
The "Down Argentine Way" star
... more torchy, more dazzling!

TIN PAN ALLEY

Jack OAKIE
The comic who's just come into his own!

John PAYNE
A new romantic thrill when he makes love to K-K-Katy!

Coming soon
From 20th Century-Fox!
HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL
in
"CHAD HANNA"
In Technicolor
PAUL MUNI
in
"HUDSON'S BAY"
with
Gene Tierney

Tin Pan Alley's
Greatest Songs!

New—
"You Say the Sweetest Things (Baby)"
by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

Old—
 Appearing in 20th Century Fox's "Tin Pan Alley"
THIS month we present to you the first issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, and in all frankness we have tried to make it the biggest money's worth on the newsstands today.

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

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

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

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

In the succeeding pages there are features we of the editorial board believe to be the most provocative in this type of magazine today. "Don't Be a Draft Bride!" by Bette Davis is based on the assumption that little has been done about advising the women of America on the difficult personal problems arising from the draft. I am exceedingly proud to be able to offer Miss Bette Davis' daring and provocative article on this subject.

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

On the daring side also is Hedda Hopper's "Resolutions The Stars Should Make." She by no means expresses the opinions of this publication or its editors. Her comments express her own personal view and should be read as such. Many of the people she mentions are friends of this magazine, but I know that they all can "take it." Won't you tell me which story you liked most and which story you liked least? Address me at 122 East 42nd Street, New York, New York. And if we have succeeded in making Photoplay-Movie Mirror the kind of magazine you want, won't you tell your friends about it?

Ernest V. Heyn
Hi gang!

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

Imagine being 14 and earning approximately $2,000 a week!
Imagine being 14, a mere sub-deb, and having a home of your exclusive own, with a drawing room complete with grand piano and open fireplace; a playroom complete with soda bar and fully equipped kitchen; a beauty parlor complete with hair dryers, vibrators, manicure table, shampoo, washstand and mirrors; your very own bedroom, all done up in 500 yards of palest pink chiffon (because you are young enough to think pink chiffon is the keenest thing!), with a seven-foot-long, six-foot-wide bed set imperially on a dais; a giant bath, with tub and shower and every conceivable variety of soap and bath salts; a huge mirror-walled dressing room, a vast closet as big as many a bedroom with your clothes concealed behind mirror doors that open with a secret spring (zowie!) and nothing showing on the outside but row upon
Come over to Janie's!

BY RUTH WATERBURY
Photographs by HYMAN FINK

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

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

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

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

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

row of bottled perfumes stretching from floor to ceiling.

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

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

Jane, you see, is the 14-year-old described above. What's more, she has earned all this, even including the adoration of her unbelievably sensible parents, by her own talents. Because of the sum of it, she is fast becoming the best young hostess in Hollywood.

Three years ago, Jane discovered on the outskirts of Hollywood a brand-new, rambling white farmhouse that she thought was just the home she wanted to live in. Her parents bought it for her. It was a fine house for an 11-year-old, but, with the passing of each season in which Jane gained inches and friends, the Withers soon saw she was outgrowing her self-selected homestead. Also "Pop" and "Mom" ("Pop" keeps right on with his job with an oil-heating concern—he being a sturdy, contented, pleasantly independent soul who will never be tabbed "Jane's manager" no matter how high his daughter soars) saw that Jane was about to emerge into young womanhood with all its attendant trials and temptations, plus Jane's additional complexities of being a celebrity. It didn't seem too wise to have her go out into the world and mingle (Continued on page 64)
"Who do you think I am?" yelled George Raft, kicking over the sewing machine.

HOLLYWOOD'S Super Headaches

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

Engrossed with the dialogue between Miss Young and Power, Director Edward Griffith is not watching Menjou, who has no dialogue in the scene. With nothing else to do, Menjou calmly starts to blow some smoke rings. They are beautiful, symmetrical smoke rings which rise graciously towards the ceiling. Inhaling deep from his cigarette, Menjou continues to blow the rings until there is a group of assorted sizes drifting above his head.

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

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

HOLLYWOOD UNDER THE LID

There is a side of the citadels of glamour which rarely comes to view: a side which is jammed down into the box and covered with a tightly fitted lid. If you see this human side of your idols, will you love them less for their flesh and blood? We think not. And so in this new series we propose to blow the lid off Hollywood—in a very nice way!
is happening and, gnashing his teeth, stops the camera so suddenly a couple of words are frozen between Miss Young's lips.

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

Adolphe Menjou, caught red-handed, grins shame-facedly and promises to refrain from such unethical tactics.

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

WHO IS "FEARLESS"?

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

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

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

Directing a motion picture is a job which requires the nerve of a New York steel worker, the fortitude of a six-day bicycle racer, the showmanship of a circus ringmaster, the shrewdness of a financier, the knowledge of a college president, the mind of a psychologist, the deduction powers of a Sherlock Holmes and the cunning of a big-time (Continued on page 75)
Editor's Note: The opinions expressed by Miss Hopper in this article are entirely her own and not necessarily those of Photoplay-Movie Mirror—E.V.H.

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

Clark Gable's first resolution for 1941 should be to give us a Junior... Greta Garbo should forget dieticians, music maestros, and concentrate on new clothes, leaving turtle-neck sweaters to Lana Turner... Judy Garland, for every picture a song like "Dear Mr. Gable"—and for my money, Judy deserves co-starring with Mr. Gable. How about it, fans?

...That Greer Garson's every picture be made in color. You haven't really seen that girl yet... Katharine Hepburn should sign the book to keep her nose out of politics and stick to acting. She'll last longer. Or, as the Chinese say, "Tread softer and go farther!"

Billie Burke should definitely make up her mind to acquire another Topper cycle and make the American mother look like Billie Burke... Nelson Eddy can skip the resolution and simply forget his story about women throughout the country stampeding him. It's beginning to sound like wishful thinking! And for Hedy Lamarr, a much, much longer courting period before another mating season comes around. Give yourself a chance as well as the guy.

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

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

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

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

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

Shirley Temple should turn into a good little fairy and donate the star-making services of her mother to Virginia Weidler. Virginia'd be a star before you could say "Who's Yehudi?"... It shouldn't even be a resolution, but a law that Fred Allen do no more pictures, but one debate a year with Jack Benny in the Coliseum for the benefit of the Old Actors' Home... and Deanna Durbin might (Continued on page 80)
British tradition with a Hollywood touch: Laurence Olivier and wife Vivien Leigh, who made her sensational American debut in the famed "Gone With the Wind," are now teamed up in great-lover style for Korda's filming of the life of Lord Nelson and his famous "Lady Hamilton."
If you were to visit Hollywood and I could "step out" with, say, any ten of filmdom's "eligible bachelors," whom would you choose? Would it be Cesar Romero, gallant, smiling, with Irish blarney thick on his tongue for all the Latin blood in his veins? Would it be Jimmy Stewart, awkward, shy, but completely engaging? Handsome, dignified Jeffrey Lynn? Lively Cary Grant? Who? And after you had made your choice and were actually stepping out, would any or all of them come up to your expectations?

Well, those are questions which, on first thought, might seem unanswerable, but we know a girl who can put you pretty straight on them, nevertheless. She's one of the most beautiful girls in Hollywood and for the past two or three years, she has had a wonderful time "playing the field." This chap one night, that chap the next. Meaning Margaret Lindsay. Maggie should be able to answer any question about Hollywood bachelors that you might like to ask. She dated most of 'em herself and those she hasn't, she knows a lot about. For your edification, therefore, we persuaded her to pick the ten best dates in Hollywood. And here they are—and here's why. But from now on, we shall let her do the talking.

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

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

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

After a while at “La Bomba,” you’ll go over to Olvera Street, Los Angeles’ famous “bit of Old Mexico,” for
dinner at “La Golondrina,” a wonderful little Mexican cafe. You'll sit at a little candlelit table covered with a checkered cloth and eat Mexican food—tortillas, enchiladas, Chile con carne. Cesar, ordering your dinner, will speak Spanish to the pretty waitress in the full skirt and mantilla. Between courses you will dance to real Mexican music, more melodic, not so “hot” as “La Bomba’s” Cuban band, but just as beguiling. Or you'll listen to “La Golondrina’s” own entertainers, all of whom Cesar knows.

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

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

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

Say, then, that he wants you to go to the races. Well, after phoning you about noon, he will dash up about twelve-thirty and rage around in the living room like a caged bear if you aren't ready. But when you do appear, he'll grin at you and say, “Hello, beautiful. Well, you're worth waiting for,” or something like that. So you'll sail out to his ear, a long, racy sort of bus. (Cary's ears are always that kind.) Cary drives like mad, tooting his horn at pedestrians and yelling jocund insults at traffic officers, all of whom seem to know him (no wonder, the way he drives).

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

And so the board convenes. . .

Joel McCrea squinted down the length of his pipe as he started talking. It wasn't so long ago that he was Hollywood's most popular bachelor, just as his wife, Frances, was one of the town's most popular girls. He said a surprising thing now. He said. "When you make a picture, it's a success only if it has a story with a purpose to it. A girl ought to be a story with a purpose. She ought to have definite viewpoints and be a definite character—not an imitation of somebody else. Men are always attracted to that type of girl: the kind with a personality to explore."

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

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

YOUR PROBLEMS—
and Hollywood's best
around too much. They try to see how many boys they can get, then wonder why they wind up with nothing! “Perhaps it’s a matter of being un-selfish,” said Joel, “but if you really want to keep a man, show interest in him.”

“Without,” amended Frances, “ever making him feel tied down!”

As they spoke, I was remembering an incident that occurred shortly before their marriage. There was an elaborate movieland ball being given on a Saturday night which Frances wanted terribly to attend. But that same Saturday there was a big cattle roundup near Santa Maria which Joel had planned to attend. I was important to him because certain fancy steers would be for sale. “You’d better go— they might be the very ones you want for your stock,” Frances said. And the way she said it you’d have thought nothing else existed except Joel and that ranch of his. But as an afterthought she added. “I can go to the ball with the Cooper party.”

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

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

I wish my young university sophomore friend could have been sitting there with us to hear Joel’s answer to her next problem. “I don’t,” he said thoughtfully, “think that any girl has to ‘neck’ to be popular. Necking is a compromise that leads to eventualities, usually dangerous eventualities.”

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

“Be exciting in other ways. If,” says Joel, “a girl is a good sport, a swell dancer, plays amusing games, she won’t have time to sit around and smoke. (Continued on page 32)
This is definitely the case where clothes make the chosen woman. Here's the result of our research on how to get by the receptionist and into the front office. Incidentally, it also serves another purpose—if you're already in the army of the employed you can see whether your clothes fit your job well enough to merit a cash-in on the raise funds. The quiz part is purely personal—just decide what job you want, then turn the page to the side and let us do the rest.

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<td>Indian-influence belt of metal studded with studs</td>
<td>Clinking or dangling jewelry that takes men's minds off their work</td>
<td>Your hats. Try a red suede with an upshooting quill, only bright spat in an otherwise conservative outfit</td>
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Five for fascination

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

BY
GWENN WALTERS

"P.M."

Walbourne
THE TUNIC FROCK—Barbara shows this high fashion favorite here in supple black jersey with a softly gathered tunic and a knife-pleated skirt. A lime green jersey turban offers lively color contrast; the gold earrings, bow-knot pin and matching bracelets are shining complements. From the May Company Oval Room, Los Angeles
THE PEPLUM FROCK—Barbara chooses this popular style in black jersey too. The bib front and peplum are bordered in black velvet, the fabric that fashions the belt. Barbara's pompadour hat is of black felt and her bow-trimmed purse of black antelope. The accent is gold jewelry. I. Magnin, Los Angeles
Don’t make a practice of this wee-hour business—but it is a potentiality of this long evening coat. Exquisitely designed in oyster white broadcloth, it is a perfect complement for any color. The buttons and buckle are set with aquamarines. P.S.: Watch the Edith Head cruise clothes that Barbara wears in Paramount’s new “Lady Eve”
Long-sleeved formals are fashion's newest evening whim. The picturesque dress Barbara wears here is of imported black net. It is styled with voluminous skirt and sleeves and a tightly fitted bodice smartly encrusted with electric blue, pastel green and black bugle beads and sparkling sequins. The original model is from Marie Miller, Hollywood
The bride wore bittersweet
in her heart — the bitter of
the man she loved; the sweet
of the man who loved her —
a hard choice even for Kitty

The Cast
Kitty . . . Ginger Rogers
Wyn . . . Dennis Morgan
Pap . . . . Ernest Cossart
Giona . Eduardo Cianelli
Mark . . . . James Craig
Delphine . . Odette Myrtil

The Story Thus Far:
Eleven-fifteen, the clock says. Forty-five more minutes before I have to
decide what road I’m going to travel
for the rest of my life
At midnight Wyn will be waiting
for me at Pier 48. And Mark will be
waiting at Grand Central. Wyn offers
me a love that I had once — so briefly
—and then lost. Mark offers me the
one thing Wyn can’t — marriage.
It’s not a simple thing, making up
my mind. I sit here, in my room at
the Dolly Madison Hotel for Women,
and watch the second hand of the
electric clock glide around, never
stopping for an instant — and I don’t
know. I just don’t know.
I thought I was all over loving Wyn.
For five years, until tonight, I hadn’t
seen him, hadn’t talked to him. He
was something in my life that was
over, finished, done for. If I hadn’t
believed that, I would never have told
Mark Eisen that I’d go with him to
Greenwich and be married.
But, not fifteen minutes after I left
Mark, promising to meet him at mid-
night, I walked into my room and
found Wyn there, waiting. And all the
old enchantment came back with a
rush. It was Wyn, Wyn again, just as
if the five years of being apart from
him had never happened. I couldn’t
think of Mark’s gentle surgeon’s hands
any more, or of the little home we
would have together, or the children.
I couldn’t think of anything except
Wyn and the feel of his arms around
me, holding me tight; his lips pressed
against mine.
"Don’t you remember all we had
together?" Wyn asked. And I re-
membered. I remembered it all. The
old happy days in Philadelphia, when
I worked on Wyn’s poor little mag-
zine that he tried so hard to make a
go of because he was too sweet to be
a banker like his father and grand-
father and great-grandfather. Our
first trip to New York together. And
the night, here in New York, six years
ago, when we went to our own private
Philadelphia Assembly Hall.

Those two honeymoon days were just about
perfect. But that was before we went back
to Philadelphia to face Wyn’s family.
Wyn's mother came to greet us. At least I knew her—and that was more than I could say for myself when it came to the collection of relatives in the drawing room.

Now Go On With The Story:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

At seven in the morning Wyn and I were still in Giono's speak-easy, the musicians yawning as they played. . . . It was heaven, that's all.
Born in N.Y., she's still a New Yorker at heart. Left: She starts out as Gladys Greene, daughter of Hubert and Johanna Nelson Greene; descendant of Vermont farmers; a prodigy—in roses and tulle—of a painter's family.

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

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

...Hollywood. Taking her professional name from two boys she knew, she poses calmly in 1926 esthetic style. "I've never been self-conscious about acting," she says.
... and tells the pictorial story of a frail girl with a husky voice who became a romantic comedienne only after many false starts.

ABOUT Jean ARTHUR

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

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

In 1929 the publicity drums are still booming about her. She co-operates wholeheartedly in a ballet skirt and a blonde wig, keeps concealed her innate dislike for noise, glitter, Hollywood crowds.
THE STORY SO FAR: Even if a girl is only 18, when she has a record of ten years behind her as the child prodigy of Hollywood, she doesn’t give up easily . . . not even when Hollywood doesn’t want her any more.

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

The two had plans, big plans, and Bunny, known to them only as plain Joan Brown, minus her madcap curls, false eyelashes and lisp, was to be part of those plans. For she had sold herself to Johnny as an actress and had gotten a role in his play by offering to supply the money to put on the play up in McIntyre’s unused theater in Danville, Mass.

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

Well, she wouldn’t let them freeze her out; they might not know it, but she was Bunny Stanwood, the star, whose name was even now blazoned in lights at the little movie house across the street. She’d show them. She’d go into that theater and see herself as the public saw her. Then she’d tell them off.

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

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

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

Bunny was crying it out on Johnny’s rubber apron. “For Pete’s sake,” he said, “whatever has happened to you?”
He taught her a lot of things about acting. But it took Bunny to teach him a few things about love

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

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

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

“For Pete’s sake!” he marveled. “What happened to you?”

“I saw Bunny Stanwood in ‘Boy-struck,’” she told him.

“I wouldn’t bawl about it,” he said. “I never thought she was quite that bad.”

“I remind myself of her!” Bunny sobbed.

“Me too!” he agreed.

She gave him a startled glance, fearing she had given herself away. But Johnny went on, “I figured that out this afternoon. You’re one of our Stanwood imitators.”

“Yes,” said Bunny, with a woe-begone face, “I’ve always tried to be like her.”

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

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

“I’ll give you another steer,” he volunteered. “I never liked Stan-wood. But she must hold something. Whatever it is, you haven’t got it.”

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

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

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

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

“I was desperate!” she defended herself. “Let’s have the truth,” he said. “You never did play leading roles in Pasadena.”

“—” she swallowed it and tried again. “No. No, I didn’t.”

“Where’d you get the notices?” Her eyes beseeched him to under-stand. “A job printer in New York made ‘em up for me.”

“Have you ever had any actual professional experience?”

“Well, uh—” Bunny hesitated only an instant. “I’ve worked in pictures, on and off.”

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

“I thought I could get it!” she told him. “Honestly!”

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

“I guess I just didn’t stop to think.”

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

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

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

“Yes,” she said.

“Shake hands on it?” She eagerly put her hand in his.

“Joan Brown and Johnny Mor-rison,” he declared in deep intona-

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

“You mean,” asked Bunny a bit dubiously, “we can’t do anything underhanded or dishonorable any more?”

“That’s it!” he said sternly.

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

His smile warmed to her. “How’d you like to come back in the com-
pany?” he asked.

She said it breathlessly: “You want me back?”

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

“Yes,” said Bunny.

And so the miracle had happened.

W E’VE got to have a contract,” she told him, proud of her busi-
ness acumen.

“What for?” he asked.

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

“Who said that?” he demanded.

“Will you, Johnny?” she asked, straightforward and dignified.

“Okay,” he agreed.

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

He slanted his brows at her. “Love?”

“You know what I mean.” She went faintly pink. “I may be a valu-
able property someday. Wouldn’t you want to have me on a contract then?”

“Boy!” He grinned at her. “Let’s not waste any time!”

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

He recalled (Continued on page 77)
Hollywood at Home

HOW ROBERT CUMMINGS LIVES

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

ON Saint Valentine's Day, February 14, 1940, a messenger entered the garden gate at 1411 Sherman Way, North Hollywood, bearing a large red box. As he approached the little white house he was greeted by the ominous growls of a German police dog who sniffed the box curiously.

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

The messenger departed and Mrs. Cummings opened the attached envelope. She read:

"Dear Mrs. Cummings:

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

Sincerely,
SUZIE Q."

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

Thus the Robert Cummingses passed another Valentine's Day and thus is characterized most typically their lighthearted attitude toward one another and toward their daily lives.

For Bob and Vivi Cummings live seriously but not too seriously, nurturing a sense of humor all too vital these hectic days.

Six years of married life find this...
young couple still remembering Valentine Day and trying to give it special meaning by giving special thought to its remembrances.

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

"I was never so proud in my life," said Bob. "I thought it was awful swell of Vivi to think of it. Then I got the topper—two weeks later she handed me the bill. Five hundred dollars. That (Continued on page 68)
Claudette Colbert, expert in the psychology of perfume, reveals her rules for charm in a bottle.

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

All of the old-time glamour girls knew the lure of subtle fragrance. Cleopatra was lavish in her use of scents, even to the extent of drenching her river barge with them. Men have always felt the fascination of perfume and it was those two men of Rome’s luxury period, Caesar and Mark Anthony, who established a precedent in the use of scents. When they staged their banquets they had perfume sprayed from the ceiling, wafting softly down upon their guests.

But it was left to the French to make an intensive study of perfumes and perfumery and they soon learned the medicinal, emotional and mental values of scents. So we thought of Claudette Colbert, the lovely French girl who grew so proficient as an American actress that she became an Academy Award winner, to tell us the dos and don’ts of perfumery.

“I have loved perfumes all my life. They are a part of me,” said Claudette. “My very earliest memories are all interwoven with my mother, of course, and the sweet fragrance that enveloped her—like the faint odor of a garden bouquet. I loved to crawl up into her lap and inhale that aura of perfume. It had a soothing effect and a kind of protective influence. We were poor in those old days in France and New York. But somehow Mother always. (Continued on page 66)
SORCERER Adrian has done it again! This time it's a Portuguese Fisherman's cap with which he creates glamour. Katharine Hepburn wears it in "The Philadelphia Story" and everyone on the Metro lot is agreed it makes her more provocative than ever before.

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

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

Instructions for Making Hepburn's Portuguese Fisherman's Cap

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Left: The Portuguese Fisherman's cap designed by Adrian

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

Melvyn Douglas of "That Uncertain Age": Hollywood rarity by reason of his big-word vocabulary and his earnest eloquence in behalf of the underdog.
Join now -
PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
Dancing School

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

Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

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

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

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

So much for the foot movement of the basic step. Now's the time to put some swing into it. Legs move easily with not too much bend at the knees. Shoulders are carried level during 1-2-3, 5-6-7 counts. On 4 and 8, the "bumps," the shoulders do a quick horizontal swing—left shoulder moves slightly forward and back as the right shoulder comes forward in almost a jerk. The body is slightly forward from hips up and the leg holding weight on the "bump" is rather straight. It is the "bump" or kick, together with the quick shoulder movement on counts 4 and 8, that form the outstanding characteristic of the Conga.

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

Then both drop arms and, still facing each other, start to do the basic step in opposite directions. The general movement after you are into this next step will be to the right for the girl and to the left for the boy. In order to do this, the boy must shift his weight, since after he finishes 1 to 8 counts his weight is on the right foot. He accomplishes this shift step by stepping left as in the basic step to count 1, but instead of crossing over with right, he merely swings his right foot across, retaining weight on the left for count 2, steps right on right foot for count 3 and "bumps" or kicks with left on count 4. You'll note this holds man on place while girl is dancing to right, leaving them apart at end of first 4 counts. They cross each other on counts 5 to 8, still ending up apart. (Note: When the boy wants to dance again in unison with his partner, he does his shift step by stepping right on 1, swinging left across on 2 but holding weight on right, stepping left on 3, and "bumping" left on 4, which leaves right foot free to start to his right with the girl who moves with him to her left.)

Go back and forth with this step as many times as desired. A pleasant variation is to catch left hands on the "bump" right and right hands on the "bump" left.
A twosome variation: Mary Beth and Bob make their own arch. They start facing, La Conga for two or three steps...

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W e sort of like this Boopsie-Doodle step.

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

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

Photographs by Hyman Fink
With the first public acknowledgment of "my wife" the "great dictator" created a new enigma

The New Mystery of
MR. and MRS. CHAPLIN

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BY RITA WILSON

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

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

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

Things got so constant with Paulette and Tola, actually, that when Chaplin headed for New York for the Eastern debut of "The Great Dictator," the harassed press representatives of Warner Brothers, to whom Litvak is under contract, Paramount, to whom Paulette is under contract, and United Artists, who were releasing "The Great Dictator" were all in a desperate huddle trying to discover Paulette's whereabouts. Frantic phone calls went back and forth from studio to studio and from coast to coast. Frantic cables went back and forth from the mainland to a ship sailing toward Mexico, a ship on which Paulette was supposed to be and on which it was whispered Litvak was also present. For weeks before this crisis, the Hollywood press had run sly little items which said, "It looks as though Charlie Chaplin has released his long-awaited picture and Paulette Goddard simultaneously"... such veiled cracks, and that was only the half of it.

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

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

Paulette said nothing. She said nothing when the first stories about Charlie's tiring of her were hissed. She said nothing when asked whether or not she was his wife. She most distinctly said nothing when she began appearing with Litvak. But she had already broken the Chaplin leading lady tradition by quietly appearing in "The Young in Heart" which she followed with five solid successes, ending up with the main feminine role in "The Great Dictator."

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

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

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

"Modern Times" started the cycle: Paulette, Chaplin's leading lady, came to the premiere with him...
You know the faces, but how about the facts? Here's a chance to find out all about five promising kids.

**Round Up of Pace Setters**

By Sara Hamilton

Believe It or Not But:

**POINT 1.** Ann Miller is the girl Hollywood producers begged to consume four hot fudge sundaes a day. She’s the up-and-coming star who had the effrontery to turn down the star lead in four big Broadway shows with no definite movie job in sight.

**POINT 2.** Last, but not least, Ann is the girl whom Gene Autry first kisses on the screen. (Note the technicality, girls.) When you see her in her latest movies, “Too Many Girls,” “Hit Parade of 1941” and “Melody Ranch,” you’ll understand why so many pleasantly unexpected things happen to Ann. They simply couldn’t miss happening to anyone so darkly beautiful: for with Ann’s jet black hair, arresting slender height (she’s a five-foot-sixer) and creamy skin, for all the world like a 1940 Snow White who knows her way around, how could events pass her by!

The fudge sundae episode happened when Frank Capra chose Ann for the role of the dancer in “You Can’t Take It With You” and producers decided she was much too slender to look the part of a homegrown would-be dancer. So Ann raced across to a drive-in four times a day and ate herself up to 135 pounds. When they finally took a look at Ann they “viewed with alarm” their handiwork. So Ann shot down to 125 pounds and everyone in the cock-
The little blonde who gets in Mickey Rooney's hair: June Preissler

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

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

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

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

Personal appearances then brought her to the attention of George White and in his 1939 edition of the "Scandals" Ann tap-danced the Conga.
right into star limelight. Publicity, write-ups, advertising posters and smart ballyhoo brought her back to Hollywood and her last three pictures. When Broadway and its four shows beckoned again, Ann, with no definite assignment in view, turned them down. She's here to stay—and are we glad!

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

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

She's earned it and deserves it.

Phillip Dorn

We have a little bet to make with you, dear readers, and here it is. After you've witnessed the picture "Escape" you'll either ask or wonder about that fascinating foreigner who played Dr. Ditten. Because we're here not only to give facts but to anticipate your desire for information, let us tell you about him that you may be first to know.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Photos by Harold Valentine

Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror
(Continued from page 8)

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

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

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

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

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

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

Arthur for the lead in her next picture, “The Devil and Miss Jones.” Does Gene mind going to the devil for such a role? Via Jeanette MacDonald, who never lost faith in her husband, couldn’t be happier.

Gable and Lombard—At It Again: When bigger and better pranks are played in Hollywood, you can be sure of one thing—Gable and Lombard will play in. When Lombard’s birthday rolled around, Gable had made an enormous cake carefully iced on top—“To Ma—on her 75th Birthday.” When Carole cut the cake, imagine her surprise to hear coming from the cake’s inwards a conversation between Clark and a friend.

Now Clark, the gag is for you to sing ‘Happy birthday’ to Carole.”

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

“Well,” came back the friend’s voice, “you could do worse. Remember Parnell.”

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

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

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

Incidentally, Judy and Dave spend every afternoon at a famous dancing school learning to rhumba. It must be love, for after that La Conza of Judy’s in “Strike Up The Band,” we’re sure it’s Dave and not Judy who needs the lessons, with Judy going along to encourage him.

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

Forrest Tucker and his bride: That smile disappeared pretty quickly.

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

Forrest Tucker and his bride: That smile disappeared pretty quickly.

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

Then Gene gave up and went back to the screen in “Cross Country Romance,” the very type picture he had tried to avoid. His reward? A grand role in “Mr. and Mrs. Smith” with Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery. Word comes that Gene is the choice of Jean Turner’s favorite star of Uncle Sam’s Navy. She was so pleased she instantly invited fifty of the boys for —er—tea. Used to liquid, the boys made several hundred glasses of beverage disappear in the twinkling of an eye—no, it wasn’t tea, either.

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

(Continued on page 62)
He looks: Alan Curtis concentrates on Ilona Massey. Wedding will occur soon.

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

He forgets: Wayne Morris gets over a broken marriage with Bubbles Schinasi, dates Pat Stewart with the full approval of Hollywood. Here: The new combine at the theater she grinned, “or someone may get jealous.”

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

Cupidites: Wayne Morris has forgotten ex-wife Bubbles Schinasi, it seems, in the smiles of pretty Pat Stewart. Reggie Gardiner has eyes only for Mary Parker, both of “Charlot’s Revue”. The town’s torch bearers, they claim, are Lana Turner for Greg Bautzter and Alice Faye for Tony Martin. Peggy Ann Miller and tall dark’nd handsome John Carroll have discovered each other. It began when John told Ann he didn’t like actresses and Ann declared she was allergic to actors. They’ve been inseparable ever since. Friends are asking whether the Jimmy Stewart-Olivia de Havilland romance has cooled. Or didn’t they really mean it in the first place? Why doesn’t Roz Russell marry, you fans write. Listen to what Cary Grant has to say about Rosalind and maybe you’ll guess the answer: “Roz is the sweetest pal I know. She never stops talking a minute.”

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

As someone said, “Alas, the water that

(Continued from page 61)

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

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

Big News: Laird Cregar, the mountainous actor (300 pounds and only 27 years old) in Twentieth’s picture, “Hudson’s Bay,” has the town twitter with his description of a perfect woman, Laird, who is handsome despite his bulk (it’s well scattered, girls), claims he has no preference so far as a woman goes except she be very bad-tempered, wear vivibly vulgar nail polish and bright red hair. He prefers she dress conspicuously, too. “What man likes to be seen with a mouse?” he asks.

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

Younger Set: The telephone rang in M-G-M’s publicity office where Cal was interviewing June Presser, that blonge vamp of “Strike Up The Band.” ”Yes, I’ll be glad to, Jackie. What time? Well, I’ll call tomorrow for particulars. What’s your telephone number?” June kept saying.

Our interest was aroused, of course, by this one-sided conversation and especially when June confirmed it was Jackie Cooper wanting her to join a gang of kids for publicity stills. Just when we were all set to sniff out a new romance, June spoiled it. “I’ll have to hide this paper with Jackie’s number.”

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mr. Alias: Pardon me, but have you ever seen Falcon Brough on the screen? Oh, but yes you have. Only his full name is Herbert Falcon Brough Marshall. It's only recently Herbert could claim his two middle names, for once over in England he bestowed those names on a fellow actor who was trying to escape a process server and needed a new name.

"Take mine," Herbert urged and subsequently Falcon Brough became known as an actor all over England, Scotland and Ireland. But in a recent letter the actor returned the names to their rightful owner, saying he'd retired from the stage and no longer needed them.


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

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

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

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

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

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

Langford Sings: You can always count on lushly smooth singing from Frances Langford. Being a loyal RKO subject, she sings "Dreaming Out Loud" from her picture with that tag and adds "You're Nearer" from "Too Many Girls" (Decca).
Hi Gang! Come over to Janie's!
(Continued from page 23)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

By the time the kids had romped and I had limped through this activity it was past noon and the reluctant sun had come vividly out. Lunch was announced and in order to keep any cliques from gathering, lots were drawn for who was to sit with whom. You got your own food, buffet fashion, and it was no meal for sissies. We had fruit cocktail, Southern fried chicken, potatoes O'Brien, creamed peas, mixed green salad and cake pudding. The kids had milk and we elders had coffee. There wasn't so much as a smell of hard liquor around the place. There never is, so don't ask.

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

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

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

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

At seven the party began breaking up.

The more mature of the group, handsome Robert Shaw, George Ernest, and Rand Brooks, had other dates. The younger crowd were due in bed soon. The young hostess admitted she had an eight A. M. call for "Golden Hoofs" at the studio next morning.

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

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

Just for fun: Elyse and George.
Just for a figure: Elyse poses.

The end: The blocks come to woe; George and Jane have wonderful time.
BEAUTY PRIMER...de luxe

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

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

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

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

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

COVER and BRISK UP a second time with Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gracious Pond's Tissues. In your softened, glowing skin, lines seem softer, pores finer.

FRESHEN now with the cool, astringent splash of Pond's Skin Freshener. Then

COAT your cool, clean face with its final benediction—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream has the specific function of dispersing remaining harsh particles, little chappings caused by exposure, and endowing your skin with a flattering mat finish. Wipe off after one full minute. Then observe with what favor your skin receives—and holds—its powder.

Perform these simple yet luxurious Pond's rites in full—before retiring or during the day. And again in briefer form as your skin and make-up need freshening. Already some thirteen million American women use Pond's!

Beauty Gifts
In 3 sizes and assortments of Pond's authoritative Creams, Powder, Danya and Pond's "LIPS"—especially packaged for Christmastime-giving in boxes of lovely design. Priced 25¢ to 95¢. See them now at your favorite beauty counter.

MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR. (the former FREDERICA VANDERBILT WEBB)...THE COUNTESS OF WINCHILSEA...
MRS. VANDERBILT PHELPS...all great-great-grandchildren of the famous COMMODORE CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, founder of the family fortune. Each has for years followed the simple yet luxurious Pond's precepts of skin care.
managed to express her individuality in toilet waters. For that reason I have always felt a girl does not have to have a lot of money to enjoy the potent magic of perfume.

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

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

CLAUDETTE prefers to use one scent and make it distinctly hers. She uses achosen scent for a year, or a bit longer if she is located in a place where she is going shopping for a new fragrance and selects one that will accent her personality.

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

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

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

Claudette suggests it is better to purchase one's perfume in the smaller bottles. Scents evaporate and it is better and more economical to have a fresh supply often than to keep a large quantity so long that it changes character. In keeping with my advice for the girls who are struggling along, I am going to tell you something that is new and different.

"The new tendency to supply the very best fragrances in tiny and inexpensive bottles is a godsend to those who love perfumes and who could not afford them, otherwise. Those cute bath salts, too, done up in their bright papers, can be bought inexpensively. You can find the small bottles and sachets, now, and, those pretty little flacons, too. The dime stores make a specialty of them. They fit nicely into handbags and vanities and fill a need, believe me, that every girl has felt since Helen of Troy won her first dance!"

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

"No, never. In the first place, it has been on clothing for any length of time it gives forth a stale odor. That in itself should be a warning not to do it. But, even if the perfume reveals her, whether she realizes it or not. Here is my way of applying perfume and it may be of some help to those who have not found it. With the tip of a finger at the mouth of the bottle, I moisten the finger-tip with the essence, so you have the smile of a smile when process when necessary. First I touch the lobes of my ears, or, sometimes, just behind the ears, next I touch the temples, then along the back of my neck and whiff my hand up over my hair. After that I touch my wrists and that's all. When dressed for formal evening affairs, perfume is done in the same way, but the touch of my elbow and across the tips of my fingers. And, for evening, just a tiny bit on my handkerchief."

"How about the business girl and perfume?"

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

There is a girl who always keeps her hair brush in a box where she has a sachet of her favorite perfume. This is a good idea, as the essence on your brush before you do those hundred strokes every night.

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

"No matter what else you do," cautioned Claudette, "be sure to tell the girls not to go too extreme at the start. A perfume should drift, rather than cling. Haven't you noticed how some girls seem to float in a cloud of fragrance? So much depends upon the combination of it, sometimes. When such a scent is applied use it gently. Use the atomizer carefully. Use it and distribute it in such a manner that you will be enveloped in it and others will not be annoyed by your perfume until they are close to you. In other words, please do not be conspicuous by your perfume."
Don't Be a Draft Bride
(Continued from page 27)

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

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

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

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

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

Most assuredly there is. Let her hang on to her own job, or get one, if she isn't working—there'll be increasingly more openings for women. Thus in no sense of the word can she be classed as a dependent. Let them be married. Such inspired unions are priceless assets to any nation. Then let him go forth to his job in democracy's citizen army while she keeps industry moving at home! In that way she will not be a draft bride, but a defense bride, which is a proud thing to be!
was certainly bighearted of Vivi!"
Vivi smiled quizzically: "It was worth every penny of it. For years I've heard
tall stories about a chime watch his father carried when Bob was a boy.
Well—he put an end to that. Bob never mentioned his father's wonderful
watch again."
The Cummings' menage is in the heart of
San Fernando Valley, a little town
called North Hollywood.
Twelve million years ago, according
to geologists, this valley was under the
sea. Twenty years ago it was a barren,
sun-baked expanse of sand and alkali
dust. Today it is rapidly becoming a
garden spot, bungalowed and walled
from the airports of Glendale to the
distant ranches of the-bake movie
towns at Calabasas.
Here, eight miles from Universal studio
(or ten minutes the way Bob drives),
Bob and Vivi Cummings bought their
home, a one-story New England farm-
house on a four-acre tract. Frame in
construction and modest in design it is
one of the first houses built in the Valley.
Its four acres was for years the only
solid green patch in an arid waste
and, consequently, the shade trees are
tall, the fruit trees luscious, the flowers
profuse.
"We went for it without any argu-
ment," said Bob. "It was completely
furnished, comfortably and substantially.
Nothing Hollywood about it. Just a place
to live in."
"You'll find no Picassos hanging on
the walls," Vivi added. "No modernistic fur-
niture—no crystal chandeliers..."
"Proof that the house is unadulterated
farmhouse," said Bob, with a straight
face, "is that it has three bedrooms
and only one bath. That's going back to the
soil with a vengeance. The first major
operation around here will be another
bathroom."
Only recently they bought this prop-
erty, paying a third down and the bal-
ance on an FHA loan. It consists of
the aforementioned bedrooms and bath, plus
a glassed-in sun porch, dining room and
living room—six rooms in all. The ex-
terior is white (what is not covered by
ivy and purple bougainvillea), the walls
papered in early-American patterns.

**Hollywood at Home**
(Continued from page 49)

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

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

It is from this patio that one gets the
best feel of the true suburban character of
the place. Shielded by a phalanx of
tall evergreens from the two streets front-
ing the corner property, it is a gay day's
journey from the nearest autograph
hunter. The cricket's chirp, the frogs
croak and Suzie Q. McNab squawks like a
Paris taxi. Near by, in grateful immobility,
stand two deer cast in con-
crete—a doe and its fawn—impercepted
these mornings and evenings, and eyeing
the steady en-
trance of Hollywood.

"I like those fellows," says Bob, refer-
ing to the deer. "I wouldn't have had
the nerve to buy a thing like that and
yet I'm glad they're here. When things
don't seem to be going quite so smoothly
they have a calming, sedative effect on
me. They're so peaceful. Nothing
bothers 'em."

As for the police dog—they inherited
him with the house, the former landlord
feeling that the creature required the big
open spaces. That's how the Cummingses
came to possess a German police dog, a
sad-eyed monkey and two concrete deer.
A curious family, all living in harmony.
Four acres is a lot of ground for city
folk, but this fragment of erstwhile desert
is arranged for practical purposes in this
manner: More than an acre of fruit trees;
an acre of flowers and garden; an
acre of vegetables and berries; and the
balance occupied by a three-car garage,
chicken coops (but no chickens as yet),
the caretaker's house with bedroom
and bath, a good-sized toolhouse and a barn
transformed into a playhouse.

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

The monkey has a cage which Bob
contived out of wire chicken coops
and so built that Suzie Q. may cling to its
sides and shake it to her heart's content.

The dog has a fenced-in yard and roomy
doghouse, but the outstanding feature of
this canine domain is the luxury of a
sturdy playpen all to himself.

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

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

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

---

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---

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

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

All new an inexpressible itch to make alterations and Bob and Viv Cummings are not exceptions. One of these days they’re going to do things to their old Adobe house—structure—60 x 22 feet—has been painted green inside and out and furnished neatly into a combination office-dining-room-kitchen, partitioned to be partitioned, this huge room currently houses the Cummingses’ fanmail department consisting of tables, shelves and an old-fashioned dining room set bought by Bob’s father; a dining-room suite with a large refrigerator near by in which cold cuts and watermelons are kept; two Ping-pong tables and ballpads at the ends. Bob takes his fanmail seriously and one or two evenings a week he and Viv work in the fanmail department in the barn-playhouse.

FATE conspires in inexplicable ways to order our lives. When Billie Burke decides to adopt an edition of the Ziegfeld Follies in memorium to her deceased husband she unwittingly determined an important event in the lives of Robert Cummings, stage juvenile, and Vivian Jamieson that was in the show that they first met and, later, when their itinerary took them to Akron, Ohio, they married.

Then Bob came to Hollywood and hoaxed it into discovering one of its most talented young actors. (The hoax has since become a classic: Paramount creation.) A Texas drawl, and convenient connected story of his Southern accent fell hard for Bob’s conventionally acquired Texas drawl and conveniently connected story of his Southern accent was a matter of other odds and ends. Bob takes his fanmail seriously and one or two evenings a week he and Viv work in the fanmail department in the barn-playhouse.

Admiring his wife’s exceptional talent for mimicry and mindful of her fine record on Broadway, Bob has been disappointed that Hollywood has overlooked Viv, even though he’s been known for an irrepressible performance in “So Red the Rose” before the hoax was revealed and he was forgiven all.)

The daily life of the Cummingses is marked by complete accord in temperament, taste and inclinations. They derive genuine enjoyment from playing with each other at parcheesi, backgammon, pickle, and tennis. Bob is easy because she is of Swedish descent and Jenny Lind is one of her idols.

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Of course, there are differences between Mr. and Mrs. Cummings, but they are minor ones: He is constantly irritated by her incurable habit of always being fifteen minutes late and she is forever admonishing him to spend hours together swimming, at which they’re both expert.

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

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...and then at some time he accumulated enough money, bought himself his first plane. Being prejudiced in the manner of vegetarians he painted the plane green and named it "Vivi." When he married Vivian Lind, you get Vivian married there, you get Vivian married, and got Spinn II. He taught Vivian how to fly; now they spend their free days roaming the skies. They have a plane to do all kinds of things, even fly to Sundays, to San Diego for lunch, to Texas to visit friends, anywhere and for any reason.

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

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

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

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

January, 1941
Lee is one man who is not at all interested in talking about himself. He will ask you about yourself and listen to what you say with flattering interest. No, he won’t probe at all, for there is too much dignity about him for that. But he will manage to give you the impression you are something pretty special.

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

When you get home, he won’t end the evening with a curvesy, “It’s been nice seeing you,” but, if you like him, you’ll make a definite date for another evening in the future. If he doesn’t feel you’ll be proper HE will do if what he, for all his quietness, Lee Bowman is a young man the ladies like to please.

The most glamorous date to be had in Hollywood is, probably, one with Jeffrey Lynn. Jeffrey definitely has elegant tastes and likes to do things with an elegant touch, and it keeps coming out to ask you out, he will almost surely say, “Let’s dress.” So, all atter, because Jeffrey is very handsome, you’ll spend a good deal of effort trying to see yourself look a credit to him. He is crazy about perfume—that is, for women and if you want to impress him immediately, and keep him interested in it. Also, you might try wearing white if it is becoming to you.

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

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

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

Ditto Jimmy Stewart, although a typical evening with Jimmy will be different from one with Jeffrey. In the first place, he will probably call up and say something like this: “Want to have dinner at my house with Harry and Frances Fondas and me?” Okay. We’re over after you.”

So then he’ll come around in his car and take you to his house in Brentwood. The Fondas will already be there and Jimmy will introduce you quite ceremoniously, blushing, maybe, and will fuss around then mixing drinks, being ever so careful to fix you with just exactly the way you like it. He’ll also make a good many visits to the kitchen to see about dinner. Jimmy is a good cook himself and he promises trustful that anyone else can do as well.

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

After that, you may play some card game (not bridge, though; Jimmy doesn’t play bridge) or he likes to do things about pictures or about flying. When the Fondas leave, you’ll leave, too, and, driving you home, Jimmy may apologize for the “dull sort of evening” he thinks you’ve had. “Should have taken you dancing,” he’ll mutter. But you’ll mean it when you say, “Nothing of the sort! I loved every minute at us a few" because there is nothing so appealing and so genuine about Jimmy that it’s fun just to be around him.

Eddie Norris is a lot of fun on a date, too. For one thing—and any girl likes this—he spends a lot of money on you. Eddie, you know, was born to the puritan, austere way of life, but, in the way he simply assumes that the best is nothing too good for himself and whoever he is with. He hates ostenta-

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MOVIE MIRROR

205 E. 42nd Street New York, N. Y.
stretches away from you. George knows how to order a meal, too, and the right kind of music. There will be music. He likes music with his meals, but he doesn't care for dancing.

Later, as you drive back to Hollywood, George, a wonderful raconteur, will probably get to telling you stories about picture-making and you'll find you are back in Hollywood before you know it.

A date with George is not particularly "personable." He doesn't have the "you and I" manner. But you'll enjoy him just as much as though he did. He is—well, interesting is still the best word. He is also entertaining and amusing.

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

After lunch, you'll fish some more or maybe just sit around on deck and talk or listen to Eddie's phonograph. If you ask, Eddie will tell you of his recent life, be rather entertaining, then you'll probably find him a little shy, especially at first. Gradually, though, he'll loosen up, particularly if you talk about him. Too, it is not one given to murmuring sweet nothings, but if and when he pays you one of his elaborate compliments, you can be sure he has a hand on his heart.

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

I'd bet you, though—a date with Harry Crocker will keep you out late! After Ciro's or the Victor Hugo, you'll visit two or three other places at least, probably the homes of some of his friends (such as the Garbo, the Coopers or the Colmans). Likely as not you'll wind up with a plane ride over the city to see the sun rise. But whatever you do, you'll have a wonderful time. After all, movie stars aren't the only good dates in Hollywood!

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

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

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

After dinner, you'll shoot back through Cahuenga Pass into Hollywood and no probably eat very good at it and even though you may be an amateur, his enthusiasm is such that you're certain to enjoy it, too. Of course, he'll throw in the usual 'dressy' and won't eat anything until the wee sma' hours. But on the other hand, if you hint that you're tired, he'll be so instantly contrite that you'll hasten to reassure him that you feel wonderful.

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

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

Wouldn't you like to tell your troubles to Ma Hardy? Then read next month about some lucky girls who did
Thus Fritz Van Dorn became Phillip Dorn, the actor you noticed in "Skid Row," the one you'll applaud in "Escape."

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

Sleender of build and six foot two, with something of the looks of Walter Pidgeon and all of his charm. Dorn promises to be another movie idol. It will never faze him. Some actors we know should be compelled to sit at this man's feet and listen to him, everyday exploding egos in all directions. He's a real actor, agents are actors because they're both lazy and curious to see behind the limelight. The first four years and to getting off. After that, they probably fear talent, they get down to work.

He's married to a Dutch girl and lives orients and a pal to Jack. He's English and almost perfect, except he says, "I'm crazy with it," instead of "crazy over it."

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

June Preissier

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

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

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

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

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

"Very well," said Mrs. Preissier. "You'll explain, of course, why my daughters cannot dance before Royalty tonight as commanded."

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

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

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

So American. Are we blushing.

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

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

Her saddest experience came from "Coward In" when the King and Gable was in the audience. Poor June fell flat on her head. Luckily, he didn't come until the following night, when she was too plastered and chastened but grand little dancer.

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

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

Cowboy with Charm

DOWN from the hills and plains of Montana came young George Montgomeri Letz to see his older brother, Michael, off to his engineering job in South America. Down from the Sootypine offices of a local studio came a talent scout for a bit of evening's relaxation. He didn't get it, however, for no sooner did the scout saunter in a night spot than in walked George Montgomery Letz and his older brother, out for a bit of celebration before sailing time, and the night was instantly filled with talk of tests, contracts, jobs and what not.

So, next morning after his brother's boat sailed, George trotted off for his test and subsequently wired his enormous family, "I won't be home. I'm going into movies." Even coyotes howled with excitement. Georgie, of all people, in the movies.

He made his Westerns at Republic before Fox got a look at the handsome, six-foot-three, 20-year-old giant with that sultry blue eyes. He dropped the Letz from his name and went from one picture to another, his recent ones being, "Charter Box" and "Journey's End."

George is the youngest of fifteen children, thirteen of whom are living, all with histories of their own plus immu-

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

"Mike's Ranch," the most humble of the three, must be ever more being serious over a girl was when he was seized with a terrific crush on Nancy Kelly. Sometimes, when he was home in Montana, George will escort Brenda Joyce to a preview. But, by golly, he won't take any girl out just for publicity purposes and anyway she says that in one of his last movies, one night in one night spot, money that would buy a thoroughbred helper for that 1,440 acre ranch he's bought for himself (on the installment plan) up in Montana. George reasons movies may not always want him, so at least he'll have his ranch to turn to.

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

Between pictures, however, he goes home to Montana, looking pie-eyed on the winter wheat crop on his own ranch, or off wild goose hunting (or all things) or packing into the mountains with a brother or two.

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

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

From then on, George worked even harder, beginning to make all the tests with a man named Cesar, but never avoiding him, because in that way he hopes to learn more and more of screen technique.

Like a real ranch-hand, he can twang a mean guitar with a restless Americanism, and you have Tony Quinn, that dark'n handsome lad who created so much darned damage in "City For Conquest" as Ann Sheridan's dance partner and who will soon emerge in Paramount's picture "Texas Rangers Ride Again." Anthony Quinn was born in Chiuhuaua, Mexico, in 1917, the son of Cesar, who was driven out of the country by Cesar, when Tony pronounces it, and brought to the United States when a very young baby at the express invitation of Pancho Villa, who liked Frank Quinn, Tony's father, and offered him escape rather than death. It seems the big, genial Irishman (who had drifted to Mexico and married a beautiful senorita) failed to cooperate one hundred percent with Pancho. As a result, Tony grew up an American (he has his papers), became a movie actor and son-in-law of Director Cecil B. De Mille. Little did Villa surmise the consequences of his generous gesture!

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

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

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

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

He was working for De Mille himself when he met Katherine. He had no idea who she was, but, after a short conversation, he grew interested, asked her to lunch, later discovered she was the director's daughter and nearly died of fright. But it was too late. Tony was in love. Once, before he met Katherine, he'd turned down a De Mille contract with only twenty cents in his pocket. Today Tony is Warners' shining light in light. He's had displays of both his work as a sculptor and painter, work he does and loves, in memory of a father who died too young to complete his dreams. He's never seen his wife on the screen. His young son Christopher Anthony is his pride and joy. And, oh yes, those eyes of his, that Mexican orbit are the envy of every girl in town. Tony doesn't know he has 'em.

Now that you've almost finished reading this article, are you ready to do what we asked you to do on page 21?
spiritual power ... at least not for my money ... and if Mr. Karin wants to shoot me for this, he knows where he can find me ... and me so fond of him, too, and without a single bullet-proof vest to my name ...

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

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

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

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

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

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JOIN NOW—PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR DANCING SCHOOL

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

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

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

There are more temperamental whinnies of actors, actresses, writers and producers than silver foxes and drive-in sandwiches stands in the Hollywoods and the directors are the officious walls of the sound stages.

Paul Muni’s passion for the retaking of the same scene time after time even after the scene of it is reported for work became apparent there was no possible way she could enter the room, as the script demanded, without showing the right side of her face. The actress fumed and the director did everything including getting down on his knees and offering his heart, but there was nothing he could do. Miss Colbert would be photographed from the left side, or not at all. They dismantled and rebuilt the set.

WHENEVER Clark Gable portrays a film role it eventually develops into a battle of wills, and sometimes exasperating results for directors. Gable revels in his title as the screen’s No. 1 man and will not or do anything before a director that might even temporarily jeopardize his reputation. Metro executives and Director Clarence Brown spent hours arguing with Gable before he was convinced that his dancing scenes in “Joe’s Delight” would do him no harm, which they did not.

During filming of “Gone With the Wind,” Gable pondered the killing of important sequences, especially the love scenes with Vivien Leigh. Release by George Cukor of the film’s directorial reins to Victor Fleming after several weeks of production undoubtedly was caused by Clark Gable. Cukor has a reputation for directing women, Fleming for directing robust, humor-laden men.

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

“Over two hours of work is what he has just completed is ‘hammy.'” If he has the slightest suspicion that it is, he insists upon a retake.

“I just do it again—without the ham,” he says.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On more occasions than one the Ritzenhofers and their directors have been at each other’s throats. The comedians insist they know more about their own particular brand of comedy than anyone else, and rivals, a director who tries to change their minds even for their own good.

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

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

“Just think of what this is. It’s not funny. And we don’t think this is funny.”

“All right,” replied Dwan. “How many pages does the scene you like?”

Harry thumbed through the script and said there were four.

“Okay,” said Dwan, tearing out the four pages and saying: “As you like.”

Harry was not. “We know what we mean,” he said. “It’s not funny. And we don’t think this is funny.”

Directors and writers have got to get together, or you can’t imagine how much trouble there is.”

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

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

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

Playing in so many football pictures probably gave Jack Oakie the habit of showing people around in front of the camera to steal scenes and give direc-
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PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR DANCING SCHOOL

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOTIVE MIRROR
the lines of the part he was letting her play and gave them to her verbally. She was a quick study. In ten minutes she was letter perfect. He crouched over a bucket and began to wash her face.

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

"What's the matter?" he asked.

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

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

"Wooden," he said.

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

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


Her eyes got bigger and brighter.

"Shall we try again?"

Then she gave him a queer look and started to walk on the concrete floor.

She caught herself before she reached him, stiffened her shoulders.

"I—felt funny—for a minute."

"Do you know how long you've been hammering at me?" he complained.

"Hours! And I can't take it like I used to."

"But, Johnny—"

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

He took her back under the shed, where a big, polished sedan was parked. He hurled a heavy, warm auto robe at her, slammed the door and left her. And the next thing she knew it was gray outside and somebody was smiling at her through the open car door. She fussed with her hair and smiled the sleep out of her eyes. "Good morning, Johnny," she said.

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

He staked out the lunch wagon's morning newspaper and Johnny perused it, her eyes idly sweeping its columns. She smiled at her. She started screaming at her. She smiled. She shook her at the eyes and cried, "Johnny!" She hurried over and began to wash her face. She started again.

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

With that he grinned and reached for the change.

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

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

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

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

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

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

It rolled as though somebody were rolling hot cannon balls down all iron stairs. And it needed something like that to wake Bunny up. She batted her eyes and got her bearings. Then she left her lonely pallet and put on the only clothes she had. She dabbed a bit of a chilly washtub basin, then she rushed upstairs.

The stage was full of people, about half of them strangers. It couldn't be a rehearsal. Bunny balled her eyes and stared. It looked more like a jam session. Or a jam-jam session.

Little white-moustached Pop Carstairs had backed a grand piano into the stage and was whamming the keyboard, giving out hot Smythe-Crewes and Delta Dale and a guy with a silver trumpet, who was hitting treble-alto arpeggios and B-flat riffs, and a goatlike gentleman in overalls and a buxom blonde rocked the chorus and got off a knock-about, chair-leaping, breakdown dance.

Downstage a couple of men mountains were hurling fifty-pound dumbbells at each other, yelling, "Huh!"

As Bunny looked anxiously around, Cissy Bollingbroke came staggering out of one of the stage-level dressing rooms and set a huge steaming kettle on the prompt table.

"Oh!" she said and tossed Bunny a brittle smile. "I heard you were back."

Bunny felt so lonely and out of things, she forgot to bear grudges. "What is it?" she asked.

"It smells like an oldtime goulash," he commented. "I mean the mob scene," said Bunny.

They're angels doubting for you," said Cissy. was at her silkiest. "Since you turned out to be such common clay."

The time got the whole heavenly choir. Joe Brandesell, the light comic, barged up with a three-gallon pot of coffee.

"But who are they?" persisted Bunny.

"Old-time, out-of-work vaudeville stars," said Joe. "They live around here so's to be near Mac."

The strong men run the town's billing-posting business, "said Cissy. "The guy in overalls is the janitor over at the Bijou."

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The lady on the piano keeps a chicken farm," said Joe. "You ought to have seen her pull up at the stage door this morning, with the end of her truck crowing and cackling."

"Most of 'em are in business and have savings socked away," Cissy explained. "When they heard Mac was in a financial jam, they rallied. In other words, they're putting up the money you wheeled on."

She handed Bunny a couple of soup plates full of goulash. "Pass 'em around, dear."

"Take your thumbs out of them muffulians," somebody yelled in Bunny's ear.

It was the Bijou Theater janitor. He snatched the plates, shoved one at his big blonde dancing partner, gave the other to the lead player. Then he grabbed Bunny around the waist and started stepping again.

She stiffened and tried to hold back, but the guy wouldn't let her. He had a middle-aged face and a schoolboy's body. And he could dance. Taps, buck-and-swing, eccentric stuff—Bunny was suddenly caught up in the throes of sound and movement. She began to follow, to cut lose a little.

"We were the best song and dance team in the business, Marty and Mabel," Bunny's partner introduced himself. "Remember?"

But before she could answer, he was yelling with excitement. "Mabel—look at me!"

He was doing some intricate weaving and Bunny was with him by now, catching the spirit, laughing, sticking in some fancy footwork.

Cissy Bolings broke butted in and broke up the new dance team. "Here, give these to the boys in the stage box."

Bunny looked across the theater and saw Johnny and Gil and Maclntyre sprawled in the plush seats.

She fetched muffulians for Mac and Gil and then she bought two more for Johnny and herself.

A movement discussion was underway and none of the three even looked at Bunny. Johnny seemed terribly upset over something and Gil appeared to be in actual physical anguish.

"But Gil almost had to shout to make himself heard above the racket. "It's a serious drama!"

"Son," said Mac, "there's nothing so serious as this.""

"But hoovers—dumb acts—low comics!" Johnny was exasperating. "How could we possibly cue them in?"

"They've been laying off ever since vaudeville folded up," Mac looked as though he were about to break down sobbing, "just eating their hearts out—poor little devils."

"I know how they feel," said Bunny warmly.

Johnny and Gil stared at her sharply, but she went on polishing her plate.

"But we couldn't cast 'em!" Gil exploded. "Good heavens! How can we?"

"They have faith in your play, boys," Mac munched his cigar and looked reproachful. "That's why they all want to be in it."

"Yes and they're risking their savings!" said Bunny.

"Will you keep out of this?" asked Johnny.

She watched the horseplay on the stage and it shocked everybody so happy after they had been so unhappy all these years. She felt a sudden fellowship for all of them—a professional kinship of like for like.

"Look!" she said suddenly. "You're always talking about slab of life. She pointed with her soup spoon. "They've been eating their hearts out and—well, look at 'em now!"

THE harried look on Johnny's face gave way to a distorted grin. "All right, Cutie-Puss! And as an ambitious young artiste maybe you'd like to work with a couple of strong men."

"Why not?" said Bunny.

Mac reached over to pat Bunny's knee. "Didn't I tell you? The kid's an actress."

A handkerchief tosser for a couple of dummies" sneered Gil. "If you call that an actress."

Mac was beaming. "A handkerchief tosser—sure. Just what we need to dress up the boys' parts."

He turned to yell at the strong man. "Banty!—Maclntyre!"

The two athletes came over, ponderously.

"Meet your new partner," Mac had a grin on his face.

The men-mountains ducked their heads and shook hands, taking turns bear-trapping Bunny's paw.

"Pleased to meet yuh," said Banty caustically.

"Pleased to meet yuh," said Bunny.

A number of people had just come in from the stage door. Mostly girls. They were tiny things, all with matching, honey-colored hair, all of them carrying shabby suitcases.

"You can have Mac. Then he caught sight of the squat-built, gnome-like man who appeared to be the escort. "If it isn't—Mac rubbed his eyes. "Why, Charlie Hix—you son-of-a-gunt!"

Mr. Hix waddled over to pump Mac's hand. "We were hooked in one of your Danville roadhouses. An' what do you think? A clean little teetotaler and the mayor won't let us. He says there's an ordinance in this town—"

"I know," said Mac. "It's a non-strip town. You take 'em out of here."

"We heard you were putting on a show and we thought maybe—"

"Can they hop?" asked Mac.

"Confused," Mr. Hix simply didn't
have the words. "He asks us, can they hoof?"

"All right," said Mac. "We can use 'em in our chorus."

"Chorus?" said Gil Gilroy and stum-bled drunkenly out of the stage box. "What chorus are you talking about?"

Nobody paid any attention to him. "What about it?" Mac asked.

"Seven Little Striplings," said Mr. Hix.

"Come on in, girls!" Mac seemed more like a chuckling old hen today. He had room for everybody under his wing.

The seven striplings hung back, shy-eyed, pathetically young, as wary as quails.

"Don't be scared, kids," Mac welcomed them. "We're little schoolhouses together."

He was suddenly popping off with telling stories. Thirty-five cents for a story, and they gave him more than he asked.

"You can't take 'em off in Danville. But it doesn't say you can't put 'em on. So when the drop tears loose, we discover several, fractured strings, with their little stockings and shoes and what-sies scattered in front of our woodland seat. Maybe they've been swimming . . . and put them 'put-'em-on-toes. How's that for a twist?"

"Geel!" said Bunny.

It was thrilling to be associated with a sharp-tongued and cynical comradeship. The way Mac did. And the others, too—they were so funny and friendly and happy-go-lucky, it would take a pretty !ardhearted person to be moved by no tears, without feeling their hurt feelings. She glanced at Johnny to see if he weren't beginning to look at it that way, too.

But he just sat there, slumped in his seat.

"You want me to say something?" she asked.

"No," he said. "No."

"If I were you and Gil, I'd write a few more characters into "High Olympus,"" said Bunny, "so we'll all have work."

MAYBE Johnny and Gil weren't so heart-hardened after all. Anyhow, they succumbed in the end and tried to re-write.

That evening Gil came to the parking lot and while Johnny washed cars the collaborators put their dazed heads together.

Bunny was there, too. Johnny gave her a sponge and a chamois and she was supposed to polish windshields and windows. He was so intent and happy over the way he was helping and while it was by no means the first money she ever earned, she felt as proud as though it were. She also seemed to breathe a little more freely to collaborate on the play, but they froze her out.

This was Tuesday. The boys toyed with the idea of a flood in New Jersey and later they saw a raving theatrical troupe stormbound in the Pennsylvania Station, but it didn't click.

On Wednesday morning Bunny spent her hard-earned six bits for a suit of blue jumpers and a red bandanna to wind around her head.

That evening the boys changed their locale to a Long Island summer colony and tried to fit a crowd of paid enter-tainers into a swanky lawn party without losing the flavor of "High Olympus"—but it didn't. It was pretty tripey.

Thursday morning Bunny asked for an advance on her wages and bought a pair of boy-size, flat-heeled brogues, for knickers.

Friday night came around and Johnny and Gil had got so desperate they actually thought of writing in a carnivalesque company at a state fair. . . . This was before Gil started to scream.

"I can't go on! It's mad! It's stupid! I'm going nuts!"

Bunny dropped her sponge. "You want me to say something?" she asked.

"If you say anything more tonight," said Johnny, "I'll stick your head in that bucket!"

"If I were you and Gil," she said, "I'd boil the play down to fifteen minutes and let it go hog-wild with the rest of the show."

"I'm warning you" said Johnny.

Mac told me yesterday," she quoted the one minus side of some of the finest theatrical productions the world ever saw were fifteen-minute vaudeville sketches. You've got to work fast—Johnny was scooping the mud off an automobile wheel, without using the noz-le. He simply turned the hose and let Bunny have it in the face.

She glanced at what was left of her makeup, and put it out as the stream hit and splashed. It squirted in her mouth and soaked her bandanna.

"Why—you!" She coughed out a mouthful of water and glared. Then she picked up the bucket of water to squeeze it out of her hands.

But he was a little too quick for her. He dropped the hose, caught her wrist, wrenched the pail off her hand. The water splattered over her, got the sunbeams out of her bucketful down the front of her overalls. She let out a shivering gasp and then—well, sir, she didn't know quite how it all happened, but she was sure that Johnny didn't either—they were each other's arms, Bunny clinging tighter and tighter, all sopping wet and bursting with happiness, while Johnny sort of crooned over her.

"Cutie-Puss—you darling—you stupid—you darning idiot—"

WHY don't you save it for the last act curtain?" asked Gil from the side lines.

The cynical note seemed to jar Johnny back to normal. He broke out of the clutch and furiously began giving Bunny her orders. "Get back to the theater—you get out of those clothes!"

"But Johnny—She slumped herself back to him, fully prepared for an encore, but there was nothing more doing.

"Do you want me to get down sick?" Johnny demanded. "Do you want me to have to take care of you?"

"Yes!" Bunny dimpled.

"And take all the pout off your puss!" Johnny reached for her coaches.

Bunny gave him a brisk little salute and trotted away in her squading shoes. She went back to the theater, walking high, as though to music. If Gil hadn't been there, Johnny would have kissed her. She knew it. Everything inside her told her that. Johnny Morrison, he would have killed a man to have her.

She hurried across the stage, down-stairs to her dressing room. Thank goodness she had a room to herself. It wasn't much, but it was still hers. She lighted the light and stepped back abruptly. Somebody was rolled up in draperies, sleeping on Bunny's mattress.

It was a girl—in a golden head. Bunny stared for an instant and then let out a couple of frozen sounds. "Nat! What the—Natellite Irwin!"

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remember that Canada was her birthplace and help out at some of the British Red Cross benefit shows, also Community Chest programs. Both countries have been most generous—or isn't it cricket to mention it?

Edgar Bergen should let Charlie star alone in a comedy-mystery picture. Animate the little fellow, make him articulate. In other words, be heard but not seen, Edgar. Charlie Chaplin should let the dictators be tragedies if they must. Let him revive his original formula. The cacophony of bursting bombs and crying children of the newsmen drowned out too many laughs in his latest picture!

Marlene Dietrich should see what the boys in the back room will have, and give it to them.

Reginald Gardiner should swear never to m.e. a show as replete with actors-trying to be amateurs as the Revue we had listened upon us in the name of charity. Weed 'em out, Reggie. If they can't hoof, don't let 'em. Where was your British sense of fairness?

Donald Meek should hammer down Warners' gates until they let him do "Dear Brutus," the Barrie play they own. A natural for him!

Frederick Bartholomew should pray to have and Aunt Cissie never to do anything like he did in Charlotte's Revue again. But try, Freddie, to make "Young Woodley" this year.

Fred Astaire should resolve with Ginger Rogers to be teamed again in the type of stuff that made them famous. And speaking of teams, keep Lucille Ball and Director Dorothy Arzner together. They struck oil in "PHO". So be it!—that Madeleine Carroll's resolution be accomplished and that she be sent home to personally look after her orphans and her flyer, which she's been anguishings to do.

LET Claudette Colbert refuse loan-outs to other studios and remain on her own lot where they do right by her. I omit even a hint to Paulette Godard—she can take care of herself any time—anywhere.

Bill Holden should fight for Mamoulian to direct him in another picture, no foolin'. Bob Hope's No. 1 determination should be to hold on to Mack Millar, his exploitation man, who's guided him around some pretty deep pitfalls!

Bing Crosby, since he begat his own "Barbershop Quartette," should put em all in a picture and allow the world to see and hear them sing. What a "family affair" that would be—wow! And would the Hardy and Aldriches be furious!

 Definitely make up your mind, Ronnie Colman, to give us two pictures a year from now on. Irene Dunne should stick to those soft hair-dos and insist on leading men the age of her hands...

Resolve, Bill Gargan, to hitch your station wagon to a star part and don't let anyone shake you loose from that idea.

Cary Grant should remain single and never be allowed to ham up another historic drama.

Charles Laughton should give us another English King... And listen, Carole Lombard, the gods smiled when they made you—why do you want to scare back? Shake off your tears and calico and dive back into chiffon and comedy where you belong. The world needs more laughter... Raymond Massey, you'd better make up your mind to deluge your ego on January first. It will be less painful than having others do it. They won't always be diplomatic about your Abraham Lincoln, you know.

I digress a snap, but Cecil B. De Mille was once a star and he should make a resolution to give just one salute to the real director of the Lux Radio Theater, and do it.

STOP underestimating that strong, Dottie. Remember, dearie, it may have kept you cool, but it kept your public hot... Let Oscar Levant set this one to music—that he never take a lesson in acting, keep his feet firmly on the ground, his head up and his mouth open... Dick Powell ought to remember that his voice put him where he is today and stop yawling to the moon about not singing, but accept any good part he can grab, whether it be singing or acting.

Ginger Rogers should remember that...
she got top price as a blonde and re-  
solve to let Hedy and Joan lead the  
brunette field. Also by now she should  
have acquired a sufficient patina of  
poise and poise and poise as well  
as compliments in her stride. The pen  
is mightier than the sword, Ginger, and  
can dig more dirt than a shovel! .  
Orson would up his funny, for his own future instead of making all  
the supporting members of his cast in-  
dependently rich. Yes, it's more blessed  
to be able to give, and even Orson can  
grow old.

Humphrey Bogart might decide to be-  
come a member of the FBI. He's had  
training enough in the pictures to give  
him a good start toward eligibility .  

Let Gary Cooper determine to get into  
a Frank Capra picture every year.  
There are two between the women that  
are over the hill, and among them the  
old Paulette 

—I SUGGEST Ida Lupino take up the study of the  
guillotine and use it, if she gets  
anything less than a gutty role . . . I could  
advise her to find her hobby and keep up to  
their publicity, or have their publicity  
scrolled down to their living, but let it go  
for Ann Sheridan . . . Won't Herbert  
Marshall and Paulette Goddard be glad to have  
their flag set on fire, so he'll be with us always? . . . And for  
Wayne Morris, I wish he'd definitely for-  
get the Bubbles episode and look for real  
work. . . And I wish for a real  
Chaplin.

Resolved to put Paul Muni on the same  
plane with Freddie March for "their  
Broadway," leaving a good part avail-  
able for Paulette and perhaps a  
whiz-bang radio show for Frank Morgan  
. . . And speaking of good pictures,  
get busy, Pat O'Brien, and howl until  
you get another "Front Page." I'll howl  
with you, if it will do any good.

George Raft should keep teaming with  
Cagney. They work well in double-  
harness, but he should forget romantic  
parts . . . Marjorie Rambeau should  
thank the Lord that our producers have again  
discovered her a fine actress and not a  
romantic. . . Rosalind Russell should be given a  
chance at romantic roles. She should definitely  
stop kicking and scratching in every pic- 
ture, or she'll be rubbed to a pulp, with a  
kick left in her—and she's too good to  
be wasted. Go on—kick back, Roz, but not  
on the screen.

And John Barrymore, make them give  
you a part worthy of you. It will be less  
tiring than playing the jacksass most of  
the time. But the bread you eat upon  
the waters will return to you angel food  
cake with pink icing, if you're given a  
good part . . . Linda Darnell should in-  
sist upon being groomed slowly—aged in  
the wood, so to speak. A sure comer, if  
treated gently!

We could take another "Alexander's  
Ragtime Band" and so could Alice Faye,  
and her "Lillian Russell"—so resolve,  
Alice, resolve!

—Joint decision for Betty Grable and Charlotte Greenwood:  
Now they've got their second wind, let  
them make it a hurricane . . . Dean Joge-  
dy Hollywood was seen from us like from  
the Christ-like spirit you've brought to  
the screen. Give them to you "Passing  
of the Third Floor Back," the play Sir  
Peter Gil of the Civic Repertory is to  
put on. . . Famous. Its philo-  
sophy is badly needed today. No more  
"Brigham Youngs"—without the wives.  

Now about Ty Power, he'd better in-  
sist on Hollywood parts—for which he's  
fitted. If he persists in playing old men,  
we may take him at his studio's  
evaluation. And Walter Byer, who's already proved  
his love for children by adopting two,  
should make a resolution to foster his  
his own orphanage. What a privilege it  
would be to see the happiness his mis-  
lions would bring in his declining years  
by providing shelter and love for little  
children! It is to them, remember, that  
we must look for the restoration of Peace  
on Earth, Good Will Toward Men, so  
open your hearts to them and give— and you'll have a  
Happy New Year!

The New Mystery of Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin  
(Continued from page 57)

dancing together were watched by hund-  
dreds of eager eyes in several night clubs.  
Their absorbed interest in one another's  
conversation was observed in this se-  
cluded corner and that. And the fact  
that Charlie, who is something of a her-  
mist now, came out of his secluded estate  
and appeared at the night clubs, with-  
out Paulette, was also noted.

There matters stood in late October  
when "The Great Dictator" was set to  
open at both Hollywood and New York  
and when Paulette did her disappearing  
act. She was neither in New York nor  
Hollywood. (Charlie was in New York,  
changing left Hollywood.) Litvak was out  
of town, too.

This confirmed the whole situation for  
both sets of rumor reporters. Charlie had  
dropped out, and Paulette had dropped  
out of the running. And the talk was "The  
Great Dictator" would be a frost because  
of it.

That was when the press agents of  
Warner's and United Artists and Para-  
mount all got busy. That was when the  
wire buzzed and the cables sang and  
the newspaper press stood waiting for  
headlines.

So what happened? On the opening  
night of "The Great Dictator," on  
Broadway, Mr. Charles Spencer Chaplin  
stepped out to acknowledge the crowd's  
applause. With him he brought a beautiful  
girl, Miss Paulette Goddard, his co-star.  
His presence was the hit.

"This is my wife," said Mr. Chaplin.

Paulette said nothing, as usual. She  
smiled that warm and sirenic smile of  
ers, as usual. But it was noted when she  
started back a day or two later to the  
Coast—without "the great dictator"—that  
she wore a large and resplendent new  
diamond solitaire, a reward, it was whis- 
pered, for her New York trek. Charlie  
was to follow her shortly, but presently  
the plan changed and he was detained  
in Europe.

When the news got back to Hollywood,  
several of the town's leading ladies  
chewed off their long fingernails in shear  
aggravation. It was exactly like reading  
an installment in a magazine; then to  
only to have it say "continued next week"  
just as one got into the most ex-  
citing chapter.

For, of course, this does mark the close  
of another chapter in the mystery mix- 
up of Paulette and Charlie. And it does  
mean that the story will be continued.  
You know perfectly well that with such  
a dynamic beautiful heroine, a genius  
actor and a debonair, unattached "other  
man," it is bound to be.
Your Problems—and Hollywood's Best Answer

(Continued from page 35)

probably drink, then neck. When I was at college, the girl I enjoyed most was a wonder at swimming and tennis. If you ever thought both excited. If the boy insisting on it, look around for other dates! Hurt his feelings. Have some spunk! In fact, if you have a fierce young pride you are much more of a true man!

A man may think he wants a girl who goes for promiscuous petting, but he tires of them and searching for greener pastures before the next moon.

LINDA DARNELL, is 18. She's facing the 'big' role, which are exactly the same in Hollywood as they are anywhere else in the world. Says Linda, “I'm not a brute, but I have none impression. That she would have kissed any boy who happened along.

Maybe my ideas on kissing are the
result of my views on marriage. I want to be able to go to the man I love and let him tell me that I’ve been saving myself for him. It seems to me that every girl, once she finds true love, would like to be able to capture the real thrill of kissing a man for the first time.

“I realize that many girls my age, and some even younger, are going to laugh at my reactions to the subject. They are likely to say that I’m being terribly prissy on a subject that isn’t serious at all. But that viewpoint merely proves that they have already dulled the edge of romance by letting too many boys kiss them. And I think those same girls will wish someday that they had looked upon kissing as a part of love and not part of just-a-date.”

Are you interested in this modern-type discussion? If you are—and sometimes it may seem wistful, just write in to
Your Problem Dept., Photoplay-Movie Mirror, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City.
Your particular problem may be of such universal appeal that it will be the subject for discussion in the near future by a board of Hollywood favorites.

Kitty Foyle
(Continued from page 43)
bkground,” Wyn remarked, taking my hand, “but... Kitty, will you marry me?”
Remember, I thought, those were the words you expected him to say once before? But instead, he’d only offered to give you money until you got a job.
“I shook my head. “No, dear,” I said.
“Don’t you love me?”
“Yes. Very much.”
“But you won’t marry me?”
“Now, look dear, we’re happy now, this minute, aren’t we? Can you tell me why?”
“Because we love each other. Because we’re together—”
I felt as if I were Pop talking. But Pop was right. He knew.
“And is that all?” Wyn asked.
“Will, we’re the same color, if that’s what you mean.”
He turned back to the musicians.
“Boys. Enough of that ‘Vienna Woods’ music. Play ‘The Sidewalks of New York’.” And when they started he nodded complacently. “It’s all fixed, Kitty. That’s our theme song now. We’re New Yorkers—both of us.”
“Are you kidding, Wyn?”
“No, darling,” he said softly. “I mean it. I wish you weren’t so right about—about that—about the Philadelphia—but you are. So that’s the end of it. This is where we live—in New York, where we’ll be happy.”
“I’m happy already,” I said. “So happy I can’t tell you how much.”

A ND so we were married. Mr. and Mrs. Wynnewood Straussf, the Sixth. I read it over and over on the register of the little hotel where we went in Gretna Green. There’s no use denying it, those two days were just about perfect. But then we went back to Philadelphia to meet Wyn’s family and tell them Wyn was going to live in New York. With me.
I’d met Mrs. Straussf, Wyn’s mother, when I was working with him on the

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January 1941
REvelations of An Army Wife!

It is amazing how little most of us know about the intimate lives of the professional soldiers upon whom the whole destiny of the nation depends when war threatens. What kind of men are they? How do they live? An army post is inhabited by more than the military. There are their wives and children. What is army life like for them? What effect do the long years of just preparing for something that may never happen have on the character of a professional soldier? How does it affect his love life—his marriage? Is married life in the Army fraught with special dangers?

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True Story

magazine. She was lovely—tall and graceful, with white hair like the kind you see in dolls, and a manner so sweet it scared you to death. But at least I knew her, which was more than I could say for myself when it came to the collection of relatives that were in the drawing room of the Strafford mansion when we arrived—Aunt Jessica, an older edition of Mrs. Strafford, Uncle Edgar, fat and comfortable Grandmother Wynnewood, about 90, and Uncle Kennett, who was an old Quaker banker and knew, Wyn said, only three words, "thee," "thou" and "no.

Mrs. Strafford came over and took my hand and said, "It's so nice to see you again, Miss Foyle."

Wyn gave up his courage and said: "The fact is, Mother, the name isn't Foyle any more. It—it's Strafford. Kitty and I are married."

I COULDN'T tell whether Mrs. Strafford was going to faint or fight. Kennett's paper fell to his lap and he coughed. Grandmother Wynnewood simply stared at us as if she didn't care in all her life heard anything so scandalous.

They all recovered, though, and for a while I thought things were going off very well. Then Grandmother Wynnewood said in a loud clear voice:

"But I thought you were going to send her to school first!"

"Mother!" Mrs. Strafford said reprovingly. Then, to me, "Wyn had already told us how much he loves you and we couldn't have been happier, for his sake."

"They could have the Darby Mill cottage," Aunt Jessica said. "It's just been redecorated."

A Grandmother Wynnewood refused to be quieted. "I thought he was going to wait a year!" she trumpeted.

"You understand, of course, that above everything else we want you and Wyn to be happy," Mrs. Strafford said. "That's first and foremost in all our thoughts... isn't it?" she asked the others.

I'd had enough of this backing and filling. "I don't want to seem rude," I said, "but would somebody mind telling me what you're all driving at?"

Wyn said, "They'd say, 'Oh—don't you see, honey, I promised that I wouldn't marry you for a year. Mother was going to—well, prepare you. 'Prepare you for what?' "

"Oh—some school, some good finishing school—"

"School?" I said. "Are you kidding me?"

"It needn't be school," Mrs. Strafford said. "It can still be. And later, when we have had an opportunity to acquaint you with our friends, we can have a proper wedding."

"And what do you call what we've just done?" I asked. "A rehearsal?" I knew, with a quick sinking in my stomach, that Wyn wasn't going to tell them what we'd decided to do and I'd have to. "School is out—definitely," I said. "I'm a big girl now. Wyn and I are not going to live in Philadelphia. You're not the only ones that want us to be happy and we wouldn't have it. It's Union Street and he's the Main Line. In Philadelphia that's fatal— anywhere else in the world it doesn't make a nickel's worth of difference and so where we're going to live—anywhere else in the world." I returned to Wyn. "Isn't that right, Wyn? I asked.

"Of course it is, dear," he said uncomfortably, "but maybe we'd better talk things—"

"But Miss Foyle," Uncle Kennett broke in, "you must realize that such a thing is impossible. The Strafford family is a trust fund, established by family wills. They provide that Wyn, when he takes up residence as an officer of the family bank. Those terms are irrevocable."

"And if Wyn refuses?" I demanded.

"In that case, his inheritance would pass into the family trust."

"So what?" I said. "So Wyn isn't rich any more. What is that to me? I didn't marry him for his money. I don't care if he has a penny."

"But Miss Foyle, thou art not being quite reasonable about this," Uncle Kennett rumbled.

I exploded. "Says thou!"

"Miss Foyle! Thy temper!"

"Mr. Kennett," I said wildly, "th'foot! Let's get a few things straight. I didn't ask to marry the Straffords—a Strafford man asked to marry me! And I married a man on my own—out of people— out of—out of a Main Line doll out of her! You ought to know better! It takes six generations to make a million, and that's about like you—and by Judas Priest I haven't got that much time!"

I COULDN'T stand any more, so I turned around and ran out of the room. I was just getting my hat and coat from the hall when Wyn came after me and edged me into the library—a room as big as a football field. We sat in the corner room, with oil paintings of stiff old Straffords hung on the walls.

"It's no good, Wyn," I was crying by this time. "They've got you under contract."

"I know, Kitty. But I'm going to keep my promise," Wyn said. "We're going to New York and live our own lives just as we planned."

"That means you'll lose your inheritance."

"Yes. But you don't care about money, do you?" he said.

"Not me. I've never had any. But Wyn, you don't know anything about not having anything."

"I can learn," he said grimly. "Wait for me, Kitty. I'm going to tell them and then I'll be right back."

But I didn't think Wyn could learn. I
AFTER that, I went through the motions, but I really wasn't alive at all. It isn't living when every time you hear a knock on the door you hope it's somebody you know isn't going to be there. When every time you walk down the street, you see a face in the crowd and for that funny little moment you think it might be the one you want to see. But it never is.

Delphine Détaille was pretty swell, I'll say that for her. She gave me my old job back, and paid me more than the women wouldn't do any good to; and in her French way she was kind and sympathetic. Mark Eisen came back, too. In fact, I found someone waiting for me, on the same day I got my divorce decree. (You'd be surprised how easily a divorce can be arranged when all the Straffords are in there fighting.)

Mark didn't hold against me that I hadn't kept our date together—the date we made for the night I was married. I'd forgotten all about it when I saw Wyn.

He said, "You don't have to explain, Kitty. The girls in the apartment where you live told me that's what you were doing." Then he let me know quietly that he loved me and hoped that someday I'd forget Wyn and be ready to love him.

I didn't feel very well and I went to see a doctor—not Mark, another doctor, because I had a suspicion what was the matter. And I was right. I couldn't be there. I walked from the doctor's office to the store and hardly knew what I was saying when I apologized to Delphine for being late. She brought me back to earth, though, by saying:

"That's all right. But there's a long-distance call for you from Philadelphia." It was Wyn, of course—Wyn, asking me if I was sure. "I mean, if it wasn't for Giono's, at the thirty for a little talk. I thought there must be something to this thought-transference business, because naturally Wyn couldn't keep him from knowing just what I'd told me—but it almost seemed as if he must have known, because otherwise why would he call me up, want to see me?"

Wyn and—something to really fight for!

I was at Giono's little ealy, sitting in our old booth, waiting for Wyn. I was prepared for anything that was going to be all right. A baby was exactly what Wyn needed to make him stand up on his own two feet and tell those Straffords what he wanted to do about himself. I went to tell him...and then I happened to see an item in the paper that Giono had left on the table.

"In the course of the engagement of their daughter, Miss Veronica Gladwyn, to Mr. Wynnewood Strafford VI," was all of the item I could see. But it was enough.

So that was what Wyn had wanted to see me about. To tell me.

Giono came toward the booth just as I stood up, I stammered something about having a job to do. He left me I wandered around the room, looking at the pictures. Those people in the oil painting—they were Straffords and they didn't have any truck with Wyn.

"Take care of yourself, Wyn," I whispered to the room. "I can't do it any more."

And I got out of the room, out of the house, out of Philadelphia, before Wyn could find me and make me change my mind.
wood Strafford the Seventh!
That impressed him, all right, and he was ready to listen when I said, "Do you want a birthday present for your Daddy very badly?"
He nodded. "Oh, yes! He always gives me one."
"Have you got a purse?" I asked, like a conspirator, and he showed me one on his belt. I opened it and slipped What's-car-is-it with a snake swallowing its tail—off my finger.
"Here's something you can give him," I said, putting it in the purse. "But it's got to be a secret. A secret just for you and your Daddy!"
He nodded solemnly. "I won't tell anybody else!" he promised and ran out of the room after his mother.
I stood there and watched him go, feeling lost and alone. And the place on my finger where the ring had been was still dark, but that ring had been my last link with Wyn and now it was gone, too. I was glad to have it gone. I felt free again.
It must have been that feeling of freedom that made me able to tell Mark to-night I'd marry him. He called for me after work at the store and took me with him to an maternity home in a poor part of the city and I held the baby after it arrived. He saw me with it and said, You have no idea how right you were wanting to want a baby in your arms."
"I know how right I feel," I said. It was true, too. This, I was thinking, is what I've been wanting. Not men—not really. There's something down inside of women that's the future. Then was when Mark dragged out a diamond ring, right there in the kitchen of the tenement, and asked me to marry him. And—after all, a man must love you to want to marry you for six years without any encouragement. So I told him I would. He had to go home to look to his hospital for a while, but we arranged to meet at Grand Central at midnight and go on to Greenwich.
You're all over that—that fellow from Philadelphia just told me—"
"All over," I said. And meant it—until I came home two hours ago and found Wyn waiting for me.
WE'RE no good apart, Kitty," Wyn said. "I know that now. And I'm going away. I'm leaving my wife. I'm sailing at midnight—alone, unless you'll go with me."
"You—you're going to be divorced?" I asked him.
"No," he said after a pause. "I've tried. I'm afraid I can't even promise you that But whatever you decide, I'm sailing anyway. I'm only hoping. I'm asking that we'll go together and be together, always."
Be together, always.
Forgetting Mark, thinking only how much I'd wish if Wyn could bring back all my love for him, I told him I'd be at Pier 48 at midnight. (It's fifteen minutes to twelve, Kitty Foyle. You can't stall any longer. No matter where you're going, to Wyn or to Mark, you'll have to start out.)
I've packed my bags, I've called a porter, I've done everything except decide. A great deal of love—but no marriage—with Wyn. Marriage—and some love, too, there's no use denying that—with Mark.
All right. I know what it's got to be. Oh, Wyn darling, please understand. It's just as you said. What we've had together is something I can never forget. I can't do it very special ways, and I'll always love you. But I'm—he, Kitty Foyle! Not something for you to leave and come back to and leave and come back to again whenever you feel like it.
Mark can be part of that person named Kitty Foyle. Mark and the home and the children—the bits of the future—we can have together, that you and I could never have. You'd never be part of me. Wyn, I'd only be part of you... your hanger-on, your—girlfriend. It's not good enough for me. It's not good enough for you.
So good-by, Wyn. I don't think you and I'll ever see each other again. Mark in Eisen won't have much to do with the Philadelphia Main Line Straffords—because, of course, you'll go back there something Wyn. I see they had you under contract and it's still true, no matter how hard you try to break away. That little boy—he has you under contract—too.
And Wyn—don't worry about me. Don't fret about whether or not I'll be happy. I will be. Maybe I love Mark in a very special way. Maybe I love Mark. Nobody knows what happiness is. Until after they've had it, that is. Maybe it's just something I'm always looking for and never quite finding—until you stop looking.
I've stopped looking, Wyn.

**The Shadow Stage**
(Continued from page 14)

**Escape (M-G-M)**

It's About: The rescue of an imprisoned woman in Germany by her son.

SUSPENSE and drama pack the thrilling story of "Escape" that faithfully follows Ethel Vance. Every scene and every line of dialogue lead to the dramatic and stirring climax that keeps the audience breathless as the drama unfolds. The heroine is the Countess and Robert Taylor as the American score heavily. Taylor seems to have caught the nervous emotional pitch of the lad who leaves his home in America to find his mother imprisoned in Germany. Phillip Dorn as the Doctor is the newest star to emerge in Hollywood—mark that down in your memory book. Conrad Veidt as the General is detestably compelling. Nazimova as the mother is outstanding.

**A Little Bit of Heaven**
(Universal)

It's About: A family who rides high on a little girl's success.

THAT producer Joe Pasternak, who has guided Deanna Durbin through all her successes, has taken little Gloria Jean under his wing and brought her right back from "The Underdog" fame. Gloria couldn't be sweeter, the story cozier or the east more competent and when you put that all together, what does it spell? S-U-C-C-E-S-S! You're right.
Yes, this is a success. It's charming, sweet, appealing and entertaining and, what's more, it has Gloria being hoisted for the radio by a pair of radio announcers, Robert Stack and Stuart Erwin. The only catch is Grandpa, C. Aubrey Smith, objects and Grandpa is boss. Pop Hugh Herbert and sister Nan Grey are for it and so is Gloria. In due time Grandpa is won over, Gloria becomes a star, the family becomes high-fact and everyone is miserable until—but that's telling. Anyway, Gloria sings gloriously. Billy Gilbert is a bary. It's nice seeing so many stars of silent days.

**They Knew What They Wanted**
(RKO-Radio)

It's About: Romance by correspondence.

THIS, to our notion, is a great picture. We think it a great picture for the magnificent performance given by Charles Laughton and the growth of the Napa Valley of California. We deem it great for the inspired direction of youthful Garsen Kanin, the work of Cameraman Bert Mark and the extremely fresh performance of Bill Gargan as Joe, the hired man.

We like the feeling of suppression throughout the picture, the hopelessness that melts under Tony's Christian kindness into a promise of something better to come in some future day.
It is almost impossible to believe an Englishman could become so perfect an Italian as Laughton. Yet Laughton really is Tony, the Italian, who falls in love with waitress Carole Lombard and begs Joe to write her of his, Tony's love, and who finally substitutes Joe's picture for his, thus reaping a reward of heartache. We tell you again, Laughton is marvelous and we urge all adults who enjoy intelligent, beautifully directed entertainment to see this picture.

**The Long Voyage Home**
(Argosy-Wanger-U.A.)

It's About: Seamen who are always striving for a journey home.

THERE'S a tragic moodly depth to "The Long Voyage Home" that shows the artistry of Director John Ford to the house tops. Not since his "Informer" has there been a film turned in such a triumph. Yet we doubt if it will appeal to those movie fans who like their stories cut and dried, hewing to the line and toing the mark. Box-office appeal it may not have, but if the producer is content with food for the soul he has given us a banquet indeed.
Ian Hunter is the drunken Englishman, is one of the sailors on a munition-laden ship homeward bound for England at the outbreak of the war. On the deck, the ship is underSiege. On the men become inflamed with the idea that Hunter is a Fifth Columnist and he almost loses his life before the mistake is discovered. Gaff is flying, and the bell from the skies add to the thickening, engulfling peril. Thomas Mitchell, Hunter, John Wayne and John Qualen—almost turn in stirring performance.
But for once we believe it's the mood and "feeling" of a picture that steals it from the cast. If you catch that mood you'll be carried along with it.

**The Artistic Triumph**
(Continued on page 88)

PHOTOGRAPHY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
$25,000.00 in prizes

GOOD NEWS FOR WRITERS OF TRUE STORIES

More great true story manuscript contests are on the way.

Already Macfadden Publications, Inc., has paid out over $650,000 in prizes—largely to persons who never before wrote for publication.

And now for 1941, $25,000 more has been appropriated. Get your share of this money.

The first of these great new true story contests will begin on January 2, 1941.

The details are being worked out.

Complete particulars, including rules and schedule of magnificent prizes, will appear in the February issue of True Story and allied Macfadden magazines on sale early in January.

Watch for it! Prepare for it! Begin now to plan the stories you would like to submit!

And in the meantime unless you already have one fill in and mail the coupon provided for your convenience so that we can send you a copy of “Facts You Should Know About True Story”—a booklet that explains the simple method of presenting true stories which experience shows has proved most effective in the past.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, Inc.
P. O. Box 333, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.
P. O. Box 333, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Please send me my free copy of your booklet entitled “Facts You Should Know About True Story.”

Name .................................................................

Street .................................................................

Town ............................................................... State
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 86)

✓ Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)

It's About: Biographical story of the great football coach.

Patiently Hollywood actors await, year after year, for that one perfect role. Pat O'Brien has found his as Knute Rockne, the understanding and kindly man who grew to be one of the greatest figures in the sports world. As football coach at Notre Dame, as father to the famed Four Horsemen of football who played for him, as husband and All American, no better man has ever emerged into the limelight than Knute Rockne. Pat O'Brien plays him admirably. All the tendereness, strength, humanness of the man come to life through Pat's interpretation.

The cast, long and impressive, fit into their special roles with ease and perfection. Ronald Reagan plays the late George Gipp, one of football's greatest stars. Gale Page is Knute's wife. But it's Pat's picture and his heart is in it. That's why, my friends, it's a fine film.

Your Reviewer Says: A task beautifully done.

✓ Third Finger, Left Hand (M-G-M)

It's About: A businesswoman who creates an imaginary husband.

It's hilarious. What's more, it has a basis of sorts for its fun and never lets down a moment, with Myrna Loy, Melvyn Douglas and Lee Bowman trying to get married and unmarried throughout the whole evening.

Myrna is a smart New York magazine editor who invents a husband to keep the undesirable males (especially the boss) from cluttering up her desk with prophecies of one sort and another. It all works too beautifully until Myrna meets Melvyn who sees through the farce and decides to become this misplaced husband. Of course, Myrna's father, Raymond Walburn, and her sister, Bonita Granville, welcome him with open arms. But not Myrna. And not Lee Bowman, who wants to be Myrna's husband himself.

We suppose it could happen. But anyway, who cares, with everyone, including you and me, having such fun. Wait until you see Myrna's version of a Tenth Avenue moll. Why Miss Loy!

Your Reviewer Says: Naughty and very nice.

✓ Hit Parade of 1941 (Republic)

It's About: A television station and the people connected with it.

Lighthearted entertainment guaranteed—teed to make you forget your troubles is the basis of this merry little picture with practically no plot but a great deal of humor and melody.

Frank Lawford and Kenny Baker provide the romance as well as the musical numbers and Ann Miller's dancing is delightful. The sketchy plot hinges on a high society Galah who is very funny as the bewildered businessman who takes over a television station. Mary Boland, as a wealthy sponsor, Franklin Pangborn and Pathe Kelly contribute their own brands of specialized comedy.

The music and dances are delightful and you'll go away whistling a specially melodious number, "Who Am I?"

Your Reviewer Says: Gay and amusing

✓ Angels Over Broadway (Columbia)

It's About: Four drifters who meet for one night.

Ben Hecht has been permitted, thank heaven, to express himself on the screen and the result, while not boxoffice in appeal, is a rare bit of entertainment that haunts the memory like a musical refrain. Or did Irving Berlin say that?

From Mr. Hecht's gold-studded imagination emerge four characters—a weakling, John Qualen, bent on suicide; a young man, Douglas Fairbanks Jr., suffering from wrong values (a not uncommon disease); a young girl, Rita Hayworth, ready to give her soul for success; and Thomas Mitchell, a failure of a playwright.

Incongruously they meet, merge in an exchange of thoughts and ideas, then separate, each strangely helped.

Flashes of bright dialogue pierce the air like skyrockets. It's all Hecht in writing, production and directing, but it takes those four marvelous performers to give life and reality to his dreams. To our notion every member of the cast outside comes off handsomely.

Your Reviewer Says: Only for the imaginative.

✓ Too Many Girls (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A young heiress and her four (count 'em) bodyguards at college

Well, for goodness sake, everything is still whirling around and those black spots before our eyes must be Lucille Ball, Ann Miller and Frances Langford. And those bigger spots are bound to be Desi Arnaz (Desi has us dizzy), Hal LeRoy and Richard Carlson. Such singing, dancing, romping and going along it is wonderful.

The story? Oh, why be finicky? It's something about Lucille Ball's going to college with four bodyguards or no—who-does that sound right?

Anyway, the stage show, complete with music, is riotous fun and if you're young and gay, you'll love it. The Conga is terrific.

Your Reviewer Says: A pinwheel of music, motion, beauty.

Diamond Frontier (Universal)

It's About: The escape from a jungle prison of an innocent prisoner.

(Continued on page 90)
ONE of the nicest worlds to live in is the world of Christmas with its scents of spicy balsam, cloves and mint, fragrant yule logs burning. To a lady is given the capability of best enjoying these scents, for love of fragrance is to her a most particular, intimate attribute.

This quality is instinctive with her; she shows by her reaction to perfume, her quick appreciation of any strange new scent that comes to her, the confidence, the poise, the air of the loveliest woman in the world that is hers when she is wearing it.

Providing that she is clever, she realizes that there is nothing logical about perfume; she is therefore never logical about choosing it. She will never, never choose a scent because she likes it, because it is a woman. Rather, she lets scents go straight to her head, selects the one that is most like what she secretly wants to be, for sometimes what a shy woman cannot say openly she whispers for her.

Deanna Durbin on perfume: "I generally get the flower scents"

After having followed her heart in her choice, she will follow her head in using her perfume. Never will she dab herself indiscriminately from any bottle on her dressing table; she will never apply perfume to her clothes, but will place it instead in the hollow of her throat, behind her earlobes and sometimes—a subtle trick—on the tops of her stockings. If she’s a business woman she will forego perfumes in the morning use instead a light cologne that makes her effectively feminine but that will not be too sirenish in an active business air. She will keep the bottles on her dressing table away from the strong light. She’ll never go economical with her bottles of perfume; if she does, she may be rewarded by finding them reduced to a state of pure alcoholism, fit only for the trash basket—beauty gone to utter waste. She will buy at least one huge bottle of perfume, just for the indispensable feeling of utter feminine luxury that it gives her.

If she is young, fresh, unsophisticated, she will remember most of all the words of Deanna Durbin: "I like lots of perfume. Oh, I don’t mean I use a lot at one time. I don’t because I like that. Now you get it, now you don’t effect and you have to put it on carefully for that . . . mostly with an atomizer. And I don’t like to smell a lovely perfume and look up and see someone about to blow her nose and attracting attention to it because her perfume is all doused on the handkerchief. When I said I like lots of perfume, I meant I like different kinds, though I find I generally get the flower scents and clovers and some of the eau de colognes. I like a fresh, stimulating perfume."

But if she is the sophisticate, the glamorous enigma, she will think what Marlene Dietrich says: "Perfumes? But of course. Beauty must make its appeal in all ways. A lovely woman needs that subtle aura to complete the remembered vision of her personality. The use of perfumes is as old as man . . . and woman. I am most accustomed to apply it with an atomizer to my shoulders, and then always you must touch a real drop of the essence to the skin itself in certain spots: the tips of the ears and a whisper under the chin, at the wrists, and never forgetting a little on the skin in front where your deepest décolleté begins, for it will vaporize rapidly here from the warmth of the body and for another reason. Perfume used like this will take on an individual character, alter you.

Something new on the Christmas counter: perfume encased in a miniature Liberty Bell

just a little as it blends with the chemistry of the body, become utterly yours." Most of all, this lady with her mind on loveliness will not let herself be downed by the Christmas rush. She will make her Christmas list from these suggestions here, will then have herself a time buying them at the festive cosmetic counters.

For instance, for her friends who are singing "I Love America" lustily, she can buy a patriotic trumpet that is filled with cologne, a clever new creation that is literally a call to arms, prettily boxed in red, white and blue. Or there is a small bottle of scent especially encased in a shape of an enamel envelop, as special little individual creators that can be snapped on her hangers.

Most of all, though, through the Yuletide season—and even after it is over—the lady will remember loveliness, will keep the credo that perfume is her intrinsic heritage, will promise that she will not deny herself the charm, the loveliness that comes from using it.

BY GLORIA MACK

tiny reproduction of the Liberty bell, a delight for miniature collectors, or a smart travel manicure set, equipped with a patriotic shade of nail enamel. If she would like her gifts of loveliness encased in something that will be useful ever after, she can find a little wooden box with a velvet pincushion on top, with toilet water, soap, talcum and bath salts inside. After its contents are used, the box turns into a little sewing container to hold pins, needles, buttons.

For tricky containers, too, she can have her cosmetic combinations done up trickily—dusting powder in a tiny ribbon-top hat box; cosmetics in a handkerchief case, or a special case that has a real jeweled hair ornament on its cover. For her modernistic friends, there is a plastic manicure set that holds its own smartly on any modern dressing table. For her utilitarian list, a manicure set that looks like a purse; or a beautifully tailored compact manicure case that is especially designed for schoolgirls; or a traveling kit that holds all the beauty musts with a special compartment reserved for overnight wardrobe essentials; or a combination of three lipsticks on a chain that will hold all elusive keys, dangling from a metal disc, one side of which is a mirror.

FOR the man in her life, she can buy shaving soap put up in a special wooden box that delights the feminine eye, pleases the masculine sense of what is called "manliness" sense. If she’s a true woman, she will succumb to clever boxing—perhaps to those cosmetics that are put up in devastating pink boxes with scattered pastel bows. Or she will buy cologne in a quaint flacon, a green bottle with a rose stopper, or in a flacon that is an encased version of an antique decanter jug. If she’s artistic, her eye will be caught by those individual pale pink, amethyst and rose boxes of powder, with their vivid productions in matching opalescent colors. If her mind is still in the right place, she will give or see that she herself is given sachets of perfume as the first cousin of perfume. There is one special high light this season—sachets that can be worn as boutonnieres on coats or as hair decorations, and twice as effective as ordinary gardenias are they. Or she can buy her sachet in any one of a million clever shapes—as little steles, birds, and Victorian corsets to be slipped among silks and satins, in the

Marlene Dietrich: "A lovely woman needs the subtle aura of perfume"

-love, the lady for whom the world of Christmas is her Christmas, she will find her own Christmas definitely encased in a miniature Liberty bell, a delight for miniature collectors, or a smart travel manicure set, equipped with a patriotic shade of nail enamel. If she would like her gifts of loveliness encased in something that will be useful ever after, she can find a little wooden box with a velvet pincushion on top, with toilet water, soap, talcum and bath salts inside. After its contents are used, the box turns into a little sewing container to hold pins, needles, buttons.

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CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES

"ANGELS OVER BROADWAY"—Columbia. Written by George Abbott, directed by Henry Koster. Cast: Tall Oaks by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Anna Roosevelt by Carelton March; Colonel Milligan by Charles Matthau; Fanny Kellogg by Virginia O'Brien; Nellie by Emily McLaughlin; Paul Kellogg by Richard Boleslawski; June Kellogg by Margery Chapman; Joe Kellogg by Red Skelton; John Kellogg by Mike Connolly; and Tony Kellogg by Ronnie Howard. Directed by David Miller. Cast: Tall Oaks by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Anna Roosevelt by Grace Lee Whitney; Colonel Milligan by Elisha Cook, Jr.; Fanny Kellogg by Virginia O'Brien; Nellie by Emily McLaughlin; Paul Kellogg by Richard Boleslawski; June Kellogg by Margery Chapman; Joe Kellogg by Mike Connolly; and Tony Kellogg by Ronnie Howard. Directed by Henry Koster. Cast: Tall Oaks by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; Anna Roosevelt by Carelton March; Colonel Milligan by Charles Matthau; Fanny Kellogg by Virginia O'Brien; Nellie by Emily McLaughlin; Paul Kellogg by Richard Boleslawski; June Kellogg by Margery Chapman; Joe Kellogg by Mike Connolly; and Tony Kellogg by Ronnie Howard. Directed by Henry Koster.


"STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF 3 MARCH 3, 1933, OF MOVIE MIRROR, published Monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1935."

State of New York

COUNTY OF: New Jersey

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Ernest V. Heussen, the owner of the publication, on whose behalf and in whose name this statement is made, and acknowledged that he is the owner thereof, that it is the truth that the circulation and other matters hereinafter stated are correct, and that the Act of March 3, 1933, enacting in section 550 Postal Laws and Regulations, as amended by the Act of May 12, 1935, is complied with in the premises. In consideration of the foregoing, I hereby authorize the publication to do and perform any and all acts necessary to effect compliance with the Act of March 3, 1933, and herefore mentioned section 550.

1. That the name and address of the owner of the publication, the managing editor, and business managers are: Ernest V. Heussen, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

2. That the owner of the publication, the managing editor, and business managers are: Ernest V. Heussen, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

3. That the name and address of the publisher, managing editor, and business managers are: Ernest V. Heussen, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

4. That the name and address of the owner, the managing editor, and business managers are: Ernest V. Heussen, 122 E. 42nd St., New York City; Managing Editor, None; Business Managers, None.

5. That the publication is issued weekly (26 issues per annum) at Dunellen, New Jersey, and is sold at retail for 25 cents per copy, and that the total number of copies printed in each issue is 1,500.

6. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails, for the 4 months last preceding the date hereof, is 1,500 copies.

7. That the publication has been in circulation for the 4 months last preceding the date hereof.

ERNEST V. HEYX

[Signature]

Dunellen, New Jersey, March 29, 1935.
HERE’S a wonderful offer that every ambitious woman should read—then act upon. If you can spare a few hours daily or weekly from your regular duties, this offer gives you the opportunity to add many dollars to your family’s earnings. Or, if you can devote all your time, you can make up to $25.00 weekly—and even more. Either way, you can earn a substantial regular income and in addition get all your own dresses without a penny of cost. Many women in all parts of the country are now enjoying this pleasant, easy and dignified way to make extra money. So can you. Just mail coupon below and complete particulars will be sent you free by return mail.

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APPROVED 1941, AUTHENTIC STYLES
The Fashion Frock advanced styles for Spring and Summer, 1941, are the smartest and most beautiful in all our 33 years of dress manufacturing history. They are the last-minute approved styles from famed fashion centers, where our stylists rush the newest style trends to us to be made into Fashion Frocks.

WORN BY FAMOUS MOVIE STARS
Many prominent screen actresses wear Fashion Frocks. Some of the stars of the new 1941 Spring Styles are shown here as worn by Bonnie Barnes, Astrid Allwyn, Adrienne Ames, and June Storey. This Hollywood acceptance puts the stamp of approval on the styles, fabrics and colors of Fashion Frocks.

FASHION FROCKS IN NATIONAL DEMAND
Fashion Frocks are extensively advertised, are endorsed and approved by fashion editors of leading magazines. This superior line of gorgeous dresses is known to women everywhere who are eager to see the new spring Fashion Frocks. As they are never sold in stores but by direct factory representatives only, the demand for them is growing so fast we need more women to help us take care of it, so this glorious opportunity is open to you. You can make up to $25.00 weekly—and in addition get all your own dresses free. It costs you nothing. No money is required now or any time. Just mail coupon for free particulars. Or write a letter—a postal will do. There is no obligation.

FREE! This amazing offer is open to ambitious women everywhere, and is absolutely free in every respect. There is nothing to pay now or at any time.

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1. I am interested in your offer. You may send me, without cost or obligation, the details of how I can make up to $25.00 weekly and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.

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Age _______ Dress Size _______

For mailing use address label on coupon.
THE BEADLESTON SISTERS
of Park Avenue and Southampton

PEGGY SAYS:
"WE BOTH SMOKE CAMELS—THEY'RE SO MUCH MILDERS

AND NANCY ADDS:
"THEY HAVE MORE FLAVOR, TOO!"

"The 'extras' are the very things we like best about Camels!"
And here are a few of the many other distinguished women who prefer Camel cigarettes:

Mrs. Nicholas Biddle, Philadelphia
Mrs. Gail Borden, Chicago
Mrs. Powell Cabot, Boston
Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr., Philadelphia
Mrs. Charles Carroll, Jr., Maryland
Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge 2nd, Boston
Mrs. Anthony J. Drexel, Jr., Philadelphia
Miss Eleanor Frothingham, Boston
Miss Polly Peabody, New York
Mrs. Rufus Evans Spalding III, Pasadena
Mrs. Oliver DeGray Vanderbilt III, Cincinnati
Mrs. Kiliian W. Van Rensselaer, New York.

Peggy and Nancy are the daughters of Mrs. C. Perry Beadleston of New York and Long Island. Among their family forebears are a Territorial Governor, a Secretary of the Treasury, a World War general...

Noted for their glowing blonde beauty

Good companions, the lovely Beadleston sisters are usually seen together at débutante parties, the theatre, polo matches. Serious-eyed Peggy reads a good deal, would like to be a writer...Nancy (seated on arm of the sofa) is fun-loving, figure-skates beautifully, composes swing music.

"Camels...our favorite cigarette"

They agree that: "There's something special about a Camel. It always tastes just right. Milder and cooler and full of flavor! Camel cigarettes are gentle to the throat, too—not a bit harsh." As Nancy says: "Well, you'd have to smoke Camels to know how grand they really are!"

EXTRA MILDNESS EXTRA COOLNESS EXTRA FLAVOR

GET THE "EXTRAS" WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS
The Cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands—tested—slower than any of them. That means, on the average, a-smoking plus equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!
Eyes
Glow with
Enchantment

WHEN LASHES ARE
DARKENED TO
LONG SWEEPING
LOVELINESS

Beautifying — who can resist their spell? How well Hollywood Beauties realize that eye make-up is all-important . . . that the eyes must be soft and lovely . . . and that Maybelline is always flattering — never drab!

Rita Hayworth subtly accentuates her exotic Spanish charm. She knows that when the dancer's eyelids fade out lighter at the ends . . . then need Mascara that goes on liquid-like, doesn't smudge off. As she darkens her lashes to the very tips, she sweeps them upward with the Mascara Brush—to make them look longer, love-lier, more luxurious. Her expressive brows are tapered gracefully with the famous smooth marking Eyebrow Pencil. Her eyelids shimmer with a touch of exquisite Eye Shadow.

You can glorify your eyes just as easily this very day with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids — and be very sure get genuine MAYBELLINE Eye Beauty Aids. At Drug and Department Stores everywhere.

Maybelline
WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS
HE THOUGHT:
“YOU’RE LOVELINESS ITSELF!”
UNTIL, ALAS, SHE SMILED!

Take no chances with “Pink Tooth Brush”—help protect your own bright smile with Ipana and Massage!

FROM ACROSS THE ROOM her beauty was flawless—almost unreal in its perfection of form and color. He thought, above the swift pounding of his heart, “Why, she’s the loveliest—the most exciting thing I’ve ever seen in my life! I must meet her at once!”

And when he did, his eyes held hers and whispered, “You’re loveliness itself!” But then—right at that breathless moment—she smiled. And in just that instant his eagerness faded.

POOR TEETH—DINGY GUMS ARE A TRAGEDY. A ruined smile is a tragedy to anyone. But it is a particularly tragic handicap to a woman. So don’t YOU be as foolish as this poor girl, and ignore the warning of “pink tooth brush”! To do so is to risk your winning smile—your charm.

NEVER IGNORE “PINK TOOTH BRUSH.” When you see “pink” on your tooth brush—see your dentist and see him promptly. It may not mean serious trouble ahead. It may simply mean that today’s soft, creamy foods have robbed your gums of work, left them tender, sensitive, weak. And, often, your dentist’s advice will simply be more work and exercise for those lazy gums—“the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage.”

FOR IPANA, WITH MASSAGE, is especially designed not only to clean the teeth but to aid the health of the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. Feel that delightful tang—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It flashes the news that gum circulation is improving—strengthening gum tissues—helping to make gums healthier. So get an economical tube of Ipana today. Join the charming women who have found Ipana and massage one way to a more attractive smile.

WHEN YOU BUY IPANA, ask your druggist for the new D.D. tooth brush. Designed with the aid of over 1,000 dentists, the D.D. brush is more effective for gum massage, more thorough cleansing.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Good morning! We hope you've had a Happy New Year.

We bring you a recipe to start 1941 off right.

It's "The Philadelphia Story". Let us tell you about it.

Once upon a time (are you sitting comfortably on my knee?) there was a girl who was good in the Three Rs.

She was Rich, Rare and Racy.

She also was a Ravishing Redhead.

She was claimed by three men. They were the Three H's, Hero, He-man, and Heel.

They were all Handsome.

The Three H's loved the Ravishing Redhead. They wooed her on horseback, in swimming pools and at champagne parties.

They fought for her. Flew to her and forbidden her. It all happened in Philadelphia.

Now that's just a hint of the most delightful New Year's gift you or your friends or your family ever got.

We cannot open the book further on "The Philadelphia Story". You must see it, not hear about it. You cannot afford to miss Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn and James Stewart.

Paraphrasing the well-known poem, only God can make a trio like that.

"The Philadelphia Story" (shh!) is directed by the incomparable George Cukor. M.G.M.'s own Joseph Mankevitz is the producer.

Now there are many plus values - think of adding to Grant, Hepburn and Stewart - in the cast.

For example - in fact, for six examples - Ruth Hussey, John Howard, Roland Young, John Halfway, Mary Nahl and Virginia Weidler.

Endorsed with a script by Donald Ogden Stewart from the well-known Broadway hit by Philip Barry. M.G.M. proudly, buoyantly, happily presents...

"The Philadelphia Story"

-Loe


HIGHLIGHTS OF THIS ISSUE

City of Lonely Girls

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A daring writer accuses Hollywood of a grave crime.

Ma Hardy Advises

If girls follow Fay Halden's hints, men won't have a chance.

You Could Do It, Too!

A boy to get places fast - with the Rita Hayworth technique.

Act of Providence

Helen Louise Walker.

Hollywood, Beware in 1941!

Matilda Trotter

Some startling warnings every star and his admirer will want to read.

Life of Lynn

John R. Franceney

A "nothing sacred" interview with Jeffrey Lynn.

Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School Conducted by Howard Sharpe

If you want to be a social shining light, learn the Rhumba.

Romance of the Rio Grande Fiction version by Lee Pennington

A preview of the latest adventures of Fox's famous "Cisco Kid".

The Girl Who Learned How to Dress

Jerry Lane

Carole Lombard, at the best-dressed list, talks turkey on clothes.

Cutie-Puss

Albert Treynor

Bunny may be only 18, but she knows her way around.

Why the Perfect Wife's Marriage Failed

Elizabeth Owens

The things Myrna Loy might have told about her marital breakup.

Redheaded Rebel

Ruth Waterbury

Beginning the life story of a lady with a man, Greer Gorman.

Who's Who in Hollywood Society Hedda Hopper

An exclamation point exposure by one of Hollywood's most outspoken columnists.

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Photoplay combined with Movie Mirror is published monthly by MacFadden Publications, Inc., Washington and South Avenues, Newark, N. J. Editorial office, Clonan Building, 122 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. Executive office, 305 E. 2nd St., New York, N. Y. Published by MacFadden, President; Wesley E. D ape, Secretary, Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer; Walter Bernard, Advertising Director; Thomas E. Muir, Circulation Manager; Erwin H. Sharpe, Jr. 122 E. 42nd St., New York. Office, 1100 North LaSalle St., C. H. Stewart, Manager, Pacific Coast offices; San Francisco, 120 Mark St., Hollywood, 200 South Orange Blvd., Los Angeles. Advertising Manager of Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School, N. Y. Chicago, 20 East 42nd St., Chicago, Ill. Price in the United States and Possessions $1.00 per year, Canada $1.50 per year; except South American countries, except British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 per year. All other countries $2.50 per year. While Manuscripts, Photographs and Drawings are submitted, the owner's risk, however, shall not be told to those found unavailable if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and an explicit name and address. We will not be responsible for any loss of such matter contributed. Contributions are subject to be retained copies of their contributions; otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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Once upon a cockeyed time...

there was a ravishing redhead who was very, very elegant and fancied herself as a kind of goddess. (Imagine!)... And she was all set to marry a truly stuffy guy... when her ex-husband showed up. Now he was a regular fellow with many human frailties such as and and you-know-what. This time he brought with him a handsome reporter with candid camera and candid girl friend by means of which he hoped to snare many snappy morsels for his Scandal sheet. So-o-o-o things got hotly mixed up. There was a midnight bathing party for two... and a fight... and a wedding... and how it all comes out makes THE PHILADELPHIA STORY the funniest film in years... which should cause you to roll in the aisles with laughter.

Cary GRANT
Katharine HEPBURN
James STEWART

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

with RUTH HUSSEY

JOHN HOWARD • ROLAND YOUNG • JOHN HALLIDAY • MARY NASH • VIRGINIA WEIDLER
Screen Play by Donald Ogden Stewart • Based on the Play by Philip Barry
Produced by The Theatre Guild Inc. • Produced by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Fred's Best Yet...!
‘Cause He's Got Paulette!

FRED ASTAIRE * PAULETTE GODDARD
"SECOND CHORUS"
with Artie Shaw and His Band
Charles Butterworth • Burgess Meredith
Produced by BORIS MORROS • Directed by H. C. Potter

THE PARAMOUNT SEAL IS YOUR SEAL OF ENTERTAINMENT THIS WINTER

YOU CAN TELL A PARAMOUNT PICTURE BY THE APPLAUSE!
Conrad's Great South Seas Love Thriller!

FREDRIC MARCH • BETTY FIELD in Joseph Conrad's "VICTORY" An Island Tale
with SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE and Jerome Cowan • Sig Rumann
Directed by John Cromwell

MADELEINE FRED CARROLL • MacMURRAY in "VIRGINIA" (in Technicolor) with Stirling Hayden • Helen Broderick Marie Wilson • Carolyn Lee
Produced and Directed by Edward H. Griffith

Director Mitch ('Arise, My Love') Leisen Brings You First Drama of America's New Air Defense Forces!

"I WANTED WINGS"
starring RAY MILLAND • WILLIAM HOLDEN WAYNE MORRIS • BRIAN DONLEVY
with Constance Moore • Veronica Lake Hedda Hopper • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

Paramount's Glamorous New Star Discovery VERONICA LAKE

FEBRUARY, 1941
A VERY happy thing is taking place in Hollywood's increasing discovery of America ... and in America's increasing acquaintance with Hollywood and its people ...

In September, 1939, when France and England declared war on Germany ... that act was practically a declaration of failure for Hollywood ... the previous years' steady influx of English, German, French, Italian personalities in our films, not only as stars but as producers, writers, directors and the like ... had not alone been because these personalities were talented and could bring great gifts to the screen ... their advent in Hollywood was also for the purpose of holding the so-called "foreign market," and many a film was given a definite English or Continental slant under the assumption that it would go in America, anyhow, and that its foreign sale would bring in the velvet ... the war declaration knocked out that prop to the profits. ...

It made the end of 1939 and the beginning of 1940 the hardest season Hollywood has ever endured ... months in which some of Hollywood's shrewdest thinkers prophesied that pictures could never survive ... "Gone With the Wind," the most expensive film ever produced was released during that period ... it was generally conceded in movieland that Selznick might have got his money back if it hadn't been for the loss of

the European market but that now it was obviously impossible. ...

You know, of course, what did happen to "Gone With the Wind" ... how today, before it has even once played at popular prices, it has made well over $25,000,000 ... or, in other words, how it is even today, when the end of its earnings are still nowhere in sight, the most successful picture financially that has ever been created ... it is not at all impossible that it may eventually make $50,000,000. ...

The money that "Wind" made, however, is not what I'm thinking about here ... there is another side to the story of that film's success ... there is the visible benefit that its premiere at Atlanta, Georgia—with its miles of attendant publicity—had in stimulating that success ... a premiere which was much benefited. I believe, by the fact that the Metro press boys had learned greatly from watching a similar debut that the Warner praise factory had created for "Dodge City" in the Kansas city of that name. ...

Since that time Warners have had "Virginia City" in the ghost village up in the old gold rush land ... they have had, too, "Kutte Rocke, All American," at South Bend, Indiana ... Twentieth Century-Fox has had "Brigham Young, Frontiersman" at Salt Lake City ... and now even little Columbia has had "Arizona" at Tucson, Arizona, where the film was made ... and as a result of all these, every chamber of commerce in the United States is crying for some film to preview ... and stars and directors are finding out about the customers who are being quickened into a new interest in movie players by seeing them face to face and by talking to them, man to man. ...

I went, for instance, on the "Arizona" trek ... went along with the stars and the writers Columbia transported some six hundred miles away from Hollywood for that dazzling occasion ... and never, I assure you, did I feel that I got more benefit or knowledge or excitement or zest out of two days than I did out of those crowded, noisy, hilarious, exhilarating days in this glowing city of our great West. ...

I was among those who went out by chartered plane from the Burbank airport late one Thursday afternoon ... (we had our choice between a three-hour plane trip or a twelve-hour railroad (Continued on page 85)
This is the most exciting story I know!"

says Newspaperdom's ace story-teller

MARK HELLINGER

THEY call him 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good. Yet his dreams are every man's dreams: a fireside on a friendly farm, and the arms of the woman he loves... Then there's Marie, deep down just another woman with a hungry heart — to the world a hard-boiled taxi dancer and Killer's companion... (Now her man is trapped on the highest peak in the High Sierras, but he hasn't bowed to any law. He's trapped only because Man can climb no higher... Is this the end for the most dangerous criminal since Dillinger—or is it only the beginning? It's all blazingly told in the new film success, 'High Sierra', hailed far and wide as 'the peak of screen excitement'!

HIGH SIERRA 'is the sensational new success produced by WARNER BROS. For both their brilliant performances it skyrockets to the topmost star ranks.

IDA LUPINO

The star whose startling performance in 'They Drive by Night' made her an overnight sensation! Here's the big role she earned!

HUMPHREY BOGART

No characterization within memory has packed the power of this, the greatest performance in the career of Humphrey Bogart!

RAOUL WALSH

DIRECTOR

Of all his screen successes, from 'What Price Glory' to 'They Drive by Night', this film stands supreme!

MARK HELLINGER'S high tribute to 'High Sierra' is a rare one, and mighty well-deserved!

with ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE • HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS

Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett

FEBRUARY, 1941
THE Brave "In Heart": The life of a Hollywood producer is one of worry, worry, worry, where the younger set is concerned. No two ways about it, these boys and girls have minds of their own and, alas, hearts as well. To the confusion of the bosses, the call of the heart is much louder than the bawl of the studio these days. No longer do these youngsters listen obediently to what Papa Hollywood says concerning love, marriage and wrecked careers. They go right on with their romantic plans, unconcerned and unafraid.

For instance, M-G-M has gone to great pains to put over Judy Garland as a blushing baby starlet. Long after she'd outgrown them, Judy had to wear heelless slippers and stand childlike on the sides of her feet. Her dresses hit too plump knees and those hats—well, no kindergartener would have been caught dead in those hats.

Judy suddenly grew tired of the whole masquerade. So overnight she grew up, got herself glamouried like other girls her age, made no bones of her love for Dave Rose, the ex-husband of Martha Raye—and that was that.

Even then her studio didn't give up without a struggle. When Judy was cast opposite George Murphy in "Little Nellie Kelly" and received her first screen kiss (excepting the Mickey Rooney pecks) the studio quoted Judy as opening wide her eyes and exclaiming, "Is that all there is to a
kiss?” Whether Judy or Hollywood groaned the louder is problematical.

Now the star has begged to be allowed to wear clothes befitting her age in “Ziegfeld Girl.” “They just won’t or can’t seem to grasp the idea I’m growing up,” she says.

Now comes Martha Raye’s announcement from New York to the effect that Dave and Judy have been in love a long, long time and will marry when Martha’s divorce is final.

Despite all studio protests, friends maintain that Judy will do just that.

Deanna Durbin, now 19, has been engaged to Vaughn Paul for a year and neither Universal nor a career will deter her when she gets ready to marry Paul in the spring.

“It’s the trend of the times,” a prominent director explained. “The world moves awfully fast these days and the younger generation is keeping pace with it. It’s only we older folk who are out of step.”

No amount of frowning can keep Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville from a “steady company” duo. No Hollywood producer can keep Linda Darnell silent about her real heart, Jaime Jorba. At 22, Anne Shirley has been a wife three years and is now a mother and Anne wouldn’t trade that happiness for all the careers in the world.

Yes, in the game of hearts it’s the babes in arms who display courage and conviction in Love. They leave
Chief activity of Charlie McCarthy at Edgar Bergen's Lakeside Golf Club party was running a stand. Sign reads "Lemonade, 1c— with lemon, 3c." Guests came costumed according to their childhood aspirations.


Chaplin melted and Sydney, all promises for good behavior, was allowed to come home.

The next morning the youngest was discovered selling Charlie's finest champagne down on a near-by corner for 25c a bottle. Sydney went back to the Academy in a hurry and only emerged in time for the premiere.

Chaplin's Bad Boy: Two darkly handsome boys walked down the canopied walk to the Carthay Circle Theater to see their famous dad perform in "The Great Dictator." The boys, Sydney and Charles Chaplin Jr., smiled proudly as the grandstanders called their names. But, of course, the fans don't really know much about these two boys, except that they both resemble their Spanish mother, Lita Grey, and both attend Black Foxe Military Academy.

But Cal happens to know Charles Jr. is his father's favorite. He is a quiet, sensitive boy who loves books and music and is preparing for a musical career. Sydney is the imp and cut-up that keeps his father in a constant state of disapproval. Some time ago, after one particularly upsetting event, father Chaplin stated Sydney could not come home the next week end but must remain at school as punishment. But stepmother Paulette Goddard, whom the boys adore, could not endure the punishment and begged to be allowed to bring Sydney home.

The quibbling to the Olivia de Havillands, the Roz Russells, the Jimmy Stewarts and the Cesar Romeros...

There's a moral in all this somewhere. But we'll let you figure that out for yourselves.

Cupid Plays a Return Engagement: "Reggie Gardiner and Hedy Lamarr appeared together at the Hollywood premiere of 'The Great Dictator.'"

Behind those quoted lines lies a story.

Before her marriage to Gene Markey and practically up to its very surprising eve, Hedy Lamarr and Reggie Gardiner were inseparable. At that time, no one knew Reggie for what he was. As a matter of fact, no one really paid much heed either to Reggie or Hedy.

Then came "Algiers" and the world knew about Hedy. Reggie remained in the background, simply the favored escort of Miss Lamarr.

It was no secret in Hollywood that Hedy's marriage was a blow to Reggie. Rumor had him admitting life seemed hopeless without her. But unhappiness brought him the success that had been denied before, for suddenly he was in demand at parties, at benefits, shows and for pictures. He became the most sought-after man in town, a popular guest, a suave master of ceremonies.

Then came Hedy's deep unhappiness: it was her turn to suffer. Now, suddenly, here they are again together, with so much behind... and who knows what ahead.

Those Warner Romances: Georgie and Annie: George Brent turned the color of Ann Sheridan's red hair during a scene with Ann for "Honeymoon For Three." According to the script, George should have said, in

(Continued on page 12)
YOU have probably known several cases like that... the medical records report lots of them. And they all lead up to this warning:

Don't take a cold lightly. Don't neglect it. Take care of it at once.

HELP NATURE EARLY
If you feel a cold coming on, or your throat feels irritated, go to bed. Keep warm. Drink plenty of water and fruit juices. Eat lightly. Gargle full strength Listerine Antiseptic every two hours.

All of these simple measures are aimed to help Nature to abort a cold quickly. Rest and warmth build up reserve. Juices and water aid elimination. Food restores strength. And Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on mouth and throat surfaces... the very types of germs that many authorities claim are the cause of many of the distressing aspects of a cold. Tests showed germ reductions on tissue surfaces ranging to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine gargle, and up to 80% one hour after.

9 YEARS OF RESEARCH
And in tests conducted during 9 years of research, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not use it. This success we ascribe to Listerine's germ-killing action on the mouth and throat surfaces.

We wish we could say that Listerine Antiseptic so used would always head off a cold, but we cannot. We do say that as a first aid it is deserving of your most serious consideration.

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

At the first symptom of a Cold or Sore Throat
LISTERINE . . . QUICK!

At the first symptom of a Cold or Sore Throat
LISTERINE . . . QUICK!

FEBRUARY, 1941

Joe!...in the HOSPITAL?... why, he only had the sniffles when we went dancing Saturday!
Goldilocks was brightening up her smile with delicious Dentyne the day she found the home of the three bears. Of course she tried their chairs, their beds and their porridge—and you’ve never seen three madder bears. But Goldilocks flashed her lovely smile and said: “Any way, porridge won’t make your teeth shine.”

“But it’s nice porridge,” wailed the big bear.

“And not chewy enough,” said Goldilocks. “Now Dentyne has an extra strength that helps polish teeth and makes them gleam. It strengthens jaw muscles—firms up your gums. Here try some.”

“M-M-M,” said the little bear. “It’s delicious. That nice cinnamon taste is different—and extra good.”

“Right-O,” laughed Goldilocks, “and note the flat handy package. It slips neatly into purse or pocket. More smiles to you and brighter ones—with Dentyne.”

Morale: Help your teeth stay lovely and sparkling by chewing Dentyne often. Get a favorite package today.

Goldilocks said: “All porridge is bad for bears”

Dentyne chewing gum helps keep teeth white—Mouth healthy

Individually wrapped sticks in every package

(Continued from page 10)

Hollywood Horseplay: The charm of Hollywood is its ability to laugh in the midst of its deepest emotion. From the sidelines of “The Letter” set we watched a little incident that proved our point. The scene called for Bette Davis to walk over silently to Gale Sondergaard, regal and exotic in Chinese robes, and then to kneel and pick up a piece of paper Gale had dropped disdainfully at her feet. We were told it was the key scene of the picture.

We watched carefully as Bette knelt silently. Dropping her head, she gazed at the piece of paper. Then she grinned. Then she laughed out loud. The piece of paper she held in her hand was one of her own laundry bills snatched from Bette’s dressing room. Across it Gale had scrawled in imitation Chinese lettering.

“Long time no see. You pay up now, mebbe. No tickee, no washee. No money, no panties.”

My Sainted Aunt! Cal is beet-red to his hairline. We’ve just discovered our nicest glamour girls are wearing their nightgowns to Ciro’s. No kidding, mind you. They are dancing in their—er—sleeping thingamabobs and Cal never knew it until he happened to compliment a sweet young thing on her beautiful frock.

Star-studded sideshow at a Relief fete: Joan Fontaine in cahoots with the strong man and the clown. The gay male gallery: Brian Aherne, Basil Rathbone, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Reginald Gardiner

Grand Mix-up: Imagine the surprise of Mrs. Preston Foster when she picked up her morning paper and discovered her handsome actor husband had married another woman. But, like a modern and civilized wife, Mrs. Foster dispatched a telegram to her husband, who had departed for the studio not one hour before.

The wire read: “Congratulations, dear, but I do think you should have told me.”

Of course the whole town joshed Mr. Foster all day long even though they knew the paper had meant Robert Preston, who had married Kay Feltus, and not Preston Foster. But leave it to our Hymie to get these four grand people together in the picture on page 13, and insist Foster stand beside the bride, Mrs. Preston, and Preston beside Mrs. Foster.

(Continued from page 10)
“It isn’t a frock,” she smiled. “It’s a nightie. It was given me as a gift and I decided it was much too beautiful to sleep in. Don’t look so shocked,” she laughed. “All the girls wear their nice nighties as dancing frocks.”

Shades of grandma’s pantaloons and bustles. What is this world coming to? But we must say our little friend looked even more covered than several young ladies who wore formal dresses. So, thinking it over, why wouldn’t it be a good idea, girls, to wear the nighties in public and sleep in those strapless affairs.

Old Cal wouldn’t suffer so much from high blood pressure at that.

Fads and Fancies: Now that conscription and soldiers have become the topic of the day, Marlene Dietrich is appearing right in public in a feminine edition of a marine’s uniform—and does she look snappy!

That ermine bow sewed to the full black velvet skirt worn by Deanna Durbin in “Spring Parade” has really started something. There isn’t a glamour girl in town that hasn’t showed up at Ciro’s with an ermine-bowed skirt.

Marital mix-up: Similarity of names in this quartette has Hollywood holding its head. Seen at Ciro’s: Robert Preston, Mrs. Preston Foster, the new Mrs. Preston and Preston Foster

Cal Wonders: If Alice Faye’s sudden desire to co-operate with studio departments is because Betty Grable is suddenly getting all the breaks...

If Joan Crawford meant it when she said she was no longer vitally interested in her screen career, and what HIS name can be...

If Loretta Young will finally persuade sister Georgiana to forget her screen ambitions because she, Loretta, knows the reward isn’t worth it...

Salute To Love! Surely there has never been such a pair of lovers, on or off the screen, as English Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh. They have

(Continued on page 64)

It’s always August underneath your arms!

Underarms perspire in Winter as in Summer.
Use Mum daily to guard your charm!

Outdoors, winter may bluster. But outdoors or indoors, it’s always August, always 98 degrees, under your coat and dress, underneath your arms.

So don’t let winter fool you. Remember, even when you see no moisture, odor can and does form, and winter clothes especially, are apt to carry tales about any lack of daintiness.

That’s why Mum is so important to you right now. Just smooth Mum on and you’re safe from odor, sure of your popularity, for a full day or evening.

Use Mum daily, for even daily baths can’t prevent risk of underarm odor. But Mum’s effectiveness lasts. Winter or summer, Mum is the word for charm.

For Convenience! Smooth Mum on in 30 seconds and you’re fresh for hours.

For Safety! Is your skin sensitive? Mum won’t irritate even after shaving. And Mum is harmless to fabrics.

For Charm! You’re dainty always, when you make Mum a daily habit. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist’s today. Long after your bath has faded, Mum goes on guarding your charm.

WINTER AND SUMMER...MUM’S THE WORD FOR CHARM!

For Sanitary Napkins
Napkins need Mum, too. For this important purpose, thousands of women use Mum because it is always so gentle, so dependable.
"Arizona (Columbia)"

It's About: The settling in Arizona of the first American woman.

Magnificent in its breadth and scope, epic in theme and stirring in its historical authenticity, "Arizona" emerges not just another super-duper Western, but a symbol of today's great screen advancement: a picture that combines history and drama with sacrifice to neither. A gripping helicot of a story is this movie telling of the coming to Arizona of Phoebe Titus, the first American woman to settle in the territory, of her struggles throughout the Civil War, Indian uprisings and outlaw riders to maintain a semblance of order and provide a place for future pioneers to live and work and make their lives. Jean Arthur as Phoebe surpasses anything she has yet done and proves herself one of the top actresses of the screen. William Holden is mighty good as the young hero and can now take his place among the finest young actors in Hollywood.

But it's the story itself, with its terrific emotional climax of stampeding cattle, that remains the star. To producer and director, Wesley Ruggles, we give the laurel wreath of praise.

Your Reviewer Says: Terrific.

"The Philadelphia Story (M-G-M)"

It's About: A society divorcée who almost marries the wrong man.

My word, how clever! How very vogueish are everything and everyone in this star-hitted story of a "smart" society divorcée (Katharine Hepburn), who admits to no human frailties and will tolerate none in others. Don't you just loathe her?

Katharine (who brings her New York stage hit to the screen) is about to marry John Howard, a big-league coal miner. But at the pre-wedding party Katie drinks too much champagne, goes swimming at dawn with reporter Jimmy Stewart, gets reprimanded by Howard for her misconduct (he thinks the worst—tch! tch!) and is grabbed off by the eagerly waiting Mr. Cary Grant. More thrilling people keep springing out of the plot like that. It's too wonderful.

Ruth Hussey, Virginia Weidler and Roland Young are there, too, to listen to Katie's final admission of her many faults. Don't you just love her?

Your Reviewer Says: A perfect honey of a picture.

"Trail of The Vigilantes (Universal)"

It's About: Murder in the old West.

You'll be surprised to find suave Franchot Tone whooping it up in this exciting super Western, but he does all right for himself with the able assistance of Broderick Crawford, Andy Devine and Mischa Auer who provide most of the laughs in this riotous film. Tone, a newspaper reporter, is sent out west to investigate the killing of another reporter. Arriving there he gets into a fight with cowboys Crawford and Devine, but they get him a job as cowhand for Charles Trowbridge. Trowbridge's daughter is boy-crazy Peggy Moran who makes a violent play for Tone.

Franchot gets in a fight with Warren William; rustlers steal cattle, there are violent brawls plus stage holdups; and the whole thing is very exciting indeed. Mischa Auer is very funny as a cowhand who is alternately a medicine-show Indian and a Mexican matador; Crawford and Devine contribute greatly as Tone's pals. Peggy Moran is very cute.

Your Reviewer Says: Rousing action out west.

"The Letter (Warner Brothers)"

It's About: A neurotic wife who kills her lover.

In a long succession of triumphs for Bette Davis, chalk up still another victory, for in this suspense-packed story of a woman who kills her lover Bette is superb; unbeatable in her repressed fire and amazing in her ability to project her very thoughts into the minds of those watching her. Beholding Bette is a fascinating event, you'll agree.

The assignment, to those who remember the performance of the late Jeanne Eagels in the role, is a difficult one. Comparisons are inevitable, but Bette need have no fear. Her performance is in every way the equal of Miss Eagels'. Furthermore, it's one that lingers on in the memory long after the screen has gone dark.

James Stephenson, a newcomer, is news in neon type. As the sympathetic lawyer, Mr. Stephenson almost, not quite, but almost, steals several scenes from Pop-Eye the Magnificent, as Hollywood fondly terms Bette.

Herbert Marshall, who played the same role (that of the husband) in the silent film, is excellent. It's grownup, dramatic, sophisticated fare and the screen at its best.

Your Reviewer Says: Drama, haunting and magnificent.

"Second Chorus (Paramount)"

It's About: Two perennial college lads who try to go professional.

The dancing of Fred Astaire is, of course, tops. The music is lilting and the performances swell, but—and this must be a great big "but"—the story is wrong from the beginning and definitely gets weaker as the yarn progresses. Nobody believes Fred Astaire and Burgess Meredith think college year after year in
REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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

order to play in the school orchestra. Nor would they believe the two lads could keep up a feud that constantly ruins their chance with Paulette Goddard and Artie Shaw's band. Wouldn't they catch on sometime, for goodness sake? At any rate, the film has bright moments. Shaw's music is "Shawfull" catchy, Paulette is beautiful, Fred and Burgess amusing. Outside of that, one chorus would have been sufficient.

Your Reviewer Says: Nonsense in tap-dance rhythm.

Lady With Red Hair
(Warner Brothers)

It's About: The life story of Mrs. Leslie Carter.

TWO beautiful performances by Miriam Hopkins and Claude Rains and one outstanding directorial achievement by Kurt Bernhardt lift this biographical story of a woman famous in the nineties into the category of fine motion pictures. No happier choice could have been made than Miss Hopkins to portray the fiery-tempered, highly emotional Mrs. Carter who lost custody of her son through the divorce court and who embarked on a stage career in order to get money to fight for her child. Running parallel with the story of this woman is that of the man who helped her to fame—David Belasco. Claude Rains plays the great theatrical impresario with the touch of true genius.

What the story lacks in dramatic climaxes, it makes up in smoothly flowing continuity. Helen Westley as the boardinghouse keeper is outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: An "arty" gem.

Tin Pan Alley
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: The love story of a young song publisher and a vaudeville lass.

RIGHT into the socko class of film fare leaps "Tin Pan Alley," laden with melodies of nostalgic memories and packed with events that stir the heart, tying together yesterday and today into one grand package of entertainment.

Back to the days when song publishing was at its glorious height goes this story, weaving into the tale the grand songs of yesterday, "America I Love You," "Goodbye Broadway, Hello France," "Moonlight Bay" and "The Sheik of Araby." John Payne and Jack Oakie are an ambitious pair of songwriters who become famous publishers and then lose out—to march overseas as doughties. Alice Faye and Betty Grable are sisters, struggling along in vaudeville, until Alice, losing her heart to Payne, becomes a song plugger for the boys and then leaves them when her heart has been double-crossed. Betty, in the meantime, goes on to stardom.

Alice and Betty are outstanding as a team, believe me. John Payne becomes an important leading man and Oakie walks off with one of the best musicals of the year.

Your Reviewer Says: A hit.

Escape To Glory
(Columbia)

It's About: A British freighter carrying Americans home in the early days of the war.

DANGERS from submarine attack provides the drama aboard an English freighter crowded with passengers going to America when war is declared in Europe. When the freighter is crippled by a submarine, the true natures of the assorted passengers assert themselves in the face of imminent death.

Pat O'Brien is an adventurer; Constance Bennett, the secretary of corrupt district attorney John Halliday; Alan Baxter, a gangster; Marjorie Gateson, a society woman. How they all meet danger provides a well-rounded, exciting drama.

Melvile Cooper, Erwin Kalser and the rest of the cast also lend credibility to their roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Tense and dramatic.

Fantasia
(Walt Disney Productions)

It's About: Music and its pictorial interpretation by the Disney studios.

PEOPLE who take their music very seriously are shocked by the idea of mixing any other material with it. Walt Disney and Leopold Stokowski, the great conductor, have joined hands to challenge the purists. You are offered a concert of eight classic masterpieces, each one interpreted musically by Stokowski, the Philadelphia Orchestra and the new multiplane recording device; interpreted graphically by Walt Disney and his superlative group of artists. Deems Taylor appears as commentator.

At first, in the Bach "Toccata and Fugue in D Minor," the pictorial illustrations are pure design without any story. Here you come as close to the emotions of taking an anesthetic as you ever will find in the theater. The interpretation of Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite" will remind you of that first marvelous Silly Symphony which introduced Disney's real genius to us.

Most shocking is Disney's interpretation of Mount Olympus which illustrates Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony." Although the characters of Bacchus, the centaurs and the centaurettes are amusing, they are far from appropriate to the superb music of the deaf musician.

The origin of the earth is the subject of Stravinsky's "Rite of Spring" and it is appropriately horrifying. So also is the morbid charade illustrating Moussorgsky's "Night on Bald Mountain." Our old friend Mickey Mouse is the central character of a delightful fantasy telling the story of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," who puts on his master's cap and teaches the brooms to carry water. You must see this because it is one of the most important pictures ever made. You must be prepared to be bored by some of it, shocked by some of it and delighted by much of it. But don't miss it.

Your Reviewer Says: Important.

(Continued on page 99)
TWO GREAT HITS HERALDING YOUR GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT YEAR!

GLORIOUS ROMANCE IN GLORIOUS Technicolor!

HENRY FONDA
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LINDA DARNELL

CHAD HANNA
by Walter D. Edmonds

featuring
Guy Kibbee • Jane Darwell
John Carradine • Ted North
Roscoe Ates • Ben Carter

Directed by HENRY KING
Associate Producer and Screen Play
Nunnally Johnson

Printed in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
as "Red Wheels Rolling"

From 20th CENTURY-FOX
...the hit-makers who've already begun to make it a very happy 1941 for you!

PAUL MUNI
in a role unlike any he's ever had!

HUDSON'S BAY

with

GENE TIERNEY
LAIRD CREGAR • JOHN SUTTON • VIRGINIA FIELD
VINCENT PRICE • NIGEL BRUCE

Directed by Irving Pichel
Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan
Original Screen Play by Lamar Trott

Adventure! Action!
Drama! Emotion!
ENTERTAINMENT!
SHE sells magazines.

I don’t mean that she actually stands on the street corner selling our wares, but it amounts to that. Here’s why: Many people ask why an editor of a motion-picture magazine puts a star on a cover. Is it friendship? A desire to give a promising girl a break? The influence of the producing company? No, it is none of these. Box-office appeal is what matters, just as it does on a marquee. And Bette Davis on the cover of a motion-picture magazine means that that issue will sell more than if any other girl were on the cover.

Although that is true, I am fortunate to be one of Bette’s friends. We met first in her platinum blonde days when she got her first break with George Arliss in “The Man Who Played God.” I remember that she, Herb Crooker (then with Warner Brothers, now one of the important executives of this company) and I scurried through the rain to sit for hours in our favorite speak-easy and talk of many things. Today Bette is no different, unless perhaps more mature, more understanding.

She has that characteristic of great actresses: Intense preoccupation with her own work. And yet there is this difference: She always has time for yours; always makes it as much her problem as your own. When we planned to merge Photoplay and Movie Mirror, she wanted to talk about it; she wanted to be helpful—and in one long recent discussion we had was very helpful. She was the first to wire me when the first merged issue arrived. She said, “Just previewed the copy you sent and enjoyed every page of it.” While under ordinary circumstances I might suspect such a wire, since Bette sent it I believe every word of it.

ALTHOUGH in my opinion she is America’s greatest movie actress, this is not her chief pride. On the contrary, she has said about one job: “This is the only thing I’ve ever done I’d like my grandchildren to know about.” She was referring to her performance on the radio of the little Arch Oboler masterpiece, “Alter Ego.”

The newest gossip rumor is that Bette will reconcile with her former husband, Harmon Nelson. I have never asked Bette about this, and I don’t believe I need to. Every action of hers all her life contradicts the rumor. She and Harmon Nelson as intelligent people are good, close friends who see each other whenever they have an opportunity. I don’t believe they will go back together because thus far Bette Davis has never gone back—she always goes forward. This is to me the secret of her greatness.

And wherever she pioneers it is always with an intensity and a sincerity that get results. Perhaps it is the raising of funds to buy a Seeing Eye dog for an unfortunate blind person; perhaps it is the slow, painful process of helping a young protege find success; perhaps it is a game of charades—and I have seen her perform her part with all the spirit of a Big Scene. Always these things are done by Bette Davis with a whole heart.

I have admitted that she is on the cover of Photoplay-Movie Mirror because “she sells magazines,” but besides all that I am proud to have her there because I consider her the first lady of Hollywood.

Ernest V. Hehn
"I accuse!" says "Fearless." The crime—loneliness; the victims—ten thousand girls serving time in the glittering prisons of glamour; the guilty—Hollywood men

M ore girls pay off in loneliness here in the capital of glamour than in any other city in the world. There are those who say that Hollywood is no worse than any other town, human behavior running fairly true to form wherever it is. But "Fearless" begs to differ. I can name several specific reasons why our town isn't like a lot of other "our towns" throughout the country and even more specific reasons why our men aren't the same as those of other communities. Most of these add up to the fact that they're spoiled.

To begin with, there's the oversupply of women, beautiful women, gorgeous women. You might almost say that Hollywood's like a mining camp in reverse. It's human nature for the men to become a little spoiled in the face of so much demand for them.

Furthermore, the picture industry is based of necessity upon personal recognition, from cameraman to star to studio head. Often the rivalry becomes intense. I well recall the classic example of an important woman star who was delighted at being given a popular leading man for her current picture, figuring the chances for the film's success were thereby strengthened. The man was no fool. He made it his business to play up to the lady and matters were trembling on the verge of a romance when she suddenly discovered that while he was carrying on a delightful courtship to her face, behind her back he was waging a fierce battle with the front office to have his name billed before hers. And he won—that is, the billing. However, the critics evened matters up by lauding her and ignoring him.

The economic equality of the sexes, you see, acts as a boomerang. A woman star makes just as much money as a man star; an extra girl just as much as an extra boy—or just as little, if you want to put it that way. Thus the men lose their sense of protectiveness. It's every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost.

Of a sobering nature, because of its potential dangers, is the case of Mildred (for obvious reasons that isn't her real name), who came to Hollywood as clean and fresh as the wind-swept prairies of her native state. Oh, yes, she had won the inevitable beauty contest and learned how very bored Hollywood is by such proceedings. But just before the flurry of photographers, floral offerings and Chamber of Commerce luncheons was over she...
was lucky enough—or unlucky enough—to bag a part in a picture featuring a beauty contest. Hers wasn’t a big role, but it was plenty to make the girl decide she’d cash in her return ticket and try for a career.

All too soon the picture was over. Weeks dragged into months, but still no more parts. Of course, she didn’t know how to play the Hollywood game and had no one to advise her, no one even to talk to her. The beauty-contest affiliates made no bones about their boredom at her plight. This was an old and dull story to them. Desperately she walked up and down Sunset Boulevard, fighting with her pride which wouldn’t let her go home a failure. But it was no use. From the sharp-eyed man with the three balls on his calling card she obtained enough money on her wrist watch to buy her return ticket.

Headed for the station, she ran into a boy with whom she had worked in her one and only picture. He was an attractive lad, clean and fresh-looking. They’d had a lot of laughs together at the studio. It was so good to have someone to talk to that she found herself pouring her heart out to him; how the flight to glory was over—she couldn’t even pay her room rent any longer.

He hesitated a moment, then said casually, “Well, if that’s all that’s worrying you, why don’t you cash in your ticket again and come up and stay at my place for a while?”

“Oh, that’s awfully nice—” Mildred began and stopped suddenly. “You mean spend the night there?”

“Sure. Spend a lot of nights there. That’s what you’re looking for, isn’t it? A roof over your head and something to eat?”

“Oh, but I couldn’t!” she gasped, adding hastily, “I mean, I don’t want you to think I’m a prude. It’s just that I’d be such a millstone around your neck.”

“A very pretty millstone,” he laughed easily, his eyes remaining for a fraction of a second on the curve of her neck. “But don’t worry about that. I’ll carry you while you’re out of a job and probably a month from now you’ll be carrying me. A lot of the girls and boys around here pool their expenses like that. You might call it—economics!”

We’ll draw the curtain there with just this comment: I think we’re all agreed it’s a mighty dangerous theory of economics.

Another (Continued on page 94)
Ma Hardy

MA knows best. During the last two years I have had many opportunities to learn this.

When I first became ill I was terribly lonely and a little afraid. Many times I longed for the mother who had been taken away from me in my childhood.

Then Fate intervened. Ma Hardy (Fay Holden), hearing I was ill, came to see me. Since then, she has done the million and one thoughtful things for me that only a mother would think of. Her regular phone calls at six o'clock each evening are the bright spot of my day.

On many occasions, we have discussed the perplexities that have been brought to her by young girls either in person or by letter. The tact and wisdom with which she has handled these problems impressed me so that I asked her if I might record some of her advice for the readers of Photo-Play-Movie Mirror. She graciously agreed.

On this particular day as we sat talking, Ma industriously crocheted a white shawl for the heir of Cecilia Parker (Marian, her screen daughter). I knew Ma had been Cissy's adviser through her exciting romance and subsequent happy marriage to Dick Baldwin, so I asked her what advice she had given Cissy. She told me that, fundamentally, she had given her the same advice any mother would.

Pictured at the left is one big reason why so many promising dates end up very disastrously
Advises —

give her daughter: That marriage concerns only two people—the two people involved. Each one must try to understand the other and never expect too much. Each should try to adjust himself to the other’s point of view. It is a relationship where little things can become so valuable—and this goes for all marriages, in every walk of life.

“For instance, two friends of mine who are picture stars recently moved from their ranch home to a house in Beverly Hills. The day they moved, the husband unexpectedly started work on a new picture. The house was topsy-turvy—new furniture and interior decorators all over the place. All in all, it was hardly a peaceful place for the husband to return to after a hard day’s work before the cameras. But the wife, being a kind and thoughtful person, immediately disregarded all else and gave all her attention to her husband’s room. That night when he returned from work he had a peaceful place to rest in, despite the fact that the rest of the house was in complete disorder. If the situation had been reversed, the husband, I am sure, would have done the same thing for his wife. It is things like this that go into the making of a happy marriage.”

Cissy’s romance isn’t the only one in which Ma has had her finger on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. There was a young stock player who was quite smitten with a certain young man, but he paid little attention to her. Then, one day, the girl came to Ma with breath-taking news: The boy had asked her for a date! That very evening they were going to dinner and a movie. The date, however, turned out very disastrously, for the boy never asked her again. The girl was heartbroken.

Ma, anxious to help, made her tell about the evening. She thought over the girl’s recording of events but failed to find a reason for the unfortunate situation. Then, by chance, she discovered that the girl had worn a new light angora sweater and the boy a dark suit. Well, you know how those angora sweaters shed! Ma said she couldn’t help laughing at the mental picture she had of the boy furiously trying to brush the hairs off his suit. However, the girl’s unhappiness was more than Ma could bear, so she invited both of them over to her house to play badminton and made sure that the girl did not wear angora. Result: Another romance.

“I think that little incident,” Ma continued, “should prove the value of dressing with consideration for the male species. I believe implicitly that every girl should strive to be well-groomed, because first impressions are extremely important under all circumstances. (Continued on page 97)

People rushed this girl, then made hasty exits. Ma sums her trouble up thus: “Who wants to make wisecracks at a wienie roast?”

Fay Holden in a typical “Ma Hardy” act: She cheers up the invalid author, Miss Cosby

Said a man-about-town after reading this article, “If girls know all these things, a guy won’t stand a chance!”

BY VIVIAN COSBY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GARRONE
This is about a smart girl who knew how to get places fast, one Rita Hayworth. The technique is yours for the reading

BY

HELEN HOVER

The 1941 brand of Cinderella buys her own glass slipper. She's impatient and practical. Waiting for the prince too often pays off in nothing but a pair of flat feet.

That's the way Rita Hayworth figures it. That's why Rita, an unknown Cinderella extra girl five years ago, today is glamorous "may-I-have-your-autograph-Miss-Hayworth" movie celebrity today. No flesh-and-blood prince effected the transition. The prince was her own horse sense.

Rita was no wide-eyed yokel when she started work as an extra at the Fox studios five years ago. She knew and felt her ignominy intensely. One of three hundred on a night-club set, she watched Loretta Young, the star, come on the set accompanied by her maid and a hairdresser. Saw her sink into a luxurious limousine at the end of the day.

The little Cansino girl—for that was Rita’s pre-picture name—saw her as a rival, not an idol. She realized that so long as there were beautiful women in Hollywood, gorgeously gowned, her own natural assets would mean nothing. She knew she had ability that, given a chance, could be of value to a studio. But in her franker moments, she knew also that she was only one of hundreds of extra girls who felt the same way.

Something else Rita knew. Her family had been in show business for three generations. The Dancing Can-

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Yesterday she was Rita Cansino, little nobody no one ever looked at on the Fox lot.

Today she is the photographers’ darling, with her face on six magazine covers in one month.
sinos, the family troupe had been called and they created a sensation wherever they went. They wore breath-taking costumes, red velvet boleros, gold sashes, and their tambourines were powdered with rhinestones. Papa Cansino used to explain it to his wife and Rita heard it often. "Showmanship," he would say. "That is what the public likes. Showmanship sells. And it pays off, too."

Rita remembered Papa Cansino's words five years ago when she started her campaign to get out of the extra ranks. Today, she is well on her way to be a top-ranking star, one of the few extras ever to have done it.

The reason is a simple, matter-of-fact business principle. You have to spend money to make money.

"My bank account looks sick compared to the money I've earned," explained Rita, face suntanned, wearing an elegant white slack suit as though it were an evening dress. Most of my money has gone into

Hayworth smartness: She sends photographs like this to men; reserves tailored-suit poses for her female followers
my campaign to become a star. I never once let up on it.

"I tried to be honest with myself when I worked as an extra. No use kidding myself. I looked around at the hundreds of other girls like myself, living from day to day on the fringe of the movie industry, with only one chance in a million of becoming a star. We all looked alike, we dressed alike, we talked alike.

"I took stock of myself and realized that I was pretty much in demand as an extra because I could dance and I had some dancing costumes. That meant I made about $1 a day and my weekly earnings were sometimes over $50.

"I figured things out and decided that if I was to get anywhere I needed two things immediately: Training and clothes. My earnings couldn't accommodate both, so I thought some more and decided that getting the clothes first would be putting the cart before the horse. First, self-improvement. Second, self-display.

"I went over myself critically. My voice was thin and singsong, didn't have enough resonance. My diction was forced and unrhythmic. My acting of course, needed the works since I had had so little experience. Because I was self-conscious, I didn't know how to walk.

"I enrolled with the best teachers in Hollywood. My diction and voice lessons were $10 a session. Dramatic lessons were even more. I took as many lessons as I could possibly afford. I made a few Western pictures at $200 a picture. I took more lessons with the extra bonanza. As I earned more, I spent more. At one time I was taking diction and voice lessons four times a week and dramatic lessons five times a week. It came to $90 a week! And I was earning $100.

"I had to put new clothes out of my mind because I just couldn't afford them. But I didn't make the mistake of being seen around town looking as I did. If I couldn't be seen at my very best, I wouldn't be seen at all.

"Columbia Pictures was looking for a dark, Latin-appearing girl who could speak Spanish to appear in some of their 'C' pictures. I got the job. The salary was $200 a week, which was good and steady. Now I could afford to graduate to Step No. 2—to wit, the clothes. Of course, I was still keeping up the dramatic and voice lessons and I didn't have very much left over for clothes, but I decided to save until I could sink a good sum into a knockout outfit.

"The first clothes splurge took the breath out of me! I could hardly believe I had done it! It was a gray caracul coat, form-fitted, punching my waist in snugly and flaring from the thighs down. The dress was a dream. Three shades of grey, and it fit like silver flutes down over my body. The hat was one of those tall starting things that was meant to be carried on a head held high. I paid $500 for the outfit and I had a few uncomfortable moments thinking of my extravagance. Not a cent in the bank—and $500 for one outfit. But when I saw myself in the mirror, I felt reassured. I had never looked like that before.

"The first evening I wore it I went to the Trocadero. That was no accident. It was done deliberately. At that time the Toc was the hangout of the star-makers. It was the beauty-jaded moguls of Hollywood I was trying to reach. It was up to me, and my $500 investment, to make them aware of me. So aware that they would say, 'There goes a girl the public will enjoy looking at because I enjoy looking at her.'

"When I walked in, I felt eyes turning towards me. Marlene Dietrich was at one table, Norma Shearer at another. The most glamorous, most highly paid stars in Hollywood there, and people looked at me!" I noticed Howard Hawks, the producer, and Harry Cohn, the president of Columbia Pictures, at a ringside table. I tried to be nonchalant and not stare at them. Toward the end of the evening Mr. Hawks came to my table and introduced himself with a charming compliment I shall always remember.

"'I noticed you as you came in, and you look lovely in that outfit. You seem to stand out from the others. I'd like to talk to you about a part in my new picture. Will you please get in touch with me in the morning?'

"'Well!' I learned later that this had happened: Hawks and Harry Cohn were going to put their combined talents into the film 'Only Angels Have Wings' and they were both at the Trocadero to get their minds off shop. When I walked in Hawks looked at me and asked, 'Who is that girl? I can use her in our picture.'

"'Mr. Cohn stared at me, then nearly exploded. 'That girl! Why she's on my lot. Never noticed her before, though.' And then it happened."

"Rita was screen-tested and got the part. It was that role of the sultry wife of Richard Barthelmess and ex-flame of Cary Grant that made Hollywood notice her.

"'Now that I had my first big chance, I had to go on with my campaign even more than ever,' continued Rita, lighting a cigarette with long flame-tipped fingers. 'I was encouraged. My clothes investment had attracted the attention of the Big Producer, my investment in dramatic lessons had cinched the screen test. But I had to keep my name, my face before the producers and the public. I had to make them know me and want me.

"That took money. It takes money to buy evening dresses that won't be seen on the screen. Thomasina, Dixie and Harriet. It takes money to buy furs and cars so that people will turn around and say, 'Who is that?' It takes money to make people remember you if you are a nobody. It takes money, and some shrewd thinking.'"

"First, Rita hired a press agent, one of the best, at $75 a week. "Because he is an expert in his business, I followed his orders and asked no questions. Only once did I balk at a publicity assignment. A national picture magazine wanted me to pose in a series showing college girls how not to behave on a date. I couldn't let myself be photographed looking drunk or disheveled. I didn't think it was wise."

"An example of the Hayworth tact in dealing with the public is the type of photographs she sends to her fans. There are two stacks of pictures reserved for this occasion. One is Rita in a bathing suit, bursting with smiles, legs and S.A. This goes to the men. The female fans receive a picture of Rita in a smart sport outfit walking her dog. This is what the French call 'finesses.'

"Her wholehearted willingness to co-operate with photographers and the press has paid unmistakable dividends. She has a scrapbook that bulges with 3800 separate stories. her photos have been reproduced more than 12,000 times. She was the face on six magazine covers in one month and 36 magazines have devoted entire pages to her wardrobe, her career and her beauty. When you consider that she has appeared in only four big pictures and has played (Continued on page 86)
Appearing in M.G.M.'s "Comrade X" and "Come Live With Me"
But Ruth Hussey, the girl from Rhode Island, believes success is not an accident but a plan.

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

RUTH Hussey gave a party not so long ago. Maybe that doesn’t sound to you like a particularly breath-taking bit of news. But it was a breathless occasion for Ruth. It marked several milestones for her, some beginnings and some endings. They were thrilling and important milestones in her life and her career.

In the first place, it was her very first party of her own in Hollywood. The day before it happened she was suffering from far worse stage fright than she had for her first picture test, her first radio audition or her first tryout for a stage role—and she didn’t mind saying so.

"It’s a test of something, this party," she said. "You see, I know now that I want to be a part of Hollywood. I want the people to like me and I want to fit in. This party is so—important. I feel, somehow, that if I can pull this off, I can pull all the rest of my Plan off!"

"The Plan? Oh—well, it’s a sort of method of getting a perspective on myself. I have to draw up a campaign. Have to think about marriage and children and work and how to fit them together. It’s taken me all these years to find out exactly what I want. Now that I know, I’ve got to figure out how to get it!"

Ruth, you see, is a New England gal who believes in the good old New England tradition of taking inventory at least once a year, knowing exactly how you stand and proceeding accordingly. Since most of her assets at this point seem to be contained within herself (and a very pretty package, too!) this bookkeeping involves a great deal of introspection.

She had a modest patrimony so she felt that she could take her time about thinking things out. She knew it would take time because she realized that by nature she was a vigorous person who has always been torn between conflicting emotions and enthusiasms and ambitions.

Sometime during her teens, for instance, she was caught up in some sort of mental whirlwind which tossed her from school to school, from the beginning of an acting career (in preparatory school) to the beginning of a career in art (a year or so later). Then suddenly, without any warning, she took a degree as Bachelor of Philosophy, which sounds awfully impressive. But that only led to her studying diligently the arts of shorthand and typesetting. Right afterwards she began designing frocks in Providence, Rhode Island, and then, with the same lack of logic, came a job acting in a summer stock company in Michigan.

Right at this point, though, things began to jell. She got a job as fashion commentator on a radio show and contrived to (Continued on page 69)

February, 1941
HOLLYWOOD Beware! That is what I called my previous article which warned the stars of what would befall them during 1939 and for several years to come. Just for fun, before I draw aside the curtain to give you a glimpse into 1941, let's cut back to 1939 and see how many of the earlier warnings have come to pass.

I quote from Movie Mirror, May, 1939:

Clark Gable: "For Clark Gable is a change in home conditions."

At the time the article was written he was still married to Ria Gable. There followed the divorce and later on his marriage to Carole Lombard, of which I will tell you more when we come to the predictions for 1941.

Bette Davis: "Within the year Bette Davis will have a hectic love affair, but if she marries this man it will only mean a second divorce."

Her love affair with George Brent received world-wide publicity and did not end in marriage.

Tyrone Power: "For Tyrone there is an outstanding love affair which will probably end in marriage. He has already met the girl and there is much gossip about them . . . He will make a definite change in his home conditions if he has not already done so when you read this."

Tyrone's marriage to Annabella, which everyone, including Tyrone, insisted would not take place.

John Garfield: "John Garfield streaks across the cinema sky like a comet and next year finds him among the top-ranking players . . . This acclaim will continue for four years, at which time, according to an abrupt slump in his fate line, his career hits a snag and his downfall will be as spectacular as his rise to fame."

He streaked across the sky all right. For a time everyone was Garfield-conscious, but unless he gives a remarkable performance in some picture soon it looks as though I had either been given the wrong age or slipped up on the time I allotted him for great popularity.

Robert Taylor: "Robert Taylor's period of unfortunate criticism is over. I believe that he will marry within two years."

Married Barbara Stanwyck and you.
The astrologer whose astounding 1939-40 predictions appeared in these pages offers startling warnings that every star and his admirer will want to read

BY MATILDA TROTTER

all know how much speculation there was as to whether this marriage would come off.

Olivia de Havilland: “Olivia de Havilland will soon meet a man who sweeps her completely off her feet. When he comes into her life, the sensible Olivia will not pause to analyze or quibble as to the merits or the outcome of their love . . . She will be just as thrilled as any other young girl in love and will marry him and surprise everyone in Hollywood, including herself.”

How about Jimmy Stewart? More about these two later.

Janet Gaynor: “Janet Gaynor will marry within two years. She has met the great love of her life, but if she marries him (Continued on page 72)
Hollywood: Jeffre
Lynn, model roman
t lead at Warner Broth
It happens even in the best American families: A boy starts out to be President and ends up a movie idol. A "nothing sacred" story about Jeffrey Lynn

ASK Jeffrey Lynn how come he's the Warner Brothers' four-star meteor (male model) not to mention the object of general feminine sighing and swooning and he shrugs his shoulders. He might even ask you in that merry, crisp voice of his what you think of skirts cut on a bias, or, maybe, Chinese poetry.

He doesn't know.

He never toddled out at the age of 6 before a Sunday-school audience to recite Robert Louis Stevenson's "I Have A Little Shadow."

He never used to harass his family and neighbors by staging tent shows during his adolescence.

He emphatically was no parishioner of the Drama when he was a high-school man of affairs.

The plain truth is that he started out to be a lawyer and wound up a movie idol, in spite of himself.

By all odds Jeffrey Lynn—Ragnar Lind's his real name, although he doesn't like it—should have reached journey's end as a top-flight lawyer.

His background is in the great-lawyer tradition or perhaps that of a U. S. senator, but definitely not that of a cinema sensation.

He was born on a small farm in Auburn, Massachusetts, the second eldest in a brood of eight, the son of a Swedish immigrant who ended up in Massachusetts, found it fair, married a true New Englander and settled down to wrest a living from the soil.

The second-born of the Linds burgeoned into a bright-eyed lad who romped through the grades like nothing and was ready for high school at 13.

"It was quite a ritual," he'll tell you today, "this business of enrolling for higher education. I had never been to Worcester, the county seat, and my older brother was commissioned to go along to see that no ill befell me. The metropolis was dazzling. I used to lie awake nights thinking of it."

Every morning he walked a couple of miles—books and lunch under his arm—to the streetcar which whizzed him into Worcester. It took four hours out of every day, this commuting, but Master Jeffrey didn't mind it. As he walked home afternoons he doped it all out. He'd make a distinguished lawyer out of himself. Then he'd annex the Presidency.

He was ready for college at 16. There was a quiet powwow between his parents. Lind père had an affection for Harvard. Mrs. Lind scotched that entry in short order. Hadn't she read in the papers that Harvard boys were hellions?

It was finally decided that young Jeffrey would go to Bates College pending the arrival of an A.B. degree. After that, once he had reached maturity, he could go on to Harvard and enter the law school.

He remembers his first descent on his alma mater with more than nostalgia. That September morning when he arrived at Lewiston, Maine, the trees were (Continued on page 81)
Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

You supply the partner and we do the rest—i.e., give you some simplified, easy directions for the Rhumba. Desi Arnaz and Lucille Ball get you into the swing of things.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

If you've ever seen the Dance of the Seven Veils done by a side-show Fatima or by a Maharajah's houri, you'll remember one thing especially: The feet didn't move very much at all. It was what the girl did with the rest of her that made it a dance.

Bearing that in mind—with, of course, proper modifications for a public American dance floor—mix it with a variation of the old waltz step, serve with a Latin-American inflection—and you have the Rhumba. Or rather, you have the Son.

"The Son," Desi Arnaz pronounced it that afternoon when we took the pictures.

We had asked him if he would pose for Rhumba illustrations with Lucille Ball, and he'd said he would be delighted. But the extremely lively routine he embarked upon looked anything but familiar. When we demurred, Desi laughed. "Oh, you mean the way the Americans do it! That's the Son."

So all right, here's how you do the Son. It may not be the Cuban Rhumba, but if you tried the McCoy in public the way Desi did it, you'd summariy be given treatment for St. Vitus dance, if not something worse.

To do the Son, alias the Rhumba de Los Estados Unidos:

Play a record of "The Peanut Vendor," because it's the greatest Rhumba ever written. Stand in starting position and wait until you hear the rhythm of the music.

It goes BOOM, two, three, four—BOOM, two, three, four.

Only the first three counts are actually walking steps. The fourth is a pause in which the free foot is brought up to the foot holding the weight—simply brought up, without stepping on it. On the Pause, or "at ease" beat, if you are pausing on your right foot, you simultaneously give a little shrug with your right shoulder. When it's the left foot, it's the left shoulder.

No matter what you do—whether you pause for a few beats or whirl or do variations—you must always hear those three counts and the pause that is for your "at ease" movement and shoulder shrug. Count under your breath, if you have to.

(In interpreting the accompanying ground plan for

PHOTOPLAY COMBINED WITH MOVIE MIRROR
For the basic step of the Rhumba

Count 2: Boy brings right foot to left, placing weight on right. Girl does opposite.

Count 3: Boy steps forward with left foot; girl steps backward with right.

If you're the girl, Lucille says:

Do—
Let yourself go. Flirt with shoulders, hips and eyes. Keep your mind on what you're doing. Since you're at arm's length from your partner, the lead is not so strong as it usually is.
Wear clothes that swirl attractively. The Rhumba is a teasing, heavy-lidded, come-hither-but-not-too-far dance. Remember this while you're dancing.

Don't—
Collapse on your partner. Keep your distance. Don't dance with your feet far apart. They must be together.
Never swing your feet or legs. Don't give up if at first you don't get the step. Keep counting and suddenly you will find yourself doing it. That's what happened to me—and I'm still surprised!

Rhumba dancers do not throw their hips around. The hip movement is a secondary movement only, resulting from the action of the knees.) The knees, relaxed to a slightly bent position and held close together, operate in a sort of rotary motion, following the steps taken by the feet. The feet move close to the floor, virtually flat-footed, and the steps taken are very short, allowing just room enough to bring up the other foot to the spot vacated by the preceding foot. The top of the body is bent slightly forward from the waist, shoulders back, chest high, stomach drawn in, hips thrown forward so that there is no protrusion from the rear. Balance is maintained by the slightly bent knees.

The boy leads by placing his hand on left side of the girl's back, above waist. His left arm breaks at the elbow to carry the hand almost directly up and in front of his left shoulder. The girl matches her right arm to his left. For her left arm, here's a little trick of which Lucille might have taken advantage. If the girl, instead of...
High lights of special routine described in text:
The boy rhumbas in place and the girl dances in a circle around him, passing to her left.

... they reach this position (right). Then he puts left hand back to catch her right. Thus they finish rest of the circle.

Directly below: As they look at the three-quarter point

Letting her hand lie aimlessly on her partner's right shoulder, will place it squarely in the hollow just in front of the boy's right shoulder, she'll give him a far better brace with which to lead her. It must be remembered that in the Rhumba you do not dance close together. The top of the girl's body must offer a definite, though mild, resistance to her partner. Through that resistance he puts her through the paces like a marionette. As Lucille says, "Stand up and keep your distance." We might add, "And make him keep his." It's that subtle push between the two which adds to the provocative nature of the dance.

So there you have the basic step. If you want variety, do not sidestep, but continue forward (girl going backward), allowing feet to pass one another. This is called the running step. If you want to turn, simply follow around as you would in an ordinary fox-trot step, always remembering that on the fourth beat you must pause.

If you never do any more than just this, you will be doing the Rhumba.

But we kept Desi and Lucille in RKO's hot still gallery for another hour that afternoon, working out a simple but awfully impressive-looking routine that any good dancer can learn. Here it is, step by step:

A. Desi has started turning to his left, backward, with Lucille following him, doing the running step 1-2-3-pause, etc. He has executed about 16 counts and is about to come out of it.

B. On the fourth pause count they are standing side by side at a slight distance from each other, holding hands.

C. While (Continued on page 93)
Girl who’s making a name for herself: Constance Moore of Paramount’s new “I Wanted Wings”

Engstead Higgins
EVENING was coming to the Arizona hills. The descending sun, in a last desperate fight against darkness, filled the skies with dazzling reds and golds and purples, forcing the scrub cedar, whose fragrance filled the freshening air, to cast swollen shadows on the high slopes.

In a canyon above the stagecoach road, a canyon so hidden that only one who knew of its existence could find it, two riders halted their horses, dismounted and threw themselves gratefully onto the springy cedar needles, stretching to relieve muscles cramped by long hours in the saddle. They were unlike in every respect; one was long and lean and bronzed, his brown eyes which could in turn be as tender as a saint's or as smiling and fearless as a devil's hinting at the blood of Spanish conquistadors which ran in his veins. His eyes were laughing now as he watched the antics of his shorter companion.

"What do you do, Gordito mio?" he asked. "You are a baby, that you leap about to catch the lizard?"

Gordito held up a small wriggling pink creature. "See?" he exclaimed in delight. "Now we have the luck. Mama Lopez she tell me, 'Catch the pink lizard and you have the luck.'"
The Cisco Kid, he galloped in
to steal two hearts and right a wrong.
The Cisco Kid, he rode away
and left a caballero’s song

THE CAST

Cisco Kid ........................................ Cesar Romero
Rosita .......................................... Patricia Morison
Maria ........................................... Lynne Roberts
Ricardo .......................................... Ricardo Cortez
Gordito .......................................... Chris-Pin Martin
Carlos Hernandez ............................... Joseph McDonald
Don Fernando ............................... Pedro de Cordoba
Mama Lopez .................................. Inez Palange
Corver ........................................... Raphael Bennett
Manuel ............................................ Trevor Bardette

Fiction version by
Lee Pennington

Story version of Twentieth Century-Fox’s “Romance of the Rio Grande,” Screen play by Harold Buchman and Samuel G. Engel. Based on the novel “Conquista dor” by Katherine Fullerton Gerould. Copyright 1940 by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation

“So,” the tall one teased, “a minute—two minutes—ago we are the Cisco Kid and Gordito, with marshals and sheriffs on our trail. Now you have caught the pink lizard and—pronto—we are grandes señores with many pesos, good wine to drink and beautiful señoritas to love us. Better you let the lizard go, Gordito, before we spend the pesos, drink up the wine and the señoritas find other hombres to love.”

He was interrupted by the sound of a shot, then another and another, until the air was filled with thunder. Wordless, because words were not needed between them, the two men sprang into their saddles and dashed down the mountain trail. Where the road curved around the foot of Razorback Mountain they came upon the stagecoach now nearly at the end of its daily run between the small settlements which marked the beginning and the end of the great plains. It was swaying dangerously behind the horses which, riderless, were frantically racing to destruction. With their own steeds at a gallop, the Cisco Kid and Gordito caught the frightened creatures and brought the coach to a stop. Two motionless figures were the only occupants.

“This one, this driver, he is dead,” the Cisco Kid indicated the first figure. “What about the other one, Gordito? Turn him over.”

Gordito did as he was told, then, at sight of the face he had revealed, he stepped back in fear. “Madre Dios,” he muttered, crossing himself.

“What’s—a matter you?” the Cisco Kid asked. “You afraid of dead man?”

“This man—he is no dead, Cisco,” Gordito stammered. “This man—he is—y—ou!”

“You crazy, Gordito?” Cisco demanded. “That man is not me. I am me!” He bent down to look at the man, then said in awe, “Dios, Gordito, you are right!” Line for line the face of the unconscious man and the face of the Cisco Kid were identical. Cisco studied the replica of his own features for a moment, then he snapped, “What you wait for, Gordito? Get him on your horse.”

Gordito hung back. “Leave him here, Cisco,” he implored. “This man who look so much like you make Gordito afraid.”

Cisco shook his head. “I can’t leave him to die,” he explained. “He look so much like me that if he die, I die too, inside. We take him to Mama Lopez. The rest,” he indicated the coach with its dead driver and the now subdued horses, “we leave for the sheriff. Since the bandits have got away, sheriff will say the Cisco Kid is the robber—so why should we help him?”

MILES away across the plateau, evening found the Rancho Santa Margarita, the hacienda of Don Fernando Davega, in a fever of activity. Soft-eyed, swift-footed servants sped from room to room, making everything ready to do honor to the guests who were expected. In the kitchens a giant feast was in preparation; many bottles of wine lay cooling in the wine cellars and from the patio came the soft pulsating music of guitars. It was to be a gala night, for it would see the arrival of Don Carlos Hernandez to the home of his ancestors and the traveler was awaited eagerly by Don Fernando, the grandfather he had never seen.

Don Fernando observed critically the scene about him. Everything was as it should be and he sighed with contentment. He was an old man, Don Fernando, though he carried his years with distinction and it was good to know that he would soon turn the affairs of the rancho over to his...
grandson. He had been troubled about the rancho lately, raids against his cattle, his vaqueros in danger of their lives from the thieves—such things might bring ruin, though the Davega fortunes still were vast. He was troubled about his nephew, Ricardo, too; Ricardo had hinted more than once that the old man was growing soft, that Ricardo himself should take over the management of the rancho, that he should even take the law into his own hands and track down the Cisco Kid who, Ricardo believed, was the thief of their cattle. Yes, it would be good to have everything in Don Carlos' hands, the old man thought. He might even live to see the day when Carlos and Rosita, Don Fernando's ward, would marry and raise children. He sighed again as he thought of Rosita. If only she were more like Maria, his gentle little goddaughter who had made her home on the rancho since her father, Don Fernando's old friend, had died. Rosita, he told himself, was too bold, her eyes too full of invitation, and he did not like the sly, significant glances she so frequently exchanged with Ricardo. Well, marriage would stop all that. . . .

Even as he thought about them Rosita and Ricardo were whispering together in a dark corner of the patio.

"Are you sure everything will be all right," the girl asked anxiously.

"Quite sure," Ricardo replied. His voice was soft, assured, but it held overtones of desire, desire for this tantalizing girl who stood so close to him but who, when he would have drawn her into his arms, eluded him.

"What is it, Rosita?" he demanded.

"You are so changed. Not once today have I felt your arms about me, your lips on mine."

"You're imagining things, Ricardo," she answered lightly. "It's only that I'm worried. Suppose something should go wrong?"

"Nothing can go wrong, my dear one."

And the Cisco Kid and Gordito brought the wounded man. Fat, kindly Mama Lopez put him to bed and made him as comfortable as she could. "Ver' sick," she answered Cisco's inquiry. "Maybe not wake up for two—three days—maybe not at all."

Cisco scarcely heard her. He was examining the stranger's bags which he had brought with him from the stage coach. "Eh, Gordito," he said, "this man who look like Cisco is important hombre—with much gold and silver. Look," flinging a handful of coins onto the table. "And he have papers," Cisco waved them in the air, "which say he is Don Carlos Hernandez, grandson of Don Fernando Da-vega. Don Carlos' mama was Don Fernando's daughter. She marry Señor Hernandez and live in Spain and Don Fernando never forgive her. But now she is dead and he is sorry, so he have sent for this man, his grandson."

"All this you get from the papers?" Gordito asked. Cisco nodded. "Then, please, we take him away from here," Gordito urged. "To have his grandson here make Don Fernando very angry—make us much trouble. We take him away," he repeated, "but first we take his gold and silver, no?"

"No!" Cisco was emphatic. "Gordito, you are foolish. This money is nothing. But Don Fernanudo have much money—and his grandson will have much money, too. No, we not take Don Carlos away. We leave him here, safe with Mama Lopez. And we go away. To Don Fernando. And Cisco, with these papers, will be Don Fernando's grandson!"

That was the beginning of new adventures for the Cisco Kid. Dressed in Don Carlos' clothes, carrying Don Carlos' papers, he went to Don Fernando's rancho, the Rancho Santa Margarita, followed by the dubious but faithful Gordito. Don Fernando, dazed by the report that his long-awaited grandson had been killed in the holdup, was overjoyed at beholding him and accepted his masquerade without question.

PROUDLY the old man introduced his supposed grandson to the other members of his household and Cisco, whose adventurous life had given him the power to judge men—and women—at sight, took the measure of each one. Rosita, with her flashing eyes and midnight hair, was tantalizing: with a little finesse she might be a conquest. Ricardo—that one was not to be trusted. He was obviously infatuated with Rosita, but more than jealous for her favors would make him Cisco's enemy. Then there was Maria. Sweet and gentle on the outside but slumbering fires within. A man, Cisco mused, would find it easy to love Maria (Continued on page 77)
February Fashion Fiesta

BY GWENN WALTERS

Glamour starlet Linda Darnell of 20th Century-Fox's "Chad Hanna" chooses some exciting clothes for girls under twenty. Her rule is: "Choose flattering colors, include contrast styles and, above all, don't try for too much sophistication." She starts off with a topcoat of amber-colored tweed plaided in brown and bright blue. Designed reefer style in the front, it has a swinging bias-cut back that is held in by a half-belt, and bias-cut pockets to match. Linda wears it over a blue angora wool frock. Her hat and accessories are brown.
Linda proves a point: A contrast between a softly feminine evening effect and daytime casual classics is achieved by this natural kasha sport frock. The dress has a bloused top and box pleats at the front and back of the skirt. There are two flap pockets and a detachable brown and white silk shirt.
If it's a "don't dress" date, Linda suggests this gay young frock of pomegranate red crepe that's good for teas and luncheons, too. Tiny ruffles edge the shaped neckline and the shirred pockets. Linda adds a coronet of shaded red flowers set on a skullcap of red straw. Fashion addenda are brown accessories and an ultra-ultra baum marten scarf.
Lush contrast for dark beauty is this pale pink damask taffeta. The lines of the dress are extremely simple because of the richness of the fabric, but note the heart-shaped neckline that rolls forward in a cuff effect. All the clothes pictured here from Saks Fifth Ave., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Destined to make a man propose is this white tulle with its silver trim. The long bodice scalloped in silver joins a bouffant skirt spotted with an embroidered and paillette-studded spray of silver grapes. The taffeta slip beneath the dress subtly whispers the right things
We quiz the gentlemen this month and find out what it is about women's clothes that bothers them most. Here are the complaints—and the quick cure:

**Answer to a Gentleman's prayer**

**SAYS JEFFREY LYNN:**
1. I wish women wouldn't get all tagged up before they know where they're going. I hate to have a girl look overdressed.
2. There's a nice blight on the evening for me if I see wisps of hair streaking down a woman's neck.
3. Instead of those tailored coveralls that some women go for, I like a girl to wear an evening dress that shows her shoulders a bit.

Our Cures:
1. A silk velvet suit, perhaps in bright red, perfectly tailored. It goes anywhere with calm assurance.
2. A lace mantilla, pinned at the back of your curls and hanging seductively down over the wisps.
3. Out of sight, out of mind.

**SAYS ROBERT STACK:**
1. When I take a girl on an outdoor date, I hate to see her all bundled up like a shapeless sack.
2. The thing that makes me mad is to be turned into a pet retriever—to be with a girl who's always dropping her gloves, or losing one, and then moaning about it all evening.
3. When I take a girl dancing, I like to have her look soft and pretty—thumbs down on that sleek sophisticated stuff.

Our Cures:
1. A lamb's wool coat, perfect for outdoor sports. Keeps its shape and you keep yours. Get it in white with bands of red and green.
2. A special clasp that snaps your gloves onto pocketbook or belt.
3. ?

**SAYS JOHN CARROLL:**
1. I don't like those silly hats—quite shapes with whatnots on them.
2. When I take a girl out and the weather turns bad I hate to have her ruin the fun by worrying about what she has on.
3. When we go dancing, I like the girl to wear a graceful dress that swirls around the floor.

Our Cures:
1. A turban with fringed ends. When you're playing solitaire, you can wind it exotically with the fringed ends forming a side drape; when you're two-ing you can tuck in the ends and keep the gentleman's blood pressure down.
2. A light beige corduroy coat, lined with warm wool. You can be two cliche's at once in this: Light as a feather, warm as toast.
3. ?

**Fashion Quiz**

**BY MARIAN H. QUINN**

You may have noticed we no answer to question 3. The reason is that we found a dress that answered the collective prayers. It is worn by Judy Garland in “Little Nellie Kelly.” In case you'd like to be mobbed on the dance floor, we give you directions for making it on page 84.
He is Ray Milland, most unpredictable man in Hollywood. He works for Paramount in "I Wanted Wings," sails boats and makes furniture on his day off. He is the father of 10-month-old Daniel David, the husband of Mal, a "swell person." He defines ideal wives as "good wives" and, what's more, believes the world is full of them.
The Girl who learned

An invaluable manual on style offered by one of Hollywood's best-dressed women, Carole Lombard. Follow it and you'll wear clothes that will turn people's heads.

BY JERRY LANE

CAROLE LOMBARD was on her knees shaving Robert Montgomery. Doing it expertly in devastating black satin pajamas with white coin dots, neatly topped with a black velvet robe.

She was talking about their marriage. Bob didn't talk at all—not with that razor slithering around so close to his throat! Then Director Alfred Hitchcock called "Cut"—and another scene for "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" was in the bag.

Now this film marks a special event for Lombard: It is the first time in three years that she has worn modern clothes in a picture. The cameraman nearly fainted when Hitchcock told him they would not need to make the customary dress tests. "Miss Lombard," explained the director, "knows clothes too well. She is one of the most skillfully dressed women in the world."

He didn't, of course, know the story of Carole and her clothes (r)evolution.

He had never heard the story of The Hat.

"It was that hat which taught me my first big lesson," said Carole. "I

"You have to be casual and easy in clothes to have them look well," says Lombard. "A few years ago (right), I was too formal in my outfits."

Five years ago (below): Exaggerated splendor. Today the Lombard clothes credo is simplicity.
thought it was such a beautiful hat."
She was Jane Peters then, just starting out on her career, and for weeks she had saved and skimped to buy a particular hat. Very carefully she brought it home and tried it on. Then came the climax: Away from the store it was so obviously the wrong hat. That was when Lombard learned Lesson Number One. You save and work for your clothes, but the real trick is to make them work for you. It's up to them to point up your personality, emphasize your coloring, high-light your best features. The job of a wardrobe is to help you to success.
The dress campaign Jane Peters began that day was a big item in making the star Carole Lombard. It's a campaign that every woman can plan for herself. Said Jane to Carole, "You're going to study colors and lines, my girl. You're going to experiment like mad." Because even if you're born with a flair for clothes, there are certain things you can learn only through experimenting.
Jane Peters, for instance, wore bright colors. Carole Lombard does not. She wears subtle off-tones instead. Blue-grays, wine, Rembrandt green, coral, lots of black and white. She has discovered the secret of dressing the face, of dramatizing it with color.
 If your eyes are blue like hers, for example, never kill them with high color. Use soft shades that will make pastel lights in them. On the other hand, if you have dark eyes, just remember the Russian fire song of that name and contrast them with brilliant colors, flame colors.
 If you want to deepen like magic the shade of both your hair and eyes, wear a dress in your skin tone. Carole does that. Her skin is a warm honey tone. Often she wears honey sheer wools by day, honey satin or velvet by night.
The next step in Carole's campaign was getting a line on clothes. A striking line. "I found out that illusion has a lot to do with smart dress," mused Carole. "You can add inches to your height with sweeping lines and take them away with horizontal lines. But the main thing is to get a line on your outfit (Continued on page 57)
Cutie-Puss

When a girl wants something badly, she'd give the coat off her back to get it. Bunny did—literally

By Albert Treynor

The Story So Far: She'd amazed the world at 8 as the child prodigy of Hollywood; she'd sailed through ten years of success and public adulation; and she ended up at 18 with no job, an "old" child star with nowhere to go. It would have broken any other girl, but Bunny Stanwood was not the type who gave in easily. That was why she'd determined to have a life of her own and thus had sent her stand-in, Natalie Irwin, in her place to a girls' school in the East in which her family had enrolled her.

She herself—unknown to her mother and father, of course—had gone East, too, to Broadway, to find herself a job. She'd had little success at that, until she'd met Johnny Morrison and Gilbert Gilroy, two young playwrights and, as plain Joan Brown, had gotten herself the leading part in their play by offering to be their "angel."

But she hadn't been able to turn the trick. Her desperate wire for $5,000 to her father, sent through Natalie at school, had brought back nothing but an admonishing letter. She hated to face Johnny, for the cast of "High Olympus" was even then rehearsing in McIntyre's unused theater in a little Massachusetts town. But he had to know that there was no money forthcoming, even at the expense of her own role in the play. And that was just what happened. When Bunny broke the news, she was out—her role was taken from her and her rival, Cissy Bolingsroke, stepped into the lead.

Bunny was happy, though, to play a small role in Johnny's play, especially when that meant that Johnny himself took time off from his extra job washing cars to coach her. What was better yet—the play was still to go on. A group of old-time vaudeville actors, old friends of Mac's, rallied around and produced their lifetime savings to help him out of his pinch. The only trick was that parts would have to be written into the play for them—and Johnny and Gil shook their heads in despair at the thought.

It was then that Bunny took a hand. "If I were you and Gil," she said to Johnny, "I'd boil the play down to fifteen minutes and let Mac go hogwild with the rest of the show!"

Johnny was soaking the mud off an automobile with a hose. He simply turned and, half in fun, half seriously, let Bunny have it full in the face.

"Then—" she didn't know how it happened, nor did he—they were in each other's arms and Johnny was crooning over her, "Cutie-Puss, you little idiot, you little darling."

When she got back to the theater she was walking on air. Johnny had held her in his arms... would have kissed her if Gil hadn't come in right then. She hurried down to her dressing room, lighted the light. Then she stepped back abruptly. Somebody was rolled up in draperies, sleeping on Bunny's mattress.

It was a girl—a golden head. Bunny stared for an instant and then let out a couple of frozen sounds. "Nat! What the—Natalie Irwin!"

Now Go On with the Story: The head of nuggetlike curls came up from the pillow and a pair of disapproving blue eyes blinked back at Bunny. "Well—if you call this being discovered by pictures—"

"What do you want?" Bunny gasped. "What are you doing here? Why aren't you in school?"

"I got kicked out of school." Natalie looked a little sullen about it, a little defiant. "They've wired your parents to take the brat home!"

Bunny had dropped in a lump on the mattress. "But—but Nat—how could you—when everything was so beautiful?"

"Beautiful?" Nat gaped around the cellar dressing room, at the cracked

Bunny rose from her seat and gave a wild glance at the microphone. She didn't dare wait—she had to do it right now

Illustration by Frank Dobias
mirror, the rust-stained basin, the scrofulous walls.

"Dad—he’ll find out about everything now! And he’ll—
and Mother, she’ll—Oh, Nat, how could you?"

Nat seemed to think Bunny was making a lot of fuss over nothing. "I guess maybe I got too fresh with the dean, or whatever they call that bossy dame. So I beat it and saw New York for a couple of days, and then—well, here I am!"

Bunny stumbled from her mattress, twisting her hands, pacing the floor. "Just when I was getting somewhere—and—and Johnny—" She caught herself, turned wildly on Nat. "Nobody’s going to stop me! Not you, or Dad, or Mother."

"Stop you what?" asked Nat.

"Come on!" said Bunny. "Get up! Get out of that!"

"But, Bunny—"

"Don’t you call me that! I’m Joan—see? And you’re my cousin—see?"

"Yes, but—"

"Get dressed, will you? I want to lie to Johnny about you and get it over with!"

"Ho!" said Nat, and looked askance at the strange little water-soaked figure that had come down from ermine to overalls. "So there’s a Johnny, is there?"

Bunny smiled dreamily. Then she turned into a minor whirlwind. "Get ‘em on!" She snatched up a handful of silken underthings, threw them at Nat and hauled her out of the covers. Johnny wasn’t at the parking lot—maybe he was at the lunch wagon at the railroad station. She pecked in at the lunch counter, saw no one and then turned back down the station platform.

The place was deserted. There was a bundle of newspapers that evidently had been kicked off one of the owl trains from New York. As Bunny walked under the lighted shed, she glanced idly at the bale of newsprint—and stopped dead in her tracks.

It was smeared across the front page of a roped-up paper in the blackest of type—her own name. It whammed her between the eyes: Bunny Stanwood Disappears.

Bunny went limp. She dropped to her knees and tore the top newspaper out of the bundle. In a panic her eyes leaped down the double-leaded column. She (Continued on page 66)
Why the
Perfect Wife's Marriage Failed

These are the things Myrna Loy might have told you about her breakup with Arthur Hornblow Jr. They are things that make you wonder if romance is, after all, the right basis for marriage.

BY ELIZABETH OWENS

When it was announced a few weeks ago that Myrna Loy was to go to court and file her action for divorce against Arthur Hornblow Jr., even Hollywood, bitingly accustomed to separations and partings, was hurt in its secret heart. The marriages of Lana Turner, Hedy Lamarr, Carole Landis—this year's crop of swift unions and swift dissolves—were all obviously madcap from start to finish. Hollywood positively hoped that the Norma Shearer-George Raft romance would not last—and it didn't. Everybody knew, almost from the moment of the wedding, that Crawford and Tone would eventually part. But Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow Jr! That was really a marriage, not just a flaming romance that had been solemnized with a ceremony.

Myrna announced that she would get the divorce because of incompatibility of temperament. She let it go at that and, perforce, Hollywood had to let it go at that, too, for incompatibility is the cause of every divorce, if you want to put a fine point on it, and constitutes legal grounds in the state of California.

There were, however, a lot of things that Myrna might have told if she were not the kind of person she is. They were things that would have stirred people's hearts with tender sympathy. They were the things that make you wonder, sometimes, if romance is the right basis for marriage after all; that make you consider if perhaps it isn't smarter to base a marriage on practical reasons and to more or less count love out of it.

For Myrna could have told a story of a woman's love, if she had been willing to.

She could, for instance, have started back on the exciting, sun-drenched, exquisite day four years ago when she and Arthur Hornblow were wed. She could have told how they were so giddily and happy about the whole event that they completely forgot about ordering her a bouquet.

They had gone just across the Mexican border to Tia Juana for the ceremony and in the moment before the binding words were to be read by a sleepy Mexican justice, Arthur climbed over the fence into a field of wild flowers they saw growing there and gathered Myrna a colorful bunch of them.

The gesture delighted Myrna. That wild, sweetly foolish bouquet was like a symbol of the marriage she wanted for herself and Arthur. She wanted their entire life together to be like that, uncalculated, never stuffy, always charming.

The start of their romance had not been too happy. Arthur had been married then, married to Julie Hornblow, though long estranged from her. Juliette Crosby Hornblow had been an actress, too.

Myrna could have told that Arthur wasn't the first man she had loved, but that he was so surely, so wonderfully, the first man she had wanted to marry and to live with forever after. Almost from the moment of their introduction, she was in love with him, stimulated by his colorful intelligence, fascinated by his ambitions, touched by his loneliness. She wavered, in fact, between ecstasy and anguish for a couple of years, the ecstasy of her love and the anguished fear that he might never attain his freedom.

So it was not alone because of her love but also because he had already known one marriage, and that an unhappy one, that made her determine on that day in Mexico, when he was finally free and they were able to wed, that she would be a perfect wife. She would create a perfect marriage. She and Arthur, she swore, would be no average man and wife. They would be sweethearts forever, playmates and partners in love forever. Theirs would be a romance that would never be allowed to die.

That, of course, would have been a wonderful start on Myrna Loy's love story. She could have made the story most thrilling if she had gone into how she and Arthur built their dream of a house. Its setting was a hollow hidden in the hills, an untamed spot that Myrna had discovered when she first arrived from Billings, Montana, and which she had loved ever since. The house they built was a white, rambling country affair. They put plain wire fences around it and surrounded themselves not with swimming pools and tennis courts and such show-off things but with the permanent natural things, fruit trees and massed flowers and tangled wildwoods where birds could safely sing.

It would have been sweet to have heard, too, about their first three years when they lived in that honey-moon house. They were rich, of course, rich with their combined salaries, rich in friendships, rich enough in every way to go in for a lot of things which are definitely chichi, but which are equally colorful and fun; wines at the right room temperature, exotic imported foods, flowers chosen to match the colors of Myrna's gowns and guests picked to match the mood of the host.

Arthur gloved over being lord of the manor and Myrna gloved over him in that role. Arthur was always a magnificent host and their parties were always correctly done, in terms of menu, wines and the like. They never gave big jamborees; they weren't apt to be formal, either, in the sense of everyone's dressing for dinner and all that. But the Hornblow parties were perfect in the aesthetic and gusatory sense.

As a result, about a year ago, Myrna was distinctly overweight. The studio murmured about it. Myrna smiled about (Continued on page 71)
When a woman admits that she once proposed to a man you know she'll tell you a lot of other things. Greer Garson does

BY RUTH WATERBURY

SHE came into this world howling like a banshee, this Greer Garson who first stole the hearts of movie-goers with her gentle Mrs. Chips only to recapture them in her recent “Pride And Prejudice”; she who is now the distinctive star chosen by M-G-M to realize their higher hopes.

She came into this world in Ireland’s County Down on the twenty-ninth day of September in that blessed lull just before the World War when even in Ireland all people believed that peace and permanent prosperity were guaranteed.

She made her debut into life resting grandly upon an excessively pink satin pillow, a ceremonial pillow that had been in the Garson family for generations for just such occasions. In her case she was supposed to be starting a new line of Garsons, a line of four at least, but instead of being an angel child about this honor she lay there howling, too long of figure and equally scarlet of face and hair. She made, in fact, such an unholy sight, clashing against that poisonous pink that her very young mother, sitting up on a trembling elbow, took one look at her, gasped, “Why, she has red hair,” and then flopped down in bitter discouragement, her anguished face turned against the wall.

Today she swears that remark conveyed itself to her hour-old consciousness: for as she grew up a busy, serious and lonely little girl among the hedgerows of Ireland, she loathed her hair and automatically hated anybody who nicknamed her “Ginger,” as every stranger was wont to do.

The family searched violently back into both lines of ancestry to justify her coloring. They couldn’t reach a final conclusion as to which line of forebears that hair could be traced to Eric the Red on her father, George Garson’s side, or to the brigand Rob Roy McGregor (Roi means “red” in Scottish) on her mother’s.

Either way, she came from fighters from way back, and a good thing that was, too, or she would not have survived at all. Because she was, as fate had it, to be the only Garson child, her father dying suddenly when she was less than four months old and
Unromantic childhood recollections of M-G-M's romantic star: "Every winter was a nightmare of long woolen underwear, colds, bronchitis and cod-liver oil"

she and her girl mother left with a tiny income of a very few pounds a year and a big gloomy house a few miles outside of London.

There was also a string of small, all-alike houses in a dull and dreary district near by, a half-forgotten investment that now presented an obvious economy. So into one of these they moved. Although they made the little house gay and charming inside, the locale was unlovely and ungenial. "We had some kind neighbors," Greer says, "but we lived very much to ourselves and longed for the summer months when we escaped back to Ireland for heavenly long visits to my grandparents' home in the sweet green countryside.

"Ours was not a dramatic poverty," she confesses today as she sits in her charming Beverly Hills home, her beautiful mother close beside her, a punctilious butler serving tea from an exquisite silver tea service, the candlelight from crystal sconces flickering down upon bowls of fat red roses scattered everywhere. "Ours was that niggardly, cramping poverty of budget books gone over every week, of one pair of shoes supplementing one dress, of one pair of concert tickets weighed against paying the doctor's bill. We always had enough to eat, Mother and I, and we always were warm and housed, but there always was fear, too, fear that we wouldn't be able to make our money go quite around."

Her childhood, on the whole, was not a very happy one. She was always frail. "Every winter was a nightmare of long woolen underwear and colds, bronchitis and cod-liver oil," Greer confesses. "I was ill regularly, six weeks every autumn, six weeks every spring, ill enough to be put to bed for those intervals."

"People said I'd never raise her," her mother adds. "I thought, She'll never live to be 21. ' By the time she was 15 she had had enough illness to fill most lifetimes."

At school, she was naturally good at hockey and tennis but not strong enough to play them and her weaknesses, combined with the blight of her red hair and the fact that she grew taller inches and inches beyond her small schoolmates, caused her agonies of (Continued on page 89)
This is the season of the year when Hollywood, having made, digested and spit out their New Year's resolutions, becomes social and class-conscious.

In bygone years, there was only one class of people in Hollywood—the working class. Everybody knew everybody else. If you weren't invited to a party and you happened to pass a house lit up like a gambling ship, you just parked your car and went in, because you knew you hadn't been intentionally overlooked; the hostess had simply been too busy to invite you. And you were received with open arms. That was in the good old days which, unfortunately, are gone forever.

Not until lately did a lot of Hollywood people know that there was a Los Angeles Blue Book, because there were so few motion-picture names in it. Among the favored few to break into the sacred pages were the Harold Lloyds, the Alan Mowbrays, the Eddie Robinsons, the John Boles, the Irving S. Cobbs and Bob Stack.

But this year, having Babs Hutton (the Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow), Thelma Morgan (the former Lady Furness), Mrs. Reggie Vanderbilt, Lady Mendil and scads of others among our permanent inhabitants, the Los Angeles Blue Book has begun to mean something to Hollywood, especially since in the 1941 edition a num-

On the way up, Marie Dressler loved cottages. Once a star, she built a mansion

The old snob tradition of an expensive home is on the way out. Example: The Gables, who live simply on a Valley ranch

Left: Claudette Colbert never expected to spend more than $65,000 for her house. The final cost was a quarter of a million

Value of the Harold Lloyd house (living room, right) is so great the Lloyds can scarcely afford living there
There are lots of things besides acting ability that determine your salary in this town. The first requisite is to find a successful agent. Agents cast almost as many pictures as producers and are among the only people here that producers fear. Also, it's never been known to hurt a star's standing to marry a producer. That immediately puts her right up in the aristocracy class. Being only human, after all, our salary aristocrats enjoy depositing the largest checks written anywhere—and who wouldn't? I'm sure I would, if I could get one.

However, this lasts only until a smart lawyer comes into the picture, for they never will realize that the bigger the check, the bigger the income tax. A few wise girls here are actually working for $50,000 less per picture than they could get, thereby working more for themselves and less for Washington. Then, too, their success will last much longer, because the public won't grow so tired of their faces.

The salary caste imposes many burdens. First of all, according to our snob tradition, the star must have an expensive home. Claudette Colbert told me when she started building her home she never expected to spend more than $65,000 for it, but it cost her a quarter of a million, not because she wanted it that way, but because there are so many willing salesmen who shove you into things you don't want, just because you're too busy or too tired to argue. It's so much easier just to say, "All right, go ahead—I'll take it." But the headache comes after you've paid the bill and it's a headache that lingers on.

There's the story of the Harold Lloyds. When they first moved into their Beverly Hills home (which at that time was way out in the country) it was so large, so imposing they felt lost in it and kept riding up and down in the elevator because it was the only cozy place they could find. Now they're trying to have their taxes lowered due to the fact that the house has grown so in value they can scarcely afford to live there.

Why have such expensive places when most of the guests rarely get beyond the swimming pool, tennis courts and dining room anyway? And the upkeep of these palaces equals that of a young hotel. Many of our former stars have landed at the bottom simply because of their foolish efforts to maintain the homes they believed their positions demanded.

Even with all Marie Dressler's greatness, she had the same complex. As you know, she arrived here broke and the first time she visited me in my little home, she said, "If I could only have a place like this to call my own!"

Time marched on, as it has a habit of doing, and (Continued on page 96)
GIN RUMMY is played with an ordinary deck of cards. Only two may play.

Basically, this game is the same as ordinary rummy with only a few variations. Each player is dealt ten cards. The remainder of the pack is placed face down in the center of the table with one card turned up.

If the player opposite the dealer wants the card he picks it up. If he doesn't, the dealer may take it if he desires and the play begins from him, in that case.

Each player tries to get as many low-score cards in his hand as possible—thus aces, counting only as one, are at a premium, with twos, threes, fours, etc., very gratifying to have. Picture cards, of course, are persona non grata, if you are caught at the end without having them in sequence or in a bundle of three or four of a kind.

Here's where the real action begins: Regardless of whether or not a player has filled all the sequences and threes or fours of a kind, he may "lay down" his hand at any time he believes he has a lower score in his hand than his opponent has.

Thus a player may lay down:
Three of a kind; a sequence of four, such as eight, nine, ten, jack of spades; and have an ace, a three and a four left over. In that case, only these seven points count against him.

But his worthy opponent, on this showdown play, may actually have fewer points in his hand than the person who lays down the hand. For instance, this individual may have three fours, three nines, a six and seven of spades and an ace.

He is accorded the privilege of playing on the cards laid down by the first person. Thus No. 2 may play his six and seven of spades on No. 1's run of spades. Then, with only an ace left from his hand counting one point against him, No. 2 is seven points to the good over No. 1.

The most dramatic play of the game is "The Blitzkrieg," in which one player lays down a hand that has been entirely completed. In this case he gets not only all the points caught in his opponent's hand, but an additional bonus of ten points for "The Blitzkrieg" play.

Game is one hundred points. Cards are counted for their face value. Picture cards are counted ten a piece.
WILLIAM: WHAT stamps you an American girl? Proclaims it in remotest corners of the globe?

That aura of bright, pervasive freshness. The conscious perfection of groomed hair, groomed nails, chic dress—breezily clean skin.

That cool freshness of petal-smooth skin is your American passport to Beauty. Cultivate it, as do so many members of leading American families—by devoted observance of the Pond's ritual:

**SMOOTH ON** your face and neck clouds of tender, caressing Pond's Cold Cream. Then slap your cream-coated skin smartly for 3 full minutes. This deliciously slippery cream cleanses and softens. It mixes with dirt and make-up, the dried, dead cells on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

**WIPE OFF** all this softened debris with deft Pond's Tissues.

**AGAIN SLAP** with cream-laden fingers. And again clean off with caressing Pond's Tissues. These creamy spankings enhance both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Lines seem less apparent, pores seem diminished.

**FOLLOW** with the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Fresher.

**COAT** this freshened, dewy face with a layer of a distinctly other type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream. This cream's distinguishing duty is to slayer remaining harsh particles, aftermath of exposure, and leave your skin silken-smooth—plant! Wait one full minute before wiping it off. Then see how it has left an indelible mist finish on your skin. How competently it both receives and holds your powder!

Perform this ritual in full at least once, night or daytime. And in briefer form again whenever your skin and your makeup demand freshening. Keep your face ever cool, clean, sweet as a flower—do millions of lovely American girls—with Pond's.

**Send for Trial Case.** Fill in and forward coupon below, Pond's, Dept. FMM-180R, Clinton, Conn.

So I may start my Pond's ritual at once, please send my trial kit of basic preparations I need, including 3 famous Pond's creams and 7 Pond's Powder shades. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

Name
Address
City
State

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR... MRS. DAVID S. GAMBLE, JR....
MRS. NICHOLAS RIDGELEY DU PONT... MRS. ST. GEORGE DUKE...
MRS. MARY ELIZABETH WHITNEY... MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III

names which represent six great American families of culture, wealth and distinction. Each follows the Pond's ritual
DEAR JUNIORS:

I've been reading Movie Mirror Junior for years now, so it's quite a change to be writing it myself; and I'm awfully glad that now I have the chance to write you a letter, too, and maybe have you write to me.

The last picture I played in was "A Little Bit of Heaven" and I was Gloria Jean's boy friend in it. I think I enjoyed that picture more than any other because Gloria is one of my favorite actresses as well as being a simply swell girl, and Butch and Buddy are a lot of fun, too.

I came out to Hollywood six years ago when I was 7, to play in the Our Gang comedies. You see, we lived in Dallas, Texas, and my sister, Jane, who's four years older than I, was going to dancing school there. They were planning to put on a play at the school and asked if I'd sing something, although I wasn't connected with the school. So I sang "Now's The Time To Fall In Love" and luckily a talent scout from Hal Roach studios was in the audience, so he told my family to bring me out to Hollywood.

My grandmother came out with me and then the rest of the family followed about three or four months later. She took me right to the Hal Roach studio and Mr. Roach put me right in the "Our Gang" comedies and there I was in pictures.

After two years of that, they thought I was getting too big to continue in the comedies. Gus Edwards was having an audition over at KFWB for his "Schooldays of the Air" over the radio, so I tried out for it and got on the program as master of ceremonies. It ran for thirty-six weeks.

Then I got the part of mascot on Nelson Eddy's team in "Rosadic." Mr. Eddy is a swell person to work with and that picture was fun.

After that I went into "Hideaway" with Fred Stone and then Columbia signed me up to play Joey in the "Five Little Peppers" series with Edith Fellows. That was swell and we all had a lot of fun. Charles Barton was the director and he was wonderful to us.

I'm in the 8A grade and go to school in Encino near where I live. We live on a ranch in Tarzana which is about ten miles away from Hollywood. We've got an acre of ground, with walnut trees and peach, plum, lime and other fruit trees, and two cockey spaniels. Jane has a white horse which she calls April, and Rocky is my horse. He's a cow horse and jet black.

IT'S swell going to public school. But the arithmetic we have to do gets me down. I'd like to go to college if I could manage it without having to drop out of pictures. When I'm working, I have to go to school on the lot, of course, but I'm on the Encino volley ball team and the football team; so they get a substitute for me when I'm at the studio.

Before we moved out to the ranch, we lived in Brentwood, in one of the canyons. But after the rains flooded us out back in 1937 we decided to get to a little more level ground. It was very exciting and pretty dangerous, too. It rained for several days and the water just poured down the canyon and finally it came up to the house and started coming in through the door, at which time we got scared and rushed out to the car. The water was almost up to the wheels and it wouldn't start, so we had to get out again and wade up to a big house higher on the hill. All the lights had gone out, but the people there took us in until finally much later a taxi was able to get through so we could go to a hotel. When it stopped raining we went back home again. The house wasn't damaged much, but mud had piled up three feet in the yard and all around the house. It was certainly an awful feeling, struggling through the water to get some place where it was dry. It was the most exciting thing that ever happened to me.

Writing you this letter makes me feel as though I knew all you Juniors very well. Thanks for reading it.

Your friend,

TOMMY BOND.

P.S.—How about writing to me, too? If you'll write and tell me what's the most exciting thing that's ever happened to you, I'll give ten autographed photos to the ten boys or girls writing in the most interesting letters. Miss Betty Turner will help me judge them, so please write to me in care of Movie Mirror Junior, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, but be sure to mail your letters before January 25th, 1941.

Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly, we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us.
Can your Beauty really be Re-Born?

"Yes!" says Lady Esther

"In your NEW-BORN-SKIN!"

Just under your present surface skin...a New-Born Skin is coming to life. Will it have a New-Born beauty? Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help to make it smoother, lovelier...so your New-Born Skin may make you younger looking when it comes to view.

WOMEN eagerly ask..."Is it true...Will I have a New-Born Skin?" Yes...sooner than you know, the skin you see and touch today, will be gone, flaked away. For underneath this surface skin, new beauty is awakening in the young skin which is growing to life, and preparing to replace your older and worn-out skin of today.

Will this New-Born Skin flatter you...will it be lovelier...will it make you look younger?

Your New-Born Skin can bring a revelation of beauty to your face, if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help nature gently remove the flakes of old skin...soothingly to clear and cleanse away surface impurities. Only then can your New-Born Skin emerge in all its beauty and all its glory!

These dry flakes are the villains that can rob your New-Born Skin of beauty. They keep your face powder from looking smooth. They can and do make you look older.

My 4-Purpose Face Cream permeates these flakes of old skin. Dirt and impurities are loosened so they can be gently whisked away. Rough spots caused by dryness seem to vanish. You can prove this if you will use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Cream at least twice every day, and above all, just before you powder. How soft your skin will feel! How smooth your powder will look! For Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream makes your skin look smooth and helps you to keep your accent on youth!

Ask Your Doctor About Your Face Cream

See if he doesn't agree that only the finest, purest face cream can help your New-Born Skin to be as beautiful as it can be! See if he doesn't tell you that every word Lady Esther says is true...that her cream removes the dirt, the impurities and dandr, dry skin particles. That it refreshes your skin and helps Nature to refine your pores.

Try my Cream at my expense. Let it reveal a first glimpse of the future loveliness that may be yours.

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—always crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!
$10.00 PRIZE
Personal Note of Thanks

THANKS for making that swell picture "Knute Rockne—All American." Warner Brothers. You see—"Rock" has always been my hero. Yeah—ever since I made my first touchdown scrimmaging with the fellows down on the corner lot. Soon as I could I started reading all about him and Notre Dame's fighting Irish. A boy never forgets his childhood hero—especially when it's a great guy like Rockne.

Some of us fellows on the Varsity squad went to see your movie last week when it hit the little college town where I am lucky enough to be. It was just a few days before our toughest conference game.

We've got a swell coach here. He's got lots of pep and he's always back of us—greatest guy I've ever met, in fact. However, I feel that it was Rockne himself who coached this last game for us. I don't know about the rest of the fellows, but the enthusiasm and determination that I got from seeing that picture was better than any pep talk given between halves. We won the game, 7-6. It was a tough battle, too—take it from a guy who got a broken nose out of the deal.

Thanks again for introducing me to Rockne on the screen. It makes him seem so real to me now—just as if I had really known him. I'd like personally to give Pat O'Brien a slap on the back for his remarkable performance in this role. I'm sure there are lots of other college men who feel the same way about it. Pat.

L. A. WILLIAMS
Macomb, Illinois

$5.00 PRIZE
Encore For a Favorite

RECENTLY I went to a concert given by Jeanette MacDonald at Little Rock, Arkansas.

Weeks before she was scheduled to appear I began hearing rumors about her whine being unaccomplished. I was on the verge of calling off my trip but when I did finally decide to go, my expectations were far from good.

After I had waited for an hour in my seat, third row from the front, the lights in the auditorium were dimmed and I saw Jeanette MacDonald walk onto the stage. The audience was breathless, spellbound for a moment, then it burst into wild applause. Miss MacDonald was absolutely exquisite. Her gown was gorgeous—blue-gray net over pink—her complexion was flawless, her teeth perfect, her hair unbelievably beautiful, her voice as always—unsurpassable, her charm and grace and poise—no words can describe them. I defy anyone to say that Jeanette MacDonald is not even more lovely in real life than she is on the screen.

She was called back again and again; her personality reached every heart in the entire audience. I was thrilled beyond words to see my favorite motion-picture actress come through with such an outstanding triumph.

I shall never again believe the ugly rumors I hear about actors and actresses in the motion-picture business. Jeanette MacDonald has given me faith in her and her kind and I hope to see her remain at the top as long as she herself wishes to do so.

CLEMMA LOU WRIGHT
Conway, Arkansas

$1.00 PRIZE
Two Winners

SINCE corn and porks are gone up and I get a chance on a set of dishes along with the double feature, I been seeing quite a spell of movies for myself.

That Hedy Lamarr has got more oomph than my prize pig that got plastered with blue ribbons at the fair this fall. There's nothing like her in this country. How does a batichelor go about meeting up with these picture stars? And is that mostly paint that makes her so purty?

I want to know before I go and get involved.

CY SAUM
Yankton, South Dakota

DEAR TYRONE,

You recently paused at the Nashville Municipal Airport long enough to make a phone call and visit the restaurant. You were immediately recognized and pursued by enthusiastic boys and girls. Your unexpected appearance so added them that they could do nothing more than grin from ear to ear and thrust pieces of paper at you for autographs. Suddenly you wheeled around and burst forth, telling your young admirers to "stop bothering" you. Those grins faded away to expressions of bewilderment and those pieces of paper fluttered to the floor as they backed away.

Now, I understand that at this time you had important things on your mind—such as the problem of transporting Annabella's parents from bullet-ridden France to a safer place, but you are supposed to be a great actor. Couldn't you have put on a little act for those few minutes at the airport restaurant?

We fans are responsible for your popularity—and we hope you aren't letting us down.

Those Nashville kids think their hero is a big disappointment. I know, for I was one of them.

ANNA CLAIRE
Nashville, Tennessee

(Continued on page 91)
Now YOU can give your skin screen star care—right in your own home

Lovely Loretta Young shows you just how screen stars protect million-dollar complexions. Now you can give your skin regular beauty facials just as they do. You'll find Active-Lather Facials with Lux Toilet Soap remove dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly—help you keep skin smooth!

Milder! Costly Perfume! Pure! ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars—clever women everywhere—use it to protect loveliness
Scene: The Jack O’Lantern Ball, given by the League for Crippled Children at the Cocoanut Grove, Ambassador Hotel, Act I: The Fashion Show. The models were rolled out in huge hat boxes. Below is Rosalind Russell

Act I: The victors get the spoils. Master of ceremonies Jack Benny gives Tracy second prize, a hat decorated with champagne. Harold Brix wins first—a hat order for his wife from Vicki Lynn, the “Mad Hatter” of Beverly Hills, who put on the fashion show, donated materials

Act II: Artistes Herbert Marshall, Howard McKay, Eddie Sutherland, Harold Brix and Spencer Tracy were given an assortment of hat materials, allowed three minutes to whip up a hat. Left: The assorted results, Mr. Tracy pinned his feather on backwards

Act III: The victors get the spoils. Master of ceremonies Jack Benny gives Tracy second prize, a hat decorated with champagne. Harold Brix wins first—a hat order for his wife from Vicki Lynn, the “Mad Hatter” of Beverly Hills, who put on the fashion show, donated materials

Caught the imagination of all Hollywood, these two people who would not permit careers, gossip, world havoc, to interfere with their love.

Now we learn, upon the completion of their co-starring film, “Lady Hamilton,” they will quietly board the Clipper for home where Laurence will join the Royal Air Force and his wife will aid her country in war work, just to be near his side.

All Hollywood salutes their bravery and wishes them “happy landings.”

Director Lombard: It was the last day of shooting on “Mr. and Mrs. Smith,” so a festive air pervaded the set when we dropped in at the RKO ranch out Encino way. Just for a lark, it had been decided that Carole should turn director and put Alfred Hitchcock and Robert Montgomery through a scene. Director Hitchcock, looking very much like one of those round-bottomed dolls that you can’t push over, stood around waiting to be directed, while Carole created vast amount of noise and confusion getting the cameras lined up. It was a simple scene: Robert Montgomery was to walk briskly by while Hitch played the part of a panhandler, asking for a dime for a cup of coffee. Hitch wanted to do it in the Hollywood manner and ask for a dollar. Lombard refused. Hitchy pouted. “Good!” cried Carole. “After Bob turns you down, you pout. And put pathos into it. Ready, camera? Well, what are we waiting for?”

This last brought a howl, because Hitchcock is always plaintively asking, “What are we waiting for?” It was a lot of fun and we tell it just to show what goes on out here, where making movies is supposed to be very, very hard work.

Cal’s Tattle Tales: Jimmy Stewart stayed away from the airport the day Olivia de Havilland made her first solo flight. It was Jimmy who got Olivia interested in aviation. She made a six-minute flight alone and a perfect landing.

“Jimmy was afraid he’d make me nervous.” Olivia explained. Sorry, Livvie, we heard it was the other way around.

Smart Girl: More and more it’s becoming apparent in Hollywood that one movie career and one only in a family is the rule for happy marriage. With this so apparent, one smart girl, who loves her husband above all else, is taking steps in the right direction.

Yes, Carole Lombard, who loves her husband Clark Gable so devotedly, has announced in the future she’ll make only one picture a year.

“At the very most, I’ll make three in two years,” Carole said. “I want to be free to join Clark in his ‘between picture’ vacations.”

Maybe Carole has in mind that vacation Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have been trying to take together for several years. But either Bob is free while Barbara works or it’s the other way around.

At any rate, the two-career marriages have only a 50-50 chance, it seems, and Carole Lombard is taking no chances with hers.
FOR SOUND

A column of disc data on the new movie music

By JERRY MASON

YES Dance: Kay Kyser has been tilting the ticket receipts of local movie emporiums with his second RKO effort, "You'll Find Out." Among other things, four of the most recorded tunes of the year have emerged from that musical. Kay has done well by "The Bad Humor Man," "I'd Know You Anywhere," "You've Got Me This Way" and "I've Got A One Track Mind." (Columbia).

From there on, the field is practically wide open: Almost every baton-wielding conductor who batons is booming the worthy "You'll Find Out" compositions. OKAY For Sound says the best of the bunch is Jimmy Dorsey's "The Bad Humor Man" with "You've Got Me This Way" backing it up (Decca).

Calling Gramercy S----: Artie Shaw's small swing group, called the Gramercy Five, has turned out "Summit Ridge Drive" and "Cross Your Heart," Swell jazz. For a sample of what Artie's big band does with soft strings and swing, try "Love Of My Life" and "A Handful of Stars" (Victor). The latter is from M-G-M's "Hullabaloo" and for further variations on it listen to Glenn Miller (Bluebird) and Jimmy Dorsey (Decca).

South American Way: One of the best gestures in months toward Pan-American friendship is made by honey-toned Dinah Shore, who sings the title song from Fox's "Down Argentine Way." "Yes, My Darling Daughter" is the companion piece. (Bluebird).

"Love Thy Neighbor": In those lulls when Fred Allen and Jack Benny aren't commercializing their feud before Paramount's cameras in "Love Thy Neighbor," Mary Martin is able to sneak in a few songs. You'll be hearing a lot of them, too. Bob Crosby on Decca and Tommy Dorsey, Victor, have both diced up "Do You Know Why" and "Isn't That Just Like Love."

Two Bits Of Heaven: Universal has cornered the market on junior sopranos. First there was Deanna Durbin and then Gloria Jean. Deanna sings, liltingly, "When April Sings" and "Waltzing In the Clouds" (Decca). They come by way of Universal's "Spring Parade." Not so good was Gloria Jean's third starrer, "A Little Bit of Heaven." But the songs and Gloria Jean's talent were there: "After Ev'ry Rainstorm" and "A Little Bit of Heaven" (Decca).
"just to touch your dear soft HANDS"

Why Most Girls’ Hand Skin Needs Special Care

Why Most Girls’ Hand Skin Needs Special Care

NATURALLY scamped a bit on your hand skin—made it less oily; easily cheated of its natural softening moisture. All the more reason to use Jergens Lotion regularly! It’s the easy way to furnish your skin with new skin-softening moisture.

Two ingredients in Jergens are used by many doctors to help dry, rough skin to adorable smoothness. No stickiness! More girls use Jergens now than any other Lotion. Such a simple way to cultivate heart-winning soft hands! Regular use helps prevent mortifying roughness and chapping. Start now to use Jergens Lotion, 50c, 25c, 10c, $1.00.

FREE! PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE
MAIL THIS COUPON NOW
(Paste on penny postcard, if you wish)
Jergens Lotion Company, 520 Fifth Street
 garden, Ohio (if you have more than one)

JERGENS LOTION
FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

Cutie-Puss
(Continued from page 51)
caught it in black, stabbing flashes. Bunny Stanwood vanishes from young lapsing college. Father admitted she was enrolled under fictitious name. Her clothes and baggage left in dormitory room. Window found open; Golden girl decamps in the night. No word to her parents, no trace of her. Mr. Stanwood appeals to police and all governmental agencies to scour Atlantic seaboard for missing young woman. Mother on verge of a breakdown.

BUNNY stumbled to her feet in consternation. A big story was building. The press was blowing it up.

"Nat!" Bunny moaned. "Why’d you do it?"

"Why wouldn’t I?" asked Nat. "The dean ordered me to stick around the dormitory. Your father was sending Cornelius by plane. You think I want to face Cornelius—or your father?"

"Oh, gee!" said Bunny. "You’ve messed things up!"

"I think you’re the one to explain to Cornelius," said Nat. "Not me."

"But—but what can I—what am I to do?"

"I figured you could send a telegram and tell your father it wasn’t my fault—that you made me do something I didn’t want to—"

"And have ‘em find me? Dad’d jerk me out of here! He’d yank me home! And I’d never—"

Bunny’s eyes brimmed with despair and she turned heavily and started back down the street. "If I don’t get word to Mother somehow, she’ll be having fits. She’s got to know I’m all right?"

"Well, phone her, why don’t you?" It all seemed quite simple to Nat. But Bunny shook her head violently. "A phone booth’d be more dangerous than a telegraph office."

She turned sharply to Nat. "Say—what day is it?"

"Saturday. And if you want my advice—"

"Be quiet! Wait a minute! Hey—isn’t Saturday one of Danny Davenport’s nights?"

"Danny Davenport never liked you very much," Natalie recalled, with just a trace of complacency. "Why—why, he’ll be broadcasting tonight from New York. He has fifteen minutes on the Tibbury Coffee hour. Remember? Gosh—and Dad always listens in!"

"Remember what he said about you in ‘Lady Flyaway’?" asked Nat.

"I got it!" Bunny was kindling with a new kind of excitement. "Look! You know the microphones they hang over the audiences in the broadcast studios, so you can hear ‘em applaud and guffaw. They have ‘em in New York, the same as Hollywood. If I could get in there tonight and holler into one of those audience mikes!"

She turned impetuously to Nat. "How much money you got left?"

"Huh?"

"We’ve got to have railroad fares to Radio City and back."

"About thirty bucks," said Nat. "And if I were you—"

They caught the 10:40 New York local.

THE invited audience was queuing up at Radio City for the Tibbury Coffee hour. Bunny was well aware that ducats for almost any kind of a free show would be at a premium. Of course she asked for a pair, but the man only laughed.

Oh, well? She prowled among the link
of waiting ticketholders, to see what were chances. Up near the head of the queue she picked out a couple of women who she hoped might be open to reason.

"I'd give anything," said Bunny, "to get in there and hear Danny Davenport!"

"Us too," spoke up the younger of the women. "I betcha he dishes the dirt on Bunny!"

"How do you like my coat?" Bunny inquired. "Baby lamb. Isn't it elegant? It's worth five hundred bucks. Look!" she opened the buttons to exhibit the lowered satin lining. "Trade you for your tickets and your coat to boot."

The girl was as small as Bunny. Her coat was a kind of a curly frieze. She latched it tighter around her and circled it.

"Look!" Bunny pivoted and gave a neat job of modeling.

"Maw!" gasped the girl.

"It's just made for a svelte figure like hers!" said Bunny. "Honey, let's see how it fits."

It fitted all right. Maw saw to that. She walked around the coat, felt its lamby softness, peered under the armpits, may be for moths.

"Humph!" she said.

And the next thing Bunny knew, she had two tickets in her hand and the frieze wrapped around her, while Maw and daughter got away from there so fast you'd have thought the cops after them.

Bunny grabbed Nat and hauled her into the coffee-show line-up.

A T the quarter-hour stroke in the big radio center building the doors of one of the soundproof grottoes opened and the crowd surged in. Bunny and Natalie were in the forefront. A quick glance around, and Bunny spotted the nearest audience mike. She steered Nat to the seats directly underneath.

The place filled up, was sealed up, the orchestra went on the air. They got the commercial out of the way. Then Anne Davenport.

Mr. Davenport wore his evening clothes for the benefit of those in the all. He was quizzical and bald and his size had voice out of all proportion. Having accepted his introduction he penned his script and went to work.

Bunny sat tight and gripped the arms of her chair.

To Mr. Davenport a microphone was a big glistening ear into which you hoarsely drilled your confidences all over the United States.

"Friends!" he said—"I'll bet you're exciting a Davenport exclusive on the air of-the-hour. Yes? O.K. Don't tell anybody—but Bunny Stanwood never attended the women's college where she was supposed to be enrolled! She planted herself there! Friends, it was the plant who disappeared from that dormitory room! Bunny herself vanished from the public eye many weeks ago, after a blazing row with her boss!"

Bunny rose from her seat and cast a wild glance at the microphone above her head. Maybe they had shut it off and just left the stage mike for the commentator. Or if they hadn't, they might any minute. She didn't dare wait. If Dad were listening in—she'd better let him have it fast.

"Friends—I don't know the rest of the answers!" Mr. Davenport confessed. Where is Bunny today? Do her parents know? Does Meteor-Argus know? Is it a hush-hush conspiracy to cheat the newshounds of some juicy morsel? Or is it merely a frame-up in the name of sweet publicity?—"

That was where Bunny took her fate in her hands. She drew a quivering

---

New "ONE-JAR" Beauty Treatment soon helps your Complexion to Inviting Smoothness, helps against dull, Dry Skin.

CLEAR, fine skin, smooth as satin! So easy for you to cultivate now, with this new Jergens Face Cream!

All-purpose cream—so "right" for every type of skin, it's endorsed by Alix, famous creator of lovely fashions.

Use this one new Jergens Face Cream every day: (1) for expert cleaning; (2) to help soften your skin; (3) for a smooth finish for powder; and (4) as a lovely Smooth-Skin night cream to help against dry skin. You know, very dry skin may tend to wrinkle early and so look old too soon.

You owe this delightful new cream to Jergens skin scientists, who make the popular Jergens Lotion for your soft hands. Have "kissable" skin; use this simple new "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment. 50c, 25c, 10c, $1.00 a jar at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today, sure!

Endorsed by Alix of Paris Furious Fashion Creator

USERS PRAISE IT!

Walter Winchell introduced Jergens Face Cream on the air. Thousands tried this new cream.


---

JERGENS FACE CREAM

JERGENS FACE CREAM

FOR A SMOOTH, KISSABLE COMPLEXION

FREE! Generous Sample of lovely new Face Cream. Mail coupon now.

(Paste on penny postcard, if you like)

The Andrew Jergens Company, 1864 Alford Street

Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)

Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.

Name: ___________________________

Street: __________________________

City: ____________________________

State: __________________________

February, 1941
Mrs. T. handles a Difficult Case

Jestige won't go. Isn't it—
her newspapers.!
minutoach the ir withdrawn, very
all

The Difficult Case

night court was something new to
Bunny. It seemed a stuffy place, not
dramatic or even frightening. She
gathered vague ideas somewhere
that policemen always got tough with their
prisoners. But her cops were different.
One of them was Mrs. Davenport. Arr
the judge and then Bunny heard her name
called—or anyway, the one she was using
at the moment.

"Jenny Brown."

She stood up and looked around un-
certainty. The bailiff beckoned to her.
A trifle weak-kneed, she got over to the
bench and stood.

The court favored her with a trifle
more than his routine scrutiny.

"I wonder," the judge asked at length,
"if you appreciate the general public
usefulness of our broadcasting systems?"

"Yes, sir," said Bunny.

"Don't interrupt!" he frowned. "When
an individual sets his personal interests
counter to the public interest, he be-
comes a nuisance."

Bunny didn't dare answer. She just
noodled.

"Why did you yell into that micro-
phone?" demanded the court.

I only wanted to say hello to Paw
and Maw," Bunny faced him, the soul
of frankness, of gawky innocence.

"Where do you live?"

"New Orleans," said Bunny.

"I don't think you were actuated by
any such dutiful impulse," the court took
issue. "I think you yelled into that mike
just for the fun of it."

She opened her mouth, but he checked
her sharply.

"Young woman, the court sympathizes.
All of us have irrational impulses to holler
out in a general way as if we're in the
self-control to resist our wanton prompt-
tings. Those who haven't should be glad
to pay for their fun. . . . The fine is ten
dollars. Next case, please."

All the way back to Danville Bunny
dozed in the seat corner of a chan-
kling day coach and ignored the pleas-
misms of Natalie. But the instant
the brakeman called out the familiar station
name, she was awake and alert, eagerly
breathing the brisk morning air of New
England.

As the girls climbed off the owl train,
a bundle of newspapers came bouncing
out of the baggage car and arced
across the station platform. Even before
the train pulled out, Bunny was down
on her hands and knees, scanning the
morning headlines.

And yes, it was all there in screaming
banners:

"BUNNY BREAKS IN ON BROADCAST
Little princess flashes word to father,
identified runaway daughter. Crazy
attempt to relieve mother's fears succeeds.
World-familiar face unrecognized by noted
movie commentator. Fabled youngsters
arrested for mad escape. Pays fine and
flees. Stanwood's phone call from Bel Air to
Radio City relayed to Judge Hibbard's
court just a few seconds too late. Bunny
disappears again."
The melodramatic story turned the
front page. . . . but probably col-
umns more of it. Bunny, however, didn't
bother to unite the rope. She could
imagine the rest. But a two-column, page-
one headline, "Our Man bunny—
"frightening."

Bunny's hands tightened. "Nat it isn't
fair! I've made my own way all my life.
Why should they stop me now? Because
I'm not a nice—nice girl. All that made
any difference. But I'm going to be big
again. Not that that part matters either.
All that matters is I'm doing the things
that belong to me—things that are mine
by every right—don't you understand?"

"No, I don't!" said Nat.

"All right," said Bunny. "I guess no-
body understands me, Bunny faced and
Johnny, and Mac and a few more like us." She
smiled mistily. "I guess I'd better go
square myself for not washing those
windshields last night."

She left Nat at the theater and went
across to the parking lot to look for
Johnny. He was nowhere in sight. She
hunted through the washing shed, hop-
ing she'd find him asleep in one of the
cars.

But he wasn't asleep. He sat hunched
in somebody's coupe, with the radio
turned on low, just sitting quiet. He
didn't even turn his head as Bunny came
up.

"Johnny?"

She was so happy, so glad to be back
—all set to carry things off with female
highhandedness.

But something in Johnny's look
quenched the joy in her eyes. He spoke
to her, but his voice had a withdrawn,
unwelcoming sound.

"I heard the news story on the radio
around midnight" he informed her
abruptly. "Your bulletin got through to
Bel Air. Bunny—do you hear your voice?"

"My father—" Her throat contracted
her hands fell limp.

He was listening in on the Tilbury
Coffee House. "Jenny gasped. "And so was
I. I got your voice in a minute!"

"You—Johnny!" He had her gasping
"What are you talking about?
Your—your career—whatever that's
supposed to be!" he told her. "All right—as
far as I'm mixed up in it, it's finished
Let it go, will you, Miss Stanwood?"

She scowled hard and tried to steady
herself.

Then she raised her chin with a jerk
"All right then! I'm Bunny Stanwood
So what?"

For Bunny, everything depends on how
Johnny treats her now. A word from
him—and all her plans are destroyed.
Watch for "Cutie-Puss" in your March
Photoplay-Movie Mirror.
include what she called "a brief, dramatic sketch" at the end of each discussion of feminine pretties. She discovered she liked to read lines. So she hied herself to New York, where she succeeded in acquiring a succession of not very impressive stage roles. The best of these was the part of Kay in the road show of "Dead End," which brought her to Los Angeles and a screen test.

When the test was approved and she had secured an agent and was given a contract to read, she developed a serious case of jitters. She still didn't know exactly what she wanted to do with her life. And here was a plan, written out in black and white, which might decide everything for her—for better or for worse.

"I didn't know anything about pictures," she says. "I didn't know whether I'd like them or not. That piece of paper seemed to suggest that if they liked me they could keep me for seven of the best years of my life. If they didn't like me, they could throw me overboard at the end of any old six months. I had to think it over."

Natural ambition, native caution and feminine instincts all combined to confuse her. So she stalled. She wrote down a lot of questions which she told her agents she wanted to have answered before she signed. One or two of these will tell you a good deal about what kind of person she is.

The first one was, "May I marry at any time I want to—and have as many children as I want after that?" She chewed her pencil a while after she wrote this down and then added, "No punches pulled on the answer to this one, please!"

The second question was, "Shall I be asked to pose for a lot of pictures in bathing suits or something? M-G-M may as well know now that I'm not the type!" She wasn't fretting about the amount of the salary offered or how much work she would be required to do. She was trying, in her inexperienced way, to safeguard her rights as a person, an individual.

The questions were answered to her liking so, feeling rather important and even a bit pampered, she signed on the dotted line...and found herself at once in one of the most thorough dissecting rooms in the world. The studio was anxious to know just what it had acquired in this new property. She set herself to study this new job as she had never studied for her Bachelor of Philosophy degree. One of the first things, aside from the usual routine grooming of a potential star, was the art of getting along with people.

I found out that it wasn't any use trying to remember whether you'd met a person before you spoke," she says. "The thing to do is say, in the breeziest possible manner, 'Hi-yah!' or 'There you are!' You see, they don't know whether they've met you, either.'

She had enough good hard common sense to try to learn from anyone who was willing to teach her.

There was the important director who became interested in her after she had been in pictures only a short while. Said he, "Now, Ruth, you'll have to develop some special quality. Some definite, individual thing which sets you apart from other people. It isn't enough just to be able to wear clothes and speak lines. You have to have something special."

"I'm a businesswoman, I hope," she says. "And I wanted to get along in this business, now that I seemed to be stuck..."
made

Perky
and Glad

with

LINIT

"The Friend of Fine Fabrics"

Children's clothes stay crisp, fresh, clean-looking longer when you starch them in Linit. For Linit penetrates the fabric instead of merely coating the surface. It lays tiny fibres that catch dust, dirt. Linit makes ironing easier. Your grocer sells Linit.

Droopy
and Sad

with

LINIT

"The Friend of Fine Fabrics"

Children's clothes stay crisp, fresh, clean-looking longer when you starch them in Linit. For Linit penetrates the fabric instead of merely coating the surface. It lays tiny fibres that catch dust, dirt. Linit makes ironing easier. Your grocer sells Linit.
it. Certainly she would never have told what one of her friends did. Her friend explained, "If Arthur wants Myrna to eat and drink, she will eat and drink. If those are some of the things that make him happy and they get in the way of her career, then it's too bad for the career. Myrna is a wife, first and foremost, and an actress long afterwards."

All Myrna's friends knew, too, how her interest in Arthur's productions quite outweighed her interest in her own. They knew, for example, how she carelessly let herself be manoeuvred, because of studio politics, out of the leading feminine role in 'Boom Town' and into the very much less important 'Third Finger, Left Hand.'

If she'd been more aggressive about her own interests, she could undoubtedly have prevented that, but all that time she was fiercely studying every ad in every publication that came out, not looking for clothes or bargains that she could buy for herself, but looking instead at the pretty girl models who posed in them. This was because she was aware of Arthur's hunt for an unknown girl to go into one of his productions.

**These** were some of the things Myrna Loy could have told.

But she had never told, and probably she never will tell, what it must have meant to her in terms of tears and sleeplessness, when she came to the realization that her romance was fading. Perhaps Myrna will never tell any of those things because it looks as though even up until three months ago she would not admit the death of her marriage, even to herself. Three months ago, the whispers first started flying in Hollywood.

Three months ago, the whispers first began concerning Arthur's interest in still another actress. There were whispers and no more and there was no confirming the truth of them. It is highly possible that they were entirely compounded of imagination and fabrication; but they were as important, attractive and desirable as Arthur is always subject to such gossip.

Arthur was home ill when the whispers first began and all Hollywood knew how faithfully Myrna nursed him through that sickness. After he recovered, Myrna herself fell sick, badly enough for her doctor to insist upon hospitalization. It was "merely flu"—but any victim of that sly disease knows how weak and wretched it can leave you. It is at a time like that that a wife needs a husband around to protect and comfort her, but it was right after returning home from the hospital that Myrna finally confirmed those rumors.

Yes, she said, there would be a divorce. The grounds, she said, would be incompatibility of temperament. That is all she said, this girl who had had a dream of being a perfect wife; this girl who had portrayed the perfect wife so charmingly, so truly, on the screen that a million wives and husbands had been inspired by that portrait to make their marriages more lovely and beautiful.

So salute her, this wife, who even at the end is still behaving perfectly. It will work out for her. It must work out for her if dignity and love and fineness mean anything in this life of ours.

---

**BLONDIES! these 3 questions settle a vital problem**

**WHEN trying to choose the right powder shade for yourself, you need ask yourself only three questions.**

1. **Shall I make my skin fairer?**
   - The matter comes down to this: Do you look your most attractive when your skin has delicate baby-pink tones?
   - Are you lovelier when your skin has creamy shades that contrast with the dark lights in your eyes?
   - Does a warmer, rosier shade make your face bewitching against your honey-pale hair?

2. **Shall I keep it the same shade?**
   - You will answer "yes" to one of these questions—and Pond's 3 superlative blonde shades will provide you with the right shade for your effect.

3. **Shall I deepen its color?**
   - A delicate pink shade—Light Natural—our highest shade. It matches the transparent skin of ash blondes. Pure blondes love it because it lightens their skin.
   - A light powder, but creamier, with less pink—Rose Crema (Natural). The most popular of the blonde shades because it tones in so perfectly with the average blonde's skin. Many, very many, darker blondes use it to add delicacy and lightness to their coloring. Red blondes who want to tone down their color use it to add a needed creamy glow to their skin.

**A warm sunny shade with a rosy glow over it—Sunlight. Girls who are not quite sure whether they are blondes or brunettes find it matches their skin. Other blondes use it because it gives warmth. Sophisticated blondes are particularly fond of the exotic depth it gives their skin.**

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face. They keep away shine for hours without giving that powdered look.

Blondes will find their shades grouped together on the counter. And Brunettes will find their shades grouped together on the counter. And Brunettes will find their 3 shades grouped together on the counter.
YOU'RE REAL "COMPETITION"

when hair gains highlights men admire

PERHAPS you have never seen the full-blown radiance of your hair, just because habit has enslaved you to old-style soap shampoos.

Then let one shampoo with Halo reveal amazing improvement in your appearance. Because Halo carries no soap, it cannot leave dulling film to hide the natural luster and color of your hair. Halo removes accumulations of dulling soap-cards from each tiny hair shaft, leaves your hairhead radiant with color and brilliancy. What's more, with Halo you don't need a lemon or vinegar rinse.

See how Halo Shampoo leaves your hair sparkling, silky soft, easy to curl. How it gives "eye appeal" to mouse hair. How it gently cleanses your scalp, leaves it fragrantly clean. And Halo, because of its new-type soothing ingredient, makes oceans of father, in hardest water.

Buy Halo Shampoo in generous 10 or larger sizes. It is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Hollywood, Beware in 1941!

(Continued from page 31)

I see that Marie is appearing in Paramount's top flight "Virginia" in a new and more sympathetic type of role. So perhaps the people who are responsible for her career are awakening to the fact that she has a real actress in this lovely sensitive girl.

Fred Astaire: "And last but not least," I said in closing, "old man stork flutters over the Fred Astaire home."" Well, old man stork must have had a long flutter, for to date no news of a bundle from heaven has come from the Astaire home and we storks feel that the place is light and relax, for it looks as though I will have to give myself a black mark on that one.

SO much for 1939.

This year, instead of making my predictions from a careful study and analysis of the needs of the stars, I am making an astrological forecast from their birthdays and, as you know, in order to do this with any degree of accuracy, I must have the exact day and place of birth for each star whose chart has been made up and delineated. Therefore, while I am not attempting to excuse myself of inaccuracies in the predictions, I do want to state that any glaring discrepancy must be attributed to my having been given the wrong birth date.

Now for 1941.

The tempestuous Katharine Hepburn appears to come out from under the bad press that had been given her for some time. During most of 1941 she is under good vibrations so far as her public and her career are concerned.

The marriage of Marjorie and John August 1st to the 20th and October 4th to the 10th, 1941. due to the transiting Mars affecting her birth chart, she must watch out for turbulent periods of activity and any times she will be inclined to be particularly reckless and headstrong and to incur public displeasure through some rash act on her part. Her marriage is indicated for her in the spring of 1941. April is the most favorable month for this marriage to take place.

Now everyone loves Myrna Loy, for she has the Sun and the Moon both in Leo, the sign of the heart, which makes her gracious, kindly, warmhearted and a thoroughly loveable person.

Professionally Myrna is under fine aspects for 1941 and for 1942 also. Her private life, however, is something else again, for ever since March, 1940, she has been afflicted by Saturn, which has caused gossip and unpleasant speculation about her marriage. This condition was even more strongly accentuated during July and August by Mars in Leo, the house which governs the home. The position of her stars show tension, conflict and serious misunderstanding. (Editor's Note. After this article was written, Miss Loy announced that she and husband Arthur Hornblow Jr. would separate. See page 28.)

What is going to happen to Shirley Temple, that wonder-child who apparently has not been able to survive the unsympathetic gap between childhood and adulthood?

My analysis of the matter is that though Shirley is every bit as talented and as charming as the actress, the planet Saturn in Taurus in bad aspect to her other planets puts her under a temporary eclipse for the next few years, and no matter what she does in a professional way or how well she does it, she will meet with adverse criticism and unpop-
ularity. It would be far wiser for Shirley to retire to private life until midsummer, fall or winter, 1943. At this time she will have all the appeal of a new and delightful personality.

Clark Gable's chart proves him to be a sincere and real person whose popularity and box-office appeal will last not only through 1941 but for many years to come.

His marriage to Carole Lombard should last, for it is based not only on love and emotional accord but on the far more solid and concrete basis of congenial tastes. If any children are born to Carole and Clark they will be brilliant and have genius of some sort, though it need not necessarily be acting ability.

From July, 1941, to August 1st, Carole must take good care of her health, for her chart warns of a health condition. Again, from mid-October through all of November, she must look out for overwork and nervous excitement. During this period, she will be under bad aspects due to Mars' transiting through her sixth house, which governs servants, all employment and pets. Therefore, she must guard against men and women who seek to obtain money through extortion, dishonest servants or employees, and an injury from one of her pets.

To beautiful Linda Darnell the stars bring achievement this year, to be crowned by even greater success in 1942. Linda should be cast in emotional parts and be groomed for tragedy rather than comedy, even though she is so very young.

Her chart shows remarkable acting ability and after June 1st, 1941, her prestige will increase due to a part adapted especially to her talents. However, the path will not be all roses. Linda, you will find a number of thorns along the way and some of the worst of them will be jealous and catty women. Keep your confidences to yourself and be very, very sure you know exactly who your true friends are, for from April 16th to May 1st, 1941, there is danger of someone's trying to cause trouble for you. At this time, you may be called upon to pay out a large sum of money or sustain a bad loss. Be careful of entanglements with the law and be sure that all papers you sign are airtight so far as protecting your rights go. Watch out for extravagance all this year. Nineteen forty-one may find Linda entering into a secret marriage.

Nineteen forty-one is a good career year for Ginger Rogers. Ginger is a very talented young lady and can rise to any heights she desires if she will pause to consider that, without her public, she would be right back where she was in the old days of vaudeville. It will be wise of Ginger to be extra alert about offending people, for Uranus, in her seventh house, which also governs partnerships, is in opposition to her Sun and to Neptune. This indicates bad advice as to business and love affairs and brings her sudden gusts of good and bad luck in both business and love. Add to this the fact that Mars and Saturn are in midheaven in the house governing profession, honors and ambitions, causing Ginger herself to have bad judgment when it comes to dealing with the public, and you can scarcely wonder that this girl has come in for adverse criticism.

During all of 1941 Ginger will be under good aspects for a musical picture or play. She should take this into consideration, for this particular year Ginger and music seem to walk hand in hand. Under this influence she may even com-
LOVELY LASHES IN 60 SECONDS

Make your eyes whisper—

"ROMANCE"

Here's how to make your eyes flash with appeal:
1. Curl your eye lashes upward with KURLASH—clever eye lash curler.
2. Requires no heat or practice.
3. Upcurled lashes let more light shine in, making your eyes appear larger and more sparkling.
4. Note, too, lashes appear darker, longer, more luxuriant . . . $1.00

IMPORTANT: Get acquainted with KURLASH, the only plastic eyelash curler that makes lashes appear darker, longer, more luxuriant. Used with KURLASH, KURLENE makes your lash-curl last longer, too .... $0.50

KURLASH
The Only Complete Eye-Beauty Line
THE KURLASH COMPANY, INC.
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KURLENE
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DO not have the year of Cary Grant's birth, but according to his birthday alone 1941 is his banner year.

December, 1940, and January and February bring him under the most brilliant aspects for money, prestige and romance. And early May pours money, money, and more money into his hands and pockets and bank accounts. To Cary Grant the year 1941 brings opportunities that come once in a lifetime to only a few persons and never to most of us.

For Jimmy Stewart November, 1941, is the red-letter month of the year. Anything he begins this month will eventually lead to success. He should lay his plans for his future ambitions and desires early in 1941 and put them into action in November.

You may think Jimmy already has gone far, but you haven't seen anything yet. He would make a splendid director and one day you will find him behind the megaphone. He has an uncanny knowledge of how people feel and react to what he says and just as he is now able as an actor to make you laugh, he will also be able to write and direct some of the same emotions from his fans.

Good year for money and romance, Jimmy, and if you aren't already married by November this will be the month to become engaged to marry.

Speaking of romance, we naturally come to Olivia de Havilland. Olivia's and Jimmy's charts show true harmony, affinity and an opportunity for lasting happiness. These two will be far happier married to each other than to anyone else. Both have fine ideals, take marriage and love seriously and have a basic soundness difficult for most people to maintain when surrounded by a world of make-believe.

Nineteen forty-one is a year full of activity for Olivia. January, March and June bring her honors, awards and financial success. Any pictures begun at this time will increase her popularity. Beginning with July, 1941, and through the balance of the year Olivia must guard against accidents, particularly those having to do with fire or explosions. Whatever happens to her under this influence will be sudden, even violent. She must avoid overwork or nervous exhaustion or she may have a breakdown.

If you are not already married by then, Olivia, June 25th, 1941, should be your wedding day. Wonderful day for you for love, romance and happiness.

Claudette Colbert is under excellent vibrations financially until June, 1941. In fact, she will always make and have money. By then she may not be happy in her personal life this year.

Nineteen forty-one brings Claudette to a full understanding of the seriousness of life and she will feel the urge and desire to delve into philosophy and religion. It is possible that she may begin to question these subjects and wish to study them from that angle, or she may turn to them for comfort; for her personal life appears to be subject to a series of sudden and unaccountable happenings. An emotional upheaval is indicated which may bring with it separation or divorce during June or July, 1941.

In order to avoid this, Claudette must control her tendency to nervousness and stay away from all those who seek to fill her with suspicions and doubts. She must believe nothing that she hears, ignore any gossip that may be written or spoken about her and live in a little world of her own surrounded by a cocoon of complete indifference until these bad aspects pass.

By doing so she has an opportunity to come through this trying period without marital disaster. Travel and complete change of environment will be wisest for...
INTERNAL BATHS END YEARS OF DISTRESS

Baffled at 47—Feels Like a Young Man at 77

Imagine how thrilling it must be for a man, feeling half-sick, half-alive for years, suddenly to find himself restored to new happiness and vitality! How wonderful he must feel to be released from headaches, biliousness, sluggishness, that all-in feeling, due to chronic constipation suffered through many years.

But such a man was Leopold Aul, and as explained in his own words: "One day when I was feeling especially bad and as nervous as a cat, I met an old friend of mine. He noticed how ragged I looked and how rapidly I seemed to be aging. 'Why don't you take Internal Baths?' he asked. 'They did wonders for me.'"

What Is an Internal Bath?

Thereupon Mr. Aul began investigating Internal Baths. He found a bona-fide Internal Bath to be the administration into the lower intestines of pure warm water—Nature's greatest cleansing agent—to which is added J.B.L. Cleansing Powder. Through the use of the J.B.L. Cascade four quarts of the cleansing solution may be sent gently swirling throughout the entire length of the colon. In fifteen minutes your impacted colon is thoroughly cleansed of its whole contents, the putrefying, delayed waste is loosened and washed away. Often the relief is immense—often a new sense of vigor and well-being sweeps over you.

 Naturally, Mr. Aul did buy a J.B.L. Cascade. It proved a turning point in his life. Gone, according to his testimony, was the worry and distress that had hitherto overshadowed his whole life, sapped his ambition.

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Investigate yourself the merits of Internal Bathing. Simply fill in and mail this coupon and receive, absolutely FREE, your copy of "Why We Should Bathe Internally." This instructive 24-page booklet may open your eyes to many surprising facts about constipation and its many attributed ills; reveals, too, how many thousands of Internal Bathers have gained new health and vigor through this drugless treatment.
Here’s A 180-Page Book Packed With New BEAUTY SECRETS
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Make yourself even more beautiful. Not by magic but by adhering to the startling secrets revealed by Helen Macfadden, in her exceptionally practical book, Help Yourself to Beauty.

Now, for the first time, you can discover how to remove blemishes of the stage, screen and society without altering your complexion. You can learn how to bring hazy, colorful results to the most commonplace face. How to lend sparkle to your eyes, glows to your cheeks, vividity to your lips. Yes, you can learn how to develop your beauty to glamorous proportions by merely following the simple, step-by-step instructions contained in Helen Macfadden’s new book Help Yourself to Beauty.

Helen Macfadden’s amazing book tells you how to banish skin defects. Discusses creams—gives you many complexion tips—tells you how to control your figure—how to add beauty to your hair—how to beautify your eyes—how to wake up a lazy skin—how to accent your pet sensitivity, by make-up—how to use rouge and powder properly—how to choose colors that are best for you—tells how screen stars acquire allure—how to improve facial outline—how to cultivate personality—how to be a lovely lady!

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Dept MM2, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Nineteen forty-one brings bewildering waves of good fortune, but it also brings unexpected waves of adversity. However, the two seem to balance each other.

She will always have to work hard for what recognition she gets but her efforts will bring her what she desires. August 1st begins a new and exciting cycle for her professionally. At this time the public will suddenly realize that Hedy is not merely an "omph girl" but an actress.

I WANT to warn Deanna Durbin that in February she will be under aspects which may cause her to be unpopular with her heretofore faithful public. This may have to do with a picture which does not measure up to her past, or it may concern her personal life. Deanna is growing up. Mentally she is far older and wiser than she gets credit for being and undoubtedly it is difficult for her picture public to accept her in a grown-up role, or to forgive her for acting in a grown-up manner in real life.

Look out for February, Deanna, and remember that whatever happens it will be only temporary, for 1944 and 1945 see you achieve far greater success than you have had so far. You have excellent judgment; be sure you use it to your advantage.

Laraine Day has a keen mind. She is an intellectual as full of daring and verve. She must not be typed but should be put into a variety of character parts such as those which brought fame to Bette Davis and are doing so much for Ida Lupino today.

The position of Jupiter in Laraine’s chart indicates sudden financial gains after June, 1941. These may come to her through her career, an inheritance or through marriage to a wealthy man.

From September 12th to October 10th, 1941, and again during the Christmas holidays, she must guard her health, being careful to avoid too much excitement combined with overwork, or illness will follow.

As for her career—Laraine comes into her own the latter part of 1943.

I would be impossible to do a forecast for 1941 without attempting to turn some light upon the mysteriously beautiful Hedy Lamarr.

First of all, Hedy is extremely emotional, but has learned to keep her emotions under control to such a degree that it is difficult for her to release them. The position of her Moon in relaxation to Venus, the Sun and Mars gives her an uncanny insight into the real natures of men and women. She knows them and comprehends their motives. Let me assure you that her Mona Lisa smile is not merely a stage prop. Her intuition is so keen as to be a second sight.

The latter part of 1940 and the early part of 1941 she must take care of her health, be careful not to get overtaxed or neglect the slightest cold. If she does, it may have serious consequences.

During the entire year she must be on her guard against theft and disloyalty and such persons into her employ should be thoroughly investigated.

She should stay out of airplanes and beware of danger on the water all her life.

November 9th, 1941, begins a new cycle favorable for publicity and finances and this period seems to bring her into a state of official contact with writers or publishers.

As for love—January 1st to the 4th sees the beginning of a new love affair or the revival of an old one. Hedy’s Venus is in a dual sign indicating many marriages which bring her material benefits and love as long as she lives.
but, having won her love, would find it impossible to leave her.

"Tell us what happened, my boy," the old man's voice broke in on his meditations.
"Are you sure you were not injured during the fight?" asked Ricardo.
"I am quite all right," Cisco shook his head. "Not a scratch, Grandfather," he answered easily. "Only stunned. When the robbers had fled, after killing the driver and leaving me for dead, this kind man," indicating Gordito, "found me and took me to his home, where I recovered. Then he brought me to you."

"But if you were shot," Ricardo began insolently.

"I was not shot," Cisco said coolly. "Only the bullet struck a religious medal from around his neck."

"See where the bullet has twisted it?" In truth the tiny medallion was scarred by a bullet which, in careful preparation for his masquerade, had fired into it before reaching the rancho to lend credence to his story of a bullet which had found its way toward his heart but had not harmed him.

Don Fernando and Maria bent over the medal, exclaiming that anything so small could not have been shot at twice. But as they thought so, they did not see the glances which Ricardo and Rosita exchanged; only Cisco caught the look of fury and frustration on Ricardo's face. He wondered whether some undertones of evil and unrest ran through the hacienda.

With Cisco, to ponder about a situation was to let his wondering mind learn more about it. So when the household retired, he walked with Rosita to her room.

"You are charming, senorita," he told her, "fascinating." Smiling, he bent his head and whispered into her ear, with a demure "Buenos noches" which was more invitation than farewell she slipped through the door and closed it gently behind her.

Whistling softly, Cisco turned away. Ricardo was standing a little way down the corrido, his fists clenched in impotent rage. "Buenos noches, Ricardo," Cisco called politely, then he strolled down the stairs again and out into the patio.

THE moon was out in all its glory, filling the patio with brilliant light and deepening the shadows in the corners. In one corner Cisco found Maria, sitting on a bench and singing a plaintive little song beneath her breath.

She started with alarm when Cisco approached, but he said reassuringly, "Do not be afraid, my little one. Your song— it was so beautiful—I had to come to tell you so.

"Gracias, Don Carlos," the girl answered. Cisco seated himself beside her.

"Do you like Rancho Santa Margarita?" she asked then.

"Very much. I am very lucky to be here—and very happy." He moved along the bench toward her and Maria timidly edged away.

"Please, senorita," Cisco said pleadingly, "do not draw away from me. I have been watching you all evening—with my heart beating faster and faster," He paused, then, "You like Don Carlos, too, a little bit?"

"I—I hoped to," she replied, then added angrily, "but if you are the kind of man who wastes time in pretty speeches while bandits are stealing our cattle—even killing our men—"

"But this I did not know," Cisco said gently. "Who are these bandits?"

"Ricardo thinks their leader is the Cisco Kid."

"No! Not the Cisco Kid!"

"What do you know of the Cisco Kid?"

"Maria asked, "Surely you didn't hear of him in Spain."

"He—he—he the stagecoach driver talk of this Cisco Kid," he stammered. "But he say he never kill, never steal, only," he smiled at his secret joke, "only that he is very brave man who like adventure, excitement."

"But Ricardo is so sure it's the Cisco Kid," Maria insisted. "Once during a cattle raid, he shot at him but he got away."

"So," Cisco said slowly, "perhaps I better talk to Ricardo. Perhaps together, we can capture this bandit."

"Oh, Don Carlos," Maria breathed. "I hoped you would say that. Don Fernando has been so worried. He's such a good man, but he's so old and frail—oh, I am so glad you are here to take care of everything!" She stopped, embarrassed, and then said, softly, "I must go in now. Buenos noches, Don Carlos."

She turned away, but Cisco stepped in front of her. "Not yet," he smiled. "Not yet."

"But..."

"Don't say anything. I'll come back."

A MOMENT later Gordito joined Cisco in the patio. "You told me to listen and find out things," he said, "so I have listened, Cisco, and I find out many things. This Ricardo who is Don Fernando's nephew always hopes the ranch will be his someday. So when he hear that the grandson is coming he hire two men, the servant Manuel and a Senior Carver, to hold up the stagecoach and kill the grandson. Now he is very angry with him and have told him that they must kill him again—only this time he will be you."

"Ricardo, Manuel, and Carver," Cisco repeated. "Well, we have to stop them from killing this make-believe grandson who is me."

"Why," Gordito urged, "not just take money and jewels and go and live in the desert."

"No," Cisco said. "No, Gordito, we stay here. Tomorrow you go to Mama Lopez, tell her to make Don Carlos well, so he can come to his grandfather."

"But Cisco, you say if we come here we have much wealth."

"Don Fernando is fine man," Cisco said slowly, "I make mistake to come here. All my life I want adventure, excitement—but not to be cheap thief—liar. No, Gordito, we will bring Don Carlos to his grandfather when we go away again."

But Don Fernando was never to see his grandson. That night, as Cisco was preparing for bed, a shot was fired at him. It missed him and the intruder made his escape. But Don Fernando, aroused by the noise, tried to stop the bandit only to be thrown to the floor and injured so severely that he died a few hours later. His dying words were that the rancho should go to Don Carlos. Should Don Carlos die, the property would then become Ricardo's. Furthermore, the old man asked that Don Carlos make Rosita his wife and that he care for Maria as her godfather had done.

After the old man had been laid to rest in the little cemetery which for five generations had received the Davegas, Cisco was strolling in the patio with Maria. At the spot farthest from the
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Macfadden Publications, Inc.
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way we can send you a booklet at a
last-minute landslide, insure you of an early
reading and enable us to determine the
winners at the earliest possible moment.

This contest closes March 31, 1941.

PRIZE SCHEDULE

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Prize Level</th>
<th>Prize Amount</th>
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<tr>
<td>First Prize</td>
<td>$1,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Second Prize</td>
<td>$750</td>
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<tr>
<td>Third Prize</td>
<td>$500</td>
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<tr>
<td>8 Prizes</td>
<td>$5,000</td>
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All stories must be written in the first person
based on facts that happened either in the lives of
these persons, or people who acquired true
stories. Manuscripts must be typed legibly with pen.
Do not send an printed material or poetry.
Do not send an unfinished story.
Do not send in the manuscript. Manuscripts
must be written
in English. Do not use more than one side of paper only. Do not use an
issue paper.
Send material flat. Do not roll.

IF THERE IS NOTHING ON PAGE ONE OF YOUR MANUSCRIPT EXCEPT YOUR FULL NAME AND ADDRESS IN YOUR OWN HANDWRITING, THE TITLE AND THE NUMBER OF WORDS, THEN YOUR STORY ON PAGE TWO, WRITE TITLE AND PAGE NUMBER ON EACH PAGE BUT NOT YOUR NAME.

Print your full name and address on mailing
card. If full, first class postage there, on
otherwise, manuscripts will be
refused or may not reach us.

Unacceptable stories will be returned as soon as
received, irrespective of closing date of contest.

But only if full, first class postage ever
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to enclose any postage on your envelope.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any
losses, and we reserve the right to return a copy of
stories submitted.

Do not send us stories which we have returned.
You may submit more than one manuscript, but not more than one prize will be awarded
any individual in this contest.

Within a month after receipt of each manu-
script, a report or rejection notice will be
mailed. No correspondence can be made in manuscripts after they reach us. No correspondence can be
entered into enquiring manuscripts submitted or
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Always disguise the names of persons and places
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This contest is open to everyone everywhere.

In the world, except employees and former em-
ployees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and,
members of their families.

If a story is selected by the editors for imme-
 diate publication, it will be paid for at our
rate, and this in no way affect the judges in
deciding the winners. The judges will place a
prize on a check for the balance due, if one, will be mailed
after the decision of the judges which will be final.

Under no condition submit any story that has
ever before been published in any form.

Submit your manuscript to us directly. Due to
the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to
have our contributors send their material to us
and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter,
which we welcome, do not enclose photographs or
other extraneous matter except return postage.

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accepted material where best adapted to
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Address your manuscripts for this contest to
Macfadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 41C, Box
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-COUPON-

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("Print plainly. Give name of state in full.")
Mama Lopez, pretending to be busy in the kitchen, had managed to crawl through a window, mount Carver’s horse and ride to the rancho to warn Cisco.

"That Ricardo, he know you will never let the sheriff take you alive," Mama Lopez concluded. "And when you are dead—then they will kill Don Carlos, too! Listen," she added. "I hear men—and horses. Oh, Madre Dios, it is the sheriff and his posse! Ride, Cisco, ride quickly!"

They did ride quickly, Cisco and Górdito, as swiftly as their horses could travel, with the sheriff’s men in pursuit. Mile after mile they sped, but the posse could not overtake them, could not even get close enough for their bullets to take effect. At last Cisco pulled his horse to a stop. There was no sign of the pursuers, so they wheeled their horses about and rode again, this time toward Mama Lopez’s cantina.

In the cantina they found Carver still guarding the bewildered Don Carlos. Forcing Carver to give up his gun, Cisco handed him over to Górdito. Then he turned to Don Carlos, who was staring at him in amazement.

"Who are you?" Don Carlos demanded. "I feel as though I were gazing into a mirror!"

"Yes, we are much alike," Cisco agreed. "Don Carlos might be the twin of the Cisco Kid. And it is because of this strange resemblance that you are here. Listen."

Quickly, then, Cisco outlined the strange story to Don Carlos, telling everything that had happened since the stagecoach holdup, everything he knew and suspected of Ricardo’s villainy. His own deception he admitted frankly. "But when I meet Don Fernando I know he is good man," he explained. "I cannot take from him what he think he is giving to his grandson. At his grave I promise that his grandson will have the rancho and when the Cisco Kid make a promise he keep that promise! And now must we hurry. There is much for us to do at the rancho.

"Oh, I nearly forget. At the rancho there is a señorita—beautiful and gentle. I do not know," Cisco was smiling and his eyes were focused on the wall above Don Carlos’ head. "If do not know—but I think she would like to be loved—like this—" and throwing his arms wide, he brought them together in imitation of a passionate embrace. "You will remember, that, Don Carlos?"

Amazed at the extravagant gesture, Don Carlos answered, "Yes, I will remember that."

At the rancho Cisco asked Don Carlos to remain outside the hacienda instead of announcing his presence. "For just a little while," Cisco explained. "There is still one small thing that I must do—then the rancho is yours forever." Don Carlos nodded and Cisco hurried into the house and up the wide stairway until he came to Rosita’s door. With his ear pressed to the door he listened intently to the words that came from within.

"Only until tomorrow," Ricardo was saying exultantly. "Tomorrow Don Carlos will be dead and the rancho—and you, my Rosita—will belong to me!"

Cisco smiled in the darkness as he knocked at the door. There was silence within, the room, then whispering, then silence again. At last Rosita opened the door. She was alone in the room, but the curtain hung across the door to the balcony moved as though in rhythm with a man’s breathing.

Cisco supported himself against the...
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Cincinnati, Ohio

First impressions of a first issue: James Cagney, Rita Hayworth and Director Raoul Walsh preview Photoplay-Movie Mirror on the set of Warners' "Strawberry Blande"
Life of Lynn
(Continued from page 33)
ablaze with color and the air tinged as though inhabited by spirits.
He took to Bates right from the start, admiring its atmosphere of quiet charm.
Mostly it was filled with New Englanders anxious to get something out of college, a
good portion of whom worked after classes so's to make both ends meet.
Jeffrey Lynn was like them, only more so.
In fact, he worked so hard that a freshman year, riding his bike back and forth to
his chores, that he didn't have a single date.
For all that, he managed to make his presence felt at Bates.
An English was as poor as he was and as skinny as was his wardrobe,
he was always ending up at the class polls as the Lucius Beebe of Bates, the
college's best-dressed man.
Besides that, he was a class officer, editor of the college paper and member
of the student-faculty committee.
He went out for track and became the slick-est half-miler in school.
At the suggestion of a campus delovely
who assured him he was as nothing short of
criminal for him not to offer his services
to the college dramatic society, the Bates 4-A-Players, what with a
current shortage of male talent, he decided
to enlist as a walk-on.
But when the director caught a glimpse of the college's
Beau Brummel, slender, earnest and defi-
nitely pictorial, he decided, almost on the
spot, that here was a leading man, not a
spear-holder.
JEFFREY LYNN played everything from
Shakespeare to Shaw before he got his
diploma.
Not until he sat there in his
dressing room, wiping the make-up from
his face, still wearing the Roman toga
in which he had just cavorted as Marc
Antony in the senior play, his last, did it
dawn on him that he was in love with
the stage.
"It's the ham creeping out, Jeff old boy," he told himself.
In route home, Jeffrey Lynn, A.B.,
considered the future, reflected wistfully
about his earlier plans to study law at
Harvard (the royal road to the Presi-
dency) pondered the sad world which
lay going for breath thanks to the
stock market collapse the previous fall
and wondered who on earth would be
chump enough to give him a job.
That summer he sold magazine sub-
scriptions, a house-to-house proposition
that took him all over New England.
Come fall and he figured things out.
He'd work a year, save up enough money to
pay his tuition at Harvard and would
proceed to dazzle the law school pundits
out of a scholarship.
The New England Bell Telephone Co.
was kind enough to give him a job. He
was stationed in Brockton, right outside
of Boston.
He didn't much like the work. As
an antidote for his job he looked around for
a hobby, remembered his mumming at
Bates and decided to take up amateur
mumming.
Brockton was no metropolis and
the best thing open was the Y.M.C.A.
Players.
"We were a pretty, lot indeed. We
may not have been slick as satin, but we
were picturesque. We never set any drama
connoisseurs a-swooning, but I doubt if
we ever bored anyone." All this in retro-
spect from Mr. Lynn.
In a modest way actor Lynn began to
be noticed.
A man named Vaughan
Tashjian dropped around and asked how
he come he didn't tie up with his troupe
over in Boston called the Ford Hall

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SURPRISED EVEN ITS MAKERS
check these 7 ways it may help you

O NLY a few years ago a new medicated cream
was introduced to the public as a soothing,
greaseless skin cream. Today it's known from
one end of the country to the other; ever 150
million jars have been used! It's startled even its
makers, because of the many different uses found
for it. The name of this cream is NOXZEMA
SKIN CREAM.

READ HOW IT MAY HELP YOU!

\[ \text{AS A BEAUTY AID: If your skin is coarse, rough and dry, use NOXZEMA as a night cream and as a protective powder base. It helps smooth and soften the skin, keep powder on for hours.} \]

\[ \text{FOR POOR COMPLEXION: NOXZEMA's special medication helps heal externally-caused skin blemishes; its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings.} \]

\[ \text{FOR CHAPPED HANDS AND LIPS: Nurses were the first to discover how grand NOX-
ZEMA is for chapped hands. Because chapped hands are CUT hands (tiny cracks in skin), NOXZEMA's medication aids healing. Try it at night; see how much softer, whiter your hands are next morning!} \]

\[ \text{FOR SHAVING: For rough beards and reader skin, apply soothing, medicated NOXZEMA before lathering or use as a brushless shave.} \]

\[ \text{BABIES' CHAFED SKIN: Mothers report it's remarkable how quickly NOXZEMA relieves "diaper rash"—aids in healing.} \]

\[ \text{FOR SCALDS AND BURNS, fever blisters, chilblains, Tired Aching feet, insect bites—KEEP NOXZEMA HANDY! It brings quick, grateful relief! Get a jar today!} \]

\[ \text{Trials Offer} \]

- For a limited time only, you can get the generous 25 g jar of NOXZEMA for only 19c. Get it today and use it for just 10 days. If you don't say it's helped make your skin look better and feel better, your money will be gladly refunded!
Forum Players. Lynn retorted that no one had asked him thus far. Mr. Tashjian pointed Medford that Sir Edward had been as week. Jeffrey Lynn was commuting nights in a rickety Ford from Brockton to Boston. As a member of the F. H. P. the best he could do was to lead the role of a soulful, misunderstood boy scout in a performance designed to swell a relief fund. According to Boston papers there were numerous old ladies from whom the menfolk.

Came summer and he discovered that he was woefully distant from Harvard's $400 tuition, not to mention board and room money for the first semester. He was pondering Fate's ironies when he received a letter from a Dr. Edwin M. Wright, head of the English department at Bates. What Dr. Wright had on his chest was this: Why didn't his star scholar return to Bates for a couple of summer courses, take over an high-school English department in the fall and work toward a professorship. Certainly Bates was his oyster after he had picked up another degree.

He took the prescribed courses in the teaching of adolescents and when fall came he accepted the offer of the school board of Lisbon Falls, to head the English department of the local high school.

All through the summer he struggled trying to whip up an interest in English, to overcome his headaches. Juliet's romantic difficulties and Silas Marner's financial worries. By Christmas he got an inspiration. He announced that from that term on he was interested in joining a new dramatic club he was organizing needed only to do competent work in English.

The very first day he got enough applicants to re-enact the De Mille production of "Ben Hur." He signed them all up, put them to work making lights out of tin cans, constructing scenery out of discarded wooden cases. And he worked patiently with them as they whipped a script into a thing of motion and life.

After that he noticed a new interest in his classes. The undedicated scholars had discovered that he was a "regular guy.

The only trouble with all this extra-curricular coaching of the drama was that the doctor himself succumbed to the cure-all. By the time June came around he began to wonder if he hadn't made a mistake in dedicating himself to school-teaching.

That summer, so's to give himself the solitude to figure it all out, he took a job as counselor in a boy's camp. By the middle of August when camp broke up he had made up his mind: He would leave teaching forever.

He came home only to learn that a semiflunographic acting company had been launched in Worcester that summer. He had the group tryouts. He showed up so well that they let him do the leads in "Outward Bound" and "Counselor-at-Law." The critics were so enthusiastic that he begged his way into a flirt with the idea of giving Broadway a try. He talked it over with the director, who observed, "You'll never starve on Broadway. If you've got guts you'll succeed."

Even at that he never would have made the try, in all probability, if it were not for a warm evening in Mastic. The two, happily married and serving as the Book Editor of the Worcester Telegram-Gazette.

Well, when she wasn't telling harried authors what was wrong with their books, she was serving as adviser to the director of the Auburn Tennis Club, which went in, of all things, for more dramatics than tennis.

This same Miss Parsons (her professional name) was walking off the tennis court one day in August when she ran smack into Master Lynn, looking for all the world like a weary charm boy. It dawned on her that he'd made a nifty leak of the plot for the season opener, in fact—called "The Temporary Husband." He played the part to shrieks of delight from the ladies, because, it seemed, no one wanted to know what he had done on Broadway. In desperation, when his money ran out, he took the first job that came his way. He became a Barker for the Embassy Newsreel Theater, wore a 20-pound uniform and city-slicked the pedestrians into pausing to glimpse the latest happenings as seen by the camera's eye.

"What called me," he says today with a curious wistfulness, "is that across the street I could see the way I had come to New York to conquer. And me touting a newsreel!"

All that winter he toiled as a Barker. At a big-time stock company he noticed how everything but acting, including driving a truck, serving as assistant stage manager and acting as general liaison man with the public was done by women.

He was back in the fall, dripping with disillusionment. He trucked over to the Embassy, but hadn't been on the job more than three hours when he arrived for him offering him a chance in "A Slight Case of Murder" as second assistant stage manager and understudy to the juvenile lead. He play sided like an accordion, so Jeffrey called around at Mary's department store and got a Christmas-rush post in the sporting goods department.

The yeuldeite, Walter Hampden hired him for his seasonal expedition into the provinces. Came summer and he had another offer. He turned it down and got himself a job tearing down the Italian embassy. He loved the work. It kept him in trim. He was pondering giving up the stage and returning to him when he heard that George Abbott, the producer, was casting a road company of "Brother Rat." He read for Abbott who liked him in a scene. He found his voice and gave him the part of the prissy senior-cadet who's such a nifty heel.

In time the "Brother Rat" company arrived. It was only natural that the movie scouts should "catch" the show, especially after the word had gone the rounds that "this guy Lynn's got something different." M-G-M got the first crack at him but let the
A girl's private life—

"I WANT TO BE ALONE!" There are special times when even the best of us have felt that way. But if you mope and feel sorry for yourself just because of "difficult days", you need a few easy lessons so you won't miss out on fun! Perhaps you got off to a bad start. Trying too good a sport...romped around a tennis court or hockey field when you should have been taking it easy.

Or maybe you never realized that comfort is more than half the battle! Meaning the kind of comfort Kotex gives. Because Kotex sanitary napkins start soft, stay soft...help take your mind off your troubles!

What to do and not to do . . .

YES, you can go to dances! But sit one out now and then. To look at the stars...or hear a life story.

You'll have fun and you needn't be self-conscious, because the flat, pressed Kotex ends never give your secret away. You can be confident of comfort, too, because Kotex stays soft...doesn't bulge, bunch or chafe.

Put sleigh-rides on your work list! Just bundle up extra warm and don't tumble in the snow. Instead, lead the singing and cheering...or perch up front and help drive the horses.

You'll forget about you!

In fact, you won't have a moment's worry because the new Safety-Shield in Kotex provides added absorption. And with Junior, Regular, and Super Kotex, there's a right size for each day's needs.

'Tain't in Text Books!

Where's a girl to learn all about her "problem"? Where's she to get those intimate hints she needs to know? The new book: "As One Girl To Another" gives you the answers. It's FREE. Address: Post Office Box 3334, Dept. M-W-2, Chicago, Illinois.

Feel its new softness...

Prove its new safety...Compare its new flatter ends

ANSWER TO A GENTLEMAN'S PRAYER

Here are the directions for making the dress on page 46

Right is model pattern for bodice. Cut your duplicate pattern following measurements given.

Materials Suggested: Net, tulle, chiffon; velvet ribbon belt and bow.

Material required: Sizes 14, 16: Bust, 35; Waist 26, Hips, 36 (approximate measurements). 1/3 yards of 50" material. (Skirt is 9 yards around when finished)

Skirt is a complete circle. Place pattern on the full width of material, folded. (See Illustration A)

Sew sides together. Stitch on machine at the top to keep it from stretching. Bodice is princess style. Sides are cut longer than front and back panels and are gathered. By fitting bodice snugly to figure, it will stay in place. (See Illustration B)

Sew elastic both front and back—from A to B. Face under arms. Gather material on elastic for shoulder straps and tuck on at A and B for flowers for shoulders. (See Illustration C)

By having elastic for the shoulder straps and the elastic at front and back a smooth and sure strapless decolletage will be maintained. Zipper for side opening, if needed, after joining skirt to bodice. Tack flowers in place along elastic.
Close Ups and Long Shots
(Continued from page 6)

trip and to me that is a choice that I don’t have to ponder for two seconds) ... on our plane besides our bundle of writers and photographers there were Charlie Ruggles, Johnny Mack Brown, Hedda Hopper, Mary Carlisle and Melvyn Douglas.

We got our first taste of the enthusiasm that was in store for us when we attempted to get off the plane at the Tucson airport ... some ten thousand bowling fans were there, with automobile headlights blazing, horns tooting and hands waving ... even we mere writers were caught up in the mob as they rushed the stars.

The festivities started at the first moment of Friday ... or exactly one minute after midnight of Thursday ... when the hands of a gigantic clock in the main square of the town were turned back from 1940 to 1860 ... Jean Arthur officiated at this ... while all the other stars took bows ... and a throng of some fifty thousand people stood in that clear, sharp, exhilarating air of Arizona and cheered them.

The next event was a menuda party for the whole city ... if you’ve never heard of menuda, I can tell you now but you couldn’t possibly have told you a week ago ... that this is an ancient Mexican dish made of tripe, calves knuckles and tom Thumb in the form of soup ... it’s good, too, but colorful as was the ceremony of eating in a public square before vast open bonfires, as charming as it was o’dance in the streets to Mexican bands, the most interesting thing to those of us from Hollywood was watching the noisy dogs or the shy adorations that followed the appearance of each star who entered the throngs.

For other stars besides those who had one on the plane with us were beginning to arrive by later planes and trains ... there were Guy Kibbee, Rita Hayworth, Warren William, Fay Wray, Porter Hall, Regis Toomey, William Holden, Jack Holt ... and when they would appear in the crowds, those crowds would rush us with autograph books of very shape and description.

The menuda party went on till dawn with the whole town being and restaurants and taxi stands and dance halls lining wide open ... we tottered into our hotels to grab two hours’ sleep before we were due to open an Indian Village, one of the principal streets and later crowned a 17-year-old high-school girl queen of the fiesta.

I was well past noon on Friday when that was over and we were due out at Arizona Historical Society ... to our speeches and have lunch ... and see Jean Arthur officiated against and after that there was Kate Smith’s broadcast ... and after that there was Eddie Hopper’s broadcast ... and somewhere in the middle was a monster reef parade ... and somewhere and mehow there was Governor “Bob” Henry proudly introducing the star of Arizona ... “Miss Jean Autry,” he said.

By midnight ... after we had gone to press dinner which Harry Cohn gave ... rushed by the five theaters that were simultaneously showing “Arizona” all five of them the visiting stars took us ... and had danced at a monster, no-for-all dance at the Hotel Santa Fe ... a few of us went out, not to see a town or to see an event, but...
to look at the people themselves... these wonderful, small-city people of America...

This Tucson is a really Western city... a Western melting pot... so we saw the lean, white pioneer faces... and those bronzed skins and those sun-wrinkled eyes...

We saw Mexicans and Indians and Negroes... and about each and every one of them you could observe some Hollywood influence... it was there in the clear, clean way the girls wore their hair... it was there in every woman's make-up... it was there, too, in the showmanship the whole city had so overwhelmingly displayed... in the slim girl majorettes and the same costumes one band of tiny Negro children had worn...

There they were, the American public, white and black and red people, from different races and different strains... from different traditions... and different histories... but blessedly, Americans all... and here was the visible evidence that we all wanted the same thing... laughter and color and movement and the impress of strong personalities and something to believe in...

We are apt to forget that in Hollywood when we live here steadily and become subtle... when we start to talk about "montages" and "psychological values" and "synchronization" and "options" and "oomph girls"... but Arizona the state, and Arizona the film, with its restatement of pioneer principles... and mingling with simple, deeply human people, got our thoughts out of their gilded grooves...

Dawn was approaching as a few us from Hollywood walked down one street after the other... around this square and that... and even as we walked and looked and listened... the dark blue of the sky began glimmering with the rising sun... and then the round disc of the sun appeared... to face the full moon which was still shining... it was one of those unbelievable moments... when you realize afresh that, come what may, there are some values that remain forever untouched and incorruptible...
looks it. That means a lot in the salary-stubbish movie colony. Astutely, she recognizes that things which are hidden from the public. Her home, for instance, is a modest cottage in Brentwood. Significantly, in the year she has had the house she hasn't bought any furniture for it outside of the beds and a few chairs for the den. The rest of the house is bare. "You can't," says Rita, "carry your house on your back."

Dollar for dollar, she has planned her standma campaign as a businessman plans a sales campaign.

Is it successful?

Well, during the past six months she has made four pictures and embarked upon her fifth, "Swanley, Blondie," which is five lines as many as the number she made six previous months. Her studio considers her the up-and-coming star of the picture industry festively in her White Hope. She has already justified that trust by her work in "Angels Over Broadway."

More than that, her name is beginning to function with star, lush glamour—the sort of glamour that Gloria Swanson and Billie Dove had. An apartment house owner in Hollywood recently tried to buy up her home to build a huge sign hung outside, which sways dreamily in the balmy Hollywood breeze.

The Rita Hayworth Apartments
Every Room as Beautiful as the Movie Star

Rita's $75 a week press agent swears up and down that he had nothing to do with it!

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**The Girl Who Learned How to Dress**

*(Continued from page 49)*

that makes it truly distinctive.

This is easier than it sounds. To illustrate, one of Carole's favorite suits from her own wardrobe is a lightweight wool black. Now there are five million black suits walking around the country this season, but what makes this one different is the line of the collar. It's a big white one that is absolutely Puritan in cut.

Then there's the slipper-satin formal, so simple in design with its heart-shaped bodice and wide-spreading skirt. But to give it that distinctive line Carole draped a black lace shawl over one houlder—and presto, she had drama.

"Every woman goes through a sort of evolution in learning about style," she says, "and it takes years."

"You spend only half as much—and ask twice as smart," said Carole, "if you keep continuity to your clothes." That was another lesson learned early in the campaign. Every girl knows what it is to have a wardrobe of "missfits" in which

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**GIVE THIS COFFEE AN APPEALING NAME**

**$50.00 Check Each Month for Six Months Extra Promptness Prize**

Here is an amazing offer—one that should tax the imagination of every individual. You have the unusual opportunity to win a big cash prize and receive a $50.00 check regularly each month for the first six months of 1941. We want an easy-to-remember name; therefore, we are asking on the readers of this magazine an opportunity to submit a new name for coffee and win a cash prize for their efforts. There is a lot of good names being used now such as Morning Glory, Sunshine, Eight O'Clock, Red Wing, and many others. We want a new name for coffee. For the 24 names selected by the judges, we will award $250.00 in cash prizes plus a $50.00 check each month for the first six months of 1941 as an extra cash prize.

The First Name You Think of May Be a Winner

Think of the many names that are now being used and send us a new name for coffee, one that you feel will appeal to the housewife. The name you send in may be of one, two, or three words, separate or combined. Only one name for coffee will be accepted from an individual. This offer is open to anyone living within the 48 states. It costs nothing to send in a name for coffee. You may win one of the

**24 Cash Prizes Totaling $250.00**

Write your coffee name on a penny post card or a sheet of paper. Sign your own name and address. Mail within three days from the day you read this advertisement—it always pays to be prompt. Your name for coffee must be mailed before April 15, 1941. 24 cash prizes will be awarded. If the name you send in is selected by the judges as the first prize winner, you will receive $100.00 in cash, and as an extra promptness prize a $50.00 check regularly each month for the first six months of 1941. Second prize will be $25.00; third prize, $15.00; fourth prize, $10.00; and 20 additional prizes of $5.00 each. The 24 cash prizes are in addition to the extra prize of $50.00 a month for the first six months of 1941 which will be awarded to the first prize winner. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of a tie. A victory list will be published as soon as the judges have selected the prize winning names. Right now you may be thinking of just the name, but have give us a name that will win. No matter what the first name you think of is the best name to mail in. Send only one coffee name—your favorite—to

**COFFEE CLUB, 43 Capper Bldg., TOPEKA, KANSAS**

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**SKINNY GIRLS Lack Charm**

In *How to Gain Weight*, Bernarr Macfadden gives full information on what to eat and how to exercise to add those flabbing pounds. If you really wish to put on healthful flesh—send for *How to Gain Weight* today. Only 50c postpaid.

**MACFADDEN BOOK CO., INC.**

Dept. MM-2, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

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**GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"**

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Feel "Tip-Top" In Morning!

If liver bile does not flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-while" feeling often result. So step it up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15c, 30c and 60c.
nothing quite matches. To avoid all that, Miss Lombard worked out a system. She began by selecting a basic color—blue it was that first worked for her. Later, she built her daytime wardrobe around a furless blue woolen coat. (Unless you're going to buy several coats, don't get one that is tailored, Carole suggests. It's much better to put your money into a good fur pie.)

A slim skirt of the same material went with the coat. Carole always averted little scarves, chibellis, and little blouses to go with it.

A velvet ascot and chinchilla cloth beret did nothing to clash with the sleek new “color in triple spots.” It was danced with a dome gray frock, gray accessories and a crosst-lux fur. But where Carole’s ingenuity really came into play was with the sleeves of most formal dresses. Carole’s black dress went to dinner with a smart overblouse of matching material. It was danced with a slightly pink felt hat and a draped gray scarf across the front and over the shoulders, held in it at the waistline with a clip, then let the chiffon panels form a clear soft note. It went dining out in restaurants with a tight-fitting lame jacket that had a surplice cut.

EVEN today Carole plans her wardrobe along the same principles. She goes into a huddle with the famous designer Irene. They plot out line... color...cut... The world is too weak—especially the colorists who have been a three-quarters,” she said. Thus the high fashion in three-quarter length coats was born. She wears at least two of them in “Mr. and Mrs. Smith.”

It was Carole, too, who brought back the old-fashioned gold settings for jewelry, who reintroduced beaded dresses. She made one into the most popular styles that ever swept the country, the skirt-dress dinner dress.

This latter creation came about because of a pair of sapphire cuff links. They were a present to her and she didn’t know what to wear with them. They were too beautiful for a mere skirt-dress. They ought to go on a tailored dinner dress,” thought Carole. Whereupon she and her studio designer created the skirt-dress formal and six months later every girl in America was clanning for one.

If it is becoming, it’s good for you: That is Carole Lombard’s style slogan. Take the new Lombard hats. Are they the dizzy, daily mode of the present? They are not! They’re on the curves, and they push down over the eye in a way that’s flattering as a frame.

Headgear has gotten to the point where it’s idiotic,” declared Carole. So she is designing her own.

No domamri prints in her wardrobe. No bold materials like heavy wool. They’ve been as taboo on her dress program as clothes that fit too tightly. “If girls only knew how much better they appear in a dress that fits easily,” she said.

Carole previewed every new costume at home, even to pursue and gloves, for a one-man audience—her husband, Mr. Gable. And Mr. G., who didn’t know gingham from velvet in days gone by, is an appreciative spectator.

One of the most interesting style secrets that Carole discovered was how to “spotlight” a costume. “A touch of color or trimming should be used much as you would use a spotlight,” she explained. “But you can’t spotlight too many things or you divide the attention. That’s why, if your neckline has special interest, elaborate gloves should never be worn. If your hat is particularly good-looking, don’t wear fancy shoes. Only one color or jewelry note should be played up on a costume.”

For example, on Carole’s black crepe dinner dress with the bloused tunic and long sleeves, the “spotlight” is held entirely by the lovely silks and matching bracelets.

On her formal of floating white mousseline, a corsage of gay carnations at the waist—with clips just below the shoulder straps—was first worn. But when she sits down—twirls, if it’s a dancing frock—The thing is to see what the dress will do for you in action! Carole’semploi shot is the acid test of the well-dressed woman,” said Carole. “If your clothes look right in that snapshot the family took when you were not looking—that then you’ve passed a hundred percent!”

It’s a long step, sartorially speaking, between the girl who was Jane Peters and Carole Lombard. But it’s a step that every woman can learn to take.
embarrassment. She did what sensitive childhood usually does under those circumstances. She escaped into dreams and books. She read constantly, devouring every word she came upon. She read everything from the Book of Common Prayer to the recipes on the baking powder tins, from the novels of Sir Walter Scott to the poems of Oscar Wilde. Her mother insists that she knew her letters before she was 3, but Greer recalls only that she was continually endangering their lives by crazily tipped oil lamps when they were in London and by candles hidden under the bed sheets when they were in Ireland, as she read far into the nights when she was supposed to be asleep.

She grew up, entirely surrounded by her elders, her grandparents on both sides of her house, her uncles and her aunts. They were elders, quite literally: On the Garson side, Presbyterian elders (Greer is simply an Irish contraction of the Scotch “McGregor” and her being named thus equally for her mother and her father is like her character, half wild Irish, half sedate Scotch and a devil mixed up in the middle of it); on the Greer side, Protestant Irish and, as any son of Eire will tell there, there’s nothing in life so severe as a Protestant Irishman. She met few children, either in her ailing winters in England, or in her care-free summers in Ireland. Naturally, when she did meet other children, she did not care for them greatly and they returned the lack of feeling, for she was little Miss Prim, overspoiled in one way and overdisciplined in another, and older than she will ever be in her life again.

“I get consistently younger,” Greer laughs now. “I am so much younger today than when I was 12 that I fully expect by the time I am 40 I’ll be young enough to play ingenues.”

She can remember no time when she did not dream of being an actress and she was acting every moment of her waking life. Her favorite parlor trick as a very little girl was to portray a quarrel between the big fat policeman and the long thin man. She did both roles and she still can bring those two to life for you so plainly that you can see them in any room. And also, though she isn’t aware of this, you can see that lonely little girl, running away by means of her two make-believe characters from the unpleasant facts of her own existence.

These dreams and her reading took up all her hours and the reading began to make its influence felt in her schooling. Afternoons when the rest of the class was out on the playing fields, she was glued to a microscope in the botany lab, or forging eagerly through the Aeneid, and she zoomed ahead of the other children in her lessons just as fast as she was going ahead of them in height.

So by the time she was 9 she had won her first scholarship and by the time she was 13, she had won her second. A miraculous scholarship, this one, that gave her the right to enter either the University of London or the sacred austere precincts of the hallowed Oxford or Cambridge if she so chose.

She wavered on Oxford, that “city of dreaming spires,” as she now describes it. The scholastic life appealed to her as safe and comfortable. The money the scholarship brought her was a blessing to herself and her mother. But the more she considered Oxford, the more her keen mind realized that it was a retreat from life, not an entrance into it. And suddenly, there at 15, she was eager for life and sick of dreams.

She wanted to know people and things. She wanted to see, not pictures and old books and good furniture and gentle hills, the things to which she had been accustomed always, but stores and crowded streets and slums and office buildings. She had known always that she would have her own living to earn and that whatever she got out of life she must wrest for herself. With the money from her scholarship, she saw the path to this. So she turned down Oxford in favor of London University, where she could not live on a campus but must live in a boardinghouse out in the city itself, where she would not be sheltered, but must survive or be lost in the shuffle.

The family’s idea was that she was to become a teacher and she saw no way, for all her dreams, of escaping that. The summer before she was 15, while waiting to enter the University, she taught at a girls’ school. She had her mop of hair pinned high on her head and her hair was so excessively dignified that her charges did not remotely guess that she was only two years their senior. She went back to London in the fall and got her first chance at amateur theatricals—Shakespeare, of course, as you would guess from her highbrow atmosphere.

“I wish you could have seen my Shy-
lock," she grim now. "What a heard and what a deep voice. I sounded like a breaking heart in a cellar." The company was all feminine. Her life was so set up that she met few boys and the fact that she treated the few met and fluttered about her as if agonal moths did not register to her at all until she was 17 and she met The One. She is too well-bred to tell you his name or much about him, but when she speaks of him at all, it is impossible for her, try as she will, to hide the memory of the emotion he stirred in her.

He was her first love, her complete love and she was mad to marry him. He came of a family a little better than hers, but in equally modest circumstances, and was all for her eloping and trying out love in a cottage, but he was too realistic. She put herself through the awful humiliation of letting him know of such a dream and soon she knew she through having him tell her that love without money was just no good at all and since it seemed inevitable that she would never have any money, he really could not consider marrying her.

Now she is grateful to him for the cruelty that kept her from drifting into that uncertain domestic backward, and being undoubtedly very unhappy, since he obviously had so little capacity for love. But at 17 her love agony was almost unendurable. She had exposed her secret thoughts to another, she had revealed her dreams and she had had those dreams rejected as romantic and foolish.

She resolved then to be dead to emotion, this emotion that had betrayed her. If it was money that he wanted, she'd show him. She'd go into business and be a startling success.

OVER the family protests, she began to take a secretarial course along with her French and her English literature. She began prowling London, from Limehouse to Hyde Park and from Bloomsbury to the Tower until she knew its streets and its people well as she knew her mother's house and until she learned, vicariously, a great deal about life.

Thus it was that when she was graduated from the University, full of honors and long, leggy youth, she made a sufficient impression upon the head of an international advertising agency when she went to apply for a job that she got it, even though she was not a quillod librarian, which was the thing she was supposed to be if she held the job at all.

She was an immediate hit in business and an immediate hit with every man in the place. She did work in the library, she says, "at the top of the ladders in a continual atmosphere of dust and cobwebs" but rather at the brisk and busy information desk which suddenly blossomed under a weight of letters, gardenias and even orchids which the men of the staff were always leaving there.

Presently she was making ten pounds a week, which is fifty American dollars, and a vast salary for a girl not yet 20 in London. Life would have been quite perfect if she still hadn't to act more than anything else in the world.

In her lunch hours and her few holidays, she kept on trying to get into the acting world and kept on failing to make a single dent on it. She called on managers and met their office boys. She wrote managers and heard negatively from their secretaries. She gave 'Shakespearean recitals' unavailingly.

Then, one unbelievable day, she discovered that the austere head of the advertising agency had a sister who was a real actress in the commercial theater and that that sister was coming to see her brother at the office.

GREER met her. Later the actress was to tell her that she was as frightened at meeting a successful young business woman as the successful young business woman was at meeting her. All Greer knew at the time was that here was her chance to meet somebody who might give her a chance to get into an acting company. And that what was what happened. For instance, she did succeed in eventually getting into the Birmingham Repertory Theater. It meant giving up her job and her ten pounds weekly. She lived on a lot less, but after a time, her success had turned from being an important young somebody in London to being an abused, unimportant nobody in Birmingham.

But, for once, Miss Greer Garson was not thinking. She threw her cap over the moon, sure of her complete happiness and hero-worship.

She was completely forgetting that one persistent boy who had kept on writing to her from his Cambridge days onward and who kept sending her his volumes of poetry; kept on saying, despite her vigorous denials, that she would some- day marry him. She said, loudly, she never would. She said, even more loudly, that from this day forth, when she became an actress, she would never know another moment's unhappiness.

Neither proved the other. She did marry that boy; and she was more bitterly, awfully, agonizingly unhappy than she had ever dreamed anybody could be. She was unhappy that fearful extent that only a person of imagination and feeling can be and what lay ahead of her, for several years, was not glory and gold but agony and poverty and humiliation.

You will learn the story of Greer Garson's marriage, of why she made it and why she finally dissolved it. You will learn about how she got into that Birmingham Theater company and the bitter things she learned there, and of how she tried and failed in London, and of the strange things that happened to her in Hollywood. Watch for next month's installment of "Redheaded Rebel" in Photoplay-Movie Mirror.
Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 62)

$1.00 PRIZE
The Answer?

| AM not saying this could not happen to
tyrone power, it could happen to
almost any star; but I am giving Ty as
an example.

Tyrone is at a Hollywood function of
some sort. “Gee, I’m sorry,” he says to
the host, “but my head is killing me
and I have to get up early tomorrow—
will you please excuse me?” He is ex-
cused and he goes out. “Oh, look!” cry a
couple of kids, “there’s Tyrone Power!”

More kids follow, even grownups; they
swamp around him, he with his head
splitting. “Sorry, but I’m in an awful
hurry,” he naturally says. Of course,
he doesn’t mean to be rude, but he has
to. “Ya’ stuck up thing!” yells one smart
alec, and from then on the kid tells
everyone about “that stuck up Tyrone
Power.”

No wonder Garbo wants to be alone.
Maybe she couldn’t take it as so many
have to. What price fame! You do some-
things slightly wrong and you face the
consequences. I read one place where
Power said, “I’m a hero one minute, a
bum the next.” I bet he knows, but he
can take it.

JAYNE MOOREY,
Tulsa, Oklahoma.

$1.00 PRIZE

FEEL I owe a public apology to Lo-
retta Young.

I formerly regarded her just as an
elegant person who could wear clothes
—and wear them well. But nothing ex-
ceptional in the way of an actress since
all she had to do was look beautiful.

But since she has taken to kicking up
her heels like a frivolous colt and has
been such a swell actress in the crack-

drained movies she’s been doing lately—
The Doctor Takes A Wife” and “He
Stayed For Breakfast”—I can see that it
was my glasses which needed cleaning
after all.

Miss Young is still a glamorous lady
but now she has a sparkle, a zip, a
vivaciouslyness which apparently she
has been hiding from us!

S. K. PARKHURST,
Seattle, Wash.

$1.00 PRIZE

Fair Enough

IT doesn’t seem quite fair to me that
lately, whenever a supposedly “super”
movie is made, the box-office prices are
raised. I can understand that for “Gone
With The Wind” it was necessary, for
that was very different from the run-of-
the-mill picture. But why should “Boom
Town” and “The Sea Hawk” have to be
shown at higher rates? Frankly, I was
greatly disappointed in “Boom Town”
and considered it not up to its advance
ballyhoo.

We movie fans don’t get a lower rate
when a picture is a flop and there are
many of those. Now, along comes “The
Great Dictator” with prices reaching a
new high. If we must pay more for
these so-called “better pictures” then I
think we should get a break on the
mediocre ones.

A. R. YOUNG,
Springfield, Mass.
HONORABLE MENTION

I was feeling pretty gloomy yesterday after registering in the draft, so dropped weerily into a movie to try to forget the whole infantile mess. There I saw Myrna Loy and Allyn Douglas do their stuff in the most rib-tickling comedy that has been my pleasure to see in many years. It was called "Third Finger, Left Hand." I sat through the picture twice and when I left knew that America was still sane and would remain so.

MAX R. HENDBY
Indianapolis, Ind.

In the course of the medical profession has given much to the world. When we go to the movies we expect to find an occasional picture on the subject. Lately, however, the producers have gone "serum complex." Imagine Ann Sothern running into a jungle equipped with scientists and serum. And everyone knows that it has been ages since Dr. Kildare and his serum lost a patient.

Soon films will be rated not by stars but by the serum content. And think of the professional jealousy prevalent at a doubtful feature!

GENE O'BRIEN
Southport, N. C.

P.S.—Is there a doctor in the house?

TODAY I am head buyer in one of the most exclusive dress shops in town, but without the help of the movies, well... you see, I was raised in the foreign section of the city and I never realized how different I was until I began associating with those in the business world. I poured over the fashion notes in movie magazines by the hour and I attended countless movies. Yes, I learned, and why I pay tribute to you, Hollywood.

KATHERINE WANGSCHUA
St. Paul, Minn.

DEAR TOM MIX:

We were not known to each other personally, but I think that I knew you almost as well. You were my first hero and will always remain so in my memory. I am only one compared with the thousands who have always adored you.

They say there is another world just beyond the clouds and there I know we shall meet someday.

Until then the thousands of people and I say good-by to you, "Dear Tom."

SHERIE CHELSY
Detroit, Michigan

WHAT has happened to Garbo? Where is she? Why this long space of acting immobility? Enough of this chatter of "Remember her in—" Let us see her! Please.

J. CUNNINGHAM
Mill Valley, California

STENCIL, with the unforgettable art of top-notch actor Laughton, Sidney Howard's poignant tale of the pure and heroic love of a simple man— and one has enough. Add the touchingly vital portrayal given by Lombard and the unsuspectedly strong performance of Gargan, and one has entertainment mounting to the dignity of an "emotional experience."

In three different cities I was magnetized back to "They Knew What They Wanted" and was each time impressed anew.

MAYO CORNWELL
Cleveland, Ohio

I CAN'T get that fellow McGinty out of my mind. He caught me deeply. There was something heroic and yet a little pathetic about him. I can't help thinking that anyone of us might have been McGinty: he may walk among us unnoticed this very minute. We were not looking at him as he wished to be seen: we saw him as he was. That can touch a human; it makes you realize again—and we've almost forgotten it today—that people can feel.

I don't think Mr. McGinty lived in vain.

NAT RUTHERFORD
San Antonio, Texas

DEAR MR. PRODUCER:

Please—please in the next months to follow give us only pictures that will make us laugh. Pictures like "I Love You Again," "He Stayed For Breakfast," "Ghost Breakers" and "The Boys From Syracuse." They may not rate five stars but they run down our cheeks will be tears of laughter and not tears of pain.

There are going to be lots of mothers in the theaters with heavy hearts and sweethearts that are trying to forget. Make us laugh and laugh. And who can laugh more than an American?

IRENE CURBINE
Rapid City, S. D.

I'VE just been stirred by the fine acting of Lee Bowman in "Gold Rush Safari" to send up a cry to the gods of the Motion Picture Industry. A cry for more and finer parts for him and other young men in the movies. Such parts should be prosecuted and the two young men and Michael Curtiz, who have freed him, to whose memory may be given another dancing picture. Ginger. That's where you are and that's where we want you.

MARGRET ROTHSCOLD
Desi simply rhumbas in the same place, as he does in the pictures on page 36. Lucille dances in a wide circle around him. She passes on her left, right. (See page 36: Photo I.)

D. At this point they leave off holding hands. He takes her right with his right. (Page 36: Photo II.) Next—

E. Desi puts his left hand back taking her right again, with his left, as Lucille is progressing around in back of him. (Page 36: Photos III and IV.)

F. She crosses in front of him again and—

G. As she reaches the above position, Desi leads her to him, his right arm reaching up to assume its normal leading touch on her waist.

H. Thus, they begin dancing in a turn again, this time to Desi's right—the exact opposite of the turn which began the routine, since he is going forward.

I. They make two complete turns. Then—

J. They come out of the routine on the pause, facing each other and ready to do any step they choose.

K. In this case they choose to remain on the spot for a while and do a slight variation of the original step. On the fourth count, when they pause, each kicks out slightly with the free foot, giving a very small hop at the same time on the foot holding the weight. That is, Desi, beginning on his left, does 1-2-3 and on 4 kicks with his right, hopping on his left. Lucille, beginning on her right, does 1-2-3 and on 4 kicks with her left, hopping on her right.

There are many other variations, because in the rhumba, as in any dance, your own improvisations are what make it fun. So! Arriba, chiquitas! Si ustedes quieren rhumba un poco, aquí esta... as Desi would say.

---

Wedding Bells For Rhumba Stars

DESI ARNAZ and Lucille Ball rhumbaded their way right on into romance with wedding bells. And you can chalk up one against the Hollywood wisegags and romance prophets who turned supercilious ears to their sentimental doings. Just an affair of the press departments, they said; now that 'Too Many Girls' was nicely launched, the public would be given a welcome respite from the torrid accounts of these two.

But the prognosticators went sour when Lucille, shooting into New York from a personal appearance in Milwaukee, joined heart and hands with her adored Cuban in a surprise trip to Greenwich, Connecticut. There, with a flash of charm and a dash of high pressure, they succeeded in having the five days' marital quarrel parceled off—just in fact, to get Desi back in time for the second show at the Roxy, even if he did miss the first.

At the end of the Roxy engagement, Mr. and Mrs. Arnaz will journey to Havana, where the bride is to meet her new father-in-law in the best Cuban fashion. Thence they'll return to Hollywood, where there is likely talk of RKO's co-starring the newlyweds who turned the tables on the Cupid wise guys.
City of Loney Girls
(Continued from page 19)

Slowly and painfully it was borne in upon her that if she was ever to see him or the $300 she'd have to go after him. Goded on by her own desperate financial condition, she set out on the search. Finally she tracked him down to a comfortable but less alluring Hollywood court where he was living not with his mother but with his wife and 3-year-old child.

The family was just sitting down to a sizzling, juicy steak as Ann appeared in the doorway. Instantly on his feet, he took advantage of her bewilderment to back her out into the court. When the girl asked him for a return of at least part of the money he owed her, he retorted, "What do you mean, the money I owe you?"

To Ann's speechless amazement at this bald-faced denial, he continued, his voice growing large and insubstantial, "What is this? Some kind of a shake-down racket? Perhaps you've forgotten that the law provides for people who try to blackmail individuals for money. Why you can't produce one scrap of evidence that your claim is legal and you know it!"

Her mounting rage abruptly turned to ice. Of course, she couldn't—anyway—she was about to be of telephone calls! Suddenly she became aware of the grating faces of the neighbors peering curiously into the little part of his technique! When he finally yelled, "Now, you get out of here!" she stumbled, beaten and chagrined, out of the court. This was the man to whom she had turned in her Hollywood loneliness!

Her distress prompted her to go to one of the girls' clubs which do such splendid duty in helping talented girls try to hold their own against the high voltage of Hollywood. An opening was reported to the club for a script girl at one of the studios. Ann jumped at it and made such a point of studying script technique that she is now being given a chance at a writing job.

B Y all odds the most frequently shocked-back criticism of the run of Hollywood men—and by that I distinctly mean "run" and not our swell top-flight stars and actresses—is the acceptance of their desirability. Where in other communities a man spends a little time and attention on a girl he thinks worth taking out, the Hollywood Lothario is extremely nonchalant. It's the familiar psychology of the man who says, "Well, if they want to vote, let 'em stand up with the rest of us." A larger part of it, however, is that gallantry seems to operate in inverse proportion to the market. With a waiting list of ten beautiful girls to every halfway presentable male, the competition is uproarious, dog eat dog—and cat...
eat cat. For be it known, the girls are not entirely blameless in this battle for escorts. I sat in the home of one of our better known Hollywood "elites" and in the two hours I was there six women were with him for only one, of them phoning back three times before he could make her take no for an answer.

Without too much subtle pity women have been blamed by the public about Hollywood for the advantages to be gained—everything from press passes for previews and theaters commanded by the girls in the industry. The headlines have spoken of the introductions in the social field. One Eastern writer, in town for material, had a baptizing from one of the local yokels. A story was started that万元 was being given for which the invitations brought five dollars apiece. The girl from the East was going in the party of one of the patrones. Chancing to run into a man she had known who now had very a good studio job but seemed eager to up his social quotient, she was able to include him in the party and sent her check for an additional five dollars to hold the extra reservation.

Quite casually he turned up for the evening in the home of the girl and dropped a benzene and chromium coupee, regaled her with stories of his stable and the new string of horses he was starting, which was no bluff, then passed the money, seven dollars in his pocket and would she rather have him pay for his own ticket or go to La Conga for a few dances. The sacrifice was a significant incident. Although she was actually doing him a favor, he didn't consider he was called upon to do anything more than pay his own way.

THE paying question, in fact, is one which rankles in many a Hollywood bosom. As a departure from the old bohemian's bill, the girls are the gouger or, there are those who claim the men are now the gold-diggers. Well, that's carrying things a little too far. Or is it? A star who now has a gainful experience not long ago, quite in the Hollywood tradition. It was necessary for her to put in an "appearance" at an important premiere. So she asked a man noted for his charm and social assets to accompany her. The gentleman in question arrived promptly, preceded in the best approved manner by the drawing of white orchids to match the star's evening dress. Just as they were leaving her house he suddenly put his hand in his pocket and produced an odd little money belt in his wallet in my other suit! We'll have to stop by our apartment on our way to the Carthay Circle.

But there wasn't time for such a detour (of course there wasn't time!), so the star supplied the cash for the evening—Ciro's for some smooth dancing after the premiere, then on out the Valley for the most successful evening, they both agreed when he was enthusiastically thanking her for a swell time. She gave him 2 6. as far as her railroad rode down the drive, started to turn back into the house and stopped.

"Why would you thank me for a swell time?" she muttered ruefully. "It was my money we used and I'll bet I never see it again!"

Lucky she didn't take her own bet or she would have been doubly out on the evening. So you see, even a glamorous star can feel lonely in the Hollywood firmament. Tip from "Fearless": A lot of "em do!

Remember these things when you think of Hollywood. In no town has so many girls come home to their rooms and flung themselves down to sob their hearts out alone.
Who's Who in Hollywood Society
(Continued from page 57)

she acquired a Beverly Hills mansion for $50,000. She never had any real happiness in the glories of Mexico's Silver Screen, so after she bought it and passed away, not in the house she was so proud of, but at a friend's in Santa Barbara. Mary's divorce from me just before her illness and, looking around, observed, "Darling, how can you afford to live in a place like this?"

"What's wrong with it? I thought you liked it," retorted I.

"Yes, it's all right, but your position demands something better."

Then I reminded her of her first visit and Marie laughed louder than I.

The big car which she bought, as essential to her station as a star, was sold, after her death, to a rich man who lived in the house. The owner, who had no idea how to use it as a hearse for their most elegant funerals and charge $100 extra for the privilege.

THE next duty attached to the salaried gentry is maintaining a staff of servants, preferably the kind who have an idea of how an aristocrat, salaried or otherwise, should live. They pass out freezing looks if you depart from their standards.

You bet the giggles if you knew how many of Hollywood's great who have such poise and savoir-faire under all and sundry circumstances on the screen are sunk in the slums of Los Angeles. Another word: "Once in a Lifetime" could be wrapped around that idea.

One well-known who's married into the social register and was lately divorced used to say to her butler, "Dearie, pass me the soup." That man now serves in one of the better restaurants and always have a hench impulse to call him "Dearie."

It would wring your heart if you could see a top-salary princess eating a couple of lettuce leaves and a portion of birdseed and snuffling at the door of the servants' dining room, where comes the delicious, tantalizing aroma of steak sizzled in mushrooms being consumed, at her expense, by eight hired hands and four dogs—-all with healthy, husky appetites.

That same princess has spent twelve hours at the studio under torrid lamp's and would like to crawl home and hop into bed. Likely things don't often happen because the staff will think she hasn't any friends and isn't as important as they thought she was. So she props herself up and expansively entertains a crowd whose main interest is always themselves.

Entertaining gives her the jitters anyway. Many heads have lost their crown by letting in a guest whose check for bridge or poker bounced next morning. But it's her secretary's job, poor thing, to see that no one is repeated next time earning $3,000. In fact, it's downright dangerous to have them at the same party.

And the agony of a Hollywood hostess in keeping track of everybody's ex-mates and boy friends! If they're all in the same salary class, it isn't so bad. But if the lady has them, while her former husband lolly-gags in the lower ranks, look out for sparks! You're a cinch to lose a friend.

There aren't half a dozen people in town with courage enough to change the place cards after the hostess has finished arrangements. They're all too many, it seems, to junk the many buffet dinners, where you juggle your food on your lap and plead with the bird—'I mean squash—not to jump off and ruin your bigatta for the privilege.

Then there's the expensive car with a slithering special body. Of course, the star sometimes leaves the big bus and climbs into her limousine, and just for the thrill of it, drives to the studio along in a cute little roadster. But if she makes a habit of doing anything so sensible, she'll probably be found, from the publicity department that she owes it to her fans to ride in state; complaints have been coming in from out-of-town visitors saying Miss Susie is in the trunk!

It's true that we have courageous souls like Greta Garbo, who rodes around in a ten-year-old arl until she got good and ready to change it. Then she bought another secondhand car! But Garbo, bless her, wouldn't recognize the caste system if she fell over it. When merchants send her a bill, she pays half.

"Why not?" she shrugs. They charge me double anyway.

She lives simply, comfortably, because she wants to give her good Swedish common sense is proof against any tip the press agents can concoct. In fact, the publicity boys aren't even known her! She does the work she's paid and as for the rest, it's all poppycock and to heck with it!

YOU may not believe it, but it's almost impossible to live on $1,000 a week in Hollywood after the caste bug has bitten and the press agent who lived and even saved on $75 weekly finds he can get by on ten times that amount. This in spite of the fact that extras seem able to live on something like $75 a week. But goodness only knows how extras live at all! Heaven must be helping them—we certainly aren't.

There are exceptions here, of course, like Mitch Leisen, who parties all his old pals with the new, even extras included. His are real parties, and will be remembered in lifethroughs, also to record the fact that no candid cameras are allowed at these gatherings, which include the biggest people in town.

Frankly, Leisen gives a dinner for pleasure, not publicity.

Fortunately, there are signs that Hollywood's famous are outgrowing the salary caste system. They're beginning to see what it's done to others who were just as famous as they. Carole Lombard and Clark Gable live in a modest ranch house, give dinner parties, cook their own dinner at least once a week. But as yet there are comparatively few others following that example, with the exception of our former hostess, Myrna Loy. But that's another story.

They regard their salaries as their own. They take—and give—little.

The caste system has caused more heartaches among Hollywood than scandals. It never belonged in America and I believe that if you movie-goers had your way you'd prefer them running around in glass houses and would want them to put something away for that rainy day, which scots not gladness but sadness in so many lives.

Our March Fictionized Movie—Harold Bell Wright's world-loved tale THE SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS from the Paramount film starring Betty Field, Harry Carey and John Wayne

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EMPIRE DIAMOND CO.
Ma Hardy Advises—
(Continued from page 21)
Simplicity in dress is the essence of good taste; a man likes to be proud of his girl, not made conspicuous by her."

Speaking of being conspicuous reminded Ma of a young actress she knew in New York. She was one of the most natural girls she had ever known, until a well-to-do young man took an interest in her. Then, for some out of reasoning, she got it into her head that dressing outlandishly would make her more fascinating.

"I guess he thought that after they were married he could change all that, because he made up his mind to take her on a surprise visit to see his mother. He asked the girl if she would wear something of a more subdued nature the following evening. The girl, however, refused to take the hint. Instead, she put on a fur at his implied criticism and determined to teach the young man a lesson.

"The next evening when he called, she was dressed in a sedate old-fashioned black dress. Surprised, the young man asked for an explanation. She quite truthfully informed him she was dressed as Whistler's Portrait of My Mother. Her supreme sarcasm was her undoing. She never saw the young man again."

MA reflected a moment and then told me the story of a valuable lesson concerning clothes she had learned in her early youth.

"I had a habit of lounging around my house in an old but extremely comely robe. It was such a dilapidated thing that every few weeks I would make a resolution to throw it away, but invariably on an evening at home, I would find myself slipping into it. One evening, a young man with whom I had an engagement found that due to the pressure of some unexpected business matters he would be unable to keep the date. Consequently, I decided to spend the evening at home, as usual, slipped into the old robe. I had no sooner settled myself comfortably with a book than the doorbell rang. You can imagine my embarrassment as I attempted to pass myself off to face with my young man.

"From that day on I've always been at least presentable—looking in my lounging moments."

"I believe that every girl should make this a rule: not only in case someone should unexpectedly drop in, but because she owes it to herself. And really it's so easy to do these days, 'cause you can buy such awfully smart, comfortable lounging clothes at very little cost."

I NOTICED Ma was wearing a beautiful new ring of sapphires and diamonds. She told me that it was a birthday present from her husband Dave Clyde. With a laugh, she went on to say that since she had started work on the Hardy Family series, her birthday had gotten to be a racket. For now her husband had two women to buy presents for—Fay Holden and "Ma Hardy." This year, Fay had received a ring—Ma Hardy, a new electric toothbrush.

"Speaking of jewelry," Ma continued, "I think one or two pieces of good jewelry are very nice to have, if a girl can afford them. Costume jewelry, of course, if chosen carefully, often adds to a costume. But the two should never be mixed. The other night at a dance I noticed a girl who rather flamboyantly wore a bracelet. It was a link type, made of one of those new transparent compositions. The top part was flat, with three silver prongs

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WARNING: Song Hits is the ONLY magazine that publishes correct lyrics by permission of copyright owners.
which hold real flowers. I think the nicest engagement ring I have ever heard of belongs to a little girl in Boston. Her fiancé didn't have much money, but he had a lot of originality. The ring he gave her was a living heart, bound with a heart of small diamonds. In the center was a forget-me-not in diamonds—a heart within a heart—forget-me-not.

INCIDENTALLY, this girl's engagement was a happy conclusion to a very miserable time, for as Sondi first started writing to me a long time ago and her letters were extremely unhappy. It seems she had but little determination in her life. That night before she went to a party, she'd be awake thinking up clever and amusing things to say. In the morning would be rushed for a short while and then be dropped. She was at a loss to understand it.

While corresponding with her, I found out a great deal about the girl. I discovered her sense of humor had a satiric tinge and was at the expense of friends. Naturally, they not only got tired of this, but also found it very wearing competing with her so-called 'smart repartee.' After all, who wants to be bothered thinking up clever remarks at a wienie roast?

"Finally, I was able to make the girl realize that she was just alienating people she wrote and told her to be herself. You know, naturalness is really the keynote to a winning personality. I told her that a sure way for her to be popular with boys was to take an interest in the things they were doing. There's not a man in this world who doesn't appreciate a good girl. The other hands, if there's anything a boy hates, it's to have a girl get possessive and dictatorial.

This girl took my advice—something that, in this case, I'm afraid I couldn't have done myself—for the girl became interested in a boy who was an amateur magician. Watching a boy perform his tricks day in and day out would have bored me to death, but my young friend turned her boy friend's talent to a good use. She gave a magic party. The invitation included his magic pictures, he performed all his favorite tricks and every game they played was something to do with the effects.

"The cost of the entire thing was little; and the net result was that the girl, in giving this party, wiped out all the resentment against herself. Everyone had a good time and her boy friend adored her more than ever.

"That young lady, I'm sure will never again be lonely. I have what I think is a sure cure for a blue mood, provided you go at it wholeheartedly. When I begin to feel blue, I just busy myself for the next few days thinking things over other people and at the end of that time my own troubles disappear. It really works.

"I've often thought of the many girls who go to a city all alone to look for work. It's not a pleasant thing to be in a place where you don't know anyone, but even loneliness can be made profitable. I know of a case in which this loneliness was really the foundation for future happiness.

"There was a young girl who was employed as a clerk in a large department store in one of our leading metropolis. She had been working in the second or third section of work from a small town. Having no friends in the city, she was forced to live by herself.

"She was terribly lonesome and, for want of something with which to occupy herself, purchased a ward-robe, particularly her hats. In search of ideas she often spent some of her lunch hour wandering through the millinery department, which she worked. In doing so, she made the acquaintance of one of the assistant buyers. It was at the buyer's suggestion that she enrolled in a millinery class at a public night school. The girl became intensely interested in her work and her lonely hours were taken care of.

"The only way to success in whatever vocation a girl may choose is to learn everything and anything about her profession that she can. The feeling that this has been the assurance and poise, but she should never at any time flaunt it. People instinctively despise a 'smart aleck.'"
THE SHADOW STAGE
(Continued from page 15)

 ✓ You’ll Find Out (RKO-Radio)

It’s About: The Kyser band runs afoul of spooks and crooks.

KAY KYSER and his band are lifted bodily from their College of Musical Knowledge air shows and set right down in the midst of movies’ three worst bogeymen, Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre. The result is a mild panic with take yogs and cold-blooded crooks flying in and out of trap doors and collapsible walls with Kyser in reluctant pursuit. It all happens when Kay and his band agree to play at the country home of Helen Parrish and find the place alive with horrible horrors.

There are plenty of laughs, of course, with charming young lady who exchanges love for order.

(Continued on page 101)
A FAMOUS novelist who was as noted for her amours as for her novels once met an ugly man. He was a grotesque caricature when it came to physical appearance; to the casual observer he had nothing to offer in the way of looks. But, to the astonishment of all Europe, the novelist fell in love with him. Her blunt explanation didn’t pull any punches: “No matter how beautiful a sentiment is,” said she, “it is of no value at all if it comes from an unattractive mouth.”

The woman was George Sand; the man—had nice teeth.

The story is worth a chuckle, but the moral is not.

Today, with every sort of professional advice at her fingertips, there’s no excuse for a woman’s not being a beauty.

But being a beauty still doesn’t make her a sought-after belle. Just one thing will make or break her in the final social line-up—and that is her charm. This charm depends upon her facial expressions; her facial expressions depend upon her smile; and her smile depends upon her teeth.

The care of the teeth is simplicity itself; any woman who is wise to the first premise of beauty has just ten things she does. If you’re honest with yourself for a moment and check up on the list below, you’ll find out whether you’re merely an “euse the conscience” toothbrusher or a woman who can give herself a complacent and well-deserved pat on the back.

1. The smart woman brushes her teeth after every meal whenever possible.
2. She sees her dentist twice a year.
3. She uses dental floss once a day.
4. She uses a mouth wash regularly.
5. She makes a point of taking a glass of milk at least once a day, or other food having a high calcium content, like oranges.
6. She never taps her teeth with her fingernails; a nervous and unpleasant habit, and bad for the teeth.
7. She changes toothbrushes every ten days.
8. After applying lipstick, she checks her teeth in the mirror to be sure they aren’t tinged with pink.
9. She never bites off thread or opens bobby pins with her teeth.
10. She never bites hard candy of any sort.

A simple formula, but, ten to one, in the ordinary run of life there aren’t many women who follow it through. An actress knows from the first that her teeth are all-important. Take Irene Dunne, epitome of the charming Hollywood lady. Says she candidly: “I’ve been lucky in a lot of ways in my life (she married a dentist!) but certainly one of the greatest pieces of luck was in having parents who did see that my teeth had proper care and that I was taught to keep them clean. My parents established the habit of dental care for me and I have never lost it. . . . If people would only realize that having clean and healthy teeth isn’t only a big addition to the personality, but has such a marked effect on the health!”

THE FIRST STEP
Is the brushing process—i.e., never, unless you want a bad case of receding gums, brush your teeth with side-to-side movements. Instead, brush the upper teeth with strokes from the gum down; the lower, with strokes from the gum up. Incidentally, you won’t pick up trench mouth or any other common mouth germ if you massage your gums every time you brush your teeth. Take the thumb and index finger and go over the gums gently with a circular motion. This increases the circulation, gives you healthy gums that keep your teeth strong.

The prelude to all toothbrushing should be a brisk friction with the dry brush all over the teeth and in-between each tooth. Then comes the concentrated brushing—and next time you brush, try prolonging the process sixty seconds more than your usual time. You’ll be amazed at the difference in the feeling of your mouth.

AS FOR THE POWDER, PASTE OR LIQUID QUESTION:
Use which ever you like best; one is as good as the other in the estimation of dentists. A good way to choose a dentifrice is by scent; just pick the one the taste of which you like best, the one that makes your mouth feel freshest.

IF YOUR TEETH ARE IRREGULAR:
Swallow your pride, take out your pocketbook and go to the dentist. Have braces put on. You’ll be thankful at sixty, because it’s a proven fact that teeth that are irregular will disastrously affect the whole mouth later on. What you spend on braces now will be, in the final analysis, a penny of prevention for a pound of cure.

ABOUT SEEING YOUR DENTIST:
TWO A YEAR:
It’s a human nature not to take the first step toward the dentist’s door. We know a smart woman who takes the lazy man’s way out. She simply tells her dentist’s assistant to put her down for a regular appointment every six months. Then she forgets the whole thing until the phone rings and the assistant informs her she’s due to come in for a check-up. Good idea and, furthermore, your dreams won’t be haunted by drills.

IF YOU WANT A TRICK:
To make your teeth look especially nice on your nights out, try taking a fine linen handkerchief and doing a good polishing job on them just before you go out. Then, during the evening, run your tongue over them occasionally to make them gleam.

Don’t push the care of your teeth to the back of your mind; keep concentrating when you use the toothbrush; follow the ten rules carefully and you’ll pass 100% in the oral examinations.
ACTION. romance and charm literally crowd this remake of Douglas Fairbanks Sr.'s Zorro and Tyrone Power takes second place to none as the dashingly handsome young Spaniard who pits his wits and strong right arm against the rapscallion government heads of old California. There are dash and fire in Tyrone's portrayal of the young man who returns from Spain to find his fatherusted as governor by the rascais J. Edward Bromberg and Basil Rathbone. It is by dint of Tyrone's fine performance that the story has its second helping.

Your Reviewer Says: Suspense with thrills.

√ One Night in the Tropics (Universal)

It's About: A man who insure his wedding and the resulting complications.

TRISTLY nonsense, but the antics of Abbott and Costello are so funny and the whole film is so lighthearted that you'll be very entertained.

Robert Cummings is engaged to Nancy Kelly, but when they have an argument and break up, Allan Jones sells him an insurance policy by which he gets a million dollars if the wedding doesn't occur by a certain date. This is very fine, but what complicates matters is the fact that Allan Jones falls in love with Nancy; Eggy Moran is determined that Cummings will marry no other girl but herself and pay the million dollars off if Cummings doesn't marry Nancy. To this scrambled plot, add Abbott and Costello as a couple of dumb detectives hired to help the wedding long and you'll see what a hodgepodge it all is.

The music is charming: Jones and Cummings are engaging in their confused romances. Nancy Kelly looks lovely and Eggy Moran is very effective.

Your Reviewer Says: Anything for a laugh.

√ Dr. Kildare's Crisis (M-G-M)

It's About: Dr. Kildare diagnoses an epileptic patient.

CONTINUING the high standard of entertainment set by the previous Kildare pictures, this has the added attraction of Robert Young who plays the lover of Laraine Day. Lew Ayres as Dr. Kildare has Young for a patient in this picture. Young is vividly suffering from epilepsy and his much study and experimentation are forced to the back as the conclusion that the epilepsy is hereditary, which involves Laraine Day, Young's sister and Lew's niece. This makes things very difficult for everyone concerned, since Lew, as in the pictures of the series, is about to marry Laraine. But Lionel Barrymore, the brusque Dr. Gillespie steps in to help everyone with his store of knowledge.

Robert Young gives us his usual excellent performance and the entire cast play their roles with the ease and assurance suited to the type of characters. The picture as a whole is even more interesting than its predecessors.

Your Reviewer Says: Better than ever.

Ellery Queen, Master Detective (Columbia)

It's About: The murder of a health farm tycoon.

THIS is the first of a new series starring Ralph Bellamy as the fiction-film detective, Ellery Queen, whose adventures you've undoubtedly followed both in the novels of his exploits and on the screen. It is set as a good standard for future pictures, although much of the beginning is spent in establishing the characters who will be in the entire series.

Ralph Bellamy gives a good portrayal of the detective who finds Margaret Lindsay on the scene of the crime—the murder of the rich owner of a health farm who has left two wills—and hides her in his own apartment while he seeks the murderer.

Charley Grapewin is his father, a police inspector, whose methods differ from his son's. Marsha Hunt is the murdered man's daughter who is in love with Michael Whalen.

It ought to be easy for you to ferret out the murderer even before Bellamy does.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll like it.

Give Us Wings (Universal)

It's About: The Dead End Kids and Little Tough Guys take to the air.

WHEN the Dead End Kids meet the Little Tough Guys of the screen, you just know something is bound to happen. Sure enough, it does, when the lads, eager to fly planes over crops that require chemical spraying, get involved in a kidnapping when one of the lads is killed and it comes to light the planes are antiquated and dangerous, the boys start out after the crooked plane owner in an exciting chase scene as you've seen in a long time.

For those who like these "gang kid" pictures (frankly, we don't) it has its points.

Your Reviewer Says: Zippy and snappy.

The Lone Wolf Keeps A Date (Columbia)

It's About: The Lone Wolf gets involved in a kidnapping.

This program picture is surprisingly good and cleverly done. It's fast-paced, suspenseful and has plenty of action and comedy.

Warren William capably plays the daring Lone Wolf who matches wits with the police and underworld alike to solve the mystery of a kidnapping. When he discovers Frances Robinson scurrying out of Havana with a fortune in cash that he had been hunting, he promptly rushes to her rescue although both the police and a gang of robbers are on her trail.

The bills are stolen and recovered again and you hardly know from minute to minute just where they are.

Eric Blore is William's aide, Thurston Hall is an inspector and Ted Prouty is a comedy police chief. There's a gang of assorted thugs who are very good.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll enjoy it. (Continued on page 103)
HERE COMES COOKIE

BY ANN HAMILTON

PATTY cake, pattty cake, Baker’s Man Miss Weidler can bake as well as you can.
She rolls dough and puts it and marks it with V.
And puts it in the oven for Virginia—and all the rest of the Weidler family, not to mention the assorted young fry population who lives near by.

Now you wouldn’t believe that Virginia, in addition to being one of the ablest of our younger performers, would have time to cook, would you? She’s such a versatile little star, even though she’s only 13 years old, that you somehow get the idea that that’s career enough. I know it had never occurred to me that she’d know the difference between a rolling pin and a flour sifter until the day I watched her working with Ann Rutherford and John Shelton on the set of “Keeping Company,” her latest picture since “The Philadelphia Story.”

“Keeping Company” is a story about typical small-town people and in it Virginia plays a little girl who is pretty much like the Virginia of real life—interested in the usual teen-age activities which include “messing around” in Mother’s kitchen. After Virginia had finished the scene I began to tease her about her make-believe housekeeping activities.

Virginia Weidler, “other woman” with John Shelton and Ann Rutherford in “Keeping Company”

“But it isn’t make-believe,” she said seriously.

There are six children in the Weidler family and Virginia explained that with a family of that size, Mrs. Weidler believes they should all learn how to do things about the house; and although Virginia is the youngest of the six, already she knows as much about homemaking as lots of older girls.

“But dusting and sweeping and washing dishes are easy,” I said. “I’ll bet you can’t cook.”

“Bet I can,” Virginia answered. “I dare you to come out tomorrow and see.”

So I accepted the dare—who wouldn’t? Next day I went out to the Weidler home and sat by watching while Virginia measured and sifted and mixed the cookies shown here.

Molasses Ginger Cookies

1 cup shortening
3/4 cup sugar
1 cup molasses
1 cup sour milk
2 tbsp. soda
1 tsp. ginger
1 tsp. salt
2 tsp. flour

Cream the shortening, add the butter and cream together until light and fluffy. Sift together the soda, ginger, salt and

3/4 cup confectioners’ sugar
Melt the chocolate over hot water. Add cream and butter and beat together until the mixture is cool. Add confectioners’ sugar slowly, beating steadily until the mixture is smooth and thick. Spread between layers and on top and sides of cake.

Here Comes Cookie
A Night At Earl Carroll's
(Paramount)

It's About: The kidnaping of a night club's floor show.

If you'd like to spend an evening at Earl Carroll's Hollywood restaurant-entertainment center, you'll find a change for almost the entire background of this musical feature is the night club. You'll see all the beautiful girls, some comedians and the musical numbers that Mr. Carroll specializes in.

The plot's pretty thin, of course, since revolve around the idea that, to spoil big romance, friends the new mayor, bigumber J. Carrol Naïnds kicks the floor show.

Ken Murray is the press agent for the night club and Rose Hobart is Carroll's assistant. Brenda and Cobina contribute several laughs in their fan-hunt routine.

It's a pleasant little picture.

Your Reviewer Says: All right.

Remedy For Riches
(RKO-Radio)

It's About: Dr. Christian saves the town on a "con" man.

ENTIMENTALITY is less rampant in this latest adventure of Dr. Christian, but it's replaced by plenty of broad comedy that's usually missing in the series. Everyone in the small town is more healthy than usual, so Dr. Christian has little to do. However, Warren Hull, oil promoter, comes to the village and scoops oil in the river, so naturally everybody sees quick riches in return for small investment; everybody, that is, but Jean Hersholt as Dr. Christian, who feels about proving that the oil has been planted and it's all a crooked proposition.

Dorothy Lovett is Hersholt's loyal nurse and Edgar Kennedy, Walter Catlett and Jed Prouty are funny in their usual comedy roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Dr. Christian gets tough.

Gallant Sons
(M-G-M)

It's About: School boys who heal a breach in their friendship.

THERE'S a lot of genuine sincerity in this heart-beating story of two firm school friends, Jackie Cooper and Gene Reynolds, who meet heartache head on when Gene's dad, Ian Hunter, is sent to prison for murder at the instigation of Jackie's father, a newspaper editor. How these kids, with the aid of Bonita Granville, June Preisser, William Tracy and Leo Gorcey, get together to solve the mystery and keep Jackie and Gene from a story that will melt the heart of a cynic.

These kids are good. Incidentally, Ian Hunter and Gail Parke turn in splendid performances, too.

Your Reviewer Says: A gallant little story.

 Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talks

PICTURES IN THE CUTTING ROOM

COLUMBIA

- LEGACY: Dealing with the period before the First World War, this has Warner Baxter as the father of four sons and Ingrid Bergman as their governess. Johnny Downs, Robert Shaw and Richard Denning are three of the boys and Susan Hayward is the complication in their lives.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

- MAISIE WAS A LADY: Stagey Ann Sothern continues her adventures by becoming a maid in the home of society playboy Lew Ayres. His sister Maureen O'Sullivan is engaged to fortune-hunter Edward Ashley and C. Aubrey Smith is the butler. With Rita Johnson and Henry O'Neill.

PARAMOUNT

- VIRGINIA: Madeline Carroll returns to Virginia to raise cash by selling her family's plantation, but meets Fred MacMurray who does his best to change her mind in this Technicolor picture of the South. With Marie Wilson, Sterling Hayden and Paul Hurst.

- THE ROUNDUP: On the day of her marriage to Richard Dix, Pat Marson meets Preston Foster, her sweetheart who she had thought dead and becomes involved in exciting Indian troubles and gun running.

- THE MONSTER AND THE GIRL: Ted Cameron, scientist, implants the brain of a man into the body of a gorilla in this strange mystery drama. With Joel McCrea, as the sister of the dead man whose brain the gorilla has, gives a compelling dramatic performance. The cast includes Paul Lukas and Robert Paige.

RKO

- MR. AND MRS. SMITH: High-speed, sophisticated comedy with Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery as the happily married couple who discover that their marriage is illegal. Gene Raymond is Montgomery's partner who falls in love with Carole.

- A GIRL, A GUY, AND A GOB: Producer Harold Lloyd packed this comedy with hilarious situations that revolve around Sailor George Murphy and Socialite Executive Edmund O'Brien who both fall in love with Secretary Lucille Ball. With Henry Travers and Margarette Chapman.

- PLAY GIRL: Kay Francis, who's lived by her wits all her life, finds herself broke in a fashionable hotel, so she tries to make money by grooming Mildred Coles for a wealthy marriage, but Jimmy Ellison complicates her mercenary plans. With Nigel Bruce.

20TH-CENTURY-FOX

- GOLDEN HOUSOS: In this racing picture, Jane Withers trains trotting horses for Buddy Rogers, new owner of the stock farm, whom Jane develops a case of puppy love although he is engaged to Katharine Aldridge. With Buddy Pepper, as her boy friend, and George Irving, as the fiancé.

- DETECTIVE: Lloyd Nolan, detective, is hired to keep debutante Marjorie Weaver out of trouble, but they become involved in the murder of a gambler who has been loaning Marjorie money for her gambling losses. With Joan Valerie and Walter Abel.

UNIVERSAL

- SAN FRANCISCO DOCKS: Burgess Meredith, longshoreman, is jailed for murder, but Irene Hervey, Raymond Walburn and Robert Armstrong are convinced of his innocence so they seek the real murderer. With Lewis Howard and Esther Ralston.

WARNER BROTHERS

- THE WAGONS ROLL AT NIGHT: Humphrey Bogart is owner of a third-rate carnival company in this exciting picture with Sylvia Sidney as the outfit's fortune teller, Eddie Albert as the new lion tamer and Joan Leslie as Bogart's young sister whom he keeps away from the carnival.

(Continued from page 101)

Bitter Sweet (M-G-M)

It's About: The romance of a Viennese music teacher and a wealthy English girl.

NOEL COWARD'S romantic story of old Vienna with its enchanting music and background comes to the screen in the most exquisite Technicolor yet seen. In fact, the color, especially in the beautiful copper and white ballet number, steals the honors, which is no small achievement considering the beauty of Jeanette MacDonald and the singing of Nelson Eddy.

Nelson is the music master who falls in love with his English pupil Jeanette, marries her in an elopement and takes her to Vienna where, together, they struggle for success.

George Sanders plays the villain as only George Sanders can. It's a pleasure just to watch Mr. Sanders in action. Diana Lewis is cute as the loping gold-digger. The songs "I'll See You Again" and "Zigeuner" are beautifully sung by this popular screen team.

Your Reviewer Says: A thing of beauty.

Before I Hang (Columbia)

It's About: A scientist who discovers a serum that does away with old age.

BORIS KARLOFF does his very best to over come the handicaps of this poverty- stricken horror story, but even his best is not good enough to make entertainment out of the picture.

While the scientist Karloff is in prison awaiting his death sentence, he finally perfects a serum that will strip years away from old people. He inoculates himself with it and becomes young again. However, the serum continued the blood of a confirmed murderer and thus Karloff finds within himself the urge to kill. So when he's released from prison, a series of murders results. It's an interesting enough premise, but it's poorly developed.

The rest of the cast also struggles valiantly through this brooding movie, but we don't recommend it unless you're an out-and-out Karloff fan.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad melodrama.
**SUBSCRIBERS ATTENTION!**

You who subscribed to the 25¢ PHOTOPLAY will now be receiving PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE SCREEN at the rate of two and a half magazines for one with no additional payment!

Because of the number of inquiries that continue to come to us, we are reprinting the following full explanation which appeared in PHOTOPLAY's editorial of December, 1940:

"Those of you who are PHOTOPLAY subscribers will receive two and one-half copies of the new publication for each copy due you on your present subscription. For instance, if your subscription now entitles you to eight more copies of PHOTOPLAY, you will receive twenty-five copies of the new magazine. Or let us say you are entitled to three more copies of PHOTOPLAY. In that event you will receive eight copies (instead of seven and one-half) of the new magazine—a full copy being served whenever a half copy is due you in the extension of your subscription."
Karo presents Marie the Quaint, Wistful Quint

Marie's first portrait from real life reflects the shy, sweet reticence of the most demure of the Dionne Quintuplets. This charming character study is third in Karo's series, "The Quinlts as Individuals," painted by Willy Pogany, famous American artist. Yvonne was first, then came Annette. Now you see Marie. Watch for Emilie and Cecile. They're enchanting!

Marie isn't talkative, but she is a flattering listener. She takes a thoughtful, serious interest in all that is said, repeats conversations precisely. Her memory is remarkable. Marie's school marks equal her sisters', but her deportment record often heads the honor list. She is fond of animals, but prefers them yellow in color.

Tiniest of the Quints at birth, Marie has caught up to Yvonne, the biggest Quirt at birth, in height and weight. The carefully supervised diet of Marie and the other Quinlts is in a large measure responsible for their amazing good health and vibrant energy.

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS:

"Karo is the only syrup served the Dionne Quinluplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."

Very day, women are finding delightful new ways for using America's Karo Syrup of Quality in cooking. Try one of them, see how Karo adds new or to familiar foods. Karo gives special zest to baked ham, potatoes, apples, bananas. Just try it makes, pies, puddings! It makes glorious, cut icings, smooth frozen desserts. new party dish: Top piping hot waffles scoops of vanilla ice cream, and cover a lots of hot Karo Waffle Syrup. It's wonderful! That new Karo Waffle Syrup has a flavor all its own. It makes pancakes and French toast exciting eating!

Every Karo treat is nutritious and energizing. For Karo is rich in maltose, dextrins and Dextrose food-energy sugar. Serve your children all the Karo they want — on bread, cereals, in fruit juices, as dessert sauces. Two teaspoons of Karo in a glass of milk — that's the way to sweeten milk deliciously and increase its energy value. All grocers sell Karo.

"I like Karo rice pudding."—YVONNE

"Have you tried Karo on your cereal? It's delicious!"—MARIE

"Apple sauce made with Karo is grand."—EMILIE

"H-m-m, bread and butter spread with Karo is wonderful!"—CECILE

WORLD'S BEST WAFLE SYRUP

RO IS RICH IN DEXTRINS, MALTOSE AND DEXTROSE—FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR
"Tobacco's my bread and butter," says Connor Aycock, tobacco warehouse owner of Durham, N. C.

"I have to know good leaf—that's why I smoke Luckies!"

LUCKIES pay the price to get the better tobaccos...tobaccos that are worth the money because they're milder.

Independent tobacco experts like Connor Aycock will tell you that in buying tobacco, as in buying most things—you get what you pay for.

Before the auctions open, Lucky Strike analyzes tobacco samples—finds out just where and how much of this finer, naturally milder leaf is going up for sale—then pays the price to get it.

That's worth remembering, especially if you're smoking more today. For the more you smoke, the more you want such a genuinely mild cigarette.

Among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies are the 2 to 1 favorite. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

With men who know tobacco best—It's Luckies 2 to 1
NO MORE DIVORCES!

THE NEW-FASHIONED LOVE AFFAIR OF LANA TURNER AND TONY MARTIN

GINGER ROGERS
BY PAUL HESS

NO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

EXTRA MILDNESS  EXTRA COOLNESS  EXTRA FLAVOR

AND ANOTHER BIG ADVANTAGE FOR YOU IN CAMELS—

the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself

WHEN all is said and done, the thing in smoking is the smoke!

Your taste tells you that the smoke of slower-burning Camels gives you extra mildness, extra coolness, extra flavor.

Now Science tells you another important—and welcome—fact about Camel's slower burning.

Less nicotine—in the smoke! 28% less nicotine than the average of the other brands tested—in the smoke! Less than any of them—in the smoke! And it's the smoke that reaches you.

Try Camels...the slower-burning cigarette...the cigarette with more mildness, more coolness, more flavor, and less nicotine in the smoke! And more smoking, too—as explained beneath package at right.

"SMOKING OUT" THE FACTS about nicotine. Experts, chemists analyze the smoke of 5 of the largest-selling brands...find that the smoke of slower-burning Camels contains less nicotine than any of the other brands tested.

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!
“A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!”

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

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman’s most precious asset. They went on to say that “Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling.”

Help keep your smile sparkling with Ipana and Massage

DO YOU have to be a great beauty to find happiness—to win a husband—to be admired by your friends?

No! Decidedly no! Charm counts as much as great beauty. And even the plainest girl with a sparkling smile can give cards and spades to a beauty whose smile is shadowed.

Your smile is YOU! It’s a priceless asset! And you should keep it right. Remember—your gums as well as your teeth need daily care—for bright, sparkling smiles depend upon healthy gums.

Keep your smile at its sparkling best... guard against “pink tooth brush”... with the help of the modern dental health routine of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.

If you see “pink” on your tooth brush—see your dentist. You may or may not be in for trouble. He may tell you your gums are weak and sensitive because today’s soft foods have robbed them of work. Like thousands of dentists today, he may suggest “the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

Get Ipana Today!

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it is specially designed to aid the gums to healthier firmness.

So get Ipana today. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter and your smile the charming beauty asset it should be.
UNCOUNTABLE scores of forces are trying to make Hollywood submit to a pattern in this almost sinister year of 1941... there are political groups that would like to use the movies to swing votes... there are nationalistic groups that would like to show their people as the only noble people and all other peoples as villains... there are advertisers who would like to get this product or that shown, for an instant, to stimulate their sales... there are producers wanting to promote girl friends and there are even one or two ladies, in positions important enough to make it stick, who would like to promote boy friends... there are the people who are for and the people who are against pensions... the people who want more aid given to Britain and the people who want less... the list is endless as the varieties of mankind... and to every one of these divergent people Hollywood must sell tickets if it is to survive... it must discover the greatest common denominator in entertainment to ensnare them....

It is an almost impossible demand to make upon any art... any community... any group of creative people... it is almost impossible and most certainly has never ever been attempted before in all human time... but strike me, daddy, with a boogie beat, if Hollywood doesn't achieve just that at least ninety percent of the time...

Take the picturization of "The Philadelphia Story" as a case in point... this is the Metro production that stars Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Ruth Hussey and John Howard with such fine actors as John Halliday, Roland Young, Mary Nash and Virginia Weidler in support of the big five and which was directed with love and sensitivity by George Cukor... to me it is one of the finest, most moving, most touching, most amusing films I have ever seen... and yet there is no way of being sure that it will be a box-office knockout because it's the story of a spoiled rich girl in this day when rich people are scarcely looked upon with admiration....

Even as Cukor finished directing this picture there was, over on the Twentieth Century-Fox lot, that film master, John Ford, busily engaged in filming "Tobacco Road," a picture that will show the tragedies and the shabby little joys of the share croppers in our South... it was Ford who did such a wonderful job on a similar type of story, "The Grapes of Wrath"... as surely as Cukor understands the subtle unhappiness of people who have too much of everything to find simple happiness, so does Ford understand the loneliness and pathos of people who do not have enough of anything, save disease and weariness and hunger... and even as "Tobacco Road" is going on still another lot Alexander Korde is winding up the final scenes that portray one of the greatest true love stories of all time, that of Lord Nelson of Trafalgar and Emma, Lady Hamilton... this is not the vivid present neither the spoiled world of Tragedy, the Katharine Hepburn character in "The Philadelphia Story" nor the Jester Lester family in "Tobacco Road"... this is part of the wondrous past of England... and while all this is being captured Mr. Walt Disney is already showing "Fantasia" which is neither the past nor the present but something out of this world and out of the future...

The big point is that nobody in all Hollywood held anybody down into any one pattern... M-G-M regards "The Philadelphia Story" as just a great story material as Twentieth regarded (Continued on page 80)
How you’ll cheer "OH, JOHNNIE" BONNIE and ORRIN as they sing and pla-a-y!

It's more than just a song when Bonnie sings to Orrin "I Could Kiss You for That"!

Written and Produced by Gene Markey • A Paramount Picture • Directed by Ralph Murphy

MARCH, 1941
THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWS MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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

Flight Command (M-G-M)

It's About: The training of flyers by the United States Government.

Like a stage play, the curtain is pulled back by M-G-M in its picture "Flight Command" to reveal the authentic picture of flyers trained in our own government school of naval aeronautics. It's a big, important, thrilling, awe-inspiring picture, appealing to the intelligence and entertainment demands of audiences.

It gives Bob Taylor, the recruit from Pensacola who is transferred to the famous Hell Cat division, his best opportunity in years and how that boy goes to town.

On the shoulders of Commander Walter Pidgeon and his wife, Ruth Hussey, hangs the burden of the story plot; both come through with absolutely great performances.

In fact, the entire cast is marvelous, the climaxes thrilling without being cheaply sensational. The production is clothed in taste and importance; we cannot recommend it too highly.

Your Reviewer Says: The best.

Hudson's Bay

(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: One man's dream of a great Canadian empire.

PONDEROUS but impressive is the history of the formation of the great Hudson's Bay Company under the guiding leadership of Paul Muni and his partner, Laird Cregar.

Done with taste and brilliance, it is a story of Muni's dream come true, the bringing of the great country of the north under British dominion. As Radisson, who almost loses his life to accomplish his enormously ambitious plan, Muni is truly wonderful. As his partner, Laird Cregar, all 360 pounds of him, is truly mountainously clever. Gene Tierney, while lovely, seems far out of her element; in fact, the whole tale seems to weigh heavily on everyone's hands. Like "Northwest Passage," the story is too concerned with geography rather than with people. Nevertheless, it's a job well done and one worth seeing.

Your Reviewer Says: Hollywood at its dull best.

Flight From Destiny (Warner)

It's About: The unjustifiable crime of one idealist.

We nominate as the surprise picture of the year "Flight From Destiny," the picture that grew beyond Warners' wildest hopes, thanks to actor Thomas Mitchell and cast and to that brilliant newcomer among directors, Vincent Sherman.

A brilliant achievement is this picture in dialogue, theme and acting. Briefly, it tells of a kindly professor Thomas Mitchell, who is given a month to live by his doctor, Jam Stephenson. Looking about for philanthropic cause, he decides to return the world of one completely undesirable person and lights on Muriel, an unscrupulous woman who has wrecked the happy marriage of Jeffrey Lynn and his wife Geraldine Fitzgerald. Too late he discovers that instead of performing a worthy deed he has set a horrible example for young men to follow.

Perhaps by this time you have learned Thomas Mitchell has been (Continued on page 101)

See Pictures In The Cutting Room on Page 104. For Complete Casts, See Page 104.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE Mirror.
"HIGH SIERRA is an excitement-loaded yarn if ever I knew one! On film it's a world-beater!"
Newspaperdom's acknowledged No. 1 Story-Teller
MARK HELLINGER

"HIGH SIERRA is the most thrilling and unusual picture I have directed since 'What Price Glory!'"
Director of a hundred Hits, RAOUl WALSH

"My story to top 'Little Caesar' is HIGH SIERRA!"
Famed Author, W. R. BURNETT

WARNER BROS., Producers of 'Little Caesar' and 'Angels with Dirty Faces', now present the drama that towers mightily beside both . . .

HIGH SIERRA
A NEW PEAK FOR SCREEN EXCITEMENT!

It's the picture that skyrockets them to top star ranks!
IDA LUPINO
As Marie, the taxi dancer and killer's companion—deep down just another woman whose hungry heart yearned for one man. HUMPHREY BOGART
As 'Mad Dog' Earle, enemy of all that is decent and good, defiant of every law on earth except the High Sierras!

With ALAN CURTIS • ARTHUR KENNEDY • JOAN LESLIE
HENRY HULL • HENRY TRAVERS

Screen Play by John Huston and W. R. Burnett • From a Novel by W. R. Burnett
A NIGHT AT CIRO'S: The glamour spot of Hollywood! The crossroads of the world! The high light in the high spots of movie-land Ciro's. Not since the old Tropic days has there been a night club that has appealed so strongly to the motion-picture world. Other spots have tried and are trying; but it is to Ciro's that the stars flock in be-glamored droves. It is here a man takes his newest flame to show off. It is here romances on the down grade are rebuilt and given new life. It is here every conceivable kind of party is celebrated—birthday, anniversary and just plain parties at prices—woo woo!

Last week Barbara Stanwyck celebrated Bob Taylor's birthday at Ciro's with the Gary Coopers, the Joel McCreas, the Jack Bennys and the Zeppo Marxes among the guests.

Between patched-up romances with Jimmy Stewart, Olivia de Havilland will sway in on the arm of Burgess Meredith, Gene Markey or Franchot Tone. Saturday nights will find Lana Turner and one of her constant beaux at a ringside table. From across the way, Alice Faye with Sandy Cummings will stare moodily at Tony, her former husband. The Mischa Auers, in separate parties, will greet each other merrily.

On rare occasions Gable with Lombard will ride in from the ranch for a spot of night life. When the baby can be left safely, Anne Shirley and
husband John Payne will stroll in, for all the world like any young married couple in any town, for a bit of whoopee.

Rita Hayworth, in one of her newest creations, will have even such smart women as Lili Damita (there with Errol Flynn) and Ann Warner staring in her direction.

Outside, the sidewalks are jammed with fans and tourists, who stand by patiently until one or two o'clock of a morning to watch their favorites come and go through the shining door.

It's the gay, the bright, the most talked-of spot on the whole West Coast. It's Ciro's where society— Montecito, Los Angeles, Flintridge, Pasadena and all points north and south—is huddled in small corner tables while Mickey Rooney, of the good old Yule family, is given a place of honor.

It's Hollywood's own spot. It's democracy, paying a high tariff. It's Ciro's—and it's wonderful.

Romance: Well, it looks more and more serious between Roz Russell and Freddy Brisson, for no sooner had Carl Brisson, Freddy's father, arrived in Hollywood from Europe than Freddy arranged for his dad to meet the lady of his heart.

Roz, dressed in her favorite style of hat—sombrero—with a swing to the La Conga trend, arrived at Ciro's to meet Dad. He couldn't have been more pleased.

"Freddy's taste is terrific," he
The highest honor Santa Fe Indians can give a white man is a war bonnet. Errol Flynn cashes in at Santa Fe before the premiere of "Santa Fe Trail".

Now he can be heard!

CAL YORK
your Hollywood correspondent, with
"I WANT A DIVORCE"
starring
JOAN BLONDELL
and a star-streamed company of yesterday's favorites and tomorrow's winners
Every Friday night over your nearest Mutual Broadcasting System station at 9:30 E.S.T.

Nonsense on route: Rita Hayworth, Natalie Draper, Flynn and Reginald Gardiner aboard the 17-car special.

Barbara Stanwyck is "Stannie," while Mary Livingstone is always "Doll" to Jack Benny.

Just plain "Coop" can mean two actors in Hollywood, one Gary Cooper and one Jackie Cooper. Jackie's girl friend, Bounta Granville, is "Bunny" to her gang.

"Spence" means Tracy and "Red" can only mean Cagney. But the prize goes to Alan Mowbray's children, Alan Jr. and Patricia. All of the Mowbray friends refer to them as A. M. and P. M.

Facts About A Grand Actor: He's Pat O'Brien's and Jimmy Cagney's best friend. He was born near Cal's home back in Pennsylvania and never fails to stop for a chat with us about the home folk. Of him, Cagney once said, "I have yet to see him give a bad performance."

His name is Frank McHugh.

After a strenuous Broadway season, he came to Hollywood for a few weeks' visit with his friend Robert Armstrong. He wanted none of movies. He's been here eleven years and now wants none of Broadway.

His movie debut was to help out a pal who couldn't find an actor to play the role. Hollywood never let him go after that.

At Universal he's just finished his role of a traveling salesman in love with Margaret Sullivan in "Back Street." He'll be somewhere else in no time at all.

(Continued on page 12)

Nonsense on arrival: Reginald Gardiner takes in the Santa Fe National Forest, takes over Jean Parker exclaimed, and spent the evening monopolizing Roz. So he prepared for anything—especially wedding bells.

Nicknames: Know what their best friends call them? Well, Cesar Romero is always "Butch" to his pals: Dietrich, of course, answers to "Legs"; Gracie Allen to "Googie." Eddie Albert is "Tiger" to the Warners crowd and once in a while a member of her family still calls Claudette Colbert "Shoeshine," the name bestowed upon her by schoolmates in New York who could only make "Shoeshine" out of her real name, Chauchon. That's why Claudette took up the family name of Colbert.

All of Jeanette MacDonald's close friends refer to her as "Jany" because Jeanette's initials spell Jam. Her middle name is Ann. Humphrey Bogart is "Bogie" to half of Hollywood; of course, Ida Lupino is "Lupey" and
Look out for a COLD . . . watch your THROAT
—gargle Listerine Quick!

careless sneeze, or an explosive cough, or shoot troublesome germs in your section at mile-a-minute speed. In se they invade the tissues of your coat, you may be in for throat irritati, a cold—or worse.

If you have been thus exposed, better gurge with Listerine Antiseptic at your earliest opportunity. Listerine kills millions of the germs on mouth and throat surfaces known as "secondary invaders" often helps render them powerless to invade the tissue and aggravate infection. Used early and often, Listerine may head off a cold, or reduce the severity of one already started.

Amazing Germ Reductions in Tests
Tests have shown germ reductions ranging to 96.7% on mouth and throat surfaces fifteen minutes after a Listerine antiseptic gargle. Even one hour after,

reductions up to 80% in the number of surface germs associated with colds and sore throat were noted.

That is why, we believe, Listerine Antiseptic in the last nine years has built up such an impressive test record against colds . . . why thousands of people gargle with it at the first hint of a cold or simple sore throat.

Fewer and Milder Colds in Tests
These tests showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds, milder colds, and colds of shorter duration than those who did not gargle. And fewer sore throats, also.

So remember, if you have been exposed to others suffering from colds, if you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic—quick!
LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.
He’s married, loved by everyone and an asset to the community. Here’s to him.

Got Any Ideas? Through Cal’s column, Bob Taylor has a request to make. If anyone can think of a good name for his new horse—a mare, to be exact, he’d appreciate your sending on your suggestion. This particular nameless mare is coal black and beautiful. She has a white star on her forehead.

Bob will ride his horse all through his picture “Billy the Kid” and would like a name that will be as enduring as Tom Mix’s “Tony” or Gene Autry’s “Champ.”

If you’re interested we’ll be happy to send your suggestion on to Bob.

Keeping Faith: We’ve discovered a rather wonderful thing concerning one of our favorite people—Tyrone Power—and we pass it along to his legion of fans.

After a harrowing day on the set, with Tyrone perhaps growing unsure of himself or his work, with cares pressing about him (and they do, even as they do with you and me), he goes home to his little projection room and runs over old pictures.

His favorite is the one called, “Where Are My Children?” Invariably Ty finds solace and comfort as that picture unfolds. For “Where Are My Children?” is the latest of twenty-seven pictures Ty has bough up that starred his father, Tyrone Power Sr., a great actor.

Between Ty and his father they were always a great bond and a good friendship; it was in Ty’s arms that his father died, December 31, 1946.

Tyrone was to live through a particularly trying period after father’s death when he was seeking to establish himself on a screen it would have none of him. His father loved and trusted and supported him, just as carrying him through up to that little screen.

Another Welles! Welles! Yes Hollywood is chuckling over the latest Orson Welles yarn.

It seems Welles was interviewed by a boy from Brazil for a small role intended interjecting into his picture “Citizen Kane.”

“What do you do besides act?” queried the boy wonder. “I write, direct, produce, composer, songs, dance, sing, paint, stage art shows and design sets,” replied young Latin.

If she can't take a tip—she'll surely lose her job

Why risk offending? Use Mum every day.
Be sure underarms are always fresh!

Nancy couldn't believe her eyes! Yet there, plain as day, was the note that told what her fellow workers thought. Carelessness of this sort—the merest hint of underarm odor—can pull you down so quickly! That's why smart girls make a daily habit of Mum.

For Mum makes your daintiness sure. Just smooth it on and you're safe from underarm odor for a full day or evening. Never forget Mum for a single day, for even daily baths can't prevent risk of offending. Underarms always need Mum's sure protection.

More women use Mum than any other deodorant because:

**MUM IS SPEEDY!** Thirty seconds is all it takes to apply a touch of Mum.

**MUM IS SURE!** Without attempting to stop perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor all day long.

**MUM IS SAFE!** Can't irritate your skin... can't harm clothes. Mum has the seal of approval of the American Institute of Laundering. Get a jar of Mum at your druggist's today. Use it every day... be sure you're always sweet.
Test THYNMOLD for 10 DAYS at our expense!

YOU can have that suave, smooth, flowing figure...that slimmer silhouette! Stand before a mirror in an ordinary foundation...then notice the uncontrolled waist and hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see for yourself how the ugly bumps and bulging waist and hips are instantly slimmed out.

Not only will your figure appear more slender, but you'll actually be able to wear smaller size dresses...even in the exciting new styles!

After wearing a Thynmold for 10 days, make the Mirror Test again...if it doesn't do everything you expect...it will cost you nothing!

MADE OF FAMOUS PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

Thynmold is made of pure Para rubber, interlined and perforated for comfort. The unique combination of Gorille and separate Brestiere gives support and freedom impossible in the usual one-piece foundations. Laced back permits adjustment for change in size.

We want you to be thrilled with your new Thynmold! That's why we make it easy for you to test Thynmold for 10 days at our expense! SEND NO MONEY—but write today for complete information telling how you can get your Thynmold for only $1 down.

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DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept 183, 351 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.
Send illustrated folder, sample of perforated material and details of Trial Offer and $1.00 down plan.

Name ____________________________
Address __________________________

(Continued from page 13)

Marital Theory: As long as a reasonable amount of jealousy exists between married folk, that marriage is sailing in safe waters—or so we've been told. If true, the William Powell ship of matrimony is doing all right.

It was tiny Diana Powell herself who told us the story that illustrates our point.

It happened a few months ago. M-G-M had just handed Diana the script of her newest film, "Go West," a Marx Brothers movie.

As she read, she grew more and more amused. Finally she was shouting with unrestrained laughter.

"What's the fun?" he asked.

"I'm reading my new script," she howled.

Mr. Powell looked at her a moment "Well," he finally said, "you never laughed that way at a script of mine.

So, you see—

Here Comes the Bride: The bride will wear white satin and a long veil and through its folds will appear the lovely face—familiar to millions of fans—of Miss Deanna Durbin.

Autograph signer who's the surprise of Hollywood when she stands up. See page 17 for tall story of Carmen Miranda.
Around Christmas time, on Deanna’s nineteenth birthday, Mr. and Mrs. Durbin announced Deanna’s engagement to Vaughn Paul, youthful assistant producer who worked his way up from assistant director. Then came a later announcement that on June 9th Deanna will become the bride of her first and only beau. After the wedding the young couple will move into the house Vaughn has built for his bride.

It was love almost from the moment these-two saw each other. After their first date, there never was another boy for Deanna or girl for Vaughn. But somehow, out at Universal where Deanna, as a child entering her teens, made her first picture, “Three Smart Girls,” and made history both for herself and Universal, they can’t seem to realize little Deanna has grown up. At her December birthday party, held on the set of “Love At Last,” they still treated her as a child, exclaiming over presents and surprises as they would with a youngster.

“Paul is exactly the right man for Deanna,” a close family friend told us. We understood what he meant, for Deanna is no Elsie Dinsmore of sweetness and light but a young lady of very strong will and temperament, stubborn at times and intolerant as only youth can be.

She isn’t the easiest star to handle in the business. We tell you this honestly in order that you may better understand the chances for happiness of this pair.

Vaughn on the other hand is quiet but firm, knows his own mind.

When Vaughn must sit at a table in the commissary for a conference with producers, writers, etc., it matters not a bit that Deanna sits and stares. He goes right on quietly with his work.

Yes, Cal thinks they’ll be right for each other. But of one thing we are sure: Deanna will make the loveliest bride Hollywood has gazed upon in ages.

Here’s happiness to both of them.

Lighter Side of Love: Eddie Albert, the great lover, is so worried about his reputation. You see Eddie plays opposite Joan Leslie, 15-year-old act-

“Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin—and Camay helped me to have one”
—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey

Camay’s greater mildness is a help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

Now a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as we proved by actual tests. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier. So why not let Camay’s milder cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness?
GIRLS! LOOK AT YOUR CHAPPED HANDS under a magnifying glass

SEE WHY MEDICATED NOXZEMA IS SO WONDERFUL FOR CHAPPED HANDS

- Chapped hands are really CUT hands—a combination of skin irritation, like chapping, coupled with tiny cracks, particularly in the knuckles. That's why thousands of people today are turning to Noxzema Cream for real relief. Because Noxzema contains medication to soothe and help promote quicker healing of red, irritated, chapped hands—help restore them to their normal soft, white, smooth loveliness.

Nurses in hospitals were the first to discover how wonderful Noxzema is for chapped hands. Surveys indicate that scores of physicians and dentists who must wash hands frequently must keep them in good condition, use this medicated cream regularly.

Make this simple test
Try it yourself, this way! Pat Noxzema on one hand before retiring. Feel how the smarting and soreness are soothed away. In the morning, compare your two hands. See how Noxzema has helped heal the tiny cuts and cracks. If you don't say your "Noxzema hand" looks softer, smoother, whiter—your money will be refunded! Get Noxzema at your druggist's today while the special trial offer is on!

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY you can get the generous 2 year of Noxzema for only 19c! Try it today!

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CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

Greetings to 1941, Hollywood style. More than seventy-five British and American stars broadcast a special message to the British Empire. At the left: Bette Davis, Ian Hunter and Melvyn Douglas

Program for the broadcast included an hour and a half of comedy and music, and a line-up of such world-famous stars as these at the right: Doug Fairbanks Jr., Gracie Fields, Elsa Lancaster, Laughton, Charles Laughton

ress who portrays a 22-year-old working girl in Warner Brothers' "Bashful Heroes."

Eddie and Joan had just finished a tender love scene the day we saw them. It was evident, after the scene was finished, that Joan was extremely nervous. Eddie, who is proud of his screen love-making, asked Joan if doing her first love scene with him made her that way.

"Oh, no," replied Joan. "It's not that. You see I have to take a history test in an hour and I'm worried about passing it."

Eddie turned pink to his eyebrows.

What Every Star Should Have: Cal has decided there are four things every star should possess to be a member of the Hollywood community in good standing:

Item one is a farm. It may be a New England estate like Bette Davis' newly acquired acreage in New Hampshire, or a cattle ranch like Joel McCrea's. It can be a dairy farm like Thomas Mitchell's pride and joy in Oregon. Or it may be a mountain retreat such as Errol Flynn maintains in the Malibu for the benefit of half a dozen horses, a herd of goats and a pack of hounds; or a ranch farm like cowboy Bill Boyd's or Clark Gable's; or even a pineapple farm in Hawaii such as John Halliday owns.

At my rate, just so long as it can be called a farm it qualifies. An actor who can't talk about "returning to the soil," or retiring to live on the farm is a social outcast, to Cal's way of thinking.

Item two is a station wagon to go with the farm. To adhere strictly to the best Hollywood form, the station wagon should bear the monogram four feet high, the brand or name of its owner's country place.

The station wagon Miss Davis drives to "The Great Lie" set at Warner Brothers studio, for example, bears the legend "River Bottom Rancho."

That's the name Bette gave her San Fernando Valley home before she knew she was going to own a real farm in New England.

The Clark Gables, the Joel McCrea's, the Humphrey Bogarts, the Andy Devines and scores of others of the Hollywood bigwigs are owners of appropriately monogrammed station wagons.

Item three, while not an essential but highly desirable, is a boat. It can be yacht, schooner or rowboat, so long as it floats. Eddie Albert brings back as many tall tales from his cruises on his new sailing barge as Elroy Brent does from his voyages on his big auxiliary motor yacht, The South Wind
Although she's made several important pictures at the studio, Lana never rated Adrian until "Ziegfeld Girl." Then she received the royal summons to appear in his studio salon.

With knees knocking (for clothes mean more to Lana than candy does to children), she bowed her way in.

"Now, any color preferences, Miss Turner?" Adrian smiled kindly. "Here are the sketches. Maybe you have some suggestions of your own you'd like worked in."

"Oh yes, I mean, no," Lana gasped.

"Just anything you say, Mr. Adrian. I'll love everything as long as you design it. I honestly will."

Adrian, quick to sense appreciation, simply went to town for the little Turner gal. When you see "Ziegfeld Girl" you'll know what we mean. You'll know, too, how one girl's naive appreciation won her some of the most beautiful dresses to come out of Hollywood.

Cal's Final Thought: Hollywood is sorry to say good-bye to Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh who have left for England. Laurence will join the Royal Air Force and Vivien will aid in war work.

Cal York's Inside Stuff

SEE! PRETTY WOOLS STAY SOFT WITH AMAZING NEW IVORY SNOW! 3-SECOND SUDS IN COOL WATER!

Easy now to give sweaters safe care! No more worry about hot-water shrinking!

A GREAT BIG CHEER for the new Ivory Snow! It's a wonderful cool-water soap that's safe for the downy softness of sweaters—safe for every woolen washable a girl ever loved! This new Ivory Snow suds in 3 seconds—in safe cool water! No need for hot water and hard rubbing that shrink woolens. Just squeeze your pretty sweaters gently through cool, pure suds of Ivory Snow and watch 'em come out soft and fleecy! You'll thank your stars for this new cool-water form of pure Ivory Soap! Try Ivory Snow today!

NOT A RUN IN SIGHT, thanks to Ivory Snow's nightly care! No hot water and strong soap—plenty of cool, pure suds to help stockings wear!

HAPPY DAYS FOR SWEATERS! No fear of hot-water shrinking for woolens, with cool-water Ivory Snow! Cool suds help sweaters stay fleecy!

NEW FORM OF IVORY SOAP 99 73% PURE

LITTLE TOTS' WOOLENS thrive on Ivory Snow's safe care! It's the new cool-water form of baby's own pure Ivory Soap!
WISH Mickey Rooney would stop grieving because he isn’t taller. Greatness of ability and character have never been measured in height and some of the most famous men in history have been short of stature.

Mickey’s frank, open face with its ability to portray many emotions, his genuinely kind and engaging smile, his well-proportioned and athletic body—all these add up to one of the finest personalities on the screen today.

He is Youth incarnate; he is Everyman as a boy. We need him in the world today and the world in return for his genius for making it happy has been generous to him. We would not have you one bit different—one bit taller, Mickey, so don’t ever be unhappy about it. You may not be as tall as you would like to be, but you suit us right down to the ground!

ANN A. BOLIN,
Columbus, Ohio.

Odd, how the little things in life sometimes leave the most lasting impression. Take the movies, for instance. That “Crime Does Not Pay” series is short and does not receive a great ovation, yet the lessons those pictures teach live on for years—perhaps a lifetime, inside every person who sees them.

In my long experience with the Chicago Police Department, I have found that movies of this type have accomplished more than lectures in showing our young people the difference between right and wrong—for the eyes do see what the ears sometime will not believe.

So, with due credit to these movies, may I say—each of them is a helping hand to the arm of the law.

(Officer) JOSEPH LIBRETTI,
Chicago, Illinois.
Boris Karloff, Peter Lorre and Bela Lugosi pale into insignificance beside the diabolic Mr. Levant. He may even surpass the old master, Lon Chaney.

Levant is a new, modern, streamlined sinister type that gets under your skin before you know it: masquerading under a cloak of malicious and sometime ribald buffoonery. A ghoul with a jester's fool's cap and stave.

Hail to the new Bogey Man of the screen!

J. Wasso Jr.,
Pen Argyl, Pa.

$1.00 PRIZE
Redhead Gets A Break

LAST night my husband and I went to see “The Sea Hawk” and, while we're both very much in favor of Mr. Flynn, it was, rather, a picture unheralded and unsung which captured the imagination of the suburban audience and drew that very rare tribute—a hearty round of applause—at its conclusion. The name of the picture was “We Who Are Young,” starring Lana Turner and a newcomer, William Shelton, and this picture afforded definite proof of something I've long suspected: The little Turner can really act!

Lana Turner, in my estimation, is about the loveliest and shapeliest little trick ever to come out of Hollywood. Most of her pictures so far having been of the musical-comedy variety, there has been left no room whatsoever for doubt as to the complete perfection of her figure; but I wish some of those Hollywood producers would please note that she also has one of the most expressive faces in pictures and a pair of eyes which seem to fill with tears quite naturally when the script calls for it.

This William Shelton is a boy who should go a long way and the man who directed this down-to-earth story of a young couple's struggle for marital happiness against the odds presented by modern America is deserving of a lot of credit for the little extra touches which made this a truly outstanding motion picture, a picture which put across a very forceful theme that should make better Americans out of a lot of us.

Just because a girl is breathtakingly beautiful is no sign she can't handle a really dramatic role. Hollywood ought to give my favorite redhead a break!

Mrs. W. W. Sturms,
Denver, Colorado.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hair-Do's and Don'ts

HOW do you like the Hollywood hair-do for men? You know—letting the (Continued on page 74)
David L. Loew - Albert Lewin present

"SO ENDS OUR NIGHT"

starring FREDRIC MARCH - MARGARET SULLIVAN - FRANCES DEE

Glenn Ford - Anna Sten and Erich Von Stroheim

Two thrilling Romances in a story of high Adventure!

FROM THE NOVEL FLOTSAM by Erich Maria Remarque

Directed by JOHN CRAWFORD - Screenplay by Talbot Jennings - Released by UNITED ARTISTS

Unforgettable Performances by the Year's Greatest Cast!

JOSEPH and MARIE (Fredric March and Frances Dee) who prove no power on earth can divide and rule true love!

RUTH and KERN (Margaret Sullavan and the exciting new romantic screen personality, Glenn Ford) who, armored only with their love, win their hearts' victory!
On another page Hedda Hopper proves herself more courageous than ever in filling in my questionnaire for her Super-Superlative 1941 awards. Not every Hollywood writer would dare to pick such classifications as Most Beautiful, Thinks She Is; Most Likely to Fade Out during 1941 and Treats Fans Worst! While we're on this subject of awards, I too have a few to make, in the spirit of Valentine's Day:

My valentine to the industry in gratitude for the type of pictures they have managed to turn out despite the loss of the foreign market. Perhaps, as a matter of fact, it is because of this loss that we have had such stunning pictures as "Rebecca," "Pride And Prejudice," "The Grapes of Wrath" and (with full realization of its faults) "The Great Dictator."

My valentine for the most timely picture goes to "Foreign Correspondent," the last stirring moments of which gave you the feeling that it had been made the day before.

My valentine to the industry for daring to produce shows which are not all escapists. Although much of "The Long Voyage Home" may be boring, it still deserves a valentine for its superb craftsmanship and its willingness to adhere throughout to a non-formula story.

Another valentine to the industry for facing the foreign issue with such splendid pictures as "Escape," "Four Sons," "The Man I Married" and "The Mortal Storm."

A valentine to Walt Disney for proving himself, as always, the pioneer. In spite of some episodes in exceptionally bad taste (especially the bacchanal revel supposedly inspired by Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony) "Fantasia" is a revolution in movies and almost as important as the discovery of sound itself.

A valentine to Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland, who keep the spirit of youth alive in all Americans, young and old.

A valentine to the stars for their gratis performances on the Screen Guild program, the profits of which are donated to the Guild fund.

My most enthusiastic valentine of all to Charitable Productions, Inc., for making "Let The Rafters Ring," to which services are donated by many famous authors, directors and stars so that profits may be divided between important British and American charities. Best known to us among the stars are Brian Aherne, Madeleine Carroll, Ronald Colman, Errol Flynn, Cary Grant, Charles Laughton, Vivien Leigh, Herbert Marshall, Ray Milland, Anna Neagle and Laurence Olivier.

My valentine to Bob Hope for revealing himself as the most urbane and consistently amusing of all screen comedians (and also for the many benefits he plays). A share in this valentine belongs to Elliott Nugent, who saw that Bob could be a genuine character and funny at the same time (in "The Cat and the Canary"). And while I'm about it, an extra valentine to "The Ghost Breakers."

A valentine to Philip Dorn as the year's most promising young actor.

A valentine to Gene Towne and Graham Baker for the cleverest publicity stunt of the year—their glamorizing of Elsie the cow and introducing her as a movie star at a Ciro's cocktail party.

A valentine to Robert Montgomery who, all sour criticism to the contrary, still managed to perform one of the most courageous acts of the year when he drove an ambulance in France for two weeks—which is just two weeks longer than any other Hollywood star drove one.
I DON'T know when I first met "Bogie" but he has been a friend for a very long time—about as long as any friend I have. And it has been the kind of friendship that is real and based on granite rock, because out of the past twenty years I doubt that we have been in the same place at the same time for longer than a few months.

Friendship is a curious thing and abused by a great many people. Above all it is not possessive and separation has nothing to do with it. A friend remains a friend, even though 10,000 miles separate him in space and ten years in time. The kind of friend I like, the kind of friend who endures, is the kind with whom time and space make no difference. After ten years you can walk into a room and meet again and say, "Hello, Jim" and take up again exactly where you left off. That's the kind of friend Bogie is and there aren't many like him.

I have an idea that all this is going to sound too perfect, too good to be true. All I can say in reply is that I wouldn't be writing it if I didn't believe as much as I do in Humphrey Bogart as a person and as a friend. I'm writing it because I've never read anywhere anything about Bogie that gave any idea of what he is really like and because there are a good many people who admire him as an actor. I thought they might want to know what sort of a person he is.

There aren't many like him in Hollywood or elsewhere for that matter. I've known him when he didn't...
where his next meal was com-
from and I've known him with
of money, and I've never not-
the least difference. Bogie is
one of those stars who was dis-
overnight. He came up the
way and by the time he reached
wood he was already a fine
ed actor.
went into acting half by acci-
because he had gone to school
young Bill Brady and between
existed the kind of friendship
which Bogie's life is rich. Young
Bill's father, William Brady, is one of
America's great theatrical producers
and Bogie began his career with bit
parts. Then he discovered that he
liked the business and began to put
his heart into it and almost at once
they began to discover along Broad-
way that there was a new young
juvenile with talent. Only they hadn't
discovered yet that the young juvenile
was exactly Bogie's role.
Nevertheless, he did very well, be-
cause Bogie is a worker. Anyone
who has ever had anything to do with
him on the stage or in pictures knows
that I don't mean he's one of those
actors who has to carry a "mood
chamber" about with him to sit in
before he goes on. He belongs to that
great tradition of actors who can rise
from a poker game, walk on the stage
or before the cameras and give a
great performance. That's because he
is a natural actor and sincere one
and because he has as good a sense of
wit and humor as anyone I've ever
known.
In those (Continued on page 94)

BEST all-round man in Hollywood:
Clark Gable, because he has more reality and virility than any other actor on the screen. And because off screen he's one of the best balanced men in Hollywood, a swell companion and an all-round friend.

Best all-round woman in Hollywood:
Roz Russell, who's had more hit pictures this last year than any other actress—because she's the most civic-minded gal in town. She blends movies, society and citizenship.

Most popular woman—Dame Rumor. Have you got one in your town?

Least popular woman—Lady Truth, because nobody will listen to her.

Most entertaining man on screen: Jack Barrymore—because he never fails to kid himself, his profession and his public.

Most entertaining man off screen: Bob Hope.

Hardest worker:
Male—Kay Kyser.
Female—Hedda Hopper.

Think they are:
Male—Errol Flynn.
Female—Mrs. Eddie Robinson.

Most likely to succeed during 1941:
Male—John Carroll.
Female—Lana Turner.

Most likely to fade out during 1941:
Male—George Raft.
Female—Ann Sheridan.

Done most for Hollywood:
David O. Selznick, through "GWTW" and "Rebecca."

Done Hollywood most:
Melvyn Douglas.

Among the men:
Handsomest—Bob Taylor.
Thinks he is—Errol Flynn.
The prettiest—Victor Mature.
Most brilliant—Orson Welles.
Laziest—Gary Cooper, and he's made it pay dividends.
Happiest—Andy Devine.
Kindest—Jimmy Cagney.

Among the women:
Most beautiful—Hedy Lamarr. Thinks she is—Madeleine Roll.
Best hostess—Mrs. Sam Gwyn. Thinks she is—Mrs. Basil Robinson.
Best legs—Marlene Dietrich. Most talked about—Paul Goddard.
Most talked against—Paul Goddard.
Talks most—Elsa Maxwell. Says most—Anita Loos.
Most generous—Joan Crawford. Wisest—Bette Davis.

Most respected man in Hollywood—Bing Crosby—and you all knew why.

Best performance in last months, male or female:

Most overrated performances last six months:
Tyrone Power in "Bride Young."

Editor's Note: Miss Hopper is given the widest latitude in her articles for Photoplay-Movie Mirror. Her opinions are not necessarily those of this magazine.—E.V.H.

Encore—by readers' requests—from a famous woman columnist...
Superlative Academy Awards

BY HEDDA HOPPER

gives cheers and jeers to Hollywood with some eyebrow-raising wit

Best actress:
Bette Davis.

Best actor:
Mickey Mouse or Donald Duck.

Best-dressed man:
Basil Rathbone.

Thinks he is:
Adolphe Menjou.

Best-dressed woman:
Lili Damita Flynn.

Thinks she is:
Every actress in town.

Most likely to remain a bachelor:
Eddie Albert.

Most likely to be a spinster:
Edna May Oliver.

Most likely to be married:
Male—Bill Holden—he’s practically hooked now!
Female—Lana Turner—again and again and again.

Biggest bluffer:
Laurence Olivier.

Best picture of the year:
"Rebecca."

Worst picture of the year:
"Moon Over Burma."

Most successful marriage in Hollywood:
The Charley Grapewins—they’ve just celebrated their 44th year.

Most desirable bachelor:
Jimmy Stewart.

Treats fans best:
Joan Crawford.

Treats fans worst:
Virginia Bruce.

Can’t take a joke:
Practically the entire population of Hollywood.

Can take a joke:
Bing Crosby, Bob Hope, Jimmy Cagney, Clark Gable, Pat O’Brien, Mickey Rooney, Charles Laughton.

Best sense of humor:
W. C. Fields.

Think they have:
Ritz Brothers.

Has had worst break from Hollywood:
D. W. Griffith, who started Hollywood history twenty-five years ago, but has been forgotten by practically everyone he helped.

Best lover:
Charles Boyer, by all odds.

Off screen:
Ditto, so I’m told.

Thinks he is:
Ray Milland.

Most delightful child of star:
ZaSu Pitts’ daughter, Ann Gal- lery, who has entered Stanford this year.

Most annoying child of star:
I’ll skip this one, because I don’t know any other group of children better brought up, or receiving finer care.
STANDING behind the steel gate of the airport, Annabelle saw the flares light up one by one along the length of the flying field. The little plane, scurrying in from the west, must be Mike Harrigan's, at last.

The sense of excitement she had felt all day was now transformed into intense uneasiness. It was that feeling you sometimes have that the next minutes of your life are going to be of rare and terrifying importance.

She hadn't wanted George to wire Mike Harrigan.

"Won't he object to our running away like this?" she had argued.

"Of course not," George had insisted. "Mike's the grandest guy in the world. He'll just take it for granted that we have our reasons for eloping instead of falling for one of those silly Hollywood weddings. You don't have to worry about Mike Harrigan."

With that sixth sense as guide, she was worried.

She and Mike had never met and she had the strange feeling that that was through his wish. Heaven knows there had been ample opportunity. Several times during those unexpectedly wonderful weeks on the Clark Studios lot, George had said, "I'm going to have you meet Mike Harrigan tonight. He's a swell guy. Greatest friend I ever had."

Mike Harrigan had never turned up.

And George Hurley had looked the other way when Annabelle asked why. "He's finishing a picture," George would say evasively. "You know how a director is when he's on a picture. Particularly Mike."

And then this morning (when they had decided that today was the day—a flight to Yuma—a visit to Mr. Perkins, who so many of the Hollywood people know to be obliging at any hour of the night or day). George had sent the wire: "Flying to Yuma with most wonderful girl in the world but it's no kind of wedding without the grandest guy in the world standing up with us. Get out wings and hurry."

They had waited at the airport, but there was no sign of Mike Harrigan. Then a terse wire had arrived: "Wait for me at airport."

George was elated. But Annabelle Clark, not yet out of her teens, knew more about people than George Hurley, well into his twenties.

Then George had decided to go up to Mr. Perkins to make all the necessary arrangements while Annabelle waited for Mike's arrival. The little Waco was settling down. Now it spun around and taxied toward the gate.

Annabelle thought, "How is it that sometimes you know in advance what's going to happen? How do I know that he's going to spoil this for me? How do I know he's going to make me regret everything I have ever done?"

The engine roared to a stop. The man squeezed out of the little door and stepped down. He said a few words to the attendant who hurried up; then he squinted into the glare of the airfield.

Annabelle saw that he was tall, not very good-looking, but easy to look at just the same. He was a man who knew where he was going and had stopped being afraid a long while ago. By the way he walked she could tell he was physically strong, and by the set of his mouth she knew that he never took anything from anybody—particularly women.

Now he saw her and the set of his jaw stiffened.

"You're Mike Harrigan?" she said. He nodded. She held out her hand.

"I'm Annabelle Clark," she said. "I know," he said shortly. "I want
"What's so wrong with me?" Annabelle asked. "I'll tell you," said Mike, "I've seen a lot of dames in my time—and I think I know. You're man-poison!"
To Annabelle, George Hurley was the first person who had really seemed to need her to talk to you—right now.

This was at Her instinct hadn't been wrong. But Annabelle Clark, in those few halcyon years, had learned how to fight, too. Now she had something to fight for, and no gentleman with a firm jaw was going to stop her.

She turned a smile, her most endearing, on the gentleman with the firm jaw.

"I'm so glad you came," she said.

"George wouldn't hear of our getting married without you."

"Where is he now?" Mike Harrigan asked quietly.

They were walking towards the entrance and she took double steps to try to keep up with him.

"He's gone up to Mr. Perkins," she said. "He's the minister, you know. He'll marry you any time, day or night."

Her voice trailed off, for Mike Harrigan was staring straight ahead of him as if looking for something. Suddenly he turned to her.

"I guess this is as good a place to talk as any."

He peered down at her, scourging.

"I don't know why you want to marry George Hurley, but I'm not for it."

She looked up at him, straight into his eyes.

"Why not?" she challenged.

"I know all about you," he said simply, "so I know you can take it straight from the shoulder. I'm not for it on account of you."

It echoed in her brain. "On account of you? What did he know about her? Nothing. Nobody knew anything. She didn't even know, herself."

Her eyes narrowed as she looked at him. She wouldn't get angry. No, not now. That was her old way, the way of the spoiled daughter of the wealthy producer Hilton Clark. But now, face to face with the one thing in the world she really wanted, the chance to be the wife of a boy like George Hurley, now she wasn't going to let that prodigal temper of hers get in her way. No. No matter what insignificant thing Mike Harrigan said.

This was a different kind of rebellion inside of her. Before, she had rebelled against Hilton Clark and his domineering ways—yes, ever since her mother's death. But those rebellions had been small, childish, and in the wrong causes.

"On account of you." Well, what's so wrong with me? she thought. Spoiled—is that my fault? And I know about it—I'm trying to do something about it. A snob? Yes, I was—

That was why Dad sent me to the ranch. Careless and frivolous? I didn't know any better—and I did think Boots Hawvermill meant something to me. Anyway, everybody makes mistakes. Doesn't it mean anything that a girl has grown wise—and is trying? But how do you put it in words? It all sounds so whimsy, no matter what you say. So you don't talk. You just stand there and take it. Sure, why not?

"I'm sorry you feel that way about me," she said softly.

"I am too," he answered squarely. "Because I know that George Hurley has got it bad. He's a good kid. Not strong, but good and he deserves a break."

"I know he won't regret picking me," she said smiling.

"Mike Harrigan didn't smile. "Why don't you let him go?"

"What does that crack mean?" she said evenly.

"What do you want with him anyway? The kid has a great chance at your father's studio—so you step in and complicate things for him. It's not easy to make your way as a juvenile in Hollywood. Wives don't help any."

"That's an exploded theory," Annabelle Clark said.

"Some wives don't help any man,

Mike Harrigan said relentlessly.

She turned away toward the lights of the town. "George will be waiting for us."

"I'm flying back," Mike Harrigan said.

"George wants you there," she said simply.

"I only came because I thought maybe I could get you to give him a break."

"Maybe I'm concerted to say it—but that's what I think our marriage will be."

He shook his head impatiently, "Oh stop it! That kid needs something different. The kind of girl he needs is just out of your world."

"What's so wrong with me?" she said. The defiant throw of her head was somehow betrayed by the catch in her voice.

"I'll tell you. I've seen a lot of dames in my time—and I think I know. You're man-poison!"

Then he added: "Tell George I said 'Good luck!'"

He turned on his heel and walked toward his plane.

She watched him stride across the field. Her mind followed him, grasp- his shoulder and swung him around and looked him many things about how wrong he was, but her body stood there and she didn't utter a sound.

A S she looked for the cab driver, George had arranged to drive her to Mr. Perkins. She was a little proud that she had kept her temper. That was a victory. She knew that late the things he had said would pain him immmeasurably, but now she remem- bered them only as facts, as something somebody had said to somebody else.

In the cab, anger returned to her and somehow cleansed her. There was only one thing to do. Who did Mike Harrigan think he was, anyway. Who was be, setting himself up to judge what was right and what was wrong for George Hurley? Her eye turned sightlessly into the Arizona darkness.

Her path was clear. She would simply tell George that Mike had to get back to Hollywood in a hurry—the picture was going on location in the morning and Mike had flown up to say "Good luck." (He had said that, for a fact.) Well, it didn't sound so good, but she knew how to make herself believe. And George would be the first to believe her.

She stepped out of the cab at Mr. Perkins'. George ran to meet her. He looked so young and so engeri. His hand coaxed his chestnut hair into place with (Continued on page 82)
THE NEXT time I marry, I'll take plenty of time beforehand to think it over. There will be no more spur-of-the-moment marriages for me. Lana Turner seemed as sure of that as we are of breathing. In fact, everything about Lana these days radiates quiet certainty and a new assurance.

People in and out of the studio who have known the emotional redhead for years are talking of the change that has transpired in Hollywood's off-key. They say it was though she had grown up overnight. Well, that exactly what she did.

We'll tell you about the transformation of the "odder girl" a bit later. And we'll tell you that she was the cause of it all—she. Lana's new-found assurance and her new assurance and her confidence have been the result of her change of heart and mind, and of the man who inspired it.

Now, we'll come to the story of Lana and Tony's sudden headline friendship.

BY CAL YORK

Perhaps some part of this has happened to you, too. Perhaps you, too, were forced to give up suddenly by circumstances that seemed unbearable at the time. If so, you'll appreciate the story of this inexperienced girl in her teens who came down from San Francisco to Los Angeles, enrolled at Hollywood High School and then was literally hurled into a dream world beyond her wildest imagination—Hollywood.

Lana just wasn't equipped, either by temperament or experience, to take it. And she has taken it, you may rest assured, has grown and broadened her emotional scope so that it can include a grand companionship with one of Hollywood's nicest people. Tony Martin.

A year ago Lana wouldn't have understood or appreciated Tony Martin; wouldn't have found pleasure in the simple pastimes, the love of sports and easy laughter that are a part of Tony. In fact, Lana and Tony had met several times in the past and then had promptly forgotten each other. Nothing clicked, as it did with Lana and Artie Shaw, as it did with Lana and Greg Bautzer. Nothing could click then, for much had to happen to Lana before she and Tony were to laugh their way through to romance.

You might say the whole keynote of the romance of these two people is laughter. Seldom have they been seen when they weren't enjoying a joke; when Lana, with head thrown back, wasn't laughing. Several times on Vine Street we've encountered them lost in laughter, swinging hands or coming out of previews animatedly discussing the picture.

We'd seen Lana with Greg Bautzer. We'd seen her with her former husband Artie (Continued on page 70)
TWO GRAND HUMANS—BARBARA STANWYCK AND GARY COOPER—IN THEIR NEW FILM
THE LAWS OF Averages

In a world where it's smart to be individual, to gain individual recognition and impose our individual pattern on those around us, we forget the heritage of good and bad, love and hate, that is every human being's and the simple but inescapable rules that govern all and all. Now and then we need a powerful reminder to set us back on the track. That reminder has come in the human touch of Frank Capra's "Meet John Doe." Its gentle philosophy has entered the lives of all those who have worked together to make the picture, Gary Cooper and Barbara Stanwyck most of all. And so we went to these two.

Gary sat by the stream that ran under the bridge down by the soundstage railroad tracks. The cameras were in sight, but the only sound to be heard for a long, quiet moment was the water echoing in the high-arched cavern. That, and the hobos' fire crackling underneath a battered coffee pot. It was the last day of shooting on "Meet John Doe."

"Been a great thing—working in this picture," Gary remarked. "Shows you lot of things you ought to've known all along but have kinda forgotten."

"For instance—" (Yes, he was "loosening up" now and when Gary "loosens up" he talks plenty.) "—I mean things that are true now just as they were a thousand years ago, like—well, like the fact that the best things in life are free.

"I know," he went on, "we've been quoting that for quite a while. But the thing is, we haven't thought much about what it really means. Neither did John Doe at first. He thought the most important thing in the world was to get his pitching arm back so he could get rich and famous. Then he met up with a hobo that everyone called The Colonel (that's my friend Walt Brennan in the picture) and The Colonel taught John things. He was a hobo from choice. He called people who were trying their darnedest to make money so they could buy things—radios, fine houses, cars, country-club memberships and such—'helots.' 'They're slaves to things,' he'd say. Seemed as though if everyone could stop wanting so many things—Hitler and Mussolini and all the rest—the world would suddenly find itself with a weight rolled off its shoulders.

"Guess there's a law in there somewhere. When human beings accumulate more than they really need, they start losing their souls. Seems to me time for friendships like John's and 'The Colonel's;' time to sit by a stream and talk along is a pretty fine thing. But no one has very much of it these days. Everybody is too busy chasing after things.

"There's a girl in 'Meet John Doe' who is pretty cynical and hard-boiled. So is John, for that matter. Or they both think they are. And they're making lots of money, which is what they think they want. But all the while something is happening that hasn't a thing to do with money-makin'. They are falling in love. When they find it out, they realize they've got something worth more than all the success and hullabaloo put together. And it didn't cost 'em a cent, either. In fact, they couldn't have bought it if they'd tried, on account of the best things in life are free. That's one law it didn't take any mayors or governors to pass."

"We set out to find that "girl who is pretty cynical and hard-boiled." Barbara was sitting curled up in the big comfortable divan in the big comfortable Beverly Hills home that is hers and Bob Taylor's. She began by saying: "I feel as though I'd seen Santa Claus."

This was hardly in line with a hard-boiled pattern, but we let her go on.

"Of course," she confided, "we learn something from every experience. Certainly I have learned from every picture I've made. But 'Meet John Doe' is not just a picture. It is the drama of life itself—your life, my life, the lives of a million average men and women. And from it I learned a law of averages I'd almost forgotten. I learned all over again to believe in the essential good of human beings."

"No"—she shook her head—"I don't think I have ever been much of a cynic—one of those persons who works very hard at not believing in anything. Still, when I was given the role of Ann Mitchell, I'll admit that my first thought after I'd read it was not, 'What a wonderful lesson this teaches,' but rather, 'You're lucky, my girl, to have fallen heir to such a histrionic plum.'"

"But that was only at first. Pretty soon the thing began to get me. As the story of 'Meet John Doe' opens, Ann is a cynic all right. She has a gift for writing. She can think up such beautiful, inspirational things for John Doe to say (she is, in a way, his "ghost writer") (Continued on page 71)"

BY MARIAN RHEA

LEARN SOME LESSONS IN LIFE ALL OF US "OUGHT TO'VE KNOWN ALL ALONG..."

MARCH, 1941

33
Should Love Wait?

If you fell in love today would you marry now or wait until next year, or until after the war, or after the depression, or until the home was paid for?

Should the unsettled conditions of the world of tomorrow postpone the love of today?

Does marriage retard the progress of the ambitious young man—or woman?

Is a measure of security essential to marital happiness?

Olivia de Havilland and James Cagney both chorus a hearty, healthy “No!” to all the above questions.

Says Cagney, “Postponing marriage for any of those reasons is just like looking the stork in the eye and saying, ‘I don’t want to be born now—come back next year.’ Or it’s like challenging the grim reaper with a caustic ‘Who invited you?’ Besides,” he grins, and there’s a mischievous twinkle in his blue eyes, “science tells us that love lasts only twenty minutes, so why wait two years?”

“Security?” says Olivia. “Say, are you talking about a love match or a business partnership? What has security to do with love?”

“Nothing,” laughs Jimmy, “if the girl is marrying an actor. Security is something an actor wouldn’t know a thing about. He may look forward to the time when he can wear old clothes because he wants to rather than because he has to, but he’d never actually plan on it. Anyone who wanted security wouldn’t choose a haphazard profession like acting in the first place and the girl who plans to marry an actor had better make up her mind that ‘Home Sweet Home’ is just a song. She’ll be lucky if the guy can sing it and she’ll be more than lucky if he can swing it.”

“But most girls,” Olivia reminds him, “do not intend to marry actors.”

“Speak for yourself, Miss Alden,” Jimmy replies, “but while we’re on the subject, can any girl marrying any man actually plan on security? Suppose he does have a good job, money in the bank, the home paid for—he can lose the job, the bank can fail and a good tornado can make short work of the house.”

“You’re a pessimist.”

“I’m not. I’m a realist.”

“You’re an actor.”

“I suppose you would marry for security.”

Olivia shook her head. “No, I would marry for love because I am a career woman. I don’t believe that women with careers can look upon marriage in the same way other women do. A career woman may want a husband, a home and children, but I think most of all she wants what she already has—a career. I think most actresses make wonderful wives and mothers, but they seem to have the ability to let neither their husbands nor their children interfere with their careers. Since career women are like that, I can see no reason why love should wait.”

“But what about the women who gave up their careers for marriage?”

“In that case,” Olivia grins, “I think they must have wanted marriage more than they wanted a career and it is unfair to say that marriage interfered with (Continued on page 89)
The subject is dangerous; the discussion startlingly outspoken; but we felt we owed it to young people everywhere to publish this article

BY HARMONY HAYNES

ILLUSTRATION BY MARY HORTON

James Cagney of "Strawberry Blonde": "Kids today don't accept their elders' ideas; they have ideas of their own"
HERMAN WAS RIGHT

So Hollywood changed her own very interesting name, Sherman Poole, to Virginia Gilmore and proceeded to make her over. They put bands on her teeth, cut her long beautiful hair (she could sit on it), taught her dictation and then sat back and viewed the results. We viewed them also in "Manhattan Heartbeat," "Jennie" and "Western Union" with such stars as Cary Grant, Dean Jagger and Bob Young and recently with Cesar Romero in "Tall, Dark and Handsome." What’s more, Virginia is slated to play Bette Davis’ daughter in the Goldwyn screen production of that famous play, "The Little Foxes.

So we know, along with Hollywood, just how good little Virginia is.

Hers is a lonely sort of victory, a one-woman triumph, really. There are no friends to enjoy her success, to enthuse with Virginia. She wants none. Her relatives, including her mother and several half sisters and half brothers, live in San Francisco in the accepted isolation Virginia prefers.

She’s an individualist. Always has been since early childhood, walking through life alone because she wanted to. It’s a fear of domination really, explains a person who thoroughly...
She has a surprise in mind for Sam Goldwyn: Virginia Gilmore of "Western Union"

The lowdown on four smart newcomers who are riding high today in Hollywood

BY SARA HAMILTON

understands Virginia Gilmore.

A miniature Margaret Sullavan, we'd call her, without Maggie's capacity for yielding to life. She looks like Maggie and even speaks like her. It pleases Virginia to be told so.

Born in Del Monte, California, under Hollywood's favorite sign, Leo, she attended the Immaculate Heart Convent in Hollywood all through the grammar grades and first year of high school. When her family moved north she attended Burlingame High School and San Mateo Junior College. Then the acting bee stung her. It got in a real good sting when she played the role of May in John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" at the Green Room Theater in San Francisco. And with Steinbeck directing, too.

Other group activities followed and later Virginia went over to Berkeley to the University of California for a course in Little Theater work.

To this day she doesn't know how Sam Goldwyn ever heard of her, but one day when she returned to the house where the Group theater was housed, there was "The Letter" from Mr. Goldwyn.

At first she demurred. She did have her heart set on New York. But a telephone call from the Goldwyn office decided her and from there she went to braces and haircuts and what not.

She had a lisp, of all things, when they finally took off the braces, so patiently for months she had to work out of that. Hollywood doesn't know it yet, but she plans shingling her hair very short. Why, only heaven knows. I, for one, can't wait till Goldwyn sees it.

She lives in a tiny one-room apartment where the ice-box, stove, bed, chairs and practically everything folds up into the walls.

She never wears slacks and had to diet for "Tall, Dark and Handsome." She put on (Continued on page 72)
Two-fisted hero of a double-punch picture: Clark Gable, now making love to Hedy Lamarr in M-G-M's "Comrade X." Owner of one of the most productive ranches in the Valley, he works hard at his farming, is quietly proud of his home and his wife Carole Lombard.
Hollywood with a home-town touch: Virginia Bruce. On the Universal lot she is the gilt-edged foil of John Barrymore in "The Invisible Woman"; as Mrs. J. Walter Ruben she's the pretty girl from the Middle West who reads her Fargo, N. Dakota, paper every day.
He came over the hills—this man nobody knew—to bring life to a boy and love to a girl

Sammy said threateningly and put out one brown, none-too-clean hand toward the shotgun in its rack beside the bunk.

Howitt paid no attention. He was already touching, tenderly, the flesh about the wound. "Hum—bad," he murmured.

"It's stopped bein' bad an' turned worse," Jim's pale lips, in his gaunt face, writhed painfully.

"I kin cure 'im," Sammy insisted.

"I got salve—I got cobwebs spun in November—"

Straightening up, Dan Howitt looked at her. She was no more than 17, perhaps not even that. Her tangled hair was bright around the small, fearful face and her fragile body was lithe above the bare feet.

"This is no time to argue," he said with a touch of authority in his voice. "The bullet has to be taken out. Get me some hot water and clean rags. And hurry!"

Sammy glared at him with all the mountain people's distrust of a stranger. But another groan from her father made up her mind. She turned and went toward the fireplace.

Afterwards, when Jim Lane was resting in relief from pain, she sighed.

"All right," she said resignedly. "When you amin' to take 'im away?"

"Take him away?" Howitt said.

"What are you talking about?"

"I knowed from the first you was a revnu'er," Sammy said wearily. "That you was wellin' my pappy to take him to jail."

He smiled gently down at her and she found herself wanting to trust
“I’m no revenue agent,” he said. “I had nothing to do with putting that bullet into your father. I came to you because I want information . . . I want to buy some land and settle down here.”

“Why?” she asked in complete bewilderment.

Dan Howitt shrugged his shoulders. “I like it here,” was all he would say.

“But,” she said, still suspicious, “folks like you don’t come to land what’s been coined out, or mebbe won’t grow no more’n unshuckable nubbins—with seed ticks an’ chinches an’ whoopin’ cough . . . Why’d you come?”

“Did I ask you how he got shot?” he asked, indicating her father.

Sammy, suddenly embarrassed, hung her head. “You didn’t, fer a fack,” she mumbled.

The sound of horses’ hooves, moving slowly along the trail outside the cabin, interrupted them. Through the twilight rode a young man, sitting his horse easily, lazily, whistling as he went. At sight of him, Sammy’s eyes blazed with a new anger and she ran like a small furious wildcat out of the cabin. The horse slowed to a stop.

“Howdy, Pretty,” the young man said and, taking his slouch hat from his head, dropped it on Sammy’s.

She snatched it off and threw it back at him. “Keep joggin’, Young Matt,” she ordered. “Don’t git offen that horse!”

With a laugh, he swung one long leg over the bare back of the horse and slid to the ground, towering over her. One hand gently pushed the disordered hair back from Sammy’s forehead.

“My!—ain’t the birds a-hollerin’ purty tonight?” he said teasingly.

“You an’ yore rascality!” Sammy fumed. “Ol’ Matt an’ his cussedness—an’ Aunt Mollie an’ her p’isen ways—all o’ you makin’ people a-skeered o’ livin’ an’ none o’ you a-carin’ any!”

Still smiling, still gently touching her hair, Young Matt Matthews said, “The bluebirds are nestin’ all over the mountain. . . .”
"Lemme have yer drinkin' an' gitten' drunk an' raizin' hell jest to hellit yourself! An' by God, you better come within outen the sun—crinin' the hound, a-fetchin' whoopin' cough an' misery, givin' sick 'uns a soon start to die, an' makin' 'uns dark-eyed an' fearful! Why can't the dead keep their undivin' underground an' leave live folks be? Why can't she stop pushin' up the grave rocks?"

Young Matt's hand left her hair. He slapped her on the face.

"You ain't preachin' nothin' 'bout my mother!" he thundered.

For a moment they stared at each other, anger beating back and forth like lightning between them. Then Young Matt's eyes softened. He touched her cheek gently, where the ugly marks of his blow still lingered, and swept her into his arms, kissing her yearningly.

"Oh, Matt," she sobbed, "why d'yuh keep doin' it? He was watchin' while you was at the still ... an' they shot him—the rev'ners... ."

"Yore pappy?" he said in fierce surprise, and led the way to the cabin, moving with the swift grace of a woods animal.

Jim Lane was awake now, lying comfortably in the bunk. Dan Howitt stood in the shadows at the far end of the cabin, where Young Matt did not at first see him.

"I was drinkin' when I shouldn't been watchin'," Jim said apologetically.

"They was Andy Beeler and two new rev'ners with 'em."

Dan Howitt moved. Young Matt whirled. "Who is he?" he asked Sammy coldly. "What's he here fer?"

"He's—" Sammy hesitated, looking fearfully at Young Matt's unfriendly face. "He's—my cousin," she said unexpectedly. "He's come here t' live."

"Deliberately, Young Matt? It ain't likely fer strangers t' find these parts a good livin' place."

"This here's Young Matt Matthews," Sammy said uneasily to Howitt. The older man had been filling a pipe. His fingers suddenly grew lax about its bowl and his jaw dropped. Only for an instant, and then he was saying, "My name's Dan Howitt."

Young Matt turned away. "Lemme know c'n I do anything, Jim," he said shortly to the man on the bed and left the room in two long strides.

I came on, that night, to rain; but in the Lane cabin it was warm and cheerful after Sammy had prepared the supper of pone and fat pork. Howitt, standing by the window, asked abruptly, "Do you suppose the Matthews would sell me some of their land?"

Jim Lane chuckled. "Quicker'n a fishin' crane strikes, if yer that crazy to buy it. Money's their yearnin'. But don't let 'em sell you Moanin' Meadow."

"Moanin' Meadow?" Howitt asked, frowning thoughtfully.

Sammy shivered, though the fire where she sat was warm. "That's where the hant comes from," she whispered. "Frogs there as quiet as grave rocks. Light comin' from nowhere. An' the trees don't rustle ... an' the flowers grow big but don't have purty smells ... ."

"It's bad land," Jim Lane said, "like everything bears the name o' Matthews is bad—'ceptin'—"

"'Cep'tin' Young Matt," Sammy interrupted quickly. "He ain't naturally bad. They're the ones make 'im that way."

"They?" Howitt asked.

Jim answered. "Them as won't let the dead rest," he said slowly. "Them that lays the fault to her sweet spirit and fills her boy with hate ... Ol' Matt Matthews, and Aunt Mollie, his ol' woman ... an' Pete, their boy—Young Matt's cousin—him that ain't got no brain nor hope. Young Matt lives along of Ol' Matt an' Aunt Mollie, up on Bald Knob."

Anger rasped Jim's voice.

"An' all of 'em makin' Young Matt a sick soul—raisin' him t' think he's got t' find an' murder his back-trackin' pappy who hid away from 'em! An' all of 'em guillin' her—she who never done no harm to no one o' God's critters!"

"Who?" The whispered word left Howitt's lips like a frightened traveler.

"Young Matt's mother. She was a lamp o' kindness in this dark place—always a-singin' an' a-smilin' like the angel she was. ..."

"You—knew her?"

"I loved 'er. Jim's voice grew soft, now, with the old memory. "I loved 'er before e'er she went away to the city town. An' after too, when she come back here to born Young Matt."

There was a long silence. Howitt broke it.

"Young Matt can't be bad," he said huskily. "Not and her son ... Not and have Sammy love him."

Sammy, blushing, did not answer.

The next day, with Sammy as his guide, Dan Howitt went up Bald Knob to see Aunt Mollie and Old Matt Matthews. He found two bitter people, as gnarled and ugly as blackthorn bushes, who (Continued on page 66)
If a woman has style, her clothes have distinction. Prime proof of this credo is Rosalind Russell's steel grey and sable brown street costume. The grey wool dress has a V-neckline, draped and tucked to accent body contour, and a softly flared, bias-cut skirt ornamented with a golden fish on a link line. Her breton is of grey felt; furs and accessories are brown.

BY
GWENN WALTERS
The second commandment in the style business is a million-dollar manner. The star of Columbia's "This Thing Called Love" achieves this by way of a chartreuse satin "at home" outfit. The knee-length tunic, belted with a gold lame cord, falls over an accordion-pleated skirt rippled at the hemline. Gold and ruby ear clips match the shoulder bowknot; the slippers of chartreuse satin are appliquéd and embroidered in gold.
Third step toward the well-dressed list is a spruce simplicity. A "for example" outfit is this Irene tailleur. Of tan shadow weave wool, it has square shoulders, long jacket, slim skirt. Wool arrow inset detail and pocket finish are cream-colored, as are the surplice crepe blouse and gloves. Bag and shoes are brown to match the ribbon and coque feather trim of the beige felt postillion.
Requirement for p.m. fashions is flattering formality, i.e., Irene's white chiffon, flowing from embroidered motifs of silver thread, beads and rhinestones. Back drapery is brought forward and clasped at the front neckline. Smart extras: Rhinestone earrings and white satin strap sandals. Conclusion is the star of "This Thing Called Love" is a shining example of this thing called style.
Even youthful figures demand a contour garment this season when the new fashion is the tubular Cigarette Silhouette. Formfit’s "Girdleire" and girdle styles accomplish just this with their new Scap-Hip feature (see sketch).

Young Marjorie Reynolds of Republic’s "Robin Hood of the Pecos" dresses for her date in a sleeved evening dress of electric blue with fine lace bodice and heavy crepe skirt that features gathered front fullness. Dress designed by Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles.
What's your clothes I.Q.?

1. Mary Martin is a Hollywood pretty, pretty who recently caused a riot at Ciro's by appearing in a new type fur. Created for her by a famous New York couturière, it is now beating the former fur champion, silver fox, to the punch. Here’s the picture: there’s Mary, husband Halliday and the fur. Can you name it?

2. If you’re material-minded, you’ll have fun matching styles in the panel above. Just select from the right column the proper complements for the three styles at the left.

3. The best conversational subject these days is the draft. If you take a feminine slant on military maneuvers, you’ll be able to name three new styles that are a direct loan from the Navy.

4. Any woman can talk clothes, but it takes an ultra-smart one to interpret the following fashion terms. Just complete the sentences:
   A dickey isn’t the name of a small boy; it’s
   Byrd’s cloth has nothing to do with the birds and the bees, it’s
   A huarache isn’t a foreign peasant; it’s
   A weskit isn’t a man’s vest; it’s
   A frog isn’t an amphibian; it’s

5. Now we turn the tables and complete a statement for you. Matter of fact, we complete it three ways. Just check the one that’s right: The newest color combination is (a) black and gold; (b) wheat and sea green; (c) red and blue

6. Maisie is a lovable nitwit. Her clothes catch men’s eye, make women laugh. A fashion-conscious girl can put her finger on the thing that makes the outfit in the picture above a “thumbs-down” one.
The Man Hollywood Couldn't Beat

The story of a man, his wife, and an amazing interlude in their life together.

You know the man as Gene Raymond

BY BEN MADDOX

He came to tell her, thinking he was confessing failure. Jeanette MacDonald’s answer was ready, warm, sincere: “Oh, Gene, I’m so glad!”

It is largely from a handful of friends that we bring you the story of the new Gene Raymond, the man who has returned from two years of “mysterious” seclusion to the studio whose contract he rejected just that long ago. There are those who would call it “What Hollywood Can Do To a Man,” to us it is the story of what a man can do first of all to himself—and for himself. It is the story of a man who revolted and, fortunately, lost. For it was in defeat that Gene Raymond found himself and his perspective on success.

Before we talked to those closest to Gene, we talked very briefly to the man himself. We already knew that RKO had hurried to take up his option upon the completion of his comeback picture, “Cross Country Romance.” We knew the studio was planning bigger breaks for him, that as a first move, they had handed him a role in “Mr. and Mrs. Smith,” the new Carole Lombard-Robert Montgomery opus. We knew that a quiet guy with a three-cornered smile had been given a rousing welcome by a sneak preview audience in an unpretentious picture. We knew the welcome ran through the whole hard-boiled studio setup.

Now we know the “why” of all these things. For we found, as we talked to Gene himself, a change as great in the off-screen man as the audience had found in the actor.

Gone, first of all, were the cagey reserve, the tense wide smile, the eager-to-appear-friendly handshake, the quick little walk and the fabulous blond hair. Here was a relaxed, interested-in-you young man with a smile in his eyes that matched the grin with which he said “Hello.” A guy with close-cropped, darkened hair, who admitted readily its color got brushed into it. Here was the actor who used to blow up resentfully at any mention of his hair, now saying calmly, “Sure, I brush the stuff in it every day. If they don’t want blonds on the screen, they don’t want blonds!”

Here was the actor who had once told us seriously and carefully and with a grim sincerity that he had lived his entire life according to plan. Who had said, “Everything I do is planned. Always has been, since I was a kid. I won’t marry until I retire. A man should make as much of a career of marriage as a woman. I know myself and I won’t play a scene unless I think it’s right for me. I’ll argue that with a director any day. If I can’t get the parts I want, I won’t work.”

The last is exactly what happened. He grew tired of the wisecracking roles to which he’d been assigned. He said a definite “No, thank you” to a contract that most actors would have given their eye teeth to have been offered. When friends tried to advise him to take (Continued on page 98)
A favorite Lindy Hop variation by Jackie and Bunny is shown in the two pictures at the right.

Bright examples of the new dance are Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. In the two pictures below they are doing the off-beat fox trot (see diagram and text explanation).

**Dancing School**

**Ground Plan for Basic Step of Off-Beat Fox Trot**

Here's a dance in America today for which even the Greeks would have trouble finding a name—but not the Americans. The Easterners call it the Slow Lindy Hop; on the West Coast it's the Balboa, because all such steps start at the Rendezvous Ballroom in Balboa out there. We don't know what they think they're doing in the corn belt.

If you're still just fox-trotting with variations of the Charleston or the hoary Big Apple, you'd better get busy. Just turn the radio dial until you've got the music—Kay Kyser, Glenn Miller, Artie Shaw.

Our guest stars this month are Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville. They're just going to dance, the way they would, and we're going to tell you what they're doing and how to do it too.

Let's leave a name for it to future historians, eh?

The original fox trot was the simple, four-beat step done in a brisk fashion to fast or popular music. One two, three, four, and repeat. Then you maintained the step through turns or whatever variation you felt like making.

But when jazz turned into swing,
If you're still just fox-trotting along, you better wake up. There's a new dance swinging across America—and here's how you do it

Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The subtle change of emphasis from the down-beat to the off-beat gave the Lindy Hop, first fast and then slow; the Balboa, which is more of a hula variation; and all the jitterbug steps.

Dorsey's "Melancholy Baby," or better yet, Artie Shaw's platter of Begin the Beguine," is what to stick in the phonograph. Turn the knob to "repeat" and stand facing each other. We're going to give the man's routine; ou girls learn to do it backwards, starting on the other foot.

At the beginning, we'll just worry you with the actual steps, starting with hat basic pause-and-catch-it-up fox trot above-mentioned and working into the slow Lindy Hop, the Balboa and anything else you want to make it. After you've learned these you can cope with the instructions that turn them from walking steps into honest-to-pete dancing about which friend Arthur Murray would probably say: "That's the speed, boy, that's the speed."

Now look at the diagram on the left side of the opposite page. Start following the steps for the basic off-beat fox trot, counting to the rhythm of the music, one, two, three, four—emphasizing the off-beat. Just walk forward for a while until you're used to it, then, on the count of one, instead of taking a step, just tap your left toe very quickly on the floor without putting any weight on it; then step forward for the count of two on your left foot, forward on your right foot for the count of three, forward left foot on four; then, for the second group of four, do the tap on your right foot for Count 5, step forward on Count 6 with the same foot, shifting the weight to it—and so on.

Try doing this backward, and then in a simple square. In the pictures (1 and 2) Jackie and Bunny are doing the square and of course you simply turn right or left in the same rhythm, never breaking the step at all. Finally, when you're proficient, you'll be able to (Continued on page 88)
A natural, unaffected sort of chap with a penchant for polo shirts, a long roster of friends and an innate ability on which Paramount is now capitalizing in "I Wanted Wings": Wayne Morris
Brilliant wife of the brilliant Korda: Merle Oberon, now appearing in "That Uncertain Feeling"
Mrs. Garson and her daughter "The Duchess of Garson." The nickname was bestowed by a sarcastic stage manager.
It is said that a woman never forgets her first love. It was fortunate that Greer Garson never could; for that was what saved her in the end.

N London, despite the depression of the early 1930's, despite her youth and femininity, the redheaded, green-eyed Greer Garson, out of Scotland on her father's side and out of Ireland on her mother's, had been a business success. No one could possibly have looked less the successful young business executive, yet she was all of that those early 1930's, talking glibly in glib advertising terms in a great, international advertising agency, earning a fat fifty dollars weekly, making her own way and snaring the fancy of every man she encountered.

That was the outer Miss Garson. The inner Miss Garson was still the disillusioned girl who had been turned down by the young man she adored because she had no money. He had none, either, and he wanted money. So he had told her he simply must marry an heiress. He did, too, even though telling you that is getting ahead of our story.

There are two reactions to heartbreak. One is to go down under it, to be a boring object of pity the rest of one's life. The other is to take the idealism of that unrequited love and use it as a foundation for a life of achievement and inspiration. Greer Garson thanked her stars that she was not born in an earlier century when marriage and domesticity were the only possibilities for a woman. She had foolishly imagined her happiness was conditioned on the inclination of one other human being; if that was denied, why then, she was armoured against ever repeating such an error.

Love was not for her. But there were careers to be had. She had a good education, wide interests and the blessed necessity of earning her own living.

Thus when she finally got the chance to enter the Birmingham Repertory Theater, she took it without so much as a backward glance at her business career. It earned her much less money. It demanded much more work. Her original contract was good for only one play at a time, meaning she might be out of work after one week. It meant leaving London and her mother and living alone in a strange boardinghouse in a strange, unbeautiful city. Nevertheless, she was in ecstasy—for about three days. The girls in her business office gave her a jade green dressing gown and a make-up box (she still uses both, which will show you how deeply sentimental she is) and she went off to Birmingham in a cloud of glory expecting to knock the theater people silly with a glance.

The theater people, who were professionals, did what professionals always do to talented, uppity amateurs. They knocked her ears down. They slapped her back to her own size. She was so elegant, so unconsciously patronizing, there was so much pure, uncured ham in her that she was tagged "The Duchess of Garson." There was a stage manager who particularly ragged her. He would ask, sarcastically, when he gave the company general directions, "Duchess, will that be all right for you?" He would murmur, scathingly, when she did not understand all his directions, "You Bachelor of Arts with first class honours, is this being too difficult for you?" Yet she survived, this sensitive, hitherto cloistered, spoiled Miss Garson.

She lived in what the English call "digs" and what we call furnished rooms, with the other girls of the theater. They gave her a load of...
the facts of life, too. With the brutal reality of theater people, the girls told her she was not at all beautiful. They conceded she had a fine figure (Greer still calls it "ligger," which is about the only Englishism still left in her speech), they grudgingly acknowledged that she had brains, but they said there was simply no hope for that face of hers. "It's like a pussy-cat's," said one, "eyes, brow, nostrils, cheekbones, mouth—everything goes up." Oddly enough, it was three years later that Noel Coward remarked to her, "You're lucky, you have the best possible mask for an actress—everything goes up—it should!"

Greer not only survived at Birmingham, but triumphed, and learned much. Her first role there was that of a middle-aged Jewess in "Street Scene." She played it with a wig and an accent and she was so successful that the critics remarked she would go far "if she can get over her racial characteristics." This gave her great zest for her next role in which she played the typical young adventurous girl that she was, half Irish, half Scottish, and utterly English by upbringing.

She remained at Birmingham for two seasons. With an ability rare in an actress, the ability to see herself mockingly, she now says, "I was always overworked; we all were. I never got sufficient rest or food. I was often miscast but never downcast! It was a very happy time."

As the result of her Birmingham experience, she was cast for the leading part in George Bernard Shaw's "Too Good to Be True," which was to tour the provinces. Her seventh heaven of delight was rudely broken in on by a return attack of her childhood trouble, tonsillitis. Playing the last two weeks of the show with a temperature mounting in the hundreds, she collapsed and was hustled to a hospital. After that siege was over, she found her career was also virtually over now that she wanted to try for a London play, for no producer could be found who would take a chance with an unknown girl.

At this point our actress suddenly upped and married a barrister, but this was neither so sudden nor so inconsistent as it seemed. He was a brilliant and charming young man who had courted her steadily from the days when she was still at school and he was writing poems about her in the undergrad magazines at Cambridge where he was studying law. Now he was home on leave from India, where he was a Judge in the Civil Service Courts. He was the first man who promised that if she married him he would not ask her to give up the theater—if she did not want to live in India. Well, she should visit him there from time to time and continue to live and work in London. Greer pondered this slightly crazy idea for months—would it be fair to each of them?—would it work out happily? Finally persuaded that it would, she married him and they toured France and Germany together. On their return there was a surprising change of heart—of two hearts. He demanded that she should come to India and settle down there permanently. She wanted only—her freedom. It was an unhappy impasse.

Greer is not willing to discuss this brief marriage beyond the word "incompatibility." "Had our paths not diverged so soon," she said, "possibly the separation might not have been final, but fate was against us in that—he went back to his work in the law courts in India, I was drawn again into the theater."

That season's engagement was spent playing understudies, walk-ons, bits, anything—at the Open Air Theater. "It was a lull in my career," she mused. "But there were compensations—the long rehearsals in the sunshine, the strange beauty of the tree-bordered stage, the players, the music under a starlit sky."

She'd rather talk than eat. But she'd rather eat than sleep—be cause if she's asleep, she might miss something. Who is it? It's Roz, of course—self-styled "The Flying Russell"

For an all-around tonic read the uproarious life story of Hollywood's Eleanor Roosevelt—

ROSALIND RUSSELL

Beginning next month

Greer's big break came in characteristically unexpected fashion. She dined one night in London, at the University Women's Club, of which she was a member, and encountered Sylvia Thompson, the novelist. They had never met, but Miss Thompson came over and introduced herself. "I believe you are just the girl for the lead in a play I have written," she said. "Will you do it?"

The play was called "The Golden Arrow" and Laurence Olivier was the leading man in it. Greer's part was exciting, that of a gay and vivacious American girl. The play closed in three weeks, but Greer was launched as a London actress from that time forward.

FROM then on she never stopped working for three solid years except for two weeks' vacation. Within a month, she was the toast of all London. The beauty the Birmingham girls had not been subtle enough to see, London was delighted with. The figure they had praised was now magnificently displayed, daringly played. Within a year Greer was a star. With her mother, she moved into an enchanting apartment off Berkeley Square. Now, for the first time in their lives, they had more money than they needed, they had all the comforts to which their birth had entitled them but which they had never been able to afford before.

As for love, Greer put that behind her. The insistent cables from India piled up on her dressing table and she dared not answer them. Insistent letters piled up on her night stand and she didn't risk opening them. After begging again and again for a divorce, she was trying in these little ways to get some succor from her anomalous situation. For two years, in the left exciting years, there was no man in her life, nor did she want any. Her work was all of her and she was almost completely happy.

It was at the very end of those years that Mr. Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and a group of his executives saw the play in which she was then starring and got in touch with her concerning going to Hollywood. She had no wish at all to do so. London was giving her all the success she wanted. She could not bear the thought of leaving it. But while she was still hesitating over the Metro offer, she got word from India that the man she had married was on his way back to England.

In a panic Greer sought her escape After a single interview her movie contract was signed. She took the next boat for America.

In Los Angeles she stepped off the train calmly, not exactly expecting flowers to be strewn in the streets for her arrival, but thinking, nonetheless, that it would be very pleasant if they were. Instead, she was met by a couple of nice young press agents who barely knew her name and was taken out to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer where they knew her name, all right, but nothing more. Somebody found her a house. She and her mother unpacked their fourteen trunks, their book of (Continued on page 64)
WHEN word was flashed to a thoroughly unexpectant world that at eight o'clock New Year's Eve in the ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Justin Dart at Rockrim, Arizona, Bette Davis had become the bride of Arthur Farnsworth, one question was uppermost in the mind of every one: Who is Arthur Farnsworth? What does he do, what is he like, that he should win the hand of the screen's finest actress and Hollywood's most regular person? To answer this Photoplay-Movie Mirror stopped its presses and went to many sources to bring you a complete picture of the man and the event about which you all want to know.

Just a year before, to the very day, Jane Bryan, Bette's friend and protegé, had said good-by forever to Hollywood when she married the man she loved, Justin Dart. Now, in Jane's home, Bette was taking her vows and in a way was saying good-by, too, to many things—to struggle and heart-ache and the intense concentration on work that she had previously placed above her personal life and happiness.

Bette was coming home again—to a life of peace with the man she loved, Arthur Farnsworth.

She met the tall and handsome 34-year-old New Englander two years ago when, weary to the point of complete exhaustion after strenuous years of picture-making, she went East for a rest.

First she had traveled to Boston and then on to the home of a school friend of her mother's at Bascom for several weeks. But still jangled nerves had refused to quiet down. Then she had remembered her mother's words as she left Hollywood, "If you feel yourself falling to pieces, go to Peckett's Lodge in Franconia, New Hampshire. You'll find rest there."

At the very sight of the Lodge, so peaceful and quiet, Bette indeed felt the cares of mind and body drop away. She knew that at last she had found what she was seeking.

"Without a question, these kind people let me come home as one of them. They, stern Yankees all of them, accepted me, an actress, without a quim. They asked no questions, made no demands. I dressed as I pleased, wore no make-up and revelled in peace. Ruthie, my mother, had been right," she said.

HERE she met the man who was to be her husband, for the assistant manager of the Lodge during the summer was Arthur Farnsworth. He was a light-haired chap with blue eyes, a well-groomed six-footer, rather stocky but very handsome. Typically New England, he had a natural charm, an easy sense of humor; a man's man, he was marked by a poise that had been acquired through his extensive travels.

The son of a retired and well-to-do dentist in Rutland, Vermont, he had been educated (Continued on page 76)
A long sleek greyhound of a car slid down Hollywood’s most famous boulevard at dusk and on past the beauty center—oh, definitely past. Half a block away the limousine stopped and out of it you might have seen step—if you could have seen at all in the half-light—one of the greatest male stars in pictures. Thirty-to-fortyish he was, with an advancing waistline and retiring hairline. Quickly he looked up and down the boulevard, then sauntered nonchalantly back toward the beauty clinic. At the driveway he suddenly turned and slipped into the back entrance of the building.

Shocking that a man should go to a beauty parlor? Not in Hollywood. In fact, the Westmore salon has a large and flourishing men’s department to which the male population flocks in broad daylight. The point involved in the incident in the dusk was that the beauty establishment specialized in rejuvenation rather than grooming. Actually there was no stigma attached to the star’s call, merely an admission—but a fatal one.

For if you must know, age is the real bugbear of the glamour city. Everything must be beauty and youth.

Item 1: The famous cowboy star who has permanent waves to give his hair body.

if necessary, fake the former and lie about the latter. Which brings to mind Oliver Herford’s classic couplet on Wordsworth’s “Ode to Immortality”:

“Heaven lies about us in our infancy—
We lie about ourselves in later years.”

The beauty business in Hollywood is a tremendous seething sub-surface industry, second only to cameras and celluloid. Although there are approximately two hundred beauty shops in town, most of the big names of the picture world patronize half a dozen beauty parlors. There is, for instance, the House of Westmore which is operated by Pere Westmore and his trio of brothers, Wally, Ern and Bud. All of the Westmores are top-notch studio make-up men. Here the stars consult a fortuneteller, Louise Lockridge, by appointment. While waiting for their fortunes, manicures or hair-dos, patrons are served afternoon tea or coffee on the house. During the course of a week you might see in the Westmore salon such famous personalities as Jeanette MacDonald, Ann Sheridan, the Lane sisters, Louella Parsons, Margaret Lindsay, Virginia Bruce, Mary Pickford, Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland and Kay Francis.

Down Sunset Boulevard just a few blocks from The House of Westmore is the Ann Meredith Beauty Parlor, one of the oldest and most favored of the Hollywood shops. This is owned and operated by Mrs. Evelyn Cassidy. In the back of her shop is a patio where customers may eat their lunch between beauty courses.

Although the girls at Ann Meredith’s are accustomed to seeing such famous customers as Carole Lombard, Joan Crawford, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck, Countess Di Frasso, Marlene Dietrich, Joan Bennett and her sister Connie, the place was in a hubbub the afternoon I was there—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt was having her hair and nails done. The First Lady of the Land completely won over the corps of help.

The girls said she was so gracious and had so much personality one forgot she was no glamour girl.

To the shop of Flo Haley, wife of Jack Haley, stage and screen comedian, come such celebrities as Barbara Stanwyck, Rosalind Russell, Mrs. Ronald Colman, Mrs. Herbert Marshall, Mary Livingston, Lupe Velez and a host of others. Flo it was who installed a bar from which a maid serves vegetable juices or soft drinks right off the ice. If anything stronger is wanted, it may be obtained from the near-by Brown Derby.

The Max Factor establishment, world-famous for its make-up which has been on the market for years, is now the center of the hair business—true or false, but especially false. Some of the most effective hair styles in recent pictures have originated at Factor’s from a switch here or a wig there. Did you know, for instance, that Ginger Rogers’ hair in “Kitty Foyle” was a wig? And the “figure eight” worn by Norma Shearer in “Escape” was a $150 switch which has started a new vogue among film colony upper-crusters.

Also, Factor makes Hollywood’s most famous toupees—“hair pieces.”

Item 2: One of the greatest male stars in pictures who slips in the back doors of beauty shops at twilight.
If Hollywood beauty operators formed a syndicate they'd put the Winchells out of business. Here's a sample of what they know.

BY FRANCES MORRIN

they are officially called. Not only are these worn by a number of men in pictures, but by many playboys and big businessmen about town. The boys seem to have one great worry and that is the danger involved in drinking alcoholic beverages. Alcohol, it seems, working through the pores, dissolves the spirit gum which holds the hair piece on the head. Witness the plight of the middle-aged playboy who took his girl friend to La Conga. After a few drinks the crowd started to do the Conga. Our lad, weaving gaily in and out, caught his hair on the sleeve of his coat and suddenly found himself wearing his secret on his sleeve.

IN the parlors pretense is abandoned to the winds because women know they can hold no illusions for their beauty operators. As one girl told me, "All women let down their thoughts as well as their hair when they come into a beauty shop. I've worked all over the country, and I've learned that most women will tell their innermost secrets to a beauty operator and ask her advice about their problems. This is particularly true of Hollywood. Why, if the beauty operators here were to form their own syndicate we'd put the Walter Winchells, Hedda Hoppers and Ed Sullivans out of business."

Strong friendships often result between patron and operator. For example, one afternoon I was having a manicure when an attractive woman I recognized as the wife of a certain box-office star stopped at the table and showed the telegram she had in her hand to my manicurist. The girl smiled and said, "Isn't that nice?" After the woman had gone the manicurist exploded, "Aren't men heels?"

Hollywood enterprise: Clients can have their fortunes told, be served cool soft drinks from a specially set-up bar.
It seems that the telegram was from New
York, signed by the woman's
husband and was one of those darling-
11-pass you-so-be-home-in-a-couple-
0 days—much-love-missives. My
manuscript continued m第二天antly.
"She's such a grand person and he's
such an overstuffed rat!" He isn't in
New York. Just last night I saw him
at one of the lesser known night clubs
with another woman! Some stooge
sent that wire for him.

One amusing incident I heard in my
tattles had to do with the sweetheart
of one of the studio executives and an
unsuspectingly, beautician. While she
was having her hair done she pro-
ceeded to shout in no uncertain terms
what she thought of her boy friend's
boss. Sitting in the next booth, the
wife of the boss heard the entire
broadcast. A week later the executive
didn't live there at the studio any
more. Yes, Hollywood history is made
in beauty booths.

Q U I T E the most refreshing episode
I struck on my beauty parlor
beat concerns a star celebrated for
both her arrogance and her sense of
humor. One morning she breezed
into her favorite shop to get ready for
a current heavy date that evening and
found the operators a-twitter over Bill
Powell's sudden marriage to pretty Diana Lewis. "It
can't—it simply can't be true!" she gasped and
dashed for the telephone to
call one of Bill's friends.

When she came back she said, "Well, girls, I'm
simply terrific when it comes to holding my men.
If I weren't a woman who
meets her obligations I
wouldn't go ahead with
this appointment for a hair
set because the guy who
should have been looking
at the moon over these
waves will be going into
the eyes of the new Mrs.
Powell!"

Displays of the much-
tunted star temperament
are almost unknown be-
ng the beauty masks
where you'd most expect
it. In the local beauty parlor annals
there are just two who were told off
for bad behavior. Simone Simon and
Francesca Gad. Francesca demanded
that a hairdresser do her hair over
two different times and when she
still wasn't satisfied, the owner asked
her to please go and make it permanent.
Simone, on the other hand had
her attack of temperament over a
manicure. She let loose a Gallic storm
which was promptly blown right back
into her face with a torrent of French
as if on her own. The proprietor
of the shop was from Paris and in-
formed Mlle. Simon she could go to—
well, France, or words to that effect.

The day and night service many of
the beauty operators give is rewarded
by the stars with thoughtful gestures. Marguerite Stumper, a favorite facial
operator and an oldtimer in the
Hollywood beauty business, was in a
pleasant dither the day I talked to her.
Carole Lombard had sent her a beau-
tiful padded robe; Sigrid Gurie, an
expensive bottle of perfume. Norma
Shearer has kept the daughter of one
of her favorite beauticians supplied
with clothes. Jenny Landry, who did
the late Jean Harlow's hair for years,
has never removed the slender gold
anklet which Harlow herself fastened
on.

Louella Parsons is very generous
with her tips and gifts. Once she gave
an operator a $5 tip and then discov-
ered she didn't have taxi fare home.
So she borrowed the money back and
sent the girl a check the next day.

One time Joan Crawford, who for
years had Syb Eaton for her hair-
dresser and Dolly for her manicurist,
overheard the two girls discussing an-
other operator whom Joan didn't even
know. This girl had a long siege of
influenza which had left her lungs in
a weakened condition and the doc-
tables, massage tables and so forth.
As a time-saving device Joan Craw-
ford used to have her hair waved for
work the next day while she was eat-
ing dinner at home. Many's the guest
at the Crawford menage that has had
a splash of waving fluid in his or her
salad. If Joan happened to be going
out, she tied on her green hair net and
donned a wig to save the hair-do for
production purposes next day.

Margy Stumper has frequently gone
to the Gable home at night to give
Carole a facial just before she went to
bed. Carole, says Margy, has facials
to make her feel as if she had having a
massage as many of the stars do when
they are working hard.

T HE charge for this work done out-
side the shop varies somewhat, but
is at least double the cost in the shop.
One star sent for her favorite manic-
urist to do her nails on the set at the
studio because she was going to a
party that night. This particular
establishment charges a straight $3 an
hour from the time the girl leaves the
shop until she returns. What with
waits between takes, this one mani-
cure turned out to be a costly little
item—$35 to be exact.

One very popular indoor beauty
sport in Hollywood is growing finger-
nails to staggering lengths. Juliette
Marglen, who is now with Westmore',
discovered a wax treatment for
the nails which makes them
grow long and strong.
Her own are a good inch
and a quarter long and,
heaven help me, she has
little red foxes on the
thumbnails and flowers
on the rest. These decorations
are put on with paper transfers over
the polish and are secured with a
coat of transparent sealer to
cover them. Binnie
Barnes has her initials
applied in this way to both
her thumbnails and her big
toenails. Others of Juli-
ette's famous clients are
Barbara Stanwyck, Paul-
ette Goddard, Norma
Shearer, Deanna Durbin,
Jean Parker and Mary Pickford.

At the present time the House of
Westmore is the only beauty salon in
Hollywood which has a men's depart-
ment. Here many of the leading men,
producers and directors, go for their
hairstyles, scalp treatments, hair dye
and permanent—yes, permanents.
The hair dying and permanents are
not a matter of being vain, I assure
you. The men hate it but sometimes
not the picture calls for it. Some perma-
nents you'll readily recall were Joe
Hall's in (Continued on page 93)
Is virtue dead in Hollywood? Yes, Fearless means what you mean—the good old-fashioned kind that somehow gets applied to just the girls, the boys by some magic being exempt.

Periodically the charge is made that Hollywood sets the styles in questionable morals for young and old alike. Two camps then take up the flaming challenge: The determined optimists whose battle cry is sweetness and light and the sour-faced cynics who claim there are just two kinds of Hollywood motives, both of them ulterior.

Neither side is entirely right. For the truth, as usual, lies somewhere in between.

And having agreed in this series for Photoplay-Movie Mirror to find the truth and tell it without reserve, Fearless discloses how he sees it.

First, let's face it: Virtue is a far scarcer commodity in Hollywood than in most American towns of its size. Let me tell you why this is so and how it is so. Hollywood is a town of just one industry and that one is the most highly personalized business in the world. Its vices and virtues are therefore also on the personal side.

Since it is a single-industry community, competition is staggering. When the acid bath of this competition is applied to human nature, curious things result. Some people emerge as the knife-throwers they are at heart, ready to stab in the back anyone who stands in their road. Others, their backbones eaten away by the chemistry of fame, fall by the wayside. A few come through as glorious human beings.

Besides professional competition, sex figures in the Hollywood picture. And not entirely on the personal basis, either, but because of Hollywood's great dictator, the box office. Sex sells stars to the public—no doubt about it. So the whole town is constantly on the hunt for the man whose picture on the screen will bring a rapturous sigh from the women in the audience, or the girl who will bring a gleam to the eyes of the boys. Also, most of Hollywood's movie colony is preoccupied during its business hours with the substance of life itself—the stories of its pictures—stories which mirror in different ways the sex problems of human beings. This inevitably makes Hollywood as a community more tolerant.

For instance, few social groups would accept in their midst the principals involved in the cases about which I am going to tell you. Yet in Hollywood such people can manage nicely; in fact, can seemingly reign supreme—for a time, at least. The first two are examples of driving ambition, Hollywood's great crime. The third is the case of an opportunist. I'm not going to mention names, since I have no wish to crucify the stars. Instead, I'll give them numbers—and maybe they'll mean more to you than just a number.

Number one . . . She's probably your favorite star if you go in for glamour. Her only assets when she came to Hollywood were a small stock contract with a big studio, a beautiful face and a long chinchilla coat. Oh, yes, she had a dress—two or three, in fact; but they were merely stand-ins for the chinchilla coat, the one great flash that must carry her to the top. When (Continued on page 96)
Bunny was only 18, but she knew what she wanted: Fame as an actress, a great actress; and a blue-eyed young man named Johnny. She knew how to get them both

BY ALBERT TREYNOR
ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK DOBIAS

Johnny blinked at her and then grinned. “I guess—maybe—I’ve been a fool.” "You dope!” said Bunny. “You darling!”

Concluding one of the most human stories ever written about Hollywood

Bunny was at it day and night. She was seeing Johnny twenty hours a day. She was seeing some of the most famous people in Hollywood, but Johnny was always the most important person in her life. He was her everything.
FROM Alaska to Cape Horn, from the Aleutian Islands to Parahiba, easternmost tip of Brazil—throughout these wide Americas lovely women have learned the same romantic beauty lesson.

The ritual of skin care prized in all these American countries is the same we in the United States likewise treasure—the simple, effective principles long laid down by Pond's:

CLOAK your face and neck lavishly with the sleek, fragrant smoothness of Pond's Cold Cream. Smack your skin briskly with cream-wrapped fingertips for three full minutes—even five. Pond's has two distinct missions to perform for you. One cleansing. The other softening. It mixes with the dust, make-up and foreign accumulations on your skin—softens them and sets them free.

WIPE AWAY all this freed and softened debris with the gentle competence of Pond's Tissues—created tenderly soft and absorbent for this express purpose.

SMACK ON briskly a second coating of Pond's Cold Cream. Again wipe off with gentle Pond's Tissues. This second creamy spanning enhances both the cleansing and softening actions of Pond's. Note how the pores seem finer, lines less apparent in your glowing, softened skin.

FLUSH ON now the cool, wet fragrance of Pond's Skin Freshener.

Then MASK this spic-and-span face of yours with a smooth layer of a very different type of cream—Pond's Vanishing Cream—light as a cloud, innocent of greaseiness. This cream's specific duty is to help disperse remaining particles, little chippings caused by exposure. Wait one full minute before you wipe it off. Then see how it leaves a perceptible mat finish on your skin—a petal-softness that receives and holds your powder smooth and captive for hours.

Perform this brief Pond's ritual in full always before retiring or during the day. A shorter ritual whenever your skin or make-up need freshening.

BEAUTY OVER THE AMERICAS

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR . . . MRS. ROBERT W. ARMSTRONG . . . SENORITA ANA ROSA MARTINEZ GUERRERO
SEÑORA PILA SUBERCASEAUX . . . SENHORA AIMÉE LOPES DE SOTTO MAIOR . . . names that hold the magic and dual connotation of great wealth and great beauty in five great American countries. Each one observes the Pond's Ritual

MARCH, 1941
Redheaded Rebel
(Continued from page 56)

Bitter But Oh So Sweet: The Noel Coward songs from 'Bitter Sweet' are, of course, wonderful; and blond, booming Nelson Eddy sings them in his blond, booming fashion. All of them are permanent turntable favorites: "I'll See You Again," "Tokay" and "Dear Little Cafe" (Columbia). Exotic L'amour: Paramount has mixed up a strong-less musical for Dorothy Lamour with the glamorous title of "Moon Over Burma." From that opus, the bewitching Lamour sings the leading title song and the other is "Mexican Magic" (Bluebird). "Moon Over Burma" has a nice throbbing quality which shows up well on disc, as performed by Glen Gray and his Casa Lomas (Decca) and Ray Noble (Columbia). Arise My Love: Mr. Noble uses the other side of his "Moon Over Burma" due to offer "Arise My Love," which comes from the Colbert-Millard production with the same tag. Bob Chester (Columbia) couples the affectionate "Arise" with "You're Breaking My Heart All Over Again" (Bluebird). Dramatically speaking, high in the winter's list of musicals is "Second Chorus." You can delight yourself with all four of the musical hits from the picture as performed by the star himself, for Fred Astaire faced a recording mike and tapped out "I Ain't Hap To That Step" and "Me And The Ghost Upstairs" and concentrated his peculiarly attractive vocal accomplishments on "Love Of My Life" and "Poor Miss Chisholm" (Columbia). You're The One: Bonnie Baker sings cudslesome versions of "I Could Kiss You For That" and "Gee, I Wish I'd Listened To My Mother" (Columbia). Novelty: Olga Rose (Decca) and Eddie Howard (Decca) have followed up their his and hers "I Was A Man" with the Vernon Duke ditty "Mr. And Mrs. Roosevelt." That's My Baby (Decca) is a spirited "I'll Be There" (Decca). If you have been following the Eddy-Sanders partnership, you'll enjoy "Only You And Me" (Decca). The record business is excellent.

portraits of a woman in love that has ever been written. There was only one hitch to it. Robert Donat had been cast as Mrs. Chips, and Redgrave was too sure of his popularity. If The Caste" turned out to be a success then they would do 'Chips.' If The Caste" failed, they wouldn't. Of course, the only way a success that film was, so day by day I felt safer. Then, suddenly, there I was in London and people were saying 'Here she is, instead of Mrs. Chips.' It was so gratifying to have people eager to see me, instead of regarding me as a longed-for, redheaded nuisance.

EVEN though she was a sensation as Mrs. Chips, all was not yet to be clear sailing for her, M-G-M renewed her contract, brought her back triumphantly to Hollywood—and once more forgot her. She sat around for more months, but this time she did not get discouraged. Even when they gave her "Remember" to play she refused to be downhearted. "It was the hardest work I ever did," she will tell you. "I knew I was bad in it. I got through it somehow.

"Remember" being as complete a failure as "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" was an outstanding surprise. More than ever bewildered as to the possibilities of her redheaded rebel. One faction said she was simply a costume-role actress. The other faction pitied her London successes as a modern, said she should be cast as a 1940 sophisticate. The record was that the studio wavered on two roles for her. If Norma Shearer did not do "Pride And Prejudice," they said, why Greer could. That is, if could Florence and "The Little Foxes" and "Susan And God." But, on the other hand, if Crawford turned down "Susan," why Garson might get that instead of Elizabeth Bennet in "Pride And Prejudice."

THE whole world knows now that she finally got "Pride And Prejudice."

M-G-M thought the picture might be a success with Garson, but never doubted its popular value. But the Jane Austen masterpiece of a century ago upset everybody's calculations by being a smashing box-office hit.

Overnight Hollywood's attitude toward Greer Garson changed. Now the town knew that it had a new star in its midst. So also did M-G-M, who promptly made plans to cast her as lovingly as its other women stars. Greer knew she had won.

It was then, with her husband's latest refusal of her request for a divorce, that she went to the tolerant California courts and sought to have her marriage ties destroyed. She asked only for her freedom and that of the children to her on the grounds of incompatibility.

Now you hear her name linked occasional with that of Benny Thau, but the latter is really too bad to be told. Friends and good companions they most certainly are, admiring and respecting one another deeply. But love, as yet, is not part of their relationship. Greer has thought that it may be in the future, but Greer is not thinking much of the future these days.

This is because the present is so happy far. She has written a new chapter in her life. She has her pretty house in Beverly Hills. She has the luxuries that she has always wanted to be able to give her charming mother who lives with her; a future for the future, that can take care of itself.

Of course, if it doesn't, Greer will take care of it and with beautiful dispatch.

A column of disc data on the new movie musical

By JERRY MASON

SHE had come to Hollywood in December. By midsummer the loneliness and inactivity broke her down. She went to the hospital for an operation that several puzzled doctors, after a long consultation, said was necessary. As she came out of the ether, she thought that she had surely reached the utmost depths of personal misery.

It was at this particularly fine moment that her nurse brought a letter from one of her closest friends in England. It enabled her to clear her mind of the account of the marriage of that first boy whom she had loved. He had done just as he promised. He had married his heroine. There was even a photograph in the paper showing the happy pair leaving the church after the ceremony.

Greer lay shocked and still for hour upon hour in the lobby from the room, gave orders she was not to be disturbed. She knew now that she must finally and forever think her way out. Until that moment of certain knowledge, there had remained the fragments of the old dream within her heart. Now she knew that from this day forward, it was up to her whether she was to let this wild, mad love of hers be the source of her own strength or her own weakness.

One day her night nurse came in. Still she said nothing. When morning came, she discovered that amusingly she had slept. It wasn't until midday that she, as she declared to herself, when her worried doctor said something about the possible wisdom of doing what scientists so glibly call "an exploratory," one of those operations where they probe around the patient's interior to discover what, if anything, they should eliminate.

"I'll have no more operations, thank you," said Greer. "I'm getting well now."
Are your fingernails the most beautiful?

Your exquisite fingers, flame-tipped with the lustrous beauty of Dura-Gloss—like tiny beacons, flashing a message to a masculine heart falling under your spell! Let Dura-Gloss, the durable, easy-onflow, longer-lasting nail polish created for the most beautiful fingernails in the world, bring flashing beauty to your fingertips! Exult in their longer-lasting gem-hard lustre—and compare this superlative polish, Dura-Gloss, to polishes costing five, ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss—Buy Dura-Gloss today!

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The most beautiful fingernails in the world!

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Created to go with Fashion's newest colors
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THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

1. Many 10¢ nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.
2. Many 10¢ nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.
3. Many 10¢ nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."
4. Many 10¢ nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss is true to its name—it lasts.
SAMMY wouldn't accompany him to Meaing Meadow. His mother, however, he knew. This was a time when he had to do without. The sun was warm on his back as he walked across the field where the flowers were so big and so strangely without smell. Beside him, in the middle of a line of trees he stopped for a moment, to stand looking down at a neatly tended grave and a wooden headboard bearing the one word, "Sarah." What remained of her was covered, on, to the little cabin that stood on the far edge of the meadow. The door creaked dismally as he pushed it open and inside there was a little smell—although everything was placed as if for instant occupation. Lamp curtains were in the rookery, a rocking chair by the cold, fire-place, candlesticks with half-burned candles on the stone mantel.

Sarah was to have been the home to which she had returned to bear his son—the haven he had searched for so long and found too late.

The sun sink while Dan Howitt sat in the shadows, silencing the rustle of the trees on his chest, his hands hanging limp over the arms of the old rocking chair. At last, some sixth sense made him look up. And Matt was coming across the meadow toward the cabin. In the crook of one arm, loosely, he carried a shotgun.

With equal, Howitt stood up. He met Matt chest-deep from the cabin. Matt, frowning, said, "I gotta go, but let me have a bite.

"I thought it." Howitt said in his deep, friendly voice.

"You're late. You'll get more money back.

"Loosely, Howitt looked into the boy's flushed face. "Look, Matt," he said, "this has gotta end."

"I said Santa hurt somebody, who's kin, Matt," Matt broke in, "but—"

"You won't be. I'm not her cousin anymore."

"with no respect at all."

"Not hexat a moment. But he ordered, "This old son-of-a-bitch!"

As Howitt stood without moving, he raised the shotgun to his shoulder.

"I can't bear that gun, Matt," said a voice from a clump of trees beside the cabin. Turning, they saw a stocky, tall man, with baby-blue eyes, who had a gun of his hands. He stepped forward, took Matt's weapon, pointed it toward the ground and pulled the trigger. While the echo of the shot died away, he calmly returned it to its owner. "Some folks," he remarked, "ain't to be trusted with a loaded gun." "Young Page's handsome face was suffused as he took the gun and walked away without a word. Watching him go, the newcomer chuckled over the wide travels fast the mountains. Mr. Howitt," he said, "thousand dollars is high, t'pay for Maumie's—specially with the bad weather."

"He held out his hand. "I'm Andy Beeler. I own a badge says I'm the Law—but mostly I forget to wear it—makes too good a target, you see."

They laughed together, then Beeler fell into a musing silence, looking off after the receding figure of Young Matt. "With old Mollie Matthews to help, Young Matt's turned, had all right."

"I wonder," said Howitt. "I wonder... how deep the badness goes."

SLOWLY, the people of the hills became used to Dan Howitt's presence among them. They watched, agape, when the newcomer walked into the general store and set to work clearing the overgrown fields around the old cabin. And when he was brought by Sammy to the Howitt's, the little boy was, young baby, near death with the whooping cough, and was able to cure it, the news spread within a day all through the hills. And now they knew that friendly old Granny Royal had said of the stranger when the baby stopped coughing and fell into an untroubled sleep. "He's the good shepherd—that's what he is!"

Not one knew quite how it happened, but gradually a new pulse of life crept into the scattered community which centered on Corky's store. Coot Royal's family began making willow rocking chairs and Jim Lane put his old mill back into order and with Sammy's help was soon turning out cornmeal by the sackful. Even Pete, Aunt Mollie's woods-running son, was given work when Dan Howitt invited him to help them. But when, the sheep he'd bought from Boo Tucker.

Only the rest of the Matthews family stayed suspicious and apart. Young Matt and his friends from Bald Knob still maintained their still in Granite Valley, and Mollie and Old Matt remained secluded in their cabin. They had not, Howitt learned, attended one of the community's gatherings since Young Matt went away.

Instead of renewing his efforts to drive Howitt away from Meaing Meadow, however, Young Matt one day agreed to go fishing with the older man. Growing, uncertain of himself, he even then was sounding Howitt out. He was so pitifully unused to kindness that he could not believe it, and was in need of all the help.

"Suppose," he said while their fishing lines dangled in the stream, "somebody was lost from you. Somebody you had to find—somebody you was in debt to kill!"

"I don't know, Matt," Howitt murmured, wanting the boy to talk more, afraid to seem too eager.

"We got a curse on us, we Matthews," Young Matt said, his lips scarcely moving. "A curse as old as me! There ain't no rest for us—in'vin or dead—not till I can put on the hands that I am an'ged my mother too young for her grave!"

Howitt's throat was aching with sorry, tears as he took notice of the newcomer. "You're a good son. But what would it be like—having to remember, as long as you lived, that you'd stop a day's work to help your father!"

"You think I went t' do it?" Young Matt asked hoarsely. "That it pleases me t' think about it?"

There was a long silence. Howitt reminded him gently. "She loves you, Matt." Young Matt's face grew stony. "I ain't got no right to love, nor marry. I gotta forget that..."

Howitt went back to his lonely cabin that afternoon, oppressed by the hatred that lay so heavy over these mountains.

BUT a few days later something happened that made him happier. Old Granny Royal, who had not seen since his childhood, fell ill and the simplicity to do as he when he advised a trip to the "city town" and an operation on her eyes. He accompanied her herself, waited in the hospital while the doctors worked over her and brought her back to Coot Royal's cabin to recover. There was to be a big gathering on Flying Cloud Bluff on the day the bandages were removed, with Granny's friends coming from miles around to watch the ceremony and see her face when first the light struck her eyes. On Granny's express wishes, Aunt Mollie and Old Matt Matthews and their family were invited to this gathering.

When the day came, they were singing and dancing on Flying Cloud Bluff long before the guest of honor arrived, her eyes still bandaged. Only Aunt Mollie and Old Matt stood apart, watching the festivities like strangers.

At noon, while the crowd fell silent, Dan Howitt lifted the bandages from Granny Royal's eyes and she waited, swaying a little, moving her head from side to side. Then she said softly, "Thank you, God..."

And Granny, watching, swallowed a lump in her throat as Granny went from one person to another, recognizing them at once, even though she had never before seen their faces. She turned to Aunt Mollie and for the first time since the... (Continued on page 68)
KEEP YOUR ACCENT ON YOUTH!

"Win New Loveliness... New Youthfulness in your NEW-BORN-SKIN!" says Lady Esther

Yes! It's really true... You are getting a beautiful New-Born Skin. Yes, under your present skin a Brand New Skin is coming to life. Let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help your New-Born Skin to keep its promise of appealing freshness and youth.

It seems a miracle too wonderful to believe, but at this very moment, under your present skin... a New-Born Skin is flowering... growing, gradually replacing your worn-out surface skin which flakes away in tiny little particles.

Will your New-Born Skin really flatter you? Will it help you look younger? The answer is "Yes!" says Lady Esther. "Yes... if you will care for it properly with my 4-Purpose Face Cream."

Don't let the dry flakes of your old surface skin imprison the beauty of your New-Born Skin. My 4-Purpose Face Cream gently permeates those dry flakes... the surface impurities and dirt. It helps you whisk them away... so your New-Born Skin may appear at its clearest and at its best. And to do this... all you need is one cream, Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream.

Ask your Doctor About Your Face Cream

Does he suggest that you feed your skin from the outside? Will he recommend astringents, or skin foods, or tissue creams? Lady Esther believes he will not... for it stands to reason that any cream that can fill the pores can be harmful to the skin. But ask him if my cream doesn't help your skin because it loosens the dry little flakes and surface impurities... really cleanses your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word that Lady Esther says isn't true!

So try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let my cream give you complete beauty care. Let your New-Born Skin come to light in all its glory. Use my cream particularly before you powder, for, after wiping away Lady Esther cream, your skin is in perfect condition to receive powder. Use just enough powder to protect your skin from dust—and see if your skin doesn't appear lovelier and more opalescent—smoother, more radiant—with a look that really spells beauty!

The Miracle of Reborn Skin

Your skin is constantly wearing out—drying—flaking off almost invisibly. But it is immediately replaced by new-born skin—always crowding upward and outward. Lady Esther says you can help make each rebirth of your skin a true Rebirth of Beauty!
It's gotta be ended, all th' feelins' an' hopes between us!"

"There never was no hopes between us," Young Matt said. And he was gone.

Crushed, Sammy turned back to the group around the bed. The candlelight caught Aunt Molly's eyes momentarily, making them gleam evilly.

Then, starting them all into motionless silence, Pete spoke—Pete, who since he was a child had never been able to utter a word.

"Matt!", he called weakly. "Matt! I gotta tell yuh... I gotta better a brother when I got yuh, Matt... Matt!"

Aunt Molly's face became masklike, hearing her dying son call for another, forgetting her. On the other side, Old Matt cried silently. At last, she was able to keep silent no longer.

"Pete—Pete, son," she murmured with a tenderness Sammy had never heard in her voice before.

The boy's eyelids fluttered open. "Ma... I kin remember... you used to have gentle-like ways... till that night she died

BETWEEN them, Sammy and Howitt picked Young Matt up and carried him into the cabin, laying him on the bed which occupied a screened-off corner of the single room.

All day they waited, tending the feeble breath of life that still lingered in Young Matt's wounded body. In intervals of consciousness he looked stonily at Howitt, saying no word. Toward dusk, Howitt dropped the curtain behind him.

"He doesn't seem to want to live, Sammy. He hasn't the will..."

Sammy was crouched on the floor. She raised her head. "The will to live..."

She whispered. "But he ain't blame fer bein' learned t' see an' fight fer' wrong things!"

"I know, Sammy."

"Why can't he live—an' see good an' clean a new—an' feel folk's a-lovin'... astead o' this, feelin's o' hate?"

"You know why I shot him, Sammy," Howitt said pleadingly. "Don't you? I saw him coming down the meadow—and in a way I saw him two years ago—without anybody to stop me from making the mistake I made. I'd rather have let him shoot me. It would have helped him."

He took a deep, shuddering breath. "But to let him do something that would make the rest of his life a greater hell than mine has been, I couldn't do that. It was better to have his blood on my hands than mine on his."

In his curtained-off corner, Young Matt was a-rack, listened. He felt to the prostrate figure, "than have you miss—live your life as I have mine!

NEWS! The first photograph of the most discussed play and picture ever to reach Broadway and Hollywood: Charley Grapewin as Jeeter Lester in "Tobacco Road"
Lovely Barbara Stanwyck with a charm hint for YOU

Lux Soap makes a wonderful beauty bath! Its active lather makes you sure of daintiness.

Star of Paramount's "The Lady Eve"

Clever girls take Hollywood's tip—win out with skin that's sweet!

"Men love to be near the girl who's sweet," this famous beauty says. And tells you how screen stars protect the daintiness important to charm. Lux Soap's active lather carries away perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt—leaves skin really fresh.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it.

You will find screen stars are right! A daily luxurious Lux Toilet Soap bath makes you sure of daintiness, of skin that's sweet, appealing.
No More Divorces!
(Continued from page 31)

Shaw. There was little laughter, little exchange of gay banter with either man Lana hadn’t yet taken out insurance against a broken heart that can be acquired, oddly enough, only through break of heart. That half of the gods is hers now; we doubt if she’ll ever lose it.

Night clubs, clothes, excitement, love and glamour once meant more than anything in the world—yes, even career—to Lana. But last week we encountered Tony and Liana on a typical date and we aren’t over the shock of it yet. “On a Saturday night, too.”

PASSING down Beverly Boulevard, we had hunted our car to watch the miniature golfer, when something about a laugh in a familiar, contagious laugh, drew our attention. There on the links, a growing ball through impossible turfs were Lana and Tony, and a girl friend of Liana.

We were all set for Ciro’s the friend had told her, “For Lana only goes to a night spot on Saturday nights, now, so as not interfere with her work. In fact, Lana said it privately, but what a small-town girl he really is to go strolling only on Saturday nights. Anyway, Lana spends the golf course and nothing would do for we want play golf. Not only that, for she played every linked machine on the nine and spent hours at the—”

It was one o’clock in the morning when we finally left the place and went home. I thought the two people were the most companionable, two of the girls I had ever seen, at least. Then Tony and Liana.

“Sorry we can’t stay up,” we interrupted, then Lana on a Saturday night, presumably. For the girl hadn’t been home to know the news from Ciro’s.

During Lana’s song about just a few blocks from home, M-G-M’s little red head sang a heart of Hollywood.

“All my life.” Lana once said, “I had dreamed of marriage. The wonderful day when, in a white veil and satin dress, I’d walk down the church aisle to become a wife. I’d pictured it over and over in my mind. . . .”

On the day she sailed all she had left of that dream was a sense of bewilderment at what had happened, the tragic memories of the months before that had so completely changed her life.

For in a short time, too much had happened to Lana—the violent romance with Greg Beutzer that had torn her so emotionally; his demands that she leave the screen if they were to marry; the constant quarreling, the indecisions.

Then, out of a clear sky, there had been that sudden strange, unexplainable elopement with Artie Shaw.

He had painted a pretty picture for Lana, Artie had, and one he undoubtedly believed himself, of home and children and work and fireside. He hadn’t demanded Lana give up her work. He had simply offered a haven for her torn heart.

Her happiness those first few weeks was something to turn the eyes from, for it was almost out of this world. That’s why it hurt dreadfully when the marriage ended so abruptly. Why it became so necessary for Tony to get away, to untangle the webs that had ensnared her. That’s why Lana had sailed away to Honolulu.

She never came back. The girl who loved clothes and excitement and good times above all else disappeared in Honolulu. A new Lana returned, a Lana who had found herself.

“Just know everyone in my life has changed,” she said. “I’ve got back everything I’d lost. I have no better feeling toward Artie. It just wasn’t the right time for marriage for either of us.”

In Hollywood she began work in earnest. Instead of the usual Sunday cocktail parties that she had loved, she would spend the entire day studying her role for “Ziegfeld Girl” with coach Lillian Burns. Down at the studio they began to refer to her as Ash Turner—after Honolulu Turner. That was how marked the change was.

For a brief week she tried out the old whirl with Victor Mature. Then she gave it up. Party and night spots had lost their fascination.

At that moment came laughing, brown-eyed Tony Martin with his talk of football, of baseball, of golf, of music, of fun. Now, at last, Lana was ready to understand and appreciate a companionship such as this.

It was in San Francisco, where Lana had gone to be matron of honor at a friend’s wedding, that she ran into Tony. He suggested that they go dancing; they walked into the Palace Hotel only to find Artie Shaw playing there. It was a second-act real-life drama, but Tony’s easy charm and poise smoothed over the situation. From then on, Lana and Tony were friends.

She went to football games with him on Saturday afternoons, dressed in one of the conservative suits she always wears now, and shouted her head off. She listened to his talk of baseball, learned the players’ names and grew excited over the World Series. She took up golf and spent hours with Tony on the golf courses. She sold her violent red car and bought a subdued gray one. Occasionally—but only occasionally—she went to dinner with Tony at Ciro’s. She bowed over director and cast by bouncing onto the set early every morning, eager to begin her work.

Her whole personality has undergone a change to the point where acquaintances scarcely recognize the calm, the sure, the happy Lana.

Tony Martin and Lana laughter and happiness at a time when she needed it most. Thus it is that she has accepted his counsel and advice.

Recently Lana has been scheduled to do a benefit. Dozens of other stars were to be present and several times Lana, who loves clothes, had gone to the closet and looked through the hundreds of things she could scarcely wait to wear. But when the day came she was feeling desperately tired from her work at the studio. She couldn’t go.

“Don’t go,” he advised. “You’ve got to think of your health and your work.”

“Can you imagine me?” Lana said afterward, “eating milk toast and pie and going to sleep at nine o’clock with a new dress hanging in the closet?”

No man has ever given the tender solicitude, the understanding friendship that Tony Martin has given Lana. He has brought her to a new maturity, given her a new idea of what companionship, what a home in a man may mean. Most of all, he has shown her how to work out her problems.

Hollywood therefore, was not surprised when Lana was rumoured to be reconciled with Artie Shaw. They remembered what she had said just recently: “I have no illusions now about marriage. I’ve learned a lot. I’ll profit by my mistakes.”

For the wisdom of that statement made by the new Lana, credit goes to Tony Martin. Perhaps she will go on to a new romance, or perhaps she will continue as she is a girl to whom work is foremost, to whom art is foremost.

Whatever comes to pass, Tony Martin will remain an important milestone in Lana’s life: for even greater than love right now is the new Lana Turner, the girl who has found herself.
The Laws of Averages
(Continued from page 33)

that people will believe them blindly, gladly. But all the time she is thinking these same people are suckers to fall for 'that stuff.' The money in it is all she wants, Ann thinks. Oh, yes, Ann is a fine one—until her beneficent Frankenstein creation turns her and calls her to account. Then, suddenly, she sees those who have embraced the 'messages' from her facile pen as they really are—better off and happier than she has ever been."

NOT, Barbara pointed out, that "Meet John Doe" is a preachment "It is too entertaining," she insisted, "too warmly human for that. I only mean that it can and does open your eyes to what is going on about you. Because he is any man, you come to realize that the actions and reactions of Frank Capra's John Doe may very well be those of other John Does you know. So you get to looking around. You see that most John Does and Jane Does are pretty swell people... that they behave pretty creditably under all kinds of circumstances. In fact, you find yourself a little prouder of the human race as a whole.

"I have known for some time a certain writer who, almost two years ago, was terribly burned in an accident. Doctors told her she would never walk again. She had no income except what she could earn. She became, in a way, a charity patient at a Los Angeles hospital. She could have remained so all her life, I suppose. But it never occurred to her to accept this fate. She began writing again. Sometimes she interviewed stars who visited her bedside and sold what she wrote—turning back every cent she made into the fund that was supporting her. And she did more than that! She willed that she would walk. She never gave up trying. Now she is walking!"

"Well, that takes real courage! It is easy under the veil of emotion. But to go on fighting seemingly hopeless odds, day after day, week after week—that spells another and greater sort of courage. Stop and think about you. Doesn't almost everyone you know have some sort of battle to fight, some sort of cross to bear? And don't most of them carry on quite admirably? I think so, and I suppose I have thought so all of my life, in a way. But it took those weeks of working in 'Meet John Doe' to really bring it home to me."

"This is a troubled world. I am afraid, too, it is part of a cynical world. A few of its John Does and Jane Does have gotten into the habit of expecting the worst. They call it 'defensive mechanism.' But by the same token, there are many others who have the wisdom and the courage to expect the best. They know that we can look for good or we can look for bad and find what we are looking for. No, they don't set themselves up as philosophers. They are just simple human beings trying to get along.

"I can remember, as a child, a certain old man who used to spout off to me and to anyone else who would listen that the country was going to the dogs. He was sure of it. He had been sure of it for sixty years.

"Well, you know, and I know, it hasn't gone yet. What's more, there's a good chance it won't with the John Does and the Jane Does—bombed, blasted, hungry, robbed of all that makes life worth living—still carrying on because they've got what it takes!"

---

Can you do this?

-without doing this?

One of the things that assured the popularity of Fels-Naptha Soap Chips, the very first day they were put on sale, was this:

**Fels-Naptha Soap Chips produce no irritating, sneezy dust**

This fact means more to you than just the satisfaction of a sneezeless washday. It means that when these husky, golden chips come tumbling out of the box, every one is chock-full of washing energy. It means that Fels-Naptha Soap Chips put the two famous Fels-Naptha Cleaners to work—gentle naptha and richer, golden soap—a dirt-removing team that shames the half-hearted efforts of weak, would-be beauty soaps.

Get a box of golden Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for your next washday. Write today to Fels & Co., Dept. 9-C, Phila., Pa., for a free introductory box. Use them in any kind of water—hot or cool—hard or soft. You'll get the whiter, sweetest wash you've ever had—and these golden, extra-sudsy chips will do most of the work.

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

MARCH, 1941
pounds before they discovered it was caused by the water she drank after her solo dance numbers.

She's amazing, serious, hasn't had too much fun, we imagine, spends her spare time writing poetry and is even having some of it published.

She's doubtful of everyone and everything but her acting. She gets awfully tired of herself as a self, but not as an actress.

In fact, this very lovely young lady proves she does all right by herself all alone. Who are we to intrude?

Veronica Lake:

THE tiniest miss in all Hollywood, just five foot two, weighing ninety-eight whole pounds, is Veronica Lake, Paramount's newest discovery. There are several outstanding things about Miss Lake. One is that she's the only naturally silver-haired young lady we've ever met, another is that she never wanted to be an actress under any circumstances.

She was, in fact, all set to be a doctor. After a year of schooling at the Villa Maria Convent at Montreal, Canada, she enrolled in the premedical course at Montreal's McGill University.

Born in New York, just south of the Canadian border, she chose Canadian schools for the simple reason she felt they offered better courses.

You may have glimpsed her very briefly in RKO's "Sorority House" and M-G-M's "Forty Little Mothers," but we doubt it — Veronica was just a little blonde flash across the screen. However, you'll have a difficult time overlooking her in "I Wanted Wings" for Paramount, the studio that now has her under contract.

She had never even dreamed of a theatrical career until her mother and father (a commercial artist, well known in New York) came to California and liked it so well they stayed. Veronica left school and came along, but became so lovely she decided to join the Bliss Hayden Little Theater group around the corner, just for the company. Even then she wasn't too interested until they let her play a prostitute, of all things, and the wonderful scope for emotional expression through acting began to appeal to the quiet-spoken, gentle-mannered, charming little lady.

A test made at M-G-M finally came to the attention of Anthony Hornblow, Paramount, producer, who sensed the well-bred charm of little Veronica which, of course, is a manufactured cognomen, her real name being Constance Keane.

For several months she's been married, and happily so, to John Dethe, an associate art director at M-G-M. She's a swell little cook, has a special hot biscuit recipe that sounds divine and employs one maid to look after her and her husband.

Her nose is covered, literally covered, with frockles. She skis, rides and swims, has the mind of a scholar, the face of an impish angel and is slated for stardom, or we miss our guess.

Funny thing is, we seldom miss it.

It's Never Too Late:

THIS is a story for men and, yes, women — who feel they have chosen the wrong field of work and that it is too late to do anything about it.

Don't believe a word of it. For James Stephenson, the actor who created a future as the lawyer in "The Letter," is a shining example of how to do a complete turnaround in one's middle years of life and find the very thing for which one is best suited.

Born in Selby, Yorkshire, England, Stephenson thought first of becoming a dentist, but soon dropped the idea to become a businessman, a dealer in cotton. He was, as he himself says, an absolutely rotten businessman, getting nowhere, vaguely unhappy but not knowing quite what to do about it.

Destiny did, however. It was while he was back home, between trips, that a friend explained they were putting on an amateur theatrical and begged Stephenson to play the lead. The play was "School For Scandal."

"You are, of course, out of your mind," Stephenson insisted. "I've never acted a line or a scene in my life."

But the friend insisted and, to please him, he took cotton broker agreed.

He was good. Amazingly, surprisingly good. So when they next offered him the lead in another amateur play, "Man And Superman," he accepted it with much less coaxing on their part. Again he astounded all Yorkshire and himself. He knew, at the end of that amateur play, he'd found his life's work.

He joined a stock company at Liverpool at a salary of three pounds a week and when it finally folded, or fifty dollars, he married a nonprofessional.

It was she who persuaded him to take a chance in London for the play "Storm In A Teacup."

Warner's London agent saw him in the success and brought him to Hollywood, where, for three years, he awaited his chance, playing his way to stardom. His role in "White Banners" remained in Director Willie Wyler's mind, however, and when it came to casting "The Letter," he fought tooth and claw and finally enlisted the aid of star Bette Davis herself. Bette adores showing Stephenson the notices that have him stealing the show.

Very quietly he "mucks about" his Palisades home when he isn't working. He hasn't a drop of the accent that most Yorkshire folk possess.

Hollywood's fast work continues to astound him. After his outstanding success in "The Letter" the next assignment was to have him playing his biggest role yet in "Flight From Destiny."

Now they've handed him the lead with Geraldine Fitzgerald in "Winged Victory." Mr. Stephenson is a man who has been kindly placed by Fate in his proper role in the play of Life.

Let's make it happen to all of us.

Give Us Our Dailey Hoofers:

THEY come tall these days. Dan Dailey Jr. is another of those six-foot-four-inch giants who graduated from Macy's basement as a shoe salesman, about whom we know nothing to the interior decorating department, about which he knew less. In fact, young Dailey Jr. has been going farther doing things he knows absolutely nothing about, and doing them well, than anyone we've ever heard of.

Take him now in "The Mortal Storm" as the leader of the young storm troopers who recked of stern-faced villainy. Dan never even wore a stern face before in his life, let alone trying to act that way. You can't even find a right on to "The Captain Is A Lady," "Hullabaloo," "Duley." (Dan was Ann Sothern's..."
To please his family, he took the Macy job and tried to forget the stage, but it was no go. When he joined a show roupe on a South American cruise ship, his father was frankly and openly through, t-h-i-s-o-u-g-h, through.

But Dan stuck it out, good times and bad. Once he's sure he saw his mother drink out of Minsky's Burlesque House where he'd landed a job dancing between two numbers of strip teasing. He stuck out the boos and calls of "get off the stage" to win the audience over. He never mentioned the incident to his mother, however.

The boy had to eat. He even went up to the Johnny Madison School of Dancing in New York and taught dancing from nine in the morning until midnight and then often knocked off a night-club job until two in the morning.

His best break came when Lorenz Hart got him a singing (he'd never sung before, either) and dancing job in Broadway's musical hit "Babes in Arms." He bought a box and insisted his family occupy it. His father has been his most loyal fan from that moment on. In fact, the family go en masse to his pictures and had hysteries at "Daley" when Dan appeared first, bellowing in his shower.

It was so much like Dan at home.

Touring in "I Married An Angel," the company hit Los Angeles at Christmas time in 1939. Bill Brady, the M-G-M casting agent, spied the young hoofer and decided he'd make an actor. Dan was crazy about the idea. Nowadays he takes his hooting out in teaching Judy Garland, Ann Rutherford and Lana Turner the Lindy Hop and other new steps. He and Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper and the girls get together almost every Monday night for a jive session.

Dan's homely face is lit up by the brightest smile in town. His quick little laugh is built on two floors, one note above the other.

He was married once, but he now lives with another fellow in Hollywood. Furthermore, he admits brazenly he's the best scrambled-egg-maker in the world.

Now for his hobby. It's horseback riding, with Dan giving riding exhibitions at all the swanky horse shows. His horse, "Stylish Rex," is the pride of his heart.

Like everything else he does, he never learned to ride but does it beautifully.

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—put your present non-perspirant under the other. And then.

1. See which one checks perspiration better. We think FRESH #2 will.

2. See which one prevents perspiration odor better. We are confident you'll find FRESH #2 will give you a feeling of complete security.

3. See how gentle FRESH #2 is—how pleasant to use. This easy-spreadin vanishing cream is absolutely greaseless. It is neither gritty or sticky.

4. See how convenient FRESH #2 is to apply. You can use it immediately before dressing—no waiting for it to dry.

5. And revel in the knowledge, as you use FRESH #2, that it will not harm even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50c for extra-large jar; 25c for generous medium jar; and 10c for handy travel size.

Free offer so you can make your own test! Once you make this test, we're sure you'll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That's why we hope you'll accept this free offer and make your own under-arm test. Just drop a postcard to FRESH, Louisville, Ky., and we'll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

Popular companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. It comes in a tube instead of a jar.
Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 19)

hair above the ears grow until it can be brushed to the back of the head so it will meet and in some cases overlap!

This hair-do would be a perfect complement to Carmen Miranda if a man were to be her dancing partner, but if he doesn’t intend to spend the rest of his life doing the Rhumba or the Conga, why have his hair look like he’s going to? Short, rough, or just the “average man,” they’re all doing it. So help me—if Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney aren’t included.

I think having to let their hair grow for character parts started men toward this style in Hollywood, but when you watch a man on the screen who is portraying an average man—you hate to think that if his hair really gets mussed up the side pieces will fall somewhere in the vicinity of his shoulders.

Please don’t misunderstand me. I’m 100% for the actors of Hollywood. They furnish us grand entertainment. But couldn’t we make it wigs for character parts and when a man is “just a man” let him please have a regular haircut?

ARLEEN L. GODDARD
Highland Park, Mich.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hall of Fame

“H”—is for handsome,
We girls get a treat.
“A”—is for acting
that just can’t be beat.
“L”—is for lovelights
that shine in his eyes,
Frances is lucky
to have such a prize.
“L”—is for Langford.
he likes best of all.
Put this together
and you have Jon Hall.

ERITH MILLER
Beckley, W. Va.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hero Worship—Hear, Hear!

I WOULD like to contribute a deserved plug for Ray Milland. In “Arise My Love,” cast in a role suited to him, he outshone even Miss Colbert.

He has a whimsical charm that is extremely engaging—along with good looks and an excellent voice.

If more serious consideration is given to the selection of roles which are worthy of Mr. Milland’s portrayal, I feel sure he will leave many highly touted stars behind without much effort on his part.

Orchids to Ray?

EVELYN PERCELL
Hollywood, Fla.

HONORABLE MENTION

I HAVE always thought Preston Foster is a man whose ability deserved for him bigger and better roles—after seeing the grand performance he gave in “Northwest Mounted Police,” I am sure of it!

He takes action, dramatic, or comedy scenes with equal ease and assurance, and I think he has one of the most pleasing voices I have ever heard on the screen.

DOROTHY DOWELL
Deadwood, So. Dak.

PERHAPS the greatest favor that the dictators have done America is the banning of American films. For many years producers had to cater to the
THREE big cheers for the villain! Who's saved us many a show. That popular rascal George Sanders Whom we're mighty happy to know!

Hurrah for the saint and the sinner! The robber who steals every scene. The man with the force and the talent That makes all the others look green!

JEAN SHEPARD, Oakland, Calif.

IT'S a real pleasure to watch, through the years, some of our dead-pan dolls develop into accomplished actresses. And likewise, our handsome heroes.

Ginger Rogers is really knocking 'em dead these days. She's a natural for "Kitty Foyle." A few years back, she was very wooden in "Top Hat."

TOMMY DUNAGAN, Montrose, Calif.

JUST recently I saw another Cisco Kid picture and I enjoyed it very much. Cesar Romero makes a very charming Cisco Kid. But he is far too versatile and talented to become typed in this role. It seems to me that the producers are overlooking a very good bet in not giving him more varied roles to play.

EILEEN STELLE, South Bend, Ind.

FOR about two decades Ronald Colman has been turning in fine performances. He appears almost as youthful and even more charming today than in 1925. Aside from being an accomplished actor, Mr. Colman endears himself personally to the public by his personality. It exudes gentleness, humor and modesty. You can easily imagine his fitting into any group with ease and good grace. Only genuine character can earn from others the conviction that a man is all that one feels Mr. Colman to be.

SALLIE DUNAGAN, Montrose, Calif.

BETTE DAVIS as a comedienne! Why not? She is an outstanding actress. Why can't she be a comedienne too? People always know that their nerves are in for a tryout when Bette Davis is on the bill. We are tired of her heavy drama. So come on! Give us laughter instead of drama!

SHIRLEY M. WILKINSON, Detroit, Mich.

I JUST had to tell someone of the way I thought Errol Flynn acted when he came to our city.

In the first place he came at his own expense to appear in a show for charity. That in itself was grand. Then he took in many of the city's sights. Everywhere he went he was honored by autograph seekers. He was marvelous to them.

I can't praise this young actor enough. He has won many friends in Cleveland to add to the numerous friends he already has.

MARGARET JACKSON, Cleveland, Ohio.
first by private tutors and then, after a term or two at high school in Rutland, I had attended a school for boys at Hoosick, N. Y., which decided him on a business career, but music, the common love that united his entire family, eventually won out. Arthur left for New York to study the violin. Concerts all over the East followed with his sister Hollywood, comedienne, concert singer, and brother Dan, a cellist.

A second interest was flying. Arthur became active in aviation through his first wife, Betty Jane Ayres, who had started with aviatrix and aviator of Boston and Barnstable, Massachusetts, before they divorced two years ago. He became a skillful pilot, winning ratings of one S for skillful and another S—land and his plane was a familiar figure at the East Boston airport, where he flew for a private company.

At the Lodge Bette and Arthur rode, played golf, tennis and went swimming. Bette's favorite sport. In the evenings, Arthur played and sang for her. In Boston, Bette's close friends, among whom are the Cushings (especially Betty Cushing, ex-wife of James Roosevelt), began to hear of the happy threesome. So did the reporters and in sub-title Boston papers were printing rumors of a romance—rumors promptly denied by both Bette and Arthur.

One evening, as Bette sat on the porch of the hotel with its owner, Robert Peckett, he said very quietly, "Bette, I've lived here nearly fifty years; yet I never look out over those front lawn beds of rhine without feeling a thrill to the core of me when I think that these are my trees and this is my own land."

In Hollywood Bette had never cared to own or possess for long a home or land. The town seemed too restless, too uncertain for her.

And then, far up there in New Hampshire, Arthur Farnsworth and Bette one day walked up a roadway lined on either side with colorful butternut trees to see an old home Arthur had purchased as an investment. The minute Bette Davis saw the house she knew so many answers to things that had puzzled her before. Here, before her, was her home.

She bought the house, of course, and called it "Butterfield" because of the trees around it. Instantly she plunged into plans for redecorating, plans in which Arthur shared intimately. A furniture connoisseur, he spent many hours with Mrs. Davis touring New England buying the antiques Bette wanted.

But soon, all too soon, she had to return to Hollywood for "All This and Heaven Too."

She said good-by to her friends and neighbors and to Arthur Farnsworth. As yet, not one word of love had been spoken between them. The feeling of friendship born from a sharing of land and home—had grown in their hearts, something even they didn't understand at the time.

The first Hollywood evidence of a new element in Bette's life came when the word spread that a handsome stranger named Arthur Farnsworth had been house-guests of Bette Davis in her River Bottom home in Glendale.

On a motor trip they took to Death Valley with Mrs. Davis, Barbara Farnsworth and a party of friends, Arthur's devotion to Bette was observed by all. It was plain that he worshipped her.

Not too unusually, the romance rumors began to fly, the halls of work nervous, upset and embarrassed, denied the rumors vehemently. So strongly, in fact, did she speak that Arthur Farnsworth, sharing her feelings, left Hollywood, but Bette had a chance to know him. Several close friends had met him at the christening of Bette's sister's baby and once photographers had snapped the couple at the Grove. But that was all Hollywood knew of him.

"Anyway, it's ridiculous," several people close to Bette said. "No one has ever been in Bette's heart but Ham. And Bette never even brought word that Harmon Nelson, Bette's ex-husband, who had been popular and successful in New York had confided, 'I think just anyone but Bette.'"

So almost at once, Hollywood forgot that a man named Arthur Farnsworth ever existed. Bette went on from success to success—until the summer of 1940 when she went back East. Again she and Ham met in New York and were seen everywhere together; again rumors were revived.

But from New York Bette telephoned close friends in Boston, "I'll be there soon," she said. "Give my love to Arthur." (Arthur, at that time, was living in Britain.) And Bette then brought word that Harmon Nelson, Bette's ex-husband, who had been popular and successful in New York, had confided, 'I think just anyone but Bette.'"

"I knew," said Mrs. Robert Peckett, wife of the owner of the lodge, "that Bette and Arthur were in love." And I think Bette knew it too, when she again returned to Franconia.

Then came last Christmas in Holly-
wood, Bette and Arthur went to Carson's, and presented the Red Book Award to Marlin Scott for "Our Town," the award she herself had won the year previous for "Dark Victory."

Now Bette and Ham, with whom she laughed and talked guessed her secret. Oh, there had been a bit of whispering, of course, for the papers had announced Harmon Nelson would be in Hollywood to spend Christmas with Bette; and he hadn't come. We all wondered silently at that.

But the following Tuesday morning, Bette and Ham were in the car and brother-in-law and his sister, Mr. and Mrs. Pelgram, her mother and several friends set out to attend what everyone, except Bette, supposed was a New Year's Eve party at the house of Bryan Dart's ranch home in Arizona.

Bette, at the wheel, kept her eyes fastened to the road ahead as a blizzard swept in over the desert. Then, just before they finally reached their destination, Bette said quietly, "This is not a New Year's Eve party. Farny has flown out from Boston to meet me here. I am going to marry him this evening."

It was the first intimation they had. They arrived at the Darts two hours late and as Bette, beautiful in her white promenade dress, drove into the valley, stood before the bank of flowers in Janey's living room to repeat the vows that made her Mrs. Farnsworth; that Bette knew her own heart and mind.

The Farnsworth family are "very hip-
py" about the marriage. Extremely fond of Bette, they are very happy for her is worth the sacrifice he is making in giving up his Boston work in order to live with Bette in Hollywood. It's great for the couple and they are. They meant to put her before any selfish interests of his own.

Hollywood, who loves Bette Davis for her realism, her loyalty and kindness, is more than all the rest—for ever and ever.
Argus was cashing in. They'd dug up Bunny's ancient films, released them as four-ball specials.

The Danville Bijou had marqued Bunny in "Lady Flyaway" on Sunday; Monday, "Wingless Angel"; Tuesday, that smashing tear-jerker of childhood days, "Baby Needs Shoes."

Nat and Bunny happened in on Mac as he ruefully eyed the crowd on the opposite side of the street. "They'll keep it up until they've run out of all their damned Stanwood film," he fumed. "How're you going to fight that kind of competition?"

"Why don't you let me do some Stanwood imitations?" Natalie was inspired.

"Say! That would be pretty good!"

"Well, now!" Mac always was on the alert for splash ideas. "A timely gag at that. It might even be a draw. Sure you could do it?"

"I can do any scene from any Stanwood picture!" Natalie asserted with buoyant self-confidence. "Couldn't I, Joan?"

"That's right, Mac!" Bunny heartily agreed. "I'll bet she'd be a smash!"

Mac nodded. "She's in."

Bunny crooked her arm around Nat and sighed, "Come on, honey, let's get to work."

They got through the week somehow, hardly resting to sleep or eat. 'High Olympus' was the sore point. Whatever the rest of the show looked like, things were not going so well with the sketch. They were on the ragged edge with nerves and last-minute doubts at the final Sunday night rehearsal. Johnny finally dismissed them in disgust. "Go sleep it off," he advised.

Bunny stumbled away from the stage and headed for her basement dressing room. She never knew how she got through that night or the next day. And then, before she realized it, it was Monday night and she was standing tensely in the dimly lit wings watching. The curtain was up... and the audience was hanging on to the arms of the hairs. What was happening on the stage wasn't vaudeville or burlesque, not in the accepted sense, and it certainly wasn't legitimate. But whatever it was—enervous, impish, wan, ribald, mad—he show was rolling. It was hitting its pace.

3 UNNY made her first stage appearance with Marty. In her little dress of white cotton, black shoes, bare legs, Cutie-Puss and her party were voucheded just five minutes in which to grab the spot. When the man at the switchboard blacked them out, something happened to Bunny. The spontaneous roar of applause caught her off balance. It was something new in her life. It scared her silly. It went rushing, tingling through the bloodstream. It did things to the spinal column.

"Oh, gosh, Nat—" she gasped, as she were back into her basement dressing room for a lightning change—aw, gee—they liked us—"

"Yeah?" said Nat.

Nat was a little wrung up on her win account. For, after chafing on the sidelines all her life, Miss Irwin was bout to make her public debut, her bid for recognition, for fame perhaps.

At any rate, Natalie hoped so, as she seered anxiously into the make-up mirror.

"How do I look?" she asked, "Do you think I look like you used to?"

"You ought to know."

Bunny shrugged. "You saw me often enough!"

### The 3 ways to Brunette Beauty

**MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III, is a true brunette. She has rich brown hair and hazel eyes and a warm-toned skin. She chooses Pond's Rose Brunette because it matches the warm tones in her skin.**

**Ask yourself these three simple and telling questions when trying to choose your right shade of powder.**

**Shall I lighten my skin?**

**Shall I match it?**

**Shall I warm it?**

It all comes down to this:

Are you lovelier when your skin looks real shell-pink against your dark hair? Or when your skin looks ivory-cream to contrast with the dark lights in your eyes? Or when your skin is a warm, rosy tone to dramatize your vivid brunette coloring?

Pond's has 4 superlative brunette shades to provide the effect you choose.

**A lovely rose-pink shade** with creamy overtones—Rose Dawn. It is light enough to match very fair-skinned brunettes. Slightly darker brunettes by the thousands use it to lighten and brighten their skin.

**A rich ivory-cream shade**—Brunette-Rachel. All cream and no pink. Countless brunettes use this to match their natural creaminess of tone. Some use it to add warmth to a pale ivory skin.

**Dark brunettes** use it to lighten their skin when they prefer an even beige tone without pink in it. By far our most popular brunette shade.

**A deeper, sunnier shade**—Rose Brunette—in which there is more rose than cream. Matches most successfully brunette skin with a great deal of warmth. Darker brunettes use it to lighten their skin. The pink in the powder takes the dull yellowish tones out of the skin.

**The darkest, richest of our shades,** Dusk Rose. It brightens muddy tans. It matches a deep, rosy tan. Other brunettes, who dislike growing paler in winter, keep a warm, sunny tan all the year with Dusk Rose.

Pond's Powders give a smooth-as-baby-skin finish to your face and keep away shine for hours. They are faintly perfumed.

Brunettes will find their 4 beautiful shades grouped together on the counter. *Blondes* will find an equally successful group for them, too.

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Free Write to Pond's, Dept. 8MM-PC, Clinton, Conn., and state whether you are a blonde or a brunette—you will receive generous samples FREE.
They followed Natali to Mexican Natumult red in boom. "Flanders—any of our Meteor-Argus crowd?"

"Who?" Bunny glanced sharply at her former stand-in. "What do you mean—Meteor-Argus?"

"Well, I'm hoping somebody—maybe just one of our scouts—"

"Nat!" Bunny stared with a sudden dawning of suspicion. "You didn't, by any chance—you wouldn't?"

"I wouldn't what?" asked Nat, intently busying herself with the beading on her curling eyelashes.

"Write! Let 'em know where to find us!"

"Well, uh—" Nat turned abruptly and thrust up her chin. "I guess I've got a right to be seen, haven't I?"

"Uhuh!" Bunny's voice went flat. "So you wrote! Who to?"

"Flanders," said Nat stiffly. "And as far as I'm concerned—"

"What name'd you sign?" demanded Bunny.

"My own!" said Natalie tartly. "A name they would know... They wouldn't come, just for anybody."

Bunny looked scornfully at the child's little face, the madcap lack of shiny hair, the rodeo butt—and it made her feel self-conscious, uncomfortable, just recalling that she herself had been like that.

"I'm afraid it won't get you much," she said, "just doing imitations of something that wasn't much good in the first place."

"You've no right to resent it," Natalie flared back. "—that I'm able to do the things you did—"

And then she stopped and glanced at the door. Somebody had knocked. "Are you decent?" called a voice.

"Sure," said Bunny.

The door opened, and a couple of men looked in. Strangers

Sergeant Kennedy—_one of the pair introduced himself. He was a big, grizzled man, awkward in build, decidedly apologetic in manner. "And this is Mr. Clancy, our juvenile officer. Sorry to bust u— but it's orders from the chief. You father wants you held, Miss Stanwood. Bunny dropped her make-up pen. She stumbled up from her chair. "Ah, fath—" She choked it off. Her tee was shut against her lips. The officers hadn't so much as glanced in her direction. They were looking intently at Natalie Irwin.

"Mr. Stanwood wired us from New York," the sergeant was saying. "He's flying on to Danville by plane. Ought to be here within the hour."

Natalie was on her feet, facing the in her golden-girl make-up, with her supercilious smile. "You're mistaken, she said. "I'm not Miss Stanwood."

The sergeant cocked his head archly. "Sure, I know!" he grinned. "My old woman's nuts about you, Miss Bunny. We've only seen you about forty times."

"But I'm not!" Natalie was beginning to get alarmed. She appealed to Bunny—"Tell 'em who I am!"

Bunny just blinked and looked blankly at Nat.

"Sorry, Miss Stanwood," said the sergeant blandly, "but you know it is—""Bunny," shrieked Natalie. "Tell 'em I'm not you! Tell 'em—let go of me! I'm not Bunny—she is! She's Bunny!"

Let me go, I say!"

But the officers escorted her out of the dressing room—one on each side—and gently closed the door behind them. Bunny sat down again, widened her eyes at herself in the mirror and reached for her tube of grease paint.

**Johnny** was in the wings, listening to the audience howling out front, while he gasped for air. "High Olympus" was to follow—but how could any set of legitimate actors buck their way against a traffic of loud, indiscernible voices suddenly jammed him out of himself. Over there by the stage door—some kind of disturbance—people trying to get past...

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**HOW'S YOUR CLOTHES I.Q.?**

Here's the final line-up of the quiz on page 48:

1. The fur is Paradise fox; watch it boom. It is made by inserting monkey fur in white fox


3. Blue serge dresses and suits; evening coats that are copies of officers' greatcoats, complete with eagle insignia; middy blouses.

4. A dickey is a sleeveless blouse with a small round collar, destined to be worn with sweaters and jackets.

5. The newest color combination is red and blue. It's a result of the "Let Freedom Ring" atmosphere.

6. Too much "junk jewelry."
a protesting doorman. With a sense of outrage, Johnny rushed across to back up the keeper of the door.

"Police, see?" One of the intruders was speaking with stiff authority. "And this is the young lady's father!"

"I beg your pardon!" Johnny stepped into the breach. "Nobody can come in now." He looked out into the dim-lighted alleyway. There were three women in the group and three or four men. One of the women—he stared sharply—why, she was Natalie, the missing Miss Irwin, still in her make-up—"Sorry," said a man in the forefront, a tall, lank, easy-spoken individual—but you'll have to let us in. I'm Stanwood. Bunny Stanwood's father. I had a hunch I'd find my daughter wherever Natalie Irwin was. Seems I was right. I'm taking her with me, now!"

Johnny stood blocking the stage entrance, confronting Bunny's father.

"It's a theater, Mr. Stanwood," he pointed out. "There's a paid audience in there. Your daughter's a member of a working company, ready to go on—"

Stanwood stirred sharply. "She's not going on—"

"Please!" said Johnny, "Miss Stanwood's a professional. And you yourself must have had theatrical contacts. You must know, sir—it's one of those things that just isn't done!"

"He's right!" One of Stanwood's companions shouldered his way into the argument. "I'm Jake Flanders." He nodded to Johnny. "I've had a few theatrical contacts myself and—well, you don't walk into somebody's production and break it up. Sorry, Stanwood. And you, too, Mrs. Stanwood ... Let's go around front and give it a gander."

IT put Mr. Stanwood in an angle. He shrugged, and laughed. "And who are you?" he asked Johnny.

Johnny told him who.

"Did you know you had Bunny Stanwood in your cast?"

"I found that out," said Johnny, "a little too late!"

Stanwood stared curiously at the gloomy young man. "Too late for what?"

Johnny didn't say what. He gave Mrs. Stanwood a hand-up in the dingy area and steered them all around to the front of the house. There was quite a little group of them, Flanders, the Stanwoods, the tear-stained Natalie, in her crumpled dress, Mrs. Cornelius, Bunny's faithful dress and companion.

And they walked in on a miracle. The dramatic sketch was under way and even by now the little company had the audience in their grip. They had still the laughter somehow, broken through the mood of insanity that Mac's ridiculous business had left for them to overcome. And they had caught their pace, caught the sparkles. Yesterday's rehearsal had begun all right, but tonight the shine was on them.

No, it wasn't the play they had brought out of New York. There wasn't a scrap of "High Olympus" left, not even the title. But it was still a slab of life.

It had Mother Stanwood blubbing as she gripped Johnny's arm, held by the pathos, the humor, the bravery of the little girl in green. And it was a wonder that mother even knew her own child; for the quiet, assured young woman up here wasn't Bunny Stanwood at all; she was another young person, a little stray from the New York streets and night courts, a Miss Daisy Clove.

They stood through the finish. Mother weepy and shaky, Johnny wistfully smiling, Natalie smiling, Dad and Flanders alphaing each other black and blue, and the dear-faced Mrs. Cornelius just look—

---

**We didn't tell it to the Marines... they told us!**

Quantico Marines reported a longer lasting peppermint flavor in Beech-Nut Gum

IN RECENT TESTS at Quantico, Va., U. S. Marines reported that Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted on an average of 25% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands they tested. In addition, a large majority of these Marines said that they preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to the average of the others tested. Prove this yourself. Get a package of Beech-Nut Gum and see how long and how much you enjoy its fine, distinctive flavor!

An independent research organization made the tests*

An independent research organization made these tests with about one-tenth of the Marines at Quantico, Va., Beech-Nut and various other brands of peppermint chewing gum were tested. All were bought in local stores. The identity of the gum was positively concealed. Each Marine was given 2 different brands (Beech-Nut and one other) asked to chew them and report how long he thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick he found had the better flavor.

they said:

more minutes of flavor

*Name on request.
ING ON. THEY SAW THE FLASH OF THE CURTAIN 
INTERVENING, FELT THE SILENCE, THEN THE RE-
AWAKENING OF THE AUDIENCE, THE FIRST GUST 
OF APPLAUSE. . . .

THEN JOHNNY TOOK THEM ALL BACKSTAGE.
Flanders was first. He elbowed his way in. “BUDDY! SWEETHEART! LISTEN. IT WAS 
ALL A TERRIBLE MISTAKE—”

“HELLO, UNCLE JAKE!” SAID BUNNY.
SHE CAUGHT SIGHT OF HER MOTHER. THEN, DARING—
SHE PUSHED FLANDERS ASIDE AND GRABBED.
“Oh, gee—I’m glad!”

“How’s the—” STANWOOD HAD TO STOP
AND QUIET SOMETHING IN HIS THROAT. “HOW’S
THE DIRTY—”

“O K., DAD.”
“HERE IT IS!” INTERRUPTED FLANDERS. “THE
OLD HOME LOT IS THE PLACE FOR YOU, SWEET-
HEART.” HE GLANCED ALERTLY AT STANWOOD.
“FIVE YEARS THIS TIME, WITH OPTIONS, AND
AS FAR AS MONEY GIVES—”

“WAIT A MINUTE!” BUNNY RAN TO PAT
FLANDERS’ CHEEKS. “I’M ALREADY TIED!”

“WHAT?” YELPED FLANDERS. “WHO BEAT
US—NOT COLOSSAL?”
BUNNY TURNED TO THE DOORWAY. “JOHNNY!
JOHNNY MCGREGOR!” SHE SMILED BRIGHTLY.
“NO, UNCLE JAKE—not anybody out there.
JUST A PRIVATE PARTY, HERE. THE ONE WHO
WROTE THE SKETCH AND DIRECTED IT—WHO
TAUGHT ME EVERYTHING I KNOW—the swell-
EST GUY—”

WHAT DO YOU WANT?” JOHNNY CAME
BACK FROM THE OUTER PASSAGEWAY, RELUCTANTLY IT MIGHT SEEM, NOT AT ALL GRACIOUS ABOUT IT.

“TELL ‘EM WHY I CAN’T SIGN UP WITH
METEOR-ARGUS,” SAID BUNNY. “SHOW ‘EM
OUR CONTRACT.”

“CONTRACT?” JOHNNY GRINNED MOKINGLY,
AS HE REACHED INTO HIS POCKET. “YOU
MEAN THIS?”

“YES,” BUNNY TURNED TO DAD, BRISK,
BUSINESSLIKE. “IT WAS MY IDEA. AND THE
TWO OF US—WE’VE BEEN WORKING SO HARD—”

“IT’S NOTHING BUT A GAG, MR. STANWOOD,”
SAID JOHNNY. “SHE’S UNDER AGE. OF COURSE I KNEW IT WOULDN’T HOLD.” HE TOSSING THE PAPERS ON THE MAKE-UP SHELF.

“ALL RIGHT, CUTIE-PUS,” HE SAID. “YOU CAN
GO BACK WHERE YOU CAME FROM—”

“BUT YOU PROMISED!” GASPED BUNNY.
AND THEN, IN A GUST OF INDIGNATION—
“WHY—YOU DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER!”

“MIND IF I LOOK AT THE PAPERS?” ASKED
STANWOOD.

HE PICKED UP THE CONTRACT AND RAN
THROUGH THE PEN SCRATCHES AS METICULOUSLY AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN DRAWN UP BY ALL
OF METEOR-ARGUS’ SIXTY-OLD LAWYERS.

“THIS WH—MORALS CLAUSE?” HE ASKED
GRAVELY. “DID YOU EVER WH—POKE HER IN
THE PUS, MR. MCGREGOR?”

“I HAD TO,” SAID JOHNNY. “ONE DAY!”

“What?” CHOKED MOTHER STANWOOD.

“Why?” DEMANDED STANWOOD.

“HE THINKS I’M A LoUSe,” SAID BUNNY
QUICKLY TO HER FATHER.

STANWOOD GlANCED FROM BUNNY TO
BUNNY AND BACK, SEARCHINGLY, TO JOHNNY.
“I, MYSELF,” HE SAID, FAINTLY SADLY,
“NEVER HAD THE NERVE.”

“What’s that?” ASKED MOTHER SHARPLY.

“It Looks as though it’s been taken out of
my hands,” STANWOOD SIGNEO. “Oh well—
he brought out his fountain pen, uncapped it. THEN, QUICK AND DETERMINED, HE SCRIBLED HIS NAME Beneath
BUNNY’S SIGNATURE ON THE DANVILLE INN
LETTERHEADS, “WE’LL Just LEGALIZE IT.”

“THANKS, DAD,” SAID BUNNY AND GLANCED
AT JOHNNY MCGREGOR. “NOW TRY AND BREAK
OUR CONTRACT. I’LL SEE YOU IN EVERY
COURT IN THE UNITED STATES!”

FLANDERS GROANED. “WE’VE JUST HANDLED
THAT AT STANWOOD’S!”

“NOT ME,” SAID JOHNNY CONTEMPTUOUSLY.
“I DON’T WANT ANY PART OF IT.”

“What?” STANWOOD GASPED AT HIM.

“HE THINKS I’VE BEEN FULFILLING MY
SELF,” SAID BUNNY INDIGNANTLY. “HE THINKS
IT’S ALL COOKED UP BETWEEN YOU AND ME
AND THE STUDIO AND WE’RE A LOT OF CHEAP,
FUZZY PEOPLE WE HAD.”

“BUT HE CAN CHANGE ALL THAT NOW,”
SUGGESTED STANWOOD BLANDLY, “UNDER THE
TERMS OF YOUR CONTRACT.”

“You see!” SAID BUNNY TRIUMPHANTLY.
JOHNNY BLINDED HER AT “I GUESS—MAYBE—I’VE BEEN A FOOL—”

“You dope!” SAID BUNNY. “YOU DARLING—
YOU APPEALING!”

“LISTEN, JOHNNY!” FLANDERS WAS TRYING TO
GET IN, “THAT LITTLE SKETCH—MARVELOUS.
THE DIRECTION—SWELL! WE CAN USE YOU TOO, JOHNNY. JUST TAKE OVER THE CONTRACT.”

“WHAT—METEOR-ARGUS CAN USE YOU BOTH.”
JOHNNY CAUGHT HIMSELF AND TURNED SOBERLY.
AND FOR THAT MOMENT BUNNY STOPPED BREATHING. FOR SOME OF THE GREATEST PEOPLE ON EARTH HAVE HAY
WIRE, LISTENING TO THAT PERSONAL CALL.

BUT JOHNNY JUST SHOOK HIS HEAD. “YOU
ONLY WANT HER BECAUSE OF THE BALLYHOO!”
HE SAID. “PROFESSIONALLY, SHE’S NOT READY YET. NOR AM I. WE’RE JUST BEGINNING SOMEDAY, MAYBE—”

“BESIDES,” SAID BUNNY, “WE COULDN’T LEAVE MAC!”

JOHNNY TURNED TO HER, JOYously. BUT AT
THAT INSTANT SOMEBODY STUCK HIS HEAD
INTO THE OPEN DOORWAY. “THREE MINUTES
FOR THE STRONG MEN, MISS BROWN—”

“Oh, my goodness!” BUNNY STEPPED
BACKWARDS, UNZIPPED HER DRESS AND
STARTED HAULING IT OVER HER HEAD. “CORNELIUS—MY TIGHTS!”

MRS. CORNELIUS PICKED UP THE LITTLE
PINK FLESHINGS. AND THEN SUDDENLY A
KINDLING LIGHT REAWAKENED THE FADING BLUE EYES. “OUT, GENTLEMEN! CLEAR THE DRESSING ROOM!” THE WARHORSE WHO HAD SUPER
VISED THE DRESSING ROOM OF BUNNY STAN
WOOD, CHILDS STAR, WAS BACK IN ACTION. “MISS STANWOOD WANTS TO CHANGE!”

Close Up and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

“TOBACCO ROAD” AND AS KODA REGARDED
A PAGE OF ROMANTIC HISTORY . . .
EACH EPISODE ENSCRIPTED IN THE WAY WHICH
SO OFTEN INDIVIDUALLY BEGAT A DIFFERENT
AND ADMONISHING CONCUPISCENCE OF KODA,
AND SO THE FILMS WILL EMERGE . . .
AS INDIVIDUALISTIC AS THE SYMPHONIES OF
BRADBURY AND SCHUBERT.
IT DOES JUST AS MUCH FOR PERFORMANCES,
TOXICATION OF INDIVIDUALITY . . .
THE DYNAMIC IS THE HEART OF BROWN, PRAISE
IT, AND OFFERING A MASTERPIECE OF A PER-
FORMANCE IN “THE PHILADELPHIA STORY” . . .
I HOPED, PERSONALLY, THAT SHE WOULDN’T BE
AWAY FROM US FOR SUCH LONG PERIODS IN
THE FUTURE, I CRIED . . .
THE CURRENT “CRUCIAL” REALM OF PONTIUS
THE BEAUTY—AND-ROMANCE SUGGESTIONS OF KODA
AND THE EYES OF BROWN AND SCHUBERT—
AND SO THE FILMS WILL EMERGE . . .
AS INDIVIDUALISTIC AS THE SYMPHONIES OF
BRADBURY AND SCHUBERT.
IT DOES JUST AS MUCH FOR PERFORMANCES,
TOXICATION OF INDIVIDUALITY . . .
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IT, AND OFFERING A MASTERPIECE OF A PER-
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I HOPED, PERSONALLY, THAT SHE WOULDN’T BE
AWAY FROM US FOR SUCH LONG PERIODS IN
THE FUTURE, I CRIED . . .
THE CURRENT “CRUCIAL” REALM OF PONTIUS
THE BEAUTY—AND-ROMANCE SUGGESTIONS OF KODA
AND THE EYES OF BROWN AND SCHUBERT—
stopping Martha Scott, who starred in each of those and is due soon in "Cheers For Miss Bishop" ... the fact that Technicolor discovered there were other dramatic colors save blue and red (as witness that lovely ballet in "Bitter Sweet") opens up a whole new visual experience for all of us there ... the delightful fact that Jack Oakie has "come back" to steal two pictures and immensely aid a third ... the first two are "Tin Pan Alley" and "Little Men" and the third is "The Dictator" ... the fact that Ginger Rogers has gone back to being a blonde again makes us hope that Joan Bennett may do likewise and restore that delicious prettiness of hers to us ... the fact that a guy with a broken nose can be a fast-rising star and almost a glamour boy ... meaning Broderick Crawford go see the way he swipes "Seven Sinners" away from hero John Wayne and "The Trail of the Vigilantes" from hero Franchot Tone ... even though Mesilah and Tone are very good, indeed, in their own ways, too, ... the realization of the fact that a girl who is young and very small and married to a wealthy star can still have her own pert talent and put it across with liltting laughter ... meaning Diana Lewis, Mrs. William Powell to the income-tax department, who is in "Bitter Sweet" as cute and saucy as anything we have ever seen since little Miss Temple popped up in "Little Miss Marker" ...

I KNOW Hollywood renders all this up in terms of entertainment ... and to some sourpusses it seems too frivolous to discuss entertainment these days ... but the people who ought to know best about the value of it ... those amazing valiant British say that seeing movies is one of the best ways of keeping their spirits up ... if England, under this horror, can still love movies, then most certainly we may too ...

It all gives Hollywood a healthy bill of health as 1941 begins ... there will be some "stinkers," as Hollywood elegantly calls its flops, this year just as last ... there will be some very interesting pictures that will fail at the box office, this year as last, just as some interesting ones will also catch on ... just because Ben Hecht's "Angels Over Broadway" didn't do business is no particular reason for discouraging Mr. Hecht in any further trial flights ... he can always make another fortune by writing a slick, smooth screen play ... as witness "Comrade X" which was a mere carbon copy of "Ninotchka" without the wit or the delightful love story of the Garbo film but plenty of pleasure, nevertheless, and serving as a vehicle to prove that Hedy Lamarr can act as well as be beautiful (though her beauty is still sufficient as far as I am concerned) ... there will most certainly be, in 1941, one or two performances by Miss Bette Davis which will make everybody say, as they always do after Davis' films (right not are saying it about "The Letter") "Well, she deserves the Academy award, that's all" ... there will definitely be mornings such as there was recently the morning after "The Son of Monte Cristo" was previewed in the afternoon and "Little Men" was previewed in the evening of the day preceding ... a morning on which you wonder how the shades of famous authors act when they see what has happened to their brain children in the mills of Hollywood ...

It means vitality, all of this ... it all makes you believe, in these darkened days, that there is still some hope for man and his imagination ...
GRANT'S "Man-Poison"
(Continued from page 28)

When a girl dreamed of her wedding it was always in terms of flowers, organ music and bridesmaids and a great horde of friends in a huge church—but she forgets that no matter how different or ordinary the details, the event is always awe-inspiring!

So it was this night with Annabelle Clark. Her memories would be the smiling, good-natured face of Mr. Perkins, the shy, but resigned expression of Mrs. Perkins and the neighbor who had been awakened to be witnesses, the unbelievably short ceremony and George's nervous smile as he took her in his arms.

LATER while the last of the airfield drew farther and farther away from them as they headed into the clouds, Mike sat in silence. Then Annabelle said, "I wonder, what my father will say?"

He leaned over and kissed her. "What do we care what he says?"

"Sure," she answered, "what do we care?"

What do we care? We care plenty. Annabelle thought. Anyone who knew how Holton Clark's mind worked had to care.

George's head rested on her shoulder. He was dozing happily. Below them the earth was a white eerie vastness. Magically, the moon turned the earth into a great stretch of unreality and she saw her little self and all that she had been as if through the wrong end of a telescope.

Would things have been so very different if Edna had lived? Well, probably not, because no man domicile in the world could have found on earth than Holton Clark. What remained of Annabelle's faint memory of her mother was a frail aura of gentleness, gentility and ineffuctuality.

According to the Holton Clark code there was only one way to bring up a daughter, the expensive way, the way of highly recommended French governesses, safely aging riding masters, the fashionable dancing school, the year or two in the French convent before the war, of course), a Grande Tour with carefully selected companions (femal -) and chaperones (old and cautious). Then the expensive finishing school which finished off the core of girls per year.

If Holton Clark ever had the slightest doubt about the desirability of bringing up his beloved Annabelle in this manner he managed to suppress it in favor of some more profitable doubt about how the Clark Studios were being run. The Clark Studios turned out four or five super-films every year and had acquired a reputation for making the finest movies produced in America. People wrote things about them. The Clark touch was nine-tenths hard work and the hard work on the super-films was definitely to the disadvantage of the Clark daughter-daughter, who was getting about as bad a break (and how well she knew it today) as any American beauty could.

EVEN Holton had suspicions when Annabelle, aged almost 18, returned to Hollywood one stilling June and presented herself at the Clark mansion in Beverly Hills.

It was then that Annabelle found herself shipped off to the ranch in Arizona to "take care of the business left over" as she overheard her father explaining to his friend Holga Bontley, the newspaper and radio columnist.
—for Evenings of Romance

You're in tune with love—a joyous harmony of fragrance and youthful color! Your Evening in Paris lipstick, rouge, and powder blend with each other and with your skin in a thrilling "live" shade. And all are fragrant with your perfume—romantic Evenings in Paris! You and Cupid and Evening in Paris that's an alliance no man can resist. You'll see!

CREATED BY BOURJOIS NEW YORK

...hadn't liked the ranch at all—at
Then she'd caught sight of Boots Havermill, as trim and handsome a cowboy ever smiled at a visiting dude. As she looked back at that episode, complete self-loathing—but that had ceased before she'd started to think of no use making excuses for herself, was what she was—and she'd done it any human might have done, especially any spoiled, pampered and really worthless human.

She had run off with Boots Havermill, wonderfully romantic August night. She had said, then, that she didn’t care for Holton Clark said. But the hostess of the ranch had her little plan about and she kept a strict eye on him. Was how Holton learned about the stage in time to have it annulled. She realized that he had been right, she remembered ruefully that he never bothered to consult her, had considered for a moment that perhaps this was important to her daughter. He would he be about George Hurley. Deep inside of her, Annabelle knew he knew, too, how different this was now much had gone on in her since long talk with Helga Bentley. "I'll most of the things you do, Annabelle had said in a frank, direct "You do out of spite toward your father. He really isn't so bad, once you understand him. Besides, who is more important to you, darling, is to be—and you can't be happy and all at the same time."

After the annulment, Annabelle had written to her father and had asked him to her to work. It wasn't easy to see toward Holton, but suddenly she felt an intent, passionate desire to happiness, to put some meaning into love, to hug something meaningful to her. She had grown up and she knew it was going to be pretty tough to convince anybody of that fact.

Still, she managed to make a lack of the day's work in the publicity department of Clark Studios. She knew how to make people forget that she was the boss' daughter, and they did. Then she met George Hurley and had the intoxicating experience of encountering someone who really seemed to need her affection—her womanly understanding.

GEORGE stirred as the plane lost altitude and zoomed down into the Glendale airport. They stepped out of the ship and fought their way through photographers and reporters.

"No interviews now," Annabelle said pleasantly. "Come see us soon. Yes, Mr. Hurley's house in Laurel Canyon."

At Mr. Hurley's house in Laurel Canyon, all the lights were on.

Holton Clark was waiting for them. Every move Holton Clark ever made was planned days in advance. That was one reason Clark Productions were the envy of all fastidious competitors.

For all the planning Clark had done for his scepange daughter it was a wonder that more of his plots didn't have happy endings.

The plot in the case of her second marriage was simple. He had a call from his friend Helga Bentley which threw him into a temporary apoplectic frenzy. He then phoned the main office and told them to get him Mike Harrigan, but fast. Mike Harrigan was off on one of his plane trips into the desert, but it would be arranged that he would phone the very moment he touched wheel to cement.

When Mike phoned he admitted that he'd tried to dissuade Annabelle from a silly marital venture but without success.

Then Mike agreed to let Annabelle's father into George's Laurel Canyon home. Holton Clark allowed himself to be let in, then sent Mike away, saying, "Come and see me at the studio tomorrow. I have some ideas."

NOW he met Annabelle and George quietly. "Mike Harrigan was good enough to let me in," he explained calmly, found himself a chair and waited for them to join him in the living room.

There was so much power in his detachment that George seemed absurdly young, but managed a comparative calm, "Won't you have a drink, sir?"

"Thanks," Holton Clark said, "I just had one."

Annabelle jumped into the breach. "It's nice of you to come over, Holton."

Holton grunted. "Why didn't you kids let me know this was on your minds?" he said finally.

"We thought of telling you about it, sir," George said, "but then—"

"But then Annabelle decided it wasn't a good idea. Is that right?" Holton Clark finished.

"Well, no. Not exactly," George began. "Yes, that was it, exactly," Annabelle cut in.

Her father turned to George. "I suppose you know, Hurley, that the last time this happened—"

"Yes," George said, "but this time it's not going to be annulled."

"I see," Clark said. "You've thought it all out. It's really love."

"Yes, sir..." George began, "we—"

"Wait a minute, Holton," Annabelle said. "I'm afraid your particular brand of sarcasm is only appreciated by the Clarks, so I suggest you save it for me."

Holton Clark smiled. This was a form of fencing before a blowup that only
Holton Clark turned away from her and faced George Hurley.

"Let me ask you a question, Hurley. How much money have you in the bank?"

George flushed. "Well, not very much. A few hundred dollars.

"And of course, you've taken out an insurance policy for your wife?"

"Well, no—I haven't, sir," said George nervously, "but I intend to."

"I dare say," said Holton Clark. To Annabelle he added: "I doubt that your husband counted on the Clark millions? Or perhaps just the Clark Studios?" He turned again to George Hurley:

"Your contract runs another three months, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said George. "I thought of that, didn't you, when you asked Annabelle to marry you?"

"In the first place," Annabelle said, "he didn't ask me. We just decided to get married."

"I'm going to Hurley," Holton Clark said. "You realized, of course, that the son-in-law of Holton Clark would get a better build-up than just George Hurley—and when the contract came up for renewal—"

"I never even thought of it," George said angrily.

"M'lady," said Holton, "and I know you didn't think that when your contract runs out you'll be washed up in the movie business."

The color drained from George Hurley's face. For a long moment he couldn't talk. Then: "You wouldn't do that to me," he said.

Annabelle looked at him sharply. She hadn't realized how much his career meant to him. In a way she was glad, because she sometimes thought that George was short of ambition. But the intense reaction on her lover's face surprised her and made her a little uneasy.

"Well," said Holton Clark, "now we understand each other. I don't believe in this marriage and I never Mrs. Hurley—no nice time on a property I don't believe in."

He reached for his hat. "Come and see me at my office, Hurley. I have some ideas."

When he turned to Annabelle the pressure in his eyes changed.

"I do care about your happiness, really," he said, "even if you don't now."

Annabelle didn't flinch. "Thank you for your understanding," she said, as she closed the door after him.

For a long time after he left Hurley, Holton and George were silent and thought of all the things they could say, but hadn't. Then suddenly Annabelle found herself crying from the very understanding of which she was so grateful. George's arms and allowing herself to be comforted.

He held her close and his young, mouth-to-mouth kisses, and said, "Excited about his romance, the idea of giving him a honeymoons, all is this was her husband. This was his honeymoon."

Holton Clark was no longer in the room.

COME and see me at my office tomorrow, I have some ideas."

Mike Harrigan, having worked a year or two, with the unpredictable Clark knew that one thing at least was predictable after those words—Annabelle Hurley was in the middle of an intrigue, a speaking part in the "Clark touch" movie. Mike hadn't even more apparent than in a Clark duction.

Mike had closed his ranch for several months because he knew that the Guatemalan location would keep him busy at least until May. Silly idea, to make an action picture in Central America instead of in the studio, but when Hurley had his heart set on anything there was no use arguing.

The flight to Arizona had been a nuisance to Mike, but if there was the hope of keeping George from talking about that mess of trouble, Annabelle Clark, the trip was justified. He tried—and yet—that girl—somebody—her, he couldn't keep his mind off her. She was, of course, a push-over—anybody could see that silken blonde hair like that was sure to be put to good use.

Why the devil didn't he just go to her and get on with his Guatemalan picture, the best property Clark Productions had ever given him to direct? He never expected that this was the basis of Holton Clark's idea.

Clark looked out of the window at the mountains behind the Clark lot. "Harrigan," he said, "I want this 'Girl from Guatemala' to be a honey. I think Mary Ann Morris—" Mike Harrigan interrupted him with a loud laugh from the Spanish pictures, the boyish for the boy. I have an idea."

"Yes," said Mike, also looking at the mountains. "I think 'George Hurley,'" said Holton Clark, "like him better for it."

There was a long pause. "Okay," Mike. "I think he could do it."

"I know he could do it, Mike," said的大专生. Holton, "so I can fix things up."

"Good break for Hurley," Mike replied. "I figured you'd want to give this Clark a good ending present. But frankly, I don't know how you figure we can shoot a picture on a honeymoon."

"Oh," said Holton Clark. "I get EASE... SQUEEZY... Pledge... of a tube!... Complete manicure in 4 tubes

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• PASTE SOFTENER... Flows from tube into shallow NAIL FORMER.  
• NAIL CUTTER... Felt-tipped tube is cleverly designed to shape the nails.
you don't get the idea exactly. My daughter isn't going on the trip.

"I see," said Mike. Through the window he saw that a deep shadow darkened one side of the mountain. "What's going to stop her?"

Now Holton Clark rose also. "My idea is that you can take care of George Hurley okay," he said evenly, "and that I handle Annabelle okay. Do I make myself clear?"

It was a good idea, a right idea, and he would play ball, because he and Holton Clark saw eye-to-eye on this business of George Hurley and Annabelle Clark, but suddenly Mike realized that he didn't care for this man at all. He sought, "No wonder she's like she is. A wonder.

He waved a casual hand and left.

In the middle of the day George phoned Annabelle and told her the plan.

"That's wonderful," Annabelle said. "It sounds like a swell opportunity."

"Mr. Clark says I'll be back in two months at the most."

"It didn't take Holton long to get what he wanted, did it?"

George said, "Darling, it's the biggest Clark production of the year. It's really great break. Mike Harrigan is directing."

"I see," Annabelle said. "When does the boat sail?"

"Friday next week," said George.

"Oh, that's plenty of time," said Annabelle. "We can get ready by then."

"You'll come along," George asked, politely. "I don't think your father planning on that."

"Let him just try and stop me," said Annabelle.

"That reminds me," George told her. "Mr. Clark said for me to tell you he'd like to see you at his office. He says he has some ideas."

"Really?" said Annabelle. "Good-by, darling. I'll see you tonight."

Holton Clark put on a great show for his daughter. What a break it was (as said) for George Hurley to get the ad in "Girl from Guatemala"! What a break it was for her to fly East and spend the next few weeks with Aunt Matilda Newport! Aunt Matilda had just wired strange coincidence—that she would have to have Annabelle visit her. By the time the company was back from location, Annabelle would have returned to Hollywood. Holton presented the plan as if it were the ultimate in largesse, but he was not entirely taken by surprise when Annabelle failed to react enthusiastically.

"You don't seem to understand at all," he said quietly. "I'll admit I don't know what to do about how to be a good wife, but I'm going to learn. I haven't read the whole book, but I wouldn't be surprised if number one were 'Stay with me.'"

"See here," Holton said. "Now he sat down on the edge of his desk and scowled down her with typical intensity. I believe you mean every word of that, Annabelle,"

"And you're going to have a chance to prove it. But right now I want you to play this game my way. I think you two have a fever and all I want you to give yourselves time to recover. Then, if you still feel the same way about it, I'll withdraw my objections."

"Yes," said Holton Clark. "If you don't want to go to Aunt Matilda's, that's all. Stay here. Stick to your job, get Hurley's home ready for him—that Cannon house is a nightmare—and then, when he comes back, if you still feel the way you feel about him, I'll stand behind you both."

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For the first time in her life, in those difficult days during the War, Annabelle had had no contact with her younger sister, Helga. That had been a blow to her pride. The next days were intensely difficult, and she was terrified to see how George and she were drawn apart by their need for secrecy.

So she parted was a little strained, although there was no strain in their parting.

Annabelle was reminded of those days by the next time they met. Annabelle was his in every way. Mike had told her on the dock the day he had returned from the front.

But only a few moments before the All-American had walked off, he had said, "I'm going to tell the whole gang that George and Annabelle had just left the ship as we came in."

And that was one of the reasons why George and Annabelle were so little together now. For if they were together, it was because they were together always.

As she stepped off the train at the Guatemala City railway station, she saw from the auto carvans waiting to unload their goods that George had not come with her. And she knew that she was right.

"Where's Annabelle?" she shouted in the face of her friend. "Who's there?"

"What a surprise!" said Holly, "I hope you don't mind that we've got the train to Guatemala City and that we can't come with you."

"I know that," said Holly, "but it's the last thing I want to do."

Almost two weeks had passed since her husband had sailed away toward a little country that was new to him, and an opportunity that obsessed him. She had one note, mailed from San Jose, where the ship docked. It was a curious mixture of enthusiasm and reticence. Had Mike Harrigan found out that Annabelle was in love with her newly acquired wife?

The letter said that they would take the train to Guatemala City and that she would come later. But from there the auto caravans would leave for Antigua, amid the old chur-ruins which were important in the background of the movie story. So when further word came for days, Annabelle was told that she would come later. But she was busy with her new role—or that the conditions were not favorable. At events, she would not allow herself to worry. But when she was in her new role, the brooding influence of Mike Harrigan helped her against George. She was troubled at the thought of him, that he was seeking out what she was seeking out, and that she would return to that of a little unsatisfactory letter and try to hope in it, where none really was.

On the fateful afternoon, Helga Ber-ley was holding a charity tea, where Jerry was given Annabelle the afternoon off so she could help out her friend. To place was jammed with all of Helga's friends: Norma Shearer was there, Claudette Colbert had come over just as the day's shooting was finished. Vivien Leigh and her husband, Lauren Olivier, were expected any moment as one of the younger people were there too—Leslie Howard, Brenda Joyce, and Jeffrey Lynn—and lots of lesser lights, who were devoting all their spare time to the all-important charity program that Hollywood had set for itself.

The news came to Jerry Tripp from the Associated Press. The cable from Mike Harrigan arrived an hour late. Jerry Harrigan didn't know what to do. Who was to turn. Then he phoned H.C. and hung up with a full of anguish, Jerry phoned Helga.
Helga was capable of handling this most difficult moment in her life. She whispered to Norma to take over the party. Then she called Annabelle from the pantry where she was helping with the drinks, and told her it was a phone call—to take it upstairs. Helga followed Annabelle up the broad stairs.

Annabelle reached for the phone. Helga sat on the bed. "There's no phone, dear," she said quietly. "I just wanted to talk to you alone.

"Oh," said Annabelle, "what about?" For face clouded with perplexity.

"Sit down." Annabelle sat on the edge of the other bed. "Something very terrible has happened, darling. But I know you can take it." Annabelle's hand went to her throat; her fingers twisted around her gold chain and pressed against her oval bone the topaz pendant George had given her.

"Malaria," Helga said, carefully. "You can get malaria down there in Guatemala. You can get it—and sometimes, well, sometimes, darling, it's fatal."

"George?" Annabelle said, with somebody else's voice.

"Yes, Annabelle," she said. "George died this morning."

It was a curious little gasp that came from Annabelle's throat before she crumpled up on the floor in front of Helga.

HOLTON was standing over her bed. His face was wracked with torment. Annabelle couldn't stand the sight of him, he sent him away. Nor could she stand the color of her own thoughts. When our mind returns to consciousness and our face walks back into it, that act walks with a measured, confident tep, slowly, surely and inescapably. Here is no way to turn it out, no way at least that a brave person would take. And now Annabelle knew that she must be brave.

But the overpowering numbness that had set in with the first news of George's death gripped her mind and heart like bands of iron. She couldn't think, she couldn't feel. The only thing she knew clearly was that she hated the very thought of her father. How dare people scheme and plot with others' lives? How dare they?

Then one day Helga said—oh, it seemed so many months later but actually it was only a little over a week—"The ship comes in today. The ship that was bringing back the memory of George.

For a time Annabelle thought she couldn't go to the boat, but at last she knew it was something she must do. She must hear from Mike Harrigan's own lips what had happened. She must, and she begged Helga to let her go alone.

As the boat came in to the dock at San Pedro, Annabelle squinted at the deck, wondering if he would be there. She found him at last, coming down the gangplank, his face darker than usual, his arms hugging a large box. She went up to him and he raised his hat but didn't speak.

"I'll drive you back to Hollywood," she said.

Mike Harrigan talked a moment to the customs man, then handed the box to Annabelle. "Take this to your car," he said. "I'll clear my luggage and see that the rest of them get off all right. Wait for me."

She could not decide if he was in any way different toward her. He was still cold and distant. But at least he didn't scorn her—and perhaps for once he was giving her the benefit of the doubt and assuming that she might have some measure of genuine grief to overcome.

She nodded and went to her car. She sat behind the wheel and waited; then opened the box which was untied. The contents had obviously been thrown in without care. There was an old shirt, and a pair of slacks. And a pith helmet—Mike Harrigan's little sentimental thought—to bring back the last clothes his friend George Hurley had worn! Annabelle stared at them. This, then, was her last physical contact with the man she had felt so sure would mean great happiness to her. A hat, a shirt, trousers. They meant so little—and yet so much. Her hand touched the rough, male texture of the shirt.

"What will I tell him?" she thought. "What will I tell my child when he is old enough to ask about his father. Will I show him this shirt and say: In this your father was stricken, dear, long before you were even born?"

Lost in her reverie she scarcely heard the door of the car open as Mike Harrigan joined her.

Next month Annabelle Clark faces the tragic circumstances of her approaching motherhood. Her husband is dead; his best friend mistrusts her. Her father's cold-blooded action in sending George to Guatemala has estranged her from him. In the meeting with poor George's parents, Annabella faces an even greater strain and struggles into a problem which only Mike Harrigan can solve. If she could foresee the part he was to play in her life, how differently she would have acted! Read the thrilling second installment of "Man Poison" in the April Photoplay-Movie Mirror on sale Wednesday, February 26.

WHEN THE STARS STEP OUT,

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Pepsi-Cola heads the order with those who order the best. Flavorful and fresh, Pepsi-Cola is welcomed by millions all over America. Feel your thirst disappear as that finer flavor hits the spot! Big help to any party—the big home carton of Pepsi-Cola—pick one up today.
Why I switched to Meds

by a secretary

When you're as active as I am, it's a blessing to have the extra comfort of internal sanitary protection. But it used to cost me plenty extra! So did I cheer when I learned that Modess had brought out Meds—a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ for a box of ten. Meds are the only tampons in individual applicators that cost so little. And I certainly like them a lot better.

Below, left: Jackie and Bunny stort to do their special turn in the Balboa routine. The girl has to know how to whirl like a dervish, end up the right way (below, right), on the right foot, and not dizzy.

Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School (Continued from page 51)

SLOW Lindy Hop and Variation: The Lindy Hop (see diagram on page 51 for basic step), a blood-brother to the shag, covers four counts except the first two are a sliding step. We'll call it one-and-two—on the "and" you slide your off foot up and that makes the skip. Then it's just steps: three, four. On a crepted three floor the step can be done on a dime, but we'll walk you through it to show you the rhythm. One way to understand the diagram is to pretend your index and middle fingers are legs and put the tips of them on the footmarks. Then watch what your fingers do as they dance along.

Jackie and Bunny show you their favorite Lindy Hop variation in Photos 3 and 4 on page 50. For the two steps that cover counts five and six, seven and eight, they lift each other and kick forward, first with the left foot, then with the right. You'll notice from the picture that the right kick goes between the feet of the partner and the left kick on the outside. Then, for the quick one-two-three count, Jackie takes Bonita's left hand with his right and they back away from each other with long steps, getting all the way back on the "two" count. He pulls her to him for the third step and they go right into a repeat.

That backing-away business needs some description, by the way. The steps are done in a swing slide-shuffle, with the derrière out and knees very straight. You swing your ankles out a little as you used to do in the Charleston. It's all kind of sedate jitterbug stuff and fun if you're with a young crowd.

THE Balboa: Remember that sway-shuffle step all darky tap dancers break into sooner or later, when they look as if an invisible hand is holding them at a quarter-turn? Well, now, they slowly wave their limp bodies back and forth so that their feet just brush the wood? That's the basis of the Balboa, which is done to the catch-time fox trot we described at the beginning of this month's lesson. The distinguishing feature of the Balboa is that while you are doing it you cross one foot over the other for one or two steps, and further, that practically anything you want to do with your feet is okay, so long as it's a light, fast shuffle.

Jackie and Bunny have their own version, as you can see. (Photos 5, 6 and page 51) They stand side by side, holding hands, and (1) kick forward with the right foot; then (2) they cross the right foot over the left, shifting the weight to it, and (3) bring the steps over to the left. Then they just walk out of it to the right, turn to face each other an repeat, starting on the left foot this time instead of the right.

When you do this next turn you're just being fancy, although it's no trouble at all for the boy. The girl has to know how to whirl like a dervish and end up facing the right way, on the right foot, and not dizzy. You can break into it at any time, on any step you like, thus showing off (their's see picture, lower left) in which he turns to one side and she to the other, alternating each step, for two or three steps. Then Bonita puts her right arm behind her back so that her hand reaches Jackie's right hand as he leads her. H. takes it and swings her away, stepping back himself.

Whirling to her right, Bunny takes on full turn away from him, pauses for a beat; then, whirling this time to her left, she does two full turns on the way back, taking smaller steps, of course, and ends up on her right foot close to Jackie and facing him, ready to continue dancing. In the picture at the right below, she's just completing her final turn.

Naturally you'll go on learning from here, watching other people and copying their steps. But if you use in combination twirls, step variations and Jackie and Bunny have shown you you'll more than get by on any floor.
the career. In the case of the man it might be different—maybe having a family to support might hold him back.

But Jimmy wouldn't accept that for one minute. "Not if he's got what it takes. You hear lots of men around middle age alibi their lack of success by saying, 'I never had a chance. I married too young and tied myself down with a family!' Nonsense. I know a young fellow who just passed his bar. Getting started as a lawyer isn't easy. It takes time to build up a practice. This kid has a wife, a baby, a mother-in-law, a young sister and brother-in-law to support. As if that wasn't enough, another family of relatives came from the East and moved in on him. That looks like excuse enough for anyone to toss in the towel and yell, 'I'm licked!' But not this kid. While he's waiting for clients, he runs errands for other lawyers—files papers, serves summons, looks up records. He solicits errands that he can run for his neighbors while he is downtown and reverses the procedure in his neighborhood evenings. Not content with that, he has a job as relief man in a gas station nights. That boy will be a great lawyer someday—not because he had what is known as 'a chance' but because he has what it takes and he isn't letting a little thing like a big family hold him down."

JIMMY himself is living proof that marriage is not a handicap to an ambitious young man. When he and his Billie fell in love there was no money in the bank and no great future in sight, but they didn't hesitate a moment. Jimmy, born and reared in the tenderloin district of New York, was accustomed to accepting things as they came—love came and he accepted it without fear or prejudice. Marriage was one of the three vital statistics in the history of man and, to Jimmy, the most vital. Jimmy is not a fighter in the pugilistic sense of the word, but he will fight for anything he believes right and just. Because he was born, he feels that he has a right to live and when an obstacle looms up in his path, it is all a part of the game and may the best man win.

In many ways, Jimmy and Olivia are alike. They both know what they want from life and aren't one bit afraid to go after it. No one does Olivia's thinking for her and her thoughts are not limited by precedent or convention. She has often been referred to as a rebel, but actually she is not. She was born in Tokyo, Japan, and spent her early years there. White girls in Oriental countries are necessarily bound by the conventions of society. Back home in the United States she enjoyed a new birth of freedom, one she challenges anyone to take from her. She has not married—not because she is afraid of marriage, but simply because she has not fallen madly in love. Somehow when you look at Olivia and watch her brown eyes dance, you feel that if she ever loves it will be madly.

But don't misunderstand us—madly refers only to the heart, not the head. Olivia will never forget to use her head. She doesn't approve of some of these spur-of-the-moment affairs that strike in the moonlight and flicker out in the sunlight. "When I say that love should not wait, I do not mean that a boy and girl should meet and take the next plane for Yuma, but if they are genuinely in love and plan to marry sometime—that sometime might just as well be now.

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The idea that threats of war should cause love to wait makes both Olivia and Jimmy gasp.

Says Olivia, "When people do not know what lies ahead, why should they take a chance on something that is theirs today? Suppose the young man does have to go to war in a day, a week, a month or a year—his going cannot rob the girl of the past, and her love provides a future for them. She knows that the harder she works, the quicker she can quit her job and stay home and keep house—and raise a family."

Says Jimmy, "All through the ages, great warriors like Julius Caesar, Napoleon, Clive of India came, and they that were glad to die because they did not wish to live to see the day when the whole world would be plunged into war and chaos. Every time a war breaks out anywhere, and there always is one, people get excited and say, 'This is it!' but it never is. This isn't it, either. The world will go on in spite of war, pestilence, earthquake, flood, tornado, stock market crashes and depressions—so what are you waiting for?"

"Although the girl who loves should wait—depress, they disagree on the subject of family.

"Children," Olivia says, "should not be faced with uncertainty."

And Jimmy wants to know what child ever faced anything else. "The very fact that he is born proves that he will die and war does not take more lives than..."
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MARCH, 1941
The Bath Awaits, Milady!

Just for fun—and with the help of Alice Faye—we play some modern tricks on what used to be a Saturday-night exclusive

BY GLORIA MACK

PRODUCT of the fight-and-get-ahead school, Alice Faye took over Hollywood in a few short months, suddenly found herself in the high income tax brackets, a girl with money—and with plenty of ideas as to what to do with it. She loves luxury; is the perfect exponent of luxury; and for that reason we use her for our beauty-and-the-bath experiment.

Look at the pictures at the right carefully for a moment. Which one does your eye linger on? If you turn automatically to the serious pose you're a deep thinker, a poised woman of the intellectual world. Your grooming will reflect that personality; the type bath you choose will be the first step toward that reflection. You are the devotee of the ritual bath, the let’s-linger-longer type who loves a warm and relaxing tub; who has a little tray filled with cosmetics clamped over her tub and uses this respite to cream her face, care for her hands, give herself a manicure. Your tub is never complete without a bath oil, a rubber bath cushion that will let you doze or dream, a little rubber mat in the bottom of the tub that will keep you from slipping when you step out. But if you like Alice the Gay, you're the gamine type. You know a warm bath will relax you, a cold shower will pep you up. You rub your bath oil directly on your body; you take a short-order tub by using a special contraption, a face cloth enmeshing your soap. You finish off with a sweet-scented toilet water, perfect complement to your off-again, on-again personality.

NOW we have Alice the Feminine, or Alice the Tomboy...

If you like the picture at the extreme left you're the lavender-and-old-lace girl. You're the type that makes the bubble bath boom; you like dust powder in a pretty box; your soaps are scented, but ever so faintly. On your walls you have little hanging shelves with all your cosmetics arranged, so that your bathroom is really a pretty, feminine dressing room.

If you like Alice the Tomboy, you're a brisk and efficient type who takes her bath at its face value. You have a quick dip, finish off with a cold shower. Your towels are large and efficient and you never slip up on the rubdown routine. Incidentally, you're well aware of the fact that a bath towel that has been warmed does the most efficient quick-drying job and also makes you feel like a spoiled duchess. Your after-bath cosmetic is eau de cologne, a bit heavier than toilet water, probably in pine or a nice outdoors scent.

THEN there is Alice the Glamour Girl, or Alice the Person...

If you like the Alice at the lower right, you're the exotic, intense type who has a Cleopatra outlook on the bath. You use bath crystals, revel in their soft heavy scent. Your powder is chosen to match and you are probably the proud possessor of one of the new bath mitts filled with dusting powder. You use perfume for a polish after your tub, applying it while your pores are open so that you are scented completely and effectively. You have the glamour-girl's gadgets—towels, washcloths, etc., and you use them. You're lolling in your tub, a mask all over your pretty features.

If you're rooting for Alice the Person, you're a nature lover and to you the bath is, first of all, a return to nature. Therefore you're completely equipped with good stiff bath brushes and you give yourself that wonderful complement to the bath, a brisk body brushing. You realize that the more baths the better, because they keep circulation moving and make the body more immune to midwinter diseases. You give your skin a fresh work out by applying a cleansing cream to your face before you step into the tub and then letting the combination of steam and cream give you an easy, effective facial.

FOR the final picture, we have Alice in Hollywood, mistress of a San Fernando Valley home, proud possessor of a superlative bathroom done in French blue and pink, equipped with bath oils, bath salts, bath powders, huge fluffy towels in other words, the works.

For the final word, we have the Faye reaction as to why this bathroom is special: "I meant it to be. A relaxing bath with all the extras is simply wonderful for you— the heat, the perfume (and when you're in the tub in the one we use you really can have as much scent as you like and nobody can object to it) then the rubdown. It works the other way, too—a short brisk bath can wake you up!"
Behind the Curtain in Hollywood Beauty Parlors
(Continued from page 60)

HURRICANE,” Spence Tracy’s in “Cap- tains Courageous” and Tyrone Power’s in “The Man of Property.’ A certain cowboy
hair has a permanent regularity because
hair is very fine and the wave gives
more body.

Anet the permanent wave business,
here’s this one on Warren Willia-
aren, as you no doubt know, is a great
ver of the sea. He spends a good deal
time in and around his boat down at
barber and he’s friends with
ome of the old salts there, like Captain
ddy O’Ryan, who sailed one of the
at schooners around the Horn. One
coming Warren was visiting with his
d and he became so absorbed in the
es of O’Ryan that he forgot about an
ppointment to have his hair per-
ated for the picture he was about
do. Suddenly he jumped to his
et exclaiming, “Holy gee, boys. I nearly
got about my permanent. See you
lier this week,” leaving Warren with
nions with jaws sagging in astonish-
ent. It took a little time and a lot of
plaining before he was taken back
and given a second chance.
Favorite barber of many of Hollywood’s
figures is genial Bob Matz. Henry
nda, Melvyn Douglas, Basil Rathbone,
ry Lynn, George Raft and Eddie
obinson all come to him. Dick Powell
Tyrone Power, who used to be his
isters, stopped because they felt em-
ressed about being seen going into a
uty salon. George Raft usually comes
panied by Mack Grey and some
his other friends known as the Grue-
me Group. They make a holiday out of
eir visit. Once when George was in a
particularly good mood he treated every-
e in the salon to champagne.

When I asked Bob to tell me the most
nerving incident that had happened in
department he ran his hand through
hatch of silver hair, which by the
way is the envy of all his patrons, and
ed, “Well, I think one of the funny-
ings was the time John Barrymore
me in here with his mother-in-law,
 Jacobs, to supervise his haircut. She
as very fond of John’s hair because
she had been cutting it herself
and thought she knew how it should be
one.

Bob frequently goes to the studio or
he home of his patrons to cut their
air. He has a standing date to go
to Charles Boyer’s house every Sun-
y to cut his hair. You might wonder if the constant con-
tact of these beauty operators with their
uous clients doesn’t tend to breed envy in
they time that he fled, leaving the
swer is always an emphatic “No.” One girl
amed it up: “I wouldn’t trade places
any of them and I’ve worked on
ly all the top-notch stars. They have
ks and fame and money, but I don’t
ow one of them who has the peace of
and contentment I have.”

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early days when sometimes he didn't know where his next meal was coming from, he worked just as hard and sincerely as he works now, and even then he didn't like playing straight young juveniles. The parts often enough were sympathetically written and even made heroes of him, and Bogie played them conscientiousand got good notices. His performance in "Saturday's Children" was full of charm and humor. But none of it was Bogie's stuff. Being just a nice young man in light youthful comedies wasn't enough for him, and after a while he got a little sick of the parts for which he was always cast and a little discouraged. And at the same time the roles became a little rarer and sometimes there were long lean streets when the pockets were close to being empty.

Because he had made a great hit in the same sort of role in "Saturday's Children" and "Cradle Snatchers," nobody would give him a chance at any other sort of role until Arthur Hopkins cast him in a role as far removed from that of a young juvenile as is possible.

THE play was "The Petrified Forest" and the opening night, although I had nothing whatever to do with it, was for me an exciting occasion and one which I will always remember. Concerned with the play were four good friends, Leslie Howard and Humphrey Bogart, actors, Robert Sherwood, author, and Arthur Hopkins, producer. Gilbert Miller, another friend, had an interest in the play, but the production was Arthur Hopkins' and Bob Sherwood and Leslie Howard were doing all right for themselves but Hopkins had had a bit of bad luck and three or four failures in a row and I loved Arthur. Also, I knew that for Bogie that opening night meant everything. Not only was he down to his last nickel and beyond that, but he was so discouraged that if the play flopped and he had to go up acting forever, I knew that he liked the part and that for days before the opening night he had sacrificed his good looks by cropping his hair so short that his head appeared to be shaven. He was putting everything into this chance of showing that he was the excellent actor he knew that he was, and not just an insipid young juvenile. I knew what first night audiences could be for I had suffered from them. That night I couldn't have been more nervous if the play had been my own.

Well, everybody knows about that night. The play was a great success no only as a play but as a comment on American life. And on the opening night the audience remained to cheer long after the curtain came down. The whole cast came out again and again and from the cast the audience singled out Humphrey Bogart, the boy who had always played pleasant young juveniles, for its greatest cheering. Now Humphrey Bogart was playing a gun man, a cold brutal killer and he gave one of the best performances ever seen on the American stage.

"Bogie"
(Continued from page 22)
Back stage that night the dressing rooms were filled with happy people but happiest of all were, I think, Humphrey Bogart and Arthur Hopkins. Even so, I doubt that they were any happier than myself. That night we celebrated until the morning papers appeared and then we celebrated some more, for the papers thought that Humphrey Bogart was as fine an actor as the audience thought him. And those of us who were celebrating knew that not only was he a fine actor but a swell guy as well, because that night Bogie was in fine form.

From then on there are few incidents in Bogie’s career which most picturegoers do not know. After “The Petrified Forest” things changed. Hollywood wanted him and he gave. Hollywood in return all he had, which is still worth more than Hollywood is paying him.

When Paul Muni differed with Warner Brothers on “High Sierra,” Bogie walked out and Humphrey Bogart stepped in. I think Warner Brothers were lucky because I am sure that in the role Bogie’s performance is better than Muni’s would have been.

Before “High Sierra” Bogie played in a picture made from one of my own stories, “It All Came True.” It was a difficult part—but not an exceptional gangster role into which Bogie had been forced again and again, but that of a gangster with a grim sense of humor who is kidded throughout by the story itself. And there were other complications, because at one point the writers attempted to turn the character into one of unfeathered menace. The picture was partly shot before the producers discovered that this was a mistake and attempted to remedy the error by retakes and rewriting. However, the character still remained a little muddled. Nevertheless, Bogie turned in one of the best comedy performances I have ever seen and audiences took him to their hearts wherever the picture was shown.

In Hollywood Bogie ran into the same danger to a career which had confronted him years earlier on Broadway. There because he was so good as a young juvenile they never wanted him to play anything else; in Hollywood because he was a magnificent gangster they have insisted on his being a gangster forever. I, myself, believe Humphrey Bogart is a good enough actor to play any role you give him and make it vivid and real.

Few people in pictures have played so many parts exactly the opposite of their own characters. Bogie is about as far from being a cold, inhuman gangster as it is possible to be. He is intelligent and kind and even sentimental and generous. He has a great love and understanding for animals, for he and a half dozen dogs live in peace and comfort.

Few people have known such violent ups and downs. It’s all right now. He’s arrived. And I know no one out of a pretty big acquaintance embracing most of the world who deserves great success more than Bogie. He’s a swell guy.

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Virtue—the Great Hollywood Question Mark
(Continued from page 61)

the big studio paid no attention to her. She
began to be seen around with a cleverer page-blow than
on a rack in the biggest studio in town, and
for years after that, she could get
剧本. In the

the studios became sufficiently pressuring,
she capitulat ed to the extent of accepting
a leading role in a new
Hollywood success story—a prominent direc-
tor from another studio who was looking
for a "different" type for his next picture.

On his insistence the second studio
ranged to borrow the girl and immedi-
ately word went out that she was to
have the works from a public standpoint.
That marked the difference she was
receiving zoomed the interest of a leading producer
in her original studio. Sud-
denly the name of Paddy the producer of the one company against the
director of the other—object, career.

However, the spark that had
flow back from the two men no
threatened to leave said career in
 laptops. It remains to be seen if the girl will fall
between two fires.

BUT the Hollywood wags who quip that
the reward of virtue is oblivion are not
one hundred per cent correct by any
means.

It is untrue that a girl cannot possibly
reach success in Hollywood by being
straight and narrow. It is untrue that
there always must be the pet
among the same girls who are
widely known for their tempestuous
behaviors. There are outstanding
examples of girls who have reached the
top without any such help.

For instance—Deanna Durbin! There
is a girl who snapped her fingers at the
horrible morality of "the awkward age" and went
her own way among the mightiest of the
world of talent and personality. On that
day in June when Deanna stands in the flowers
laiden living room of the home of her
father and mother to make her marriage
announcement, she will have
as much to be proud of as any girl who
has ever had a marriage announced for her.

All very well, say you, but Deanna
became famous as a young girl and sin-
erica Hepburn. Katie was no
good in Hollywood. She had done one New
York play out, and a film well, to
be sure. But there have been
numerous other shows of which to wage the
Hollywood battle while
her screen test and her brains. To
gether, they won for her a fame of
unparalleled duration. Great Cukor, who
directed "A Bird of Paradise," George
O'Hara, who directed "Witchcraft,"
gave her the roles that brought her fame.

WELL, then, take the case of Kath-
arine Hepburn. Katie was no
Broadway star when she first went
Hollywood. She had done one New York
play out, and a film well, to
be sure. But there have been
numerous other shows of which to wage the
Hollywood battle while
her screen test and her brains. To
together, they won for her a fame of
unparalleled duration. Great Cukor, who
directed "A Bird of Paradise," George
O'Hara, who directed "Witchcraft,"
gave her the roles that brought her fame.
qualities she had within herself, if it had not been for that moving, fluid thing that makes a great actor or actress and becomes a fascinating challenge to a creative imagination like George Cukor’s, she could not have held his interest long enough to win the great break he was able to give her.

Suppose we take another case: a case in which no one can point a finger to a man as the key to the star’s success. I’m speaking of Bette Davis. Not in my wildest flight of imagination could I envision a Davis toadyting to a “sponsor” (no relation to radio). Bette, as you know, with little more than two years under her theater belt, arrived in Hollywood on a heap of “Broken Dishes” and her performance in “The Deep South.” Bette herself says everything she did that first year was wrong. There was no one to advise her in the ways of Hollywood. Eventually she wore out her welcome; Universal was distinctly speeding the parting guest. She had not one thread of an excuse to stay on in Hollywood—except an unpromising test made at Warner Brothers for the George Arliss picture, “The Man Who Played God.”

As everyone knows, that test turned the tide. Arliss didn’t know her personally, he never became a profound “influence” in her life. But he did say to the Warner boys, “I like that girl”—and Bette cancelled her return ticket in favor of stardom. However, George Arliss, master technician, would never have said what he did if he hadn’t seen the evidence of Bette’s work to equip herself with the tools of her profession.

The point is it can be done. A woman can battle her way alone to the top even in Hollywood. But she has to have equipment, brains, the command that a mastered art gives, or she’ll be thrown to the wolves. She has to have enough to hold her own against the howl of the pack and the black forests of despair. Too few in the city of glamour have bothered to arm themselves with the most powerful defense weapon virtue can have—trained ability. Driven on by relentless ambition, they resort to substitution, bargains which don’t pay off in permanent happiness. More and more this is becoming apparent: Virtue plus ability is good business.

Suppose you found you were less beautiful than you could be... and then discovered a way to new loveliness... wouldn’t you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge doesn’t give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that “painted, artificial look.”

Now, let’s see about PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

You’ve a good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it’s duotone... an undertone and an overtone make each shade. Not just another rouge, but utterly different. Princess Pat Rouge changes on your skin—matches your individual type. Mysteriously, amazingly, the color seems to come from within the skin, bringing out new hidden beauty. Isn’t that what you want? Your mirror shows you sparkle and animation—a new confidence in your beauty makes you irresistible. Until you experience the excitement of wearing this duotone rouge, you will never know how glamorous you really can be. Try Princess Pat Rouge today—before tonight.

And tips to match... For perfect harmony in loveliness and allure try Princess Pat Lipstick to match your rouge. Get the big, Princess Pat Night and Day Double: which carries a different shade at either end. Comes in all combinations for light, medium and dark types. Be fascinating in your day light make-up... be irresistible by night light. Convenient and economical. Two Lipsticks in one... and think, it’s only 25c.

For faces of fashion

Maureen O’Sullivan, charming screen actress, makes her approval of Princess Pat Rouge.

PRINCESS PAT
it, he set his jaw stubbornly and with a
bit of righteousness, said, "Okay, if I
can't get the parts I want, I'll spend my
time on my music. I've always wanted
to study music professionally."
And he did. For eight to ten hours a
day he worked at his music. Learning,
composing, rejecting, studying.

The weeks devoted to study went by
and he said "no" to stage offers; to
fabulous personal-appearance offers from
New York, South America, New Zea-
land, to offers of screen roles such as he
had been playing before his rebellion.

The weeks waste little time in becom-
ing months and, occupied as he was with
his music, he was delighted as he was with
the publication and fine criticisms of the
song he wrote specially for Jeanette
MacDonald to sing on her concert tour.
He did begin to wonder at the absence
of interest in him for the roles he felt
he should play.

I found myself wondering if instead
of when I was going to do another pic-
ture. It set me going back to wondering
about a lot of other things. I began to
get the idea. Maybe I didn't know my-
self as well after all. Maybe, at least, I
didn't know the kind of part that was
best for me. Maybe I'd clung too long
to my desire to do the Sabatini charac-
ters I believed in. A lot of maybe like
that make a guy stop, look and listen.
I did all three. And discovered what a
lucky guy I was. And how?

All of us are conditioned by our youth-
ful training and Gene was singularly
conditioned for high-speed success. From
the time he was 5 he'd been progressively
successful in the theater. At 14 he ap-
ppeared on Broadway in a hit that ran
two years. At 16 he was starred in an-
other smash that ran equally long. Ex-
cept for a brief, bewildering interval of
bad plays, he was established firmly on
Broadway before he left his teens and
by the time he came to Hollywood he
was used to dictating terms. Nothing had
happened in Hollywood to temper his
natural acceptance of his own success as
the only right one. As a youngster he'd
been taught to think of himself for him-
self. And a couple of disillusionments—
broken promises—had crystallized into
frankly suspicious quality. So he trav-
elled his lonely way with no friction, no
opposition to polish his judgment. That's
why he was cagey, thrifty, self-certain.

Sparkling Jeanette MacDonald came
into his life. His plans, which had let
out love entirely, didn't hold up. Even
though carefully rehearsed, the song an-
alyzed his feeling for her, he could
analyze away the happiness and laughter
which came when they were together.
Here was a girl who had worked hard
for her success. Who, with the odds
against her, had set about to win. And
had won. She'd faced the conflict and
come out mistress of herself, and he
loved her.

Jeanette loved Gene and when, after
their marriage, he made his decision to
take his stand on his career, she was in
entire sympathy with it. She knew he
was blind to what might be ahead, but
because of her knowledge of the man
she had married, she didn't try to warn
him, didn't try to lead him into the soft
security of another decision. She wasn't
afraid of what it would do to him. She
wasn't afraid of what it might do to them.

"When it was pretty obvious that the
studios weren't knocking themselves out
to get me on my own terms, and the
republicans were making me a tragic kind
of figure—a Hollywood husband over-
shadowed by his wife's success—they
just used the standard script," says
Gene. "But it wasn't ours."

Friends tell you what his sentence
doesn't. They tell you of a wife who
was loyal, devoted, serene. Who knew
and understood that the experience with
gossip and morbid curiosity, the realiza-
tion that plans can go astray, would give
him a test he'd pass. There was Jeanette
loyal, devoted, serene. Her faith and
novice never wavered.

"Never once," said one friend, "did
Jeanette suggest Gene should do this or
even that. Imagine, a wife who never
gave advice!"

Gene gives her full measure of credit.
"I told her I was going to take my stand.
That was okay. I told her I was going

The Man Hollywood Couldn't Beat
(Continued from page 491)
to compose. That was okay. And when I told her I was going to sign a contract at last and it didn’t have story approval or any of the things I’d thought I was fighting for, when I thought I was confessing failure, she said, ‘Oh, Gene, I’m so glad!’

There was a pride in his face—pride of Jeanette—as he spoke. We knew we were talking to a man who, while he had been under fire, had ceased to be afraid of people, of things, or of himself.

At a preview we heard a fan address him as Mr. MacDonald and waited for fireworks (it’s broken marriages in Hollywood, that error.) And laughed with the crowd when Gene retorted easily, ‘It’s MacRaymond to you, sonny.’

He’d taken it on the chin from the press during his two-year absence from the screen. Because he kept his mouth shut, his grin intact under genuine provocation, he won real admiration.

We have learned most of these things from the loyal few who never doubted Gene; those people who watched while his haze of humor, long under wraps, came into the open; those who saw his tolerance growing, his shy thoughtfulness of others emerging free from any self-consciousness. They were the people who first realized that his experience which has embittered many had served only to release the real Gene Raymond.

Gene, the analytical, is now living and enjoying himself. We heard him telling how wonderful everyone has been to him since he made his first appearance in two years on the RKO lot.

‘Everybody’s swell, and I mean everyone. They come up to me smiling and some of the crew even said they’d missed me. They are frantic,’ he said quietly.

Wherever you go on the lot today they’re talking loud and enthusiastically about Raymond. The guy who said he could always be counted on to say ‘no’ and argue to prove it, says ‘sure’ to requests for personal appearances, working late, to accepting the roles assigned him.

Hollywood’s a funny town and talk runs fast through its grapevine. It can give a person the works from over-adulation to cruellest misunderstanding. It owns and does of everything. It can lick a person, but it can also cheer lustily for the guy who is strong enough to withstand both its praise and its criticism. Hollywood is life, we see. But neither Hollywood—nor life—could beat Gene Raymond.

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The Shadow Stage (Continued from page 6)

recognized by the Academy Award Committee for his performance. If not, you should have. That's what we think of him—at the entire cast, in fact—and the picture as a magnificent whole.

Your Reviewer Says: A surprise triumph.

✓ This Thing Called Love (Columbia)

It's About: A platonic marriage that doesn't sell platonically.

This Thing Called Love" according to the Academy Award Committee should be labeled "This Thing Called Sex," for it deals with a bottom marriage between Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell that quite rapidly develops into something beyond friendship. The romance seems to develop sooner than expected. Douglas and his wedding suit gather until he is a mess of poison oak while hiding in the bushes with secretary Bunny Barnes (Don't blame me, I didn't write the story.) Anyway it's very funny and Roz and Melvyn are riotous.

Your Reviewer Says: S-0!s as in sensation; e-0s as in ecstasy; x-0s in kisses.

✓ Go West (M-G-M)

It's About: Nonsense in Dead Man's Gulch.

THE zany, loopy Marx Brothers return to the screen in one of their funniest pictures in a long time with scarcely a repeat of the familiar routines. And it's no wonder, for the characters are all so well drawn and the situations so cleverly worked out that the picture is a delight from beginning to end.

Your Reviewer Says: Maldest fun in ages.

✓ Comrade X (M-G-M)

It's About: An American newspaper man who has Comrade Summer in his eyes.

RIGHT down the broad highway to a stony comedy marches this hilarious farce that stars Joel McCrea, Van Heflin, and Leslie Fenton. McCrea plays an American reporter who has been assigned to cover the outbreak of war in Europe. He meets two Russian revolutionaries who are planning to overthrow the czar and rescue an imprisoned political prisoner. The film is a delightful blend of comedy and adventure, and the performances of the principals are outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: A true masterpiece.
an army of tanks, this sequence is a downright panic.

While this story lacks all the finesse and subtlety of "Ninotchka" it nevertheless is riotous fun. But for Gable and Lamarr, we wonder.

Your Reviewer Says: Out of its mind.

\(\textbf{V} \textbf{V} \text{Santa Fe Trail (Warner)}\)

It's About: \textit{The crusade of John Brown}.

BREATHTAKING in scope and theme, there is almost too much story, too many people, too overwhelming an idea to crowd into the one picture. "Santa Fe Trail" which, oddly enough, is not a story of that New Mexico town alone, but instead, the struggle of John Brown in his cause of keeping states free from slavery. And there's the story of "bleeding Kansas" prior to the Civil War, of West Point's farmers' class of '54 that gave us such men as "Jeb" Stuart, George Custer, Phil Sheridan.

Errol Flynn is outstanding, of course, as Stuart, Raymond Massey great as fanaticah John Brown, Ronald Reagan splendid as Custer and Olivia de Haviland beautiful as the heroine.

There is just too much of it to tell, too many grand performances to mention, but a word must go to Director Michael Curtiz for giving us an epic that will not soon be forgotten.

Your Reviewer Says: Tremendous.

\(\textbf{V} \textbf{Kitty Foyle (RKO-Radio)}\)

It's About: \textit{The love story of a working girl}.

|N truly magnificent style Christopher Morley's famous story has been brought to the screen, with Ginger Rogers giving the best performance of her career as Kitty. Ginger lives the part, is the girl who falls in love with Dennis Morgan, member of an exclusive and wealthy Philadelphia family, and is torn from him by traditions that cannot be gotten around.

Morgan, unless we miss our guess, will be the most sought-after young actor in movies from now on. And right behind him is James Craig, the young doctor who loves Kitty through it all. Craig is a find, all right.

The story has been so tastefully mounted and ably directed by Sam Wood, it can only fall into the "hit" class and there we place it with the utmost enthusiasm.

Your Reviewer Says: Another best.

\(\textbf{V} \textbf{Chad Hanna (20th Century-Fox)}\)

It's About: \textit{A country boy who joins a small-town circus}.

|H ere are nostalgic memories of circus life wrapped up in the widely read tale of Chad Hanna (originally called "Red Wheels Rolling") with glorious Technicolor to enliven the memory. But there is little coherence to the picture, no building to climaxes, no framing of scenes to story purposes, all so necessary for an exciting picture.

The performances are the best thing in the story and far overshadow the picture itself. Henry Fonda, as the small-town stable boy who falls in love with circus rider Dorothy Lamour and joins
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the screen to be near her, gives a truly grand performance. l'amour is also splendid and linda darnell, who leaves a crew of men and runs away with the tent show, is so beautiful in color that she should never be photographed any other way. guy kibbee, the non-willing circus owner of the nineteenth century, is splendid. but outside of color and performances, that is a mere parade of uneventful incidents.

your reviewer says: beautiful but lackng punch.

four mothers [warners]

it's about: how one family tries to re-establish itself after a lost fortune.

this, we are told, is the sworn song of the lomu family, who have proceeded through a series of plots and outcomes, eventually, to face "four grandmothers" if something had happened. it did.

the weakness of this story is that it's idea once and for all, we hope.

we do not mean to be disparaging, however, as there is much to enjoy in the homey, cozy little life of the family, who lose their fortune and struggle to rebuild it.

claud ruys and may robson steal the spotlight at this time, but the larry sisters and their husbands, jeffrey lynn, eddie albert and frank mclough, are splendid. and, of course, there's the fourth sister, gale page, and her spouse, dick foran.

your reviewer says: fair to middling.

jennie (20th century-fox)

it's about: the overthrow of a family dictator.

minus a "name" cast, this is a thoroughly human, sincere picture of a family dominated by a father who is a german immigrant.

ludwig stossel is the authoritarian, bullheaded john marshall, who controls a merchant in a small town and is the absolute tyrant of his family, ruling with an iron hand the lives of his children, three boys and three girls. when william henry, his eldest son, marries virginia gilmore, she refuses to allow stossel to dominate her life also and she sets about undermining his position. one by one each member of the family escapes from the father's domination.

a high level of interest is maintained throughout the story and miss gilmore scores solidly as the spirited young wife. ludwig stossel and william henry also offer fine portrayals, as do doris bowdon, jeannine morgan, george nguyen, george hagerty, george montgomery and rand brooks as henry's brothers and sisters.

your reviewer says: surprisingly good.

little men [rko-radio]

it's about: a bad boy who finds himself in a boarding school.

there's a real surprise wrapped up in this story, a sequel to "little men." the surprise is in nothing of lousia m. alcott remains in the hollywood version of "little men.

instead of the lavender-and-old-lace qualities, this version is aimed mainly at comedy, with jack oakie's clowning, it never once misses a mark.

there are a few heart tugs crowded in as well, especially when jimmy lydon, adopted son of george bancroft and a problem child (to understand), is left alone at aunt jo's school. his gradual softening under aunt jo's kindness, his battled bitterness when his father is accused of stealing are well worked out.

oakie, with a reward on his head, sacrifices himself to save the school. he rings the bell in every scene, in fact, bancroft is splendid and kay francis as aunt jo is very good.

your reviewer says: a homespun story edged with laughs.

love thy neighbor [paramount]

it's about: the feud between two couples.

well, here's the benny-allen feud brought to the screen with many a laugh and a quip but not quite so many laughs and quips as we expected.

after all, we have heard the same old you-slap-me-and-i'll-slap-you dialogue via the radio for long it's no longer news. however, there are enough bright pads to warrant anyone's spending a good old fifty-cent piece to view the gag feeding from the screen.

mary martin is a pretty little thing tossed about in a rather complicated plot. rochester, of course, is half the show and the merry maids are seen and heard, like good children, too little.

your reviewer says: double portion of fun with nuts.

victory (paramount)

it's about: the finding of peace by a man and woman on an east pacific island.

joseph conard's stirring story is brought to the screen in an exciting, colorful manner with betty field giving an outstanding performance as a girl and john wayne as the goodness of her life. fred rose, the man who lives in solitude on his own island and who gives betty shelter when she needs it, is very clever in his representation. junelement, margaret johnston, charly katzen, barbra barton, lillian gish and georgeMODULE, and carlos marino.

your reviewer says: action packed with suspense.

ploygirl [rko-radio]

it's about: a sophisticated gold digger who uses youth as a decoy.

when kay francis discovers she is no longer able to win the young men with rank rolls into her web, she decides to use youthful maddie coles as a decoy. as a result she takes for a ride none other than nigel bruce. unfortunately p. huntley and james ellison when suddenly the lovely little come-on, who has
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THE SON OF MONTE CRISTO
(Earnard Small-U.A.)

It's About: The freeing of a mythical kingdom from the yoke of its oppressor.

A SEQUEL to "The Count of Monte Cristo" and one Dumas did not write, this presents Louis Hayward in the dual role of top and hero whose job it is to rid a small Balkan country of its wicked dictator, George Sanders.

Remarkably similar in plot to "The Mark of Zorro," the story develops the same routine of ideas, with Hayward, at the very 'stern second, rescuing the beautiful Grand Duchess from marriage to villainous George.

Villainous George, by the way, turns in a performance that is a gem among gems. Hayward is very good, of course, and Bennett beautiful. But the kokum is spread a bit too thick for credulity in places.

Your Reviewer Says: Bright as a spring day.

√ Behind the News (Republic)

It's About: Newspapers versus idealism.

EVER notice how any story Lloyd Nolan happens to be in takes on a certain importance that draws at least a one-check approval? That, my friends, is because Mr. Nolan has the talent to make whatever he is doing on the screen so convincing and so real we believe him in spite of ourselves.

This is a newspaper story, a story of disillusioned newspaper men who refuse to believe in Santa Claus. It has a lot of veve, punch, snap and Nolan. Therefore we nod our approval.

Your Reviewer Says: Snappy.

South of Suez (Warners)

It's About: Murder in the diamond mines.

HELP! Come please to the rescue of George Brent who gets so bewilderingly lost in these complicated little B's and can't seem to do anything about it.

If George (who must be paying for sins contracted in a former life), must ride the B wagon, the least let's keep him out of these South African diamond mines with vengeful murders cluttering up the plot.

Of course, George is the goat in this particular billing and must travel half-way round the world to prove his innocence. The final courtroom scene is the liveliest episode in the whole messy story.

Your Reviewer Says: Phooey!

√ Her First Romance (Monogram)

It's About: A modern Cinderella.

This gay picture gives little Edith Fellows her first grownup role and you'll be charmed and delighted with her por-

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Legion—A group of notorious bandits—and manages to bring them all to justice as well as absolving himself. This is a pretty tall order, as you can see. And Rogers is madly busy getting it all done. He finds time, however, to sing two songs very creditably and to fall in love with Carol Hughes.

George Hayens, Maude Earburne and Joseph Sawyer, as the outlaw leader, add materially to the excitement.

Your Reviewer Says: Fast and furious.

The Bank Dick (Universal)

It’s About: A bank detective who tests a bank robber

For W. C. Fields fans only! should head every theater marquee that books this picture, for the genial gentle-

man with the illuminated nose is all over the place with typical Fields gags and antics.

In the loggins of story confusion (and you could put the story plot in a thimble) Fields emerges a bank detective who persuades a young woman to borrow funds from the bank to buy phonies—then exerts every effort to keep the bank examiners from looking at the books.

The climax, when Fields is impelled to drive a fleeing bank robber over mountainous roads with police cars in pursuit, is the one high spot in this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: For Fields fans.

Barnyard Follies (Republic)

It’s About: Orphans who become self-sustaining.

NOT bad, not bad at all. In fact, there is quite a bit of entertainment crowded into the story of a group of orphans who try to support themselves. Of course, when a rural and kindly benefactor lends the orphans $5000 of the stock in his theater to propel their project, the scheme is discovered and the town council is furious. But the kids leap head on into the rumpus and save the day with a neat little benefit show.

Mary Lee is a cute trick, Rufe Davis a grand Buckskin and Ralph Bowman an up-and-coming young man. The songs "Mama Don’t Allus" and "Poppin’ the Corn" are honey.

Your Reviewer Says: Right perky in places.

Melody Ranch (Republic)

It’s About: A radio cowboy star who goes back home.

WELL, for goodness sake! Can this be our own cowboy favorite Gene Autry amidst all this clowning and funning? What will Gene’s faithful fans, who love the out West stories so much, think of this new-fangled idea?

In the story, Gene portrays a radio cowboy star (which he is) who goes home to take over the family ranch in order to build up his Crossley rating. With what the funny goes on of Jimmy Durante and the beauty and dancing of Ann Miller, Gene’s Crossley is one hundred per cent with his movie audience, that we promise you. But again we say—what about those legion who want Gene as an unfunny and deadly serious cowboy?

Your Reviewer Says: A Western gone comical.

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Method: Treatment will relieve stuffy-noose, nose-headache due to congestion and help clear throat of sticky phlegm or will refund your money! Sober hot, irritating nasal passages. Ask your druggist today for this wonderful toy. 

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**“LOVE THY NEIGHBOR”—PARADISE**

Original screen play by William Morrow and Edmond Belin.

Ernest Pagano and Z. Myers. welt. 

**“MELODY RANCH”—REPUBLIC**

Original screen play by Jack Hoff and P. Hugh Herbert. 

Directed by Joseph S. Ant. 


**PLAYGIRL.—KIRO RADIO—**

Radio play by Eric B. West. From the original story, "Dancing for Dinner," by Frank Woodruff. 

Directed by Frank Woodruff. 


**SANTA FE TRAIL.—WALL STREET**

Original screen play by Robert Buckner. 

Directed by Michael Curtiz. 


**SON OF MONTE CRISTO, THE.—

RKO**

Original screen play by George Bruce. 

Directed by Howard W. Lee. 


**SOUTH OF SUEZ, THE.—WALL STREET**

Original screen play by Barry Trivers. 

From a story by Leo Tolstoy. 


**“THIS THING CALLED LOVE”—

CENTURY**


**VICTORY.—PARADISE**

Directed by John R. Balister. 

Based on the novel by Joseph Conrad. 

Directed by John Conner. 

Recipe for **JOYce**

BY ANN HAMILTON

I feel summing up those who made the best showings in their careers during the past year and predicting bests for the future I'd unhesitatingly pick Brenda Joyce as the winner in both divisions.

Brenda, you know, is the blonde phenomenon who made the movie moguls sit up and take notice when she went from her classes at UCLA to the difficult and important role of Fern in "The Rain"". And turned in a job which an established star might—and many did—envy.

She's stayed right on top, too, she's never returned from a swing-around-the-country personal-appearance tour with Brenda Parsons and is, she informed me yesterday at the Brown Derby, going right to work in a new picture, "Private Sarge:"

"You're a wonder," I told her, "These personal-appearance tours are so exhausting. I envy you."

"Odd, though, you've just finished a vacation and calmly drinking what are lump drinking by the way."

I thought I had every kind of you, the Derby 30, but she's a new one:"

After that build up, Brenda smiled, "I suppose I should say it's a Joyce thing."

"I'm not going from a career at a minute but in fact it is a combination of chocolate-flavored milk which makes this drink so good."

The key is watercress. When Brenda returned from a ski trip she turned to the home of the young hostess where her guests found her in a mood to put on a bit of extra. I took the chair. "Take one cocoa cup, fill it with Brenda's super-super beverage and you'll have:

**Sandwich Fillings**

**CURRIED EGG SALAD AND WATERCRESS**

- 6 hard-cooked eggs
- 1 tsp. curry powder
- Mayonnaise

Watercress Chop the eggs, add the curry powder and sufficient mayonnaise so mixture will spread easily. Serve with a generous garnish of watercress.

**PIMENTO CHEESE AND BACON**

- 1 jar pimento cheese
- 8 slices bacon
- 1 tbl chopped chives

Cook the bacon until crisp, drain and roll into coarse crumbs. Combine ingredients, softening with sweet cream or top milk if necessary.

**SMOKED TURKEY AND RIPE OLIVES**

- 1 jar smoked turkey pâté
- 1 small can ripe olives

Combine ingredients and add a little French dressing if mixture is too dry to spread easily.

Even the ice cream which was the pièce de résistance of this feast owed its success to Brenda's favorite chocolate-flavored milk drink, for it was topped with a sundae sauce made with that same beverage.

**SUNDAE SAUCE**

- 6 tbl chocolate-flavored malt drink (cold)
- 1 1/2 cup honey
- 2 egg whites

Mix the honey and liquid together thoroughly. Beat the egg whites stiff and fold into the liquid mixture. Serve on ice cream and garnish with nut meats if desired.
Here she is with her favorite toy—Emilie, quick of wit, always ready to play a prank, and just as ready to have one played on her. Willy Pogany, noted American artist, who painted the Dionne Quints from life for Karo, says: "Emilie's infectious good humor can turn a rainy afternoon into exciting fun for her sisters."

Emilie is perhaps the most imaginative and spontaneous Quint. She has a nice sense of design, makes lovely sketches and workmanlike models of houses and gardens. She loves brilliant colors, and plenty of them. She works and writes with her left hand. Of all the Quints, Emilie and "Lady" Cecile are perhaps the two least alike. Watch for Cecile's portrait—it comes next!

Emilie's health is superb, on a par with that of Annette, Yvonne, Marie, Cecile. Tribute must be paid to the careful diet which helps to keep these children happy, buoyantly healthy, energetic.

NO. 4 IN KARO'S SERIES "THE QUINTUPLETS AS INDIVIDUALS"

THE QUINTS and millions of children and grown-ups enjoy delicious, wholesome Karo in many, many ways; as a "spread"; as sweetening for fruits and fruit juices, cereals, milk, cocoa and other beverages; as a sauce for puddings and desserts. Yes! Karo merits its title, "America's Table Syrup of Quality".

But don't reserve Karo for table use alone. It's a real flavor boon to cooking. This tempting, rich syrup gives everyday foods new interest, new appeal. Try it on baked ham, apples, bananas, peas. Use it in cakes and pie fillings and frostings. It gives frostings smooth, easy-to-cut consistency.

Karo Waffle Syrup is a rich new blend! It makes an exciting treat of those old favorites—pancakes, French toast, waffles. Surprise the family with waffles and Karo Waffle Syrup tonight. They'll love the delightful Karo Waffle Syrup flavor—it's different! All grocers sell Karo Syrup.

DR. ALLAN ROY DAFOE SAYS:
"Karo is the only syrup served the Dionne Quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children."
... for Chesterfields are made for smokers like yourself, with the three important things you want in a cigarette... MILDNESS, BETTER TASTE and COOLER SMOKING. Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos has so many things a smoker likes... that Chesterfield is just naturally called the smoker's cigarette. They Satisfy
When comfort means so much

- Inside the enchanted gauze covering of the new Modess is a filler so
  downy soft that we call it "fluff." It is this extra-soft filler
  that makes the new Modess sanitary napkin so wonderfully comfortable
  and wonderfully comforting. You'll have a new
  feeling of security, too, read why in the pamphlet inside every
  Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store.
  It costs only 29c for a box of twelve.
They begged for introductions— but no one took her home!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Charm is so important... never neglect Mum!

Mum takes the odor out of perspiration.
CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

sticking her very small nose into everything... putting her very small but very important word into everything... sitting around "caves-dripping" as she calls it... being utterly captivating... she goes into scenes with the co-stars... into scenes with such veteran scene-stealers as Helen Broderick and Paul Hurst... and commits the grandest larceny you ever observed... up until now, this moppet's parents have genuinely tried to keep her away from a career... they truly want her to grow up as "just a little girl"... they might as well give up... this is no "normal little girl"... she belongs in that very select class of infant Bernhardts... and to try to force her back into the mold of average children would be disastrous... not only for her but for us, too... so farewell. Shirley, and hail, Carolyn... (but it's good news that Shirley will be back, too, before the summer is over, in a picture with Mickey Rooney, even though the enchanted child Shirley is lost to us forever due to that villain, Tune).

The new "family" appears in "Keeping Company"... they are the Thomases... actually Irene Rich, Frank Morgan, Ann Rutherford and some small fry... I think you will like them... they are not so hilarious as the Hardys or so dizzy as the Jones Family was... nor so hard-boiled as Maisie... but they are very American, very typical, and their problems are very usual, heart-warming problems... whether or not they continue depends upon your response to their first appearance... but unless I greatly miss my guess, you'll respond to them with pleasure... I know I did...

And this threat to Miss Davis... readers, meet Miss Martha Scott in "Cheers for Miss Bishop"... (which could also be titled, "Hello, Mrs. Chips")... she is a curious case, this Scott girl... she has had at once too much and too little luck in Hollywood... the great good fortune of playing the lead in her first picture, "Our Town"... of being the co-star in "The Howards of Virginia"... and now of being the sole star of "Cheers for Miss Bishop"... a swift ascent that is seldom seen... but she has also had the misfortune to have had those first two pictures be box-office failures... so that not enough of the public that will eventually follow her is as yet acquainted with her... it is also her bad luck that "Cheers for Miss Bishop" comes too late to be voted on in the Academy election of 1941 and that it will be almost too old to be considered in 1942... Hollywood's memory is even shorter than that of the public and it is well known in movieland that you have a better chance at the Academy award if your prize-contending performance was given late rather than early in any given year... (Continued on page 104)
"Eve sure knows her apples!"

"Girls, the best way to get a man is to get him bothered!"

Paramount Presents

BARBARA STANWYCK • HENRY FONDA

"THE LADY EVE"

Written and Directed by PRESTON STURGES

PRESTON STURGES, Paramount's new writer-director genius, blends thrilling love and roaring laughter to give you the wackiest picture of the year.

with CHARLES COBURN • EUGENE PALLETTE
Martha O'Driscoll • William Demarest • Eric Blore

Screen Play Based on a Story by Monckton Hoffe

Ask your Theatre Manager when this Big Paramount Hit is coming — You'll want to see it twice!

APRIL, 1941
SEASON’S EXCITEMENT: It’s Santa Anita season again! On opening day, the stars flocked to the famous race track, to win or lose at Lady Luck’s caprice. Against the backdrop of blue skies, palm trees and colorful flowers, the horses ran their very best.

As beautiful as the scenery itself was Virginia Bruce with husband J. Walter Ruben, M-G-M director Tycoon Power arrived alone but spent most of his time with Alfred Vanderbilt, who knows just about all there is to know about horses. However, some of these gold-studded Vanderbilt tips must have been all wrong, for Ty looked unusually glum. Or maybe he missed Annabella.

Lovely, shy Mrs. Astaire with her talented husband Fred watched the ponies romp across the line. Several times we expected Fred to go right into his tap routine, he grew so excited.

The Allan Joneses and the Jack Haley’s yelled (and we mean yelled) louder than any ten people—to no avail. Their horses lost.

It was a gala day, but then, every day at Santa Anita is a star-studded event.

Off With the Old Love: It’s strange, but somehow Hollywood never quite forgets its old love. Never quite.

For instance, it was to ex-husband Artie Shaw that Lana Turner turned when she and her present beau, Tony Martin, squabbled one evening. Evi...
dently Artie knew just the words to say for the next thing we knew Lana and Tony were together again.

Neither have Tony and Alice Faye, his ex-wife, forgotten. At Christmas time Tony gifted Alice with a jeweled pin that had the town whistling with surprise, it was that beautiful.

'Tis said Director Frank Borzage and his ex-wife, as well as producer Hal Roach and his estranged wife, are glancing each other's way.

But strangest and most secret of all these days is the continued friendship of Franchot Tone and his former wife Joan Crawford. Since the latter's return from New York, Franchot has been seeing Joan frequently—as a friend, we're told.

Things We Remember Their Saying:
George Brent: "Sometimes I think Hollywood hates not only actors but directors and writers."
Alice Faye: "Friends don't come on the set to see me act. They just come to see me—period."
Lana Turner: "When I first saw myself on the screen in a sweater I was so embarrassed I could have died."
Kay Francis: "I felt I wanted to be doing something useful in this world. That's why I took up Red Cross work."
Olivia de Havilland: "People in Hollywood can be insincere. It takes a long time to get adjusted to it."
Marie Wilson: "I'm really intelli-
High jinks at Ciro's: Rex St. Cyr's party. Bespangled Spaniard, Edgar Bergen; satin siren, Virginia Field

A "daisy-daisy" atmosphere: Mary Martin as a Southern belle; husband Halliday as a mint-julep gentleman

Left: A break for the Balkans—Gene Tierney as a peasant girl. Individualist was Ruth Hussey who came as a limp Raggedy Ann

Professional touch: Designer Adrian as a Hindu prince; wife Janet Gaynor, a coquette in coq feathers

Did You Know? Rita Hayworth, incredibly attractive, is shy, soft-spoken and subdued. And without her husband, she'd never give her career, Rita Hayworth, a chance.

Gary Grant, who has become an American citizen, will soon wed Dorothy Britton, who relinquished her citizenship to become a Dame.

Two Mitroffs have bought four race horses and call them Luna, Hedy, (Continued on page 12)
"Like every Bride I wanted a Lovelier Skin—and Camay helped me to have one"

—Says Mrs. James L. Macwithey

Camay’s Greater Mildness is an important help to Every Woman—even to many with Dry and Delicate Skin.

Mrs. Macwithey is lovely to look at, and doubly delicious because her skin is lovely, too. Her blonde hair and bright brown eyes set off a skin of creamy perfection.

A Soap Gentle Even to Sensitive Skin!

Mrs. Macwithey is keen about Camay’s mildness, its soft, creamy lather. “Camay is so mild,” she says, “it is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine.”

Many women feel that way about Camay, especially if they have a tendency toward a delicate or a dry skin.

For now a great new improvement makes Camay milder than six of the leading large-selling beauty soaps, as our tests prove. Skin specialists we asked say that regular cleansing with a fine, mild toilet soap will help your skin to look lovelier.

Get 3 cakes of this fine mild toilet soap today. Let Camay’s gentle cleansing help you in your search for greater skin loveliness.

Photographs by David Berns

Mr. and Mrs. James L. Macwithey were married at Christ Episcopal Church in the fashionable town of East Orange, N. J. Mrs. Macwithey in wedding gown of blush pink satin is crowned by a Mary of Scotland cap. Mrs. Macwithey is a Camay bride—and about it she says: “I adore its mildness, Camay is so mild. It is just wonderful for delicate skin like mine. I really feel that my continued use of Camay helps my skin to look smoother and lovelier.”

His bride in his arms. Mr. Macwithey finds her blonde hair and creamy skin an exquisite picture. After the reception the bride and groom left for a honeymoon at Sea Island, Georgia, with Camay in her luggage.

The Soap of Beautiful Women
... Cagney letting down all inhibitions and pepping up any between-shot lulls...

Arriving on "The Bride Came C.O.D." location, a plane chartered by Warners, a convoy of reporters found Bette Davis clowning with Cagney in the cactus...

(Continued from page 10)

Judy and Jimmy after "Ziegfeld Girl" stars? Oh, yes, the Jimmy is for Stewart.

George Raft is slowly but surely working his way back into the heart of his former girl friend, Virginia Peone, now in New York. George claims he can't stay away from little Joanne, Virginia's daughter. Sure it isn't Mama too, George?

You Take the High Road: Martha Scott has just confessed to Cal a "happy marriage plan" with husband Carleton Alsop, radio producer. We've worked it out this way. Martha told us: "We've formed an agreement—with a $1000 forfeit to be paid by the first offender—that he would not appear on any of my film sets and that I would never interfere with his radio work. You see, the best way for a married couple to get along in Hollywood is for neither to intrude upon the other's interest. I'm sure we can have complete happiness with this new plan. I won't tell him how to run his business and he won't tell me how to act."

Well it sounds swell, Martha, and we plan to tell it to those couples who may want to try it out for themselves.

Tell for Tat: Did you ever stop to think how people who get crushes on stars sort of the stars themselves get crushes on each others up there?

CAL YORK's

... Mrs. Pelgrum, Bette's sister, shooting everybody everywhere all over the Death Valley location

C A L  Y O R K  i s  y o u r  g e n i a l  h a s t  

with beautiful

J O A N  B L O N D E L L

and a houseful of star guests

... every Friday night at 9:30

E.S.T., over your nearest Mutual Broadcasting System station in the powerful radio show

"I WANT A DIVORCE"

... on the screen, we mean, of course; and are just as tongue-tied about it as you?

The subject came up while we were sitting about the "Topper Returns" set one day chatting with the cast. Billie Burke was first to admit her crush—"Ever since I saw him in 'The Copperhead,' fifteen years ago, I've had a complete crush on Lionel Barrymore. I think he's the most brilliant person I ever saw."

"Well," said Patsy Kelly, "I don't know about that brilliant idea, but he's my ideal. Yep, give me Gable—give me Clarkie—and I'll be happy."

"I've just recently been smitten with my first screen crush," Roland Young sighed, "and she's wonderful. She's one of the centaurettes (third from the right) in Disney's 'Fantasia.' She's half-horse, half-woman, you know, and combines the best features of both. She's charming, really."

"Boyer, Boyer, Boyer," sighed Carole Landis, closing her eyes and sighing.

"Why, we thought surely you'd choose Franchot Tone," Cal cried.

"Boyer, Boyer, Boyer," was the answer.

Well, by this time, Cal grew interested and dashed right out to find out more crushes. Gable gathered another vote from Judy Garland, and Bill Powell, we discovered, is Myrna Loy's screen thrill. And then something happened in our checking up that startled us out of our wits. One name kept bobbing up more and more, until we could not fail to believe our ears any more. The one man three fourths of the Hollywood...

(Continued on page 14)
combat INFECTIOUS DANDRUFF the new, pleasant way with Listerine Antiseptic!

Easy home treatment gets after distressing scales, cleanses and invigorates scalp as it kills millions of germs associated with the infectious type of dandruff.

If your scalp feels itchy, your hair seems full of scales, if annoying flakes shower down on coat collar or dress, look out. They may be a warning that infectious dandruff has started.

Heed this warning before the condition gets worse. Start now with Listerine and massage. This is the medical treatment that has shown such amazing results in a substantial majority of clinical test cases.

The treatment is as simple and easy as it is delightful. You simply douse full strength Listerine Antiseptic on your scalp and hair and follow with vigorous and persistent massage. While a few delightful applications may help you, it is better to continue the treatment systematically morning and night.

Listerine gives the hair and scalp an antiseptic bath. Those distressing scales begin to loosen and disappear. Your scalp feels healthier and more invigorated. And don’t forget: Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of the germs on scalp and hair, including the queer parasite called the “bottle bacillus,” recognized by outstanding dandruff specialists as a causative agent of infectious-type dandruff.

Countless people find that Listerine Antiseptic brings results that are truly amazing. Thousands of enthusiastic letters from all parts of the country testify to that. Their experience is corroborated by painstaking research work which showed the following impressive result:

In a clinical test, 76% of dandruff sufferers who used Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day, within a month showed complete disappearance or marked improvement in the symptoms of dandruff.

If you’ve got the slightest symptom of this trouble, don’t fool around. Start immediately with Listerine Antiseptic.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WATCH YOUR CHILD’S SCALP! Children are by no means immune from infectious dandruff. Inspect your children’s scalps once a week and if there is any indication of itching, inflammation or scaling, which so often accompanies the infectious type of dandruff, start right away with Listerine Antiseptic.
(Continued from page 12) women are secretly mad about is—ladies and gentlemen—James Cagney.

Salute: They stood together, quite unnoticed, at the Paddington Station in London—Vivien Leigh, America's Scarlett O'Hara, and Laurence Olivier, her husband.

They had gone home to do what they could for their country. They had forsaken security, happiness together and wealth to do so. They could give no more.

Secretly, for weeks before he left, Olivier had been taking flying lessons in hope of joining the Royal Air Force. He kept his lessons a secret lest the producers of "That Hamilton Woman," his and Vivien's last picture, should object.

Vivien announced she would attempt to join a stock company touring the provinces. Behind that statement lies a poignant story. The Oliviers, it seems, must work to eat.

It is said that in his "Romeo and Juliet" stage venture with Vivien, Olivier lost $4,000 of his own money. Of the $30,000 earned for his work in "That Hamilton Woman," we are told that three fourths went to his former wife and child in London. Of the $750 a week earned by Vivien (a sum that will send Hollywood eyebrows straight through the ceiling, so relatively small is it when compared to other salaries), most went for the support and education of her daughter (by a former marriage) now in Canada, it being impossible for the father to get through to his child the monetary aid he longed to give.

Little economies in traveling, it is reported, were resorted to by this pair, anxious to get home. Somehow, their going has given us new hope and courage, for, as long as there are English men and women so selflessly brave and self-sacrificing, we know there will be an England.

Hollywood salutes them.

Col's Chitchat: Cal refuses to divulge names, but six of Hollywood's prettiest gals sat home New Year's Eve because there were no men to ask them out. "And what's more," one whispered recently, "I haven't had a date since." Is she glamorous! After a period of apparent unhappiness, Alice Faye couldn't be more radiant with two beaux on the string. In Palm Springs, Alice met Charles B. Wrightson, wealthy Texas oil executive, who immediately began a campaign for Alice's heart, even to offering her his private plane.

Back in Hollywood, French producer Raymond Hakim succumbed to the fair Alice. So far it's nip and tuck between the suitors. May the best man win—if Alice wants him, that is.

The most constant foursome in town is composed of Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Judy Garland and Dave Rose. The four of them with their heads together at Cal's, shouting with laughter at some joke, are a familiar sight. Since "Ziegfeld Girl" Judy and Lana are inseparable.

The names Claudette Colbert, George Murphy and Martha Scott won special attention recently. Claudette was acclaimed champion skier of Sun Valley. George was voted by dance
Our living, blue-and-u seconds have...
Cal York’s Inside Stuff

Drew the hatch: Celebrating the Russian New Year at the Scheherazade are Franchat Tone, Frances Neal, Burgess Meredith and the intrepid proprietor himself.

Johns Hopkins in Baltimore,” she’d urge, but Clark, manlike, always refused. He wasn’t keen on the doctor business.

“I’ve never been to Washington,” Carole finally said. “Let’s go there and then we’ll talk about going over to Baltimore.” Clark, who had played stock in Washington, leaped at the chance to show Carole the town. So, in company with Howard Strickling of the M-G-M Studios, the three started out.

The second day there, Mr. Strickling entered the Gable suite exultantly.

“We’ve been summoned to the White House,” he said. “Mr. Roosevelt heard you were in town and he’s been anxious to meet Clark ever since he saw ‘gone with the Wind.’”

Carole smiled. “Sorry, that’s one gag that won’t work.”

Strickling protested, begged, explained, while Carole refused to budge, confident it was a joke. Then, ten minutes before the scheduled meeting, Carole succumbed to his pleadings, doffed her hat and, still skeptical, went along with Clark.

They were ushered instantly into the President’s office and for one hour the three, Gable, Lombard and President Roosevelt, sat and talked.

“We like him, he’s swell,” was the united opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Gable.

In fact, Clark was so mellowed by the experience he agreed to the shoulder treatment in Baltimore.

Inside Information: There will be two wedding marches played at the elaborate church wedding of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul. “In fact, I chose a church wedding because I loved the music so much,” she told us. So Messrs. Mendelsohn and Wagner will each have his innings.

There will be two honeymoons, too. First, six glamorous weeks in Honolulu; and then, a bit later, some time in New York, where Deanna hopes to catch up on some opera-going.

Vaughn’s announcement gift to Deanna was an exquisite ruby and diamond ring with a bracelet to match. Her engagement ring, given before the announcement, has one small round diamond with a ruby on either side and matches the watch Vaughn gave her as his first gift.

They will live in their own home, completely furnished by themselves and, like the Prince and Princess in all fairy tales, we hope they live happily ever after.

News of the Farnsworths: When Bette Davis became Mrs. Arthur Farnsworth at the Arizona ranch home of Mrs. Justin Dart (Jamie Bryan) the bridegroom placed on his wife’s arm an exquisite bracelet, one she had admired the year before in New Hampshire. From a wide gold band there dangle dainty cloisonné charms that open to hold rare perfumes and scents. These beautiful charms were gathered by the bridegroom’s mother during a
stay in France and have since become priceless.

Almost immediately after their return to Hollywood, Bette had to leave for location for the picture, "The Bride Came C.O.D." Warners were at a loss to know whether or not Mr. Farnsworth desired to accompany his wife on the trip.

Finally, they solved the problem. The location call read "Bette Davis and assistant."

**Staff of Night Life:** Maybe these actors figure people must eat to live to see movies. Anyway they're going into the restaurant business in a big way. Alice Faye, for instance, has taken over a dining car on Wilshire Boulevard and will give it a real movie atmosphere, with star's pictures hung on the walls.

Mischa Auer is a backer of one of Hollywood's newest night clubs, Scheherazade, and sets an excellent table, one hears.

Virginia Field owns a smart little cafe out the Valley called A Bit of England, which is run and managed by her old nurse from England.

Down in Florida, George Raft has put up the money for Slapsy Maxie's newest night spot and, out here in Hollywood, Mary Healy's husband, Peter Lind Hayes, received the grand dining and night-club room, "Grace Hayes Lodge," from his mother, Grace Hayes, as a wedding gift.

Why, even writers and directors feel the urge to feed the public, with Preston Sturges' cafe, The Players, one of the smartest places in town.

**Events of the Month:** Tallulah Bankhead arrived in town with "The Little Foxes" and Hollywood turned

Quick-change act: Olivia de Havilland "nos" a date with Jimmy Stewart, shows up with Franchot Tone for the opening of the new club, the Mocambo
out in a body to cheer and shiver at Tallul's performance.

The blood-curdling scream let out by Marve Wilson when our Hymie's light bulb blew up got the audience in the proper frame of mind for the eeriness of Bankhead's stage performance. Incidentally, Mrs. Gilbert Adman (Janet Gaynor) was the smartest woman in the audience for Cal's money. Annie Sothern (Missie to you) was all smiles before the curtain and all goose-flesh after. Her husband, Roger Pryor, was along and directly behind, without Charlie, who was home doing his homework (we hope), sat Edgar Bergen.

Baby Snooks (Fanny Brice) blew imaginary kisses to her friends while Linda Darnell and Bob Stack along

with agent Vic Orsatti and Betty Grable caused plenty of neck craning.

Event Two: Two new night spots sprang into being this month.

Mischa Auer, one of the backers of the new Scheherazade, was all over the place greeting Franchot Tone. Francis Neal, Burgess Meredith, Kay Frances and others. At the new Mocambo Franchot Tone and Olivia de Havilland were the center of all eyes and no wonder with Olivia too radiant in her white dinner dress.

Event Three: The party for the British War Relief brought out most of the colony en masse. Mrs. Fairbanks Jr. had a grand time selling innumerable tickets to hubby Doug Jr., while his stepmother, Mrs. Fairbanks Sr. looked on. Connie Bennett, Mrs. Fairbanks, Mrs. Zanuck and Heather Thatcher sat in one corner to talk things over, while Ronald Colman and wife Benita Hume took it all very seriously.

Surprisingly enough, Doug Jr. won all prizes with his adroit handling of the rifle shot by means of a beam of

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"MEN CAN'T RESIST THAT MODERN NATURAL LOOK!"

Says

Lovely Jane Goodrich
Sweet Briar '40

...you can get the powder most flattering to you. Simply ask for Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder... the new powder that's keyed to the color of your eyes.

 authorities agree it is the sure way to find the powder that best suits your complexion... to give you natural loveliness. So, whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray, or hazel... at last you can choose by the color of your eyes... you'll be delighted how this pure, gossamer-like powder goes on... things for hours... agrees with even the most sensitive skin. You'll love its exquisite smoothness...the way it "feels" on your skin! And you'll be truly thrilled to see how it enhances your natural beauty. And don't forget— for perfect color harmonies, use matching Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, too!

Hudnut Marvelous Face Powder and harmonizing Rouge and Lipstick at drug and department stores— only 55¢ each. (65¢ in Canada.)
light. Carole Landis chose Cedric Gibbons for her beau for the event and all in all it was very gay and very profitable for the Relief.

Event Four: Barbara Hutton's birthday party for Cary Grant climax the month's doings, with half the town present, many of whom had never met their hostess. The consensus of opinion was that Cary had chosen a grand girl for his next wife.

Did You Know?: Paulette Goddard is sponsoring two English children, both orphans, in this country for the duration? One is a boy eight years old and the other a twelve-year-old girl. Both are staying with a friend of Paulette's in the East.

Jimmy Stewart is seeing Ginger Rogers again and the old romance is on?

Elise the Cow—Keep Out: A barn in the midst of swanky Beverly Hills! Bless Cal's old whiskers! And wouldn't you know it would take no less a person than Maggie Sullivan to think up that one, with Maggie and husband Leland Hayward carefully supervising the construction of their little red building.

Maggie explained that the barn, when completed, will serve as a combination sleeping quarters and playroom for her daughters, three-year-old Brooke and two-year-old Bridget, and later, for the "expected," due soon.

The "barn," which will be connected to the Sullivan-Hayward home by a covered passage, will have comfortable beds set in stalls and all the other comforts of home. It will have whitewashed walls on which the children can scribble or draw pictures to their hearts' content.

"I always enjoyed playing in a barn when I was a child," Miss Sullivan told us. "Now my children aren't going to be cheated out of that pleasure. Perhaps I'll find time to play in their barn myself, between pictures."

Good work, Maggie. Hollywood needs more like you.

Soldiers' Blitz Quiz: Well, what our American soldiers don't know about movies would fill a book, according to Gracie Allen. Once every week she and George Burns go down to Fort MacArthur to entertain the boys and one of the high lights of a recent visit was a movie quiz program put on by Gracie.

"Imagine my surprise," she said, "when I got the following answers, 'Carole Landis is the wife of Clark Gable'; 'Mickey Rooney is Lewis Stone's son'; 'Linda Darnell was born in the South Sea Islands'; 'Tyrone Power is going with Sonja Henie.'"

"When we got through," laughed Gracie, "I was beginning to wonder if George wasn't George Brent."

Come, come, Uncle Sam's lads! Did Gracie's little blue hat throw you off?
Mrs. W. Solves the Case of Betty

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

10¢ and 25¢

EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

$10.00 PRIZE
American In The Movies

WITH Europe boiling over, the "See America First" idea is coming more and more to the fore. Isn't it time Hollywood took up the good work and helped us would-be travelers who can afford a movie ticket but not a train ticket? Americans would all go for a serial taking in each of our forty-eight states and U.S. possessions too. Certainly they all have colorful histories and one look in a travel office at those folders has convinced me each state has its own distinctive scenery and natural attractions. North, South, East and West—Cape Cod fishermen, skyscrapers, swamps and Seminoles, cacti, the Rockies and cactus desert! What a scope for good "shots."

Such a series would clarify America as "The March of Time" has done for foreign countries. It would make closer neighbors of us all and leave every man, woman and child murmuring, "This is my own, my native land!"

DOROTHY RAINBRO, Doylestown, Penna.

$5.00 PRIZE
Sidelines On An Interview

THE was gloriously beautiful. I was only a cub newspaper reporter, fresh from a small town, very frightened and completely awed by my assignment to interview her.

The city editor had written down a list of questions I was to ask and some of them were pointed.

By the time I had reached her hotel, I had begun thinking that she might resent them. So I was fearful of being rebuffed.

My conclusions were badly wrong. She answered most of the questions and explained courteously why she could not answer the others. Then, when the business part of the interview was over, she spared several of her busy minutes to talk with me about my work.

Unless she reads this, she will never know what she did for the self-confidence of a beginner. Since that day I have never been afraid to talk with people who have reached the highest places. For I learned from her that those who really reach success seldom forget that there is a golden rule.

So, thank you, Norma Shearer.

E. J. KYLTE, Birmingham, Ala.

$1.00 PRIZE
My One Pet Hate

IF I were to mention my one pet hate, it's a show like Kyser's one of late. To my mind horror and fun don't mix. And the writers should get a few swift kicks.
Mystery shows in their place are all right, but usually make children stay awake all night. Boris Karloff with Frankenstein's grand, but he doesn't fit with Kay Kyser's band.

Kids as a rule like to see Bob Hope To get caught up on all his new "dope," but the "Ghost Breakers" really changed their minds. With all the chills it made run up their spines.

And now to get back to my central thought, spoiling our fun with a spooky plot! It may sound eccentric, but I don't care; mixing fun and fright is a thing I can't bear.

**Patti Cornwell,**
Springfield, Ohio

**$1.00 PRIZE**
New Alliance

**As** a schoolteacher, I know how to sympathize with film stars who burst into fits of unholy irritation with their possessive fans. I am one of that other great group of unhappy souls who belong to the public.

The stars go out dancing and are accosted by autograph hunters. I go out to a party and am accosted by breathless mothers saying, "How is Johnny getting along in Arithmetic?" The stars' homes are haunted by the curious. My home is haunted by people who want to know who wears what in South Africa, where Franklin Roosevelt's father was born and why the Thirty Years War was fought. The stars are criticized for their divorces, love affairs and the way they treat their great-uncles. I live under a Victorian code of conduct now marked, "For Teachers Only."

We owe the public our jobs. Oh, yeah? Who doesn't owe his success, directly or indirectly, to the public?

So, to my fellow-sufferers in Hollywood, bound always by quarter and half-dollar mortgages on their personalities, I say with deepest understanding, "I know just how you feel!"

**Mae H. Ashworth,**
Mt. Vernon, Ind.

**$1.00 PRIZE**
Listen, Parents

Do you favor a law barring children from the movies? Are you afraid that certain pictures will corrupt your children's morals? It's your own fault! You are creating a national problem over something you should take care of yourself. There is no

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**ONE OF THE RAREST, LOVELIEST, REDS OF THEM ALL!**

After eight long years of research, Tangee red-red is ready for you! A pure, clear shade... startling and saucy... red-red accents the loveliness of your lips and the whiteness of your teeth.

Red-red goes on smoothly, stays smooth for hours, because it's made with a pure cream base that helps to end that dry, "drawn" feeling. Try it yourself... with the matching rouge and the right shade of Tangee Face Powder.

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**TANGEE Red-Red**
**REALLY STAYS ON!**

Another Tangee lipstick—TEATURAL RED... a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.
reason why your children shouldn’t go to the movies, but it is up to you to determine what they should and shouldn’t see. The newspapers, the magazines, and the radio give you a bird’s-eye view of the leading pictures. Watch the movie columns and reviews and you will learn with what subject each movie deals. Most films are based on stories or plays. You can read the story. Outside the theater, you will find pictures of scenes from the film. Then, if you are still in doubt, see the movie yourself before taking the children to see it. If you have a “children and the movies” problem on your hands, don’t blame the public or the producer. You’re the problem, with your negligence!”

ELIZABETH INGRID LARET,
New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Reward of Effort

AFTER seeing “Second Chorus” and the third picture in which Paulette Goddard appeared, I am convinced that of all the featured actresses Paulette Goddard makes the most sincere effort to turn in a good performance. You feel the strength of her screen personality growing with each appearance. You can see her effort to make a dynamic impression. It has been a long time since we have seen a player with such evident ambition and it is to be admired. A burning ambition made many of the unforgettable stars of yesterday and we certainly need more like Miss Goddard at the present time.

AGNES SCHILLING GUBRE,
San Jose, Calif.

$1.00 PRIZE
The Prairie Goes Hollywood

WHY can’t we have more modern movies like “No Time For Comedy,” “Rhythm On the River” and “Hired Wife?” Out here on the prairie it’s refreshing to escape for two hours into New York City.

Besides, I like the faultless modern settings. They are really an inspiration to one who lives on a farm yet is striving to have a modern home. And I know I got as much from the exquisite dresses Rosalind Russell wore in “No Time For Comedy” as the story itself. No doubt you think this is a pretty bold statement. Well—it’s the truth! For styles, grooming and fashion fascinate me.

I have no desire to be an actress. But I do like to look my best at all times. Even if I raise Rhode Island red chickens that isn’t any reason why I can’t make and design my own clothes and take exercises to keep my twenty-five-inch waistline. That’s where the modern movies help by inspiring! I bet there are plenty of other young women who feel the same way.

I want to thank Hollywood for bringing the latest vogues to the rural districts of the United States.

Here’s to more modern movies!

PAULINE HAMMER,
Polo, Ill.

HONORABLE MENTION

In the February issue of PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR a certain person criticized Ginger Rogers. No doubt this person has not seen Ginger’s last picture, “Kitty Foyle.”

In “Kitty Foyle” she surpasses all her former performances and proves to the world she can act. Let those dance who want to dance and let those act that can act!

DAVID MARCH, Jr.
Sioux City, Iowa

YOU smile, and the angels sing—that goes for Vivien Leigh, the greatest and most beautiful actress in the world.

Any time I feel blue or bad-tempered I go to any of her pictures and am immediately cheered up as soon as she smiles that enchanting, irresistible smile of hers. I really envy Laurence Olivier for having the luck of seeing that smile whenever he wants.

ANON.
Buenos Aires
Argentina Republican

DEAR JOE PENNER:

Perhaps you won’t read this . . . and yet, it seems to me that you must, in some way, know what is going on in our hearts at this time. At a time when we needed your supreme wit and kindly outlook on life most of all, you were taken from us. We’re not going to forget, Joe. You weren’t just a star who brought us laughter . . . you were a friend. Not soon will we of the “fan world” forget your friendly letters to us, your Christmas cards and all the other little things that made us feel we knew you personally.

MADGE RILEY,
New Castle, Ind.

I THINK Gene Autry is a swell guy and go to see all his pictures. But he better start being a hero and fight in his pictures or he won’t be Cowboy Number One any longer!

FLORENCE MONTGOMERY,
Bakersfield, Cal.

OTHER used to say: “Give credit where credit is due.” Will you please shake the hand of the person responsible for the last few feet of “Christmas in July” for me? It was
the best movie ending since "Bachelor Mother."

MRS. W. C. INGLISH,
Omaha, Nebraska

THIS letter is a tribute to Bob Montgomery for his grand performance in "Haunted Honeymoon."
He made a grand Peter Winsey, and forever after I shall be a Montgomery fan.

MARJORIE KEEFE,
South Bend, Ind.

My congratulations to Martha Scott—a newcomer to Hollywood. You have put new life in that seemingly ageless place.
I saw you in "Our Town" and in "The Howards of Virginia" and I think you were superb.

H. THOMAS SIMPSON,
Port Huron, Michigan

Me for the Westerns now! I'm a gal who just couldn't stomach the blood-and-thunder class C stuff served as a second course of a double feature menu. But it's like going from hash to filet mignon when the film moguls offer fan fare like "The Westerner" and "Arizona."

ROSE PILLA,
Brockton, Mass.

Why . . .
Don't they give Bette Davis a comedy or light part, instead of the weepy hysterical roles she is so much associated with?
Don't we see Tyrone Power in the gay light parts he used to get in 1937?
Doesn't Gable shave off his mustache for just one picture? It would make him look years younger.

GEORGE GRAINGER, JR.,
San Diego, Calif.

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

Tobacco
Road

with
CHARLEY GRAPEWIN • MARJORIE RAMBEAU
GENE TIERNEY • WILLIAM TRACY and Dana
Andrews • Slim Summerville • Ward Bond
Grant Mitchell • Zeffie Tilbury • Screen Play by
Nunnally Johnson • Directed by JOHN FORD
Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
One of the advantages of this page is that it gives me a fine opportunity to ask you to share my problems and, in return, to catch a glimpse of the currents of rumor, fact and fancy that pass around my desk.

The Hollywood air is always filled with them, and my job is to develop sufficiently sensitive antennae to sift true from false, publishable from unprintable, readable from dull.

This month the currents are especially interesting. For instance, there is a clash between that famous publisher and the producers of "Citizen Kane." Mr. Hearst's cohorts claim that "Citizen Kane" is based on his life.

Mr. Orson Welles claims that there is no connection. If the picture is released, the rumor goes, all the Hearst newspapers will bar mention of RKO pictures and will begin an attack on the whole industry. How the industry can persuade one of its members to junk a million-dollar investment no one seems to know. All in all, it has the makings of a wonderful publicity campaign for "Citizen Kane."

Then there is the dangerous current of boycott. In several parts of the country there are rumors of meetings among groups who agitate for moral welfare. A certain actress is the center of discussion. No one knows exactly what she has done but the whispers behind closed doors mount and mount. The question arises: Is it American to boycott? And there is an answer: When liberal Americans claim that there is no need for official censorship because the American people are able to censor their own arts, we are saying in effect, "If a player or a play offends the morality of the American people, they have a right to stay away."

But does that mean that organized boycott is fair? Then there is the romance of Judy Garland and David Rose. The studio feels that Judy is too young for a serious romance, that her pictures will be affected by too early marriage. But Judy is crazy about this boy. So there it stands—another current in the seething world of Hollywood.

Romance and marriages are constant bases for them. At this writing, according to the currents, Ginger Rogers and Howard Hughes are "through" and she has been dating with a young actor who appears with her in "Kitty Foyle." Madeleine Carroll has deserted her French aviator for Stirling Hayden, coincidentally appearing in her picture, "Virginia."

Then there is Olivia de Havilland, who exchanged escort Jimmy Stewart for friend Burgess Meredith and roommate Franchot Tone—until an appendicitis attack got her down and she had neither time nor thought for romance. George Raft, no longer squiring Norma Shearer, goes back to his old love, Virginia Peine.

These are the currents, true or false, around my desk! Most of them had best be forgotten before the next issue goes to work. But some of them will lead to action, to further developments, to big stories which Photoplay-Movie Mirror will publish.

And also there are the wonderfully interesting letters from many of you which I only wish I had time to answer. Some of you don't like Photoplay-Movie Mirror, but I'm glad to say that most of you do. And George Davis, our circulation manager, tells me that at the moment we are selling more copies than have been sold of any movie magazine in many years—which of course makes me very proud and glad.

Ernest H. Heyn

April, 1941
TO THREE GIRLS

Facing Life

This is what any mother would tell her daughter about love, providing she had the wisdom, the candor and the courage of this great novelist

By Faith Baldwin

RECENTLY I have been reading in the daily papers, in the Hollywood and gossip columns, of the problems besetting and confronting the motion-picture stars and it occurred to me how basically alike they are to the problems which each of us knows through experience, or through our contacts with others.

Our problems are usually not public property. The average person makes decisions, suffers or rejoices, and no one save the person and the people intimately and directly concerned are much the wiser. But Hollywood lives in a lighted lantern.

A girl picks up a paper or a motion-picture magazine and looks at the picture of some popular and lovely star, reads about her and what she is doing, and thinks, nothing ever happens to me! But she is wrong, for the same things happen to her that happen to any girl, either motion-picture star or utterly unknown. They differ only in setting and circumstance and attendant publicity.

For we are born, we grow into life, we love, know happiness and unhappiness, we learn lessons of disappointment and fear, we suffer loss and greed, we grow old and we die. These are the common experiences which come to everyone.

Take, for example, Ann Rutherford, whose pictures I have been seeing lately; young, attractive, beginning her career and, like most girls of her age, facing romance. Is she so very different from the girl who reads about her?

The girl who reads about her is probably young, just out of school, and interested, through ambition or financial circumstances, in earning her own living. She may clerk in a store, or type in an office, she may act as a receptionist or hope to be a model, but in any event she is gay, full of life and vitality and standing on the doorsill of important adventure. She wants to work, of course, to earn and to get ahead, but primarily—unless she is the exception to the rule—she is concerned with shaping her life emotionally, and so, with finding the right man with whom to share that life.

She will for a time, as her Hollywood prototype, "play the field." She will go out with as many young men as she can meet at work and during holidays, with the brothers of friends, with even "blind dates." If she is wise she will not be in too much of a hurry to make up her mind. She will look for those qualities which are enduring and which complement, or match, her own. She will look beyond the initial physical attraction for the solid dependable things, the shared interests, the agreeing viewpoints...because it is upon those things that she must build her life...and in them she will find the eventual substitute for the first wonder and the first rapture and the first adventure.

If she is wise, I have said. But wisdom comes rather late as a rule, often too late and it is only the fortunate among women whose blind instinct, followed blindly, proves to have been wisdom, after all.

I sometimes think if you can laugh at the same jokes and be deadly serious over the same problems—even if not always in complete agreement—that you are safe, you and the boy with whom (Continued on page 105)
Deanna Durbin: "Her marriage corresponds to the 'good' marriage in our social scheme"

Ann Rutherford: Hollywood prototype of the girl standing on the doorstep of adventure

Myrna Loy: "In such a case, in the case of every woman, there should be dignity"
Any other woman would have told him.

But Annabelle wasn't just any other woman. She was the girl he'd called—
That seemed to have been an eternity ago. How could this man Harrigan judge her so ruthlessly? It was true that she had taken a long while to wake up; that she had allowed her father, Holton Clark, to spoil her during her nineteen years of pampered life—French governesses, fashionable dancing schools, the French convent and the usual finishing school. It was true that she had fallen for the charms of a cowboy at a dude ranch, and that Holton Clark had had to annul their madcap marriage.

But when at last her father's friend, the columnist Helga Bentley, had told her how important it was for her to try to understand Holton, she had gone to him and asked to be put to work. In his publicity department she found out what it meant to do a job; she also found what it meant to have someone need her affection, her womanly understanding. That someone had been George Hurley, Clark Studios' most promising young actor.

She had decided upon a runaway marriage, because she knew that the self-willed Holton would inevitably oppose her in her plan to become Mrs. Hurley. How right she had been! When they returned to George's home the night of the marriage, Holton Clark was there to make it amply clear that Hurley's career was finished. But the next day he told Annabelle he would renew her husband's contract on condition that she would stay in Hollywood while George Hurley was sent to Guatemala to make the picture Mike Harrigan was directing.

Annabelle had agreed, for she knew what George's career meant to him. Now she shuddered as she remembered that moment weeks later when Helga Bentley had broken the terrible news to her: George Hurley had died of malaria in Guatemala.

What irony! Here she sat, driving back to Hollywood with the man who had been George Hurley's best friend—and she knew she would never tell him that her job in the next months was to bear the child of her dead husband. Nothing remained of him but the old shirt, slacks and pith helmet which Mike Harrigan had brought back in this box. She turned her head so Harrigan wouldn't see the tears that started in her eyes.

"I MIGHT as well tell you now and get it over with," Mike Harrigan said finally.

Annabelle steeled herself. "Yes," she said evenly. "Let's get it over with."

Mike Harrigan talked in almost a sing-song, as if he were describing a sequence in one of his pictures. "After we had our equipment and all the details (Continued on page 76)
HOLLYWOOD has just been knocked into a cocked hat!

Brenda Joyce, one of its most beautiful and promising starlets, has spun the old town around like a top on a bender. She has actually broken Hollywood's oldest rule for matrimony and no one quite knows what to make of it.

Brenda has married her childhood sweetheart, Owen Ward, an accountant for a Los Angeles firm. What's more, she's married an unknown who, contrary to Hollywood rules, can advance her neither socially, professionally nor economically. That is the catch Hollywood cannot fathom.

In fact, the town just couldn't be more puzzled.

"I have five dollars that says you won't go through with it, Brenda," an actor announced the very day before the wedding. "Nobody ever heard of him."

"I have," Brenda said quietly.

Columnists and writers worked overtime clipping short the romance. "I'm going to have fun before I marry anyone," Brenda was quoted as saying just a few weeks before the wedding. "I intend to go out more."

News of Brenda's flitting about with this and that one filled the town while Hollywood applauded with "Smart girl. She'll never marry him now."

But she did. For you see, Hollywood, smugly patterned to rule, didn't really know Brenda Joyce.
Everyone said she wouldn't do it—break Hollywood's strictest marriage rule.
But Brenda Joyce did

BY

SALLY JEFFERSON

They met, she and Owen, when she was thirteen and he fourteen and both were attending Mount Vernon Junior High School in Los Angeles. Brenda and her parents had moved from the small town of Excelsior Springs, Missouri, where Brenda was born, to San Bernardino, California, and, after her mother and father separated, Brenda and her mother had moved to the city.

"I always knew," she told us over a little pre-wedding luncheon, "I'd marry Owen."

She noticed him first, a dark-haired handsome boy, when he stared so boldly at her waist all through every history class. Brenda, embarrassed and always fearful the zipper had slipped on her dress, tried to stare him down.

"It's your little waist," he told her afterwards. "I never saw a girl with such a small waistline. How do you hold together?"

They were both leaders in the school. They worked together for school functions and on Sundays Owen would hike over to Brenda's house to "tend to business matters."

They were in love and, without even expressing it to themselves, they knew they felt, in some strange, inexplicable way, that they were meant for each other, even then. From Junior High School, they proceeded together to Los Angeles High and gradually began going to school dances and plays and to movies together. All through school it was an accepted fact that Owen was Brenda's beau.

Then, exactly as in a movie, Owen succumbed to a foolish bet, based on the one thing he cherished—his manly pride, tinged and bordered around the edges with a bit of boyish jealousy. It nearly cost him the girl he loved and did, as a matter of fact, erase her from his life for three long years.

It began when Brenda, Owen and two friends were having a game of tennis one afternoon and Owen's friend rushed to be the one to tie the lace on Brenda's tennis sandals. Owen didn't hide his jealousy very well and the friend twisted him about it afterwards.

"Say, you're so crazy about Betty (her real name) you can't keep away from her. Look, I'll bet you five dollars you can't stay away from Betty for a month," he challenged.

Five dollars! It looked like five hundred to the high-school freshman and, besides, his pride was involved.

"I'll take that bet," he said.

Next Sunday, when Owen didn't come around and the friend came instead, Brenda was hurt and puzzled. Another week went by with no phone call, no explanation. Brenda held her head high and ignored Owen in the halls, in the classrooms and on the campus. Owen, sure his friend would explain about the bet and Brenda would understand, stuck it out the entire month and collected the five dollars.

Brenda, who knew nothing of the bet, never spoke to him for three long years. She went to dances and football games with other boys. Owen took out the prettiest girls in the school. But they never forgot. Finally, just before graduation, they got together again.

Brenda, who was one of the most popular girls in school activities, won a scholarship to the University of Southern California and Owen enrolled at U. C. L. A. A half year later, when Brenda was compelled to quit school because of lack of funds, she was wearing Owen's fraternity pin. Almost ten years from the day they met, she became his wife.

In a town of lost values, where the sight of the true and the real has become blurred by the false and the tawdry, where "who he is" is more important than "what he is" and milestones in a young star's life so often become millstones around his heart, where purse and position are the common measuring sticks, the marriage of Brenda and Owen emerges an event. Hollywood never for a moment changed or influenced Brenda. It failed completely to hammer her into a mold. She remained natural, honest and real.

Never for a moment did Owen be-
Owen Ward at once.

"They said it would ruin my career," she said, "and I want to go on working. Owen wants me to, too. We see the result of wives who sit idly at home while their husbands progress and grow beyond them. Well, I'm going to take a chance on that right away and for a reason. Owen is a lieutenant in the Reserves, you know. He may be called any moment. I want to be his wife when and if he goes. I want us to have had that happiness together."

So, in a quiet church wedding in Hollywood she became Owen's wife. Her mother, who is house mother for the Alpha Delta Phi sorority at the University of Southern California, Owen's father and stepmother and his sister Janet, who lived with Brenda before the wedding, her uncle, the Reverend Harold Roberts of Ottumwa, Iowa, who gave her away, together with a few friends were the only audience.

She wanted no engagement ring. "I don't wear rings well," she explained, noting the extreme slenderness of her hands, we should say the less adornment the better. Instead of two rings, then, her wedding ring was a simple wide band of gold with a single circle of diamonds through the center.

Among the wedding presents was a letter from Brenda's boss Darryl Zanuck, wishing her joy. How right everything turns out to be, once we fearlessly turn our faces in the right direction. Alone, Brenda made her decision and those who know the meaning of wise decisions are first to applaud.

After ten days at Yosemite, Owen and Brenda came home to the small four-room apartment in Westwood.

Courageously they have blazed a trail. Neither sham nor show has been able to swerve them from the right path. May they be trail blazers for others, true in heart, to follow.

An "immediately following the ceremony" picture. Bridal dress had "Brenda" scrolled on one side; "Owen" on the other.

I have Hollywood ever would affect her. Selflessly she advised her to go ahead with pictures. He must have known that in nine cases out of ten it could have meant the end of romance—that big money, adulation, fame would have swept her away from him.

"Honey, I just won't marry you if you change," he'd say.

"Do you think I have changed?" she'd ask him anxiously from time to time.

"A little," he'd warn her. "A little. But not enough to hurt. So watch your step."

It was to Owen that Brenda turned for honest criticism of her work. He gave it to her straight, no flattery or pampering about it.

"Your posture is bad," he'd say. "And your smile is unnatural."

Brenda knew he was right and tried to improve.

The good-looking, straightforward lad who spoke his mind so honestly eventually attracted the attention of studio officials. They offered him a screen test. Owen fled before it as one would a typhoon. It wasn't that he decried acting as a profession; it was simply that he was a man who had studied for and approached his chosen work of accounting with respect. No substitute would do.

Friends of Brenda's, at the studio, Gene Tierney and others, were proud of Owen's friendship.

"You've got yourself a man," casting director Lew Schreiber told Brenda just before the wedding. "And if ever a girl was doing a smart thing, it's you, young lady."

Smart, yes, but unusual in Hollywood, for word trickled back all during Brenda's recent personal-appearance tour of the gay times and ardent attention showered on Brenda by young swains everywhere: of how Bob Stack and Bill Orr had fought for her attention throughout the trip.

"It was good for me. I loved it, every minute of it," she said. "I got a lot of things out of my system."

But even before she left, Brenda had confided to a close friend that when she returned she meant to marry...
The James E. Russells were practically the backbone of Waterbury, Connecticut, at the beginning of this century's troubled teens; they lived atop a hill, and James worked at his law practice and Clara Russell had children. She had seven, as a matter of fact—thoughtfully spacing them with two-year intervals—and the fourth was the charm.

The fourth was Roz. Roz the incorrigible, Roz the mad, Roz the one-woman crowd. That family has never recovered, and neither has Roz, and she doesn't want to.

I met her about four years ago, at the cocktail hour; she'd just been a critic's success in a psychological type of picture called "Craig's Wife," and I expected her to be a reserved, serious woman with remarks to make on her Art and the influence of Freud on the modern movie. "Let's do a story," she yelled, tossing kilowatt hours of energy about with every syllable. "Let's do a story on the five men in my life." And for the next hour she told me the most fascinating details of her romances with a florist, a stockbroker, a polo player, a French count in disrepute and a plumber.

The story was never printed, because I didn't write it, because it was all an outrageous pack of lies, which I knew and she knew. But it was a swell hour of talk and we had a good time. That's how it is with Russell. You enjoy yourself as much as she does, even if nothing constructive gets done.

Some time after that the studios went wise and began casting Roz in comedy roles, which relaxed her a little, though not much. That classic knock-down drag-out battle she staged for "The Women" was a sort of peak. She hasn't topped it yet, but she's trying hard.

That's all to the good for the picture audiences.

Meanwhile she lives (rather like a nervous giddily lighting for temporary seldom seconds) in a Beverly Hills house, leads a rollicking bachelor girl's existence in which her freedom is greater than any bachelor's, gets herself in and out of messes, breaking an occasional foot or arm or leg in the process, carries on more activities than Ouida Rathbone and Bob Hope combined, gives her friends and her studio bosses and everybody but herself breakdowns, and thrives.

The Russell never cared what she did so long as she was doing something. Right: She high-lights a costume party

Men listen to her and laugh.

Women listen to her and wonder how she does it. The story of a girl with ideas—
Rosalind Russell
His naturalness. His complete simplicity. The fact he never fails to greet or know the least of his acquaintances under any or all circumstances; the way he laughs at himself—these things we like about Clark Gable.

In a town of slam and sham, his un-Hollywoodishness stands out like a carbuncle on Durante's nose. He won't be made a hero, a glamour boy or a movie-star touch-me-not. He's Clark, not Mr. Gable, to practically everyone on the lot from the janitor to Louis B. Mayer—and you can bet the janitor, the grip, the prop, get the same treatment from Gable as the higher-ups. Without any condescending, understand. Or any feeling of being a good scout with the underdog. He's just one of 'em, this former oil driller, lumberjack, telephone wireman.

For instance, there's the dressing-room trailer he uses on each set. If Gable can get in it, he's lucky. It's usually filled with everyone else on the lot. One day during a hot football game, Clark rushed from a scene to his trailer radio to listen to the game.

"No room, no room," the gang yelled, without even turning around to see who it was. So, nothing daunted, Clark made for his car outside the stage door and listened to the game on the car radio. No one, including Gable, saw anything unusual in a big star's being shoved out of his (Continued on page 94)
THINGS I DON'T LIKE
ABOUT MYSELF

BY CLARK GABLE
(As told to Sara Hamilton)

THINGS I don't like about myself? Lady, I could write a book. There is that bad habit of forgetting dates and friends' birthdays and anniversaries. It's a good thing Mrs. G. takes care of that end of it—and she does a good job of it, too. Has a little book with everyone's name and birthday and anniversary marked down and always sends a gift or telegram. Many a time I've met a friend who's said, "Say, thanks for the telegram. That was swell of you." I have no more idea than a rabbit what he's talking about, until I ask Mrs. G. and sure enough—it was his birthday.

That I don't like in me at all. Or my impatience with stupidity. A stupid act or a person who acts unnecessarily stupidly, when he could just as easily have used his head, is the one thing that makes me lose my temper. And I don't like losing my temper.

The way I hate to make publicity stills or to have my picture taken makes even me sorry for the studio. I put it off just as long as I can possibly get away with it, then I finally go and act like a ham standing before a camera in riding boots or clutching a pipe between my teeth. I should pay more attention to clothes, too. But the thought of getting a suit fitted drives all notion of clothes out of my head. I remember the big night when "Gone With the Wind" was previewed. The event called for white tie and tails and I forgot all about it until it was almost time to dress and then neither Carole nor I could find the suit. I had one somewhere. After we'd about given up, we finally discovered it hanging in the cleaning bag in the attic. They tell me I'm about the only actor in town who doesn't at least know where his dress suit is.

I hate a liar. Maybe because I'm such a good one myself, heh? Anyway, to find someone has told an out-and-out lie puts him on the other side of the fence from me for all time.

I hate dishonesty in anyone, but sometimes I think I should be more tolerant of it. I hate pretentiousness almost as much. When Vic Fleming and I go into Arizona to look at property, we land in auto courts and thank God we have beds. None of this I'm-too-good-for-it sort of thing. That's not my dish.

I SHOULD be neater, I guess. The other day Carole came on the set to visit and took one look at this trailer. "Where's the broom?" was all she asked. Did she, clean this place out! Otherwise it just stays as it is with the coffee pot and teapot and Campbell's cookies in the drawers.

I don't have patience with people who don't realize this is a give-and-take business we're in. It's all right to yell for what you think is right—I do plenty of it myself—but there's the other fellow's side, too. There's no reason for dissension among workers and executives, to my way of thinking.

I don't believe I'm what is technically known as a social success. I prefer jeans to tails and have no swimming pool. I don't have a chauffeur, so I'm positive I don't rate. I seldom see the inside of a night club and as for my rhumba—I draw the curtain. And I'm a washout at these intellectual parties, too. Guess I'm just a farmer at heart.

I like good cars, but do I blow up when they get too fancy with the gadgets. The other day Carole and I had to get out a chart to find the ash tray. It took us from the ranch to San Diego to find it.

Maybe I should worry more. It seems because I take things as they come people get the idea I'm not interested. What's the use of fussing? I remember I was sent over to Columbia studios by my own studio to make a picture. I've heard it was sort of a punishment. Maybe, I didn't know it. Claudette Colbert was my partner in the loanout deal and Claudette was worried sick. She wasn't sure of the story or what would happen to either of us if it flopped. I think she thought I was pretty much of a lug for not worrying about it. Of course, I had an ace up my sleeve when I was being Cheery Willie, for I knew I could always go back to lumberjacking, or well-drilling. Claudette said afterwards I spent more time trying (Continued on page 95)
Let's Submerge!

In which the famous Granville-Cooper romance gets into some pretty deep water

Chaperoned by their respective mothers, Hollywood's faithful teen-age twosome, Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville, recently vacationed together at Palm Springs. Going on the theory that all play and no work is a lot of fun, they got up early one morning, played some diving-board pranks and then submerged into the El Mirador pool. Result: The one-in-a-million picture above
The Best Figure
in Hollywood

You may not be surprised at the winner, but you'll be astonished at the points that decided the judges.

Maybe you're right in the winning class yourself!

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BETTY GRABLE has the best figure in Hollywood!

Warm curves are the thing, just as they were ten years ago when Dolores Del Rio’s figure was voted Hollywood’s fairest.

It’s never a simple matter to reach a decision of this kind. The many points of view regarding the feminine figure must have equal consideration. Therefore, once again, we compiled a comprehensive chart showing the latest accurate measurements of every actress in Hollywood and we selected our judges from four widely different fields, inviting a famous artist, physician, showman and dressmaker to sit on our board.

Paul Hesse, responsible for the covers on Photoplay-Movie Mirror, was our artist, properly enough.

“A beautiful figure is something beyond proportions even though proportions must be there, too,” he said. “Personality is tremendously important in a beautiful figure. The girl with no vitality, the girl who sits and stands and moves as if she were half dead, buries her beauty just as surely as the girl who is overweight.”

The more Paul Hesse thought about the Hollywood girls and the way they maintain the greatest body beauty of which they are capable, the more he deplored the fact that far and away the majority of girls fail to follow their inspiring example.

“Choose one hundred girls at random on the street,” he said, “and how many will you find who will have a figure as lovely as it might be—out of a hundred, maybe!”

Betty Grable was one of the girls Paul Hesse noted for further consideration. “Betty looks like a woman,” he said, with satisfaction. “In my book that’s essential! In my book the flat-chested figure is never beautiful, irrespective of how symmetrical it otherwise may be. Betty has buoyancy, too—the best kind of figure personality.”

In the end it was Betty he put first on his list.

“Femininity and buoyancy topping symmetry,” he said, “that’s all there is, there isn’t any more!”

His second choice was Olivia de Havilland. “Olivia’s another girl who crowns lovely proportions with the essential quality of womanhood,” he explained.

The authentic score card below shows how the choice was made. Every time a star is a judge’s choice she is given 25. If she is his first choice, she gets an extra 5 points; his second, an extra 3 points. If she is named by only one judge, she does not appear on the chart, but is given honorable mention. For the stars who received this award, see page 74. Exact measurements of the winners will also be found on page 74.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Star</th>
<th>Paul Hesse</th>
<th>Dr. Halton</th>
<th>Billy Rose</th>
<th>Irene</th>
<th>Total</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Miss Grable</td>
<td>5 + 25</td>
<td>5 + 25</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>25</td>
<td>5 + 25</td>
<td>3 + 25</td>
<td>3 + 25</td>
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<td>25</td>
<td>25</td>
<td></td>
<td>75</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Sheridan</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>3 + 25</td>
<td>53</td>
<td></td>
<td>85</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss Goddar</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>25</td>
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<td>28</td>
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<tr>
<td>Miss de Havilland</td>
<td>3 + 25</td>
<td>3 + 25</td>
<td>28</td>
<td></td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Showman Billy Rose made his awards on a "streamlined" age theory. First: Claudette Colbert

He also named Rita Hayworth, Susan Hayward, Carole Lombard, Claudette Colbert, Ann Sheridan, Ginger Rogers, Paulette Goddard and Alice Faye.

He hesitated about Alice. "Because," he said, "Alice puts on weight so easily. However, it's this tendency—controlled—that gives her the warm figure I admire most. This particular figure, I think, never is easily attained by the girl who is naturally thin."

All of which starts off our line-up for the best figures in Hollywood like this:

Betty Grable
Olivia de Havilland
Rita Hayworth
Susan Hayward
Carole Lombard

Femininity and buoyancy were points in Artis Paul Hesse' decisions. On his list he placed Ginger Rogers.

Mutual choice of both Dr. Halton was Paulette Goddard

Dr. Mary Halton's choices were made on medical points. Her second award went to Ann Sheridan.
Choice of both artist Hesse and designer Irene was Carole Lombard.

Definitely disliked by Dr. Halton was the boyish-type woman. Fourth on her award list she placed Susan Hayward.

Choice of both artist Hesse and designer Irene was Carole Lombard.

Definitely disliked by Dr. Halton was the boyish-type woman. Fourth on her award list she placed Susan Hayward.

Mentioned by no other judge, Loretta Young won first place on Hollywood designer Irene's list. Reason for her choice was because Miss Young was "so beautifully slim."

To Mr. Rose glamorous lines were those that gave "the feeling of youth"—i.e., Martha Scott.

Claudette Colbert
Ann Sheridan
Ginger Rogers
Paulette Goddard
Alice Faye.

Doctor Mary Halton, gynecologist, obstetrician and Chairman of "The Equal Rights for Babies Committee," judged the Hollywood figures with the all-seeing eye of the physician and scientist. She said: "Body beauty springs from health. It's the direct result of bones that have grown normally, of a muscular system that has the plasticity to produce feminine grace and of flesh that has a soft, luscious glow—the endocrine product of those two essential feminine glands, the thyroid and the ovary." (Continued on page 74)
BILL SMITH was broke. Down to his last dime. All evening he had sprawled on a bench in Central Park clutching the solitary coin in his pocket and trying to decide whether to blow it recklessly on dinner or hoard it for breakfast. The weather made up his mind for him. A storm, which had been muttering in the skies for hours, broke suddenly, driving Bill out of the park and at a long-legged canter down Sixth Avenue to the shelter of a luncheon.

A girl ducked through the doorway just ahead of him and Bill gave an involuntary “Whoosh” of admiration. She was worth a whoosh—worth a couple of them, in fact. She was tall and slender with curves just where curves should be and clouds of misty black hair framing a face which would have been perfect if it hadn’t been marred by a frown.

Bill slid onto the stool next to her, glancing at her with the friendliness of a puppy. The girl turned away coldly and Bill, embarrassed, began a painstaking study of the menu to determine the best investment for his dime, that last lone dime which he now kissed for luck and placed at the edge of the counter.

Now Fate dealt Bill its cruelest blow. Fate in the form of the counterman who with a “What’ll it be, buddy?” scooped up the soiled dishes in front of Bill and Bill’s dime with them.

“Coffee and dough—” Bill began, then, in consternation, “Hey—that’s my dime!”

The counterman crashed the dishes through a hole in the wall behind him, stuck the dime into his apron pocket and leaned on the counter. “A wise guy, huh?” he said. “Well, we’re supposed to laugh at the customers’ jokes—so I’m laughing. Now, what’ll it be?”

“I tell you that’s my dime,” Bill insisted. “My last one, too,” he added.

The counterman was unmoved. “I’m still laughing,” he said.

Excitedly, indignantly, the girl spoke up. “That’s not fair. It is his! I saw him put it there.”

“Say, what is this—a frame-up?” demanded the counterman, leaning a little closer. “That’s my tip the last guy left me—and I’m keeping it.

Billion who kept their relationship on a strict business basis. She gave Bill no hints as to the life she led between visits to his apartment.

Johnny Jones . . . Hedy Lamarr

Bill Smith . . . James Stewart
That's what she said to him. He was to say the same words to her—later. The only catch was they meant two different things

Fiction version by LEE PENNINGTON

at a time, together they would prove too much. "Okay," he said helplessly.

The girl handed over the money, then pulled Bill after her through the door toward a taxi. Suddenly Bill broke loose and sprinted back across the sidewalk. "What about my dime?"

"Okay," he said helplessly.

The girl handed over the money, then pulled Bill after her through the door toward a taxi. Suddenly Bill broke loose and sprinted back across the sidewalk. "What about my dime?"

"Just drive around," she told the driver. "Anywhere." After a moment she said, "I am Johnny Jones."

Bill's habitual good humor returned. "I seem to have heard the name before. Well, I'm one in a million, too. I'm Bill Smith."

Johnny didn't answer. She was frowning again, lost in thought. At last her face cleared as though she had reached a decision. "Was that really your last dime?" she asked.

Silently Bill turned his pockets inside out, revealing in the dim light only a door key, a driver's license and a half-used package of matches.

"That's good," Johnny said.

"What's good about it?" Bill demanded. Then he looked at Johnny again. Never, even in the dear dead days when he had had folding money, had he met anyone like her. "I'll say it's good," he agreed fervently.

"What do you do, Bill Smith?" Johnny asked.

"I'm a genius."

"I don't believe I ever heard of a genius named Bill Smith," Johnny said doubtfully.

"You must have. I'm the guy they print (Continued on page 86)
Dancing School

"I'll teach you to tango in a half-hour," said the great Veloz. He did! The trick is yours for the reading.

Conducted by HOWARD SHARPE

Veloz was a little reluctant, at first. He explained that he had only one partner and that was Yolanda, and he never had been photographed dancing with anyone else, and it just wouldn't do. "But look," we said, "this is important. Nobody can tango the way you can. We'll explain how it is to the readers."

So now we have, and you understand. Frances Grant, who's Veloz' assistant and who is dancing in the picture he is working on, got her costume away from the wardrobe department for these illustrations, just for atmosphere to counteract Veloz' slack suit, which he wears at the studio.
When Veloz and Frances first went through the routine we're going to describe for you on these pages, we said, "Hey, that's terrific—but it's too complicated. It would take months to learn all that."

"There are only four or five basic steps in it," Veloz said. "I'll teach you to do it in half an hour." And by golly, he did.

Here's how:

FIRST (said the maestro) we go very elegant when we tango. We have grace, and a touch of humor. We take a step and make as if we're going to stay on that foot forever; and then very suddenly we click through two or three quick ones. But before the watcher gets used to the new fast tempo, we balance again on another step and hold it.

Another thing, we don't stand directly opposite our partners as we do for other dances. A great deal of the time, especially at the beginning of certain routines, we start side by side—"open." (See photograph 4 for illustration.) When we close again, it's a little to the left of each other, each right shoulder on a line with the partner's throat.

In reality, the tango is a series of poses, done with perfect poise, awareness and drama. All Latin dances are love dances, really, but this one is more than that; the man is eager, pursuant, the woman languorous and supple and appealing. She should keep her head back a little and try to be as graceful as possible.

Keep this in mind, always: The slow step uses up two beats of the music, the quick step only one. The difference is made very deliberate, very pronounced. Take long strides on the slow steps, short strides on the quick steps.

Here's the first, and simplest, step. (See diagram on opposite page.)

Take two long slow steps forward beginning on the left foot—left forward then right forward. Three short quick steps follow in this fashion: Step forward with left, then short sidestep to right with the right foot and, for the third step, draw left foot to the right but do not place your weight on that left foot. (Dotted outline in diagram on opposite page signifies weight is not put on the left foot.) In other words, you're ready to repeat the sequence you've just done, beginning again on the left foot. This is the basic step of the tango.

Then here's what they call the chasse, classic and just as simple. The steps are taken sideways. The man has his back (Continued on page 98)
HERE'S HOW I LIVE

"We finally found just the house—a two-story white brick with a balcony and a big yard."

You buy a house; you acquire a baby; you know all the ins-and-outs of the Bill Henrys' private life. That's how intimate this story is!

A YEAR ago I was what is commonly referred to as "a promising young actor." I had a motion-picture contract, a wife and an automobile. I belonged to a social set made up of other young contract players. I danced, swam, played tennis and did everything else a young contract player is supposed to do. When I was tired or wanted to change my clothes I retired to my "modest apartment." Everyone said I was a lucky dog and I took their word for it. If Grace realized it was a lot of hooey, she never mentioned it. She was just the grandest little wife "a promising young actor" could have.

Then one evening, after a strenuous day of play, she looked up at me with that wholesome little smile of hers and said, "Bill, let's stop kidding ourselves."

Since an actor always stops acting just when he ought to begin, I looked just as dumb as I felt and mumbled, "What d'y mean?"

She wrinkled up her pert little nose and said, "Oh, you know—home, babies—all those silly old-fashioned things our parents believed in."

Grace, my lively little Grace, said that. I couldn't believe it—but I had to. Oh, I read stories so I know that plenty of wives have said the same thing, but they weren't Durkins. Most emphatically, they were not Grace Durkin, a little whirlwind of delight that never stopped going and never seemed bored or tired. Grace and her sister Gertrude were more popular than any dozen girls had any right to be. It took herculean strength to keep up with her during the courtship and colossal conceit to ask her to marry me, but I had managed both. When she said "yes" I raced her to the minister before she could change her mind.

That had been three years before—three years that had seemed like three weeks because Grace had been such a wonderful wife. And now, suddenly, she was sitting there, grinning and saying quite calmly, "Let's stop kidding ourselves...let's have a home and babies. . . ."

Of course, I kissed her. What would
you have done? I kissed her and put my arm around her and she snuggled up like a contented little kid about to hear a bedtime story. Then we made plans. First, we would look for a house, one that we both liked and could afford. Whatever else it had, it must have one large sunny room for a nursery and a big yard for the little fellow to romp in.

Whenever we went to look for a house I explained those two requirements to the agent and when he would look sort of funny, Grace would burst into laughter and chirp, "Oh, we won't have the baby for a year or two." No, I did not choke her—I am an actor and I can conceal my true feelings in front of people.

We finally found just the house. I knew it was ours the moment I saw it. It was a two-story white brick with a balcony and a big back yard with a barbecue and a badminton court. Downstairs there was a large living room which opened onto a patio. There was a nice-sized dining room that would look regal with the right furniture. There was a den with a fireplace and plenty of space for my books and papers—yes, in my spare time I fancy myself a writer and besides, all reports to the contrary, I answer all my fan mail personally. There were also a bath, a kitchen and a dinette. Upstairs there were another bath and two bedrooms—one opened out on a balcony so (Continued on page 91)
**Tobacco Road**

**HOW BROADWAY HAS DONE IT FOR 7 YEARS**

Exclusive PHOTOPLAY MOVIE MIRROR

Photographs by Charles P. Seawood

Ribald, rowdy, profane, "Tobacco Road" holds the record for the longest continuous run of any play ever to bow on Broadway, where curious crowds still swell its gross of $5,000,000. Banned in many cities, road companies have carried the tawdry tale all over the nation, playing in everything from showboats to abandoned churches. With Hollywood about to release a varnished version of the raucous, rough piece, PHOTOPLAY MOVIE MIRROR herewith offers you an aisle seat at high-light scenes of the original, uncensored play as it is now being performed in New York with Will Geer in the famous role of Jeeter Lester. Leora Thistleth as Ada, Ellen Andrews as Ellie May, Robert Rose as Dude, Vinnie Phillips as Sister Bessie, Marion Willis as Lov Bensey, Augusta Wallace as Pearl. Turn to page 52 to see how Hollywood is doing it.

1. Play's most frankly ribald moment is the famous "horsin' scene between sex-starved, hairlipped Ellie May Lester and L. Bensey. Jeeter's theft of Lov's turnips ends the primitivepass

4. Less loath to mate is Dude, when Sister Bessie, after pring over the idea, decides she needs a new husband to help carry on her work. Promise of an auto with a loud horn wins D

7. No crop has grown on his desolate farm in seven years, when foreclosure is threatened, Jeeter protests his love for land as passionately as if his Cracker cribs overflowed with g
Reluctantly Jeeter shares his loot with Ellie May, his wife, the preacher woman, Sister Bessie, and Grandma Lester. Last has munched two carloads of turnips during the long run.

Golden-haired Pearl, youngest and prettiest of the Lester brood, is sold into marriage with Lov by Jeeter for $7. When she rebels and flees from her unwelcome wedlock, Lov pursues.

"I marry us man and wife. That's all, God. We're in a hurry!" Sister Bessie's naive wedding ceremony, as Dude plucks flourishly at their license, prefaces some uproarious comedy.

As unconventional as their nuptials is the far-from-private honeymoon of Dude and Bessie in the Lester cabin. Jeeter first speeds the backward bridegroom to the tryst, then kibitzes on it.

Jeeter bargains with Lov to buy back Pearl. Ada, trying to Dude and Bessie from summoning Lov, is struck by their. As she dies, Ada bites Jeeter and enables Pearl to escape.

Unmoved by Ada's death, shiftless Jeeter's only worry, as the final curtain falls, is how he can manage to stay on his land. Despite its grim ending and its squalor, the play has high humor.

APRIL, 1941
The play "Tobacco Road", which shocked calloused dramatic critics, brought forth protests from civilians, is now being screened by Twentieth Century-Fox. The company who produced the starkly triumphant "Grapes of Wrath" paid $200,000 for the play, is now gambling a cast of great actors and $600,000 on filming what will be either a great mistake or a magnificent masterpiece.

For the picturization of the sordid, drab life of a Georgia Cracker family, Darryl Zanuck chose this cast—Ellie May, rebellious daughter: Gene Tierney; LB Bensey, the man she loves (see above Ward Bond; the crippled Grandma: Zef Tilbury; Ma Lester: Elizabeth Patterson; Jeeter Lester: Charles Grapewin; Her Peabody: Slim Summerville; Dude, the half-witted son: William Tracy; Sis Bessie, evangelist: Marjorie Rambeau.
LINDA DARNELL thrills to the kisses of Tyrone Power. But not, incredibly, because it is Tyrone who kisses her.

I watched her make the love scenes for "The Mark of Zorro" as I had previously watched her make the love scenes for "Brigham Young—Frontiersman" . . . that brilliant dreaming in her eyes, that pulsing tenderness in her young voice, that something wondering and wistful about her mouth. Has the child fallen in love with Tyrone, I wondered.

"But how can you act love so tenderly if you have never felt it?"

"But I have," she said. "When Tyrone kisses me, I think about the boy I love!"

This, then, is the story, the now-for-the-first-time-revealed love story of the lovely Linda:

It happened three years ago, when Linda was fourteen and going to high school in Dallas, Texas. Sometime during mid-term Linda had to stay at home because of a severe cold. It was during her absence that it happened and the first she heard about it was when the girls dropped by one day to see her after school, their eyes shining, their voices shrill with some new excitement. "Linda, wait until you see the new boy at school! Oh, he's terrific! He's dark and foreign and handsome like crazy . . . He's wonderful! He's really too divine!"

More connectedly, then, they told her about this new boy; that his name was Jaime Jorba; that he was an Older Man, being twenty; that he was a Spanish refugee; that he was in this country for only six months at the end of which time he would have to go to Mexico.

Linda sniffed, not only with her cold. She nursed her cold—and a mounting grudge. She heard so much about this Spanish sensation, how wonderful he was, that rather naturally she took an instant and instinctive dislike to him. She said, with a disdainful toss of her young dark head, "Well, he's not going to bowl me over!"

"I was fourteen. How did I know what love (Continued on page 84)
Petticoat fever: Helen Parrish in Universal's "Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga" and...
... Gene Tierney, signal star of a signal film, Twentieth Century-Fox's "Tobacco Road"
YOU go to see a picture—say that delightful comedy, "My Favorite Wife." Onto the screen comes Irene Dunne, riding on the front seat of a truck, bursting into tears at the sight of the home she hasn't seen for seven years. She is wearing trousers and a sailor's coat, but when she sobs, "I live here!" you know she does. A woman with that cultivated, perfectly controlled voice must have the background of just such a home. Later, when, in her own clothes, she is lunching at the fashionable Pacific Club, her voice belongs with her surroundings. She is a young matron of wealth and social standing and excellent taste. All that, if you are voice-conscious, her voice must tell you—and does!

Have you thought how much of the charm of your favorite stars depends upon their voices? Their ability to adjust the voice to the role—to make it a logical part of the character the actor is supposed, at the moment, to be?

All of us, whoever and whatever we are, play a variety of parts in the drama of living. First of all, of course, we are ourselves—a business person, a housewife, an employer, a mother, a social leader, an athlete...but we slip from one of these characters into others many times in the course of a single day. In the main, our voices tell the story of what we really are. The part of the country where we grew up, the schools we went to, our interests, our secret inner selves, with all their likes and dislikes, tastes and interests, are here to be detected by any keen ear that chances to hear us talk. Beyond this, we more or less...
Here's hope for everyone with an under-par speaking voice—from a woman who trains stars

**BY CRYSTAL WATERS**

One of this country's most distinguished vocal teachers, Crystal Waters trains the voices of screen, stage, concert, opera and radio stars for speaking as well as singing. She has conducted courses in vocal instruction at Columbia University. Her credo is this: Every speaking voice can be a good one...
ANY minute now,” said Jane Russell, “I expect to find myself back at Dr. Creamer’s office in Van Nuys, saying to a patient, ‘Have you an appointment with the doctor?’” Instead, she found herself in a little Indian village in Arizona playing, in “The Outlaw,” the role of Rio, the fiery half-breed love of Billy the Kid.

She’s entitled to the role of “New Face” because she was a ten-dollar-a-week receptionist doing commercial posing on the side until Howard Hughes found her photograph in a batch brought to him by a Hollywood agent. She’s going places because she’s ready to play—little and work hard and because she’s always tried to follow her actress mother’s advice: “Study dramatics.”

What she doesn’t have is actual motion-picture experience; a glamorous wardrobe; or a lot of money. What she does have is brown-eyed beauty; a great deal of courage; and a chance to be one of the most important people in one of the most important productions of the coming cinema year.
Vivacious Ann Rutherford, soon to be seen in M-G-M's "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary," gives you an exclusive preview of her spring wardrobe. Her evening dress of rustling black taffeta is accented with snowy white starched lace in old-fashioned style and Ann wears a black velvet bow in her hair just as her grandmother did. Gown designed by Louella Ballerino, Los Angeles.

Ann's Paris Fashion shoes were selected from the Vanity Slipper Shoppe, Hollywood.

BY GWENN WALTERS
Photographs by Eric Carpenter

Spring puts her best foot forward.
Crisp collars and cuffs of embroidered white piqué set off Ann's sport frock of heavenly blue—and how heavenly when contrasted with the dark Rutherford beauty. Exaggerated patch pockets with welt openings trim the blouse, which joins the skirt with an inset waistband.

Ann's shoe choice for pastels: Brown and white closed-toe spectator pumps.
Parchment beige wool jersey fashions Ann's second sport frock. Designed by Louella Balterino, who also designed the dress on the opposite page, it is a two-piece eye-catcher. The blouse, which features soft neckline, shoulder and cuff gathers for a trim, tucks into a bias skirt.

Footnote: Beige kid pumps with walled toe, edged with pleating and a tailored bow.
Ann's trim dressmaker suit of beige and brown checks is distinguished by a pert upstanding collar, clever three-button closing and novel shoulder cut. The jacket tops a beige cashmere sweater; pearls are worn outside.
Black and white are smartly contrasted in Ann's silk suit. The skirt is black crepe; the jacket, with wide revers and single-button closing, is faille. For a smart finish, there's a high-neck white crepe blouse.
If you want to be the subject of glamorous conversation, try buying clothes in a new way—i.e., choose something that represents the meaning of your name.

Alice or Adeline—OF NOBLE BIRTH
Your fashion fate is a regal air. You can have it with a pastel spring coat cut full in back for a patrician swing.

Grace
A-T motif here is full flowing lines. A draped silk jersey dress gathered here and there does you up to name perfection.

Catherine—CHASTE, PURE
Simple severity for you. Try the chaste simplicity of white cotton lace for evening; highlight it with exotic jewelry.

Barbara—FOREIGN, STRANGE
You’re the first to wear “firsts,” so try a new necklace. A tangle of wool and little mirrors. Carry a purse to match.

Beatrice—MAKING HAPPY
Sweetness and light for you. Don a middy blouse and radiate childish gaiety wherever you go. Moreover, it’s high fashion.

Irene, Renee—PEACEFUL
You rate a soft-light, low-music atmosphere. Pale pink and pearls swing it every time—and remember, men prefer pink.

Helen or Eleanor—LIGHT
You’re the good old cliché—a charmer. You’ll get results by wearing a gossamer crocheted shawl draped over your turban.

Edith, Edna—HAPPINESS
You’re the cheery soul who spreads joy. Do it without being Pollyannish by donning a spring suit in the smart spring red.

Louise, Eloise—BOLD, STRONG
You’re the girl who always takes a dare. Try this one: Wear matching cotton stockings and gloves in vivid shades with tweeds.

Margaret, Madge—A PEARL
You’re a standout because of truly “pretty” clothes. Wear a dress with a soft lace guimpe hooked with perfect pearl buttons.

(Continued on Page 11)
Tests with 615 secretaries show a 29% longer lasting flavor in Beech-Nut Gum

615 secretaries, in 26 cities, tested peppermint chewing gum. They reported that Beech-Nut's flavor lasted, on an average, 29% longer than the peppermint flavor of all the other brands tested. In addition, 2 out of 3 said that they preferred the flavor of Beech-Nut to that of the other brands. When you buy chewing gum, get the yellow package of Beech-Nut. It's delicious. Discover how long and how much you enjoy its better, stronger peppermint flavor.

An independent consumer research organization made the tests*

615 secretaries in 26 cities were tested. Various brands of peppermint chewing gum were bought in local stores and rewrapped in plain wrappers. Each secretary was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other), asked to report how long she thought the flavor of each stick lasted and which stick tasted better. Thus Beech-Nut was tested against all the other brands. *Name on request.

They said: more minutes of flavor
Are your fingernails the most beautiful?

Alluring boldly lovely, the twinkling brilliance of your fingernails conveys a message, a message to a man's intuition, of the loveliness of all of you! Let Dura-Gloss bring its gift of gem-flashing beauty to your fingernails! Do what millions of thrilled women are doing, switch your affections to Dura-Gloss, the easy-on, low, durable, longer-lasting polish that has swept America like a prairie fire! A tiny dime—ten cents—is all you pay for Dura-Gloss—but compare Dura-Gloss to polishes costing up to ten times as much! Buy Dura-Gloss today!

The Better Nail Polish by LORG 10c

DURA-GLOSS

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

(1) Some 10¢ nail polishes "fray" off at the edge of nail within one day. Dura-Gloss doesn't.

(2) Some 10¢ nail polishes dry so fast that you can't apply them properly. Dura-Gloss goes on evenly and smoothly.

(3) Some 10¢ nail polishes never dry underneath and are easily "dented." Dura-Gloss never "dents."

(4) Some 10¢ nail polishes chip off so easily that you have "bald spots" on your nails. Dura-Gloss lasts.
NAILS aren’t the only way of crucifying people. Words have been known to do a pretty good job—both spoken and written words. This month Fearless dares take to task his own kind—writers, reporters and editors, even himself—for the share they have had in bringing misery and serious danger to some of our top stars.

The reason is not that reporters and editors are always vicious and purposely cruel. More often they’re just thoughtless or careless or plain callous.

Remember—words can kill! They can kill careers, reputations, personal happiness—and do.

Hedy Lamarr is living in constant terror of one thing—the printed word. For it can rob her of the most precious thing in the world, eighteen-month-old Jamie, the little boy she is waiting anxiously for permission to adopt. Her divorce from her producer husband, Gene Markey, put her back as a probationary mother because the authorities who let her have the baby don’t believe that divorced homes are the ideal background for growing children. She can’t afford to have a breath of gossip about her until she has graduated as a parent.

Consequently, romance which every other girl yearns for is the one thing that spells danger to Hedy Lamarr. She cannot—she must not let her heart catch her off guard, or allow herself to be maneuvered, however innocently, into any situation that will raise a doubt in the minds of the public. Jamie is at stake. Thus the first appearance of her name in a column coupled with that of John Howard, the attractive star who is slated for a build-up at Universal, brought forth vehement denials of anything but the most casual acquaintance. It was weeks before she overcame her alarm sufficiently to be seen with him again. Meantime, the edge was taken off the romance rumors in that quarter by gay appearances with Reginald Gardiner, her devoted beau before she married Gene Markey.

BUT how long will it be before some reporter or editor dips into Hedy’s heart’s blood for a big story without trying too hard to find out if it’s true or not? To the press it would mean just another news smash, as we say in our business. To Hedy it would mean Jamie. Even the items in the gossip columns are dangerous words that can kill Hedy’s hopes. Fearless says: “Give her a break!”

Then there’s the case of Shirley Temple. You’ve recently seen her quoted across the country as saying, relative to her forthcoming picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, “I’m glad to be back at a studio. School is dull.”

Well, a lot of little girls think school is dull and say so without causing any more than worried frowns on their mothers’ brows. But when this little girl says it—let me hastily add the sacred standby of the press, “allegedly”—it is picked up by the columns and flashed over the wire services of the English-speaking world.

I say “allegedly” because I happen to know Shirley didn’t say that—not that way. Of course she was glad to get back to work. To her it was like the clang of the bell to a fire horse. For a year she hadn’t known what it was to walk before the cameras for a day’s work; she who could scarcely recall the time when she hadn’t been obeying the command of “Action!”

But there had been no such command since the day a year ago when Mama and Papa had taken a bewildered little girl by the hand, telling her as the studio gates of Twentieth Century-Fox clanged behind them that she was going to have a long rest from making pictures, and she had answered wistfully, “I hope it won’t be too long.” (Continued on page 106)
This is the rare case of a story that walks out of the life of Hollywood. It could be fiction, so dramatic is its plot. But it's true—this gripping experience of Miriam Hopkins'
MIRIAM HOPKINS sat writing in the pale yellows and whites of her Park Avenue hotel living room. As her pen moved across the paper, her small golden head bent with an absorption that went far beyond the sheet before her and deep into a memory.

"Michael darling,

"You have probably been wondering why there's been no letter in the rack for you. But ever since I arrived in New York there hasn't been a minute to do anything but see actors and talk around the Theater Guild table. That doesn't mean I haven't thought of you every day and don't love you more than anything...."

Miriam paused a moment to gaze at the vital eager face that looked out at her from the frame on her desk. Across one corner was scrawled: "To Mummy ... with love ... from Michael." Michael, her nine-year-old son, no less precious because his life had begun six days before she had found and adopted him.

Presently her pen resumed: "P.S. I had such fun going over your last batch of accounts. One item was five dollars for some dress trousers. I wrote Mr. Brown, your headmaster, that I'd never heard of dress trousers so cheap and he replied that they were reduced because they were secondhand, having been outgrown by one of the older boys. What a magnificent idea, to pass them along the line—
I mean the clothes. Think what a bargain the boy after you will get. Two dollars, with no extra charge for the shine."

As she finished addressing an envelope to Master Michael Hopkins, Arizona Desert School, Tucson, the telephone rang. Miriam picked it up.

"Hello... Yes, this is Miss Hopkins... How do you do, Miss Judson... Yes, I do remember you... Yes, I'm going into rehearsal with 'Battle of Angels'... Thank you, Michael's fine... You mean come up now?... Well, I'm sorry, I'm just leaving for a supper party but I'll be glad to see you tomorrow morning—at eleven, shall we say?"

The star of "Lady With Red Hair" gave the matter no further thought while her maid hurried her into a chic dinner dress. These were frequent happenings in the lives of stage and picture folk. The girl, as she recalled, was pleasant, of rather more than average intelligence and had been particularly nice to Michael when they had met for an interview some two or three years ago. Well, she'd see her tomorrow.

The phone rang again. This would be the friends she was expecting to join her in the cocktail lounge before going on to her Sunday supper date. She reached for the telephone. "Hello... Oh—oh, yes, Miss Judson... No, as I told you, I'm afraid you can't come up even for a moment. I'm expecting some people... You say it's about Michael? Well, I'm sure there isn't anything you could tell me about him that won't keep until tomorrow. Good night."

With only the faintest show of impatience Miriam hung up the telephone and presently joined her party in the cocktail lounge of the hotel. Realizing that both the fun and the perfectly iced bacardi were making her a little late for her next engagement, she called the bell captain over and asked him to telephone the apartment of Dr. Eddington on Park Avenue to say she'd be ten minutes late. An innocent gesture in itself, but it was to bring dire results.

Chatter and warmth and gaiety emanated from the home of John Eddington, noted psychiatrist. Miriam's arrival was greeted with a vocal swell of enthusiasm and affairs promptly got under way with the ordered hilarity of the well-bred. Everyone gravitated toward the buffet tables stacked with salads, cold fowl, hot chafing dish delicacies, hot coffee. Miriam found herself taken under the wing of a noted English novelist, co-star guest of the evening, and landed safely on a stool with a large plateful of food which she ardently hoped wouldn't turn into a lapful. The Englishman was having great sport with an innocuous rhyming game he had perpetrated on the group surrounding them.

"Come along, Miss Hopkins." (Continued on page 96)
ONE day in November, 1932, Bill Demarest, one-time actor, then an agent, now an actor again, walked into Brown's Ice Cream Parlor in Hollywood and ordered a strawberry sundae. The waitress who took his order had a smile in her eyes when she said "strawberry sundae." He didn't need to speak a word, her eyes made all the answers. What eyes could do on the ZCI: Bill Demarest!

So he said to this girl, whose name was Terry Ray: "Would you like to be in pictures?"

"I've heard that a lot of times," smiled Terry Ray. She was pleasant about it, but completely detached.

Mr. Demarest finished his sundae and drove back to the offices of the Edward Small Agency, with which he was then connected. "I'll bet a hat I'll put a waitress in pictures," he said to Mr. Small. "I'll bet a hat you don't," was the retort.

The next day Bill Demarest took an affable but apathetic Terry Ray to call on Mr. Small. When Terry Ray left, Small shook his head, "Don't waste your time," he told Bill. "I won't," said Bill.

Later Bill told Terry Ray, "Save your money and take some dramatic lessons." Terry Ray obediently pinched the sparse coins (she was supporting not only herself but her mother back in Chicago) and took a course of dramatic lessons.

Bill Demarest kept in touch with her. "I didn't want to lose my hat," he says now. He advised her about her hair, her clothes. He made her see pictures, study the risen stars. He told her that appearances mean everything in this business, especially at first. "After you're in," he told her, "you can go back to slacks."

THREE months later, so the Cinderella story goes. Bill Demarest again approached Edward Small. "I've got a great discovery, a debutante from Chicago. One of the ritzy kind, Social Register stuff and all that; but boy, what a looker! She used to put on plays in Evanston, Illinois, Junior Leagueing or something. I got tipped off to her through the grapevine system, producer (Cont'd on page 107)
How to become Some Man's Dream Girl

Lesson #1 - Launching your Campaign

You've just met him—in fact, you're barely past the "how d'you do" stage. But a hopeful flip of your heart indicates that here is a situation with Possibilities. How are you going to make him feel the same way about things? How are you going to catch his wandering eye and hold it? Here are some pointers that'll help you fool-proof your opening campaign:

DON'T at the first encounter, wheel out your heaviest artillery and aim all your big ammunition straight at him. Men scare so easily!

DO line up a couple of other conquests for decoy. He'll follow the crowd. P.S. In any Battle of the Sexes, your best bet is a collection of disarming sweetness. Concentrate on Pond's Creams maneuvers. Nightly. Before make-up!

DON'T take the initiative on the cheek-to-cheek stuff when he asks you to dance. If he's a conservative, he may think you a forward miss. If he has, you'll soon find out!

DO have a skin that looks and feels so caressable he can't resist it! Pond's Cold Cream, followed by cool Pond's Skin Freshener, lends baby-skin tenderness— and Pond's Vanishing Cream whips off little roughnesses like—that!

DON'T let any other man drag you into a shady corner and tell you the story of his life. If your hero sees you at all, he'll be too polite to break in on such a cozy tête-à-tête.

DO stay in the folksy, 100-watt foreground—if your skin can take the glare! Clinch that with a brisk daily 3-minute patting-in of luscious Pond's Cold Cream. Wipe off cream-softened dirt and old make-up with gentle Pond's Tissues. Repeat! See how this double cleansing and softening with Pond's makes pores seem smaller—little "dry" lines show less!

DON'T sit back and dream wistful dreams of being some big strong man's little dream girl.

DO send for Pond's beauty kit! Such beauties as striking Mrs. John Jacob Astor, sparkling Liz Whitney, winsome Margaret Biddle are Pond's devotees. And don't dally! Another she may be luring him on this very minute!

DON'T try to dazzle him with your wit and beauty when he's already blinded by the shine on your nose. There's nothing—no nothing!—so sad and ridiculous as a shiny-nosed girl trying to be a charmer.

DO look flower-fresh and dream-girly right through to the all-important good-night. Dead or departed make-up won't haunt you a second if you put your powder over a glamorizing foundation of Pond's Vanishing Cream.
HELLO, Juniors:

All I can do is print. I can't write yet, so Miss Turner says it's all right for me to tell her everything for you and she's writing it down so you can read it. I'm 6 years old, so I can't read very well yet, either, but I just started going to school. Pretty soon I'll know how to do everything. I'm learning Spanish, too. It's easy and I like it. Tito Guizar teaches me new words almost every day. He's so nice. He's in our new "Blondie" picture, "Blondie Goes Latin." I am going to sing and dance in it, too, and a little girl is going to be my partner when we do a dance called La Conga. It's a funny dance, but we have a lot of fun learning how to do it.

We have lots of fun on the set. Arthur Lake plays my father and Penny Singleton my mother. Arthur teases me all the time and makes me laugh and I think he's swell. Penny is, too, and her little daughter and I play together a lot. I have a little brother whose name is Michael. He's only 3½ years old, but he's a swell kid. He was in a picture, too. He played Spencer Tracy's baby in "Edison The Man."

I first was in a picture when I was 2½ years old. It was called "The Last Gangster." I don't remember anything about it because I was too young. Mother and my aunt used to be on the stage together and my aunt told my mother that I ought to be in pictures and to get me an agent. An agent is supposed to get you work in pictures. He got me the part in "The Last Gangster," but it was just one scene.

Then Mother decided to move to San Francisco. We were just up there for a week when the agent wired her that there was a part he thought I could get at Columbia Studios. So Mother left Michael up there with my aunt and she brought me back to Hollywood. I had to take a test for the picture. Mother told me what to do. We waited for a week, but didn't hear from the studio so Mother thought I didn't get the part, and we went back to San Francisco. Then the agent sent another telegram and said that I had gotten it, so we came back again to Hollywood. The part was that of Baby Dumpling in the "Blondie" pictures. "Blondie Goes Latin" is the eighth picture of the series and those are the only pictures I have been in.

NOW that I am going to school I have a teacher at the studio and that is my school. I like to be at the studio. It is lots of fun. But now it is not so much fun as usual because I have lost my dog. It happened almost a week ago and we have not been able to find him. I think he sneaked out the back gate at home and now he is gone. He is 6 months old and his name is Caesar, and I miss him very much.

Sunday is my favorite day of the week because then I can see the funny papers. "Blondie" is the best and I always look at that first. The Katzenjammer kids make me laugh, too, because they always get in so much trouble. I like to listen to the radio all the time, too. Especially "The Lone Ranger." It's such an exciting program.

I want to tell you about the birthday party I had a little while ago when I was 6. A real Indian dressed up in feathers came to the party. His name was Big Chief Clear Sky and he's a member of the Iroquois tribe. He did a dance with a tomahawk for us and it was very exciting. I got an Indian suit from Mr. Strayer who directs the "Blondie" pictures and Clear Sky showed me how to wear it like an Indian. He made me a member of the Iroquois tribe, too. He had to wire back to the reservation to get me a real Indian name and now it is in the tribal records. I am called Brave Eagle.

I've got to go and practice our dance for "Blondie Goes Latin" now, so I can't write you any more. But I wish that you would write to me and Mother will read the letters to me.

Your friend,
Larry Simms

Six-months-old Caesar and 6-year-old Larry go into a huddle with their book

MOVIE MIRROR JUNIOR

P.S. Larry would like to know if you read the funny papers and what your favorite comic strip is. So if you'll write to him in care of Movie Mirror Junior, 7751 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, California, and tell him about the comic strip you like best and why it's your favorite, he'll send an autographed picture to the ten boys or girls writing the most interesting letters. Miss Betty Turner will help judge the letters, but please be sure to mail them before March 25th, 1941.

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

We are glad to announce the following winners in the Movie Mirror Junior-Carolyn Lee contest:

Patty Miller, 466 Woodlawn Ave., Huntington, Ind.; Betty Lucas, 44 Fourth St., Fieldsboro, N. J.; Sara Guillebeau, Washington Road, Augusta, Ga.; Sara Jane Steinborn, 20 Martin St., Covington, Ky.; Cornelia Powers, 707 Sweet Briar Rd., Richmond, Va.; Ida May Ott, Box 605, Avon Park, Fla.; Beverly Funk, R. No. 3, Waterloo, Ia.; Dorothy Warren, Mark St., Aurora, Ont., Canada; Thomas Quinn, 2124 Summit St., Portsmouth O.; Rosemarie Newman, R. No. 2, Box 158, Manistee, Mich.

PHOTOPLAY COUP'N'ED with MOVIE MIRROR
"Almost a Miracle!"

says Lady Esther

A BRAND-NEW SKIN

will soon arrive
to enchant you
with its Beauty!

Just beneath your present skin is a younger, lovelier brand-new skin. As day by day it unfolds, as it comes to life...with every tick of the clock—it is replacing your older surface skin and bringing you a hope of new beauty in the future.

WILL YOU BE proud to show this brand-new skin? Will it make you look younger? Will it have new-born beauty when it appears...as your surface skin slowly departs in tiny dry little flakes? That depends, says Lady Esther, on the care you give it, on the wisdom with which you choose your face cream!

Your New-Born Skin can emerge in beauty...but only if you will help Na-

ture remove the dull drab flakes of old dry skin...if you will let my 4-Purpose Face Cream help free your skin of these be-clouding flakes...help to whisk them away...revealing the enviable loveliness of your New-Born Skin.

Use my 4-Purpose Face Cream. Use it liberally. Try to leave it on twice as long as usual so that it can, right from the start, begin to loosen the dry flakes of outer skin. Let it completely loosen the surface impurities and the dirt, let it clean the apertures of your pores...helping Nature to refine them, and to bring a clarity—an opalescent loveliness—to your New-Born Skin.

Ask Your Doctor
About Your Face Cream

Ask him if you should attempt to feed your skin from the outside! Ask him if he recommends astringents, or skin foods or tissue creams!

I believe he will say that a cream which can fill your pore openings may enlarge them.

But ask him if Lady Esther cream doesn't help protect the beauty of your skin because it loosens surface impurities and dry skin flakes...really cleanses...yes, helps to refresh and soften your skin. Ask your doctor if every last word Lady Esther says isn't true!

Try my 4-Purpose Face Cream at my expense. Use no other cream for a full month. Let it help Nature refine your pores. Let it soften and soothe your skin, ending the need for a powder base. For, with my face cream, your face powder goes on perfectly— flattering you with its clarity and smoothness...making you appear the proud possessor of a beautiful New-Born Skin.

SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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FREE sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

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APRIL, 1941
Considering our measurement chart and the most revealing photographs available of the stars, Doctor Halton eliminated a dozen girls at one swoop, concluding:

"There must be beautiful, full breasts. Without these the feminine figure recedes toward the boyish type, the anathema of slender women."

Finally Doctor Halton, like Paul Hesse, gave Betty Grable first place. And the similarity of opinion from these two judges didn't end here. Second on the doctor's list was Ann Sheridan and third, fourth, and fifth were Ginger Rogers, Susan Hayward, and Paulette Goddard, all of whom Paul Hesse also favored.

Interestingly enough, this was what happened ten years ago. Then it was Earl Christy, the artist, and A. L. Godwater, the physician, seeing eye to eye, who gave Dolores Del Rio top billing. As Doctor Halton says, "Obstetricians well know the woman with the essential feminine body is best equipped to produce the race. She comes through the ordeal of production with less injury and marring than the boyish-type woman."

At this point, as a result of Doctor Halton's and Paul Hesse's agreeing so amazingly, our line-up for the best figures in Hollywood remains unchanged.

BILLY ROSE, who produced the Aquacade at the World's Fair and who also is the producer of New York's "Diamond Horseshoe" entertainment—an exceedingly famous authority on feminine beauty—listed those he believes possesses the fairest Hollywood figures like this: Claudette Colbert, Martha Scott, Miriam Hopkins, Betty Grable and Ginger Rogers.

"The first three girls," Mr. Rose said, "come closest to having the proportions of Eleanor Holm, my wife, who is my ideal. Betty Grable and Ginger Rogers I include, although they're taller, because they're beautifully proportioned as well as being proportioned along the lines I consider glamorous."

We asked Mr. Rose to analyze the lines he considers glamorous.

"Lines that give the feeling of youth," he said promptly. "And young girls don't necessarily have these lines. A girl eighteen years old who is thick through the middle can look forty years old when seen at the far end of a hall. A high set-up, small hips and lovely legs—are the things that suggest youth."

According to Mr. Rose, Venus de Milo would be completely out of the running today. "If Venus came to a chorus call," he said, "I'd reject her. She's a little too thick here and there—in the bust and through the middle. This is a streamlined age."

Our line-up grows longer. Now, without attempting to place the stars in the order in which they should come, we have:

Betty Grable
Olivia de Havilland
Rita Hayworth
Susan Hayward
Carole Lombard
Claudette Colbert
Miriam Hopkins

IRENE, the famous Hollywood dressmaker, to whom the stars flock for their clothes, well-satisfied no one could turn them out in finer style, was arbitrary in her choice of the best Hollywood figures, as arbitrary as Hattie Carnegie, our dressmaker-judge of ten years ago.

Loretta Young, mentioned by no other judge, was first on Irene's list—"because she's so beautifully slim."

Ten years ago it was Constance Bennett, mentioned by no other judge, to whom Hattie Carnegie gave first place, explaining: "Miss Bennett is a triple slit perhaps but, to my mind, she more than atones for this by her carriage. When Constance Bennett enters a room she has arrived."

Irene also stressed carriage above everything else.

"The good clothes figure depends far more upon posture than it does upon perfectly symmetrical measurements," she said. "Bosoms can be faked, shoulders can be added to, waistlines can be minimized and fannies can be hidden. But good posture is essential. By good posture I mean not the physical-culture type of posture but that posture which consists of shoulders up, fancy under and a stride of assurance to give clothes importance."

Claudette Colbert was second on Irene's list—"because she has such wonderful hips." And there followed Marlene Dietrich, Carole Lombard, Constance Bennett, again—"because she carries herself so wonderfully," Joan Crawford, Dolores Del Rio, who undoubtedly still belongs in the running but who wasn't considered by our other judges because she so rarely makes a picture nowadays, and Rosalind Russell.

Which makes our list considerably longer:

Betty Grable
Olivia de Havilland
Rita Hayworth
Susan Hayward
Carole Lombard
Claudette Colbert
Ann Sheridan
Ginger Rogers
Paulette Goddard

Which makes our list considerably longer:

Betty Grable
Alice Faye
Olivia de Havilland
Miriam Hopkins
Susan Hayward
Loretta Young
Marlene Dietrich
Constance Bennett
Joan Crawford
Ginger Rogers
Paulette Goddard
Rosalind Russell

Now look at the official chart on this page, get out your tape measures—and get busy!

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<tr>
<th>Name of Star</th>
<th>Height</th>
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HONORABLE MENTION

ALICE FAYE, MIRIAM HOPKINS, RITA HAYWORTH, MARLENE DIETRICH, CONSTANCE BENNETT, JOAN CRAWFORD, DOLORES DEL RIO, ROSALIND RUSSELL
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OLIVIA de HAVILLAND

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Pure! ACTIVE lather!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it to protect loveliness
"Why didn't you tell me," he said. "Why didn't you tell me!"

Now she looked at him, her eyes wide. "He did—really?" she said, as if there might be an anodyne in this revelation.

"Yes," Mike Harrigan said. "He called for you until the moment he died."

Annabelle Clark sobbed uncontrollably. She wanted to explain herself to this man beside her and yet she knew it was hopeless. How can human beings be so prejudiced against each other? she thought desperately. Life versus Annabelle Clark Hurley, with Mike Harrigan the prosecuting attorney. Fine chance she had to convince him that she had believed it was for George's good to stay behind and please her father, so that he would let George's career flourish.

They stopped briefly at a roadside grill to have coffee. She kept her eyes on the red-checked tablecloth, drawing designs in it with her forefinger. At last she looked up at him, compelled his attention with the raptness of her blue eyes, still rimmed. "I should have gone along."

"Yes," said Mike significantly, "you should have gone along."

"But not for the reason you think," she said. "I should have gone along as antidote."

Something in her intensity made him waver. His eyes dropped to the garish tablecloth. He raised his cup, without being able to look at her. This could be her moment, if she willed it. This was the time to tell him about the child that was growing within her. If he was human at all, this would sway him. Perhaps it would even turn his accusations inward. But why should she bother? The devil with the district attorney? Let him accuse her and revile her, let him put the full blame for his friend's death on her. Why try to appeal to his sympathy? That couldn't bring George back. The devil with it! The defense rests.

AFTER a few minutes he paid the check and they got up to leave. Outside on the road he started into the car but she pushed ahead of him and said, "I'm going to drive."

He began to remonstrate, but it seemed to be important to her, and besides, it was her car. He went around and got in on the other side. Mike Harrigan wished, as they sped, all too fast, toward Los Angeles, that she would say something, or even that he could think of something to say. He felt, somehow, that she had won, and a great uneasiness settled upon him. It increased as they drove along in silence, a silence that raised the spectre of doubt in his mind.

The girl was a bad sort, he had no doubt of that. He had come up the hard way, battering his path westward from the little Ohio mill town, fighting every step, overcoming obstacles that this child of good fortune never even knew existed. He had no use for pampered darlings, even though his logical mind admitted the pampering might not be their fault. It was the old American pioneering spirit to which he felt people should get back and he despised the decadent generation that had grown out of unearned wealth. Now he realized suddenly that all his beliefs and prejudices had settled on one blond grief-torn morsel of humanity.

What was she thinking now? It would be so much better if she would only say something, even if it were accusing. A wave of deep sympathy for her swept over him and he tried, without avail, to repress it. He sensed that she was alone, absolutely alone, and too proud to ask for quarter of anyone. He looked back at their few meetings. Always, he had been cruel, even as today, unable to hide his antagonism toward what she represented, unable to separate the background from the girl herself. He had not spared her at the airport, nor in his conversations with Holton Clark, nor at the pier when they had left for Guatemala, nor on the boat talking with George. This was one of the first times in Mike Harrigan's life that his mind and his emotions waged a battle within him. He had an overwhelming impulse to reach out his hand to this girl and somehow find ways to comfort her and help her. But he knew that he could not do it.

When they came closer to town, she asked, as if the answer could be of no possible importance to her, "Where can I drop you?"

His mind raced. Perhaps—if there...
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were some unforeseen interruption, it would break the spell between them and rescue this wraith from his mind.

"Don't look," she said. "I'd better check it in."

Her face changed color, but she said nothing. She thought, I won't let him know that I haven't seen Holton since George died I won't give him that satisfaction.

It was so like destiny to arrange things so that as she drove into the little court beyond the main entrance of Clark Studios, Holton was coming out of the vestibule in the south corner. He could not believe his eyes as he hurried toward the car, his face alight with eagerness and relief. Mike got out and pulled the trunk and suitcase from the rumble. He was saying, "How are you, Mr. Clark?" and reached out his hand in a constrained manner. Holton Clark took it absently and came to the window in the driver's seat.

"Annabelle," he said, almost in a whisper.

Annabelle looked through the wind-
shield. She didn't want the pain she sensed up eyes to sway her. Long since she had made up her mind what she must do and pity must not break her resolve.

"I'm not worried about you," Holton was saying. "You've got to come back to the house." He continued intently, speaking louder than his normal voice, as if to outshout her silence. Mike came around and stood there beside him. He opened the door. "Here, I'll take the box," he said in a matter-of-fact tone.

"No," Annabelle said, and pulled the door closed. She had not cut off the motor. She glanced to see that now one was near the running board and then her foot came down on the funny little pedal that would wipe their voices out of her ears and their presence out of her consciousness.

Holton's gas sounded in her ears long after she was out of the front entrance and roaring down the road toward Holly-
wood.

She did not know where to go. How in heaven's name could she ever get away from the cruel box of clothes beside her? Suddenly she thought of the ocean, of the beach where months ago George had first kissed her.

They had had lunch up on Palos Verdes and later had walked down to the little bench in the woods and gazed lazily at the Pacific far below them. Then George had said suddenly, "Let's drive and they had gone back to the inn and taken little roadster down the winding road that led to the ocean. In silence they had driven beyond Redondo and just before they reached Venice, George had drawn up at the side of the road and had sat for a moment without speaking, watching the swimmers on the beach.

What followed shaped the days that were to come for Annabelle. When they had kissed and knew suddenly that something important had sprung up between them, George had said, "Let's drive up to the see the folks. We can get to Fresno before sundown."

It was adventure, an exciting drive, a warm something to look forward to at the end of the trail; for Annabelle knew that George's world was different from hers and that from the Hurleys she would get friendship and understanding.

Actually, when they had arrived, close to midnight, at the charming little house on the edge of the almond ranch, George's mother, practically without wrinkles de-
spite her fifty years, received her as if they had been friends for a decade. Mr. Hurley was more reserved and Annabelle regretted the flash she had made before. But before they had left the next day, Annabelle felt that she had to some extent won over the austere and cautious old man, and when George assured her that he was enchanted, she gratefully believed it.

NOW, she sought again that spot by the Pacific where they had sat and shared their destinies. Somehow, now, it all looked different and she could not quite identify the corner of earth she had been so sure she would never forget.

Then she saw a drive-in stand near a turn in the road that she halfheartedly believed had been their trysting place. A cup of coffee would be a blessing. She did not now how long she had been sitting there, looking through the dirty window toward the tranquil ocean, but she felt as if she had been suddenly awakened from a sound sleep when she was made aware of someone else's pres-
ence, someone who had been looking at her.

Turning, she met a look of sympathetic appraisal in the elderly man's kindly gray eyes.

He was dirty from the dust of the road.

His clothes were some sort of old khaki uniform. At his side was a knapsack. He, too, was driving a car.

"Hello," he said, without ceremony.

"Have another cup of coffee, won't you?"

She surprised herself with her answer. Ordinarily she was shy with strangers, but there was something about this man, a warm kindliness, that made it possible for her to answer without embarrass-
ment.

"Yes, thanks," she said, and the attend-
ant brought them each another cup.

He spoke about himself as if she had asked him. He had no shame or reticence. He was a man of traveling, had told her—he had come up north from Rio de Janeiro, much of the way on foot, taking the good with the bad, finding food and a bed from day to day. She asked him many questions about himself and in that strange sensitive way in which people on the road find out about their compan-
ions, he told her that what was in her heart. When he spoke again there was fervor in his voice.

"Look," he said, "I used to be in busi-
ness in New York. Then I went broke, so I was going to jump out of a window. But then I got the idea that failure might be an adventure—at least, it was something I hadn't before. I got excited about it. I went and did something wonderful. It was wonderful; I had plenty to eat and I slept well for the first time in many years. When I got to South America I got a job, a job that I didn't speak their lingo. Then I found out that all people are alike, particularly when they're in trouble, no matter what lingo they speak. I think that what's more, I don't want to own anything—except that in that knapsack, and that's just an extra shirt or so and a pair of shoes I won in a raffle."

YOU see," he went on, "practically everybody in this country lives with one or another temporary job, but I live with a different idea—try not to get any-
thing. You know," he said, rubbing his gnarled hand along the stubble of his chin, "I'm not the luckiest man in this land."

Annabelle stared at him. "But you have to have money enough to live, to eat," she said. "I do have good jobs now and then and sometimes I even work just to get a meal. The main thing is," his soft eyes suddenly narrowed and seemed to pierce every densi-
ty, "the main thing is to take the first step. Get rid of all the things that don't matter to you. That's the way to be happy."

Suddenly he tossed a coin on the coun-
ter, said with a smile, "It's a pleasure," and was gone.

Annabelle went back to her ear, looked around, I felt so much to see her philosophical friend. He was nowhere to be seen. She smiled inwardly at the irony of the hospitality of one who could so ill afford it. Then she got into her car and drove back toward Santa Monica.

"Get rid of all the things that don't matter to you." This was a lesson she needed. As soon as she had offered her by a stranger, but one who seemed to sense instinctively her real torment. Yes, that was it. She must get rid of all the things and all the people that didn't matter to her.

Now she was driving with an urgency that obsessed her.

IT was a week later. There had been so much to do. She had been amazed at her own energy—an almost frantic pas-
sion for some semblance of life. She longed for it. She was not last it was settled. Her car she had sent to her.
father's garage. All her clothes except the simplest she had sent anonymously to her friend, Helga Bentley, for Bundles for Britain. She had kept the little gray fur coat in which she had been married to George.

She had no plans, no definite idea of how she would manage these coming months until her child was born. She had a little bit of money; enough, she knew, to keep her well nourished until she could find some work that would furnish the necessities.

The little room at the cheap Los Angeles hotel gave her infinite pleasure because, for once, it was her own. The only money she had allowed herself to keep was the nominal salary she had been paid for her publicity work. She had not realized how difficult this was going to be. Everywhere she turned there were strange faces. The little room and its furnishings, the cold, disinterested face of the desk clerk, the need to do all her own planning—all this was so strange, so new and different, and she had to pull herself up sharply to keep from being frightened.

The second day she began to hunt for a job. She went to several agencies and into numerous shops and offices. Some of the people were very nice to her, but after all she had had practically no experience and her appearance was somehow against her. At last, late in the afternoon, she found herself faint with weariness and returned to her hotel.

It had all been exhausting, but it was the kind of medicine that she needed. She slept soundly and awoke grateful at the realization that her grief was moving further and further away from her.

Several days later she met Helga Bentley in a small shop where she was trying to get a job as cashier.

"Darling," Helga said enthusiastically. "It's so good to see you. We've all been so worried about you." She eyed Annabelle appraisingly, examining her from head to foot.

"You look fine, dear," she said, unconvinced, "but your father is simply desperate about you. Why don't you go to see him?"

"He'll get along," Annabelle said, and Helga Bentley knew the matter was closed.

"I know how you feel, darling," she said. "Maybe I shouldn't have brought it up." Abruptly she changed the subject. "Louella sent me here. She says you can get the most wonderful French handbags—the last ones, you know, my dear. Is that what you're looking for?"

"Yes," said Annabelle, "but I can't find anything I want." She kissed Helga lightly on her cheek and added, "Tell Father not to worry, there's dear." And before Helga could answer, Annabelle was gone.

Once on the street she hurried as fast as she could, for she knew Helga Bentley only too well. When she turned the corner at the end of the street, she looked back and was relieved to see no sign of the ubiquitous Miss Bentley.

As a matter of fact, Miss Bentley was nowhere in her car and turned the corner only a few moments after Annabelle did. By stalling conveniently in traffic, the日下午, who would have to have more than nine lives to escape the consequences of her curiosity, had no trouble in finding out where Annabelle Clark was staying.

When Helga Bentley phoned Holton Clark to give him her message of good cheer, Clark and Mike Harrigan were in the middle of a conference on how they could reshoot some of the scenes of "Girl from Guatemala" and save something from the ill-fated expedition.

---

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Mike had had trouble making Clark concentrate these last days. Time and again, the chief would try to find out from Mike if his daughter had said anything on that ride which would explain her disappearance.

“I don’t think you have to worry about her,” Mike Harrigan would say. “I just guess is that she’s trying it on her own.”

It made Mike Harrigan feel good to be able to banish his contempt for this girl. He was glad that he could even interpret her disappearance as a sign of new strength, of valiant independence.

But Holton Clark wasn’t easily sold. “Besides,” he said, “she’s not used to getting along without money. It’s driving me nuts.”

When he had finished talking to Helga Bentley, Holton Clark jumped up from his massive desk, pounded his fist against the blotted and said with eloquent relief, “Thank God I know where she is! Now I’ll make her take some money so I can get this damnable worry out of my mind.”

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” Mike said quietly.

“What do you mean by that?” Clark asked.

“I mean I don’t think she’ll take it,” Clark’s eyes narrowed as always when he was challenged. “She’ll take it, all right,” he said. “All I have to do is go about it the right way.”

Mike didn’t answer. But he knew in his heart that Holton Clark didn’t really disappoint him more than the knowledge that, at this point in her life, Annabelle Clark would take the money her father proposed to give her.

HOLTON Clark didn’t lose any time. A studio car deposited him in front of Annabelle’s hotel in Los Angeles a half-hour later.

Annabelle showed no surprise when Holton appeared at the door. But she thought, “And I had an idea Helga Bentley was my friend. Would I take it, all right?” 

It was so like Holton to push the door open as if Annabelle might bang it in his face. She noticed his typical gesture but disregarded it.

“Sit down, Holton,” she said, and drew up the rickety armchair for him.

“I’ve been very worried about you,” Clark announced. “You must forgive me, darling—you must.”

Annabelle was surprised by the listlessness that she heard in her own voice. “I have nothing to forgive, Holton,” she said.

Then you’ve got to come back, dear, and give me a chance to make things up to you.

She didn’t avoid his eager look. She said, simply, “No.”

“But, Annabelle—” he began.

“It’s hopeless,” she said, “I’ve decided.”

“But you have to let me help you.”

“It’s time I learned to help myself.”

“How will you live?” Holton said with just enough desperation. “Where are you going to get the money to live?”

“I have enough, and when I need more, I’ll earn it.”

“Please,” he said intensely. “Let me give you a little money. Give me that comfort, Annabelle, for old time’s sake.”

“No,” Annabelle said.

Maybe Mike Harrigan was right, after all. But Holton Clark didn’t give in so easily. He said, “It’s time to play.”

“At least,” he said, “at least you must take the money that George left you.”

What do you mean,” Annabelle said, her eyes narrowed. “He didn’t have any money. I remember he told you that himself and you laughed at him for it.”

“His insurance,” Clark said simply. “He didn’t have any insurance,” said Annabelle.

“But he did,” said Holton Clark. “I took it out for him before he went to Guatemala.”

A worry that had fluttered around the borders of her consciousness all day now beat its wings in her mind. There was a see for something that she really had one. She surprised herself as well as Holton by her sudden answer.

“How much is it?” she asked. He pulled from his pocket. “Five thousand dollars,” he said, and held the envelope toward her. For a fraction of a second she hesitated.

Then, “I’ll take it, she said.

Holton Clark rose. “That makes me very happy, Annabelle,” he said. “Please come and see me soon, darling.”

He knew how to leave well enough alone. A few moments later he was in his limousine, being driven back to the Clark Studios and his first peaceful afternoon in several weeks.

As soon as he left, Annabelle put a few clothes into a suitcase and went downstairs to arrange with the hotel to take care of her other possessions until she returned.

A half-hour later, in sacks and sweater with a coat thrown over her shoulders, she was in a bus, headed for Fresno. In his mind was the memory of an almoner and the picture of two grief-stricken old people who had sacrificed so much to make George Hurley a success in the film world.

Later that day, Mike passed Holton Clark in the commissary of the Clark Studios. He raised questioning eyebrows and he knew before he heard the words what the answer was.

“She took it.” Holton announced.

“Good,” said Mike over his shoulder. But he was a bit worried, and he wondered if he would ever believe in anyone again.

He sat over his cup of tea for a long while and when the waitress asked him if he would have something else, he did not hear her.

He had a way of reviewing the details of his life, in order to clarify them for himself and try to get the knots of his consciousness. Why had he allowed his old friends the Hurleys to persuade him to bring George to Hollywood? Driving down that week end from Del Monte to his ranch at Tehachapi, he stopped by on the lonely road to see his friends and get some of his favorite French fried almonds. The Hurleys, he thought, were the nicest people he knew and he was willing to admit that their young son who worked the orchard was definitely a movie possibility. That had been the beginning of Mike Harrigan’s interest in the end of it, he thought. “I must go up and see them soon,” he said, half aloud.

“Some more tea?” the waitress said. “No, ma’am. Nothing more.”

He left her too large a tip and went out of the commissary.

The bus didn’t go any farther than Fresno, but fortunately Annabelle remembered that they had turned to the right from the main road after they came into the town. She started to walk, but soon the old-vinl and the toothless smiling old woman who was driving gave her a lift.

“Hurley?” she said. “Sure. I go right by there, pretty near. Anyways, it’s not much farther. I live out from where I turn off on Old Dirt Road.”

Annabelle finally dragged herself up the steps of the Hurley ranchhouse, after having asked her way and lost it numer-
ous times. She admitted to herself that she was desperately tired, and that it would be heaven just to sit down.

When the little gray-haired old lady in the simple house dress first looked at Annabelle, there was an expression of sympathy, but no recognition on her friendly face.

"You look mighty tired," she said.

"Won't you have some cold orange juice?"

Thanks ever so much," Annabelle said. "I'd love it."

"Heading for the dude ranch?" Mrs. Hurley asked. "Most folks get driven up there, but I guess you were too late for the station wagon. Sit down and rest yourself, dear."

**GRATEFULLY,** Annabelle collapsed in the rocker on the porch, as Mrs. Hurley went inside the house. She smiled at her realization of how much she must have changed since that day only a couple of months ago, when George had presented her to his mother. What a dear person, Annabelle thought. She greets me as cordially as if she knew who I am.

Mrs. Hurley came out of the house with a tall tumbler filled with California's nectar. Annabelle drained half of it in a grateful gulp.

"Have you come a long way?" Mrs. Hurley said. Before Annabelle could answer she went on in a different tone, "I declare I think I've met you somewhere before."

Annabelle swallowed hard but met the older woman's eyes squarely. "I'm George's wife, Mrs. Hurley."

The old lady came to her and held out her hand. "I hoped you'd come and see us," she said softly. "Even if we only met each other that once."

Her eyes darted nervously toward the orchard beyond the house. "You mustn't pay any attention to anything Father says. He's been pretty bad since the news came about George. I've tried to tell him it's nobody's fault. It's just God's will."

She sat down in the chair close to Annabelle's and said again, "I'm so glad you've come to see us.

The tears streamed down Annabelle's face. No kindness, no real kindness had been given her since George died and here was the woman who had suffered most by the tragedy, and yet she could forget her own grief long enough to feel for her who had known him only a few months.

"You're terribly sweet," she said, trying to control her sobs. "Thank you so much." The old lady's hand held hers tightly. "I had to come to see you," Annabelle went on plaintively, "because I've thought so much about how you and Mr. Hurley must have suffered, and because I had something I wanted to bring you."

"You don't need to bring me anything, dear," Mrs. Hurley said.

Annabelle held out the envelope. "Here," she said, "this is yours. It's George's insurance."

"But it couldn't be ours," Mrs. Hurley said, "or they would have sent it to us."

"My father took it out," Annabelle said quietly, "before George left for Guatemala. It belongs to us, you and me." She tried to control herself and faced the understanding eyes of this old lady to whom she felt suddenly so close. We're going to need it," she said. Mrs. Hurley took the envelope, but her eyes turned to Annabelle in wonderment.

"You mean you'll stay here with us?"

"No," said Annabelle, "but later. When the baby comes, I'll bring him here to you."

"Oh, my dear," Mrs. Hurley said, and held Annabelle close. She murmured, "George's baby ... how wonderful!"

---

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The hum of a motor distracted them and a car drew up sharply in front of the ranch house.

The last person in the world that Annabelle Clark expected to see at that moment was Mike Harrigan. But it was he. He came up on the porch with a curious look of joy on his face, a look to which Annabelle had grown accustomed.

"Mike," said Mrs. Hurley, "it's good to see you. You know Annabelle, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mike. "Your father told me that he had been to see you."

"Really?" asked Annabelle coldly. "He seemed very happy," said Mike Harrigan, "that he was able to make you see things his way—about the money.

Annabelle caught the full flavor of the implication. How dare he! What right did he have to criticize her for taking money from her father? Why should she have to prove anything to Mike Harrigan?

Yet she controlled herself. She knew, with a surge of self-confidence, that she had found a new strength in all this. A few months ago she would have managed an angry reply that would have devastated the most callous adversary! But today it was different.

Mrs. Hurley was aware of something in the air between them. "Can't I get you something to drink?" she said eagerly to Mike. "I'd like a good glass of water," he said.

"Come inside, dear," Mrs. Hurley said to Annabelle. "It's beginning to get chilly."

As Mrs. Hurley went in and Mike were alone, there were no words between them. Oh, ye of little faith, she thought. From a great distance her consciousness told her something truly shocking about herself and Mike Harrigan. In another place, at another time, this man and she could be friends. But everything in their lives had conspired against that friendship.

She passed him to go into the house.

A FEW moments later Frank Hurley came in. When he recognized Annabelle his reaction was half pathetic, half mad. Annabelle forgave him his words, for she could see that this was indeed a grief-wracked man who had found no solace for his sorrow except in bitterness.

"She shouldn't have come here," he said over and over again. "If the Clarks had only let our son alone, he'd still be here with us. She shouldn't have come here."

"Father, please," Mrs. Hurley said softly. "She came to bring us something. Please, Father."

He turned to Annabelle, his red-rimmed eyes staring in desperation: "Why don't you go away and leave us alone?" Then to Mike: "Mike, you knew about her. You told us about her that day you drove up in ironic amusement on that Yuma. You promised you'd stop him. Why didn't you stop George from marrying this—this—?"

Tears streamed from his eyes and his hysteria mounted in pitiful intensity.

Mike put his arms around the old man's shoulders. "That won't do any good, Frank. It's too late. You should have made it up to her a year ago."

A sob broke from Annabelle. She could not restrain herself; she knew she must leave this house before she broke down completely. She was halfway to the door when Mrs. Hurley reached her and held out wrinkled hands to her: "No, dear, no," she said. "You're going to stay with us. Don't pay any attention to him. Dear, he's been hurt."

Mike's eyes were concentrated on this demonstration of kindness. There was shame and wonder in his eyes. Somehow, without before, he felt new to it. He was on the wrong side, and yet he couldn't find the words or the action to change it.

Annabelle freed her hand and touched Mrs. Hurley's arm. "Thanks. Thanks ever so much. Good-by..." She hurried out of the room, picked up her bag from the porch and ran down the stairs. Mrs. Hurley's kindness had touched her more than everyone else's cruelty. And she could not give Mike Harrigan the satisfaction of knowing how this last humiliation had destroyed her. She dragged her way down the road as fast as her weary legs would carry her.

Mike watched her go, his eyes terribly troubled. Frank Hurley started out of the room, as if pleased with the outcome. But his wife stopped him with her voice. It was quiet, but ominously intense. "Until your dying day, Father," she said, "you should never forgive yourself for what you've done today."

"Why didn't she leave us alone?" the old man said in his inexorable misery. "Because she brought us George's insurance," Mrs. Hurley said. "Look!" She pulled the bills from the envelope and held them out to her husband. Mike said: "She brought that money to you?"

Mrs. Hurley's eyes held her husband's.
"Look, Father. Thousands of dollars. One, two . . . four . . . five thousand dollars! She brought it to us of her own free will . . . for us to help her take care of our grandchild after it is born!"

There was no sound in the room save the ticking of the wall clock which was like thunder in Mike’s ears. He looked out of the door where the girl had gone. In this moment his life was to be decided. He could stand there—watch the slow and incredulous reaction of poor Frank Hurley, persuade him that sentimentality about an approaching birth of his grandchild should not change his resentment of the death of his son. Or else in this moment, Mike could follow her and give her comfort—follow her perhaps to the ends of the earth!

He was paralyzed by the realization of what the girl had done. She had allowed her father to be comforted by the thought that she now had some of his money; then she had hurried with it to the people who might need it most. And with no proviso except that they would help her take care of George’s child when it arrived. Mike’s face flushed with his shame. There was only one choice—and this time his heart won over his head.

Annabelle was only a speck down the road when he first saw her but he soon caught up to her. She started to run when she realized that he was following her, but the bag was too heavy and she tripped over it with pathetic clumsiness. Instantly he was out of the car, straightened her out and grasped her arms. "Annabelle, Annabelle," he said, in an almost unearthly voice, "why didn’t you tell me? Why didn’t you tell me?"

Her voice sounded a thousand miles away to her. "Why should I?"

“Everything’s so different now that I know," he said. "You need help—and I’m George’s best friend...

She saw something in his eyes, something she thought had probably never seen in any other man’s eyes—something primæval and earthy, not hunger—but overwhelming compassion and—something deeply stirring.

How could she be revengeful now? It didn’t matter. She had only one purpose in life, and that certainly was not revenge. What difference what he had called her once? Now she was only a mother-to-be and his remorse meant nothing to her.

Still, in her there was compassion, too. "You never exactly made me feel I could confide in you," she said softly. "I know," he said.

Suddenly she wavered towards him, slipped through his outstretched hands and crumpled on the dry earth. In a flash he was down beside her, his strong arms encircling her. Against the rough tweed of his sleeve her face was ashen pale. In that moment he thought with wild unreasoning desperation that she was dead.

"Annabelle," he whispered. "Oh, Annabelle!

Something has happened to the heart of the hard-boiled Mike Harrigan and so in next month’s instalment Annabelle faces the most serious problem of her young life. Then, Helga Bentley and some of her brittle friends offer a complication no one could have foreseen. As a result, the events at Mike Harrigan’s ranch at Tehachapi make the most exciting reading of this exciting serial! Don’t miss the next instalment, in the May Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

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*SAY! WAS I FED UP WITH COUSIN GEORGE!*

Was he a glump! Cried if you looked at him. Acted like our sissy little spaniel was a starving mountain lion.

Total loss at meals, too. Sneering at the cook, complaining about the service... I almost cocked him with my spoon.

By bath-time I’d decided—one more peep and George was a drowned cousin. Imagine my surprise when he broke out in smiles. “Ah!” says he, clutching my Johnson’s Baby Powder. “Downy-soft Johnson’s—just what I’ve been needing! Conditions around this house are not so bad as I thought.”

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The Boy Linda Darnell Loves
(Continued from page 53)

...can do to you?" asks the maturely wise, seventeen-year-old Linda of today.

A week later they met. In the school yard. And Linda was instantly bowed over. Dizzily. Completely. For the first time in her child life, she knew what it was the poets write about, knew what it felt like to have the world turn a crazy somersault so that stars swayed the earth and flowers bloomed in the sky. It was as though lightning had struck the two of them, the dark young man from Spain, the dark young girl of Texas. It had. Linda knew she was in love and Jaime knew he was in love.

In those first hours of that first day (they ditched school, the two of them, and walked miles and miles) young Jaime Jorba spilled out his whole life story at Linda's feet. He was a Spanish refugee. He was twenty years old. But much older in his heart than in his years. Because he had seen murder and rapine and destruction of home and country and loved ones and faith in life. He had seen Barcelona ravished. His young eyes had grown old and bitterly wise, looking too early on cruel and bestial things. He was wounded where wounds do not show or bleed. And, he said, Linda healed his wounds. Linda made life bearable again. He was handsome, Latin, temperamental, hot of heart—and terribly jealous.

They went to school together, Jaime and Linda, although Jaime was, of course, doing post-graduate work and Linda was but a freshman. They ate their lunches together in a corner of the school yard. They took long walks together in the afternoons. They went to the movies together in the evenings. ("It's very strange," says Linda now, "but I told him I thought he looked quite a lot like Tyrone Power"). They sat on Linda's front porch while the moon shone down and Linda would speak, now and then, of her dream of going to Hollywood one day and becoming a great star. She didn't talk of it often, because it was a subject that would send Jaime into convulsions of fear and jealousy and torment. He would go mad, he swore, if he saw her, even her shadow, in the arms of another man.

It was thus that along with her love for him there was planted, also, the seed of fear of him, fear that his jealousy would be a barrier between them. Jaime overstayed his six-months leave in this country. He stayed seven months, eight months, unable to tear himself away even though he knew the authorities must get him in the end. He ran a grave risk. It might mean jail, he was warned. He didn't care, he said, since whatever he was wanted would be jail to him without Linda. At the end of the eight month, they did catch up with him and he had to go back to Mexico City.

That was three years ago. Every day since then, there has been a love letter for Linda in Hollywood. Every day there is a love letter for Jaime in Mexico City. Jaime writes his letters in Spanish and this is why Linda is taking Spanish lessons, the better to decipher every syllable he writes. Linda writes her letters in English and this is why Jaime is studying English.

This is why, too, Linda takes those long, solitary drives to the beach, sits for an hour, two hours, dreaming in her car, her eyes on the sea. This is why she has as few dates as she does have, of the many she could have, preferring to "go to bed
early and read a book."

And this is why when she does go out, as she does occasionally with Mickey, Rooney, Robert Shaw, Frank Swann, Bob Sterling and the other boys, she can say honestly, "I never let one of them kiss me. I have never been kissed—off the screen. And that goes for Mickey, too, in spite of all the talk about our dates and our 'romance.' We have had dates, we do have dates. We don't have romance. We are awfully, awfully good friends. I have more laughs with Mickey than with any other boy I know. To be with Mickey is the best fun imaginable. But we are, we really and truly are just friends and there is nothing serious about it, or us."

This is why, then, in Tyrone's arms, she is able to give so poignant a portrait of a girl in love. Because she is a girl in love—with Jaime.

THAT she truly is in love with Jaime, Linda knows now. A few months ago she realized that she could never care for any other boy she might meet, in Hollywood or elsewhere, until she had found out whether what was in her heart was love, real love, or just a little girl's first dream of love.

She knew a sort of fear, too—a fear that if she did find out that the little girl's love was a woman's love, she and Jaime still might not be able to find happiness together, because of that burning jealousy that was such an intrinsic part of Jaime's make-up.

Because Linda, young as she was, in love as she was, was wise. She knew she wouldn't quit her career—"Not until I'm twenty-five, at least." Yet there were those letters of Jaime's to consider, written after he had seen her in love scenes with Tyrone, letters so violent, so tormented that the words all but burned the paper they were written on. Sometimes, almost despairing, Linda would write him long letters back, trying to explain that the love scenes were just acting, that when she kissed men on the screen, it was his face she saw, his arms she felt about her.

There was just one answer for Linda—he must see Jaime again and discover how great—or how small—their love was. So she asked the studio for a vacation and went to Mexico City—to Jaime.

They spent every evening of her stay here together. And Linda was not disappointed. For Jaime it is, she says, what she has been remembering him as being in these past three years, as charming, attractive, as enchanting. Her fear that he was carrying a mirage in her heart is gone and the little girl's dream of first love is still a dream. But the dream is still a dream, because Linda is too young, has too much work to do, to make her dream come true now. But the dream is still there in her heart, proven now, unchanged and, perhaps, unchangeable.

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Come Live with Me
(Continued from page 45)
Johnny knew, "You’re a writer.
Well, that makes two of us who think so," said Bill.
"Are you an American?" Johnny asked.
Johnny sighed in relief. "Then, please," she said, "I would like to go home with you."

Bill stared at her unbelievably. She was completely serious. He turned to the driver and said, "Sheridan Square."

BILL'S apartment consisted of one small badly furnished room. "But it's a room with a view," he said, pointing through a narrow window across the square to a sign where a tiny horse outlined in electric lights galloped eternally around a maze race track.

Johnny smiled halfheartedly. Bill encouraged by the smile, walked toward her, hesitated for a moment, then abruptly kissed her. Johnny responded with a swift sneer on his jaw and a furious, "What do you mean by doing a thing like that?"

"You ought to know," Bill retorted. "You're the one who wanted to come here."

"Do you suppose for a minute," Johnny was scornful, "that I came here so you could—could kiss me?"

"Why, I er—" Bill paused in embarrassment. "Why did you come?"

"I came," Johnny replied with dignity, "to ask you to marry me."

Bill was speechless for a moment, then he burst into laughter. Recovering, he bowed formally and said, "This is so sud-
den, Miss Jones." Johnny didn't answer and at last Bill said, "Why me?"

"Because you haven't any money," "Me and a million other guys," Bill said. "Are you planning to marry all of us?"

Johnny stamped her foot in exasperation. "I might have known you wouldn't understand. That's only part of it. I haven't any husband and you haven't any wife and I need a husband—"

"And I don't need a wife," Bill interrupted.

"I thought we could trade," Johnny said awkwardly. "If you were my husband you'd have money—and—and—oh, why do you have to make it all so difficult?" Her voice broke and Bill realized that she was close to tears.

"I'm sorry," he said gently. "I didn't mean to make it tough for you. Let's begin at the beginning. Why do you need a husband?"

"Because the only way I can keep from being sent back to what used to be Austria is to marry an American citizen."

"You poor kid," Bill was all compassion. "And I thought I had troubles!"

Johnny told her plight. How her father, a wealthy Viennese, had opposed Nazism; how he had been put to death for his beliefs. How she had escaped to America where she had married her name from Joanna Jans to Johnny Jones in the hope that the immigration authorities would be unable to find her after her visitor's permit had expired. But tonight they had caught up with her and now her only chance to escape deportation to the Vienna where her very name would mean death or worse was to marry an American.

"It's a sure spot," Bill said sympathetically. "This marriage business, though. It's the silliest thing I ever heard."

"Please, Bill," Johnny urged. "It's my only chance."

She clutched his arm and Bill read the desperation in her dark, tear-filled eyes.

"Okay, Johnny," he said. "But not of this living on a woman's money. I'm going to pay it back, every cent."

His determination on this point ended in a quarrel and at last Bill demanded, "Do you want to marry me or not?"

"No, I don't!" Johnny screamed. "But I've got to!"

"Then we'll do it my way," Bill snapped. Together they figured out how much he cost each week to live. The grand total was $17.80 and this amount and re a penny more Bill consented to accept from Johnny weekly.

They were married the following morning. After the brief ceremony at City Hall Bill suggested lunch, but Johnny shook her head.

"This is strictly business," Bill, said, reminding him.

"I know," Bill nodded glumly. "No love, no honor, no obey. Say—'No Low—'that's a swell title for a novel."

"Swell," Johnny agreed. "Why don't you write it, Bill?" and with a brief, "See you next week," she was gone.

Gone, Bill supposed morosely, to meet some other man—maybe a man she was in love with or who was in love with her. Still, that didn't make sense. There were a man in Johnny's life sure he wouldn't ask a perfect stranger

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marry her. Unless, he reflected, the man was already married.

Bill was closer to the truth than he realized. For the man who was in love with Johnny was married. Johnny had met Barton Kendricks when she first came to New York. Bart, the head of a phenomenally successful publishing firm, was a good deal older than Johnny but his only added to his desirability, for it gave to his good looks and charm and money the added attractiveness of security—and security, after the horrors of Vienna, was the thing Johnny longed for most in the world.

She was troubled about Bart’s wife. She had never met Diana Kendricks, but she knew that even if Bart were no longer in love with her he still had tremendous affection for her, as well as admiration for her beauty and gratitude or the unerring literary judgment which had contributed so much to his success. In all their discussions of the future, Diana was the stumbling block. At last Bart could stand the strain no longer. It was a few weeks after Johnny’s marriage to Bill when Bart burst out, “I can’t take it any longer, Johnny. It’s got to be marriage—or nothing.” Johnny didn’t know why she hesitated. Of course it was what she wanted. Or was it?

“Isn’t it?” Bart repeated.

She lifted her eyes to his. “I—I think so, Bart.”

“That’s all the assurance I need,” Bart said confidently. “I’m going to ask Diana or a divorce.”

“Oh, no,” Johnny protested. “We can’t hurt her, Bart!”

“I don’t think it will hurt her,” he said reassuringly. “Lately I’ve been thinking she might like a divorce herself. Arthur Stafford has been in love with her for years. Anyhow,” he broke off briskly, “I’m going to ask her. A Reno divorce takes six weeks and we can be married as soon as it is over.”

“Six weeks!” Johnny was panic-stricken. “Why that’s—that’s...”

“That’s six weeks,” Bart smiled. “And there’s no reason why we can’t be married at the end of them.”

For a moment Johnny couldn’t speak. This was harder than she had thought it would be. At last she said gently, “Yes, there’s a reason, Bart.”

Bart only stared at her, so Johnny went on, “How do you think I’ve managed to stay here in America?”

“You said the immigration authorities gave you an extension.”

“But the only way they could give it to me was for me to marry an American. I didn’t tell you that because I knew it would worry you. I just—just got married, Bart.”

BILL had acted on Johnny’s suggestion and was writing a novel called “No Love.” At first it went very well. He had only to tell the story of Johnny and himself as it was actually occurring, adding to it after each of Johnny’s visits with his weekly check. Then it began to sag. You couldn’t have a story, let alone a happy ending, unless the girl showed some spark of interest in the boy and so far Johnny had failed to do that. She kept their relationship on its strictly business basis, rejected or evaded all Bill’s efforts to establish a more personal association and gave no hint of the life she led between visits at his apartment.

Frequently Bill talked the situation over with his reflection in the mirror telling himself (1) that he wasn’t in love with Johnny, (2) that he was a dope to love a girl who didn’t love him and (3) that since he loved her so much she’d just have to fall in love with him sometime.

Then came the day when Johnny asked for a divorce. If Bill had had any doubts about being in love with her this request settled them. Of course she loved him.

“You can’t do this, Johnny,” he said huskily, “can’t go out of my life before I’ve had a chance to make you love me. Why,” wryly, “we don’t know each other well enough to get a divorce.”

“You’re sweet, Bill,” Johnny said, responding in spite of herself to the feeling in his voice, “but it’s just no use.”

Bill’s heartbreak turned suddenly to unreasoning rage. “You’ve certainly picked up American customs in a hurry. Meet, marry and divorce—and then, shrewdly, marry again, I suppose. That’s what you want a divorce, isn’t it—because there’s another man?”

Johnny nodded. And then gently, because she saw she was hurting him and because she did not want to do that, she told him a little about Bart. Not his name, not anything which would enable Bill to identify him, but enough about him so that Bill could picture the life in store for her. Against that picture Bill had no argument, for he sensed in her words her need for security and peace and he could not give her those. At last he said wearily, “All right, Johnny, you can have your divorce.”

He didn’t quite know why, after Johnny left, he turned again to “No Love,” but suddenly there he was, hunched over the typewriter, pounding away page after page. For now he had
DeLong Bob Pins

won't slip out

When Bill walked into Bart's office, the older man sized up the younger one carefully. Immediately on his wife's enthusiastic account of "No Love" Bart had sensed that the story was his own—his and Johnny's—and reading it had only confirmed this belief.

"We were quite interested in your story, Mr. Smith," Bart said when the first formalities were over.

"Interested is a mild word," this from Diana Kendrick, who always attended her husband's interviews with new authors, "I'm crazy about it. Of course, it isn't finished and we've been wondering how it would turn out."

"I'm trying hard to work that out now," Bill explained. "It depends on a lot of things. Naturally, his face reddened, 'I'm all for her staying with the husband.'"

"That's the conventional happy ending," Diana remarked.

"And it's tripe," Bart cut in vehemently. "What you want is a realistic ending and a girl as intelligent as this one is sure to prefer the polished, more sophisticated man. She won't lose her head over some dope of a boy."

"What do you mean, dope?" Bill demanded. "If you think a girl like this is going to turn down the man who loves her to marry some doddering old idiot just because he's got money—"

"I'm not old!" Bart shouted. "I mean, hastily, 'the man isn't old. He's just in the prime of life."

Bill, though surprised at Bart's intensity, didn't notice the break. But Diana did; first, Bart's vehemence, out of all proportion to the situation, then the tell-tale little "I." Suddenly a great many things became clear to her. Bill Smith was the young husband in the story. The girl was his wife. And Bart...

After a moment she said briskly, "Well, boys, break it up. You can't settle anything this way. Why don't you give Mr. Smith his advance, Bart, so he can work out the ending as he thinks best?"

When Bill had departed with his check, Diana said slowly, "That's your own story, isn't it, Bart?"

Bart nodded unhappily. "How did you know?"

"You're not very good at hiding things, darling," her tone was light. "She hesitated, then went on. "Are you sure she really loves you?"

"Of course," Bart snapped.

"You mean you were sure," Diana amended. "Until you saw what a nice likable chap her husband is. I suppose," she suggested, "you want a divorce?"

"I hated to ask you," Bart mumbled.

"You don't need to. I'll give you a divorce, of course, just as soon as you're sure she really loves you. After all, you know, I'm in this. I happen to love you quite a lot, happen to like our life together. I'm not stepping out until there's a darned good reason. So when you're sure, you come running home to mama. And if she doesn't love you—"

"I'll come running home," Bart interrupted, "and ask you to forgive me and promise that you'll never let me make a fool of myself again."

"That's a bargain, Bart," Diana said.

Two hours after leaving Bart's office

Bill and Bart just stared at each other. After a moment Diana said "Well, boys. Break it up. You can't settle anything this way!"
Bill rang Johnny's bell. He had cashed his check. Every garment he wore from his hat to his shoes was new and there was a smart roadster—a hired one, to be sure, but still smart—at the curb.

"What in the world..." Johnny exclaimed when she saw him.

"You sent for me," Bill reminded her, "to come up and sign some papers about the divorce."

"Oh, that," Johnny said, "of course. But you—Bill—you look as if someone had left you a million. You haven't—oh, yes—have—you've sold the novel?"

Bill nodded, grinning from ear to ear.

"That's wonderful!"

"You ain't heard nothin' yet," Bill exulted. He pulled a roll of bills from his pocket, counted off a number and presented them to Johnny. "There you are, Mrs. Smith. Ten weeks at seventeen-eighty."

JOHNNY accepted the money mechanically, disinterestedly. "Tell me all about it," she ordered.

"Tell you later," Bill said. "No time now—got to get started."

Johnny's enthusiasm changed to disappointment. "Are you going away?"

"Not me—we," Bill replied. "We—Mr. and Mrs. Smith—are taking a trip."

"You must be crazy," Johnny snapped. "We—Mr. and Mrs. Smith—are getting a divorce."

"Darn it, it's all right," Bill mused, "for two people to get a divorce when they scarcely know each other."

"Bill!" Johnny was alarmed. "You can't be serious about this. You know I can't go away with you. You promised to give me a divorce—that was part of our bargain."

"That was the old bargain," Bill explained. "It was over when I paid back the money you loaned me. Now I'm making a new one. You want a divorce. Well, no trip—no divorce."

Johnny raged, ranted and stormed, even cried, but Bill kept repeating, "No trip—no divorce." She tried to call Bart, but Bill grabbed the phone out of her hand. At last, fuming with useless rage, more frightened and intrigued with this new Bill than she would admit, she stalked out to the car, Bill trailing cheerfully behind her with her suitcase in his hand.

They drove through New Jersey and on into the wooded hills of Pennsylvania and in spite of herself Johnny began to enjoy the ride, although she wouldn't have admitted it to Bill for the world. She began to be concerned about Bart, though; after all, he was her fiancé and entitled to know what had happened to her. Late in the afternoon they stopped at an inn and while Bill was talking with the bartender who apparently was an old friend, Johnny, under pretext of powdering her nose, slipped away to the ladies' lounge and telephoned Bart, telling him what had happened and giving him the location of the inn.

A few minutes after leaving the inn they turned off the highway and drove through a tree-bordered lane to a sturdy old farmhouse. Johnny's fears began to return then; the place seemed so remote from civilization. But no terrors awaited her there—only the peace of evening and fields and meadows and a white-haired old lady who proved to be Bill's grandmother, and who obviously adored her grandson. She was a surprisingly outspoken old lady, for when Bill introduced Johnny Grandma studied her with wise old eyes and then said, "I like you, Johnny Jones. You're as nice inside as you are on the outside."

After supper, out on the porch, Bill said casually, "Do you like it here, Johnny?"
"Yes, Bill," Johnny said softly. "So do I. It's where I belong, I guess, back here in the country where I've always lived, with the people I've always known and loved around me. I'm going to stay here."

"You ought to be very happy here, Bill." Johnny's voice was only a whisper in the darkness.

"Could you be happy here, Johnny?"

"Why—I think—anybody could be," she answered evasively. "I feel she was talking more to herself than to Bill, "as if I'd always lived here, as if I'd known the house and your grandmother for years."

"But," turning toward him, "I feel as if I'd never really known you until I came here."

"That's why I had to bring you here, Johnny," Bill explained. "I thought—hoped—if we really got to know each other—maybe you wouldn't want a divorce. Do you still want it, Johnny?"

"I-I-I struggled for an answer, but could find none.

Bill reached out hungry arms and pulled her to him. "How is our story going to end, Johnny? Is it always going to be 'No Love'?"

"I don't know, Bill," Johnny cried miserably. "I don't know!"

Bill caught her close to him then and his lips found hers. "It could end like this," he said, "Oh, Johnny, if it could only end like this!"

For a moment Johnny clung to him, felt his heart pounding against her own, then, frenzied at the emotion that stirred within her, she pulled away. "It's late, Bill," she said calmly and Bill, without a word, let her go up the silent house and up the stairs to her room.

JOHNNY was in bed when Bill knocked at her door. Throwing a dressing gown over her pajamas she opened the door.

"I thought you might like this," he held out a flashlight, but before Johnny could take it he said, "Guess I'd better open your window."

He went up with a bang, framing a night which was spangled with fireflies.

"Lots of fireflies tonight," Bill said inmally, "They're kind of pretty flying around.""Yes," Johnny smiled, "fireflies are pretty."

"Smart, too," Bill said eagerly. "Those lights make them. You wouldn't think they mean anything, but they do. They're kind of a-- a--" he gulped--"mating call."

"I mean, the girl fireflies signals the boy firefly with a when-- his voice trailed off in confusion. "Well, good night, Johnny. Oh, I nearly forgot the flashlight. If you go scared in the night you can flash it through that hole he pointed where the wall, joining the slanting roof, left a large gap. "I'll be in the next room and I'll see it. Do you know how to work it?"

"Oh, yes." Accidentally Johnny touched the switch and to her horror the light flicked on, then off, then on again. She could feel her cheeks turning crimson, but before Bill noticed her embarrassment there was a thunder of knocking on the door below.

The caller was Bart Kendrick Bill, still ignorant of the fact that Bart was the man in Johnny's life, thought the visit was due to the publisher's interest in his novel and was almost beside himself with elation.

"I haven't had time to finish it yet," he said apologetically, "but I think it's going to be the happy ending I'm--I'm working on it."

Bart looked from Bill to Johnny who had followed Bill and was standing at the top of the stairs. "I'll say you are," he said grimly. "Well, hurry up, Johnny," he ordered. "We've got to get back to New York."

Sudden rage flamed in Bill. "Just a minute," he shouted, lunging at Bart. "Who do you think you are, ordering my wife around like that?"

"Don't, Bill," please? Johnny's frantic voice stopped him. "That's Bart—he--we--"

"She's trying to tell you," Bart broke in. "This is her's fiancée. She's sent for me after you practically kidnapped her this afternoon."

"I don't believe it," Bill began, but Bart nodded. He let his hands drop to his sides then and started up the stairs. "I guess that's it," he said in a toneless voice.

Halfway up he turned to Bart again.

"I suppose Johnny put you up to buying my novel," he charged bitterly. "That it's your money I've been living on all these weeks. You can have it back—every cent of it. And--furi"ously, "you can have Johnny, too!"

He stalked past the girl and into his own room, slamming the door behind him.

A T first when Bill had crawled into bed, he wasn't conscious of anything except his own wretchedness. Then the sound of the girl's voice, heard moving softly about the room. She must be packing. In a few minutes she would go downstairs to join Bart and he would hear the car drive off, taking her away from him forever. He couldn't bear that. He wouldn't listen. Frantically he pulled the covers around his ears.

Idiotically he began to repeat the lines of a poem—"Come live with me and be my love..." Try as he would he couldn't get them out of his head.

After a while, whether minutes or hours he didn't know, he heard a voice from downstairs. "Bill. It was Johnny. "Bill, are you asleep?"

"No," Surprise that she was here, not on her way to New York, made his voice gritty.

"Bill," timidly, "what are you thinking about?"

"About a poem. I was saying it over to myself."

"What poem, Bill? Recite it so I can hear it."

"Come live with me and be my love..." Bill began, but he couldn't go on. "That's the way I felt about us, Johnny," he said miserably.

There was no answer, only a tiny sound that must have been a sob. Bill stared into the blackness, not trusting himself to speak to her again. Suddenly on the ceiling there was the reflection of a light. He watched it for a moment, wondering what realization struck him. The flashlight he had given Johnny. He looked again, scarcely daring to believe the message it signaled. But it came again. "N—O."

Excitement nearly choked him, but he managed to call her name. There was no reply, but the flashlight flickered again—flickered. "Bill..."

He sprang up then, barged out of his own room and into Johnny's, banging the doors crazily behind him.

"Johnny..." he shouted, and all his adoration was in his voice. "Johnny!"

Still Johnny didn't say anything, but in the darkness Bill felt her arms go around his neck and felt his lips on his. Miles away Bart Kendrick was forcing his car along the highway. He was tired; worn out with the foolish, futile trip. Annoyed at the ridiculous picture he must have made barging into a strange house in the middle of the night. But in her heart there was happiness. For Bart was going home—going home to Diana.
Here's How I Live
(Continued from page 49)

that the little fellow could take his nap out there before he got big enough to slide down the banister.

I was all for going right out and hock- ing my shirt for furniture, but Grace put her little high heel right down hard and said, "No, you don't! We're never going into debt for anything. We'll pay cash for everything we buy."

Women hate debts. Men don't like them, but they accept them as a natural part of normal living. I was just a man, so I said, "But, darling, we can't. We haven't that much cash."

That little tip-off as to my financial status didn't faze Grace one bit. "I know it," she said, just as calmly as if she were talking about the weather, "but we have some cash and we'll furnish as far as it goes. We'll start with the kitchen because we have to eat. Next we'll do the bedroom because we have to sleep."

But the nursery," I butted in. "The little fellow ..."

Grace started to laugh and then she looked at me with that patronizing way women have and said, "Look, darling, we haven't even ordered the baby yet. We won't need the nursery for another year, but in the meantime ..."

WELL, in the meantime we did just as Grace said. We furnished the kitchen, the dinette, our bedroom and the den. We concentrated on the den because that was to be our "sitting room" until such time as we could furnish the parlor. We put in a bright, comfortable overstuffed davenport and chairs, a sort of a tan floral design on a green background, and drapes to match. We stuck lamps all around so that no matter where you flopped you could just reach up and switch on a light. I put a couple of shelves to the davenport and held my pipes, tobacco and a few of my favorite trophies. Grace brought in her knitting box, bag, or whatever she calls it—it looks like a waste paper basket with a lid and handles. We lined the shelves with our favorite books and magazines and stuffed the drawers with our favorite games, a box of paper cards and pencils. There is a large wardrobe closet right off the den. We juggled down lounging robes, sweaters, jackets, bedroom slippers and such things and put them in there. We fixed things up so handy that we wouldn't have to move out of that one room unless we wanted to.

Furnishing the bedroom wasn't so much fun. I mean it wasn't so much fun for me because I couldn't see what cresscross curtains and glass-topped dressing tables had to do with a good night's sleep. Grace said, "just like a man," so I put in a disappearance act while she and her girl friends dolled it all up like a show window. When it was finished, though, I had to admit it looked pretty fine.

About that time we ran out of cash and couldn't do a thing about the parlor and dining room. We did manage to get some rugs so that the polished floor would not be marred and we had some pictures, real good ones, and some statues and vases that Grace's mother had brought back from Italy. Of course, we know just what we want in those two rooms and if our cash ever catches up with our tastes all we have to do is hope the van back up and unload.

When we went as far as we could things looked real homelike. For the first time in my life I felt like a substantial citizen and I thought maybe someday I might even run for city office. But there were other things to think about, such as furnishing Grace's sister's room for the Infinite Friendship."
council. Then it happened. I came home from work one day to find Grace lying down. I was pretty scared. Grace was so healthy, why she was never sick. Her sister Gertrude was there with her husband, Jimmy Ellison, and it seemed to me that their faces were grave. I took the stairs two steps at a time, imagining everything from a broken leg to pneumonia.

"What is it?" I choked.

Grace looked up at me and there were tears on her cheeks and stars in her eyes and she was half laughing and half crying.

"Nothing," she said, "except Gertrude and I are going to have a baby.

Gertrude and I are going to have a baby! I was so annoyed that I didn't follow the Gertrude and me. If she didn't want to take all the credit herself, couldn't she have been fair enough to say, "You and I"? I was just about to say as much when I happened to look up and there stood Jimmy Ellison in the door with a grin on his pan that could only mean one thing—he was going to be a father, too! Leave it to those Durkin sisters—she couldn't have what the other didn't have—husband, home, baby, and that brother-in-law of mine knew it before I did! I mentally wished him all sorts of trouble and hoped that mine would be born first, or at least be a boy. It was both. Of course, after I got over being jealous I was plenty glad that both girls were about to become mothers. They could be grand company for each other making plans and what not.

I was all for hustling Grace right into bed and calling a doctor, but she wouldn't have any of it.

"What I need is fresh air," she said.

"We're all going to the beach and ride the roller coaster.

I wasn't felt, but I was smart enough to know that prospective mothers have to be humored, so to the beach we went and I tried to act natural and normal and not tell all the hawkers that I was celebrating because I was about to become a father.

\[图片\]

2 trips out of 3 are free!—because Super-Coach travel costs only ½ as much as driving.

It's easy to figure out! Since I can travel by Greyhound for only a cent and a fraction per mile and it costs 1½ cents to operate my own small car—I'm really saving the cost of two trips out of every three. As a result I'm a widely traveled person—I can afford to be, and so can you! In addition to the saving you'll like the free limousine from driving strain, the riding ease of fully air-conditioned, well-ventilated Super Coaches and the frequent, convenient schedules. Take a tip—take a Greyhound trip!


New Orleans, La.; Windsor, Ontario (11 Broadway Street, E.); Montreal, Quebec (114 Dorchester Street, West).

\[图片\]

1 pint of soy sauce
3 tablespoons of brown sugar
1 tablespoon of ginger
2 cubes of garlic, sliced fine.

Mix it all together in a bowl and baste the steaks every few minutes while they are cooking. For spare ribs, soak the ribs in the sauce twenty-four hours before grilling. I baste with a brush instead of a spoon. It's easier to handle and you don't waste any of the sauce.

**THE hardest part of becoming a father is the waiting. The months drag by until you begin to feel like a prisoner waiting for a reprieve. The last couple of weeks are agony and you can't do a blessed thing but sit and wait and just hope they won't put you in a straight jacket. Sometimes we waited alone. Sometimes Gertrude and Jimmy came over and waited with us. Sometimes we went over and waited with them, but no matter where we were, the four of us just sat and waited. The girls never seemed to mind—they had so much to talk about, but Jim and I just sat and listened to the clock tick off seconds that would make minutes and then hours and finally the hour.

I was in a cold sweat all the time, worrying for fear the stork would beat me to the hospital. Grace says that I used to leave the car at the curb with the motor running, but that's gross exaggeration. All I ever did was leave the car parked in the drive facing the street which is only a common ordinary precaution.

When I simply couldn't stand the strain any longer, I packed Grace off to the hospital two days ahead of the stork but not one second before my nerves were ready to snap. After I got her there I was sorry because the nurses just kicked me out and told me to go home, that they'd call me. If I ever get rich I'm going to build a maternity hospital and put up a great big neon sign: Fathers Welcome.

After two days and heaven only knows how many centuries, years in which I had mentally buried Grace, killed the

**Extracurricular activity in Bill Henry's life is cooking. Where I really shine is at the grill**.
DECIDED that things were going to be mighty different when I got my family home. I'd hire one of those officious nurses and then defy her to kick me out of my own home. But I couldn't win for losing. Grace wanted to take care of her baby herself and I mustn't hang around the nursery because I was "spoilin' the baby." I hired a maid of all work and mustn't hang around the kitchen because I was "spoilin' the gravy."

This went on for three months. Then one day I just started right into the nursery and said, "Listen, taking care of a baby is highly specialized work and besides I like my own cooking." I expected to have the door slam in my face, but women are unpredictable. Grace just rolled her big blue eyes up at me as if I really were "Poppa" and said, "You're right, Bill. We'll hire a nurse to look after Duke Michael, I'll do the housework and you can do the cooking."

It sounded like a swell idea and it worked out just as swell as it sounded. In fact, it worked out so well that we're going to add another room and two more children—but there's plenty of time for that—they won't be born for several years yet.

WHATEVER YOUR TYPE

Alix has created a thrilling powder shade for you; especially designed to glamorize your own skin tones. To find the true shade match for your complexion, send coupon for free samples of 5 exciting Alix shades...now available in the new JERGENS FACE POWDER

The new Jergens Face Powder now on sale at toilet goods counters, $1.00, 25c, 10c a box.
own domain. It goes on all the time.

Look at the possessions in that trailer. Are they Gable's? Could that be his eatpot, for instance? Or could those dainty biscuits inside the dressing-table drawers be Mr. He-man Gable's? Forget it; they belong to his stand-in and makeup man. They use Clark's trailer for coffee-making in the morning (you should see that pot) and tea-brewing in the afternoon. "Making coffee, they'll yell at Gable, if he pokes his nose anywhere near the door and he'll grin and go somewhere else."

"Look at them," Gable will smile, as the boys fish in the drawers that should hold makeup and don't, to bring out dainty cookies. "Mr. Campbell poured," he'll taunt the makeup man. "Deah, deah, deah."

And will you tell me what that makeup man is doing in the joint, er—pardon us—place, with Gable never permitting one smear of goo on that part?

Well, Clark likes to have him around, just to hear him say, oh, maybe once a day, "Hey, Clark, better comb your hair." "I never had one of those facial things in my life," Clark says, "and never have a barber shave me." So when the hairdresser yells, "Hey, Clark, comb your hair," Clark pulls out the comb and goes to it right where he is.

We like his readiness to praise others in sports in which he himself excels. Try getting him to talk about skeet shooting, for instance, at which he's a top-rater. He'll start right in to tell you how good Fred MacMurray is or how Bob Stock can outshine everyone in every kind of sport.

And this hunting business that he loves, an item that is the delight of every Hollywood columnist who gets a kick out of reporting his various treks into the wilds. Do you think Gable will let himself have too much, even there? Oh, how mind, he does go, loves the rough-and-ready sport, but when pressed about it he'll confess that long about noon he gets pretty tired and lets the other fellows go on while he climbs into the station wagon or gets under a tree and sleeps like no log you've ever seen. You can't make a hero or a big he-man out of him, we tell you. He's just an ordinary guy, like everybody else. For that alone, we're crazy over him.

He'll shatter that "smartest star in pictures" legend, too. With other stars raving over the smart way Clark has handled his career, he'll shrug and ask what the . . . We mean, he doesn't quite know what they're talking about. For what he's done really is to tend to his acting department and let the studio take care of their several departments. "I figure those fellows in the publicity department must know their jobs or they wouldn't be there," he says, "so I take their advice and play ball. When I was on that South American jaunt several years ago (the grin widened at the memory) I got a bit careless and let a cameraman snap me with several pretty girls and my shoes off—for comfort." The grin grew even wider. "Several days later I got a wire from Howard Strickling, publicity head, saying, 'Glad you're having a wonderful time but keep your shoes on you blanket—blanket.'"

"I kept them on after that," he howled. Of course, that message from Howard, when translated into the "Souse American farandole," meant "Behave yourself, kid." Clark behaved.

When they wired him in New York to get out of New York and back to Hollywood, again he obeyed. Of course, he practically ruined the nervous system of one middle-aged New York housewife (who is still regarded suspiciously by members of her set) by doing it, but he did it even if the only exit he could make from the mob was by the basement and up through the freight elevator that rises, like a genie from a bottle, out of the sidewalk.

The unexpected sight of Clark Gable, of all people, rising slowly out of the sidewalk before her startled eyes was too much for the above-mentioned lady. She's never been the same, imagines Gable is following her all the time.

In the matter of stories that can make or break a star, Gable exercises common sense that more than wins our admiration. He has the guts to stand up and argue against a story that he feels is not for him. "But I do all my fighting before the camera begins to grind," he says. Once he says he'll do it, he gives it all he's got.

We like his businessman attitude toward his work with no temperamental, nervous quibbling over scenes. He claims..."
he has no good or bad side to his face. Shoot him upside down and it's okay by Gable. He never looks at the day's rushes, going on the assumption the director and cameramen also know their jobs or they wouldn't be there. His favorite remark after a scene he hasn't felt sure of is, "Boy, did I ham that up!"

He's a lambie-pie and no kidding. We admire Gable's zest for life and living, which is so vital to a man or woman. We like the kick, the enormous bang, he gets out of pranks and jokes, usually played on "Mrs. G." as he always calls his wife Carole Lombard, such as his painting a sign on their station wagon, "The Lom-bard Moving Van," because she packed so many things for their last hunting jaunt. And that calliope wagon with monstrous banners announcing, "Culver City Welcomes Carole Lombard," when Carole moved down there for "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

More than anything else, we hand it to Clark Gable for the way he can take it, too, getting almost as big a kick out of being the butt of a gag as the promoter. For instance, the day a studio car driver, during the making of "Boom Town," hailed him, "How you like working in Spencer Tracy's picture, Clark?" was a banner day for him. He told it all over the place and when he discovered Tracy had bribed the fellow to say it, he died. The "Remember Parnell" gag that always flies up in his face never fails to get guffaws from Gable. And the day he and Carole drove up to the sheriff's barbecue in Bakersfield (he's always turning up in places like that) and some local yokel remarked, "Why, that guy's ears are bigger than mine." It tickled Clark so he couldn't wait to get back to the studio to tell it.

Yes, sir, he's some big boy and for every honest regular thing about him, we say we like Clark Gable. But, then, who in Hollywood doesn't?

Things I Don't Like about Myself

(Continued from page 37)

to talk her out of the jitters than I did acting.

But everything turned out all right. This picture was "It Happened One Night" and we had nothing to worry over. Maybe after "Parnell" I should worry a little.

I'm a sorry disappointment to most interviewers looking for color, I'm afraid. I haven't any superstitions, no ideas on romance or love (for print, lady) and would rather pitch hay than hooey. I'm a sorrier disappointment to myself when it comes to getting sore and staying sore at the right time. Like the time Carole decided we had too many chickens on the place and had my prize hens, the ones I had all ready for the Pomona Fair, baked in a pie or something. The look on her face ruined the swell mad I'd worked up.

I'm a disappointment in the choice of my friends, too, I guess. I don't play the social game and I don't pick my friends that way, either. Andy Devine, Jack Conway, Jeffrey Goff (Abner of radio's Lum and Abner), Victor Fleming, are about my closest friends, because we like the same things, ranching, hunting, fishing.

I guess I don't rate, lady, and if I had more time I'd write a book on Things I Don't Like About Myself. It's a good idea. Who thought it up? You? Well, you write it. We're friends. You ought to know.

MARY'S LOW ON "DATE-ABILITY." She doesn't know that men want allure in women...the mysterious quality such as one finds in "the fragrance of youth." Don't be like Mary!

HOW'S YOUR "Date-Ability"?

Judy has "date-ability"...plenty of it!

Judy makes sure...uses April Showers Eau de Cologne after her bath...dusts her body with delicately scented April Showers Talc...touches her eyes, her arms, with April Showers Perfume.

*She loves April Showers. And Eve-like, she knows that Dick loves its fragrance, too! Exquisite but not expensive.

April Showers

CHERAMY

PERFUMER

April Showers

Talcum

MEN LOVE

"THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH"
he invited. "We'll give you a word and all you have to do is think of as many other words that rhyme with it as you can in three minutes."

Miriam waved him off. "I prefer pheasants to phrase-making," she laughed and dived into the fowl on her plate.

No one there heard the insignificant sound of a doorbell.

"Oh, come now," the novelist teased. "Here's an easy one—batch. I'll get you started. There's batch, catch—!

"Don't tell me," she shrieked above the friendly hubbub, caught against her will by the spirit of the game. "Batch, catch, catch, attach, dispatch... Let me see—hatch, latch, match, patch, thatch—oh, there must be more.

Suddenly Miriam felt a hand on her shoulder. Looking up startled, she beheld a girl with a coat pulled tightly around her and a plain felt hat shading her face. Behind her stood the maid, waving helplessly to indicate this was the casualty of the doorbell they hadn't heard. The girl had evidently pushed right past her.

"Miriam, I've got to talk to you," she said in a low, tense voice.

For a moment the shock of the unexpected contact and the sheer audacity of the girl stunned the screen star. Then her brain began to function again. The Judson girl had undoubtedly been loitering in the lobby and had overheard the message to the bellwoman which enabled her to follow her here. However, this was no place for a scene. She must get the girl out into the hall. Hastily excusing herself, Miriam led the way.

Scarcely was the door closed behind them than the girl began to mumble. "You'll think it funny, my breaking in on you this way, but you don't understand how important it is, Miriam."  

Afterwards, Miriam could remember only thinking, why is she calling me Miriam? She doesn't know me well enough for that. A loud she said, "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Something's happened to Michael," the girl blurted.

"Michael?" Miriam felt herself freezing. She stepped to the door and called to Dr. Eddington, "Oh, John, would you come here a moment?" This was one of the great advantages of having a doctor for a host.

As she turned back to Jennifer Judson, the latter continued excitedly. "You think Michael's in school, don't you?"

"I know he is," Miriam replied firmly.

"Well, he isn't. I just had a call from a couple of boys I know on a newspaper. Michael's been taken out of school and he's in a car with two men, headed for St. Louis!"

Miriam gasped, as much from annoyance as from surprise. "If any such thing had happened, don't you suppose the school authorities would have noticed me?" Then she recalled she hadn't yet given the school the address of the hotel to which she had just moved. Could it be?

At this moment the doctor joined them.

"John," Miriam cried. "I don't know what's going on, but this girl says Michael's being kidnapped, and Eddington followed up the opening tense. "They'll never tell you there's no one in the bed."

M R I A M stared suddenly at the woman standing at the other end of the desk. No one in the bed! When the call came through from Tucson, it was the mother who seized the phone. "Hello. Is this Mrs. Brown?... Mrs. Brown, this is Miriam Hopkins. I'm so sorry to bother you."

"W e'll settle that point in just a moment, ladies," Eddington remarked a trace grimly as he put through the call to Judson. "But, John," Miriam objected, "in a well-run school like that the boys will already have gone to bed."

"They'll just tell you he's asleep," Jennifer followed up the opening tense. "They'll never tell you there's no one in the bed."

"It came over the press wires. The papers will have it tomorrow morning. I thought she'd want to know right away so she could get the police started."

"But why would anyone want to do this to a person like Miriam Hopkins?"

The doctor demanded.

In a curious hard voice the girl answered, "Because she voted wrong."

"Oh, I don't think so," Eddington replied evenly. "In any case, I'm sure you'll want to satisfy yourself by calling the school and finding out what has actually happened. He started to hand her the telephone.

"It's useless," the girl broke in hurriedly, "because Michael isn't there."

"Of course it's useless," Miriam returned the girl's belligerent glare, "because he is there."

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How to dinner-date with a husband: Joan Blondell sees Giro's with Dick Powell by benefit of a cute cap, some trick earrings and a new shade of nail polish.
Her voice halted for the fraction of a second. A gleam of triumph lit the pale face of the girl. "I wouldn't think of asking you to waken him except that I'm afraid he may have been worrying over something... Thinks so much.

In the doctor's study three pairs of eyes watched each other closely—the mother, the bearer of evil tidings, the arbitrator. To the mother the moments were lead weighted with iron, until a sleepy young voice came over the wire.

"Hello, Mummy."

Miriam swallowed hard. "Hello, darling. She strove to hold nothing but affectionate casuailness in her voice. "I had to wake you up."

"You didn't wake up, Mummy. I was just lying there thinking."

"Were you, darling? I was afraid maybe you'd worry about why you hadn't heard from me for almost a week and I just wanted to tell you that I wrote you a letter today which you ought to get tomorrow morning. How are you?"

"I'm fine," chirped the young voice.

"That's good. Now, run back to bed... Good night, darling."

As Miriam replaced the telephone, an overwhelming fury broke loose within the star of "Becky Sharpe," "We Three," "The Old Maid," "Lady With Red Hair."

How could she have been so patient with this creature who was retreating to the mantel pieces, eye darling here and there, seeking escape.

"I thought at first you were just drunk. But you aren't. You're crazy. Nothing could have been more cowardsome than what you did."

Miriam's expressive voice cracked like a whip.

The girl was now openly backing for the door. Miriam followed her relentlessly, all her terrible relief pouring itself out into blind hatred of the instrument of her unacknowledged fear. In that moment she knew the meaning of murder. Behind her petite form seemed to rise the spirits of those other mothers who have known a similar terror and from her lips came their accusation:

"You did the most dreadful thing anyone could do to a mother. You told her her child had been kidnapped. There wasn't a grain of truth in it. Now the kindest thing I can do to you is advise you to see a mental doctor!"

Eddington, whose eyes had never left the girl as he pulled at his cigarette, now rose and Miss Hopkins.

"Mr. Eddington, I'm right. You're in a disturbed condition, Miss Judson. I'd advise you to consult your own psychiatrist."

The girl began to whimper. "But I was so worried about Michael."

The whimper, however, rose to an angry pitch when the Doctor proceeded to escort her forcibly down the hall to the elevator.

It was then that Miriam threw open the door leading to the living room. The pleasant din of laughter and talk was in her ears as she clung to herself, her thoughts of friends, the English novelist headed toward her.

"I say, Miss Hopkins—"

"Oh, yes, we were playing a game... weren't we?" Her lips parted, but no smile came to the white face. "I've just thought of another rhyme. It's—snatch!"

For obvious reasons the names of all those concerned in the story with the exception of Miriam Hopkins and her son Michael have been changed.

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Photoplay-Movie Mirror Dancing School
(Continued from page 47)

to the center of the room as he progresses to his left. (See Diagram below.)

1. A long, slow step with left foot to left side.
2. Cross right foot in front of left, weight on right.
3. Step with left foot to left side.
4. Draw right foot up to left, weight on right.

Repeat the entire movement three more times. Note that all the steps are taken sideways, to the man’s left. Only the first step is slow; the last three are done quickly.

VELOZ’s favorite tango step is a half turn, just a little difficult to learn but immensely satisfying to do once you’ve got it. Look at the diagram on page 47 for a minute; study it and remember that the step uses up one whole bar. In other words, you count eight beats altogether—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.

Start with your feet together.
1. Step slowly forward on your left foot.
2. Step forward and cross your left foot with your right foot, slowly.
3. Bring your left foot quickly from behind your right foot and step forward, pointing your toe in the direction of your left shoulder.
4. Start pivoting with your body to the left, meanwhile bending your knees and drawing your partner from the open position to the closed position; lift your right foot quickly and step an inch or two to the right.
5. Continuing to pivot to your left, step forward and to the left with your left foot.
6. Bring your right foot quickly in a wide arc around your left foot, as you pivot, and continue the step so that you are facing the opposite direction from that of your original starting position.

7. 8. (Dotted outline in diagram on page 47 signifies weight remains on right foot as step was taken on Count 6.) Bring your left foot sharply up to your right, and hold the count for two beats. Then open with your partner again, and repeat. See photographs on page 47 for illustration of this step.
Roz the Reckless
(Continued from page 34)

wakes up as soon as she can, regretting the time lost. Something might have been going on that she was missing. At four in the morning she would lie in bed, crouches by the window and listens to the conversation of home-coming neighbors, while they garage the car. That's more interesting than sleep. Anything is.

It has always been so. Back in Waterbury the infant Rosalind grew and grew, like all the Peppers at once, and a good-sized Balkan revolution for good measure, while three more brothers and sisters were added to the obstreperous pack.

Mrs. Russell grayed but did not, amazingly, collapse; she felt, with her husband, that so long as the children stuck together there would be a balance of temperament and restraint, and everything could be all right. They forgot that Roz was in the middle. So James and Clara Russell traveled six months of the year, during which periods the children stayed at home under the supervision of a frenzied succession of cooks and one Aunt Katharine, who wished she were dead.

Roz, the hyperthyroid, the precocious, the reckless, had a complex, a very important one which accounts for everything she was and is today. As the middle child in that exuberant family, her childhood and youth were one long battle to establish an identity for herself, to make herself heard; and since she was disdainful of the company of her younger relatives and envious of the activities of James and the Duchess—her elder sister, so-called for obvious reasons—it was necessary, or seemed so, to add years to her years and trials to the ordinary pack any ordinary girl carries, in order to survive.

She survived, then, magnificently, even if in the process she did break every bone on the left side of her body. This was from riding bareback in an effort to keep up with what the neighbors were wont to call "them noisy Russell brats"; but of course the breaks were clean, mended quickly, and had only one lasting effect; she learned to write with her right hand, having been born southpaw.

It was that, or illiteracy.

When she was only eight, Roz learned the gentle art of blackmail, which helped enormously during the succeeding years. With her propensity for probing into people's private affairs already full-fledged, she came one happy summer twilight into the garden behind the house; and hearing low voices there, approached warily on tiptoe. This caution was rewarded, for shortly the voices ceased and as Roz peered over the rhododendrons she understood why.

Her big brother Jim was kissing a girl, with no kidding about it. Roz was short of funds that week and she yearned after a box of candy prominently displayed in a downtown sweet-shop window. Her mind, as she walked into the garden behind the house, made a few simple equations, which might or might not work out in the proof. But she would try.

"Jim," she said that night after supper, when she had him alone, "who was the girl?"

He had been waiting for this, wondering why it had not come before, having seen her hiked-up skirt vanishing around the corner of the house as he

HOW TO KEEP BABY WELL

- The U. S. Government's Children's Bureau has published a complete 138-page book "Infant Care" especially for young mothers, and authorizes this magazine to accept readers' orders. Written by five of the country's leading child specialists, this book is plainly written, well illustrated, and gives any mother a wealth of authoritative information on baby's health and baby's growth. This magazine makes no profit whatever on your order, sends your money direct to Washington.

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APRIL, 1941
looked up from romance. If he had known what cobweb courage she possessed at this moment, how unsure she was... But, philosophically, he reached for a dime.

She misinterpreted the gesture. "If you smack me," she told him hurriedly—and forthrightly, "I'll tell!"

So she got a quarter. It was that easy. She walked on air to her pig bank. At this rate and by keeping her eye peeled, she'd have the box of candy within the month.

THUS embarked on her life of crime, she made it pay bigger and better dividends. As she grew older her wants changed. There was the matter of social evenings, when Roz, after her exhaustive begging sessions with her parents, was allowed to accompany the reluctant James and the Duchess to dances or parties.

Ten minutes after the music started, chaperon James would so far remember his responsibility as to rush up to Roz (while she chatted as invitingly as possible with the younger unattached males present) and say, "Look, have a good time, and be at the entrance at twelve sharp, understand?"

During the evening he would catch glimpses—often shocking—of her sweet little younger sister. But when, at the meeting place on the stroke of twelve, or more often one-fifteen, he would confront her with these observed deficiencies, Roz had her answer.

It was a simple one, which needed no revision through the years, "You were supposed to chaperon me. An' besides, I just happened to be in the cloakroom when you ran off."

She went through high school in four years flat, entering at twelve; she could have made it sooner except that she found she couldn't manage her own classes, cram for one night before term's end and get a C, meanwhile enjoying her-self immensely.

It was an academy for girls, which complicated the boy situation for all except Roz. Home was a center of neighborhood activity, because the restless Russells collected for bizarre spectacles like needles to magnets. The Duchess, of course, was fabulously popular but in her way Roz did all right. In addition to her cheerful nature and willingness to be a sport about everything, Roz had the clothes. Or rather, her mother had them.

During the day at school, of course, she was no dream—mainly because of her shoes. These consisted of high, yellow, cement-mixers' cloddhoppers, which were the delight of her life. They were too heavy at first, but she operated on them with a paring knife and wore them ecstatically for six years. They were wonderful for kicking shins in volley ball.

But upon her arrival home Roz would go to her absent mother's closet and emerge clad in high-heeled slippers (her feet stayed her mother's size for three years, before they got bigger) and a slinky afternoon dress and fur stoles. Roz had a passion for veils and earrings, especially the dangling kind, and wore them always. A little enthusiastic if careless use of coloring and a well-timed perfume completed the picture, which was that of a medium-sized Fallen Woman with astonishingly innocent eyes. She frightened away the biggest of all huge men, but the grown men of fifteen and even sixteen found her wonderfully alluring.

She played the field. At prom time she accepted as many invitations as she could get, keeping in mind that the lot and promising the others dances. Once she wore a backless black satin evening dress which even her mother had lacked the courage to wear, after having bought it in a rash moment, and the stag line followed her like a long eager serpentine. The next day dis-haunted Aunt Katharine received five telephone calls from people who felt it their duty... Aunt Katharine was used to that. "Do you know," voices would say through most of every afternoon, "what that child's got on?" And right in Miller's druggist.

Roz was undeterred. She had to do something to match the Duchess' glitter. She did not know it but the first spark of what she was to become—the dressing-up, the acting-older—was manifesting itself, incorrigibly but irresistibly too. Roz was playing a part, and all Waterbury was her stage.

When you caught sight of the girl you would know her by these signs: She was always going somewhere, to a basketball game or a club meeting or a rehearsal (she never refused an invitation, and she ran everything to be sure it worked out right); she was always eating something (her pockets were crammed with food, her bathroom and bedroom at school looked like delicatessens, and she had mice in her desk); and she was usually talking, even when alone.

It was a grand four years. Academically, she didn't learn a thing, but they absconded her. There were the grades and the credits, acquired from studious classmates' notebooks and trots and cramping and notes written microscopically on the starred interlining of her belt. She had them, there.

MARYMOUNT COLLEGE, where she went then, fired her sixteen times, inviting her to an encore occasion after ruffled faculty members and heads of departments took stock of the gap she left. Upon her entrance she had read the rule and disregarded it, because the ones which must be the first to go. But, prudently, she waited until she was president of so many clubs, writer, director and star of the school play, and大全 of the social and regular organizations that the school would sag in the middle without her. She was the Indispensable Woman and in her sphere used power as if she had been almost two decades later, used his.

The interest in plays sprang less from a sincere preoccupation with the drama, as such, than from a desire to get out of college. Marymount College had spent enormous sums on production, giving especial emphasis (and rehearsal time) to those plays which would be attended by graduates after the years of the important ones of the dear and important alumna. Roz concentrated on these, ignoring the quickies. She also had the lead in operas, screeching off key with such insouciance and so gayly that one was bored about the fact that she couldn't sing a note. Today, looking back, she has a phrase for herself... "Strictly from Dixie, I was," she remarks. And everyone at Marymount thought so, too, except one.

Father Kelly, a Jesuit priest, saw beneath her crazy-quotile protective shell and spent long hours with the thoughtful, intriguing person with her stories rich in the tapestry of the ages, tying up history with theology and philosophy and the many reasons why mankind makes the exception of human progress in relation to time, sprinkled with cynicism, humor and compassion—and learned more, relatively, than from the frantic last-minute wrestling with textbooks.
The discovery of Men—real ones, who went to Yale and Dartmouth—came about a year later. She had been taken by protesting James and the Duchess to a Yale prom when she was fifteen, and did not have a good time for the whole first fifteen minutes because she had been made to dress in hateful pink, bell ribboned, and low shoes. The next date she had, by heaven, would see her dressed for it. Thus when an acquaintance from Boston asked her, one week, to dine with him and go to the theater, she whipped out her checkbook, entrained for town and made purchases. She bought a gold lamé dress, very tight. She bought a gold sequin jacket. She bought slippers with four-inch stilts for heels and buckles of brilliants.

The young man sent her orchids, which she put in her hair, and he brought his grandmother. The old lady had come from her Back Bay house, glittering in bugles and jet for this gay entertainment, and to have a look at the sort of girl Thomas was keeping company with. She saw.

Among other things, there was the play, which Roz selected. It was "The Front Page," which, to do her justice, Roz hadn't read. Nor had she heard about That Last Line in the final act. Thomas' grandmother's suspicion became certainty. This Russell girl looked as if she were a bold young creature. (Lame, indeed, at eighteen!)

The child had adored the play. Thomas' grandmother developed a splitting headache. She said good-night to Roz firmly. As she went away with the miserable boy, it almost seemed as if she had him by the ear.

A little sadly, Roz took off the lame and the sequins and stored them in her trunk, under a set of woolies. The next day she went again to shop and this time accepted humbly the advice of the designers. The era of dressing to please herself was over.

After that, since there was nothing else wrong with her, and she had all the qualifications, she became a Prom Girl, in the best Fitzgerald, Katherine Brush tradition. Glamour possessed her. And the story of those years—the duration of college—reads like nostalgia, like pages from the old College Humor, if you can bear it. There were the university week ends, as ever were—five days for the Dartmouth Winter Carnival, the Yale boat races, spring dances, the Harvard-Princeton game and the Army-Navy game and all the other games; and there was New York, for the other week ends, from Friday to Monday morning. She teas-danced at 10 East 60th Street, to Rudy Vallée, and to Emil Coleman at the Montmartre and to other bands at the Ambassador, the Biltmore, the Hi Ho, the PreCat. They were college crowds, even unto raccoon coats and hip flasks. Sometimes she didn't get back until Wednesday, or occasionally Thursday.

Then a roommate named Sullivan answered the roll calls in two tones of voice, falsetto for Sullivan, alto for Russell. The lines of strain appeared around the eye of Rosalind, from long after-lights but hours spent studying in the bathtub with the flickering aid of a candle.

It was a dangerous period, her vitality and restless, busy personality being what it was. Her father had died in her last year of high school and she was on her own; the interlude, considering what sort of an age it was, might have hurt her deeply.

The fact that it didn't, that she cleared through it sanely and wisely and with-

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out a mark, is a kind of tribute to her essential cleverness, and to her courage. Perhaps, as well, to Father Kelly, the kindly Jesuit.

She thought, when she stopped to think about love at all, that the word was synonymous with marriage. And she felt pretty young, on the whole, to take either very seriously. Especially marriage.

Once, when a boy did suggest it, she almost weakened. The Hudson glittered below the dancing terrace of the club-house like a broad Christmas ribbon, and the night boat swam past like a brooch on a silver path, and distinctly an orchestra played "Paradise," and he had blond curly hair and heavy dark eyebrows and a grin, and he was the only son of two million dollars.

Ah, well. By that time she had flunked cosmology but garnered her A.B., even if it did mean going to two more colleges (Columbia and Barnard) to get it, and she had said to Clara: "Remember when I made that money teaching the summer-camp girls horseback-riding? And remember Dad saying he wanted all his kids to work at a job of some kind, or know one anyway? Well, I want to go to a drama-school—the American Academy—and when I get through I can teach the stuff. As it is, I'm equipped for nothing."

And Clara had said yes, and Roz had worked hard, and tomorrow the last play of the course was scheduled. She had the lead.

THERE on the terrace above the Hudson she debated earnestly the relative merits of marriage and career, until suddenly it occurred to her that if she had to happen it she could be in love. So, "Darling," she said, "let's think about it. Let's give it a week. But I don't think so. I've got a hunch."

The lunch was right. The next evening, after the play was finished, Roz joined Clara backstage and listened while her mother said pleasanties about her performance. "But it isn't practical," Clara said. "Roz, dear, if I were you—"

"Miss Russell?" The bucktoothed man in the blue serge suit, interrupting, bowed slightly. "I've got a stock company in Greenwich, Connecticut, and I think we might get you a spot in the next show. Say at $100 a week. Drop by tomorrow and we'll have a contract ready."

"No," Roz said, clutching Clara's arm in the older woman began to sway. "I'm not ready for that sort of thing. But thanks anyway. I'll look you up when I think I can do a decent job."

The man grinned. "You're crazy," he said. "But maybe you're wise, too. So long."

"So long," Roz said.

She turned to her mother. Clara had sunk softly into the nearest chair. "A hundred a week," she murmured, vaguely.

"You wouldn't want me to do stage stuff, would you?"

Clara made faint motions with her hands. "At a hundred a week," she said, "at your age—you could be a spy!"

The Russell could turn down her first offer because she knew ways to get the job she wanted. How she did it is another hair-raiser in the inimitable Russell story, second only to the incredible account of how she finally fell in love. Watch for the exhilarating conclusion in May Photoplay-Movie Mirror.

April Issue Out Now True Story
you have fallen in love. The big adjustments can be made; and the big problems met; but it is the little things that rattle--the trivials and minor irritations that a marriage is wrecked.

The girl facing romance wisely stops to consult her head. Because in her heartbeats are little drums and drown out any other voice. Yet it can be done. You can love with your mind as well as with your heart and with your spirit as well as with your emotions. And how fortunate you are if you do--for then you have everything, and the best of all possible foundations upon which to build your home. And in this, the pretty and successful Ingenue in Hollywood is no different at all from thousands and thousands of girls in these United States.

But she has more opportunity to meet men, you may say.

That is quite true. The average girl, either living at home and working or living at home and not working, or living with other girls, pursuing her career, has perhaps fewer opportunities. But at the same time she meets men who, at least, are not dazzled by hearts.

For there must be many young men in Hollywood to whom a young star spells glamour and excitement. This problem that the average girl does not have to face. She does not have to ask herself, "How much does my success matter to him, how much does my publicity excite him, her career?" No one asks the average girl, "What is your meaning?"

For the little star is in some way the position of a girl with a tremendous amount of inherited money. She has to be very sure of the man to whom she is attracted has not been primarily attracted to her by something which, while certainly a part of her, is not herself.

Take, also, as a second example, the girl who has already made her choice and who faces marriage. In our Hollywood roster Deanna Durbin comes naturally to mind. She is young, charming, talented, she is to be married in June. This marriage corresponds to the average "good" marriage in our social scheme, which has full parental approval and the approbation and good wishes of a great many people.

In such a marriage the complication of two young people working--such as say, the marriage of our first girl, who may marry a young man earning not quite enough and therefore, in order to double the income, she will go on with her job--such a marriage, I repeat, this complication does not exist for the average girl. She leaves her parents' home, she is married, she goes into a home of her own. In Miss Durbin's case, however, she will continue to work, upon the screen, and there may arise a possible complication, that of her career versus her home life. Perhaps it will never arise, perhaps she will make all the necessary adjustments.

However, there are other girls with careers, as well as with conventional backgrounds, girls holding good executive positions, parents of whose children will find the same problem arising, that of her career versus her home life. And so the question: will she continue her career if they desire to continue their careers after marriage.

It seems to me that the sort of world in which we live today affords us a more definite answer to that question, which is one of the divided allegiance, and which is that if this division in any way encroaches upon mutual happiness, which makes for uncertainty in marriage, then the career should go by the board.

I KNOW that I would not have said this definitely a year or so ago. I know that I have written books both pro and con and offered, fictionally, every possible solution, including compromises. But things are different now and it is harder than ever to compromise with happiness. Girls who marry this coming June face a year's absence from their husbands--especially girls who are well able to provide for themselves, or whose parents can support them. For the draft law takes no cognizance of honeymooners. And if war comes to us then they face far worse than a year's absence.

Courage is always needed in undertaking the new venture of marriage, but never more than today. A new sort of courage, of braveness, not just the courage of modern youth, the casual, careless gallantry in which we read so much, but a deeper, more sober quality, such as pioneer women knew. There's the real physical pioneering now--no wood to cut, no fires to build, no Indians to fight. But there is always spiritual pioneering. You can still build fires, of courage and endurance, steadfast, warm, in your heart; you must still fight enemies, fear, discouragement, anxiety.

Then, too, to the girl who marries in June there is the question: "Shall we have children? Will we bring children into the troubled times?" It is not merely a question of surrendering or interrupting a career in order to have a child, it is a question of--what will such a child face?

Why the world, of course; work and hope, love and the security of love, no matter what is happening in our era. Because the new world, the world of peace to come, will have to be rebuilt, and it is today's children and the children of tomorrow who must rebuild it, together with parents understanding and helpful and still young. Difficult as the time ahead may be, a child who will have a heritage of love and care, a child who is wanted, will be grateful for the gift of life.

THERE is a third problem, too--that of the young women who have been married, happily, who have desired and hoped that happiness would endure but who for some reason or many, sufficient unto themselves, must make an end to marriage. I thought of this when I read about Myrna Loy whom I very greatly admire.

Divorce is a tragic, an unhappy, ending to any love story. I have recently been in Reno on a magazine assignment and the things I saw and heard sickened and saddened me. But divorce is a part of modern life and we must have to it where it is needed. But it is still forbids it, most modern men and women do not feel that they should.

HEDDA HOPPER WILL BE BACK NEXT MONTH

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can tolerate the half-life which estrangement and loss of love bring to them.

In such a case, in the case of every woman, there should be first of all, dignity. The women who run to relatives and neighbors with stories of their husbands' shortcomings, who discuss every step of the way which led away from him, have, I think, no sense of the dignity of the human spirit. But love, no matter how much has happened, no matter whether every atom of that love has gone from you, you should still have respect for what was once your happiness and your delight sufficient respect to refrain from degrading it.

There will be work for many of the women who, during these coming years, will make their lives and readjust themselves and for those who have not the patience of an established career to depend upon. There are, however, paths which we take and which, I think, are our ends. Where there are children there is a situation far less complicated. Where there are children there is the important task of helping them adjust themselves to a broken household, and to do so properly... and decently... not playing on their little emotions, not precluding them. For those who can afford it, there is a great field of service in our increasingly demanding charity organizations and war relief. There are, one's own fireside, one's special hobby. And although most women will refuse to believe it, at least, at first, there is always the possibility of another love story with a happy ending, with, in fact, no ending at all! A more mature choice, perhaps, from which one has learned to expect and demand less, mutually satisfying and fine.

THREE roads leading somewhere, leading to romance, and marriage, divorce. Three roads opening up new lives. And today more than any other time life should be lived fully and soberly. I do not mean that it should be lived in fear of laughter, of gaiety and pleasure. Heaven forbid! But it should be lived with a realization of how important, how vital, it is to love, that love is the most fervent desire which we have for the other. Not the desires which we have for the other, but desires which we have for the other. And that desire is not to be fulfilled, but fulfilled in another's happiness, that we may know how it would be.

Personal happiness is something for which one should always strive. It is a large order, but it is not. Each one of us comes in contact with many people and if each of us gives a little more than he takes then we have accomplished something which will forever endure.

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

certainly Bette Davis' Leslie in "The Letter" will be nominated for one of these awards; and will be joined by Ginger Rogers' Kitty Foyle and Katharine Hepburn's Tracy Lord in "The Philadelphia Story." It really is a hardship that mere bad timing on the release date of her film should keep Martha Scott out of the voting... for I think she would win... not that the other three performances are superlatives... they are, but no one of them is so searching in her delicacy and truth as Martha Scott's... for Bette Davis there is simply no new "praise" with the exception of those all of them have been applied to her so often that they have become worn and impoverished... magnificent as is Katharine Hepburn's portrayal, it must be remembered that she had two solid seasons in New York on the stage as a glorified rehearsal for her screen performance... Ginger's Kitty Foyle is joy and poignancy, the latter of which is Mr. Bishop, however, goes from girlhood to age, from innocence to gentle wisdom... and how illustriously Martha Scott goes along with her work, it would be inevitable to compare to Robert Donat's Mr. Chips and it will not suffer by the comparison... it will be compared not alone because of the similarity of the schoolteacher, even as Mr. Donat's, but also because it has the same scope, the same sweep, the same security of emotional drive and vivid intelligence behind its strange, strange, strange to find it in one month in an unknown, untried fellow... in a very little child... and in this big-eyed, slim girl...
world ... you know how people always say, "War is no time for sentiment," don't you? ... I want to tell a couple of them this month...

Credit one good deed of the month to George Brent, who upon reading "Mr. Skeffington" and knowing his studio, Warners, had bought it ... went to his boss and argued for bringing back to us in "Mr. and Mrs. Smith" the Robert Montgomery we used to see ... as in the case of "Virginia" here is one player wrapping up and walking away with a picture from two other players ... Carole Lombard, being gay and magnificently dressed for a welcome change, is one of them and Gene Raymond, suddenly and handsomely brunet, is the other ... but this impudent marital farce Mr. Montgomery makes all his own ... with such ease and authority that one more re-enchanted with him ... and what a joy it is to see a comedian who also has sex appeal ... most farce players haven't, you know, but the Montgomery so loads his scenes with romantic insinuation that he can say a tired line like "Won't you sit down" and make a girl get dewy-eyed just what a waste to keep putting him in murder mysteries ... like the bad "Busman's Holiday" that he made in England and his newest "Rage In Heaven" which he has just completed at M-G-M. ...

In this latter he plays a psychopathic case ... here is the screen, the world, the public crying for romance ... today's romance ... crying to be made to believe again that there is some love left in our harsh world ... and producers wasting a Tyrone Power on "Brigham Young" ... a Spencer Tracy on "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and a Bob Montgomery who can not only bring us romance but romance plus laughter ... on psychopathic cases ... bad turn ups and let me listen to Tony Martin crooning ... 

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APRIL, 1941
Nevertheless, Shirley enjoyed her year at the Westlake School for Girls, one of the finest of its kind in Southern California. In fact, part of the child's words which were conveniently dropped out of the quotation were, 'The effect that in expressing her pleasure over being back at work she wouldn't want anyone to think she wasn't having a wonderful time at Westlake.'

All this may seem like a tempest in a teapot, but I can assure you its effects are more far-reaching than that. Let's ignore what it has done to Shirley's personal life, the dreadful spot into which it has put her with her Westlake schoolmates who must look upon her as an unadulterated Judas for going out and telling the world they're 'dull.' Let's concentrate rather on what it is doing to her career. Plenty, I should say. Thousandsof readers who have seen the snide little items are probably saying to themselves, 'Why, she must be turning into a condescending little brat. She'd better be good in her next picture or else.' Yes, Shirley's in for another test.

She'll have to hold her own against the toughest competition in the picture world—Mickey Rooney—or the 1-told-you-so's will become deafening and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's hearing is excellent. They won't gamble indefinitely even on the younger who swipes the country as 'Little Miss Marker' and Shirley will be abandoned to her adolescence.

It would be a help if everyone who saw the picture were pulling for her instead of a stick-up kid she has turned out to be. That's what I mean about words.

YOU'LL undoubtedly recall the recent example of how Richard Greene, young British film star, was crucified by misinterpretation of his actions. Dick's dilemma was the war. He wanted to join the British forces but was held back on several counts, not the least of which was a game leg and the late Lord Lothian's urgent request that British stars remain in Hollywood and earn money for sending supplies to Britain. He became intensely sensitive on the subject. The studio didn't help matters by refusing to put the lad on a country-wide broadcast for fear of unfavorable public sentiment.

Personally I'm convinced there was no such 'public sentiment;' but that didn't help Greene's plight. The lad bolted for Canada, without benefit of studio, talked of his plans not wisely but too well to a bunch of smart reporters and on his return, after matters had not panned out quite as he had hoped, he himself the uncontested candidate for editorial sniping from coast to coast.

He bolstered again this time with the usual secrecy straight to England. And so the great majority of those papers which had carried prominent news stories on the boy's Canadian escapade devoted not one word to his joining Britain's front lines! Fewer regrets for that.

On one man was clever enough to see to it himself that the side of the story got to the public is Robert Montgomery. It is well known that the ambulance experience in France, but rather to a recent incident wherein Bob was pretty badly misquoted on some statements he made about the industry in general and his studio in particular.

Repercussions began to crack through the Hollywood air. Blandly ignoring the fact that much of his predicament was due to the happily sporting on that plat- ing it kindly!) of what the man had said, the press proceeded to carry the toothsome morsel that Mr. Montgomery was in for a neat bit of diplomatic damage. There was a certain hidden satisfaction to be sensed around the town that the star had once more got himself into hot water. He said he was a mental liberal and a practical snob. They made cutting allusions to Hollywood ingrates, those stars who turn around and kneel the town after it has given them all they have.

WELL, Robert Montgomery had a good deal to begin with which Hollywood didn't give him—his American family, independent wealth. It did him fame, but a captious kind of fame. After enjoying the peaks some five years ago he only quickly to work; today he said he was a mental liberal and a practical snob. They made cutting allusions to Hollywood ingrates, those stars who turn around and kneel the town after it has given them all they have.

At the time the injurious reports misquoting him began to spread in the press and gossip parlors, Bob tried a few personal rebuttals, but realized all too soon he'd never be able to keep up with the lightning speed with which the evil tidings were travelling. Something had to be done. And what Montgomery had to do was an eloquent commentary on the whole Hollywood-versus-stars-versus-press. The only way he could get his case before Hollywood and the industry at large was to buy one full page of space in a prominent trade paper, like a regular advertiser, and print what he had actually said as opposed to what he was reported to have said.

Thus Robert Montgomery conducted his own defense.

But there have been many other stars who have not been in a position to fight back. For the want of a little careful editing straight to the editor, even lives have been ruined.

Remember—words can kill. Don't crucify the stars.
Cinderella

"She's came. My name was a waitress. She was a glamorous kind of Garbo, a glam of the glamour of Dietrich, the spirited walk of Hepburn, the voice of a Sullavan. In this, Cinderella is combined the attractions of ten of the others, that's why you think you've seen her.

"Guess that's it, agreed Small. He put in the name of Terry Ray on his list, along with Rosalind Russell's name and the name of the late Alice Brady and other fame-names. Bill took her over to Paramount, so the Cinderella theme continues, and without even making a test of her, they signed her to a long-term contract.

That's the Cinderella story they tell about Ellen Drew near Terry Ray. And what a Cinderella story it would be, to be sure, if it were true. Why, if it were true every pretty little girl in every dime store in the country would be justified in thinking her way to Hollywood where such things can happen. But it's only about twenty-five per cent true; and Ellen Drew herself stuck long, pronged, old-fashioned hatpins in her own Cinderella story.

"I'd like to tell the real story," she said. "I think the facts should be told so that other girls won't be led astray into Hollywood, believing that it can be done, just like that.

"The year was 1931, for instance—eight years ago! Fans write to me now who say, 'Oh, isn't it wonderful, the way it happened to you . . . overnight!' It didn't happen to me overnight. It took a very un-Cinderellas-like length of time for it to happen to me.

"YES, I came to Hollywood in 1932. My first job was as a waitress in a cafe. Then I got the job at Brown's Ice Cream Parlor and was there for about six months. Now, this part of the story is true: Bill Demarest did come into Brown's; he did ask me whether I'd like to be in pictures and he did take me to Mr. Small's office. Mr. Small, of course, would have none of me. I felt like a wall that first day I went up there and doubtless I looked the way I felt. I only went to please Mr. Demarest, because he was so interested in me and so kind about it all.

"But—and here is the big punch in my Cinderella story—it was not three months later that I went away to Mr. Small. It was three years later. It was in 1935 that Bill Demarest took me there again as 'the debutante from Chicago.' The next time, I was married to Fred Wallace . . .

"Ellen laughed, 'He came into Brown's too. He was the boy-who-comes-into-the-store-where-the-girl-works. For the first three or four times, he asked me for sundaea and I gave them to him. Then he began to ask me for dates and I gave them to him.
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too. And so we were married. 'It All Began At Brown's' should certainly be the theme song of my life! When girls write to me and ask me how to get into pictures I'm often tempted to write them 'Just get a job at Brown's!'

Well, so we got married, as I say. Fred had been away himself. He was in the make-up department of a major studio when we married. We bought a little house. I had my baby, my Skipper. (Skipper is five years old now and Bill was a real ward of mine.) homemade formula, she 'used' Glover's Mango Medicine with castor oil (four tablespoonsfuls of Glover's Mango Medicine to a cup of castor oil—both of which you can get at any drug store). Apply it once every week to her scalp and hair with cotton pledgets. Keep it on overnight, wearing a protective covering and shampooing the hair in the morning. Follow Jean Parker's simple formula regularly and see how it helps to give you that natural hair beauty.

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"And so," said Miss Drew, "that's my real story. The real act of the tadpole who was Terry Ray."

"And so," I said, "Miss Drew, that is my real story. The real act of the tadpole who was Terry Ray."

"I'm afraid I've made a perfect pin-cushion of poor Cinderella, sticking pins in her as I have," she added. "But it seems to me it's much better for Cinderella to be a pin-cushion than for lots of little would-be Cindrellas to be push-pins for Cinderella stories that aren't true."
Let the Stars Teach You To Talk
(Continued from page 57)

scurrying briskly on his errands. Miss Dunne is the perfect secretary, dress, hair-do, voice and all.

Now suppose you employ a few leisure moments listening to your own voice. This is not so impossible as it sounds. Stand in front of a swinging door. (If the door has a mirror, so much the better. You will then be able both to see and hear yourself talk.) Or lacking the door, or the mirror, hold a piece of cardboard or a folded newspaper (anything that will reflect sound waves) in your hand. Bring the reflecting surface about six inches from your mouth, adjusting the distance to the point where you can hear best. Now rehearse some conversations of your normal business day—or social day, or whatever it may be.

Is your voice low, rich, colorful, authoritative, vibrant with the personality behind it? Or is it indistinct, monotonous, droll—a bad-tempered growl or a childish whisper?

If it doesn’t please you—if it doesn’t go with the part for which you are cast in your individual drama of life, why not do something about it?

‘DOING something about it’ may imply going to a good instructor, who will analyze what is wrong with your way of talking and give you exercises to correct it. That is what the Hollywood stars themselves have done. Voice lessons are a part of their regular routine. But suppose for some reason, it is impossible just now, for you to take lessons. Then, if you will, you can gather as many hints from your favorite stars on how to talk as you can on how to dress or do your hair or apply make-up.

With this aim in mind, study your model secretary. She doesn’t talk with her lips half closed. Her mouth is open, so that her words can come forth clear and distinct. She spaces them, each phrase carrying a single idea. While you gather your thoughts, she is in practice. Her voice is her own, and certainly will not be able to see, she draws breath for the next phrase. She draws it, incidentally, from way down in her diaphragm. The lowest ribs and the back and waistline with each breath. This is the way to breathe for a rich vibrant voice and a basic requirement in all voice training. With just a little practice you can learn to do it.

There is another thing you can do that will tend to give your voice depth and richness. Practice humming on the softest tones of your voice—short, full-toned hums that come from your waistline. In moments of privacy, when no one is at hand to be startled by a strange behavior, practice saying "Hello," "How are you," on these low tones that come up from down inside yourself. Eventually, you will be rewarded by more pleasing, well-rounded tones in your ordinary speech.

You hope you have—as you know your screen model has—a charming personality, with humor, good sense, tact, and good breeding, all of which you wish to have appreciated by your boss, your office associates and the world at large. Try to make your voice express all this. Don’t copy the star’s voice—you will only succeed in sounding affected if you try. Keep your voice distinctly your own, but train it to respond to the sense of what you are saying. And remember that perfect spacing, Don’t run your phrases together in a long, boring monologue until you yourself run out of breath, or rush up your sentences into jerky, uneven

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If you spend ten minutes a day on these exercises you can have a new voice

1. Yawn, widely and luxuriously, letting your lower jaw swing down and back loosely while stretching your throat, which is relaxed and widely open.

2. Breathe in, deeply, letting your lower ribs and waistline expand. Then, your mouth open, slowly expel the air as for a long, silent whisper. Twenty times, several times a day of this will develop the breathing that will serve your voice effectively.

3. Exercise your tongue, with your hanging open, tongue relaxed to the front teeth. Spend a few minutes swinging the tip up to a place just back of your upper front teeth and down over the teeth. This stretching of the strengthening of the tightening of the tongue will help in your effort to pronounce your words clearly with your mouth open.

4. Hurry short, full-toned hums as mentioned in the article. Humming on your lowest tenable tone, keep your loose throat well raised and your voice clear as you sing. This strengthening of the voice will give your voice depth and richness by co-ordinating your breathing with your voice.

5. Practice talking, as you stand before your mirror, bearing all these exercises in mind and putting them in practice. Watch that the lower jaw moves freely, that your mouth is open for every vowel to let your voice out, that your tongue and lips are active, that your breath carries you through each phrase instead of giving out and leaving you stranded in the middle of it.
It's All in Your Name
(Continued from page 64)
Mary, Marion, Marie, Miriam: star of the sea.

Your name is a natural for this period when fashion has its mind on the Navy. Your choice is an easy one—a beret modeled after a sailor's cap, newest spring headgear, with three white stars on its navy band.

Ruth: beauty

The Ruths should sit up and take notice because theirs is a large fashion order to fill. Perfect beauty is simplicity; you'll represent it by wearing over your dark skirt what is the latest London note—a perfectly tailored white silk man's shirt.

Sarah, Sally: a princess.

A noble example of a Sarah is a tall girl. If you're not tall, you can get the same effect and be at the head of the fashion parade by wearing for evening a long white sweater over a fireman's red skirt and a tweed coat over your shoulders instead of a wrap. Only a princess could get away with it.

Vivien: lively.

You're animation plus without being that dreaded "life of the party" type. Your live-wire tendencies take you, in the fashion field, right into a gingham suspender dress that will let you get places fast, be an old-fashioned setting for a fast-paced modern.

Patricia: a patrician.

You should never be a faddist; rather should you be a girl who knows her clothes and buys them with an eye to an unusual, striking, but not too daring effect. You'll meet your right fashion fate in one of the spring bombshells—a man's black smoking jacket trimmed with braid to be worn over your black skirt. Perfect accessory is an ice-blue satin bloused to catch every eye every place you go.

Elizabeth, Beth, Betty: gift of the gods.

You're sky-high in the fashion setup. A halo hat with a wide upsweeping brim will give you your celestial fashion note, perfect accessory for the new sloping shoulder line in dresses and suits.

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LET THE FAMOUS MEDICATED CREAM
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FREE BANDAI! Tell how your tomboy and make your hair at the same time with SHAMPO-KOLOR: a creamy, silky, warm tint of blonde, red or brunette. Just add cold water to your regular shampoo and you get a permanent color. Hair changes hold! The bathtub tint is quick, easy, and economical. You'll look your best. Write for a large size trial packet!

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Easy to use Viscose Home Method. Heals many old leg troubles caused by drug consumption, capricious legs, leg ulcers, and injuries or no pain for real it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

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Commercial Art, Illustrating and Designing are fields in which beauty offers increasing opportunities for young women lucky enough to have artistic talent. If you like to sketch and draw, don't waste your rare gift. Train yourself to do the pleasant and profitable work for which nature made you. You can do it in your spare time—at home—for earning the same lessons which have enabled our many graduates to earn up to $1,500 a year—come even now. Send for Free Book describing opportunities. Give age and occupation.

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Pregnancy is made much safer by consulting a doctor regularly. Build up a record of health; early, quiet labors and deliveries. Accumulation of poisons, distress, high blood pressure, other dangerous developments are often prevented by regular monthly examinations. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on infant feeding.

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See Your Doctor Regularly

April, 1941
How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Grade yourself ten points for everyone you guess right. If you get seventy or more you're a cinch with Hollywood. If your score is eighty-five or more you may have a score of one hundred. If you get as much as we do.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 6)
present, pieced together by Cecil B. De Mille from film stored in Hollywood's vaults.
Sometimes it's impressive, sometimes soarringly exciting and occasionally, it is merely condensed, dull. A few sequences linger on the screen just a few moments too long. But at all times it's a welcome reminder of what a great and vital nation we live.
You'll have fun, too, recognizing famous stars as they make their brief appearances. A few, but by no means all, are Bette Davis, Walter Huston, James Stewart, Claudette Colbert, George Raft, in scenes from films they've made on historical subjects. And there's one unforgettable bit from "Show Boat," with Paul Robeson singing "Old Man River."
This is a real labor of love on the part of Hollywood, for all the profits will go to war relief charities. That in itself is reason enough for you to go.
Your Reviewer Sees: Seeing it is being an American.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith
(RKO-Radio)
It's About: The hilarious results when a married couple find out they are not legally wed.

WELL, Mr. (Robert Montgomery) and Mrs. (Carole Lombard) Smith begin on a lark, but somehow the fizzle right down to a very confused pop. One expected so much more, are afraid, with that whims Alfred Hitchcock in the director's chair (Remember his "Rebecca," "Alfred Hitchcock Presents")? plus those past masters at farcical nonsense, Carole Lombard and Robert Montgomery. However, there are enough comedically moments, unending comedy moments to be exact, to keep the audience amused if not quite highly entertained. So much so that it's been done before, unfortunately.
The story is trite. Carole and Bob, married and in love, discover they aren't married at all, and Bob, who first decided to deceive his wife concerning the true situation, ends up by courting her all over the place, with his law partner, the sly, old Bohemian. On and on and on it goes, getting nowhere but right back where he knew it would all the time. We positively do not dream of Genie Raymond with his light brown hair dyed black. It seemed even to affect his performance, somehow.
However, if it's fun you're after, regardless of rhyme or reason, here it is, just gobs and gobs of it.

Your Reviewer Sees: Too much of an old thing.

Tall, Dark and Handsome
(Twentieth Century-Fox)
It's About: A gangster who is allergic to killing people.
The old Chicago gangster is back with us again, boys and girls, but with what a different difference! In Cesar Romero we have our favorite gangster of all time, for Cesar is really a baby at heart, locking up his rivals in his own private prison, while pretending to have rubbed them out. But Cesar, bless him, wouldn't rub out a chalk...
Southern shenanigans: Fred MacMurray, Madeleine Carroll, Stirling Hayden in "Virginia"

mark, so no wonder Virginia Gilmore, night-club dancer, falls so hard for him.
Milton Berle and his almost new nose, Charlotte Greenwood and a young newcomer, Stanley Clements, all add to the fun and gaiety. It's an old story with a new and original twist and one you'll thoroughly enjoy.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun with the gunmen.

✓ Virginia (Paramount)

It's About: The return of a sophisticated young woman from the North to her native Southland.

VIRGINIA," photographed in color among the lush green hills and dales of the southern state, emerges a mixture of nostalgic memories, modern brittleness, heart-tugging humaneness and side-splitting dialogue. The audience, in short, is torn between the beauty and traditions of the old Southland and the outlandishly funny dialogue of the people, set amidst this pastoral beauty.

Madeleine Carroll, away from her native state for years, comes home to sell the family's old estate. Next door lives Fred MacMurray, poor in the financial scale, but rich in Southern tradition. He will have no truck with the rich North-erners who desecrate the landscape with their shenanigans. Madeleine is unduly attracted to rich young Stirling Hayden, of the North, and almost marries him before she discovers her heart really belongs in "ole Virginny."

Carolyn Lee, five-year-old wonder, is a scene, her lines keeping the audience in a constant state of hysteria. Marie Wilson is the surprise, however, as the too gay Northern trollop. Marie is simply terrific.

It's all lovely to see and good to listen to; but, my friends, it could have been so much better.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat for eye and ear.

✓ High Sierra (Warners)

It's About: A paroled gangster who loses through love.

ENTERTAINMENT is yours, ladies and gentlemen, in this absorbing story of a paroled convict who, after his release from prison, goes right back to his profession of safe-cracking and any little incidental killing that seems necessary. All mixed up in mind and dreams is Humphrey Bogart, the killer, and if there's been a better gangster portrayal on the screen than Humphrey's, we've failed to see it.

Ida Lupino is the girl who tries to escape unhappiness through her love for Bogart and Ida is really something wonderful to behold. Joan Leslie as the other girl shows great promise.

The magnificent mountain scenery lends an awesome eeriness to dramatic proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Compellingly ruthless.

✓ Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)

It's About: How Maisie reforms a playboy.

FOR sheer down-to-earth comedy, combined with a sort of cozy hominess, you can't beat this Maisie series. Ann Sothern as Maisie is just about the best singer-around town of comedy lines on the screen, judging from the howls that greeted Annie-Pannie's every quip.

Fourth in the delicious series of a hard-nerled baby with a heart of gold and plenty of honor, too (you mugs, you), this Maisie one emerges one of the best. Maisie, who loses her job through the drunken shenanigans of playboy Lew Ayres, is given the job of maid in his home as sort of restitution.

Well, when Maisie gets through with that family, their own mother wouldn't know them. Lew is grand and C. Aubrey Smith as the old butcher is plain old swell.

Your Reviewer Says: A scream, and you can say that again.

Keeping Company (M-G-M)

It's About: The trials and tribulations of an average young married couple.

THIS is the film which M-G-M hopes will be the first in a new series of a Mr. and Mrs. type of story. We are very much afraid there is too much adherence to routine material, hokum situations and cellophane climaxes through which one can see readily to render this a catchy subject. On the credit side, however, we admit it's a homey good-looking little picture with John Shelton, as the young husband, and Ann Rutherford, as the bride, doing their best, which is better than average.

May we please, then, reserve absolute judgment until the next in the series comes along?
Your Reviewer Says: Cozy and comfy but not, alas, exciting.

The Aldrich Family In Life With Henry (Paramount)

It’s About: A small-town boy who tries to raise a hundred dollars.

This tries very hard to be very funny, but the corny situations that most of you have seen so many times before do a great deal to defeat this purpose of humor. However, every now and then a bright spot emerges to make this fair entertainment.

The plot revolves around Jackie Cooper’s determined efforts to earn one hundred dollars so he can join an expedition to Alaska promoted by philanthropist Moroni Olsen. His big scheme is to sell homemade soap, but the disastrous results of this venture cost him money instead of earning it. Before he’s through, Jackie is the most disliked boy in the entire town.

Eddie Bracken is Jackie’s pal in love with Kay Stewart, and Leila Ernst is attractive as Jackie’s romantic interest. Hedda Hopper and FredNiblo are very good as Jackie’s parents, but their material is not so good as their performances.

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New Shampoo Method—Specially Made for Blondes—Washes Hair Shades Lighter—Safely!

Mothers and daughters stay young together when sunny, golden curls and smart, blonde surfaces are both charmingly lovely. Because of its delicate texture, particular care is needed to keep blonde hair from fading, darkening, losing attractiveness. That’s why smart blondes throughout the country use BLONDEX—a shampoo made specially for them. It removes dirt, dense film and brings out every charm both natural and obtained through coloring. Now let a few pennies in use and a blonde hair. Get BLONDEX at drug, department or dime stores.
Don't tell me you're old-fashioned three days a month!

Many modern women have stopped giving in to functional periodic pain—now depend on Midol for comfort. Among thousands of women recently interviewed, more reported using Midol for this purpose than all other preparations combined, and 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective!

Midol contains no opiates; it is expressly designed to relieve the typical functional pain of the menstrual period. Unless you have some organic disorder requiring special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should help you. All drugstores. Large size, 40¢; small size, 20¢. Coupon brings trial package.

Hedy and Verree Teasdale to trim the edges. The idea is cute too. It has Hedy, a refugee from Austrian misery, marrying a poor unknown young writer (Jimmy Stewart) in order to stay in America on a quota.

In the background is Hedy's boy friend, Ian Hunter, a publisher, married to Verree Teasdale. But when Hedy asks Jimmy for a divorce in order to marry Hunter, who also hopes for a divorce, he takes things into his own hands and they giggly clip on the road to love.

Warning: Watch out for those fireflies, brother.

Your Reviewer Says: Light as a feather and as pleasingly ticklish.

The Invisible Woman

It's About: A scientist who invents a machine that renders humans invisible.

Hollywood never lets go of a good thing. It hangs on and on until the good thing becomes a dull thing indeed. Universal, for example, has continued its very good "The Invisible Man" through a series to this present episode of "The Invisible Woman," which is far from good. For one thing, the novelty of invisible people walking about, of invisible objects hanging in mid-air has been so overdone it's no longer a novelty.

True, John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes such lovely people as Virginia Bruce to become faceless; and Oscar Homolka, as the exiled gangster who attempts to steal the machine, is also very clever. But outside of that—the whole thing is too visible.

Your Reviewer Says: Not funny, McGee.

Michael Shayne, Private Detective (Twentieth Century-Fox)

It's About: A smart private detective who solves a murder mystery.

A NOTHER first in a new series makes its debut this month in "Michael Shayne, Private Detective," with that picture-saver of all time, Lloyd Nolan, playing the lead.

But tell us, even if you're not ready to believe it, are all police captains so wholly and completely dumb as movies picture them? Could it be possible our safety lies in such bungling hands? Anyway, Nolan is smart, pert, sassy, cute, foxy and clever, so perhaps police captains just naturally look dumb in comparison. Marjorie Weaver, the girl who is addicted to gambling, is very eye-filling.

Your Reviewer Says: A good series to follow.

Pride of the Bowery (Monogram)

It's About: Tough kids in a C.C.C. camp.

Although this was made on a limited budget, its high standard of

Advance Tips on Tomorrow's Talkies

PICTURES IN THE CUTTING ROOM

COLUMBIA

FENNY SERENADE: Irene Dunne joins her reporter husband, Cary Grant, in Japan, but the great earthquake sends them back to America, where Grant buys a small-town newspaper in this human and realistic picture of the life of a newspaperman and his wife. With Beulah Bondi and Edgar Buchanan.

THE LONE WOLF TAKES A CHANCE: Warren William, the Lone Wolf, defeats a crooked gang's attempts to gain possession of U. S. currency engraving plates. With June Storey as a movie star, Walter Kingsford and Eric Blore.

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

RAGE IN HEAVEN: Robert Montgomery plays a wealthy, weakly, a psychopathic case, who marries Ingrid Bergman and, in spite of her loveliness to him, becomes convinced she's in love with George Sanders, her closest friend, and seeks his revenge. With Lucille Watson and Oscar Homolka.

PARAMOUNT

REACHING FOR THE SUN: Joel McCrea leaves the Michigan woods to come to Detroit in this picture of the great automotive plants, with Ellen Drew as the romantic lead and Eddie Bracken. There's a great fight scene between McCrea and Albert Dekker in this exciting movie.

RKO

SHOW BUSINESS: Fast-moving comedy about the frenzied efforts of theatrical producers Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride to raise money to put on their show. With Elizabeth Risdon as Elyse Knox, wealthy aunt. Lee Bonnell as the actor in love with Elyse, and Charles Quigley.

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX

THE ROAD TO RIO: Gay South American comedy with Don Ameche playing a dual role as an American night-club performer and a baron, with the performer impersonating the baron when he's out of town. Alice Faye is the baron's wife and Carmen Miranda is the performer's long-lost fiancé.

SLEEPERS WEST: Lloyd Nolan again plays the smooth-talking detective, Michael Shayne, who's taking Mary Beth Hughes to San Francisco to testify in a murder case which Lynn Bari is covering for a newspaper. With Edward Brophy, Don Costello and Don Douglas.

WARNER BROTHERS

KNOCKOUT: This prize-fight story has Arthur Kennedy as the young fighter who gets into the big time and falls in love with wealthy Virginia Field. Olympe Brodina is his devoted wife, and Anthony Quinn his crooked, scheming manager.

THE SEA WOLF: In this picturization of Jack London's famous novel, Edward G. Robinson is the brutal captain of a ship which no one is allowed to leave. Ida Lupino, fugitive from justice, is the only girl in the cast, which includes John Garfield, Gene Lockhart and Barry Fitzgerald.
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WHY SUFFER from corns? Here’s a sensible treatment that helps relieve pain quickly and removes corns effectively. For Blue-Jay Corn Plasters do two important things. First, they help relieve pain by lifting off pressure. Then medication gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be removed—including the "core!" (Stubborn cases may require more than one application.) Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all leading drug counters.

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Try Dr. R. Schiffermann’s ASHMADOR the next time an asthmatic attack leaves you gasping for breath. ASHMADOR’S aromatic fumes aid in reducing the severity of the attack—help you breathe more easily. And it’s economical, de- pendably uniform, produced under sanitary conditions in our modern laboratory—its quality insured through rigid scientific control. Try ASHMADOR in any of three forms, powder, cigarette or pipe mixture. At all drug stores—write today for free sample.

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If liver bile doesn’t flow freely every day into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So step up that liver bile and see what better feeling you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards’ Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile. Olive Tablets being purely vegetable, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

photography, performances and credible storylifts it above its low cost into good film fare.

The background for this latest picture of New York’s East Side boys is a C.C.C. camp in Arizona, which of course generates the toughies. Leo Gorcey, who is dead against joining the camp, is tricked into doing so because he's under the impression that it's just a training camp for a boxing tournament. When he finds out what he's really in for, he decides to get back at everyone by disrupting the entire camp routine.

There are several good fight scenes between Gorcey and Kenneth Howell as the leader of the camp; and Bobby Jordan, Donald Flatto and David Gorcey register nicely as part of Gorcey's gang. You'll remember Nick Stuart, who in this returns to the screen in a small role.

Your Reviewer Says: Likable.

Arkansas Judge (Republic)

It’s About: The result of insidious small-town gossip.

IF you expect the whoop and holler usually provided by the Weaver family, you’re sure doomed to disappointment, brother. The Weavers play straight this time, with just enough of their peculiar brand of music and funning to let us know it’s really they.

The story, taken from the book, “False Witness,” tells of a peaceful small town divided into two factions by vicious gos-sip and false accusation of a banker’s daughter against a poor woman of the community.

The Weavers, all of them, are simply grand and Roy Rogers, former cowboy, makes a grand hero.

Your Reviewer Says: Homey little “mel-derama.”

Bowery Boy (Republic)

It’s About: An East Side boy who falls in with racketeers.

As familiar as your own face in a mirror is this tried and fairly true story of the underprivileged boy who falls into the hands of a clique whose racket is foisting bad food upon public institutions, with hazardous results. And there’s the young doctor and the selfish young woman who tries to lure him into a more lucrative position, with everything somehow tying together at the end.

We liked Jimmy Lydon as the boy and Dennis O’Keefe as the doctor.

Your Reviewer Says: Strictly routine.

(Continued on page 119)
I've got a habit that sounds funny... When I'm all dressed up to go somewhere and find I have time to spare, I slip on a little protective shoulder cape and then brush my hair till it's time to go.

An exponent of the "up" coiffure for evening, Constance offered an easy way to manage the new hairdress which has the hair rolled in a halo around the head. Just buy some heavy yarn that approximates the color of your hair. Wind it into a fat bant and fit it down over the head. Then brush the hair straight up over it, anchor the ends down on the inside over the roll with lots of little hairpins and you'll have a sleek hair-do that will catch the spotlight anywhere.
Night Train (20th-Century-Fox)

It's About: British and Nazi spies who match wits for a steel formula and a girl.

'Night Train' is a perfect example of what the motion-picture industry calls a "sleeper"—it slips into town without benefit of ballyhoo before the citizenry. Only about and knocks 'em cold. Twenty-Fourth Century—Fox, who handles the American distribution of the picture, couldn't give the thing away until the Globe Theater in New York City bit because it needed a thriller. The critics wandered in and rushed out to vote it one of the year's ten best.

It's melodrama, pure and simple; no attempt at a "message," though the quick of ear and eye might detect a few fast ones. Director Carol Reed, who bids fair to become another Alfred Hitchcock of "39 Steps" and "Rebecca" fame, has turned out an exciting story which starts with the taking over of Czecho-Slovakia by the Gestapo and manages to smuggle to England their number-one chemist who is working on a super steel for armaments. There for a time the old chemist is kept safely under lock and key by the British admiral and a charming young gent. But his beautiful daughter is seized by the Germans who desire desperately her escape in the company of a fellow sufferer so that she may lead them to her father. To tell you the next step would be to ruin one of the most surprising twists you've had for years. Suffice it to say that the operations of British and Nazi enemy agents in snuggling the coveted chemist back into England on a thrilling climax on the night train from Berlin to Munich.

Rex Harrison as the British agent gives his usual delightful performance. Margaret Lockwood with far less to do as the daughter is attractive and intelligent. But the man who makes all fight for their honors is Paul Henreid, the Nazi agent who is separated from the girl he loves by his fierce Nazi loyalty. Keep your eye on him!

Your Reviewer Says: Just the ticket.

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Here are the correct answers to the movie quiz on page 112

1. Lionel Barrymore
2. Mickey Rooney
3. Bette Davis, Judy Garland
4. Mae Clarke and Douglas Montgomery; Vivien Leigh and Robert Taylor
5. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
6. Claudette Colbert
7. Clark Gable, William Powell, Wallace Beery
9. George Sanders
10. Brian Donlevy, who usually plays villains, was the hero of "The Great McGinty"

Herbert Marshall, who usually plays heroes, was a villain in "Foreign Correspondent"
Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 10 miles of tiny tubes that filter your blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right, then something is wrong. You may not get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with strong or burning sensations shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

With Dr. Frank Meyer's Kidney ointment, you combat absorption of poisonous matter into your blood, and it may also combat kidney headache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of appetite and energy, swelling, perverseness under the eyes, headaches and dizzy spells.

Don't wait! Act now! Diurect for Don'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 Don's Pills.

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Get fast relief with Pertussin "moist-throat" method.

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It began on Thursday, January 2, 1941, and ends on Monday, March 31, 1941. Eight big prizes ranging from $500 up to the magnificent sum of $1,000 will be awarded for the eight best true stories. I don't think you will be among them. Do not hesitate to enter because you have never heard of any contest before. Already MacFadden Publications, Inc., has paid out over $300,000 in prizes for true stories. I urge you to enter now before it is too late. So hurry and enter your story today.

So start today. Select from your memory a story from your own life or which took place in the life of a relative or acquaintance. Write it simply and clearly just as it happened. Include all background information such as parentage, surroundings and other material necessary to give the reader a full understanding of the story. Do not be afraid to speak plainly.

No contest for writers is here to be used as a story of tragedy, happiness, failure, success, love triumphant or love dismayed. If it contains the grip of any of these stories, MacFadden Publications, Inc., will award you a prize of $500 or more if it has the material of true life in it. The best true story received will be awarded the grand prize of $1,000, to the second best the two big $500 second prizes, etc. And don't forget that even if your story falls slightly pertaining to real events, it can be used as it will gladly consider it for purchase at our liberal word rates, which range upwards from 25c to 5c per word. Unlike the eight prize awards there is no restriction on the number of stories we can purchase if they come up to our requirements.

If you have not already procured a copy of our free booklet which explains the simple method of presenting true stories, which has proved to be most effective, be sure to mail the coupon today. In writing your story do not fail to follow the rules in every particular, thus making sure that your story will receive full consideration for prize or publication.

As soon as you have finished your story send it in. By cooperating with us in that way you can help to avoid a last-minute landslide, insure your story of an early reading and enable us to determine the winners at the earliest possible moment. This contest closes March 31, 1941.

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**CONTEST RULES**

All stories must be written in the first person based on facts that happened either in the lives of you or others, and not be a dream. Include the necessary evidence of truth to be forthcoming by writers upon request. Do not send us printed material or poetry. Do not write stories of less than 250 or more than 5,000 words. Stories may be written in English or French on one side of paper only. Do not use thin paper.

Do not editorialize. Do not call your manuscript for a prize. Do not write partly in the first person and partly in the third. Do not make use of initials or pseudonyms. Stories may be written in English, French or German. Stories must be submitted to MacFadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 41C, Box 333, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Always disguise the names of persons and places appearing in your stories. This contest is open to every one everywhere. In the world. except employees and former employees of MacFadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. If a story is selected for publication, the author will be paid $25 upon publication and the balance upon delivery of the final manuscript. If a story is selected for a prize and this will be in no way affect the judges in their decision. All manuscripts must be accompanied by a check for the balance due, if any, will be mailed after the decision of the judges which will be final. There is no appeal from their decision. Under no condition submit any story that has ever been published in any form. Submit your manuscript to us direct. Due to the intimate nature of the stories, we prefer to have our manuscripts in our own material in the usual direct and not through an intermediary.

With the exception of an explanatory letter, words, paragraphs, or other instructions which are necessary, all manuscripts must be typed and double-spaced. Manuscripts not double-spaced are not accepted. We reserve the right to reject suppliers heretofore rejected.

All manuscripts submitted are considered for all of our magazines and we reserve the right to publish any material which we consider best adapted to our needs.

This contest ends Monday, March 31, 1941. Address your manuscripts for this contest to MacFadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 41C, Box 333, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

**COUPON**

MacFadden Publications, Inc., Dept. 41C
P. O. Box 333, Grand Central Station
New York, N. Y.

Please mail me your free copy of your booklet entitled "Truth You Should Know Before Writing"

Name__________
Street__________
Town__________State__________

(Continued from page 120)

Evelyn Thomas, Gloria DeBrazo; Mrs. Foster, Sara Helen.


"Why let other girls get all the thrilling compliments," said a smart young woman we know. "I've proved for myself that Maybelline does make a difference. Now, men often say nice things about my eyes."

Maybelline Eye Make-up is truly rifying, because it's natural-looking. Our lashes are perfectly lovely with Maybelline Mascara, created for real effect — never stiff or gummy. I know, Nature fades out all eyes at the ends. Darkened to the tips, they appear much longer or more luxuriant! Then see how expressive your brows are, when bely defined and tapered gracefully in the Maybelline smooth-marking brow Pencil. And there's a soft for eyelids...

"atting background for eyes, a touch of subtle Shadow. Make eyes irresistible, enchanting—Maybelline Beauty Aids. Lady purse sizes till 10c counters.

**Maybelline**

**WORLD'S LARGEST-SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS**

"Pointed to Perfection! Maybelline smooth-marking Eyeliner Pen oil—just right enough for best results. Black of Brown."

"Added Enchantment! Maybelline Eye Shadow in six lovely harmonizing shades: Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Green, Brown, Violet."

"Very Popular, Too! Maybelline Cream-form Mascara (applied without water) in exclusive zipper case. 75c, Black. Brown, Blue."

"Never Smudges! Maybelline Solid-Form Mascara in handsome Vanity, 75c, Brown, Blue."

**BEFORE USING MAYBELLINE**
“Luckies pay higher prices to get the lighter leaf!” says Fred Evans, independent tobacco buyer of Danville, Va.

“TO folks who watch the auctions, it’s plain as day that Luckies go after the lighter, milder leaf—and pay higher prices to get it. That’s why most auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen prefer Luckies. I’ve smoked Luckies myself for 14 years!”

In buying tobacco, you get what you pay for. And independent tobacco experts tell you that Luckies pay higher prices to get the finer, the lighter, the naturally milder leaf. So smoke the smoke tobacco experts smoke. Next time, ask for Lucky Strike.

With men who know tobacco best—it’s LUCKIES 2 to
PHOTOPLAY

Movie Mirror

MAY

GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

HOLLYWOOD'S MADDEST MOMENTS BY HEDDA HOPPER

ALICE FAYE
BY PAUL HESSE

NOW ONLY 10¢
The smoke of Slower-Burning Camels gives you
EXTRA MILDNESS, EXTRA COOLNESS, EXTRA FLAVOR
and
28%
LESS NICOTINE
than the average of the four other largest-selling cigarettes tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself.

THE SMOKE'S THE THING!

All that you get from a cigarette—you get in the smoke itself. And here's what you get when you smoke slower-burning Camels. More mildness where you want mildness...in the smoke. More flavor where you want flavor...in the smoke. More coolness, too!

In the same slow smoke of a Camel cigarette, you get LESS NICOTINE. Yes, 28% less nicotine than the average of the four other largest-selling brands tested...less nicotine than from any of them.

Dealers feature Camels by the carton. For convenience—for economy—get your Camels by the carton.

"Camels taste like the cigarette they are...a finer cigarette of real mildness, wonderful flavor!"

MRS. EDWARD M. McILVAIN, Jr., of New York

• A lover of home life, Mrs. McIlvain enjoys running a household, entertaining small groups of friends. Deeply interested in decoration, she prefers antiques and period pieces...was photographed against the background of an eighteenth-century liquor screen. As a hobby, Mrs. McIlvain collects miniature furniture and silver. She also likes candid photography...movies...concerts...Camels. "Smoking Camels is one of my chief everyday pleasures," says Mrs. McIlvain. "Camels are mild as can be...and taste simply grand. Yes, the fact that there's less nicotine in the smoke of Camels means a lot to me!"
Even if you were born Plain Jane...

TAKE HOPE...If your Smile is Lovely!

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

TAKE HOPE—plain girl! Look in your mirror—and smile! There's your chance for beauty. For if you keep your teeth sparkling, gums firmer, you, too, have a loveliness to turn the eyes of men.

But truly, how is your smile? Bright and radiant—or dull, dingy? Help make your smile sparkle, make it the real, attractive YOU. Start today with Ipana and massage. Remember, a sparkling smile depends largely on firm, healthy gums.

If you ever see "pink" on your toothbrush—see your dentist right away. He may say your gums only need more work—natural exercise denied them by today's soft foods. And, like thousands of dentists, he may suggest "the extra stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Try Ipana and Massage

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, is specially designed to aid the gums to sturdier, more resistant firmness. So be sure to massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth.

Start with Ipana Tooth Paste today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your gums firmer, your teeth sparkling, your smile winning and attractive.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
The lion roars "See 'Men of Boystown!"

* * * * * It will be money properly spent.

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

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

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

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

* * * * * Spencer Tracy and Mickey Rooney are together again.

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

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

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

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

Sorry, We were told not to blow our own horn

-Lee

Advertised for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

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**PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR**

**ERNEST V. HEYN**
Executive Editor

**HELEN GILMORE**
Associate Editor

**MAY, 1941**
**VOL. 18, NO. 6**

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*PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR* is published monthly by *MACFADDEN PUBLICATIONS, INC.* Washington and South Avenue, Dunellen, New Jersey. Editorial office, Chang Building, 122 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y. National office, 211 Park Avenue South, New York, N. Y. Executive office, 205 F. 32nd St., New York, N. Y. Bernard Macfadden, President. DeWitt W. Page, Vice-President. Walter H. Recreation, Advertising Manager. Advertising offices, Chang Building, 122 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Chicago office, 191 North LaSalle St., Chicago 1, Ill. Headquarters, 122 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Advertising Manager, Pacific Coast office, San Francisco, Calif. Among others, President of Photoplay-Mirror. Director Advertising offices, 724 North Wabash Ave. Chicago, Illinois. Advertising Manager of Photoplay-Mirror, 122 East 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Chicago office, 191 North LaSalle St., Chicago 1, Ill. Andrews, Advertising Manager of Photoplay-Mirror. Thirty-first year. Entered as second-class matter September 21, 1921, at the post office in Dunellen, New Jersey, under the act of March 3, 1917. Additional entry at Chicago, Ill. Prior to the United States and possessions (except Hawaii, British Columbia, British, Dutch and French West Indies, British, Dutch, French and Belgian possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch and French Guiana) $1.75 a year. All other countries $2.50 a year. While manuscripts, photographs and illustrations are not accepted at the risk of the editors, every effort will be made to return those found unaccompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address. But we will not be responsible for loss or damage. Contributions are especially urged to be sure to return copies of their contributions otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk.

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*Photoplay* combined with *Movie Mirror*—a publication of *Macfadden Publications, Inc.*
IT'S EVEN BETTER THAN BOYS TOWN

SPENCER

MICKEY

Tracy Rooney

"MEN OF BOYS TOWN"

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

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

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S NEW HIT

MAY, 1941
WHY I LIKE HOLLYWOOD
(1941 Version) ... I like Hollywood in 1941 because despite war, taxes and general insecurity, it is just as madly, beautifully inconsistent as ever before ... I like it because the lordly Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, being the richest studio of them all (and incidentally, despite all the successes all the other studios have had, it is still Metro that rules the raves), has discovered economy ... discovered it by way of two master works ... "Comrade X" and "Come Live With Me," both starring Miss Hedy Lamarr ... the latter cost a mere $30,000 to make, which used to be Metro chicken feed ... but like its predecessor, "Comrade X," it is a box-office riot, a gold mine and a banana ... and then by way of contrast, RKO, just trembling back from the brink of bankruptcy, gives Mr. Orson Welles an unlimited bankroll to produce "Citizen Kane" and now insists that it never read the script or knew what was going on ... it insists this since all the controversy has been stirred up that may mean the picture will not be released ... I like Hollywood this year because the studios, having decided there would be no more previewing of pictures in theaters (the claim being that this was necessary because too many of "the wrong people" were crashing those previews, supposedly saved to the press), are the ones who are now trying to break the ruling, rather than the press on whom it has worked the greatest hardship ... this ruling

BY RUTH WATERBURY

ment reviewers have had to go to dinky studio preview rooms to see films run off at outlandish hours, hours anywhere from eleven in the morning to six at night ... hours which are particularly hard on the magazine people who need to be in their offices at those times ... but, somehow, we adapted ourselves to this scheme ... so what happens? ... the studios, themselves, begin giving "sneak press previews" ... and in theaters ... getting around their own ruling by cautioning you not to tell anyone which theater you are going to ... (it is only printed in advance on the admission tickets, of course) ... the studios get around it by giving "press dinners" in advance at the studio proper and then transporting the press theaterward en masse and in buses (so that you can't take your own car and thus can't possibly know where you are going, despite the theater's name printed on the tickets you have been holding in your little hot hand all through dinner) ... not that anybody minds this ... it makes for a new kind of Hollywood outing ... but it's so gorgeous typical of Hollywood's twisted reasoning ... but by way of making it all perfect, the best "preview" of them all turns out to be one that is neither of those things ... but a dinner on a sound stage ... the so-called "Burbank Outing and Crowder Club" ... giving it at Warners on the evening they showed "The Strawberry Blonde" ... which is enchanting ... a party given at "Grimes Gala Gardens" which promised "free lunch ... free tipples ... free beer ... free ladies" ... with the latter scratched off the invitations and "Bring Your Own Ladies' written in its place ... it all meaning the Warner publicity department had pulled another natural and a fine time was had by all ...

I like Hollywood because a good friend in the studio phoned Ann Sheridan and said, "You'd better settle your strike because it is getting really serious over here ... they're buying new bras for Joan Leslie." ... I like Hollywood because the girls on the appointment desks in the beauty parlors always say when you ask for a date with your favorite hairdresser and manicurist ... "all right, dear" ... "we can give you Peggy, dear" ... "it takes two hours for your hair, dear" ... and the more they say "dear" you, the less they know you ... I like Hollywood because many of our "men about town" let the papers know they are going to date a girl before they let the girl know and that doesn't (Continued on page 102)

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

Close Up: Alan Curtis as Franz Schubert and Ilona Massey in "New Wine"

LAUGHING, FIGHTING, LOVING
their way into your heart!

William A. Wellman, Producer of “Beau Geste,” brings
you three modern musketeers in a rousing, rollicking
romance that hits straight at the heart with a wallop!

Paramount Presents
JOEL McCREA
ELLEN DREW

"REACHING
FOR THE SUN"

with
Eddie Bracken • Albert Dekker • Billy Gilbert
Produced and Directed by WILLIAM A. WELLMAN • Screen Play by W. L. River
Speak FOR YOURSELF

From one Eleanor to another: Eleanor Powell gets a pat on the back from Iowa

"Been waiting for you," he said quietly, a smile on his face. A friendly smile! And his eyes—their warm welcome was as plain as that on the old-fashioned doormat over at Grandmother's house.

"The manager told me about the poor little lad over at the hospital," he went on. "And, mister, if he'd like my autograph, let's get over there and deliver it in person."

Our cab zoomed away from the stage door. Bright lights of the marquee flashed their message—"See George Raft in Person." How much more satisfying, I thought, to know the man beneath the film reputation—to meet "The Killer" on an errand of mercy!

Morrison M. Scott.
Cleveland, O.

$1.00 PRIZE
Quicksilver Comment

I HAVE been privileged to meet and know Eleanor Powell. It was a wonderful experience and I shall never forget it. Through her I learned that screen stars are very human people.

I am struck with admiration at the success Eleanor has achieved and the kindness, the good comradeship and courtliness she shows towards all her co-workers. I believe Eleanor's success on the stage and screen is a splendid tribute to pluck and perseverance and because of her willingness to work and cooperate in every way I know she will keep steadily climbing higher and higher.

She is like quicksilver: her eyes are always alight with some enthusiasm or other which helps her cheer a world that holds so much gloom now. There is no jealousy, cattiness or swollen head to make her giddy and send her hurtling down back to the foot of the ladder. This world gains a valuable nutriment in the joy, beauty, dancing, and color Eleanor brings into the lives of millions—so thanks a lot, Eleanor!"  
Eleanor Morgensen.
Cedar Falls, Ia.  
(Continued on page 22)
“Sometimes there’s a terrible penalty for telling the truth . . .”

BETTE DAVIS

will appear soon in her stunning new triumph

The Great LIE

GEO. BRENT
Her co-star of ‘Dark Victory’ and ‘The Old Maid’ in the Warner Bros. drama that magnificently surpasses both!

MARY ASTOR
LUCILE WATSON • HATTIE McDaniel
Screen Play by Lenore Coffee • From a Novel by Polan Banks • Music by Max Steiner
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING

Note to all BETTE DAVIS FAN CLUBS: My thanks to every one of you for the wonderful things you have written me about The Letter. I appreciate it deeply.
Inside Stuff

Making eyes at the Mocambo: Betty Grable and George Raft. For a salient sideline on the Grable half of the romantic team, see page 36

BOYS AND GIRLS TOGETHER

Result of the Mocambo floor show—three satisfied customers: John Howard; Hedy Lamarr, the girl who usually decorates his arm; Chaplin

CAL TALKS TO HIMSELF. Wonder why Jimmy Stewart continues to send those yellow roses to Olivia de Havilland every week when the romance is said to be over? Wonder what happened to that romance anyhow? Could the rumor be true that Jimmy won't marry a professional woman? Hmmm, we wonder.

Why doesn't someone tell Roz Russell to close her beautiful mouth when having her picture snapped? As far as that goes, why doesn't someone tell Roz not to talk all the time.

Maybe beau Freddie Brisson might have a chance to ask that all-important question if—oh well, can't our business.

Speaking of pictures, what gets into Jean Arthur, breaking up the photographer's cameras at night spots? They have their living to earn too, she should realize. What was that someone told us about Jean? Oh yes, she felt she wasn't so young as she might be and that the fact has become an obsession with her. Shucks, Jeanie with the bright-red temper has a long way to travel before she reaches middle years.

What was behind all that confidential whispering between Greg Bautzer and Dottie Lamour at the Brown Derby last night? Could those two be plotting something labelled matrimony?
An itemized account of intimate Hollywood happenings, including some tales told out of school

By CAL YORK

Have to laugh the way Errol Flynn's friends are ganging up on him about that expected baby. They yell, "Hey, Daddy," or "Papa Errol" or "Father Flynn," all over the place. Errol takes it big. Funny about Errol, too. Has such an ingratiating grin and aura of good fellowship, but they say he forgot the struggles and yearnings too soon. Went from one extreme to the other too fast. Too bad. And why the heck do we always feel a personal hurt for these boys and girls who won't play the game of life according to the old rules of kindness and charity toward all, especially when they have so much to be thankful for? Movie-acting is better than selling typewriters in Australia, at that.

There we go, leading with our nose into other people's affairs. Oh well, Cal can think out loud once in a while, can't he?

Or can't he?

Hollywood Helps: Again we say there is no community anywhere or any group of people so ready and willing at all times to give of their precious time and talent to a worthy cause as the people of Hollywood.

The gigantic radio program organized by Mr. Samuel Goldwyn for Greek relief and broadcast to Greece and England had practically every star in the business participating, from Shirley Temple to
George Raft balked when he found out what the Benny-Hope team planned to do with him on the air. Occasion was Goldwyn’s broadcast for Greek relief backstage just two minutes before he went on the air in a Hardy skit.

Considering the hours and days of rehearsals and the writing and technical talent that lay behind the broadcast, we’d say Hollywood had done its bit once again—and done it magnanimously.

New York Sniffs at Hollywood: Well, you should have seen me! There was old Cal literally surrounded by those beauteous top-bracket New York advertising models who were brought out here by 20th Century-Fox for the picture “That Night In Rio.”

We were all primed for the “ahs” and “ohs” when the talk swung around to our movie lads, but imagine the shock to our frazzled nervous system when the girls pooh-pooed our lads in one united chorus.

“They are all right as playboys, but as husbands—you can have ’em.” (Continued on page 12)

At the broadcast rehearsal, Ronald Colman and Shirley Temple held a private tête-à-tête, made photographer Fink use some high and mighty methods.


Charles Laughton, Bob Hope and Jack Benny, as co-partners in emceeing, kept the performers in stitches—Bob with light-hearted quips, Benny with his heavy-hearted worry.

Myrna Loy was the belle of the ball throughout the rehearsals and little Shirley Temple was so popular she and Ronald Colman were compelled to lock themselves in a dressing room to rehearse in peace. But our Hymie is resourcefulness itself. He merely climbed up to the transom and chucked away.

Big bad George Raft, who scares millions on the screen, got the willies when he learned he was to be tossed like a badminton cock between Benny and Hope in a skit. He couldn’t even go on the air; he was so frightened.

It was Mickey Rooney who nearly throw the troupe into a fit. Mickey, who had been rehearsing for the Charlie McCarthy–Edgar Bergen show over at N.B.C., got caught in the traffic jam outside the Chinese Theater on Hollywood Boulevard and arrived
1941's GREAT GLAMOUR-MUSICAL . . .
THE SHOW OF YOUR DREAMS!

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

Alice FAYE
Don AMECHE
Carmen MIRANDA

in

That Night in Rio

IN TECHNICOLOR!

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

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

by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren

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

Directed by Irving Cummings


A 20th Century-Fox Picture

MAY, 1941
(Continued from page 10)

"Hollywood men are too fickle," griped up Mary Joyce Walsh, the former Miss Florida. "When a new glamour girl comes to town," went on Mary Joyce, "the boys forget all about you and run to join the stag line that forms on her right."

Bettye Avery of Tulsa, Oklahoma, put it this way, "Hollywood men are terrible in night clubs, but who wants to set up housekeeping in a night club?"

Miriam Rosamond of Boston declared, "Out here, you'd have to catch a husband between romances or between pictures."

Bunny Hartley of Virginia summed the thing up. "Listen," she confided, "they are still raising the best husbands in the canyon corral called Wall Street."

Well, maybe the gals have something there! Cal wouldn't be knowing.

Who Makes the Best Marriages in Hollywood?: Thinking it over, who do you think makes the better marriages in Hollywood—the gals or the boys?

Frankly, Cal is casting his vote for the men. Take young prospective bridegroom Vaughn Paul, an assistant producer, for instance, who is marrying that glamorous star Deanna Durbin. Add Cary Grant, who will marry the wealthy and titled Barbara Hutton.

Fred Astaire, Gary Cooper, Henry Fonda and Dean Jagger all married socially prominent women who brought considerable prestige and, incidentally, happiness, to these male stars.

On the other hand, let's take the gals. Bette Davis has recently married the son of a Vermont dentist who works as a flyer. Alice Faye married Tony Martin when he was only a struggling young actor. Betty Grable wed Jackie Coogan when he was battling for whatever happened to be left of his fortune. Priscilla Lane married an unknown assistant director, Oren Hагlund, and Jeanette MacDonald, one of our top stars, married Gene Raymond, who was then a B star.

To prove the exception to the rule, Andrea Leeds and Sonja Henie married wealthy Bob Howard and Dan Topping respectively, but on the whole it's the Hollywood men who marry women of social standing who make grand and good wives.

So think it over, girls.

Our Thanks and Bob Taylor's Answer to You: Little did we dream you grand people out there would literally show us under with replies to our little suggestion of a name for Bob Taylor's horse in "Billy The Kid."

Whoa! They came by the dozens and the midnight oil was burned plenty while Cal and his amiable secretary sorted the names. The task finally finished, we took them personally to Bob, who had this to say:

(Continued on page 14)
He's a Super-Snooper Trying To Find The Little Girl Who Wasn't There!... What a riot of fun when Topper and his Glamorous New Ghost make a Mirthquake out of a Mystery, and a Madhouse out of a Murder!

Hal Roach presents

TOPPER RETURNS

with JOAN BLONDELL
ROLAND YOUNG - BILLIE BURKE
Eddie (ROCHESTER) Anderson
Patsy KELLY - Carole LANDIS - Dennis O'KEEFE
George ZUCCO - Donald MACBRIDE

Original Screen Play by JONATHAN LATIMER - GORDON DOUGLAS
Additional Dialogue: PAUL GERARD SMITH
Directed by ROY DEL RUTH Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

MAY, 1941

BASED ON THE HILARIOUS THORNE SMITH CHARACTERS

13
Disproving the theory that men don’t like exotic head dresses: Dennis Morgan (above) sees eye to eye with Marlene Dietrich at the Warner Brothers Biltmore Bowl party.

(Continued from page 12)

"Please thank every one of these writers personally for me. I would have had a difficult time in choosing a name from this list.

"I especially liked the suggestions of ‘Nebraska’ and ‘Star Dust’ but, unfortunately, the horse has already been named ‘Hassa Yama’ after the mount ridden for years by Bill Hart. Since ‘Hassa Yama’ passed away, Mr. Hart suggested my horse be given the name.

"Cal tells me a lot of folk who have written in are Bill Hart fans, so I know you’ll understand and appreciate the honor.

"And thanks again for your grand suggestions."

"May Cal join Bob Taylor in conveying appreciation.

"Comes a Pause in the Day’s Occupation—:" Longfellow couldn’t have been thinking of Alice Faye or even Cary Grant when he wrote those lines, nor could he?

Well, anyway, there is coming a pause in the occupations of both Cary and Alice, a momentous one if you ask Callie, the snooper-deeper.

Yep, both stars have asked for and received three months’ leave of absence after the completion of their present assignments.

Cary, in those three months, is expected to marry his love, Barbara Hutton, and spend the time a-honeymooning—which isn’t exactly news if you’ve been reading this column. Alice has asked and received her three months’ leave in order to accept Carmen Miranda’s invitation to be her house guest in Rio de Janeiro. But wait—there’s more to come. That Texas millionaire, Charles Wrightman, who has been assiduously courting our Alice, will also be in “South America” at the same time.

Those who know say Alice hasn’t been so happy since her separation from Tony Martin. Once her divorce is final, anything can happen. Especially down Rio way.

Where There’s Life—: How those jokes keep pouring forth in a constant stream from Bob Hope is one of the mysteries of the town. Bob just never seems to go dry.

The other day, for instance, Cal popped into Bob’s set of “Caught in the Draft” and neatly did a quick double-take as he caught sight of Bob, Lynne Overman and Eddie Brecken with nothing on but a towel. They were supposedly undergoing an Army physical examination, along with fifty or sixty extras. Hope looked at us sheepishly and hung onto his towel in disgust.

"They can’t kid me," he growled. "It’s the Lamour influence. Why else would they put us in army sarongs?"

"And what do they do?" demanded Hope of bewildered old Cal. "When they shoot the scene in which the doctor looks us over, they put a guy who could double for Atlas right in the center. They’re trying to give us an inferiority complex. They’re not getting by with it, though. When we have to stand on our toes and say ‘Ah,’ we all sing bass."

(Continued on page 16)
"I didn't come here to rock!"

I didn't come here to rock at $1.50 per day. I came to mix and mingle, to laugh and live in the Florida sun, to wave goodbye to work and worry. So far, no score for Mabel. And so I rock.

I didn't come here to rock. I came to swim and sun with new adoring Adonises... but they're out with other girls. And so I rock.

I didn't come here to rock. I came to dance the hours away in the moonlight with a man... the MAN I might be lucky enough to meet and maybe to marry. Well, I met him... and he's out tonight with Thelma. And so I rock.

Am I slipping? Am I breaking up at 27? Maybe...

Still, my hair is nice; my eyes are good; I walk without crutches; I still have all my teeth. I've got a figure to match Eleanor's, a bathing suit to go with it, and three evening gowns that are a little bit of Heaven right here on Earth. I've got a "lure" that men like. I even have my own car. Yet here I sit and rock while romance reigns around me and the moonlight mocks me. It's never happened to me before and every time the rocker creaks, it seems to ask: "How come? What's wrong... How come? What's wrong... How come? What's wrong..."

Take This Tip

Perhaps, Mabel, yours is that unfortunate trouble that puts so many otherwise attractive people in the wall-flower class—halitosis (bad breath).

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself may not know when you have it, and so can offend needlessly.

Perhaps all you need to get back into the swim is a little Listerine Antiseptic now and then, especially before a date. This amazingly effective antiseptic and deodorant quickly makes the breath sweeter and fresher. Thousands of popular people, fastidious people, simply wouldn't be without it. It's part of their passport to popularity... and it should be a part of yours.

Mouth Fermentation

Listerine works this way to sweeten breath: It overcomes fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth... said by some authorities to be the principal cause of odors; then overcomes the odors themselves. Other cases of bad breath may be due to systemic conditions; to get at the causes, see your doctor.

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic night and morning, and between times before business and social engagements. Keep a bottle handy in home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel—it pays.

Let LISTERINE Look After Your Breath

MAY, 1941
YOU need never fear that anyone can detect anything if you wear Tampax—internal sanitary protection. Tampax has been perfected by a doctor so ingeniously for monthly use that it can be inserted and removed quickly and easily. Your hands never touch the Tampax and you simply cannot feel it when in place!

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

Made of pure surgical cotton, tremendously absorbent, Tampax now comes in three sizes: Regular, Super and Junior, each in dainty one-time-use applicator. Sold at drug stores and notion counters. Introductory box, 20c. Economy package of 40 gives you a real bargain.

NEW LOW PRICES

TAMPAX INCORPORATED

New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send name in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. Enclose for stamps or silver to cover cost of mailing. See in the ad below.

Name
Address
City

TAMPAX INCORPORATED

New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send name in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. Enclose for stamps or silver to cover cost of mailing. See in the ad below.

Name
Address
City

(Continued from page 14)

Hope finally donned a bathrobe and sat down in his chair to chat about the picture.

"The only thing I don't like about this picture is the ending," he said. "At the end of the picture I am promoted to a corporal. I want them to make it a sergeant. Look at the corporals. First, we had Napoleon, then Mussolini, and now Hitler. I don't want people to get the idea that I'm ambitious."

With that Cal rose, bowed and departed. Bob is too quick on the trigger for our confused brain.

Siren in Socks: The cutest story of the month concerns nine-year-old Ann Todd who plays Linda Darnell as a child in "Blood and Sand."

When informed by the studio the part was hers, Ann's eyes grew wide with excitement.

"Quick," she said to her mother, "give me the telephone, I've got to call Mickey Rooney."

"But—" began her mother in bewilderment.

"If he's crazy about Linda now, he can be crazy about her when she was a little girl, can't he?" she demanded.

The Todds have been trying to persuade Ann to the contrary ever since.

Cal Nominates: The most in-love woman in all Hollywood—Carole Lombard. What's more, we offer proof on page 10.

Watch Hymie Fink's pictures of Clark and Carole together. Carole either clings lovingly to her husband's arm or gazes adoringly into Clark's eyes. She completely submerges herself into one with Gable and openly tells the world with her eyes, "I love this man. He is mine."

In fact, we suggest you not only look at Hymie's intimate pictures but study them and discover your own stories about Hollywood. Stories of love, indifference, friendship.

But for the most-in-love one we dare you to find any that surpasses Carole Lombard with her Clark.
Inside Stuff

Last Minute Round-up: Edmund O'Brien couldn't be happier, having finally won his sweetheart of many years, Nancy Kelly, as his bride.

Arthur Hornblow is courting Minnie (Myrna Loy) most assiduously these evenings.

The divorce between Dave Rose and Martha Raye is final in March and close friends are anxiously watching Judy Garland lest she suddenly decide to marry Dave now and not wait until she is older.

(For an up-to-the-minute account of the romantic status of Judy and Dave see the story on page 27 of this issue.)

Pretty Ellen Drew may even now be Mrs. Sy Bartlett, wife of the writer, and June Storey may take on the name Mrs. Gene Markey when the divorce between the producer and Hedv Lamarr becomes final.

The way Barbara Hutton kept stealing little glances at Cary Grant in Chasen's that other night, we can guess the outcome—marriage any minute.

More of that "good neighbor" policy was climaxd in the arrival of Carmen Miranda's sister Aurora in Hollywood from Brazil. The boys were on hand to give Carmen's sister the kayo—an enthusiastic one. Brazil has really exported someing thees time.

Frowns can speak volumes— but they can't say "Mum"!

Even a hint of underarm odor ruins charm.

Every day use quick, safe Mum.

WHAT'S happened to make two hearts chill that earlier in the evening beat as one? Lovely Peggy doesn't know—but her frowning escort could tell her.

Only being a gentleman he never will. A girl who offends with underarm odor seldom knows she's guilty and no one is likely to tell.

Lovely Peggy's sole offense was trusting her bath alone. And no bath deserves that perfect trust. A bath only takes care of past perspiration—Mum makes that bath-freshness last. One quick touch of Mum under each arm—30 seconds after your bath or just before you dress—and charm is safe all day or all evening long.

MUM IS QUICK! Just smooth Mum on ... in 30 seconds you have Mum's lasting protection for hours to come.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum won't irritate your skin. It won't injure fine fabrics Mum's gentleness is approved by the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor hours on end. Get Mum from your druggist. Use it every day!

Booming the gardenia market: Deanna Durbin, in white fox, makes an entrance at the world premire of "Back Street" at Miami, Florida

Mum

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

For Sanitary Napkins

Thousands of women use Mum this way because it is gentle, dependable ... a deodorant that prevents embarrassment.

WHY MUM IS AMERICA'S FIRST CHOICE!

IT'S SO DEPENDABLE! MUM MAKES AFTER BATH FRESHNESS REALLY LAST!

AND SO SAFE! MUM WON'T HURT FINE FABRICS OR TENDER SKIN

LIKE ITS QUICK-SURE PROTECTION ONLY 80 SECONDS TO USE PROTECTS ALL DAY
ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIP. WITH HEART—Paramount. This tries very hard to be very funny, but it's pretty even. Jacke Cooper causes everyone a lot of trouble and grief in his efforts to earn a hundred dollars. Lilian Bracken is Jacke's pail. Holida Hoppe and Fred Niblo his parents. (Ayr.)

ARIZONA—Columbia. Magnificent in scope, this Western, starring Lash LaRue and Walter Brennan, with Jean Arthur as the first American woman to settle in Arizona. Her struggles through the Civil War, Indian uprisings and outlaw riders make a terrific emotional story. William Holden proves himself a fine actor. (Feb.)

ARKANSAS JUDGE, THE—Republic. The Weaver family play straight in this story of a small town divided into two factions by various causes. The Weavers are good and Roy Rogers is a fine hero. Homey melodrama. (Apr.)

BANK DICK, THE—Universal. W. C. Fields is a bank detective who, after many misadventures, finds a bank robber and emerges a hero. He's packed with typical Fields gags and antics, and he's the whole picture. (Mar.)

BARNYARD BOWERY—Fox. Republic. There's quite a lot of entertainment in this story of a group of orphans who, through the efforts of the young lady, the police, and various friends, escape from a bank robbery. (May.)

BEFORE I HANG—Columbia. When Boris Karloff murders himself with a serum to make people young again he finds that the serum contained the blood of a murderer and the urge to kill comes upon him. The cast struggles through this less than brainless melodrama, but the story's poorly developed and really not worth your while. (Feb.)

BEREFT THE VISION—Republic. Lloyd Nolan's conversion to religion gives rise to this story of a disillusioned newspaper man, a lot of verve and action. Boris from Deeds, Frank Albertson and Robert Armstrong are also very good. (Mar.)

BITTER SWEET—MGM. M. Noël Coward's romantic story comes to the screen in gorgeous Technicolor with Nettie Wade playing the part of Sarah, her music teacher, who takes her to Vienna. Sarah struggles for success. George Sanders is the suave villain. The music is beautiful. (Feb.)

BORDER LEGION, THE—Republic. If you're a Western fan, paralyze this story, 'duting, shootin' picture is for you. Roy Rogers joins the Border Legion, a gang of veterans bandits, and finally brings them all to justice with violent action and much excitement. (Mar.)

BOMBER ROY—Republic. Strudel怎么 this story of a small town, and it's made a paradise of uncertainty on-no-ends, but the glorious Technicolor and grand performances overshadow the story. Henry Fonda falls in love with truck rider Dorothy Lamour and joins the circus. Dorothy Dandridge also runs away with the show, of which Gene Kelly is the owner. (Mar.)

BRITISH MISS, THE—United Artists. A British school teacher in a Midwest college who meets and romances love and grows through the years giving herself to the young students. Eglantyne knowledge. Martha Scott is wonderful in the performance. (Mar.)

CHRIS LEE WITH M. MG.M. Sing and act in this cute little story. (May.)

CITIZEN COMMAND—MG.M. This authentic picture of flyers trained in the government school of naval aeronautics is thrilling and awe-inspiring. And Bob Taylor takes advantage of the best opportunities he had in years. Ruth Haver is Commissioner Walter Pelcon's wife, both give great performances. We cannot recommend it too highly. (May)

CHEERS FOR MISS—MG.M. Some reason why there will soon be long lines and a lot of excitement at the box office: Bette Davis and George Brent in the Warners film, 'The Great Lie' (Mar.)

COMRADE X—MG.M. Take Gable as a newspaper reporter smuggling uncensored news out of Russia, and Hays Lamarr as a streetcar conductor with whom he's forced to flee Russia, mix up with a class consisting of Lamarr and Gable in one race against an army of tanks and you have rip-roaring Lipstick entertainment. (Mar.)

CODY, THE—United Artists. A stuntman in the West who finds himself in a jam when he is accused of murder. Western. (Feb.)

COTY—Coty. This is the lipstick that may well change your 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 soothing ingredient that helps keep your lips tender and sweet. So why risk rough, harshly-chapped lips? Today get a Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, $1.00 or 50¢.

NEW SHADES
Four of the 9 Exciting Coty shades

1. Gitane—dashing "sxp" shade
2. Magnet Red—a dramatic red red
3. Dahlia—smart, flower soft red
4. Tamar—alluring "Latin" shade

COBY

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 soothing ingredient that helps keep your lips tender and sweet. So why risk rough, harshly-chapped lips? Today get a Coty "Sub-Deb" Lipstick, $1.00 or 50¢.

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for its brilliance in theme, dialogue and acting. Professor Thomas Mitchell is given six months to live, so, as a philantropic act, he decides to kill unscrupulous Mona Maris, who has wrecked the marriage of Jeffre Lynn and Geraldine Fitzgerald. Mitchell gives a magnificent performance. (Mar.)

FOUR MOTHERS—Warners: Homey, cozy little tale of the Lemp family, who lose their money and struggle to regain it. It has the same familiar characters, the Lane sisters, Jeffrey Lynn, Edith Alberts, Gale Page, Claude Rains and May Robson, but it doesn’t measure up to its predecessors in entertainment. (Mar.)

✓ GALLANT SONS—M-G-M: Sincere and heart-appealing is this story of the friendship of Jackie Cooper and Tom Drake. You’ll love this film, with the help of Bonita Granville and June Pressey, save Ian Hunter, Gene’s father, from death for a murder he didn’t commit. Herbert Marshall and Sidney Greenstreet are also involved. (Feb.)

GIVE US WINGS—Universal: The Dead End Kids and the Little Tough Guys get together for this little picture, in which they agree to fly planes over crops that require chemical spraying. But the planes are wrecked, and a gangster is killed. One of the boys is killed, the others go after the plane owner. If you like the kids, it has its points. (Feb.)

✓ GO WEST—M-G-M: The zany Marx Brothers thoroughly indulge their appetite for hilarious downers in this, one of their finest pictures, with scarcely a minute’s letdown in the fun. It’s about their efforts to secure a deed to Dead Man’s Gulch so they can sell it to a railroad and permit John Carroll to marry Diana Lewis. But you won’t pay much attention to the story on account of all the laughs. (Mar.)

✓ HER FIRST ROMANCE—Monogram: Edith Fellows has her first grownup role in this gay picture as the ugly duckling who becomes the belle of her school and wins romance. You’ll be charmed with her performance and singing. (Mar.)

✓ HIGH SIERRA—Warner: Entertainment is pure in this absorbing story of a paroled convict, Humphrey Bogart, who goes back to his racket. Ida Lupino is grand as Bogart’s girl and Joan Leslie shows great promise. Bogart’s portrayal of the gangster is terrific. The whole picture has great dramatic impact. (Apr.)

✓ HUDSON’S BAY—20th Century Fox: Although the story is too concerned with geography rather than with people and it’s ponderous, it’s well done and worth seeing. It tells of the formation of the great Hudson’s Bay Company and the bringing of the north country under British rule under the leadership of Paul Muni and his enormous partner, Luc Gagnier. Gene Tierney provides romance. (Mar.)

✓ INVISIBLE WOMAN THE—Universal: John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes lovely Virginia Bruce to become invisible and thus have herself a lot of fun. Oscar Homolka as an exiled gangster is very clever, but the gag of invisible people walking about is no longer a novelty in pictures. John Howard falls in love with the invisible Virginia. (Apr.)

✓ JENNIE—20th Century Fox: When Virginia Gilmore marries William Henry, she refuses to allow his father to dominate her life and she sets about undermining his power over his family. It’s a human, sincere picture of a family ruled by a father who is virtually a dictator over them. The entire cast offers fine portrayals. (Mar.)

KEEPS COMPANY—M-G-M: Too much ad- dience to routine material and bouncy situations spoils this homy little picture about the tearful confessions of an average young married couple. John Shelton and Ann Rutherford are the young husband and wife and you’ll also see Frank Morgan, Irene Rich and Virginia Weidler. (Apr.)

✓ KITTY FOYLE—RKO: Christopher Morley’s famous love story of a working girl has been transformed into a truly magnificent love play, with Ginger Rogers giving her best performance as Kitty, the white-collar girl who loves sagacious Dennis Morgan but is torn between him and James Craig. Both Craig and Morgan are splendid. It’s a hit. (Mar.)

✓ LADY WITH RED HAIR—Warners: Beautiful performances by Miriam Hopkins, as the tempestuous Mrs. Leslie Carter who embarked upon a stage career to gain money to fight for her child, and Claude Rains, as zealous David Belasco, make this a fine motion picture, although the story lacks dramatic clout. (Feb.)

✓ LAND OF LIBERTY—M-G-M: The colorful story of the Underground is told in scenes from feature pictures, shorts and newsreels. It’s impressive and exciting, although occasionally dull. All the profits go to war-relief charities, so seeing it is part of being an American. (Apr.)

✓ LET’S MAKE MUSIC—RKO: Bob Crosby and his band make their movie debut in this one- roomers tale about a music teacher, Elisabeth Risdon, who sells a record that becomes a hit. If you like good swing music and don’t insist on big names and strong story, this is for you. (Mar.)

Here we see Mr. F. Martin Smith, Jr., and his lovely bride having fun cutting the wedding cake. After the ceremony the reception was held in the Rose Room of the Algouquin, famous New York hotel.

Off for a honeymoon in North Carolina, Mrs. Smith says: “I’ve used Camay for years. Delicate skins like mine need an extra mild beauty soap and Camay’s wonderful mildness makes it just right for me.”

“I’m another Bride thanking Camay for helping me to a Lovely Skin”

— Says Mrs. F. Martin Smith, Jr.

Every woman can benefit from Camay’s greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

Mrs. F. Martin Smith, Jr., is tall and slender, with chestnut hair and grey-green eyes, while her skin is unusually fair and of flawless purity!

Naturally such a lovely skin calls for the very utmost care—and so Mrs. Smith uses Camay.

A great many beautiful women, even those women who feel they have a somewhat sensitive skin, or a dry skin, tell us they prefer Camay because of its superior mildness.

For now a great new improvement has made Camay milder than six of the other leading large-selling beauty soaps. Actual tests made in the great Procter & Gamble laboratories proved this superior mildness of Camay.

Get 3 cakes of Camay today, Put this milder Camay to work right away, help you in your search for loveliness.

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Photographs by David Beams

May, 1941
In "The Warnings," Bette Davis charms up another trit, much for herself as the woman who seeks justice for her wronged daughter. Jeanne Steadman is superb as the lawyer who tries to save her and Herbert Marshall is excellent as Bette's husband. It's dramatic, suspense-packed fare. (Feb.)

Little Men's RKO Radio. Little of the Janeway-M. Alcott novel remains in this version, but Jack Oakie's choice makes up for it. George Bancroft's adopted son, Jimmy Lydon, who's a problem child, is regenerating at Aunt Jo's school. Kay Francis is very good as Aunt Jo and Bancroft is splendid. (Mar.)

Little Nellie Kelly — MGM. Judy Garland grows up in this charming picture. She marries George Murphy against the wishes of her father, Charles Winninger, has a daughter and dies. She then plays the daughter, who meets romance with Donald MacBride, still against Winninger's wishes. (Feb.)

Look Who Keeps a Date — Columbia. The daring Lois Holt outwits both the police and the underworld to avenge a kidnapping, comes to the rescue of Frances Robinson, who is sought by gamblers and police because she has the ransom bills. Warren William is the fop and the picture's rather fun. (Feb.)

Love Thy Neighbor — Paramount. There's not so much fun in this screening of the Jack Benny-Fred Allen-You're a Girl, but it has its bright spots and it's worth your time. The plot's rather complicated, but Mary Martin is very cute. Rochester steals half the show and the Merry Marks are seen too little. (Mar.)

Miss Liberty — MGM. When playboy Lew Ayres causes Ann Sothem, as the hard-boiled Maggie, 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 Miss Liberty series, and this is one of the best. (Apr.)

Mark of Zorro, the — 20th Century-Fox. Action, romance and charm in this remake of Douglas Fairbanks Sr.'s old picture, with Tyrone Power as the dashingly young Spaniard who plays the dandy by day and at night the masked Zorro who rights the wrongs perpetrated by the rapacious heads of old California. Linda Darnell is beautiful. (Feb.)

Melody Ranch — Republic. Gene Autry is a radio cowboy star who gives up home to build up his Croxley rating in this comedy Western. Add Jimmy Durante's choo-choo and Ann Miller's dancing, and you have a lot of fun. (May.)

Michael Shayne, Private Detective Live — 20th Century Fox. Another trip in a new series, but a private detective, with Lloyd Nolan doing a swell job as the smart detective who outwits a bumbling 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 badly wed so Bob starts in to court her all over again. Gene Ray mond, his law partner, is his rival. It's pretty true, but there are enough comedy moments to keep you amused and give you much fun. (Apr.)

Night at Carlisle's — Paramount. Earl Carroll's Hobo's World restaurant, with its heart girls and musical numbers, is the background against which a bit of mayhem is told. Bob Murray is the club's press agent and Rose Hart is Carlisle's assistant. Brenda and Cobina go on their own hunt routine for laughs. (Feb.)

Night Train — 20th Century Fox. Exciting English melodrama about the efforts of Bass and Nag to get possession of a smile formula, Ray Harrison as a British agent, Paul Hesse as a Nazi agent, and Margaret Lockwood are excellent. It's packed with surprise plots and terrific suspense. (Ap r.)

One Night in the Tropics — Universal. Robert Cummings discovers his wedding to Nanny Kelly for a million dollars, but Allan Jones falls in love with Nanny and Peggy Moran with Cummings. To this scrambled plot add Abbott and Costello as a couple of dumb detectives and the result is a hedge-podge of laughs. (Feb.)

Philadelphia Story, the — MGM. Katharine Hepburn is a society divorcee who admits to no human frailties and tolerates none in others until upon the eve of her wedding to John Howard, she gets drunk with reporter Jimmy Stewart. Whereupon righteous Mr. Howard spurns her and his exhusband Cary Grant takes up with her where he left off. It's gay, delightful smart set comedy. (Feb.)

Playgirl — RKO Radio. Smart and gay is this fresh comedy with Kay Francis as a sophisticated gold digger who uses pretty Mildred Coles as a way to attract millionaires Nigel Bruce, George P. Huntley and James Ellison. But Kay's plans are spoiled when Mildred falls in love with Ellison and runs out on the deal. Nigel Bruce is especially funny. (Mar.)

Pride of the Rowdy — Monogram: A C.C. camp in Arizona is the background for this latest picture of New York's East Side boys. Leo Gorcey is tricked into running away from home and everyone a lot of trouble. Despite its low cost, it's good film fare. (Apr.)

Remedy For Riches — RKO Radio. Not so sentimental as the other Dr. Christian pictures, but with more bread comedy. When Warren Hull, oil proponent and effort, gets down to Texas, he proves that he's ingenious and saves the town from investing in his proposition. (Feb.)

Romance of the Rio Grande — 20th Century Fox. In this sequel to 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.)

SANDY GETS HER MAN—Universal: Good old-fashioned humor that results in riotous fun is this comedy, with Ray Sidney, who grows curier by the minute, deciding whether Mama Una Merkel shall marry freeman Stuart Erwin or policeman Jack Carson. (Feb.)

SANTA FE TRAIL—Warner's: Almost too much story for one picture, this is breathtaking in scope and theme. Essentially it tells of the struggle of John Brown against slavery. Fred Fynn is outstanding as "Jeb" Stuart. Raymond Massey is great as the inimitable Brown. Ronald Reagan splendid as Custer and Olivia de Havilland is beautiful as the heroine. (Mar.)

SECOND CHORUS—Paramount: Fred As- naire's dancing is superb; Arie Shaw's music swell; the performances are fine; the story is rather weak. Fred and Burgess Meredith are perennial college lads who shirk out year after year and keep up a trend that ruins their chances with Paulette God- shaw and Shaw's hand. However, it has bright moments and the boys are amusing. (Feb.)

SIX LESSONS FROM MADAME LA ZONGA— Universal: This weak little venture that pair of funsters, Leon Errol and Lupe Velez, but makin' much bones of it. Helen Parrish is cute, but altogether it belongs in the "too bad" files. (Apr.)

SO ENDS OUR NIGHT—United Artists: This tells of the better 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 flies Germany, leaving his wife Frances Dee behind. Despite the weakness of too much story, this is a memorable picture. (Apr.)

SON OF MONTE CRISTO, THE—Edward Small-U. A.: Sequel to "The Count of Monte Cristo," this has Louis Hayward in the dual role of top and hero who rides a small Balkan country of its villainous dictator, George Sanders, and rescues beautiful Joan Bennett from his clutches. It's pretty hokey, but good enough. (Mar.)

SOUTH OF SUEZ—Warner's: George Brent's talent is well illustrated in this complicated little B about South African diamond mines and vengeful man and wife. Marshall and March star in this Tolonse struggle through the silly story but even they can't make it good entertainment. (Mar.)

TALL, DARK AND HANDSOME—20th Century Fox: Soft-hearted gangster Cesare Banera locks up his rivals in his private prison, while pretending to have robbed them out. Virginia Gilmore, night- club dancer, falls hard for him, and Milton Berle and Charlotte Greenwood add to the fun and gaiety. (Apr.)

THIS THING CALLED LOVE—Columbia: Another of those rip-off situations is this eye- luring picture which deals hilariously with a platonic marriage between Melvyn Douglas and Ros- lind Russell that rapidly gets out of bounds. Secretary Binnie Barnes adds to the mix-up and Mort and Melvyn are riotously funny. (Apr.)

TIN PAN ALLEY—20th Century Fox: Top musical film fare, this, with John Payne and Jack Oakie as song publishers who go overseas as dough- boys in the war, and Betty Grable and Alice Faye as sisters in vaudeville. Yesterday's songs add to make this grand entertainment. (Feb.)

TRAIL OF THE PIGILANTES—Universal:翠 ins a true story, the telling of another story in this riotous Western, Broderick Crawford and Andy Devine are cowboys who help him along, and Wicah Auer adds to the fun, as does cute Peggy Moran as a boy-crazy girl who falls for Tone. (Feb.)

VICTORY—Paramount: Betty Field is out- standing in this colorful, exciting story as the girl weary of the sadhness of her life who takes shelter with Fredric March on his island. Peace is dis- turbed when a group of villains storm the island to seek out the treasure packed in cases of Conrad's stirring story have been maintained. (Mar.)

VIRGINIA—Paramount: For sheer pictorial beauty and drama, for the thoughtful performance of little Carolyn Lee, you should see the story. It 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. The ending of Virginia's stirring story has been maintained. (Mar.)

YOU'LL FIND OUT—RKO Radio: Ray Kyser and his band agree to play at Helen Parrish's country home, but get mixed up with Boris Karloff, Bela Lugosi and Peter Lorre. Trying to outwit the gangmen and assorted horrors leads to much music, fun, and laughs. (Feb.)

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

"YOU'LL GET MIGHTY SERIOUS about your dentifrice, believe me"...And serious, sensible consideration would lead you to Calox...because of the splendid way Calox Tooth Powder helps bring out a brilliant, natural gloss!

Get these facts about CALOX Tooth Powder!

CALOX BELIEVES YOUR DENTIFRICE OWES YOUR TEETH help in beauty as well as cleansing! Therefore, Calox contains 5 different cleansing and polishing agents—to promote beauti- ful, shining cleanliness. Double-sifted through 100-mesh silk, Calox is soft and smooth—can't scratch. Try Calox—today! McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

HELP YOUR TEETH SHINE LIKE THE STARS'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

MY LIFE IS AN OPEN LOOK"
Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 6)

'1.00 PRIZE
"Star Shorts"

BETTE DAVIS . . . Soul-stirring and
dramatic, but with gracious charm;
as nervous as a candle flame; as
international as the sun.

Martha Scott . . . A woman who
makes it easy for a man to be a gentle-
man; your mother as a girl.

Betty Grable . . . Sleek as a whip-
nett; high blonde pressure; center of
distraction.

Hedy Lamarr . . . A black orchid;
perfectly matched pearls on black
velvet.

Priscilla Lane . . . Youth, rich in
laughing; as genuine as a thumbnail;
love song.

Dorothy Lamour . . . Weird, slender
palm trees, exclamation points in
the tropic landscape; strange color-
ings, wine-dregs red, dawn rose,
twilight mauve, stone grey distant-
mountain blue.

Vivien Leigh . . . Piquant and saucy;
as restless as smoke; her eyes punc-
tuate everything she says.

Rosalind Russell . . . As gay and
daring as a bright quip; as change-
able as a dollar bill.

Jane Wyman . . . Casual and breezy;
as irreplaceable as a streak of light-
ing; as jubilant as a flag unfurled.

A. J. F.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

$1.00 PRIZE
We Do Admit It!

CONGRATULATIONS on the good
judgment of the editor who picked
Hedda Hopper as a perfect per-
sonality in the March issue of PHOTOPLAY-
Movie Mirror! I'm an ordinary fel-
low who works in a bakery, but I
found it very easy to talk with the
charming Miss Hopper when I had
the pleasure of meeting her a short
time ago. This lovely lady is not fear-
ful or anxious, nor a braggart, nor
possessed of false modesty. She has
confidence in her ability, but does not
overrate it.

She impressed me as a clear thinker
who understands human nature and
can make the truth attractive. You
may or may not agree with every-
thing the delightful Miss Hopper says,
but you'll have to admit she is never
dull!

LEON A. MULLER, Chicago, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
"One Outstanding Example"

WHEN we're tempted to trot out
and air some of the old cliché's
about the sins of the movies—how
they create nothing new, how they
debase talents overlaid from other
fields, etc., then let's stop a moment
and give credit where credit's due.

I'm referring at the moment to one
outstanding example of what Holly-
wood has done in the creation of both
a talent and a personality—Dorothy
Lamarr. I first saw her singing in
Chicago, before her picture career
began, in a hotel night club. A husky,
interesting quality of voice, neither
very true nor wide in range; a hand-
some figure; an empty face; great rolls
of dark hair; and nothing else.

Then I saw her picture "Chad
Hanna," and what a difference! A
voice of professional quality; clothes
sense making her pleasing as well as
arresting; a face filled with person-
ality, and her entire being vital,
talented and awake to life. She de-
pends so little on the objective
blessings of face and hair that she
suppresses the one and has cut off
the other.

All credit to her for being willing
to work, sacrifice and make herself
over; but credit, too, to Hollywood
for keeping her to the task of making
so much out of herself, when she had
so little to start with!

W. BREWER, San Francisco, Cal.

$1.00 PRIZE
Heresy?

THANK heaven this is a land of
outspoken freedom; otherwise I
should indubitably be crucified for
what I am going to express: I loathe
those patterned Jeanette MacDon-
ald-Nelson Eddy farcres!

As far as I'm concerned, those con-
tributions are the only black marks
that M-G-M releases. I don't care if
a recent magazine poll adjudged these
performers to be filmdom's most pop-
ular team; I hate 'em! Although I
concede that their golden voices are
practically unsurpassable, Miss Mac-
Donald flits and flutters about in
hammy-coated expressions like some
juvenile Billie Burke, while frozen-
faced Nelson Eddy stands around like
some heroic "bored board."

You may retort that I "positively
can't" have seen all their offerings
without enjoying at least one of them.
Well, I work in a theater and I
have to see them all and the best
news I've read in days is that Mae
and Ed will not appear together in
their next presentations. Nelson is
scheduled to appear with Risë Stevens
in "The Chocolate Soldier" and Jean-
ette with James Stewart in "Smilin'
Thru."

Boy, at least that's some comfort!

S. A. MOGAVERO, Cooperstown, N. Y.
COME what may, Edward G. Robinson keeps on giving splendid performances. Have just seen "A Dispatch From Reuters," which was unexcelled for pathos, comedy, drama, love and historical interest. But it took Eddie to put it over and make a whopping hit out of the material.

LéWIS LEBOWITZ,
New York, N. Y.

SOMETHING must be done about the new evil perpetrated by the movie moguls—remakes of pictures that movie-goers have not yet forgotten.

I am twenty-five, but I have no difficulty in remembering William Powell and Kay Francis in "One Way Passage." Everyone saw it and loved it. But I haven't heard one word about "Till We Meet Again," its remake. No, I didn't see it. Why should I pay to see a story, however beautiful, that I know beforehand?

MRS. FRANK KURLIK,
East Hartford, Conn.

THE hottest thing in Hollywood right now is Betty Grable. I've spoken to a number of other boys and most of them are just as enthusiastic about her as I am and that's really going some. You can have Garbo, Lamarr and Dietrich, but to me Betty Grable is the most beautiful woman in the movies.

She doesn't have to do a thing (not that she can't). Seeing beauty that one never sees in real life is roush in itself. Give us plenty of Betty Grable—and in Technicolor!

ANONYMOUS,
New Haven, Conn.

I GRADUATED from high school last spring and now have my first position as a stenographer.

I have to thank the movies for much of the ease and poise of manner I have. I doubt if there is any other practical educational plan that can teach a young person poise and how to act under all circumstances, as the movies can. To any young person who is eager to learn, they are a means of education that should not be overlooked.

KRANE KRANDALE,
Parkersburg, W. Va.

WE want more of Wallace Beery! More! More! The public is dying to see his homely, wrinkled old face glowing at them from beneath a broad-brimmed sombrero. Any kind of hat will do, but we want to see the rollicking, lazy, good-for-nothing old master at his best—and he is tops in all his pictures.

MARY ELLEN COOK,
Buffalo, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

If soap irritation mars your complexion, perhaps you will find Cashmere Bouquet Soap more mild and agreeable.

THERE'D be more "peaches and cream" complexions if it weren't for the disheartening fact that one woman out of two reports that some soap or other irritates her skin.

So take a tip from the lovely women who have patiently searched for a soap that won't irritate their skins... and found the answer in mild, agreeable Cashmere Bouquet Soap.

When complimented on their clear, smooth skins, three generations of belles have blessed the lucky day they first decided to try Cashmere Bouquet.

And—because it's so nice to be like peaches and cream all over, and to be glamorously scented all over with the fragrance men love—you'll glory in bathing with Cashmere Bouquet Soap, too. You get three luxurious cakes of Cashmere Bouquet Soap for only 25 cents, wherever good soap is sold.

Cashmere Bouquet
Soap
WITH THE FRAGRANCE MEN LOVE

MAY, 1941

23
The Shadow Stage

Reviewing Movies of the Month

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

Funnier than a cageful of monkeys: Paramount's "The Lady Eve," with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda

Tuneful songs, riotous ribbing: "Road to Zanzibar," with Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope

The Lady Eve (Paramount)

It's About: A man-hunter who gets caught in her own trap.

Bright as a silver dollar, gay as a Christmas tree and funnier than a cageful of monkeys is this latest Preston Sturges story. Both written and directed by him, it fairly oozes freshness and charm.

Now take the idea of casting earthy, country-boyish Henry Fonda as a millionaire's son given to dressing in the smartest men's fashions. Who but Sturges would think of that one? And maybe you think Henry, as the lad who is almost hooked by card sharker Barbara Stanwyck and her father, Charles Coburn, isn't terrific? Barbara herself is different and excitingly glamorous and—or delightfully naughty. The way she gets her man—twice—is a scream.

Coburn is marvelous. Eugene Pallette, William Demarest and Eric Blore are three brilliant assets to Mr. Sturges' fine banquet of nonsensical entertainment. Here's a motion picture that is really entertaining.

Your Reviewer Says: Yield to the temptation of Lady Eve.

The Best Pictures of the Month

The Strawberry Blonde
The Lady Eve
Back Street

Best Performances
Barbara Stanwyck in "The Lady Eve"
Henry Fonda in "The Lady Eve"
James Cagney in "The Strawberry Blonde"
Olivia de Havilland in "The Strawberry Blonde"
Charles Boyer in "Back Street"
Margaret Sullivan in "Back Street"
Charlie Grapewin in "Tobacco Road"
William Tracy in "Tobacco Road"
Mickey Rooney in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"
Kathryn Grayson in "Andy Hardy's Private Secretary"
Abbott and Costello in "Buck Privates"
Laraine Day in "The Trial of Mary Dugan"
Deanna Durbin in "Nice Girl?"
Robert Stack in "Nice Girl?"
Bob Hope in "Road to Zanzibar"

Road to Zanzibar (Paramount)

It's About: Two sideshow lads in Africa who tangle with two gals and some cannibals.

The story of this doesn't matter much because you have the ever-gay antics of Bob Hope and the easy charm of Bing Crosby. The ribbing between these two is the whole show.

Bing is forever dreaming up dangerous sideshow stunts for his pal Bob, better known as "Fearless." (Editorial note: No relation to our own "Fearless"—Adv.) The two get mixed up with a fake diamond mine and a couple of girls whose hard-luck story takes a complete absence of skepticism to believe—but they do.

Dorothy Lamour offers exactly what you expect, including a dip in the old swimmin' hole in the middle of Africa. Eric Blore does a good job as the nitwit diamond-nine owner and it's nice to see Una Merkel in a typical role.

Listening to Bing and Dorothy sing is fun, but Bob Hope's swell gags are the main attraction.

Your Reviewer Says: Go to Zanzibar.

(Continued on page 105)

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 109
Envelops your body in an invisible web of flower-fresh fragrance. It’s subtle to the senses, like an emotional adventure. It pampers your body with an adorable gentleness to your skin. Use Mavis Talcum daily... use it lavishly... to fragrantly accent your charm. White, Flesh, and Boditan (Rachel) shades. 75¢, 50¢, 25¢, and 10¢.

The Fragrance of Flowers

BY V. VIVAUDOU
TANGEE NATURAL
The “Queen of Lipsticks” helps you “Be Yourself... Be Natural”! Actually orange in the stick, Tangee Natural, changes as you apply it until your own lipshade of blushed rose is enhanced to its utmost.

TANGEE RED-RED
A stirring, vibrant color... one of the finest, loveliest reds of them all! A true red. keyed to the sea-of-sun fashions. It accentuates the whiteness of your teeth and the loveliness of your lips.

TANGEE THEATRICAL RED
After five years this bright and vivid Tangee triumph is still acknowledged a lipstick masterpiece. Splendid, flattering, Tangee Theatrical Red gives your lips new beauty and warmth.

TANGEE SAYS
“Now We are Three”

TANGEE’S THREE SMOOTHLY ALLURING CREAM BASE LIPSTICKS
keep your lips soft and lovely for hours... help end that dry "drawn" feeling. Together with their matching rouges and your own shade of Tangee’s Face Powder they give you complete make-up harmony... a perfect blend of skin and lip coloring.
JUDY GARLAND is in love. Oh, certainly there isn't anything particularly startling or new in a nineteen-year-old girl's falling deeply in love; most of them do, in fact. Even young motion-picture stars as famous as Judy fall in love and marry the boy of their hearts. Deanna Durbin, Judy's age, will marry young Vaughn just a day or two before Judy herself becomes nineteen.

But Judy's love is different. The man of her heart, Dave Rose, is much older than the little girl who played Dorothy in "The Wizard of Oz" just a year or two ago. Dave was Martha Raye's former husband, a gentle and understanding person, talented in music and growing more and more successful in his radio work.

So, after all, it isn't quite the simple problem of a boy and a girl in love. It's the case of a girl young in years, who has wisely remained just a youngster, and of a man, older, wiser, more experienced.

Furthermore, it's a problem that concerns more than just Judy and Dave, for it vitally touches Judy's studio, which has so carefully groomed her for stardom. So much misinformation seems to have been spread concerning this romance which the whole world is discussing that it seems
only fair to both Judy and Dave to reveal the true facts. Here for the first time is the full story of the dilemma that faces Judy Garland.

To begin with, Judy has known Dave Rose, a man in his early thirties, for years—so long, in fact, that even Judy herself fails to recall just when she hasn’t known him. Dave is a musician, a man who has always been vitally and tremendously interested in music, although he never had any formal musical education.

"It just sort of came to me," he says with a smile.

Music just sort of came to Judy, too. She cannot read a note nor can she play a single instrument. Only recently has she displayed an interest in learning to play the piano "by note," as we say in the hinterlands. Her mother is now teaching her.

It was this mutual interest in music that first drew the pair together. After Dave’s divorce, the casual friendship ripened into something deeper.

In order to understand Judy's attachment for a man advanced beyond her group of close kid friends—Jackie Cooper, Dan Dailey Jr. and Mickey Rooney—one has to understand Judy. And so few people do.

Judy Garland is a girl faithful to old friends, the ones she knew all through her childhood and adolescence. That she never forgets is illustrated by this little story. Judy attended grade school in Los Angeles, making the usual young school friends. She grew up, came to Hollywood, became a famous star. But only last month she went back to Bancroft Junior High School to visit the boys and girls who were with her several years before in grade school. We make this point to emphasize the fact that once a friend, always a friend to Judy. Dave Rose has before anything else been a friend to Judy: that is an indissoluble attachment as far as the girl with the warm eyes and the exciting voice is concerned.

(Cont’d on page 114)
THE 1941 definition of an optimist is a man who indulges in wishful thinking; it's a particularly appropriate accusation when you don't agree with the fellow's arguments.

As an optimist about Hollywood, motion pictures and their potentialities, I have cautiously labeled these thoughts in advance as wishes, which they most certainly are.

First, I think . . . that women in movie audiences will one day get over that air of injured annoyance when asked to take off their hats; will even learn to do so without being asked. I think . . . that Hollywood will fulfill its destiny as an ambassador of good will to South America, having learned its lesson from "Down Argentine Way" in which the clowns were Argentinians and the bright boys, with the exception of Don Ameche, were Americans.

I think . . . that newsreels, instead of being routine and boringly similar to last year's product, will develop imagination and originality and will eliminate once and for all the motor cycle climbing the mountain, the dare-devil auto driver turning the car upside down, and the swimmer in zero weather. In short, newsreels will profit by the brilliant example set by Quentin Reynolds' superb "London Can Take It" and "Christmas Under Fire."

I think . . . that studios will stop touting new players before they have a chance to show what they can do. Some of the studios do a wonderful job of grooming their young hopefuls before showing them to the public. But others, understandably carried away by the exciting quality they believe a starlet may possess, have launched a barrage of high-powered publicity quite worthy of a Bernhardt. Sometimes the handicap imposed by this overstatement means years of struggle for the player, as it did with Anna Sten, who is only now beginning to win her spurs after Goldwyn's costly blast of publicity announcing "Nana." Sometimes it means that a starlet cannot find her stride, as the experience of Arleen Whelan to date has proved. Surely Pat Morison, after her bright start, could justify better parts than her studio has given her. Last, but not least, there is the current example of Gene Tierney, who can be an asset to her studio but who has not yet had a single acting opportunity despite the three top pictures in which she has appeared. So I think . . . that studios will give 'em the parts first and the buildup afterward. I think . . . that stars will become much smarter about their dealings with press and public. I mean those who are not so smart today in this regard—Ginger Rogers, for instance—will learn from the example of those who are—Bette Davis, for example.

Practically everybody who knows Ginger personally agrees with me that she is one of the really swell people in pictures and as deserving in her way of her Oscar as Bette was of hers. But those who get Ginger's attitude secondhand, that is via her bodyguards, feel differently and because Ginger doesn't know this fact I think . . . now that she does, all will be well.

I think . . . that the big studios will profit by the intriguing example of Herbert Yates, head of Republic Pictures, who never buys a story he doesn't film, never hires a man he doesn't use; hires producers who are also directors, and can make a picture for $100,000 that will cost a major studio $250,000 because of overhead so cleverly avoided by Yates.

When big studios adapt his methods to their problems, then I think . . . pictures will cost much less to make, theaters will be able to pay less for them, and the public will get in on half fare.

Let me remind you of the title of this editorial!
What Hollywood Doesn't

M-G-M's "Billy The Kid" deals with the famous outlaw as played by Bob Taylor. Ripley addenda presents an amazing "Kid" trick. In "That Hamilton Woman!" Laurence Olivier plays Lord Nelson, on whose career Ripley puts an ironic blot.

It has always been my contention that there is nothing stranger than fact and that of all the strange facts, man is the strangest.

Hollywood has done well in revealing numerous idiosyncrasies of the famous people whose lives have been carried over onto the screen and, except for a dash of dramatic license here and there, has stuck pretty close to the facts when reproducing places and events. However, there are bound to be a number of items—especially of the Believe It Or Not type—which I don't think they knew when they made their pictures—or did they?

For example, you probably have seen—or will see soon—"That Hamilton Woman!" Alexander Korda's production of the love story of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson, played by Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier. The ironic fact about Nelson, this greatest of England's admirals, was that all his life he suffered from seasickness!

Another picture calling to mind some interesting history I'll guarantee you won't see in the film is "Road to Zanzibar," which stars Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour and Bob Hope. The Sultan of Zanzibar promised his country to Germany in exchange for a carousel (merry-go-round) for his harem. The carousel was sent but because it wasn't running and the calliope wouldn't play, he requested Germany to send a mechanic to repair it. The Kaiser promptly sent a very handsome lad guaranteed to have a lasting effect on the ladies as well as the machinery. For one of the Sultan's wives—no less than his favorite, Bebe Salima—fell desperately in love with the mechanic who was equally smitten. They eloped and the Sultan was so enraged that he sent for the German consul and
We welcome to the pages of Photoplay-Movie Mirror the celebrated Believe-It-Or-Not Ripley. Let's turn the tables on him and see what comes out of his own fact-finder:

He has visited more countries — 201 — than any other human being who ever lived—yet he can't speak a single foreign language!

He draws three-fourths of every cartoon upside down!

His first job was drawing designs on tombstones!

He has five automobiles and can't drive a car!

His greatest break was a broken arm—it forced him to give up his sports career.

He is the one person for whom the S. S. Leviathan was stopped at sea.

He still uses the front door of his boyhood home but he lives 3,000 miles from his birthplace!

Ripley research re Dorothy Lamour's new "Road to Zanzibar" might make Herr Hitler heartsick. Fox's "Western Union" (right) omits two interesting oddities flatly refused to cede his country to Germany. Instead, he gave it to Great Britain. That is why Zanzibar, its islands and its strip of mainland on the east African coast, is today a part of the British Empire. Imagine what a base like that would have meant to Germany today, all lost because of a silly little merry-go-round! I have been in Zanzibar and have seen the carousel, which though never used since the elopement is still there.

While we're in east Africa on our picture tour, let's consider "Suez." That lavishly mounted picture never revealed the fact that the Suez Canal
was paid for with water, but it's true. The workmen received no wages—only water to drink. Forty thousand laborers died during its construction. The Canal is not owned by England but by the French Compagnie Universelle du Canal Maritime.

Not since the days of "The Covered Wagon" and "The Iron Horse" have the loyal Westerns enjoyed the glorification they are having today with such pictures as "Western Union," "Kit Carson," "Billy The Kid" and a host of others. And in no other era is there a richer store of strange statistics.

For instance, when Hollywood made all these sagas of the West, did it know that cowboys originated in the East? During the Revolutionary War there was a gang of Tories who preyed on the countryside of upstate New York and because they stole cows they were known as "cowboys."

And when they made "Kit Carson," did they know there was once a reward of one cent posted for the famous scout? Believe it or not, it's true. The sheriff, who was anything but anxious to catch his celebrated quarry, had to comply with the law and post a reward for Carson's capture, dead or alive. But the law didn't say how much the reward had to be. So with tongue in cheek the sheriff offered the munificent sum of a penny. Needless to say, there were no takers.

Incidentally, the picture contained an interesting boner. Hollywood not only had a bugler blow "Taps," but called it by name, so there could be no doubt as to what was meant. Now, Fremont's expedition, around which the picture centered, took place in 1848, whereas "Taps" was first played over the grave of the man who wrote it, Robert Ellicombe, in July 1862. Since then "Taps" has been adopted by the entire American armed forces as well as the armies of England and France.

A NOther film, "Billy The Kid," deals with the famous outlaw of that name, played by Robert Taylor. The Kid had the unenviable distinction of having killed a man for every year of his life—twenty-one years old and twenty-one notches on his gun.

If you recall "The Plainsman," Cecil B. De Mille's colorful epic of Wild Bill Hickok, played by Gary Cooper, you'll remember the handsome figure of Buffalo Bill as portrayed by James Ellison. Well, believe it or not, Buf-falo Bill never shot a buffalo in his life. How could he, since buffalo have never roamed the United States? They are denizens of South Africa. The animals he shot were bison.

Buffalo Bill was a vain fellow as far as his long hair was concerned. Odd—because it was a wig! Nevertheless, the old boy was quite a man. He once rode 320 miles in twenty-one hours, forty minutes, pony express, which is a lot of riding in any man's language.

The famous egg trick he used to do—having an assistant toss an egg into the air, which he promptly filled with buckshot—used to work like a charm, though with buckshot no one could have missed. In later years when his eyesight began to fail, he'd have the assistant toss up eggshells filled with gas which would explode in the air—and his fame as a dead shot rode on. "Western Union," the Twentieth Century-Fox sagas of the singing wires, might have included these two interesting items which don't appear on the celluloid. The longest telegram ever sent was the New Testament, which was telegraphed from New York to Chicago in 1882. Also, in 1864 the entire constitution of the State of (Continued on page 76)

What wasn't shown in Bette Davis' "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" is the quick thinking that saved Bess her auburn head.

When you see Paramount's "I Wanted Wings," you'll think of the odd but incontroversible truths about flying Ripley unearthed.
There's just one Hollywood teenster who'd say such things about Rooney—and other people. Here she is!

BY
Susanna Foster

AS CONFIDED TO
JOHN R. FRANCHEY

HIS business of adults' pooh-poohing the problems of a teenster—I don't get it. When they go so far as to laugh at the "imaginary" woes of sweet sixteen, I resent it.

In the matter of romance, for instance. Nothing gives a so-called grownup bigger laugh than young love. Especially if it involves an older man.

I see nothing comical or humorous about a sixteen-year-old (such as usanna Foster?) getting a crush on man five, ten, or even fifteen years older than she is. To begin with, the chances are better than even that this same sixteen-year-old would make a better wife than someone older. Why? The simple reason that youth is just as earnest as it is impetuous.

Hat, I think, is the dividing line between an adolescent and an adult. You become an adult when you've earned the ropes.

Of course, sweet sixteen, impetuous and earnest, has its drawbacks in its efforts to annex a man. It lacks an effective strategy. Sweet sixteen is lunt and open. A woman of twenty, on the other hand, operates differently. If, for instance, she develops a sudden crush on someone, does she sit around home and mope about it as we curbstone sirens do? And worry her friends to death with talk about this magnificent man who does or know she's alive?

Emphatically not! What she does is to sit down and plot her campaign. After that the poor lad can't win. He's whisked into a parsonage before the tailor has had time to give him a second fitting on his morning trousers.

Or should I say mourning trousers? We sixteen-year-olds will have to learn to cope with this situation, I suppose. Either that or to hang on for ten years until we've mastered the other method.

Meanwhile, 1941 is still with us. And so is the teen-age dating situation. Personally, I am ready to turn over my holdings in this international custom to Alice in Wonderland or Heidi or Hansel's little sister, Gretel. I don't know how it is in Dallas, Texas, or Dubuque, Iowa, or in Denver, Colorado, but in Hollywood the situation . . . well . . . smells. Your Hollywood Romeo is one for the books. In subtlety, how like a bill collector! In modesty, how like a strip-tease
dancer! In crust, how a girl who meets you once and wants to borrow your best silk stockings to wear to a dance that night!

This grim Gabahad, Hollywood species, has a way all his own. Especially over the telephone.

"Hi, Stinky," he begins, in his best boulevard manner, "how's tricks?"

You tell him you'll survive, somehow. Then it's his turn again.

"What're ya doin' Saturday night?" he wants to know, with the air of a man handing the Red Cross a check for $25,000 to help feed and clothe Greek refugees.

You fumble in your outraged noodle for an answer.

"I'm minding the house for mother," you come back at him, sounding as much like Shirley Temple as you can. The little gentleman hangs up in your ear.

Romance? Young love? Is that what they call that sort of thing? Without such splendid samples of young love in motion, you can readily see why teenagers get crushes on older men. Adults do have a way of making everything seem spontaneous. Also smooth as silk.

LET'S take Clark Gable. Or rather, let's just borrow him a minute from Carole Lombard. Mr. G most emphatically would have handled the situation differently. First off, of course, he would never have led off with a "Hi, Stinky." Instead, just as soon as he was positive it was you and not your grandmother, he'd come right out with it. Short and sweet. Like this: "Let's go for a drive." (Is there anything to this business of auto-suggestion?) Furthermore, he'd take it for granted that you were going. Only when he'd be shifting into high would you think to inquire where he might be headed for.

All right, so you get tired of staying home and listening to the radio. You relent and accept a date with one of these telephone troubadours. There is no use in going into detail as to how you spent a boring evening. The point is, you did. Anyhow, you're headed back (or so you think) and wishing you had stayed at home to listen to Bing Crosby or maybe Lanny Ross when your date suddenly begins to get chummy. He wants to know why you're sitting so far away and would you mind moving in closer a little. Come to think of it, he adds, you've been "cool as an icering" all evening. He says it with Cagney gestures.

Maybe I'm a geranium or, as the Hollywood romancers like to put it, "a poor sport," but necking is an institution I have never been able to work up any enthusiasm for. As practiced in Hollywood, necking is regarded as a matter of course by your average swain, as undeniable as the fact that automobiles need gas to keep them running. And as practiced by the local boys, necking is as casual an item as the "hello" a producer bestows on an assistant director, which, I assure you, is casual indeed.

Of course, there is something to be said—not much, at that—for the male point of view. The idea is that he has very generously donated his time, his presence, his jallopy and, to be sure, the price of a couple of tickets to Grauman's Chinese Theater, with, maybe, a killer-diller barbecued sandwich, soft drink to match, at a drive-in place frequented by other debonair men-about-town (so he swears, proudly) such as Victor Mature, Lee Bowman, et cetera.

This dating business, especially for teenagers, is a serious problem. How to cope with a situation where a young gentleman is eternally reminding you that he's footing the bill and where does he come in may seem like a hard nut to crack. But not really.

To begin with, I don't think a girl ought to go out with someone just to be going. I think she ought to like his company and enjoy being with him. Presumably, if he takes the trouble to call her up, that is how he feels about it.

What I'm about to suggest is that if a girl is going out with a boy to have a nice time, there is no reason under the sun why she shouldn't pay her way. To begin with, it's only right. Then, too, it gives you that grand feeling of strictly-no-obligation. On the purely selfish side, it's even apt to increase the number of daters. And also the possibility of finding someone really worth while. More than one swell kid reads a book because he knows he can't take a girl anywhere on $1.50. But multiply this by two and you can have the time of your life. Try it. Only please use tact. Boys are sensitive creatures.

One or two of you who haven't fallen asleep might be wondering about the dating situation in what is known here by the wags as the "nursery crowd"—the younger studio set.

It would be my guess that Mickey Rooney is the dream prince of the seventeen-and-under class. I must confess I don't know Master Rooney any too well, although we did go to school together for a year. However, even at long distance, Mickey, I'm sorry to say, leaves me cold. I think it's his type that I don't particularly admire. Mickey's the greatest entertainer in the world and as an actor I'm his biggest booster. Well, at least one of them. Heavens knows there are millions.

The Rooney boy, I think, is a little snippy. No girl likes the namby-pamby type, but then no one would ever accuse him of being on the retiring side, either. Mickey affects being the great boulevardier these days. I can't keep up with his romances. In addition, he walks around as if he were saying, "I stumped the boys on Information Please." I think Mickey's inclined to leave no stone unturned so that no one misses being impressed with his boundless knowledge. I'm afraid I shall have to go on being his loudest booster whenever he appears on the screen and let it go at that. Of course, there's the possibility that I'll grow up and learn to appreciate his rare personality.

Then there's Jackie Cooper. Jackie and I have exchanged glances when we meet in the studio commissary. I don't know why we're not great friends. Benita Granville, who has first dibs on him, thinks he's a great lad. And coming from Benita, that's something.

Glenn Ford, over at Columbia, is a young actor I'd like to know better. He's the boy who did a whole slew of B-pictures until he was borrowed from the studio to play "So Ends Our Night" with Margaret Sullivan and Fredric March.

William Holden, who is twenty-two, would be a good bet. The trouble is that Brenda Marshall seems to think so, too. Back on the home lot, there used to be a wonderful eligible, strictly my type, who went off and got married. Four possibilities and that's all. The situation isn't too encouraging.

While I'm on the subject of junior gadding-about, I'd like to touch on the subject of Demon Rum. In short, do or don't film prodigies drink?

Mostly, I'm not a very good authority on the subject. I've been in the Brown (Continued on page 102)
Last month Photoplay-Movi Mirror went to artist Paul Hesse. Doctor Mary Halton, showman Billy Rose and designer Irene and asked them to select the best figure in Hollywood. Betty Grable won the race, leading a field including the following stars—Claudette Colbert, Ginger Roger, Ann Sheridan, Paulette Goddard, Carole Lombard, Susa Hayward, Loretta Young, Olivia de Havilland, Martha Scot.

HOW I KEEP MY FIGURE

BY

Betty Grable
She was judged by four professional critics as the girl
with the best figure in Hollywood. Now she gives you
her own rules for the perfect figure — so amazingly
simple that every woman can measure up to the Grable mark.

The first time I was ever asked,
"What do you do to keep your
figure?" I answered immediately,
"Why, nothing. Nothing at all!" And
I meant it. Certainly I had never
"dieted," as many girls do. Cer-
tainly I had never done a "daily
dozen" in my life. The whole idea
of watching over and worrying about
weight seemed pretty boring to me
and if I considered it at all, it was to
think, "Well, Betty, my girl, you are
lucky you don't have to go through
all that!" It was swell, I opined, to
be able to eat what I liked without
worrying about calories. It was swell
to be able to get into a size twelve
any time I felt the urge for some
new clothes. Yes, I was very lucky!

But lately, I have come to the
conclusion that my not having to pay
any attention to weight is, perhaps,
not wholly a matter of luck. I have
decided, in fact, that this happy state
of affairs is due, also, to certain habits
acquired, thanks to my mother, a long
time ago.

In the first place, Mother always
wanted me to be a dancer and saw
to it that I had dancing lessons from
the time I was five years old. I loved
it from the very beginning and I be-
lieve it is safe to say that I have
danced anywhere from half an hour
to several hours a day, at least four
days of the week most of my life.
And I suppose that is one very good
reason why I have not had to "watch
my weight." I don't think anyone
could get very fat dancing as much as
I have. Also, I am certain that
dancing is a good thing to help de-
velop symmetry. You exercise just
about every muscle of the body and
should just naturally find yourself
proportioned as nature intended you
to be.

And so, while I am on the subject,
I heartily advise every girl, fat, thin
or in between, to give dancing a good
try. Tap dancing, ballroom dancing,
acrobatic dancing — anything that
appeals to the imagination. Even
though you don't want to dance pro-
fessionally, try it, anyway. You'll
love the good healthy way you feel all
the time and the way you can wear
the clothes you were meant to wear.
And I should like to advise you, too,
to go in for it wholeheartedly. I
mean, while you're doing it, do it for
all you are worth — when you are
night-clubbing with your boy friend;
when you're dancing to the radio at
home. I don't mean you have to turn
into a jitterbug. I simply mean to
let yourself go and enjoy the music
and the rhythm and motion. The
more you kick and swirl and jig, the
better you'll like it and the better
you'll look, too. And, probably, the
happier you'll be.

Let me tell you a story. It hap-
pened here in Hollywood. A cer-
tain girl I know met a producer at a
party. He was discussing with some
of the other guests a role in a pic-
ture he intended to make which re-
quired a rather difficult-to-find type
of actress. He looked at my friend
and said, "You'd be the type, if —"
He hesitated and she challenged
him. "If — what?"

So he let her have it. "If you
weren't thirty pounds overweight."

Well, of course she was. She had
dramatic talent, but she loved to eat
and hated to exercise. She hadn't
worked for months because she was
so fat. But now she told him, "I'll lose
those thirty pounds in thirty days if
you'll give me a chance at that role!"
He looked skeptical, but he prom-
ised.

A month later, she went to see him.
He didn't recognize her at first, but
when she'd persuaded him she was
the same girl, he tested her for the
role and she got it. She had lost the
thirty pounds, all right — and easily.
She had simply taken a lesson in tap
dancing every day.

Of course, I realize that no girl,
even though she exercises extensively,
can keep her weight normal if she
doesn't eat properly. That, too, is a
habit which my mother helped me to
form early. Yes, I have an excellent
appetite. And — hold everything — my
favorite foods are steak, mashed po-
tatoes, fried chicken, good old sou-
thern biscuits and chocolate milk
shakes. Moreover, I eat them whenever I
want to. But the point is, I don't
seem to want to more frequently than
is good for my figure. That is my
mother's training again. Even as a
child, I was never allowed to eat be-
 tween meals and I was never allowed
to "gorge" at meal time, as you've
seen some children — and grownups,
too — do. So, as a result, I have never
developed an over-craying for food.

When I get up in the morning I
drink one or two cups of coffee, with
cream and sugar, and as much orange
juice as I want — usually a large glass-
ful. If I am working, I have this
breakfast around seven o'clock so that
by noon I am hungry and eat a fairly
hearty lunch. In the summer, too, if
it is a hot day, I have an ice-cold
milk shake in the middle of the after-
noon — not, however, if the weather
is cool. Iced drinks don't tempt me then.
At dinner time, I eat a lot of any one
thing. I seldom take a second helping
of anything and I think that alone
helps keep one's weight down. I
know a movie actress who is one of
those persons who gains between pic-
tures. When she is working, she is
able to keep slender easily. She
"burns it off," so to speak. But on
vacation she'll gain anywhere from
five to fifteen pounds. But she doesn't
mind, because she has a sure way to
get these pounds off when she wants
to. She simply never eats a second
helping of anything; never eats be-
tween meals; never eats a "snack"
before bedtime. Losing weight is a
little slower this way, but you might
try it sometime. Always leave the
table just a little hungry. You'll lose
that slight hunger in half an hour
and will just feel wonderful. Most
people eat too much, I think.

Another diet I know of is an all-
liquid diet. You can drink any liquid
you want — milk, orange juice, tomato
juice, clear soup, at any time you
want it, but you must eat nothing
solid. A man I know took off a
pound a day, that way, for ten days,
and could have kept on indefinitely,
he insists, although his doctor wouldn't
let him. Incidentally, dieting can, I
guess, be very dangerous if you go at
it too strenuously without a doc-
tor's advice. That is why I think the
idea of eating a balanced meal, but
small helpings of everything, is such
a good one. You are sure, that way,
to get all the vitamins you are sup-
posed to have. And, by the way,
after you've gotten used to this
smaller sized meal, you probably
won't want (Continued on page 98)
The story of the great train robbery which took place at Pickfair. Loser was young Doug's new wife, Joan Crawford.

A milky-way tale, of days when a feud was a catfight and Pola Negri was the victim of a Gloria Swanson... er joke.

The author, top-bracket film columnist, takes a Lady Ho-Ha view of herself (left) as a leading glam-gal in the good old days.
NOW, a subject like "Hollywood’s Maddest Moments" takes in a lot of territory and, having lived here off and on for nearly twenty-five years, it’s hard to know where to begin.

Let’s start off by going back a bit, to the time when Sir Herbert Tree first arrived here. He, together with all the famous comedians on Broadway, like Weber and Fields, Sam Bernard, Raymond Hitchcock, De Wolf Hopper and many others, was signed to make pictures—and then they were finished off in one season. But Sir Herbert was the first man to arrive in town with a handle to his name. We’ve had so many since that even the natives don’t notice them now any more than they would a June bug on a rosebush. Sir Herbert being the first, the studio had no precedent on how to address him, so they sent a bunch of cowboys down to meet his train. The latter didn’t know either, but when he alighted, they pulled their ponies up on their back legs, waved their sombreros in the air and shouted, "Welcome, Sir Tree!" And he was never called anything else.

I’ll never forget one evening when Sir Herbert and Lillian Russell and her husband, Alexander P. Moore, were dining with us and Alex Moore told the story of how he became a newspaperman, including the incident he had used to start his career. It was right after the Johnstown Flood and he remembered the ride of Paul Revere. So, finding himself in Johnstown at the time, he planted a horse and rider on a ledge and wrote a story of how this brave man had ridden ahead of the bursting of the dam to warn the people of the coming flood. He sent the story in as a scoop and got $500 for it, which amused him no end—because he said not even a Rocky Mountain goat could have beat the bursting of that dam.

But all Sir Herbert remembered was his hooking the story to Paul Revere. So you can imagine my surprise when he related the incident a few nights later and said, "You know, I met a most interesting chap the other night, named Alexander P. Moore, who absolutely shattered my belief in American history. Did you know there’s no truth in that story of the ride of Paul Revere? It was all just a great big fake!"

Pickfair, our Buckingham Palace—oh, what memories are hidden there! I remember the time when Joan Crawford, having been recently married to young Doug (Mary and Doug Senior weren’t any too pleased about it), received her first invitation to Pickfair—because Lady Mountbatten, who was Mary’s house guest, wanted to meet her. Joan was very nervous and, wanting to make a good impression, had a beautiful white satin gown specially made, with a long train. She had never worn a train before and when she got inside Pickfair, she accidentally stepped in the path of the butler, who planted his feet right on the train and tore it off her back. She fled from the party in tears.

I’ll never forget the homecoming of Gloria Swanson after she married Henri, Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye. She had just made, with great whoop-la and thousands of words of publicity, "Madame Sans Gene" in Paris. Well, Gloria at that time was the undisputed queen of Hollywood. She was met at the station with a brass band, which accompanied her all the way from the train to the studio, which was then at the corner of Sunset and Vine. They built a platform in the middle of the street, on which was (Continued on page 72)
The peacocks had been delivered that morning. Alice stood admiring them, her maid Zella beside her. The birds lifted their tails in glory. They arched their necks. They strutted... strutted... strutted.

Alice stepped back. The hills were blue and far away. The cypress made a green wall in the distance; insects droned in the rose garden. It was, the peacocks and all, like a picture she once had seen in a book of fairy tales.

"What you thinking about, Miss Alice?" Zella asked.

"I was thinking," Alice said, "how that peacock run is for all the world like Ciro's lobby after a big premiere!"

A peacock gave a shrill cry, by way of a sound effect.

A few weeks earlier Alice and Tony Martin had thanked each other for many memories and said good-by.

Arrangements for their divorce were to follow. Alice wasn't in a mood to invite anyone to look into her heart, not even the faithful Zella. Any approach to sentiment would have been dangerous.

Far below on Ventura Boulevard which runs, like a busy treadmill, between Los Angeles and San Francisco, the cars went by. They didn't stop—that day. But two days later they came to a sudden halt below the hill to watch flames dancing above against the sky and to speculate whether it was true, as one idler said, that it was Alice Faye's house that was burning.

Five o'clock that afternoon Ruth Waterbury of Photoplay was called to the telephone. Alice was on the wire. "Ruth," she said, "where would you rather have dinner tonight, Victor Hugo's or the Beverly Derby?"

"But Alice," Ruth half-protested, "I thought we were having dinner at your house. I wanted to see it..."

"That's why I'm calling," Alice explained. "My house is on fire. And it doesn't look as if there was going to be much left!"

One day a few weeks after the disaster, Leo Carrillo mentioned to Alice that he had bought six beautiful peacocks. "Get rid of them!" she said, with horror. "Get rid of them, Leo! They're birds of ill omen!"

He was the only person to see how she really felt about the house.

When men and women are sorely and successively hurt—as Alice was when her new house burned at the very time she faced the failure of her...
marriage—they're frightened and a little loath to talk. It's almost as if the fates plotted against them. And later, when their trouble passes, they're different in some way usually.

Alice is very different now.

Up to the time when her house burned Alice didn't find it too easy to be a movie star. The work itself, the unbelievable money she earned and many of the associations she made she enjoyed. But shyness had plagued her as far back as she could remember. As a child, if she went to a restaurant and saw people looking at her, she hadn't been able to swallow. Always she'd had to have the chair that faced the wall. As a star, it was torture for her to meet all the people she was obliged to meet, to know in advance that she must meet them; to be interviewed; to have news cameras trained on her wherever she turned.

To make matters worse, Alice was a rebel. She never had taken her proper place in the film peerage. It wasn't the truly cosmopolitan producers and directors and stars who frightened her off; it was those who pretended to be what they weren't. Affectation infuriated her. So, lest anyone could think she meant to appear anything but what she was, she was almost belligerent about having come from New York's Tenth Avenue which atones for its lack of aristocracy by its vitality; about having left school at fourteen and home at fifteen; about never having stepped foot on an ocean liner until a year or two ago when she and Tony Martin sailed for Honolulu. It's also our theory that Alice put off buying symphony records for her dozen and more phonographs and joining the Book of the Month Club and taking tennis lessons and buying a riding horse long, long after she had an honest instinct for these things, just because she wouldn't risk being grouped with the pretenders she despised so thoroughly.

Now she cares far less about other people, what they think of her, what they do with themselves. She realizes she wasted a lot of time and energy and heartache on things that really don't matter. To put it briefly, she grew up.

"What the deuce," says the new Alice, "I work! I make my way; I don't want anything of anybody. So what!"

Alice first saw her San Fernando property when it belonged to Flo and Jack Haley. At this time she and Tony had accepted the fact that he couldn't stay in Hollywood and be Mr. Alice Faye when he could earn five thousand dollars a week by going out with a band. But they hadn't yet accepted the fact that, their love being the human kind that admits jealousy, they couldn't survive living apart.

With Flo Haley, Alice walked among the orange and peach and almond trees. She saw the grapes turning purple on the vines and the melons ripening on the ground. She saw the Valley and the hills. And she rushed back to town and to Bill, her brother and financial adviser, and asked him, please, to go out and look at the Haley ranch right away because it was for sale and she couldn't believe any place on earth could be so beautiful as it seemed to her and she thought maybe she was dreaming.

Bill went out at once. A few weeks later, the title to her dream now in her name. Alice stamped on the earth and called aloud, "It belongs to me! To
Schoolgirl’s dream come true is the pink and blue bedroom (center of page) with its white carpet and a bed specially built so Alice can sleep slantwise. Luxury motif: The dressing room (left) with mirrored walls, indirect lighting and a fairy-tale dressing table. Luxury motif again: The living room (below) with peachbloom carpet, curved aquamarine sofas flanking the fireplace, dubbonnet curtains, and she was vehement. Because in her heart she still couldn’t believe it was true.

In the beginning Alice hadn’t liked California. "Every man to his taste!" he had said. "Anyone who wants to see the sun go down behind these hills can have it. I’ll take Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue with the sun coming up. . . ."

Gradually, however, she learned to love the fertile land and to find charm in the houses that cling, like eyries, to the steep (Continued on page 82)
He started working for a dollar a month: Stirling Hayden, blond-haired giant of Paramount's "Virginia"

Strictly confidential data about these

five entries in the stampede to stardom — sailor, socialite, scene stealer, smart boy and a sensation from Mars

BY SARA HAMILTON

Driftwood and Blondie:
When a boy of twenty-four has sailed the seven seas from shore line to shore line, seen every place, worked at everything, there's really no place left for him to go but Hollywood.

That's what Stirling Hayden figured. So, with no experience whatsoever he grabbed off second lead to Fred MacMurray in "Virginia." Stirling is now seeing plenty of things he never saw in his eight years of sea-going travels right here in movietown. He still can't believe it.

Born in Montclair, New Jersey, of an English father and Dutch mother, Stirling was sent to the exclusive Wassookeag School at Dexter, Maine, which the young man describes as an institution of twenty-four students with twenty-eight automobiles. But the death of his father, who was advertising manager of the New York Evening Journal, cut short his education and the lad, then fifteen, took a job on the schooner Puritan for the princely salary of one dollar a month, sailing from New London, Connecticut, to Balboa, California. Once in California, Stirling and a pal tried to get home via freight trains but were thrown off at Yuma. They had to come back to California then and work for bus fare. The only time they caged this six-foot-four-and-a-half, brown-eyed, tousled, blond-headed giant was the following summer when he sold men's furnishings in the bargain basement of a department store in Gloucester, Massachusetts.

That once was enough, for when the icy winds blew in from the sea, Stirling blew out with a Gloucester fishing crew.

Next he went into business for himself and bought a little sloop, the Vagrant, for $500, with fifteen dollars down and the balance at ten dollars a week. Then he proceeded to

She made a bet with her father and ended up in Hollywood: Gene Tierney of Fox's "Tobacco Road"
Her hands were in the movies before she was: Dorothy Comingore of Orson Welles' "Citizen Kane".

No one ever recognizes him off-screen: Walter Brennan of Warners' "Meet John Doe".

His best girl friend is Ann Rutherford; Rand Brooks of "Double Date".

Take out fishing parties until business dropped to nothing per. A chance to take the forty-foot schooner Blue Lagoon from Boston to Florida came next, with Stirling washing dishes for food in "The Pirates' Den Cafe" in Florida, owned by the same Don Dickerman who now manages "The Pirate's Den" in Hollywood, owned, among other stars, by Fred MacMurray, Stirling's co-partner in "Virginia".

Eleven round trips as fireman on the Florida between the coast and Cuba followed and then, glory be, kid Stirling was made a skipper on the schooner China trading between West Indian ports. Along about that time people in various ports and places, noting the manly handsomeness of this boy, began saying, "Kid, you should be in movies."

Even a location crew down at Pitcairn Island for "Mutiny on the Bounty" suggested it. He laughed his big hearty laugh that reveals the strong white teeth in his sunbeaten face and went on sailing. When a Boston reporter actually suggested it in print, however, Stirling began to take a beating from his sea comrades. They'd yell on any and every occasion, "Yoo-hoo, Stirling, you should be in the movies!"

To get away from it all, he signed on a boat as mate and sailed the world around, making 125 ports of call. It was when his very own boat, the Aldebaran, bought with his savings, was wrecked off the coast of North Carolina that he began to wonder if maybe there wasn't something to this movie business.

In New York a friend, Larry O'Toole, an artist who had sailed with Hayden, wrote innumerable letters to friends in Hollywood. They ignored them in droves. Finally Stirling sent on his picture to Paramount; Director Edward Griffith liked it; arranged to meet him when they went East for (Continued on page 99)
The ferry picked its way gingerly through the thick night fog on San Francisco Bay. In the main cabin there were only a few passengers. One, a girl, was huddled in the far corner of a bench, her face turned toward the window beside her. Suddenly she shrank back in terror, looked wildly around the cabin. A man on the bench across was looking at her curiously. He was well-dressed, middle-aged, with a kind face. Perhaps—

She slipped over beside him. "Please," she whispered, "when those two men come in—pretend you know me—that I'm with you. Please!"

He drew a little away, bewildered and annoyed, but she gave him no chance to refuse. "What's your name?" she asked urgently, and instinctively he answered, "Humphrey van Weyden."

There was no time for anything more; two men had entered the cabin and were walking toward them. "This woman," the older one said to van Weyden. "Is she with you?"

"Why—" van Weyden hesitated. "I fail to see why I should answer," he said at last.

For explanation, the man reached into his pocket and took out a badge. The other one remarked, "Before you say anything, sir, I must remind you that it's a criminal offense to aid an escaped convict."

"A . . . convict?"

The second detective offered him a handbill. "Escaped from Lyndale Reformatory for Women," it said. "Ruth Webster." And underneath there was a photograph of the girl beside him—a lovely oval face, lips that seemed always about to tremble, dark-lashed gray eyes that were haunted with the terror of pursuit.

Van Weyden dropped the handbill. "I'm sorry," he said to the girl. "There is nothing I can do . . . ."

The detective's hand dropped to Ruth's arm. With panic-strength she twisted free and ran toward the half-open doors to the deck. Outside, she darted and swerved like an animal seeking cover. One detective followed her, the other ran in the opposite direction and when she reached the end of the deck she saw him turning a corner ahead of her. She stood on the deck an instant, trembling, watching the two men close in upon her; then she ran to the rail, climbed upon it . . .

The bow of a larger vessel loomed up, high and immense, out of the fog. The ferry's whistle screamed shrill warning. Then there was a crash and the train was torn from her fingers. She fell into water which numbed her and twisted her—helpless as she was, with her coat and dress clinging to her body, impeding her frantic movements. She felt herself being sucked down into a darkness that roared in her ears.

They were still pursuing her, through long cold corridors where the fog curled madly and congealed into hands that strained after her, seizing her ankles, tearing at her clothes.

Fiction Version by Norton Russell

Ruth (Ida Lupino), the only girl on the ghost ship captained by Wolf (Edward G. Robinson)
Lights flashed before her eyes and disappeared, voices called and faded away. She could not run, she could not move—she was standing before the gray, gloomy entrance to the Reformatory and she screamed, “No! You can’t take me back to jail! I won’t go! I won’t—”

After uncounted years of terror, she awoke. She could see nothing but a man’s face, close to hers. It was round, soft, noddily white. A stubble of beard crept on it; its eyes were bloodshot and it breathed a stale aroma of whiskey. She pressed her head back against a rough pillow in horror almost as great as that she had dreamed.

But the man smiled. “Well, young lady,” he said. “Feeling better? I’m Dr. Louie Prescott—ship’s doctor, you know.”

He stood up and she saw that she was in a tiny ship’s cabin, rocking to the motion of the waves. She could not speak, she was still too weak for that, but she listened to the doctor’s cheerful talk as he fed her hot soup. “We picked you up out of Frisco Bay five days ago,” he said. “You and a fellow named van Weyden. He’s all right, but you were almost drowned. If I hadn’t been here to make a blood transfusion—” He winked jovially, as if the alternative would have been the most humorous thing in the world. “One of the sailors, George Leach, gave you his blood.”

His voice faded as, made drowsy by the food, she lapsed once more into sleep.

It was two more days before she was well enough to go on deck. During that time she saw no one but the doctor, who told her she was aboard the Ghost, a sailing vessel on a sealing expedition. Cautiously, she listened to his words and watched his manner and decided at last that he did not know she was a fugitive from justice. In that ignorance would lie her salvation—she could persuade the captain to put her ashore at the first port of call and there she would change her name, start over again. . . .

She wanted to leave this ship as soon as possible. There was an atmosphere of terror about it that she could feel even here in her cabin. Was it the doctor’s sudden evasiveness when she asked him why the Ghost had put straight out to sea without stopping to land her and van Weyden? Or was it merely the closeness of the cabin itself—its grimy walls and incessant rocking?

This feeling of dread was intensified the minute she went on deck. Men were there, and they glanced up at her furtively from their tasks. At sight of them she was thankful to have the doctor at her side. Every face she saw was debased, brutal—and, somehow, frightened as well.

They passed a dark doorway from which came smells of cooking and she saw van Weyden standing there. But her heart thudded in shocked bewilderment. (Continued on page 86)
Night and Day

Making hay while the sun—or the moon—shines: Rita Hayworth (left) of Warners' "Affectionately Yours"; and Peggy Moran of Universal's "Double Date".

MAY, 1941
Let's pretend . . . You're bound for a best-bib-and-tucker luncheon, a "reunion with a best friend" sort of thing. You're going to buy a new outfit that will take the wind out of the other girl's new straw sailor and you have the four outfits described below to choose from. Check off your choice.

1. A crocheted dress—definitely a new fashion proposal—in a dark shade
2. A blue serge dress, smartest '41 revival.
3. A tailored suit in the newest shade to sweep America—green.
4. A look-after-me outfit composed of a harem skirt (the Greek influence) with a bolero jacket over it.

Let's pretend again . . . You've had an enthusiastic encore on a first date and you want to wear the same successful dress but with a different touch of some sort—a low-price pick-me-up with a high-pressure effect. We give you four fashion favorites; check the number you'd select.

2. A stole trimmed with new-fashioned mink tails.
3. Buttons and cuffs links that make a sparkling pair.
4. Brilliant earrings that match a graceful sash.

Let's pretend for the last time . . . You're taking a walk on Easter morning, which is another way of saying you're joining the Easter parade. First requisite to put you at the head of the line-up is, of course, the Easter bonnet. Buy yours from this group; check off your choice.

1. A rolled-star bonnet trimmed with grosgrain to be worn off the face.
2. A huge felt with a sweeping brim seductively dipped in front and trimmed with a veil.
3. A black horsehair featherweight trimmed with pink rosebuds.
4. A smart felt bowler that is a direct take-off on a soldier's tin hat.

Now take the three numbers you have chosen from the three groups and total them. Then draw your card from the hand you've dealt yourself below:

If your total is 3:
You're a sentimental sister who cries at the movies but never gets a red nose . . . a romantic idealist who wants to give till it is effective; a girl who doesn't know what a smart comeback is but still manages to cash in on the protective side of the man-and-maid business.

If your total is 4, 5, 6:
You're a go-somewhere girl, a social-minded person with lots of friends (female, too). You're vital, eager, interested; or cool, calm and collected when occasion calls for it. You're always ready to do things at the drop of the proverbial hat.

If your total is 7, 8, 9:
You're an "in the pink" person, a bright girl with a flair for attracting lots of men but keeping just one. Vitally interested in everything, you probably like to talk and people like to flatter you by listening. You're keen, inclined to be analytical, but still the center of party attention.

If your total is 10, 11, 12:
You're a moonlight madonna who does her best work by the clinging-vine method. You're soft, but not too subtle; sweet with just a bit of spice; a saint-and-sinner combination that will get you any place you want to go.
For subtle sorcery on a May evening—this hostess gown designed by Irene, worn by Merle Oberon in Ernst Lubitsch's "That Uncertain Feeling." Classic in design, it has a long coat of white suede crepe worn over a cloth-of-gold skirt fastened at the waistline with chunky gold embroidery. The million-dollar motif is carried out by a matching bracelet and pin.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM EVANS
To hypnotize the watchers of the Easter parade: A mulberry wool suit by Irene that rates a fashion star by reason of a large eyelet-embroidered collar run through with grosgrain ribbon that ties sprucely in front. The hat is a trick little halo-brim model that knows its way around; the gloves, bag and shoes are of a matching mulberry shade.
To cast a spell on the male line-up: Another Irene suit, this time in classically simple grey wool unadorned except for the pin the clever Mrs. Korda clasps high up toward the neckline. Its short fitted jacket and extremely slim skirt are Hollywood fashion news; its crescent pockets are a smart device in the "tailored femininity" division.
A bit of mystic business under a May moon—a dress of white marquisette, very slim of line, with an overskirt stiffened with horsehair, very short in front and dropping to the floor in back. Irene makes the bodice a limelight fashion by building it sheerly over black lace. In dinner-date idiom, this is a dress that is most definitely "dernier cri"
Enchantment of the future: The sophisticated naiveté of Irene's white faille housecoat that is encrusted with starched white lace to form a yoke line and a hem trim. The unusual square neck is a pretty frame for a pretty face; the jewelry is a bit of black art destined to offset the trim tailoring of the childlike bow tie.
Roz the Reckless

The Russell today and (below) in her N. Y. yesterdays
“HEY!” the young man said, irri-
tably. “You’re not listening.”

Rosalind made shushing mo-
tions with both hands. It mattered not
to her that this was a special luncheon
with a special young man who,
three weeks ago, had begged her to
marry him. She moved over now and
whispered to him. “Shubert and
Chamberlain Brown, the agent, are in
the next booth. Anyway, I’ve heard
the joke you were telling. This’s more
important—” she swiveled around
even farther in her seat and made a
cup of her hand behind her right ear.
For some moments she sat, intensely
eavesdropping. Then, suddenly, she
sprang into action.

She scrambled sideways out of her
booth. She picked nickels out of her
purse on the run and, having found
four by the time she reached the
phone, made her connection with
information within seven seconds. “Ed-
ward Casey, Forest Hills,” she com-
manded. A moment later she said,
“Thanks,” and then swung the dial
furiously.

Her voice changed, then. It grew
seductive, meaningfully. “Mr. Casey,”
she trilled, “this is Rosalind Russell.
How would you like to meet me at the
Astor? At six?”

There was silence from the other
end. But Mr. Casey, it seemed, was a
blade who didn’t mind taking a chance.
“Okay, Toots,” he said. “I’m coming
in any way. Do I know you?”

“I’ll be the girl in the hat,” Roz told
him. She hung up and for a moment
stood still, grinning to herself.

She had done it again—as she had
always done it, all through her child-
hood in Waterbury, Connecticut,
where she had been the ringleader in
the group the neighbors were wont to
call “them Russell brats”; all through
her schooldays when she had dressed
herself in her mother’s high heels
and made eyes at all the eligible
adolescents; all through the days at
Marymount College where she had
proceeded to run everything from
gymnasium to the auditorium stage.
Especially the auditorium stage, for
that was where Rosalind, daughter of
lawyer James and Clara Russell, had
shone. She was an actress by inclina-
tion, by nature—and now, at last,
with her Marymount career behind
her, she had, through a perfectly
audacious telephone call to a strange
producer, a chance to be an actress
by profession.

She moved slowly back toward the
booth and toward the young man who
waited there.

“Darling,” she said, “I’ve got to
break our date for tonight. I’ve got
a chance at a job.”

“Now?” the boy said. “Don’t be
silly. You spent weeks wrangling
that Caribbean cruise out of your
family. You said you’d hunt for work
when you got back.”

“This job doesn’t start till June.
Brown and Shubert just said so. But
I want to sign the contract now.”

“But who . . . ?”

“Man named Casey is opening a
company with Shubert backing. That’s
what I overheard a few minutes ago.
I got Casey’s number from informa-
tion.”

The young man’s eyes suddenly
grew suspicious. “He know you
well?” he asked, elaborately casual.

“Never met him.”

For several minutes the boy said
nothing. Then he put up one hand to
what seemed to be an aching head.
“Rosalind,” he said, “start again, and
this time try to make some sense. . . ."

She caught the boat seven days
later, by that skin of her teeth
with which she catches all boats, or
trains, or planes, and with a contract
safely folded in her purse. This as-
tonishing document agreed to pay her,
starting in June, $150 a week to work
as an actress in Mr. Edward Casey’s
Lake Placid tent show. Furthermore,
the girl was to be the leading woman.

It had been a pipe. The red hat with
the scarlet bird she had worn to the
Astor at six had been one of her
more conservative numbers, but Casey
had come directly to her. “Young
lady,” he said, “You’re on fire.”

In the course of the next few hours,
which cost Casey the aforementioned
job and about thirty dollars for dinner
at the Plaza, he asked her a few di-
rect questions. Had she had any ex-
perience? She had not; any experi-
ence? She rattled off a round
list of stock (Continued on page 78)
EVEN if Marjorie Hillis did write a brave little book called "Live Alone and Like It," most girls, like Marjorie herself, don't like it. They may be career-minded and perfectly content with their jobs, but there is still a spot in their hearts reserved for a man—the man. Just how they are going to meet him and just how they are going to capture him after they meet him probably never occurs to them until they do meet him. Then it becomes a vital and all-absorbing question—a question that sends them scurrying to friends, mothers, the library and the magazine stands.

There's plenty of advice on the subject. In fact, there is too much advice. You begin to wonder just why you have to pretend indifference, take a trip, play hard to get, learn to cook, buy a lot of new clothes and generally throw your whole life into a state of confusion, just to hear some man say, "Will you marry me?"

It doesn't make sense. When you wanted a job you just went out and asked for one. Why can't you do the same thing with a man? Why can't you just walk right up to him and say, "I love you. Let's get married?"

Well, can you? That's what we asked these four Hollywood stars and here's what they said...

Ida Lupino is very firm in her views on the subject. Modern in every other way, she is decidedly old-fashioned on the subject of love, courtship and marriage. The marriage of Ida and Louis Hayward is looked upon as the most modern in all Hollywood, but Ida says, "That's because it's so old-fashioned it looks new! People aren't used to seeing a wife's getting her ears knocked down when she deserves it, so they think it's funny. I think it's wonderful! When I get out of line I like to have Louis put me in my place—which makes me respect him." She laughs when she says it, but you just
Robert Young: "Women have a natural talent for proposing"

Ann Sothern: "Tell a man you'd make a perfectly impossible wife and he'll try to prove you're wrong"

Adam-and-Eve question, a lot of things may change for you

BY HARMONY HAYNES

know she means it. No doubt Louis knows it too.

"Women," Ida says, with an airy wave of a slim white hand, "are the inferior sex. What is woman, anyway? Just a man's rib and as such it is her privilege to expand only when he breathes. At all other times she should be modest and retiring and wait for the man to take the initiative. Proposing is a man's right. Why should a woman be so bold as to usurp man's rights?"

As far as Ida is concerned there are no extenuating circumstances to the hard-and-fast rule. If the man doesn't get around to proposing to the lady in question then . . . "Then she should just sit and wait—what else does she have to do, anyway? He'll propose in time. My husband kept me waiting for four years, but he finally proposed." She laughs heartily at memory of the proposal and explains, "He didn't even say he loved me. He just said that I had the most completely untidy mind he had ever known and he wanted to set it to rights, but when you've waited four years for a proposal, you don't quibble over the reason for it."

IDA doesn't think that four years is too long to wait for the man you love. In fact, she doesn't think even forty years is too long.

"Suppose it does take him years to propose. Suppose he doesn't ever propose, as long as he keeps calling you still haven't lost him and you can still hope. I did. I don't mean that I was ecstatically happy all that time, but I was pretty busy. When I wasn't wondering why he didn't propose I was wondering what I could do to make him propose . . . now, I don't mean that I resorted to schemes and trickery, but I studied him, his likes, his dislikes, (Continued on page 84)
— that was what he had called her the first time he had spoken to her alone; that was what he believed her to be.

Neither one of them reckoned with the powers that could drive them into this strange and unconventional relationship.

"I've seen a lot of dames in my time . . ." Mike Harrigan had said, "... you're man-poison!"

Ever since that moment on the airfield at Yuma, when Mike Harrigan had spoken those cruel words to Annabelle Clark, they had always been in her consciousness or on the fringe of it.

So much had happened since Mike's admonition: "What do you want with him, anyway? The kid has a great chance at your father's studio—so you step in and complicate things for him."

Annabelle had told George Hurley what his friend had said, but that hadn't stopped them. That evening they returned to Hollywood from their elopement to find Holton Clark waiting for them. Holton had spoiled his daughter in the way that wealthy American fathers have learned so well how to do. Now he made it clear that young Hurley's promising career at Clark Studios was finished. But the next day he made a deal with his daughter. He would send her husband to Guatemala to play the lead in Mike Harrigan's picture, but she must promise she wouldn't follow George, to "let the fever die down," as he dramatically put it. In exchange, George Hurley's contract with Clark Studios would be renewed when he returned from location. She had agreed because she knew how much his career meant to her husband.

So it came about that George Hurley went to Guatemala and there—died of malaria!

It was Helga Bentley, the famous columnist and friend of Holton Clark, who broke the dreadful news to Annabelle. For days she was inconsolable, but when she heard that the expedition was arriving at San Pedro she drove down, hoping to learn from Mike Harrigan the details of what had happened.

The pain of that meeting was almost more than Annabelle Clark could bear and for the first time Mike Harrigan felt some sympathy for her. How much more he would have felt if she had told him that she was bearing George's child! Then, when she dropped him at the Clark Studios and Holton came to meet them in the driveway, her father tried vainly to conciliate her. Poor Holton. For the first time in his life he had doubts about something he had done.

She drove along the Pacific trying to clear her mind in the fresh morning sun, had said, "That's the way to be happy," he said.

That was what she had done, sent her car back to her father, given away all but the simplest of her clothes. Then one day, in Los Angeles, where she had found a cheap room in a hotel and was searching for a job, Helga saw her, and so her father found her.

Holton Clark had told Mike that he would manage somehow to make Annabelle take money. His way was to tell her that it was insurance which he had taken out on George's life. Annabelle accepted it—but headed for Fresno, near which George's father and mother lived on their almond ranch.

AND so the strange meeting had come about. Annabelle gave Mrs. Hurley the five thousand dollars and told her that some of it would be used when the child arrived. It was providential that Mike Harrigan had come to visit the Hurleys and so he was witness to the moment when Frank Hurley, embittered by the death of his son, had said, "Why doesn't she go away and leave us alone?"

Annabelle hurried from the house. Then Mrs. Hurley told them the truth about the money and Annabelle's secret.

Mike had followed her, his mind in a turmoil.

When he caught up with her she saw in his eyes something primeval and earthy—not hunger, but overwhelming compassion. A moment later she had fainted and Mike thought, with desperation, that she was dead. "Annabelle," he whispered, "Oh, Annabelle!"

He saw her eyelids flicker and although there was no recognition in her glazed look he knew with relief that she would be all right. Gently he lifted her and carried her into his car.

She stirred, (Continued on page 93)
It happens even in the best Hollywood families—a young girl grows up. Deanna Durbin as she appears in Universal's newest "Nice Girl?"
The Truth About TEMPERAMENT

Now boldly brought out into the open—a disclosure of evidence Hollywood has hidden for years

BY "FEARLESS"

This is the time of the Hollywood year when the name of Luise Rainer turns up again in movieland conversations. For, whenever Hollywood is discussing the newest Academy awards, the strange history of the girl who won the coveted Oscar two seasons in succession and now does not have a movie job is talked about anew.

People who do not entirely understand Hollywood cry fire upon it for neglecting Luise Rainer and her undoubtedly great talents. But inside Hollywood explains by saying: it was temperament.

Foreign-born stars seem to come more naturally by temperament than do native Americans. Eccentricity of dress and action is more in their tradition than in ours, but Rainer had them all topped. When she was combined in "The Good Earth" with Paul Muni, who has his own quota of temperament, even a studio as strong, powerful and accustomed to stellar dizes as Metro groaned for months after the picture's finish. When you got the combination of Muni, gloomy, high-browish and insisting upon a perfection that demanded possibly twenty takes to a scene, and Rainer, alternating for no visible reason between tears, laughter and temperamental delay of scenes, you got a set of supercolossal headaches, for all concerned. On "The Good Earth" things were so bad that Sidney Franklin, then a director (and the director specifically of "The Good Earth"), now a powerful producer, said bitterly, "I hope never to have to sit through the finished version of this film. I don't want to be reminded of the misery I went through in getting it finally ended."

So while there is never any forgetting Rainer's work in that picture or her telephone scene in "The Great Ziegfeld," the word spread around Hollywood about her and when her contract with Metro ran out, no other studio signed her.

Not that all temperament is gone from Hollywood. Not by a ha'p'orth.

There are two very temperamental belles still around Hollywood, Ginger Rogers and Jean Arthur. There was one very temperamental man, Fred Astaire. But the Misses Rogers and Arthur have unique talents and definite box-office pulling power so they are perhaps forgiven their occasional temperamental explosions.

After Fred Astaire split up with Ginger Rogers he was for some time "between pictures." In fact, the only film he has made in the past year is the independently produced "Second Chorus." Freddie was a good boy on that one, only squabbling a bit with Director Hank Potter and once mentioning that he hoped he would never make another picture with Potter again.

Potter, in turn, said nothing, but on-the-set observers gathered the impression that he vice-versa-ed on the Astaire sentiments.

The Hollywood cold shoulder, the "box-office poison" tag and a couple of seasons on the New York stage taught Katharine Hepburn her lesson. Being extremely intelligent, too, when she returned (Continued on page 104)
Consider the Men

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of your party.
Here's how to make them do it—as discovered by six Hollywood hostesses

BY DICK PINE

ILLUSTRATION BY FRANK DOBIAS

BUT do the men like it?

That, says Ann Rutherford (who is a smart little tyke, no matter how you look at her), is what's important about parties. The way she reasons it out seems to a mere male, to make sense. "If the men have a good time, then the girls who come with them will be pleased—because any girl likes to have the man who spends an evening with her enjoy himself. So if you're giving a mixed party, aim it at the men! A hen party, of course, is a different matter."

What's more, Ann thinks that parties are important to you, the hostess, the party-giver. "You express yourself when you entertain," she says sagely. "You learn things about poise and how to handle people and situations. You learn lots of things that are useful in your job and in running your life. Besides, it's such fun!" This seems to be pretty sound psychology. Furthermore, it works for Ann because what she calls her "Sunday backdoor parties" are by way of being really important events among Hollywood's younger set, with the young blades and belles cutting quite fancy capers in the effort to wangle invitations.

If the truth will out, Ann learned all this the hard way. Her first real Hollywood party was almost a flop. Maybe she had read too much about parties in the picture colony; perhaps they seemed too important to her. Anyhow, she says, "I'd been in pictures for ages before I dared give a party. Somehow I thought it would have to be one of two things. Either a formal, sit-down dinner with perfect service—or an elaborate buffet with caterers and a tent on the lawn and an orchestra playing somewhere. Finally, after hesitating a long time, I compromised on an evening party. People came in dinner clothes and I had some entertainment and at mid-
night we served supper. But somehow there was something wrong and I knew it. That party just wasn't. And I had tried so hard!

"Well, a few weeks later . . ." (Ann likes to tell about this). "I bought a croquet set and installed it in my back yard. I'd met some awfully nice people on a picture and I began inviting them to come over and play Sunday is the only day for things like that, of course, when you're working, so that was the day I told them to come. It occurred to me that it would be fun if I had some sausages and eggs and waffles and things and we could all cook. It didn't occur to me that I should be giving a party.

"Everybody came and played croquet and helped cook and even helped to straighten up a bit afterward and then we went to the beach and it was all very hoop-la. When someone said, 'Do invite me to another backdoor party soon!' I knew I had something. I like to know why things happen, if they're important, so I tried to figure out why this had been fun and my formal party hadn't.

"In the first place, everyone took part somehow. No one had to do anything. But everyone wanted to . . . especially the men. There's something about the sight and smell of food cooking, I guess, that does something to them. Especially coffee. Haven't you ever noticed that when men get poetic about going camping it's always cooking over a campfire that they talk about?

"Then, they could play games or not, just as they chose. They could eat properly at the little card tables or they could sprawl on the grass and get ants in the maple syrup if they wanted to. Of course, this is California and we can do these outdoor things all the year round. But I don't see why any girl anywhere—even in a small apartment in winter time—shouldn't have a few people on Sunday, just as we do. If you work all week, Sunday is a lazy day. And it's so nice to be with nice people while you're being lazy!

"I've discovered something else that's necessary. It's awfully important to have fun yourself at your own party—because if you aren't enjoying having people, how can they possibly enjoy being there? That was what was wrong with my first one. I was so anxious to have it go nicely that I didn't have time to have fun myself!"

ANN certainly has something there. It's difficult to know how some women have the knack of making a party go—making it jell—and other women can't quite achieve it. Intelligent women study their guests and act accordingly. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond give some of Hollywood's most successful parties and yet Jeanette will tell you that she had to make some personal sacrifices of taste and inclination before she quite learned how. In its way it's a sad little story.

When Jeanette was married she acquired all the things that most brides dream of and can't have. A perfect dinner service for formal entertaining. Beautiful linens, silver, china, crystal, exquisite gadgets for flowers and candles and place cards—everything to delight a fastidious woman's heart. After she and Gene were settled at last in their own house, she acquired perfectly trained servants to handle all this elegances and proceeded—as for gosh' sake, who wouldn't—to have a party. She had several in swift succession. Small, perfect jewels of parties. Then she stopped having them.

"People didn't like them!" she morns. "They didn't have fun. I think some of the women enjoyed them—the nonprofessional women who didn't have to rush from sets or offices to get ready to come. But the men didn't like them and I'm sure the working women didn't care much for them, either. Life in Hollywood—and in most other places—is too highly paced, too jerky, too frantic for anyone to be content to sit down suddenly and enjoy anything which is too perfectly timed and staged. It seems artificial. People like to relax without form and formality.

"I said to (Continued on page 90)
This is the story of a man who played ball, not on a baseball diamond but in the Hollywood game of life. He had good luck pitched to him—and bad luck, too—and he knew what it meant to strike out and hear the roar of derision from the crowd.

For Robert Taylor has been on the spot. He knew it, too, better than anyone else. He went around keeping up his end of things and acting generally like a substantial citizen, but all the time he wanted to crawl into a deep, dark corner and hide. Two years ago Bob had had four bad pictures in a row. And four times in a row the press fired a deadly rat-a-tat-tat of criticism at him.

"When you've had a couple of bad pictures you get complexes," Bob says. "And when you've had more than a couple you get more complexes. I was afraid the public was off me. I was sure if a good part did come up and I was suggested for it the director in charge would dodge me somehow."

Bob grinned. "If there'd been anyone I could have blamed for those bum pictures it might have helped. But there wasn't a soul. 'Stand Up and Fight,' I didn't like. And I didn't like 'Lady of the Tropics.' But I thought 'Lucky Night' and 'Remember?' were going to be all right.

"It was a tough year for Barbara, too. Because I take my troubles home, even when I swear to myself that I won't. I let people see—Barbara, at any rate—when I'm restless and nervous and depressed. Barbara kids when she's worried. She kids until she falls on her face. And I mean falls on her face! I've picked her up a couple of times!"

We asked Bob why stars go into pictures they don't believe in, why, for instance. (Continued on page 74)
Putting him in a Mood for Matrimony

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

3. **WRONG**
   to encourage him by looking sweet and knowing it! No distracting worry of blemish makeup or glistening nose will give you the edge, if you have used that amazing 1-minute mask of Pond’s Vanishing Cream before your date. The mask smooths away little roughnesses—gives your skin a glorious "mat" finish that you can trust to hold powder right through the crisis!

POND’S, Dept. 8MM-CVE, Clinton, Conn.
I’d love to try the same Pond’s complexion care followed by Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. St. George Duke and other leading society beauties. Please send me Pond’s Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond’s Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Tissues and Skin Freshener. I enclose 10c for postage and packing.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________

This offer good in U.S. only.

MAY, 1941
Scotch trick played Irish fashion: Pat O'Brien and Frank McHugh quibble over a cin in the Brown Derby, stage a toss-up with O'Brien coming out on the winning—and grinning—end

They read mythical letters to her, while she related the story of her life and proudly tells of the things she's heard from him. The family writes letters regularly each week. They have done that ever since September 2, 1934.

WHEN Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur first came to work at Metro, they hired their secretaries to wear evening clothes while they were at work, because they thought they looked prettier that way. On one of MacArthur's trips east, he took a company typewriter with him. The Union had a man behind him on the train. When the company brought the matter up, MacArthur said, "Well, it said "Return to M-G-M.'"

Then there was the first visit here of Moss Hart, whose successful play "Once in a Lifetime" was about to open. It was probably the first party I ever crashed— which would help sell tickets for the play. Moss was met at the train with an armored truck, such as they use to carry gold from a bank to another. (I beg your pardon!—such as they used, before our gold was buried in Fort Knox, Kentucky.) Sid told Moss Hollywood was so incensed at him that for his own protection he had armored cars, because somebody might take a pot shot at him on his way to the hotel. But Moss, having written gags all his life, recognized the one when he saw it. He refused to get inside the blooming thing, wouldn't even be photographed with it—which spoiled all the fun.

Roland's wedding to Ben Bard was a honey. She was one of our richest women, but Ben wasn't blessed with too much of this world's goods. She had been married once before, but never had had a full regalia. She donned one for this wedding, including a veil. She wanted the orchestra to play something lively and gay, but I refused. Six of us went together and spent half a day borrowing invitations (which no one asked to see). And on my arrival there, I drew Buddy De Sylva, who said to me, "Tell me what to do Hedda. You see, this is my first offense." For refreshments, Ruth served a piece of sponge cake and ice cream. Of course, there are hundreds of Goldwynisms, but I think one of the funniest is about the time Sam went to see the newborn baby of a friend of his, and asked what he was going to name him. His friend said, "Charlie." "Charlie!" roared Sam, "Why, every Tom, Dick, and Harry is called Charlie!"

Well, I couldn't help bringing up the night about the insults, mistaken identities, stranger-than-fiction coincidences, gags—but I figure you've had enough for one sitting and forget if I were to say, like Charlie McCarthy, "One more, and I'll mow you down!"
"With the Magic of all things new!" says Lady Esther

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ask Your Doctor
About Your Face Cream!

Ask your doctor, and all the better if he is a specialist on the skin. Ask him if he favors feeding the skin from without?

Ask him what he thinks of astringents—skin foods—heavy powder bases—tissue reams!

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

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

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

**SAMPLE TUBE AT MY EXPENSE**

Lady Esther
7114 West 63rd St., Chicago, Ill. (67)
Please send me your generous sample tube of Lady Esther Face Cream; also nine shades of Face Powder, free and postpaid.

Name _______________________
City _______________________
State _______________________
(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

73
he'd gone into "Lady of the Tropics." "We all get on our high horses and
refuse to make pictures once in a while," he said. "And sometimes those pictures
we refuse to make turn out to be suc-
cessful. Then do our faces get red! You
really can't tell about a picture. It's a
cinch no producer dumper thousands-
even hundreds of thousands—into some-
thing he doesn't think is any good.
"I must say, however, that I never
thought 'Lady of the Tropics' had a
chance. And if I'd refused, point-blank,
to make it, I'd probably have gotten
away with it. It just happened I didn't
think I had the right to do that."
"Why?" we asked. "Why, Bob?"
"Looked as if that studio was
grooming Hedy Lamarr for stardom.
They needed a romantic lead to play
opposite her and when they decided
I was the guy they wanted for the
fully and asked, with warm respect,
"Anything else, Mr. Taylor, sir?"
It all added up to what people mean when they say "Movie stars! The lucky
So-and-so's!" Just as if this were all
there was to it. Just as if top-flight
success in pictures weren't hard-earned
as top-flight success in anything else.

The telephone rang. It was Barbara.
She and Bob were invited to a bar-
cue party and she was calling to ask
if he wanted to go. She wasn't on pro-
duction. He was, but he was the one to
be considered. Bob agreed it would be
fun. He looked like a kid—his grin was
so broad—when he hung up the receiver.
"The picture seems a trifling ter-
ter," he said, "but it's not—no! For
a long time I didn't want to go any-
where or do anything. Any time my
chin was off my chest (Nobody ever
been reversed. Then Bob had been the
Big Hit.
"Frankly," Bob says, "I expected it to
be pretty difficult. It would have bee
if Vivien hadn't come through like
champion. She understood, I think. Sh
was so really tired, they gave her a rest
she got me to play Chinese Checkers
Battleships. And afternoons when Larry
Oliphant came over she gave us tea in
his dressing room."
"Consequently, when I went on
set I wasn't stuff and self-conscious.
And I don't think the character I was
playing calmed.
"In our scenes together Vivien didn't
have to try to help, of course. She'd
have been helping herself if she hadn't
wished to. She's one of those—hus-
workers, like Garbo. She knows what
she's doing every minute. So when
you're working with her you know what
you're doing, too."

We don't doubt Vivien knew Bob wa
on the spot and tried, earnestly, to hel
him. For which she unquestionably
serives a very large, very bright sta
ter.

However, Bob had sowed the seed
for the kindness he showed at Vivien's
hands years before . . . when they mad
"A Yank at Oxford" and she was unim
portant and Bob did all the favor
it was in his power to do at that time.
"What was it Bob said? . . . "I happen i
believe you have to play ball . . ."

WHEN you're a movie star and yo
run into forty bad pictures in a row
and your fortune, your career and you
personal pride hang in the balance
you're very definitely on the spot. Yo
don't survive to grow to greater gla
than you ever knew before. Bob
promises to do—unless you have a dar
good sense of humor and a darn soul
thinking apparatus.

Everything Bob says indicates his
sound thinking apparatus. And we ha
an anecdote to indicate his sense o
humor and courage.

We used to include Bob in a prejudic
we have for handsome men. At times w
sought to amuse our friends at his ex
pense. And some of our friends—w
knew Bob better than we did and we
are aware he could laugh at a joke on hi
self—told him ALL!
"Telling her to blow one day," Bob tol
our friends. "We'll have fun! I'll ha
a mirror in my pocket. I'll take it or
brush back my hair with a squee
of my hand . . . frown, and smooth dow
my eyebrows . . ."

That luncheon never took place—for
unately for us. For when we told B
we were the writer he'd planned to to
he gave a loud laugh. He was fam
ed with a private performance of "A Co
ceited Young Man at the Luncheon
le.

And we were glad no one was around. He
will pull out rascars and he showed such g
spirit that we were uncomfortable at t
unfairness we had shown in his direc
he Hollywood story of how the
"Waterloo Bridge" broke the Robert Ta
jinx; they're saying, too, that the
isn't a guy who has more ahead of hi
they. Taylor was, four horses were a col
man" riding along triumphantly in ha
of him and "Billy The Kid" putting hi
right into the line-up of stars that stud
— the public—right to have in pa
tures.

But we think it was Bob himself w
turned the trick. What do you thin

Assorted talent at a charity broadcast: Humphrey Bogart, radio's Fibber McGee and Molly, James Cagney and Bob Hope
turn into a fast-talking quintet for a March of Dimes plea

job I remembered how the boxers
around here had seen to it I got the
breaks I needed when I was new. I re
membered how they'd put me in 'Small
town Girl' with Janet Gaynor and 'Gat
crew's House' with Joan Crawford. I
figured it was my turn, that's all!

Don't get me wrong on this! I wasn't
being Sir Galahad, pretty and noble,
when I didn't let out my squawks. I
happen to believe you have to play ball;
that you wind up in plenty of trouble
when you insist on having your own
way all the time!"

We were in Bob's air-cooled, pine-
paneled dressing room. On the walls
were photographs of his prize-winning
dogs and horses, their blue ribbons hanger
ning beside them. There was English to
bacco in a fine humidor and all kinds of
cigarettes, in leather boxes. Books on
horseracing and dogs and - very new novels
stood on his desk. A waiter brought
chicken a la land rye toast and tea from
the commissary. He laid the table care-
saw his chin on his chest. We investi-
gated.) I was putting on an act. Now
life has an edge to it again. Thank
God for 'Waterloo Bridge' and Vivien Leigh!
They broke my jinx; they led me to
'Escape' and 'Billy The Kid.' They got
me off that spot!

'And speaking of how you can't tell
about pictures,' Bob went on, 'Water-
loo Bridge' was one I might very well have
turned down. The Captain, at first,
looked to be only a stooge part.

'I wish I could say I saw the possi-
blities of my role right off. But I didn't!
I went into 'W B' because I figured with
Vivien in it—big and hot after 'Gone
With the Wind'—it would do smashing
business. I had a few-lsruhe success
but behind me I thought there was a better
change of my next role's being good."

It took mental courage for Bob to play
with Vivien Leigh. Men have their pride.
When he and Vivien had played together
before, when they'd made "A Yank at
Oxford" in England, their position had

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

Protect your nails—make them more beautiful with DURA-GLOSS

The continuous use of Dura Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!

THE DIFFERENCE between NAIL POLISHES

Other polishes put color on your nails, but DURA-GLOSS imparts to them a gleam of brilliance—a LIFE and LUSTER—that you get only from DURA-GLOSS' new nail polish formula. Never before have you been able to get such remarkable, jewel-like brilliance in any nail polish. You, too, can have the most beautiful fingernails in the world. Don't be satisfied with less—don't delay. Get DURA-GLOSS. Use it. It makes your nails more beautiful!
Nevada was sent to Washington by wire at a cost of several thousand dollars, so that Nevada would become a state in the Union.

Another oddity the same studio might have incorporated in 'The Return of Frank James,' its sequel to the Jesse James story. Brother James and Jesse James brothers were killed in 1918, respectively, in the James brothers' burial of $2,000,000 in cash before Jesse was killed and Frank gave himself up to prison. After the two brothers were acquitted, he tried for years to find his buried fortune but never succeeded due to the fact that the countryside had completely changed with the coming of houses bunched together, and the landmarks on which he depended had vanished.

There's a new picture called 'Navy Blue' which you'll soon be seeing. When they planned it out here in Hollywood, did they happen to know why all the navies of the world are dressed in navy blue and white? The explanation is that on a certain day in 1744, when the question of a new navy uniform was submitted to King George II of England, the king met Gertrude, Duchess of Bedford, in the park. So much was he taken with her riding costume of blue and white that he ordered it to be adopted by the British Navy. Since the navies of all the other countries imitated the British, the riding colors of the Duchess are now obligatory in the navies of the entire world.

Is it to fool the enemy—or did it just happen—that the Boston Navy Yard is in the New York Navy Yard is in Portland, Oregon, the Norfolk Navy Yard is in Portsmouth, Portsmouth Navy Yard is in Kittery Island, Philadelphia Navy Yard is on League Island, San Francisco Navy Yard is on Mare Island and Honolulu Navy Yard is in Pearl Harbor? Apparently, no one has given the English any reason to sneer at the American navy. The picture springs from the world domination, Queen Elizabeth. We saw the fascinating story of the circumstances surrounding the death of the Spanish Armada untold in 'The Sea Hawk' and also Elizabeth's masterful handling of the problems of state in 'The Bette Davis was nominated for 'Play of the Year' in 'Porgy and Bess.' What Hollywood didn't show us was the quick thinking that saved Bess her famous aunt once.

Before she ascended the throne, Elizabeth was imprisoned in the Tower of London at the order of her sister Mary Tudor, 'Bloody Mary,' who then sent a death warrant to have Elizabeth executed. But in the warrant Mary was a notoriously bad speller, had misspelled the name Tudor, 'Bloody Mary,' who had already been deported because of her being a Catholic, attention of the warder to his misspelled name and calmly informed him that the death warrant was therefore void. The warder, who was a simple man, took the warrant back for correction to Mary. But by the time it reached her, 'Bloody Mary' was reportedly dead and her death was ordered released from the warder's in Mary.

The picture, 'The Widow of Dever Island,' which Bette Davis is starring in, was called 'The Hollywood Legend.' It is a variation of some of the most famous American stories which has always entertained America about the innocent penal colony. Flora, which Dever Island, one of the three islands belonging to French Guiana, off the north coast of South America, instead of being a hell-hole of human misery, is a comparatively pleasant place. It has only six or seven political prisoners who are housed in individual two-room cottages and have complete freedom to go about in the daytime. Their food is the same that allotted to the soldiers and their life in the dense groves of palm trees over-growing their place of exile presents no particular hardship, except that of deadly monotony. It is the other two islands, St. Joseph and Ille Royale, which live up to the terrible reputation of French Guiana, known as the Dry Guillotine.

When Hollywood made 'The Women,' with its devastating study of various types of wives, there was one it overlooked—a woman named Madame Regnier. She was the wife of a Royal District Attorney of Versailles, France. After being reprimanded by her husband with the words, 'Be silent—you talk nonsense,' she never spoke another word for thirty years! In the face of surprises and sudden scares, some of which were calculated to throw her off guard, she remained resolutely mute. Even when she was asked to consent to the marriage of her daughter she gave it merely by nodding her head. No plea ever induced her to change her mind. She died with her lips sealed.

'Foreign Correspondent,' one of the Academy Award candidates for 1940, was a swift-moving melodrama of the present war. But when the producers made it, they knew about the first war correspondent. He was George Wilkes Kedall and he reported the Mexican War (1846-47) from the battlefield exclusively for the New Orleans Picayune. By means of a special pony express, he was able to scoop all other papers and the War Department as well.

There's a pleasant little picture coming along called 'Thirty Days Hath September,' featuring Eddie Albert and the new Warner Brothers find, Joan Leslie. I wonder if the studio stopped to think of the significance behind that title. They'd have to go back to the time of Augustus Caesar. Augustus was a man. After he had disposed of his two triumvirates and had established himself as emperor, there was just one fly in the ointment. The last of the Julian-Caesar illustrious great-uncle and predecessor, Julius Caesar, had named after himself, a March, which was the month of August, which Augustus had chosen to commemorate his own name, contained only thirty. So he chopped off a day from September which, involuntary, had thirty and added it to his other month. Thus 'Thirty days hath September.'

When Paramount made "The Life of Victor Herbert," did they realize that this most popular of American composers wrote an operetta a month for six months? Herbert could write two complete, original operettas, in 157 weeks, in 25 hours, 8 minutes and 10 seconds. And the Hunter Brothers' 553-hour endurance flight over Chicago far surpasses any possible flight recorded ever. Gary Cooper's next film is 'Sergeant York.' I have met the real Sergeant York and he has appeared on my radio program. My radio audience and I believe it just is not and incidentally a grand person. He is, as you well know—or don't you?—the man who General Foch said he believe it is the most accomplished by any private soldier of all the armies of Europe.

Oddly enough, when he was drafted he was an officer of the Church of Christ in Christian Union whose tenets forbade fighting or killing. Nevertheless, he refused to seek exemption as a conscientious objector, he was drafted to be killed, he would have to have a gun. When he reported to Camp Gordon, however, he was put into the infantry and set to drilling. On Oct. 1918, in the Argonne, Sergeant York was sent out with a company of sixteen men to silence one enemy machine gun. He became known from his company, the men fighting, the heavy fighting. I'm not going to give you the details; you'll see the picture. Instead, I'll give you the scene: Here are the lines: "Herbert's gunners, 532 German soldiers, including a major and three lieutenants, died the elder of the Church of Christ who was opposed to fighting. So you see what I mean about facts!

**Little girl with a long drink:** Marie Wilson, brown-eyed, blonde-haired playgirl of "Virginia"
Here's ALICE FAYE behind the Scenes — with a Beauty Tip for YOU!

NOTHING SO IMPORTANT TO FEMININE CHARM AS SOFT SMOOTH SKIN!
I HAVE TO FACE CLOSE-UPS ON THE SCREEN — AT HOME, TOO!

SO I NEVER NEGLECT MY LUX SOAP ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS. FIRST PAT THE LATHER LIGHTLY IN
THEN RINSE WITH WARM WATER — A DASH OF COOL

NOW DRY WITH LIGHT, QUICK FATS. YOUR SKIN FEELS SMOOTHER — LOOKS FRESHER!

Star of 20th Century-Fox's "That Night in Rio"

Try ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS for 30 days—

"Lovely skin wins and holds romance," says this lovely star, and shows you how to give your skin Hollywood beauty care right in your own home!

You'll find these ACTIVE-LATHER FACIALS so easy to take. They quickly remove every trace of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics — leave skin feeling soft and smooth. Try this gentle care regularly for 30 days!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
We do the Planning
You have the Fun!

with GREYHOUND EXPENSE PAID TOURS

Here's an extra-helpful Greyhound travel service at no extra expense to you—in fact, it extends your usual Greyhound savings to every phase of your pleasure trip. When planning your vacation choose one or more of the new expense-paid "package tours"—with your transportation, hotels, sightseeing and entertainment all arranged by travel experts and paid in advance. It's more convenient, more fun! Ask your nearest Greyhound Travel Bureau about these and other tours:

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Mail this coupon today to Greyhound Information Office in nearest city listed above for full information on Expense Paid Tours:

Name ___________________________
Address _________________________

Photoplay combined with Moviflare
Photoplay-Movie Mirror
Dancing School
(Continued from page 61)
territory you’ll bump someone unless you stay in the stream.
4. If you haven’t learned to whirl properly, don’t try it. You’ll get dizzy.
5. Remember the mood of the dance is dreamy and romantic. Don’t spoil it by chattering or roaring with laughter.
6. Remember above all to accent the first beat of the three and make the accent with your left foot.
7. When you step forward with your left foot, bring your opposite, or right shoulder forward. When you step backward with either foot, always bring the opposite shoulder slightly backward. That’s a rule for any dance step.

You can walk through almost any other dance without especial grace and almost get by; but you can’t when you’re waltzing. You have to hear that rhythm with your ears, feel it in your body.

There are three beats to each measure of waltz music. It goes ONE, two, three . . . ONE, two, three.

And it never changes during the length of the tune.

The Basic Waltz Step

This step is composed of three simple steps. (See Diagram A on page 60.)
1. Begin with your left foot and step directly forward.
2. Step forward with your right foot, following the path shown in the diagram at this point.
3. Draw your left foot up to right, and then raise your right foot from the floor.
4. Step directly forward with the right.
5. Step forward with left in the way indicated in the diagram.
6. Draw your right foot up to the left and raise your left foot from the floor.

Each time your foot takes a step, place your weight on it.

Now practice this step to waltz rhythm or tempo.

The Backward Waltz Step

The backward waltz steps are just the opposite of the forward waltz steps. (See Diagram B on page 60.)
1. Step backward with the left foot.
2. Step to right side and back slightly on right foot.
3. Draw the left foot up to right, weight on left.
4. Step directly backward with right foot.
5. Step with left foot to left side and slightly back.
6. Draw right foot up to left, weight on right.

Practice the backward waltz steps around the room. Start with the left foot backward. At first go very slowly and try to do the six steps without a mistake.

The Box Step

When doing the turns you do not have time to think of your steps; you must think of your direction, and the steps must be done almost mechanically. Therefore it is essential to master this Box Step which acts as the basis for the turn to the left. (See Diagram C on page 61.)
1. Step directly forward with left foot.
2. Side-step to the right and forward.

Use FRESH #2 and stay fresher!

PUT FRESH #2 under one arm—and 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 harm even the most delicate fabric. Laboratory tests prove this.

FRESH #2 comes in three sizes—50¢ for extra-large jar; 25¢ for generous medium jar; and 10¢ for handy travel size.

Free offer—to make your own test!

Once you make this test, we’re sure you’ll never be satisfied with any other perspiration-check. That’s why we hope you’ll accept this free offer and make your own under-arm test. Just drop a postcard to FRESH, Louisville, Ky., and we’ll send you a trial-size jar of FRESH #2, postpaid.

Popular companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. It comes in a tube instead of a jar.
When CURTAINs WILT

RESTORE that fresh, new look

starch with LINIT

"The Friend of Fine Fabrics"

Do as curtain manufacturers do—give your curtains a crisp, dainty "dressing" with Linit! This modern laundry starch penetrates the fabric instead of merely coating the surface. It lays the tiny fibres that catch dust and dirt. Curtains keep that freshly-launched, clean look longer...and they iron easier. All grocers sell Linit.

hillsides. But she never did admire the quaint touches with which these houses are furnished. Bent-back rockers, samplers stitched by grandmas, long women long-dead, gingham curtains and shoemaker benches for tables simply aren't to her liking. All her life she's loved the richness of velvet and the smoothness of silk.

Nevertheless, the first time Alice furnished her house it wasn't completely luxurious. Unwilling to have people think she didn't know what was fitting and proper in a ranch house she compromised. But here recently when her house was rebuilt following the fire and she had to furnish it all over again it was a different story. Grown up now and no longer concerned with what people might think or say, she arranged for everything to be as luxurious as she always had wanted it to be.

In the living room her new independence bears for its rich fruit a deeply piled carpet of peachbloom, curved aqua-marine sofa. That's why I laugh when her bonnet curtains formally draped a radio-victrola in blonde wood, a bird in a gilded cage and a rare Spanish shawl thrown over the grand piano that was.

Mrs. Faye says, "Even when Alice was small her wish for luxury was strong. She used to tell me, "The man I marry must have a tuxedo." And I used to tease, 'Look out you don't marry a waiter!'"

THE ranch dining room is papered with a gay medallion design and furnished with Swedish modern pieces. It isn’t large; it doesn’t need to be. When Alice gives big parties she rents the Tropics or some other fashionable cafe. That's where she can have her bonnet curtains formally draped, a radio-victrola in blonde wood, a bird in a gilded cage and a rare Spanish shawl thrown over the grand piano that was.

It was no problem for Alice to decide how her room was to be. She began the design for it years ago when she was a schoolgirl and saved her allowance to buy a blue sateen spread for her brass bed.

"Was I proud of that spread!" she says. "Even when I was having home parties with the Chester Hale Girls it was my first consideration. When I was packing, I folded it back carefully so my suitcase wouldn't dent it or scuff it.

"That was the day my mother told me everything! 'If a man makes advances to you,' she said he didn't want to play 'hooky.' I think she scared me too much. Anyway, for years my heart raced if a man so much as looked at me!"

"I bounced around for about five years altogether. Out of the thirty-five dollars a week I made at first I sent twenty dollars home. I didn't have it easy. But I saw plenty of girls who had it much worse. I had the best of them, and even I thought she scared me too much. Anyway, for years my heart raced if a man so much as looked at me!"

After Alice packed. She had cut it from a magazine. Marilyn was her All. It was Marilyn and "Look For The Silver Lining" and all the other happy songs she sang and danced to that convinced Alice she didn't want to be a schoolteacher. Nevertheless, that particular day, determined and eager as she was, she couldn't hold back her tears.

She was to sleep in hot dusty conditions. That was the terrible part. She was to sleep on uncomfortable mattresses in unforgivable hotels. She was to cry herself to sleep with homesickness. And finally she was to come to Hollywood and stand on the ranch house she has furnished with all the luxury of the Petit Trianon.

Her bedroom is blue with accents of pink. The windows that look towards the mountains are draped in blue satin. A white carpet reflects the glow of the fire that burns in the big fireplace if the weather is cold. Then, in the old hotel end, "I love to go to bed, read for an hour or two and fall asleep with a fire burning," Alice says. "The heroine of a book I read once did that and it's even more wonderful than I dreamed."

Adjoining Alice's bedroom is a dressing room where luxury again is the motif.
It has mirrored walls and indirect neon lighting. Gigantic bottles of her favorite scents dominate the crystal dressing table. Behind the mirrored walls are closets where the clothes she loves so well hang on perfumed hangers.

"Clothes," says Alice, "are the greatest thing I've gotten out of being a star. I always loved beautiful clothes and never thought I'd have them. The day I bought my mink coat is as important in my book as the Fourth of July. It was during August, and we were having a hot spell, but I wore my coat to the studio nevertheless.

"I need clothes. I'm not beautiful. I have good skin and eyes, I think. But that's all. And that's not enough to compensate for an Irish pug nose in a town that's packed, jammed with beautiful girls."

When Alice shops the salespeople must think she's a twin. When she gets slacks, shorts, sweaters, or pajamas for herself she invariably buys duplicates for Eleanor Hansen Faye, Bill's wife, or Helene Smith, her stand-in—her closest friends.

Helene says, "You can't stop Alice giving you things. That watch Zella wears on her uniform was a present from Alice for a service anyone else would have taken for granted. The last time I went to New York with her she bought me a pair of silver foxes—just like hers—so I wouldn't feel out of things. She's always sending flowers to people. Once she sent Don Ameche with whom she's playing now in 'That Night in Rio'—and with whom she wagers a perpetual gig war—a pair of boxing gloves filled with forget-me-nots."

In the garage at the ranch there's a limousine in which Alice rides and a station wagon that's used for marketing and general errands. The limousine was given to Alice by Universal several years ago when she made a picture for them, as a mark of appreciation.

"Let it be everything a chorus girl dreams about," she said when she was asked what kind of car would please her most. "A limousine by all means! With a radio and silver mountings! And all the other de luxe trimmings!"

Alice always says she's going to drive herself, but she still rides behind Chester, who is the brother of Zella, who's the ruler of the roost.

She's a mixture of clean, hard-boiled sophistication and sentimental, besotted naiveté. Talking of the ranch she says: "I can't believe the house and everything in it and all those fruit-bearing acres and the swimming pool [Jane Withers swims there every day. Those two would be pals!] and the view of the mountains and the Valley can be mine. And I can bear myself complacently about something—in spite of this—I get scared. And I shut up! We're likely to be punished for ingratitude like that. And we should be?"

Beyond the swimming pool, where you stand to get the best view of the Lombard-Gable ranch half a mile away, the lawn now grows fresh and green. This is where the peacock run used to be. "Birds of ill omen," Alice called them. But there's a question about that. For if, in keeping with superstition, the peacocks are to be blamed for the burning of Alice's house, then, indirectly, they must be given some credit for the happy change in her personality too. And this, as those who have seen the new Alice in her new home agree, is a matter of great good fortune.

"It takes a lot of living to grow up," says Alice.

May, 1941

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83
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Should a Girl Ever Propose?
(Continued from page 63)

his ideas and his ideals, and then I tried to conform to them. I didn't try to change him—why should I? I fell in love with him just as he was and I didn't want him any other way.

But if he hadn't proposed, I would never have asked him to marry me. I would have kept right on sitting and waiting as long as I loved him, I was happier waiting than I would have been marrying someone else.

"Every woman, I believe, wants to marry the man she loves, but I don't believe that every man wants to marry the woman he loves and proposing will only scare him away for good. Marriage, to a man, means responsibility. To a woman it should mean servitude. If a man isn't ready for responsibility, he isn't likely to propose, but that doesn't mean that the woman has no part in his life. He still comes to her for comfort, understanding and moral support. Should she ask for more than that? No, if she loves him she should sit and wait until he does the asking."

GEORGE BRENT, like Ida Lupino, is a "brushed one", else she be a bit on the old-fashioned side in his views on courtship and marriage. However, he doesn't consider women the inferior sex. There is no such thing as an inferior or superior sex. Women have proved that they can meet life as bravely and as capably as men. Men know that, but they still like to feel that women are tender little creatures who must be guided and protected. Any clever woman— and I never met one who wasn't clever—can lead a man around by the hand and he'll love it, but if she starts leading him around by the nose, he won't like it.

"When you come right down to it there isn't any logical reason why a girl should not propose. But there is a psychological one. If a girl should propose, in the eyes of the man she would immediately be stumped as aggressive and men do not like aggressive women. Even if he was in love with her and wanted to marry her, he'd begin to wonder just how much he was doing after they were married.

"Of course, when you come right down to facts, most girls do propose, but they do it in such a clever, subtle way that the man is entirely unconscious of it. He thinks he did it—that is, if he thinks at all. I do not believe that most men think when they are in love—they merely feel.

"If you study men, you realize that they adjust their lives so that they run along in a pretty smooth pattern. The clever girl won't upset that pattern; she will become a part of it—such a definite part that the man can't get along without her. Or she has woven herself into that pattern, the man is pretty apt to propose.

"But just as men are also creatures of habit, they are also creatures of impulse. They see something and their senses tell them they must have it—right then.

"That, I think, explains why so many proposals occur and why they do not always work out well. The man is not in love. He is infatuated. If the girl fits in with his routine life and does not cause him any worry or inconvenience, he considers the marriage a success and is very happy. But if she doesn't fall into his pattern of life, they are both apt to end up with a broken contract.

"Girls who accept sudden proposals should remember this. There's no use lecturing the men on the subject—they'll never change.

ANN SOTHERN is the ideal American girl. She was born in North Dakota, recites Latin and does Latin.

"Girls definitely should not do the proposing," she says, "because proposing is asking and men are just obstinate enough to take a perverse attitude. Men always like to show women. Tell a man you can't drive a car and he'll say, 'Oh, of course, you can' and then sit there with the patience of a saint while you risk your neck and his.

"It's the same with marriage. Tell him that you'd make a perfectly impossible wife and he'll try to prove you're wrong even if he has to tie himself up for life to do it. If you tell him that you don't want to get married, that you love your freedom and your work, he'll try to prove that you're just a sweet little homebody, kidding yourself into thinking you're sophisticated and blase.

"It has been often said that a clever woman can marry any man she likes. I firmly believe that, but I think she has a much better chance of reaching her goal if she starts off in the opposite direction. No use ever letting a man know what you want because even if he loved you enough to want you to have what you
Women know what a man needs and when he needs it and that's more than a man knows.

"When I went home and told my mother I was going to get married, she wasn't a bit surprised. She just asked, 'When?' and I told her, as most people in pictures would be forced to do, 'as soon as convenient.' As an afterthought, I said, 'It's Betty.' She said, 'Oh, I knew that.' I didn't see how she could know because I'd only known it a few hours myself. I hadn't been seeing Betty regularly for a long time—not for several years. I'd been dating girls at the studio—Virginia Bruce, Gertrude Michael. Then how could she know it was Betty? I asked her. She smiled and said, 'Why I've known it for years, I've always known that when you did finally settle to one girl it would be Betty.'

"I went up to my own room to try to figure that one out. I'd first met Betty when we were in high school. I did not like her. She represented everything in girls I did not like—red hair, freckles, giggles. She skipped along the street when she should have walked sedately. She whispered and wrote notes and drew pictures when she should have been studying. I was very serious in those days. I was going to school to learn and I thought that anyone who went there to play should be expelled.

"Betty picked on me because I was taking life too seriously and I picked on her because she was taking it too lightly—and who said opposites don't attract? I wanted to change her and she wanted to change me. We wound up by being the best of friends and depending upon each other for advice, for sympathy, for moral support. After high school, I went to the Pasadena Community Players and Betty went to U. C. L. A. I was studying acting and she was studying voice. We complimented each other with telegrams when we made personal appearances but outside of that we didn't seem to belong to the same world. When something was bothering me, however, I still called on Betty and she returned the grace when something was bothering her, so I wasn't a bit surprised when she called me one day and asked to see me.

"It was a man— he wanted to marry her—right away. Betty wasn't sure she wanted to marry now and what did I think? For the first time in my life I couldn't tell Betty what I thought. I had to sit there and pretend to be handing out good logical advice, but all the time I was thinking: Betty is my best friend and I'm about to lose her just because I've been too selfish to realize that she is also a beautiful, desirable young girl. I can't lose Betty—I need Betty . . . I want Betty.

"Well, maybe the guy didn't get an even break in the discussion, but I got Betty. I got her when I had no intention of getting her—when I didn't even know that I wanted her. So how did my mother know? Did she and Betty cook up the deal between them? Mother firmly denied it and to this day Betty just laughs when I ask her about it.

"Now I don't say they did and I don't say they didn't, but they both knew what I needed when I needed it and saw to it that I got it. I always like to think it was my own idea but—was it? And what difference does it make just so long as it was a good idea? Probably most married men can look back to the time they proposed and realize that they didn't have so much to do with it all. They merely played straight in a well-plotted drama—but it's all right because no matter who takes the bows, the play's the thing!"
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The Sea Wolf
(Continued from page 49)
was not the van Weyden she had met on the ferry. This was a man who had grown years older in the space of a week, who was dirty and tired, dressed in rough pants and shirt, a filthy apron.

Then the doctor had led her on and was introducing her to Captain Wolf Larsen, master of the Ghost.

He seemed at first overpoweringly large, but then she saw that this was only because of his terrific strength. He was stocky, muscular; a square head was set upon hunched shoulders. Little pig eyes twinkled at her with sardonic humor, as if at some private joke. Yet he spoke with grave courtesy.

"I am glad to see you feeling so much better, Miss Webster."

"Then he doesn't know!" she thought exultantly. "He doesn't know I'm a convict or he wouldn't be so friendly!" She tried to adopt a grand manner to match his. "Thank you for everything. I must have caused you a great deal of inconvenience."

"On the contrary, ma'am," he said, bowing, "I did no more than my Christian duty."

THE doctor touched her arm. "And this is George Leach—the sailor who gave his blood to save your life."

She turned—and caught her breath sharply. The man was younger and shorter than any other member of the crew, and he was not like the others. His face was a mask of bruises, but he did not cringe, he stood straight and unafraid. His eyes, deep and direct, did not hint of uncivil thoughts. His mouth was neither slack nor cruel.

"I'm very grateful," she said. But there was scorn in his young face, almost hatred. She did not wish to hate her; she wished him to know she understood he did not belong here; she wanted his help and friendship. She added, stupidly, the first thing she could think of: "When I land I'll see that you're well rewarded."

"Say 'Thank you' to the lady," Larsen ordered, with something very like a snarl.

George Leach's lips barely moved.

Thank you—lady.

"The people you left behind in Frisco," Captain Larsen said, "your—family. They've probably given you up for dead. They'll be glad to see you when we get back."

"You're going back there without touching any other port?"

"Yes, Miss Webster. We make our catch and go home."

Home! To the hands of the waiting police! Weakly she clutched the doctor's arm, murmured something about feeling dizzy and he began to lead her back toward her cabin.

"See that Miss Webster is quite comfortable, doctor," she heard Larsen call after them, just as they reached the doorway where van Weyden stood. "I want her to feel at home... So put some bars on her window."

It seemed to her, a second later, that the ship was dissolving in laughter. They'd known, then—all of them, all the time!

Furiously, she turned on van Weyden, not giving herself time to notice that he alone was not laughing. "You told them, you didn't?" she screamed. "Couldn't keep your mouth shut, could you?" Her hand met his face in a stinging slap.

Sadly, he said, "You talked about your past when you were delicious. I heard you. So did Captain Larsen."

It was true, of course. She knew that...
now. But she could not waste time in apologies. She turned to Larsen. "Skipper, won't you have a heart? There must be boats passing on the way to China. Put me in one of them, won't you?"

"Louie," he told the doctor roughly, "take her below."

"No," she screamed. "Give me a break now, Skipper? You'll be sorry. Please! Please! She fell to her knees, groveling before him.

George Leach stepped out of the circle of rain. Standing in the drizzle, he said angrily, "Don't beg! You hear me! Don't beg!"

"Beg?" she said. "I'll crawl on my knees over the deck to show you that. I'd do anything—anything—not to have to go back! You don't know what it's like to be in jail!"

"I asked," he said, his face withdrawn and tight-lipped. "I know." Fury seemed to rise in him again; he took a step toward Larsen. It isn't enough you know her story—she's gotta kick it out too," he muttered, then bent down to help Ruth to her feet.

Leave me alone," she sobbed, and struggled up by herself. Larsen shrugged and began to walk away. Ruth tottered a few steps, stumbled and lay on the deck, crying weakly. For a moment George Leach stood beside her, pitying her; then, in a gust of rage, he reached for a marlin spike and flung it with all his might at Larsen's back.

Someone shouted, "Watch out!" and Larsen ducked just before the spike buried its point in the mast behind him. He walked slowly back to Leach. "Accommodate both of us," he said, "I could hang you for that. But I won't. You're going to save me the trouble. By the time this voyage is over—you'll hang yourself.

With terrible deliberation he gathered the stuff of Leach's coat in one hand. The other, clenched into a fist, smashed into Leach's face. When Leach fell, he dragged him upright for more blows.

It was inhuman. Shuddering, Ruth covered her eyes. She hardly knew when the doctor helped her back to her cabin. For a long time she lay on her bunk, crying until she fell into a sodden doze.

Toward dusk van Weyden came to her with a look of excitement. "I'm sorry for what I said," she told him. "I should of known you wouldn't tell."

"It doesn't matter," he said heavily. "He must have a reason—"

"I can't," she moaned. "Kneeling on the bunk, she gazed up at him. "Mr. van Weyden—who is he? Does he like to make people saying they aren't what I said," she told him. "I should of known you wouldn't tell."

Van Weyden's voice was weary. "Larsen? He's mad. He isn't just cruel—he has a brilliant brain, crippled by hatred. He hates his own brother, who's captain of another sealer, the Macedonia. And he's an egomaniac. It amuses him to show his power—by keeping you and everyone else in his debt.

"Don't talk to me!" she cried breathlessly. "I'm a jinx. If you hadn't tried to help me that afternoon you wouldn't have been beaten up."

He only smiled—rare, sweet smile of sympathy for a childish outburst. It lighted up his battered face, made it suddenly youthful and robbed it of its grimness.

"I'll be back," he whispered, and was gone.

The attempt to kill Wolf Larsen that night failed. In a dark corner of the deck he was ambushed, struck over the head and thrown overboard. But his vitality was so great that he did not lose consciousness; he seized a length of rope that trailed overside and painfully, slowly, pulled himself up it, hand over hand. And in the morning he was on deck, a

he's busy. If I see him I'll tell him."

But it was not the doctor who knocked on her door an hour later and slipped quickly inside when she opened it. It was Wolf Larsen. His face was even more swollen and bruised than it had been before. Hurriedly he whispered, "Don't be scared. I—I had to see you. I—"

He stopped, at a loss for words, and stood with his back against the door, leaning forward a little as if he wished to cross the space between them, but could not.

"I had to see you," he repeated.

In the dim light from the oil lamp he saw the frown gone darkly in his bare forearms and the muscles ripple as he clenched his fists. She knew he was laboring under some excitement he could not express. And because she had the feeling that they were both trapped, because she remembered his grim admission on deck that he too knew what it was to be in prison, she went to him, and touched with her fingers the marks on his face. "I'm so sorry," she said.

He jerked away. "It doesn't matter," he said gruffly. "He'll never get a chance to do it again." Hatred settled like a cloud on his mouth, in his eyes.

"What are you going to do?" she whispered.

He looked down at her—a long, measuring scrutiny. "It's all set for tonight," he said at last. "I've got a few of the men with me. Johnson, the first mate particularly. We're going to get rid of Larsen and take over the ship. The men will follow us, once Larsen's gone. They all hate him, but they're afraid of him."

"But suppose something happens? Suppose you can't—Suppose he catches you?" a vision rose before her of another such beating as she had seen that morning; she felt the blows on her own body, and cringed. You'll be hurt—he'll kill you."

"He'll kill me anyhow. I wouldn't knuckle under to him, so he hates me. He'll kill me, just like he killed the doctor."

"The doctor?"

"Yes. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to tell you. It was this afternoon. One of Larsen's jokes. He loved to tease the doctor—intricate him in front of the crew because he was old and drank too much. This afternoon he drove him too far... he committed suicide by jumping to the deck from the top of the mainmast."

"Oh... oh!" the knowledge brought even closer the shadows of terror that whirled about her. That little poor, fat, pompous, harmless man was dead. A superstitious fear struck her. He was dead because he had helped her, had been kind to her. She brought harm to everyone she touched—van Weyden, the doctor, and now—"

"Don't talk to me!" she cried breathlessly. "I'm a jinx. If you hadn't tried to help me this afternoon you wouldn't have been beaten up."

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SOMETHING cracked in Ruth's brain. "I'm not going! You go on without me. I'm a jinx, I tell you! You'll never make it with me on board!"

Sobbing, she tugged against their restraining hands. Abruptly, George set his lips. His clenched fist came up and struck her jaw. As she slumped, he gathered up her slight body and swung it into the boat. "Ready," he said tersely. The boat went overside with them in it, its cables creaking slightly, yet the dark figure on the bridge did not move. But at dawn, when their small sail had carried them about six miles, they saw a note tied to one of the water kets. "Pleasant journey!" it read. And it was signed, "Wolf Larson.

The kags were filled with sea water. The mainland, Johnson told them, was fifteen hundred miles away. The only water they had was two gallons in a small kag they had brought aboard themselves. Two gallons, for four people.

To Ruth's numbed brain, it was proof of what she had known. If she had not come aboard, if she had stayed on the Ghost, this could not have happened. Beyond reason she knew that.

They passed the water around in small portions and sipped it as if it were rare wine.

All day Ruth waited for darkness, knowing what she must do when it came. For without her, they could make land.

The wind freshened as the stars came out and waves swelled and nodded. They had a life of their own, those waves—an eager, demanding life. Once they had you in their hungry embrace, they would not let you go.

She feigned sleep. curled up against one of the thwarts. George and van Weyden were at the other end of the boat, where Johnson stood his watch at the tiller. After a time they too seemed to relax, and the still reflection. She pulled herself upright. A few feet away a wave broke, sending a shower of spray into her face. It should have been easy to slip over—she had only to relax her grip on the side of the boat. A convulsive spasm shook her... her hands left their hold as the tiny craft rose on the crest of a wave. When it fell again, the lurch would send her over.

Rough arms seized her, flung her bod...
ily to the floor. George was standing there, his face pale with anger and fright. "I ought to tie you to the mast with a rope," he said in a choked voice.

Ruth lay on the deck. She was dead, she thought. He might hold her back from the waves, but he could not bring her back to life. She must be dead—her eyes were closed.

"Will you promise you won't try anything like that again?" George demanded.

"No!" Ruth!" she cried in agony. Behind him she could see van Weyden, his face sad.

"Listen," she said. "You three can make it—"

"Either we all make it—or none of us do!"

"But the rest of you've got something to look forward to," she argued hopefully. "Not me. Suppose we do get to land. All right, Singapore, or Hong Kong. We'd have to go back to jail. But how do you think I'll get along?" Her voice rose to a shrill, heartbroken cry. "How do you think I'll live?"

George dropped to his knees beside her. He did not touch her, but his face was so close that she could feel his warm breath on it. "That's not the way it'll be. When we get to land ... I'll make a living for you. You'll stay with me. We'll be married."

"Married?" van Weyden's fixed eyes looked disbelievingly into his, then turned to van Weyden. "Make him stop talking like that," she pleaded. "He's only saying it to make me feel better. But don't let him lie to me."

"I don't think," van Weyden said slowly, "he's lying, Ruth."

"You must be crazy," she said to George.

"Yeah—that's right," he answered. "I'm crazy—with loving you."

A terrible need to believe him was in her heart. But she must be sure. "Don't you know what I've been?" she insisted. "The kind of life I've had?"

Now his hands were upon her shoulders, pulling her toward him. "Do you know what I've been?" he asked. "What I've done? But we'll start all over again, I'm telling you, just you and me . . . a new life."

Believing him at last, she surrendered to his embrace, lifting her face to his kiss. Van Weyden turned away.

FROM his place at the tiller, Johnson listened. He knew this was better than the others, how right Ruth had been in believing that three might reach land while four could not; and more than ever, when he was the only one awake, he gave them the gift of his life. He lashed the tiller in place and slipped quietly overboard.

For a while his sacrifice seemed in vain, for a deathly, fogy calm settled down over the sea and their little boat drifted idly on an oily swell. Van Weyden, his eyes closed at the ears, but each knew there was no hope of traveling fifteen hundred miles in this way. Three days later they had only a bare part of water left.

But suddenly, almost upon them, the prow of a ship cut through the mist. They felt a momentary relief so sharp it was almost pain; before they saw the vessel's name—Ghost.

For the first time, it actually lived up to that name. It lay in the water, listing heavily, its mainmast gone, its sail flapping like empty shrouds, its lines trailing overside in the water. Not a living soul could be seen on the deck.

Leaving van Weyden and Ruth in the longboat, George clambered up the side to secure food and water. They heard his steps, firm on the planking, followed by silence.

For what seemed like hours they waited and then they followed him, tip-toeing over the deck. Ruth called, but her voice echoed back upon her ears. They peered into the dark galley, only to find it empty. Then they heard a muttering, knocking on the heavy steel doors, soundly padlocked, of the storeroom. George's voice came as if from far away.

"Larsen hooked up behind me and pushed me in here! Get off the ship before he gets you too!" he called. "He's not only blind—he's crazy!"

Ruth flung herself upon the door, beating on it with her fists until it rang. Behind it was the only brief vision of happiness that life had ever given to her.

"We'll get you out," van Weyden called.

"You can't. Larsen's got the key and if you go near him it'll tear you in pieces. Those hands of his ... George's voice was urgent. "Go on—get off the ship! Get off, van Weyden, and take her with you!"

"Not without you," Ruth said, and now she was suddenly calm. "The only part of my life that's ever meant anything to me is since I've known you."

"Ruth—maybe—" van Weyden said gently, trying to pull her away. But she shook him off.

"No. Either there's no maybe about it, without him. There's no life for me, unless he's with me." She slid to the floor, crouched there against the doors.

VAN WEYDEN licked his stiff lips. "Stay here," he said. "I'll get the key."

He found Larsen in his cabin, alone, sitting in the chair by his desk, staring straight in front of him, smiling, a pistol in his hand.

"Ah, van Weyden," he said. "You see, I know who you are. That should prove to you that I am not quite blind. I can still see you, dimly—as a shadow. Well enough to point a bullet through your head if you come any closer."

"I want the key to the storeroom," van Weyden said flatly and Larsen chuckled.

"Don't delude yourself. I am in your power," he suggested. "And as a matter of fact, you are in mine. I might keep you here, you know, until the ship sinks."

"How did this happen?" van Weyden asked, hoping to lead Larsen's mad brain into other channels.

"My dear brother, Mr. van Weyden. We met at last—he in his beautiful steamship, I in my old sailing vessel. We fought out the hatred we had for each other for many years. And then. . . ."

"Everyone has left the ship except you?"

"Yes. . . . This is the finish. Isink with my ship, Mr. van Weyden—in sight of land!"

"What!"

Shaking with silent laughter, Larsen said, "Yes, land. We're lying within two miles of an island. How tragic for you and your friends that you didn't know it before you came aboard! But you can go, van Weyden—and the girl."

"How about Leach?"

"Larsen's mouth twisted and set in a stubborn line. "He goes down with me. I'm not afraid."

"And this is your revenge?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe that's the real reason," van Weyden said slowly. "The truth is—you're afraid."

Larsen stiffened in his chair. "Afraid?" he said harshly. "That's a lie!"

"Afraid. You've only got to admit to yourself that there's nothing
heroic about your death—that it's small and petty and cheap and that the only motivation behind it is fear. You're afraid to go on living because now you're blind and helpless, you can't bully other people any more."

Larsen rose, screeching. "I don't want to hear any more of this."

"You're afraid to face your own pitiful, dismal finish—afraid not to—"

"I told you I didn't want to hear any more," Larsen shouted and fired, three times. The bullets thudded into van Weyden's body. He swayed and fell to the floor. But as he looked up he saw Larsen pass his hand over his eyes, then grope for the door and he knew that this time the captain was totally blind.

"So now you can't even see shadows," he said mockingly. "You missed me, Captain Larsen."

"No! No! I couldn't—"

"But you did." Van Weyden clenched his jaw, forcing life to stay in his body. "I could escape now, Larsen. But I'll make a bargain with you. I'll stay here—go down with you—if you'll give me the key to the storeroom."

Larsen hesitated, a pathetic look of incredulity on his face. Behind van Weyden, in the doorway, stood Ruth, summoned by the shots. Van Weyden's upraised hand cautioned her to be quiet.

"You're trying to trick me," Larsen mumbled. "I know—there's a catch. Nobody does anything like that for anything, unless they get something out of it. What're you getting out of it? That's what I want to know."

His voice rose querulously. "It's a trick!"

"It's—no trick," van Weyden said. "It's a bargain. Hold out the key in your hand, Larsen. Leave me to touch it, to prove to you I won't try to get away. Ruth is here—she can take it."

Suspicious, bewildered, Larsen at last obeyed. Stepping lightly across the threshold, Ruth lifted the key from his fingers.

"Go let George out," van Weyden instructed her.

"But you—" she whispered.

"I'm staying here," he said strongly. "With Larsen. I want to. Good-by."

For a moment, the cigar had gone. There was silence in the cabin. Then Larsen spoke. "Van Weyden? . . . Van Weyden? . . . Where are you? . . . Van Weyden?"

His feet shuffling, he started across the cabin, and stopped when he touched the quiet body of van Weyden, stretched out on the couch. In the moonlight the dim outlines of an island came into view—an island where they could begin a new life together.

Gene, at last. 'Gracious! When we invite people here, we don't do it just to give ourselves a good time! That's as bad as the horrid little girl everyone knew in his childhood who wouldn't let you play in her yard unless you played her games. A party is for the guests' pleasure. Let's do it their way. So we equipped a playroom with fiction, with pinball machines, little stoves and grills where people could cook their own Wieners and fry their own steaks and pour their own coffee. I bought tag, and bowls to bring history to the table, and paper and pottery casseroles for spaghetti.

There are card tables for the bridge fiends and canvas chairs for the people who just want to talk. If I'm having a really big party, which I don't very often, I try to plan one game which won't take long but in which everyone can participate if he wants to. Something silly like charades or drawing numbers for prizes—anything to get them to mingle and circulate and get acquainted with one another. But that's only for big parties. The small ones take care of themselves."

The important thing about Jeanette's "philosophy of parties" is her discovery that it is wise to arrange that your guests want—and then give it to them. Sometimes Jeanette has that beautiful table set in that beautiful dining room—and she and Gene have a formal dinner there together: a while they share this rite with another privileged couple. But they don't give their guests there any more.

MARY ASTOR claims to have discovered something about men and parties that astounded her. "When we dress up, they'll tell you they hate costume parties," she says. "They complain for days if they know they have to go to one. But actually there is nothing that assures a party of success more than asking people to come in costume. Preferably funny costumes. Don't worry about the girls. They'll find ways to make themselves look cute or pretty, no matter what the idea of the party is. Men like the funny ones—and costumes that aren't any trouble. Be careful about that. No man wants to spend half a day at the nearest Chinese restaurant and the dim outlines of an island came into view—an island where they could begin a new life together.

(Continued from page 69)
by the time they had finished that effort, every one was so weak with laughter that it didn't matter whether anyone knew anyone else or not. They all loved each other! Oh, it was a grand success. If I ever have to get a difficult group together again, I'm going to insist that they wear funny clothes.

"I've an idea for my next one, too. I'm going to ask everyone to come as 'something he is glad he is not.' That will require a bit of ingenuity, you see. It needn't be any trouble for anyone. Someone can wrap a bandage around his head and proclaim that he's glad he isn't a man with a fractured skull. And someone else can wear an apron and carry a dish mop and be glad that he isn't a dish-washer. You see? It won't be any trouble for anyone. It will be funny . . . and then the ice will be broken. You see, no one can stand on dignity or be difficult if he's wearing funny clothes. Especially men. The costumes give them ideas and you find your shiest guest contributing notions for games."

But perhaps you like the formal pattern for parties, now and then. Flowers and candlelight and bare shoulders and men in dinner jackets. Well, men like it, too, if the hostess can handle it easily and graciously, without obvious and undue anxiety. Here's what one young Hollywood man-about-town told us about parties at the Rathbones. 'Basil and Ouida have the knack of giving small, perfect dinners without appearing to be conscious of it, somehow. You have a feeling that everything has been planned and attended to hours before you are shown into the drawing room for cocktails. So all you—or your hosts—have to do is sit down peacefully and enjoy the pretty girls in their nice frocks and feel rather pleasant yourself in your dinner clothes.'

It all seems to boil down to finding out what your guests want to do and then making it easy for them to do it. Ida Lupino has strong ideas on the subject.

"Don't make guests work too hard," she admonishes. "Some people like games and some don't and if the ones who don't are forced through politeness to toil and mail and feel silly over guessing games or charades or a treasure hunt, then the evening turns into a dreck sort of cheer—hours of difficult and depressing labor. Personally I detest most games and I was never more indignant than I was the time a hostess forced me to prowl all over Brentwood Heights because a part of my 'job' was to bring back one of Cesar Romero's autographed shoes! But there was a man—one of our really glamorous leading men—at that party who suffered even more than I did. He'd had a strenuous day on the set and his idea of a heavenly evening had been to sit down and talk his head off over a highball or two. Instead of which he had to make a long tour on a senseless errand. It's enough,' he wailed, 'to make a man hate all women forever!'

"Parties at our house," she went on, "are usually rather large, open-house, come-and-go-when-you-please affairs. I try not to let people know I am 'doing' anything at all about them. I tell them to look around, find what they want and do as they please.

"I have a card table or two in an alcove for the people who can't live without bridge and easy chairs in the bar for the talkers-and-drinkers. There is food on the table in the dining room, replenished now and then, so they can eat when they want to."

"But so many of the men who come to our house like to raid the kitchen and

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May 1941
the ice box that I take it for granted and have plates and silver in the kitchen for them. I always have platters of cold meat and dishes of pickles and things in plain view in the ice box. As a matter of fact, that idea wasn't completely original with me, although I've gracefully accepted compliments on it for a long time.

"I once knew a girl who worked in an office all week. When she got up on Sunday she used to put nicely seasoned baked beans or spaghetti into a double boiler on the stove in her little apartment. In the ice box she had a platter of cold meats and cheese, dishes of jelly and pickled peaches. Rye bread in the bread box. She had more callers—men callers—than any girl I ever knew. She used to say it was 'cupboard love' they had for her. But it wasn't. She was gay and cheerful and they liked to be with her. Everyone felt at home and felt welcome. She also said it was 'laziness entertaining,' Everyone always washed his own plate and silver. When the last guest was gone she had nothing to do except brush up the crumbs . . . and perhaps put the bean pot to soak.

"She married one of her numerous suitors eventually, of course. A wealthy one. But they still have their Sunday help—yourself parties!"

**VARIETY** comes into all this, too. Consider says Mrs. Pat O'Brien who has really had experience with masculine parties! She says that when they first installed their barbecue pit Pat and his cronies (Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Chester Morris and goodness knows who—all) thought they simply weren't spending a Sunday evening unless they scorched their faces over steaks and sprained their ingenuity over salad dressings.

"But came a time," says Mrs. O'B., "when I discovered that the boys thought it was awfully nice, 'just for a change,' to sit them down quietly on the terrace or in the living-room and have plates of food and cups of coffee brought to them without their having to do anything about it. I discovered that they had great fun fixing their own food—running the party—until the novelty wore off. Then they liked a vacation and liked to take their ease. Enthusiasm would rise again and they would want to cook. Participation, you'll find, is fun as long as it's novel. I'd advise any hostess not to overdo it. No man really likes to work at domestic things after it begins to seem like work!"

A useful little tip, that one.

Well, these are some theories from some eminently successful hostesses. Hostesses who could, if they liked, spend a great deal of money on their entertaining—but who don't. Hostesses who admit frankly that they cater to men when they plan a party. Ask the men who go to these parties what they like and why they like it and they'll find it difficult to tell you. They only know whether or not they have a good time. Here, however, are some remarks by some of them.

Bob Taylor: "I don't like games. I like to listen to people talk, if the talk is easy and friendly and intelligent. I like the kind of food that comes in slabs. I mean, I can't stand the fluffy stuff some women serve, covered with whipped cream and disguised to look like something it isn't."

Clark Gable can't stand parties where people "talk shop." Aside from that he doesn't much care what they do, so long as he doesn't have to dress up for it. Melvyn Douglas wants to talk—and talk—and talk.

You see, when you get down to it, the men aren't very much help in solving this problem about what kind of party they like! Clever hostesses, by watching and learning, find out. And those can the hostesses whose parties are rated "tops." It isn't merely that "she has a knack for parties." She studies her guests and plans accordingly. And you see it doesn't seem to matter whether she has a lot of money to spend on her entertaining or not—if she uses her head. The clever woman acts as herself, as did Ann Rutherford . . .

"But—do the men like it?"
straightened out her light coat. 

"I'm okay," she said. 

Throwing her bag into the compartment behind them, he came around into the driver's seat. 

For some moments he drove in silence, keeping the speed down, as if that would make it easier for her. He glanced at her out of the corners of his eyes, saw that she was trying to pull herself together, and then focused his eyes on the road. 

It seemed an eternity later when she spoke. There was a slow deliberate quality in her voice which chilled him. 

"Would you mind dropping me at Fresno?" he said. 

He didn't answer, but she could tell by his knitted brow that he was shaping thoughts and trying to find words to convey them. 

Abruptly he pulled the car to the side of the road, leaned forward and turned off the motor. 

He twisted himself around in his seat toward her, pulled his leg up under him in a boyish, almost awkward gesture. 

"I can't talk very well when I drive," he said. "I want to tell you something that isn't very easy to say." 

Annabelle could so easily be cruel to him now. But in her there was no cruelty toward him. Nor was there any kindness; only a willingness to listen, a sense of surprise at his unexpected humility. 

She raised her eyes to him. He could not guess what she was thinking, but he saw there patience, at least. 

"I just want you to know," he said, "I had you figured out all wrong. I'm sorry." 

She knew that now she should say something, but the words would not come. Faith in people, she thought, offered at the wrong time or too late, is valueless. Why should she comfort him? So she waited for him to go on. 

"I know none of this means anything to you," he said, "and I don't blame you. But I want you to know that I can take it as well as give it. Believe me," he smiled a shade wistfully, "I'm taking it now."

"I don't see what it has to do with you," she said sincerely. 

"All right," he said, "let's skip it. The main thing is, what's going to happen now? You've got to let me help you, Annabelle."

"Thanks," she said, "but I don't need any."

"I know you don't. I've learned a lot of things about you today. I wish you'd let me help anyway."

"I'm all right," Annabelle said, and because the tears were starting in her eyes, she turned away from him. 

Only a few weeks ago she would have welcomed his complete humiliation. In her imagination she had visualized how he might scorn him if a change in his attitude were to come about. Now that it had happened, she felt less revengeful than womanly. She knew what it was costing him, and so there was no triumph in it at all. 

He began to talk rapidly, unfolding the plan that had shaped in his mind: "I have a lodge at Tehachapi, and we'll drive down there right now. It won't take more than a few hours, and it's the perfect place in the world for you to be till—till it happens. Tomorrow, I'll drive down to L.A. and bring back my aunt and her husband. They're really grand—you'll love them."

It was out of the question, Annabelle knew, the last thing in the world that she could agree to. And yet, as he went on, explaining all the reasons why she should do it and why it would help her keep up her health and strength, she knew in her heart that in the end she would agree. 

And in the end she did. 

A NNABELLE could hardly believe that they were only a hundred and fifty miles or so away from Los Angeles. This lodge of Mike Harrigan's hadn't the remotest connection with Hollywood and now she began to understand why he was so different from the usual run of Hollywood young men. The lodge explained in a measure his detachment. Except for the ageless Chinese man who tended the place, here was complete solitude any time the "promising young director" decided he needed it. 

They had been silent most of the drive beyond Bakersfield. But before that, stopping for tea at El Tejon, she had been relieved when Mike had talked without restraint about Hollywood, its curiosities and the problems anyone faced who wished to live and work there. He was half-humorous, half-serious about it all, and he seemed to forget for the moment the restraint that had grown between them since their first meeting at the Yuma airport and in forgetting he lost much of his grimmness. It was a new side of him and Annabelle watched him

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"Man-Poison" 
(Continued from page 65)
with wonder at the thought that this was the man who had taken shape in her mind the past weeks as something of an ogre.

Happy was the name that Mike Harrigan had given his Oriental caretaker, principally because his face was always grim, his manner always forbidding. Annabelle liked him the moment he opened the massive door for them, as they arrived at nightfall. His immediate resentment of a guest, particularly a favored guest, amused her. His manner, if she had not understood it, would have offended her, but she soon saw that here was devotion such as servants rarely show to their masters. As she watched the old Chinaman make them comfortable and begin the preparations of this unexpected dinner, she knew that he was one of those rare creatures who live exclusively to serve and find no happiness in anything else.

Because he had not expected them, he served the meal which he had planned for himself—a meal for which there were always ample supplies: beef, water chestnuts and bean sprouts. This strange kind of food was new to Annabelle, but after the difficult day she was ravenous and she thought she had never tasted anything more delicious.

"Hope you like," Happy said as he poured her tea out of a steaming pot.

"I like very much," she said, gratefully.

Happy grunted incredulously and filled his master’s cup.

"Tomorrow," Mike said, "stock up plenty. Happy. I’m driving down to L. A. to bring Mrs. Simpson and Mr. Simpson, if he can come. They’ll be here with Mrs. Hurley, for quite a while."

"Yes, sir," said Happy, as he banged the kitchen door behind him.

LONELY LODGE, as Mike jokingly called it, delighted Annabelle; the huge fireplace, the rustic furniture, the simple blue curtains on the small windows, the atmosphere of complete masculinity, despite the spotlessness with which Happy proudly endowed the place. The warm dinner calmed and steadied her and suddenly a feeling of ineffable peace crept over her. It would be good to stay here and rest, and recover from the torment that lately had been her lot.

Mike Harrigan sat quietly drawing on his pipe. He watched her from across the table, still silent, as if words might break the spell of this calm moment.

Then, into their silence, came a loud, strident interruption:

The roar of a car’s motor startled them into attention. Then it stopped, and the sound of laughter and chattering voices took its place.

"Who the devil is that?" Mike Harrigan said, almost to himself, as he rose from his chair. There was loud knocking on the door. For a moment he looked toward Annabelle, shaking his head with displeasure, then went to the great door and opened it a few inches.

"DARLING" Annabelle heard the feminine voice carol into the room. She recognized it at once. “What a frightful time to break in on you, Michael darling, but we’ve just been up to Sequoia, though heaven knows why, and Archibald insisted that we stop by and see you.”

Helga Bentley strode into the room, with her usual grace, followed by three young men and a young stock actress who was known to be the friend of one of them. Annabelle knew this crowd so well. She despised them quite thoroughly. She would never forget that they had been present at Helga’s the day that news was brought of George’s death and all of them, to a man, if any of those syncophants could be dignified by that name, had managed to avoid her after the first insinuate expressions of conventional pity. Of all the people who could be coming to Lonely Lodge at this moment, there was none who would be less welcome to Annabelle.

"Why, Annabelle," Helga Bentley shrieked, "I just can’t believe it! How absolutely wonderful to find you here. Michael, Michael, have you been trying to keep secrets from your Aunt Helga?"

Now you kid-a-cate Helga finds out everything eventually! Look, kiddies—it’s Annabelle Hurley!"

Michael’s face was livid. He knew that it would be futile to remonstrate. He explained the truth simply and without embarrassment. But he was not deal-
ing with rational people. Their glances were too transparent and Helga Bentley’s words were too heavy with implications to give Annabelle any hope that Mike could make them believe. “Now, now, Michael,” she said, “you don’t have to make explanations to this old bag I’ve been around.” That was the end of it.

When they had left, Mike and Anna-

belle faced each other grimly. “Nice peo-

ple,” he said. And in Annabelle’s mind one simple little phrase played a silly, hopeless tune: It was “Man-poison.” For indeed that was what she had again proved to be. By the time Helga Bentley finished with this “romance rumor” Mike’s name would be mud in Hollywood—particularly at the Clark Studios. How could they disprove the simple item that would inevitably appear in Helga Bentley’s column? It was hopeless. By the appearance of these brittle pseudo-sophisticates of Hollywood, an aura had been put on this innocent kindness of Mike Harrigan’s that spoiled it completely, turned it into a shocking boomerang and filled Annabelle with a feeling of hopelessness that she could not bear.

“You must be tired,” Mike said, as though he really believed a night’s rest would somehow wipe away all this. But he was looking away.

“Guess I am,” Annabelle lied and stretched out toward the fire, to prove her lie, to make sure that there would be no suspicion in Mike’s mind of what she knew she must do.

For there was only one thing to do. She could not argue with Mike Harrigan, for she knew he would never listen to reason. She must wait until he and Happy were asleep, and then she must creep out of this enchanting haven and find her way again on the path which she had only lately found courage to seek—the path where people dare to walk alone.

After Happy had gone up to his bed-

room, they sat in the low-ceilinged main room of the lodge watching the flames in the gigantic fireplace. Moon-
light shone through the great window, casting an unearthly light on the native stones on the hearth. Mike pulled at his pipe, looked over at her, squinting a little, then suddenly smiled with such sweetness and understanding that she was filled with a warm glow of unex-

pected happiness.

Then he started to talk, at first about inconsequential things—Hollywood and its curious people and places, his home town in Ohio with its contrasting sim-
Plicity and naïveté, his early days of trying to gain a foothold in life, and then, at last, his friendship for George and the ill-fated trip to Guatemala.

It was good for them to talk about it. And it gave him a chance to say, “I wish I had understood you better then.” And she could say, again, “It’s all right. It’s really all right.”

He leaned forward and for a moment touched her hand. “Look,” he said in-
tently, “I’m going to make it all up to you. I want these to be the happiest months of your life and neither Helga Bentley nor any of those people is going to stop me.”

“It’s a lovely place,” Annabelle said evasively. “I don’t see how anybody could help being happy here.”

His eyes did not leave hers for many moments. Then he said at last, “I’m glad . . . I’m so glad that’s the way you feel about it.”

Annabelle could not bear the inten-
sity of that look. She was deeply moved by the complete change in their relation-
ship. She felt that there was no need for words between them, and yet there was something she had to say to him, so that later, when she had left Lonely Lodge, he could remember that she had said it.

“Mike,” she began—it was the first time she had called him that, and Mike was keenly aware of it—“no matter what happens . . . I mean, even if things don’t work out just as you want them to . . . I do want you to know that I’m terribly grateful to you for—for everything.”

“Thanks for saying that, Annabelle,” he said simply. But again there was a look of intense feeling in his eyes that she could not face.

When she looked away, he rose and went to the great oak cupboards at the other end of the room.

“Can I give you something to drink?” he said, pouring himself a highball.

Annabelle refused. He returned to the divan and sat sipping his drink, again finding refuge in talking about super-

ficialities.

Soon he relaxed into comfortable drowsiness and Annabelle’s heart began to pound with the knowledge that soon she must find a way to leave Mike Harrigan and Lonely Lodge behind her.

She went to the room where Happy had taken her when they first arrived. She put her things back into her suitcase. When she came out of the room again she saw that Mike was asleep on the divan. Carefully, she pulled the Navajo blanket over him and returned to the bedroom. When she crept through the main room carrying her bag, he did not stir and for a long moment she stood there looking at him. It was a terrible temptation to wake him—to explain why she was stealing out into the night—and

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Naturally, Baby Ruth was selected as the first candy for the carefully nurtured Dionne Quintuplets! For Baby Ruth is pure, wholesome candy made of fine, natural foods.

You'll love its smooth opera cream center; its thick layer of tender, chewy caramel; its abundance of plump, fresh-toasted peanuts; its luscious, mellow coating.

There's deep, delicious candy satis-

fication in every bite of Baby Ruth. It's rich in flavor, freshness and good food value. Join the "Quints"—en-

joy a big bar of Baby Ruth today, CURTISS CANDY COMPANY CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

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

Allen Roy Dickey, M.D.

Baby Ruth, rich in Dextrose—as well as other nutritious ingredients—helps over-
come between-meal hunger and fatigue.  

An American Favorite
to assure him that he was in no way responsible for her decision to go. But then, of course, he would try to persuade her to stay.

The great mountain peak that loomed over the lodge frightened her—her in-\instinct told her to return to the warm friendliness of the fire inside—but she took a deep breath and stepped into the night.

As Annabelle started down the moun-
\tain road that led from the lodge, she was grateful for the bright light of the moon, but looked wildly over her shoulder at the dark scudding clouds that the night wind was blowing across the range. She realized the crossroad turns which Mike had navigated so adroitly on the way up, and she knew that without the moon she could not possibly find her way now. So she hurried, occasionally changing the bag from hand to hand so that it would not weary her too much.

H\er impression had been that the vil-
\lage at the foot of the mountain was not very far. Now, as she walked along, panic assailed her, for she realized that the speed of the car had deceived her and that the distance was far greater than she had imagined.

Her fear only mere a more, and for a time she considered starting back. No, she decided then, she must not com-
\promise with her conviction. If she re-
\turned to the lodge, Mike would surely make it difficult for her to leave and she was determined that Helga Bentley would have no basis in fact for any scurrilous stories.

She passed a tiny chalet but saw that it was deserted. Perhaps, she thought, when she neared the village she might find refuge in one of the little houses on the outskirts.

With such thoughts she encouraged herself, but in her heart there was a growing doubt, a sense of impending disaster she could not shake off.

The suitcase seemed to be growing heavier by the minute. At last she could not bear her weariness another moment and so, with a little sob, she put down the suitcase and sat down, trembling as if with a chill.

Terror overcame her. The edges of a cloud had covered the moon, but it still tried valiantly to shine through. To her it was hidden except for a dull glowl and now it was impossible for her to see beyond her hand. When she could no longer see the road and the surrounding landscape, she was more keenly aware than ever of what lay beyond. Dense underbrush—\heaven knew what wild animals lurked there; Mike had spoken blantly of coyotes and mountain cats. Now the thought of them made her blood run cold.

She tried to separate the mysterious sounds—was that animal scurrying through the trees or was it just a frightened\ bird, surprised by the un-\expected darkness? She stifled a scream for suddenly she heard a weird cry, a shrill, shrill sound that it was a hoot owl, but to her anguished ears the sound was almost human.

A terrific compulsion overwhelmed her. She mustely over the mountain and escape from this nightmare. Suppressing her im-
\pulse to turn back, she groped for her suitcase, found it and began creeping down the road, her eyes straining into the darkness. Oh, if only she had brought a flashlight, she thought, how much suf-
\ferring it would have spared her.

Suddenly she saw the road across the road behind her and her frenzied scream frightened the creature as much as it did her. Annabelle began to run.
saw, too, that this ledge on which she had landed was terrifyingly precarious and that small pieces of dirt and stone occasionally were sloughed off and dropped into the ravine below. She tried her voice and at first could scarcely talk above a whisper, but then the will to escape from this new nightmare gave her strength to shout. A bird flew across the sky; far in the distance she heard the whistle of a train; but around her there was nothing but the stirring of the morning wind in the overhanging trees and the occasional cry of a bird on the other side of the ravine.

When she had just about given up hope that anyone would find her, she heard a cry—a distant “Hulloa!”—and the will to live leaped again in her. Could this be a rescue party?

But minutes passed before the call came again, and she thanked God that now it sounded nearer.

Straining to the utmost, she managed to shout loud enough so that she could conceivably be heard. There was a long silence and then she heard an answering shout. She raised herself on her elbow, cupped her hand to her lips and shouted again.

Nearer and nearer came the answering cry and at last she could hear the movement of someone coming down the slope overhead. Then she recognized Mike’s voice, and she looked up and saw that he had emerged from the woods fifty feet or so above her. He peered down into the ravine and when he at last caught sight of her he gaped at the realization of how far she must have fallen.

“Annabelle!” he shouted. “Are you all right?”

She made a last effort to raise herself.

“Mike—Mike!”

He was starting down the steep, rocky decline, letting himself down with the agility of an Alpine climber. Then she remembered the pieces of dirt and stone that were falling from the precarious ledge upon which she lay. If it could scarcely hold her weight, what would happen when Mike reached her? She looked again at the distance beneath her to the gully below and realized that the fall would be the end of both of them.

“Mike! Stop! Go back!” she screamed. But Mike Harrigan continued the dangerous descent.

The conclusion of “Man-Poison” appears in next month’s Photoplay-Movie Mirror. Read the unexpected developments which bring this Hollywood novel to an exciting close.

Notice to Deanna Durbin Fans:

We’re beating the gun by giving you a full color portrait by the great Hollywood photographer, Paul Hesse, of the girl who will be the world’s most famous bride in 1941—

On the June Cover of Photoplay-Movie Mirror

S., Have you seen her engagement ring?

A skin like hers is a gift,” they say

-but is it?
she gives it special care!

The woman whose loveliness of skin is always noticed is often told that she is fortunate. And of course she is.

But credit is due her, too. For she knows that a naturally lovely skin can be kept lovely only by her own efforts.

It requires constant care to guard against such blemishes as enlarged pore openings, blackheads, oily shine, or rough, sealy skin due to dryness.

Thousands of girls and women have found the very help they need in daily care with Phillips’ Creams. These creams are unique because they contain the famous Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia.

Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia Textured Cream. Put this beneficial cream to work on your skin! It softens and neutralizes accumulations often acid in nature in the external pore openings of your skin. It also contains cholesterol which, by holding moisture in the skin, helps to keep it softer and more supple.

A smooth working foundation. Phillips’ Texture Cream is a marvelous base for make-up. It removes excess oiliness and softens roughness and dryness so that powder and rouge go on evenly and adhere for hours.

Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream. You’ll be delighted with the way this cream cleanses! It not only loosens and absorbs the surface dirt and make-up but cleanses accumulations from the outer pore openings and leaves the skin fresh and clean.

Give these different creams a chance to help! Try this special kind of care.

Phillips’
Milk of Magnesia
Crems
Texture Cream 30c and 60c • Cleansing Cream 50c, 60c and $1.00
How I Keep My Figure

(Continued from page 37)

so much food in the future. You won't be able to eat too much, even though you
satisfy your appetite at every meal.

Another sane habit into which my
mother guided me is not to sleep too
much. There is nothing, according to my
observation, that will cause anyone to
gain weight quite so readily as more sleep
than the average human being requires.
I was always encouraged to sleep eight
hours out of every twenty-four and I
don't feel exactly right if I don't get that
much. But I never sleep any more than
that, even though I should like to, some-
times. Instead, I get up and play a game
of badminton, golf or tennis.

YES, I like out-of-door games very
much and they, too, are quite certainly
good insurance against overweight. I
have never chosen my games, though,
with reducing in mind. I play golf,
eighteen holes once or twice a week
(when I am not working; I haven't time
for much golf when I am), because I like
tennis about twice a week, because I
like that, too. I am crazy about bowling
and usually bowl three nights a week.

And—no, I don't eat a "snack" right
after my "athletics". I wait until meal-
time. Thanks to Mother's training, regu-
lar eating is a habit too strong for me
to break now. Incidentally, when I am
not working, I often stay up later at
night and therefore get up later the next
morning. Which schedule works out so
that I have breakfast around the middle
of the morning and then usually don't
eat again until dinner time. I don't seem
to feel the need for so much food between
pictures.

Do you know what I should do if
I ever found myself in danger of
"losing my figure"—if the tendency to
gain weight should "rear its ugly head"
in my own sehome of things? Well,
first I should check up on my normal
measurements, with relation to my
weight, and if the latter were even a
pound over normal. I should lose that

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You could even do some "daily dozens" right there in your bathroom. I have al-
ways felt I should find routine "daily dozens" very uninteresting, but they are
good for one's health as well as one's fig-
ure, certainly. For instance, I don't sup-
pose there could be any better way of
keeping your waistline intact than bend-
ing over front and sideways and touching
your fingertips to the floor without bend-
ing your knees. But surely you know that
one and don't forget dancing! I am sure
you'll find that a lot more fun! After you
learn a few basic steps, just turn on the
radio or phonograph and go to it, re-
membering, always, to do it wholeheart-
edly. Because "keeping your figure," like
everything else, is scarcely worth doing
unless you give it the best you've got.

Cue as to how Betty Grable,
now dancing for a star-studded
living in Fox's "Miami," keeps
her award-winning figure is
the dress of her measurements
behind the figure are her
measurements as given below:

**HOLMES & EDWARDS**
STERLING INLAID
SILVER PLATE

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Round Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 47)

location; and as a result, Stirling, with an option just lifted, is in movies.

He's a sane, sensible young man who's done the things he loved to do and at twenty-five is ready for business.

His life has been hard and adventure-laden. He isn't easily fooled. Not even by Hollywood. Why, he even knows that one day it will eventually absorb him. Yes, he even knows that.

Oh, yes, he's a bachelor. The only time he got engaged was to the daughter of the U. S. consul at Papeete in the South Sea Islands. But, girls, it didn't take.

Gene Tierney:

G E N E T I E R N E Y is as much a part of Americana as the hot dog and the covered wagon. She's a member of that social group known as debbies—short for debutantes. With the freedom given to all classes in our glorious America, Gene had a perfect right to do something about it (the debbie thing) if she chose. And she chose. She became an actress.

It wasn't easy. It took stamina, will power, determination and a will to succeed that no amount of social comforts could down. Oddly enough, Gene is now tatter-ragged Ellie May of "Tobacco Road," in which she wears dirt for make-up and sports bare feet in place of glamour.

Born in New York, Gene attended the usual swanky schools of the sub-debs—Miss Farmer's in Connecticut, St. Margaret's School in Waterbury and then Brilliant at Lausanne, Switzerland. But all the time, in the back of her mind, was the desire to do something and she was sure that something was acting. Her parents were against it, of course, so Gene made a pact with her father, Howard Tierney, a New York insurance broker. She'd agree to "come out," try the social whirl for three months; then, if she didn't like it, he'd agree to accompany her in the rounds of the producers' offices once a week.

True to his word, at the end of three months, Father began the rounds with Gene, for she, of course, had loathed the social business. At the end of a month, when nothing happened, Mr. Tierney was beginning to be pretty pleased about it all. Then daughter Gene got a part in a play, "Mrs. O'Brien Entertains," after reading a piece in Irish dialect. The play failed and so did a second one, "Ring Two." But Gene got good notices in both of them and was brought out to Hollywood by Columbia where she did nothing for six months. Back in New York, she was handed the ingenue lead in "The Male Animal," a hit, and instantly Twenty-fifth Century-Fox signed her.

She lives with her mother in Hollywood, adore brother "Butch," who is taking post-grad work at Yale, and sister Patricia Anne, aged four, who is attending school in Richmond, Virginia.

Her hair, reddish-brown, is thick and abundant; her eyes, green; her smile, amazingly crooked.

That well-tubed, well-scrubbed, well-tailored look (usually slack's) is part and parcel of Gene, who is headed places these days—and all because she'd rather work than loaf.

Three cheers for Gene, we say.

Good-by, Linda; Hello, Dorothy:

DOROTHY COMINGORE is the beauty Charles Chaplin discovered with...
a Carmel Little Theater group and because he did, Dorothy is now in Hollywood. She has just finished her first role of any consequence as Orson Welles' wife in "Citizen Kane," a tough assignment for even an experienced trouper.

Between the Chaplin discovery and the Welles marriage many auditions, appointments and refusals, enough to drive a less determined girl right back to Carmel and the artists. But Dorothy doesn't possess that much of burnished red hair and those enormous hazel eyes for nothing.

So, she stayed, called one stupid producer a name in the industry and went into a studio by invitation and another through her own request.

Warner Brothers sent for Dorothy when they discovered her "Carmel discovery" hit the papers. They changed her name to Linda Winters and gave her one bathing suit after another for the purpose of making music. But they gave her no roles and, after all, it was her idea to act before a camera, not pose for pictures.

She tried Hollywood in the thirties. But all she could get of her lovely self before a camera was her hands. Those lovely slim hands were used for close-ups of other star's bosoms. Then Dorothy discovered the role called for a drunken old bag, as Dorothy describes her, around sixty years old. Those tests were so good they were never remade when the picture got going. The tests were used as part of the film.

She's a native daughter, a rarity in California, and was born right here in Los Angeles. When she was nine, however, her family moved to Oakland where Dorothy attended school and took one year's work at the University of California.

An interesting job, as head of an art museum in Tucson, Arizona (Kit Carson's home town), was offered her and there she came into contact with artists, authors, among them D. H. Lawrence, whom she read all through high school, and other interesting people of the cosmopolitan town.

Hostess in an art gallery connected with a dude ranch outside Carmel, California, was her next job. The artists that swarm the Carmel coast to get her beauty and begged her to model. This led to the Little Theater Group.

She claims everything happens to her in May. She married actor Richard Colins in May and the next May, just as she began the Welles picture, she discovered she was going to have a baby.

She squanders her few dollars now between the baby and the antique shops, trying to furnish the house she and her husband have taken out in the Valley. She still has the "drunked old bottles. After "Citizen Kane" we predict we'll all be mad over Dorothy.

Rand Brooks:

We are convinced that as the Hollywood girls go bruntice the young actors in Hollywood grow blonder. Rand Brooks, the young lad who is seen in so many pictures, including "Jennie," "The Son of Monte Cristo," "Girl From Avenue A" and "Three Cheers for Miss Bishop" is another of these blond, blue-eyed, six-foot lads who threaten to come the blonde Gables of tomorrow. For Rand, at twenty-two, is an actor, learning his trade the hard way, playing everything that comes his way.

For one so young his life has been a varied one of ups and downs. His father, a retarded wholesale jeweler, had moved to a large farm near St. Louis to live in retirement when Rand was born. When Rand was thirteen his parents separated and the boy began traveling about the United States, attending night schools in Florida, New York and finally California where he graduated from the Beverly Hills High School.

When Rand saw that his funds were getting low, Rand, at seventeen, knew something had to be done toward helping support mother and grandmother. More than once Rand made up his mind to leave all else, he decided it was too insecure to tackle as a newcomer, so he took a job in a broker's office at fifty cents an hour, hoping to be able to support them all through a dreary, dreary process of drifting through a depression that left the bond business limp. But all the while on the side Rand had been studying dramatics with a mother and finally got up nerve to quit the brokerage business and camp in directing Fred Datig's office at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios for weeks. In desperation Datig finally sent him back to see talent scout Billy Grady, who gave Rand an audition that turned out swell and a test that turned out hot. Before long he was vitally necessary to be too discouraged and begged to be allowed to hang about and help other newcomers make tests. Smart boy that Rand is, when "B. L. S." the "Drummatom School" came. Rand was used to cameras, lights and directors. That role won him the part of Scarlett O'Hara's first husband in "Gone with the Wind" and the boy was on his way.

The loss of the foreign market meant a cut-down on the payroll and Rand was sent back to the Midwest. It all but broke his heart, but he's been doing all right for himself as a free lancer.

Ruth Rutherford is his best girl friend. With her he talks over all his problems. He feels safe in Hollywood as long as he isn't "discovered" before he's ready for leads. His favorite actor, by the way, is James Cagney.

He likes clothes, fast cars and food. But at twenty-two, Mr. Arlington (yep, the same name as Robert Taylor) Rand Brooks Jr. is a mighty serious lad.

The Best in the West:

The library door was closed and the man who sat alone by the fire dreamed at peace with himself and the room. Once, as he looked up from the scrips he was studying, his eye fell on an old account book on the table near his chair. He smiled to himself as he turned over and picked up the book, turning its pages idly.

The book, that carefully kept ledger, told him that the story there was true of Walter Brennan's career in pictures. Here was his first entry when he began in motion-picture business in 1926. It was in the Welles' lead that made the man a day's extra work. Several pages over, there was a kind of giddy gaiiness in the way he wrote fifteen dollars for one scene after that of the play. That was when he held out for fifteen dollars, and only hunger drove him back to the seven-fifty again. And then one day he held out for thirty dollars and then back again to fifteen dollars, and down to seven-fifty, and then fifty dollars and seventy-five dollars and no more back. He came the way his way up into the big round figures.

The thing that pleases Walter Brennan most about all it is the fact he has the same wife after twenty-five years and...
loves her as dearly as he always did. They live out in the Valley on a ranch, the one he gets to see little of because he works almost every day of his life, rising at six-thirty and getting back home at dark. Mike, the older son, a six-foot-four-inch giant who rides horses like a wild Indian, with no saddle and hell bent for heaven, is eighteen now. He and Andy go to Hollywood High School, and Ruthie, just fifteen, goes to a day convent school. There couldn't be a more normal, average, healthy American family than the Brennans.

It's fortunate, Walter feels, that no one recognizes him off screen. His old-man roles, the ones he had to beg Hollywood to believe in, render him unrecognizable to passers-by. No one expects a youngish man in his forties, smartly dressed and businesslike in appearance, to be Brennan.

It gives him a big kick when he's strolling with his friend, Lewis Stone, to stand by, unrecognized, while autograph fans swarm all over Stone and he himself goes scot free.

There's a wholesome reverence (the old-fashioned kind) about Brennan that fairly grips the heart. No cuss words ever pass his lips before his family and damned few away from them, we'll wager. Nearly every statement is prefaced with the old-timey phrase of "by jimminies."

"By Jimminies," he'll say, "I want my kids to know the value of money. The boys get twenty-five cents an hour for work they do on the ranch, but they know I'll back 'em for any sum provided they're sincere. Mike, who belongs to the 4H Club, the future farmers of America, has already invested in cattle for the ranch he'll own one day."

His own boyhood was filled with a strange wanderlust that led him into strange places and strange professions, for instance into "turkey shows," those small-time musical comedies that tour the sticks.

His mother was bewildered and hurt over her son's strange roamings and so, to please her, he went back to Swampscott, Massachusetts, where he was born, and entered Rendge Technical School. But when war was declared in 1917, Brennan marched into the 26th Division. He fought at the front-line trenches and then came home to go into the investment-brokerage business. With the money he made, he decided to move on to Guatemala and go into the pineapple business. With him went his bride, the little girl who had sat behind him all through grades school and with whom he played "I Spy" at recess.

They never got to Guatemala. The real-estate boom was on in California and Brennan invested his fortune (a sizable one, mind you) into that business whose bottom fell flatter than a pancake. Brennan fell with it. And turning to the one industry the town offered and calling on his "turkey show" experience to help him, he began those weary rounds of casting offices.

It was in "The Wedding Night" that audiences and Hollywood first recognized and loved his homey, old-man characterizations, but it was the role of Old Acquity in "Barbour Court" that really sent him on his way—a way few men have equalled, with three Academy awards to his credit and his latest triumph as The Colonel in "Meet John Doe."

It is because of men such as Walter Brennan—wise as a father, loving as a husband, straight-dealing as a man and humble as an artist—that Hollywood survives. Of course, if the boys inherit his three Oscars, they'll probably use em as doorstops for the barn doors—but that's another story.

---

**Windows in the Sky**

"**TOP of the Mark**

**COCKTAIL LOUNGE**

Stars all about! A meteoric shower of lights crowning San Francisco's twenty-seven hills below! In all the world, no other such view as seen through the Mark's windows in the sky. Nowhere gayer people in gayer setting.

Dining, dancing, living... no human habitation looks on such a pleasure exposure as the Mark with its sky location, as air-minded moderns agree. Four minutes from the city's center.

Rates from $5 per Day

Garage in Building

GEORGE D. SMITH, Gen. Manager

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**Yes—You will be more beautiful with Princess Pat Rouge**

Suppose you found you were less beautiful than you could be... and then discovered a way to new loveliness... wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge doesn't give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that "painted, artificial look."

**Now, let's see about**

**PRINCESS PAT ROUGE**

You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—if it can give you thrilling new beauty. And it does because it's duotone... an underone and an overtone make each shade. Not just another rouge, but utterly different. Princess Pat Rouge changes on your skin—matches your individual type. Mysteriously, magically, the color seems to come from within the skin, bringing out new hidden beauty. Isn't that what you want? Your mirror shows you sparkle and animation—a new confidence in your beauty makes you irresistible. Until you experience the excitement of wearing this duotone rouge, you will never know how glamorous you really can be. Try Princess Pat Rouge today—before tonight.

**And lips to match...**

For perfect harmony in loveliness and allure try Princess Pat Lipstick to match your rouge. Get the big, Princess Pat Night and Day Double: which carries a different shade at either end. Comes in all combinations for light, medium and dark types. Be fascinating in your daylight make-up... be irresistible by night—light. Convenient and economical. Two Lipsticks in one... and think, it's only 25c.

---

**For faces of fashion**

Mae Glory Breuer, charming screen actress determined to teach a lesson in the approval of Princess Pat Rouge.
even strike anybody as peculiar . . . I like Hollywood because now that the Moracomo has been sold, no longer quite so chic to go to Ciro's . . . just as when Ciro's opened it was no longer quite so chic to go to the Troc and when the Troc was opened, no longer quite so chic to go to the Coconut Grove . . . I like Hollywood because when you really want to eat you go to Don Chippewa . . . Where everybody says you can get the best $12.50 steak in the world for $5.00.

I like Hollywood because Alan Curtis, with his very modern, almost-aviato- sex appeal, is cast as the dreaming, gentle Franz Schubert in "New Wine," while Walter Pidgeon, who is truly a musical guy, has nearly a musical picture . . . I like Hollywood, because when Disney shows a picture of the sound track in "Fantasia" he does not show a picture of a sound track at all . . . but something else, what a sound track would look like if it did look like that, which it doesn't . . . I like Hollywood because the most individualistic and controversial producer of them all, Hal Wallis of Warner Brothers, is no more like that standard concept of a movie producer than is your Aunt Minnie Wallic. I Wallis, who has an atrocious accent and flashy clothes giving ridiculous orders in a loud voice . . . he is a perfectly dressed, quiet, efficient, intelligent, modest, gemman who has a positive genius for remembering that movies should move, that stories should be about interesting people, and that love is something other than a highly propping proposition . . . with the result that Warner Brothers, year after year, turn in profit sheets that make the other studios wrinkle with envy . . . I like Hollywood because I don't know of any producer who is like that standard concept of a movie producer, anyhow . . . not even Sam Goldwyn, who has not the same famous murder of the King's English has more odor of publicity than reality about it . . .

I love Hollywood because "rain scenes" are never photographed in real rain, or "snow scenes" in real snow, and usually the last person considered fit to work on the screen play is the person who wrote the original story. And I think it is equally wonderful that every day or so expectant mothers drop by Central Casting and announce when their offspring will be born just in case there is a call for a baby girl . . . or else a woman of whatever age on those important dates.

I love Hollywood because with all the talk about its being a place only for a dreamer, I know of no other place in the town being just as excited over the discovery of Adeline De Walt Reynolds (Clarence Brown's discovery in "Come and Get It") as the people who are picking over the art of Miss Carolyn Lee, aged less than four . . . and I like it, too, because from its own ranks it is evolving a people that is only to be entirely concerned with making money from them . . . as, for example, John Ford's putting his own money into the Old Vagabond . . . the Director E. H. Griffith's buying the story "Three of Us Stayed" and then refusing to sell it at a huge profit because he wishes to make it himself . . . and people like Mark Hellinger, making hit after hit (the most recent one is "High Sierra") and not getting important about it at all, and even though you may . . . like my self . . . I believe . . . it is still possible to know him "now," and people like David Selznick, refusing million-dollar contracts so that he can make pictures in his own, slow, perfected way . . .

I LIKE Hollywood because it must certainly be the only place on earth where if you are an eagle you can earn more than you can if you are a "dress extras" . . . don't misunderstand . . . I don't like the idea of eagles, but it makes an economic game . . . I like the goodness of a town that is possible . . . and it does happen here . . . there's an eagle in town to-day, if anyone can see him . . . there is a "dress extras" who really goes seventy-five . . . but dress extras, and good ones, are lucky if they average fifteen dollars a week, year in and year out . . . as for the high-salaried dogs in the film colony . . . well, there's no keeping up with them . . . and I suppose you know that the stars horses in Western pictures get their tails bleached glamour stuff, you know . . .

And finally, I love Hollywood because every day in every way it puts one in touch with the true reproduction of the American way of living . . . a way of laughter and health and love and tolerance . . . a living nearly equal to the downtown struggle, the small people that democracy does work gloriously and thrillingly and everlasting—.
whole wardrobe, a wardrobe which, of course, would give Marlene Dietrich an additional reason to go without a formal, although perhaps I should. As for a mink coat, well... why bring that up?

My own particular problem is to see how far I can stretch $15 a week.

You can have a lot of fun figuring out how to make a $15 budget look like Constance Bennett's $150-a-week clothes allowance. Perhaps this is a help. If you have it to spend, seven or eight dollars invested in a nice jacket—some chic, substantial color, a good green, say—will bring you good returns. If you can get a skirt to match, so much the better.

If you happen to be handy with a needle, you can make yourself some cute little skirts for around fifty cents apiece. And I'm not kidding. Nothing pretentious, mind you. I mean the plain little peasant-style with a gathered skirt and a tight waistband attached. I wish I could supply patterns gratis. But don't use any, I can whip up one of these numbers and make a lemon meringue pie at the same time—almost.

With a stock of these little skirts in different colors and materials with long sleeves or with short sleeves, to match or to harmonize, you can improve your wardrobe no end.

'VE never crashed the fashion magazines and, to be honest with you, the Duchess of Windsor has never asked me for hints on dressing, but, if I may make the suggestion, please see to it that your clothes match your personality. If your boy friend insists that you register 116 in the shade and that Rita Hayworth is as Jane Withers before you, for the love of Pete don't wear a dirndl.

If you've the vivacious type (and it doesn't matter if you're a blonde, brunette, redhead, brownette or florentine-top), don't be afraid to wear red. It's very becoming to a blonde, I think. Then, too, blues are swell. Moss green is wonderful. And so are tans and certain shades of brown. Too much navy blue is depressing, seems like. Oh, yes, what about pinks? They've been neglected. Chosen carefully, and provided that the doll-pinks are shunned like I shun a wimple, they set a girl off in a crowd.

Countrywise, if you're the nice, quiet type, as I'm not but ought to be, wear colors that are bright but not too bright. For example, when you wear red, don't wear vermillion. There's a wide range between that shade and say, duobonnet. Select a good, even dye with a subtlety to it.

Perhaps you're the medium-brown hair type with no particular color scheme to follow. In which case, take my advice, why don't you, and go bright in a big way. There is nothing nicer than this nice brown hair and if you're smart you'll wash it often and keep it extremely shiny—a bit of wisdom, by the way, that fits all hair. Marjorie Weaver has hair like this and it's just stunning.

One word of advice: If you're a teenager, never wear a black skirt with a red jacket. Only Joan Crawford could get away with that.

Well, now that I have finished my little sermon on how to win friends and influence he-men, I'm moving to the North Pole by the next plane. I want to see those out and out battle of protest come in wondering why the keepers let me out before I was thoroughly cured.
to Hollywood a year ago she knew better than to fret fractions in a cast that included such players as Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart and Ruth Hussey under the direction of a man like George Cukor. Even so much as one flash of temper and she could have been subtly slaughtered in every scene with such competition, and well she knew it. The result was that Kate was an angel child all during the shooting of the successful picture "The Philadelphia Story."

THERESIDHOFPurburnwasthetype
Shirley Ross lacked when she tangled with Mary Livingstone on the set of "This Way, Please."
The Ross girl was bounding along nicely at Paramount at that time. Shirley was pretty, a good dancer, a fair actress and a slick blues singer—in all, a neat package. But unfortunately when she saw Mary getting a couple of strong scenes and many laugh lines in "This Way, Please," she went into the front office and screamed and the English balance was Mary's being also Mrs. Jack Benny—and you know about Jack. Paramount knew about Jack, too. It was more important to keep the English girl happy than it was to keep Shirley happy. So Shirley did not have her way.

One actress made life for everyone miserable when she was under the producer's thumb to a large studio. She was expected to marry the producer. Later, when they ceased being friends, she capped all her chides by walking out on her contract with the studio and him. This summer she was in Hollywood, much subdued, and did some acting. Though she stayed around Hollywood for a while after that, no contracts were offered. Producers just don't want people who are going to hold up production with their tantrums.

There's the case of Miriam Hopkins. One was expected to teach her. Daily, she was one of the most sought-after stars, for she is talented and a real personality. But temperament!—The fighting that went on between her and no one could punish herself when it comes to temperament, during the making of "Dodge City" could be heard clear from Burbank to Santa Monica.

There's a story they tell of Miriam several years ago. She had to dance for a certain scene and a dance instructor was assigned to teach her. Daily, she was expected to make appointments for lessons with her, went to the studio and waited hours, and daily Miriam postponed her lessons. Meanwhile, the picture was in production and the scene for her dance finally came around. Miriam did not do so well. The director asked her how come. Miriam blamed it on the dress she dressed herself in.

The teacher was there and told the director the real story. When it was all over, Miriam giggled. "I used to make excuses a lot when I was a kid," she said, "but I do it much better now."

Of course, the director dutifully laughed and forgave her. But probably he didn't forget. Time had to be taken out while she put the finishing touches on the dance.

IF CESAR ROMERO
means anything in your life, don't miss the mystery of THE UNFINISHED BRIDAL SUITE, The Tall Dark and Handsome guy tells what he's looking for in the bride he's looking for in PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR for June
**A Sensible Treatment for Corns — for sensible people**

**The Shadow Stage**
*(Continued from page 24)*

✔ Nice Girl? (Universal)

It's About: A nice girl, a near scandal, and young love.

We feel a bit sacreligious about this, but “Nice Girl?” is by far the weakest Durbin film to date and we doubt very much that not one of magic name of Durbin it would get very far in the final check-up.

Please do not misjudge us. It is not a bad picture at all; but we are so used to associating all that's best in movies with the fair Donna that it comes as a shock to us not to be able to enthusiastic as usual.

The story just wasn't there, somehow; or if it was it didn't jell. Deanna is a small-town nice girl who throws herself at Franchot Tone's head and rebounds into the waiting arms of Bob Stack, the hometown boy who always loved her. Stack does his very best work. Ann Gillis as the kid sister is a darned cute trick, but Bob Benchley as the father left us puzzled. We had a secret hunch he was kidding the whole thing — himself and the picture.

There are several bright gay moments to enliven the proceedings and again we say, because it’s Deanna’s weakest vehicle, do not think it too dull, please.

Your Reviewer Says: Good clean fun.

✔ The Trial of Mary Dugan (M-G-M)

It's About: The trial of an innocent woman for murder.

WAGS in town have tagged this picture "The Re-trial of Mary Dugan," due to the fact it was previously filmed with Norma Shearer in the title role. We hereby pronounce it "The Last Trial of Laraine Day," for the young lady, in the name role, certainly proves herself capable of complete stardom. As the woman on trial for murder, defended by her lawyer lover, Robert Young, Laraine is marvelous and comes out top-winner in any comparison you choose to make.

The story is remarkably well done, beautifully shaped and molded, and the suspense timed carefully so as to reveal no impending plot twist. Everything about it, the writing, the acting, the directing, is big-time, and if M-G-M imagined for a second they were giving forth with a second-run picture, they are doomed to joyous disappointment. It's a gem of a little smoothie. That's what we think of it.

Your Reviewer Says: A sound, solid piece of motion-picture work.

✔ The Mad Doctor (Paramount)

It's About: An insane doctor who murders his wives.

WHAT in the world has got into Paramount, do you suppose, releasing two horror films in one month? (See the review of "The Monster and the Girl," p. 100.) It happened just so that the mad doctor, playing him up to them, became suitors. In the studio admitted this picture was made well over a year ago and has been gathering earring on the shelf until we saw a shocker worth the20th Century-Fox. We must say, despite its age, the film is one of the best of its kind, even better than "The Monster" story.
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Warner Baxter gives one of his best performances as the father, Ingrid Bergman as the governess and Susan Hayward as the unfortunate daughter-in-law are outstanding. Richard Denning and Johnny Downs are splendid as the two older sons.

Your Reviewer Says: Different and appealing.

**Tobacco Road**
*(20th-Century-Fox)*

It's About: Life among the "pore white trash" of Georgia.

EXACTLY as Joshua conducted the sin to stave, still, the powers that be of 20th-Century Fox have halted motion pictures in their movements to give us a vivid, although repellent, still-life sketch of the shuffling, ignorant people of Georgia's "Tobacco Road."

This will emerge, undoubtedly, as a critic's picture, meaning, in plain words, it's art, brother, but it isn't box-office. Why anyone could imagine these mentally crippled, bovine-like people, lost in their world of physical filth, could ever come under the category of entertainment is beyond us.

True, Charley Grapewin as Jester Lester and William Tracy as his son give great performances, but to our notion it's too much like roaming through an asylum in order to laugh at the inmates. Gene Tierney has little chance to display her talent as the half-witted Ellie May. With the lurid language and sex indulgences of the stage play eliminated from the screen story it remains a series of keenly etched character sketches.

Your Reviewer Says: Depressing.

**Andy Hardy's Private Secretary** *(M-G-M)*

It's About: Andy annexes a secretary, a bagful of trouble and a diploma.

JUST about the best of the Hardy series is this family-portrait study of the enormously popular Hardys. Here is everything—wise, comedy, tragedy, love and Mickey Rooney. Here, too, is newcomer Kathryn Grayson with a voice to charm and entertain plus good looks and acting ability. We prophesy a long day for this lovely, young lady who, in the picture, becomes Andy's secretary during high-school commencement week. When Andy fails to pass his examinations we suffer right along with him and there, we believe, is the secret of Monsieur Rooney's popularity—he has the customers with him every inch of the way.

Todd Karns, handsome young son of actor Roscoe Karns, is another sure bet. Lewis Stone, as usual, is good and Ann Rutherford, beautiful.

Your Reviewer Says: One hundred percent entertainment.

**The Strawberry Blonde** *(Warners)*

It's About: Love, life and the pursuit of happiness in the Gay (?) Nineties.

WARNERS has a honey of a picture in "The Strawberry Blonde," a story taken from the stage play "One Summer Afternoon." It has a sweet kind of charm, nostalgic in flavor, radiating a sort of jump-in-the-throat aura that makes one fairly yearn for those days of Dad's and

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MAY, 1941

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Mother's courtship. Unless, of course, one can remember back there oneself.

Jimmy Cagney, in our opinion, has never been so fine as the tough little mug with the fine clean spirit, who imagines he loves the Strawberry Blonde (Rita Hayworth) only to find real happiness with Olivia de Havilland. Olivia is a revelation. She sparkles in a role that could have been very dull in less capable hands.

We are sorry, but somehow we felt the Rita Hayworth role far morecried a loud for Ann Sheridan. Rita wasn't quite the "Strawberry" type, we're afraid.

Jack Carson, as Jimmy's loud noisy rival, and the Tobias as the Greek barber are tops.

Your Reviewer Says: Twenty-three skidoo to your nearest movie to see this one.

Blondie Goes Latin (Columbia)

It's About: The Bumpsteads go musical-comedy with a bang.

HOW do you like the idea of your favorite comic strip and screen char- acters, Blondie and Dagwood, going musical? Well, frankly, we didn't take much to the idea either, but the action between the songs and dances (with Blondie shaking a mean hoof) is so funny one doesn't object to the strange interludes too much. Besides, Blondie is a keen performer and Dagwood on the drums is a wow.

It all happens when Dagwood's boss decides to take Bumpstead on a vaca- tion to South America (Will be ever learnt!) and Dagwood is called ashore on business at the last minute. The way he gets back on that boat and his attempts to hide the truth are worth watching.

Tito Guizar sings beautifully and Ruth Terry in her song numbers is cute.

Your Reviewer Says: A treat for Bump- stead fans.

Ellery Queen's Penthouse Mystery (Columbia)

It's About: A famous detective in action.

MURDER mysteries are sure- fire theme in the box office, for here comes another to this series with a wise-beyond-his-years sleuth wandering through danger and international intrigue to solve the murder of a ven- turesome, dashing, young woman. (Watch your step, boy!) and Dagwood (Will be ever learnt?) have been entrusted with a secret government mission.

Ralph Bellamy is a perfect Ellery, with just the right balance of serious- ness and good humor. Margaret Lindsay as his secretary and Charley Grapewin as the police inspector add to the proceedings.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair.

Buck Privates (Universal)

It's About: Two cowboys in the army.

Here is, it is, the first cowboy based on a war story. Let us tell you, it's very funny what with Bud Abbott ("I'm a bad boy") and Lou Costello gunning up. Uncle Sam's defense plans. The boys are terrific. Their amazing routines at times are simply hilarious; you really should see them. The plot? Oh yes, the plot! Now let's see. They had one, we're sure, but somehow, anyway, who cares? The two boys find themselves in the army before they know what they're doing.

Wealthy Lee Bowman and his chauffeur, Alan Curtis, are also among these present. The Andrews Sisters contribute some mighty swell warbling.

Your Reviewer Says: Blow the bugle loudly for this one.

Ridin' on a Rainbow (Republic)

It's About: A cowboy who joins a show-boat troupe for the purpose of sleuthing.

PICTURE fans, shed tears of remorse for Autry, who rides a boat, not a horse.

Excuse the poetry, folks, and mighty sad it is, too, for you see, and the boys around the old corral are pretty high broken-up. They've taken our Gene off his horse and put him on a showboat and somehow the old prairie don't look the same.

Yes, sir, they've lassoed Autry and hog- tied him to a lot of show people in hopes that thataway Gene can track down the crooks that robbed the bank and va- moosed with the ranches' money. Well, sir, the way it works out is a caution, dog-rat it all. But somehow we'd just as leave have the money gone and Gene back on his pony. Smiley Burnette went along for the ride.

Your Reviewer Says: Get a horse, cowboy.

Meet the Chump (Universal)

It's About: A nut who grows nuttier by the minute.

WELL of all the sappy silly daily down-dilley-dillys, this is it. Despite our- selves and our age (we should know) we laughed ourselves into a stupor and the whole thing we realized it was too ridiculous even to be legitimately funny.

Anyway, it has Hugh Herbert, who pretends to be even crazier than the law allows, which should tip you off.

It seems Hughie has swindled his nephew out of a mere $5,000,000 and has himself declared insane in order to avoid explana- tions. To top it off, his nephew, played by Lewis Howard, also lands in the nut house and the whole thing gets bet- ter by the minute.

Anyway, it's a lot of nonsense that makes no sense, but if it provides laughter—and it does—who cares.

Your Reviewer Says: Nutty as a fruit cake.

Golden Hoofs (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: A young horse-lover who saves his land from becoming commercialized.

JANE WITHERS falls in love with Buddy Rogers, saves her homelands for the breeding of her beloved trotting horses, aids her grandfather in establishing a local hospital and does it all with one hand tied behind her. Jane is so used to this type of movie by now she prances through them with the greatest of ease.

The silly race that climaxizes the story is a thriller and the cute twoided love story and the philanthropic motives are carefully handled. While it's a ray of enough little stora, somehow we feel Jane should have those bigger and bet- ter pictures she's been promised. What do you think?

Your Reviewer Says: A Jane Withers special.
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MAY, 1941

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SCATTERGOOD BAINES (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A sage of the small-town community.

Through magazine stories and by way of radio we have come to know and appreciate Scattergood Baines, the small-town sage who elips the wings of smart-aleck promoters and puts the wings of a mischievous cupid.

For our money there could be no finer Scattergood than Guy Kibbee, who brings to the role all the human qualities we've imagined in this small-town citizen. He's humorous, shrewd and absurd in general understanding.

Francis Trout, recruited from the radio series, is very good in his first screen role. Carol Hughes and John Archer take care of the romance department most satisfactorily. But it's Kibbee's picture and make no mistake.

Your Reviewer Says: Homespun and all wool.

YOU'RE THE ONE (Paramount)

It's About: A singer's attempt to land a job with a band.

If you'll pardon us for not pulling our punches, kind readers, we will say right out that this is one of the dullest pictures we've ever sat through. However, if you've yearned for a close-up of Miss Bonnie Baker, the "Oh Johnny" of the movie, this is your man. Innkeeper andOwnerId, Orrin Tucker, your yearnings are gratified herewith. They are both in the picture. So is Albert Dekker, a fine actor who is sold down the river for a fare-thee-well.

Your Reviewer Says: A never-never film.

Costs of Current Pictures

"ADAM HAD FOUR SONS" — Columbia.


"ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY" — MGM.


"BACK STREET" — Universal.


"BLONDIE GOES LATIN" — Columbia.


(Continued on page 111)
WESTMORE SAYS:
Here's how to be
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with WESTMORE
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and Face Powder

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drawn using her Westmore make-up. You
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Choose the shade that matches your skin tone.
Then apply sparingly over the entire surface of
the face. With Westmore powder to blend it, it's
a make-up that covers tired shadows, blemishes,
creates a smooth, even glowing tone!

You'll look Star Lovely to
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more's wonderful make-up.
Men love its soft, fresh,
glowing look. Westmore
Foundation Cream and Pow-
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of Westmore cosmetics, will
be found in generous 50¢ sizes at your drug
store. Smaller sizes at variety stores.

I like a girl if—

her eyes sparkle, if she always looks alive and never
gets that "droopy sister" look at the midnight low.

To keep your eyes clear (and a sparkle, technically, is just the result of a healthy
eye) bathe them every day with eye lotion; keep the skin around them unwrinkled
and soft by applying eye cream. For a quick before-the-date pep-up, soak pads in
eye lotion, place them over your eyes, lie down for about fifteen minutes and dream
about the South Seas.

I like a girl if—

her eyes are deepset; if when the time, the place, and my
sentiments call for it, her eyes can go soft and beautiful.

If nature didn't endow you with deepset eyes, you can give them that appearance
by using shadow matching your natural coloring. Apply it—lightly—over the whole
lid. Then darken the upper lashes with black mascara. You can keep your eyes soft
by careful shaping of the brows. Even the most luminous eyes will appear small if
the brows are too thin. If the eyes are small to start with, make them appear larger
by grooming—not thinly plucking—the brows.

I like a girl if—

her eyes don't look too prominently made up; if her lashes
aren't beaded with mascara or smeared with eye shadow.

Use mascara only on the upper lashes, never on the lower ones. Don't have the
brush too wet for application. A good trick for sunlight—where shadow and mascara
sometimes show up a bit too well—is to
smooth cream on the lids, then curl the
lashes upward with an eyelash curler.
which process, incidentally, will event-
ually train them to sweep upward. For
bright-light business, mascara and shadow
are effective and should never be omitted.

I like a girl if—

her eyes are like Rita Hayworth's.

A short order with a long implication! The Hayworth, now appearing in
"Affectionately Yours", is the girl all Hollywood has its eyes on for 1941 triumph.
As for her eyes. She always carries a little eyebrow brush with her—and uses it—to
guard against what expert Bill Knight called "working-girl eyebrows." Says Miss
Hayworth: "We all knew the difference between hair that is brushed and hair that
isn't. Eyelashes are hair, and they look different, too, when regularly brushed." She
uses brown eye shadow, darker near the lashes, and brings it right up to the
eyebrows. She uses a small amount of mascara on her upper lashes only; her eye-
brows are shaped, but not plucked. Her main rules are to take a great deal of time
in making up the eyes and to use an eye lotion regularly.

BY GLORIA MACK

Including a few remarks that Any-Man
might make about any woman's eyes.
The comments are ours; if you'd like
some eye-openers, you'll look at them.
Nowadays, when you see an attractive girl on the screen you can write it down in your little book that she is attractive in real life as well. And the husky he-men are just as husky outside of pictures as in them.

If you doubt the truth of this theory, you should see Lloyd Nolan, star of Universal's "Mr. Dynamite," as I saw him on the Bel Air golf course.

I was fascinated—as well as completely defeated—by the power and precision of his golfing performance. I was fascinated, too, by the fact that all the time we were playing Lloyd was eating raisins which he fished out of his pocket.

Lloyd grinned when I commented on this. "Maybe I do look like a health faddist, carrying raisins around," he said, "but I've always been crazy about them and I'm not going to stop eating them just because the scientists have discovered that they're good for us!"

He's right, of course, about the discovery that raisins are good for us, for scientists have proved that they are an important source of the energy-giving iron which we all need. Moreover, raisins give a grand flavor to meat and vegetable cookery as well as to desserts. Try these favorite recipes of Lloyd's:

**Spinach and Raisins**

2 lbs. spinach 1 cup raisins 1 tsp. salt

Wash the spinach and add the raisins and salt. Cook all together until spinach is done, when raisins will have become tender and plump. No water is required, the water which clings to the spinach after washing being sufficient, provided you see that it does not boil away.

**Rolled Stuffed Steak**

Use round or flank steak about half an inch thick. For a two-pound steak, make the following stuffing:

- 2 tbs. bread crumbs
- 1 medium onion, minced
- 1/2 cup raisins, chopped
- 1 tbsp. salt
- 1/4 tsp. pepper
- 1/4 tsp. thyme
- 2 tbls dried celery leaves
- Melted butter
- Hot water or hot milk

Combine ingredients in order, moistening to desired consistency with melted butter mixed with an equal amount of warm water or warm milk. Spread stuffing on steak, roll loosely and fasten with skewers. Bake in moderate oven, basting occasionally.

**Ham and Raisins**

1 lb. ham (sliced) 1 cup raisins 1 tbsp. dry mustard 1 tsp. powdered ginger Paprika

Pan-boil the ham until brown and cooked through. Steam the raisins until plump (about ten minutes). Place ham on hot platter. Add mustard and ginger to ham fat in pan (use low flame so fat will not burn); drain raisins and cook in fat two to three minutes. Drain, dust with paprika and serve over ham.

Scalloped tomatoes and glazed sweet potatoes (both baked en caserole) take on new interest when raisins are added. Just add a layer of raisins for each layer of tomato or sweet potato.
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It takes those good old, Carter's Liver Pills, 2 pints of bile flow freely, so make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Awaken in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Liver Pills, 16¢ and 25¢.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 111


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- Special Spiral Brush darkens all sides of your lashes—cuts them automatically!
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Just to get acquainted with new customers, we will beautifully enlarge one snapshot print or negative, photo or picture to 8 x 10 inches—FREE!—if you enclose this ad with 10¢ for handling and return mailing. Information on hand tinting in natural colors sent immediately. Your original will be returned free. Address your order to:

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FREE SAMPLE

MAY, 1941
Judy is a person of dreams and moods—the kind who needs older companionship to understand those moods. She expresses them best on paper and already has written a number of poems of which a selected number of which is being bound into a book for distribution among her closest friends.

She begged Judy for just one verse to bring you. She refused, and then she went on to give her reason. Used in such a fashion, her poems would not be serving the purpose for which they were written—to be enjoyed and understood only by those who knew her best—for others might not understand her motives in expressing herself in the way she sees within her; welling up and seething over, is the urge toward self-expression in various fields. And that's where Dave Rose comes in. He has a youthful, dear focus. He is giving understanding and aid to that self-expression.

HELL go over to Judy's new white house in Brentwood of an evening, the two will work together for hours over a song—a new one, perhaps, or an arrangement of an old one. Together they think out the arrangements for Judy's Decca records, Dave writing out the music for Judy's songs.

Dave Rose is the release through which Judy's musical thoughts find escape. No one else, no one nineteen, at least, can offer that to Judy Garland.

He understands. When Judy first wrote the story "Love's New Sweet Song" she was almost afraid to show it to her own young gay companions. It was a skit, incidentally, that revealed the tug of war within her, which, as a young girl's love for an older man. But Dave saw merit in the sketch and sat down with Judy to work out the musical arrangement, and company in her story. The results you may have heard on a recent Sunday afternoon broadcast. The day following the broadcast several major studios telephoned about the story. Will it be for sale? Had Judy written others? Could they see them?

Dave Rose shared that success and the story with her; for he had helped to make it all come true.

In fact, his influence goes even deeper. Through the earnestness with which he approaches his music he has made with what to learn more, to know more. This significant little incident will illustrate.

Just two short years ago Judy was a happy little girl, with her mother's typical attitude toward her studies.

"When I'm eighteen," she kept telling her studio teacher, Miss Rose Carter, "I'm through with these books. Not one more day do I spend with you old geometry!"

And she sang for the magic day in June of 1940 when she would be no longer a schoolgirl for a broken woman, her own before that day arrived. Judy's friendship with Dave had begun to blossom and take root. On the morning of June tenth, as she walked into the schoolroom for the usual lessons and found to her astonishment that thing: were different Miss Carter was busy packing away the books.

"What are you doing?" Judy asked.

"I'm eighteen now," Miss Carter replied. "You don't want these anymore?"

"They burst into tears. "I do though," she sobbed, "I want to take the examinations and graduate with my class."

Truly, the gentle handwork of Dave Rose had planted the seed.

Graduation night arrived and Judy, in a simple organdy dress that matched but did not surpass the other dresses, stood with the girls and boys of Uniway High School. Suddenly she dashed down the aisle to Judy's mother, returning the bouquet she had sent her daughter. The note that was attached said: "Dear Mother: please do not be angry about my returning the bouquet, but all the girls are carrying corsages alike and they even had one for me. I want to be just like them."

Yes, there is a certain humility about Judy in everything she does that seems to reduce to its proper importance the query occasionally put to her: "But, my dear, Dave isn't well-known. Why, you should be going with someone equal to you in fame."

Judy Garland wouldn't understand that. She simply hasn't the capacity to understand that sort of snobbery. Nor does she crave elaborate gifts or luxuries. Her own bedroom is simple but tastefully fixed as a den or sitting room where the gang can congregate.

Her prize possession is a charm bracelet given her by Charlie Gable for singing to him the song written by her own studio arranger, Roger Eden. "Please Mr. Gable"

AS to the fame of Mr. Rose, we can say that no musician in Hollywood is rising faster in his work than Dave. He is now musical director of radio programs, arranging the music in his own style—which is good. We watched him one afternoon during a Tony Martin rehearsal as he sat on a stool, microphones over his ears, directing the orchestra.

"Strike out that B natural," he'd call, or glancing toward the quartette, he'd say quietly, "Bad note there."

We noticed how carefully Tony listened to his every suggestion and how quickly Dave could detect the slightest off-note of any one musician.

He came down between numbers to chat for just a moment. When Judy's name crept into the conversation, he spoke of her without fluster or embarrassment, giving the impression their relationship was new and fresh. But beyond generalities he would not go.

He spoke of his hobby—a train, not a melancholy one, that runs on its own track in his back yard, arriving nowhere but just where it started.

In England where I was born, trains of this sort are considered as a hobby," he said. "Perhaps that's where I gathered the idea. Or perhaps I got it from my ancestors, for I've been in this country since I was four years old."

"Yes," he added, "I am an American now."

All through his boyhood, he explained, he had a passion between wanting to run a train and write music. He does both now. And he admitted Judy is one of his most frequent passengers, riding round and round and getting nowhere.

SINCE the plans for Deanna Durbin's marriage have become so widely discussed, rumors have been rife in Hollywood that Dave and Judy are next to the altar. Don't believe it.

"I want Mr. Mayer of my studio to be at my wedding if I get married," Judy once confided. "I want it to be in a church with flowers and music. And I want my mother to be happy about it."

There you have the story in a nutshell. Judy recognizes the gratitude she owes to the studio that has made of a plump, freckle-faced little girl a glamorous star (and we say glamorous after seeing Judy in "Ziegfeld Follies" and will do nothing against their wishes).

Her mother means the world to her and Judy will do nothing against her wishes.

So, there is her mother, dear beyond words to Judy, her studio, the work she loves, her career, all at stake. And we do mean at stake because it can truthfully be said now that Judy will be a disappointment—to put it mildly—to all but the parties of the first and second post.

It would be ridiculous even to suggest that Judy does not adore Dave Rose. Seeing them together at Ciro's with Judy's heart shining through her eyes as she looks at him would convince the most incredulous.

But forced by the dictates of her affection, this girl finds herself faced with a decision that the momentousness of which few eighteen-year-olds of our generation are called upon to make. What will she do?"

"I don't marry yet. Not for three or four more years," Judy said not so long ago.

But Dave Rose becomes a free man in March (See page 17). What then? Will the bright and glowing prospect of a paradise no longer forbidden be too much for the heart of a girl in love?"

We have traced the story of why Judy cares for a man older than herself, a man beyond her circle of happy kid times. We have tried to explain Judy and her soul—both, it seems, for the future and what will come of this love.

The crossroads lie ahead. Only Judy knows which road she will choose and at what price.
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NOW STYLES RAVISHING NEW POWDER SHADES FOR YOU

Whatever your type .... Alix has created a ravishing powder shade for you, especially designed to bring out the latent loveliness in your own skin tones. To find the glamorizing shade for your Complexion ... send for free samples of 5 exciting Alix shades, now available in JERGENS FACE POWDER

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Alix—the great fashion designer—now works with Jergens to give you a face powder of undreamed-of exquisiteness. It's Jergens Face Powder—so smooth that it becomes a very part of you.

But the real breath-taking beauty of the new Jergens Face Powder rests in its 5 ravishing shades, created by Alix to match and glorify the 5 basic types of women's skin. One of these shades is the true fairy godmother for your skin, which touches it to a loveliness "he" will love. You'll surely want to change to this exciting new Jergens Face Powder today—wear the shade Alix designed for you.

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"Alix is one of the world's top designers," says a famous Fashion Editor. "She stands for femininity and grace; and she dresses many of the smartest women in the world." Now Alix styles 5 lovely shades for the new Jergens Face Powder.

Jergens Face Powder now on sale at toilet goods counters $1.00, 25c, 10c a box.

FREE! ALL STYLING SHADE STORIES
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The Andrew Jergens Company, Box 1304, Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada: Perth, Ont.)

Please send free Alix' 5 shades in Jergens Face Powder. Also free sample of Jergens new Face Cream.

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More and more... Chesterfield is called the smoker's cigarette.

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JUNE

TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

HOLLYWOOD'S GREATEST LOVE STORY By Adela Rogers St. John
- Because poise and serenity depend on comfort, you'll be grateful for the downy softness — and extra comfort — of Modess Sanitary Napkins.

- The reason for this extra comfort? It's simple. Modess has a filler as soft and airy as a cloud. We call it "fluff" — and it's very different from the filler found in most other napkins.

- Thanks to this gentle yielding fluff, there's nothing like Modess for comfort. It's so soft, too! Read why, in the pamphlet inside every Modess package. Buy Modess at your favorite store. It costs only 25¢ for a box of twelve napkins.
“A LOVELY SMILE IS YOUR MOST IMPORTANT BEAUTY ASSET!”

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

In a recent poll made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines all but one of these beauty experts agreed that a lovely smile is a woman’s most precious asset. They went on to say that “Even a plain girl has charm and personality if she keeps her smile bright, attractive and sparkling.”

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

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

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

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

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

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

Even if you never lead a Beauty Parade...

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

JUNE, 1941

IPANA TOOTH PASTE
Happy hunting grounds for tourists: A night club (i.e., Ruth Hussey and Raphael Hakim at the Mocambo) ... and a race track like Santa Anita where you're likely to spot Gable and Lombard and probably many more

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

THis is the Voice of Hollywood Experience Speaking ... in case you are planning to come to Glamour Corners for your summer vacation ... and want to see movie stars and visit a movie studio and see movie people ... quite right and quite naturally ... both are a wonderful sight ... in fact, the ninth wonder of the world ... but those studio gates are big and high and you don't know how to crash them.

Of course, if you have some way of getting into a studio ... a letter from your local theater manager who may possibly know a studio head ... or a letter from a Congressman, or a newspaper man who has a pull, or a letter from a friend to a friend of a friend who knows a movie big-shot ... why then, you'll see stars everywhere, thicker than the dust on a cowboy's pants ... but all I'm going to say is addressed to mere regular people, who don't know an insider ... can't walk inside those big gates ... but who still want to bag their quota of celebrities, nevertheless ... you have heard that you can always see stars at Ciro's, the Mocambo, or the Brown Derby's ... but you are afraid that you can't take the money rap on the first two and you don't know which Brown Derby is which.

So, okay ... so here is where I come in, a chatty guide book if there ever was one.

By
Ruth Waterbury

It's true what they say about Ciro's and the Mocambo ... you will see stars, and plenty, there at any time ... the simplest, cheapest method is to stand outside on the sidewalks before them and catch your favorites as they come in or out ... but this is tiring, cold and unsatisfactory ... so you have two choices ... you can go inside either and have either dinner or drinks at the bar.

The prices in both places are about the same ... dinner and a couple of drinks will nick you approximately fifteen bucks, not counting the tips to the hat check girl, the head waiter (for not putting you in a fair corner), the parking lot attendants and whatever else ... if you don't go into the main room, but stay out at the bar, you can get your drinks from fifty cents upward to $1.25 (for champagne cocktails) and every star in the place will have to pass you ... if you can afford either club you will be sure to get a hatful of pleasure as they are both of them beautiful, luxurious, overcrowded and have magnificent bands pouring out hot rhythms.

As for the Derbys, concentrate on the Vine Street Derby on Friday and Sunday nights and on the Beverly Hills Brown Derby on Thursday evenings.

Friday night is "fight" night ... Thursday night is "cook's night out" and Sunday (Continued on page 6)
BOB'S "CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT"... and he's singing his new theme song right from the heart!

TANKS for the memory
Of that physical exam
Staged by Uncle Sam
An Army Doc knows how to shock a tender diaphragm
How charming he was! (The big Gazabo!)

TANKS for the memory
Of hours carving spuds,
The "Sarg" and us are buds.
We'd like to meet that bozo when we're out of Army duds...
How lovely he is! (The big Palooka!)

We've even got blisters from sittin'
For many's the TANK that we've ridden
And Parachute landing ain't kiddin'
Just nice clean play at a buck a day!

And TANKS for the memory
Of meeting up with Dot
A little gal who's got
What a Colonel's daughter oughter have to make this Army hot
TANK YOU SO MUCH!
is quite often “personal appearance on the radio” night . . . all of which bring the stars out of their homes and into the public limelight . . . if you are in Hollywood over a week end and like fights at all, you’d be smart to go over to the Hollywood American Legion arena, get your fight tickets and then dine at the Hollywood Brown Derby before the battle actually begins (the arena is just around the corner from the Derby) . . . get to the Derby by six or you will find all the tables gone . . . dinner here, if you order the “regular dinner,” will cost from $1.75 to $2.25 apiece . . . but you can order à la carte for smaller sums . . . and drinks run from a quarter to a dollar . . . there is also a Brown Derby bar if you merely want to drink and as it connects with the Derby parking lot, most of the stars will pass you entering the main dining room . . . there, before the fights (and usually after) and certainly at the fights themselves, you can be sure of seeing Jack Benny, Lupe Velez, Mae West, Brian Delevy, George Raft, at least, and you will usually see some two dozen others, mostly male . . .

The Beverly Derby, where the prices are the same as the Vine Street . . . but the bar, in his case, is connected with the parking lot so don’t get hidden away in it, if you want to see anything . . . gets the Thursday night play . . . you will almost always find the Don Ames here, and the Stu Erwins, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, Irene Dunne and Dr. Griffin and almost any others of the Beverly Hills “married set” . . .

You will find an amazing lot of stars at Dave Chasen’s on Beverly Boulevard near Doheny Drive . . . but you will pay and pay for the sight of them . . . Chasen’s is a very “inside” Hollywood spot . . . “everybody” goes there and it is nothing at all to catch the Doug Fairbanks Jr., Cary Grant and Barbara Hutton, the Ronald Colman, the Ernst Lubitsches, Myrna Loy and Arthur Hornblow, the Bob Montgomery, the Ralph Bellamy, the Fred Astaires, all dining there at the same time . . . you can’t miss seeing whoever is at Chasen’s as the room is very small . . . but the prices are high as the Empire State Building . . . as high as Carlo’s and the Mocambo . . . and not offering you any floor show, any music, anything except fine food and glitter patronage . . .

But suppose you don’t want to eat . . . suppose you brought your own food along in a bag or something . . . okay . . . there are other ways of seeing stars . . . and the second surest hunting ground next to restaurants is the sports centers . . . as, for instance, Gilmore Field, which is a baseball park on Fairfax Boulevard, when the Hollywood Stars outfit is playing . . . the West Side Tennis Club, just off Melrose Boulevard, when the Pacific-Southwest Tennis Matches are being played . . . Hollywood Park when the races are being run there . . . or better yet, Delmar, Bing Crosby’s track just outside of San Diego, when the races are being run there (Delmar is better for star-hunting than Hollywood Park simply because it is so much smaller . . . both tracks, like Santa Anita in winter, are always infested with stars . . . admission is the same at all three $1.10 each) Delmar, San Diego, warned, is about a hundred miles outside of Hollywood . . . Hollywood Park is a mere eight) . . .

But you hate sports, you say . . .

If his voice infection was downward, then look to your legs, lady! True, there may only be a hair reaping his compliment or disapproval; but, if it’s there you had better get Neet, today!

This cosmetic cream hair remover will in a few minutes literally wash away unsightly hair from legs, arm pits, and breasts. Leaves the skin smooth, white, and pleasantly scented. No sharp edges or razor stubble when Neet is used. Nor will Neet encourage hair growth. Buy a tube of Neet at your favorite department, drug, or ten-cent store.

Better Get Neet Today
having the time of their lives in the best picture of their lives, "THE BRIDE CAME C.O.D." Isn't it wonderful!—both in the same picture!!

with STUART ERWIN · EUGENE PALLETTE · JACK CARSON · GEORGE TOBIAS · HARRY DAVENPORT · Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein · From the Story by Kenneth Earl and M. M. Musselman
THE SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWS MOVIES OF THE MONTH

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

Powerful story of a great love: Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh in "That Hamilton Woman!"

✓ That Hamilton Woman
(Korda U. A.)

It's About: The love story of Lord Nelson and Lady Hamilton.

POWERFULLY wrought and beautifully executed is this historical picture of a great love. This is the film left behind by Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier who have now returned to their native England for the duration. They could have left no finer symbol of their artistry.

At the turn of the Nineteenth Century we find the notorious Lady Hamilton, wife of England's ambassador to Italy, engaged in a violent love affair with England's naval hero, Lord Nelson. Back to England goes the pair to receive the homage paid to the man who saved them from Napoleon. But Nelson's wife warns them and the disapproval of society sends the pair into exile from which Nelson finally emerges to render the final blow to Napoleon.

Sara Allgood plays Vivien's mother with a genius for commonness. The entire production is a tall and gallant feather in the cap of Mr. Korda.

Your Reviewer Says: A great film.

The Best Pictures of the Month

That Hamilton Woman!
Meet John Dae
I Wanted Wings
That Night in Rio

Best Performances

Robert Montgomery in "Rage in Heaven"
Carmen Miranda in "That Night in Rio"
Dan Ameche in "That Night in Rio"
Gary Cooper in "Meet John Dae"
Barbara Stanwyck in "Meet John Dae"
Judy Canova in "Sis Hopkins"
Vivien Leigh in "That Hamilton Woman!"
Laurence Olivier in "That Hamilton Woman!"
Ray Milland in "I Wanted Wings"
Wayne Morris in "I Wanted Wings"
William Holden in "I Wanted Wings"

✓ I Wanted Wings (Paramount)

It's About: The training of young recruits to become flyers.

A SMASHING, thrilling story laid against the background of America's own flying fields is this story of men and planes.

Ray Milland, scion of a wealthy family; Wayne Morris, a likable young football star; and William Holden, a garage mechanic, arrive at a training camp together. Above all else, they wanted wings. They made mistakes, proved themselves heroic and, occasionally, untrustworthy, but emerged—or two of them did—with wings.

The planes in action against cloud-banked skies are a sight to stir the pulses. The story is strong, the action beautifully sustained and the acting right on the beam. Veronica Lake makes her screen debut as a siren. You'll either hate her or be enthusiastic over her work. Constance Moore is a beautiful and capable actress, but the honors in the acting field go to those three boys, who, along with Brian Donlevy, turn in their best work.

Your Reviewer Says: A smash hit.
(Continued on page 115)

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 121
It's annoying when your partner trumps your ace...

but not half so annoying as infectious dandruff

At the first sign of trouble GET BUSY with LISTERINE

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

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

Has Helped Thousands

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

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

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

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

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

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

Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

the delightful treatment
A present-arms picture: Linda Darnell congratulates Gary Cooper on "Meet John Doe" in the middle of the Ciro dance floor.

Baby talk: Errol Flynn gives to Cedric Adams—with gestures—in a Mocambo corner on the subject of the expected heir.

If you'd like to drop a few bombshells into the conversation, just repeat this undercover news about Hollywood.

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK.

Inside Stuff

CAL Plays "If" (with a bow to Walter Winchell)—If they sit quietly together in a café without speaking more than ten words all evening, it's Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck.

If they stop all traffic on the Mocambo dance floor with their fanfare and their own original style of dancing, it's (of all people) Brian Aherne and Joan Fontaine.

If he looks wan and emaciated with his youth and verve lost in the strenuous dieting for her role in "Ziegfeld Girl"—it's Judy Garland.

If the spoken words, "I love you so much," reverberate through the night club as the music and clatter suddenly cease—it's Betty Grable speaking to George Raft.

If he looks as bashful and out of "syne" on the dance floor as he does in his movie scenes—it's Gary Cooper.

If they're having the best time everywhere they're together of any young people anywhere—it's John Payne and Anne Shirley.

If it's one girl that changed overnight from a sad and fretful woman to a completely happy one—it's Myrna Loy, now reconciled with husband Arthur Hornblow.

If it's one girl who is trying to recapture the love that was once hers— it's Alice Faye since her divorce from Tony Martin.

If it's one lad who can horn in on a man's girl and dance every dance hour after hour and get away with it—it's Errol Flynn.

If it's one man who is winning Hollywood (Continued on page 12)
to the beach...to glamour...to a wonderful summer!

You can't beat this thrilling new Jantzen...the line is so smooth...the fabric is lush Water-Velva interknit with "Lastex" yarn, to take off your bumps...the wonderful Jantzen anatomists are at the controls and that means actual foundation fit and a delightfully elevating Beauty-lift Bra...the colors are South Sea-ish and therefore romantic and the neckline is very new and very exciting—6.95. Others 4.95 to 10.95.
Study in style: Rita Hayworth, and Elyse Knox make John Garfield stop, look and talk at a South American party for Bette Davis

Marry in haste, rejoice at leisure: Nancy Kelly and Edmund O'Brien have an all-trimmings celebration of their elopement

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

The importance of being hilarious: Deanna Durbin, Joe Patternak and Robert Stack have their fling at a Universal party

(Continued from page 10)

friends right and left on his own with his good sense of humor—it's Bette Davis' new husband, Arthur Farnsworth.

Quick, Girls! Now, after an era of old-legging blondes, the old siren is going back to the screen. So, if you want to keep on the beam, you'd better learn a few tricks.

First, be molotovly alluring. Wear heavy earrings, make up the eyes and mouth heavily, leaving the cheeks dead-white, wear black that circles high about the throat, keep the hair bobbed and perfumed and go in for some jewelry and scents.

Get at it, girls—be first in the swim, the trend.

Another Offspring Giggle: These proud movie parents are constantly coming into Cal's ready ears the stories of their children. Some are too good to keep—this one about Joan Blondell: Norman, for instance.

Norman, who is just six, was taken by Joan and her husband, Dick Powell, to see the colorful film, "The Thief of Bagdad."

During the movie Dick pointed out the gem. Norman thought a minute and then cracked, "Oh, is that Jeanie with the light brown hair?"

Jottings: The bareness of John Barrymore's life would plunge many an actor into despair... George Sanders' theory about marriage is upsetting the girls no end. George claims he didn't like the same people at twenty-five that he did at twenty, nor the same people at thirty he liked at twenty-five. So when he's positive he won't like the same people five years from now—why marry?

Ain't you (Continued on page 14)
TROPICAL Whites

Your feet will be "photogenic" in lovely PARIS FASHION whites of doeskin, kid, maracain, linen...lined with BURG LASTEX to enhance every foot curve, diminish foot-size to "camera eye" proportions! Choose these Hollywood inspired styles so magically priced for you. Widths AAA to C. Write Dept. P-12 for style booklet and your dealer's name.

WOHL SHOE COMPANY • SAINT LOUIS

$3 to $4

Burg Lastex Lined

White Maracain with elasticized straps.

White elasticized Suede with patent.

White Kid, high-heel sandal.

"Pin-perforated" white elasticized Suede.

White elasticized Maracain, mid-high heel.

Paris Fashion SHOES

FIFTH AVENUE STYLES

LEARN HOLLYWOOD'S SMARTEST DANCE STEPS AT HOME—
The Congo—The Rumba. Send for free illustrated booklet today.

JUNE, 1941
Above: $3200 worth of hat. Tossed into the ring by Mr. Roosevelt three times, it was given by him to Joan Hersholt (right) and auctioned off at the Screen Actors' Guild charity fete at the Coconut Grove. Biggest bidders were Edward G. Robinson and Melvyn Douglas, who bought it jointly; shrewdest auctioneers were Edward Arnold, Ken Carpenter (back row); prize master of ceremonies was grinning George Murphy (at left)

(Continued from page 12)

kinda cynical, Georgie Porgie? . . .

The happiest lad in town is Billy Halop (chief Dead Ender) because his lawyer pa and his ma have become reconciled . . .

The colored actors' vote went to Jack Oakie in the Academy balloting. One colored actor was consoling Jack on not winning the Oscar.

"We're all for you," he said.

"You should be," Jack said. "After all, I'm the white-faced Hattie McDaniels" . . .

Tis rumored a new romance, even warmer than the George Raft one, detained Norma Shearer in Sun Valley so long.

Bucketlist: A body finally gets used to everything in this town. In fact, we didn't even bat an eyelash when Joan Davis' familiar voice said over the phone, "Come on over on the set. I'm getting measured for a bucket."

This was too much for old Cal's curiosity and, despite the pouring rain (yes, ma'm, it rained and rained out this way), we swam out to Universal and onto the Abbott and Costello set of "Oh Charlie." Believe it or not, Joan was getting her—er posteriors measured for a bucket. It seems the star had to fall backwards in a scene into a bucket and the fit had to be exact.

Anyway, when we got through howling at Joan's bucket falls, the actress told us a cute story on her comical offspring, "Joanie Wills of Beverly Hills," as she calls herself.

It seems Joan Sr. and her husband, Si Wills, were starting out, each wearing slacks, on an errand. "Let's stop in Ciro's for a snack," Joan said facetiously, "we look like Ciro's."

"Yeah," said little Joanie, glancing up, "like Ciro's-Roebucks."

Two headliners in the high-light audience: Clarence Muse and Academy Award winner Hattie McDaniels

This Romance Merry-Go-Round: Old Cal is dizzy and it's not his liver, either, so take away that sulphur and molasses. What has us down are all

(Continued on page 16)
She's Famous—Adored—
she has a Beauty Tip for YOU

Try active-lather facials for 30 days. Give your skin, right in your own home, the gentle care that protects Hollywood's million-dollar complexions. Lux Toilet Soap's active lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics thoroughly—leaves skin smooth and soft. You'll find these facials a wonderful beauty aid—a great help in keeping skin lovely.

Milder! Costly Perfume! Pure! Active lather!

9 out of 10 Hollywood Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap
... the net suddenly broke and Mr. Garfield and Miss Aldridge hit the deck. They tried to get up again and missed connections, which all made for a lot of fun for Fink.

(Continued from page 14)

Linda Darnell, whom Mickey Rooney adores, openly confesses her constancy to her schooldays sweetheart, Jaime Jorba. Mickey turns back to Gene Tierney for comfort, only to have Gene almost elope with actor Robert Sterling. Mickey is catching his breath.

To top off the whole confused mess that has practically made an old man out of Cal, Jimmy Stewart goes back to his old flame, Ginger Rogers, just before he leaves on his draft call.

It's too much for us, all of it.

Now—Wait-a-Minute Department: Out on the "Sergeant York" set we ran into Donoho Hall, the Tennessee mountaineer technical adviser. Donoho, who is full of tall yarns, related us this story of his first trip on the "steam cars" when he was just seventeen.

"Are you having a berth?" the ticket agent asked him.

The young mountaineer knew only one meaning for that word.

"Sir," he said with icy dignity, "I ain’t the kind of man to run away from such things."
Do You Remember—When Mary Pickford was the social leader of Hollywood?
Now it’s Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks Jr.
When Bill Hart was the Western idol of all the boys and girls?
Now it’s Gene Autry.
When the romances and marriages of Joan Crawford were the most discussed and written about in town?
Now it’s Lana Turner.
When the Gish girls were considered the nicest sisters in Hollywood?
Now it’s Joan Fontaine and Olivia de Havilland.
When Valentino was the handsome idol of the feminine world?
Now it’s Charles Boyer.
When Garbo was considered Sweden’s gift to movies?
Now it’s Ingrid Bergman.
When Laurel and Hardy rocked the theaters with laughter?
Now it’s Abbott and Costello.
When Clara Bow was the college boys’ delight?
Now it’s Betty Grable.

(Continued on page 18)

Congratulations— are in order dept. Seeing double [down the stairs]: The new Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bowman; the new Mr. and Mrs. Edmond O’Brien (Nancy Kelly); the new Mr. and Mrs. Dennis O’Keefe (Steffi Duna); the new Mr. and Mrs. Desi Arnaz (Lucille Ball); and the not-so-new Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Maschio (Constance Moore), host and hostess to brides and grooms.

Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt receiving congratulations after the wedding. Mrs. Leggatt says of Camay, “I prefer Camay because of its outstanding mildness. It really is wonderful for delicate skins like mine.”

Mr. and Mrs. Leggatt have fun cutting the wedding cake. The reception was held in the Embassy Suite of the Ambassador, famous New York hotel. Then the happy couple left for a honeymoon in the South.

"On my wedding day, my skin looked lovely—and the mildness of Camay helped!"
—Says Mrs. George H. Leggatt, Jr.

Lovely women welcome Camay’s greater mildness—even many with dry and delicate skin.

Mrs. George H. Leggatt, Jr., has a dark, vivacious beauty that makes her the center of interest wherever she goes. Her loveliness is emphasized by a lively, lovely skin.

Of course Mrs. Leggatt takes the very utmost care of her skin. And for her beauty soap she has chosen Camay. Women everywhere echo this lovely bride’s enthusiasm for Camay—even many women who feel they have a delicate or dry skin.

For a great new improvement has made Camay milder than other famous beauty soaps tested. We proved this by tests against dozens and dozens of them. Time after time Camay was proved milder...milder than these dozens of famous beauty soaps of other makers!

Get 3 cakes of Camay from your dealer today! Put this milder beauty soap to work for your complexion right away!

The Soap of Beautiful Women

Photographs by David Berns

JUNE, 1941
MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO
Be Yourself... Be Natural!

TAKE THIS silent marriage vow—that you’ll always Be Yourself. Be Natural. When you make-up, wear TANGEE NATURAL... the lipstick that enhances your own individual lip beauty.

As you apply TANGEE NATURAL... see how it changes from orange in the stick until your most flattering shade of tempting blush rose is produced. Then, complete your make-up with Tangee’s matching Rouge and Face Powder.

Made with a pure cream base, Tangee natural helps end that dry, “drawn” feeling and helps prevent chapping. Wear this famous lipstick for soft and youthfully beautiful lips that stay fresh for hours on end.

TANGEE
Natural
"WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS LIPSTICK"

SEND FOR COMPLETE MAKE-UP KIT

Honoring an honor man: Quentin Reynolds [right], crack gentleman of the press, gets a hand in Hollywood at the Mocambo. Cream-of-the-crop guests: David Selznick and Claudette Colbert

(Continued from page 17)

When Mabel Normand romped her way through a vale of loneliness?
Now it's Alice Faye.

When Milton Sills was the he-man of the screen?
Now it's Gable.

When Wally Reid was the flippant young comedian in pictures?
Now it's Bob Hope.

When Jack Pickford was the smartest young blade about town?
Now it's Rooney.

When Charlie Ray was the shy hero everyone loved?
Now it's Jimmy Stewart.

When the romances of Jack Gilbert were the talk of the town?
Now it's George Raft.

When Loretta Young was a dewy-eyed young leading lady in her teens?
Now it's Linda Darnell.

When Norma Shearer was the exclusive first lady of the colony?
Now it's Barbara Hutton.

When mile-long top-down sport cars were owned by every star?
Now it's station wagons.

Courage—Salute! No matter how deep the trouble, distress, or despair, there is a way out. No place emphasizes this hope as Hollywood.

Six years seems a long time for one man to wait, hope and to try, to trust, to go away, to attain a new perspective and then come back to try again.

On the eve of his last futile attempt to regain his lost place in the movies, handsome Nils Asther was packed and ready to leave again for his home in Sweden.

On the eve of his departure came the call to Universal for “The Man Who Lost Himself” and then to a role in “The Night of January 16.” From that he was signed for still another film, “Forged Landing.”

Now, once again, he’s on his way to success.

Regis Toomey, who waited patiently

Party decoration was Annabella, who combed her hair back straight, wore no flowers and came to rally round Reynolds with husband Ty Power
year after year for his break, found it in “Meet John Doe” and now reaps a featured role with Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray in “Dive Bomber.”

Take the tragic case of beautiful Veda Ann Borg, whose work in “The Penalty” is bringing her raves.

A year ago Veda Ann lay in a hospital in a cast, her face and body horribly cut and disfigured, the result of an automobile accident. Even the doctors agreed she would never look the same. But, as she slowly gained strength, the doctors found a way to remove the scar from forehead to chin that had almost severed her face and to reconstruct her crushed nose. She emerged as good as new—only Hollywood, it seemed, had forgotten.

Despairing of all hope of going on with her career, she applied for work as a salesgirl and was ready to begin when M-G-M remembered and called her back to work.

Yes, there is a way out for those who have the courage to hope, to wait and to go on trying.

Now Whose Face Is Red? On the “Blood and Sand” set Tyrone Power, the star, turned to greet a new actor, Thornton Edwards, a former police officer. A grin broke suddenly over Ty’s face—he recalled that this same cop had once given him a ticket for speeding in bygone days.

“No, just about the same old Savannah,” said Edwards.

“No,” grinned Ty. “No hard feelings. But isn’t it a coincidence that in this first scene we have together I’m supposed to give you the licking of your life?”

Overseas News: Our friends in England are still carrying on, each in his respective place. Hollywood gets news
**News Round-up about a BIG PICTURE**

**THE most WELCOME ENTERTAINMENT NEWS** in many a day IS that America's most COLORFUL star, GENE AUTRY, is BACK in the Saddle! "BACK IN THE SADDLE" IS the title of Gene's newest hit... AND millions of Autry fans

**THROUGHOUT THE nation are waiting ANXIOUSLY for it to reach their LOCAL screens...They want to see GENE riding the range again... THEY'RE looking forward EAGERLY to hearing him sing his**

**NEW hit tunes (WAIT 'til you HEAR Gene sing "BACK in the SADDLE")!...they're waiting to WELCOME SMILEY BURNETTE (HE'S funnier than ever)!... CHARMING little MARY LEE, REPUBLIC'S talented young singing DISCOVERY...and lovely JACQUELINE WELLS...A thrilling SCREENFUL of new adventure, NEW action, new romance and NEW music is coming your WAY...so watch for the TOP-RANKING song-and-action STAR of screen and radio, GENE AUTRY, in his newest HIT...It's**

**CA L YORK'S Inside Stuff**

Pretty nose to a grindstone: Rosalind Russell, now working shoulder to shoulder with Clark Gable in M-G-M's "The Uniform." Hedy Lamarr was mentioned once for the role; Miss Russell was mentioned twice—and won the prize of them from time to time. For instance, a friend tells of making the rounds of London after a raid with Hollywood's erstwhile Puuk, one Davey Niven, now in the British army. Together they viewed the ruins of a famous West End club where David was a member. He took it calmly in true British fashion until they came to a battered chair. Then he let fly with, "Look what those dirty blackguards did! They knocked the bottom out of my chair."

Stowe Maries, the Leslie Howard home about thirty miles out of London, has been "knocked about a bit." Howard writes his friends, but it still stands. Leslie himself is actively engaged in British propaganda work with two radio programs a week. His daughter Ruth is with a Red Cross unit and his son has been transferred from the mine sweepers to a post in London. Mrs. Howard is taking care of thirty city children at Stowe Maries.

Director John Farrow, Maureen O'Sullivan's husband, is reported to be on submarine duty between Canada and England.

A letter from Richard Greene, still mourned by his many fans, has the actor in good spirits and carrying on for dear old England. A humorous touch was added when Dick explained that most of his Hollywood mail is for bills he had no time to take care of before leaving Hollywood.

"Tis said the Virginia Field romance is ebbing a bit. And, oh yes, Dick is about to make a picture based on England's defense work. God keep them all and bless them, we say.

**Beauty Hints and for Free:** Well, we don't know much about this department but Pete Westmore, Hollywood's famous beauty expert, assures us the girls place too much emphasis on eyes and not enough on eyebrows. "Eyebrows are the most expressive part of the face. The eyes get credit for what the eyebrows really do," he says.

"Most actors and actresses use their eyebrows to express emotions. Watch the faces of Thomas Mitchell, Jimmy Cagney, Spencer Tracy or Clark Gable and you'll see eyebrow actors. "The girls, too, including Irene Dunne and Bette Davis, express emotions with their eyebrows. So does every girl in all walks of life. Therefore," he says, "more care should be given eyebrows. They should be well brushed, not plucked too fine, or a natural expression is lost."

Well, anyway, gals, there it is. Sounds sensible to the likes of us.
Universal really agreed to Deanna's wedding to Vaughn Paul taking place in April (on her parents' anniversary) instead of June, so she could keep her mind off her trousseau, bridesmaids and wedding gifts during her next picture.

Ellen Drew will wed writer Sy Bartlett (Alice White's ex-husband) very shortly.

Guess Who! Let's play our newest Quiz game. See how many of the following clues you have to read to guess the name of this star. If you can call out the name after four clues, you're tops.

All right, here we go—
1. His ambition was to become an artist but necessity made him a runner on the New York curb exchange.
2. He made his debut in the entertainment world as a hoofer in vaudeville.
3. That aroused in him a love for the theater and he secured a chorus boy job in the musical comedy "Pitter Patter."
4. When the show went on tour, he met and married his one and only wife, Frances Vernon, then worked in vaudeville.
5. He became a Broadway success in "Outside Looking In." Teamed with Joan Blondell in "Penny Arcade" and the two were signed by Warner Brothers to make a film version of the show.
6. In one year he was a star, with the aid of a grapefruit, in "Public Enemy."
7. He is filmdom's prize-fight champion, having won fifty-one movie fights. He lost one in "City For Conquest."
8. He is now starring opposite Bette Davis in "The Bride Came C.O.D.," his first comedy in several years.

If you still haven't guessed his name, it's—James Cagney.

Don't start summer with shoes that are just "all right." No! Begin your rounds of vacation, travel, fun...with a wardrobe of Heel Latch Shoes...shoes that you step into every morning of the week...

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday...with renewed satisfaction...confident that they are the last word in smartness, in comfort...and because, simply, you love to wear them!

Heel Latch

ROBERTS, JOHNSON & RAND • BRANCH: INTERNATIONAL SHOE COMPANY • ST. LOUIS

JUNE, 1941
ADAM HAD FOUR SONS—Columbia. Un-erved in 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 unhappy daughter are outstanding. Richard Denning and Johnny Downs as the two older sons are splendid. (May)

ADRIUL FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HEVY—THE—Paramount. This tries very hard to be very funny, but it's pretty corny. Jackie Cooper causes a lot of trouble and in his efforts to earn a hundred dollars, Eddie Bracken is Jackie's pal; Hedda Hopper and Fred Nello his parents. (Apr.)

ANDY HARDY'S PRIVATE SECRETARY—MGM. We prophecy stardom for newcomer Robert Cummings who becomes Mickey Rooney's secretary during the high school commencement week. He quickly grows old looks and acting ability make for 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 town divided into two factions by various griefs. The Weavers are good and Roy Rogers is a fine hero. Honey melodrama. (Apr.)

BACK STREET—Universal. Margaret Sul- livan 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 teat-jerker so bring plenty of handkerchiefs. (May)

BANK DICK, THE—Universal. W. C. Fields is a bank detective who, after much confusion, tells a bank robber and emerges a hero. It's packed with typical Fields gags and antics, and he's the whole picture. (Mar.)

BARNYARD JOLIES—Republic. There's quite a lot of entertainment in this story of a group of orphans who try to support themselves by putting on a benefit show. Mary Lee is very cute and Ruth Dwyer and Ralph Bowman do good jobs. Some of the songs are gay. (May)

BEHIND THE NEWS—Republic. Lloyd Stoltenberg is convincing giving this story of the investigations of a newspaper to his wife. Doris Davenport, Frank Albertson and Robert Armstrong are also very good. (Mar.)

BLOOMING GENTLES—Columbia. Paramount's box office decides to take the Hampstead in a vacation to South America, with much fan and fancy as the scene. Betty Sahlstrom, Arthur Lake and Earle Sumner play their roles with the ease of long experience and it's a treat for the Hampstead fans. Two Gershin songs beautifully. (May)

BORDER LEGION, THE—Republic. If you're a Western fan, partner this novel. Picture is for you. Roy Rogers joins the Border Legion, a group of rough-hewn cowboys, and boldly fights them off to justice with violent action and much excitement. (Mar.)

BOOLY ROY—Republic. Strictly routine is this story of a man who finds himself in the army, a group of officers who band together to do some straight detective work. (Mar.)

BLACK PRIVY—Universal. Allott and La- stello find themselves in the army in this thriller that is cleverly highlighted by their ingenious tactics. Excellent. Walter Catlett, Leatrice Joy, and Lyle Talbot, who falls in love with a trickster Dorothy Lamour and joins the circus, adds the show, of which Clive, Kilber is the owner. (May)

Brief Reviews

* * *

Cheers for Miss Bishop—United Artists. Beautifully told tale of a young school-teacher in a Midwest college who meets and re- solves 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 perfectly 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, Helga Lammert, who marries struggling young writer Jimmy Stewart in order to stay in America. Helga's boy friend, publisher Jan Hunter, causes much of the complications in spite of the fact that he is married to Xerxe Trubekal. You'll love it. (Apr.)

Comrade X—M-G-M. Take Gable as a newspaper reporter winning a uncensored news out of Russia, add Helga Lammert as a streetcar conductor with whom he's forced to flee Russia, mix up with a chase consisting of Lammert and Gable in one tank against an army of tanks and you have a vicious slapstick entertainment. (Mar.)

Effie queen's Penthouse Mystery—Columbia. Ralph Bellamy is the famous detective who works through danger and intrigue and is determined to solve the murder of a mysterious girl on a secret governmental mission. Margaret Lindsay is the pretty secret service princess. (Mar.)

Flight Command—M-G-M. This authen- tic picture of flyers trained in the government school of naval aviators in this exciting and inspiring, and Bob Taylor takes advantage of the best opportunities he can. In Command is Walter Pidgeon's wife, both have solid performances. We cannot recommend it too highly. (Apr.)

Flight from Destiny—Warner. This minute this as the surprise picture of the year for its brilliancy in theme, dialogue and acting. Professor Thomas Mitchell is given month's to live, so, as a philanthropic act, he decides to kill an investor's wife. Mitchell gives a magnificent performance. (Mar.)

Four Mothers—Warner. Corly little tale of the Kemp family, who love their money and struggle to retain it. It has the same familiar characters, the Kemp sisters, Jeffer Lynn, Eddie Albert, Gale Page, Clive and 107. Ray'nson.

Repeat romance: Fred MacMurray and Madeleine Carroll, the team that made time in "Virginia," get together again for the forth- coming "One Night in Lisbon"
but it doesn't measure up to its predecessors in entertainment. (Mar.)

GOLDEN HOOF—20th Century-Fox: Jane Withers falls in love with Buddy Rogers, helps her grandaughter establish a local hospital and saves her homelands for the breeding of tritons horses, and does it all with the greatest of ease in this Withers specialty. With Buddy Rogers, Katherine Aldridge and Buddy Pepper. (May)

GO WEST—M-G-M: The sanex Marx Brothers thoroughly indulge their appetite for hilarious clowning in this, one of their finest pictures, with scarcely a minute's letdown in the fun. It's about their efforts to secure a deed to Paul Man's Gulch so they can sell it to a railroad and permit John Carroll to marry Diana Lewis. But you won't pay much attention to the story on account of all the laughs. (Mar.)

HARD-BOILED CANY, THE—Paramount: A grand musical treat in this film with Allan Jones, as the son of the head of Camp Interlochen, rescuing a young burlesque singer, Susanna Foster, from a raid and placing her in the camp, with havoc as the natural result. (Apr.)

HER FIRST ROMANCE—Monogram: Edith Fellows has her first growing role in this gay picture as the ugly duckling who becomes the belle of her school and finds romance. You'll be charmed with her performance and singing. (Mar.)

HIGH SIERRA—Warner: Entertainment is yours in this absorbing story of a paroled convict, Humphrey Bogart, who gets back to his racket. Ida Lupino is grand as Bogart's girl and Joan Leslie shows great promise. Bogart's portrayal of the gangster is terrific. The whole picture has great dramatic impact. (Apr.)

HUDSON'S BAY—20th Century Fox: Although the story is too concerned with geography rather than with people and it's ponderous, it's well done and worth seeing. It tells of the formation of the great Hudson's Bay Company and the bringing of the north country under British rule under the leadership of Paul Muni and his enormous partner, Lionel Barrymore. Gene Tierney provides romance. (Mar.)

INVISIBLE WOMAN, THE—Universal: John Barrymore is splendid as the scientist who invents a machine that causes lovely Virginia Bruce to become invisible and thus have herself a lot of fun. Oscar Homolka as an exiled gangster is very clever, but the gag of invisible people walking about is no longer a novelty in pictures. John Howard falls in love with the invisible Virginia. (Apr.)

JENNIE—20th Century-Fox: When Virginia Gilmore marries William Henry, she refuses to allow his father to dominate her life and she sets about undermining his power over his family. It's a human, sincere picture of a family ruled by a father who is virtually a dictator over them. The entire cast offers fine portrayals. (Mar.)

KEEPING COMPANY—M-G-M: Too much ad- dersence to routine material and hackmy situations spoils this happy little picture about the tribulations of an average young married couple. John Shelton and Ann Rutherford are the young husband and wife and you'll also see Frank Morgan, Irene Rich and Virginia Weidler. (Apr.)

KITTY FOYLE—RKO-Radio: Christopher Morley's fine story of a working girl has been brought to the screen in truly magnificent style, with Spencer Tracy giving a most brilliant performance as Kitty, the white-collar girl who loves socialite Henry Morgan but is torn between him and James Craig. Both Craig and Morgan are splendid. It's a hit. (Mar.)

LADY ELV, 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-shark Barbara Stanwyck and her father Charles Coburn. Honor Blackman goes on a rampage on France, is topsy-turvy, and Barbara herself is excruciatingly glamorous. (May)

LAND OF LIBERTY—M-G-M: The colorful history of the United States is told in scenes from feature pictures, and new, stories of impressive and exciting, although occasionally dull. All the points go to war-relief charities, so seeing it is part of being an American. (Apr.)

LET'S MAKE MUSIC—RKO-Radio: Bob Crosby and his band make their movie debut in this in- nocuous tale about a music teacher, Elisabeth Risdon, who sells a song that becomes a hit. If you like good swing music and don't insist on big names and strong story, this is for you. (Mar.)

LITTLE ME—RKO-Radio: Little of the Little Miss America variety remains in this version, but Jack Oakie's clowning makes up for it. George Bancroft's adopted son, Jimmy Lydon, who's a problem child, is reformed at Jack's school. Kay Francis is very good as Aunt Jo, and Bancroft is splendid. (Mar.)

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR—Paramount: There's not so much fun in this screening of the Jack Benny-Fred Allen feud as you'd expect, but it has its bright spots and it's worth your time. The plot's (Continued on page 113)

Can a skin, sensitive to soap, look like "Peaches and Cream"?

Thousands of women find Cashmere Bouquet Soap more mild and agreeable to sensitive skin.

Because you may have found some soaps irritating to your skin...a difficulty reported by one woman out of two...you may have become too easily discouraged. You notice men gazing with unconcealed admiration at a "peaches and cream" complexion, and, with a shrug of your shoulders, you may think enviously—"Oh, she was just born lucky."

Yet if you could ask thousands of lovely women: "Confidentially, how do you do it?"...the answer, over and over again would be: "I use Cashmere Bouquet Soap. I find that its mild, gentle lather agrees with my skin, never causes complexion flareups."

Wouldn't you love to be like "peaches and cream" all over? Evening clothes—sports clothes, too—reveal a lot of you to the world!

So, as you bathe, cream each lovely inch of your skin with the glamorous lather of Cashmere Bouquet Soap. Step from your bath scented all over with "the fragrance men love."

Buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap wherever good soap is sold. Three luxurious cakes only twenty-five cents.
THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST

with CESAR ROMERO

Mary Beth Hughes • James Newill • Nicholas Brothers • Weare Brothers

The Four Ink Spots

Directed by Archie Mayo
Associate Producer: Kenneth Marcy
Original Screen Play by Don Ettlinger and Edin Blum, Robert Ellis and Helen Logan

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE

New HIT SONGS

by Mack Gordon and Harry Warren!
"LONG AGO LAST NIGHT"
"I TAKE TO YOU"
"I'VE GOT A BONE TO PICK WITH YOU"
"THE GREAT AMERICAN BROADCAST"
"WHERE YOU ARE"
"IT'S ALL IN A LIFETIME"

Radio Ad Songs: "Chesterstrakes" • "Chapman's Creepy Cheese" • "Porter's Puppy Biscuits" • "Wazo"

ALICE FAYE
JOHN PAYNE
JACK OAKIE

FROM THE STUDIO THAT GAVE YOU "THAT NIGHT IN RIO"!

THE GREATNESS OF THE SCREEN... THE MAGIC OF RADIO...
COMBINED IN THE GREATEST MUSICAL OF THEM ALL!
DO YOU remember what you were doing in 1931? Does it seem so very long ago? It really isn't, you know.

I've been looking through the June 1931 issue of PHOTOPLAY. It's true that most of us don't remember Dorothy Jordan, who is on the cover, because for some time she has been the wife of Marion Cooper, the producer. But I notice that Marlene Dietrich is on the cover of the issue before that and Claudette Colbert on the one following it.

Browsing through that June PHOTOPLAY I found some fascinating things. For instance, there's a picture of a very curlyheaded gentleman dancing with Corinne Griffith at a Mayfair party. His name is Joel McCrea. On a later page, in Cal York's department, there's an item which reads: "Von Sternberg's latest choice for future glories is Frances Dee—lead in 'An American Tragedy.'" At this same Mayfair party, Bob Montgomery is shown dancing devotedly with Mrs. Montgomery, who was Elizabeth Allen when he married her in 1928, the caption informs us.

There is also an item about an actress who refused, for the first time, to have her picture taken at a party. Her explanation of this amazing action was that she had been to an "exclusive" shop and there had been bought an "exclusive" gown, only to find when she reached the party that two other stars were wearing the same gown and had already been photographed. Her name? Hedda Hopper.

A FEATURE story, about Barbara Stanwyck, is called "She Has Hollywood's Number," one item of which is most appropriate today. It tells how a director had asked her to make a test for "Ladies of Leisure." Said Barbara: "I can't. I simply can't go through any more of this silly business." But, the story goes on, when the director couldn't find another girl for the part, he said, "Come on into the cast and try this thing without a test." The director? The same one who directed Barbara's latest, "Meet John Doe"—Frank Capra.

Then there is a picture of two interesting people, with the caption: "PHOTOPLAY announced exclusively the secret marriage of Irene Dunne and Dr. D. F. Griffin of New York. Here they are vacationing at Miami Beach, Florida." Of course, there are lots of names now long forgotten, but the following still-famous ones appear throughout that issue: Miriam Hopkins and Claudette Colbert (describing their first meeting), Howard Hughes, Walter Winchell, Greta Garbo, Charlie Chaplin, Lew Ayres, Gary Cooper, Jeanette MacDonald ("...will be definitely retired from circulation as the bride of her business manager."). Cecil B. De Mille, Wallace Beery, Lewis Stone, Spencer Tracy, James Cagney—and so on to an almost incredible extent! The best performances cited for that month included Wallace Beery, Spencer Tracy, Gary Cooper and Joan Crawford. And in a list of June birthdays, under June 2, we again find the name of Miss Hopper. Congratulations, Hedda!

The lead story in that ten-year-old magazine is called "Hollywood's Newest Romance" and the closing paragraph says: "William Powell and Carole Lombard love each other. And, like all love stories, the issue is in the lap of the gods."

There are those who think the American public is fickle. Let this be evidence, then, that even though new and exciting things are happening to these stars, many of them are still the ones whom you admired and wanted to read about in 1931!
The Nicest Women in

Leave it to this famous author to name point-blank the three nicest women in Hollywood—and to give a "nothing but the truth" view of the others

By Hedda Hopper

One reason why stars dash for their daily papers: To see what candid columnist Hopper (above with Bing Crosby) says about them

The three nicest women in Hollywood? I don't know why the editors should limit me in this way, but they wanted me to do a story on the three nicest women in Hollywood. Now you know my life wouldn't be worth a plugged nickel if I narrowed them down to three. But I'll start with three anyway. Heaven only knows where I'll end up, 'cause I ramble on like the old gray mare. Those three are Joan Crawford, Baby Sandy and Frances Marion.

Joan, because her story covers many years is known throughout the town as the most generous. When she first came here, she was lucky enough to meet Dr. Branch, who has more charity patients than any M.D. in town. To Joan, he's been doctor, lawyer, counselor, friend. They used to talk over their dreams to each other. Hers, of course, was to become a star. His was to have his own clinic where he could help humanity who couldn't afford to pay. Joan said, "When you get your clinic, I'll give you a free room in your hospital and, as my salary increases, I'll add to it."

That was eight years ago. There are now four hospital rooms which Joan Crawford supports entirely. Those rooms take care of extras, young players, their babies, their mothers, or anybody who needs help. Joan didn't know until this year, when she was persuaded to visit the hospital, that they had put up a plaque reading, "These rooms were donated by Joan Crawford." Joan said, "That plaque and a silver box which Dr. Branch gave me and had inscribed—"Dear Joan: We, and the 180 souls you have helped save, give you this with our dearest love—those were the most moving things that ever happened in my life."

I asked if she had ever had a real sickness. She said, "No, except in the mind. When I'm at the end of my rope, I call Dr. Branch at the finish of the day's work and he's been good enough to lend me his shoulder to weep on many a time. I'm proud to say that my shoulder has been used by him once or twice for the same purpose."

So many people still think of Joan as the "Hey Nonnie Nonnie" sort of girl. Well, she used to be. But she's long since grown beyond the "Dancing Daughters" stage. Douglas Fairbanks Jr. can thank her for his success and development. It was she who gave him strength and courage when he needed it most during his formative years and she got mighty little thanks for it. None from his father or Mary Pickford Fairbanks, who didn't approve of her. Now Douglas Sr. is gone and Joan and Mary have become great friends.

It was Joan who tried to make Franchot Tone a picture star. The
fact that he became a featured player was because he got so much publicity through her. Otherwise I'm certain he'd still be just a good supporting player, without feature billing and for less salary.

As for Baby Sandy, she's been a star only two years. Of course, we can't tell how she'll turn out. She may go high-hat in another year or so and have to be retired so she can make a comeback as a veteran at the ripe old age of eight. But she's a sweet little thing, and kind to parents and dogs. They discovered that she responds to dog training. She's very obedient, but can't remember a promise made from day to day, or instructions she gets for her acting. So they taught her, just as they do dogs used in pictures, the sign language. She knows, from signs made with fingers what a chair, table, glass and all objects on the set are. Her teacher stands beside (Continued on page 108)
There have been many great loves in Hollywood, blazoned upon front pages for all to read. Some of them magnificent and violent, some beautiful and desperate, some tragic or happy or bitter.

Love has played a great part in the life of Hollywood and changed, as it were, the map of its destinies a good many times. That must be so, for here are gathered together people of extraordinary charm and beauty, people of great emotional nature and temperament, people who represent romance and ideals to the whole world—and drama is their daily bread and the very object and reason of their existence.

The greatest love story Hollywood has yet known is the one I want to tell you, for the first time: the courtship and marriage of Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin.

Oh, I know that at first glance that may sound like an exaggeration, it may seem too much to say when one must compare this new romance with the many that have made history, the Hollywood modern versions of Dante and Beatrice, Heloise and Abelard, Romeo and Juliet. But at the very top of the scroll upon which are written in fairy gold such names as John Gilbert and Greta Garbo, Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford, Clark Gable and Carole Lombard, young Douglas and Joan Crawford, it seems to me one may well write today "Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul."

Most of those other stories I know well—saw them happen—lived chapters of them—heard confidences about them. They were part of my life, too.

And not long ago I wrote at first hand the greatest love story of all time, that living legend of the King of England and Mrs. Simpson, the Duke and Duchess of Windsor. I went all the way to Nassau to meet the man who had given up the greatest throne and the greatest Empire on earth, and the woman he loves—and I saw there with my own eyes a deep and passionate devotion.

So I am not to be bowled over by any love story.
If you would like to learn about a rare and lovely romance you will not want to miss this beautiful story of Deanna and Vaughn by one of America's best-known writers.

"I am not to be bowled over by any love story," says Miss St. Johns. "But Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul bowled me over. For they have achieved something so rare and lovely every boy and girl will know it by name."

But Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul bowled me over.
For they have achieved something so rare and lovely that every man and woman will recognize it, every boy and girl will know it by name. It is like a song once heard and lingering on forever in memory. Past, present or future, old or young, here is the dearest dream, the secret of the heart, where it is treasured in sweet remembrance or in exquisite hope.

No matter how hard-boiled, how worldly, how disillusioned — how lightly we may take love nowadays — how often we may deny it — here is something that catches you and brings you back to it-might-have-beens, to maybe-it-will-happen-to-me.
Young love—first love—clean and strong and perfect.

It was the strength of it that got me. The honesty and reality of it, facing life and problems intensified as they must be in Hollywood, in utter faith and without fear. It's easy enough to keep love exquisite and romantic if you hide your eyes for a while. But when Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul listened to the immortal words of the marriage service, they faced them and the minister who spoke them with clear and steady young eyes.

They know what they are facing. They know marriage in Hollywood, the marriage of a great star to a young man still with his name and way to make in spite of what would in ordinary circumstances be early success, is no primrose path to tread.

But they are as sure they will celebrate their own thirty-third wedding anniversary as they are that they were married upon the thirty-third anniversary of Deanna's own father and mother.

Neither of them has ever been in love before; neither even thought he was in love. Nor will they ever be again.

They found each other and—but that is the story.

Deanna Durbin became a motion-picture star "overnight" as the saying goes in Hollywood. She was fourteen.

The men who sat around a big table in the big office at Universal Studios on a day a few years ago waiting to talk with this child were utterly amazed by what had happened. They had made a "B" picture with a good cast and a nice little story, titled it "Three Smart Girls" and cast as one of the girls an unknown child singer who had sung on the radio.

The public had played its powerful part. The public had fallen head over heels in love with Deanna Durbin. Didn't know who she was, hadn't been notified of her advent by any high-pressure publicity campaign, but—they fell in love with her gay voice, her impudent smile, her pretty, funny little face. So are all real stars made—by you.

I have always been able to understand how it happened in the case of the little Durbin girl. I saw that picture in a movie house in Omaha during a blizzard that had grounded the plane on which I was flying to New York. We had been through some storms upstairs and we were exhausted, a little frightened, very cold, and far from home. There was a woman who was flying to her mother's deathbed; a boy on leave from Annapolis, who might be checked out for being AWOL since the Navy doesn't take weather as an excuse; there were several men in real distress about business appointments. Frankly, we were a tough audience that terrible winter day as we waited to know when we might take up our journey, as we speculated on what kind of a journey it might be.

Well, we forgot everything, we laughed and cried, our troubles stood off from us and we naturally fell in love with the little girl who had been able to help us, who had warmed us and made us laugh.

So the big executives who waited that day to talk to Deanna Durbin and make her a star knew what had happened, but they were still amazed. They were, it is recorded, even more amazed when she walked in. A short, very slim little girl, with eyes of a startling blue, clothed in immemorable dignity. When she walked out, with that same dignity and grace, they were infinitely reassured. They weren't so worried about gambling the millions it takes to make star-pictures on a fourteen-year-old girl who had neither stage nor picture experience, whose family knew nothing of the theater but were just simple, middle-class English folk.

They realized that Deanna Durbin, even at fourteen, had the thing we sometimes call character; they recognized in her those qualities of courage and determination and ability to work and sacrifice and stand up under things that belong peculiarly to the people of England—though perhaps they didn't think of it then in just those terms, didn't become aware of how typical a daughter of England the Durbin child was and is—for she was born a British subject, her forefathers had all come from England.

So—this little girl of fourteen, who had lived a simple, normal everyday life with her father and mother and her older sister, who had sung her way into the picture business almost by accident, became a star, with all the prerogatives, the work, all the wealth and fame that still go with that.

There was not then and is not now anything shy about her. She has that same dignity, that same naturalness, that same poise of good manners and quick intelligence. Oddly enough she always reminds me somehow of Princess Elizabeth of England. I wish she could play the little Princess who will someday be Queen of England—if there always is an England. Or even Queen Victoria when she was very, very young. The year of stardom, coming when she was in that formative and impressionable time of girlhood, has given her a valiant simplicity, an honestly regal air. She takes her work and her responsibility very seriously, and it is harder work than that of most stars, for she has the (Continued on page 95)

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR
New kind of love for Lamour

She used to hide under a "Good-time Dottie" masquerade. Now she's come out in the open—about herself, her life, and the man she loves

By Kay Proctor

Dorothy Lamour has Hollywood stumped.

The town, quite frankly, cannot understand what has happened to its erstwhile No. 1 hey-hey gal and pet Good-time Charlie. They can't understand the way she has calmed down and become a demure little miss who shuns the giddy whirl of night-club life.

"What makes?" it asks fitfully. "We used to depend on good old Dottie for the kick of the week. Now all we hear is about Patti McCarty, the Lamour secretary, doing the rounds of the hot spots with a different beau every night and winding up with a movie contract of her own. What makes?"

What makes? The answer is simple. It's that same little word which always is upsetting the applecart. To wit, love.

For Dorothy, it's a new kind of love. Back of her recent right-about-face is a moving story. Not many know it because, while she has countless friends, she has only a few intimates who might have an inkling of the truth. Lately, too, she has developed a new quality—genuine reticence about her personal affairs. It's a good thing, that quality, because she used to pop off with some dillies which landed her in one jam after another. Strangely enough, she would turn clam on those who were her real friends and trustworthy and, in the next breath, make the rashest of statements to total strangers, who would crucify her with her own fool-
hardy words. Or, in apparent good faith, would spin some highly imaginative tale and then be surprised that the deliberate deception aroused anger in those who had been duped.

We can forgive her now because we know it was just another funny, muddled way in which she has been trying to fool Hollywood and herself for the past two years. It didn’t really matter about Hollywood, but for herself it was a dangerous game to play.

Why the masquerade? That, too, is a part of this story.

At heart Dorothy Lamour is no glamour girl in the sense we flip the word around today. That sounds incredible, but it’s true. At heart she is a simple, unaffected girl and, at times, unbelievably naive. When she puts on a sophistication act, she reminds me of a little girl playing grown-up lady in her mother’s trailing dresses on Saturday afternoon. The fit is about comparable.

The first time we met was in the summer of 1937, when she was making “Hurricane” for Goldwyn, the hit picture which gave impetus to the Sarong Series started by “Jungle Princess” at Paramount. She had been the wife of bandleader Herbie Kay for two years and still was abashed by the utter wonder of it. Her open rapture about him, in fact, made us a little uncomfortable. It was as if we were intruding on something not intended for our eyes.

In a happy, frank way she talked about the great plans she had for a family of her own, and of how little a career meant to her compared to success for Herbie. She said then she wanted nothing more from life than to be his wife and make a permanent home for him and their children. We’ll always believe she meant it and that she still would be Mrs. Herbie Kay if things could have worked out in that pattern.

The word “permanent” was to prove the catch.

THERE was nothing unreasonable in Dorothy’s wanting the security of a permanent home; that’s something every woman needs. But a successful bandleader must be a peripatetic fellow, wandering from city to city as lucrative engagements beckon. A permanent home is one luxury his profession does not permit. And so Dorothy and Herbie talked things over and decided it was wisest she remain at her job in Hollywood while he traveled with his band. As soon as he had accumulated sufficient money to insure a modest living for them, they would retire from their respective careers and devote themselves to each other, their children and their home.

In dream form, it was a perfect plan. Unfortunately, it did not work.

Separations, however enforced, usually breed petty quarrels, jealousies, misunderstandings, even indifference. It is particularly true when the persons involved are in the limelight, where every little deed is magnified into something of importance.

So it was with Herbie and Dorothy. Little differences, which would have been patched up had they been together, grew into issues as the miles grew between (Continued on page 89)
Mai's RE MEDIE S for HEARTA CHES

People will write things to "Mai's" they'd never tell anyone else. That's what makes these letters, and Ann Sothern's answers, collected by Marian Rhea, a document no one will want to miss.

The fast-talking, softhearted girl who's become a friend of the family: M-G-M's "Mai's," as portrayed by Ann Sothern

IT ALL began when Mai's burst upon the screen. There was something about her...

Here was no unapproachable glam—
our girl who might not—quite prob-
ably would not—have time for the heart problems of you and me. Here, all of a sudden, was a kindly, folksy, human sort of a girl who seemed to step right out of the screen wanting to be friends.

So it began—that is, you began writing letters to Mai's about things that troubled you, especially the problems of love and marriage. You figured she would be the kind of girl who could help. You hadn't been writing such letters to Ann Sothern before she played her first Mai's role, even though you had seen her in pictures many a time; but Mai's was different.

So it went on until Mai's—or Ann—possessed a very interesting collec-
tion of letters and, in answering them as carefully, as thoughtfully as she knew how, had made for herself a wonderful group of friends. Her ad-
vice was good, too, as you often told her gratefully. Many a time she showed you how to win back happiness after it had seemed lost for good.

Whereupon we come to the point! We have persuaded Mai's—or Ann— to allow us to reproduce here some of those letters (anonymously, of course) and her answers to them, so that not only you who wrote them and received help in return, but those of you who have similar problems and haven't known just what to do about them, might here find a solution. You see, Ann (Mai's to you) is a wise girl and a kind one. Otherwise, she couldn't have been a real Mai's on the screen.

Here is, she says, one of the first letters she received. It seems to us that it involves a predicament in which many a girl has found herself, and many another will again:

"DEAR MAI'S:

Perhaps it will seem silly to you that I am writing this letter, but something about the way you acted in your picture just got me. So I thought I'd try. You see, I am so unhappy! I have been going with a boy for a long time and was sure he cared for me as I do for him. Also, he had often complimented me on my honesty. So one night I told him I loved him. My heart was so full, it just seemed as though I had to. But instead of telling me he loved me, too, he acted kind of embarrassed and since then he has been different, although we still go together. Oh, Mai's, I know now I was foolish to do what I did! Can I do anything to remedy my mistake?"

This is what Ann wrote back:

"Yes, my dear, you were wrong to 'up and tell' your young man you loved him. Men like to take the initiative. They like to do the pursu-
ing, always.

"But now that the thing is done, why let it lay! Don't refer to it again. Forget it as quickly as you can. Per-
haps the young man will, too."

Here is another letter from a "dam-
sel in distress."

"Dear 'Mai's' (Miss Sothern):

I am engaged to be married and, while we are both very young, I thought for a while we had every chance of happiness. But now I am not so sure. You see, we live in a small town where everyone knows everyone else and there is a certain girl who is crazy about my fiance. He is an honest, unsuspicious sort of person and I don't believe he even suspects what she is up to. Should I warn him of her designs? Or tell her off? Or what?"

Ann's letter in answer:

"Thank heavens you haven't said anything yet! Don't! If you warn your young man, it will make him aware of the designing miss and the fat might well be in the fire. As for 'telling off' the lady—don't do that, either! It couldn't do any good and it would be giving her a weapon to use against you—the knowledge of your vulnerability. No, you must grin and bear it. Besides, aren't you a bit flattered by the whole thing? Surely, you wouldn't want to fall in love with a boy no one else could be inter-
est in."

Set forth here is, Ann thinks, an all too common tragedy of marriage:

"Dear Ann:

Please forgive my writing you, but I happen to know you were very kind to another girl who asked you for advice. So— (Continued on page 84)"
BY GLADYS HALL

It is the bridal suite, left empty and waiting for an as-yet-unfound bride.

The bridegroom-to-be is: Tall, dark and handsome; six feet, two inches tall; 175 pounds in weight. His eyes are dark-brown; his hair is ebony-black; his teeth are perfect. He is sound in mind, body and bank account; an elegant dancer (his rhumba is sensational); he has an unblemished name and reputation. He dresses well; is generous with corsages, gifts and hospitality, but not a wastrel; fond of children, dogs and birds; less fond of cats but kind to them; drinks like a gentleman, smokes ditto; has none of the windy egotism of the actor. He says of himself, “I have worked hard for seven years. I’ve been no ball of fire, but—I am still working!”

He likes to go to the fights, is a movie fan but, except for symphonies, not a radio fan; is subject to the common cold but is a “good patient”; takes no setting-up exercises nor does he diet in any way; an easy man to feed, cucumbers being the only item of the cuisine that disagrees with him; can be the Life of Any Party and often is, but is equally happy at home, with a good book, a dog and (not a pipe, alas!) a cigarette; is not easily susceptible, having been exposed to—and survived, unwed—the charms of Ann Sheridan, Marlene Dietrich, Alice Faye, Joan Crawford, Patricia Morison, et cetera and et cetera.

... with references furnished by one and all...

The Sheridan said of him, “He is more fun than any man alive. And more polite.”

Marlene Dietrich: “When you dance with him, you are, the two of you are, a dream dancing ... you fall in love with him when you dance with him. He is the perfect escort.”

Joan Crawford: “He has every quality I can think of ... dignity, excitement, gaiety, friendliness, romance, everything.”

Alice Faye: “He is the most genuinely sympathetic man I know. Un-

Says Cesar: “I want those rooms unfinished so that my bride may fix them to please herself.”

Kept dark and unfurnished in the Romero home is the suite of two rooms, dressing room and bath

BRIDE WANTED!

Somewhere near Hollywood, in the residential section known as Brentwood, there is a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, newly built of fieldstone and wood, set amid gracious gardens. A man lives here alone, and very tired he is of living alone, too.

Within the house fires burn on the hearths; the rooms are colorfully but simply furnished in Early American fashion. The fine old four-poster bed in the master bedroom, the old Dutch dowry chest, handwoven rugs, piecrust tables, cobblers' benches, thousand-eye glass were all hand-picked by the would-be bridegroom himself.

At night, the lights of the house shine hospitably out over the gardens—except from one wing, the windows of which are always dark.

For in this house, there is one empty suite, one suite of two rooms, dressing room and bath which has been left unfinished and unfurnished, the walls bare white plaster, the floors uncovered.
"She must like my home," says Romero. The house is a Pennsylvania Dutch farmhouse, furnished in colorful Early American like many actors, he is as interested in other people as he is in himself. If you want to laugh your head off or weep on his shoulder, he is right there with the laugh or the shoulder!"

Patricia Morison: "He doesn't look the type that would make the perfect husband. He looks—somewhat dangerous. But what's so fascinating about him is that he would make the perfect husband!"

His name is Cesar Julio Romero. Applicants for the bridal suite may address him care of Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

A S to the bride-to-be—well, whoever you are and wherever you are, we have discussed you with Don Cesar. We offer you now the following tips in order that only those of you who qualify may apply:

It is better for you not to be an actress. Cesar would very definitely rather not marry an actress. As a matter of fact, he wouldn't like to at all. But, being a man of sense as well as sensibility, he doesn't say that he never will marry a professional.

He doesn't believe that an actor has to marry an actress in order for her to understand the Hollywood mode of life. He believes that any modern girl can adjust to any way of life. Furthermore, he believes that married life in Hollywood is safer and easier than elsewhere, other opinions and case histories to the contrary. Actors have more time to give to married life, he holds, than do businessmen.

Your looks are relatively unimportant. Not that you can be a fright-wig. But if the willing bridegroom did not go to pieces over Dietrich, Crawford and Faye, can you really believe it matters much how you look?

The way you dress is important. Cesar notices women's clothes. Good taste is his standard. Quiet colors and nothing "circussey."

You must, you absolutely must, be a home-loving type, take pride in your home and be of a meticulous neatness and tidiness. When a vase belongs on a certain shelf, Cesar expects it to be on that shelf and no other. A mote of dust, in Romero's eyes, is a mountain!

You will, of course, have to like his house. He told me, "I'll just have to keep my eyes peeled for the girls who come to the house and pick one who likes it. Because if she doesn't like the house—no soap!"

You should be able to minister to the common cold—a dash of the trained nurse in the feminine temperament appeals to Cesar. You must be willing (Continued on page 110)
Scene: The Big Romantic Moment in Columbia's "They Dare Not Love." As it approaches (below), stars Brent and Scott assume the required ardent expressions, meanwhile getting themselves well-grounded in bedroom slippers via a step-ladder and an encyclopedia. Right (top) is the major headwork you'll sigh over in the theater; below is the minor footwork that you'll never see on the screen—do you wonder?
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PICTURES THAT TALK!

As a matter of fact, they shout out loud about three eloquent episodes of the Hollywood month

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

THIS ONE SAYS: A wave of cheer. Diners at the Mocambo were startled by the sudden explosion of a photographer's (not Fink!) bulb. Women screamed; confusion reigned; the waggish Bill Powell grabbed a napkin, swung it blithely and sang lustily, "I Surrender, Dear"

THIS ONE SAYS: Visibility, low. Mickey Rooney blew into the Brown Derby for dinner, punctuated his vitamins with phone calls in search of a Saturday night date. Pose proves that the way to a man's heart is not through his stomach
What Ann Sheridan

Now that Ann has gone back to work, everyone wants to know what it all meant to her.
Learned in Exile

What happens when a star goes into temporary eclipse?

Well, for one thing, Hollywood people show themselves up as they really are.

Here's what Ann Sheridan found out about some of them

BY ANITA BLAKE

They were sitting on the fence of the east corral on a cattle ranch near the little town of Denton, Texas—a couple of lean, soft-spoken men, a hazel-eyed, tawny-haired youngster between them.

"Yeh. You have to do what you have to do," the black-haired man said. He kicked the high heel of a cowboy boot against the railing. "You have to," he repeated, and the other nodded solemnly.

It was man-talk, inexplicable to the small girl perched between them, but she listened intently because she always listened to what the "Boss Man" said. He was her father and she adored him. And later on, when she had him to herself and asked him what it meant, he explained.

"It means that if a certain course of action appears right to you, Ludie, you have to follow it, no matter what, or pretty soon you won't like yourself," he said.

All this was a long time ago. Small "Ludie" is grown up now. She is a Hollywood star—and an "oomph girl," which is something among stars. She is Ann Sheridan. And the "Boss Man" is dead. But she has never forgotten that day when they sat on the fence of the east corral and he imparted to his cowhand Slim his simple code of life. Like him, she has learned to do what she has to do.

And that, if you only knew it, explained a good deal concerning Ann Sheridan's long quarrel with Warner Brothers over salary and why you haven't seen her in pictures lately.

A good many stories have gone the rounds here in Hollywood and elsewhere over Ann's differences with Warners. You've heard this and you've heard that. But here is the truth, as Ann tells it herself.

During the time Ann was working in "Torrid Zone," "They Drive By Night," "City For Conquest" and "Honeymoon For Three," she was making $600 a week and was not due for a raise, under her contract, until April 1, 1941, at which time she was to receive $150 a week more. Well, all this may seem a lot of money. It is a lot of money. But everybody knows, too, that $600, or even $750, is chicken feed for a star who is "hot" at the box office. Everybody knows that players like Spring Byington and Sidney Toler (Charlie Chan) make over $1,000 a week, while stars like Wally Beery and Edward Arnold have consistently made hundreds of thousands of dollars every year.

"And so," Ann told me, "when I realized that my pictures were making big money at the box office, it seemed no more than right to me that I should have a better salary, particularly in view of the fact that I had been promised raises several times, but hadn't gotten them. I, therefore, asked for one more. I asked for $2,000 a week. And was told I couldn't have it. Whereupon, when I was instructed to report for work on 'The Strawberry Blonde,' I just didn't do it. I couldn't, somehow. Maybe it was just plain old Texas stubbornness, but—well, I had to do what I had to do. I couldn't do otherwise and keep my self-respect. . . ."

That is the background of this story of what it means to be a Hollywood exile. But it is only the background. It fades into insignificance before the things that have happened to Ann since that day when she just didn't show up for work in "The Strawberry Blonde." Ann's difficulties with Warner Brothers, settled now, were "just business," as she herself points out. But what happened during her "exile"—well, that is a different story, human and moving.

What happens when a Hollywood star goes into eclipse?

"In the first place," Ann said, "Hollywood does a double shift and suddenly you see people exactly as they are! You see, oh, so clearly, the ones who've been friendly just because you've had a (Continued on page 99)
Every new hat style has fundamental lines that change your size and shape. Find out what they are! Take your cue from the carefully trained stars. Fashion wizards, stylists, designers, have taught them how to choose the kind of style that is sure to do the most for them. Here are a few tip-offs on the hat line-up brought to you by Dorothy Calhoun...
Between the Hat Lines

Golden Hat Rules

1. Lines that repeat or contrast too sharply with unpleasing lines in the face emphasize them no end.

2. Wide hats that cut off inches may add on pounds!

3. Hats with a flair for height are slimming.

Pounds—How to Take Them Off

Top it off with a trim little sailor like the one Brenda Joyce wears and you’ll stay as slim as you are! That is, if the brim isn’t too narrow for your face and the hat isn’t too small for your size. Perch it on an angle or wear it Gay ’90’s style—straight on top of your head. Flowers and veiling soften the prim little brim.

Make it a tall one like Anne Gwynne’s for your very trimmest effect. The long lines of the nifty little hat Universal’s small starlet is wearing lead the eye straight up. And the soft rose accents the height. Besides this, an oval forehead will make your face look oval—too, very flattering—especially with a halo of soft Malone!

A draped high turban is slimming too, if it has irregular lines. But wrap it tight around your head and it will make your face seem larger.

Perch a round "pretty" way high in back and it gives a clear outline to your face. The frivo- lous little fancy Rosamond Lane is wearing repeats the perfect contour of her face and points it up very cleverly. A brim like it up straight up in this, standing straight up in back, is sure to give your face a lift. A tuft of veil on top—adds another "light" touch—and flowers are always flattering!
"You know, dear," said Adrienne, "you're different somehow—really different. I realized it this afternoon when you kissed me!"

It was the hour that precedes the cocktail hour and in a little while the bar of the New York hotel would be crowded. Now, however, the only customer was a tall blond young man whose blue eyes gleamed with amused impudence from his deeply tanned face as though they found the world a very fine place indeed. As he strode up to the bar, the bartender reached automatically for a glass and a tall green bottle.

"The usual, Mr. Evans?" he asked. Then he noticed the yellow envelope in the young man's hand. "I hope it's good news, sir," he said politely.

John Evans tilted his head to one side whimsically. "It better be," he grinned, "or I'll be right there back of the bar with you—white apron and all." His eyes dropped to the paper he had pulled out of the envelope and his expression changed from confidence to incredulous fury.

"The skunk!" he muttered. "The dirty white-livered skunk!" Savagely he tore the paper into bits, then he turned his pockets inside out, piling wrinkled bills and silver coins on the bar. "That's all the money I have in the world," he said grimly. "How much of what drink will it buy?"


The young man considered the answer briefly, then, as suddenly as it had disappeared, his good humor returned. "Okay," he said cheerfully, "six Scotch and sodas it is. Here," picking up a brandy snifter, "better mix 'em in this."

"But Mr. Evans," the bartender objected, "you never drink anything but ginger ale."

"Six Scotch and sodas," John insisted and, when the man had placed the brimming glass in front of him, "This is a special occasion. I am..."
Man Who Lost Himself

—but found a lot of other things, including a beautiful woman who refused to believe him when he told her she wasn't his wife

Fiction version by
LEE PENNINGTON

THE CAST

John Evans Malcolm Scott }........Brian Aherne
Adrienne Scott.............Kay Francis
Paul.........................S. Z. Sakall
Mrs. Van Avery...........Dorothy Tree
Mulhausen....................Henry Kolker


"But I'm not Mr. Scott!" said John loudly. "I'm another man." "Yes sir," said the little round elderly man blandly. "You always are."

drinking," he raised the glass, "to my dear old friend Harold Phillips, the skunk!" While the bartender looked on in astonishment he downed the drink, then saluted nonchalantly and turned away from the bar.

The following morning, John was aroused by a stream of sunlight beating insistently on his face. Prettily he fought against it, then, giving up the struggle, he yawned and stretched and blinked his way to consciousness. It came with a bang and he sat up abruptly, which started waves of nausea surging in his midriff and set an iron foundry working overtime in his head. But these discomforts folded up and disappeared under the force of the greater shock which awaited him. Instead of his modest hotel quarters the bedroom which stretched away before his eyes was only slightly smaller than the Grand Central waiting room and furnished with a lavishness which he had never seen before except in the movies. Shuddering, he dived under the covers again and forced himself to face the fact that he didn't know where he was or how he had got there.

He had come to New York from Porto Rico two weeks ago on business. The business had proved to be a washout and he had cabled his partner, Harold Phillips, for return fare to Porto Rico. What had happened then?

He frowned in concentration; then he remembered. Phillips, the skunk, had cabled insistently that since John had gummed up the business entrusted to him he could swim back to Porto Rico. The criticism of his business efforts was unjustified, moreover, he wasn't fond of swimming so, he recalled, he had decided to have a drink.

There was the sound of a door softly opening and closing. Warily John opened one eye. An elderly round little man in servant's livery was standing by the bed. John opened the other eye and as if this was a signal he had been waiting for the man said deferentially, "Good morning, sir."

"Who are you?" John demanded.

The man looked pained, but answered patiently, "Paul, sir. And how do you feel this morning, Mr. Scott?"

John shook his head experimentally. "Terrible," he groaned. "But I'm not Mr. Scott," he added.

"Very good, Mr.—Scott."

John sighed. Apparently the old fellow was deaf or not very bright. "I'm not," he repeated, louder this time, "Mr. (Continued on page 101)
The girl who by looks alone can hold any number of screen heroes in any number of theaters spellbound: Marlene Dietrich as a gay adventuress in Universal's "The Flame of New Orleans"
Answer to the prayers of a lot of maidens, especially of Marjorie Toole of Liverpool, England: A full-page portrait of George Sanders of M-G-M's "Rage In Heaven." Says Miss Toole: "Here we are, night after night, waiting for 'Jerry' to come over, running down the garden into our shelter. Now if I had a nice picture of George to put on the wall, I'd even forget there was an air raid on or that the Battle of Britain was being fought!"

Carpenter
The Draft—and Jim

THE REAL

Indiana, Pennsylvania's bespectacled young hopeful: Jimmy makes believe he's a soldier

Following the Photoplay-Movie Mirror tradition, we have gone to the star himself for the facts of a story that has been badly twisted by the tongues of Hollywood—and also by the press.

Jim Stewart is in the Army.

Hollywood's most eligible bachelor, the winner of this year's Academy Award for the best screen actor and the most sought-after leading man in the film business, has traded his make-up kit for the heavier pack of a private in Uncle Sam's preparedness parade.

Ever since he ambled into the spotlight of screen prominence several years ago, Jim Stewart has symbolized to film-goers the likeable, unaffected boy around the corner in their own home town. Today, even as you read this, Jim has joined the million or more other "John Does" in that greatest of levelers, the draft.

And it seems somehow fitting that the first Hollywood star to be tagged by the Selective Service should be the tall, lanky young man who, of all the men of draft age in the movie colony, is the closest counterpart to the average American from Main Street now marching off from his job to a training camp.

That Jim has entered the Army for a year of military service may not be news to his thousands of fans who read of his induction just a few weeks ago in their morning papers. What is news is the hitherto untold tale of how Jim, at the height of his popularity, was almost wrecked by a careless bit of reporting that incor-
rectly labeled him as seeking deferment in the draft and brought his whole world tumbling down on him in a storm of criticism and misunderstanding.

Two months ago in Photoplay-Movie Mirror, "Fearless," in an article titled "Words That Kill," dramatically revealed the way that careers, reputations and personal happiness in Hollywood often are crucified by careless or callous reporting. Even as this plea for fair play was rolling off the presses, a new wave of whispers—and louder lampoons—was being directed at Jim Stewart in exactly the same mistaken, misguided fashion "Fearless" decried.

"Jimmy's Got It—Deferment!" snickered a headline in a Washington, D.C., newspaper the morning after a gay group of other Hollywood stars had danced at the President's Birthday Ball.

"Movie Star Favored" was the inky finger of rebuke in a New York daily. And all across the country the front pages carried stories that Jim Stewart, the film star, had been given deferment by his local draft board.

There was no official explanation of his deferment and reporters speculated that both Jim and his studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, had requested the favored classification on the grounds of his being an important figure in an industry essential to the morale of the nation.

Those stories almost broke Jim's heart.

The truth of the matter was that when his draft number was called, Jim had welcomed a chance to serve, but had been turned down after a physical examination disclosed he was ten pounds under the required weight. Even as the journalistic jibes at his deferment were being printed, Jim had begun a rigorous routine of diet and exercise to gain the precious ten pounds that would balance the scales of the Selective Service requirements.

Unaware of the true status of the case, fans (Continued on page 81)
For an "a 'Maying mood": A fashion may-pole which you can wind up in fine style. Each of the streamers represents a new mode-of-the-month; tied up with them you will find the clues to their identities. Do a little light thinking along fashion lines and you'll have five pointers as to how to head the hit-style parade. If you look on page 94, you'll find the correct wind-up

**Fashion Quiz**

**BY MARIAN H. QUINN**

**Clue to Style A**
This is a one-worder. Take the first initial of the last name of the blonde star of "Virginia"

A three-letter word meaning "to copy"

**Clue to Style B**
The course of this fashion is charted right to the middle. We give the whole thing away by the pretty picture of a pretty gal shown above. She's wearing what we mean; you'll probably want to make yourself one like it

**Clue to Style C**
Take the first name of the dead-pan comedian who reigned ten years ago

The name of the color of Judy Garland's eyes

A word that rhymes with "dollar"; is spelled the same except for one letter; and keeps chins up

**Clue to Style D**
Take the word that belongs in this blank: .. like taking .. from a baby ..

The word that describes what gentlemen wear at Sing Sing

**Clue to Style E**
Take the word that rhymes with "sage" and describes a neutral color

The name of the article that is a shoemaker's living
This South American recruit for a summer wardrobe . . . Miss Lupino, star of Warners' "The Sea Wolf," takes an up-to-the-minute fashion outlook in a shantung shirtmaker frock. South American sway and color run riot in the full brilliant red, yellow and blue print skirt; the yellow shantung blouse has four gold disc buttons that wink wickedly. Her off-the-face green felt is a gay, bright, enchanting finale to a costume by Harry Cooper, Hollywood.
This conversation-stopper in the suits-for-town group... A long-jacketed suit worn by Miss Lupino. The box pleats swing in defiance to summer breezes; the longer jacket fits the new suit law. Amusing carved buttons of natural wood march down the front as a nice accent to the sheer beige wool; the hat is a spruce straw pierced with a quill and shadowed with veil- ing. Harry Cooper, Hollywood, designed both this costume and the one opposite
This bolt from the blue for a June day... a classic redingote costume with a coat of powder blue sheer wool topping a matching blue and corn yellow print dress. The hat is a look-at-me model of blue straw with yellow roses and graceful veil-ing. Trick complement to a trick costume is Miss Lupino's gold brooch. Set with scientific tourmalines, emeralds and amethysts, it was designed by Hobe. It can also be worn on a velvet band as an unusual necklace.
This winner in the navy-blue standby class . . . a silk crepe dress with a fly front and pockets stitched trimly to the hipline. Two interest-trousers are the series of wide pleats that fall from the left hip and the smoothly feminine embroidered batiste collar that is edged with lace. Hats will be taken off to the Lupino bonnet, too—a black milon accentuated by proud white straw hibiscus blooms. This choice is also from Harry Cooper, Hollywood.
This glowing example of fashion's new greens . . . Miss Lupino wears a dinner dress that is a bit of clever mating: A brief jacket of artichoke green topping off a long-waisted dress of lighter green. The splash of wool embroidery on the big pockets picks up the jacket's color; for a singular jewel contrast, Ida wears a gold and silver chatelaine set with scientific rubies, an original design by Hobe. Dress designed by Patricia Perkins, Los Angeles
Presenting the first in an exclusive series designed to point the way to

**YOU CAN TURN THIS ROOM—**

When you see a charming bedroom on the screen—dainty in dotted Swiss or cheerful and vivable in chintz or streamlined and as modern as tomorrow—do you groan with envy and wish you could have a room like it? You can!

"But it costs money to have a charming room!" We can hear those protests of yours rising all around us. And we're not impressed because...

It doesn't cost a cent more for a room to be comfortable and charming than it does for it to be uncomfortable and plain. It's the thought and the old-fashioned American industry that go into a room that makes it attractive, not the money. When your room is charming it's a flattering background for you; it lifts your spirits; and—if you use it as a private sitting room—it attracts friends, too.

Actually an attractive room pays such large dividends in happiness that it's extravagant not to give your room a beauty treatment right now—while Hollywood's outstanding interior decorators stand by to tell you how to accomplish this and, at the same time, stay within your budget.

**HOLLYWOOD'S OUTSTANDING EXPERTS IN DECORATION**

A. E. Freudeman: He is the brains behind the beauty of rooms built at Paramount

Adrian: Enraptured by his home decorations, friends begged him to decorate their houses

Our experts now have the floor. They insist there's an answer for every decorative problem. They wish to remind you that rooms are like people—that you take to some instantaneously and retreat from others, without knowing why. Ready to tell you how you can keep your room from being the unfortunate latter kind, they proclaim:

Allow us to present your consultants, who are all experts in interior decoration: A. E. Freudeman, Adrian, Van Nest Polglase, Tommy Little and Edwin B. Willis.

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You Happier

those things you've always wanted and perhaps never dreamed you could have

- INTO THIS ROOM

Rooms Have Feelings, Too

¶ You may not cry out, like Garbo, "I want to be alone!". But the chances are that you do need to get off by yourself sometimes. In this day of small living quarters the only place you can be alone, likely enough, is in your bedroom. It's also pleasant to be able to entertain your friends in your room—so Mother and Dad won't feel they are dispossessed from the family living room and so you won't be interrupted by a younger brother or that older member of the family who likes to pop in and sit down and visit. Therefore, plan your room as a sitting room with a bed in it. Complete bedroom suites belong in hotels anyway. They give a room that stiff, impersonal appearance which is exactly what you don't want. You can gain all the drawer space that you need by having cupboards in your closet.

¶ Before you buy a half-yard of material or a ten-cent can of paint determine upon exactly the kind of room you want. Plan a room that will be a flattering background for you and that will suit your individual needs.

¶ Decide upon your color scheme. Rooms which have a southern exposure do well with white and grays and soft green and beiges and blues. Rooms which have a northern exposure do best with yellows and oranges and salmon.

¶ Don't be proud! Having decided upon your basic color let real artists help you with your complementary colors. Buy a small piece of chintz or wallpaper in which your basic color predominates and be guided by the complementary colors and tones used by the (Continued on page 91)

Van Nest Polglase: He decorated the presidential palace at Havana, is now with RKO

Tommy Little: His forte is the "difficult corner," 20th Century-Fox, his stronghold

Edwin B. Willis: He "dresses" the rooms you see in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films
ANNABELLE watched Mike's descent with desperation but admitted how dexterously he let himself down step by step, miraculously finding toe and finger holds to support himself. One wrong move and he would hurtle down into the gully below, perhaps taking her with him if he should strike the ledge on which she lay. She shouted again to warn him that the ledge could not hold them both and then she saw that he had shifted his direction so that he was not straight above her and thus would not endanger her if he fell.

"Mike! Listen! Listen to me!"

It seemed to her that she was shouting because of the effort she had to make to talk at all, but her ears told her that she had managed little more than a whisper.

At last Mike was a few feet from her. He had found a spot in the steep rocky terrain where he could rest for a moment by digging his knees into a miniature ledge and cling precariously with his hands and elbows. For a moment his face was a mask of grim concern, but when Annabelle smiled at him, he managed an answering smile and said, "Annabelle! You're all right? Tell me, are you all right?"

"I think so," she said. But then her face clouded with sudden fear. "Mike, what are you going to do, what are you going to do?"

"Listen," he said, "I had to find out how you are. But I'm going back to get help and a doctor. Can you hang on till I get back?"

She smiled wanly. "I've held on so far," she said.

"Have you tried to move?" he asked.

"Just enough," she said, "to find out that my arms and legs seem to be all right."

Then he saw the look of agony on her face and realized that even the effort to talk was too much for her.

"Annabelle," he said intently, "I'm going to get you out of here fast. Doctor Wilmer will be waiting for us at the hospital in the valley. So everything's going to be all right, dear."

His words touched her and she felt comforted. "Thanks, Mike," she said, and saw that he had already begun the dangerous climb up the cliff. She closed her eyes, for she could not bear the suspense. He must make it, he must. And in that moment she knew how little she cared what happened to her and how much it mattered to her that he should be safe. At last she dared look up and saw that he had practically reached the top. One final effort and he disappeared from view. Now the pain inside of her became once more a steady torture and she searched in her mind for thoughts that could comfort her. Then she remembered the sound of his voice when he had said, "Everything's going to be all right, dear."

HERE, drink this." Nurse Henderson held the glass of orange juice toward Annabelle, her jolly face drawn into her chronic expression of mock severity. Annabelle reached out for the glass and tried to pull herself up to a sitting position.

"Don't try to be too spry, now," the nurse said, "just because you're beginning to feel human again."

"I feel as if I just woke up from a nightmare," Annabelle said.

"It was no nightmare, sweetheart. It happened, all right. How do you feel?"

"All right," said Annabelle.

Sara Henderson saw the cloud that passed across her patient's face. "Now, you're not to think about that any more," she said. "That's over and done with. What you're going to think about is the future."

"That's just what I'm doing," Annabelle said, "and what I've been worried about is that—"

"Nonsense," said the nurse, patting her hand. "You'll be able to have all the children you want. Drink your orange juice."

It had only been in the last day or two that Annabelle had had spirit or courage enough to think of anything except her pain and weakness. After the terrible ordeal—the hours that it took to get her from the ledge, the difficult trip on the stretcher to the hospital, with Mike riding beside her in the ambulance, giving her dear words of encouragement, the hovering between life and death when the pain was so great that she could not even mourn for George's child that she could not have—it had taken several days before she had strength enough to dare think.

Now she was beginning to get things straight in her mind. She knew beyond a shadow of a doubt that she loved Mike Harrigan more than she had ever loved anyone. The knowledge gave her a deep sense of contentment that overshadowed the torments of the present. She had thought often of Helga Bentley and of what might have happened since her fateful visit to Lonely Lodge. Each day that Mike had come to see her, sometimes sitting hours at her side reading to her or talking to keep her mind off her pain, she had watched for signs of trouble, but his cheerfulness at last convinced her that, for once, Helga Bentley had passed up a chance for a story.
"I feel that there is one thing that we must straighten out first," said Annabelle.

She felt now a great impatience to be well so that she could straighten out the tangled threads of her life. What part Mike Harrigan was to play in that life she could only hope for; his attitude toward her was filled with tenderness and consideration, but it might have been the kindness of an old friend, the devotion of a brother. She thought several times, "Wouldn't it be a lovely piece of irony! Something really matters at last to Anna-belle Clark, something worth dying for—and that something she cannot have." Then she would remember some little word of affection that Mike had used, some gesture that she tried to convince herself meant more than it seemed, some look that could have love behind it. And then, this very afternoon, the thing that she had feared the most might happen, did happen.

The moment Mike came into the room she knew that something had changed. His face was drawn and pale, as though he had lost sleep. He sat for a time at her bedside talking of trivialities, and then said, "I talked to the doctor today. He says you'll be out day after tomorrow."

"Did he?" said Annabelle. "Mike, what's the matter? What's happened?"

Mike looked away. "I've had a fight with Clark," he said. "We're washed up."

Annabelle said, "But why? It isn't about my not wanting to see him, is it? Didn't he get my letter?"

"Yes, he did. It hasn't anything to do with you, Annabelle. He understands how you feel. He asked me to tell you that he hoped he could see you as soon as you came back to town."

It seemed that Mike was not going to talk any more about it, but Annabelle persisted: "I thought you had a contract with him."

"I have. It's up next month and he told me today that he wouldn't renew it."

ANNABELLE felt a rising fury. Always, whenever her happiness was at stake, it seemed inevitable that Holton must step in and spoil it. But she had not given any sign that Mike mattered to her. There was something behind this and she was determined to find out what it was. She controlled her inner fury and said quietly, "Never mind, Mike. One of the other studios will grab you up."

"Oh, sure," said Mike. "Especially after the 'Girl from Guatemala' fiasco."

(Continued on page 86)
DEAR RITA:
Your handwriting reveals that you are very ambitious. You are also very sensitive, especially with regard to people in your surroundings. You are never happy unless you have the right conditions and are doing the kind of work you want to do. In a sympathetic atmosphere your working capacities increase 100%. Much depends on whether you like people or not. You should always follow your inner instinct which tells you what to do. Your impulses are strongly developed.

The keynote of your personality lies in your gift (Continued on page 78)

DEAR ROBERT:
I should begin your analysis with so many "ifs" and "whens" that I don't know where to start. Your extremely strong will power helps to keep you going. You are very versatile and are able to do different things without going into detail very deeply. There is a certain inactivity and superficiality to be seen in your handwriting. All these characteristics won't help to improve your development. What you have to do, my friend, is to try to make up your mind to express yourself in a free way. You have to try to win more self-confidence and a (Continued on page 78)

DEAR ROSEMARY:
Your handwriting reveals a high degree of intuition. You have a very sensitive nature and are able to get very quickly the conditions and surroundings of other people. You are amenable to new ideas and are constantly out for new experiences. You keep in touch with people of all walks of life because that is how you get your ideas and inspirations. Your strength lies in the fact that you are able to size up situations at a moment's notice but are cautious enough not to reveal your findings too early. It will be very realistic parts in which you will have (Continued on page 78)
DEAR DENNIS:
You have a charming personality and vital as you are you should be able to achieve great success in life. Your handwriting reveals a restless mind which tries to forge ahead using all possible means for reaching its ends. You will meet many people in your life but I'm afraid that will not be enough to satisfy you. It's true you are attractive enough to attract a great many people and by using another of your gifts—diplomacy—you are able to approach people you want to know; but, confess, how little real happiness you derive from them. You are young (Continued on page 78)

Dr. Teltscher, brilliant young Viennese, is the creator of the system of psycho-graphology used abroad and in this country by business firms for personnel work; by the police in uncovering evidence; also in the medical field, for he claims the physical condition of a patient is revealed by his handwriting. His specialty is helping unadjusted people to adjust their lives whether the problem is "What kind of work should I choose?" or "What sort of man should I marry?"

JUNE, 1941

DEAR CAROLE:
Your handwriting reveals immediately that there is an unbending desire for clearness in you. You like to see things as plainly and clearly as possible. You like to go to the root of things. You are out for your own discoveries. You have strong impulses and like to follow them immediately. At the same time you are able to come to your conclusions by your logic. If there is a dispute between your reason and your feelings, your emotions get the better part of you. You are an extremely sensitive girl and have distinct likes and dislikes for other (Continued on page 78)
Most talked-about girl of the month

She has the mind of a scholar and the face of an impish angel and she is turning a lot of people's heads in a lot of places in Hollywood. Her name is Veronica Lake and her fame comes from three things: First, that she is the only girl with naturally silver hair in filmtown; secondly, that she is the shortest miss in the studios; thirdly, that she is turning in a triumphal performance in Paramount's "I Wanted Wings." In her private life she has a real name—Constance Keane; a husband, John Detlie, associate art director; and a studio that is steering her—fast—toward starlight limelight.
...AND 2 OUT OF 3 PREFER
THE DELICIOUS PEPPERMINT
FLAVOR OF BEECH-NUT GUM

more minutes of flavor
in Beech-Nut Gum

PROOF of the extra-lasting goodness of Beech-Nut Peppermint Gum was established by test among salesgirls in 29 cities.

An independent research organization questioned 245 salesgirls as follows. Each girl was given two different brands (Beech-Nut and one other, both unidentified). Each was asked to tell how long she thought the flavor lasted and which stick tasted better.

The results. According to the girls, Beech-Nut's peppermint flavor lasted, on an average, 14% longer than the peppermint flavor of all other brands tested. Also—2 out of 3 girls preferred the peppermint flavor of Beech-Nut to that of other brands.


They said: more minutes of flavor
Dura-Gloss introduces new shades of nail polish as fast as fashion news is made. Every time you buy a new dress be sure to get the newest shade of Dura-Gloss polish to wear with it. It will be right—Dura-Gloss follows fashion trends closely to make it so. Brush it on your nails, make them chic accessories, smart accents to your whole ensemble. Dura-Gloss costs only ten cents a bottle so you can easily afford to have a Dura-Gloss shade for every dress you own! Try the new spring shades of Dura-Gloss today. With Dura-Gloss you'll have the most beautiful fingernails in the world and the smartest.

The continuous use of Dura-Gloss will make your fingernails more beautiful!

Dura-Gloss is good for your nails. It protects your nails—make them more beautiful with Dura-Gloss.

The difference between NAIL POLISHES
Brush Dura-Gloss on your nails. You'll be absolutely amazed by its brilliance. Dura-Gloss glows with all the fire of a priceless ruby, because Dura-Gloss is made from a superior polish formula. Other polishes put color on your nails, but Dura-Gloss makes them strikingly, instaneously brilliant! Discriminating women cherish Dura-Gloss for this rich deep color sparkling incandescence this unbelievable brilliance. No other polish gives your nails the beautiful "effectiveness" of Dura-Gloss! Select one of its 20 exquisite shades today.
Do the stars really "live" the love-making they are called upon to do on the screen?

This is a question which all of us connected with pictures are continually asked by many of you out there. And the stock answer of the industry is, "Why, of course not. For an actor to take a woman in his arms and speak the lines the script calls for is part of his business, just as a businessman calls in his stenographer and dictates a letter on the rise in market prices."

A very logical answer—and oftentimes so. But you and I are playing a game of truth in these heart-to-hearts on Hollywood. Therefore I tell you that, more often than the board of directors cares to admit, their highly personable young men and women whose business it is to take up camera angles in each other's arms don't always leave it at just the camera angles. You've heard that one about being "only human"? Well, I'm afraid there's more truth than exclusiveness to the explanation. They are human.

Imagine yourself cast upon the bosom of a comely member of the opposite sex whom you more than likely don't know. Embarrassing? Of course it is—at first. Then the chemistry of personalities goes to work. You are either attracted to or repulsed by this person; but under such conditions there is no normal incubation period for liking or disliking. Things happen fast.

To cite an outstanding instance, Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier met for the first time in Alexander Korda's London office to discuss the possibility of Vivien's doing "Fire over England" with Olivier. He was an established star with a wife and a child. She was the newest discovery of London's West End theater world with a husband and a tiny daughter. There was every reason why they should have been nothing but the most casual (Continued on page 111)
—that's what George Bernard Shaw said about Wendy Hiller, a modern "career wife" whose methods make men applaud and start women on a whole new line of thought
"These 3 Women have as Beautiful Complexions as I have ever seen"—says Hurrell, Hollywood's famous photographer.

HURRELL, who has photographed many of the most glamorous women in America, says he was tremendously impressed by the lovely complexions of these three society beauties. The striking charm of their skin is not a matter of chance. Naturally beautiful, their skin is made even lovelier by their faithful following of the Pond's Beauty Ritual.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. looks like a lovely Dresden-china figure. Since she was in boarding school, she has used Pond's at least twice every day—and her skin is damask fine—soft, smooth.

MRS. WHITNEY BOURNE has the poised beauty of an orchid. Her pink and cream skin is dazzling—rich, vibrant. She has used Pond's since her deb days.

MRS. ANTHONY J. DREXEL, III is one of Atlanta's loveliest daughters, with great dark eyes and a glorious complexion. For at least seven years she has guarded her exquisite skin with Pond's.

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, Jr. looks like a lovely Dresden-china figure. Since she was in boarding school, she has used Pond's at least twice every day—and her skin is damask fine—soft, smooth.

A BEAUTIFYING CLEANSING—with ultra-soft Pond's Cold Cream every night, and for daytime cleanings. You smooth it on, wipe it off with Pond's Tissues. Your skin is freed of dirt and make-up. Apply Pond's Cold Cream again, spank it in well, wipe off. Little dry lines and pore openings show less. Your skin is immaculately clean, soft, supple.

A soothing splash. Make your skin tingle and glow! Splash it with Pond's cooling, astringent Freshener. It takes away oiliness, too.

A NEW LOOK, A NEW FEEL to your skin. Apply the 1-minute Mask—a thick coat of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Wipe off after 1 full minute. You will hardly believe your eyes. The keratolytic action of Pond's Vanishing Cream has taken off countless tiny bits of dried skin that roughened and dulled your complexion. Your skin looks more delicate, clearer—it feels definitely softer. It has a lovely mat finish that takes powder with exquisite smoothness—and holds it for hours.

See how YOUR skin responds! And this simple beauty ritual takes only a few moments each day! See your complexion looking more and more radiantly lovely.

SEND TODAY FOR NEW BEAUTY RITUAL KIT
POND'S, Dept. BMM-CPY, Clinton, Conn.
I want to follow the same beautifying skin care Mrs. Roosevelt, Mrs. Whitney Bourne and Mrs. Drexel have found so successful. For the enclosed $4.50 (for postage and packing) send me at once Pond's Special Beauty Ritual Kit containing Pond's ultra-soft Cold Cream—for cleansing and softening—Skin Freshener, Tissues and Vanishing Cream—for the 1-minute Mask.

Name ____________________________
Address ____________________________
(offer good in U. S. only)

JUNE, 1941
free study of humanitarianism versus power. But from that point matters turned themselves out, as matters have a way of doing, until Wendy encountered in this highly portentous season of the Malvern Festival the second man of destiny in her life.

Gabriel Pascal, Hungarian dreamer, actor, soldier and film producer, had achieved the impossible. Unheralded and unheeded with anything but an idea whose shining goal was to translate Shaw’s plays to celluloid, Pascal had won the Irish genius’ consent to do what all other motion-picture magnates had failed in accomplishing. “Pygmalion” was to be their first joint effort. Pascal had gone down to the Malvern Festival to catch the young actress Shaw remembered having seen in “Love on the Dole,” who was now playing his “St. Joan” there.

After squirming through the performance, Pascal went backstage to meet Wendy Hiller.

“You were awful,” he told her bluntly; “simply awful. You’re ugly.”

Well, Wendy never had made any pretensions to being a beauty. But he might have taken into consideration the clear fresh complexion that spoke of wind-swept moors and heather and tall firs.

“You’re backward—”

Admittedly. She always described herself as “tall and scraggy.” Yet the unexpectedness of this broadside from the intense-looking European was a dash devastating. Wendy burst into tears.

“—but you have talent,” continued the dispassionate Pascal. “Possibly—great talent.”

So began this strange partnership of one of the world’s greatest dramatists, the man who dreamed of carrying his plays into pictures, and the girl who became their instrument.

(Continued from page 68)

But such a break as came to Wendy Hiller, born of a modest family in Cheshire, England, is not won without preparation. From her infancy Wendy had a burning desire to act, an urge which she may have come by rightly in view of the fact that Mrs. Hiller named all of her four children, Rene, Wendy, Peter and Michael, after the characters in Sir James Barrie’s beloved play, “Peter Pan.” Moreover, it was Mrs. Hiller who helped her daughter make an impromptu theater of the Hiller nursery with a row of wobbly candles for footlights that threatened to sweep the place away in a gale of arson. Wendy typed out programs, produced the plays, took the leading roles herself and bedeviled her brothers into doing the other parts. “Bossy!” the boys protested loudly; but evidently persuasive, for mostly they did what she wanted them to do and a grand time—well, fairly grand—was had by all.

This quality of “bossiness” was to stand Wendy in excellent stead. At the age of eighteen, when she had finished her preparatory schooling and won a few elocution contests, she announced to her amazed family that her ambition was to become an actress and she thought she should get on with it at once. Whereupon her loyal mother pulled a few strings which resulted, through a prominent playwright friend, in landing Wendy with the Manchester Repertory Company as a student member.

“When I was told I could join the company as a student, minus salary,” Wendy said with her infectious smile, “I was impressed upon me that I must attend all rehearsals. As the company did nothing but rehearse, what with a new play every week in the year, this meant that I literally lived in the theater. Which to me was heaven.

“Day after day I sat virtuously in an orchestra seat, gazing at the rehearsal on stage, while the theater cleaners fell over me. Two weeks rushed by. Then somebody yelled for me and said I was to put on some make-up right away. Half an hour later I found myself being thrust on for the part of a maid in The Ware Case.” Actually, the maid should have been a butler, but there was no available man to play a butler. So they changed the part to a maid—and nobody cared two hoots. After three months of playing maids without salary I was informed I was to have thirty shillings a week, which is around eight (Continued on page 72)
Treat yourself to
Lollipop and Butterscotch
New Nail Shades by Cutex

Utterly delicious—these two new Cutex summer shades! Wear that mouth-watering Lollipop—like ripe raspberries!—with your pinks, blues, beiges, and see the lift it gives them. For yellows, greens and tans, change to Butterscotch—its burnt-sugar cast is positively delectable!

Other hot-weather Cutex confections include Riot, Rumpus, Cedarwood, Tulip, Old Rose, Laurel, Clover, Cameo. And all nearly twice as porous as any other leading polish in the same price range. Start using porous Cutex regularly and see if your nails don’t grow longer and more beautiful this summer! Cutex is only 10¢ in U. S. A. (20¢ in Canada).

Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London

Tops for Flair and Wear
dollars. Then, indeed, I knew I was destined to stay in the theater for the rest of my life!

The mid era was rapidly followed by the "assistant stage manager" era, for the moving spirits of the company soon discovered they had a jewel of willingness, intelligence and energy in the person of Barbara. To me, it is doubtful that there was a great stigma then the term "assistant," formed in a situation where she had to exert her influence and concentration. I believe that during this era that her brothers' accusation of "bossiness" served as a veritable godsend to Wendy. Imagine an eighteen-year-old who was going to make a profession where there is no greater stigma than the term "amateur." However, I knew her to be a tremendous talent, and I am sure I knew she had enough courage and energy to do anything with determination, courage or the best teacher.

"When I was promoted to the post of assistant stage manager, I discovered that the A.S.M. gets to do anything for the stage. I was given a responsibility. I was given my own key to the storage room where the costumes and props were kept. I was responsible for anything, London, and it was a huge job in the center of the stage. Where it was needed. Through that job, I could see our stagehands working away like little bees. They laughed loudly and then a couple of rousing cheers. The only thing I could think of to do at the moment was to put down the tube to the electrician and give the order for a complete black-out on stage, to the utter befuddlement of the poor stage hands."

The era of the A.S.M. might also have been called the banana-and-doughnut age, for it was during this period that the re- doubleable Wendy developed her plan for concentrated living. She had no time for civilized meals, so the switchboard in the prompt corner, where she was to keep, with light curtain gauze instructions to the orchestra and drum the curtain up and down was always draped with banana skins. The doughnuts were for consumption on her dressing table and were frequently gulped while Miss Hiller slugged make-up on her face, standing in front of the mirror.

But for marvelous experience in the Repertory Company. Wendy was a riding stable. For three years without a break, the man was at the theater at ten; rehearse all morning; stay in the prompt corner to work on the stuff and music and lighting; rehearse all afternoon and play a matinee; then play the show; go home and eat dinner; go back to the theater and do anything for the play.

"In bed by half past midnight with next week's play prepped upon my knees and listening to the music of the orchestra and drum the curtain up and down was always draped with banana skins. The doughnuts were for consumption on her dressing table and were frequently gulped while Miss Hiller slugged make-up on her face, standing in front of the mirror."

If you like—planes excitement a girl who can fly like an angel out of heaven a star who accepts the charge of coward and proves he is a hero

Then Read—Flight into Nowhere by Edward Doherty Beginning in the July Photo-Play-Movie Mirror of the Manchester Repertory Company telephoned to ask if she could speak Lancashire.

"Don't be daft, la-a-d," she answered in the best Lancashire there is. And she found herself engaged to play Sally in "Love on the Dole." The play being tried out by her old company and she was sent up to the office to meet one of its authors, Ronald Gow. The practical-minded Wendy, to whom a career was everything and a love affair was something in a play, thought of the man with whom she had come forward to greet her with a smile and thereupon fell heart over heels in love with him. But she still hung on to her theory that this third thing was her big chance and hers; they must see how London accepted it.

London's acceptance was a storm of approbation. Sally was wanted to be brought to New York. Wendy and Ronald along with it. As soon as New York established the fact that it liked the show as much as the author and publisher, convinced that the company had every reason to be proud ofFilter, he decided to find her a steady girl for whom he had been formed in the Empire State Building and, with an insouciant eye to the terrifying ultimate, he might endeavor to save..."

The star of "Major Barbara" gave a toss of her thick chestnut-brown hair. Well, I lived through it and enjoyed it enormously. I was a bit depressed, and felt every now and then that I had a lump of wood in place of a brain."

After three years of the Manchester Repertory Company, Wendy was a riding stable. She couldn't get to London's West End if one remained in Manchester. So, firmly declining a salary raise, she set out for the mecca of the British theater. However, all was not beer and skittles. After tramping the rounds of London agents' offices, Wendy was grateful to land a job as an extra in a Gaumont-British film.

"What its title was I can't remember," she said, "but I do know that Esther Ralston was my co-star and that Miss Eliza in 'Pygmalion,' the girl who had to be trained out of her thick Cockney accent to speak cultured English. The result is that when she was interviewed with Wendy after her performance of 'St. Joan,' an order to appear at the studio for a 'Pygmalion' test. Wendy's job was to take a nose dive on the studio stairs where she met no less than five other Elizas, all made up in costume for the same role. Convinced of her chances, Wendy went through her work before the cameras in a sort of emotional vacuum. This feeling of unreality may have contributed to her greatly relaxed the terrible tension so many people experience in their first encounter with the cameras. Days passed and then out came the big 'Pygmalion' announcement. She had won the coveted role."

The tremendous success of "Pygmalion," which garnered the American Academy Award, was due in part to a dou- blemintype of playing that picture and the Leslie Howard character trained his Eliza like a hypnotist; she spoke his words, conveyed his emotions. In real life, Gabriel Pascal stands in much the same relationship to Wendy Hiller, though in the professional field only. He has found in her the perfect medium for his ideals.

She, on the other hand, is deeply grateful for all he has meant to her career and has no desire ever to work for another director, though she continues with her covers only five years. Content to abide by his decision in rejecting all Hollywood offers, she has accepted with out question the two years of obligation right in the gap between 'Pygmalion' and the current 'Major Barbara.'

And the curious success of the arrange- ments lies in the make-up of the girl who has found the secret of completely directing her professional and personal lives. To give you an example, on the night when her major part was to be decided by the press showing of "Pygmalion," Wendy refused to appear, preferring to indulge in an orgy of cleaning the gas stove, if the gas stove is, with her husband, whom she also adores.

Without hesitation she says that the most important event of her life was the birth of her baby who must now, because of wartime conditions, be taken from Wendy's side and sent to safety with her parents in Manchester.

The woman nowclearlywhat it means to live and work under conditions of war than Wendy Hiller. While "Major Barbara" was being filmed, Plymouth fell and London was bombed through the agonizing suspense of waiting for word from her three brothers who were at Dunkirk. By a miracle all returned safely to their family sea- service, along with her husband. She herself is now helping out at a R.A.F. (air raid precaution) post.

By today's standards, it proves that Shaw dipped his pen in the ink of prophecy when thirty-six years ago he wrote in "Major Barbara" of the struggle between the forces of peace and those of destruction. But Major Barbara managed to weather the storm and it's our bet that Major Wendy will, too.
It clings to you and Flatters you...
THRU ALL THESE 4 EXCITING HOURS!

AT 8 O'CLOCK, when you and your big moment step forth—you in your best frock and in your lucky shade of Lady Esther Powder, you step forth in confidence, confidence in yourself, in your frock, in your Face Powder.

AND AT 10 O'CLOCK, yes, even at 11 o'clock you can dance on happy in knowing that your Lady Esther Face Powder is still clinging smoothly, perfectly.

AND WHEN THE MOMENT of good night comes—you, even if it is midnight, you will have never a sign of vanishing Face Powder. For your Lady Esther Powder is still faithful to your beauty, still flatters you with the glamor it gives your skin. Yes, Lady Esther Powder does cling, and cling, and cling!

Thank you, Lady Esther, for 4 thrilling hours of Lasting Loveliness!

The hours of 8 to midnight are the hours of parties, fun, romance. Can you stay lovely to look at from 8 to 12?

Your nicest evening can be spoiled if you have to play a guessing game with your Face Powder, if you constantly wonder “Is it on, is it off?”—For can any girl be lovely if her powder won't cling?

Lady Esther Face Powder clings and clings, for my exclusive Twin Hurricane method of blending gives it a smoothness—and an even texture that enables it to cling for 4 lovely and exciting hours.

Undreamed-of Beauty from 8 P. M. to Midnight

Of course, you look lovely as you leave your dressing table—but with Lady Esther Face Powder you look just as lovely two hours later—at 10 o'clock—and at 11 o'clock. Yes, and you still look lovely at midnight. For your Lady Esther Powder will still be flattering you—still making you lovely and glamorous.

Find your Lucky Shade at My Expense

I want my powder to bring you luck in loveliness, says Lady Esther. So find the right shade, the exact shade that can bring vibrant, radiant beauty to you and your complexion.

As harsh light can age your skin... and soft light flatter it, so your one lucky shade in my face powder can make you look younger... look lovelier!

The only way to find which shade is best for you, which lovely tint is supremely becoming to your own coloring... is to try them all right on your own skin. So I invite you to try all seven Lady Esther Face Powder shades at my expense. Use the coupon below.

When you have found your lucky shade, wear it by day or by night with the confidence that it will flatter you... giving you an undreamed-of glamor, as if your beauty came from within.

SEVEN SHADES FREE!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

Lady Esther,
7134 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill. (68)

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 7 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

Name

Address

City. . . State

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

Lady Esther Powder

June, 1941
TOOK my little family to a neighborhood movie the night before Christmas. We were going to see a newsreel of London burning, battleships sinking, airplanes crashing, dead and wounded people; then, accompanied by a mournful voice explaining how bravely the English were "carrying on," we saw "Christmas Under Fire," and in conclusion, "Escape," a picture greatly adding to the idea that the German is a cruel, inhuman fiend. This evening's entertainment served to terrorize my child, depress my wife and thoroughly infuriate me, and it is typical of the last several months of movie-going.

I don't spend my spare time criticizing the moving pictures. I think they are the finest and cheapest entertainment that can be found in the world. But why—why—must we have all this propaganda stuffed down our throats?

So England is fighting bravely. So we know that now and so we think she's swell, so what? She is not doing any more than we would in her circumstances. If we are forced to fight, don't worry, we shall fight with every drop of our blood. But when was a war campaign ever good fighting psychology?

Hollywood, no more propaganda, PLEASE.

Victor Jordan, San Leandro, Calif.

$5.00 PRIZE
"A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the wisest men."

THE movie like it, too, and due to events abroad there's an appalling shortage in the market and not nearly enough comedians to go round. So when the Marx Brothers turn out a laugh-er like "Go West" they deserve a few words of praise.

If it costs two-bits to "Go West," how much does it cost to go nuts? Answer: Three Marxes and no sense. Don't let this gag annoy you, the ones in the picture are O.K. The plot is about as clear as a fog at sea, but if you listen to the dialogue you won't understand the plot anyway. This is designed for a laugh and the train episode carries a whole shipment for your enjoyment.

It is not definitely known what makes the Marx Brothers tick so consistently but the general supposition is that they hatched out of an egg in the cuckoo clock. The feather in Harpo's cap is pretty strong circumstantial evidence. The silly cuckoo should never have taken a chance on a Marx and neither should you, unless subject to hysteria. In that case, I wouldn't advise you to "Go West."

Louise Merrill, Asheville, N. C.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hand to Hayward

As a favor to me won't you please include a picture of Louis Hayward smiling in one of your magazines?

I think Hollywood is unfair to him, for I believe he is capable of handling bigger and better roles. Just his laugh alone, besides his breath-taking smile, would thrill the women to the very bottom of their hearts. I am sure there are many others who feel as I do.


$1.00 PRIZE
Unique Experience

In these days of hell and loud noises, as someone has aptly characterized our age, it is indeed refreshing to lose oneself in an orgy of tone and color such as Walt Disney has provided in "Fantasia." Here is a new medium for expression and experimentation and no matter how much we may quarrel with the visualizing of abstract music, which suggests the sensations of taking an anesthetic, and with the elephants with aprons in "The Dance of the Hours," which hints at the (Continued on page 97)
Daydreams are just as important as diplomas! So hang on to yours. Who knows...

Someday you (yes, you!) may keep a theatre spell-bound while you play a great love scene. Or you might be a celebrated writer, fashion designer, or top-flight radio star!

Or maybe the altar is your goal. And you dream of sweeping up an aisle in a cloud of tulle and lace... to take the name of a man who is yet unknown... a man who will cherish you always.

Well—daydreams can come true!

But it takes more than wishing to get what you want! For one thing—it takes plenty of self-confidence and poise. On trying days of the mouth, especially!

Jittery fears needn't ruffle your poise though, if you use Kotex® sanitary napkins. (Not with the moisture-resistant safety-shield that's inside every Kotex pad!)

You needn't worry about embarrassing, tell-tale outlines, either! For Kotex has flat, pressed ends that never show. Never give your secret away!

And how grateful you'll be on strenuous days that Kotex doesn't chafe! You'll sail through days crowded with work and social engagements, scarcely conscious of wearing a pad.

For Kotex is made in soft folds... so it's naturally less bulky... less apt to rub and chafe!

Now you know why Kotex is so popular with busy, modern women! Why it's more popular, in fact, than all other brands put together!

By the way—future career girls can get lots of good hints from the new booklet "As One Girl To Another." It's a handbook of do's and don't's for "difficult days." And you can get a copy absolutely free by sending to: Post Office Box 3434, Department MW·6, Chicago, Ill.

This is just to remind you that Kotex comes in 3 different sizes: Super—Regular—Junior. And all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!

**Lip-reading for a Lady**

A few sign-language symbols that serve notice when your lips aren’t just what they should be

1. Ginger Rogers, leader in the natural make-up trend, as the heroine of RKO’s “Kitty Foyle,” that “natural history of a woman” for which she . . .

**SIGN 1:** Your lips begin to peel, crack and chap and you begin to hate them. Don’t ever do this: feed back, check up on your lipstick and before the one you’re using isn’t too late. Try a pomade for a few days until your lips are smooth again, or use a napkin every night in your before-bed repair work.

**Sign 2:** Your lipstick comes off on handkerchiefs, napkins and tea cups and you feel embarrassed. Don’t; instead follow the Rogers method. After applying lipstick, hold a bit of tissue paper in your mouth to take off the excess. If you object to a dull finish, give your lips a gleam by swiping just the tiniest bit of cleansing cream over the lipstick.

**Sign 3:** Your lips look tight and pesty, you have small lines around the corner of your mouth and you think you’re getting old. You’re not; it’s just that your mouth hasn’t had enough exercise. Try this: With the middle finger of each hand, mold around the mouth, commencing in the center just below the lower lip and working around to the center above the upper.

**Sign 4:** Your mouth looks too wide, yet you have a thin upper lip. Don’t think of that as a problem; just apply lipstick thus: Draw a shallow bow slightly above your natural lip line. Then, keeping above the real lip line, sweep out to the corners. If you have a vice-versa problem, i.e., if your mouth looks too thin, just extend the color out to the corners of both lips. Draw full curves from the corners to the center of the lips.

**Sign 5:** Your lipstick has a “circusy” look. Don’t forgo making up your mouth; rather experiment with correct colors by trying one color on the left side of the mouth, one on the other to find the shade that does the best for your skin tones. Don’t ever pile on lipstick; and remember this hint: You’ll have more lip appeal if you use a darker lipstick first, then apply your correct color over it. Incidentally, if you don’t want to do too much repair work during an evening, try applying your lipstick, then putting some powder over your mouth and finishing up with a second coat of lipstick.

**BY GLORIA MACK**
HOW TO MAKE YOUR FAVORITE NAIL POLISH STAY ON

Days Longer

Amazing Mani-Prep Nail "Conditioner"
PREPARES Nails for Polish — Makes It Go On Smoothly, Evenly, Firmly

Now! No need to fret over premature peeling, chipping nail polish!
Simply rub Mani-Prep on your nails first before polish is applied. Then see how smoothly, evenly and firmly the polish clings—how it gives you days extra wear.

Mani-Prep, you know, is the amazing new nail conditioner that instantly prepares the nails for polish. It produces a clean, clear surface that polish adheres to firmly. And used regularly before each manicure, Mani-Prep helps your nails become healthier, lovelier.

Simple as A-B-C to use. Rub Mani-Prep on nails with cotton or cloth, wipe dry, apply polish. No fuss, no muss, no waiting.

Clinic-proved and recommended by students, clerical workers, stenographers, career women, nurses, housewives, etc.

Try Mani-Prep today. Experience the new joy of nail polish that goes on smoothly, evenly, firmly — stays on days longer! At leading drug, department and 10c stores.

FREE! Valuable booklet gives tips on nail care and describes easy ten-day program for healthier, lovelier nails. Every woman to whom proper nail grooming is essential should have one of these booklets.
(Paste coupon on penny post-card if you wish.)
BEATTY, INC., 1107 Broadway, New York City
Please rush my free booklet, "Healthier, Lovelier Nails."

NAME. ____________________________

STREET. ____________________________

CITY. ___________________ STATE. ______

July, 1941
Rita Hayworth: (Continued from page 62)

for concentration which permits you to really feel the lives of the characters you portray. You also have a remarkable sense for colors.

You are a timeless person who is well able to present not only modern characters, but also personalities who have lived centuries ago.

If you should play a historical role which you have been wanting to do for a long time, I am sure such a part would put you in the limelight. Then you would have the chance to unfold your personality and have all the satisfaction you want.

You are a profound person and really work on a role. However, you have to exert control. Try to surround yourself with people you instinctively like in your private life. Consort with people you like whether they are successful or not. You are an emotional type with a strong extraverted nature; therefore your partner should also be an extrovert, straightforward and sincere.

Don't help if you don't sometimes feel well. Fundamentally, you have a strong constitution. That is why you shouldn't worry as you sometimes do about imaginary organic weakens. This disturbance sometimes causes irritating mood and friction. There is, however, no need for any feeling of uneasiness.

It is very necessary that you learn to develop your subconscious powers which are your true assets. On the other hand, you will have to find sincere friends who will stick to you and not upset you. You are a positive person enough to forget unhappy associations you had in the past.

I venture to tell you that within three years you will be one of the biggest Hollywood stars if you follow through.

Robert Stack: (Continued from page 62)

more positive outlook upon the world I recommend that you take only the people in your private life who don't upset you too much but have a soothing effect on you.

I see from your handwriting that you would let down a few times but other people and that is why I advise you to be very careful to surround yourself only with sincere personalities. You have to get the necessary inspiration from your partners or friends and if you don't get it from your present connections, you'll have to build up new ones.

You must try to adjust your personality before doing serious work. Your greatest strength, however, lies in parts which ask for a lot of diplomacy in words and action. You are a man who thinks twice before the acts and speaks.

Rosemary Lane: (Continued from page 62)

Your greatest success or parts where you represent real people with all their weaknesses and strengths. Yet all the characters you are to play must show a certain amount of sensitiveness.

You like to travel and go places, experience life from every angle. Your life is too sudden and change and adventure. Consequently, pictures in which you are to play should show much action and you should be allowed to unfold the necessities of mood.

Your outlook upon life is a rather pessimistic and negative one. You must have been disappointed some three years ago because your handwriting shows signs of disappointment and disillusionment. These disappointments have caused you to take a more realistic stand towards things in general and especially where other people are concerned. This is one reason why I say that your private life wasn't—and isn't—too happy. Certain people have disappointed and severely hurt you. Why are you not very more confident and faith in the next person? And here lies your weakness. You are doubtful in yourself, not sure of yourself and yet you have to inspire people by your sure behavior, walk and gestures. This conflict between your inner self and the way you behave towards the outer world causes strong conflicts and friction. You are often in a depressive state of mind but do not like to show it. You are often suffering from inner inhibitions without being able to get rid of them. At the time of writing, you were in a depressive mood.

There is only one way to change your outlook upon life and that is to try to find free expression toward a trusted friend.

If you want to develop in your acting it is better to free yourself of your frustration and unhappiness only if you change yourself. There are still reliable and helpful people left in this world who might wish to take care of and develop a smart girl like you.

Dennis Morgan: (Continued from page 63)

enough, true, to experience all these situations without hurting yourself too much. Were you ten years older at this time, it would be much more difficult to advise you to hurry and get more fun out of life. Your talent is strong, but there is danger in your versatile character which enables you to do practically anything that is demanded of you. Your repertoire reveals an almost infinite scope of roles that you can play. You are able to change in a flash from one role to another, from one situation to the next—

but to my mind you will have greater success if you will make an effort to delve deeper into the parts you represent.

At the moment you are not sufficiently profound to be able to express your great potentialities. Try not to calculate so much. Don't always ask your brain whether or not you should do this or that. You must develop your inner capacities more, which instantly your impulsive. Develop the ability to act more spontaneously. Don't always expect people to come to you. There are always situations in life that demand that we extend ourselves first. How about trying to concentrate more on your work? While social life is very necessary, it can never replace serious work in the satisfaction you seek. So curb your social activities sufficiently to give you more time to retire within yourself occasionally and thus develop yourself more. Don't be too self-centered and be well enough to people more, get much closer to them and arouse their interest in you more, if you in turn learn to express your sincere interest and sympathy. Furthermore, you must rely upon your instinct which tells you at once the right from the wrong person. It is not easy for anyone to do and get it, nor is it easy for anyone to bluff you.

Your handwriting shows remarkable capacities and talents which if wisely used will help you in becoming successful. Your personality has a firm foundation. There is real self-confidence to be seen. You don't belong to the type of man who is not able to make others believe while he is not feeling sure in himself. You have a pleasant outlook upon life and anybody who tries to tell you the opposite is wrong because the basis is wrong meets with fierce resistance on your part. You have the remarkable gift of being able to control yourself better when it is necessary. Your handwriting shows that you never forget anyone who hurts you.

You are deeply rooted in the soil and very strongly connected with the cosmos. You are able to relax best in nature and get new strength if you feel tired. Your early youth was rather hard. You had to put up with some rather hard fights. You suffered much from the misjudgments of others you did not want to or could not understand you. It took quite some time to convince them that you were right.

It is sometimes unusually hard for you to smile if you don't feel like smiling. It is, however, very important for you to try to overcome some of your inner pessimism. Your handwriting shows that at times upset you rather strongly. You will be able to control yourself much better if you exercise more will power. You should really try to strengthen your will to a greater extent.

Your development might take quite a while because you don't belong to the sudden. Ovid wills, but seem to grow as fast as they come. But your slower development guarantees you lasting success. As soon as the time is ripe, you will be able to become what you already are achieved by other stars. Serious training on your part will be necessary to get your desired success. Your personality asks for free expression and natural behavior. Simple maturities which are deeply rooted in the soil and which have to fight in order to achieve their goal should never be expected to be achieved by other people, because they are not suited to them. You will be very successful if you have an opportunity to play a role in which you represent a character that is old, simple, and strong in her convictions.

I do hope that I will see you playing such a part in the near future.

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First, because of these stretchable matching inserts, you can forget about sagging, twisting or riding up, whether you're standing, sitting or walking. Second, because of these inserts, your torso will be moulded long and slim as fashion decrees without benefit of bra. Third, you'll be wearing an exquisitely detailed, straight-cut slip with shadow panel. In short, you'll meet the perfect slip of your dreams. It comes in Artemis multifilament rayon crepe in white and tearose, sizes 32 to 44 regular, 29 1/2 to 37 1/2 small, at around $2.00. Also in Artemis rayon satin, sizes 32 to 44 regular in white, black and tearose, and in sizes 29 1/2 to 37 1/2 small in white and tearose, at around $1.69. "Laton," you know, is a younger sister of "Lastex," the elastic yarn that has done so much for fit, comfort and control in so many types of apparel.

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Rockefeller Center, New York City

JUNE, 1941
I have a wonderful idea for a movie. With all the companies turning literary classics into pictures I can't for the life of me see why Warner Brothers don't put "The Compleat Angler" on film with Errol Flynn in the title role. They wouldn't need to worry about a script or bringing the book up to date or any of those technicalities. Just that title and Flynn in action and they'd have a box-office wow. For "angler," you know, is the up-to-date word for fisherman and by all odds the Flynn is the completest angler Hollywood and way points have ever seen.

I'd heard about Errol's piscatorial—fishy, to you —interests for years, but I'd never seen him in the grip of his passion, so to speak, until I ran into him in a downtown department store a few days ago.

"Congratulations and cheers for a fine job in 'Footsteps In The Dark,'" I said.

"What and when is the next opus to be?"

Errol informed me that he was soon going to work on 'Dive Bomber.' Meanings, I said, he was going to do a bit of fishing.

"You picked a nice place for it," I said, but it developed that he wasn't planning to do his fishing right there in the store, only buy 'some tackle, or gear, as he called it. I said I'd think that by this time he would have enough equipment to last for the rest of his life, but there again I was wrong. No fisherman ever has all the stuff he needs, it seems, there's always a new gadget of some sort that he simply must have.

"Such as a new package of fishhooks or one of those little thrower things?" I suggested.

Errol snorted, then, muttering something about it's being every man's duty to educate the ignorant and under-privileged, he dragged me with him to the sporting goods department.

Enthusiastic or not, I still don't see how one man, even Flynn, is going to teach all the things he bought. There were painted rods, delicately yet sturdily built, reed, for various sizes of lines and leads of other elaborate gimmicks which mean nothing to the layman and everything to the expert. By the time he'd worked his way through his shopping list, with frequent comments about the grand sport of fishing, I had decided that the sport is the only thing that appeals to Mr. F.; he surely wouldn't bother about eating the creatures. But I was wrong again, for Errol not only catches fish, he thinks fish is just about the finest eating there is—and remember he has eaten his way clear around the world.

"Fish has been a standard food for man for almost as long as we have historical records," he said, as though he were giving me a lecture for my own good (and is he cute when he lectures?) and then went on with tantalizing references to swordfish and barracuda, tuna and salmon. Salmon, in his opinion, is just about tops in the fish division. "And do you realize," he asked, "that it wasn't so very long ago that only people living on the seacoast could enjoy it?"

I hadn't thought much about it, but of course it's only during a comparatively few years that new methods of canning have enabled us to serve this delicious food whenever we wish, just as it comes from the sea, or as Errol put it, "It's we moderns who can open a can of salmon and proceed from there as though we'd caught the fish ourselves. Just to prove that the Flynn is as well-informed about eating fish as he is about catching them, here are some recipes which rely for flavor on the salmon which comes from a can.

**Salmon a la King**

1 can salmon
1 cup cream of mushroom soup
3 tbsp sliced ripe olives
2 hard boiled eggs, sliced.
Prepare soup according to directions on can. Remove skin and bones from salmon (this applies to the following recipes as well), break into pieces and combine with soup and other ingredients in the top of a double boiler, seasoning to taste with salt and pepper if desired. Heat thoroughly and serve in ramekins, on buttered toast or with noodles.

**Salmon Loaf**

1 can salmon
1 cup white sauce
1 cup bread crumbs
1 tsp. lemon or onion juice
Salt and pepper to taste
Shred salmon, combine with other ingredients and bake in buttered caserole (350 to 375 degrees F.) until done, three-quarters to one hour. For salmon croquettes, use this same recipe, adding more crumbs to make mixture stiff enough to mold. Form into croquettes, roll in cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs again and fry in deep fat (390 degrees F.).

A sauce which is delicious with either the loaf or the croquettes is made by adding a chopped hard-cooked egg and two minced gherkins to a cup of medium white sauce.

**Salmon Soufflé**

Use the recipe for salmon loaf, but omit the bread crumbs. When ingredients have been well mixed, add three beaten egg yolks, then fold in three stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in buttered caserole which has been placed in a pan of water (350-375 degrees F.) until firm. Serve at once.

**Salmon Quickie**

1 can salmon
1 can peas
1 small can mushrooms
1 tsp. nutmeg
Combine all ingredients, including the liquor from the peas and mushrooms, in the top of a double boiler and heat through. Serve on toast or crackers with a faint dusting of paprika.

**Salmon Salad**

1 can salmon
1 cup diced celery
1 tblh. lemon juice
1 tblh. onion juice
1/2 cup minced ripe olives
1/2 tsp. curry powder
Mayonnaise
Shred the salmon and combine with the remaining ingredients, adding enough mayonnaise to make the mixture the proper consistency. This salad recipe may also be used as a sandwich filling or for canapes, spread on small thin rounds of toast or crackers. For the canapes the celery should be minced finer.
wrote in to both Jim and the studio, criticizing his supposed evasion. Editorial comments became more barbed.

A week after the first garbled accounts of Jim's deferment appeared, officers of his local draft board in West Los Angeles, realizing the injustice that was being done the actor, gave out a statement, unsolicited by either Jim or M-G-M, that neither the star nor his studio had requested the deferment. The draft board explained that Jim's being underweight had been the sole reason for his classification.

This official explanation went out over the same press wires that had carried the earlier story of Jim's deferment, but they received nowhere near the prominence in print of the initial dispatch.

FEW of Jim's most intimate friends in Hollywood knew the deep hurt he was nursing. But to his younger sisters, Mary and Virginia, living in New York, Jim wrote, early in February: "I suppose you've been reading my newest set of notices! They haven't been so hot, have they? But don't let them get you down. I've gone on a diet my doctor guarantees will put on the ten pounds I need and in six weeks I'll be in the Army!"

To his father and mother in the little country town of Indiana, in Western Pennsylvania, where he was born and raised, Jim also phoned the news of his decision. He knew how fiercely loyal to him they were, how deeply they must be feeling this unfair reflection on his patriotic spirit. They're proud of their military background, the Stewarts. Jim's grandfather, for whom he was named, was a captain with Grant at Appomattox. Mrs. Stewart's father was General S. M. Jackson, who distinguished himself at Gettysburg. And big, rawboned Alec Stewart, Jim's father, has fought in two wars; walking off from Princeton in '98 to volunteer in the Spanish-American War and later serving in France as a Captain with the A. E. F. in World War I. There was a Stewart in the War of the Revolution and another in the War of 1812. For five generations Stewarts have worn the uniforms of America and hold in high honor their record for serving their country. Jim knew how bitterly his dad must resent this gossip about his position in the draft.

Jim consulted with his personal physician in Hollywood. The doctor outlined a diet and a series of exercises that would add poundage. He went into training as seriously as a prize fighter conditioning for a championship bout. He cut out all liquor. He cut down on his smoking. His discipline about hours was as strict as a boarding-school regime. And with each added pound, he telephoned a gleeful bulletin home.

Only his family and his physician knew of Jim's grim determination to gain weight. Jim has always been sensitive about his thinness. No one was making him the target of taunting jokes from friends and casual studio acquaintances.

"Hello, Sandoz," one would greet him. "Hiya, tall, dark and handsome," gagged another. What was meant for good-natured ragging stung Jim so sharply he began to retire into himself. Just how far that retirement threatened to go was revealed by a publicity man at M-G-M.

"Jim had become so sensitive to what he believed was the general gossip about his failure to make the draft," reported the press agent "that he refused all in-
vitations to previews and other parties. He was even going to stay away from the Academy Award Dinner until some of us heard about it.

"We managed to persuade him to come down to the hotel and, after the dinner, slip into an inconspicuous seat at the back of the room, just before the 'Oscars' were awarded."

It was fortunate the publicity boys at his studio had insisted, for the award to Jim, for the best screen performance by a male actor, was one of the first announced. Jim had hardly wrapped his long fingers around the coveted little statuette before he was on the phone to his family in Indiana with the good news.

"And what's more, Dad," he exulted, "what's really the best news of all, I've gained five pounds!"

On March 12, he telephoned his family in Indiana again.

"I've made it," he cried over the phone. "They passed me at the draft board today. I'm to be inducted March 22nd."

Seated at his desk in his hardware store in Indiana, the windows of which proudly present mementoes of Jim's Hollywood triumphs, Alec relaxed. The frown that had been wrinkling his forehead for weeks disappeared.

"He's all right, that boy!" Alec told his cronies at the Indiana Volunteer Fire Department.

The day Jim reported at the Army induction center in Los Angeles to be sworn in and sent off to camp, he was more excited over his imminent entrance into the Army than he had been over his triumphant winning of the coveted "Oscar."

"It's going to be a marvelous experience, that year in the Army," Jim enthused. "I've never had any military training and I know it will do me a world of good, not only physically but in the experience I'll gain."

"I don't know yet what training camp I'll be sent to. I won't know until I've been actually inducted and gone through the first few days at one of the Army reception centers."

"I rather hope I can be assigned to the air corps after my preliminary training is completed. But my first job, of course, will be learning how to be a soldier."

Last summer, when America was shaking itself awake to the emergency needs of national defense, Jim had considered applying for a reserve commission in the air corps. He has had more than 300 hours solo flying in his own planes and recently, after a thorough course in navigation and instrument flying, was granted a full commercial license.

"I'd like to feel, if and when the time comes for me to join the service, I have something of value to offer in experience," Jim told this reporter then. "I don't want to go before a draft board empty-handed."

Unfortunately, Jim's 300 hours in the air, his knowledge of navigation and piloting by instruments and his commercial license, will none of them win him Army wings. Jim is thirty-two years old and the age limit for new pilots in the service is twenty-seven. The only thing that Jim can hope for as a draftee is assignment to an air corps unit for training with a ground crew or as an observer.

He will, however, be eligible for recommendation to an officer's training school, after his preliminary period of three months is completed, and it is highly probable that the Army, eager to utilize such previous aviation experience as Jim has had, will take him off the drill grounds for assignment to some branch of the air corps before his year's tour of duty is over.

Whether or not Jim is singled out for a commission, his family are convinced that these next twelve months in the Army are going to be invaluable to him.

"It's the finest thing that could have happened to him," declared his sister Virginia, on hearing that Jim finally had been accepted. "He's been working so hard, going from one picture into another, with hardly any time in between, it's no wonder he was worn down to the bone! The Army will build him up physically with a reserve strength that will be wonderful for him when he returns to Hollywood."

For a return to Hollywood, after his year's service is completed, is the present
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here goes. I have been married a year. My husband was considered the most eligible bachelor in town and I thought myself lucky to get him. At first we were very happy and he seemed pleased that I was so economical, such a good housekeeper, so interested in making our little home the nicest and cleanest and most attractive in town. But lately, I think he is—well, getting tired of me. He works in a bank and there are several very good-looking girls who are his business associates. I don’t think he is really in love with any of them, but I am not sure. To tell the truth, I can’t exactly put my finger on what is wrong. I just know that something is. Can you help me?"

"Well," Ann wrote in return, "I can’t help you much, but perhaps you can. Go out and get yourself a facial and a manicure and a new permanent and have your hair done a new way. Then buy yourself a new outfit, even though you have to forego the vacuum attachments you have set your heart on. Next, give a party or get up a crowd to go dancing and see that you are the life of the party! No, don’t force it. If you face and hair look wonderful and your new dress ditto, you’ll be in a receptive mood for some fun. Or, if the dancing isn’t appealing to you, get yourself a hobby. Join a book club or something. It will make you more interesting. Read the newspapers and find out what is going on in the world today. Men do that, but I’m afraid a good many women ‘can’t be bothered.’ And they should be! You’ve been in a rut. I know. You’ve been a model housekeeper. But, mark my words, a man wants a wife, not a housekeeper. He won’t care a hoot if there’s lint under the bed, but he will care if there’s a dud across the table from him every meal!"

TRAGEDY is also described in the next letter, a dilemma for which it seems there can be no perfect solution: "I was married very young and had a child at the end of the first year. But if it hadn’t been for that—well, I should have gone home to my parents long before. We—my husband and I—didn’t understand the meaning of marriage at all. We should never have entered into it. Our tastes are different, our tempers, our ideas and ideals. I honestly think we are, to use that newfangled word, ‘allergic’ to each other! But there is the baby. He is three years old now and already seems to sense the antagonism between my husband and me. The future stretches out in a bitter, lonely hopeless way . . . unless we should get a divorce? My parents are against it and so are my husband’s. We have made our bed; we should lie in it, they say, because of the baby. But oh, please tell me what you think we should do? I’m nearly crazy with worrying!"

This was Ann’s answer: "My dear:

"If you have tried—if in your innermost heart you have tried to make your marriage go and have failed, as you say, I think you should seek the divorce court. Surely you can work out some way in which your baby can grow up to know and love both your husband and yourself, removed from the awful friction you speak of. To my way of thinking (and I think you could be wrong) to rear a child in an unhappy home is a far greater wrong than to break up an impossible marriage."

This letter doesn’t seem quite so serious, but the advice that Ann included in her answer was nevertheless sound and to the point.

Our sister and I both love the same boy but he never will single out either of us for special attention. If he asks for a date, he takes both of us. If he sends candy, it is two boxes. And so on. How can we pin him down and make him choose?"

The answer:

"Girls, stop kidding yourselves! You can’t pin him down because obviously he isn’t in love with either of you. Probably you’ve ‘neutralized’ each other! So you’d each better get a new beau, or account of when this one falls in love, it quite possibly won’t be with either of you."

LOVERS’ quarrels . . . if all of them were recorded, there wouldn’t be room left in libraries for anything else. Here is a letter asking how Ann would settle one:

"Dear Maisie:

"My boy friend and I quarreled last week and now I am sorry. But I don’t think the fault was wholly mine. Should I apologize, or should I stick it out? I really love him and I think he loves me.

To which Ann replied:

"Don’t be stubborn if your happiness is involved. Honesty is never undignified. Tell him you’d like to be friends again. If he really cares, he’ll be tickled to death."

Another letter:

"Dear Miss Sothen:

My husband and I have been married three years and have been very happy—except for one thing. He will gamble! Often, of course, he loses far more than we can afford. If he wins, he buys me wonderful presents, but I’d rather not have them. Can you think of any way to stop him?"

And Ann’s answer:

"Maisie” sees the world through rose-colored glasses: Ann Sothen goes dancing with husband Roger Pryor at the Coconut Grove

Meds

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—by a salesgirl

The latest things always tempt me—especially if they’re better than the old. And one modern thing I couldn’t do without is internal sanitary protection. That’s why I was so downright pleased when Modess came out with a new and improved tampon—at only 20¢ a box of ten. Thanks to the “safety center,” Meds make protection so sure. And Meds are the only tampons in individual applicators at this grand, low price.

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softer! Say “Sit-True” for tissues that are as soft as a kiss on the check.

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.
"Gambling, I am afraid, is a chronic disease. You will probably never be able to stop him. Perhaps, though, if you love him, you could compromise. Could you get him to set aside a sort of pool, into which his winnings go and out of which his losses are paid? I wish I could help you more."

A brief, but such a pertinent question: "Ann, please tell me just one thing, should a wife ever forgive infidelity?" And a brief, but pertinent answer: "No. Nothing could ever be the same afterward. She would only be building toward her own downfall. Of course, that is just my opinion!"

Another girl asked this: "Should a girl forgive an 'affair' in the past?"
And Ann told her: "Yes!"

A BRIDE-TO-BE was terribly worried about her fiancé's drinking. Dear Ann," she wrote, "Can there be any happiness for me when my fiancé cannot seem to break himself of drinking? Every so often he goes on a 'tear' and I die a thousand deaths worrying about him. He says he will be all right when we are married, but—well, I don't know."

"You are right to be doubtful," Ann replied, "If he really loved you he would stop before you are married, just to keep you from being unhappy. There is no more pitiful lot than that of a wife who must periodically play nursemaid to a drunk. Better think well!"

"Dear 'Maisie,'" wrote a distraught young wife, "my husband and I quarrelled last night and he struck me! Yes, he slapped me, and hard, too! Of course, I guess I did provoke him. I don't know whether I should forgive him or not."

"Maisie" wrote in return: "Dear, I wouldn't want to endorse what might turn into a dangerous precedent, but it seems to me a little slap now and then might be good for a lot of wives!"

Here is a wife with a money problem:
"Dear Miss Sothern:"
"My husband says he doesn't care how I look, that he likes me as I am and complains when I spend even a small amount for new clothes. Should I take him at his word and look dowdy, or should I insist on enough money to allow me to look nice? We really can afford more money than he allows me."

To which Ann replied with spirit:
"You owe it to yourself to look well, for goodness sakes! Never take a man's word for it when he says he doesn't care how you look. First thing you know, he'll be casting eyes at that stylish blonde across the street!"

And now, one more—a letter about something which perhaps a good many girls have to contend with:
"Dear Miss Sothern:"
"My fiancé is forever careless about keeping engagements; is late half the time; sometimes forgets altogether that we were going out. This is because he is wild about photography and shuns himself up in his dark room developing pictures and forgets all about me. Am I wrong to be hurt and upset—since my only rival is, after all, photography and not another girl?"

And Ann's spirited answer: "Don't be silly! Of course you should insist upon proper consideration for yourself! Do you want to play second fiddle to a hobby after you are married? If he is the right kind of chap, he will respect you all the more for this attitude. I believe in women's rights, and consideration is one of them!"
"Man-Poison"
(Continued from page 61)

"You mustn't talk like that," Annabelle said. "None of that was your fault. Mike, standing beside the bed, smiled down at her. "As long as you have faith in me," he said.

"I have," she answered. "From the bottom of my heart."

"Thanks."
He turned and left the room and Annabelle felt as if the warmth had gone out of it. She pressed the buzzer and Nurse Henderson came in.

"What's the matter with him?" the nurse demanded with a look of concern.
Annabelle answered, "I'm going to find out. Did you say you were going to town tomorrow, Sara?"
"Yes. Can I do something for you, honey?"

"I want you to go to the office of the Los Angeles Mirror and look up the Helga Bentley column for the past ten days. Will you do that for me? And write down anything that's in them about Annabelle Hurley or Michael Harrigan—or by her."

"Okay," said Nurse Henderson, "and I can tell Miss Bentley something about those two that I know I won't find there."

"What are you talking about, Sara?" said Annabelle, blushing.
"Don't forget," said Sara Henderson shyly, "You were delicious three days and I was with you all that time, sweet-heart."

The two women looked at each other understandingly and laughed.

Mike came again the next day. He seemed to have pulled himself together and there was that look of determination about his chin again. Annabelle instinctively knew that he had something on his mind and she was soon to find out what it was.

After talking halfheartedly about inconsequential things, he sat on the bed at last and took her hand in his.

"I don't know what the dialogue for this scene is. Annabelle," he said, a smile playing around the corner of his mouth, "but I have an idea it's the most important scene in the script—for me, anyway."

Annabelle's heart began to beat madly.
"It's a funny thing," Mike went on, "but whenever I've talked to a bunch of writers about a picture, I always beg them to figure out some new way of saying the old things so that there's really only one way of saying them."

Their eyes met and held. "I love you," Annabelle said.

"The words thrilled her, but she found that she could not answer at the moment. Then he went on, "I want you to know that, dear, because I have to go away."

She was frightened. Were her worst fears to be realized?

"My agent says," he went on, "that right now—under the circumstances—I'm washed up in Hollywood and that the thing for me to do is to start over again on Broadway. So I'm taking my plane East tomorrow. When I get my career under way again, Annabelle, I'm coming back to get your answer."

"You're right," she said. "It is the most important scene in the script. For me, too."

He took her in his arms then, held her close to him, kissed her so that she felt there was no breath left in her.

"Darling," he whispered, "it looks pretty hopeless right now, but with this..."
behind me, I'll make it somehow."

Nurse Henderson interrupted them, but when she saw what she had interrupted she started out of the room. Annabelle called her back and Mike got up from the bed.

"How did you make out?" said Annabelle with a conspiratorial air.

Sara Henderson handed Annabelle a slip of paper. Annabelle read, in Sara's neat script, From Helen Bentley's column last Saturday. "We ran into lovely Annabelle Clark Hurley and Michael Harrigan, her father's see, director, at his ranch in Tehachapi. Is Mike jumping the gun in his romance with his best friend's widow?"

In a fury, Annabelle tore the piece of paper into pieces. Sara held out her hand and took them. "Me, too," she said cryptically.

"What's this all about?" Mike asked.

"I can get up tomorrow," Annabelle said suddenly. "The doctor says so. Listen, can't you postpone your trip for a few days?"

"I'd better not," he said. "The picture Clark was going to put me on starts next week. I just don't want to be around."

"When will I see you again?" Annabelle said desperately.

He smiled. "I'll write," he said, "when I get work."

Sara was ostentatiously busy rearranging the flowers on the table by the window, her back to them. Mike leaned over and kissed Annabelle again, kissed her as if it was the last time he would hold her in his arms.

WHEN Annabelle faced her father in his office a few days later and told him with the friendliest smile that she wanted to come to Los Angeles to join the Clark motion picture company, he could scarcely believe his ears.

"We'll let Bill Haines do over the left wing for you," Holton said expansively. "I'll make up to you for all the trouble you've had, darling, don't you worry."

"Holton," she said looking away from him, "whatever broke up you and Mike Harrigan? I thought he was set with you for life."

"I won't have a man working for me who doesn't protect your good name," Annabelle's whole plan would fail if she lost her temper now. Somehow she must bring these two men back together, or bear in her own mind the stigma which Mike had placed on her so many months ago at the airport in Arizona.

Once again a man was threatened with destruction because of her, but this time it meant so much to her that she would shirk no humiliation to rescue him from the spot he was in because of her.

"Holton, dear," she said softly, "you don't want to be unfair to Harrigan, do you?"

Holton said, "Look, Annabelle, don't let's talk about it. He's gone to New York and for my money that's good riddance."

She was going to remonstrate—she felt like screaming Mike's guilelessness at her father—but he knew that words never had won him. She must find another way. She changed the subject, managed to chatter with him for several minutes before going to the point.

"I'd like to give a party," she said at last. "You know, to sort of tell the gang that I'm back with them again."

"Certainly," said Holton Clark. "The main thing is, I want you to be happy."

"How about Saturday night, after your premiere?"

"So soon?" said Holton.

"The sooner the better," said Annabelle. Her eyes were on the mountain that could be seen from the window, but
We don't have to tell you how to put on glamour...but have you got bare-faced kitchen shelves? Like mascara on your lashes, Royledge makes shelves sparkle. Like rouge, its colorful patterns bring them to life. Just try one 5¢ package and see the radiant result!

Yes, 5¢ is all it costs to buy 9 feet of this unique shelving with the strong, non-curl double-edge. It lies flat...no tacks needed. Fold down the bright border...five minutes’ effort...and your shelves are made-up for the season!

Period or modern new designs at the shelf-paper counter of all 5¢ & 10¢ neighborhoods and dept. stores, also in 50¢ & 100¢ packages.

Bowne, Inc., Batyrn., N.Y.

GRAY FADED HAIR ROLLS DEVELOPED

FREE BOOKLET—describe shampoo and color your hair at the same time with SHAMPO-KOLOR. Coloring, easily yourselves at home. Any shade on good book. Will you write for your free book?


Torrid Test in Palm Springs proves

a Dab a Day keeps P. O.* away!

(*Underarm Perspiration Odor)

This amazing test was one of a series, supervised by registered nurses, to prove the remarkable efficiency of Yodora a Deodorant Cream that’s actually soft, delicate and pleasing!

1. In the morning, Miss A.D. applied Yodora to underarms.
2. Played 2 sets of tennis—at 91° in the shade!
3. Examining nurse pronounced underarms sweet—not a hint of P. O. Perspiration Odor!

Yodora gives positive protection! Leaves no unpleasant smell on dresses. Actually soothing. 10¢, 25¢, 60¢.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

in her mind she saw the face of a young man trying to find a place for himself in New York.

Everybody who was anybody in Hollywood was invited to Holton Clark’s premiere of ‘Annabelle’ and Annabelle had worked with Holton on the guest list for her party at the Clark mansion. Of course she included the name of Helga Bentley and her three companions who had dropped in so unceremoniously at Mike’s ranch. Also, Annabelle included other members of the press who would be helpful to her if she won the desperate game she was about to play. All she told Holton was that she thought it would be nice if he would introduce her when the party was well under way so that she could make a little speech to her friends and tell them that she was back with them once more.

It was a grandiose affair, made especial festivity by the enthusiasm everyone felt for the latest Clark opus. It had all his characteristic touches and everyone could tell it was sure “box-office.” During the evening, Annabelle thought several times, “How can any man who is so great in the theater be so small in life. It was a paradox which she would never understand.

As the party wore on and people became more and more hilarious, Annabelle realized that now was the time for her to make the daring step. She manoeuvred Helga Bentley so that they were in a conversation when she gave the signal to Holton to call for silence.

Holton knew how to command silence. In a few moments, the crowd was quiet and listening speculatively to Annabelle.”

“I’ve been out of circulation,” she began, “for several months, but now I’m back with you.”

Helga Bentley led the cheers. Annabelle waved for silence.

“It makes me feel happy you still want me for a friend,” Annabelle said, “and because I want you all to be friends. I feel that there is one thing we must straighten out before that is possible.”

“I seem to have been a jinx for a number of people and if I felt entirely innocent about it I don’t think I’d be talking to you now. As a matter of fact, somebody once called me ‘Man-Poison.’”

Annabelle took a deep breath. “After George’s death I began to feel that the label was right; that I brought only bad luck to those who deserved the best.”

A deep hush had fallen over the crowd. It takes a lot to stir Hollywood, because it is dealing daily with the stuff of which life itself is made. But Annabelle’s sincerity was so persuasive that it compelled their absorbed attention. If her tone had not been so restrained and untheatrical, they might have been uprisen, but she spoke so conversationally and quietly that each one felt as if she were speaking to him.

“I want to tell you something that most of you don’t know. At the same time that I learned of George’s death I knew that I was going to have his baby.”

“I went to see George’s mother and father to tell them about it and there I ran into Michael Harrigan, who, as you know, was George’s best friend. When Michael learned that I was going to have a baby, he wanted to help me and drove me to his ranch at Tehacapi so that I would have a place to stay. He had arranged to have his Gypsy’s take care of me the next day. That night we had visitors.”

Annabelle found it difficult to go on, but the expectant look on her listeners’ faces compelled her to continue.

“Those visitors were in this room now. All they saw was a man—and a woman
who was the widow of his best friend. Honestly, I don’t blame them for thinking what they thought.

"But you also know that Mike Harrigan is as innocent as a man could be. He was kindness itself. The reason I ran away from his lodge that same night was because I didn’t want to be ‘poison’ to still another man’s career. But I had to make a mess of that, too. Like a fool, I got lost and fell down the side of a mountain. Mike came looking for me the next morning and brought me to the hospital pretty well smashed up. The papers said it was pneumonia, but I want you to know we can be friends again that that wasn’t true. The truth is that I lost the baby I was going to have, and through the black days that followed, I knew who stood by me."

Annabelle paused for the final plunge.

"I owe my life to him. But the Good Samaritan has been handed a beating for his reward. It doesn’t seem like the right ending for the parable, does it?" Quick hot tears threatened to choke her and she turned abruptly away.

Belying her first rush to Annabelle. "Darling, you were magnificent, even though you made me feel like an oversized worm. And don’t worry about your Michael. It is going to work right to repair the damage!" She kissed Annabelle and bustled off as Clark approached.

Holton gazed searchingly at his daughter. Then he took her hands in his. It was like him to ignore any need for an apology and drive straight at the matter on his mind. "You’re in love with Mike, aren’t you, Baby?"

Not for years had he called her by the affectionate term he had used when she was little. Annabelle pressed his hand and nodded mutely.

Holton’s face grew suddenly tender. "Leave it to your old dad, dear. I’m going to send Mike a wire that he can’t refuse to accept."

A week later Annabelle stood at the Glendale airport watching the sky for Mike’s Waco plane. When she saw it swooping down to a perfect landing, she ran toward it, her heart singing. And when Mike stepped from the plane and held her in his eager arms, kissing her hungrily, she thought, "Dear God, grant that I have learned how to make him happy."

If that was true, she knew all the struggle had been worth it.

"There’s still no dialogue for this scene," he said, "so I’ll make it up as I go along! I love you, darling."

"The dialogue is perfect. Mike," Annabelle said. "Please never change it."

The End.

New Kind of Love for Lamour

(Continued from page 32)

them. After several desperate attempts to save their tormenting marriage they were divorced.

It is not for an outsider to place the blame, if blame there is, in such an event. We felt that Kay was at fault, or Dorothy remiss in her actions. But we do know it came as a brutal shock to Dorothy when Herbie telephoned long-distance that one was being stiff for divorce the next morning! From their last talk Dorothy had believed the unhappy situation was on the mend and so helped to magnify their difficulties at hand.

The decree was granted two weeks later on April 22, 1939, in a Midwest city.

Dorothy’s world rocked around her. She was young, beautiful, and her pet, and grateful for immortality. She had neither home, husband nor the children she wanted. In the public’s eye she had been scorned by the man she loved, since he was the one who had taken the initiative in the divorce proceedings.

Viewed in proper perspective now, Dorothy realizes her love for Herbie was a youthful infatuation. Passionate, yes, but lacking the depth necessary for lasting marriage. Nonetheless, it was real to her, and the more deeply she hurt, the more deeply she was hurt.

Deeply hurt. Granted it was his pride, not her heart, which had suffered the blow, still wounded pride is bitter stuff to swallow.

On that very day Dorothy started to do what women in the same position have done since the days of Eve. She started to prove to the world—and mostly to herself—that she didn’t care, that losing Kay and his love meant nothing to her.

For a time she hid from life. She was so determinedly gay it wore one out to watch her. Was there a new night spot? She was there, dancing, lazing about, trying to prove to the world that she had been a new excitement? She was in the thick of it, and cooking up more for the next night. Was there new, mad fun to be found? Or was she looking for new love? She was an automaton on a treadmill she kept up the wearying pace. Hey! Hey! for a broken heart! This was the life! Good-time Charlie and night-club queen? You bet! Why not?

Inevitably the whirling, crazy life took its toll. Her personality reflected a brittle quality. Her eyes grew hard and a trifle calculating. Unpleasant little lines and a peered around her mouth. She became jittery and tense. At any moment, one felt, she would explode like a tightly coiled spring suddenly released.

It was the picture of a provocative woman, perhaps, but not a lovely one. In her heart Dorothy knew it.

The playgirl personality attracted men to her. Men like fun and Dorothy was fun. Today it was Tom, tomorrow Dick, and the next day Harry who won her favors and interest. Because such dates are grist for the Hollywood news mill, one chanced up on her score, one scalp after another credited to her collection.

There was the case of Bob Preston which brought two schools of thought into battle—Lancaster—Lancaster, or Preston versus Lamour, when the truth of the matter was her sole and innocent intention had been to help him as a friend. There were unrefuted items in gossip columns throughout the country that her heart in turn belonged to Dadies Wyman Rockamore, Cliff Lewis, Bob Ritchie, Stephen Full, et al. There was the rhaphes blathering about a romance with a naval flier stationed in Honolulu after her visit there last spring, and more nonsense about Bob Preston after that.

All in all, it added up to an unflattering portrait of a woman—silly, shallow and irresponsible.

The irony of it was this: Despite the heavy cost in personal prestige, despite the loss of former friends, despite the horror of physical weariness and her frantic efforts to assuage it, the old hurt was still there! She had convinced the world the divorce had left no mark upon her. But in her heart she knew the masquerade had been in vain.

Then, by the grace of the gods, it happened. Almost overnight a second meta-
morphosis took place. The pathetic bundle of frazzled nerves turned into a beautiful, poised and appealing woman. Everywhere in Hollywood they find it and today, many months later, it is true. She says, "If there is a change in me, it is because I am happy, completely happy, for the first time in many, many months." That also is true. But she is happy because she has found real love and grown up to its potentialities.

The man is Greg Bautzer, a Los Angeles attorney. This is the first time it has been publicly acknowledged, or the details told.

All the way home from Hawaii last spring, Dorothy was dreading an event which lay before her. She had accepted an invitation to the Festival in Holland, Michigan, only to learn later that Kay, her ex-husband, was slated to appear on the same program. She dreaded it because it would mark their first meeting since the divorce and, frankly, she did not know how her heart would behave. The dreaded day came. They met, laughed and had fun together. More fun, Dorothy said, than they had shared in four years of marriage. But that was all. During the second side of the stage greeting the crowd. Good-natured banter flew back and forth. Suddenly a stranger called: "Why don't you marry the man?"

Herbie's face sobered. "I did once," he answered quietly, "and I wish I could again!"

Both he and Dorothy knew by then it could not be. The flame was gone. All that Dorothy felt for him was friendship and that separate regard a woman always keeps for a man with whom she has shared part of her life. That he recognized the finality of it was reflected in his second marriage a few months later. No one, incidentally, rejoices more in his new happiness than Dorothy. There is honest regret for the failure of their marriage but no recrimination in her.

It was shortly after the Michigan junket that Dorothy went to the opera in Los Angeles with her agent, Wynn Rocamora. Possibly it was her mood, or reaction to the romantic melodies of "Mephisto," but she was depressed in spirit. "I was feeling sorry for Herbie, sorrier for myself and sorriest of all that what Herbie said he felt for me could not mean more," she said. "When Wynn suggested we stop at Ciro's for an hour after the opera, I really didn't care one way or the other."

They were sitting at a small table near the dance floor when Bautzer paused at their table to say hello to Wynn and be introduced to Dorothy. It was one of those casual, accidental meetings. When Wynn had a telephone call to make and asked Greg to sit with Dorothy in his brief absence.

Whether they realized it or not, Greg and Dorothy were in the same psychological boat. For many months he had been the constant and apparently devoted escort of Lani Turner and must have been jolted by her dramatic elopement with Artie Shaw, whom she subsequently divorced. Like Dorothy, he was taking his funeral in Los Angeles. It was finding plenty. That, coupled with the aura of glamour which had surrounded Lana and the business necessity of entertaining important clients in the popular night spots of the town, is what gave him the reputation of a playboy. In reality he is a serious, albeit very handsome, young barrister who tends to his legal knitting.

When Wynn returned to the table, it was to find two erstwhile strangers so enchanted with each other they were oblivious of his existence. The threesome wound up a threesome.

Dorothy and Greg had their first solo date the next night, May 31, 1949, which by coincidence marked the eighth anniversary of Dorothy's first appearance as the torch singer with the Kay band. They were so preoccupied, they managed to see each other, or talk by phone, at least once every twenty-four hours!

REBOUND love? We don't think so. We believe Dorothy and Greg honestly are in love for the first time in their respective lives and that the past has been only a prelude to the present.

True, Dorothy has not climbed a soap-box to broadcast "I am in love" to the world. In fact, she has refused to be quoted on her new romance. But her actions are far more eloquent than the words she won't speak.

Greg, for instance, likes to play tennis; it has been noted Dorothy started taking tennis lessons and now plays an adequate game.

He doesn't care for bizarre and spectacular dress in a woman; it can be observed her wardrobe now runs to simple, conservative clothes. He has been heard to speak disparagingly of slacks on a woman; Dorothy no longer is seen wearing them in public. He has mentioned occasions night-clubbing bored him; headwaiters now are wailing, "Oh where, oh where has our little pet gone?"

Dorothy has learned, or rediscovered the way women in love instinctively know exactly what will please Greg and conducts herself by those rules. In final proof, when she talks about him to others, she speaks not of his charm, or good looks, but of his brilliant mind and clever work. That's a dead give-away.

Furthermore, friends have noted how Greg constantly is searching for little, thoughtful ways in which to make Dorothy happy, like sending boxes of flowers to the studio wardrobe department when he knows she has a fitting, or devising surprises which she so dearly loves. They see her meeting his business friends as well as his social companions. They notice the attentive, almost possessive way he cares for her in public. A few have seen the gold cigarette lighter he gave her on which is engraved, "May this be the only torch you ever carry" and the matching cigarette case with its message, "Here's to the Witch from the guy who hopes he'll always be bewitched." And the plain gold band on her finger was his mother's wedding ring.

We call that love and the herald of wedding bells.

July's smash fictionization:

"MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE"

The enchanting story starring RONALD COLMAN.
To Make You Happier

(Continued from page 59)
artist who designed that wallpaper or chintz.

- If you want your room to be a peaceful retreat have your curtains and your walls the same color and patternless. Remember also that greens, gray greens, and blues are especially restful. Which is why Nature uses them so much, of course!
- If you want your room to be gay and festive use chintz.
- Be wary of too many patterned surfaces. A pattern in your rug, in your curtains, in pillows and on your walls is bound to be dizzy-making.
- Never sacrifice comfort to formality. Plan everything for comfort. And hint at formality by the design of your chintz, by dignified lamps, by hanging a pair of shelves on either side of your bed or window—or by all of these things.
- There’s sure to be attraction in a room that’s bright and friendly. Let the sun into your room. Grow things. Train ivy on a trellis in a sunny window. Or keep twin vases filled with ivy, laurel or huckleberry leaves, all of which will last indefinitely.
- What about your hobby? It certainly deserves a place in your room. If you sew or do needlepoint or knit don’t hide your sewing bag or basket away in a closet. Have a sewing stand and a good light beside your favorite chair. If reading is important in your life build open shelves so your books will be within easy reach of your hand. If you’re interested in photography have enlargements made of several scenic pictures you’ve taken, mat them on gay paper, put them in identical frames and hang them in a group. If you’re interested in wood-carving carve a lamp base for the table beside your bed. (The pineapple lamp bases shown in the illustration were carved by an artist in the studio. One is done in a simple modern manner. The other is more ornate and more realistic.)

Miss Fontaine returns: Back from a sabbatical year as the wife of Brian Aherne, Joan appears in "Before the Fact" with Cary Grant.

Take a lesson—
from Arthur Murray Dancing Teachers

To Arthur Murray’s glamorous dancing teachers, daintiness is not only a matter of personal fastidiousness. Their very jobs depend on it! And they depend on Odorono Cream to guard against underarm odor and dampness even on their busiest days!

Odorono Cream is non-irritating...you can use it right after shaving. It’s non-greasy, harmless to fabrics...non-greasy, smooth as satin. Yet it checks underarm perspiration safety 1 to 3 days!

Take a lesson in glamour from these charming experts! Start using Odorono Cream today!

The Odorono Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

Jane MacDonald, Palm Beach teacher, loves her job—dances for hours without losing the impeccable freshness which is her special charm!

Odorono Cream gives you
50% TO 100% MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY

Also liquid Odorono—Regular and Instant
Use Parkay Margarine as a flavor shortening next time you bake a shortcake! Then you’ll understand why all-purpose Parkay is so popular everywhere. It’s a delightful spread for bread—...a real flavor shortening...and wonderful for pan-frying.

And remember, this new margarine created by Kraft is an excellent energy food and a reliable year round source of Vitamin A (8,000 U.S. XI units per pound).

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MIRACLE WHIP SALAD DRESSING!

If you possibly can manage it have a radio in your room. It’s no more reasonable that you always should want to hear the program someone else in the house has tuned in on than it would be to suppose you’d always want to read the same book or the same newspaper article he or she was reading.

If your room is small a big mirror on one wall or covering a wall or a good part of it will suggest greater space and help tremendously. If your room is square it doesn’t make any difference which wall gets the mirror. If your room is long and narrow the mirror belongs on one of the long walls, of course. You don’t have to use regular mirror glass, which is expensive. You can use sheet mirror, which is much cheaper. Or you can use flash mirror—window paning painted black on the reverse side—which is cheaper still. Flash mirror doesn’t reflect clearly but it’s very effective.

If your room is dark use a mirror opposite the window or windows which give the most light. Have your walls a light color whether they’re painted or papered. Keep the woodwork the same color as the walls. And use warm colors in your upholstery fabrics.

“Thats all very well,” you’re saying. We can hear you! “But the furniture in my room is terrible! It just isn’t possible to plan any kind of a room around it!” Our decorators—the very men who have made you groan with envy over the rooms they have arranged in the studios—disagree violently. They chorus, optimistically:

You Have To Use It
Well, Then—Make the Most of It!

Furniture is dreary usually because it’s a dreary color. With paint remover, sandpaper and good old-fashioned Amer-
NEVER A DULL MOMENT!

Your Doors

If there are many doors in your room—too many doors, really—paint them the color of your walls. So they more or less disappear into the walls. This means the rest of your woodwork must be the color of your walls, too, of course!

If there are only one or two doors in your room you'll create an effect by using plain curtains and painting the doors to match them.

Decorate your doors. Stencils of scrolls and similar designs can be bought for a few cents in art shops. And the decoration they afford is worth a million.

Now we come to three important things to remember:

Your Floors

If you live in a modern house or apartment you have hardwood floors. All they need is a stain to bring them down to a rich, warm color and waxing upon occasion. But if you live in an old house or apartment and your floors have to be painted, remember this—they don't have to be painted dark brown! They can be black with the high polish of marble. In a bedroom that's pale and pastel or gay and chintzy they can be white. Or they can be lemon-yellow or gray-green or the warm color of red tiles. It will be wise, however, to decide upon the color scheme and the general feeling your room is to have before you do anything about your floors.

Unless your room is particularly large the wall space between your rug and walls should not be more than a foot and a half. If your rug leaves more space than this—sew fringe on it!

If you use small rugs don't cutty-corner them.

The Hollywood decorators are very firm about the importance of lamps, pictures, pillows and the like. They insist accessories are as just as important to the chic of a room as they are to the chic of a costume. Which brings us to:

They're Only Little Things—But...

Be hard-boiled about bridge prizes and Christmas-and-birthday presents that don't complement your decorative scheme. Give them away or throw them away—but don't use them!

Fancy pillows became passé along with fussy telephone dolls.

If your room doesn't have a fireplace—and most bedrooms don't—see if the family won't chip in and buy you an artificial fireplace for your birthday or Christmas, or both. And make any sacrifice that is necessary to reserve wall space for this fireplace. Ask the head man in your house if a gas feed pipe can't be run to your fireplace—so you can have honest-to-goodness flames licking around your artificial resemble coal and feel exactly like a heroine in an English novel. Otherwise, attach an electric fixture to your grate or your make-believe logs. An artificial fireplace is the next best thing.

PRISCILLA LANE, star of the Warner Bros. picture

"MISS WHEELRIGHT DISCOVERS AMERICA"

says a Hollywood smile has to have glint and sparkle always! Impossible? "Easy!" says Priscilla, "if you use good sense and a good dentifrice." Like Calox Tooth Powder!

PRISCILLA, AGE ONE got off to a fine start for sound, lovely teeth! A careful diet. Lots of sun. Plenty of visits to her dentist. Then she grew up and became interested in beauty.

"I'VE FOUND you can't beat the advice of Pere Westmore, make-up expert at Warner's." And that is Calox Tooth Powder, choice of so many well-informed stars for daily cleansing and polishing. If you like a brilliant sheen, try Calox!

Helps your teeth shine like the stars'

BY BRINGING OUT NATURAL LUSTRE

1. CALOX CONTAINS 5 CLEANSING AND POLISHING AGENTS. Calox is a real beauty tooth powder— it promotes a brilliant gloss!

2. EXTRA SOFT AND SMOOTH because it's double-sifted through 100 mesh silk screens.

3. FRESH-TASTING—no strong medical taste. Your whole family will like its clean, tangy flavor. Children love it.

McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeton, N.J.
best thing to a real fireplace. It gives your room a warm heart. It makes it cozy. When lamps are turned out and curtains are drawn it will induce confidences. And it also will prove a wonderful sitting-out place for the arrangement of your furniture.

A panel or pictorial wallpaper cut to fit the wall over your fireplace or behind a bed—if the rest of the room is painted —will give the effect of a charming, colorful mural, especially if it’s glassed.

Let There Be Light

But see to it that it doesn’t shine in people’s eyes or cast hard shadows which turn you and your friends into mean-looking witches.

Be very careful to have all your lamp shades the right size and depth for your lamps so no part of any bulb is left exposed.

Have your lamps at a proper height. The top of the shade should be just about fifty-eight inches from the floor.

Use bulbs with No. 40 wattage. They give a clear light but they don’t light up a room like a church.

Lamp shades with too much pattern give a room too busy an effect. If there are three lamps in your room use plain light shades on two and have a tole (painted metal) shade on the third. Tole shades are especially effective and dramatic against colored walls.

Peek around in secondhand stores, antique shops and rummage sales until you find interesting old vases or ornaments or bottles that can be made into lamps. The big white pottery paste jars which can be bought in the household departments of many shops make really beautiful lamps and cost next to nothing.

Pictures ... Pictures ... Pictures ... They’re like the little girl

Who had a little curl

That hung down the middle of her forehead.

When they are good

They are very, very good

And when they are bad

They are horrid!

Above everything else see to it that your pictures are big enough for the wall space they occupy.

A collection of fruit prints or flowers or a group of four small water colors or three or four etchings or lithographs are always more decorative together than scattered around hit-or-miss fashion and looking like oversized postage stamps stuck on the wall.

Have frames heavy enough to give pictures importance but not so heavy that they dwarf them.

Use mats on your pictures. Mats no longer are supposed to be white. They can be any color that flatters the picture, the wall upon which the picture happens, or the frame. Consider a lime-green — and a natural wood frame against a yellow wall. Or a pale coral mat against a white frame and a blue wall. Marbelized and metallic papers make very effective mats, too.

Watch out that you don’t get your picture too high! Unless a picture hangs over a mantel or a high cabinet the center of it should be on a level with your eyes when you are standing.

All right! You’re on your own! Don’t try to do everything at once. Take your time. Make the fun last. For it will be fun to give your room a beauty treatment with Hollywood’s decoration experts for your consultants. In fact, it’s our guess that when you finish doing your room—fascinated by the miracle you have accomplished with a little paint and a little chintz and a lot of knowledge—you’ll want to transform the family living room, too.

**STYLE STREAMERS**

If you got the ribbons on the Maypole on page 52 a little twisted, you’ll want these correct answers

**Style A:** a cape

Capes are in this summer—long flowing ones of silk that make outfits of your summer dresses, cut in a military style that will make drafters stop, look and follow you.

**Style B:** a grosgrain ribbon belt

Ribbon trim for your dresses is a new summer style flash. Here’s how to make this belt: Cut a 33” length of ribbon (this is for a size 28 waist). For other sizes, either add or subtract to ribbon length to go around waist. Then slip ribbon about 2” through loop opening of a buckle (if you’re interested in things military you can choose a military emblem for your buckle). Then turn back this 2” piece of ribbon and fold underneath. Sew securely.

**Style C:** Buster Brown collars

Worn over suits or dresses, these are a vital fashion note for May. Gives you an innocent little-boy look and a choice of colors for the soft loose ties that will make an old dress into a new triumph.

**Style D:** Candy Stripes

Candy stripes, vertical, horizontal, diagonal, will trim the smartest summer dresses. Cuffs, collars, blouses, skirts, all go striped in the summer scene.

**Style E:** Beige shoes

Beige footwear is in again, in soft tones to match stocking shades. A best with navy blue or beige outfits.
severe routine of lessons and practice for her voice.

Now on the set on that very first picture, when young Deanna was daily becoming more important and writers were daily adding a bit more here and a bit more there to her originally fairly small part, was a young man named Vaughn Paul. Six feet of him, moving easily with the grace of a trained athlete, going about his small business as a second assistant director—which to tell you the truth is not very much more than being a glorified messenger boy.

There was a shyness about young Paul. He was just out of college—he had graduated from Hollywood High School and gone on to U. S. C. He was greatly interested in economics and politics, and in high school had been star of a championship basketball team and had made the all-city nominations. At U. S. C. he broke his ankle early and was out of basketball so long he never went back.

At the studio where his father, Val Paul, had been an important executive, they thought young Vaughn a little too serious, a little too aloof. Of course, he had been brought up in the motion-picture business, he had heard it talked about and seen it grow, as his normal background. The truth is that motion pictures fascinated the tall, blond blue-eyed boy from the very beginning.

Only he never wanted to be an actor. He is, frankly, much better-looking than a good many of our present crop of leading men and there is for some reason nearly always a dearth of young leading men in Hollywood. But Paul's idea was different.

At U. S. C.—where, by the way, his reputation is completely different from that which he enjoys at the studio and where he was known as a still-waters—run-deep type of humorist who would go any lengths and spend any amount of time on a good gag—at college, then, he had spoken often to the boys who were his friends about pictures. There is a tale in Hollywood that the saying "Motion pictures are still in their infancy" actually originated on the Universal lot, where Vaughn Paul and Deanna Durbin now work, with Uncle Laemmle. Young Vaughn Paul, in bull sessions at college, was apt to echo those sentiments—with due modesty. The great art of the cinema in all its best aspects had only begun. They found him intensely interesting, the young men who were his mates at college. He had, they said, "ideas." Also, they said, he was a swell guy. That, as you probably know, is the highest praise of the younger generation.

ONE thing they remember well. He never seemed to care much about girls. When the phone rang and it was a date for Paul, he usually stalled a little—and didn't go out. Girls, of course, were very nice. But he wasn't in any sense a wolf. He wasn't a woman-fearer or anything, but he was too busy. The feminine sex hadn't as yet impinged upon his life and consciousness. He liked the fellows, he liked all forms of athletics and he liked his work—which he referred to as a background.

As a matter of fact, both in high school and at college, he was extremely popular with the fellows.

He never had a girl—never "went steady" with anyone. Always a little shy...
with girls, never quite the same humorous, amusing cuss he was with the boys.

When college days were over he didn’t ask more of his father than most young Americans ask—a job, if possible, a chance to get into the game. Alert, terribly ambitious, the moment he got his first job he began to concentrate on it. He did what too few young men who get into this vast industry ever do—he began actually to study it from every angle.

His blond head and big shoulders were to be seen around the cutting room, in the projection booth, on other sets. He struck up friendships with men in every department—and there are so many, and all important, that go to the making of a motion picture.

They all liked him—and still he never had a girl. If the pretty young things around the lot made eyes at him, they got only a shy and friendly smile in response. Never a date. There are a few girls now who have “double dated” with Vaughn and Deanna—that’s all.

So he was a second assistant director on the first Deanna Durbin picture and on several after that. They exchanged the ordinary words that a second and then a first assistant director and the star would exchange on a picture—but she was such a baby and he was so intent upon his work. Friendly enough, but never intimate, of course. Those things aren’t done in Hollywood exactly.

THEN, three years ago almost, when Deanna was sixteen, it happened.

Neither of them knows exactly how it happened.

They know now that one day they fell in love. Deanna, a slim and very vibrant sixteen, was aware of the tall blond young man with the serious face and the twinking blue eyes—aware of him as the boy who filled some picture and some dream she had carried in her heart as it awakened. He simply—fitted right in.

And Vaughn Paul saw a girl for the first time—as the living, breathing, speaking figure of his ideal.

They were both, of course, young idealists. Romantic, as all young things are, dreaming as all young things must if the world is to go on at all.

Of course they wanted to fall in love—they were eager enough. And so very young—sixteen and twenty-one—the ideal ages, of course. Deanna dreaming of a Prince on a white horse, Vaughn Paul waiting for the Fairy Princess to come down from some distant tower.

Then one day their eyes met, held, and they looked away with quickening hearts. Why—when they’d known each other, seen each other every day, been on the same set, in the same studio—did it come to pass like this?

THE little star found herself breathless, found herself watching for a sight of the tall young man, found herself making little opportunities to speak to him. A college man—she knew that. Very fond of music. Son, of course, of an old Hollywood family and a big executive. Socially, he was eligible. In answer to her shy casual little questions, she found out, too, that he was ambitious, that he worked hard, that already they were saying he would “go places” in pictures.

But—he was an assistant director and she was the studio’s greatest star.

Also, she was a girl just turned sixteen. Vaughn Paul knew. He knew after that very first strange look. He began to think of her as—just a girl. Not as a star. She had, he found, the most beautiful blue eyes in the world, and they looked back at him so frankly, with some—was it a question in them? Her throat was full and white, and she had the prettiest little hands. Sometimes he forgot altogether about the studio and the set, and about her being Deanna Durbin, and just thought of her as the girl—the prettiest—the sweetest—and she would be such fun!

They faced their first problem then.

For days—weeks—the thing was between them—and they both waited. Dreaming, waiting, not knowing, either one of them, just what move to make. Could a young second assistant director ask the star to make a date? Should the star, knowing how those things can be in Hollywood, make the first move—like royalty, issue the invitation herself?

Those were exquisite days, those first days of awareness, those first days of all the little glances, the little shy secret tones and looks, the anticipation. They are always wonderful days in any love affair, but when it is the first love, and both are young, and untouched, and full of all the things of life that are beautiful, it is something unequalled.

But what was the next step to be—and when would they find out that they were in love—how would they break through the barriers around them and find each other?

In the next installment of Miss St. John’s unusual story, you will find presented the facts about the first dates of Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, dates that, because of Deanna’s youth, were ‘shushed up’ in Hollywood. Watch for your July copy.

What the previewers of “That Hamilton Woman!” saw besides the picture: Judy Canova, Jinx Falkenberg and Glenn Ford sitting up in the second row.
Speak for Yourself
(Continued from page 74)

fabrication of a bad dream, still for the most part “Fantasia” is a thrilling and utterly unique experience.

The music is so realistic that it seems to be coming at you from all sides. Here for the first time is a form of entertainment aimed right at the masses as a method for making the classics both popular and intelligible to the rank and file of the uninformed. Even such a modernist as Stravinsky takes on meaning for the first time when his music is set to a story. Providing visual colorings for program music both clarifies its structure and creates a more vivid and lasting impression.

Willard C. Hyatt, Libertyville, Ill.

$1.00 PRIZE
“How About It, Hymie?”

There’s no question about it—Hollywood knows practically everything there is to be known about photography. But, and this was a startling discovery, Hollywood knows very little about the use of the very popular candid camera! At least, one would not think so after watching Ruth Hussey’s use of the camera in “The Philadelphia Story.”

Research authorities spend untold hours when it comes to the proper presentation of articles and their uses in historical motion pictures. Yet here’s something that’s as up-to-date as Roz Russell’s hats, and what happens? The motion picture big-wigs place the camera in the hands of an inexperienced person and say, “Go ahead—make believe, you’re a magazine photographer.” And, believe me, dear reader, Ruth Hussey certainly did make believe; just as you and I would have when we were six or seven years of age!

Ruth galloped through the house, taking one picture after another, and for all her efforts, she didn’t turn the film more than two or three times. She wiggled the camera, she took close-ups within a foot of her subjects—and all with the same lens! Boy, it was so easy, I decided to try her method, just to prove a point. Well, I have a composition now that any modernistic painter would envy. But, it isn’t practical, and I’ll have to revert to the old method, for even Photoplay-Movie Mirror’s own Hymie Fink can’t take more than one picture on a given section of film and have it published! How about it, Hymie?

Bill Watty, Middletown, Conn.

$1.00 PRIZE
Seeing Is Believing

On Valentine’s Day something happened to me that I shall never forget.

Nelson Eddy gave a concert here before an audience that was packed to capacity. Before the concert began, the usual rumors went about of how Mr. Eddy never smiled, gave very few encores and all the unpleasant things that will be said about a star.

When the curtain rose and Nelson Eddy stood before us with a smile that could brighten the four corners of the earth, the building fairly resounded with the thunder of applause.

Finally, after his last number had been given (with encores throughout the program), he gave us encore after encore. The audience stood as they clapped, whistled and even stamped for Mr. Eddy to sing even more. Then, after twenty-two numbers had been sung, he ended his concert with “Will You Remember?” from his picture “Maytime.”

I know that every person in that audience will always remember Nelson Eddy. His graciousness and love for giving all he has could never be forgotten.

Barbara Bennett, Phoenix, Ariz.

$1.00 PRIZE
A “Yes” for a Few “Nos”

I was ill for more than a year during which, naturally, I saw no movies. Then I started going to see them—and what a surprise! Can it be that Hollywood is now a guild of real artists? All the old cliches are gone.

Just lately, for instance, I’ve seen; The hero telephoning, and not getting the number right away; paying off his taxi and counting the change he received; packing for a sudden journey and not lifting six monogrammed shirts out of a top drawer to throw into a suitcase; writing a letter and not just making a hurried hen-track across a sheet of paper; ringing for his servant and not getting him immediately; a girl dressing for a date and not once dabbling perfume behind her ears; a young wife telling her husband she’s going to have a baby—in just those words. No coy subterfuges. In brief, Hollywood seems at last to have

Listen in!
(The girls are talking about Tampons)

The Blonde: It’s invisible sanitary protection, thank heavens... cause Fibs are worn internally... keep my secret safe even in this bathing suit. Otherwise I’d be missing lots of fun this summer.

The Brunette: Whatta pal... why didn’t you tell me before? I had to miss the beach all last week! But why Fibs?... aren’t all tampons alike?

The Blonde: I’ll say they’re not! For one thing... Fibs are easy to use... no gadgets needed, so naturally Fibs cost less. And what means even more to me—Fibs are the Kotex Tampon...

The Brunette: That’s the answer! Fibs are a Kotex product... so it’s Fibs for me! Now I remember... Fibs are the tampons that are “Quilted” for more comfort and safety. And you get a full dozen for just 20c.

Fibs, the Kotex Tampon


JUNE, 1941
Why Can’t ALICE FAYE Find True Love?

ONE GIRL who ought to be happy is Alice Faye. Yet the secret fact is that she is not. Among Screen Guide’s scoops for June are the intimate details of her romances.

SCREEN GUIDE, the large-size picture magazine of motion pictures, is edited independently. It tells without fear or favor the truth about strictly "human" stars!

OTHER FEATURES IN JUNE SCREEN GUIDE—

This Is The Real Hollywood. Here is the Hollywood behind the scandals, the Hollywood that rises above the dirty rumors!

How Remarriage Has Remade Bette Davis! Photos prove the truth!

I Made My Home in Hollywood by Rita Hayworth. See what it costs to build, decorate a Hollywood mansion. Figures and facts!

Are Hollywood Night Club Romances Real? Read Hedda Hopper’s "inside" gossip.

All this and heavenly color portraits too—Betty Grable, Don Ameche, Olivia de Havilland, Tony Martin. Also gossip, reviews, beauty hints, fashion news!

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learned the true secret of genius—simplicity, straightforwardness, naturalness. Three rousing cheers.  

G. RAYNE,  
Vancouver, Canada

HONORABLE MENTION

WHY do the studios "push" such questionable talent as Ann Sheridan, Lana Turner, Betty Grable, Linda Darnell, Virginia Bruce, Gene Tierney, Pauline Goddard and Olivia de Havilland on the public? If they can act, I am Sarah Bernhardt. The female romanticists will resent this, but why don’t the studios star Leslie Howard and Charles Boyer in a gangster picture? Let Leslie Boy be a gang leader and Charlie Boy a rival "crime defender" who kill each other for the love of gamin Joan Fontaine. Oh, yes, then let Toughy Joan act animated (which will probably kill her) and then the screen will be rid of three sexy-pants.

EMILY CHERRY,  
Norfolk, Va.

Why doesn’t Warner Brothers studio wake up and realize what a swell screen bet they have in Jeffrey Lynn? He has proved in the few times he’s had a chance that he can act.

Mrs. ALFRED A. ROSE,  
Vicksburg, Miss.

John Barrymore may have bags under his eyes, two chins and numerous wives, but for all that he is one of the very best the-pains in the business. Please, someone, give John a meaty part in a good sophisticated drama.

ETHEL L. MORRIS,  
Kansas City, Mo.

I AM the victim of a new and apparently incurable malady known to science (and movie fans) as galloping Jaggeritis. The patient usually complains of loss of sleep, general dreaminess and inability to concentrate and shows a marked tendency to haunt theaters playing "Brigham Young, Frontiersman" or "Western Union.

Symptoms generally appear within a short time after exposure to a pair of very penetrating and very blue eyes, a crisp metallic voice and various and sundry other items which are the exclusive property of an existing gentleman named Dean Jagger.

DOROTHY E. DICKSON,  
Altadena, Calif.

If movie patrons could look behind the scenes at the revolving cruelties practised on helpless animals there would be an immediate boycott on the thrill-packed Westerns where the Noble Hero dashes madly off a high cliff. The background of every such "punch" is a toll of broken legs, internal injuries and hideous suffering for the horses involved.

SYLVIA L. PETTIS,  
Eugene, Ore.

LAST night a new star appeared on the movie horizon, now for me, at least. His name is Rex Harrison and in him I found an actor delightfully different from any I have ever seen. Besides a twinkle in his eye and a sense of humor, Mr. Harrison can also appear serious and even dangerous-looking. His is a rare personality that has never been apparent in any of our present or past day actors.

BETTY JOHNSON,  
Indianapolis, Ind.

TWICE I have been to the movies lately in company with my teen-age daughter, only to sit there and wish we were home. Both films—the "Philadelphia Story" and "Virginia"—showed beautiful estates and beautiful women. But two flagrant faults stand out in each—drink, drink, drink. Katharine Hepburn dead to the world in more than one scene and Madeleine Carroll saying, "Let’s get tight" every time a crisis came up.

A mother who cares.

Mrs. CALVIN W. SHEPHERD,  
Clyde, N. Y.

I AM an American! That’s why “Land of Liberty” thrilled me so tremendously! I have always loved our flag and the country it stands for, but they mean more than ever to me now, after seeing the struggle people have gone through to make them what they are. That sweeping panorama of the growth of our nation did something for me. And seeing those scores of stars, each doing his part magnificently but each subordinate to the real star—the United States of America—brings a lump to one’s throat.

ADELINE SWANSON,  
Boulder, Colo.

CONGRATULATIONS to somebody for discovering Dan Dailey Jr. Besides proving himself a good actor, he is handsome to the right degree. He has an appealing sincerity about him that makes you feel you know him intimately. He looks and acts like the boy next door or your college roommate might. His twinkling smile and flashing dimples can make the fans of Gable, Boyer and Taylor forget their idols.

FRANCES WAKELEY,  
Rome, Ga.
What Ann Sheridan Learned in Exile

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43)

'might. You see the ones who sympathize, perhaps, but are afraid to 'take sides' because it might hurt them with the Big Shots who might otherwise do something for them someday, some way. You see the ones who are just curious and after they've found out all they can about your affairs, toddle along on their own sweet way, forgetting all about you. And you see those who are really your friends....

A S she spoke, the phone rang and she went to answer it herself. When she returned to her chair by the living-room fire, it was to mention specifically one of those friends.

"That was George," she said, simply. Then, perhaps because we may have looked surprised (Hadn't everyone been saying that the Sheridan-Brent romance was "off") she grinned.

"Sure.... We see each other often. You didn't think George had run out on me, did you?" she demanded. And laughed out loud at our guilty look because we had thought just that.

"We just didn't go around to night clubs and such, where we were 'seen,'" she explained. "Until all this salary business was settled, I preferred not to be on parade. You can understand that, can't you?"

"But I had a grand time for myself," she went on, "for the reason that so many people were so perfectly wonderful to me! Besides George, there were Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward, Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor, the Jimmy Cagney's, the Pat O'Briens, the Humphrey Bogarts, Big Boy Williams and George Tobias, the Jerome Cowans and a lot of others who showed themselves 'friends indeed!' That also includes the entire Hollywood press and I'll never forget it. And total strangers were wonderful, too.

"You know," she confided, "I didn't exactly have it easy, those first five years I spent in Hollywood. There were times, as you may know, also, when I wasn't quite sure where my next meal was coming from. And there were plenty of snubs and double-crossings. In fact, I learned then so much about hurt and disillusionment that I expected the worst when this happened. I was sure I would be kicked around for fair. At least—" she shrugged expressively "—I thought I might be. Well, I soon found out 'what gave' pro and con, good and bad.

"On the bad side of the ledger there was, of course, that certain Hollywood hostess. Maybe you'd better spell it with a capital 'h'; she's that kind of a hostess. Anyway, she used to invite me to her parties regularly, even though I had never met her. Always, she'd be cordial as anything. Well, I never accepted her invitations because I really didn't want to since I didn't know her. But during this interlude—" she laughed —"I didn't have if I wanted to because I wasn't asked any more. Annie with a job was one thing, as far as she was concerned. Annie without was another."

There was also, it seems, the episode of the Ardent Swain, or perhaps it should be the Would-Be Ardent Swain. He was a young Hollywood actor trying to get along and being only partially successful at it. He began to be ardent—but ardent!—about the time "Torrid Zone" was released. He gave Ann the rush of her life. Or tried to. He'd call up and say, "I'm going to beat Brent's time, you know"—joking, but in earnest. Ann liked him all right and she'd laugh at his silliness, but she never went out with him. Obviously, "Brent's time" was difficult to beat. And then came the mix-up with Warners. Ann went on her enforced "vacation." Rita Hayworth became "The Strawberry Blonde." And the Ardent Swain, like the Arab, "folded his tent and silently stole away."

"He needed to be 'seen' with a bigger fish than I was then. He couldn't waste time on me. So I was 'all alone by the telephone.'"

Ann laughed without malice. You learn tolerance along the rough, tough road she has travelled. You learn not to judge too sharply because people kind of get what's coming to 'em, anyway.

Besides, for Ann, there were those other things—those items on the good side of the ledger—to offset the bad. Like the way in which a certain famous woman columnist who is a dear friend of hers inveigled her on shopping expeditions and then insisted on paying all the bills.

"You see," Ann explained, "here in Hollywood when you don't work for some time, most people assume that you're rapidly going broke. And I guess that a good many people out of a job do go broke. It was natural, therefore, that Lillian (that's not her name, but I'll call

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her that) should figure that my own finances were not exactly top-hole. So, being one of the most generous people in the world, she’d get me to try on things—hats, dresses, shoes, whatever I happened to need (and if I liked ’em, she would manage to pay for them before I knew what was going on. And she would be so sweet about it; so pleased at what she was doing that unless I wanted to be a perfect boor, I’d just have to let her have her own way.

“I wasn’t broke, though,” she confided. “The lessons I learned through the years when I had it so tough in Holly- wood taught me to prevent that. I’ve saved something out of every pay check I have ever earned. And for the last couple of years I’ve had a crackerjack business man who has kept me on a rigid budget. So, I shouldn’t have starved for a long, long time.”

NOT that Ann’s friends would have let her, anyway, and that’s what is so swell about this whole thing. Take what Big Boy Williams, George Tobias and Jerome Cowan did at Christmas. Sure. It was a gag. But there was a point to it, too.

“They came around Christmas morn- ing,” Ann recounted. “I answered the doorbell and there they were. ‘Come on outside and see what Santa Claus has brought you,’ they said. So I did... and Santa Claus had brought a truckload of groceries. I mean a truckload! We all laughed fit to kill, but I took the groceries, just as they meant me to, bless their hearts!”

Or take what the man at the filling station did, down San Juan Capistrano way, that day Ann and George Brent were driving to San Diego.

“It was shortly after Warners had sus- pended me,” Ann said. “We were in my car and I was driving. We stopped for gas at a station which sold the kind of gas that I had happened to endorse through an advertising tie-up arranged by Warners. Of course, though, this con- tract had long since been terminated. Even so, when I asked the man, ‘How much?’ and started to reach for my purse, he cut me off short.

‘Not a thing, Miss Sheridan,’ he said. ‘You’re going to need your money!’ And he wouldn’t take anything, either.”

Of course, the postscript to this is that Annie took the price of the fifteen gallons of gasoline, put some more with it and bought the man a nice Christmas present. But that doesn’t spoil the story of his consideration for her. Ann was in a spot, he figured, and he wanted to help her out... just as a lot of other people have wanted to in a lot of other ways she will never forget.

A far more important postscript to this story of Ann’s “Hollywood exile” is that the differences between her and the studio have now been ironed out. Her return to the home fold in “Navy Blues” ought to mark the dissolution not only of the Navy’s blues but Annie’s also. For she has come back with $20,000 of back pay in her jeans plus a bump in salary reported to make her weekly stipend $1,000. So much we can personally assure you: The new figure is no less than that amount, though it does represent a com- promise. (Ann asked for $2,000, as you recall.) But isn’t compromise the happy ending for all strikes?

Thus the redhead youngster who hooked her heels over the rails asked her defense and listened while the “Boss Man” said, “You have to do what you have to do,” has made a practical—and profitable—demonstration of the truth of that lesson learned so long ago.
The Man Who Lost Himself

(Continued from page 47)

Scott. I'm another man."

"Yes, sir," blandly, "you always are, sir."

"Always?" John said bewilderedly.

"Always!" You're a new man and that the old Malcolm Scott is dead."

John was losing patience. "Hey, wait a minute, didn't he say you were a new man and that the old Malcolm Scott is dead?"

"Yes, sir!" John said. "Why yes, it is, isn't it?"

I might have known it," the girl snapped. Exasperation added sparkle to her dark eyes and John relaxed against the curb the better to watch her face. "Well," she demanded, "haven't you anything to say?"

"You're beautiful," John said in awe. "Even when you frown. You'd be more beautiful," he continued audaciously, "if you smiled. Why don't you smile?" Surprisingly, but it was a faint unwil-ling ghost of a smile which touched her lips for only an instant before she repressed it and said sharply, "For heaven's sake, get up."

Obediently, John stood up. "You're wonderful," he sighed.

HER face softened unexpectedly. "Why do you act this way?" she cried. "Why do you make such a spectacle of yourself—of me? I've tried there was a hint of tears in her pleading, "you know I've stood by you through every-thing, Mal."

The realization that she thought he was Scott added impetus to John's masquerade. " Couldn't you," he suggested hopefully, "keep on standing by? Fury swept her again. "You are without doubt," she blazed, "the most conceited, inconsiderate—but," she broke off, "we can't talk here. I'll see you later, as we planned."

She leaned forward, gave instructions to the chauffeur and before John could stop her the car was lost in traffic. It was only then that he realized that he had forgotten to buy the paper. He was walking along, picturing her face, the proud lift of her chin, the way her dark hair lay against her smart cavalier hat, when a newsboy thrust a paper into his hand. Automatically he gave the boy money. But the next moment he was shocked into activity and for across one column of the paper he read: "John Evans, Porto Rican businessman, killed in subway accident."

Five minutes later Paul in the library of Malcolm Scott's home. He knew instinctively that the dead man must be Scott and it was up to him now to establish his own identity and clear up the mistake.

"Bring me the papers that were in the suit I wore last night," he ordered.

"There weren't any papers, sir," Paul said. "I went through the pockets care-fully before I sent the suit to the cleaner, Mr. Scott."

"Paul," John said authoritatively, "this is no longer a game, Mr. Scott," he lowered his voice, "is dead."

"How often I've heard you say that," the girl snapped. "That words came from the doorway behind him, but the low-pitched tones were unmistakable and John, scarcely able to believe his good luck, wheeled to face the girl he had seen in the limousine. Her indignation was gone now, replaced by unhappiness which tore at John's heart. "How unfeeling," she repeated, sinking into a chair. "I've heard you say, The old Malcolm Scott is dead. I'm a different man."

"That's exactly what I mean," John said seriously. "I am a different man."

With a graceful shrug the girl slipped the furs from her shoulders. "You'll never be different," she said wearily. "I thought you might be. I thought, when you went to the sanitarium—"
“Was Malcolm Scott in a sanitarium?” John interrupted. A light was beginning to break. If Scott was crazy that would account for his getting him drunk and taking his papers.

“Stop it, Mal,” she ordered impatiently. “There’s no sense in pretending that you’ve forgotten running away from the hotel. Don’t you realize that it will give me no more vexation if you stay here this morning—what is it, Paul?” she added as the butler, who had slipped out of the room earlier, entered.

“There are two gentlemen to see Mr. Scott,” Paul said. “They are from some insurance company.”

“I haven’t got any insurance and I don’t want any,” John snapped. “They aren’t selling insurance, sir,” Paul said. “They want to talk to you about an accident.”

The girl glanced at her wristwatch. “You might as well see them, Mal. You seem to have forgotten whatever it was you wanted to talk to me about and I have to leave anyhow. Tell the men Mr. Scott will be free shortly, Paul.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Scott,” Paul said, and withdrew.

The name hit John with all the force of a thunderbolt. “Are you—are you—” he asked in amazement—“Malcolm Scott’s wife?”

Color flooded her face. She sprang out of her chair, her brown eyes sparkling wrathfully so that they sent little tinges along John’s spine. “That,” she cried furiously, “is the last straw. Since you can’t even remember that we are married I shall take steps to see that we don’t stay married—and this time I really mean it!” And paying no attention to John’s frantic “Wait, let me explain” she caught up her fur and ran blindly out of the room.

JOHN’S interview with the insurance men didn’t last long, but it did turn the masquerade into a grim dilemma. Assuming that he was Scott, they told him they just wanted to check on the fact that he had spent the previous evening with John Evans in a hotel bar. They had made that discovery, they went on, while investigating Evans’ death in connection with a $20,000 accident insurance policy payable to Harold Phillips. John carried no insurance of any sort and was about to blurt out this fact, along with his true identity. Then he recalled that taking an assignment did not require physical examination, which made it entirely possible for his one-time partner—for some mysterious idea against which he had been taken—a Scott policy without John’s knowledge. If this were the case, John decided, he’d better get some more information from the investigators before he gave them any.

So he held his tongue and the next moment he realized how lucky it was that he had, for one of the men said that there was some doubt that the dead man was really Evans and that if Evans was alive he would face charges of working in collusion with Phillips to defraud the insurance company. Even while the man was talking, John was reflecting that it was darning lucky his attempts to convince Mrs. Scott and Paul that he wasn’t Scott had failed. For there was only one thing to do now: keep on being Scott until it was safe for him to be John Evans again.

As soon as the men left, John rang for Paul. By pretending that he had forgotten past events, he led Paul to give him a pretty complete picture of Scott. It wasn’t a pretty picture. The dissolute son of a millionaire department store owner, Scott had filled his life with escapades ranging from drinking and gambling to entanglements with one woman after another. His conduct had grown even worse after he had taken over the store following his father’s death. His family would no longer associate with him. His wife, whose name John learned was Adrienne, had repeatedly threatened to divorce him and had in fact recently moved out of the house and taken an apartment of her own, although now she was working at the store in an effort to save it from the ruin which seemed inevitable under Scott’s mismanage-ment. If Scott had been a poor man, he would have been declared insane and clapped into an asylum; since he had money and position he was known simply as an eccentric and his only restraint
had been in the sanitarium from which he had escaped the previous evening.

The discovery that his double was such a thoroughlygoing heel didn’t make the future look any too bright and rosy, so John wasn’t greatly surprised when he was visited by an unpleasant-looking man to whom Scott had been paying blackmail over some indiscreet letters he had written to a married woman, one Mrs. Van Avery.

BLUFFING, and making up his story as he went along, John accused the man, whose foreign accent was unmistakable, of being an alien, living in this country illegally.

He nearly fell off his chair in surprise when the man, jittering with fear, admitted that all this was true and returned not only the letters but the money Scott had already paid him in exchange for John’s promise not to inform the immigration authorities.

His next caller, several hours later, was Mrs. Van Avery herself. She was determinedly blonde and heavily made up and her use of scent was generous rather than subtle.

“Malliekins, sweetie,” she cooed, hurling herself at John. “Did oo miss oor baby?” John backed away, but Mrs. Van Avery pursued him, finally cornered him and perched herself coyly in his lap. Then she came to the point of her visit. “Oor baby is awfully broke,” she pouted.

“She needs some money. Not a lot of money—just a teeny, weeny little $2000—and,“ twining her arms around his neck, “she just knows her Malliekins will give it to her.”

As John studied the avid face so close to his own, he wondered if it was only coincidence that she had found herself out of funds so soon after the blackmailer expected—and failed to receive—money, or if it indicated that the two were working together. It was only a hunch but he decided to act on it, so he said, “When I told your partner that I was through paying blackmail I meant that I was through paying blackmail to anybody, to everybody.”

“Why, the heel!” the woman screamed. “So he told you——” John laughed exultantly. His hunch had worked! “He didn’t tell me anything, I guessed—and you’ve just admitted that I guessed the truth. So, my dear Mrs. Van Avery,” he bowed mockingly, “suppose we say—good-by.”

PAUL, who, John had sensed by now, considered himself a member of the family with duties and privileges far greater than those of the average servant, was so jubilant over the blackmail and Van Avery victories that he reported them to the family in the library. The next day was sunny, in turn, was so impressed with what he believed was Scott’s reform that he begged Adrienne to give her supposed husband another chance and arranged a meeting between the pair at the store.

In her office at the store John found Adrienne with her dark head bent over a stack of papers. He wanted more than anything else in the world to kiss away the frown of worry from between her eyes, but he confined himself to a casual “Hello.”

“Hello,” she answered, just as casually.

John didn’t know what to say after that and fumbled around in his mind wondering whether, since she thought he was Scott, she would expect him to refer to the Van Avery business or ignore it. Better ignore it, he decided, and said, gesturing at the papers on her desk, “How are things going?”

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The new Jergens Face Powder now on sale at toilet goods counters, $1.00, 25¢, 10¢ a box.

JUNE, 1941
RULES
This contest OPEN ONLY TO A TEENS, 16 YEARS OLD OR MORE. Professional commercial artists and Federal students are not eligible.
1. Make drawing of girl 6 1/2 inches high, on paper 7 inches high. Draw only the girl, no lettering.
2. Use only pencil or pen.
3. We return no drawings.
4. Print your name, address (town, county, state, age, and present occupation on back of drawing.
5. All drawings must be received by May 31st, 1941. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

SHE was dressed in a foamy rose-tinted housecoat which swerved about her as she sat at the piano. A fire burned on the hearth, near which stood a small table set for two.

Adrienne looked up happily when John entered. "Hello, dear," she called softly. "The look and the greeting turned him limp, so that he leaned against the door for support. She was on playing for a moment. "The cigarettes are here, by the piano," she said at last. "Matches, too."

"Everything," John walked slowly across the room, "seems to be here, by the piano."

"I'm glad," she said meaningly, "you found me."
John gulped. "What's that you're playing?"

"Darling," Adrienne reproached him, "that's our song. The one we always play when we've quarreled and—made up."

"Oh," John said weakly.
Adrienne brought the song to an end.

"Suppose," she suggested, indicating

PHOTOGRAPH COMBINED BY NOBLE NIBOR
the table by the fire, "we have some dinner."

When they had finished eating, Adrienne said seriously, "You know, darling, you seem different, somehow. No," as he started to speak, "I don't mean the old 'I'm a different man' line of yours. It's different. More responsible, more capable. More."

"I'm not."
John began, but Adrienne, misinterpreting his words, laid her fingers across his lips.

"You are," she insisted. "I realized it this afternoon when you kissed me. I know that we really and truly love each other. That's why," she went on softly, "I moved back home tonight."

As the full significance of her words dawned on John, he felt himself go tense with consternation. Surely, he told himself, no man had ever before been in such a predicament—in love with a woman who was offering herself up in some great sacrifice, was offering her love, herself—and he could neither accept nor give any decent reason for refusing.

"Adrienne," he managed at last to gasp, "you've got to let me explain."

Adrienne shook her head. "No explanations. The past is past. We have only the future. Oh, my dearest, it will be such a happy future."

Too dazed to reply, John let her lead him through the hall and up the wide stairs. Within them'd gone a few steps, John halted. "Got to go back," he muttered. "Left the lights on." He turned, prepared to bolt back down the stairs.

Adrienne's pressure on his arm increased. "Paul will turn them out," she said, not stopping.

A few steps more, then John said, "I'm afraid I left a cigarette burning."

"Paul," Adrienne didn't pause and John was forced to stumble after her, "will empty the ash trays."

A few steps more, then John worked his cigarette case out of his pocket. It rolled down the stairs. "Dropped my cigarette case," he said brightly. "I'll go back and get it."

"We'll go back and get it," Adrienne corrected firmly and together they went down the stairs. Then, John's ingenuity for escape was at an end, for as they reached the second floor the stairs the large bedroom on the second floor.

"Adrienne," John cried hoarsely then, "there's something I've got to tell you."

Adrienne faced him expectantly. "I know what it is, dear," she said. "I've been waiting all evening for you to tell me."

"I was terrified," John admitted, "I know what it is, dear," she said. "I've been waiting all evening for you to tell me."

"Tell me," he implored. "Tell me, John."

"I love you," John gulped. "I love you, and I'm going to tell you."

Their embrace lasted only a moment, then with, "I'll only be a minute, dear."
Adrienne slipped into the dressing room.

When the door had closed behind her John impulsively started toward it. Then he forced himself to stop and with the furtiveness of an animal escaping from a trap he dashed through the opposite door, ran swiftly down the stairs and out of the house.

He spent the night on a bench in the park, smoking innumerable cigarettes. Time after time he was tempted to return to the house, to Adrienne, but each time he drove down the temptation. By morning he had outlined a plan of action. His reasoning was almost in the form of a schoolboy's exercise, built up from premises more or less true. First, he said, and Adrienne loved each other. Therefore,
they would be married. Therefore, Adrienne must be made to realize that he was John Evans and that Malcolm Scott was dead. He shuddered at what might be in store for him once the insurance investigators learned that Evans was alive, but with the confidence born of love he was sure this difficulty could be overcome.

Eagerly he started back toward the house, then he recalled his appointment with Mulhausen. Better to get that out of the way first, he decided and headed for the store.

Mulhausen greeted him matter-of-factly, and with a cynicism and assurance which hinted at a long partnership in crime, he talked freely. Scott and Mulhausen, John learned, had for years mulcted the organization of many thousands of dollars. Scott had been in no position to protest, even if he had wanted to, not only because he had shared in the plunder but because Mulhausen had in his possession a check which Scott had forged. He had used the check as a club over the young man and, by refraining from turning it over to the authorities—which would have resulted inevitably in a prison sentence for Scott—he had gone on his merry, pilfering way with perfect confidence.

"And that's all you have?" John said incredulously when Mulhausen waved the check under his nose.

"That's all I have," Mulhausen agreed. "But, significantly, I have it.

"You mean you had it?" John shouted triumphantly, and before the startled Mulhausen could stop him he snatched the check.

Mulhausen lunged for it, but John held it out of reach with one hand and shoved him back with the other. They struggled wildly around the desk, John trying frantically to figure out a way of destroying the evidence that would require only one hand. At last, in desperation, he shoved it into his mouth. Then pinioning the now terrified Mulhausen against the wall he snatched it out of his mouth and bit by bit, nearly choking in the process, he swallowed it. When the last scrap had safely passed his Adam's apple he released his victim and with a bitter "Thanks, Mulhausen, that's the best meal I've ever had," he strode briskly out of the office.

His victory over Mulhausen acted like a tonic on John. He rushed to Adrienne's office, expecting to overwhelm her with the news. She wasn't there. He phoned the house. Paul informed him reproachfully that Adrienne had moved back to her apartment. He called the apartment—time after time he called the apartment—but each time he called Adrienne refused to talk to him.

Desperate with the need to make everything clear to her he hit upon the idea of having Paul summon the members of Malcolm Scott's family—together with the family lawyer and the doctor from whose sanitarium Scott had escaped for a conference at the house. When he faced this group a little later, John expected them, with one voice, to denounce him as an imposter. But to his consternation each one thought he was Scott.

"I'm not Scott," he shouted. "I am John Evans. Can't you understand? Scott is dead. It's Evans."

Nobody believed him.

"Too bad," the lawyer murmured. "Definitely a bad case of split personality," the doctor remarked. The two men looked at each other, reached a wordless understanding, then they converged on John. A moment later, with the unhappy assistance of Paul, he had been bundled into the doctor's car and was on his way to the sanitarium.

Night had settled down when John climbed over the sanitarium wall and began glumly to trudge along the highway toward New York. Since the sanitarium was more like a hotel than a place of confinement he had found it surprisingly simple to escape from his room and to avoid the attendants scattered about, but short as his incarceration had been it had given him time for thought.

For one thing, Adrienne's refusal to talk to him, it was clear now, was no mere whim but the inflexible determination of a woman who had reached the breaking point, and had resolved not to risk further hurt. He had been the world's greatest egotist, this morning, to believe that she could ever love him; the world's greatest fool not to sense that his abrupt departure last night must have seemed to her to be deliberate humiliation. Whether he told himself wryly, she continued to believe he was Scott or eventually realized that he was not, her humiliation would remain as a barrier between them.

He was so sunk in gloom that he didn't see the car which was speeding toward him, but suddenly there it was, almost on top of him, and John found himself on his hands and knees at the side of the road.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" As in a dream he heard again the first words Adrienne had ever addressed to him. But it wasn't a dream. Adrienne was peering out of the car window and Paul was at the wheel.

"Yes," John answered as he had at their first encounter. "Why, yes it is, isn't it?"

Brian Aherne gets a line on the confused love situation in "The Man Who Lost Himself." Studying the script for Universal's comedy with his co-star Kay Francis...
"Well," Adrienne demanded, "are you going to stay here on the road all night?" Bewilderedly John crawled in beside her and the car turned and started back toward New York. "Apparently," she remarked coolly, "you didn't care for the sanitarium."

"How," John asked, "did you know I was there?"

"Paul told me. He told me all about your little conference this afternoon. What," curiously, "did you think of the family?"

"I think they must be crazy," John replied shortly. "They believe I'm Malcolm Scott and I'm—"

"—John Evans," Adrienne finished calmly.

The unexpectedness of this after days of disbelief left John stunned. "How," he managed to gasp at length, "when—?"

"When did I find out? This afternoon."

"How?" John insisted.

"Those insurance investigators—the same ones you talked to the other day—came to see me," she explained. "When they asked me if I could swear that you were Mal Scott I thought they were crazy and said of course I could. Then I began to think things over—remembered how different you seemed when you kissed me, there in the office, how strangely you acted last night. I understood everything, then—that you are you, that Mal is—dead," her voice trailed off into silence.

Abruptly consciousness of his own predicament returned to John and he groaned aloud. "Since they know I'm Evans," he said morosely, "they'll probably have me jailed for trying to defraud the insurance company."

"No, they won't," Adrienne said confidently. "They said something about that, but the store carries a large policy with their company and when I said I'd cancel it if they bothered you they promised not to take any action against you. I told them," she continued firmly, "that I didn't intend to have my husband spend our honeymoon in jail.

"You—told—them—what?" John gasped incredulously.

"That I didn't intend," Adrienne began, but she didn't finish. She couldn't—and she didn't need to. For her lips were crushed against John's and his arms were holding her close to his heart.

**ESCAPE FROM THE NAZIS!**

Read the breath-taking account of how one of the world's greatest film stars eluded the Nazis, not once but twice!

In your—

July

Photoplay-Movie Mirror

**DON'T BE LIKE ANNE!** Anne doesn't realize what attracts men... that elusive something called femininity, typified in "the fragrance of youth." So, Anne sits at home.

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Joan knows the secret of "date-ability!"

Joan sweetens her body, after the bath, with April Showers Eau de Cologne... dusts herself with delicately scented April Showers Talc... touches the lobes of her ears with April Showers Perfume.

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April Showers Talcum

MEN LOVE "THE FRAGRANCE OF YOUTH"

JUNE, 1941
Don't just "deaden" a HEADACHE!

Druggist tells how to get more thorough relief

"When a customer asks for something for a headache, my first thought is Bromo-Seltzer," says Joseph F. Morgan, prominent Middletown, N. Y. druggist. "I feel Bromo-Seltzer does more for you than many other remedies because it gives 3-way relief. It helps settle the stomach and calm the nerves in addition to relieving the pain. I can vouch for the relief it gives!"

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The Nicest Women in Hollywood—and Why!

(Continued from page 27)

One of the "nicest women": Ouida Rathbone, here with husband Basil. Reason: She does more with less fanfare than a lot of others who stand in the publicity spotlight of the camera and directs her in dumb show. It's quite a show and nothing dumb about it. I think it's plenty smart to have thought it out.

As to Frances Marion, I could devote a whole article to her. As you've probably read, she became through the years one of our leading screen writers. For years she was getting a salary of $5,000 a week, spending most of it on everybody else but Frances. Even now, when her salary isn't $3,000 a week, she gives two big parties a year for the tubercular patients and the children's ward at the County Hospital.

From time to time various people have helped out with small contributions, but if Frances didn't have the price of a Christmas tree for her own two sons, she'd still carry on. She's helped more people to fame than almost any single person here. For years she wrote the stories that started Mary Pickford. When sound descended upon us, her dialogue was adult when that of other writers was still wearing diapers.

She developed and wrote the stories for Fred Thompson, who was a chaplain in the Army in the last war, put him on the screen as a cowpboy and got his salary up to $10,000 a week. She was the first one to write parts for ZaSu Pitts, whose hands reminded her of ostrich plumes in a high wind.

It was she who saw a lazy cowboy leaning up against Sam Goldwyn's window, when Sam was going mad trying to find a young actor to play with Ronnie Colman and Vilma Banky in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." He was called in. They made a test of him, he was put on the back of a horse. Frances kept him there—and he darned near stole the picture from Ronnie. That guy's name happens to be Gary Cooper. If a man could be a script girl needs an operation, Frances pays for it: She's a sucker for a sob story, and one of the nicest women I ever met.

Then there are others. For instance:

Una Merkel isn't one of the richest girls in town, but she's another of the generous ones. Donates money, clothing, jewelry, to Ann Leher's Hollywood Guild, is very proddical with her time and mighty sweet about personal matters. She's one of our most consistent letter writers. And sometimes a sweet compliment written at the psychological moment is more precious than jewels—even though Anita Loos' Lorelei maintains that a kiss on the hand is very nice but a diamond bracelet lasts forever!

Ouida Rathbone is known for her party-giving than her good deeds, which is just too bad, because Ouida's done some extraordinarily nice things without wanting any publicity or fanfare. I know of one which I'd like to tell you about. An old actress, who was only a casual acquaintance of Ouida's, developed cancer. Ouida took care of all the hospital bills, went to see her every day.

And when the actress started to feel a little better and became bored with the hospital, she furnished an apartment for her, took care of everything, including her funeral, after she had passed away. And there aren't ten people in our town who know anything about it.

Bette Davis, our twice Academy Award winner, has left word with our Motion Picture Relief Fund that if anybody drops out suddenly on the Screen Guild Show they can always get her to go on at the last moment. This show, as you probably know, pays our Fund $10,000 a week for the stars' services and the money goes to buy a home for less fortunate actors. Last year Bette went on twice, this year twice. And that means more than just donating her radio salary, which is $5,000 a performance, because each appearance bars her from any other radio deal for a month or two, as sponsors don't want air appearances of any particular star too close together. Bette gave up a recent Sunday to Ann Leher, whom we call "the angel of Hollywood," and her Memento Mart. She helped sell, manage and make the day a success. For a long time she was president of our Tail Wagger's Club, and has helped gather thousands of dollars to train and buy Seeing Eye dogs for the blind. And, of course, her kindness...
in helping other less famous actors and actresses—notably Jane Bryan, now happily married and retired from the screen, and James Stephenson, who appeared with her in "The Letter"—is a story in itself.

Of our newcomers, Rosalind Russell has become very civic-minded and is into all kinds of enterprises. For instance, she mingles with the Los Angeles society crowd and she's about the only actress in Hollywood who really does. I went to a party not long ago at the Coconut Grove, which was to raise funds for re-equipping the kitchen at our Children's Hospital. Well, a thing like that doesn't seem very important when the world is tumbling to pieces and we're giving mammoth benefits for the English, the Greeks, the Finns, the Poles, infantile paralysis victims, the Salvation Army and what-not; but it's remembering little things like getting new pots for the kitchen that helps keep us on the right road in this democracy.

On the hottest Sunday last summer, when most stars would have been dipping in and out of their swimming pools, Roz was giving a pep talk to flagging spirits and whipping up a giant benefit at Pickfair for the Chinese. It was a great reflection on many of our most prominent, for, after promising to be present, they never showed up. But that doesn't discourage Roz. She goes full steam ahead, mixes kindness with pleasure and sees that everybody has a good time.

Last but not least is Hedy Lamarr, who hasn't a great deal to give because her salary is one of the smallest among the stars. But she's kindness itself when anyone is in trouble and needs anything, whether it's a pep talk or a helping hand. While Hedy's been turning in some mighty fine performances on the screen, the camera hasn't yet caught the keynote to her character—which is naturalness and a grand sense of humor. Most people won't believe it—and I'm sure you won't—but she'd rather stay home and play with her adopted child than go to the greatest party ever whipped up by an enterprising hostess.

Of course, I haven't said a word about the males of our village. I could tell you plenty, but I'll just have to save that for another time. Adios!

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I want to try the rosy-beige shades everyone is talking about—the shades that such society favorites as Mr. John Jacob Astor, Miss Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. St. George Duke are wearing. Please send me free samples of Pond's 3 Rosy-Beige Powder Shades right away!

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Offer good in U. S. only
to talk to yourself when Cesar is working. Because the Creso Kid is a working fool, having stepped from "Tell, Dark and Horridome" into "Ride on Zuccaro" and thence into "The Great American Broadcast" without time for a rhumba between reels.

You cannot be a Sweet Young Thing ... I wouldn't want any Sweet Young Thing around me all the time," he told me, "that would drive me crazy. I've certainly led no angel's life myself and don't expect it, or want it, in anyone else."

You must be able to dance well, enjoy a few drinks occasionally, like to entertain and know how to entertain. You must be able to give tasty dinners at home, enjoy Cesar's friends—the Fred MacMurrays, Ray Millands, Roger Pryors, Walter Langs, among others. You had better bone up on gin rummy if you are weak, for Cesar plays a mean gin rummy. You must like to write letters because Cesar doesn't. You must have a flair for Christmas shopping because it drives Cesar nuts. You must want, and expect to have, children. Quite a few children, because Cesar is sensitive about getting married unless you do have quite a lot of children.

You must be able to take sudden, strange trips into the desert, into the hills, down to the sea. You must like poetry and moonlight and talks that last the night through. But you must also have a sense of practicality. A certain common sense, as Cesar has, in spite of the way he looks, as the unfinished bridal suite attests. For one remembers the problems experienced by his friends, the brides of other confirmed bachelors... how Joan Fontaine stewed and worried until she found a tactful way to suggest to bridgroom that she would change things after that, do new color schemes here and there in the house he had bought and furnished, and thought perfect, how the bride of Nelson Eddy and the wife of Bill Powell had to use diplomacy in decoration suggestions. But there will be no such problems confronting the bride of Romero. The rooms she will marry will be virgin to her hands, a conception practical as well as romantic.

For these empty, waiting rooms are the truth. We know, We ourselves peered into the windows of those vacant rooms, then quickly scuttled over to Twentieth Century-Fox and said in amazement to Cesar Romero, "What is this all about? Are you serious? Is it a gag?"

"No gag," he said. "I would like to be married. I want to get married. Very much."

"Why?" we asked.

"I get a little lonesome," he said simply.

"When you are not?"

"At five, eight or ten or whenever. It is not a very pleasant feeling to go home, eat dinner by yourself, read a book, go to bed. I imagine it would be nice to go home and find someone waiting for you. . . ."

"Why go home?"

"Because I like to be at home. I am tired of not. I am tired of dates. I am tired of having to think whom to ask out. I am tired of reading and hearing, 'Now Romero is keeping company with . . . .' Now Romney is dating Miss—" I am thirty-three now and that sort of thing begins to sound a little silly. What's more, it's unpleasant. It's due to the fact that I've skipped nipped more than one delightful friendship in the pretty bud for me."

I am tired of going to night clubs. Now I find myself not going out at all. I haven't been to Ciro's for eight months until the other night. When I drove in, the boy who parked my car greeted me with, "I stay at home these days. I have little dinners for my friends. We talk or play gin rummy after dinner. But my friends these days are couples, in come the husbands and leave me—alone. I am tired of that, too."

"However, my house was not designed and built only as a waiting monument for my sometime bride. She is still a dream and I have learned that dreams do not always materialize. I have senti- ments about romance. I read获评 'The Latin Lover,' grinned Romero, with a flash of humor and white teeth, 'may have his head in the moonlight, close to some casement window, but his feet are liable to be planted firmly on the good solid earth."

"I BUILT my house, primarily, because I got tired of living in an apartment. I began to feel I had nothing to show for all my years of digging. I wanted a place friends could come to enjoy. Being a bachelor here, I have been invited to almost everybody's house and I had no place in which to reciprocate. Night-club hospitality is not home hospitality. It is the difference between an artificial flower and a garden flower. "It is true, this house of mine is larger than I, a bachelor. True, I spent a lot of time setting it up. I built the extra rooms and have left them unfinished and unfurnished because I hope we may get married. And when I do, I want the rooms unused and untouched so that my bride may fix them to please herself. I like the feeling, too, that no one will use them until she comes."

"I have told you that I know very well what I am looking for. It is a certain quality in a woman—I know exactly what I want."

We said, "Perhaps you have not found her because you are confused by the too many beautiful girls and attractions here in Hollywood?"

"No," he said. "No, I am not confused. I love when I see it. I was once in love. Only once. A long time ago. I was twenty-three. But at the time. She was thirty-three. There were other reasons why we did not marry. No, my heart did not break. Hearts do not break. They don't. Sometimes they take a long while mending."

"Since then—the well, the few years I was in Hollywood, I didn't feel I was twenty-three."

"Ah," I said. "You have a lot of family to take care of and they came first."

"Now I am ready. Now I am waiting. Now I am looking. But I want to find her. I want to find someone I can be sure of. . . . I want to find someone that, if I don't see her for twenty-four hours, it will kill me."

"If I can't find her, I wish she would find me . . . and when I do, or when she does, then and only then will the unfurnished rooms be finished and furnished; then will the lights shine in the windows of those darkened rooms and Cesar smiled a little—and in my heart."

———
of friends. But from the first moment Larry held the breath-taking Vivien in his arms those early days of the picture, theirs became a love story which defied society. “And Jacob served seven years for Rachel and they seemed unto him but a few days for the love he had to her...” Seven long days did Larry serve for Vivien, years fraught with fame, ecstasy and the bitter drugs of public censure, curiously paralleling the loves of Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson in their current picture, “That Hamilton Woman!” At the end of that time they two, with heads bloody but unbowed, took the hard way to happiness. Vivien let her husband divorce her (she could not under English law divorce him), even though it meant losing custody of her child. Likewise Olivier did not defend the suit brought against him by his wife.

Laurence and Vivien were free, though at the cost of another blare of pitiless publicity. Then on a night in Santa Barbara last August Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier became man and wife and a great love story was consummated.

In contrast, you may recall the warmly discussed Davis-Brent romance of two years ago. Certainly Bette Davis and George Brent didn’t meet in each other’s arms, as has often happened in the quaint Hollywood business procedure. Theirs was anything but love at first sight. George was one of the first stars with whom Bette had played when she arrived years ago on the Universal lot. Subsequently, when Bette signed with Warner Brothers, George’s home studio, they did little more than greet each other going to and from sound stages or at studio gatherings. Along their separate courses his career climbed while hers dimmed.

Bette considered him, with impersonal interest, watched him as the case of a man endangering his career because of the bitterness of an unhappy marriage he couldn’t forget.

Little did she know that in less than a year’s time she would be in the same marital boat and still less did she dream that George would be the one to pull her out of it. But so it was destined. There came an October day when, after the final break with her ex-husband, Harmon O. Nelson, Bette ran from her Coldwater Canyon house, sick with shock and heartache, never to set foot in it again, not even to get her clothes. At the studio plans were under way for the shooting of “Dark Victory” and executives worried as to whether she would show. Oh, yes, she showed—even through the terrible days when her suit—or rather, Haroon’s suit—was up in court. But the eyes were haunted, the face drawn and the hands clenched.

It was George, then, who took her under his wing, guided her along a path she knew too well, a path which lost some of its bitterness through the understanding he gave her. And presently they came to the memorable scene where Judy in “Dark Victory” threw herself into the arms of the doctor, played by Brent, and sobbed out her love and despair: a scene of high emotional content, beautifully played by both. Something vivid between them came to life there before the very eyes of the camera. We were permitted to gaze upon two deeply moved souls and such revelations.

YOU know from experience that you can’t be too carefree about your skin in summer. You can’t mercilessly expose it to sun, wind and weather without protective care, and hope to escape such logical results as leather-dry, rough skin, oily shine, blackheads, or enlarged pore openings.

A happy answer to this problem of summer care has been found by thousands of outdoor girls and women. In two unique creams which contain the famous Phillips’ Milk of Magnesia,

PHILLIPS’ MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM.

Here’s a cream you’ll really enjoy using as a night cream. It’s dainty and pleasant because greaseless! It softens and neutralizes accumulations often of an acid nature in the external pore openings of your skin. In addition it contains cholesterol which retains moisture in the skin and so helps to keep it softer, more pliant, and to relieve excessive dryness.

An ideal foundation cream. You’ll love the smooth, even way powder and rouge go on over Phillips’ Texture Cream. It prepares the skin for make-up by removing excess oiliness and softening roughness and dryness. It also acts as a helpful protection against sunburn and windburn.

PHILLIPS’ MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM.

The way this cream cleanses tells you it’s different! In addition to loosening and absorbing the surface dirt and make-up, it penetrates the outer pore openings and floats away the accumulations which daily lodge there. It leaves your skin looking and feeling fresh and clean! Try this special cleansing care.

PHILLIPS’ MIlK OF MAGNESIA CREAMS

Texture Cream 30c and 60c • Cleansing Cream 30c, 60c and $1.00

JUNE, 1941
Do Damp Underarms
EMBARRASS YOU?

1. SOAKED-IN perspiration creates unsightly stains.
2. THIS PERSPIRATION soon turns rancid. It is the source of disagreeable odor.

How to Check Both Dampness and Odor

1. DAB ON Liquid Nonspi. Easy to apply... dries quickly.
2. USE NONSPI as frequently as needed. Harmless to skin or clothing when used as directed.
3. COOL AND SOOTHING—will not sting or burn.
4. SEND TO for trial size of Liquid Nonspi to The Nonspi Co., Dept. F3, 113 W. 18th St., N. Y. C.

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We successfully sell inventions, patented and unpatented. Write us if you have a practical, useful invention that you believe we can sell.
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Don't Let Gray Hair Ruin Your Vacation

You can have a better time with young-looking hair. So, if you have gray hair, just wet it with Canute Water. A few applications will completely restore it, similar to its former natural shade... in one day, if you wish. After that, attention only once a month will keep it young-looking.

Your hair will retain its naturally soft texture and luster. It will resist salt, water-soaking, perspiration, curling or waving. It remains leon and natural to the touch and looks natural in any light.

SAFE Skin Test NOT Needed

Canute Water is pure, colorless and crystal-clear. It has a remarkable record of 25 years without injury to a single person. In fact, scientific research at one of America's greatest Universities proved Canute Water to be perfectly harmless.

Easy to Use — Experience NOT Necessary

Try it and you will soon understand why leading dealers in most of America's largest Cities sell more Canute Water than all other hair coloring preparations combined.

No Other Product Can Make All These Claims

application less $1.15 at drug stores everywhere.

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spell box-office.
It will be interesting to note whether they can recapture a semblance of the same feeling in their latest picture, "The Great Lie," now that the romance which began with that moment has been buried beneath Bette's marriage to Arthur Farnsworth and George's devotion to Ann Sheridan.

For the classic example of hot love and real, no one has ever been able to top the Greta Garbo-John Gilbert idyll. Those were the days when there was no Hays Office and a kiss could run its natural course instead of being limited to five seconds by the best make of stopwatch. Clarence Brown, director of " Flesh and the Devil," became the man of destiny in this case when he introduced his tall, blonde Swedish star to her tall dark leading man on the set. Gilbert, screen dreamer as women, took one look at the glorious Garbo and romantic history was in the making. Brown rubbed his hands in glee. Here was fire before the lens the likes of which had never been approached since the Valentino era. Their love scenes became the talk of the town. Presently their own love affair cooled and Gilbert begged Garbo to marry him, offering to sign over to her half of his worldly goods. So impetuous were his pleas that he finally got her as far as the border—object, elopement—before she gave him the slip and returned to Hollywood alone, not a bride.

Less publicized than the all-time Garbo-Gilbert classic, but one which nonetheless continues to prove our point, albeit in milder fashion, was the instance of Leslie Howard and Norma Shearer when they filmed "Romeo and Juliet." In this case, a full-blown romance would have been out of the question—Norma was the happily wedded wife and Irving Thalberg, her living, and mother of two beautiful children, while Leslie was a proud husband and father in his own right.

Nevertheless, Romeo and Juliet, the world's greatest lovers, cast their spell upon these two, as they have done with so many others who were moved by the lyrical eloquence of Shakespeare.

Different in nature but alike in effect was the highly publicized never-never romance of Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn when they were thrown newcomers. I say "never-never" because it never had the chance to become a real romance. There was Errol's marriage to the glamorous Lili Damita. Even if the lovers of the land had not stood between, Lili herself would have had competition in the highest of filmtown's high-voltage circuits, let alone what she must have meant to a shy boy, "country girl," as Livvie called herself.

To cast her into the arms of Flynn, who had swashbuckled his way to stardom, "Captured and later, "Robin Hood," was enough to upset many a maid's sentimental equilibrium. But for once Hollywood ganged up to protect the innocent. Given a breathing space free from spotlight publicity, Livvie's pose pulled her through the storm, as you'd know it would, if you know Livvie's "Felicity, Far, Far." There, where they were cast together once more, you sensed that Olivia was the one who had the situation in hand.

All in all, it is said that so long as our actors and actresses are creatures of flesh and blood there can be no blanket guarantee that a spark will not be generated by contact. But in course, of course, our bright brain were to invent an emotionally insulated suit which could be donned before stepping into an electric embrace. But who would the stars like it?
Brief Reviews
(Continued from page 23)

rather complicated, but Mary Martin is very cute. Rochester staples half the show and the Merry Maids are seen too little. (Mar.)

• MAD DOCTOR, THE—Paramount: One of the best horror films we’ve seen in some time. Basil Rathbone is wonderful as the mad doctor who marries rich women and leaves them dead. When Ellen Drew falls under his spell, her fiancé John Howard suspects the worst. Erre! (May.)

• MAISIE WAS A LADY—MG-M: When play-boy Lew Ayres causes Ann Sothern, as the hard-boiled Maisie, to have a heart attack, he’s given the job of mind in his home and what she doesn’t do to this family! For sheer down-to-earth comedy, you can’t beat this Maisie series, and this is one of the best. (Apr.)

MEET THE CHUMP—Universal: Ridiculously funny, this silly little ditty, with Hugh Herbert hav- ing himself declared insane because he’s promised his nephew, Lewis Howard, out of $5,000,000 wants to avoid explanations, as who wouldn’t? The whole things gets better by the minute, but it’s filled with laughs. (May.)

• MELODY RANCH—Republic: Gene Antry is a radio cowboy star who goes back home to build up his Crowdy ranch in this comedy Western. With Jimmy Durante’s clowning and Ann Miller’s danc- ing you get a lot of fun. (Mar.)

Michael Shayne, Private Detective-
Living Century Fox: Another first in a new series about a private detective, with Lloyd Nolan doing the job as the smart detective who contains a long-suffering police captain to solve a murder mystery. Michael Shayne is a very good as the girl who is addicted to gambling. (Apr.)

MONSTER AND THE GIRL, THE—Paramount: Another horror tale, needless and unbelievable but still pretty fascinating. A man’s brain is trans- planted into a gorilla’s skeleton in order that the beast may avenge the man’s murder. Ellen Drew, Robert Paige and Paul Lukas are very good. (May)

• MR. AND MRS. SMITH—RKO Radio: Happily married Carole Lombard and Robert Mont- gomery discover they aren’t legally wed so Bob starts in to court her all over again. Gene Ray- mond, his law partner, is his rival. It’s pretty trite, but there are enough comical moments to keep you amused and give you much fun. (Apr.)

• NICE GIRL—Universal: Although there are several gay moments, this is the weakest Durrin film to date. Deanna is a small-town nice girl who throws herself at Franchot Tone and then re- bounds to Bob Steele, the boy next door. Bob Rrench- ley is Deanna’s father and Ann Gallis her cute kid sister. (May)

• NIGHT AT EARL CARROLL’S, A—Paramount: Earl Carroll’s Hollywood restaurant, with its beautiful girls and musical numbers, is the background against which a thin little story is told. Ken Murray is the Club’s press agent and Rose Holbrook is Car- roll’s assistant, Brenda and Cobina do their man- hunt routine for laughs. (Feb.)

• PLAYGIRL—RKO Radio: Smart and gay is this fresh comedy with Kay Francis as a sophisticated gold digger who uses pretty Mildred Cohn as a lure to attract multimillionaire Nick Charles. George P. Huntley and James Ellison. But Kay’s plan goes awry when Mildred falls in love with George and runs out on the deal. Nigel Bruce is especially funny. (Mar.)

PRIDE OF THE BOWERY—Monogram: A C.C.C. camp in Arizona is the background for this latest picture of New York’s East Side boys. Leo Gorcey is tricked into joining the camp and then re- bounds to the gang to face a whole lot of trouble. Despite its low cost, it’s good film fare. (Apr.)

• RIDIN’ ON A RAINBOW—Republic: Gene Antry joins a showboat troupe in order to track a gang of bank robbers, but we prefer Gene back on his horse and riding the range. Smiley Burnette, 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 hobo and Patsy Kelly are fairly funny. (May)

• ROAD TO Lanzibar—Paramount: Bob Hope and Bing Crosby are a couple of showboat lads in Africa who take Dorothy Lamour for a tour through the jungle. This story’s not much because of the gay antics of Hope and Crosby and the gags and ribaldry between the two are a whole lot better. 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 group of thieves to justice and there’s quite some ex- citation. Patricia Morison and Lyman Roberts are very pretty. (Apr.)

JUNE, 1941
You, Too, Can Enjoy
Corn-Free FEET

Doctor's Amazing New Quick Relief!

No need, now, for you to suffer from corns or ever have them! Don't wait until your feet are sore from shoe friction and pressure. At the first sign of tender spots, protect them with New Mrs. Scholl's Zino-pads. You'll have quick relief, avoid discomfort from new or old shoes and keep FREE of corns!

You can use these thin, soft, soothing cushioning pads to relieve pain from corns, callouses, bunions or tender spots by fitting shoe pressure. Or, use them with the separate medicated cures included, for removing corns or callouses.

New Mrs. Scholl's Zino-pads are 610c. sold before. Take to apply. Don't come oil in the bath. Get the large economical family size box of 16 Corn Pads and 12 Corn Removing Medications. Cost a real save!

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HAVE you heard the whispers of self— the small inner voice that warns of impending dangers? Have you ever been forewarned, I mean by the mysterious forces of self, in the case of serious misadventures—how to foresee the future? The Rosicrucians, being the custodians of the secret, have published a book demonstrating the hidden powers of the human mind. It is the special object of the Rosicrucians to teach the human heart to understand and to control these mysterious forces. The Rosicrucians have published a book containing 120 pages of practical information on the subject of premonition. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs and diagrams which illustrate the principles set forth. The book is written in simple, easy-to-understand language and is a valuable aid to those who wish to develop the power of premonition. It is a must for everyone who wants to be aware of the dangers that surround them and to be prepared to face them. The Rosicrucians' book is available for a small fee. Address: Publisher, The Rosicrucians, 300 S. Olive St., Los Angeles, California.
The Shadow Stage
(Continued from page 8)

✓ That Uncertain Feeling
(Lubitsch-U. A.)

It's About: A husband who tries to win back his wife's love.

The justly famed Ernst Lubitsch touch is again evident in this entirely gay, frothy comedy of marriage. Directed with his sly humor, it brings fresh life to its slightly shopworn plot. Merle Oberon has never been so lovely or so beautifully gowned as in her role of the wife who, bored with her businessman husband, Mervyn Douglas, becomes attracted to pianist Burgess Meredith. Douglas thereupon tries to force her upon Meredith in an effort to cure her of her infatuation.

Burgess Meredith as the erratic uninhibited musician has his best role to date and he makes the most of it, even stealing a couple of scenes from Mervyn Douglas. Although Douglas, too, does excellent work.

Your Reviewer Says: A "must see" for adults.

Footsteps In The Dark (Warners)

It's About: A man who leads a double life—and murder.

A BIT too involved for light comedy or good mystery, "Footsteps In The Dark," which combines both, presents Errol Flynn in his first modern story in three years. We advise the handsome Mr. Flynn to get back to his swashbuckling roles in a hurry and stay there, for the actor is far more effective in tights and action dramas.

The story, which has been crudely worked out, deals with Errol's attempt to lead a double life; one as a wealthy investment broker, the other as an amateur detective and mystery writer. When he runs headlong into a real-life murder, our hero almost loses his life, his wife and his amateur standing.

Brenda Marshall is pretty as the wife. Ralph Bellamy, Alan Hale and Allen Jenkins mill around through the cumbersome proceedings that produce some gay, light moments—and some very dull ones.

Your Reviewer Says: Heavy comedy.

✓ That Night in Rio
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Double-dealing in South America.

LAVISH color; risqué dialogue that leaves one laughing and gasping; songs in the Carmen Miranda manner; dancing and whose-la; Don Ameche in a double role in a double bed; blonde Alice Faye as the wife of a South American baron—these are all a part of the gorgeous musical that will have the customers in a box-office stampede.

Successor to "Down Argentine Way," this new Latin alliance has everything its sister movie had and one good smash song hit. That, unless one counts the "Chica Chica Boom Chic" number, is sorely needed.

However, that's a small matter compared to the story of a young American

Beauty News!

Broadway Actresses and Models Reveal Secret of Skin Care

A lovely, clear, smooth complexion is a "must" to every actress and photographer's model. Their very jobs may depend on it!

That's why a recent beauty survey means real news for YOU! Because it shows that 9 out of 10 Broadway actresses from the shows, "Panama Hattie," "Louisiana Purchase" and "Double Was A Lady"—and 4 out of 5 of the 65 famous New York models interviewed, including the girls shown here, use the same treatment for poor complexion or skin comfort! It's snow-white, greaseless Noxzema Medicated Skin Cream.

If you're troubled with externally-caused blemishes, rough, unattractive skin, try Noxzema. See how its medication soothes and helps heal such blemishes—how its mildly astringent action helps reduce enlarged pore openings—what a grand aid it is for keeping skin soft and smooth! TRAIL OFFER. For a limited time only you can get the special 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢. Get a jar at any drug or cosmetic counter today.
Every day, more and more women are discovering this amazing advancement in feminine hygiene. A method that is not only clean but safe — and gives continuous medication for hours without the use of poisons. And actually kills germs at contact.

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

Zonitors are most powerful continuous-action suppositories. Yet entirely gentle to delicate tissues. Non-caustic, contain no poison. Don't burn, even help promote healing.

Greaseless, Zonitors are completely removable with water. Nothing to mix, no apparatus needed. Come in a package individually sealed in glass bottles. Get Zonitors at druggists. Follow this amazingly safe way in feminine hygiene women are raving about.

Free

Your Reviewer Says: A small-time out-of-work ball player who becomes a great humanitarian.

Frank Capra has done it again. To his long list of brilliant successes he has added still another masterpiece in "Meet John Doe." At a propitious time, with the world filled with fear and suspicion, writer Robert Riskin and Director Capra have catapulted us into a theme of tremendoius power—the power of love over hate, kindness over bitterness—that mounts and sweeps along like a mighty river.

Gary Cooper gives his best performance since "Mr. Deeds Goes to Town" and gives the lie to those who have accused the lanky "Coop" of being a personality rather than an actor. His scene before the microphone, in the hotel room, and on the convention platform, are among the finest bits of acting we've ever seen.

Absolutely right for the role of the newspaper girl who invents a John Doe is Barbara Stanwyck. Barbara's performance is of Academy Award merit, and sure, telling in every detail.

Two actors, Red Gooch and David Gleason, emerge into the limelight with outstanding performances. Edward Arnold, as the newspaper publisher, fairly exudes hecluseness even in his most affable moments.

Walter Brennan as Cooper's sidkick is so unnaturally good that the controversy over the climax in the final scene there can be none over the quality, feeling and magnificence of this picture.

Your Reviewer Says: An outstanding hit of the year.

F	A Girl, a Guy and a Gob

(Harold Lloyd—RKO-Radio)

It's About: The sailor and a civilian run a close race for the girl.

Have HO for another bright amusing comedy that clicks in every department. It packs chuckles like a squash does a papoose and creates no end of good cheer and good will toward Producer Harold Lloyd, who leaves off his prop spectacles to become an actor.

George Murphy is a gob to set the gals in every port out of their minds. He more than outarts Lucille Ball, daughter of a zany family, who is being courted by a snar Mr. Prissy, played and played well by Edmund O'Brien. Who gets the hag Lloyd will never be told by the lines of us. That's for you to find out and in that finding you'll benefit by some of Hollywood's cutest entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: A smile, a laugh, a guffaw.

Safe

Modern Method of Feminine Hygiene

Gives Hours of Medication

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Your Reviewer Says: A smile, a laugh, a guffaw.
Mr. Dynamite (Universal)

It's About: A baseball pitcher who becomes involved with spies and murder.

LOYD NOLAN'S persuasive performance as a baseball pitcher who is tossed headlong into strange occurrences is the bright spot of this rather corny little melodrama. While out for an evening of fun he runs across a sabotage plot that develops into a murder charge and from then on things happen rapidly. His amateur detective work also involves him with Irene Hervey, secret-service agent working for Canada. Ann Gillis plays with much charm and verve the role of a young girl who's crazy about baseball and J. Carroll Naish is also very good as an astrologer. The story's none too well constructed, but it's acceptable entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Not - so - thrilling thriller.

The Penalty (M-G-M)

It's About: A criminal who pays, and his son who escapes, the penalty.

A CAST that would lift any story above the average gives this drama a re-generated boy the solidity and firmness it needs.

Edward Arnold is the cold ruthless criminal who teaches his young son, Gene Reynolds, to follow in his hasty footsteps. The lad is trapped, however, and after a period in reform school, is released to a young farmer and his grandfather, Lionel Barrymore. Slowly but surely redemption takes place and finally the boy refuses any longer to be influenced by his father, who eventually meets his just deserts.

Veda Ann Borg, in her comeback role, gives an outstanding performance as the moll.

Your Reviewer Says: A sturdy, dignified movie.

Sleepers West (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Detective Michael Shayne sleuthing on a fast train.

A TRAINFUL of cops, criminals, gal reporters and such, speeding to make up lost time, fails to give this little drama a really swift pace, although sure-fire Lloyd Nolan's expert detecting as Michael Shayne (for the second time in a new series), Lynn Bari's gal reporter and Mary Beth Hughes' defense-witnessing go far toward sustaining interest. A clown detective, Edward Brophy, and a standard villain detective, Don Costello, together with a suppressed husband fleeing unhappy home life, played by Louis Jean Heydt, further complicate an already complicated plot. Nolan, in his effort to save from possible death penalty an innocent man, is sooo good.

Your Reviewer Says: A grand little filler-in.

Rage In Heaven (M-G-M)

It's About: A paranoid who plots the perfect crime.

From light comedy to heavy drama, Robert Montgomery leads us through green pastures of ripe entertainment; different, mind you, and off the beaten track.

JUNE, 1941
A Sensible Treatment FOR CORNS
— for sensible people

path from the boy-meets-girl theme, but intelligently keen entertainment for all its brooding morbidity. And Robert

does a swell job of it, too.

A man who seems normal, but is in reality an escaped psychopathic case, marries a refugee girl, Ingrid Bergman,

and eventually involves his wife and their best friend, George Sanders, in a murder scandal. We shan't say more lest we

reveal the climax of the story.

It's deep, somber, exciting and definitely novel. If that meets your motion-picture requirements, there it is.

Sanders and Bergman are also outstanding.

Your Reviewer Says: Gripping, unhappy fare.

✓ Topper Returns (Hal Roach-U. A.)

It's About: The ghost of Topper solves a crime.

ONE third mystery, two thirds comedy, this newest "Topper" story is inescapably amusing. It has Cosmo Top-

per, still ghosted by Roland Young, aiding Joan Blondell, a blonde from beyond, in solving the mystery of her death.

By so doing they prevent still another murder.

Young is priceless in his role of a departed soul who materializes and de-materializes at will. He has a capable partner in Joan Blondell and the pair are the nicest, coziest, departed souls we've ever met.

Billie Burke is still the bewildered Mrs. Topper. Dennis O'Keefe and Carole Landis have the romantic leads.

Your Reviewer Says: Out of this world.

✓ Sis Hopkins (Republic)

It's About: A Hoosier gal who goes to college.

JUDY CANOVA, she of the barnyard voice and corn-husk personality, takes the center of the spotlight and

fairly sweeps this musical on to success. Punch and Judy are synonymous and without Judy there would be no picture—so let's

face it.

The story, as full of gags as a dog is fleas, has Judy, the crossroads queen, going to college with her wealthy cousin

Susan Hayward, financed by her uncle, Charlie Butterworth, a plumber de luxe. Susan is jealous of Sis, who grows on people

like warms and things, and frames her into a fine mess of trouble. But Uncle Horace leaps to the rescue and extricates Judy from her woes in time to wow audiences in the college show. Bob Crosby and his Bob Cats add the music and Jerry Colonna the nitwit comedy.

It's as corny as Judy's barnyard glamour and slow-paced in story tempo, but somehow Judy and the splendid story

cast literally lift it by its boot straps into pretty gol'darned good entertainment. You'll forget about the war for a couple of hours, anyway.

Your Reviewer Says: And nuts for you, Mr. Audience.

✓ The Sea Wolf (Warner's)

It's About: A half-mad and sadistic sea captain who terrorizes his crew.

ONCE again (and for the third time, we believe) Jack London's immortal sea story "The Sea Wolf" comes to the

screen, this time with Edward G. Robinson playing the bestial captain who rules his crew with a brutality that borders on the

psychopathic.

In fact, this version deals less with action and probes more into the psychological reasons that prompts the sea beast's actions.

For our money (and we're not too squeamish, either) this picture is far too brutal to be entertaining. Unless one

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Invasion of Hollywood: The Army treks to the West Coast, makes Twen-

tieth Century-Fox's Darryl Zanuck a Lieutenant Colonel and talks tur-

key about the part of films in national defense. Above, at the big-time

banquet: Zanuck, Col. Nathan Levinson and Will Hays in the background.
Enjoying seeing humans suffer, we doubt if you'll find that perfect hour's relaxation you're seeking through movies.

However, we do admit it's a realistic gem with Robinson turning in a great performance. Ida Lupino, as a derelict, and John Garfield as the crew member who rescues her, are tops, of course.

Your Reviewer Says: Stark and brutal.

The Roundup (Paramount)

It's About: The eternal triangle—out West.

We think Richard Dix is one of the best Western actors in the business. In this latest Harry Sherman movie, another version of the old play "The Roundup," Dix again proves himself a bang-up he-man of the old Out-West variety.

Preston Foster, as the old flame of Richard's wife (Patricia Morison), who returns to create doubt, jealousy and heartache, gives a sound stolid performance. Miss Morison is very beautiful and Don Wilson, who is not so beautiful, steps from radio to movies with considerable ease, considering his jolly bulk.

Little Betty Brewer and Ruth Donnelly, along with the singing of the King's Men, add to the big-time doings of a gosh-darned good Western movie.

Your Reviewer Says: For city slickers and small-towners alike.

✓ The Man Who Lost Himself (Universal)

It's About: A stand-in husband.

NEVER in a hundred years will we believe two absolutely strange men can look, talk and think alike to the point where a wife, living in the same house, can't tell them apart. But then, that's the movies for you!

It's Hollywood's favorite farcical theme and Brian Aherne as the wealthy psychopathic who gets himself killed, is, need we say, very good. As the double who has been established in the psychopathic's home prior to his death, Brian is very good again. Incidentally, here is an actor who can take a picture and do things with it. Kay Francis is the wife—or thinks she is—and S. Z. Sakall is the scene-stealer of all time, the rascal.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't think; just enjoy it.

The Bad Man (M-G-M)

It's About: A Mexican bandit who plays an outsized cupid.

Fans of Wallace Beery—and they are legion—will be sadly disappointed in this story of a Mexican bandit who undertakes to straighten out the lives of certain people to his own satisfaction. The story, taken from the stage play "Bad Man," rambles all over a Mexican rancho and gets almost nowhere. Failure of Beery to play his incredible role with subtlety and good humor throws the whole story out of gear and despite the topnotch cast it remains a fair-sized dud.

Lionel Barrymore, Ronald Reagan and Loretta Young dress up the tale in fine style, but fail to lift it from plain old mediocrity. Tom Conway is a slick city slicker.

Your Reviewer Says: Bad picture.

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For faces of fashion

* Miss Gloria Brewster, charming screen actress.

PRINCESS PAT
The Lone Wolf Takes a Chance
(Columbia)

It's About: A detective who wagers he can keep out of trouble twenty-four hours.

If you enjoy these series, there is no reason not to see this one. It has the Lone Wolf (Warren William) becoming embroiled in a mail robbery, a kidnapping, and all sorts of mayhem that precipitates hairbreadth escapes, after he has just made a bet to help twenty-four hours. It not only touches him, but grabs him all over the place.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair-to-middling.

Double Date (Universal)

It's About: Two young people who try to prevent the marriage of an older couple.

Almost every possible laugh-getter has been brought into this gay little offering and you'll find that even those that have the most hokum are still funny.

When Edmund Lowe, Rand Brooks' father, and Una Merkel, Peggy Moran's aunt, decide to marry, the two young heroes rush home from school to try and break it up. When Peggy finds a crook to escape and then is believed by the police to be a gun moll, the plot becomes slightly frenzied; but you'll enjoy the mix-up.

Peggy and Rand, as the brash, bussy-body kids, give appealing performances; and Edmund Lowe and Una Merkel play their roles to the hilt for comedy.

Your Reviewer Says: Lighthearted humor.

Murder Among Friends
(20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Sudden deaths of beneficiaries to an insurance policy.

One by one they die, suddenly and mysteriously. From suspect to corpse, John Hubbard and Marjorie Weaver race like mad in an attempt to prevent more murders and solve the ones that have already been committed. Not until the twentysomething who hold a huge multiple insurance policy are reduced to one does the mystery unfold—though that would be telling.

Now don't get the idea it's horribly gloomy and morbid. What's twenty or so deaths to Hollywood movie-makers? They send them number off with a merry ha-ha.

John Hubbard does his best work. Marjorie Weaver is a honey of a dumb bunny.

Your Reviewer Says: Snappy murder mystery.

A Man Betrayed (Republic)

It's About: A young lawyer who uncovers graft and crime.

John Wayne is a personable young man we admire and like on the screen. We like him in this, too, although he's had many a better movie in his day.

Frances Dee is the beautiful girl Wayne meets when he arrives in town to discover who murdered his friend in a gambling joint. He finds out more than that. He uncovers crooked politics, grafters and cheaters. He discovers Miss Dee, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Fair-to-middling.

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Jane Withers puts her hair up, swings some earrings and tries all the tricks of the feminine trade for benefit of William Tracy in Columbia's "Her First Beau"
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